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THE TEST

"Rescue, school!"

The cry rang down the narrow street, and a lad of about sixteen, with his college cap on the back of his head, stopped suddenly; then, catching a glimpse of a school cap in a crowd of fighting town boys, he dashed down the street, shouting: "School to the rescue!"

Two boys went down before him, and the rest, losing heart at the unexpected interference, fled down the road.

Harold James, his collar torn and dirty, and a bruise slowly blackening one eye, turned to his rescuer.

"Thanks, old man!" he said simply. "You just arrived in time."

"So it seems," smilingly replied the other, as he surveyed Harold's condition.

The two lads belonged to the college outside the town, and had, with a number of others, broken bounds to see a circus which had stopped for a day in a large field on the outskirts of the town.

Harold, on his way back, had run into some half-dozen town boys, and the latter, ever ready on account of a long-standing feud between the college boys and the town boys to attack a College if he was alone, seized the opportunity.

"Let's go to Mother Medford's on the way back, and get something for your eye," suggested Jack Lincoln; and, on the other assenting, the two lads linked arms and set off towards the school tuck-shop.

"I'll do it! By George, I will! Unless Jack—"

The speaker broke off with a frown, and, springing up from the rustic seat he occupied by himself, he walked quickly across the lawn towards the house.

It was Harold James who spoke, now a lieutenant in the Army, for ten years had elapsed since the schoolboy fight had cemented a friendship between the two lads. They both held commissions in an infantry regiment, and the dance now being held in Colonel James' fine old house was a farewell one to them, for they sailed with their regiment for India very shortly.

Harold was in love with his father's ward, Vera Stanhope, and he hoped to be engaged to her before he left England.

On entering the house he was about to seek out Vera, when he perceived Jack talking to a group of friends. Directly Jack saw him he came towards him, and drew him into an alcove hidden from the rest of the guests.

"I say, old man," he began quietly, "I have something to tell you." He paused. Harold had gone suddenly white.

"Vera has promised to marry me on my first leave."

Harold, his face white and drawn, stared for a moment at his friend, then the blood rushed into his face. He seemed about to speak, but, suddenly changing his mind, turned about and walked away.

So it had come at last. He had somehow expected it, by the way Jack and Vera had acted towards each other, but this did not denude the shock, for he had, as everybody does in like circumstances, hoped his surmises were wrong, though in his inner heart he knew it was a vain hope.

He sat in a corner hidden by the palms, brooding over this trouble.



Grandfather smiles while Baby tells him how nice his beard feels and how sweet it smells.

The secret is the morning wash with Baby's Own Soap—the soap Mother uses for herself and for the children.

Roses of France and other natural perfumes give their aroma to

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for Baby Best for You

Never had the ties of friendship with Jack been so strained.

Little did he know, as he thought thus, of the far greater test his friendship with the other would undergo a few months later.

After he had seen the guests depart, he went straight to his room, but by this time his better nature had won. His friendship with Jack was still strong and true.

A week later the big transport slowly steamed from the port, and a white, fluttering handkerchief marked the spot where Vera stood gazing earnestly at the fast vanishing steamer.

The voyage was uneventful, and the regiment landed and took possession of their barracks.

A few months later Jack Lincoln hurried into the room he shared with Harold.

"Have you heard the news, Harold?" he asked. Then, as the other shook his head, he went on: "We are to be sent up country to strengthen the Afghan frontier guard. The feared rising has taken place. Now, please the gods, we may see active service!"

And he polished his sword-hilt with his sleeve.

Four days after reaching their new post news came through that an Englishman had been killed by the turbulent tribesmen while attempting to reach the British troops. A punitive expedition was quickly organized, and the two friends volunteered.

The little force moved rapidly into the hills, defeating with ease the small Afghan bands met with; but as they advanced the opposition put up became much stronger, and after fighting gallantly the British force was brought to a standstill.

Colonel Drew, who was in command, decided on a temporary retreat, and Lieut. Jack Lincoln was included in the rearguard force.

The Afghans, triumphant at the supposed defeat of the British, swarmed round the little band, now dashing up to serried ranks and forcing their way in by sheer numbers, now massing on the heights and sending boulders crashing down into the fast diminishing force.

As soon as the British debouched into a less hilly piece of country the Afghans drew off, and Colonel Drew had a breastwork of boulders built, and, after sending off a messenger for reinforcements, prepared to hold out as long as possible.

Harold had fought gallantly throughout the day, and now, tired and aching, but fortunately unhurt, he sought out Jack. On putting the question to a sergeant who was having a sword wound dressed by an obliging comrade, he was amazed to learn that his friend was missing. He must have been badly wounded, and, fallen unobserved by the rest in the heat of action, was lying helpless right in the path the Afghans would take when they attacked. His death by the latter was a foregone conclusion.

