

quickly now. The last hours of her life are slippin' like grains of sand through your fingers, to return to the dust from whence they came.

"Then, very quietly, the boy went into the room an' looked at her lyin' like a broken lily, on the white pillows. His eyes caressed her passionately—her lips, her eyes, her hair, but he only knelt by the bed an' bent his head over her little, pale hands.

"'Boy,' she said at last, gentle and weak-like, 'I'm goin' for a little while, but you mustn't miss me too much, dear. Our little baby needs me. She would be afraid out there in the jungle, all alone.'

"The boy 'didn't say nothin,' but his eyes, as he saw her slippin' away from him, were like those of a dog in pain. I hardly know when she did go—it was all so peaceful-like and still. Only the boy gave one chokin' sob, and gatherin' her into his arms, kissed the still, white face. Then, very gently, as tho' she still could feel, he laid her back on the pillows and crossed the slender hands. Without looking back he tip-toed to the door, as tho' afraid of wakin' her, an' on thro' the barracks into the jungle he went.

"He seemed so calm an' quiet-like, we never tho't much on his goin' out like that to the jungle. It always had been his friend, an' he'd taken his joys an' sorrows there afore. But he didn't come in that night, nor the next day, so we sent out a search-party.

"On the third day, we found him 'way in the jungle, his back full o' poisoned arrows, an' a look o' agony on his face. He must o' run amuck o' one o' them Igorrote hunters.

"We brought back what there was o' him an' buried him an' the girl together by the side o' the Luck, on the edge o' the jungle. The post doctor talked, for we hadn't any preacher, an' we men sang an' prayed. It seemed like th' life an' the heart an' the hope o' the post was buried in that rough board coffin. An' when we came back from the funeral, we saw th' smoke o' the Arcadia on the sky toward th' west—the ship that was to ha' taken them home."

There was a long silence. The officers drew quietly on their cigars; the sergeant leaned motionless on the rail. In the darkness a porpoise splashed into the night, wheezed and plunged beneath the oily surface. At last the senior officer spoke to his companion: "Harrington, I think I know just the man for that command at No. 7—old Johnson, fine old fellow, Spanish War veteran, seasoned, old bachelor, too—just the man for the place."

#### Sealed

(By John Drinkwater, in the "Nation," London.)

The doves call down the long arcades of pine,  
The screaming swifts are tiring towards their caves,  
And you are very quiet, O lover of mine.

No foot is on your ploughlands now, the song  
Fails and is no more heard among your leaves  
That wearied not in praise the whole day long.

I have watched with you till this twilight fall,  
The proud companion of your loveliness;  
Have you no word for me, no word at all?

The passion of my thought I have given you,  
Striving towards your passion, nevertheless  
The clover leaves are deepening to the dew,

And I am still unsatisfied, untaught.  
You lie guarded in mystery, you go  
Into your night and leave your lover naught.

Would I were Titan with immeasurable thighs  
To hold you trembling, lover of mine, and know  
To the full the secret savor that you use.

Half the ill's flesh is heir to  
Wouldn't really be so bad.  
If we did not always thereto  
Add the ill's it never had.

#### A Young Canadian Hero

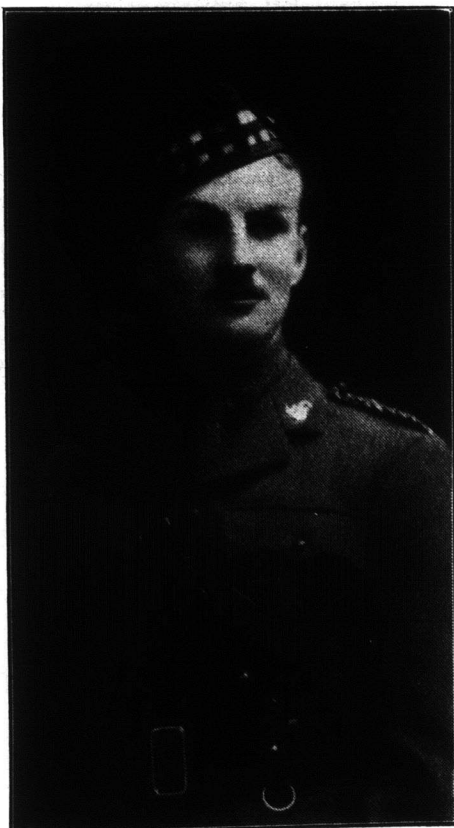
Captain V. G. Tupper's Last Letter to His Father

As an illustration of the lofty sentiments possessed by Canadians who die on the European battlefield in the war for democracy, a notable instance is the following letter received by Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, from his youngest son, who made the supreme sacrifice at Vimy Ridge, a few hours after the letter was written. Captain Tupper joined the Vancouver Highlanders at the outbreak of the war as a private, and all the honors that came to him were won on the field of action.

#### Held Acting Rank of Major

His promotion to captain was gazetted October, 1916, while he held acting rank of major and, during the long winter of 1916-17, he was with his company in France through all the unrecorded fighting of trench life. He several times refused to accept a staff appointment, preferring to remain with his men.

