

fire I saved two matches, which seemed important. "I had made trips as far as I dared go in every direction, but saw no sign of the camp or of my companion, so I concluded that he must have abandoned the search for me, but if I moved, where was I to go? At last I decided to strike west till I came to some stream and follow it down, as I remembered that all streams crossed the railway. It was my only hope and a very frail one, you will agree."

"When you made trips," again interrupted Charlie, "if you had broken branches and twigs your partner maybe find one and hunt till he find another and so come to the place you were."

"I did not think of that, either," said Newton. "You see, I know nothing of the ways of the woods; but it is strange I did not think of that, for I knew that my partner always noticed a freshly broken tree."

"Next morning at daybreak I started out. I had no breakfast, but on the way I dug a few roots. Some were not bad, others useless. I crossed one or two streams, but none of any size."

The country varied with wet, close swamps and high, rocky ridges, and the going was bad. I ate leaves and balsam bark, but it was a most unsatisfactory diet. That day I saw three moose, and oh! how I wished for a gun. I felt like tackling them with my bare hands.

"That night I found a very sheltered spot on the side of a rocky ridge and made a good fire. I was ravenously hungry, and this kept me awake most of the night. I never knew what hunger really meant in my life before. I thought of the food I had refused as not well cooked or served. How I wished for it now! I did not like mutton and never ate it. I wondered how it would taste now."

"The swamps," said Charlie, "full of rabbits, catch them easy. Make snare."

"How could I make snares?" asked Newton. "I had no string."

"Take shoe-string, or cut up clothes," replied Charlie.

"I had good long laces, all right, but as in the other things, I did not think of it. I had seen several rabbits and some I had tried to catch, but as you may imagine, I had no success."

"Early next morning I saw a spruce partridge sitting on a low limb. I gathered some stones and was lucky enough to bring it down. I made a fire and roasted it. You can imagine how good it was."

"Late in the afternoon I came to a good-sized stream. The day was dark, but it seemed that the creek ran towards the north. I tried to reason it out, but the more I thought the more confused I became. I think that I lost all sense of direction, for just then the sun showed out and I was not sure whether it should be in the east or the west."

"You were north of the height of land then, where all the water runs north," I said.

"THIS was a low, flat country, and there was little dry wood to be secured. I could not get enough to keep my fire going all night, and I was weak from hunger. I would dream that I was about to sit down to a well laden table, but always it was moved away or someone held me back."

"After a time I got to know that these were only dreams, and when I would see a nice, juicy steak laid before me, I would reach out suddenly just to see it vanish or move further away."

"Next day I pushed on down the stream as fast as my waning strength allowed. Crossing a small creek, I saw some fish swimming in it. I spent a long time trying to catch one, but though the water was shallow, I had no luck. I found some dry wood on the bank of this creek and camped. After dark, in making up my fire I saw a large number of these fish in the water. They seemed to come to the fire light. I cut

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HOW WE DODGE OUR DUTY

By THE MONOCLE MAN

AN old man in a faded suit of clothes which did not suggest opulence turned up the other day in an office where they were accepting subscriptions for machine guns. He lugged out of his pocket a bulky roll which contained just \$750. "I am too old to go," he said, simply; "but they tell me that one machine gun is worth fifty men; so I went to the savings bank and drew out my savings to buy one—and here they are." The old man had made his money, penny by penny, keeping one of those seven-by-nine corner-groceries in a workingman's quarter. Every dollar of it represented self-denial, patient thrift, abstinence from what many of us regard as the necessities of life that he might have a nest-egg for his old age. And, now with the snows of some seventy winters lying white on his unbowed head, he gave his little "all" for his country. Then he went back to pocket the modest profits of selling the biggest bull's eyes known to commerce to eager and censorious "kids" with "a cent to spend."

DOES that seem right to you? Doesn't your heart ache as you read the little story? It is one thing to read that a millionaire has donated a battery to the nation—he will never miss it. But when we read that poor men are drawing up from the murky waters of old age the pitiable sheet-anchors that they have laboriously forged to save them from the most violent storms which may chance to fall upon them when they are helpless, while thousands of us—far better off—continue to keep our bank accounts and our bundles of securities in our safety deposit vaults, do we not get a different light on this voluntary system of saving the nation? Our boys ought to get all the machine guns they can use. Machine guns save the lives of our bravest and dearest; and we can far better afford to be lavish with steel and powder than with flesh and blood. But surely the nation should buy the machine guns (after the fine example of the Ontario Government)—not the pitiable though patriotic veterans of poverty, while prosperous money-makers in the vigour of middle life go scot-free.

WHAT we want is more taxation and less imposing on individual patriotism. The Government is very chary about levying additional war taxes on us. It is even picayune and annoying. I cannot get over my exasperation every time I am compelled to stick two stamps on a letter when one ought to do. Why does not somebody of sense arise in the post office department to give us a three-cent stamp? Why not make it a five cent stamp? Why not levy some form of direct taxation on us all? We are surely willing to pay what is necessary to carry on the war. An income tax for war purposes would be borne cheerfully by our people; and then the Government would have plenty of money to buy all

the machine guns for our boys that they require. Moreover, this income tax would hit the man who now gives nothing voluntarily, and would only take from my poor old grocer an amount proportionate to his means.