Harold was stunned by the news. Thoughts flashed through his brain with bewildering rapidity, but his most pronounced feeling was one of elation. He staggered to a large boulder, and, sinking down on it, rapidly reviewed the situation.

Jack dead, he was sure he would be able to persuade Vera to marry him, for he knew she liked him as a friend. Yes, if Jack were dead! And he was dead—or, at any rate, as good as dead.

But suppose he was rescued? Ah, rescued! As Harold so argued the word jogged some dormant instinct in his brain. Jack was his friend—had been his friend for years. Many little friendly services and sacrifices rose before his eyes as he thought. He could see again the schoolboy fight fought out ten years ago, hear the welcome shout of his rescuer, and feel again his own sensation of relief.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, his eyes shining, and his chest heaving with suppressed emotion.

He had passed the test.

Yes, he would do it for friendship's sake. Thrusting his black thoughts into the background as unworthy of him, he approached his commander.

"Request formal permission to attempt the rescue of Lieutenant Lincoln, sir?" he asked, saluting.

"Rescue Lincoln? Impossible!" cried the colonel.

The other officers echoed his words, but Harold insisted, and at last the senior officer reluctantly consented.

Creeeping from boulder to boulder, down gullies and over rises, the officer slowly drew near the enemy force. His eye searched every inch of the ground and every khaki tunic of the dead for a "Sam Browne," but for a long time he was unsuccessful. Just as he saw a small portion of a sword-belt among a heap of slain of both sides, he heard the Afghans advancing.

"At last!" he sighed. And, throwing all caution to the winds, he sprang up, and, quickly reaching the spot, soon saw that it really was Jack, badly wounded.

Seizing the wounded officer firmly

A thrilling new serial will begin in our next issue. Look out for chapter one of this tale of surprising mystery and exciting adventure. The additional interest of a charming love theme makes "The Secret of the Old Chateau" an exceptionally good serial. It comes from the clever pen of David Whitelaw, the famous story writer.

round the waist, he gently laid him over his shoulder.

The Afghans shouted angrily when they saw what he did, and a number of them set off to overtake the daring Englishman. As Harold staggered off towards the British position, shots rang out, and a sudden stab of pain in his side told him he was hit. He went on, at the same time shifting his friend's body in front of him to protect it from the bullets now whistling past him and striking the rocks around him.

The shots suddenly ceased, and a huge tribesman sprang forward drawing his sharp, curved sword. The British could now see what was happening, and they watched breathlessly as the Afghan slowly drew near Harold. Then, as if on impulse, a number of them sprang over the barrier and rushed towards him, the foremost attempting to intercept the fanatic.

A few seconds of running showed they would be too late, so they stopped and opened fire, but apparently in their excitement they aimed badly, for the Afghan reached Harold, who dropped his burden and turned to face him, drawing his revolver as he did so.

Before he could use it, however, he fell pierced by his opponent's sword. With a triumphant shout the mountaineer turned to kill Jack, but by now the British aim had improved, and he suddenly fell dead across Jack's body.

An hour later Jack lay by his friend's side, and, bending over him, he heard him murmur: "Good-bye, Jack! Look after Vera!"

Another soul had set out on its journey to the Great Beyond.

"Look, Jack dear!" said Vera softly, touching her husband's arm, as she passed to Jack Lincoln, now on his way to England, a copy of the morning paper.

The paragraph she pointed out read: "The Victoria Cross has been posthumously awarded to the late Lieut. Harold James, who was killed while gallantly rescuing a wounded brother officer under fire in the late Afghan rising."

Teaching a calf to drink from a pail requires all the religion a man can have.

And He Still Lives. They told Wycliffe they would destroy his teaching of Christian liberty by burning him at the stake.

"Very well," he replied, "Burn my body at the stake, and scatter my ashes on yon river of Severn, and its waters will carry my faith and principles to the uttermost parts of the earth."

My task is but to smile each day When things go wrong; To cheer my friends along the way With humble song.

And if my neighbor feel the blast Give him my coat, Or if my friend fall from the mast Let down the boat.

My task is but to do each day Some kindly deed, To help some friend in humble way In time of need.

—Mary A. Johnson.

Women! Use "Diamond Dyes." Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies, Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye-stuffs, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dye-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card.

When the lining is ready, slip it on the form, noting the points where the form does not fit it out. Pad out the form where it fails to fit the lining, making it fit snugly. Cotton batting may be used satisfactorily for padding, and when this is completed, baste or carefully pin the lining in the back, and the form is ready for use.

