

THE CANADIAN COURIER



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Sergeant Douglas Belcher, London, Eng., Rifle Brigade, won a V. C. by holding a trench thirteen hours under continuous shell fire. He got seven days' leave, hence the picture.



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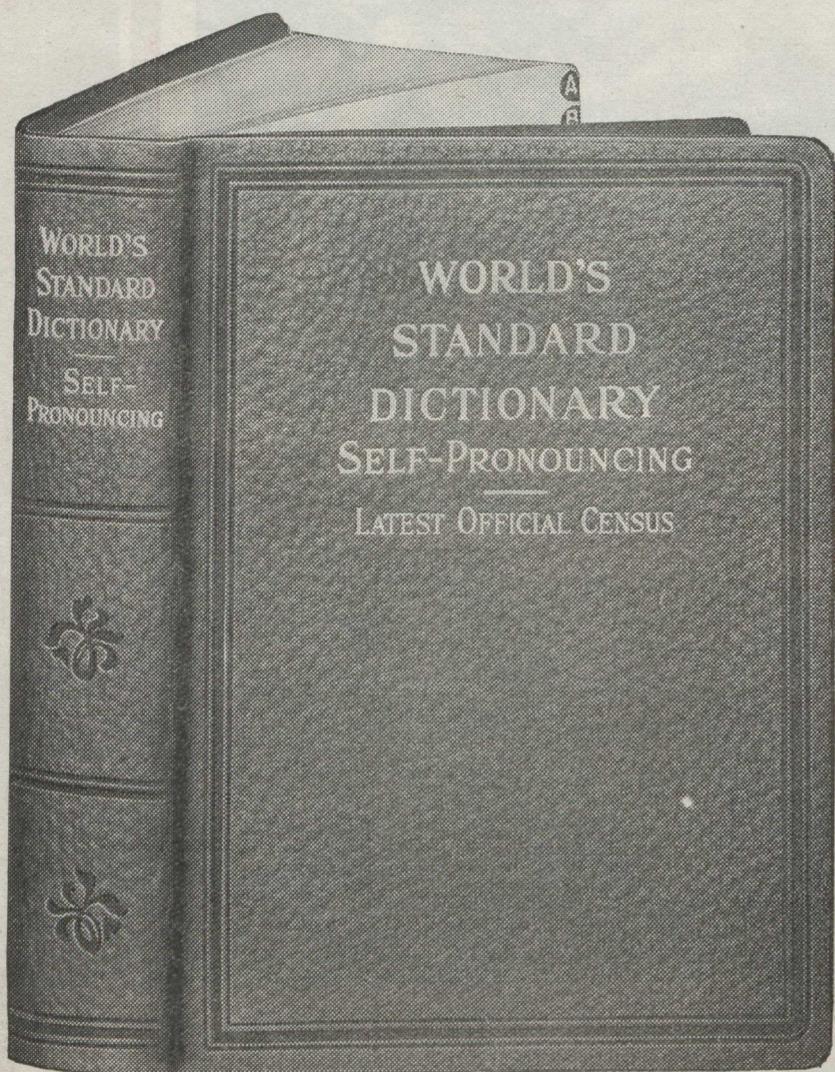
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VALCARTIER CAMP AGAIN ALIVE

Where Some of the Eastern Canada Boys are Getting Their First Hard Training



More heroes in training—The 55th Battalion, C. E. F., from Nova Scotia, arriving in camp, July 16th.



Canadian Mounted Rifles breaking camp before embarking at Quebec.



Trench diggers of 60th returning to camp after a day of instruction.

EVERY military training ground in Canada is now at its busiest stage. Seventy-five thousand men, fully equipped and fairly well trained, have crossed the ocean and are either fighting in Flanders or finishing their training at Shorncliffe, England. Thirty-five thousand more are being equipped and trained and will go forward some time during the autumn.

The First Contingent was collected together at Valcartier, and thirty-three thousand men left in October, 1914, on the one flotilla for England. Since then Valcartier has been much less important as a training camp or as a mobilization centre. The Second Contingent was not mobilized before it left Canada. The various units



40th Battalion C. E. F. (Maritime Provinces), on route march from camp to parade ground.

were trained at the different district headquarters and went straight from these various points throughout the country to St. John or Quebec for embarkation. It was found by actual practice that the kind of training required could be given best at district headquarters rather than at a huge mobilization camp like Valcartier. Bigness spells confusion.

Valcartier is now merely the training camp for certain Eastern units, as Niagara is for Ontario units, Camp Sewell for prairie units, and Vernon for British Columbia units. So long as the summer lasts, Valcartier will be a very important training centre, but it will never again have the importance that it had in August and September, 1914.



More Field Artillery for service in Europe—25th Field Battery leaving camp for a training jaunt over the country roads.

Corralling the Young Recruit

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

MASSEY HALL, the recruiting trolley, between five and seven thousand people, three brass bands, two solo singers, a precentor, a platform crammed with notables and ten speakers, both civil and military, with the Lieut. Governor of Ontario in the chair—that was the main topographical outline of the recruiting evangeliad, held in the chief military city of Canada, Tuesday evening last week. There has never been a meeting in Canada like it—unless it had been in Ottawa the week before. Yet to a large percentage of the audience it seemed as though they had been at scores of such meetings; in the log church or the big revival meeting, where the preacher thumped the Bible and prayed in a tantrum, exhorted men and women to come to the penitent bench and gave out again and again the hymn,

"Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?"

In fact, that Toronto mass-meeting, at which Sir George Foster, Sir Herbert Ames, Mr. F. F. Pardee, Hon. Mr. Hanna and Col. Currie were the chief speakers was a real, old-fashioned "choose-ye-this-day" division of the sheep from the goats. The pit was packed with old and middle-aged and family men, the first gallery with ladies and a few escorts, the top gallery with a few escorts and hundreds of ladies, and the choir gallery behind the battery of speakers with a little of all kinds.

BUT the young chaps between 18 and 35, whom the power of that meeting was supposed to reach out and grab from the paths of ease and habit to the legionary ranks of Kitchener's great army—where were they? Quite a number were outside listening to the band; hundreds were on the parade up and down Yonge St.; a thousand or so over at Hanlan's Point; a thousand or so more down at Scarborough Beach, and the rest bracing up telephone poles at hundreds of street-corners in various parts of a great military city of which the common centre nowadays is not the City Hall, but the Armouries, where the bugles blat and the shirtsleeve squads swing up and down.

As a matter of fact, this magnificent recruiting evangeliad was one of those conventionalized successes for which this country is so conventionally celebrated. It was just the same kind of success that an everyday revival meeting is compared to the kind that Billy Sunday pulls off along with his coat in a tabernacle seating 20,000 with salvation etiquette smashed to smithereens. It was in some respects a great meeting. The audience applauded half the time; sang, with or without the band, several patriotic airs, including Soldiers of the King and Boys of the Old Brigade; laughed and screeched and cheered and gave all the symptoms of being as much in earnest as any Liberal or Tory convention to get ready for a general election.

But it wasn't a sublime patriotic upheaval; it was very moderately a spectacle; it got hold of Broadway only in off moments. Suppose that instead of Massey Hall the Arena had been engaged for the occasion; that instead of two or three bands there had been ten or a dozen; that the Toronto garrison and the contingents now in training had turned out along with the Home Guard for a grand illuminated procession along the two main highways of traffic, ending up at the Arena and the very gates of war, with three of the best speakers in Canada instead of one, with a grand chorus of 600 behind the platform and all the bands massed below, and with somebody in the chair not half so officially important as Sir John Hendrie, but twice as powerful with an audience—it might have got to the meeting just the people that were most needed, leaving the others outside.

OF course the newspapers are supposed to reach the ranks that are wanted. And if these young chaps between 18 and 35—unmarried—happened to read Wednesday's papers last week they might have been informed how Sir George Foster drove home the distinction between the responsibility of the free man and the discipline of the conscript, the employer that lets his employee go to the front and fight for the employee that won't, the father whose son hangs behind and is defended by the son who does his duty, the mother who selfishly and the mother who unselfishly loves her boy. The headline said nothing about that; neither about the severely passionate analysis of Sir Herbert Ames nor the perfervid rhetoric of Mr. Pardee, nor much about the cheerful trench talk of Col. Currie back from the front, nor any of the soldier speeches made by young men limping to the front of the stage.

No matter who talked or what he seemed to say, the business was very largely a matter of duty and influence. Somebody ought to quit his job and go; somebody ought to influence somebody to go. "Ought" was written all over it. Nobody doubted the duty. No good Canadian ever really shirked it when he got his eyes open. The audience was enthusiastic for duty. But it never got a chance to break loose for the sake of a patriotic impulse, except when Col. Currie and the other men from the front got up in the stage trenches and fired at the crowd—who went up in the seats into a volley of cheers that came near raising the roof.

Which was precisely what the crowd wanted and what the whole of this great country is hankering after—the real thing, the impulse without reason, the desire to chuck everything and get to where the world's great job is at the present moment; as one of the young wounded men from Langemarck put it, "to make that job look so small that the janitor wouldn't know it if he swept it up in the morning." Solemnly reasoned-out speeches and eye-glass resolutions are all very well. But what the thousands in

and around Massey Hall wanted was the unreasonable impulse to cut away from the conventional and the customary and get itself or somebody else into khaki somewhere in France or Flanders. What it needed was blind evangelism and sudden conversion, not to the penitent bench, but to the recruiting office.

IN the old revivals, men often got saved who didn't stay saved; and the pulpit preacher who had to handle the backsliders said it was a dangerous kind of evangelism. But the young, unmarried man, between 18 and 35, who gets converted from his job or his home to the khaki and the rifle and the camp—he will stay converted. Once he gets the shove or the pull that changes his reasoning into action, he never has a chance to backslide. As an individual he may prefer to reason himself or to be argued into enlisting. As a potential soldier, one of the great passionate crowd with its faces turned towards the battle lines of Europe, he prefers to be swung along on the tide of a magnificent, illogical impulse. He knows that fighting when you get to it is no matter of argument. He knows that a battalion on the march never stops to think things over. He is beginning to feel—that average young man between 18 and 35—that the fighting lines in Europe are getting mighty close to the sidewalk lines and the front doors and the back doors of every Canadian home and office, and even to the trails of the holiday camps in the backwoods. The young man that orators and brass bands are trying to get out of his summer suit and his new Panama hat into the khaki and the cartridge belt is beginning to comprehend that in Germany the soldier is born and doesn't need much making; and that if the soldiers of the British Empire are to beat back those hordes of born and bred fighting men, they must quit arguing and disputing and organize as blindly as the old Canadian bush farmers flung themselves on the frontier in 1812 or any other time to beat back the invader.

And it was in this military abandon that the great meeting at Massey Hall was a good deal of a half-way measure. What the crowd did when Col. Currie got up without saying a word, was what it wanted to do when everybody got up. It hankered for the real thing, no matter how absurd or illogical it might be. And when the recruiting campaign all over Canada takes its cue from a great national impulse, the workers who get after young men in the highways and the hedges and compel them to come out will find the young men between 18 and 35 ready for the emergency. Sir Herbert Ames pointed out that 70 per cent. of the First C. E. F. were British-born under Canadian officers; it was now up to the Canadian-born. If the recruiting campaign from now on only gets up to the pitch of an ordinary election campaign in Canada, no orator in 1916 will be able to say that the Canadian-born failed to come to the scratch when the way was made plain in 1915. What the recruiting campaign in this country needs is just ordinary political organization all over the job.

New Zealand's Message to Canada

Wellington, N.Z., 23rd June, 1915.

By OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

HAIL, Empire Sister of the North! Your little Sister of the South greets you. Strong always, the blood-tie of our British origin has been welded doubly secure in the past three months on the reddened fields of Flanders and the treacherous slopes of the Gallipoli hills. In the face of seemingly insuperable odds our brothers in each grim theatre of war have shown to all the world that the British Lion's cubs from every far quarter of the earth are lion cubs still, ready and able to fight when the need comes. Prosperity has not softened their fibre nor dulled their courage. The young Britons oversea have always cherished feelings of almost reverent affection for that grand old Mother Land which the majority of us will never even see, and the depth of that sentiment has been proved in these late weeks, when in the assault on the gateway to Britain's eastern enemy's headquarters over 14,000 Australasians have shed their blood, and a very large proportion have given up their lives in defence of the sacredness of truth and justice and faithfulness to the word of man and nation. As little, toddling nations, we accepted the Mother Land's guidance and guardianship; now that we have grown to man's estate, we have accepted the responsibilities thereof and have not sought to avoid the dangers of participation in the game of nations—war.

NEW ZEALAND'S SHARE.

IN the struggle that began on the Gallipoli shores just two months ago, our warriors from the South have admittedly made history. To the Australians belongs the palm for the most outstanding feature of an achievement unprecedented in the history of arms. In the face of deadly fire from a strong and well-placed enemy, the Australian troops, well seconded by New Zealanders, gained a footing on

Turkish soil; and there they remain. But the cost has been great. Of the 14,000 odd men fallen, our share has been over 3,000, of whom 700 have been killed in action or died of wounds. We are not permitted to know the number of our men on service at any particular point, but we do know that when the last reinforcement draft left these shores our contribution had reached 19,000 well trained and equipped men, besides many horses and some batteries, with considerable stocks of stores and ammunition. At the outside, we could not have had more than, say, 12,000 men engaged in the fighting at the Dardanelles, so that our losses have been not less than 25 per cent. These stern facts do not deter our young men from volunteering for service at the front. Always we have from 5,000 to 7,000 men in active training, in a camp specially organized and well equipped. Sufficient men have registered to keep up our reinforcements, to fill the gaps caused by the wastage of war, for some months to come. I have no doubt more could be obtained readily enough.

SHOULD WE SEND MORE?

SOME people think New Zealand should do more than she is at present by largely increasing the strength of our armed forces. Those in a position to judge, however, consider it would be unwise to follow such a course. They point out that at present we are carrying out a settled plan of action, sending away certain drafts of thoroughly trained and equipped men; if we increased the numbers as suggested training would suffer because there would not be enough instructors, and difficulty would arise in the matter of finding equipment at short notice for additional men. Each succeeding contingent dispatched so far has outshone its prede-

cessors in smartness and general efficiency, and it would be futile to sacrifice such fine results for the sake of being able to say we have sent so many more men to the front. Double the number inadequately trained would be worse than useless—they would be a danger to their own friends in action. We shall certainly send more men, but not in suddenly enlarged drafts.

MAORI WARRIOR SONS GO FORTH.

ALREADY a contingent of Maoris has been sent to the Mediterranean. These men, descendants, most of them, of natives who half a century ago were waging a brave but unequal war against the pakeha, who had invaded his beautiful islands, are amongst the most fervent upholders of the mana (prestige) of the Great White King. Most of them, probably, saw him when, as Duke of York, he visited New Zealand in 1901. Therefore, every Maori feels a proprietary personal interest in the King, and a correspondingly dangerous regard for any enemy of the King. The first contingent of Maoris went to Malta for garrison duty; but it is understood they wanted to get to the front for more stirring work, and that the wish was to be gratified. I make no doubt if they do get to grips with the Turco-Germanic exemplars of dreadful ferocity the latter will not readily forget the meeting.

TRADE AND PRODUCTION.

THE past season has been a very prosperous one for those engaged in directly producing industries, though the full benefit of enhanced prices in markets outside New Zealand has not been reaped owing to shortage of shipping space consequent on so many steamers being commandeered for war purposes. The Government has bought, on account of the Imperial authorities, £2,000,000 worth of frozen

meat, and there have been very heavy exports of butter and cheese. Wheat has been short, supplies having to be obtained from Canada, but it is expected next season's crop will suffice for our needs, though we shall fall much below our usual level in oats production, with the heavy needs of the military forces to be met. Trade generally seems to maintain a very steady level despite the disturbed times in which we live.

POLITICAL.

OVER six months ago the general election was held, and to-day New Zealand politics present a riddle as difficult to solve as that of the Sphinx. Two elections were upset, and the bye-elections resulted in no party change. Thus in a House of eighty members we have forty Government, thirty-nine Opposition, and one doubtful, though generally regarded as certain to vote with the Ministry. This is Tau Henare, the native gentleman of whom I have written before. He has veiled his intentions behind a cloud of cryptic sayings culled from Maori legendary lore, and here we stand with the Session of Parliament opening to-morrow and the political "colour" of the member for Northern Maori not yet "fast."

When a Speaker has been elected—and it is not likely there will be any opposition to the return of the Hon. Mr. Lang, a Ministerialist, to that position—the Government may live or die by the grace of Tau Henare. He has spoken darkly of the potato being cooked, but he has not told us what we all wish to know more than anything else—whose potato; he has, when pressed for an indication of his preference of parties, replied that he is "standing on one leg." What we would like to be told is which leg! To-morrow many eyes will watch closely, no doubt, for a sign of which leg the Maori gentleman from the North inclines to depend upon—whether he will stand for or against the Government. For if he votes with Mr. Massey the latter may carry on, though his path will be full of difficulties; if Tau votes with Sir Joseph Ward, the present Ministry must fall, though the Liberal leader will have just as unenviable a task to keep his head above the whirlpool of politics. Another general election may produce a sufficient majority on one side or the other to set up a steady flow in the current of affairs; but very few of our politicians are prepared to face the electors again so soon. There is a good deal of talk, however, about a coalition Ministry, and several open references to this

subject have come from present Opposition members.

FRANK H. MORGAN.

Revival in Recruiting

DURING the past two or three weeks there has been a great revival in Canadian recruiting.

All over the country, the rush to enlist has been tremendous. Of course, this has not come voluntarily. The Government issued orders to recruit 35,000 men, and as many more as could be secured. The militia officers throughout the country started campaigns, and the men were secured at a rate which exceeds even the rush of August last.

The only jarring note has been the attitude of certain French-Canadian elements in Montreal. Some one has stirred up trouble there and misled certain ignorant people into believing that this call was not volunteering, but conscription. Several recruiting meetings have been broken up on this ground.

Considering everything, Canada has every reason to be proud of the results. It is quite manifest that Canadians are aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and determination.

Warm Recruiting Campaign in Toronto



A recruiting car, manned with buglers, recruiting sergeants and officers, and decorated with inspiring legends—used by the 109th Regiment.



In connection with the big recruiting night, last week, described elsewhere in this issue, a recruiting tent was erected on the lawn in front of the City Hall.



All over the city, patriotic work on behalf of Red Cross and Patriotic Funds goes ahead despite the holiday season. This is a picture of a garden party held by three families at 193-195-197 Spadina Road, a few days ago.

MAKING AN 18-POUNDER SHRAPNEL SHELL

Photographed in a Canadian Ammunition Factory

17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

SHRAPNEL shell is now being made in this country in large quantities. This illustration shows the shell in its different stages as follows:

No. 1—The shell, after it has come through the drop-forging process. The wall of the shell at this operation varies in thickness from 1-4 to 5-16 ins., while the base measures about three-quarters of an inch, and the outside length of the shell ranges from 9 5-8 to 10 1-2 ins. This is the first stage in the manufacture of the shell. Note the rough, uneven finish. The base is forged so as to form a part of the rough shell.

