



**Depressed, Nervous, Weak.**

In these three words, taken from her letter, MRS. BARNATT vividly describes her own sufferings, but she also describes the daily sufferings of thousands and thousands of others. If the misery of permanent depression, the acute torture of disordered nerves, or the many penalties of sheer physical weakness make your life a burden, take advantage of MRS. BARNATT'S experience, and put to the test the wonderful virtues of the greatest of all tonics

**WINGARNIS**

Mrs. C. BARNATT, of 52, Nightingale Road, Dover, writes:—"For months I have been Depressed and Nervous, and so Weak I could hardly walk. But your "Wincarnis" has put New Life into me. I can now go about my work with a new vigour that makes my household duties a pleasure. It is splendid to feel so strong and well."

**Test "Wincarnis" Free.**  
If you send 6 cents Stamps (for carriage) to Coleman & Co., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England, they will send you a liberal sample bottle free.



**Now Strong and Well.**

Representative for the Dominion of Canada: Mr. Frank S. Ball, P. O. Box 577, Toronto. Phone No. Main 2875. Telegrams, "Onit," Toronto.

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You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

12 Adelaide St. E.

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# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President  
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager JOHN AIRD, Ass't General Manager

CAPITAL, \$15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

## SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, with drawings to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

## There's Something in the English After All

I'VE been meditating lately that when everything is told, There's something in the English after all; They may be too bent on conquest, and too eager after gold, But there's something in the English after all; Though their sins and faults are many, and I won't exhaust my breath By endeavouring to tell you of them all, Yet they have a sense of duty, and they'll face it to the death, So there's something in the English after all.

If you're wounded by a savage foe and bugles sound "Retire!" There's something in the English after all; You may bet your life they'll carry you beyond the zone of fire, For there's something in the English after all; Yes, although their guns be empty, and their blood be ebbing fast, And to stay by wounded comrades be to fall. Yet they'll set their teeth like bulldogs and protect you to the last, Or they'll die—like English soldiers—after all.

When the seas demand their tribute, and a British ship goes down, There's something in the English after all; There's no panic rush for safety, where the weak are left to drown, For there's something in the English after all. But the women and the children are the first to leave the wreck, With the crew in hand, as steady as a wall, And the captain is the last to stand upon the sinking deck, So there's something in the English after all.

Though the half of Europe hates them, and would joy in their decline, Yet there's something in the English after all; They may scorn the scanty numbers of the thin red British line, Yet they fear its lean battalions after all; For they know that from the colonel to the drummer in the band, There is not a single soldier in them all But would go to blind destruction, were their country to demand, And call it simply "duty"—after all. —Bertrand Shadwell.

## Britain's Answer

MR. KIPLING'S PROPHETIC VISION.

The offers received and accepted from the Dominions within less than a week after the declaration of war suggest to the "Morning Post" the republication of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's well-known poem.

TRULY ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban; Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man. Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare; Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers were. Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether, But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together, My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by; Sons, I have borne many sons, but my duggs are rot dry. . . . Draw now the three-fold knot firm on the nine-fold bands, And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands. This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-bloom. This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the southern Broom. The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not press my will, Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother still. Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you, After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few. Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways, Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise. Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen, Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men!

## To Lucasta, on Going to the War

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind, That from the nunnery Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind To war and arms I fly. True, a new mistress now I chase, The first foe in the field; And with a stronger faith embrace A sword, a horse and shield. Yet this inconstancy is such As you, too, shall adore; I could not love thee, Dear, so much, Loved I not honour more. —Colonel Lovelace.

## The Man Who Keeps His Head

("Britain's Motto: Business as Usual."—H. E. Morgan.)

THERE'S a man who fights for England, and he'll keep her still atop. He will guard her from dishonour in the market and the shop, He will save her homes from terror on the fields of Daily Bread. He's the man who sticks to business, he's the man who keeps his head.

Let the foe who strikes at England hear her wheels of commerce turn, Let the ships that war with England see her factory furnace burn; For the foe most fears the cannon, and his heart most quails with dread, When behind the man in khaki is the man who keeps his head.

Brand him traitor and assassin who with miser's coward mood Has the gold locked up in secret and his larders stored with food, Who has cast adrift his workers, who lies sweating in his bed, And who snarls to hear the laughter of the man who keeps his head.

Let the poor man teach the rich man, for the poor man's constant strife Is from day to day to seek work, day by day to war with life, And the poor man's home hangs ever by a frail and brittle thread, And the poor man's often hungry, but the poor man keeps his head.

When the ships come back from slaughter, and the troops march home from war; When the havoc strewn behind us threatens the road that lies before, Every hero shall be welcomed, every orphan shall be fed By the man who stuck to business, by the man who kept his head. —Harold Begbie.