

gramme. When it broke out and before there was considerable enthusiasm displayed in the naval volunteer movement; but as the war developed the Pacific was freed from the German menace, and naval volunteering was discouraged as unnecessary. We have since learned how close we were to having our coast cities bombarded by German cruisers in these waters. It must be admitted that provision for naval defence on this coast was very inadequate, and Sir Richard McBride, then Premier, took the bold step of purchasing, on the responsibility of the province, two submarines in Seattle which had been built for the Chilean government. These arrived at Esquimalt on the day war was declared and were subsequently accepted and taken over by the Dominion Government. They have been in satisfactory service ever since. The purchase of these submarines has been so much discussed in politics that one hesitates to discuss it here; but personally I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that their presence in these waters, as an unknown quantity so far as German plans were concerned, deterred the cruisers from attempting bombardment; and, of course, Japanese warships were soon after in these waters and the Germans turned tail for the southern Pacific, where they met their fate.

What Saskatchewan Did

THE call to arms met with no more ready or willing response than in Saskatchewan. The fact that the people of that province are so far removed from the scene of hostilities, peacefully settled in a prosperous and happy country (aptly described as the domain of King Wheat), with no possibility of the farms being over-run and desolated, has only served to increase the loyalty and multiply the sacrifices of the people.

Pages would be required to give anything like a summary of what Saskatchewan has done for the war, but briefly surveying the field of provincial activities the following may be cited as some of the satisfactory results of the enthusiastic efforts made. The total number of men enlisted up till the summer of 1916 to date was 21,133. Many of the battalions raised in Saskatchewan are at the front and have shared in the exploits of Canadian regiments. Several Saskatchewan soldiers are now carrying symbols of some outstanding act of valour on the battlefield, including one V. C. Recruiting is being kept up.

To provide assistance to the Imperial arms and for grants to patriotic and relief funds, the Sas-

katchewan Legislature voted the sum of \$750,000 for such purposes. Grants totalling \$25,000 have been made by the Government in response to appeals for provincial regimental funds. The Saskatchewan Government donated to the Imperial authorities 1,500 horses, 75 per cent. of which were suitable for cavalry, and the remainder, slightly heavier, for artillery. Great care was taken in the selection of the animals. The Saskatchewan branch of the Canadian Patriotic Society has done excellent work. Up to the end of May, 1916, \$475,000 was contributed to the Patriotic Fund in Saskatchewan. Sixty thousand dollars per month was being paid out at that time to the dependents, who numbered 2,200.

A Hospital Unit was raised by voluntary subscription, assisted by the Provincial Government and the Medical Fraternity. In spite of the heavy cost of raising the Unit (the ordnance and technical equipments alone cost more than \$30,000), funds poured in as soon as they were asked for. The staff consists of the C. O., fifteen other officers, matron, twenty-six nurses, and 105 N. C. O.'s and privates. The Unit was mobilized in record time. The appointments and recruiting began on March 27, 1916, and all positions were filled before the end of April, the Unit complete embarking from headquarters early in May. The officer sent by the Militia Department to inspect the corps stated that he had never seen a better looking body despite the short time they had been in training.

The Saskatchewan farmer responded enthusiastically to the scheme launched last year to increase the production from the land. A vastly increased acreage was sown, and the increase in the yields of all classes of grain in Saskatchewan constituted a record and far outdistanced that of its closest rivals. The record crops were most encouraging, and incidentally again demonstrated the unequalled productivity of Saskatchewan soil. The following are the figures, which speak for themselves:

	Acreage.	
	1914.	1915.
Wheat	6,003,522	6,884,874
Oats	2,792,611	2,846,949
Barley	313,537	272,299
	Total Yield Bushels.	
	1914.	1915.
Wheat	74,610,643	173,723,775
Oats	66,698,953	130,910,048
Barley	5,627,783	9,043,813

At the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Convention, held last year, a resolution was unanimously adopted that every farmer in the province should set aside one acre of land, the produce of which should be

given to the Mother Country. This movement, by which every farmer would do his little bit, achieved splendid results.

The Saskatchewan division of the Federal Military Hospitals Commission was rapidly and efficiently organized, and soon got to work to cope with the problems of ministering to the necessities of returned soldiers. The committee has been busy organizing local units in every city, town, village and rural municipality in Saskatchewan. The duty and aim of such leagues is to extend a hearty welcome and grant assistance to every soldier on his return; find suitable employment for them; provide convalescent homes at convenient points, and in general to create and maintain a strong patriotic sentiment in favour of our heroes who have borne the nation's burden at much personal loss. Practical schemes are being devised for the re-employment and vocational re-education of ex-service soldiers, among such schemes being that of land settlement whereby many may engage in the occupation of farming.

In compliance with requests received from various portions of the province that provision be made in the statutes to levy a special patriotic tax, legislation has been enacted that there shall be levied annually in each city, town, village and rural municipality a special rate amounting to one mill on the dollar on the total value of all rateable property. In such local improvement districts which have no local officials, a special rate of one cent per acre is levied. These special taxes are included in the general levy made for municipal taxes. In addition to the foregoing, municipalities and school districts are empowered to make grants from their public funds for patriotic purposes.