No. 2—The rough, open end of the shell seen in photo No. 1 has been cut off. A good machine will sever over 1,000 of these uneven ends in a day. The inside length of the shell now measures 9 ins. The shrapnel in this illustration is shown inverted in order that the rough bottom may be seen.

No. 3—The vertical planer has shaved the rough portion off of the base. Outside length now is 9 1-2 ins.

No. 4—The shell is put into a lathe and the rough outside of it is cut off, with the exception of a small portion near the top. This process is known as the outside body turning operation.

No. 5—The shell has now passed through the in-

side body turning operation, and the upper part has been trimmed, and it is also hollowed out inside by means of a turret lathe. In this operation a tin cup recess is made in the bottom of the shell. The diameter of this bowl-shaped hollow is 2.330 inches. The purpose of it is to receive a tin cup in which powder is placed. The shoulder, or seat of disc just above the recess is 2.55 inches in diameter.

No. 6—The purpose of the groove seen in the shell at this stage of development is to receive the copper band which will be explained later. This is the turning groove and wave rib operation.

No. 7—After being tempered in oil, the shell becomes very dark, as seen in photo No. 7, and in order that the inspector may test the hardness of it, a strip about an inch wide is polished around it (see light ring around the shell). If the shell is of the proper hardness, it is ready for the heading machine.

No. 8—This shows the shell after it has been headed. The upper portion of the shell seen in photo No. 7 is heated for about one minute in lead at a temperature of 1,500 deg., and is then put under a die, which shapes the nose or head of the shell, as seen in illustrations Nos. 8 and 9. The shell shown in this picture is a defective one.

No. 9—This shell is not defective, but has been headed properly.

No. 10—Shows the shell where part of the rough has been taken off by a polishing machine.

No. 11—Another process of finishing off.

No. 12—The copper band has been placed over the groove and by means of Hydraulic Pressure has been compressed into it. It requires over 50,000 lbs. pressure to squeeze the band into place. The band is 7-8 in. wide and 1-4 in. thick.

No. 13—A view of the lead bullets in the shell. There are approximately 375 of these lead balls in each shell. Melted resin is poured in, and after it hardens the bullets are immovable. The projection in the centre is a brass hollow tube, which leads to a cup in the bottom. It is here that the powder and fuse is placed. The tube is 7 1-8 in. long and outside diameter is 1-2 in.

No. 14—The copper band has been trimmed off.

No. 15—A brass cap is screwed on the shell and the tube is soldered to it. This cap has a hole in the centre which fits exactly over the tube. The bullets are now in an air-tight compartment, and after the final nose is put on, the powder chamber will also be absolutely air tight.

No. 16—The brass cap has been smoothed down.

No. 17—The shell has now received the coat of paint and is completed with the exception of receiving the powder and the "nose" or time fuse.

MAN VS. THE WILDERNESS

Third of a Series of Stories Picturing the Experiences of Prospectors in the North Woods

By J. H. PATTERSON

"I THINK it's up to us to move," said Tom, on our way home one night after another unsuccessful day. "This country is just good enough to keep one continually expecting." We had found nothing to date worth staking and nearly two months had passed.

"I have been thinking the same for some days," I replied. "We'll get Charlie to cut out a portage down to that long lake. Then we will work east till we strike some good looking country, if there is any to be found. We'll get away to-morrow."

As we came near the camp we saw Charlie standing at the end of the point watching intently across the lake.

"What is it?" I asked.

Charlie continued to gaze for some time. At last he came slowly towards us. "Looks like a man," he said, "down there on the shore. Can't see any-

thing now, but it looked like a man."

"You get supper ready and Tom and I will shoot across in the canoe and find what you imagined you saw," I replied.

We soon reached the point indicated by Charlie, which was about a mile distant, and landed.

I turned to go down the shore when I heard Tom's voice full of real horror. "For God's sake. What is it?" he cried. From the bush there peered out at us a pair of large, shining eyes. Above and below them was a mass of matted black hair.

"Who are you?" I asked, when I had found my voice, but there was no reply. "It's a man all right," I said to Tom, "and I believe a white man, but he's crazy."

We went over. The poor man was terribly emaci-

ated and fly-bitten. His clothes were nothing but a few rags. We lifted him up and helped him to the canoe. "The sun," he mumbled, "it rises in the west, no the south, the sun—"

We put him in the canoe and hurried back to camp. Charlie had gathered something of what was happening and had some soup ready. We laid the man on the bed and gave him a few spoonfuls. After he had swallowed a little, he suddenly seized the bowl, and before I could prevent him had gulped down the contents while his eyes gleamed like those of a wild beast. He saw a piece of pork in the corner of the tent, and with a hoarse cry he fell upon it and began worrying it like a dog with a bone. Charlie and I had considerable trouble getting it away. He did not seem to hear anything we said to him, but continually whispered about the sun and where it rose, naming in succession every point of

the compass. His face and most of his body was a mass of sores from fly bites. We rubbed him with some salve, and every hour gave him a small quantity of soup. As Charlie brought in the dish his eyes would glisten and he would start up licking his lips. Towards morning his murmuring ceased and he slept. We put the screen over him and watched in turn. It was noon when he awoke. The wild light was gone from his eyes. He looked around for a minute, then put his hands over his face. "I'm lost, I'm lost," he cried, and fell to sobbing and moaning. "You are all right now, so don't worry," I said.

Charlie brought in a cup of hot tea. I held it to his lips and he drank it greedily. He then had some bread with condensed milk and sugar. "It tastes so good," he said, "and it's the first time I've got it. It always vanished just as I reached out for it, so I don't want to wake up now."

"It's no dream this time," I said. I called in Tom and Charlie. "See these men, you are safe."

HE reached out and touched them, then fell to trembling and crying. We laid him down on the bed, but he clung to us. "Don't go away," he begged. Tom and I sat beside him and soothed him as we would a child. He could not believe that we were real. He had so often dreamed of rescue and food only to wake to bitter disappointment that he was afraid that this was just another trick of his disordered imagination.

"Will you bring me in a big, juicy steak?" he asked, earnestly.

"We don't serve steaks here," said Tom, "but I'll tell you what, when you are a little stronger you can have some pork and beans with tomato catsup."

"I'm glad," said the sick man; "if that steak had come I would know for sure it was just another dream."

"We are sure no dream," I remarked, "particularly Tom there. We're just a couple of prospectors with an Indian guide."

"Prospector," he said; "yes, I'm a prospector. I got lost, oh, months and months ago, maybe—I don't know. It's been awful."

"Well, don't think about it now," I interrupted. "Charlie, some of that dope, please."

"You go to sleep now," I said, after he had finished another bowl, "and one of us will sit beside you all the time, and when you wake up there will be something more to eat."

Twice he started up quickly and reached for my hand, but soon his sleep was deep and restful.

It was break of day when he again awoke, and he was now perfectly rational. We had discussed the question of clothes. I contributed a suit of underclothes, Tom a pair of pants, and Charlie had a top shirt. There were plenty of socks and spare footwear, but no hat or cap.

I gave him the clothes, and after he had dressed

we went out to breakfast.

It was a peerless morning. The sun rode through an occasional fleecy cloud which was reflected with the deeply wooded shore in the glassy waters of the lake with a vividness which fully equalled the original.

"Could anything compare with this for peace and beauty?" remarked the stranger, as he swept his arm towards the water. "You would think it was a corner of paradise, yet for absolutely implacable cruelty there is nothing to equal it. There is death here, death all around, not sudden, swift and painless, but slow, terrible and sure, with awful tortures of body and mind. Never to my dying day will I forget the agony through which I have just passed, and I thank God with all my heart for my rescue at the last moment."

"Left in the wilderness with only our bare hands, we are very helpless creatures," I replied, "but I can imagine one of our ancestors clad in skins and with a stone club in his fist standing where you are now. He would not see the situation as you see it. The beauty of the lake would not likely appeal to him. He would view it with an eye to the chances of food, what he could kill and how. No, I fancy he would not be long without game even here, but we are anxious to hear your story."

"My name is Bill Newton," he began, as we lit our pipes and settled down in the shelter of a good smudge, "and I have had little previous experience in the bush. I came out with Jack Kennedy. He told me that I would soon learn the game. We left Bisco and made our way north by many streams, lakes and portages. I do not know how far, but we must have covered many miles. At last we came to a rocky land which had been burned over some years before. Here we decided to locate for a time. Kennedy showed me the different kinds of rock and I soon learned to know them."

"ONE day we took a long trip. In the afternoon we came to a high ridge. My companion asked me to go along one side while he examined the other. At the first divide we were to meet, and if no valley appeared, I was to go to the top of the ridge at four o'clock."

"After an hour or two I came to a divide and followed it through, but saw no signs of Kennedy. I waited for some time, then started down the ridge, calling frequently. I got no reply. Soon I came to a low, swampy country. I turned back and somehow got on a different ridge. Try as I would I could not find the one I had left. The sun had now set and darkness was fast coming on."

"I had been told that if ever I was not sure of my way to sit down and think it over. I sat down and endeavoured to think the matter out. In what general direction lay the camp? I had not taken notice, trusting entirely to my companion on the way,

but it must be nearly south. Was there any way to show Kennedy where I was or any marks which I could make? I could think of none."

"If you had made a fire on some ridge and kept a big smoke going your partner would have seen it sure," interrupted the Indian.

"I never thought of that," was the reply. "The simplest thing in the world and yet I racked my brain for days for something to show him where I was."

"And most important of all," he continued, "what was I to eat if I could not find my partner? I had only a small knife and a dozen matches in a water-proof case. Bitterly did I regret leaving my compass in camp. Anyway, I was here for the night, and gathering all the loose wood I could find, I made a fire in front of a rock and lit my pipe in lieu of supper. I tried to imagine myself a prehistoric man and wondered what he would do, but I could not think of anything he could get to eat except roots or leaves, and I decided to hunt for some in the morning. I slept fitfully, always keeping my fire burning brightly, for I was fearful of the darkness which lay beyond its narrow ring of light."

"Morning came at last and with it a wild storm of wind and rain. I had decided to carefully follow my way back to the starting point, but I never reached it. Late in the afternoon I found a deep hollow in the rock which sheltered me from the storm. I gathered wood and succeeded in making a fire, but it failed to dry my soaked clothes. Weary, hungry, wet and cold I lay there all night. The full horror of my position was now forced upon me. I was surely lost in this vast expanse of wilderness, except for my companion there may be no other human being within fifty miles. I had no food nor the means of procuring any. I had just ten matches, a knife, a pipe, and part of a plug of tobacco. Slow starvation stared me in the face. My fire went out and I was shivering with cold. I shouted and prayed, for I had lost my nerve. When morning came I was so chilled that I could scarcely crawl out. The rain had ceased, but it was cloudy and cold."

"That rainy day was just two weeks ago," I remarked.

"THAT morning I ate leaves and dug for roots. I found some which were not bad, but late in the afternoon I saw a large porcupine slowly making his way to the rocks. I ran after him with a club which I had cut. He tried to climb a tree, but I had him before he was well started. I dressed him and carried the carcass back to my den. Gathering plenty of wood, I made up a fire, at which I roasted a hind quarter of the animal. After making up the fire I went to sleep and did not wake up till morning."

"I lived on that porcupine four days, and by coming back at noon on two of those days to replenish my

THE BIG GUNS THAT DROVE THE RUSSIANS BACK



A new picture of an Austrian 15-inch Howitzer concealed in a Poland wood. This is probably the best Howitzer now being used by any belligerent. It is made by the Austrians themselves, and is their one gunnery triumph.

fire I saved two matches, which seemed important. "I had made trips as far as I dared go in every direction, but saw no sign of the camp or of my companion, so I concluded that he must have abandoned the search for me, but if I moved, where was I to go? At last I decided to strike west till I came to some stream and follow it down, as I remembered that all streams crossed the railway. It was my only hope and a very frail one, you will agree."

"When you made trips," again interrupted Charlie, "if you had broken branches and twigs your partner maybe find one and hunt till he find another and so come to the place you were."

"I did not think of that, either," said Newton. "You see, I know nothing of the ways of the woods; but it is strange I did not think of that, for I knew that my partner always noticed a freshly broken tree."

"Next morning at daybreak I started out. I had no breakfast, but on the way I dug a few roots. Some were not bad, others useless. I crossed one or two streams, but none of any size."

The country varied with wet, close swamps and high, rocky ridges, and the going was bad. I ate leaves and balsam bark, but it was a most unsatisfactory diet. That day I saw three moose, and oh! how I wished for a gun. I felt like tackling them with my bare hands.

"That night I found a very sheltered spot on the side of a rocky ridge and made a good fire. I was ravenously hungry, and this kept me awake most of the night. I never knew what hunger really meant in my life before. I thought of the food I had refused as not well cooked or served. How I wished for it now! I did not like mutton and never ate it. I wondered how it would taste now."

"The swamps," said Charlie, "full of rabbits, catch them easy. Make snare."

"How could I make snares?" asked Newton. "I had no string."

"Take shoe-string, or cut up clothes," replied Charlie.

"I had good long laces, all right, but as in the other things, I did not think of it. I had seen several rabbits and some I had tried to catch, but as you may imagine, I had no success."

"Early next morning I saw a spruce partridge sitting on a low limb. I gathered some stones and was lucky enough to bring it down. I made a fire and roasted it. You can imagine how good it was."

"Late in the afternoon I came to a good-sized stream. The day was dark, but it seemed that the creek ran towards the north. I tried to reason it out, but the more I thought the more confused I became. I think that I lost all sense of direction, for just then the sun showed out and I was not sure whether it should be in the east or the west."

"You were north of the height of land then, where all the water runs north," I said.

"THIS was a low, flat country, and there was little dry wood to be secured. I could not get enough to keep my fire going all night, and I was weak from hunger. I would dream that I was about to sit down to a well laden table, but always it was moved away or someone held me back."

"After a time I got to know that these were only dreams, and when I would see a nice, juicy steak laid before me, I would reach out suddenly just to see it vanish or move further away."

"Next day I pushed on down the stream as fast as my waning strength allowed. Crossing a small creek, I saw some fish swimming in it. I spent a long time trying to catch one, but though the water was shallow, I had no luck. I found some dry wood on the bank of this creek and camped. After dark, in making up my fire I saw a large number of these fish in the water. They seemed to come to the fire light. I cut
(Concluded on page 17.)

The nation should step in and put an end to this sordid, shirking, half-hearted way of doing a plain and imperative and what should be a grateful duty. The families of our absent soldiers should live on the fat of the land at our expense—in that way we might in some measure make up for the hardships which their husbands, fathers and brothers are bearing on our behalf.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

To Die For Their Friends

An Historical Address by Lieutenant-General E. A. H. Aldersen, in Command of the Canadian Division in Flanders

AFTER the Battle of St. Julien, or Ypres, at the close of the famous twelve days of strenuous fighting in which the Canadians were engaged, April 22nd to May 4th, General Aldersen issued the following address to his troops:

"All Units and all Ranks of the 1st Canadian Division, I tell you truly, that my heart is so full I hardly know how to speak to you. It is full of two feelings, the first being sorrow for the loss of those comrades of ours who have gone, and the second, pride in what the 1st Canadian Division has done."

"As regards our comrades who have lost their lives—and we will speak of them with our caps off—(here he took off his cap, and all did likewise), my faith in the Almighty is such, that I am perfectly sure that, when men die, as they have died, doing their duty and fighting for their country, for the Empire, and to save the situation for others, in fact, to die for their friends, no matter what their past lives have been, no matter what they have done that they ought not to have done (as all of us do), I repeat, I am perfectly sure that the Almighty takes them, and looks after them at once. Lads, we can not leave them better than like that (here he put on his cap and all did the same)."

"Now I feel that we may, without any false pride, think a little of what the Division has done during the past few days. I would first of all tell you that I have never been so proud of anything in my life, as I am of this Armlet with "I Canada" on it (pointing to it), that I wear on my right arm. I thank you and congratulate you from the bottom of my heart, for the part each one of you have taken in giving me this feeling of pride."

"I think it is possible that you do not, all of you, quite realize that if we had retired on the evening of the 22nd April, when our Allies fell back before the gas, and left our left flank quite open—the whole of the 27th and 28th Divisions would probably have been cut off, certainly they would not have got away a gun or a vehicle of any sort, and probably not more than half the Infantry."

"This is what our Commander-in-Chief meant when he telegraphed, as he did, that 'the Canadians saved the situation.' My lads, if ever men had a right to be proud in this world, you have."

"I know my military history pretty well, and I cannot think of an instance, especially when the cleverness and determination of the enemy is taken into account, in which troops were placed in such a difficult position, nor can I think of an instance in which so much depended on the standing fast of one Division."

"You will remember the last time I spoke to you, just before you went into the trenches at Sully, now over two months ago. I told you about my old regiments—the R. W. Kents—having gained a reputation for not budging from the trenches, no matter how they were attacked. I said then that I was quite sure that in a short time, the Army out here would be saying the same of you."

"I little thought—we none of us thought—how soon those words would come true. But now to-day, not only the Army out here, but all Canada, all England, and all the Empire, are saying it of you."

"The share each Unit has taken in earning this reputation is no small one."

"I have three pages of congratulatory telegrams from His Majesty the King downwards, which I will read to you, with also a very nice letter from our Army Commander, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien."

"Now, I doubt if any Divisional Commander, or any Division, ever had so many congratulatory telegrams and messages, as these, and remember, they are not merely polite and sentimental ones, they express just what the senders really feel."

"There is one word more I would say to you before I stop. You have made a reputation second to none gained in this war, but, remember, no man can live on his reputation, he must keep on adding to it. That you will do so I feel just as sure as I did two months ago, when I told you that I knew you would make a reputation when the opportunity came."

"I am now going to shake hands with your officers, and as I do so, I want to feel that I am shaking hands with each one of you, as I would actually do, if time permitted. No, we will not have any cheering now—we will keep that till you have added to your reputation, as I know you will."

HOW WE DODGE OUR DUTY

By THE MONOCLE MAN

AN old man in a faded suit of clothes which did not suggest opulence turned up the other day in an office where they were accepting subscriptions for machine guns. He lugged out of his pocket a bulky roll which contained just \$750. "I am too old to go," he said, simply; "but they tell me that one machine gun is worth fifty men; so I went to the savings bank and drew out my savings to buy one—and here they are." The old man had made his money, penny by penny, keeping one of those seven-by-nine corner-groceries in a workingman's quarter. Every dollar of it represented self-denial, patient thrift, abstinence from what many of us regard as the necessities of life that he might have a nest-egg for his old age. And, now with the snows of some seventy winters lying white on his unbowed head, he gave his little "all" for his country. Then he went back to pocket the modest profits of selling the biggest bull's eyes known to commerce to eager and censorious "kids" with "a cent to spend."

