

ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued.)

Ruth laughed gaily as she entered the flower-bowered room and removed her hat. "June told me about Christie Castle and all its inmates," she explained, "and I think it is very beautiful nonsense. This does seem to me like a fairy island and an enchanted castle, and it is lovely enough to be the abode of royalty."

"Miss Sutherland, it was so good of you to ask me to come. This has been a particularly trying day at school. Sometimes it is like that, you know. The microbe of misrule seems to infect the very air we breathe. I always have a touch of homesickness after a day like this; but the magic of the Isle has cast a spell over me already, and I have dropped my burden in the bottom of the lake."

For the first time since her unpremeditated suggestion of this departure from the Rose Island routine Hilda drew an easy breath. This bright, young creature, as enthusi-

astic and full of the joy of life as June herself, and apparently possessed of the same magic glasses of rosy hue, was not going to be hard to entertain. She would let the young folks take their own way and follow in their lead.

"Miss Cameron," interrupted Brownie at this juncture, "do you know if these things has to be cooked?"

"Oh, a more!" exclaimed Ruth. "Where did you find it, Brownie? Do you know where there are any more?"

"Lots more out there," replied Brownie, pointing out of the window.

"Oh, how nice!" she cried. "Did you ever eat them, Miss Sutherland?"

"No, and I don't fancy myself eatin' 'em, neither. I'd be afraid to." Ruth laughed. "They are perfectly delicious when they are fried in butter. I've been looking for them, but haven't found one this year. Do let us have some for tea, Miss Sutherland. I'll cook them, and then you won't be responsible if they disagree with us."

Hilda consented, wondering if it could be possible that her bill of fare was to contain something "perfectly delicious" after all. The boys were

off like a shot to gather the morels that Brownie had discovered under the elms, and Ruth jumped up, saying, "Let's get the frying-pan hot."

Hilda led the way to the kitchen and produced the frying-pan and a saucer of butter. Then she sat down and watched while the pretty little school teacher's deft fingers prepared and cooked the savoury dish. She had declared that she should on no account touch a bite of the horrid things, but when the appetizing aroma filled the air her resolution wavered.

Before long the little party were seated at the dainty, flower-decked table. For the past two hours Hilda had been dreading what her fancy had pictured as a stiff, uncomfortable ordeal; but now there was not the least vestige of restraint visible in anyone. The hostess did, indeed, have one moment of heart-sinking, but June happily saved the situation. Immediately after they sat down Ruth bowed her head with an unmistakable air of reverent expectancy. June was as swiftly conscious of this as was her aunt. "May I sav grace tonight, Aunt Hilda," she whispered.

Hilda flashed her one quick look of gratitude, and, sweetly and reverently, June repeated the little verse



she had used at their picnic dinner by the trout stream. Then, like a strain of merry music, without one jarring note, the meal progressed. The keen, young appetites accorded the new dish an unfeigned appreciation. Hilda was at last persuaded to try some, and was compelled to own that it was better than it looked. The pie and the cake, too, were thoroughly relished, quite to the satisfaction of the hostess.

As soon as the dishes had been washed and put away, preparations were made for the main business of the evening. Ruth, with one of Hilda's blue gingham aprons tied over her white dress, set to work mixing and fixing, explaining each process as she went along. It was quite a lengthy operation, though full of interest to them all; and when at last the strip of film was hung up to dry, the evening was well advanced.

"The negatives are all nice and clear," Ruth affirmed, "but, of course, we can't do any more tonight."

When the "muss" had been cleared away they all, at June's suggestion, put on their wraps and brought out their chairs to the veranda. There for a little while they sat in silence, each differing spirit in its own way receptive of the peace and beauty of the night.

Silver-shod, the full moon danced upon the ripples of the lake, and revealed in clear outline the soft undulations of the forest-clad hills. A tang of coolness was in the breeze which blew up delicious whiffs of fragrance from the gold-green balm-of-Gileads fringing the farther shore. Two whip-poor-wills called to each other from distant parts of the wood, and the thrillingly sweet note of a wood thrush rang through the white birch grove. Then suddenly, not breaking the dreamy calm, but blending with it, like a bird among the birds, June's flute-like voice burst out in song:—

"Sing on, ye little birds,
Sing till your glad, brief life is gone!
Sing of the glories of the Spring!
Of all its love and fullness sing.
Yet, though your song should last
out in song—
"Sing on, ye little birds,
Sing till your glad, brief life is gone!
Sing of the glories of the Spring!
Of all its love and fullness sing.
Yet, though your song should last
out in song—
Year upon year, by night and day,
Ye could not sing enough to tell
What beauty in God's earth doth
dwell."

Song seemed as easy as speech to June, and just as natural and spontaneous. Her voice was not particularly strong, but had a penetrating sweetness and purity of tone that seemed, as she sang over her simple, little tasks, to reach the remotest corner of Christie Castle. "Let us all sing," she suggested when she had come to the end of her little song—one learned at school in the faraway city, but never so appropriate as amid this rustic setting.

Ruth agreed, though she would rather have listened to June's voice alone, and for half an hour the three young folks sang together the songs they knew, closing with the children's good-night hymn. Hilda, immersed in the waves of music that ebbed and flowed around her, wondered what charm she had for so many years found in silence and solitude.



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



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.

Issued by
The Military Service Council.

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