

THE CANADIAN

COURIER



SMASHING THROUGH THE DARDANELLES

No. 1 Fort, at Cape Heller, with a 9.6-inch gun, demoralized by gun-fire from the Queen Elizabeth.
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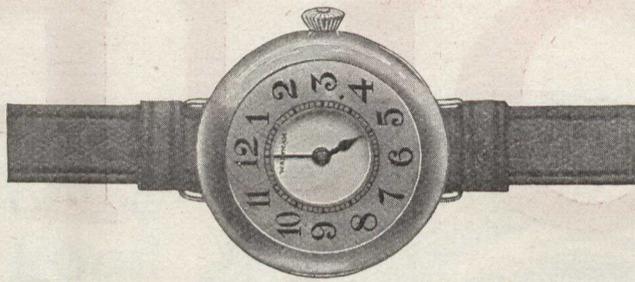
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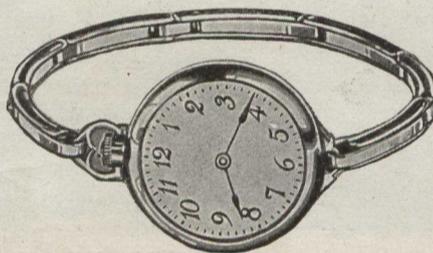
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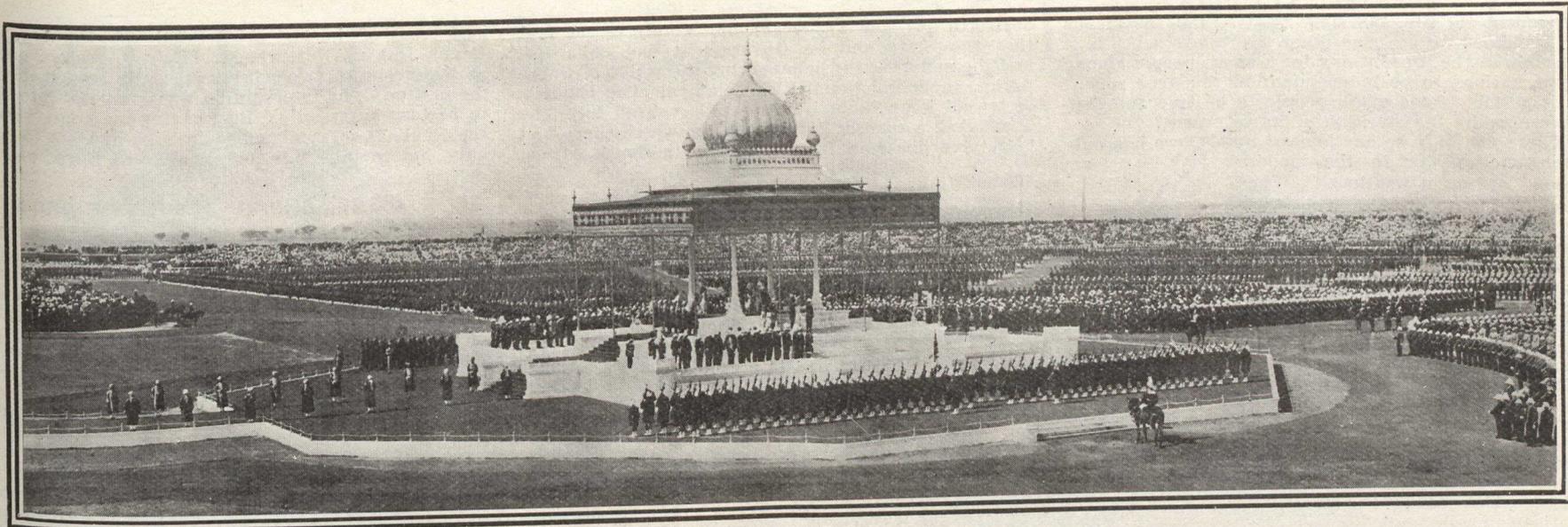
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WHAT THE BRITISH EMPIRE MEANS TO THE EMPIRE OF INDIA.

India is an Empire in itself. The King of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Dominions Beyond the Seas, is also Emperor of India. This is a picture of the Durbar in 1911; the Coronation of King George V. as the Emperor of India. 80,000 spectators assembled on the huge amphitheatre to witness the King receiving the homage and congratulations of the Princes and Rulers of India in the presence of 20,000 troops.

WHAT IS EMPIRE TO JOHN SMITH?

WHAT the Empire means to John Smith in England may be different from what it means to John Brown in Canada or John Jones in Australia, or Hans Schmidt in the Transvaal. But it means essentially the same thing to all of them. What it means to any of them is very largely a question of how it came to mean anything to anybody, how it began, what were the forces that carried the British flag as a permanent institution into remote parts of the world. It is the Empire in evolution as a growth, not an Empire

built according to any Imperialistic programme that interests John Smith. When John Smith or John Brown or John Jones or Hans Schmidt, or even Gundit Singh, join in singing "God Save the King," they mean, also, "God Save the Emperor." And it is the reasons why that are contained in the following Empire article by Sir Charles P. Lucas, K.C.M.G., an extract from the last of a series of five lectures delivered on that subject and published in book form by the Macmillan Company.

By SIR CHARLES P. LUCAS

WHAT real meaning has the Empire for the ordinary Englishman in the United Kingdom, for the proverbial man in the street, for John Smith, who earns his bread with the sweat of his brow, and sometimes cannot earn it at all? What possible use is the Empire to him? Why should he care to know how it came into being? What does it matter to him if it disappears? Is it not little better than an expensive luxury, which the British workman and the British poor could dispense with and be none the worse for the loss, but possibly the better?

The first origin of the British Empire is to be found in the common migratory instinct of mankind, and in this law, whereby nations celebrate their nationhood by looking and going outside and opening up fields for expansion beyond the seas.

The English went over the seas, like other Europeans, either to discover new lands or to discover new routes to new lands which other Europeans had already discovered. What took them across the seas? The first answer is the spirit of enterprise, and especially of sea-going enterprise, which was innate in this mixed race of islanders, and which, as they came to know themselves and the sea which girded their island, to use the mariner's compass and such inventions as were, in their infancy, helping knowledge and seamanship, woke up within them and gathered strength.

DESIRE FOR GAIN.

AS discovery leads to trade, so the spirit of enterprise must necessarily be alloyed with the desire to gain something. If this something is not personal distinction or scientific or religious achievement, it is material gain in one form or another; and the first Englishmen who went over the seas, or most of them, had to the full the acquisitive instinct. In other words, greed came in. All trade can be characterized as greed. The English were human—very human. They inherited privateering blood. They meant their enterprise to be profitable and they made their profit. Adventurous and greedy, as all men are greedy, they took their way on the ocean, having no empire at all so far, but making, so to speak, preliminary surveys and experiments in the direction of future empire.

POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

BUT even at this early stage, the total motive force was very much more than love of adventure and greed of gain. The English, as has been abundantly shown, were not first in the field. Other Powers were beforehand, and one of these Powers, Spain, represented military and religious despotism. What was the result? In going over the seas the English could not satisfy their love of adventure and desire of gain without coming into conflict with Spain; and, at the same time, they could not feel sure of their own political and religious liberty at home as long as Spain was in the ascendant. The most effective method of defence, we are always told, is to take the offensive. No one knew this truth better than the Elizabethan sailors; no one ever preached and practised it more consistently than

Francis Drake. To gratify, on the one hand, the spirit of adventure and the love of gain, and on the other to safeguard the shores of England and the political and religious liberty of Englishmen, was one and the same process. Thus we find a third motive force impelling on the road to Empire, the instinct to defend home and liberty, and this force has been at work in full potency from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the present moment.

The missionary spirit, the evangelical doctrine, the desire to spread the good tidings of the Gospel, did not make itself felt to any great extent, at any rate in the present British Empire, until late in the

eighteenth century, after John Wesley had quickened religious life in England and beyond the seas. From that time missionaries have had much to say to the making of the British Empire.

Emphasis has already been laid upon the work of David Livingstone. Here was a missionary explorer who assuredly had no thought of gain. It is not possible to attribute directly to him any extension of the Empire, but indirectly his intrusion into Central Africa, and his continued denunciation of the horrors of the slave trade in Central Africa, the fruit of his religion, was a most potent force in taking the English onward in tropical Africa. Any honest review of the British Empire must put religion high up in the forefront as one of the determining causes.

DESIRE FOR A NEW HOME.

COLONIZATION—and colonization precedes as well as follows Empire—is not always the outcome of one land and people wishing to dominate other lands and peoples; it is not always to be attributed to the greed of those who wish not only to keep what they now have, but also to add to it beyond the seas. On the contrary, one source of Empire, and a very fruitful source, has been the desire to leave for ever the land which is the mother land, and which, none the less, in consequence of this very wish of some of its citizens to be quit of it, becomes the owner of other lands. This source of Empire is specially interesting because, in some cases at any rate, it is diametrically opposite to the motive of greed. The emigrants desire to better themselves, no doubt, but at least they give up their all when they go out, they do not keep their old homes and belongings and merely add to them. The outgoing citizens may go to virgin soil, so far as white men are concerned—this was the case with the Pilgrim Fathers in New England—or they may go to an already established colony and strengthen that colony.

GROWTH NECESSARY TO NATIONAL SECURITY.

COMING to the eighteenth century and the generations of war with France, when so much of the Empire was acquired by force and conquest, when national greed was apparently so greatly in evidence, we shall find that the instinct of defence was at least as powerful a motive force as lust of conquest. The decline of Spain left the field to the nations which had been the common enemies of Spain, and of those nations eventually to England and France. We have already put the question, Why should England have competed with France at all? Why were not the English content to keep their island and their liberties secure, instead of running neck and neck for a world-wide dominion? By way of further answer, let us ask a counter question. If England had imposed upon herself a self-denying ordinance, if she had refused to take part in competition overseas, if she had confined herself as far as possible to her own shores and left France to pursue her career of Empire unchecked, could she have kept her own hearth and home secure? Could she have ensured the liberties of future generations of Englishmen? What does independence mean in the literal sense of the word? It means not being



KING AND EMPEROR.

George the Fifth, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

dependent for life, the right to live, and the means of livelihood on any one other than one's self. Is it possible at the present day for a small people among great nations to be independent in this true sense? Is it possible for a small people to be free and self-governing by the strength of its own arm?

There can only be one answer now, there has only been one answer in the modern phase of great nations. When modern history was young, when science was young, when great and small nations alike were young, when the resources of greatness and the shortcomings of smallness had not been fully developed, it was possible for the small to win their liberties from or to hold their liberties against the greater. The United Netherlands shook the yoke of Spain from off their necks, the English broke up the Spanish Armada. But, as the world has gone on, the small people have existed more and more on sufferance, their liberties being guaranteed by the greater nations, safeguarded in large measure not so much by the generosity of the great as by the jealousy which the great ones of the earth have of one another.

It was the Empire which delivered England from living on sufferance. It was the fact that England grew and insisted on growing "pari passu" with the growing power of France. It was the wars with France which brought the British Navy to excellence; it was the fighting in all parts of the world that trained English soldiers. The fisheries of Newfoundland were in fact, and were officially recognized as being, a nursery for sailors. Fortresses, like Gibraltar, were taken to safeguard the trade which made England grow, and to be a check on the growth of competitors. Had England taken no concern in these things, could she have held her own with a continental power equipped with great armies and many ships? Would not her passive attitude have invited attack? When the attack came, would she have been able to meet it? Nations, like men, cannot stand still; they grow or they decline; there could have been an England if there had been no English Empire, but it would have been a dependent England. If England has made an Empire, equally the Empire has made England.

NECESSITY OF GOING FORWARD.

ONE step leads inevitably to another, and the last motive or cause of the Empire which need be noticed is the irresistible pressure which circumstances of place and time exercise upon a people having once entered upon the path of overseas enterprise or dominion, the impossibility of standing still, the extraordinary difficulty of retracing steps, and the disaster which usually follows upon any attempt to do so. This is illustrated by the history of the English in India. They went to India as traders pure and simple, with no thought of dominion or rule. Their representative, Sir Thomas Roe, who stood for England at the Court of the Mogul, in the year 1616, strenuously warned them to confine themselves to trade. Nearly forty years of their existence as a Company passed before they owned a yard of soil in India, and when they acquired the site of Fort St. George, at Madras, they acquired it by grant, not by force. Yet they had to go forward, driven on by the competition of other Europeans and by the anarchy which followed in India on the decline of the Mogul power.