DOES that seem right to you? Doesn't your heart ache as you read the little story? It is one thing to read that a millionaire has donated a battery to the nation—he will never miss it. But when we read that poor men are drawing up from the murky waters of old age the pitiable sheet-anchors that they have laboriously forged to save them from the most violent storms which may chance to fall upon them when they are helpless, while thousands of us—far better off—continue to keep our bank accounts and our bundles of securities in our safety deposit vaults, do we not get a different light on this voluntary system of saving the nation? Our boys ought to get all the machine guns they can use. Machine guns save the lives of our bravest and dearest; and we can far better afford to be lavish with steel and powder than with flesh and blood. But surely the nation should buy the machine guns (after the fine example of the Ontario Government)—not the pitiable though patriotic veterans of poverty, while prosperous money-makers in the vigour of middle life go scot-free.

WHAT we want is more taxation and less imposing on individual patriotism. The Government is very chary about levying additional war taxes on us. It is even picayune and annoying. I cannot get over my exasperation every time I am compelled to stick two stamps on a letter when one ought to do. Why does not somebody of sense arise in the post office department to give us a three-cent stamp? Why not make it a five cent stamp? Why not levy some form of direct taxation on us all? We are surely willing to pay what is necessary to carry on the war. An income tax for war purposes would be borne cheerfully by our people; and then the Government would have plenty of money to buy all

the machine guns for our boys that they require. Moreover, this income tax would hit the man who now gives nothing voluntarily, and would only take from my poor old grocer an amount proportionate to his means.

IN other words, I think we should have Conscription—so far as money goes. The "blood tax" of actual Conscription is another and a bigger question. I hope with all my might that the British Empire will never be driven to it. But our Government ought to have the courage to take from us all whatever money is required to properly equip such of our brave men as are willing to venture their lives on our behalf, to take excellent care of their families while they are away, and to provide handsomely for any stricken heroes who come home to us more or less incapacitated for the battles of peace. I am not saying a word against such efforts as the Patriotic Fund. They call out patriotic philanthropies which might otherwise lack means of expression and take rank with the volunteer services of the people who administer such Funds. But they should be very wholly voluntary. There should not be such pressure upon the people to give as brought out that machine gun from my noble friend.

AND the nation should fully supplement any such Funds. There ought never to be lack of means to feed and shelter the families of the absent soldiers in so ample and generous a fashion that no shadow of anxiety can cross the minds of their bread-winners as they stand in our stead along the dead-line near Ypres. It is constantly amazing to me to hear some of the talk I do about the distribution of these Funds. You would think that they were charities of the ordinary sort. But they are nothing of the kind. The position—as I see it—is about this: two men have resting upon them an equal responsibility for the defences of their—and our—common liberties. One of them can and does volunteer to go to the war. The other either cannot or does not. But the job is a joint duty. One man offers his life. Not only that, he gives up all his earning capacity. He abandons a comfortable desk or bench or counter, and goes out to dig trenches in the rain, sleep in mud-holes, eat army rations when he can get them, suffer constant discomfort. The other man has his life in no way disarranged. All that he can do is to share his usual wages with the family of his "pal."

SHALL he share them in niggardly fashion?—as if he were doling out charity to a family of beggars? He ought to be heartily ashamed of himself even to think of such a thing. It should at least be shared and shared alike. But it is nothing of the sort. We give a little money to a Fund; and the wife of our absent hero must apply for help and stand personal questioning like a charity patient.

MICHAEL O'LEARY STARS IN LONDON TOWN



Sergeant O'Leary, V.C., the bravest man in the British army, is here seen in Hyde Park standing beside Mr. O'Connor, M.P., who is making a speech. O'Leary also "shpoke," and the cheers made more noise than a Zeppelin raid. O'Leary is a fine looking chap—and he is also an inspiration.

METHODS USED BY THE "DRYS" IN ALBERTA

That Province by a Large Majority Votes to Go Dry on July 1st, 1916



General view of big Calgary procession, July 21st.



As usual, the temperance people paraded the kiddies.



Illustrating an argument.

ON Wednesday, July 21st, Alberta had a popular vote as to whether the bars should be wiped out in the Province without compensation. The Government refused to take the responsibility and put it up to the people. The people voted overwhelmingly in its favour, and 320 hotel, club and wholesale licenses will be extinguished in a year. The trade will then be confined to private importations and drug stores. Edmonton, Calgary and other towns gave large majorities. Saskatchewan put a similar system into force on July 1st, liquor being sold in Government liquor stores instead of in drug stores. Both systems depend entirely on the quality of those who enforce the law.



Any one could tell that at a glance.

MAINLY PERSONAL

The Temperamental Cynic

SIR GEORGE FOSTER is one Canadian who will be remembered mainly by his speeches. Every time he rises on any platform outside of the House of Commons he looks as though he needed a tonic to brace him up; every time he gets through he has the crowd up on the grandstand fanning itself with a kind of intellectual excitement. Sitting on the stage, he hunches down into his clothes like grandpa just settling for a snooze. Two minutes into his speech and he puts dreamland into the background.

"Speak to the audience!" shouted an officious admirer when Sir George turned his back on the crowd at the recruiting rally in Toronto last week, to lay down the law to those on the platform. That man didn't realize that Sir George, no matter where he speaks, is always in the House of Commons, where his first duty, since the days of Sir John Macdonald anyway, has always been to make his own party feel that he is the voice of the party and of the House, and as far as possible of all Canada. In the House, the Premier may be the leader in business day in and day out; when it comes to a debate, Sir George Foster is the voice of the party; the self-centred intellectual, temperamental cynic who knows how to make great speeches and very seldom any warm, personal friends; who in the House is a leader, but out of it, never. People of both parties have a high admiration for Sir George Foster, the orator. And he deserves it.

The Man With the Pointer

SIR HERBERT AMES looks like a professor. His speech at the recruit meeting had just as good matter in it as Foster's. It was less than half as good a speech. Sir Herbert is what you might call didactic. He wants you to see the map of what he is thinking about. He seems to have a long pointer, making it plain. He has an eternally moral message that he never allows to become commonplace with humour or hammer and tongs. Maybe he emulates President Wilson. But as a rule the average audience doesn't care to be taken on a Cook's tour of thought half over the world in one speech. If Sir Herbert would leave a few more things out, the things he says might have more emphasis.

Preferred Pardee

AS a palpitating contrast, behold F. F. Pardee, from Lambton, Ont., chief Liberal whip at Ottawa, who was chosen to break the ice at the recruiting revival. Pardee goes at an audience like a "pup to a root." He shakes it and charges it and growls at it; glares it in the eyes and defies it not to get what he is "putting across." In fact he



BACK FROM THE FRONT.

Colonel John A. Currie, M.P., who is back in Toronto after getting considerable experience in France in commanding of the 48th Highlanders, 15th Battalion Canadian Expeditionary Force.

is the whip always. When the gong rings he must be up and doing, no matter what the division may be about. But he can furbish up what in other men would be a very commonplace message into a fervid bit of fireworks as obviously exciting as the 24th of May. Fred and the old flag go well together. He knows how to gather himself up and charge home. And when he sits down it doesn't matter much whether it was ten years of trench or a big general movement all along the line.

Singing George Graham

DID you ever watch Hon. George Graham sing? Not that the ex-Minister of Railways is merely the kind of singer that you look at—because he put in years at leading a Brockville Methodist choir, and when he opens up on a hymn or a popular piece he really and truly becomes a vocal performance. And there is no man in the British Empire who can sing "God Save the King" with more amazing gusto than Mr. Graham. He does it like a bush farmer splitting rails with a beechwood mawl. Every bar is a body blow. Every line is a wallop at the enemy. Smooth and amusing as the Hon. George may be as a speaker, shrewdly tactful as he is when he manipulates the ropes of Ontario for his chieftain, Sir Wilfrid, when he rises to a patriotic occasion there is no man who can fling more of his untrammelled, undivided soul into the business of expressing loyalty than Hon. George Graham. He must have been a fine Methodist choir-leader down there in Brockville. And when he sits at the coat-tails of Sir George Foster and sledge-hammers into mighty applause every time Sir George drives a point home, you may be sure that there are times and places that feel somewhat bigger to Mr. Graham than party conventions and councils.

Cheery Col. Currie

COL. J. A. CURRIE, commanding the 48th Highlanders in times of peace, but now back from the front to help give special instruction in trench warfare to Canadian contingents, knows quite a little about talking to a crowd. He should be one of the best recruiting agents in Canada. His farewell remark in Toronto as he stood on the platform of the train pulling out for Valcartier last fall were—"Fill up the 48th!" There never was such a need of it as now. Col. Currie, however, is pulling no long faces over the need. When he talks about war it sounds like a man advertising the difficulties of some newly discovered country that men ought to go to, but not necessarily to bury their past lives without hope. In fact, he talks so cheerily about the good meals, the excellent clothes, the fine behaviour of his troops and the pleasures of football, baseball, etc., behind the lines, that the listener gets the notion that he is trying to throw some discredit on the immortal phrase of Gen. Sherman—"War is hell." Cheerful talk like that is quite Canadian; and probably it's the best kind to get the interest of the great majority still unenlisted. At the same time, nobody goes to war for the sake of a picnic, and any young man who buckles on the armour of the year 1915 may as well get the credit for doing it somewhat in spite of himself.

War and Business

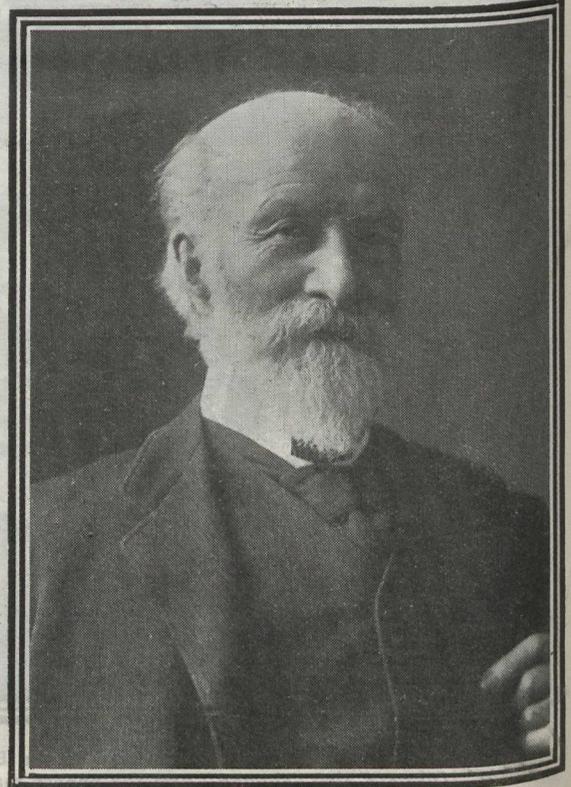
COL. FRANK MEIGHEN, the other Highlander commander back in Canada to give trench warfare instruction, is one of the Canadians who threw up more than a job to serve his country. In private life, Col. Meighen is a very wealthy man, who is the natural head of a big, reputable business with financial interests all over Canada. He has always been wealthy. He has always been a worker. In Montreal he stands among the top row of prominent men who do big things in business and have plenty of time to serve the public interest. His absorbing passion for two or three years in Montreal was grand opera, which cost him a deal of money and a lot of hard work, and afterwards went into history. He is immensely fond of good pictures. And he hates publicity. Soldiering has always been a real business with him. There are quite a few ornamental colonels in Canada, and Col. Meighen could easily have belonged to the list. He preferred real soldiering, as far as that was possible in times of peace. When war broke out he lost no time offering his services at the head of the 5th Royal Highlanders. At the battle of Langemarck, he saw what war is in its worst form and many of his men go down in action.

A National Figure

SIR SANDFORD FLEMING has been noted as Canada's greatest engineer. As Chancellor of Queen's University and advocate of the "All Red Cable" to Australia, he was best known to the

present generation. The Halifax Memorial Tower is another of his monuments. His early reputation was won in connection with the building of the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific Railways.

Canada loses a great man in Sir Sandford, though his day was over. He was intensely patriotic, keenly aggressive in public affairs, and broadly interested in every movement which tended to the broadening and improving of Canadian life. In this he set an



FINISHED HIS CAREER.

Sir Sandford Fleming died last week in Halifax, at the age of 88. He was buried in Ottawa, which has long been his home. He was engineer-in-chief when the Intercolonial Railway was built and surveyed the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rockies.

example which has been an inspiration to all those with whom he came in contact.

Canada is the better for having had Sir Sandford Fleming as a leading citizen—and what higher tribute could be paid?

Gompers in Pyjamas

WHEN Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labour, says that German influences were behind the war-arms strike at the Remington works, he knows what he is talking about. Mr. Gompers has been too long the head of the A. F. L. to speak without proof. He is an odd little genius of organization and agitation. The only time the writer of this column ever saw him, he was sitting up in his pyjamas on the edge of his bed at the then Rossin House in Toronto, giving a sleepy interview about something he had as lief be excused from discussing. What the subject was is forgotten. But the memory of the President of the A. F. L., yawning in his sleep-clothes on the edge of that bed, will always remain as a picture of energy in repose.

Joffre's Early Days

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Times has been visiting in the French Catalan, near the Pyrenees and at Rivesaltes, the birth-place of General Joffre. He writes:

In this tiny house Joffre pere was the proud possessor of 11 children, of whom three survive. Besides the General, there is an Excise official and a married daughter living at Perpignan. The elder Joffre's modest circumstances as a working cooper, possessing a little land—a patch of vine in the Roussillon—prevented him from raising this large family. The future General was confined to an uncle, whose interest in his young charge was stimulated by the elementary school's report of his great ability in mathematics. Thereupon, the lad entered the Polytechnic at Paris, after a year's preparation (instead of the habitual two), 12 months younger than is usual. Joffre's subsequent career is known to all. At Rivesaltes, the inhabitants are ready to talk of their illustrious son, of his goodness of heart, and utter simplicity. When he is here, they say, pointing to his country house by the banks of the Alys, which to-day is lined by young men, the future Joffres perhaps, fishing for chad and gudgeon, he makes his own purchases in the market. That is one of the reasons why Joffre is adored. "Ah! he was a wonderful boy, a phenomenon!" exclaims an old inhabitant. "He would fight the other lads in order to be left at peace to work with his mathematics!"

WHY RUSSIA MUST WIN

By A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT

MOST people have felt rather dismayed by the events which have occurred in the Russian campaign since May 1st. Even the people of England, who have an intimate knowledge of Russian plans and Russian character, have been somewhat discouraged by the rapid retirement of the Russian army along the East Prussian border, along the line of the Vistula, north and south of Warsaw, and in Galicia. The greatest retirement has been in the latter theatre where Field Marshal Von Mackensen, General Von Woysch and Archduke Joseph Ferdinand are leading armies against the retreating Russians under General Ivanoff, and other Russian commanders. Three German armies are threatening the line of the Vistula from the south, while other German armies under Von Falkenhausen, Von Eichhorn, and Von Buelow are advancing on Warsaw from the north. Just what the Grand Duke Nicholas intends to do under these circumstances is not clear. The accompanying map shows how far his lines have been pressed back during this campaign, and it may be that the Grand Duke will decide to abandon Warsaw and the great fortified positions at Novo Georgiewsk in the north and Ivangorod in the south.



Von Mackensen.

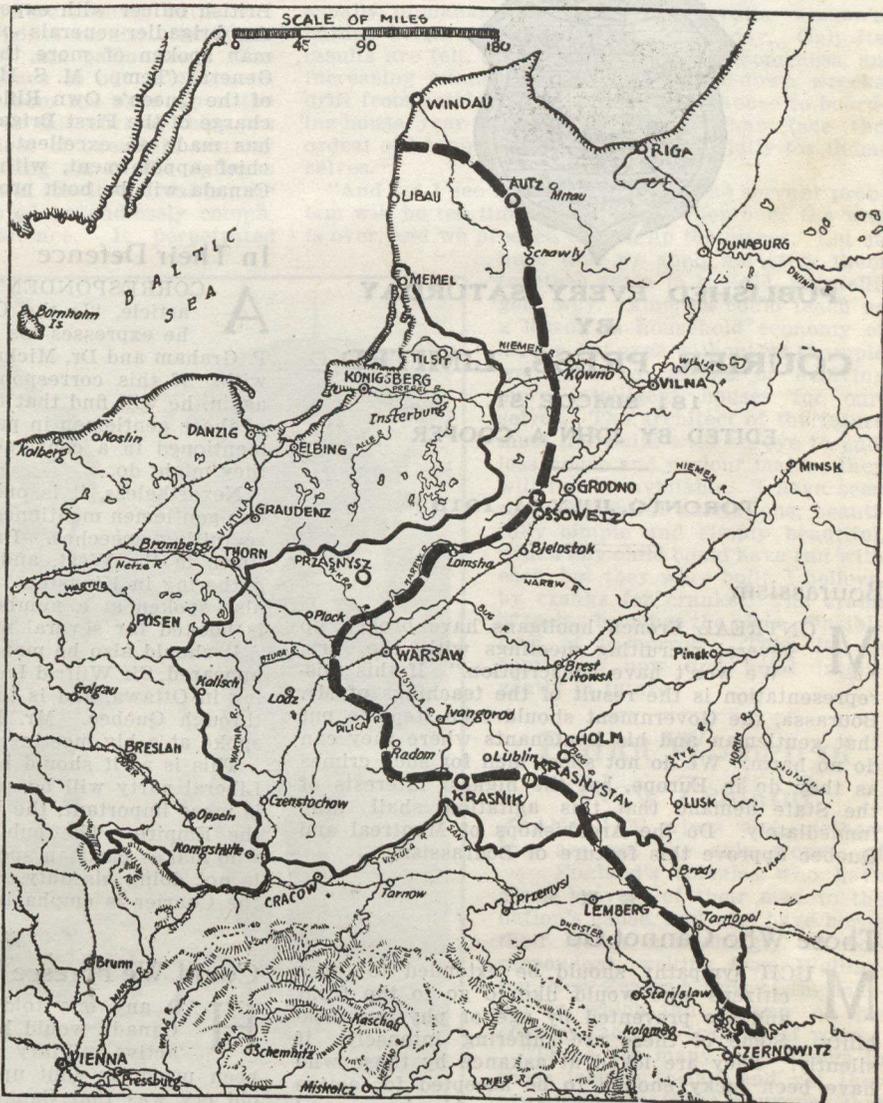
While the Grand Duke may believe that it is good tactics to retire to a new line of battle where the Germans will be farther from their base, the tactics are having a considerable effect upon the campaign in the Dardanelles. Roumania, Bulgaria and Greece are likely to be considerably influenced by what is happening in Galicia and Poland, and it seems reasonable to suppose that any hesitation they may have in

joining the Allies will be increased. In addition the stress under which the Russians find themselves may lighten the pressure in the Bosphorus and thus add to the difficulties which the Allies are having in isolating the Turkish army in Gallipoli.

