

of falling leaves and nuts. Your woods to-day, will be filled with color, crimson and green mottled on a background of pale straw-color and gold, with all the shades of clear amber and brown in the shadows beneath, where the little low woody plants still hold up their fronds, emerald, almost, as in spring. And in the farther distances, softened by the haze of autumn, there will be lurkings of blue and gray and purple. Look long enough, and closely enough, and you will see all of these things. And perhaps you will go home with a wisp of feathery wild clematis, now in silky seed, and a spike of blue cohosh berries, and another of the red fruit of the Indian turnip, and a bit of fern, and some trailing pigeon berry,—for a last centerpiece for your dining table. Or it may be that your gleanings will be a branch of scarlet haws and a garland of wild grapes almost purple in richness.

When you go to your woods I hope there will be a friend with you. For after all it's the human in life that makes life worth living. There is nothing in all this world like a friend—whether that friend be child, or husband, or brother, or sister, or just friend. Beautiful as Nature is—perfect, if left alone—she must be always inanimate, a beautiful background to friendship, but not an integral part of it. I think, as a rule, we do not value friendship enough, nor exert ourselves enough to make ourselves fit for it and worthy of it.

BUT it is not in the woods alone that you find Nature, the great artist, abroad these autumn days. In the garden, where bare brown earth is the carpet for all there is still the bright green of parsley and parsnip and carrot tops; and beyond is the faded gold, perhaps, of some frozen corn, with orange pumpkins burning like small fires of concentrated summer. I am sure you like to be out these days. It is a joy to dig up the root-foots, and know that here is a store worth while for winter months. It is a joy to feel the pleasant breezes of autumn, and to look at the hazy sky. It is a joy just to be out of doors. And yet one does not feel as in spring. Then there is growth, and life and energy in the air. Now there is a sort of sleepiness, dreaminess. If one had not so much to do one would be listless, and retrospective and perhaps a bit pensive. Why is it that we seem to value most the things that are just slipping away from us, as is this summer weather? But summer will come again, and also perhaps, all the other things good for us which we have wanted and "lost a while".

THE king is dead. Long live the king! Summer is passing, but winter is coming. And winter may be a friendly sort of visitor too, if a bit blustery. At least he gives opportunity for doing many things for which one has little time during the rest of the year.

I am thinking now of something that looks a very small thing, yet may prove both interesting and profitable—if you consider satisfaction for the time spent profitable and do not measure everything by money. This is it: Have you ever made a scrap book?

Now I'm sure you weren't expecting that, and it may sound a bit silly. But I think everyone should keep at least three scrap-books, one for bits of choice poetry and prose, another for tried and proved cooking recipes, and a third (with smooth, blank paper, easily written upon) in which one may jot down, from time to time, bits of wisdom and striking paragraphs from the books one reads.

It is very interesting to do this, and very helpful, and the winter gives time for such things, except to very busy folk indeed. For it requires just a few moments—if one has the scrap-books at hand—to clip out and paste a clipping now and again, or to take a pen and write one down if clipping cannot be done. In doing this one concentrates, unconsciously, on the matter in hand and so remembers better. Afterwards, too, in picking up the book, even for a moment, one is sure to come upon some thought that is worth while. Left to ourselves wholly, our thoughts are not always worth while, and so the scrap-book becomes a sort of refuge from ourselves, pilot, rather, to point us forth on new roads.

Of late I have been jotting down thoughts from several books I have been

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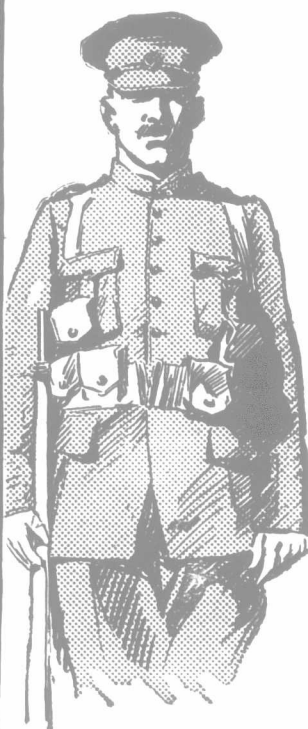


## Pay Will Be The Same

Men selected under the Military Service Act will receive the same pay as those now on active service receive. Pay will start from the time a man reports for duty. Money from the Patriotic Fund and Separation Allowance will also be available for selected men.

Canadian soldiers are well paid. The fact that wages in Canada are generally higher than those paid in Europe is recognized in the system of remuneration for men on active service. Clothing and all equipment in addition to food is also supplied to the Canadian soldier, leaving him with no expense except personal incidentals.

The rate of pay for men in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, other than commissioned officers, is as follows:



	Pay	Field Allowance
Warrant Officers . . . . .	\$2.00	30 cts.
Regimental Sergeant-Major, if not a Warrant Officer . . . . .	1.85	20 "
Quartermaster-Sergeants . . . . .	1.80	20 "
Orderly Room Clerks . . . . .	1.50	20 "
Orderly Room Sergeants . . . . .	1.50	20 "
Pay Sergeants . . . . .	1.50	20 "
Squad, Batt., or Co. Sergt-Major . . . . .	1.60	20 "
Colour-Sergeant or Staff-Sergeant . . . . .	1.60	20 "
Squad, Batt., or Co. Q.M.S. . . . .	1.50	20 "
Sergeants . . . . .	1.35	15 "
Lance-Sergeants . . . . .	1.15	15 "
Corporals . . . . .	1.10	10 "
Lance-Corporals . . . . .	1.05	10 "
Bombardiers, or Second Corporals . . . . .	1.05	10 "
Trumpeters, Buglers, and Drummers . . . . .	1.00	10 "
Privates, Gunners, Drivers . . . . .	1.00	10 "
Sappers, Batmen, etc. . . . .	1.00	10 "



As in the case of those already gone overseas, Separation Allowances will be available for those dependent for livelihood upon selected men. The Separation Allowance is \$20.00 per month for the rank and file, \$25.00 for sergeants and staff-sergeants and \$30.00 for warrant officers. The experience is that many men can afford to assign half their pay to dependents, in addition.

A considerable number of men who have enlisted in the Canadian forces have found themselves better off under the army rate of pay, which is granted in addition to board, lodging, clothing, equipment, transportation, etc., than they were while in civilian positions. Their wants are provided for, and they receive a steady addition to the bank account each month.

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