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In these strenuous days do not send your money to foreign countries—circulate it at home where your crops are sold, and where it will come back to you.

Our Corrugated Iron is British through and through—mined, smelted, rolled, galvanized and corrugated within the Empire. We could use the foreign-made Keystone sheets, if we wished, but we prefer to buy within the Empire, and so should you.

Our thirty-year reputation for square dealing is behind everyone of the famous "Redcliffe" British-made Galvanized Sheets which you will get if you buy from us. And our prices are as low or lower than sheets made in the United States.

Our Prices To-day Are:

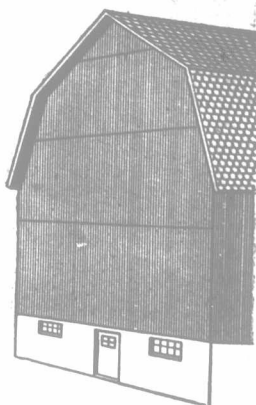
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26 Gauge---\$3.80 per 100 square feet

ORDER NOW

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We will gladly help you with your barn plans. Let us hear from you about your requirements.

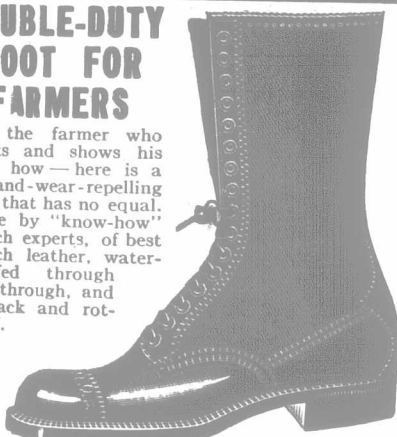
The Metallic Roofing Co., Ltd., Manufacturers, Cor. King and Dufferin Sts. **Toronto**



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Direct from Scotch Maker to You
Norwell's make Boots and Shoes for every purpose, every occasion—for every member of the family and household. And the same wet-and-wear resistance quality of leather is used throughout, expertly moulded in comfortable shapes by Scottish craftsmen.

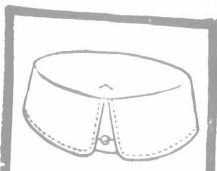
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The Man behind the Boot guarantees complete satisfaction, or will return your money in full—every cent. He gives every consideration to every order, and the best value in the world every time.

When ordering state size, etc., and enclose remittance.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Family Footwear, sent post free to any address.

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perhaps you do not grasp my meaning, and, at any rate, all this is not very much to the point, is it?

With eyes turned upon Canada, however, we may see much to be glad for in this our land,—and just here I am reminded of an observation made in regard to it recently by Mr. F. R. Benson, the famous actor, and manager of the Stratford-upon-Avon Shakespearean Players. He said: "And what strikes you most?" I asked our company on arrival in Canada. And the answer they gave me was, "The hopefulness on the faces of the people."

Some time previously I had asked a friend just returned from a trip abroad, "What struck you most in London?" And she had instantly replied, "The hopelessness on the faces of the unemployed." She had seen a "bread-line" somewhere, and the pathos of it had gripped her to the exclusion of the palaces, the Tower, St. Paul's, The Abbey,—all the rich triumphs of the hands of men for which the metropolis of the world is noted.

Perhaps the war, with all its horror, will at least lessen, in London and elsewhere, that but little less horror of the bread-line. If it does not, it will be the fault of the unemployed themselves, for, with the laborers gone from the fields and the mechanics from the mills, there will be gaps, and gaps, and gaps, to be filled when the country shall have shaken herself from the paralysis of war-time, and raised her head again to take part in the work of the world. But it will be long, long, before England, the Empire, will have retrieved the loss of the skilled hands, the practiced eyes,—the many, many of them—mouldering in the dank sod of that continent upon which, so many times down the long, dark ages, has fallen that "red rain," the life-blood of men. And as with Britain, so with France, and Russia, and Austria and Germany.

If we have one hope and wish for Canada, it must surely be that there may continue that "hopefulness" on the faces of her people; that she may by no blundering upon her own part, bring within her borders the hopelessness of the unemployed, the hopelessness—desperation—of war.

True, there are unemployed in Canada, but, under normal circumstances, there is little need that anyone in the Dominion should go idle. The opportunity exists, and the only problem is to bring the man to it. . . . True, the brave sons of Canada go forth to fight for the Empire; but may it never come that her own fair fields may be devastated, her fresh, green pastures drenched with blood.

Why should it ever be so? It is with the United States that we of the Dominion have chiefly to deal, and the people of the United States are blood of our blood. For one hundred years we have reached out to them our hands, over that wonderful, invisible, long border-line that

reaches from Cape Sable to Vancouver, and they have reached out their hands to us. That long border-line, with never a fort nor a gun, those great lakes with never a defiant, steel-clad war-dog cruising over their waters, are at once our protection and our covenant. "Friendship" is written on every foot and knot of them. And so, after all, it is not so inappropriate that even this year should be inscribed above the Dufferin Gates in Toronto, "Peace 1814-1914."

Somewhere on the Andes in South America, between two adjoining States—I have forgotten just which—there has been erected a statue of Christ. The "Christ of the Andes," it is called, and it signifies that between the two States there shall be peace. Would it not be a grand sight to see similar statues at the noblest points of our boundary,—on Lake Champlain, at Niagara, at the head of the Great Lakes, on the mountains of the Far West?

I don't know how you feel about war. For my own part I should like to see Canada forever freed from it, with sons ready to bear arms in case no other remedy were possible, but loving better eternal peace. I should like to see her a land with fewer palatial homes, perhaps, fewer things that only a mere handful can have, and that at the expense of the many, but a land teeming with schools and colleges raised to the very highest point of efficiency, a land in which all that is best in art and music and literature might be brought to the very doors of all the people, a land so advanced that true religion might come to its own, the great creed for all to love God and one's neighbor—the new commandments—"upon which hang all the law and the prophets."

Utopian dreams? Perhaps yes, and yet dreams that have been dreamed by many, nor should it be forgotten that in everything great that has ever happened the dream has come first. It seems to me sometimes that women might dream such dreams more often than they do, and not only dream, but act. Why should not the mothers of this generation suggest to their children things that are highest—that arbitration is better than war; that mere commercialism is, after all, a secondary thing, and that commercial prosperity should only be sought as a foundation for a higher life: that there are better things than to "get on in the world" from a money standpoint; that the truly worth-while things now and forever are to be big, and true, and anxious to serve?—So might our Canada be a yet greater Canada, might it not?—And mingled with the hopefulness on the faces of the people the radiance of lives still better lived

To come back to Benson—I wish you had all heard him, as we had the privilege of doing last winter, in some of his best characterizations. I shall never for-

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