Russia has presumably retired because her supply of guns and ammunition have been insufficient. Germany accumulated guns and shells during the winter and then began her big drive on the plan of August last—to crush one enemy and then turn upon the other. Russia was chosen first because it was necessary to keep the food-producing districts of Hungary free of the enemy, and because it was advisable to win back the oil regions of Galicia. In the first two weeks, the Russians were driven back 85 miles, in the next two, 15 miles, and in the next three, 15 miles—a total of 115 miles in seven weeks. The struggle was begun in Western Galicia by an army under General Von Mackensen on or about May 1st. Tarnow was taken on the 6th, Libau on the 8th, Jaroslau on the 15th, and crossed the San on the 26th. On June 3rd, after a siege of twenty days, the Teutons recaptured Przemysl. On the 9th they took Stanislaw; on the 15th Mosciska, and on the 22nd they recaptured Lemberg.

What Russia had gained in Galicia in nine months, they lost in two. The Russian retirement in Galicia necessitated the falling back in Poland. Hence the Russian line in the middle of July ran much as shown in the accompanying map. Last week Mackensen was in Radom and pushing on to Lublin. As the week closed the Russian armies had all fallen back east of the Vistula, and it was thought that Warsaw was being evacuated.

Why should such a disaster come upon the Russians? Like England and France they were deceived by the Germans. They thought that these guileless, innocent Teutons were telling the truth and arming only for defence. They, like the people of Britain and Canada, refuse to believe in the German menace.



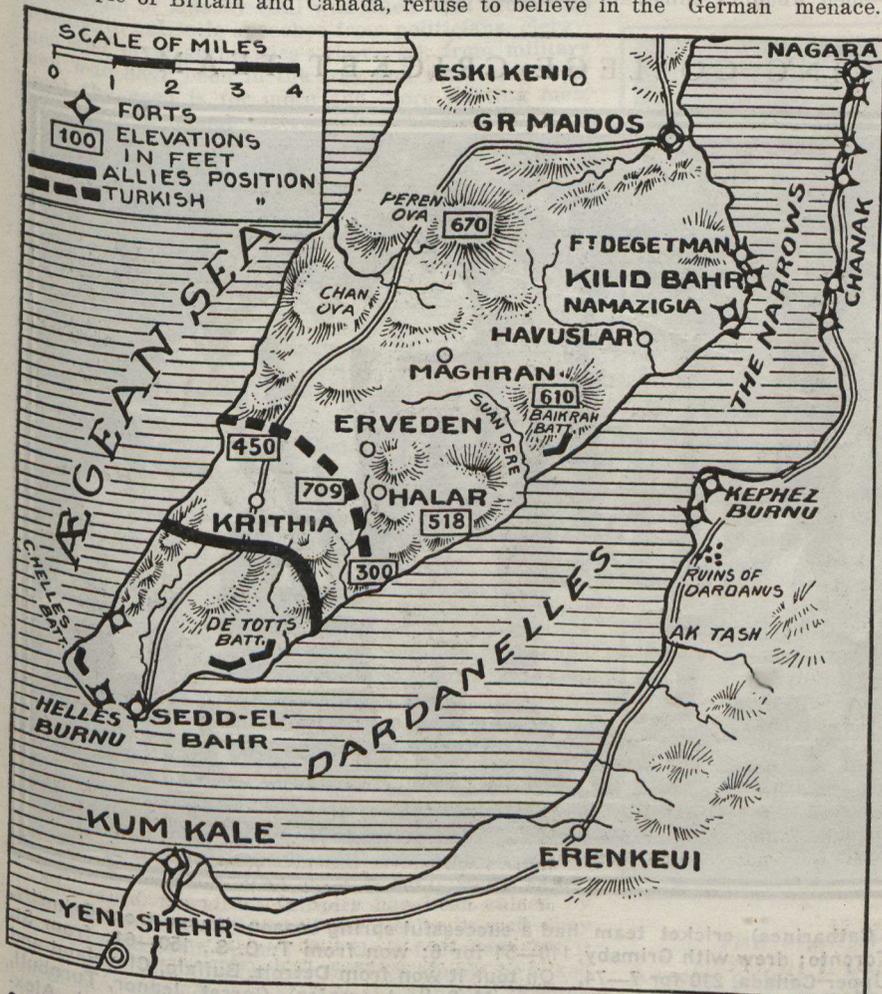
RUSSIA'S THOUSAND-MILE BATTLE-LINE.

Note how the Russian line has been dropped back in the north, along the shore of the Baltic, and how little of Galicia is now in Russian hands. The chief interest, however, centres around Warsaw. Mackensen and other German generals are pressing north from Krasnik and Radom to Lublin, Cholm, Ivangorod and Warsaw. Von Hindenburg is pressing south from Przasnysz towards Warsaw. And the whole world is asking, "Will Warsaw be abandoned?"

They were caught unprepared. They had not enough guns or gun factories, not enough ammunition or ammunition factories, not enough armies and military equipment. Russia believed in peace as England believed in peace—and their unpreparedness is the best proof of their righteous intentions.

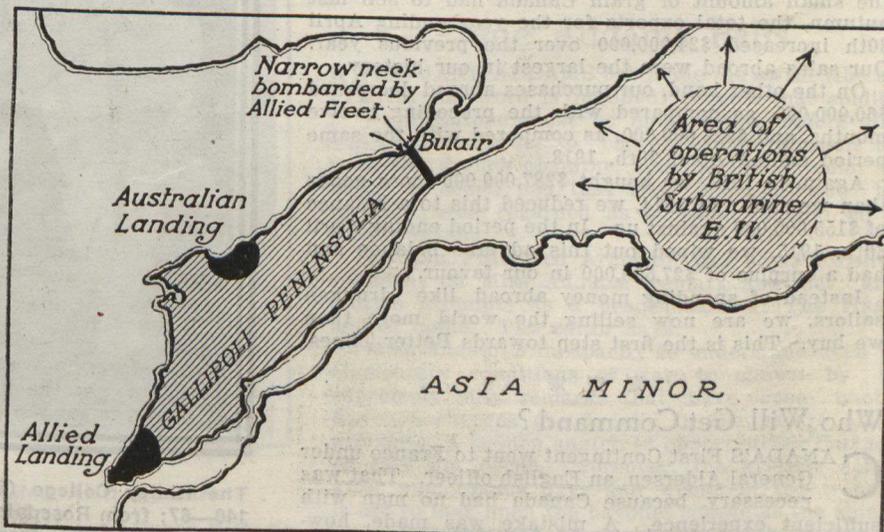
Can Russia come back? Of course, Russia can retrieve the disaster, but it will take a long time. Big guns and big ammunition cannot be made in one month or two. It may be a year before Russia can win back what she lost in May, June and July. Much depends on what happens in the Dardanelles. Sufficient material cannot be secured via Vladivostock and Archangel. If the Dardanelles route was free, the other Allies could share up as they have shared with Italy and Serbia.

On the other hand, there is always the chance that Russia may retrieve the situation of herself. Von Hindenburg in the north is getting farther from the East Prussian railways, and Von Mackensen in the south is now in a country where the roads are bad and transportation difficulties great. It will be extremely difficult to get big guns over the Vistula and to supply them with ammunition when they are over. The Germans, as has been pointed out again and again, are getting farther from their bases, and the Russians are shortening their lines of communication.



THE FIGHT FOR THE DARDANELLES

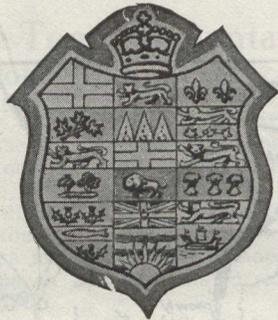
Slowly but surely the Allies are driving the Turks back past Krithia to the heights of Achi Baba. But it's a long, long way to Tipperary.



THE ISOLATION OF GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.

The Allies are not only fighting those on Gallipoli, but they are starving them, first by a steady bombardment of the Bulair lines and second by submarine action in the Sea of Marmora.

THE CANADIAN COURIER



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TORONTO, JULY 31, 1915

Bourassism

MONTREAL French hooligans have broken up several recruiting meetings with the cry, "We won't have conscription." If this misrepresentation is the result of the teachings of Mr. Bourassa, the Government should take steps to put that gentleman and his lieutenants where they can do no harm. We do not shoot men for such crimes as they do in Europe, but the highest interests of the State demand that this agitation shall stop immediately. Do the Archbishops of Montreal and Quebec approve this feature of Bourassism?

Those Who Cannot Go

MUCH sympathy should be extended to those citizens who would like to go to the front and are prevented by age or physical disability. Some of these are suffering intensely, if silently. They are looked at askance by those who have been lucky enough to be accepted for active service, and they must bear these side-glances and shrugs with patience. Even though they bite deep.

Yet those who stay at home can do their part. They can make it easier for some who have gone and are preparing to go. They can encourage and stimulate. They can help to buy machine guns, field kitchens, ambulances and Red Cross supplies. Because money and encouragement is all they may give, they must be the more liberal in their giving. They must give and give until their giving becomes a real sacrifice. In this matter, every man's conscience must be his only guide, but he should be careful to assure himself that his conscience is not hampered in its operation by selfishness or self-interest.

Further, every firm in Canada that is making money on war orders should give a percentage of the profits. This should be done on a carefully prepared plan, so that when the war is over they can show a record which will withstand any possible criticism.

Better Times Coming?

WHILE the Minister of Finance is selling Canadian bonds at a marvellously low price, Canadians themselves are straining every nerve to put the country on a sound business basis. Despite the small amount of grain Canada had to sell last autumn, the total exports for the year ending April 30th increased \$24,000,000 over the previous year. Our sales abroad were the largest in our history.

On the other hand, our purchases abroad decreased \$60,000,000, as compared with the preceding twelve months, and \$226,000,000, as compared with the same period ending April 30th, 1913.

Again, in 1913, we bought \$287,000,000 more goods than we sold. In 1914, we reduced this to a balance of \$155,000,000 against us. In the period ending April 30th, 1915, we wiped out this adverse balance and had a surplus of \$27,500,000 in our favour.

Instead of spending money abroad like drunken sailors, we are now selling the world more than we buy. This is the first step towards Better Times.

Who Will Get Command?

CANADA'S First Contingent went to France under General Aldersen, an English officer. That was necessary, because Canada had no man with sufficient experience. A mistake was made, however, in not appointing a Canadian as Chief of Staff to General Aldersen, so as to have some one in training. The mistake was due to another mistake on this side in sending the First Contingent over with-

out a commanding officer. The Courier pointed this out at the time, as did other commentators.

When the Second Contingent went, the mistake was not repeated, and Colonel Sam Steele was in command. He is still in command and has done well. When the Second Division goes to France, Col. Steele will not be its chief officer, but will probably be its second officer. The commandant may be another British officer with experience in France, or one of the brigadier-generals of the First Division. The man spoken of more than any other is Brigadier-General (Temp.) M. S. Mercer, formerly in command of the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto. He has had charge of the First Brigade of the First Division and has made an excellent record. If he is given the chief appointment, with Colonel Steele as second, Canada will be both proud and satisfied.

In Their Defence

A CORRESPONDENT sends a criticism of our article, "Is the Opposition Alive?" in which he expresses his conviction that Hon. George P. Graham and Dr. Michael Clark were unfairly dealt with. If this correspondent will read the article again, he will find that there was no direct criticism of these gentlemen in particular. Their names were mentioned in a constructive suggestion as to what they might do.

Nevertheless, it is only fair to point out that the two gentlemen mentioned have been active in making recruiting speeches. Dr. Clark has spoken several times in the West, and last week addressed a big gathering in Kingston. Hon. George P. Graham has also spoken at a number of patriotic meetings and is booked for several more.

It should also be mentioned that, since the article appeared, Sir Wilfrid Laurier addressed a large meeting in Ottawa, and is to attend a series of meetings through Quebec. Mr. F. F. Pardee, Liberal Whip, spoke at a big meeting in Toronto last week.

This is as it should be. The best interests of the Liberal party will be served in this way, and, what is more important, the best interests of Canada and the Empire. The publicist who remains silent or who makes partisan speeches at the present moment is not doing his duty. That is the only lesson that the Courier is emphasizing.

Could We Foresee

HAD any one told us a year ago to-day that Canada would have 150,000 men or more on active military service, the man would have been promptly shut up in an insane asylum. The old cry was that Canadians would not soldier, and the shortage in the United States regular army was quoted as an instance. It was all well enough for the British workingman, earning from \$6 to \$8 a week, to go soldiering, but Canadian workmen earned \$12 to \$20 a week, and have higher ambitions than to be a "Tommy." Yet to-day Canada can get all the soldiers it wants to fight in the battle for liberty and freedom.

So it was with the navy—men wouldn't enlist, it

was said. The "Niobe" was put out of commission because there was no crew. The "Rainbow" was dismantled for the same reason. Yet to-day the "Niobe" and "Rainbow" have a full complement, the two submarines are manned, and hundreds of naval reserve men have been sent to England. If a thousand men were needed for the Canadian naval service, they could be secured in a fortnight. The men who said this was impossible were either lying or talking ignorantly. A Canadian fleet as big and as efficient as Australia's could have been manned in this country if the proper appeal had been made.

The truth of the situation a year ago was that the authorities did not want to encourage naval service, either on the vessels we then had or in a volunteer naval reserve which had been advocated for years by those who foresaw, somewhat dimly, what was likely to happen.

By Courtesy of the Inspector

LOSS of life on the vessel which capsized at Chicago tells us that we live at the mercy of the steamboat inspectors. When these men fail in their duty, because of indifference or political influence, then the public suffers. The recent electric railway accident at Queenston shows that the same may be said of railway inspectors. In fact, the public are daily taking risks almost comparable with those of the soldiers fighting in France.

When Confusion Reigns

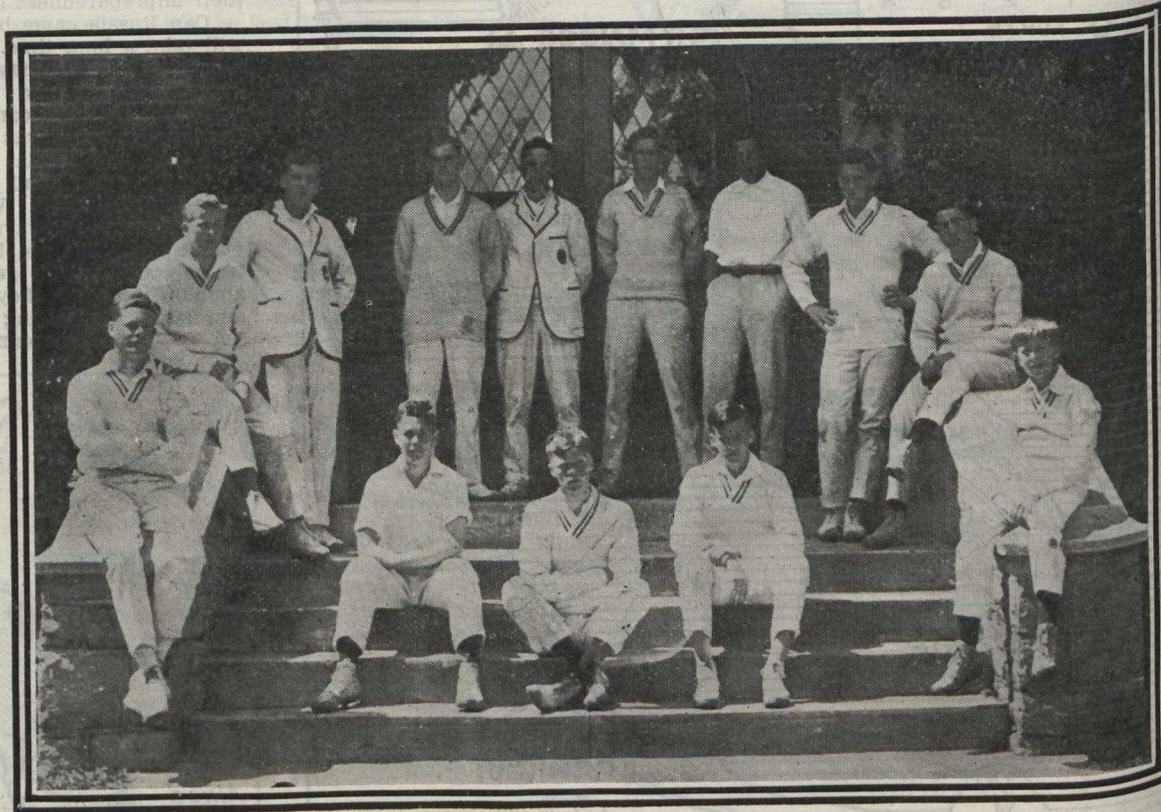
SOME cities along the lines of the new government railway are wondering what will be done about taxes on railway property. For example, the Grand Trunk Pacific has handed over its expensive elevators and terminals at Fort William to the Government. If these are to be exempted from local taxation, the town of Fort William will lose a large source of income.

This is a phase of government ownership of railways which is exceedingly important. If the Government Railways are to pay no local taxes, the towns and cities along the line will be heavy losers as compared with private operation. For example, if the Government Railways take over one-half of the Union Station and other valuable terminals in Winnipeg, must that city lose the right to levy taxes on that property, or even on half of it?

If a government railway is in the same position as a government post-office or customs building, and is exempt from local taxation, then the towns which have been collecting revenue from the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific will be seriously affected. If all the railway lines in Canada were taken over by the Government, then every town and city in Canada would suffer.

Advocates of government ownership must consider this phase of the question. The towns and cities have already a large burden to carry in the form of untaxed church property, educational property, and so on. If railway property is to be exempt from municipal taxes, then the burden of taxation will fall even more heavily on the owners of private property.

A WINNING COLLEGE CRICKET TEAM



The Ridley College (St. Catharines) cricket team had a successful spring season. It won from Grimsby, 140—67; from Rosedale, Toronto; drew with Grimsby, 110—51 for 6; won from T. C. S., 150—61; from St. Andrews, 106—89; from Upper Canada, 210 for 7—74. On tour it won from Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland and Rosedale; losing only to Grace Church, Toronto. Top row—McCulloch (major), Garret, Jeanor, Turnbull, Irvine (Captain), Lefroy, Harris (pro.), Porter, Williams, Mills. Lower row—McCulloch (Minor), Alexander, Wood.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

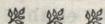
A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Speaking for the People

THERE is one surpassing power which the orator or creative writer possesses—he says the thing for us. We have been thinking in a fog and groping for words in which to express the complex feelings which sweep over us; and we read a poem or hear a speech and cry in joyous recognition—"That is it—only I could not say it." There is one man, at least, who has stirred the heart of the Empire more than once by putting its throbs into metre and rhyme. Now he has put them into a straight-flung talk at Southport, during the West Lancashire recruiting campaign, and here are a few notes in the "one clear call":

"All mankind bears witness today that there is no crime, no cruelty, no abomination that the mind of man can conceive which the German has not perpetrated, is not perpetrating and will not perpetrate if he is allowed to go on. These horrors were arranged beforehand. It is the essence of that German system to make such a hell of the countries where her armies set foot, that any terms will seem like heaven to the people whose bodies she has defiled and whose minds she has broken of set purpose and intention. So long as an unbroken Germany exists, so long will life on this planet be intolerable, not only for us and for our Allies, but for all humanity. There has been nothing like the horror of the Belgian fate in all history, and this system is in full working order within fifty miles of the English coast."

