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TRAINING FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS

Extract from Report of the Military Hospitals Commission, Chairman, Sir James Lougheed

WE Canadians are absolutely unanimous about one thing in this war,—that justice and reparation must be secured for those who have suffered through volunteering to fight for us. These men, coming back shattered and torn, must have reparation, and from us.

From the beginning of the war, it was recognized that a man offering his body to defend our cause should have compensation for any injury his body might suffer in the carrying out of that task. A scale of pensions was adopted both for disabled soldiers and for their dependents, in proportion to the degree of disability. A revised scale, involving a large increase of expenditure, is already in force.

But a pension alone will not restore the injured man to his place as an active and useful member of the community; there will be many men with injuries which handicap them in any occupation.

Such men must not be condemned to perpetual uselessness. By what is called "functional" and "vocational" re-education, the men can recover some of their strength and fit themselves for a new occupation, if the old proves unsuitable.

The Parliamentary Committee decided that the cost of this training should be paid by the Dominion Government; and the Military Hospitals and Convalescent Homes Commission, with Sir James Lougheed at its head, has already given a great deal of consideration to the matter.

Before a general scheme of vocational training could be put into operation, the Commission had to prepare a scale of maintenance for the men undergoing training, and their dependents. Here is the scale which is now established:—

1. A single man, with pension, living in, receives free maintenance; that is, board, lodging and washing.

2. A single man, with pension, living out,—60c a day.

3. A married man, with pension, living in,—free maintenance and \$8 a month, with the following additions:—

For wife having no children, \$35 a month, less her husband's pension.

For wife and one child, if child is under five, \$38; from five to ten years, \$39.50; from 10 to maximum age, \$42.50; less, in every case, the amount of husband's pension and children's allowances under the pension regulations.

For wife and two children, from \$41 to \$47 a month (less pension and allowances) according to age of children.

For wife and three children,—\$44 to \$50 (less pension and allowances), according to ages.

For wife and four children,—\$47 to \$53 (less pension and allowances), according to ages.

For wife and five children,—\$50 to \$55 (less pension and allowances) according to ages.

For wife and six children,—\$53 to \$55 (less pension and allowances), according to ages.

A wife with seven or more children under the maximum age may be given the maximum allowance of \$55, less pension and allowances.

All these allowances for wife and children will be paid direct to the wife, unless otherwise thought fit by the commission.

4. A married man living at home will receive 60c a day. (This, of course, is in addition to the allowances for wife and children).

5. A widowed mother, if dependent entirely upon the unmarried son who is receiving training, and if the son made an assignment of his pay to his mother and also arranged for her to receive separation allowance while he was on service, may be paid at the same rate as the wife of a married man with no children.

6. The parents of a man undergoing training, if both are old and past work, and entirely or partially dependent upon him, may also be paid at that rate.

7. The guardian of a widower's children (under the maximum age) will be paid monthly:—for one child, \$10; for two, \$17.50; for three, \$22; and \$3 for each child in excess of three, with a maximum of \$35.

Payments under these regulations will be continued for one month after the completion of vocational training, whether the man has secured employment or not.

It is clear that this system of allowances will enable many men to take advantage of the training offered, by providing for their families while the training is being given.

The President of the Military Hospitals Commission asks us to say that any further information desired by our readers will be gladly given on application to the Secretary, at 22 Vittoria Street, Ottawa.

Editor's Note:—Municipalities or provinces who are considering schemes for dealing with the returned soldier problem might do well to study the programme outlined by the Hospitals Commission. In this, as in many other war-benevolence activities, it may happen that in "a multitude of counsellors" there is not wisdom. Centralized management and co-ordinated activity with the co-operation of provincial and civic governments should produce the best results. Otherwise there is liable to be overlapping and waste.

The Invisible Barrier

(Continued from page 6.)

Surely I have earned the right to some consideration from your countrymen."