The first British annexation of the Transvaal, in 1877, was not due to any

desire to own the Transvaal, but simply to the fact that the State and its Government had collapsed, and the collapse was endangering the whole of South Africa, including the British colonies. The English, as we all know, shortly afterwards retired from the Transvaal, a case of going back for which there had been precedents in British history in South Africa,

half years of the last great South African War. In Egypt, England intervened simply to restore order, as being one of two powers specially responsible in the matter. The intervention was avowedly intended to be temporary only. But, having once intervened, the English were compelled to stay, and not to stay only, but to take full control alike of Egypt and of the Sudan.



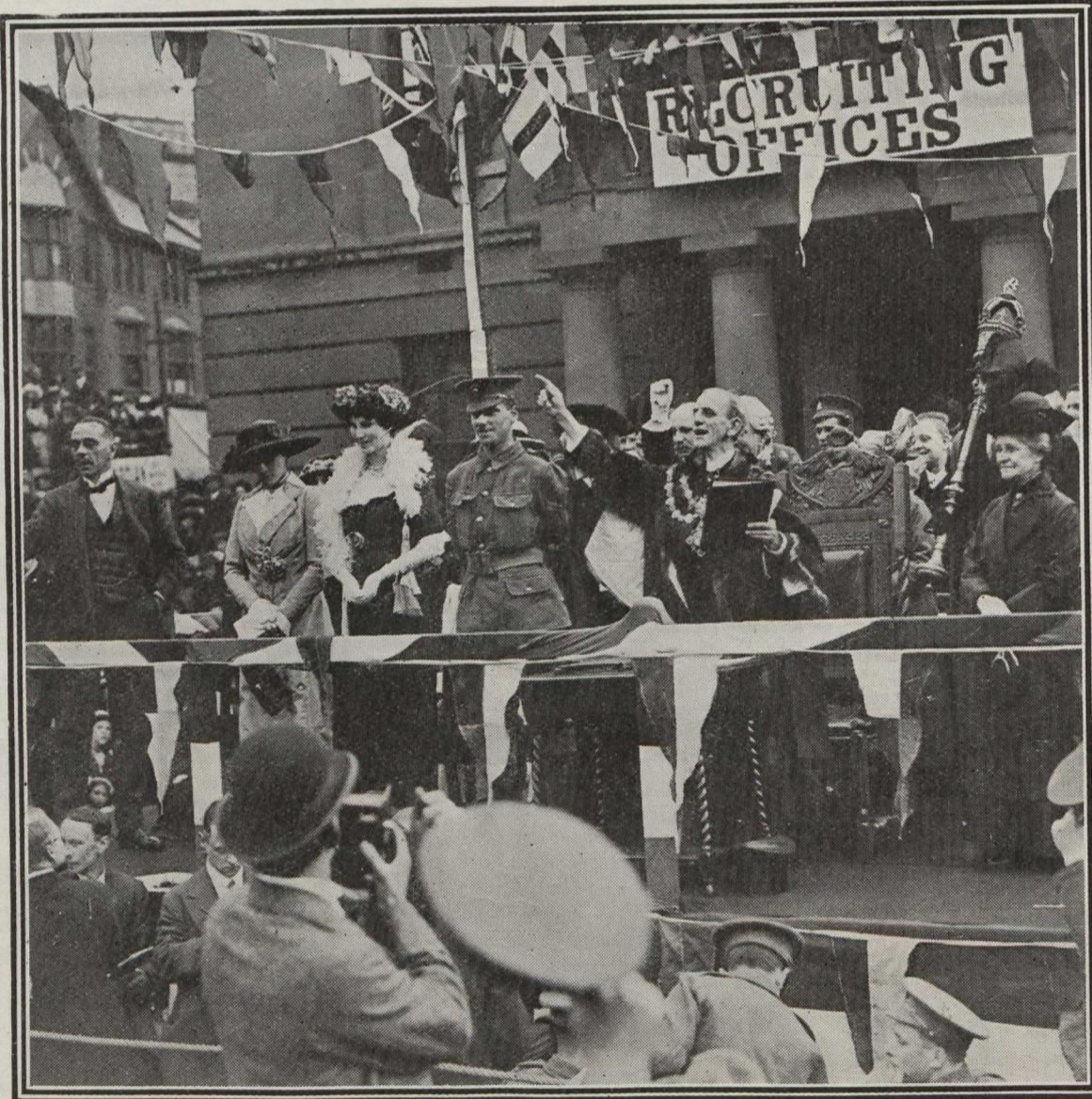
THE LIONS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

How the Empire has rallied to the defence of the flag and the interests of John Smith.

(This cartoon, by Newton McConnell, was first published in the Courier on August 29th, 1914, and afterwards reproduced in a London illustrated daily. What was then mainly a sentiment has since become a great Imperial fact.)

sufficiently noticed already. All this going back in South Africa had but one result, confusion and bitterness at the time, which is the inevitable result of undoing and eventually moving forward again. The price of undoing in South Africa was two and a

been to consolidate India, to make it into the guise of a nation out of a number of discordant dynasties and peoples. A rule of force would not have created the difficulties which face the administrators of India to-day, but then it would not have given life. Ask the natives of India whether they would prefer the rule of overlordship of another European people to that of the English. The answer might be difficult to give, because they have not known other European rulers, but it can hardly be doubted that it would be in favour of England.



WHAT ONE BRITISH SOLDIER DID TO HELP SAVE THE EMPIRE FOR JOHN SMITH.

Corporal Fuller, of the Grenadier Guards, was given the Victoria Cross, and a public testimonial by the Mayor of Mansfield for his heroism in capturing 50 Germans singlehanded at the Battle of Neuve Chapelle.

EMPIRE RESULT OF GROWTH.

WRONG conceptions of the Empire arise from regarding it as the outcome of deliberate purpose, that purpose being always to gain more land and more peoples and more material advantage. It should be regarded rather as a growth. Professor Seeley's term, the Expansion of England, most truly expresses the nature of the Empire and the kind of forces which have made it.

It has grown with the growth of a particular race, a race whose power to replenish the earth and subdue it—the soil of the earth, its mountains, forests, and waters no less than its manifold inhabitants—and whose capacity for administration account for the Empire at least as much as its aptitude for making money.

If French-Canadians or Dutch Boers were asked whether they would prefer to be part and parcel of some other empire than the British, they might answer that they would like to be an empire of themselves, but they would beyond question, unless in a moment of irritation, refuse to exchange their present position for a place in any other empire or group of communities. In India, nationalist feeling is emphatically the child of British rule. The effect of that rule has been to consolidate India, to make it into the guise of a nation out of a number of discordant dynasties and peoples. A rule of force would not have created the difficulties which face the administrators of India to-day, but then it would not have given life. Ask the natives of India whether they would prefer the rule of overlordship of another European people to that of the English. The answer might be difficult to give, because they have not known other European rulers, but it can hardly be doubted that it would be in favour of England.

EVIDENCE OF PRESENT WAR.

TAKE the present war, one of the most momentous in which England has ever been engaged. What has been up to date the attitude of India? Is there any evidence that the defeat of England is desired? Is there not abundant evidence that the Indians wish to take part, as they are taking part, in ensuring a successful issue, and thereby securing the maintenance of the Empire? Is it not certain that the one main apprehension in India was lest they should be given no part to play in the war, in which they feel that, as members of a common Empire, they can claim a rightful share? Is it to be supposed that princes and people are giving their lives and their princely gifts without any heart behind them? If so, it is contrary to the teaching alike of history and of common sense.

The same story comes from Canada. It is reasonable to suppose that French-Canadians are, in part at any rate, attracted by the alliance of England with their old motherland; but, whatever be their motive, they are sending their sons side by side with English-Canadians to fight for the cause as partners in the Empire. This partnership is the theme (Concluded on page 18.)

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE



CANADA'S FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Lord Monck, who represented the King, both before and after Confederation, in the old days of homespun and oxen.

Canada in 1867

RAILWAYS: In 1867 Canada had 2,087 miles of railway; Ontario, 1,275; Quebec, 523; New Brunswick, 196; Nova Scotia, 93; Prince Edward Island, 0; Manitoba, 0; N. W. Territories, 0; British Columbia, 0. Mileage in operation, 1915, 30,000 miles. No electric railways anywhere; the first was in 1883, when a short track was laid in Toronto to the Industrial Exhibition. Only Montreal and Toronto had street railways, both horse-hauled; both began operations in 1861. In operation now, 1,900 miles of electric road, urban, interurban and radial.

Steamships: Steamship connection between Canada and England had got from 23 days schedule to a little over 9 days; minutes did not appear in the schedule until 1870. Between Canada and Australia, not till 1893. First screw steamer on the great lakes, 1841; on the St. Lawrence, 1809; first ocean steamer to Montreal, 1853. In 1867 the steamers on the Registry Books of the Dominion numbered 335, with a total tonnage of 45,766, or about equal to three modern liners plying out of Montreal. The Allan Line began in 1852, the Dominion Line in 1870, and the C. P. R. in 1889. In 1914, 26,000 vessels with gross tonnage over 36,000,000 entered and left Canadian ports not including inland and lake navigation.

Canals: No canals west of the Welland; no Sault Ste. Marie. Earliest canals in general use by 1867 were on the St. Lawrence, Ottawa and the Welland, which was begun in 1824, opened 1830, first enlarged 1841-1850—a nine-years' job; second enlargement begun 1873 to 12 feet in depth. In 1914, 52,000,000 tons of shipping passed through Canadian canals, of 1,594 miles in length, built at a cost of \$104,000,000.

Telephones: No telephones anywhere. The first line of any length set up by the inventor, Grahame Bell, was from Brantford to Paris, in 1875, and the battery was in Toronto. First commercial telephone was established in Hamilton in 1877. Canada has now a telephone wire mileage of 1,000,000 miles, both urban and rural, at a cost of about \$70,000,000.

Militia: Soldiering in Canada was very active a few years before Confederation, because of the Civil War and the Fenian Raids. In 1863 the Canadian Legislature passed an act to muster 100,000 men to drill at 50 cents each a day for six days, and to divide the country into military districts with armouries in each. In 1864 the military expenditure was \$774,000; in 1865, \$1,285,000; in 1867, \$1,700,000.

The first Minister of Militia and Defence after Confederation was Sir George E. Cartier; the Militia Act was passed in 1868, and in 1869 the Imperial troops began to withdraw from Canada. In 1870 the Citadel at Quebec was handed over to the Canadian authorities and Halifax remained the only Imperial station here. Seven years after Confederation the Royal Military College was opened at Kingston; in 1882 the first Canadian cartridge factory was established at Quebec.

Metals and Mining: Scarcely any of the great mining and metal areas in Canada were explored in 1867. Iron had been smelted in a small way at St. Maurice for more than 100 years; modern steel manufacturing was unknown here; copper was unworked; nickel was not yet discovered; gold mines were confined largely to Madoc, in Hastings Co., Ont.; silver mines were known in Acadia and some in Ontario, but none in British Columbia or the north. The annual production of minerals in Canada has risen to \$144,000,000 in 1913 from ten millions in 1886.

Electric Energy: Electricity was almost unknown in Canada. Streets and houses were all lighted by gas and coal-oil; street-cars run by horses; factories by steam, wind and water.

Electric power, created by water-powers, is now being transmitted in Ontario to a distance of 242 miles—thus showing the possibilities. Canada has sufficient water-power to make her one of the greatest manufacturing countries of the world. The following is an estimate of the horse-power available: Ontario, 532,266; Quebec, 300,153; Nova Scotia, 15,272; New Brunswick, 9,765; Manitoba, 48,300; British Columbia, 100,920; others, 9,845; total, 1,016,521.

In 1867, the whole of Canada west of the Great Lakes was just out of the control of the Hudson's Bay Co.; the great North-west was as remote to the imagination as Siberia; Winnipeg was a big furpost; Vancouver was a wooden town kept up by local shipping and the fur trade and salmon industries.

Ottawa was a log town with no modern Parliament Buildings. Montreal Harbour was smaller than some lakeside harbours are to-day. Quebec was mainly a shippard and a citadel. Halifax was a flourishing town with only a few hundred immigrants in a year. St. John was less known than Halifax. Toronto had been 33 years incorporated as a town and was about the population that Hamilton is now.

In 1867 there were not enough millionaires in Canada to fill a jitney; scarcely a dozen knights; no railway magnates; no C. P. R. offices in Montreal and no C. P. R. anywhere; about a dozen daily newspapers; not more than twenty big churches, and most of those were in Montreal and Toronto. If any man got \$10,000 a year salary he kept it quiet. Many people were still wearing homespun, using home-made implements and furniture and living in log houses.