Thank you, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for telling the truth and telling it in terms that we can all remember. Because we do not wish our own folk across the seas to share the Belgian fate, because we do not want to see the world enslaved, Canadian women are not only knitting and rolling bandages this summer—they are recruiting, too.



Toronto Responds

ON July 20th, Toronto saw a Recruiting Night such as she has not witnessed before. The streets were thronged, and the auditorium of Massey Hall was filled with those who listened to patriotic speeches from politicians, clergymen and civic authorities—above all, from military men who have been in the fray and who know how great the need is for more and more fighting men. Employers of labour are realizing the crisis, not for the British Empire alone, but for the civilized world, and are not only allowing, but urging their eligible employees to enlist, but encouraging such action. In the recruiting campaign, it is the woman's work to do her part of renunciation and to put no obstacle in the way of the man who would fain "do his bit" in the "biggest cause which humanity has known."

ERIN.

The Penetrating Influence of War

A WRITER in a London weekly, who signs herself "Candida," prophesies a revolution in the management of English households "after the war." The chief reason for this will be a scarcity of women for domestic service. It seems that in England erstwhile parlourmaids have, in vast numbers, forsaken the somewhat doubtful joys of parlour-maiding and have flocked to fill the positions made vacant by the men of Kitchener's army, and now open to women of average intelligence. The article to which we refer is enlivened by pictures of women in hayfields, women as bill posters, women postmen, women porters, women page-boys, women booking clerks (meaning ticket sellers at railway stations), women recruiters, and even women as motion picture operators. Personally, we ask what woman would wilfully prefer the dull duties of the parlourmaid, with all these fascinating occupations opening up before her? It is doubtful if once having tasted the joys of public service, she will ever return to the tedium of domestic life.

Therefore, a wail of self-pity has been raised by the English householder. Patriotically enough they relinquished their butlers and their foot-men—but it is too hard that this further sacrifice should be asked of them. "Candida," who views the situation through sane eyes, has little sympathy with the incompetence of the mistresses or with the whole system of do-

mestic service prevalent in England. She says: "In the life of realities, where nothing but essentials count and there is no polite varnish, the whole servant problem, not merely this parlourmaid side-issue, stands out as a disgrace to our intelligence. It is a barbarism left over from the ages when the slave was a necessity. Over this sort of thing we have spread the decent veneer of twentieth century civilization, but without getting rid of the ugliness underneath. To create work for its servants, the proof of its power, it invented an endlessly complicated paraphernalia of existence. It perpetrated

vast, unmanageable houses, filled to overflowing with equally unmanageable details, the white woman's burden borne uncomplainingly to this day. Only its results are felt, and, thanks to their irksomeness, an increasing number of nervous, broken-down wrecks drift from hotel to hotel and boarding-house to boarding-house year in, year out, rather than face the ordeal of keeping house decently and tidily for themselves.

"And yet I see no way out of it. The servant problem will be ten times more acute when once the war is over, and we proceed to pick up the pieces. Let us hope that we shall not stick them together again in the old, unintelligent way. America could teach us a lesson in household economy of labour, but even without its example we are quite capable of evolving more intelligent houses for ourselves. The architect of the future must not build with an eye to endless house and parlour maids; they will not be available. I have seen some delightful habitations, beautifully simple and simply beautiful, which any child could have run with ease, but they were built, I believe, by cranks for cranks. The crank of to-day becomes the plain, sensible man of to-morrow. Then let us copy him now and build intelligently in future."

Patriot Women of New Zealand

CANADIAN wives and mothers are not the only women of England's colonies who have given bravely of their men to the nation's cause, and who have borne their losses unflinchingly. A correspondent, writing from Wellington, New Zealand, tells of the manner in which the women of his country face the tragedy of war:

"There are many sore hearts in these islands to-day, and yet they are proud, too, these mourners, that their sons or brothers have been sacrificed in such a righteous cause. There are families of five and six boys all at the front—or on the way. And there are very many cases in which only sons have been given up by fond mothers without a word of demur. One case that

came closely under my own eyes concerns a nephew of mine, and shows the spirit that animates the people. He was an only son, and while at college lived much in my house. He went to the war, and four days after the great landing at Gaba Tepe, was killed in action. We did not hear till less than a week ago that he had been killed. I happened to learn the news and had to break it to the mother before she had received his official notification. She bore up bravely, and said she knew when he went away she would never see him again in the flesh. Yet she did not say one word to urge him to stay! One of his sisters, too, talking over the matter, simply said that if she had had a dozen brothers she would wish them all to do as this one had done, in order that the sufferers under German brutality might be avenged! That is the spirit that animates the women in this land to-day."

Jane Addams Falls

MISS JANE ADDAMS has made the awful (the use of the word is justified) remark that soldiers in Europe must be made drunk before they will obey the order to "charge." The Germans use beer, the French absinthe, and the British rum, she says. It seems sad that Miss Addams, who has hitherto been regarded as a leader, should go so utterly insane.

The San Francisco Argonaut has some excellent comment on Miss Addams' remark and her amateurish attempts as a peace-maker at The Hague and at home. The editor says:

"Miss Addams's incapacity to understand even the elementary conditions of war is shown by the supremely silly remarks that have been quoted. Bayonet charges are usually in the nature of impromptu, a sudden snatch at opportunities that may or may not occur. Moreover, the average soldier after monotonous days and weeks in the trenches is apt to look upon the bayonet charge as the shining reward of patience, as something worth longing for and waiting for. The idea of thousands of men being 'doped,' as Miss Addams says, and with beer, too, for a bayonet charge that may never come at all, has



THE SUNNY SIDE OF SOLDIERING.

Life is not altogether dull and uninteresting for the convalescent warrior in England, and little outings are occasionally arranged by kind friends for his entertainment. In our picture one sees two wounded Australians off for a picnic with two charming "escorts."



THE SPANISH KING AND QUEEN.

A recent picture of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria, with Princess Salm-Salm, on the right, taken on the occasion of the presentation of military degrees to newly appointed officers.

To the Dairyman, Live Stock Man and Poultry Raiser

63,000 quarts of milk was the product of one dairy in a single month sold in a progressive southern city of 40,000 inhabitants. The milk was the safe kind and the dairy ideal. The many rich opportunities of this kind open in the South impel us to call your attention to them.

In another progressive southern community the estimate of butter consumption by one distributor was 50,000 pounds in six days at an average price of 25 to 30 cents per pound.

The fresh eggs in this community were estimated at 50,000 dozen each week and the price from 30 to 40 cents per dozen in the winter time and never less than 25 cents in the summer, and the best grade of eggs sell for 40 cents the year round.

Transportation has solved the distributing problem. We carry milk on passenger trains at most reasonable rates, enabling the individual producer to reach home markets advantageously.

The natural grasses enable grazing for 9 to 12 months. Alfalfa, Natal Grass, Vetches, and Clovers most readily produce in the long crop growing area. The cost of keeping a cow is small, and the mild weather conditions make inexpensive shelter all that is necessary.

The South has awakened to the values possible from these lines of pursuit. The lands open to the homeseeker are most reasonable in price, climate and soil excellent, markets at home.

Let us help you find your dairy farm, live stock and poultry ranch.

FLORIDA GEORGIA THE CAROLINAS ALABAMA VIRGINIA

J. A. PRIDE

General Industrial Agent,
Seaboard Air Line Railway,
Suite 459, Norfolk, Va.

ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY; Or How To Attend and Never Forget

By Prof. A. Loiset

The complete Loiset Memory System. Its aim is to increase the power of memory in much the same proportion as the power of the eye for vision is increased by means of the microscope and telescope. 12mo, cloth, 170 pp. Price \$3.00 post-paid.

"I have no hesitation in commending Professor Loiset's system to all who are in earnest in wishing to train their memories effectively."—Richard A. Proctor, the Eminent Astronomer.

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The Bishop Strachan School
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Forty-Ninth Year
A Church Residential and Day School for Girls.

New buildings—Beautiful healthy situation, with 7 acres of playing fields.

Junior School to Matriculation Course. Household Science, Music, Painting.

President, The Right Rev., The Lord Bishop of Toronto.
Principal, Miss Walsh, M.A. (Dublin).
Vice-Principal, Miss Nelson, M.A. (Trinity College).
Head Mistress, Junior School, Miss A. M. V. Rosseter (Higher Certificate National Froebel Union, late of Cheltenham Ladies' College).

FOR CALENDAR APPLY TO THE BURSAR

WESTBOURNE School for Girls 278 Bloor Street West TORONTO, CANADA

A residential and day school—small enough to ensure for the pupils a real home, careful personal training and thoughtful supervision. Pupils prepared for the University. Class instruction in Folk and Aesthetic Dancing as well as Physical Work. Outdoor Sports. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director.

School reopens September 14th.

For Calendar address the Principal, Miss M. Curlette, B.A.

Alma (Ladies) College

A Christian college-home, healthful situation.

For prospectus and terms, write the Principal R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., St. Thomas, Ont.

at least the advantage of making us laugh. Miss Addams should remember that she is speaking of men and trained soldiers, not of young ladies."

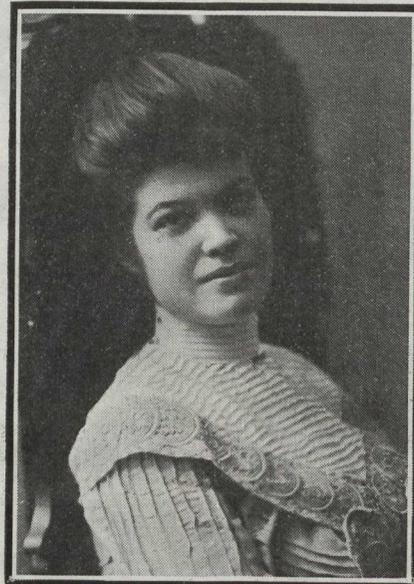
Miss Addams will find that her reputation has shrunk by this remark, and henceforth she will not be taken seriously.

* * *

A National Appeal

ON Tuesday of this week there was a meeting of the National Committee of Women for Patriotic Service in Toronto, with the object of framing a national appeal to be sent to all the women of Canada. There has been considerable criticism of the women recently, in that they were not offering sufficient encouragement to their husbands and sons who were anxious to enlist. Some have gone so far as to state that in the rural districts the women are discouraging enlisting.

Whatever the circumstances, it is well that the position of affairs should be clearly explained to the women of



MRS. F. H. SEXTON,

of Halifax, who is superintending the Red Cross work being done in the Technical College during the vacation term. Mrs. Sexton is vice-president of the Local Council of Women, recording secretary of the Playgrounds Commission, and a leading spirit in all philanthropic organizations.

the country by a national message from the organization which represents the best thought and highest purpose of the women of Canada. It will be remembered that this particular organization was formed some time ago with representatives from all the leading women's societies. H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught is president; the wives of the lieutenant-governors are vice-presidents, as well as H. R. H. the Princess Patricia, Lady Borden, and Lady Laurier. The president is Mrs. (Colonel) Gooderham, of Toronto, and the secretary is Mrs. Plumtree, 77 King street east, Toronto.

Every woman or every organization of women that desires to have copies of this national message for information or distribution should write to Mrs. Plumtree. Undoubtedly this will be the most important message ever issued to the women of Canada.

* * *

Cooking Lessons for Soldiers

SOME time ago the special correspondent of The Canadian Courier with Kitchener's army described the great waste of food in the military camps of England. Since that time agitation has arisen on the subject, and the British Government has taken steps to eliminate this waste. This week an innovation will be tried which will be of particular interest to women. Some hundreds of London school teachers who are specially trained in domestic science are to spend their holidays in giving lessons to the army cooks in the British camps. These women will be given the temporary rank of corporals and sergeants. If the results are satisfactory the scheme will be largely extended.

There is a lesson in this for Canada. The Minister of Militia might send

some of our best qualified women teachers to give instructions in cooking in the Canadian camps, and to make reports to him of what savings could be effected in the preparation of food for the soldiers. If all reports are true, the waste in the Canadian camps amounts to at least twenty per cent. of the total cost of the food.

* * *

Precautions Against Air Raids

IT was late afternoon when we took train at Liverpool for London. The walls of the compartment were adorned with the usual pictures of rivers, bridges, and birth-places of the famous, but there was something new—a little sign, which read:

"Passengers are requested to draw the blinds down in the compartment when requested by the train attendant or guard of the train."

As soon as it was dark the guard came and asked us to put the admonition into effect. A blind was drawn even over the doorway separating the compartment from the corridor. Now we realized that we were in a land where attack by air, as well as by water, must be guarded against.

In London we found every street lamp painted or painted more than half way down. Even in the shop windows lights are painted or shaded on the streetward side, and the once-gay Leicester Square is a mysterious region where theatre-porticos shed a ghastly blue light on the faces of those passing under them.

On the streets in the evening the bus-rider mechanically looks skyward.

"Fine night for a Zeppelin raid," one hears remarked, here and there.

Those guardian angels of London's sky-line—the searchlights—are out on all such nights, beating white wings of light over the city unremittingly. In foggy weather, when London hides beneath a cloud of smoky vapor, they are not needed. And in bright moonlight any evening aircraft would be clearly silhouetted against the sky.

Pasted amongst the endless display of recruiting posters one occasionally finds a poster of another order. Side by side on it are pictured types of British and German airships, this device being supposed to enable the lay mind to grasp the distinctions between the two. Underneath are printed instructions as to what one must do on sighting a Zep.—so flippantly spoken of in London. Being boiled down they are: Take to the nearest cellar and stay there until notified that it is safe to emerge.

Since these were posted the newspapers have given the additional ad-



MRS. W. M. ROSE,

recently appointed assistant civic relief officer by the City of Vancouver. Mrs. Rose has for many years been a leader in benevolent and philanthropic movements and an energetic worker for the Victorian Order of Nurses. She is a niece of Sir John Boyd, of Toronto, and of the late General Buchan, of Ottawa. vice to see that all windows are closed on the first two floors of the house in which one takes refuge—this as a precaution against gas bombs.

MONA CLEAVER.

DID THE HON. MR. WHITE SUCCEED IN WALL STREET?

THE STORY OF THE GETTING OF FORTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS FROM SHREWD UNITED STATES INVESTORS

Did Mr. White Score a Triumph, or Was the Triumph Scored by Morgans and Their Associates? Will Canada Lose Ten Million Dollars by This Transaction?

WHEN the Canadian Government borrows money and agrees to pay a certain rate of interest, that transaction affects every borrower, public or private, in the Dominion. For example, if the Canadian Government will pay only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the Provinces will probably be able to borrow at $3\frac{3}{4}$ or 4 per cent., the municipalities at 4 or $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and private borrowers at $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 per cent. The Dominion Government, according to history, can always borrow a little more cheaply than the Provinces, while the Provinces borrow a little cheaper than the cities, and the cities a little less than the private borrower.

Hence, every transaction by the Dominion Government affects the Provinces, the municipalities and the private borrowers. The Canadian Minister of Finance sets the rate at which all borrowers shall pay. If the Minister is careless or extravagant, and pays an excessive rate of interest, he forces all other borrowers to pay a higher rate. If he is frugal and a good borrower, he helps all other borrowers to get money cheaply.

To take an extreme case. Supposing we had a lazy, small-headed bungling Minister of Finance at Ottawa who borrowed money on a large scale at seven per cent interest. The Provinces would be compelled to compete with him, and might have to pay $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Then the municipalities would have to compete with the Dominion and the Provinces in the money markets, and would have to pay 8 per cent. Private borrowers, say railways, traction companies, manufacturers, and so on, would be forced by competition to pay 9 per cent. Thus we see that every loan of a big nature must be made on terms which are set by the Dominion Minister of Finance.

Why We Went to New York

WITH these circumstances in mind, let us examine the latest exploit of the Hon. Thomas White, Canadian Minister of Finance. He is getting all the money for war expenditures from London. The British Government has agreed to help him in this respect. He has no difficulties so far as war expenditures are concerned. But if he has not enough money to pay for other expenditures, such as canals, post-offices, armories, docks, dredging, and other public services. He must borrow elsewhere.

Now, Hon. Thomas White needed forty-five million dollars to meet the deficit of the year 1915. Whether there ought to be a deficit or whether there ought not to be a deficit is not a matter to be discussed here. There is a deficit, and that deficit must be met. Therefore the Hon. Thomas White arranged with the Bank of Montreal, J. P. Morgan & Co., Brown Brothers & Co., First National Bank and National City Bank of New York to raise the necessary forty-five million.

There can be no objection to our going to New York to borrow. It is practically the only market open to us, though the Dominion had never gone there before. The Provinces and the municipalities have been going there since the war broke out. They have borrowed over a hundred millions in that city during the past twelve months, and they also got their money at reasonable rates. Moreover, Canada is buying so much more from the United States than we are selling to that country that it was difficult to pay for all we wanted. The rate of exchange was therefore against us. A big borrowing like Mr. White contemplated would help to restore the balance. That is, the Dominion Government would get its money, not in cash, but in credits due American firms by Canadian creditors. Thus it would be beneficial all around and prevent the necessity of sending \$45,000,000 in gold to New York to pay our debts there.

How the Rate Was Decided

SO far so good. The next point for Hon. Thomas White to consider was, "What rate of interest shall I offer the New York bankers?" In deciding this he had several points to keep in mind. In the first place, the New York bankers were anxious to see Mr. White borrow there. They were willing to make the loan. They are interested in seeing United States firms continue to sell largely in Canada, which they could not do if Canada had no money to pay for goods. It was just as vital to the United States to lend us that money as it was for Canada to get that money. Each party to the bargain was interested. Hence Mr. White must have known that the situation favoured a low rate of interest.

In the second place, Mr. White knew that the Ontario Government was borrowing there at five per cent. interest, and that the city of Toronto had got money there at five per cent. He would know, therefore, that he should be able to borrow in New York at $4\frac{1}{2}$ or $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

In the third place he had to consider what other countries were doing. Great Britain has just raised over three billions of dollars at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. But this interest is subject to income tax, so that the borrower would be netting between 4 and $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. If the income tax goes up in the near future, the man who lends to the British Government will not net more than 4 per cent. Having examined this situation, Mr. White would have to decide whether the interest on his New York borrowings would be subject to any taxes. He did this and decided that they would not. It was announced that these interest payments would be "free from taxes imposed by the Dominion of Canada, including any income tax." Not only did Mr. White promise not to tax these interest payments himself, but he will not let any one else tax them. Thus whatever interest the United States investor got would be "net." As the British

Government was paying about 4 per cent. net, the Dominion Government should pay about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. net.

