

Keep Your Sons at Home.

Women of Canada! Do you want your sons to grow up proud of their parents' choice of a country; proud of a country in which to live and work and have their home themselves? Do you want them, as soon as they have finished their schooling or their university course, to look around for the career most in keeping with the particular bent of mind which you and Fate have given them? Do you want this career to be along some line with which you feel yourself in sympathy? Do you at least wish that it shall be spent in Canada and not in some foreign country away from every tie of home? Do you not long, with every fibre of your being, for the happening of some circumstance which shall place beyond all peradventure your son's choice of a life-work right here in Canada?

We know you do. Then build up Canadian industries; support Canadian schools and universities; choose Canadian enterprises in which to invest money; give Canadian labour the first choice; do everything humanly possible to create a pride in our fair Dominion—these are what we contend are the bounden duties of all Canadians. Do these things and we create a great country. Create a great country of noble ideals and diversified industries, and no Canadian woman's son will need to go to the United States to find employment, or the widest scope for the best talent that in him lies.

And your daughters! You know that as the gray hairs make their appearance (and even Canadian women do gradually grow old!) you will not like it if you look around and find yourself alone, with one girl in California and another perhaps in Maine. You will think things all awry if there are not little grand-children clambering up your knee. You will think hard thoughts of your countrymen for not having devised means for keeping the girls nearer home. Yet, if the boys leave for another country to find the careers denied them in their own, what are the girls to do? The boys—ought they not to remember whom they have left behind? The girls—are they to become old maids?

Canadian women! We remind you of these things; but we know you can recognize them for yourselves. Your whole lives and loves are intertwined with the destiny of your native country. You want to see Canada grow mighty and populous, not only because you love her for herself, but because her prosperity is the link which binds your sons and daughters to the old home spot for all time to come.—*Canada First, Woman's Department,*

One King, One Flag, One Fleet.

One Brotherhood is ours, one King,
One Land we call our Home,
One Flag to British realms we bring
To wave where'er we roam.

Come, sons of Britain, let us meet,
Our brethren o'er the seas to greet,
Come, sons of Britain, let us meet,
Our brethren o'er the seas to greet.

One Fleet shall make our Union strong;
Our sons shall not be slaves,
In distant lands, bursts forth the song,
"Britannia rules the waves."

Undaunted we have faced the foe,
As one great nation known;
In war or peace, in weal or woe,
We'll rally round the throne.

For flashing swords are not our sign:
United, strong and free,
We shall for peaceful arts combine,
And peaceful homes shall see.

The weak to raise, the wrong to right
Be Britain's great behest,
And mutual help shall put to flight,
Each petty, envious guest.

Our message to the world is Peace:
Whilst Commerce spreads our fame,
May Truth and Honour never cease
To crown our British name.

God bless our King; now join all hands,
And with a mighty cheer,
Resounding through Imperial Lands,
Will draw each other near.

Myles B. Foster.

Guess the Name of the Bird.

Guess the name of the bird that is woven in looms,
(duck).

The bird that is coined out of gold,
The bird that is flown at the end of a string,
The bird that is useless when cold.

The bird that is wise and can see in the dark,
The bird that is fastened with spikes,
The bird that is honored on Thanksgiving Day,
The bird that the President likes.

"Is there a son of generous England here?
Or fervid Erin?—he with us shall join,
To pray that in eternal union dear
The rose, the shamrock and the thistle twine!"

"Types of a race who shall th' invader scorn,
As rocks resist the billows round their shore;
Types of a race who shall to time unborn
Their country leave unconquered as of yore!"

—*Thomas Campbell.*