

London Advertiser

London, Ont., Saturday, June 12.

BRITAIN'S RIGHTEOUS CAUSE.

THERE are men in every country who would make war a condition of affairs to be desired. This class is uppermost in Germany. It is not uppermost in Britain. The class that represents the antithesis of the warring spirit is the ruling force in the British Empire. Men who would willingly run the risk of being called traitorous to prevent an unjust war, who have not the slightest belief in the divine right of kings, who believe the only aristocracy to be the aristocracy of service, whose whole excuse for fighting is of a purely sacrificial nature, who desire to give, and not to take, who wish to strike only for protection and for freedom for the whole human brotherhood, these are the men who controlled British destinies at the outbreak of war, and who now control them. The Bishop of London, England, presumes upon no sacred tenet when he declares that British soldiers today are dying for the same principles for which Jesus Christ died.

But Christ died without a protest, he invited death, says one of the numerous cynics to be found. This may be granted, but would Christ have failed to place his body before a wild beast that sought to tear a child if such action had been the only means of saving the child? The common children of the dust have not Christ's power, a force of divinity that placed all men at his mercy, but a power which he used in his own mysterious ways. We see the wild beast threatening the child of civilization. We, or those of us who are great enough to perish for an ideal, have only our poor bodies to offer. We give those bodies, not as a mass of limbs and torsos to be trampled over, but as a wall with which to stay the hordes of pitiful savages who threaten humanity. We make this wall as strong and as formidable as possible with steel and powder and flesh. We press the foe backward. We have taken the only means of preserving all humanity that could be devised in the most just minds of the most moderate men.

The British men who made this "war" are the most truly Christ-like band of statesmen who have served any nation. It seems all wrong to call it war. It is for peace. It is peace itself in a sense. It is peace militant. Christ is peace. The cause of the British is Christianity militant.

Our cynic sneers again. "You argue strangely of Christ, who died submissive and meek when you enlist him in your cause and call the spirit of your actions the Redeemer himself; Christ never fought," he parries.

Can we not say with truth that there are thousands of the race who would have died upon a cross could they have saved the world from this war? We CAN say that, and it is true. Legions of men at the front would have bared their sides to the Kaiser's spear had such a human martyr been gifted with a vision of the racking of civilization before his eyes and the opportunity to save all. It cannot be that one poor human life could end it all. The returned Christ alone can do that.

The human heart is torn and suffering. The great ideal may not inspire all who go to war, but even to the duller brain some spark of the holiness of the British cause must reach. Let the cynic have his way. The British people are not dying upon a cross. But they are scourging, not the money-changers, but the murderers in the temple. They are protesting against brutality. Call it fighting if you will. Christ's whole life was a protest against wrong. Christ's whole life was a fight against wrong. Christ "fought" in the most effective way within his divine conception. The British fight in another way, but the same spirit actuates them as actuated Christ. And they have never been so glorified.

WILSON VS. BRYAN.

WILE the sentiment of the people of the United States as expressed by the journals of the day would seem to be almost unanimous in its endorsement of the President, yet the resignation of Mr. Bryan, and his announcement of a political propaganda in opposition to Mr. Wilson in his German policy, is a matter too serious to be lightly regarded. The late secretary of state is a strong man; though it may be doubted if he is as strong as he was some years ago. He is probably one of the most magnetic speakers, and one of the most forceful writers in the country. And his initial letter to the public is a clear announcement that he will use all his energies in antagonizing the Government on the particular question in dispute.

Now that the second American note has been made public, one is inclined to doubt the consistency of Mr. Bryan. It certainly reiterates the position taken in the first note; but it does so in language milder, if anything, and more friendly than that employed in the first. It expresses nothing new; it makes no threats; it simply restates the opinion of the President and his advisers that the wholesale slaughter of innocent passengers on a vessel, without a moment's warning is indefensible, and asks that it stop. Mr. Bryan agreed to the first note; why should he object so strongly to the second?

