

A Word to All Friends of Boys and the Empire

Every boy wants to be a sailor.

Sons of the well-to-do play with toy boats in bathtubs, then sail model yachts on ponds, then—in times of peace—graduate through canoes, dinghies, sailing skiffs, motor boats, racing cutters, and so on up to palatial steam yachts or motor cruisers. To-day such boys are manning submarine chasers, auxiliary patrols, or ships of the Royal Navy. They have turned their child's play to excellent account.

Sons of the poor play with paper boats in puddles and wander down to the waterfront to paddle about in leaky punts or on rafts. If they escape death by drowning, capture by the Juvenile Court, or corruption by waterfront loafers they may graduate into longshoremen or deckhands with a more or less makeshift acquaintance with the rudiments of seamanship. If their love of the sea persists they may become master mariners, even under these adverse conditions; but the wastage of good material is appalling.

The Toronto Naval League exists to provide equal facilities for fostering the sea-going instinct among the sons of the poor and the sons of the well-to-do. The Canadian marine, naval and mercantile,