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Yours truly,

hitting our own mines. There's not much danger of an enemy ship seeing you, there's only been two of the biggest dare to show themselves outside Kiel since Jutland fight, and we got them both. I've seen some odd things in my work, you know we always protect life, even if it be a murderous Hun or a greasy Turk. Well one day we rose beside a brigantine, there was quite a bit of a swell on so we couldn't snub her and we wanted to ship her crew off in her own boats and sink her pretty quietly as there were others about. 'Keep her covered!' sang out an order and our officer leapt into the sea, swam over, coolly climbed aboard, shipped that crew off in ship-shape order in their own boats, hunted up matches and oil, set her ablaze and, when she was full afire; dived off the low rail and swam back just as if he was doing a stunt in fleet drill. Now mark it down against the Huns that they pot poor defenceless women and children, as well as men, when the crews leave the torpedoed ships. We always either put them in boats near shore; if at all possible, see that they have food and water, or else tranship them to some boat all on to go Scot free. I've been in the "tin Lizzies." If I dared tell you the size of the mosquito fleet fighting against the subs, Germany might well throw up her hands.

"Thousands," I put in.

"Guess again," he said. "The biggest fleet that ever sailed the seas, you ought to see us after an underwater chase. With our destroyers lifting a fair wall of water outside, and the "tin Lizzies" scittering along like dolphins, and a few hydros dropping depth bombs, I tell you it ain't none too healthy for that sub, you see the hydros can usually keep in sight of them on their current, and we ain't publishing all the troop and freight bottoms we put down either, and never a word to the Germans about the subs we sink—'Number so-and-so' just fails to make home port—and they have been wondering for three years now about some of them. I've been down when our wireless was out, when we ran slap bang into three obstructions one after another, when our periscope was scored, our guard most cut off, when we were thrown off our course many points and we had to come up and down like the sinker on a restless urchin's fishing line, and I remember the time we went full tilt into the nets that had been stretched since we went in—say! we did come up fast that time, talk about falling down stairs you landmen, you want to fall up fifty feet in a sub to learn motion. We had over ten thousand miles recorded when we bumped the home dockyard, with never a mite of outside help or repairs all the time. If you want to get your nerves working full time just sit down on the shallow bottom and let a fleet of trawlers sweep right over you—they do tell, but I don't vouch for this—that one of ours anchored in a little calm western bay in British waters, there was an enemy sub sitting on the bottom waiting for night, over the side goes the commander in a diving suit and pretty soon he was tapping Morse signals on the hull of that squatting Hun. "Rise—to—the—surface—there's—a—bomb—in—your—screw."

I hope to be able to give you some actual facts from Laddie's pen now that he is homeward bound, but just one thing I want all my readers to watch carefully for. There are, in this Canada of ours, certain men and families who, starting wrong and not helping at first, are so soured by their own acts that they are positively enemies to our cause at present. So much so that we are ashamed to have our returned boys meet them and know we were soft enough to allow them to live in our midst and act so, try by kind word and example to get them to understand their position. In a few years this country will be under the civil control of the very wounded men who are now returning, imagine the full half million men home again—I tell you homes will be marked with stars for the fighters and positions and preferments and honours heaped upon our returned heroes—What kind of a mark will the home of the slacker get?

During the hearing of a lawsuit, the judge reproved a man for making unnecessary noise. "Your Honor," was the reply, "I have lost my overcoat and I am looking about to find it." "Well, sir," said the judge, "people often lose whole suits here without making so much disturbance as that."

Going Out to Dinner

Mrs. Coburn had decided at the last minute to go to town in the morning with her husband. He fretted while she got ready, and together they rushed for the eight-fifteen, only to find themselves, much to Coburn's unacknowledged discomfort, in plenty of time. His impatience he expressed in a tirade against the slowness of women in dressing, and the unnecessary fuss they made about their clothes. A writer in the Chicago News tells the story.

"My dress suit comes home from the tailor to-day," he said to his wife as they parted. "I'll get there at five-thirty, so we can start for that dinner in plenty of time. And, Bess, do start to dress before the last minute!"

At twenty-five minutes to six Coburn rang the bell furiously and long. The maid and Mrs. Coburn arrived at the door simultaneously.

"Thought you'd never come," he said, as he flung himself out of his overcoat and dropped it on the stairs. "I must have lost my latch key. Did the tailor send my suit—oh, there's the box. Looks all right, but you never can tell. Where on earth are my dress shirts? I haven't one in sight—"

He paused as his wife took his hands out of the bureau drawer, which he was frantically pawing from top to bottom.

"Not in there," she said. "That's the drawer your socks and handkerchiefs are kept in. Here they are!"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, slightly mollified. "Aren't you dressed yet, Bess? I wish you'd put in the links and buttons for me. And say, will you hunt up my ties?"

"Ask Mary to see if the patent leather polish is downstairs, will you, and telephone Bill not to come out this evening. I forgot to tell him we wouldn't be home!"

Mrs. Coburn, in her kimono, and with her hairpins in her hands, flew one way and Mary flew the other. The roar of running water and mighty splashings came from the bath-room.

"You've got those buttons in wrong!" he cried, presently. "Still in that kimono? You'll be late, sure as fate!"

He emptied the tailor's box and proceeded to don his new clothes. A groan brought Mrs. Coburn to find him twisting his head round perilously and staring into the mirror with an anguished face.

"Awful!" he moaned. "Give them away—burn them up—they don't fit!"

"Now, Harold," said his wife, restrainingly, "what is the trouble? Of course, the coat wrinkles when you twist yourself up like that!"

"Can't you see," he stormed, "the coat's ruined! It's cut too low in the neck! The shoulder hunches. Look at the sag here! And the trousers are too tight! That man a tailor? He ought to be breaking stones!"

"Let me hold the mirror and you stand still and take a look," commanded his wife.

He did so and then coughed.

"It'll have to do for to-night," he said. "Where's my hat? I'll bet it's still packed away in moth balls. Oh, did you get it down. It smells like a drug shop. Aren't you dressed yet? I'll go downstairs, and please hurry up. Wonder where my overcoat is—ugh!"

Coburn fell over the overcoat at the bottom of the stairs, and promptly examined his new suit and shirt front for possible damages. His eye caught the clock.

"Bess," he yelled, "it's quarter of seven! We've just fifteen minutes to drive four miles! You've had the whole afternoon to dress—"

"My dear boy," said his wife sweetly, "you sit down and be quiet. Now that I've got you dressed, I'm going to finish myself. That clock is half an hour fast. I set it ahead, and the one up here, too, for I knew just how it would be when you started getting ready."

Coburn sat down to wait without a word.

When Slavery Began

The dull boy in the class unexpectedly distinguished himself in a recent history examination. The question ran: "How and when was slavery introduced into America?" To this he replied: "No woman had come over to the early Virginia colony. The planters wanted wives to help with the work. In 1619 the London company sent over a shipload of girls. The planters gladly married them, and slavery was introduced into America."