Our Self-Government Holiday

NO national holiday was ever born so quietly as the First of July. For nearly fifty years Dominion Day has been observed—never celebrated. Most of the Canadian fireworks are shot off on the 24th of May, which is a sentimental Imperial holiday celebrating the birthday of the Queen who had the longest reign of any British Sovereign; and in whose life the world made most of its great modern progress. One of the greatest modern things achieved by the British Parliament was the framing of the British North America Act, which is to Canada as nearly as possible what the Declaration of Independence is to the United States.

But the Confederation of the Canadian Provinces doing away with the old Upper and Lower Canada formed by the Act of Union had nothing to do with ultimate independence of the British Crown. All it aimed at was as much as possible self-government of a centralized character for the Provinces of Canada as one colonial unit. The work of Confederation was accomplished by Canadian statesmen. It was not the project of a Governor or a delegation from the Imperial Parliament. The conferences at which for years the scheme was advocated and opposed were held in Canada. When the scheme was submitted to the Imperial Parliament it was in its essential outlines and most of its details the work of Canadian statesmen of both parties, who understood that Imperial connexion was as necessary as Confederation. The statesmen who framed the details of the British North America Act were Imperial statesmen. They also believed in the democracy and as far as possible the self-government of the overseas British Empire. The free institutions of modern Canada and the democratic place that modern Canada has in the Empire are due to the courageous men in Canada who created the idea, and the wise Imperial wisdom of the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain in passing created the idea, and the Imperial wisdom of the broad-minded British North America Act of 1867.



CANADA'S TENTH GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

The Duke of Connaught is a living link between Britain and Canada in the days of khaki and armoured motor-cars.

Old Dominion Day

ON the Canadian farm, forty years ago, there were three great holidays that came in the time between spring ploughing and harvest; 24th of May, circus day and the First of July. The hired man who got a day off for the 24th, when the corn was planted, was lucky to get another day for the circus that came in June. If he got the circus day he was usually satisfied to stay on the premises and pitch hay when Dominion Day came round.

The national holiday came at a time when the stump farmer was in the midst of hoe crop, hay crop and ripening wheat. Corn, beans and turnips and mangel-wurtzels were on their last hoeing, with a hope that when the hay was off the one-horse cultivator could be run through again to get the last of the weeds. Clover was cut and ready to rake.

"No, John," says the farmer, "I guess we don't celebrate Dominion Day this trip. That wheat's ready to cut and we ain't raked the hay stubble yet."

So to save the precious wheat, on Dominion Day, the forehanded farmer got into the field with his rake reaper and two men following it to bind by hand.

"Guess they're havin' a big time in town to-day, Tom," said the hired man to the farmer when the machine stopped at the end of the swath.

"Guess they be, John. Gid-ep."

Three or four democrats and buggies had gone along to the celebration ten miles down the line. The hired man wanted to go the worst way, but he couldn't. He "didn't know beans" about what the national holiday was intended to celebrate, except that it was supposed to give as many farmer folk and town folk as possible a chance to hear the band, to watch the baseball game of the greenhorn teams, to see the foot races and the horse races on the open road, the wrestling matches and the running and jumping, putting the sledgehammer and catching the greasy pig or climbing the greased pole for a prize. He knew that all the top buggies in three townships would be there along with all the Sunday-go-to-meeting togs and the celluloid collars, spring-bottom trousers and girls wearing bangs. When the rigs went rattling home at night he heard the girls singing and the boys playing mouth-organs, and he washed his feet and went to bed, thanking his stars that no matter what the people had been celebrating or how good a time they had, he and the boss and another man had cut and bound and stooked up seven acres of wheat that day. And that meant getting his wages paid when they came due in the fall. For in those days mortgages and stump farms and bush roads, poor crops and long road hauls were more plentiful than brick houses, bank barns and cement silos. And the hired man was lucky to get \$16 a month with his board and washing.

"Next year," he mumbled, as he rolled on to the straw tick, "I'll stay home from the circus and celebrate Dominion Day."

RABBITS AND FROGS' LEGS

How Two Prospectors and an Indian Guide Became a Committee of Ways and Means to Get Out of the Wilderness

By J. HARMON PATTERSON

HE who dares the wilderness challenges no mean foe. If properly armed and equipped he will find in it a generous friend. Its waters will supply him with fish, its forests with game, as well as fuel and materials for his hut. His canoe will glide gently over its lakes and streams, or his snowshoes can quickly pass over its winter wastes. But if unlearned, he be taken in its toils, no foe could be more bitter, more implacable or more frightful. Food is within his reach, but he cannot secure it, fire he could have, but he knows not how to make it, so he perishes miserably, mocked by the plenty all around him which his ignorance prevents him from enjoying. But the wilderness is a mother to him who knows her ways and whims. She will feed him and shelter him and bring him in safety by the paths known only to her children.

We had come northward on a prospecting trip from the Height of Land and embarked on the head waters of the mighty Mattagami. In the year 189— it was not so well known as now. The Porcupine gold fields had not set the pulses of prospectors throbbing the land over, and only a few of the more adventurous spirits had left their mark on its portages.

There were three of us in the party, Jack Morton, the irrepressible, who could see a joke in the sound of Gabriel's trumpet, expert canoeist and swimmer, small of body but great of soul, a companion who never became tiresome. Fred, our Indian guide, from somewhere down the Missinaibi, intelligent and faithful, never venturing an opinion unasked, a good cook and canoeist, one of the best of his class I have ever known.

PAST the old Hudson Bay Post at Mattagami and down the clear reaches of Kenogamisee we passed, but at Wawaitan portage we paused. The rock seemed favourable here for gold and for five days we prospected east and west. Some trace we found in the quartz, but not enough for us, so onward we went. Around the big bend—ah, if we had only known, just two miles eastward lay one of the richest gold fields on the continent. Why did not the Goddess of Fortune whisper the secret? Past Sandy Falls to the mouth of the Kamiskotia River. Here, again, we camp and examine the country around, but find nothing. So we go up the river to a lake of the same name. We find many indications of the presence of mineral in the broken hills around.

The lake itself is of great beauty, dotted with thickly wooded islands and surrounded by forest-clad shores of uneven height. An Indian family have a rude hut on one of the islands, living by hunting, trapping and fishing. From them we gained much information about the surrounding country.

After two weeks we gave it up and again took our way northward. The country was now a level plain. Nothing but clay banks in dreary monotony, with thick forests extended to the edge. At that night's camp we seriously debated going back, but against the advice of Fred we decided to go on. He confessed he did not know the river, but had been informed that no rock to any extent would be found for many miles.

Next morning early we set out. The river had now a good current and we made rapid progress. Just as we were about to camp we saw a ripple ahead, but did not expect any rapids. Too late we saw our mistake, and though we bent all our energies to making the shore, we did not succeed.

"We'll have to run it and take chances," shouted Fred.

We were near the left bank when the crash came. The next few minutes was a desperate struggle against the current and a mighty effort to avoid rocks.

A tree fallen in the river and still anchored by its roots proved my salvation, and I was able to pull Jack to the same refuge a moment later. He had a long cut in his head which was bleeding profusely.

AFTER a few minutes rest we crawled to the bank. A call from the shore further down announced the fact that our faithful guide was still in the land of the living. Our reunion was not a happy one. We looked at each other very soberly. Jack, for once, had no joke ready.

I remembered reading a verse somewhere about an old chap who "stood, fleet, army, treasure gone, alone and in despair." I don't know who he was or how he got out of the scrape, but I just felt sorry for him. I was sort of in the same boat.

Fred pulled out his match-safe, carefully blew off the water and opened it. He gave a sigh of relief as he saw that it was full. Jack and I did likewise. We had plenty of matches.

After we had anointed Jack's head with a generous quantity of balsam, his spirits returned.

"Now," he said, "for an inventory. One knife, one box matches, one pipe, half a plug of tobacco, two buttons, three pieces of twine, one shoe lace (extra), and one comb," said Fred, going through his pockets.

"Hurrah!" said Tom. "You don't happen to have a tooth-brush? Now for mine, h-m—one knife, one pipe, and, oh ye gods! only a little piece of tobacco,

one handkerchief (recently washed), one box of matches, half full, one nice, long buck-skin string (stole that back at the lake), one dollar and sixty cents, all in good coin, one lead pencil, one fish hook (No, it's in my hat, wherever that is). I guess that's all I can contribute."

I produced another knife, a pipe, a plug of tobacco, some more string, a sun glass, a compass, another handkerchief, a note book and pencil, a map of the country and twenty-five dollars in cash.

This was the complete inventory of the outfit and equipment with which we were to make our way out of that desolation. What we needed most had gone to the bottom of the river. No doubt Tom and myself would have been glad to pool our useless \$26.50 and swap it for one good rifle, or even a furpost musket with enough ammunition to hit anything eatable. The woods were full of animals fit for man to eat. But with all our miserable salvage outfit in one heap, most of them were as safe from any attacks we could make as though they had been on the summits of the Rocky Mountains.

"No chance of anything coming ashore?" I asked Fred.

"Don't think so. Current swift and getting dark. We might get the canoe sometime and mend it, but we haven't time, must get back to Kamiskotia Lake

A NEW SERIAL

OUR new Serial, "The Sacrifice of Enid," which begins in this issue, is the work of an Englishwoman, Mrs. Harcourt-Rose, who has written a number of novels, was born in Australia, where her father was a senior officer at the Naval Station, afterwards lived in London, and is now living a literary life in the rural parts of England. This novel of love, conscience and contrary impulse is a strong study of English life and character. It is the narrative of a struggle between a girl's love for a man who is in gaol, and her conscience, which is finally overcome by her connivance with her employer to effect his escape. Conflicting emotions of this kind and the adventures to which they give rise are often described best by a woman.

In the strong realism of the story there is a suggestion of the masterful treatment which Thomas Hardy, the greatest living English novelist, gave to "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The story abounds in bright, snappy dialogue, interesting descriptions, strong portrayals of character and of dramatic situations, and the legitimate use of climaxes. "The Sacrifice of Enid" is not mere literature. It is life—treated in a big, popular way, and with great simplicity.

as soon as possible, and it's over forty miles."

"And how many days and nights," I anxiously inquired, "might we expect to spend on the way?"

"Five, six, seven, maybe," was his reply. "Bush very thick, plenty underbrush and swamp. Maybe spend a lot of time hunting something to eat."

"And that reminds me," interrupted Jack, "that it's time for supper."

Fred grinned. "You'll be lucky if you get breakfast," he said, "but we get after it now. Make all the string into rabbit snares. Take out your shoelaces and make them up, too. Plenty rabbit round here."

JACK and I broke branches which we stuck into the ground, making a long but frail fence. Into the openings, which we left at likely looking places, Fred set the snares. Then we all fell to gathering wood for our fire, for as yet our clothes were very wet. The lack of an axe hampered us greatly. Fortunately the night was warm, so we hung most of our clothes about the fire and soon had them dry.

"We will now," Jack announced, "go into a committee of ways and means, of ways, to Kamiskotia; of means to live till we get over the ways, so to speak. Suggestions are now in order."

"This is no joke," I said, shortly. "My experience in this bush has been that you can't make much over a mile an hour. We might go two days without anything to eat. Three or four, perhaps, but by that time we could not travel. Fred, how does it look to you?"

"No chance to starve," was the reply. "Plenty rabbits, and we have string to make snares. Plenty frogs in backwaters, and maybe catch a porcupine, lots of roots if we don't get him. Plenty fish in little creeks. That one to the left full of speckled trout. Make wooden spear, catch plenty, maybe. Go slow catch plenty to eat, go fast and hungry."

"Me for the tortoise act," said Jack. "I'm so hungry now that—"

A faint squeal came from the woods behind us. Fred simply vanished. In a few minutes he returned carrying a rabbit still kicking. One of the snares had made good.

"Rabbits pretty dry now," Fred remarked. "If I roast him not much to eat. Cover him with clay and put him in coals, he come out juicy and tender. Take hour and a half, maybe."

"Um," said Jack, smacking his lips, "that juicy, tender stuff sounds good to me. We can wait."

While the rabbit was cooking, we rustled some boughs and ferns for a bed, though we could not do much in the dark.

At last lunch was ready. In front of the fire lay a ball of clay. Fred broke it open, tender, juicy, the meat certainly was. Our only complaint was the smallness of the quantity.

"Well say," remarked Jack, when the last morsel had disappeared, "are you sure that was a rabbit and not a squirrel?"

