

or quoits and every variety of ingenious game. Concerning the efficiency of the Fleet it is not for a mere outsider to speak; but even he cannot fail to be impressed by the all-pervading sense of readiness. It seemed as if there was one word written on every ship, on every part of her, on every man within her—the word Ready. There was no

haste, no bustle, no confusion.

I left the Grand Fleet for home again sharing to the full the admiration, affection, and confidence which every officer and man within it feels for its Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Jellicoe. Here assuredly is the right man in the right place at the right time. His officers give him the most absolute trust

and loyalty. When I spoke of him to his men I always felt that quick response which to a speaker is the sure sign that he has reached and touched the hearts of his hearers. The Commander-in-Chief—quiet, modest, courteous, alert, resolute, holding in firm control every part of his great fighting engine—has under his command the heart of his Fleet.

LIFE-BOAT EXPERTS IN ACTION



Life-boat experts at Toronto Island getting a boat right side up after capsizing it for drill purposes.

LIFE-SAVING at Ward's Island, Toronto, is a branch of practical science carried on as vigorously as a fire-brigade or camp drill for war purposes. Every year the sudden squall, the man that rocks the boat and other natural and unnatural accidents add to the list of casualties. Toronto has by far the biggest sailing, canoeing and rowing population in Canada. Thousands of people may be on open water at once. It is the business of the life-saving crew to police this pleasure population. The conning tower shown in the centre picture on this page commands a view of the Bay and the lake front. Within a few seconds after observing any upturned craft the life-saving crew are off in a motor-boat at 30 miles an hour, or in a big lifeboat if the sea is too heavy.

The crew are drilled experts in the business of handling capsized craft. They make it a regular business to upset boats,

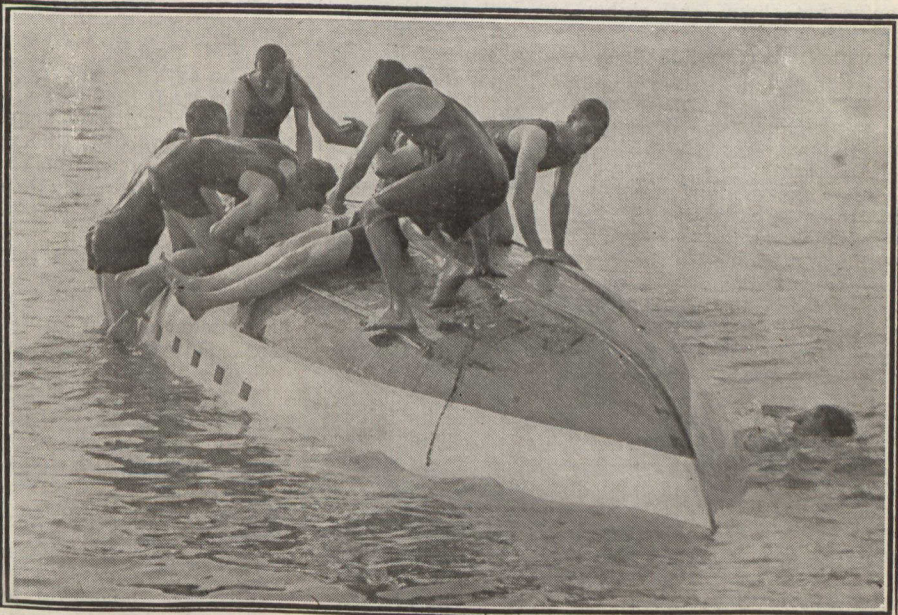
putting them right side up again and looking after swimmers in the water. Life-saving on Toronto Island used to be considerably a matter of volunteers. For many years there was a sign at various points of the Island—perhaps it is still there—"In case of drowning, telephone Mait. Akroyd." It is no longer the immediate business of a drowning man to telephone anybody. All a capsized crew of a skiff or a canoe or a dinghy have to do is to hang on to the boat for a few minutes till the life-saving brigade arrive on the scene. The organization of this life-saving station is one of the tokens that Toronto has become one of the great harbours of America. People are as likely to get into water accidents as houses are to get on fire. A life-saving station and crew are as necessary six months in the year as fire-halls and fire brigades are necessary the year round. The fool that rocks the boat is always with us.



General view of the life-saving station at Ward's Island, Toronto.



Overturning the Drill Boat, some of the crew getting ready to climb to the keel, others diving off.



The Drill Boat capsized, with part of the crew on top, getting ready to flop the craft back again.