The Generous Terms Offered

THESE are the preliminary figures. Now let us see what Hon. Thomas White actually did. He agreed to take \$45,000,000 from the New York bankers, and give 5 per cent. gold notes as follows:

\$25,000,000	due August 1st, 1916
\$20,000,000	due August 1st, 1917

He agreed to pay the interest half-yearly on February 1st and August 1st. He agreed to pay the interest in United States gold in New York City. He agreed that these notes should be convertible, at the option of the holder, at any time prior to three months before maturity, into twenty-year five per cent. bonds of the Dominion of Canada, par for par, to be free from any right of prior redemption. Further he agreed to take this loan at the following prices:

The one year note at 100 and interest.

The two year notes at $99\frac{1}{2}$ and interest.

Finally, he agreed to pay the New York bankers $\frac{3}{4}$ of one per cent. commission on the proceeds.

This was all he agreed to do. Yet when one figures it out, no other bonuses were necessary. Five per cent. interest for the gold bonds of the finest British Dominion, no taxes, half-yearly interest, payable interest and principal in gold, convertible into twenty-year bonds at option—what more could the keenest Yankee want? And he didn't want any more. As a matter of fact, that forty-five million loan was taken up in five minutes. The books opened, the investors yelled "We take it," and the books closed. It was the swiftest sale of bonds ever made in the history of the world.

It was easy money for the bankers. Their commission amounted to \$336,750, and they earned it in five minutes. Of course, that wasn't much among five of them, but it would buy quite a few dinners at the Waldorf. It would pay the rent of the five institutions for two or three months at least.

Then the vital question comes, "Why did the United States investor grab that issue as if he were getting gold dollars for ninety cents?" The only possible answer is that the Hon. Thomas White agreed to pay five per cent. when he could have got the money for $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. There cannot possibly be any other answer.

Now, let us see what Canada lost. The interest on \$25,000,000 for one year at five per cent., and on \$20,000,000 for two years at the same rate is \$3,250,000. The interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. would be \$2,925,000. Mr. White, therefore, cost Canada \$325,000 by a mistake in judgment.

There seems to be no possible defence. He knew that the credit of the Dominion was better than that of the Provinces or the city of Toronto, and that these authorities had borrowed at five per cent. He knew that Great Britain had just borrowed at about four per cent. net. He knew that the United States bankers have more money than they know what to do with, and that they realize that they must lend to Canada to keep up their sales in this country. All these facts were known to every financial writer and every financial broker in Canada, and hence should have been known to the Minister of Finance. All these facts were public facts.

Then why did Mr. White promise to pay such a high rate?

What Will be the General Effect

FINALLY, think what this means to Canada. Suppose the Provinces and the municipalities want to borrow another hundred millions in New York during the next year, what will happen? The bankers of New York, having found Mr. White an easy victim, will hold up the smaller borrowers. They will demand $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. as sure as fate. Think of the loss that will mean?

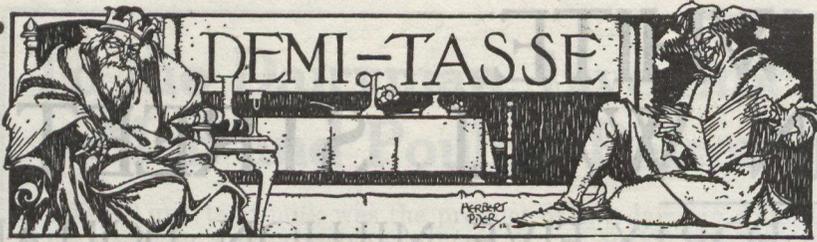
Figure it out for yourselves. The various borrowers want a hundred millions for an average of five years. They pay $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. instead of five per cent. What will it amount to? The answer is, two and a half million dollars.

But there is another way to look at it. Mr. White decides to pay five per cent., and he invites tenders. J. P. Morgan & Co., offer to buy the bonds at $99\frac{3}{4}$, another firm offers 101, another offers $102\frac{1}{2}$, and another offers 104. Who will get it? The firm that offered $104\frac{3}{4}$, of course. In that case, instead of getting \$44,563,250 for his forty-five million dollars' worth of bonds, Mr. White would have got about \$47,250,000, or nearly three millions more than he actually got.

There are financial men who believe, rightly or wrongly, that Mr. White could have got two and a half millions more for his bonds than he did get. The test of their belief will be the selling price of these bonds three months hence. If they are then selling at 104, or thereabouts, then these men will be right.

The financiers who claim that Mr. White lost two and a half million dollars have no animus against him. But the fact remains, that the financial world, rightly or wrongly, is laughing. Canada cannot afford in these days to be laughed at.

Probably the only way to get at the truth would be to call a special session of Parliament and have the whole financial situation discussed. There are other rumours equally grave in the air. A special, non-partisan session, at which those who have complaints could air them and answer could be given, might be the best remedy for the situation. If there is no extravagance at Ottawa, these rumours should be stopped. They cannot be aired except on the floor of the House of Commons, and, therefore, a special session seems advisable.



Courierettes.

SO frequent have been the changes in the Toronto ball team of late that the fans are getting excellent experience in training their memories to remember faces.

Another defence for the wrist-watch. One of them saved the hand of a Canadian soldier at the front.

Dr. Dernberg's ship was taken into a Scotch port ere going to Germany. They should have forced Dernberg to listen to the bagpipes.

Britain is to use American yarns for soldiers' clothing—but none of the yellow press yarns.

An Austrian author refers to the Yankees as a lot of humbugs. Wrong again. There's only one Bryan.

War prisoners are being used to harvest British crops. They'll reap no wild oats there.

There seems to have been too much water in the "oil" flotations out west. And oil and water won't mix.

The Prince of Wales has passed his twenty-first birthday. He reminds us of the German Crown Prince by being so different.

Instead of footprints in the sands of time those Manitoba politicians are apt to leave a trail of slime.

Too much is not expected of Robert Lansing, the new U. S. Secretary of State. But, then, he should not have much trouble, following Bryan.

It seems that the bricks for Manitoba's new House of Parliament flew in all directions.

The hesitation policy seems to be as popular in America as the hesitation dance.

Heated discussions seldom bring us warm friends.

Poetry is no crime—otherwise we might have an uncomfortable time keeping out of jail.

So Alberta's gone dry! Yes; reaction after the flood.

Not Just Now.—No use those South American republics trying to stage any little revolutions these days. They might find a line for 'em in next year's almanacs.

Quite Effective.—French laughing gas bombs produce laughter, followed by tears. Won't the matinee idols be envious now?

Not Easy.—It can't be easy for Americans to be neutral when in New York they find on Amsterdam avenue the offices of the German-American Exterminator Co.

Oh, Yes, Quite Neutral!—From across the line comes the announcement of another new and "strictly neutral" newspaper. Messrs. Kipper, Weiss, Stoehr, and Schweitzer are to conduct it. They should have no difficulty keeping it neutral.

A Tiring Job.—"Gosh! but I'm tired!" said the thin and elongated gentleman to his short and stout friend, as they met on the street.

"What have you been doing to make you tired?"

The thin man drew a deep breath and explained. "I have been over to my friend Smith's house, and they were just laying carpets. They had lost their yardstick. As I am just six feet tall, they asked me if I would help them, and I have been laying down and getting up all over their house."

She Meant Well.—A little Toronto

girl, though only three years old, has been extremely well trained to be always polite and to carefully say "please," "thank you," and "excuse me" as occasion demands. But nevertheless she has her troubles observing the rules of good manners.

The other day she was unfortunate enough to hiccough when company was in her mother's dining-room. The mother looked reprovingly at the little lass. "What do you say?" she prompted. The girl was perplexed for a moment. Then her face brightened, and she said: "Thank you."

War Notes.

Said the British airman to the Hun submarine: "After U."

Germany wanted a place in the sun, and she seems destined to get it in the shade.

"The German Navy" is just out. No, it's not the ships—just a new book.

German war widows are advertising for husbands. That's typical Teuton thrift.

War is like an automobile—the upkeep far exceeds the initial cost.

Ambassador Bernstorff says he will stay in Washington all summer, but he may find it too hot for him.

San Marino, the little republic with the army of 900, seems to have no trouble keeping its plans secret.

Britain keeps on blockading Germany without sinking her women and children, and the Huns can't comprehend such weak sentimentality.

The Kaiser is constantly building new ships, but the Kiel Canal is already overcrowded.

It Would Make a Change.—Alaska, it is said, may have prohibition. That would mean the death-knell of such fiction as that of Jack London and Rex Beach.

The Gist of It.—In a line, the attitude of the Kaiser to the United States is:

"If your ships would sail the sea, Let them get a pass from me."

Wonderful Work.—Great feats of derring do are coming to light in this war. We read in a Toronto daily the following:

"Arthur was ordered to go over their trench parapet and attack the German trenches. He jumped over, was hit in the leg and knocked down, got up and hobbled on, being shot by twenty bullets and killed, but he never stopped going on."

Sounds like slight exaggeration to us.

It Surely Is.—Britain's great fleet is said to have cost \$870,000,000. Cheap insurance.

Compared.—"Culture is a wonderful thing," asserted the artist.

"Yes, and agriculture enables you to eat, live, and enjoy culture," put in the farmer.

Just Like Her.—A Connecticut woman, after securing a divorce from her husband, threw her arms around his neck and wept. Report doesn't say what happened then, but we suppose they went to a movie show.

Head of a Goose.—A person threw the head of a goose on the stage of the

Belleville theatre. The manager, advancing to the front, said: "Gentlemen, if any one among you has lost his head, let him not be uneasy, for I will restore it on the conclusion of the performance."

Timely.—Unlike the Huns, most people are now looking for a place in the shade these hot days.

Not That!—America, it is said, has 2,000 young girls who are studying law. Surely they do not aspire to be mothers-in-law?

Correct.—All the world loves a lover—until his fiancee sends out the wedding invitations and it's time to buy the presents.

The Viewpoint.—Be an optimist. If you find a four-leafed clover in your back yard you are lucky. You might have found burdocks or dandelions.

Not Always.—An expert doctor recommends baseball as a cure for insanity. It doesn't always work that way. Ask Connie Mack and John McGraw.

New Version.—As the Kaiser would put it: "Tis the star-spangled banner—oh! long may it wave— But only where I shall direct—so behave!"

This Is New.—New York women suffragists have adopted a policy of silent protest. This has at least the charm of novelty.

It Would Be Unwise.—Says W. J. Bryan: "Some day the nations will place their trust in love, the weapon for which there is no shield."

For the present, however, we would advise Mr. Bryan not to try to make love to the business end of a German siege gun or a submarine.

Embarrassed.—Chicago now claims to have driven out all its crooks, and the good people don't know what to do to get a background that will show them off to good advantage.

A Word for Russia.—After all, we must award the "come-back" championship to Russia.

Thaw—and the Others.—Harry Thaw has been given his freedom, after a nine-year trial. Well, he deserves his freedom more than many of the smart chaps who have been trying to keep the litigation going in order to get a goodly portion of the Thaw coin.

If They Do.—Hon. Dr. Pyne is the latest honorary colonel. If the military ever mobilize the honorary colonels in Canada the Kaiser will be forced to surrender.

A Light Dinner.—The celebrated musician Rossini (1792-1868) had accepted an invitation to dine with a lady whose dinners were known to be arranged on a most economical scale. The dinner offered to the maestro formed no exception to the general rule, and he left the table rather hungry.

"I hope you will soon do me the honour to dine again with me," said the lady to him, as he was taking leave of her.

"Immediately, if you like," replied he.

A Precarious Living.—This is an announcement in the Toronto Daily Star:

"Fresh air picnics afford only glimpse of health possible—whole family taken to country and fed once a week."

That savours more of cruelty than kindness. Think of it, boys and girls—fed once a week!"

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Man vs. The Wilderness

(Concluded from page 8.)

a long rod and by beating the water I killed two. They were about a foot long. Oh! how good they were! After I had eaten them I tried again, and got three more. Two I ate in the morning and the other I kept till evening. I think that was the last food to pass my lips.

"Didn't you see any frogs along the river?" asked Charlie.

"No," he replied. "I don't remember that I did. There must have been plenty, though. I heard enough of them."

"Frogs good to eat," said Charlie again; "easy to kill. Then you make a fish-trap with sticks; drive little fish into it. Plenty good little fish."

"Yes," remarked Newton. "I might have been well fed all the time did I have your knowledge of the bush, but with me it was all chance, though some of the things you have named seem so simple that I did not think of them."

"That day," he continued, "was one of horror. I knew that the end was not far off. I was very weak, and fell often, though the land was higher and the walking better. I had given up all hope. I knew that I could not succeed in reaching the railway. I wondered how the end would come. Would I lie down from weakness and suffer there until the end came, or would a merciful oblivion hide it? I believed that the last would be the case, as my mind often wandered, and I would wake up as from a sleep.

That night I tried to gather wood, but could not succeed in getting much together. When I tried to make a fire I found that my last match was gone. I had lost it. I remember nothing clearly after lying down that night. I knew I saw a lake, which must have been this one. The rest is blank. I could not have gone far before you found me."

"How about mosquitoes?" I enquired.

"The last two nights that I remember they were very bad," was the reply, "but after that—well, I look as though they had been worse."

"You could not have travelled very far," I remarked again; "not over twenty or thirty miles. The last three days you probably wandered about the upper end of this lake all the time."

"Well, if you had gone south, as you intended, your body would now be lying out in the bush," remarked Tom. "It was certainly a lucky accident that brought you up this way. You weren't born to die in the bush."

"Not if I get out this time, not any. When I get home I don't want to walk down a street with trees on it."

In Lighter Vein

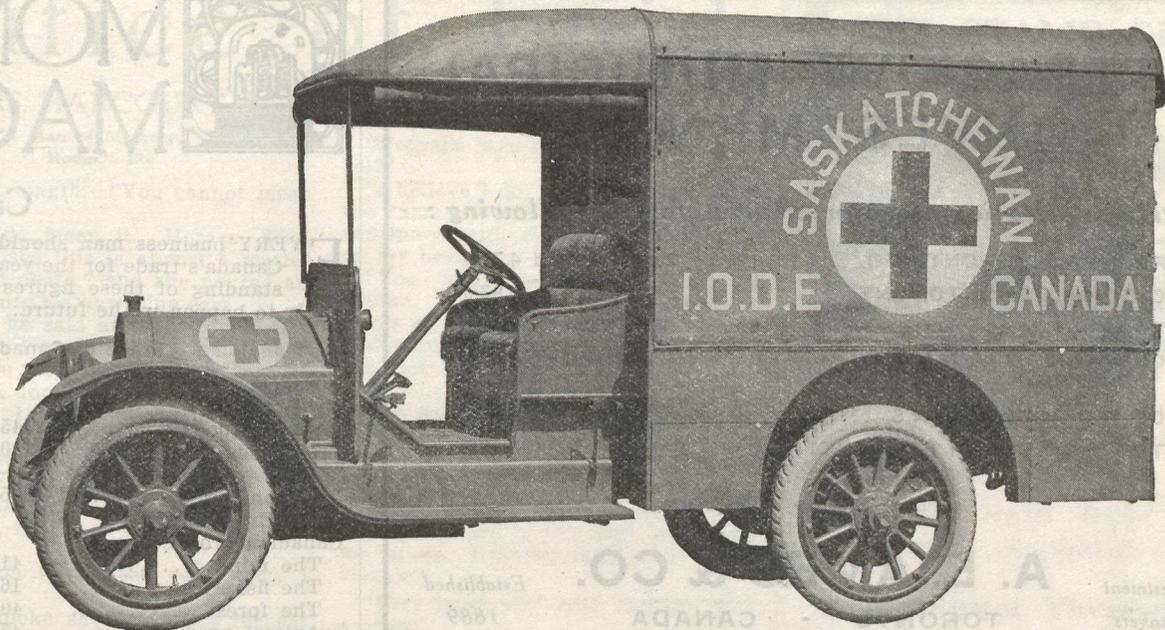
Mother Hates Falsehoods.—"Now, Willy," said the mother, "you told me a falsehood. Do you know what happens to little boys who tell falsehoods?"

"No, ma'am," replied Willy sheepishly.

"Why," continued the mother, "a big, black man with only one eye in the centre of his forehead comes along and flies with him up to the moon, and makes him pick sticks for the balance of his life. Now, you will never tell a falsehood again, will you? It is awfully wicked!" — Ladies' Home Journal.

A Bit Tired.—A somewhat weather-beaten tramp, being asked what was the matter with his coat, replied, "Insomnia: it hasn't had a nap in ten year."—Christian Register.

Sweet Charity.—Wealthy Benefactress (stopping in at the hospital) — Well, we'll bring the car to-morrow, and take some of your patients for a drive. And, by the bye, nurse, you might pick out some with bandages that show—the last party might not have been wounded at all, as far as anybody in the streets could see.—Punch.



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That the West might have its fair share in caring for our wounded sons at the front, the Daughters of the Empire in Saskatchewan have presented this Russell ambulance for service abroad. Through their Provincial President, Mrs. W. M. Martin, they were especially anxious that this ambulance should be complete in every essential.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Canada's Trade

EVERY business man should ponder and study the following table showing Canada's trade for the year ending April 30th. Only by a thorough understanding of these figures will he get a clear understanding of what is likely to happen in the future:

	Trade of Canada—Twelve Months ended April.			
	1912.	1913.	1914.	1915.
Imports for Consumption.				
Dutiable goods	\$345,254,528	\$443,735,801	\$401,643,627	\$272,387,490
Free goods	190,022,690	229,145,177	205,134,680	174,437,808
Total imports, merchandise	\$535,277,218	\$672,880,978	\$606,778,307	\$446,825,298
Exports.				
Canadian produce—				
The mine	41,552,551	57,987,581	58,790,534	51,854,627
The fisheries	16,633,621	16,724,021	20,532,356	19,866,383
The forest	40,717,190	43,646,733	42,797,161	42,705,384
Animal produce	47,571,047	45,497,073	53,465,137	75,842,575
Agricultural products	110,028,653	155,574,366	193,349,922	134,869,582
Manufactures	36,335,453	44,569,769	58,260,053	94,465,960
Miscellaneous	119,099	94,948	129,467	753,143
Totals, Canadian produce	\$292,957,614	\$364,094,491	\$427,324,630	\$420,357,654
Foreign produce	17,447,107	21,656,447	23,605,616	53,946,168
Total exports, merchandise	\$310,404,721	\$385,750,938	\$450,930,246	\$474,303,822

During May and June, for which unrevised figures only are available, show a further increase in exports and a further decrease in imports. Yet the total trade for the first three months of the fiscal year, April, May and June, shows an increase of \$60,000,000 over the same period last year. Canada's exports are thus shown to be increasing by leaps and bounds.

The exports of manufactured goods for these three months was \$40,000,000, as compared with \$16,000,000 in the same months in 1914.

If Canada's crop turns out according to present prospects, Canada will this year sell \$150,000,000 more good than it buys. This will be a handsome balance. Hitherto Canada has been buying about that amount in excess of exports, and the balance of trade has been against us.

The era of "Better Times" is at hand.

