

Ganong's Chocolates

For special occasions—they add the finishing touch to many a delightful party.



the Forty-Mile River the crunch and whine of sledge runners. Instantly Casmar drew his team off the river into the shadow of a cabin wall near the bank, and the rushing outfit from up-river launched past at full gallop, taking the main trail through the camp.

"That's Juneau George," growled Casmar. "I know his dogs. Hudson's Bays! He's looking for you, and I'd better see you round the N.A.T. & T. corner."

The lights of Ransome's Rest glared on Casmar's outfit as it swung by. Casmar was watchful, but, although no figure appeared outside the log building, there came the bark of a Colt's and the spang of shattered glass.

A fiery heat stung Casmar across the side of the head under his fur cap, and he went suddenly to sleep in the middle of the street.

IV.

WHEN he woke, young Marvin Hasselgreaves and Sergeant Silgarde were regarding him. He lay, propped up on pillows, in the curtained bedroom of Forrest Hasselgreaves' cabin, and he stared in bewilderment at the two beside him.

Sergeant Silgarde grinned at his bewilderment. "Forrest's gone for the doctor and Lunetta's making bandages," he informed. "But you don't need either doctor or bandages. Just a scalp-grazer you got! And they

stun some, eh? First time anyone ever reached you, Bryce, but that's Juneau George's way—shooting through a window. Juneau didn't know I was in Ransome's or I guess he'd have held his hand a bit. He found out, though. Grabbed him before he could pull again!"

Casmar put out a fist to grip Silgarde's.

"Sergeant, you're sure considerate of outlaws!"

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not, Casmar. You see you don't happen to be one any more. That dago Crossett had a lot tougher constitution than we thought. He's going to get better. Makes a difference, doesn't it? The Canadian Forty-Mile is open to you again as long as you be good!"

"Oh, I'll answer for his being good!" exclaimed a voice behind.

Marvin and the Sergeant turned about to see Lunetta, the bandages in her hands, coming swiftly across the cabin floor. There was a thrill in her voice, a light in her eyes, such as only one thing awakes in a woman, and the way her hands stretched out to Casmar left no doubt as to the cause. Her haste was equalled only by Silgarde's as he drew young Marvin out into the main room.

"Son," the Sergeant observed, "Casmar's sure at the end of his trouble-trail. Forty-Mile has lost its bad man and gained a law-abiding citizen!"

Our Empire's Honour

(Continued from page 6.)

was acting in pursuance of a most sacred right, the right to defend your own home. But they were not in uniform when they shot. If a burglar broke into the Kaiser's palace at Potsdam, destroyed his furniture, shot down his servants, ruined his art treasures, especially those he made himself—(laughter and cheers)—burned his precious manuscripts, do you think he would wait until he got into uniform before he shot him down? (Laughter.) They were dealing with those who had broken into their households. But their perfidy has already failed. They entered Belgium to save time. They have not gained time, but they have lost their good name.

The Case of Servia.

BUT Belgium was not the only little nation that has been attacked in this war, and I make no excuse for referring to the case of the other little nation—the case of Servia. The history of Servia is not unblotted. What history in the category of nations is unblotted? The first nation that is without sin, let her cast a stone at Servia—a nation trained in a horrible school. But she won her freedom with her tenacious valour, and she has maintained it by the same courage. If any Servians were mixed up in the assassination of the Grand Duke, they ought to be punished. Servia admits that. The Servian Government had nothing to do with it. Not even Austria claimed that. The Servian Prime Minister is one of the most capable and honoured men in Europe. Servia was willing to punish any one of her subjects who had been proved to have any complicity in that assassination. What more could you expect?

What were the Austrian demands? She sympathized with her fellow-countrymen in Bosnia. That was one of her crimes. She must do so no more. Her newspapers were saying nasty things about Austria. They must do so no longer. That is the Austrian spirit. You had it in Zabern. How dare you criticize a Prussian official? And if you laugh it is a capital offence. The colonel threatened to shoot them if they repeated it. Servian newspapers must not criticize Austria. I wonder what would have happened had we taken up the same line about German newspapers. Servia said: "Very well, we will give orders to the newspapers that they must not criticize Austria in future, neither Austria, nor Hungary, nor anything that is theirs." (Laughter.) Who can doubt the val-

our of Servia, when she undertook to tackle her newspaper editors? (Laughter.) She promised not to sympathize with Bosnia, promised to write no critical articles about Austria. She would have no public meetings at which anything unkind was said about Austria. That was not enough. She must dismiss from her army officers whom Austria should subsequently name. But these officers had just emerged from a war where they were adding lustre to the Servian arms—gallant, brave, efficient. (Cheers.) I wonder whether it was their guilt or their efficiency that prompted Austria's action. Servia was to undertake in advance to dismiss them from the army—the names to be sent on subsequently. Can you name a country in the world that would have stood that? Supposing Austria or Germany had issued an ultimatum of that kind to this country. (Laughter.) "You must dismiss from your army and from your navy all those officers whom we shall subsequently name." Well, I think I could name them now. Lord Kitchener (cheers) would go. Sir John French (cheers) would go. Sir John Jellicoe (cheers) would go. (Laughter.) And there is another gallant warrior who would go—Lord Roberts. (Cheers.)

It was a difficult situation for a small country. Here was a demand made upon her by a great military power who could put five or six men in the field for every one she could; and that power supported by the greatest military power in the world. How did Servia behave? It is not what happens to you in life that matters; it is the way in which you face it. (Cheers.) And Servia faced the situation with dignity. (Loud cheers.) She said to Austria: "If any officers of mine have been guilty and are proved to be guilty I will dismiss them." Austria said: "That is not good enough for me." It was not guilt she was after, but capacity. (Laughter.)

Then came Russia's turn. Russia has a special regard for Servia. She has a special interest in Servia. Servians have shed their blood for Servian independence many a time. Servia is a member of her family, and she cannot see Servia maltreated. Austria knew that. Germany knew that, and Germany turned round to Russia and said: "I insist that you shall stand by with your arms folded whilst Austria is strangling your little brother to death." (Laughter.) What answer did the Russian Slav

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