When he fell in action on Easter Monday, at the age of 21, it was after 31 months in the service, two years being spent in France, and it was during his sixth great battle and at the head of his company, to the command of which his long and faithful service, his ability and his courage had brought him.



The late Captain V. G. Tupper, M.C.

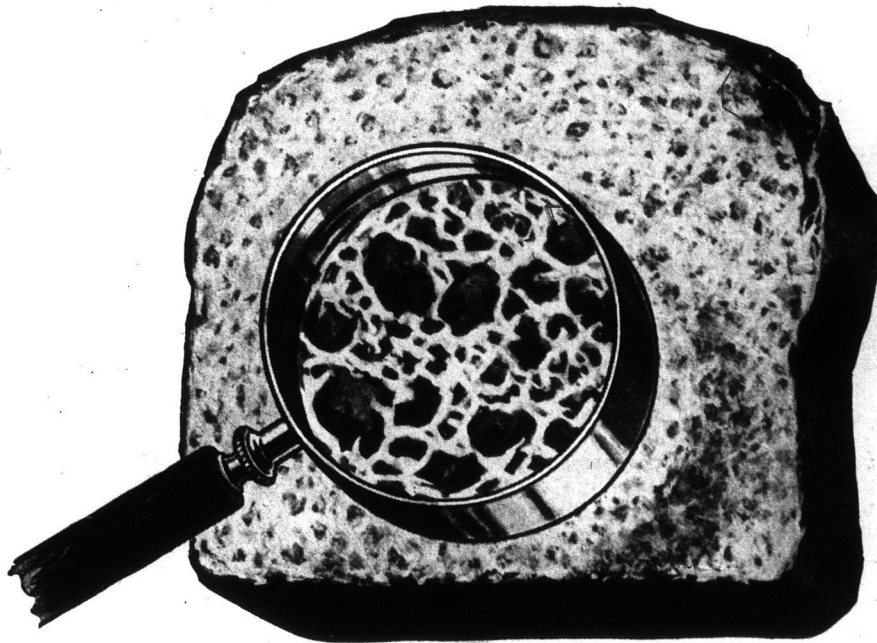
"My Dear Father,—I am writing one of these 'in case' letters for the third time, and, of course, I hope you will never have to read it. If you are reading it now, you will know that your youngest son 'went under' as proud as Punch on the most glorious day of his life. I am taking my company 'over the top' for a mile in the biggest push that has ever been launched in the world, and I trust that it is going to be the greatest factor towards peace.

"Dad, you can't imagine the wonderful feeling: a man thinks something like this: Well, if I am going to die, this is worth it a thousand times. I have 'been over' two or three times before, but never with a company of my own. Think of it—a hundred and fifty officers and men who will follow you to Hell, if need be.

"I don't want any of you dear people to be sorry for me, although, of course, you will, in a way. You will miss me, but you will be proud of me. Mind you, I know what I am up against, and that the odds are against me. I am not going in the way I did the first time, just for sheer devilment and curiosity. I have seen this game for two years, and I still like it and feel that my place is here.

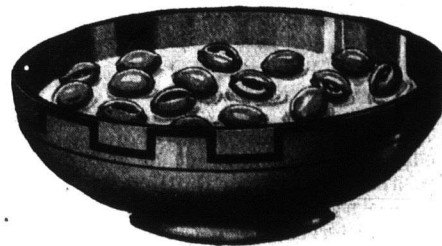
"So much for that. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your loving kindness to me. This war has done wonders to me and makes me realize lots of things I would not have about it, but you know what I mean.

"Good-bye, dear father and mother, and all of you. Again I say that I am proud to be where I am now."



## Why Those Holes In Bread?

To separate the food cells into thin walls, so digestion can easily act. Without that, any grain food, as you know, is almost indigestible.



## 4 Times as Many In Puffed Wheat

Puffed Wheat is four times as porous as bread.

It is also whole wheat, not the mere inner flour.

The food cells are not merely separated. Each food cell is blasted by internal steam explosion. In making Puffed Wheat a hundred million explosions occur in every kernel.

These bubbles of grain, thin, flaky and flavory, seem like intentional confections. But their enticements are all accidental.

Prof. Anderson created Puffed Grains to supply scientific grain food. Few cooking methods break even half the food cells. This method breaks them all.

These are the ideal foods for easy, complete digestion. And every atom feeds.

**Puffed Wheat**

Both 15c Except in Far West

**Puffed Rice**

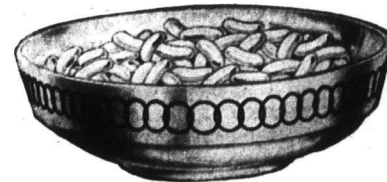
These Puffed Grains are more than breakfast dainties. They should be served in every bowl of milk. Their ease of digestion makes them ideal between meals or at bedtime.



Thin, Flavory Tidbits to Mix with Fruit

Salt or douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. Use like nut-meats in home can'ty making. Scatter in your soups.

Serve a Different Grain Each Morning



Serve a Different Grain Each Morning

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

(1721)

Saskatoon, Canada