

easy. As he struck the water he noticed that the other boatman, having reached the end of the rope, was now running with the end slowly along the bank, thus performing the same duty as he had formerly by paying it out, in so far as keeping it near to the child.

With long, powerful overhand strokes Johnny fairly threw himself forward, cutting against the current, yet ever carried down. A dozen strokes and he reached the rope. A precious two seconds he lost, but caught it at last in his teeth close to the floating buoy.

The rapids of the "chutes" have a strange effect on a floating helpless body, tending to roll it over and over in the odd cross swirls and choppy little waves peculiar to the channel. As he plunged on with the rope tight held, Johnny saw the tiny and now unstruggling body lift on the crest directly ahead. And now he knew the urgent need for haste, for the toning diapason of those six feet falls thundered ever louder in his ears, a sound that marked their deadly nearness. Full well Johnny knew that, though men might jump the "chutes" in stout and flat bottomed scow, no human form stood any chance to go over that fall because it would be immediately carried under and held perhaps many minutes until beaten to pulp by strange back swirling currents from the down plunging tremendous volume of water.

Now all the strength of long trained arms and stout legs went into desperate dash for that tossing mite so near now to his hand. He reached Billy; with one hand caught his wide coat collar, and the man on shore, seeing, ceased his running. Anticipating now being towed in, Johnny's free left hand caught the rope from his teeth, and his heart leaped with joy as he felt it go taut.

But a minute later came realization that that was all the rope was doing—it was taut, but he made no headway through the water. With both arms hampered, and his body held fighting against the stream he went under one minute, was up the next, then down again, taking full in the face every little wave. Yet half choked and blinded as he was, he realized that the man on shore was not equal to drawing them both ashore against the now terrific draw of the river so close to its fall. A moment hope swelled in Johnny's heart, for held as they were fixed against the current the side draw of the water was bound to eventually sweep them into shore, just as a ferry boat on cables takes advantage of a river's current. Only a moment did the hope remain—choked and blinded as he was, he still saw that the movement shoreward was so slow that before they could be swept inshore by the action of the current so much time would elapse they would both be drowned.

There was but one thing to do—and into Johnny's mind came decision, perhaps born of some of the finer blood of distant chivalrous ancestor of the Scottish heath.

Slacking on the line, with two skilled turns of one long used to ropes, he made the child fast, then let go, and the eager sucking waters dashed him away to the brink of the boiling, gurgling flood, then over its edge so smooth into the whirlpool beneath that beat and whirled him around and around, yet moving him never a forward inch, while from above poured ceaselessly with thunderous roaring a mighty hammering flood upon his helpless clay. At last the whirlpool, relenting, tossed him out onto the quieter, gentler flowing stream beyond, but it was only an insensate, corporeal mass that it carried on toward distant and lonely ice-bound sea. Johnny's soul was gone—but back on shore little Billy lived.

And months after, at great expense, the grateful professor, who had heard the earlier story of Johnny's card playing and ostracising, had barged down the Peace a ponderous stone, and raised it at the spot where little Billy was brought alive to shore.

There is no body beneath this mass of granite, for seldom does the Peace give back its dead, but perhaps the soul of Johnny may be made glad, for carved upon the rock are these words:

"He Played the Last Hand Fair."

"Oh, no," soliloquized Johnny bitterly: "there ain't any favorites in this family! If I bite my finger-nail, I get a rap over the knuckles, but if the baby eats his whole foot they think it's cute."—The Christian Advocate.

Canada

By Albert D. Watson

Lord of the lands, beneath thy bending skies,
On field and flood, where'er our banner flies.

Thy people lift their hearts to Thee,
Their grateful voices raise:
May our Dominion ever be
A temple to thy praise.

Thy will alone
Let all enthroned;
Lord of the lands, make Canada thine own!

Almighty Love, by thy mysterious power,
In wisdom guide, with faith and freedom dower;
Be ours a nation evermore
That no oppression blights,

Where justice rules from shore to shore,
From Lakes to Northern Lights.

May love alone
For wrong atone;

Lord of the lands, make Canada thine own!

Lord of the worlds, with strong eternal hand,
Hold us in honour, truth and self-command;

The loyal heart, the constant mind
The courage to be true,
Our wide-extending Empire bind,
And all the earth renew.

Thy name be known;
Through every zone;

Lord of the worlds, make all the lands thine own!

A shabby man entered a small general store in a Scotch village and asked the owner, a genuine Scot who was known far and wide for his "pawky" humor, if he might have an empty soap box.

"All right," said the shopkeeper, "ye can have one; but the price is twopence." "Tuppence!" ejaculated the applicant. "That's too much money altogether. I can get them for less than that."

"Less than twopence? You're dreaming, man," replied the other, who disliked nothing so much as haggling. "Where can ye get them for less?"

"Down at your neighbor's, Tamson's," was the rejoinder.

"Oh," replied the man behind the counter, apparently much relieved; "no doubt ye would get them for less there, but I was never fool enough to leave my boxes outside on the pavement all night."



CANADA

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



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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