Mention of Saskatchewan's contribution to the war would not be complete without reference to the intelligently patriotic response made by the Indians. A relatively large number are to be found in the ranks, and the ex-Minister of Militia, Sir Sam Hughes, in a speech in England, took occasion to mention this fact as indicative of the general response made by all classes in Canada to the call for men. Large sums in actual money have also been contributed by the Indians on the reserves for patriotic purposes. They have their Red Cross societies as do the white people, and the women keep busily engaged on comforts, etc., for the boys at the front, besides making various kinds of Indian handicraft which realize handsome sums for patriotic and relief funds. The File Hills Indian colony may be especially mentioned in this regard.

TEET 'OM, ALEDE AND OTHERS

I MAY as well admit it at once. There had been trouble at our place. My father—if you know Smith's Falls you know him—is a high-tempered man with deeply-rooted prejudices in his mind. My mother—I wouldn't have her different—stands on my father's side in everything, even against her children. She has a way of arguing that she married her husband because he was a fine man and one of his fine qualities was good judgment. She took always his judgment against the judgment of her children, which was as it should be. In the matter of my marriage, therefore, they both erred together.

"I disapprove," said my father, "of the whole business. Go on with your soldiering. Let me hear nothing of the matter. If you must marry—take a Smith's Falls girl. Let there be no more correspondence between you."

This had been two days before. I was riding therefore along the old toll-road which winds up the valley of the Jacques Cartier, in no tranquil state of mind. At Valcartier I had been treated as a man, given a man's work, a man's pay and a man's liberty of judgment on things which touched only himself. Doing special duty on a certain afternoon in the previous April, I had met Alede—Alede Robitaille—and thereafter I had made many excuses for coming up this old toll-road. Like an anemone was she in the spring. Like a pale iris in the summer. Now I had not seen her for many weeks, having been at Kingston taking a special course and having been home to consult my people. Well, that was all past and over! I had done them the honour to consult them. I would take what remained of my leave—and arrange the bans with the parents of Alede. Though dusk was falling in the valley I did not hurry my horse. It was pleasant to let Napoleon amble, picking his own way over the stoney road, while I in-

A Romance of Ontario and Quebec that Started at Valcartier and is Still Going On

By BRITTON B. COOKE

dulged a dream or two of what I might expect.

Now, if you know the great camp at Valcartier, you know the Jacques Cartier River. It is really only a mob of angry waters that trickled down into Lac Joseph—that is about twenty-two miles from the city of Quebec—hoping to find adventure there. But, as everybody knows, Lac Joseph is a very unemotional lake that merely idles under the black shadows of the Laurentians and the lemon yellow sunsets or turquoise dawns of that country. It never does anything more venturesome than to float the canoes of lovers, thereby aiding and abetting their fate—which some would say is venturesome enough. Anyway, it does not serve for such wild waters as those that come down from the mountain, for they presently quit Lake Joseph with a rush and a roar and form what is called the Jacques Cartier River. I have swam horses and built cartoons and fished for trout in the various parts of the river—and at one particular corner I have spent the most wonderful evenings in the world with Alede, overlooking the salmon "hospital," as we called it, under the bridge at Pont Bleu.

NIGHT fell and I urged Napoleon to a trot. Lights began to twinkle over the sleepy French-Canadian countryside. In the dusk I almost collided with an ox-team moving with colossal dignity toward a tiny bit of a white-washed farmhouse. I passed a cure walking in meditation by the side of the road, and two young girls who were telling one another's fortunes with fireflies—I wished then that I knew

how they did it. Riding through a depression, where swamp cedar crowded close to the edge of the road, I was caught in a cloud of perfume—wild briar blooming unseen in the dark shadows right and left. At length, topping the last hill, we started down

the slope that leads finally to the village of Pont Bleu. The road was softer here and I urged Napoleon into a canter. I began to see the white ghosts of familiar farm buildings. I caught a twinkle of light from a window far ahead and wondered if it might be in the window of Alede's house. I urged the horse. I was hungry. I was eager. I might be too late even to be permitted to speak with Alede this night.

AS I came close to the toll-house, which is kept by the grandparents of Alede, I saw lanterns swinging low against the white road, casting yellow rings of light in the dust. Farther from me, toward the bridge which leads over the narrow gorge where the salmon have their hospital, was a horse and rider, but whether man or woman I could not see.

Something caused me to draw rein. There were three lanterns in the group. One seemed never to be still, but jerked up and down, as though its owner was emphasizing the points in some vigorous address which he was making to the shadowy form of the horse. At last, the horse and shadow melted from the ring of lantern light. I heard the thunder of retreating hooves on the Blue Bridge—from which the village takes its name—and I rode up.

"Henri!" I heard a girl's voice cry.

"Here I am, Alede," I shouted. "Here I am!"

I had swung myself from the saddle to the road. With the reins over my arm I was advancing. But as I advanced the group before me retreated; Alede, cowering under the glance of her grandfather; the