We made up a good fire, curled up close together and were soon fast asleep. The first streaks of dawn were stealing over the trees when I awoke, very stiff and cold. The others were soon up and with one accord we hurried over to the snares. Three rabbits rewarded our efforts.

We made a fire and heated three flat stones. These we covered with large leaves, on which we placed the meat, over which we spread more leaves, then slanted them towards the fire. As the leaves shrivelled and caught fire they were replaced by more.

FRED explained that all this was necessary, as there was absolutely no fat on the rabbits at this time of the year, and to toast them before the fire made them dry and hard. At length he pronounced them done, and each drew out his stone and fell to in earnest, as we were very hungry.

"I'm sure," remarked Jack, when we had finished, "that this rabbit is much larger than the one I tasted last night. I really believe I could live on three rabbits a day."

"You'll be lucky if you get them," I replied. "Now we must get along."

"Oh, for my hat," sighed Jack, "and the fish-hook in the band."

We tied our handkerchiefs over our heads. Fred had none. We lit our pipes and set out. At first the walking was not bad, but we soon came to tangled underbrush, which made progress very slow. About noon we came to a large stream which we had to cross. We walked up the shore, as the stream came from the south. After about a mile of good walking we came to a jam of driftwood, on which we crossed. At the other side there was a back-water covered by lily leaves and alive with frogs. We each cut a good rod, took off our boots and socks and went to work. We only took the hindquarters. When we counted the spoil we had nineteen.

"Just two more," I remarked, "will make seven each."

I put them into my handkerchief and we made our way across to the river.

While we got the fire ready, Fred cut two stout saplings. These he split with his knife nearly down, then into the split he carefully placed the toes of the frogs, dividing them between the two sticks. The open ends were tied tight. Forked sticks were driven into the ground at each end of the saplings. Two rows of frog's legs hung beside the fire.

"Now, that is clever," I said to Fred. "I was just thinking what a long time it would require toasting them three at a time."

We certainly enjoyed our dinner, but of course the lack of salt was the chief drawback. The sun was low in the west when we decided to call it a day, having made about ten miles. We had not travelled single file, but each took a separate course, hoping to see a porcupine, or something else which we could kill. Fred, who had a pocket full of stones, secured a red squirrel. He had also a half a dozen frogs. I had seven or eight, but most of them very small. Jack had three and a big appetite.

By the appearance of things the supper would be a light one. We were preparing to set all the rabbit snares we could muster when I happened to go down to the shore of the small creek which joined the river at this point. In the shallow water I saw a large number of small fish, ranging in length from two to eight inches, and we at once proceeded with a plan to catch them. We first constructed a rough dam across the creek, leaving an open space in the centre. We then took Fred's sweater, tying knots in the arms and a string about the neck. Next, by the aid of two sticks, one on each side, the lower end of the sweater was kept open like the mouth of a bag. This was placed in the space left in the dam, and while Fred and I held it in position, Jack, by means of much splashing, drove the fish down towards us. Seeing the dark opening of our trap, they flocked

(Continued on page 18.)

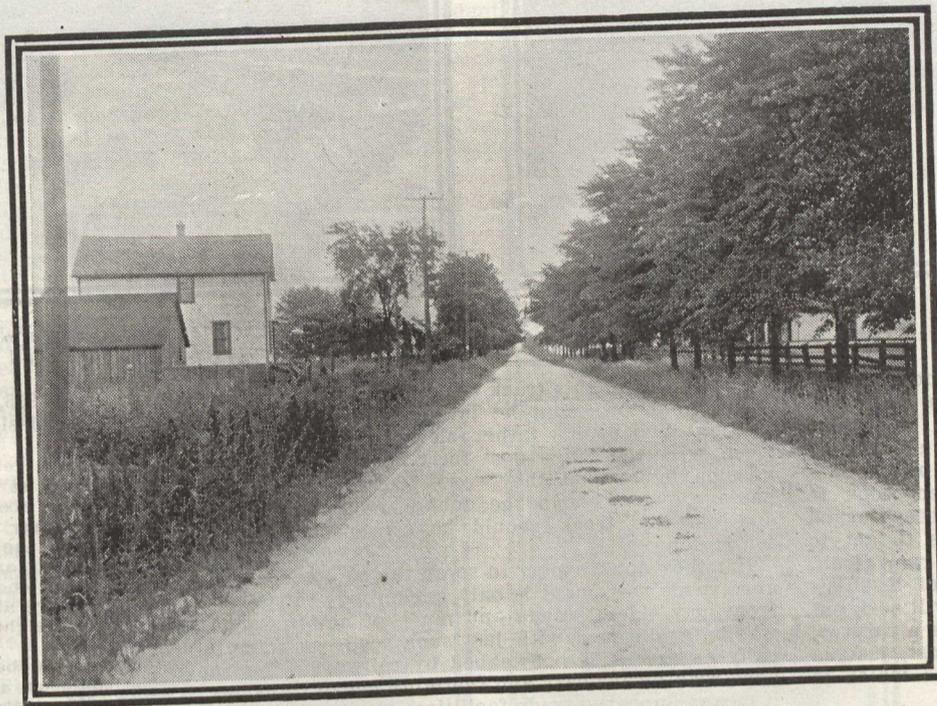
CANADA'S MOST MODERN HIGHWAY

A Thirty-five Mile Concrete Road that will Create Traffic, Increase Land Values and Link Up Two Cities at a Cost of \$600,000



G. H. GOODERHAM, M.P.P.,

Chairman of the Commission supervising the building of the Toronto and Hamilton Highway. He has been a consistent advocate of good roads, but undertook this work as a public service.



An experimental mile of concrete road built by the Ontario Government in Essex county. It is known as the Tecumseh Road.



M. H. IRISH, M.P.P.,

Who was the first to suggest the new highway as a relief to "unemployment." He assisted in securing the assent of the municipalities, and undertook the placing of the bonds with loan and trust companies.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

termine how much and at what rate each should pay was another. Finally, to raise the money was a third. The Gooderham-Irish combination accomplished all three. The work of raising the money fell to Mr. Irish, who got several loan and trust companies and banks to take the bonds, totalling \$600,000.

The Toronto-Hamilton Highway Commission was

anywhere between the two cities. Chief Engineer Van Scroyce went on the job Nov. 4th; construction began Nov. 8th, over a line already partly determined by Provincial Engineer of Highways W. A. McLean. In three camps, nearly 400 men worked at the road all winter. Up till May 1, 1915, the Commission had spent over \$93,000 on the road. By this time next year the total amount spent will be at least half a million of the original \$600,000.

Of the total amount, Toronto, with about 500,000 population, pays \$150,000; Hamilton, with less than a fifth as many people, \$30,000; the Ontario Government, \$4,000 a mile; each county and other municipality en route, \$4,000 a mile for the mileage contained in each; a yearly frontage tax of 11-2 cents a foot and an acreage tax of 20 cents, 15 cents and 10 cents an acre for three acres in depth behind the 300-ft. frontage.

To the ordinary mathematician, the assessment on the cities, the Government and the counties looks obvious enough. But why the frontage and the acreage tax? That is the one most modern factor in the whole problem—the unearned increment. Property along this new 35-mile road must contribute \$140,000, or somewhere between 1-4 and 1-5 of the cost. Why? Because already property-owners are waiting till the first donkey engine comes chugging along with its dinky train of crushed stone, gravel and cement to boost the price of foot frontages and acreages just as much as the traffic will stand when the road is completed. The one permanent and vital result of the new highway will be to increase the value of foot frontages for summer cottages and permanent residences, and the value of the acreage in production. With a good road, the city back-to-the-lander on a small scale can drive his low-power car into business, minus mud-holes, sand-wallows, and high grades; and over the same road the motor-truck of the plain farmer with his team loads of produce can get his stuff to the metropolitan markets at a minimum cost.

In five years the new road between two cities will be a picture such as Ontario saw a generation or

TORONTO and Hamilton are a joint population of about 600,000. Up to the present they have been kept as far as possible apart by one of the worst highways in the world, by lack of electric road connection, and by mutual bad jokes about "Hogtown" and "the Mountain." In all Canada there are no two cities of such population so close together. For some years suburban homes, summer cottages and millionaires' rural residences have been reaching out from both Toronto and Hamilton, with Oakville as the focus of one and Burlington that of the other. For ten years motorists have been counting hills, curves, sand-wallows and mud-holes along the highway where for miles out of Toronto the price of land is anywhere from \$5 to \$20 a foot, and between city and city is nowhere less than \$1,000 an acre.

Business, traffic, real estate values, the back-to-the-land movement and pleasure have all been co-operating haphazardly for years to bring these two cities together over the 35 miles between limit and limit. One thing only has kept the movement back. Lack of transportation; a rotten public road; picayune parish politics on the highway question. Fruit, garden truck and produce by thousands of tons from a fat, fertile country were fighting its way into market against high prices; pleasure-travellers were compelled to travel for anything but pleasure; frontage values went so far and then stuck waiting for a good road; country lots bought and not built upon because the owners saw no way of getting in to business except by rail or driving a motor over a diabolical road.

YEARS ago the Ontario Motor League decided that the pathmaster method of making roads was no good. They tried to line up the counties and municipalities between the two cities to build a modern road. Most of the counties balked. One went ahead; and a sample of the road they built is now to be taken over by the new Highway Commission and whatever it costs to be ripped up and thrown on the dump-wagon.

The Toronto-Hamilton highway scheme was an abortion, because nobody interested would co-operate to make the road. It might have remained an abortion but for a near accident. Last summer, when the unemployment problem looked like a menace to municipalities, four citizens, Mr. George Gooderham, M.P.P., Mr. Mark Irish, M.P.P., Mr. G. Frank Beer, and the editor of the Canadian Courier, sat at lunch in Toronto wondering how to reduce unemployment by public works. One of them mentioned the Toronto-Hamilton pale elephant scheme. The others endorsed it. It was time government took hold of a thing that municipalities bungled; to get the municipalities to co-operate on a scheme as necessary as enlisting soldiers, and that should give work to hundreds of idle men. Such a scheme had been talked up and talked out for years—with nothing but talk to follow.

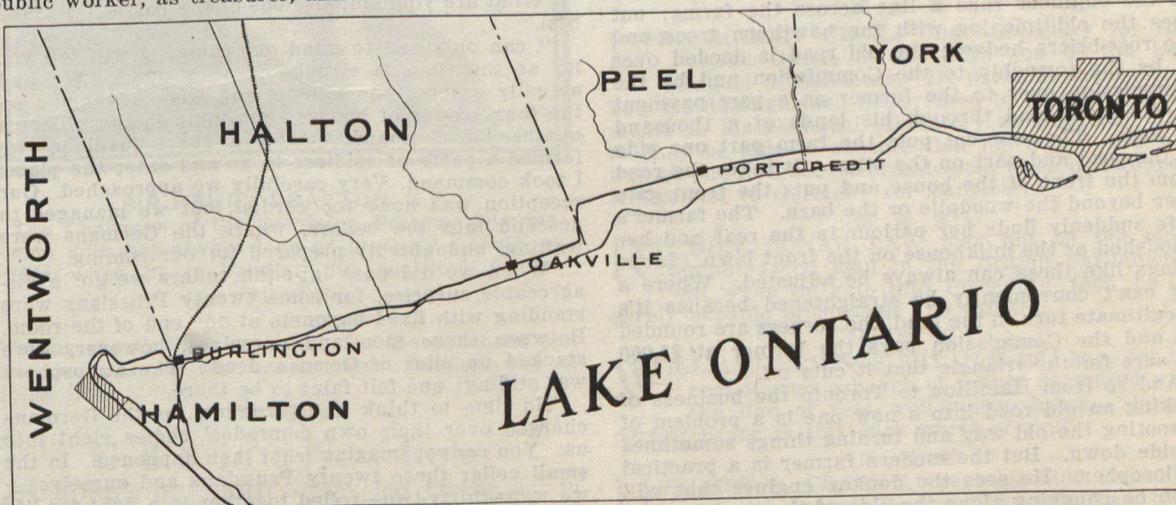
The bill went through the Legislature by the shirt-sleeves route. There was everything to do without much precedent. To get Toronto, Hamilton, four counties and a number of small municipalities en route to act together on the resuscitation of this elephant was an elephantine job, which none but an aggressive M.P.P. could have accomplished. To de-



MAKING NEW GRADES.