Mr. Bryan announces himself as the apostle of a new policy in international affairs; the advocate of peaceful discussion and arbitration; the opponent of the dogma of force. But while evil exists force at times becomes necessary. The law in its execution is the application of force to prevent wrong-doing. If a burglar should break into Mr. Bryan's house, and assault his family, and loot his property, would the advocate of peace summon the police, or undertake to argue the question with the burglar? But there is no police force to carry out the law of nations, and repress an offender; and the nations interested, neutral as well as combatant, must apply force by their own arms. Otherwise, the evil-doer remains free to carry out his own will. Wrong cannot be prevented. The offence will be repeated as often as selfish and unscrupulous interests may deem it necessary. The offender can neither be restrained nor punished.

Mr. Bryan, apparently, does not palliate the offences of Germany. He professes to be as anxious as Mr. Wilson to have them stopped. And Mr. Wilson is just as anxious to keep the peace as is Mr. Bryan. He has not threatened war; he does not advise war. He simply urges on Germany that the inhuman acts complained of should cease. It is difficult to see why Mr. Bryan cannot go as far as Mr. Wilson does. His withdrawal from the cabinet, and his repudiation of the President's note, is not a movement in the direction of peace. On the contrary it will strengthen German opinion in resisting the American re-

quest. An united people, speaking through their chief executive, can speak with great power; their demands would deserve and would receive some consideration. The only note that the protest of the United States would be effective in the slightest degree was in the fact that the nation was unanimous. But when so prominent a man as the secretary of state withdraws his support from the Government, he is reasonably supposed by Germany to represent the views of more than himself. There need no longer be any expectation that Germany will pay much heed to what the Government of the Republic may say. The most that can be expected is, that without a positive refusal Berlin may be willing to argue with Washington, and prolong the debate while Americans are being slaughtered and American property destroyed. Mr. Bryan and Mr. Wilson profess to be still on the best of terms, and to be in hearty accord in everything but the means to be taken in securing peace with honor and safety. But if Mr. Bryan is going to tour the country opposing the President on one very important matter, there will soon be antagonism on other questions. The rift will assuredly widen. Mr. Bryan's financial ideas divided the democratic party some years ago. His "peace at any price" policy may divide it again. Wilson and Bryan were rivals for the last presidential nomination. The old rivalry may break out again. The determining factor will be the personal influence each can bring to bear on the popular sentiment.

ROBIN DRAWN IN.

AS the curtain rolls up on the tragedy of Manitoba, more sanguinary stains appear upon the stage. The late Premier, Sir Rodmond Roblin, who gave himself a clean sheet upon retiring and left his vindication to history, has been implicated by a witness before the Royal Commission, as an active participant in the feast of the grafters that marked the setting of contracts for the Provincial Parliament.

A former provincial architect, V. W. Horwood, has made the most startling confession Canada has heard in many a day, and it is he who brings Sir Rodmond into the scandal. He states that the first man of the province, for many years, told him (the architect) that a steel contract for \$902,650 should be let to the notorious Kelly firm without the drawing of plans. He adds that Sir Rodmond gave instructions for great care so that "no commission in ten or twenty years would find anything wrong," whereby we get an inkling of what Sir Rodmond meant when he left his noble record to the future. In ten or twenty years he would have been safe from all condemnation and beyond any praise.

The notorious Dr. Montague, who has been nursed by the Conservative party for many years, no matter the risks encountered, is made the object of several accusations. At the pre-

ent time it is impossible to say what are the real facts. The courts must decide whether or not the accusations are true. It may be said that there is no lack of circumstantial evidence now of self-accusation in the recent developments, notably the complete demoralization of the late Government and its leader's pitiful wailing song.

Manitoba, has not cared much about what went on for many years. But now it is stirred as no part of Canada was ever before aroused. It has a solemn task ahead, but it is to be hoped that none of the guilty will be spared.

That fine Liberal paper, the Manitoba Free Press, has done much to consummate the downfall of Roblin rule. It has fought for years to convince the people of Manitoba of the corruption involved in contracts and elections. Never has there been such an evil system to combat in Canada. It is to be hoped that the thieves and grafters will receive their just due.