His manner softened a little. "Madame, you have been most devoted and unceasing in your labours in establishing and maintaining this little hospital, and believe me we are not ungrateful. For that reason, I am here to-night." He moved a step nearer her. "Think you I could not take other measures, did it please me?"

Her eyes flashed. "Of what do you suspect me, Monsieur?"

"This man whom I saw in your presence this evening," pursued Von Gluck, "is well known to me. Do you think he could have stayed here so long otherwise and not been under suspicion? He no doubt told you that he is English." A gleam of something came into the steel blue eyes. "If so, he lied to you. You are clever, Madame, but not clever enough to fathom the intelligence of our Secret Service. Would you be surprised if I told you that hitherto your loyalty has been questioned, and that this man was sent here to trap you, to win your confidence." He paused as if to measure the effect of this disclosure.

Her eyes glistened strangely, and her face turned a shade whiter. She did not speak for a minute, then her tone held an assumed lightness. "What, then, Monsieur? What secrets have I of so great importance to disclose to one of your Secret Service men?"

"Ah, Madame, I see you still doubt what I say. You believe in him, and distrust me, your friend who am endeavouring to warn you. Behold, then, the proofs of his treachery. Can you deny that you wrote this letter, and that there is only one source

through which I could obtain it." He drew out from his breast pocket a letter which he opened and proceeded to read aloud—

"To be read when you are beyond the danger zone. Though you have never asked me, I know you have wondered if my husband is alive or dead, and how I came to be living here alone. Though the world here believes him to have been killed in the war, such is not the case. Monsieur le Comte is not dead. He is an officer in the French Aviation Corps, and noted for his gallant service. My story is a sad one; yet something compels me to lay it bare to you. He was years my senior. I never loved him, but as a mere girl was forced into marriage. He was unkind to me, and we separated—I can tell you no more. I have never known love, and this work of nursing the suffering in this terrible war has brought me the first contentment I have ever known. Le Bon Dieu guard you safely, and that some day we may meet again beyond the lines, mon ami, is the prayer of Julie De Lisle."

Von Gluck folded the letter, and presented it with a bow to Madame la Comtesse, who stood before him still and white, with a fixed expression.

"Well, Madame, what have you to say?"

She did not answer and her glance seemed to him strangely indifferent. "Madame." He touched her on the arm. "There is a way to save yourself. If you will trust me I will save you."

She shrank from his touch. Suddenly he seized her arms while she struggled in his clasp.

"How dare you—oh, how dare you?" With difficulty she restrained from screaming.

"A man dares anything when he loves. Think you I have not noted your graces, your charms. Ach Himmel, you are divine. You have endeavoured to betray my country. I will make you pay for it in the kisses you will give me."

Her breath came in gasps.

"How dare you insult me so. Loose my arm, Monsieur." A low cry was forced from her lips as his hold tightened. An eternity seemed to pass; then a shot rang out disturbing the quiet of the night, and Von Gluck dropped like a log at her side. Some one flung open a window, and there rose on the air the sound of rifle fire and the galloping of horses' hoofs. "Vive la France!" The cry seemed to emanate from many throats. Were the French endeavouring to retake Lille? A blue mist clouded her vision in which all things swam confusedly. She felt herself swaying and knew no more.

"Madame!" A voice called her back as if from the dead. She felt herself enfolded in strong arms, and saw a face bending over her. She shuddered as if at the remembrance of something, but a familiar note in the voice reassured her.

"Do not fear, Madame, you are safe." The tones reached her as if from a great distance, then she seemed to sink away again into space. When she regained consciousness, she was lying on a couch. It was Jacques who bent over her.

"Vive la France," she said, faintly. "Have the French come?"

"Yes, Madame, there has been a fight, and our troops have behaved gallantly; but the numbers are against us. I fear they will be driven back."

Suddenly she became conscious of the presence of another and rose slowly to her feet to confront de Brisay, who stood before her. She gave a little cry. "Monsieur. You did not escape?"

(Concluded on page 19.)