One complete sleeve may be made, fitted and then stuffed with the cotton, and enclosed at top and bottom with a circle of the muslin. When it is desired to fit a sleeve, this arm may be pinned into place on the form, after which it can be removed and out of the way when not in use. This sleeve form is especially useful in fitting a coat sleeve.

If there are two or more women in the family, lining may be made for each, and providing there is not too great a difference in size, the form may be used for all, though the padding will probably have to be changed.

The woman who has had many discouraging hours trying to make her dresses look well, once she has used a form, will never try to sew again without one.

Kindness. "So many gods; so many creeds, So many paths that wind and wind, While just the art of being kind Is all this sad world needs."

—Wilcox.

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ON EVERY GARMENT

My Task.

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TRANSPORT OF FORT NORMAN OIL

A PROBLEM FOR CANADIAN ENGINEERS.

Development of Peace River Country Will Add a New Era to Industrial Canada.

The strike of oil by the Imperial Oil Company at Fort Norman, north of the Peace River country, has aroused widespread interest in the possibilities of this field. Hundreds of prospectors are ready to jump off from the end of the steel with the advent of spring to make their way to this region, whilst others still more enterprising have chartered aeroplanes to steal a march on the mushers and trailers in the anticipated rush. Negotiations are said to be under way for the establishment of an aerial service from Fort Norman to Edmonton, a distance as the crow flies of about 600 miles, which calls for landing stages at intervals en route and the situation, before flying is commenced, of deposits of gasoline, accessories and other requisites for successful flying.

But stupendous as is the interest the strike has awakened in all prospectors, oil men, and investors, it is scarcely more so than that of devising the most practicable and economic method of transporting the product of the well and others which may be struck in the Mackenzie River basin, over the half-explored region which lies between it and the nearest shipping point by rail. Over this, many able minds are working. The Fort Norman field in the Mackenzie basin is situated about 1,500 miles north of Edmonton, the Alberta capital, and 1,000 miles from Fort McMurray, the most northerly point of railway contact. The country between consists of a vast stretch of rolling, lightly-timbered, well-watered country, hardly yet explored, rich agriculturally but possessing no roads of any kind whatsoever or other means of transportation. To get the oil from the well already struck (which, in itself, it is considered hardly justifies the building of a railroad) is the problem confronting engineers.

Tank Barges or Pipe Line. One method considered to be practicable and economical is the transport of the oil product from Fort Norman to Fort McMurray by steel tank barges. The oil well is situated near the Mackenzie River, up which these reservoirs might be floated for 500 miles to Great Slave Lake. They would emerge from the lake by Slave River, where rapids occur for five or six miles, necessitating the introduction of a pipe line for this distance, and arrive at Fort McMurray by way of the Athabasca River. An alternate method would be to take the oil north by the Mackenzie River to the sea coast of Mackenzie Bay, a trip of 400 miles, presenting no difficult problems but only feasible in the summer time. To transport the oil to the Pacific coast of British Columbia at the nearest point would necessitate the construction of a railroad 550 miles in length.

Another scheme which has been proposed and considered is the conveyance of the oil by pipe-line from the Mackenzie River basin to Behring Sea, whence it might be shipped by tankers to the world's markets, and a Bill to sanction this scheme is at present under consideration by the legislature. The proposed line would be laid via the Yukon River systems to salt water. Dr. Alfred Thompson, member of the legislature for Yukon Territory, and one time gold commissioner for the territory, predicted as far back as 1887, when already many believed in the oil possibilities of the river basin, that this method of getting the product to the market, would some day be adopted.

Route Not Regarded Favorably. From the viewpoint of the conservation of Canada's industrial resources for the benefit of the Empire, this proposed routing of the oil is not regarded favorably. It would mean direct shipment of all oil production from the new Canadian field to foreign countries and the loss of all subsequent benefit arising from its commercial utilization.

With the brains of the best engineers devoted to scheming out the most feasible and economic project, there is no doubt that when the advent of the spring again opens up the country to active operations, a successful scheme will have been evolved for putting the product of the Fort Norman field on the world's markets.

The successful strike would seem to have proved the potentiality of the field; the ensuing problem is the inevitable one of the pioneer.

The development of the country will undoubtedly be followed by the penetration of the railroad and the adding of a new area to industrial Canada.

Est Delivers Electric Shock. The electric eel found in Brazil and Guiana can administer quite a severe electric shock, sometimes strong enough to overcome a horse.

Prompt Taxpayer Gets Reward. In Japan when a man pays his taxes promptly he is rewarded by the government with a slip of paper entitling him to a certain number of chances in the municipal lottery.