Montreal Tramways Issue Stock

DIRECTORS of the Montreal Tramways Company have decided to make a new issue of \$1,000,000 common stock. The details of payment will be explained at the annual meeting on August 4th. The proceeds will be used for the general purposes of the company.

The new issue will be at par and will be allotted pro rata to the holders of the \$3,000,000 stock now outstanding; that is, one share of new will go to the holder of every three shares of old.

The original capital stock of the Tramways Company was \$2,000,000. This was increased by \$1,000,000 offered to shareholders at par in the spring of 1913, concurrently with the announcement of an initial dividend on the stock, an interim 5 per cent. declaration which has since become established as a 10 per cent. per annum distribution.

Dominion Bank's Semi-Annual Report

THE Dominion Bank has just issued its financial statement covering the first half of the current year, which shows that the position of the company is a strong one. The bank's cash assets on June 30, were 29 per cent., and liquid assets 53 per cent. of liabilities to the public.

A new item was the Dominion Government war tax, amounting to \$20,435. Earnings for the six months were \$420,394, after deducting management expenses, compared with \$473,970 for the corresponding period a year ago.

Total deposits showed a decrease during the six months' period of nearly two million dollars, the total being \$57,733,946, against \$59,574,988 in 1914, while notes in circulation, about \$100,000 less, stood at \$3,897,396. Call and short loans in and outside Canada, increased \$3,000,000 to \$9,200,000, while current loans decreased \$10,300,000. Holdings of Dominion Government notes increased \$4,800,000.

New President Nova Scotia

COLONEL THOMAS CANTLEY is the new president of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, of which he has been vice-president and general manager. This is a reward for ability and accumen. Col. Cantley has brought this large concern through trying times, and it is in excellent condition as a result of his care and courage.

The Stock Market and War Orders

DURING the past few weeks the stock market has been mainly concerned, so far as Montreal, Toronto and New York are concerned, with war orders. All the "war" stocks are being strongly manipulated. The boomers apparently believe this is the best method at present of getting the public's money. Ordinary investment stocks are neglected, except the steel stocks, and the others are tremendously active. Dominion Steel, Nova Scotia Steel, Canadian Car and Foundry, National Car and Steel of Canada have all been boosted. And the end is not yet. So long as there is a prospect of the war going on, so long will the "war stocks" hold the centre of the stage. Whether these companies will make as much money as they are expected to is another matter.

Another peculiar feature is the change in name—they are not "industrials," but "war stocks." The word, "industrial" had a black eye, and it was dropped conveniently.

Some idea of this movement in Canada may be gathered from the fact that Canadian Car and Foundry advanced from 62 to 106 in a week ending Monday last. Not only are the common stocks advancing, but the preferred stocks are also rising, thus showing that this promises to be more than a speculation.

The Sacrifice of Enid

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

By MRS. HARCOURT-ROE

Author of "A Man of Mystery," "The Silent Room," Etc.

MR. WESTLAKE looked around, then said slowly: "Good gracious! Office furniture! Absolute necessities! According to you and Haselfoot. In my time costly vases and clocks and pictures weren't absolute necessities. But no doubt you know best. Now, my boy, I must speak seriously to you. Is she a thorough good girl and a lady?"

"She is both," replied Ronald warmly.

"I know what this sort of thing means; these—ahem!—these necessities wouldn't have been put in for an ordinary young woman. It means you are in love with her. Are you going to marry her?"

"I am in love with her, and I would marry her to-morrow, but she will not marry me," said Ronald with some bitterness.

"Refused you? Why?"

"Because she is engaged to another man."

"Well, you know, I shouldn't have made any objection, for you are your own master, but it isn't the right sort of marriage for you, though I'm sorry for you, my boy. Lady Eva Godalming would have you to-morrow."

"Hang Lady Eva Godalming!" said Ronald, who began to think he had been tried long enough and was anxious for his father to go. "You won't make my affairs public, I suppose."

"Not a word, even to your mother. She would never forgive the girl. It's a pity she won't let us ask her to the house; she must have a dull life enough."

"I don't think she is dull. Now I must really ask you to let me go on with my work or I shall have to stay late to-night. I am overwhelmed with work."

He had in reality been writing most of the letters he usually gave to Mary. "They must put up with my spider scrawl and e's and a's and o's," he said to himself grimly; "I made no arrangement to send everyone typewritten letters."

CHAPTER XI.

His Arrival.

MARY felt her heart beat as she walked up the steep road to the station, which was on high ground overlooking all the adjacent country. She was early, and as she stood on the platform she looked down on the village and saw the tall factory chimney. Would he, her lover, consent to work there? He must do so; there was no choice in the matter.

She waited ten minutes only before the train came in, but the time seemed as if it would never end. Her heart thumped as the carriages were drawn up beside the platform. A few passengers alighted, and now her heart sank. Where was her lover?

But a tall man came towards her and put out his hand, saying: "How do you do?" He wore a tweed suit and round hat; he had somewhat long reddish hair, beard, and moustache, and he wore spectacles.

"I—" she stammered, and then said hurriedly: "Give up your ticket and follow me."

When they had descended the long, steep steps and the other passengers had passed them she exclaimed:

"Oh, Horace, Horace! At last! I did not know you."

"I don't wonder at that in these beastly things."

They turned away from the station and walked beneath overarching trees. When completely in shelter he took her in his arms and kissed her a great many times.

"Now," she said, "take off your spectacles and let me see your eyes."

He did so. For a single moment she shrank from him, for there was a hunted, shifty look in them which she had never seen there before. Then she remembered the hardships he had endured, and blamed herself exceedingly. They entered into earnest conversation.

"Go as a mill hand this afternoon!"

he said at length. "You cannot mean it."

"But I do mean it. Horace, dear, don't you see this is almost a matter of life and death," and she poured arguments into his unwilling ears.

"Well," he said at their conclusion, "I suppose I must as you insist upon it, and you have been very clever so far. But I don't see the necessity myself. Am I to do disgusting menial work?"

"I should have thought you would have been glad to do anything," she replied with gentle reproach. "I entered as a mill hand myself—for your sake."

"Yes, you have been very good, I must say."

As he spoke she could not forbear from wondering if he really understood the sacrifice she had made for him.

"Now," she said, "pray pay attention to me. As soon as I received your telegram this morning I went into the village and engaged a room for you—one room, a poor common one. You must live there, and you must live apparently at the rate of your wages, which may perhaps be very small. But I will give you as much as I can spare out of mine for extra comforts."

"I thought you said you had secured a desirable opening for me."

"And so I have. A most desirable one, under a good master, whom you must do your utmost to serve. For my sake, dear, try to avert suspicion. Work hard at whatever is given you to do. It will only be for a time, you know. And, above all things, bear in mind that your name is Henry Jackson. Pray do not forget. I have bought a suit of working clothes for you, and directly you go back you must put them on. Also you must buy your own food. Here is money."

It was apparent that he was very dissatisfied. "Dear," she said entreatingly, "I know these things are hard. But other things are harder still. It is time for us to go to the village now."

She talked to him as if she were soothing a child until she left him at the door of his lodgings. He had returned, and she had expected to be joyful, but only pain was in her heart, and what would the end be?

At half past two she returned to the office and apologized for being late.

"I did not expect you so soon," said Ronald, "and there is not much for you to do. What about Mr. Jackson? Did he arrive?"

"Yes, and he is coming to see you shortly."

"I have spoken to Simpson; there will be no difficulty about employing him."

"You are very good."

CHAPTER XII.

His Conduct.

IN the course of an hour Henry Jackson made his appearance, in working garb. Ronald looked him well over, and addressed a few questions to him. At the end of them he came to three conclusions—that the man was a gentleman, that he was in very delicate health, and that he disliked him extremely. He was fair enough to attribute this dislike partly to the fact of his being a successful rival.

His hands were white; gentleman's hands without doubt, although there were some ugly marks on them. And then Ronald remembered the nature of his previous work.

"You are a tailor, I believe?" he said.

"A tailor!" echoed Jackson hotly. "I am not a tailor."

"Your friend, Miss Williams, informed me that you were. She is usually accurate in her statements," said Ronald coldly.

Jackson controlled himself and said: "To a certain extent she is right. I

did work at tailoring for a little while. Hateful work I thought it."

"Perhaps you think all work hateful?"

"I believe I do. But I must do it all the same. If you will employ me," he continued with evident effort, "I will do my best."

"You must begin low down, of course. I cannot put you over the heads of old hands; neither would you understand the work. I suppose you can pick up things quickly?"

"I believe I can."

The nature of the employment and rate of wages was now entered upon. Jackson was to begin his work forthwith.

"It is usual," said Ronald dryly, "when you are in this mill to address me as sir. I merely mention it as advisable."

"Very good, sir," said Jackson with a scowl.

He was placed in Simpson's charge, and his work given him, which was to watch the rags seething in the water-troughs and assist in stirring them. It was easy enough to do, and he performed it well. After the factory closed he met Mary, who walked with him away from the village.

"After this," she said, "I will not meet you too often. But there is so much to say, so much to plan. How did you get on with Mr. Westlake?"

"Oh, well enough, I believe. He made me furious once or twice, though. What possessed you to tell him I was a tailor?"

SHE felt a sense of repulsion, but resolutely put it away from her.

Why should not a tailor be respected, she explained.

"And," continued Jackson, "he informed me I was to call him sir."

"Of course you must."

"A cad I suppose, without a grandfather; a paper man! Times are hard."

"Mr. Westlake is a gentleman," said Mary with displeasure.

"Oh, is he? It doesn't make much difference."

"I am compelled to ask you, dear, to remain within doors a good deal for a short time."

"And what am I to do?"

"Read. I will lend you books. I would rather people did not see us together until we are married."

"And when will that be?"

"As soon as we can see our way in safety. I had thought it would be now, but I find that it is impossible for many reasons."

"And what are we to live on? Your money?"

"I had only a little—a few hundred pounds. I have spent it all, but I am saving up every penny I can to take us abroad. After that surely we can earn our own living, I as a typist, you in another capacity," and she told him of what her work consisted now.

"You are a great deal better off than I am."

She looked at him with something of amazement. What had she done that she should not be well off? But she made no answer; she was aware that he did not see things in their true light now; every excuse must be made for him.

On leaving him she met Simpson.

"So a new hand has come, recommended by you," he said, for Ronald thought it advisable to mention this, lest the fact of her meeting Jackson should excite comment.

"Yes, an old friend of mine." And then she pleaded for forbearance on his behalf should he fail in his work at first. "Scold him yourself," she said with a smile, "if necessary, but don't let Mr. Westlake think he is of no use unless you know he is of no use."

"How you do get round me, my dear!" said the old man. "I'll keep him up to his work, I promise you, without bothering the master. Though there ain't much as goes on in the works or about the hands that the master don't know, and he'll very soon put Jackson down at his true value. Which ain't

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H59

much in my opinion," he added sotto voce.

Ronald sat late in his office that night. But he was not working. He was pondering how a proud, exquisitely neat, beautiful girl could bring herself to marry a man such as Jackson.

"He might at least cut his hair," he thought. He had promised to serve her through her lover, but the task was harder than he had imagined.

A fortnight elapsed and Ronald made two further discoveries. One was that Jackson was a man of unusual ability, the other that he was untrustworthy and difficult to deal with.

He had not watched the rag washing for more than two days. Ronald had never intended that he should continue at this work; he simply put him there to prove him. At the end of this time he told Simpson to employ him in various odd jobs which did not interfere with the other men, and yet called for quickness and some amount of brains. He was very bad at working, but he was excellent in watching other people at work. In spite of his spectacles he could see at a glance if anything went wrong even at the other end of the factory, and Simpson sent him on errands to the workpeople and messages to the master, knowing that his quick wits never confused or muddled directions. In this respect he was a great success, but in another he was a great failure. He would not be punctual. The great bell clanged in the early morning, and it failed to summon him in time. The mornings were raw and cold, and he hated early rising, and dawdled in generally half an hour late.

SIMPSON raved at him, day after day he was fined, but it seemed to make no difference; late he chose to be and late he was.

"You'll get the sack soon," said the foreman. "I've borne this a deal longer than I had a right to because you are a friend of Miss Williams', and she begged me not to be hard on you, but next time go to the master I will."

With the men he was extremely popular. For the first two days he had scarcely opened his lips, but had listened to them intently. At the end of that time he entered into the conversation, speaking the broadest Devonshire, which caused Ronald, when he one day overheard him, unbounded amazement, for in talking to him his accent had been that of a supercilious educated man. There was a change, too, in his appearance. When he arrived he had looked like a young man, but now there was an almost imperceptible difference; there were lines on his face; he looked at least forty. His gait, too, had altered. He lounged, he slouched down the village street, while his laugh was that of the veriest country boor.

The men said he was the best company possible. He sang music hall songs, accompanied by acting, which sent them into roars of laughter. Had he chosen to accept the invitations given him he could have gone out every evening of his life. But he declined them, and it was to a few chosen associates that he exhibited his talents in the evening. He invited Simpson once, and made that worthy laugh until he cried.

He had seen little of Mary. She had adopted Ronald's former plan, and now wrote to him daily. He also wrote to her. He told her that he was getting on far better than he expected, that he was finding a great deal of amusement for himself with the workpeople, and that he depended on her to do everything that was necessary, and see if they could not soon be married.

His complaints about the food were frequent; if he could have seen the spare nature of her meals he would perhaps have been ashamed to make them. For excellent reasons he smoked the commonest tobacco in a clay pipe, and drank draught beer from the public-house, and this, too, he complained of. His letters amazed her; they showed him in an altogether new light. Scales seemed to fall from her eyes. Alas! she had discovered (and it was one of the saddest discoveries a woman can make, apart from sin or wrong-doing) that all the strength lay within herself. She long-

ed to lean on him—she had always longed to do so—and this was impossible. He was morally weak, and their places were reversed; greatly against her will she had to take the leadership. He had apparently forgotten the terrible past, forgotten the agony she had endured when she parted from him, forgotten what she had gone through for his sake, and had entered into this new groove throwing all the anxiety, all the ever-present watchfulness, all the plans for the future, on her shoulders.

Ronald dictated his letters as usual, and gave her her work. She knew from his tone that he was in sympathy with her, but he never sat with her except when necessary; never entered into conversation with her.

Sundays were sad days. She went to church alone; she sat alone in the afternoon; she went to church in the evening, without speaking to anyone. She saw Ronald in front, to her mind the most striking looking and gentlemanly man in the church; but not even a glance of recognition was exchanged between them. She avoided it.

JACKSON never went to church. He had seldom done so in the old times, and it was as well he should not do so now. He spent his mornings in bed; in the afternoon he cleared up his room—and he did this excellently, to the astonishment of his landlady—and in the evening invited a few friends. Passing the door one day, Mary looked up, and saw him sitting amidst a cloud of smoke, a continuous roar of laughter from his companions sounded in her ears, while she heard his voice singing a somewhat coarse song in the broadest coterminous accent. She contrasted him with Ronald as she had seen him a short time before—thoroughly well dressed, as he always was, cool and clean looking, grave, intellectual.

"He used to be a gentleman also," she thought. In one way she did Jackson an injustice, for he was acting in this manner of deliberate purpose. It was the wisest thing he could have done, but at the same time he enjoyed himself.

On Monday he was late.

"I don't forbear no longer," said Simpson. "To the master I go."

"Send him to me," said Ronald sternly.

Jackson appeared looking thoroughly unconcerned. He even smiled, which irritated his master considerably. It seemed to him that Jackson had lost two front teeth. He was quite sure his teeth had been perfect when he came, for he had remarked how good they were. The heavy moustache hid this defect, except when he smiled. As Ronald looked him over he felt more than astonishment—almost disgust—that Mary should love such a man.

"I am told, Jackson," he said sternly, "that you are always late. Understand me clearly: this must not be. Supposing I felt inclined to overlook it in you—which I do not—it is the worst example for the other men. As a friend of Miss Williams', I am willing to do the best I can for you, but do not presume on my good intentions or on my patience."

"May I ask," said Jackson, in his most finished voice, "why you are a friend of Miss Williams', who works for you as a typist?" Sudden jealousy had taken possession of him, for he loved Mary as much as it was in his nature to love any human being.

"I am a friend of Miss Williams', because I have seen a great deal of her while she has worked for me, and I have the highest respect for her," replied Ronald, but he felt guilty as he spoke. Had he not endeavoured to steal this man's future wife? Would he not do so now if he could? Jackson had turned the tables on him and put him in the wrong.

He added in a gentler voice: "You are an educated man; let me ask you to be punctual in future. I do not wish to discharge you."

Then he opened the door between Mary's office and said: "Miss Williams, here is your friend. May I ask you to use your influence with him, and beg him to be more exact and punctual; if he is not I cannot help him."

He shut the door as he had spoken.

leaving the lovers together. Jackson took her in his arms without a moment's hesitation.

"It is good to have you to myself, you dear little darling," he said, and showered kisses on her. But he smelt terribly of common tobacco, and Mary withdrew herself as soon as possible.

"Horace, dear," she said gravely, "how can you be so foolish. To act as you are doing in your present circumstances is worse than madness. You have a character to earn before we go away. Mr. Westlake is the kindest of masters, but he will not be trifled with. I should not dare to act as you are doing, and I should be ashamed of myself if I did. The time he pays for is his."

"Very likely he is a kind master to you. But look you—" his jealousy overpowering him, "I will not let you be a friend of his. Do you hear me? I forbid it."

Mary was silent. He looked round the room and saw how expensively it was fitted up.

"He has put these things here for you, and he keeps you in this inner office, where he can see you all day long without anyone being the wiser, and talk to you as he pleases, under the plea of being 'the master.' I will take you away. I will not have it."

HE had raised his voice so much in his anger that Ronald, against his will, heard every word of this sentence. For the first time he respected the man, for he knew that in similar circumstances he should have done the same. Mary his, and yet in close friendship with another man? Never!

"Oh, hush, dear!" she said. "People will hear you. You must not talk so loud. If you take me away now all my past work—and I have worked hard for you, Horace—is in vain. I pray you be reasonable."

She talked to him until he was convinced of the truth of what she said, namely, that they must remain. "And," she continued, "for my sake, try and conform to all the rules."

He was touched. "I will do whatever you wish, my darling, if you will put your arms round my neck and kiss me as you used to do. It is many months since you have done so. Not once since my return, you have only let me kiss you."

She put her arms round his neck, and remembered how she had parted with him, with long, clinging, loving embraces. The old love returned for a time; she kissed him as she had done formerly.

"Now you must go," she said, "for we are both wasting time."

"One minute," he said, and passed his hands quickly about his face.

"Now look at me."

"Why, Horace!" she exclaimed. "My Horace!" and she returned to his arms for a moment, then said in a whisper: "You must not. It is dangerous beyond measure. Promise me you will not do so again," for he was no longer either old, or red moustached, or bearded.

"I promise."

He had resumed his ordinary appearance, he kissed her and went out.

"I promise you, sir," he said to Mr. Westlake, "that I will endeavour to be punctual in future. I am aware that unpunctuality is a failing of mine."