SUNDAY CLOTHES.

THIRTY big, strong, husky men stood on the banks of a pond near Dothan, Ala., and watched a boy drown. Not a "man" made a move to help save that boy from his watery death.

The thirty "men" on shore explained that they had on their Sunday clothes and did not wish to get them soiled; that there wasn't time for them to slip their Sunday clothes off before plunging in.

A wave of indignation has since swept over the little village of Dothan, threatening to drive these Sunday-clothed fellows out of town.

There is nothing to add to this except our sincerest wish that none of the 30 gets as far as London, Ontario.

ENGLAND'S "BIT ON LAND."

ON THE sea, of course, Great Britain is playing the biggest part of all the navies engaged in the war. In fact, it is, perhaps, a bigger part than all the other forces combined, land or naval. We now know what have happened but for Alibon's matchless fleet. Some there are, however, who charge that on land the British have not been doing their fair share. The figures given by Mr. Asquith of the losses up to May 31 show how untrue is the charge. Counting from August 23, when the British took the field, there has been an average of 320 casualties per day, making a grand total of 288,000. When we recall the smallness of the British force, it compares well with the total German losses of 2,000,000. Last week's losses in the desperate fighting in Flanders and France were at the rate of 3,000 daily, the casualties for the week being 20,000, the officers put out of action numbering 900. The losses for this one week were almost as great as those for the entire month of May.

The British have shared, with the Belgian and French, fighting that has been as severe as any at any other point of the war. What the British may have lacked in numbers they have made up in the high quality of their fighting. That was shown in the epic retreat from Mons and in the blocking of drive after drive of the Kaiser's piled legions, and when the detailed story of the Dardanelles campaign comes out, we will learn that there the British have prevailed over such obstacles as few armies have had to meet. Compared to the other armies engaged in the conflict, Great Britain's is small, but it is overflowing with a vigor and dash that is as good as half a dozen army corps.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

After a careful reading of President Wilson's note, it is difficult to see just what scared Mr. Bryan.

The daily casualty lists of the Canadians continue to be heavy, but that is the price of splendid valor.

So as not to be lacking in class in these piping times of war, Spain has sent an army to subdue Moroccan rebels.

The Germans are already claiming Lemberg. However, Trieste in the hands of the Italians will more than offset the loss of the Galician capital.

Balfour announces the sinking of an other German submarine. That's good news. The German subs are more of a pest than a peril, but like all pests, they exasperate.

The Russians may be slow and ponderous like a steam roller, but like the steam roller, they have the same gait when backing up, and it is that that will in time take the spirit out of the German advance.

It is to be hoped that the report that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is to have a supreme charge in America of the purchasing of munitions for the British army is true. His executive experience as head of one of the world's greatest railway systems makes him the ideal man for the job.

Whatever they may be elsewhere, the Turks seem to have a poor lot fighting for them in Southern Arabia. The garrison of Amarah, 1,000 strong, surrendering to a handful of British savors of the decadent. Perhaps it is the German whip at their back that keeps them going at the Dardanelles.

Bryan, "the boy orator of the Platte," as he was known in his early fame through oratory, first ran for the presidency in 1896 and was defeated by William McKinley on the free silver platform. He was defeated again in 1900, by McKinley in 1900 and a third time, in 1908, by William Howard Taft. Bryan was born in 1856 at Salem, Ill., and was elected to Congress in 1890, after having moved to Lincoln in 1887. Outside of his contests for the presidency and his appointment as secretary of state in the Wilson cabinet, his most important event was a tour of the world in 1905-6, when he gave many lectures and was entertained by the rulers of almost every civilized country.

THE WEEK IN REVIEW

ONCE more Russia is hitting back hard at the Germans. They are on the offensive in the Baltic provinces, where the Germans for several weeks, since the capture of Libau, have been having things largely their own way. The German advance is hitting back.

