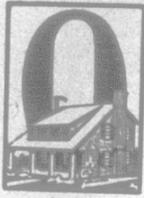


## Home Conservation



OUR soldiers are fighting abroad to preserve our homes. The enemy, if successful, would occupy this country and crush the citizens with war taxes.

In prosecuting this war, we are literally fighting to conserve our homes, and to keep "Canada for the Canadians."

Next to the soldiers in the field, the greatest conservator of the home life of any state is the modern insurance company.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA, for example, has paid to policyholders, or to their relatives, \$17,800,000 since its foundation in 1869, and in addition—

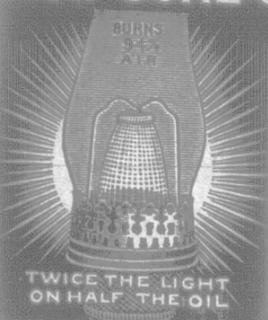
There are at least fifty thousand homes in "this Canada of ours" protected by Mutual policies in the event of the death of their owners.

To guarantee the payment of these policies the Company holds \$26,894,524, a sum not only sufficient but including a surplus of \$4,258,000.

Is there a Mutual Life Conservation Policy in your home?

**The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada**  
Waterloo, Ontario

## New COAL OIL LIGHT BEATS ELECTRIC OR GASOLINE



10 Days FREE—Send No Money  
We don't ask you to pay us a cent until you have used this wonderful modern white light in your own home ten days, then you may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied. You can't possibly lose a cent. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Lights and is put out like old oil lamp. Tests by Government and 34 leading Universities show that it

**Burns 70 Hours on One Gallon**  
common coal oil (kerosene), no odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, won't explode. Three million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Won Gold Medal at Panama Exposition. Greatest invention of the age. Guaranteed.  
\$1000 Reward will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new Aladdin in every way (details of offer given in our circular). We want one user in each locality to whom we can refer customers. To that person we have a special introductory offer to make, under which one lamp is given free. Write quick for our 10-Day Absolutely Free Trial Proposition and learn how to get one free.  
MANTLE LAMP COMPANY, 508 Aladdin Building, MONTREAL  
Largest Coal Oil (Kerosene) Mantle Lamp House in the World

Men With Rigs Make \$100 to \$300 Per Mo.  
Our trial delivery plan makes it easy. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after 10 days. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: "I sold 51 the first even day." Christensen says: "I've never seen an article that sells so easily." Morris says: "No money talk necessary. Sell fast!" Phillips says: "Heavy customer becomes a friend and booster." Remember says: "No money required. We furnish stock to reliable men to get started. Ask for our distributor's plan, and learn how to secure an appointment and make big money in unoccupied territory. State occupation, age, whether you have rig or auto; whether can work spare time or steady; when can start; townships most convenient for you to work."

### Homeseekers' Fares FROM TORONTO

To Winnipeg and Return.....	\$35.00
To Regina and Return.....	38.75
To Saskatoon and Return.....	39.75
To Edmonton and Calgary and Return....	43.00

EVERY MONDAY TO OCTOBER 30TH  
Proportionate Fares from and to other Points  
**ELECTRIC LIGHTED TOURIST CARS**  
For our Booklet, "Homeseekers' and Settlers' Guide," tickets and information, apply to nearest Canadian Northern Agent, or write to  
R. L. Fairbairn, General Passenger Agent, 68 King Street E., Toronto, Ont.

## AGRICULTURAL LIME

From the celebrated Beachville Quarries. Highest testing and purest lime in Canada. Why pay \$20 to \$35 per ton for your fall wheat fertilizer when we can give Ontario farmers the highest testing Phosphate and Lime ingredients to make two tons for \$20, analyzing 14.87% Phosphoric Acid and 50% Lime? Progressive farmers by thousands are using these high-grade materials for profitable, permanent agriculture. No high-priced soil stimulants for them. Our traveller will call if you are interested. Agents wanted in unrepresented districts.  
**THE HENDERSON FARMERS' LIME & PHOSPHATE CO., Woodstock, Ont.**

suspicion that it would be hard for me to forget Dole.

It didn't occur until afterward how I must have looked to them—my face altered, my wrists and hands blackened and swollen, my throat covered to the chin with Mary Romany's scarf. . . . It was a hideous moment; yet matters were conducted with speed.

"You men, not too drunk, take guns and shells. Cover the retreat of our soldiers," I ordered. "Give them something to fall back upon. Don't stand for much fire, but make a show of reserves to check the rush of Orion. . . . And you women stay in. Sit down and rest. It's all right. The old Master is expected to-day."

Swiftness was needed. Orion had swarmed over the Pass and was driving Huntoon five to one. Maconachie, with a party, was bringing food and valuables from the settlement, though there were extensive stores in the Vatican-vault and beyond. A line was formed on the slope. The eagerness of the men to obey my voice caught strangely at my heart. . . . Presently I saw Huntoon's men under fire as they were crowded down from the Pass.