"I am extremely glad to hear you say so. I am anxious to serve you if I can."

"But, sir," continued Jackson boldly, "I have a word to say to you. You may perhaps be aware that Miss Williams is going to marry me. I am quite ready to acknowledge that you have shown her great kindness as an employer, but you must make friends among your own class." (Ronald wondered whether there was a covert sneer intended, and could not decide if it were or no.) "I do not choose my wife to have any friend who is not also a friend of mine."

"I am not aware of any particular reason why you shouldn't be a friend of mine," said Ronald, who liked Jackson at this moment better than he had ever liked him before, in spite of the intense jealousy he also had suffered during the last quarter of an hour.

"Are you not? It isn't usual, even in these confounded democratic days,

for a workman to be a bosom friend of his master's. Besides, you know as well as I do that you and I would never be friends."

He spoke in a clear, ringing voice, which Ronald could not but acknowledge was perfect in its intonation. The next moment Jackson remembered that his master had probably heard him speak in the factory. With intense gravity he bade him good morning, spoke about his work in the broadest Devonshire, and slouched out in the manner of the commonest yokel, pulling his forelock as he did so.

Ronald sent for the foreman.

"Is Jackson a strong man?" he said. "No, sir; he isn't. He gets a cough, and he has fainted dead off twice from the heat of the factory."

"I thought he was not strong. I do not wish to press him too hard. Tell him to come an hour later in the morning, and add that he must be punctual then. His work is different from that of the other men, and his being late will not interfere with them."

"Is his pay to be the same, sir?" "Certainly. Tell him of the arrangement at once."

"Miss has been getting round the master," said Simpson to himself. "First time I ever heard of a mill hand being allowed to be late. I wonder if I came an hour late if he'd think it would not interfere with the other men!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Sir Thomas Iredale.

RONALD was very unhappy. He was restless and moody, and could not settle to his work. He realized how Mary's companionship had been life to him; he thought he had no interest apart from her.

"You do not look well," said his mother.

"He wants a change," said his father. "No man could look well who spent his time in one everlasting grind. Go up to London, my boy, and enjoy yourself. If there's anything to see to I'll see to it. I haven't been master of the mill for so many years for nothing, and I'll take your place."

"You are very good. Simpson and my responsible man, Brown, get on very well when I'm away. If you will forward me the letters I think that is all you need do."

"I'll do more than that if you like. At all events, I will open the firm's letters and see which are important."

He followed his son out.

"Can't I set that pretty typist to work of a day?" "Perhaps you could. She has done so much correspondence for me that she knows nearly as much about the working of the business as you do, or I either."

Mr. Westlake was delighted. His son introduced him before he went away, and the old gentleman declared that they would get on famously.

"It pleases my father to return to the old shop sometimes," Ronald said to Mary; "but I don't want you to work hard while I am away. Take a holiday every afternoon, and all day if you want one. And," he added with some hesitation, "I don't think I shall be away long, but I might be. You told me you preferred your money every week when you first came, but you may want it. Let me pay you in future a month in advance," and he placed an envelope on the table.

"But I might not remain a month, and suppose I spent the money!"

"Even if you did I should not be altogether ruined. I don't think our name would appear amongst the list of bankrupts in consequence. But you are not going away?"

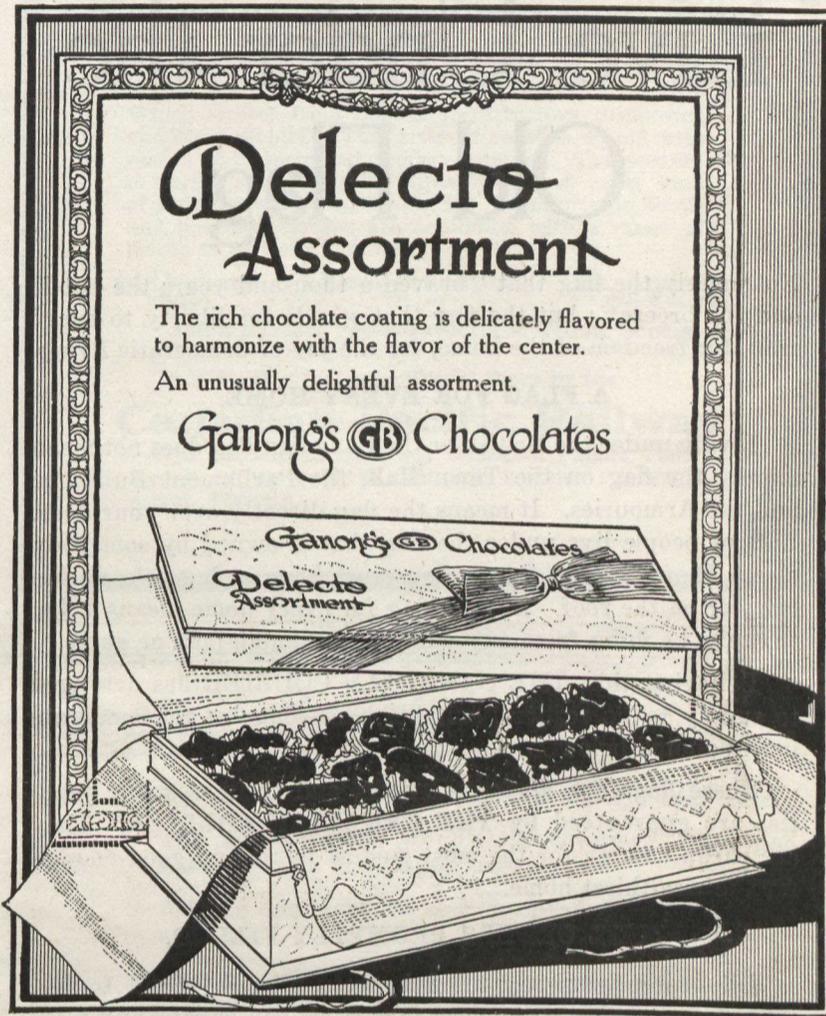
"I never know from day to day what I may be obliged to do. If I should disappear suddenly I may not be able to write at first. You must believe, notwithstanding, that I never can be ungrateful to you, however black circumstances may look. I live, even now, in perpetual fear."

"I have long ceased to think I shall ever understand the mystery, but nothing can shake my trust in you. And you will be pleased to hear there have been no complaints about your friend of late, and Simpson says he is the cleverest man in the factory, al-

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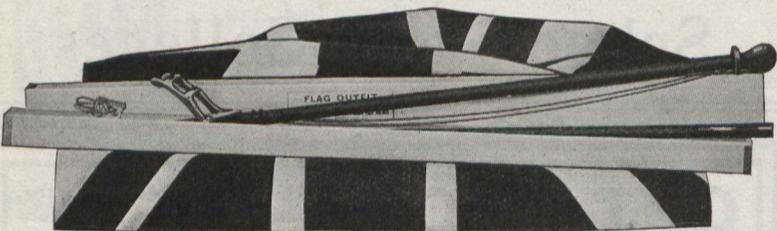
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though, of course, he does not understand the business. Have you still the same objection to my making his position better?"

"I have. And it is one that must remain in force. Let him earn a good character; that is all I want."

Ronald went away, and Mary was surprised to find how greatly she missed him and had leaned on him. She missed also the many thoughtful attentions he had paid her unostentatiously.

Mr. Westlake came to the office every morning and spent some considerable time in chatting with her.

"Really, sir," she said one day, "there will be a poor show of work for Mr. Ronald if you will not let me begin."

"My son would not grudge me the pleasure of talking to you. He never talks to you, of course?"

She laughed. "I am afraid he used to sometimes. He has not talked much of late; we have been too busy."

"Don't you think you might give an old man the pleasure of your company at lunch sometimes?"

"What do you mean, sir?" she asked with a bright smile. She had charmed him completely already, and he longed for her as a daughter-in-law.

"I mean that I think you might consent to Mrs. Westlake calling on you, and let us invite you to our house. It is not good for a young girl like you to live such a secluded life. Were you ever at a dance?"

"Yes, sir," she replied with a smile.

"My son dances very well."

"I do not doubt it."

He began to talk of Ronald and she listened willingly. Every day after this he expatiated on the same theme.

RONALD meantime was endeavouring to forget his trouble in gay society. He did not succeed. He compared Mary with every girl he met, and he decided that she was superior to every one in mind, manners, and appearance. His love was great enough to cause him a gnawing pain which never left him. He mixed in very good society, but it gave him no pleasure. Good, bad, or indifferent, it was all the same. He was conscious of only one desire—to return to Willowbridge.

He met an old university friend one day at his club and entered into conversation with him.

"You must come with me this evening," said Mr. Alton. "I am going to Lady Iredale's, and I know I may bring you. I haven't seen you for an age. Dine with me first."

Ronald did so, and during dinner his friend entered into particulars concerning the Iredales.

"First-rate family, as no doubt you know. The Conqueror wasn't in it with Iredale's ancestors. Descended straight from Adam, you know; pedigree vouched for. Anyhow, old Iredale couldn't be prouder if it was. In my opinion he's a beast."

"Indeed! I thought they were old friends of yours?"

"So they are. That's just why I know he's a beast. Your casual acquaintances may be angels. You may think so if you seldom talk to them, but you never consider your friends angels. Iredale isn't really a friend of mine. After his abominable conduct I don't consider him such."

"What conduct?"

"I suppose you have heard that Sir Thomas and Lady Iredale had only one child—a daughter—of whom they were both amazingly proud, and with reason."

"I know very little of society."

"I have never seen a girl to equal her. She made quite a sensation when she was presented. I can't tell you how many men knuckled under to her. I know that a marquis proposed to her, and he wasn't by any means the only one."

"Not you, I hope."

"I've got over it by this time, but I was hard hit. Oh, yes, I proposed, and she refused me."

"Foolish girl!" for Mr. Alton was very wealthy, of good family, and admirable character. "She wouldn't find a better looking fellow than you," said Ronald, laughing.

"But she did. She engaged herself to the handsomest man I ever saw,

and a precious scoundrel he turned out to be. He put himself at last within the reach of the law, forged, and was convicted. She refused to give him up, and rumour says her father turned her out of the house. Anyhow, she disappeared, and no one knows what has become of her."

"If her father consented to the engagement he had no right to have acted in this manner."

"He is as proud as Lucifer. Of course, she couldn't marry a forger, but he needn't have treated her as he did."

"What was her mother about?"

"Lady Iredale is a weak, affectionate creature, who doesn't dare to go against her husband. She has felt her daughter's loss terribly."

The party was a small one. Lady Iredale, a faded woman, who had evidently possessed rare beauty, received Mr. Westlake graciously. After a time he found himself in the inner drawing-room, opposite a large portrait of a young lady in court dress—a young lady of exceeding beauty. Her white arms and shoulders gleamed, her ruddy hair shone, her whole expression was radiant. But Ronald started back in amaze, for it was the image of Mary Williams, glorified by court dress and costly accessories.

"That is the portrait of my daughter," said a sad voice beside him. It was that of Lady Iredale, who had noted his rapt gaze.

"She is very beautiful," said Ronald; "but she is more than beautiful; she has the sweetest face I ever saw."

He had no doubt whatever that she was identical with Mary Williams. It was impossible that there should be two such girls.

"That is quite true," Lady Iredale replied. "Her principal beauty lay in her expression, everyone said. She was very much admired."

"She is not at home now?" said Ronald, who was longing to solve the mystery.

"She is not."

Lady Iredale sighed deeply.

"I met a young lady very like her," he said, feeling instinctively that it would be a comfort to the mother to talk of her daughter.

"Where did you meet her?" asked Lady Iredale with agitation, and he saw that his surmise had been correct—that she was ignorant of Mary's whereabouts.

"Oh, down west," he replied vaguely.

ANOTHER question was on her lips, but she suddenly checked herself, and said hurriedly: "Let me introduce you to Sir Thomas."

Sir Thomas was a tall, thin, stately man, with strongly marked aquiline features, a grey moustache, and iron-grey hair. Every gesture proclaimed to the simplest onlooker that he considered himself not quite as the common herd, or, as Mr. Alton had expressed it, the Conqueror wasn't in it with him.

He greeted Ronald with urbaneness, and entered into conversation with him for a few minutes, going afterwards from guest to guest and according each the same gracious honour, for he prided himself exceedingly on his Vere de Vere manners as host. Ronald had once had the honour of conversing with the King when Prince of Wales, who had not extended to him one-tenth part of the patronage exercised by Sir Thomas Iredale. On the contrary, he had spoken to him as one gentleman speaks to another, knowing very well that he was "the paper man." He had told him that if he ever happened to be in the neighbourhood he should like to see over the mill, and would lunch with him with pleasure. Ronald wondered if Sir Thomas would have a fit of apoplexy if anyone suggested his lurching at Mr. Westlake's.

People were coming and going, and settled conversation was impossible.

"You would perhaps like to see some other likenesses of my daughter," said Lady Iredale.

"I should like it extremely."

She brought him an album entirely filled with portraits of Miss Iredale. In yachting dress, in bicycle dress, hunting costume, evening dress, and it was Mary's face on every page, her

dear face. He gazed at each one until he was afraid he would attract attention.

"Will you come and see me at eleven o'clock to-morrow?" said Lady Iredale in a low voice. "I cannot talk to you now."

"I will certainly come. I have a great favour to ask you. May I take this album home with me to-night? I will bring it back to-morrow, and treat it with the utmost care. I have a reason for my request. The book shall not go out of my hands, I promise you, Lady Iredale."

"You shall take it if you wish." She had sufficient penetration to see that he was more than commonly interested, and she ardently desired that he might be able to tell her where her daughter was to be found.

"Her father had all these likenesses taken," she continued. "He was so proud of her, and thought she could not be photographed too often."

Ronald shut the book and placed it in a position where he could find it easily on leaving. Then he took note of the surroundings. The rooms were large, lofty, and expensively furnished. Everything was solid, rich, and massive. There were no showy gim-cracks, no effort to pander to fleeting fashions. To his mind everything said:

"I belong to Sir Thomas Iredale. I shall last when your Oetzmanns and Maple's and Liberty's things come to an end." He wondered if this furniture would ever come to an end.

"Had enough of it?" said Mr. Alton, coming up after a while.

"Yes," replied Ronald, who was anxious to go home and think matters out.

"Come along, then, and say good-bye."

LADY IREDALE looked at him expressively, as he shook hands, and he involuntarily answered, "Yes."

He took up the album, and thought of Mary as he went down the splendid marble staircase, with its statues and flowering plants, and tall footmen in gorgeous attire at each landing. She was living in a dilapidated farm house, starving herself as to food and fire, undergoing every hardship, and all without a murmur.

His friend parted with him at the door; he was going on to another party. Ronald was glad. He felt he must be alone. Then he thought of Mary's lover, the slouching, unpunctual workman, and the whole mystery was solved. She had helped him to escape from prison, and had palmed him off on him as an honest man.

For a moment he was very angry. He to receive a convict who at any moment might be captured! It was atrocious; it was disgraceful. And then he realized how she had acted as she had done under the mighty pressure of Love.

"Would I not do as much for her?" he thought. "More I could not do, but I would go to prison or to death in her place." He remembered her marvelous journey across the moor, her heavy parcel, her providing work for the man Jackson, her agony of apprehension and fear on the foggy night, her absolute refusal—no doubt for their own sakes—to visit with his family, her entreaty that Jackson should not be put in a position of trust until he had been proved. It was nearly all accounted for—her seclusion, her reticence. Having determined not to forsake her lover, there was no other course open to her. She had acted nobly.

But what still puzzled him was how such a girl could love an unprincipled scoundrel, she who was rectitude itself. Alton had said he was handsome. He thought him positively repulsive looking. It is true the dress of a gentleman might make some difference, but would this prevent his ugly red hair, his coarse moustache, his untrimmed beard. It was desecration for such a man to marry her.

Some points were still unexplained. He hoped that Lady Iredale would be open with him, and tell him why Sir Thomas had turned his daughter out. He remembered her telling him she had in vain entreated her father with tears; he was not now surprised to know that appeal was in vain. She

might as well appeal to one of the statues on the staircase.

As soon as he returned to the hotel he opened the album and looked long at every page. And then the infatuated young man went down on his knees and said: "My darling; you told me I should be your friend. I will be your friend if I can. I will shield you in every way possible and help you." He kissed the album, and felt that he had taken a solemn oath.

"She to work as a mill hand!" he thought, as he tried to sleep in vain. "To mix with low men and women; to be under Simpson's orders and afterwards under mine!"

He remembered the morning when he had told her to re-copy the letter. "Just as she was in an agony of fear, and unfit to work. Brute that I was!" And he dashed his hand against the wall, finding considerable satisfaction in the fact that he bruised his knuckles and endured, temporarily, no small amount of pain. He wondered what Lady Iredale would say to him, but he was quite resolved that he would not betray Mary.

CHAPTER XIV.

An Important Interview.

LADY IREDALE was waiting for him the next morning. He was shown into her boudoir at once.

"We shall be quite undisturbed now," she said. "I asked you to come, Mr. Westlake, because I think you have met my daughter. Tell me, I entreat you what you think of her, and where she is."

"Lady Iredale," said Ronald gravely, "it has been hinted to me that there is some mystery connected with your daughter not living at home. I do not know the details, for she herself has said nothing. If you will tell me all you can, I, on my part, will tell you everything I feel at liberty to do."

"I am aware," Lady Iredale replied bitterly, "that every one has talked about us. No doubt much has been said that is untrue. But first answer me a question before I say more. Are you sufficiently interested in my daughter to respect my confidence if I give it you?"

"I am very much interested in her. I will respect your confidence entirely."

"I am sure of it. I don't know who you are or anything about you, but I do know that you are a good man and a gentleman. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that perhaps—perhaps your interest in her is a warm one."

"It is," he replied boldly. "I love her, and I would have married her if I could. I did not know then that she was above me in station. I am a manufacturer."

"A great many people wished to marry her; she was greatly loved. You must pardon me for having said this, but I know now that I may tell you almost everything without reserve. Would that she had married you. A manufacturer such as you are is better a thousand times than a dishonourable member of the nobility."

"Sir Thomas would never have consented to receive me as a son-in-law."

"Her father has had worse things to hear. She was engaged, with his full consent, to the Honourable Horace Cornwallis, Lord Brandon's son, and at first we were quite satisfied. He had very little money, scarcely any, but he had excellent future prospects, and he was a most fascinating as well as handsome young man."

"Handsome!" thought Ronald. "How convict life must have changed him!"

"But he was very extravagant. His father had paid his debts so often that at last he refused to do so any longer. And then—then he came to utter grief. Of course we thought Enid would break off the engagement, but—"

"Enid, did you say?" interrupted Ronald.

(To be continued.)

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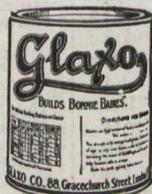
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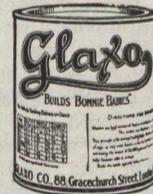
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