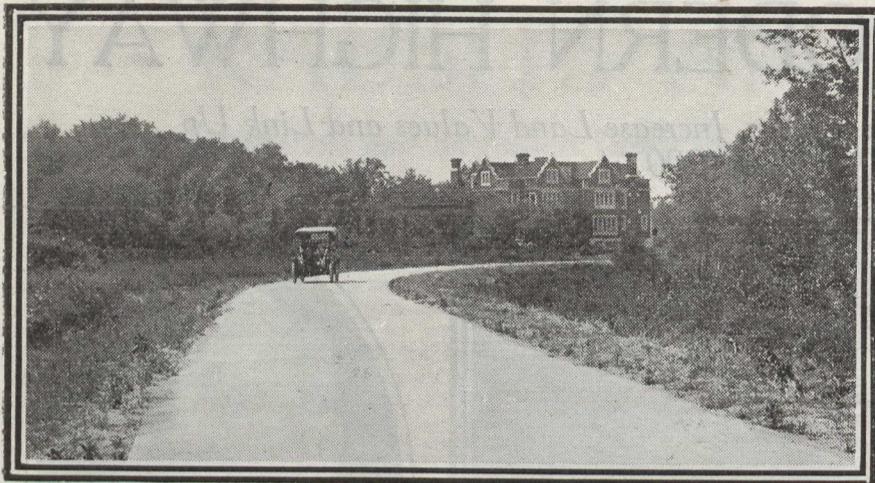
Besides being a good road, this Toronto-Hamilton Highway will have easy grades and curves.

appointed Sept. 17th, 1914, with George Gooderham, M.P.P., as chairman; G. Frank Beer, an untirable public worker, as treasurer, and with members from



ROUTE OF CANADA'S FIRST CONCRETE HIGHWAY.

It runs westward from Toronto through Port Credit, Oakville and Burlington into Hamilton, along the Shore of Lake Ontario.



A four-mile concrete road running south from Winnipeg towards Fort Garry. This should test the suitability of such roads to the Western climate.



Another sample concrete road at Napierville, P.Q. There are several others in Quebec, notably an 18-mile road from Montreal to Ste. Rose.

two ago, when steam roads were unknown away from the trunk lines, and when for mile upon mile of a market day the townships turned out their caravans of waggon-loads to the one good gravel road in ten miles any direction. Residents of Toronto have only to remember how the farmers took to the first paved street in that city; how they jogged five blocks out of their way if need be to get to Jarvis St., where the waggon almost ran itself. Traffic is like water; it seeks the line of least resistance. Therefore, traffic of all kinds will seek out this new highway built as scientifically as a railway. And the traffic must bear part of the cost, just as the value of the property along the road which is conditioned upon traffic.

So the Commission went at this scheme backed up by sound economics. They blazed a trail for all future highway-building in Ontario, and for many other parts of Canada. They organized a movement which would have made "Good Roads" Campbell, who used to be retained by the Ontario Government to help counties and townships make good roads, jump out of his boots.

BUT after the movement was organized and the work begun, the problems really commenced.

Where the organizer stopped the engineer stepped in. A new road has a real war appetite for money. The cost must be kept down and the quality of the road kept up. Labour, haulage and material are the three factors which it is the engineer's business to minimize on as to cost.

Grades are the first. To turn an 8 per cent. hill into a nice, easy grade of one or two per cent. is a railway item. To convert a low trail through a valley edged with cat-tail flags and swamp cedars into a nice, high-level embankment road is another railway chore. Grades, grades and again grades. The hills are chewed down and the valleys are bulged up. Mile after mile the new road goes as far as possible on the level. Here and there a farmer has his front fence and his house and barns left high and dry on top of a huge cut. If he kicks he must be conciliated; if not he is set down as a good sport. Somewhere else a farmer's grandfather struck a front fence line on the road allowance, planted a fine row of trees or set up a hedge. Ten to one every little while the fence and the trees and the hedge have to be moved. The 66-ft. road allowance must be respected; 26 feet between ditch and ditch, 18 feet for the driveway, and 4 feet each side for a shoulder. The modern engineer abolishes zig-zags along with heavy grades.

NOW and then a jog must be taken out. The old-timers jogged to keep out of trouble. Half a mile made no difference to them. The Commission believe in the short cut; because it's both cheaper and better. Less romantic and picturesque, of course. But there's plenty of that left when you have the road widened and straightened and levelled. So the engineer runs a line across the farms; out goes the old-time jog with the hawthorn trees and the rose-briers hedges; the old road is deeded over to by the township to the Commission and by the Commission over to the farmer as a part payment on the new road through his lands at a thousand an acre. The new cut puts the farm part one side of the road and part on the other. It takes the road from the front of the house and puts the front gate over beyond the woodpile or the barn. The farmer's wife suddenly finds her parlour in the rear and her woodshed or the milkhouse on the front lawn. Little things like these can always be adjusted. Where a jog can't conveniently be straightened because it's a legitimate turn in the road, the corners are rounded off and the Commission pays the farmer at \$1,000 an acre for the triangle that it cuts off.

And so from Hamilton to Toronto the business of making an old road into a new one is a problem of uprooting the old way and turning things sometimes upside down. But the modern farmer is a practical philosopher. He sees the donkey engines that will soon be chugging along the side of the road hauling little dump-cars of stone, gravel and cement from the railroad on a two-foot gauge portable track—

twenty miles of this track are now ready to go down—and he knows that he is seeing modern road-making such as his father never dreamed about. Even with this huge cost for equipment, the Commission figure that they save \$60,000 over team-haulage, even though the donkey engines and cars and portable track should be scrapped when the job is done.

But they don't expect to scrap the equipment. The good roads movement is only beginning. Fifty years from now older Canada and much of newer Canada will be grid-ironed with just such roads as scientifically as now it is cobwebbed by railways. For the good road means easy and therefore cheap transport; it means improved trade facilities; greater traffic and therefore greater land values; easier methods of getting truck to market and people out to the land at so much a foot. On the city end it means all this and more. What helps the land also helps the town. And the good roads movement is the one thing they have in common that means most in development.

The common horse sense of the whole thing is tersely expressed by an editorial in *Successful Farm-*

ing, June, 1915, which reads as though the T. H. Highway Commission had themselves written it:

"You can't get something for nothing. Good roads cost more money at first than bad roads—cost more in money direct. Bad roads are taxing the people in an indirect way that may not be noticed, but taxing the people heavily just the same.

"Bad roads are costing in damage to auto and other conveyances enough to pay for good, permanent roads. Bad roads are also costing enough in farm transportation—waggon freight rates if you please—to build permanent roads.

"Let there be co-operation between tax-payers and road engineers and road superintendents. Do away with unscientific pattering with the roads which benefits only the petty office holders, and spend the tax money on permanent work, supervised by competent engineers.

"Let there be co-operation between local road builders and the state highway commissions that this country may speedily become a network of splendid highways. When once this road system is established no farmer would move off an improved road to enjoy the supposed blessings of low taxes and bad roads. It is time to quit knocking road improvement and boost. Almost everybody is doing that now. Make it unanimous."

Through the Eyes of a Frenchman

Description of a Fight in a Cellar and a Story of German Treachery

By A BRITISH CORRESPONDENT

BOULOGNE, May 20th.

AT an early hour this morning, at a little village schoolhouse near here, now flying a Red Cross flag, there arrived a convoy of wounded French soldiers—men representing some of France's finest regiments. These men had come direct from the firing line, though, except for the bandages they were wearing, no one would have imagined so. The smiles upon the men's faces indicated a "beanfeast" rather than a battle!

I spoke with several of these Frenchmen as they were being placed on stretchers, and was greatly struck by their enthusiasm to recover quickly and return. One young officer had been riddled from head to foot by shrapnel, but still he smiled. After he had sampled my cigarettes—how a Frenchman appreciates a Virginia cigarette!—he asked me to read him the official communique I had in my hand. I did as he requested, and with a curious nod of his bandaged head he repeated half to himself and half to me: "Our attack at the close of the afternoon has resulted in the capture of the whole locality. The affair has been an exceedingly long and trying one. Our troops were forced to take house by house." The phrases related to the capture of Carency. This Lieutenant of the — infantry had taken part in it. "House by house," he said; "it was brick by brick."

Some Impressions.

"What are your impressions of the battle?" I asked him.

"I can only call to mind one thing. I will tell you it; at the time it struck me very much: We had actually entered the village, and were advancing on the four groups of houses containing in the cellars a number of Germans. After a short fusillade we formed a party of soldiers to go and enter the place. I took command. Very carefully we approached. Our reception was none too cordial, but we managed to descend into the cellars, where the Germans were waiting, undoubtedly prepared for our coming.

"When we did pass into the cellars we got a disagreeable surprise, for some twenty Prussians were standing with fixed bayonets at one end of the room. Between these men and ourselves, however, were stacked up piles of German dead. The atmosphere was stifling; one felt faint to be there.

"No time to think or to wonder, for the Germans charged over their own comrades' bodies right into us. You cannot imagine what then happened. In the small cellar these twenty Prussians and ourselves—we were thirty-two—rolled together in a fight for life over the dead bodies of the other men already there before we came.

"The men fought like fiends. The Prussians were

up to every trick. A man would pretend to fall dead and then suddenly spring up and, drawing a little knife that they all seem to carry, stab you.

"One officer who was with the enemy in that cellar seemed to turn mad, for suddenly he threw his revolver down and, tearing off his tunic, commenced to use it as a whip, lashing out with it on all sides. When we left the cellar, after having been in there forty minutes, not a German was living. We had killed them all. Our number had been reduced to twenty-eight, and we had all been wounded.

"The affair had been so terrible that I imagined the very stones of the place oozing blood."

German Treachery.

The officer went on to relate how he continued to fight in the subsequent battle, where he was wounded again. He could find no words too high to praise his men. All had fought with a gallantry never to be forgotten. He also told me how two of his fellow-officers were killed in a cowardly fashion by the Germans.

"We had set out from Mont Saint Eloi, and had, after a splendid fight, taken La Targette, and we were advancing under cover towards the Germans' position at Neuville, when we saw two wounded Germans lying in the middle of a field, exposed to the fires of both sides. My two comrades offered to go out and bring them in, and, after risking their lives, they managed to carry the two Germans out of danger. The two Bavarians were badly wounded, and we did all we could for them.

"After bandaging up their wounds we placed them on rudely-made stretchers and were carrying them towards our lines when, as if by a given signal, both of the Bavarians drew a revolver and shot at their bearers. One fell dead and the other badly hurt. The Bavarians, in the meantime, were calmly waving white rags to the Germans in the distance, as signals. We treated these men as they deserved!

"I saw many brave acts done," continued the officer. "One in particular deserves mention. The hero of the deed was a 17-year-old Zouave. I had jokingly said before some of my men that I would like to send home a real 'souvenir' to my wife.

"The Zouave had overheard me, and determined to get what I wanted. Next day he came to me and handed me something. I looked at it, and was surprised to find that it was an Iron Cross—a real Iron Cross. I quickly asked the Zouave what it all meant, and he replied to me in his queer French to the effect that he had visited during the night the enemy's trenches and, having seen an Iron Cross pinned on a soldier's chest, he had carefully undone it without awakening the sleeping German. 'V'la votre souvenir, m' capitaine.'"

MAINLY PERSONAL

A Brief Hour on the Stage

ANOTHER hero nipped off almost before Europe had got done heroizing him. Two weeks ago Lieut. Warneford, once said to be a Canadian, but known to be an Anglo-Indian, startled the world by smashing a Zeppelin, single-handed, from an aeroplane. Five months before he did it he had never been heard of as a flying-man at all. Five hours after he landed with his machine, which had once turned turtle after the explosion of the Zeppelin, his name was flashed over the world's cables as a dazzling new kind of hero. Interviewed by the press, he modestly said the act was only part of the day's work. He was given the Victoria Cross, and a special message from King George, and the Legion of Honour from the President of France. Since his exploit he went about in Paris, stayed at a big hotel, appeared at famous restaurants and was publicly huzzad as a hero. It was a trying time for a young man of 23, who had a long life of daring exploits ahead of him. Last week he was asked to try out a new air machine at Buc aviation field. He declined because he felt dizzy and unwell. When he got to the testing-ground he felt better and took one of the new machines up alone, landed safely, and took up another of the same model, carrying an American passenger. The machine went up; and it came down without Warneford or his passenger knowing how it was done. It was Warneford's last flight. And of all war heroes this young man with his few days' brief glory was surely the most meteoric.