On Riga, Russia's other large Baltic port, has been abandoned before the Russians. This fighting is at a point nearly 200 miles to the south-west of Riga.

In Galicia, although greatly outnumbered, the Russians are putting up a magnificent resistance to the German advance on Lemberg. The Teutons have two armies in operation, one moving directly east from Przemyśl, and the other, mainly Austrian, advancing from the south. It was a similar operation that culminated in the Russian evacuation of Przemyśl. It may cause the Russians to leave Lemberg, but it will be only at terrific cost to the Teutons. The Russian army is playing a splendid steadiness, and may at any moment turn the tables on the enemy. A Russian army six miles to the north of Przemyśl is reported moving west, probably with the object of striking at the German communications.

An attack across the Dniester River has been repulsed by the Russians, nearly 7,000 men and many cannon and machine guns being captured.

LAST week when addressing an audience at Dundee, Winston Churchill predicted a great victory and early triumph at the Dardanelles, and within a few hours the world learned of a brilliant British victory in the desperate fighting on the Gallipoli peninsula.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE DARDANELLES. The feature of the fighting on the Gallipoli peninsula, Gen. Hamilton reported that the Allies had made an advance of 500 yards along a three-mile front. The advance practically extended clear across the peninsula.

ONCE more the Australians and New Zealanders distinguished themselves for dash, their bayonet charges proving irresistible. The gain is said to have given the Allies a position from which they will soon be able to dominate fortresses that are blocking the way to the sea of the Turkish coast. The Allies have still a lot of heavy fighting ahead of them, as they have so far only progressed about ten or twelve miles up the coast. The Turkish losses in the fighting were heavy, a steady stream of wounded pouring into Constantinople for days. The fighting on the water front was equally successful. The British fleet has been making its way into the heart of Arabia has captured the Turkish city of Amarah, on the River Tigris, 250 miles from the Persian Gulf. The entire garrison, British and Turkish, numbered the British surrendered without much resistance, the Turkish civil governor and several high army officers being made prisoners. As well, a Turkish force to the north of Amarah coming to the relief of the city was made prisoner. In the Persian Gulf small Turkish gunboats and several transports were sunk.

SUB-LIEUT. Warneford of the British flying corps is the hero of the most spectacular incident of the war, a feat which has earned him the Victoria Cross. By bold and skilful work he took his aeroplane above a Zeppelin near Zepellin near Wreckes Zeppelin.

The dirigible to explode and fall to earth, her entire crew of 28 perishing. A distressing incident of the affair was the death of several inmates of a Belgian munition, on which the burning Zeppelin dropped. The building was set afire, and a panic followed amongst the 700 Belgian refugees. Warneford's machine turned turtle when the airship exploded, and dropped head downward for nearly a mile, but managed to right himself within a short distance of the ground. He was obliged to land, but although behind the German lines, got away before he could be captured. The destroyed Zeppelin is believed to have been returning from a night raid on the southeast coast of England, in which five persons were killed and some property destroyed by incendiary bombs.

ON Thursday the second note of the Lusitania was sent to Berlin. As was the case with the first note, it insisted that Germany guarantee the safety of Americans travelling on American ships.

WILSON'S SECOND NOTE OR NEUTRAL VESSELS. A number of the right of all vessels to be treated according to the accepted rules of war. It also declares that the United States Government agents found on ships aboard the Lusitania as asserted by the Germans.

Early in the week W. J. Bryan, American secretary of state, resigned from the Cabinet because of the nature of President Wilson's note. He considered it not peaceful enough.

ACCORDING to an official statement by the British Government, the losses of the British last week were the heaviest for one week since the war began. The casualties numbered 800 officers and 20,000 men.

In the week and fighting alone, the killed numbered 1,674, of 5,620 casualties.

THE French continue to score in their game of nibbling at the German line. This week's reports from Flanders and France tell of fine work by Joffre's men. After many days of the hottest kind of fighting for the possession of the village of Neuville for the French.