The dawn rolled up like fire-lit smoke behind the mountains; its mighty grandeur curiously foreign that hour, after what I had known in the night of men and myself and the world. Even the firing seemed small and inconsequential. . . . Out of it all came timidly at first the memory of my love across the range; I had not rightly realized her in the Vatican. For long, she had been driven from mind by torture and hatred—a beastly combination when alive in a man, but now devouring itself. It is true, I did not hate these men now. Maconachie warmed me with his zeal. His voice through the iron door—a hard man's giving up in great stress—had been all I needed. . . . And some of those who had passed into the Vatican, and some who had gone forth into the line—had tortured me. How far torture was from from their minds now. And I might have done the cheap thing; might have failed to serve and save them. Something came to me this moment from the woman beyond the mountain. This was the moment of life's renewal. I ran out to the line.

"We won't hang around here long enough to get cut up, fellows," I called, "just long enough to show Orion we're lined and in order—just to give Huntoon and the boys a cushion to land upon. They're fighting for us—and the Vatican is open and ours. And we've got a get-away that Orion doesn't know—"

A cheer came up to me from the miners. That cheer choked me to tears—as torture had not done. And the fight was on, the steel singing. "Fall back now—easy, men. There's plenty of time for a last look at the golden river—a last look at the old river and the dredge. . . . Orion can have it now—and the gold is all cached away in the Vatican. . . . And I say, men, look at Huntoon, at his day's work. The old Master knew a soldier—"

"And he knew the boss of us all," a hoarse voice said significantly, "but we didn't—"

"We're all one piece now," I called back, enthralled by the figure of Huntoon, who knew how to charge and how to stand, and what was harder still for him—how to give way before an enemy. He had disdained to leave his mule, but rode up and down, between Orion and our men, falling back—an attraction of shots and an inspiration of nerve.

"Keep the door open till the last man is in," I yelled, turning toward the Vatican; and a moment later I was in the midst of Huntoon's soldiers, breasting through them and swept back with them laughingly. I heard their queer talk amid a killing fire. . . . Orion had formed on the open slopes and was gaining ground in a business-like way—charging as skirmishers, and dropping to cover and fire every thirty or forty feet. I saw the angle of his forward line of rifles, as it swung to cover Huntoon and his careening mule. Now it occurred to me that my friend was known to the attacking party. With a clutch of fear, the

thought added that Orion would be especially eager to kill Huntoon for that reason. At this instant a shot felled his mule in full stride. A cheer from the skirmishers answered the fall. Huntoon cut it short by regaining his feet and resuming his inspiration. "I bellowed at him: 'Come on in, old man,—we're all covered. Everything is safe inside. Come on to breakfast—it's cold with the door open.'"

But the blithe ruffian wouldn't hurry. He had got his men safely home. All but a handful of his own sort were covered in the massive walls. I made for the little party—thinking what it meant to father wilful boys who refused to come in out of a storm. Huntoon had retreated soldier-like—until his party was safe. He saw me and called:

"Go back. I'm all right—I'm coming"—finishing the sentence from his knees. Again he popped up. And now I think he must have heard a last cry from one of our fallen, for he staggered forward toward a man who was down—bent over him and fell across the prone body. Orion's front was less than sixty yards away.

I had to have Huntoon. A chap at my side saw I had to have him. My friend, the remittance-man, was grinning up at me, but the man beneath was dead. A hand helped me to lift the smiling one—a steady hand in that murderous swarm. It was Maconachie, who had not left my side.

Orion's men were upon us as we gained the Vatican. I heard the clang of the bullets upon the iron portal—and felt suddenly the whole weight of Huntoon. A dozen hands stretched out to help us in, and the big door slammed upon the new masters of Tropicania.

Maconachie was on his feet with a wound in each arm. The miracle of my escape did not occur to me till afterward. The yells of Orion's men outside and the silent crowding at hand, were but vague matters of consciousness. . . . I was bending over Huntoon, who had been hit a dozen times.

"It's queer," he said, smiling at me like a lad grown tired at play, "how the booze can throw you. . . . They got some of Dole's stuff at the Pass last night. Me—Huntoon—sleeping in between, and Tropicania drunk at both ends. . . . Orion shoved a big bamboo bridge across at dawn—and struck a lot of all-winter sleeps. I'll bet he heard our sentries snore. That's what woke him up. . . . Queer how the booze threw me down without me taking a drink—"

"Huntoon, old soul,—you brought us in beautifully—"

He winced.

"Oh, I know," said I, "it would have been a lot easier to charge—but it took a soldier to fall back. Only after you got the men within the shadow of the Vatican—you lost interest and forgot yourself—"

"Queer how the old red booze—"

"Yes—"

And just then I saw his forefinger wriggling—as if to beckon me closer.

"Back in old St. Louis—tell the little old lady—that I was the original river-water kid. . . . Leave me alone, Jason—these here are my obsequies. . . . Say to the old man—I mean Romany—that he looked good to me. . . . And to Old Top,—oh, you'll know what to say. . . . And what's coming—give to that Mission up the River. Mention the Mission in St. Louis, they're strong for Missions. . . . You'll go up the River sometime—give her my respects. God, even her?."

He didn't finish that sentence, but added:

"I've got to laugh at the old red booze, after all—how it threw me—and me sleepin' like a deacon in a dry country. . . . And say, Ryerson, we pulled together, didn't we? Member comin' down the coast to the Headland? . . . Why don't you get reckless and put on a clean shirt—"

That was the last he said.

I went about the work coldly. I couldn't get it all straight—that Huntoon had crossed over—that just the machine he had fought with, was there by the wall, covered. . . . The air was getting close. All Tropicania was packed in the temple, and in sickening silence. They were waiting for me.