

thinnest of the driving snow I could make him out, then I lost him and the brighter eyes of the wee lad caught him—finally, to our relief, we saw him make the shore safely—and it was three days before we heard how his pacer broke her way through flank high drifts for thirteen miles in safety—the lad said in one place he picked up a soldier and promptly got floundered in a soft drift—they drew the sleigh out, came back and took a part of the horse, stumbled back for the rest, put it all together, started, and promptly stuck again.

Now came the part in the soldier's life the regiment dreads, waiting for overseas orders. Twice the little lad and I (he is going to be your Fritz if you kindly continue reading my stories of our work) drove in to say the final farewell, once the countermanding order did not come until within a few hours of the appointed time, but the lads were getting excellent drilling and marching, their health was first class, and finally the day was set, and kitbags were packed and haversacks filled, then the hour was set for the triumphant march to the train, home leave was given, the men returned to the armories. Alas!—four short!—measles! The medical officer commanding the district promptly wired countermanding the departure and—saddest blow of all—the troop trains dashed through the station, laden for the transports. Now came thirty days of drilling and well concealed discontent. It was only because the battery reserves were a fine lot of chaps that they did not go on the rampage, for nothing breaks a company more than continual delays. The infantry poked all sorts of fun at them, but their friends lavishly entertained them, until I began to fear there were more dangers at the hospitable boards of our oldtime friends than there was afloat or aboard—as Fritz was actually getting fat. There were no accidents, nor were there any misdemeanors, the worst thing that occurred was a sentry named "Jacko" falling into the wet ditch—just as an officer came along. "We go Tuesday!" cried Fritz breaking into my room—what joy was expressed by the lad, even while the news came as a severe blow to me—you know, dear readers, we are always ready, and never ready, for that last sad moment. Now came dinners and dances and banquets and parades—I must tell you of the banquet. All were seated at the festive board, laughter and jokes were supreme; the sergeant was noticed to rise quietly and leave the room and to return with an ominous yellow envelope—another delay, another troopship missed.

Every batteryman came instantly to attention as the captain rose in his place at the head of the table and opened the fatal message, and read, amid the most intense silence the following cablegram:

"Owing to the submarine activity in the Atlantic I request you send over Gunner Jacko to dive for them."

"(Sgd.) Official Inspector."

Instantly such a roar went up that the infantry on the street outside stopped to listen, every eye was turned on the poor sentry who did the ditch diving act and he, and everyone, breathed more freely once the joke was disclosed.

"When do they go?" was on every one's lips. Kits were packed to bursting, the men were drawn up for final parade, the bands were coming, the torches flaring on the dark windy streets. All the town was abroad. "Here they come," cried an urchin and out of the armory marched the Battery Reserves. We crowded out into the mud to see them pass by—first the long steady lines of the escorting infantry, then a band with torches playing "The Maple Leaf," then more long lines of the khaki clad infantry, then another band with wind-drifted torches—then the Battery—there was Fritz! with head held high and swagger stick swinging, stepping bravely out and searching with faithful eyes the dense crowds of cheering citizens. "He sees us!" screamed Cecil at my side, indeed he did, so we fell in and marched along the road to the station, the bands filling the air with "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and "Never Let the Old Flag Fall." Into the waiting colonist car the boys passed and a perfect forest of hands went up to the windows—again and again we clasped hands—cheers rang out, bands played, the dear ones to be left behind stiffened their faces, and kept back by heroic effort, the close pressing flood of tears—the engine whistles, the

conductor calls "All aboard" and amid a chorus of farewell calls the train starts—and Fritz passes beyond your ken and mine—for a time.

The Girl Traitor

She was a waitress in a popular restaurant. One time she came to see me at my home but her air of superiority was so marked, her dress so conspicuous in its exaggerated style, and her makeup was so artificial that I did not feel I could recommend her for a position.

Like many of her kind her first ambition is to trap her manager. When she has succeeded in this all of the other girls in the place are at her mercy. She comes to her work at no regular time and goes when she pleases. The other girls do her work and take her snubs. Her fingers sparkle with jewelry and

her expensive clothes she wears with that "I am It" air.

Last month she bought a suit for fifteen dollars. After wearing it a few times she sent it to a well known laundry to be cleaned. When it was returned she claimed that they had not taken a spot out—the suit was ruined absolutely. After fussing about it for a while and informing the laundry that she paid thirty dollars for the suit she prevailed upon the manager to phone to the laundry. He was afraid to refuse her orders, so he called up the manager of the laundry. As the laundry did all of the linen for this particular restaurant it could not afford to lose the business so the thirty dollars was paid to the girl for the penalty of leaving an impossible spot on a fifteen dollar suit. She laughingly advertised her trick among the other girls, impressing upon

them her opinion of her own cleverness.

This is just one everyday incident of the girl traitor that makes it mighty hard for decent wage earning girls to make good.

Her Standard

The modest little clerk was the personification of honesty as the store detective led her to an office. How did he dare mistrust her?

"Take off your dress" was the order of the one in charge.

What was the reason of this command? Under her dress she had a fine new silk suit.

"Oh, I was trying the suit on, and I forgot to take it off," she innocently explained without a mark of embarrassment.

At the trial she said: "Other girls wear fine clothes without paying for them so I thought I could."

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