Harry B. Needham

WHEN Harry B. Needham got the chance to go aloft with Lt. Warneford, in that new air-machine, he went for a sensation, and got a hundred times more than he expected. Harry never looked like a dare-devil. A pinched-up, wizened little bundle of American nerves, he was well known to readers of several big weeklies and dailies as a writer of no great style, but a big faculty of getting information which he expressed in easy, simple language, and an appetite for public problems much bigger than his personal size. When Roosevelt toured Europe, Needham accompanied his as special correspondent. When any big movement was under way, Needham was ready to hit the trail with his pad and pencil to size it up. Five years ago he was one of a party of Canadian and American newspaper writers who toured the west of England as the guests of the Canadian Northern. On this trip he was the soul of dry geniality and unconventional American humour. He never wanted to do what the rest were doing, except for the purpose of being polite. In the great Exeter Cathedral, Needham was asked to move a vote of thanks to the aged Dean, who spent two hours lecturing on the ancient pile. For two hours he was in misery, and at last went into a funk, saying to one of the company:

"Say, that kind of stunt takes too much dignity for me. You do it."

At the ancient inn of Glastonbury, Needham was called on to make an after-luncheon speech after the party had spent the morning in a line of motors, one of which, containing Needham, had broken down.

"That machine, gentlemen," said Needham, "was, as you can easily see, not all she was cranked up to be."

Recently he joined the corps of American writers behind the British and French lines. His one big ambition was to go aloft and see what the air-man sees along the firing lines. He had tried for the opportunity several times without success. Incidentally, he ran into Warneford, who had never met him before, and asked to go along. If he had any misgivings, the little bundle of nerves—and nerve-pockets them and went. But once again, the machine "was not all she was cranked up to be." Needham got the sensation, but never told the story. And he is the first correspondent killed in this war.

Imperializing the C.P.R.

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, says the London Globe's report, cabled to Canada, that he had been appointed to a something-or-other position for the purchase of war munitions in Canada—is worse than exaggerated; it is untrue. The President of the C. P. R. admits that the Shell Committee at Ottawa is capably handling the work; and since the Toronto Star also admits the fact, it must be regarded as true. He also says that he discussed with the War Office the possibility of the C. P. R. itself acting as agent for the purchase of certain

war supplies in Canada not being handled by any other organization. This is a case of impersonal modesty. The C. P. R. is recognized as a purchasing agent and not the President of the C. P. R. Which is a further proof of the truth that certain Canadian editors who are now teaching the world why and how to crush Germany, spoke the truth when the German scare first poked its nose over here, and when they said that to build transcontinental railways and steamship lines in this country was quite

the enemy than useful to England. The other day he wrote a letter to the wife of a man who had been given six months because he made an anti-recruiting speech. In doing so, he remarked that if this man got six months for a few words heard by less than a thousand people, Lord Northcliffe, who had refused to take recruiting ads in his papers and had condemned the volunteer movement because he favoured conscription, should have got sixty years. It is now Northcliffe's opportunity to observe that Shaw should have been put into a detention camp six months ago for saying things unhelpful to England. But G. B. S. may be counted on to have the last word with anybody; and when he does it is likely to be something that nobody is able to answer, because it never quite fits the case. Shaw as a pro-volunteer Imperialist is too sudden to be altogether sincere. If any editor were to accuse him of being an advocate of anything for one month at a time—except Shaw—he would strike another pose right away.

The Poet d'Annunzio

WAR in England is very much a matter of editors; in Germany considerably an affair of professors; in France and Italy somewhat a case for the poets. Months ago the French Government sent Botrai the bard to the trenches to sing his impassioned verses inspiring his countrymen to deeds of valour. Now Italy lets loose her war poet Gabriel d'Annunzio, who, in a recent war oration in Rome, said: "Could Garibaldi and Liberator descend from the Janiculum, would he not brand as cowards and traitors, would he not set the seal of infamy on all those who to-day in secret and openly work to disarm our Italy?" That was just before the war. The poet was knocking the neutralist party, which was under the fine Italian hand of Prince von Buelow, from Berlin. If Gabriel would write a new war song and get Puccini or Leoncavallo to set it to music, the Italian Government should cable Caruso to go over and sing it in the camps of the sons of Garibaldi.

We need more human music in this war. Bunting shells and booming artillery are getting on the world's nerves.

Personal Brevities

A CONSTANT reader in Halifax writes to point out that a recent brief sketch of Sir Charles Fraser, on this page, contained some misinformation. The philanthropic head of the School for the Blind who, himself a blind man, has done so much for sightless people in the Maritime Provinces is not a medical doctor and never was one. His title is honorary, that of LL.D. Mainly Personal apologizes. Our intention was to add lustre to the medical profession. But we shall leave that to Sir James Grant—or any other doctors who may have titles.

HON. T. WHITE says that if the United States continues to sell goods to Europe without buying from Europe she will accumulate such a credit balance against other countries that she will become a great international banker. Nobody doubts Mr. White's knowledge of pure and applied finance; but it seems to some of us that England, which has always bought most of her foodstuffs and considerable of her raw material abroad managed, as Mr. White admits, to become the financial centre of Europe and of the world.

LORD ROBERT CECIL, Under-Secretary for the Foreign Office, is the third son of the late Marquis of Salisbury. He probably remembers how his distinguished father used to perform experiments in his chemical laboratory at Hatfield. And he may be able to observe that his father was not writing the formula for prussic acid when he swapped Heligoland to Germany for Zanzibar.

RT. HON. BONAR LAW may not be the most amiable-faced man in the British Parliament, but when he gets into Piccadilly togs he is surely capable of pleasing the camera.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN should have for his coat-of-arms a bunch of grapes decorated with the line of that well-known hymn, "Peace, perfect peace in this dark world of sin."

HERBERT L. CLARKE, the celebrated Canadian cornetist, originally from Toronto, has been playing "The Lost Chord" in Salt Lake City. But the Canadian writer, Harvey O. Higgins, has not yet billed his play, "Polygamy," in that town.



RT. HON. BONAR LAW.
His latest casual photograph as Secretary of State for the Colonies.



HON. LORD ROBERT CECIL.
The recently appointed Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

as much a war contribution as to send money or build Dreadnoughts. The transcontinental railway and the steamship line would become part of war machinery, which is just about half a problem of transportation anyway. So it has been in Canada.



SIR HENRY DRAYTON, K.B.
The Chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission does not always look as serenely smooth as this when he is handing out decisions to the railways.

Making the C. P. R. an agent for the purchase and transportation of supplies is only a further way of doing it.

G. B. S. in a New Role

GEOERGE BERNARD SHAW has broken out in a new place. This time he goes after Lord Northcliffe. A few months ago he was under fire from English editors for saying things that looked as though they might be of more comfort to

What Democracy Must do to be Saved

By THE MONOCLE MAN

DEMOCRATIC government is learning a thing or two about itself these trying and testing days, which I trust its true friends will not soon forget. We are learning that it is not all of democracy to let the people concerned, regarding any subject, vote directly on it. In fact, we seldom did let them do that. It is only where democracy has armed itself with the plebiscite, the referendum and the recall that it can be said to possess the power to vote directly on subjects which concern it. What we have generally done, in the name of democracy, is to let the people choose their own rulers and then hold them to account. But the individual subjects which concern these people have usually been handed over to these rulers to decide as they thought best. This, it will be noted by the careful observer, has not been exactly popular rule. It has not been gathering the "hoi polloi" into the market-place and asking them to pass finally upon public business by show of hands. It has been an attempt at something far better than that—it has been an attempt to have the people choose experts to pass upon public business and then hold these experts responsible for the results.

"EXPERTS!" That sounds a good deal like a joke when we look at our city councils, our provincial legislatures—yes, and our Federal parliaments. Every time we think of it, we thank God that we do not elect our judges; for in that job we do need real experts. The trouble is, of course, that what we elect are not experts on road-paving or municipal franchises, or legal codes, or education, or industrial organization, or anything of that sort, but just experts on "how to get elected." The "stump speaker" wins over the student. Still, in the piping times of peace, we manage to "muddle along" somehow. So much prosperity is poured into our happy national lap—our very few people rolling in the riches of measureless natural resources—that we can afford to play tricks with our communal organizations, and still escape starvation.

BUT ruthless and institution-smashing war has brought us up out of our lazy indifference with a round turn. The democracy of France was the first to discover that it could not make war with a debating society in charge. It was too serious a business with the Germans pounding down toward Paris. So they called together all the big men of the nation and formed a Coalition Government. That was—as the London "Spectator" put it neatly when Britain came to do the same thing—naming a Dictator to carry on the war. "The Dictatorship," says the "Spectator," "it is true, is in commission, but none the less it is a Dictatorship." Britain and France are to-day as much ruled by an oligarchy as Germany or Russia. The form is different—that is all. We fit our Dictatorship to a democratic environment. And we all know perfectly well that that is the only way to win the war—that war cannot be waged by popular vote—that a democracy, like any other nation, must choose its captains or inherit them, and then trust them.

AND I maintain that that is the proper way for democracies to govern themselves at all times. Why should we be sensible only when danger threatens? We put a Kitchener in the saddle and obey him like a Dictator when the penalty for not doing so is likely to be the destruction of our national existence. We know, instinctively and in spite of all our theories, that that is the best way to get things done—i.e., to choose the biggest expert we can find and then leave it to him. And we do this gladly and eagerly when the penalty for foolish interference with our experts is national death. We do the same thing when the penalty is individual death. When we are sick, we do not call in the most plausible talker we can hear of, or the busiest "hand-shaker," or the oiliest politician. We call in the best physician—the best expert. With death grinning horribly over the foot-board of our bed, we dare do nothing less.

BUT why wait for death? Why not be as sensible in meeting life? What we want in the form of municipal government, for example, is—not cooperative plunder of the civic chest by ward flatterers—but government by experts. Why should we not have men trained in the administration of towns and cities, and then give them the job? We spend two or three years educating a horse doctor. We will not trust our good horses to any man who has not been professionally trained. But we will trust revenues running into the millions to men who have had no training at all. We pay less attention to the qualifications of an alderman than to those of an office-boy. No man would think of putting a general manager in charge of his business—handling, say,

fifty thousand a year—if that general manager had not given up a good part of his life to learning how to manage this particular sort of business. But a lot of men, acting collectively, will put a group of general managers in charge of a business, affecting the health, happiness and prosperity of every one of them, without demanding that they shall have spent an hour studying the intricate and important problems of civic administration.

I EARNESTLY believe that democracy has got to get more sense than this if it hopes to survive as a form of government in a world where the stern tests of organization and efficiency are being applied with steel-shod vigour. We cannot have it said that democratic government is necessarily costly government, loose government, government bedevilled by "patronage," government administered by round pegs in square holes, government burdened with "incapables with a pull," government whose only virtue is that the people are deluded into the false notion that they have something to say about it. We must make democratic government effective.

It must give us as good an organization as the oligarchic government of Germany. If it does not, it will eventually go down before that form of oligarchic government. Nothing survives in this pitiless world but the fit. And the way to make democratic government effective, this war has shown us. Nay, it has shown us that we always knew. That way is to put experts in charge of every government job, and then keep them steady by weighty rewards and punishments. War rewards its victors with Dukedoms, and its failures with death. We must take a leaf from war's stern page. The first government founded by the early Christians exacted the death penalty for an attempt to "graft" at the government's expense. Ananias and Sapphira were the first "grafters" executed.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

St. Saens, a German Hater

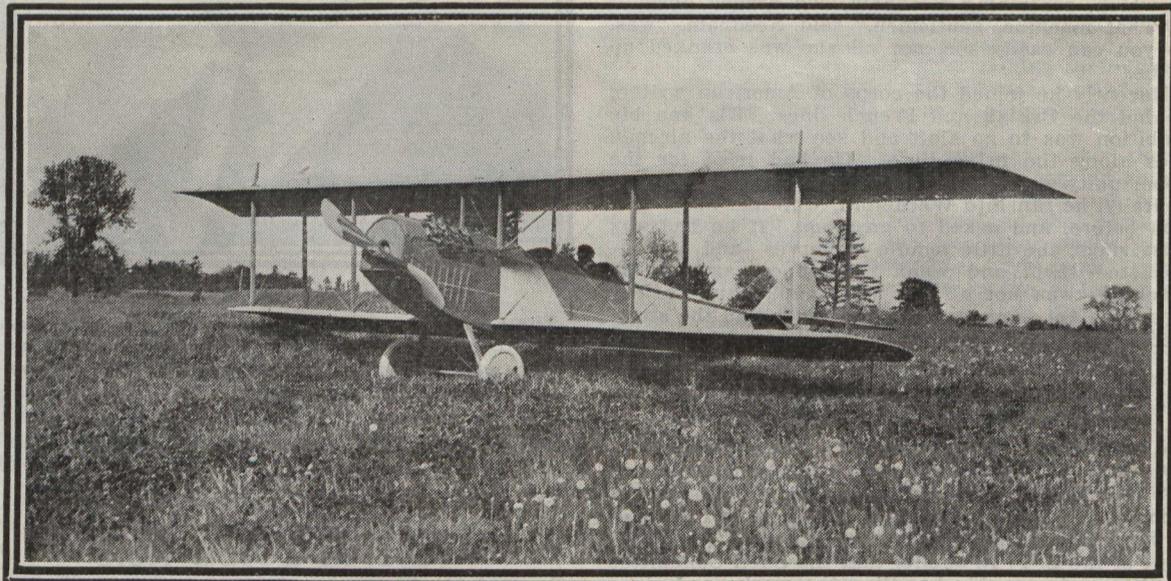
CAMILLE ST. SAENS, the venerable French composer and the Verdi of Paris, is now in the United States. He says that everything hailing from beyond the Rhine "must be banished from France." He makes no exception even to Wagner. That was where the shoe pinched some of the French critics who declared that St. Saens should not be so unchivalrous. They remind him that when Wagner first began to startle the ears of Europe he himself was one of the great Richard's most able defenders. St. Saens retorts that he did so in order to befriend "a poor devil battling against a thousand difficulties."