The Germans have been driven from their last stand. There the fighting has been from house to house, and the French report says that the Germans left over a thousand dead. North of the line, the French have performed brilliantly. In an engagement near Soissons they routed the enemy, although the latter rushed heavily reinforcements by means of automobiles. The French report that in this fight the Germans' dead numbered 2,500, with several hundred taken prisoner.

ON Saturday and Sunday last at the sugar refinery of La Souche, and at the Chateau Hooge, there was desperate hand-to-hand fighting between the British and Germans. The Germans claim to hold both these points, but Sir John French says the fighting there is going in favor of the British. To the north of Arras the elaborate system of German trenches, known as the

reporter when you came here. You told me you could go out and dig up news. Now, go on out and get something, or—"

At this point Bud reached for his natty straw hat, and backed slowly out of the room. He was looking a lot of good-go language into the eyes of the prettiest girl you ever saw. Oh, man, out she was a dream! I saw them after, and I nearly fell dead; hanged if I can say what a girl like that ever found in Perry to fall in love with! And that's the girl this story is about. Along late that afternoon, after we left Colfax and began to root into the real Sierras, Perry got an idea that it would be a fine thing to take his bride up on the engine and let her see how they built the road through the mountains. You know how that single track is cut right out of the wall of a canon, in places where it's a couple of thousand feet down, and a straight drop. It's a great sight from an engine, I guess.

"Well, they went up on the engine all right enough—I saw that part of it—and the rest of it I got from Perry himself afterward. It seems that the engineer—old Joe Fowler, who's been pulling passenger-trains on this line ever since the year one—got to gassing with Perry, and forgot to watch the engine right up on her hind legs, and at once she let out a terrific scream and fell off the seat in a dead faint. Fowler stuck his head out, and there, about two hundred yards away, was an immense big boulder right on the track. Probably been jarred down there by a freight-train. Fowler reversed her or something, jammed on all the air he had, and brought that old compound engine right up on the boulder. The heavy grade was all that saved the train, and Fowler stopped her about a car-length from the boulder. If it hadn't been for the girl the whole train might have gone down a couple of thousand feet. How's that for a story? Can you see it at all?"

"Can I see it?" exclaimed Bud. "I can feel it! I can taste it!"

"Of course," said Charlie regretfully. "I wouldn't have been so sure of a newspaper yarn if there had been a wreck and a lot of people mashed up, but the bride saved 'em."

"Oh, bully!" said Bud. "Saved by a 'Bride'! I guess that headline won't loom up on a front page, hey?"

"Saved by a 'Bride'! Great! I'll bet this story will hit the old Moose right between the horns! Tell me, what are Perry's initials—Percolat T.?"

"About where was this rock—between what stations? Of course, you don't happen to know the bride's name before she married Perry? Well, that's immaterial, anyway. Blonde or brunette? And, say, you won't care if I mention your name? Certainly not! I wouldn't quote you for the world. Just want to say you were on the train, that's all. Don't worry! Leave it to me, boy, I'll fix this job up fine!"

He did fix the job up fine, beyond all question. Leading off with a smashing first paragraph to the effect that two hundred passengers on the Argonaut Limited were saved from a horrible death by the agonized scream of a beautiful bride Bud directed himself of his collar and tie and waded boldly into his narrative.

After mentioning Percolat T. Perry as the "happy bridegroom," Bud went on to waste a whole stickful of type on a description of the bride's wonderful beauty. It was not until he came to the rocky gorges and engine that he settled down to real descriptive writing. He gilded the purple peaks of the Sierras with the last rays of the setting sun, he touched lightly upon the headless passengers in the Pullmans behind; he painted a pen picture of the heavy train thundering up through the rocky gorges and crawling along the beetling brows of the everlasting mountains. He breathed hard when he wrote of the piercing scream of the bride, "as she slipped, limp and unconscious, in all her wedding finery, to the greasy floor of the cab."