IN other words, I think we should have Conscription—so far as money goes. The "blood tax" of actual Conscription is another and a bigger question. I hope with all my might that the British Empire will never be driven to it. But our Government ought to have the courage to take from us all whatever money is required to properly equip such of our brave men as are willing to venture their lives on our behalf, to take excellent care of their families while they are away, and to provide handsomely for any stricken heroes who come home to us more or less incapacitated for the battles of peace. I am not saying a word against such efforts as the Patriotic Fund. They call out patriotic philanthropies which might otherwise lack means of expression and take rank with the volunteer services of the people who administer such Funds. But they should be very wholly voluntary. There should not be such pressure upon the people to give as brought out that machine gun from my noble friend.

AND the nation should fully supplement any such Funds. There ought never to be lack of means to feed and shelter the families of the absent soldiers in so ample and generous a fashion that no shadow of anxiety can cross the minds of their bread-winners as they stand in our stead along the dead-line near Ypres. It is constantly amazing to me to hear some of the talk I do about the distribution of these Funds. You would think that they were charities of the ordinary sort. But they are nothing of the kind. The position—as I see it—is about this: two men have resting upon them an equal responsibility for the defences of their—and our—common liberties. One of them can and does volunteer to go to the war. The other either cannot or does not. But the job is a joint duty. One man offers his life. Not only that, he gives up all his earning capacity. He abandons a comfortable desk or bench or counter, and goes out to dig trenches in the rain, sleep in mud-holes, eat army rations when he can get them, suffer constant discomfort. The other man has his life in no way disarranged. All that he can do is to share his usual wages with the family of his "pal."

SHALL he share them in niggardly fashion?—as if he were doling out charity to a family of beggars? He ought to be heartily ashamed of himself even to think of such a thing. It should at least be shared and shared alike. But it is nothing of the sort. We give a little money to a Fund; and the wife of our absent hero must apply for help and stand personal questioning like a charity patient.

The nation should step in and put an end to this sordid, shirking, half-hearted way of doing a plain and imperative and what should be a grateful duty. The families of our absent soldiers should live on the fat of the land at our expense—in that way we might in some measure make up for the hardships which their husbands, fathers and brothers are bearing on our behalf.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

To Die For Their Friends

An Historical Address by Lieutenant-General E. A. H. Aldersen, in Command of the Canadian Division in Flanders

AFTER the Battle of St. Julien, or Ypres, at the close of the famous twelve days of strenuous fighting in which the Canadians were engaged, April 22nd to May 4th, General Aldersen issued the following address to his troops:

"All Units and all Ranks of the 1st Canadian Division, I tell you truly, that my heart is so full I hardly know how to speak to you. It is full of two feelings, the first being sorrow for the loss of those comrades of ours who have gone, and the second, pride in what the 1st Canadian Division has done."

"As regards our comrades who have lost their lives—and we will speak of them with our caps off—(here he took off his cap, and all did likewise), my faith in the Almighty is such, that I am perfectly sure that, when men die, as they have died, doing their duty and fighting for their country, for the Empire, and to save the situation for others, in fact, to die for their friends, no matter what their past lives have been, no matter what they have done that they ought not to have done (as all of us do), I repeat, I am perfectly sure that the Almighty takes them, and looks after them at once. Lads, we cannot leave them better than like that (here he put on his cap and all did the same)."

"Now I feel that we may, without any false pride, think a little of what the Division has done during the past few days. I would first of all tell you that I have never been so proud of anything in my life, as I am of this Armlet with "I Canada" on it (pointing to it), that I wear on my right arm. I thank you and congratulate you from the bottom of my heart, for the part each one of you have taken in giving me this feeling of pride."

"I think it is possible that you do not, all of you, quite realize that if we had retired on the evening of the 22nd April, when our Allies fell back before the gas, and left our left flank quite open—the whole of the 27th and 28th Divisions would probably have been cut off, certainly they would not have got away a gun or a vehicle of any sort, and probably not more than half the Infantry."

"This is what our Commander-in-Chief meant when he telegraphed, as he did, that 'the Canadians saved the situation.' My lads, if ever men had a right to be proud in this world, you have."

"I know my military history pretty well, and I cannot think of an instance, especially when the cleverness and determination of the enemy is taken into account, in which troops were placed in such a difficult position, nor can I think of an instance in which so much depended on the standing fast of one Division."

"You will remember the last time I spoke to you, just before you went into the trenches at Saily, now over two months ago. I told you about my old regiments—the R. W. Kents—having gained a reputation for not budging from the trenches, no matter how they were attacked. I said then that I was quite sure that in a short time, the Army out here would be saying the same of you."

"I little thought—we none of us thought—how soon those words would come true. But now to-day, not only the Army out here, but all Canada, all England, and all the Empire, are saying it of you."

"The share each Unit has taken in earning this reputation is no small one."

"I have three pages of congratulatory telegrams from His Majesty the King downwards, which I will read to you, with also a very nice letter from our Army Commander, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien."

"Now, I doubt if any Divisional Commander, or any Division, ever had so many congratulatory telegrams and messages, as these, and remember, they are not merely polite and sentimental ones, they express just what the senders really feel."

"There is one word more I would say to you before I stop. You have made a reputation second to none gained in this war, but, remember, no man can live on his reputation, he must keep on adding to it. That you will do so I feel just as sure as I did two months ago, when I told you that I knew you would make a reputation when the opportunity came."

"I am now going to shake hands with your officers, and as I do so, I want to feel that I am shaking hands with each one of you, as I would actually do, if time permitted. No, we will not have any cheering now—we will keep that till you have added to your reputation, as I know you will."