CANADIANS LEARNING TO FLY



SWIMMERS TAKING TO THE AIR.

Champion Canadian swimmers who are taking the military aviation course at the Thomas Flying School, Ithaca, N.Y. Left to right—Frank McGill, Canadian swimming champion 100 yards; George Hodgson, Olympic champion 1,000 yards; Phil Fisher and H. A. Peck, all students from Montreal, who expect to join the Royal Naval Air Service.



A BI-PLANE WHICH CANADIANS ARE LEARNING TO USE.

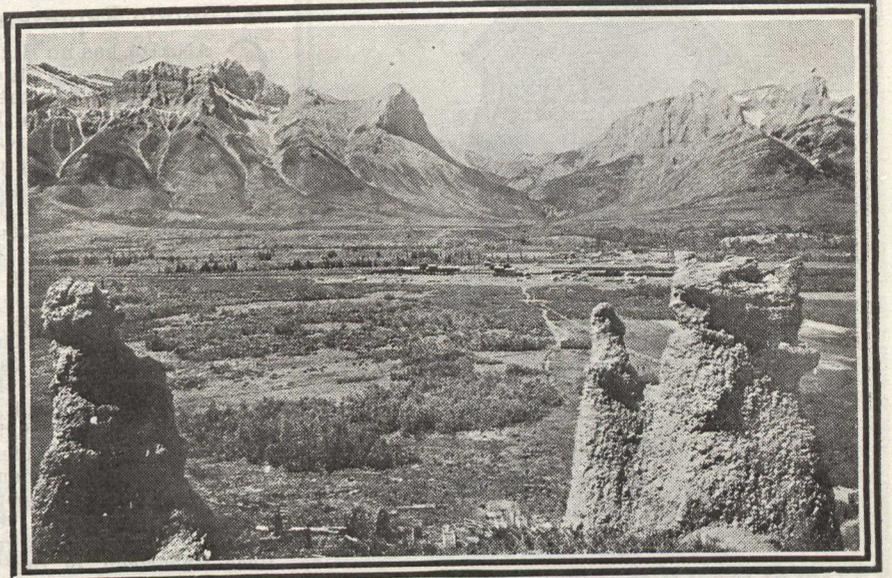
The English army Curtiss bi-plane, J. N. 3 type, 100 horse-power, motor 1,750 r.p.m., maximum speed 85 miles an hour; nicknamed "The Lizzie," in use at Long Branch Aviation Camp, near Toronto.

The World's Greatest Travel-Land in 1915

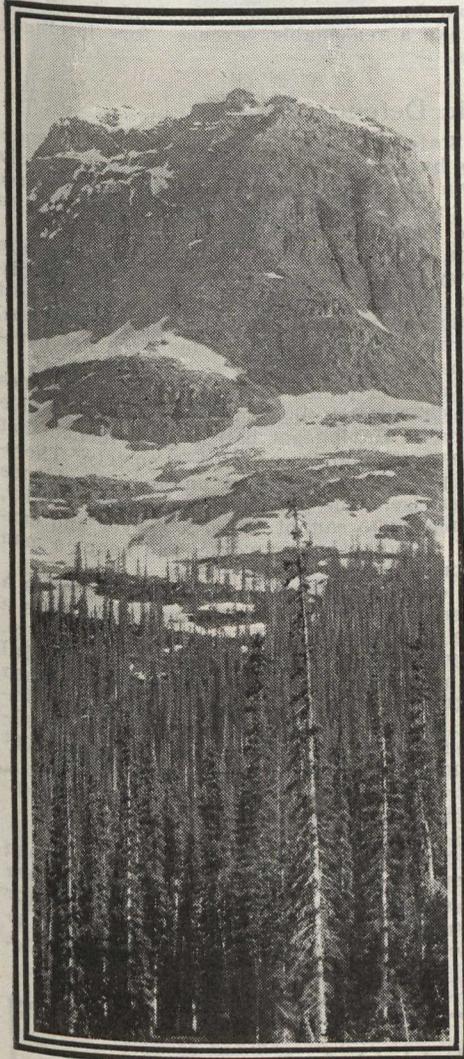
The Rockies are the Only Great Mountains in Europe and North America Absolutely Untroubled by War



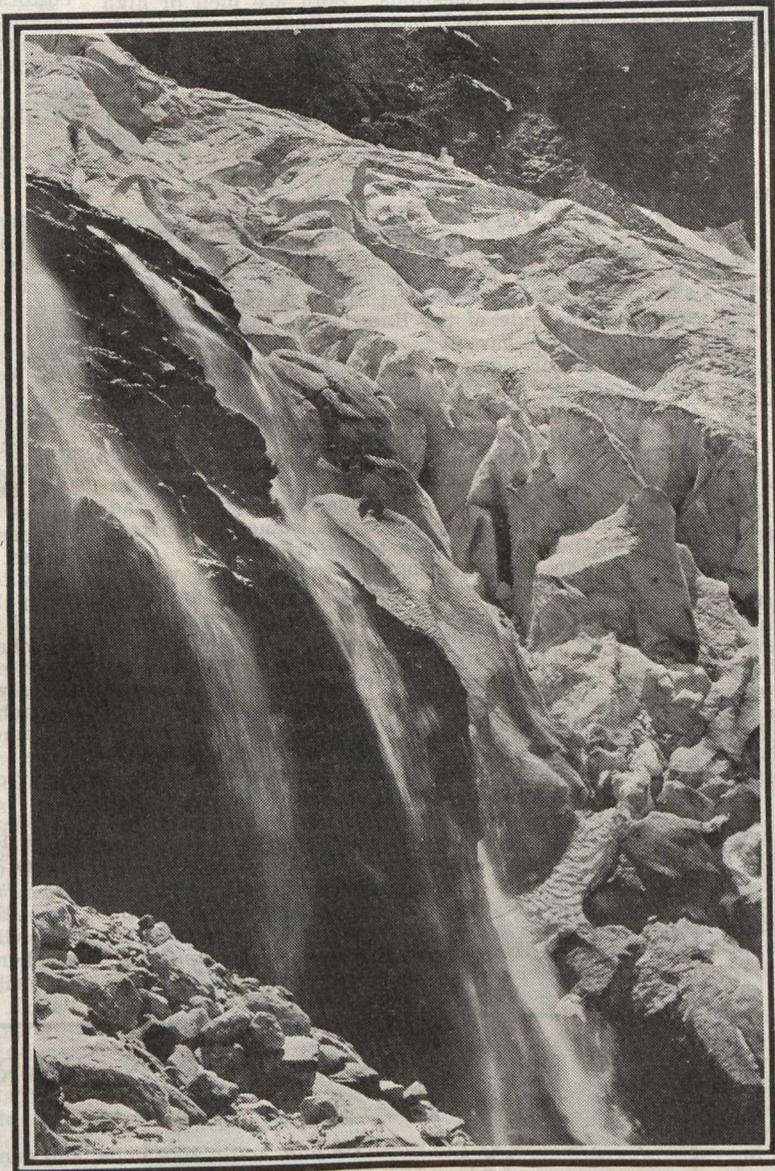
The Imperial Limited at Glacier Station, man's part in overcoming Nature.



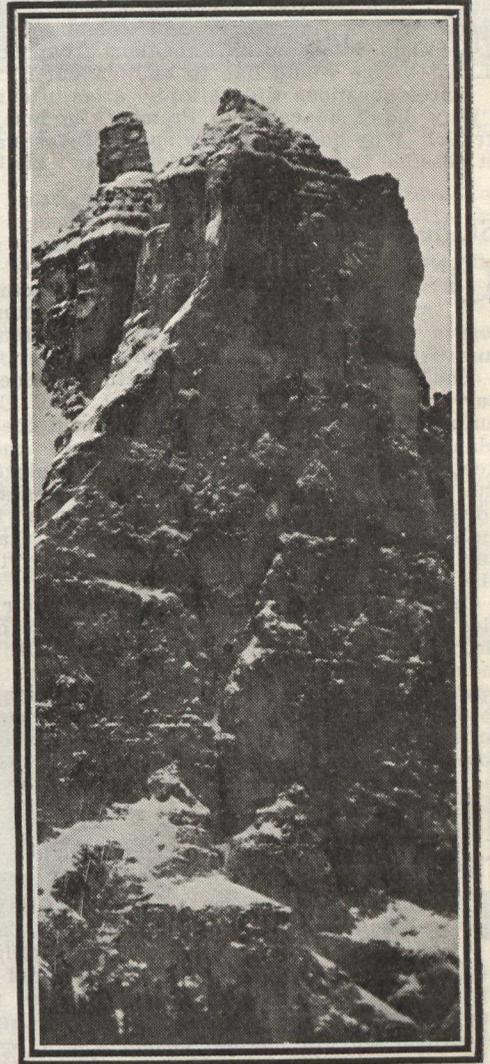
These fantastic outposts of rock near Banff are popularly called "Hoodoos."



Mt. Wapta and Emerald Lake are not yet as famous in our mountain literature as many of the celebrated altitudes in the Alps. Wapta is near the Great Divide, which separates the rivers of the east from those that flow into the Pacific.



Mountaineers who have climbed as near heaven as this may recognize here a resemblance to the great Illecillewaet Glacier.



Descriptive fancy has been lavished on the names of the peaks in the Canadian Rockies; but the name Cathedral Peak, given to this mass of rock-built towers near Kicking Horse Pass, is one of the most appropriate.

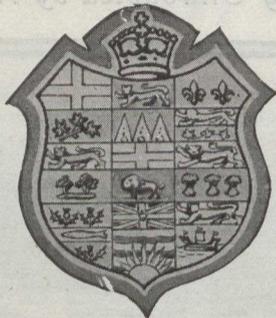
WHEN people try to escape from world worries the two places they seek out, if they have the price of getting there, are the mountains and the sea. Just at present the sea is in a very troubled condition with warships, submarines and destroyers. All the mountains of Europe, except those of Norway and Sweden are within reach of the world's warring armies, and the only great mountain ranges outside of the Himalayas and the Andes in South America where the sound of war



The Chateau at Lake Louise occupies one of the three highest points on the main line of the C. P. R. High living may be said to be a literal fact at this above-the-clouds altitude of 5,670 feet.

can never be heard, are the Rockies. In recent years eighty per cent. of the tourist traffic in the Canadian Rockies has been from the United States; and the percentage of Canadians who usually go to Europe to find mountains, while they neglect their own greater mountains at home, has been uncomfortably high. This year Canadians will not go to the Alps. They will be more likely to visit at much less expense the part of the world described as "Fifty Switzerlands rolled into one."

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To Get at the Truth

HON. LLOYD-GEORGE, Minister of Munitions, is sending over a business man of repute to see what all this hulabaloo is about. If certain people are getting 25 per cent. commission on British orders doled out to Canadians from New York, Lloyd-George would like to know about it.

Three questions will naturally arise in our minds: "Why didn't he cable to Premier Borden for the truth? Why does he send a special investigator? Is it possible that Premier Borden doesn't know?"

Stories Vary

ONE Cabinet Minister says that there are no more war orders to hand out. Another says, the same day, that every manufacturer who wants war orders can get them. That is the one unsatisfactory side of the story.

