

## *The Noble Deed.*

(Sign: A. G. C.)

“**P**ERCIVAL Yates, Newman, and two other boys were crossing a section of the St. Lawrence river near the foot of Mille Roches rapids, when an oarlock broke and the boat upset. Yates and two of the boys grabbed the boat, which drifted upside down, but Newman, who could not swim, called for help and Yates swam to his aid. He placed Newman's hands on his shoulders and had gone a few feet with him, when he saw Shaver, who also could not swim, beneath the surface. He pulled Shaver to the surface, put his arm around his body and swam some distance further with the boys to a punt which was coming to their aid.”

Since reading this extract in one of our dailies it has been the privilege of “The Dreamer” to meet Mr. B. Yates, whose rescue of two comrades in the Long Sault Rapids, was lately rewarded with the Carnegie Bronze Medal and \$2,000 cash.

As “The Dreamer” heard the story (told so simply by this latter-day “Hero of the Long Sault”), and pictured the small boat overturning in the midst of angry, swirling waters, and the lad seeking and saving his helpless comrades, and then battling so valiantly with the waves until aid was at hand, he was moved to moralize in this wise:—

Would we all but orient ourselves with that sense of the sublime from which spring all such noble deeds—that soaring spirit of idealism, which inspired Ulysses of old—then perhaps in the mighty crisis of life we might be better prepared to play with honour our part on the stage of life. Were we to unsheathe our swords and do battle in a college crusade for a Christian Canada, could we not make ourselves a mighty force to leaven the sordidness of life in this harrowing age of materialism? A Titanic task, it is true, but what of those immortal lines hymned in the soul of that stainless knight of medieval legend:

“My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.”