"I was going through the train," continued the narrator, "when what do I run into but Perry Perry. You know Perry; he's got some kind of a cinch job with the company; he never does a tap of work and gets paid a lot of money for it. He was looking a lot of good-go language into the eyes of the prettiest girl you ever saw. Oh, man, out she was a dream! I saw them after, and I nearly fell dead; hanged if I can say what a girl like that ever found in Perry to fall in love with! And that's the girl this story is about. Along late that afternoon, after we left Colfax and began to root into the real Sierras, Perry got an idea that it would be a fine thing to take his bride up on the engine and let her see how they built the road through the mountains. You know how that single track is cut right out of the wall of a canon, in places where it's a couple of thousand feet down, and a straight drop. It's a great sight from an engine, I guess.

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As Bud wrote, he saw Joe Fowler's hand leap toward the throttle; he felt the sudden, convulsive shiver of the great piece of machinery as the power was shut off; he heard the screech of the air-brakes, and rooked to the jar of the brake-shoes against the heavy wheels. After this masterpiece of action, what more natural than that Joe Fowler, a "grizzled hero of twenty years at the throttle," should take the cold hand of the still trembling bride, conveying it to his lips with the simple words:

"I owe our lives to you!"

Bud ingested happily every bit of realism, secure in the thought that if Fowler hadn't kissed the lady's hand, he should have done so. Then he wrote the head—"Saved by a Bride!"—and turned the story over to Moose Baxter.

Moose's eyebrows went up when he saw the headline, and he ran rapidly through the pile of sheets. When he had finished he opened a drawer in his desk, took out a pad of printed blanks, and paused with pencil poised. "You're sure of these facts, eh?"

"Absolutely," said Bud. "I got the ride from the railroad man on the train—friend of mine."

Moose scrawled an order on the cashier for the amount of money due Bud Baxter, to which he added a week's salary.

"You win," said he. "Then it is a good story?" asked Bud.

"I've seen a lot worse," said Moose, cautiously. "Run along, now."

We are not interested in Bud Clark's reaction. Two weeks later he walked into the office and handed over to Baxter's desk. Moose grinned as he saw him coming, and, putting his hand to his breast, produced a long cigar.

"Smoke!" said the city editor. There was in his manner something which Bud had never detected before, Moose was a man with a pencil poised, as he had treated Perry. Bud, thus encouraged, sat down on the edge of his desk, and said:

"Did that—ab—railroad yarn of mine attract any attention?" he inquired, as he bit the end from the cigar.

"Attention!" said Moose. "See here, haven't you been reading the papers? Haven't seen one since I've been away," said Bud. "I had other things to do. Was there a 'fellow story' on it?"

"About eight of 'em," said Moose. "Why, that 'Saved by a Bride' thing fairly tore this town in two! Talk about your boomerangs!"

"Why, that story couldn't hurt anybody," said Bud.

"You think not?" said Moose. "Wait till I give you the list of killed and injured. First comes the engine, Fowler, the 'grizzled old veteran' and so forth. He got laid off for six months for letting people ride on the engine and getting caught at it. He's been in here every day since, looking for you. Then there was your friend Hudson. They found out he leaked to you, and they transferred him to the Salt Lake office, where he doesn't know any newspapermen."

The cigar dropped out of Bud's fingers, and rolled along the floor. Charlie Hudson had been one of his best friends.

"Oh, that ain't near all of it!" said Moose, cheerily. "Perry lost his job with the railroad company, on account of the story. They kicked him out bodily the next morning, and—"

"Gee whizz!" said Bud. "I'll bet the bride will never forgive me!"

"Well, I wouldn't give myself any uneasiness about the bride," said Moose, reassuringly. "But if you really want to do any squaring you might go and see Perry's wife! I understand she's taken the four children and gone back to Illinois. That story tumbled everybody connected with it, but you, and it's raising your salary ten bucks a week. Stick around a while until I see what's here for today, and I'll pick you out a good story."

1854 1915

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Buy it in Original Packages—2 and 5-lb. Cartons or 10, 20 or 100-lb. Cloth Bags, and be sure of the genuine Redpath.