The other side is the manufacturers' side. They say they cannot get orders; that the Canadian authorities know little or nothing about the British plans, and that what Colonel Bertram knows he keeps pretty well to himself and his employer; that the orders for Canadian equipment are scanty, inadequate and dilatory; that the Government has lost more money by lack of forehandedness than from any other fault; and that generally everything is disorganized.

Canadians are almost as strong with their "grumbles" as the native Englishman, and some of these charges must be taken with a pinch of salt. Nevertheless, enough remains to show that the Ottawa Government, like the London administration, would be the better of some reorganization. The strenuous duties of deciding what to do one day and deciding not to do it the next day seems to have worn out the Cabinet. It has not been all beer and skittles at Ottawa during the war year.

The Honour Roll

THE honour roll is growing. As an Ottawa correspondent points out, the loss in Canadian officers equals the loss of British officers in the Crimean War. More than four hundred of our bravest and best trained military leaders are already on the honour roll, and, so far as Canada is concerned, the war has but begun.

Elsewhere in this issue is a complete list of the gallant Canadian officers who have been killed or taken prisoners in this war. That is, it is complete so far as the Courier has been able to compile it from the records. Friends of these officers are invited to send corrections for the next publication of the list a month hence.

Defence at Home

WHILE our men are defending our honour abroad, there is need for a defence force at home. Canada's political honour must be protected, especially in Manitoba. It matters not a whit whether the guilty parties be Liberals or Conservatives, big fish or little fry, the punishment should be swift and sure.

Would you defend Canada's honour abroad? Then defend Canada's honour at home. Use what influence you possess as a private, or lieutenant, or captain in the Canadian voters' army to have political patronage and political corruption stamped out.

You know the men who are responsible. They have gone up and down the length and breadth of this country calling one another names because both were guilty. Let us crowd them out, shoot them, bayonet them, before they Bossize and Prussianize the political machinery of this fair Dominion.

This is July 1st, 1915. If on this date one hundred

thousand Canadian voters were to swear a Garibaldi oath to exterminate political corruption and political corruptors, what a glorious victory there would be in the near future. Let us face the National Evil with firm resolution and unflinching determination.

A London Representative

CANADA has no High Commissioner in London—the centre of all our imperial activities. Hon. Mr. Perley is there, but he is only "acting." He did not want to go there. He does not desire to stay. He is not interested in the work which requires a political imagination of the highest order. He would prefer the political activities of Ottawa, where he understands the moves. Only a sense of duty holds him in London.

Apparently there is no High Commissioner available. There is no big man who understands the Imperial problem, and is interested in seeing Canada brought to the front as a leader in Empire activity and Empire thought. The Government has searched and searched, and it cannot find one who will be likely to commit fewer blunders than Mr. Perley has. Sir Clifford Sifton and Sir Adam Beck are busy buying remounts, and neither has any time for social and administrative leadership. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is helping Kitchener. Sir Hugh Graham has been rejected of the people. And who is there left?

The Courier would recommend two gentlemen, either of whom would grace the position—Mr. John Ross Robertson, of the Toronto Telegram, and Sir William Peterson, of McGill University. The one is said to have refused a knighthood recently, and the other has just received his honour. Both are interested in imperial questions. Both are men of high social standing. Each has the imagination which is necessary in this high administrative position.

Whether these nominations do or do not suit the Government, the whole staff of the High Commissioner's office needs revising and enlarging. A beginning should be made with a permanent commissioner and an advanced policy.

Dominion Day

CANADA has never been over-enthusiastic about Dominion Day. The "Salute the Flag" ceremonies of the United States have no counterpart on this side of the line. In so far as the flag has played any part, it is as public school and public building decoration. There has been no swearing of allegiance of "Old Glory" or "A Bit of Bunting."

The explanation is simple. Canada has no flag. Most of the people have come to use the Red Ensign, but Sir Joseph Pope wrote a pamphlet to tell the people of Canada it was disloyal to fly the Red Ensign on Land. The patriotic societies have veered to the Union Jack. The rest of us are somewhat mixed. Down in Quebec they stick to the tri-colour.

Up to the beginning of the war, Canada was a country without a flag. Now we have declared for the Union Jack. Whether the Red Ensign with Canada's arms in the "fly" will disappear, one cannot prophecy. There are many Canadians who would like to imitate Australia, New Zealand and South Africa and use a Canadian flag. The Imperialists, however, do not like the idea—fearing a spirit of "independence."

Whatever one's personal views may be, it is quite within the range of possibility that Canada will never be a united nation until it gets a flag of its own, to which English, Scotch, Irish, French and native Canadians will all swear allegiance. It does not seem possible to make all classes, races and tongues enthusiastic for a flag which does not bear the beaver and maple leaf in some form or other. Perhaps when the Sir Joseph Papes are happily removed from this sphere of action, Canada will be

allowed to have a British-Canadian flag which all her citizens will honour as the national emblem. Then Dominion Day will have a new significance instead of being, as it is now, largely a bank holiday.

Fie on You, Gentlemen

ONCE a partisan, always a partisan apparently. Sir John Willison, editor of the Toronto News, might be expected to refrain from partisanship at the present time. Yet last Saturday's News contained the following:

"Before the war the Liberals hampered the Government in preparing for the conflict. Since the war commenced they have sought in divers ways to embarrass and cripple the Administration in the execution of its unexampled task."

This was in an editorial entitled, "Mr. White at Durham," and was apparently inspired by the speech of the Minister of Finance at this Ontario town.

On Monday an editorial followed in the Toronto Globe in which it deals with the "misrepresentations" of the same Durham speech. One quotation:

"For the sake of making a little partisan capital he violates truth and maligns nameless third parties. His exaggerations regarding the initiation and subsequent development of the National Transcontinental enterprise amounts to wilful misrepresentation."

And this is the way the leading journalists keep the truce while Canada is raising another 35,000 men, and while the Empire is in a life-and-death struggle of which no one can foresee the end! If Lord Harmsworth should get sixty years in jail for his offences, as George Bernard Shaw suggests, the editors of the News and Globe should at least be interned as dangerous aliens. Mr. White's offences do not make a reasonable excuse for intelligent journalists.

A Public Defender

SOME States of the Union have a public defender who has duties the opposite of those of the crown attorney. The former defends accused citizens; the latter prosecutes them. This is an attempt to make men equal before the law.

The poor man accused of crime, who cannot hire a good lawyer, or provide for witnesses is at a disadvantage. The rich man who can buy the best legal talent and manufacture evidence, if need be, has a supreme advantage. The men are not equal in a criminal court.

In the Canadian police courts, a man who comes up on any charge is guilty unless he has been able to secure bail. Having got bail is an evidence that the man has money and a position in society. Therefore, he is presumably innocent unless the evidence proves otherwise. The poor man is presumed guilty, because a man who cannot afford a lawyer and cannot get bail is a vagrant or worse, and hence a man likely to commit crime.

A public defender seems to be as necessary as a public prosecutor. The poor men will thus have a fair chance and that without expense to themselves. After every jail has been transformed into a jail farm, without brick walls and iron gratings, then the public defender might be tried as the next improvement in dealing with our unfortunate neighbours. Then we shall come nearer observing that newer commandment, "Love one another."

Organize, Organize

NO cry has been more insistent in England than "Organize; Organize." Canada should learn the lesson. Only organization of a superior kind will enable the government and the country to weather the storm, which is steadily growing worse. The critical moment in our history is at hand.

CANADA'S BIRTHDAY

By AGNES MAULE MACHAR

WITH feu de joie, and merry bells, and cannons' thundering peal,
And pennons fluttering on the breeze, and serried rows of steel,
We greet once more the birthday morn of our Canadian land,
Wide stretching from Atlantic shore to far Pacific strand.

May she, though poor in luxuries, wax rich in noble deeds,
Knowing that righteousness exalts the people that it leads.
As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair;
It rests with those who rule us now to leave their impress there—
The stamp of true nobility, high honour, stainless truth,
The earnest quest of noble ends, the generous heart of youth;
The love of country, soaring far above all party strife,
The love of culture, art and song, the crowning grace of life,
The love of science reaching far through Nature's hidden ways,
The love and fear of Nature's God, a nation's highest praise;
So in the long hereafter our Canada shall be
The worthy heir of British power and British liberty,
Spreading their blessings 'neath her sway to her remotest bounds,
While with the fame of her fair name a continent resounds,
True to the high traditions of our Britain's ancient glory
O patriots, prophets, martyrs, saints, who live in deathless story—
Strong in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore
A light among the nations, till nations are no more.

—From "Lays of the True North."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

As We See Others

The National Birthday

WHAT a birthday Canada was to have known in this year, the hundredth anniversary of Waterloo! Forty-eight years have gone since the day which heard the Confederation of the Dominion proclaimed, and this was to have been a joyous birthday celebration. But we are keeping our holidays soberly, this year, for not one of those statesmen whom we have called the Fathers of Confederation could have foreseen such a Dominion Day as we are facing in 1915. One only of those who assembled to draw up this famous Confederation compact of 1867 remains to survey the strife of to-day, when all the sons of Britain are fighting in freedom's great cause. Across the seas, in the England which watched with pride the young Dominion of the 'sixties, is a venerable Canadian statesman, Sir Charles Tupper, bowed with years,

rather have you live and mend my coat." The reply of the gushing lady has not been recorded, but let us hope that she made a stitching demonstration of her devotion. It is ever so easy to talk about what we care for, and how much; but a deed goes farther to prove sincerity than any oration.

"We're very sorry about it," chorused a small assembly of persons. "Well, I'm sorry five dollars," said a quiet citizen, who had hitherto been silent, as he placed a crisp new note on the table.

There was a sudden silence, and then the other sorry citizens "materialized" their grief, with a happy result for the cause concerned.

A statesman in Saskatchewan has suggested that each farmer of that province should cultivate an extra acre of wheat this year for the benefit of the Allies. Premier Asquith referred to this proposal recently in his now famous Guildhall speech. This is truly a golden form of patriotism which Saskatchewan is devising, and when each farmer is sympathizing to the extent of an acre, the prospect for Europe's daily bread grows brighter. We are expressing our loyalty "in kind," this year, and, as one hears of the proposal of this western province, it is to recall by Warman's line:

"For the soul of the Saskatchewan's a little grain of wheat."

The Medical Forces

A CANADIAN woman said at a patriotic meeting the other day: "I don't know what we'll do without our doctor. He's gone to the Front, and I'm sure he'll stay over there as long as he's needed. I hope none of the children will be sick while he is away."

"But there are other doctors," suggested a friend. "There's no one like our doctor," insisted the first speaker. "But I don't grudge him to the soldier boys."

While it is more evident in small or scattered districts, what the skilful physician becomes to each household, there are many Canadians both in cities and countryside to-day who are praying for the safety of the doctors who have gone across the seas. Next to our military contingents, our medical forces have been the busiest in the land, during the last ten months; and, in the face of their patriotism and professional sacrifices, the cheap sneer of the funny column at the doctor's expense seems especially out of date. The latest discoveries of medical research are being used now in the healing of our wounded; and, if the world has never before seen such an exhibition of cold-blooded brutality as the "kultur" atrocities, it has also never before witnessed such a devotion of strength and skill to the cause of freedom and humanity as is being shown to-day.



LADY AMES, Wife of Sir Herbert Ames, M.P., of Montreal, who was in the recent birthday list of honours.

Both at home and abroad, whether in free attendance on the dependents of those who have gone to the war (as is the case with nearly two hundred Fellows of the Toronto Academy of Medicine), or in the actual care of the wounded in France, Flanders and Britain, our Canadian doctors have this year won a Distinguished Service Order which the Dominion will not forget.

ERIN.

Lady Ames

THERE are few better known women in church circles, and particularly in the American Presbyterian Church, than Lady Ames, of Montreal. Merely social functions she rather avoids, but any movement which has social reform for its object, is sure to have her sympathy and support.

She was Miss Louise Mariam Kennedy, daughter of John Kennedy, C.E., who is famous for his work



LADY DRAYTON,

Whose husband, Sir Henry L. Drayton, K.C., was a recipient of recent birthday honours from His Majesty the King. Sir Henry is chairman of the Railway Commission, and resides at Ottawa.

and watching, with loyal anxiety, the course of the continental conflict. May he live to see a happier Dominion Day and the days of peace return!

As for the Canadians who are in the midst of life's struggle and clamour, it may be said that they know their country to-day as they have never before. We have listened, on many a Dominion Day, to orations on our national resources, and our wonderful heritage. Since last August we have proved worthy of that heritage, and have shown that our greatest resource is the splendid manhood which sacrificed itself in the cause of honour and liberty. To most of us, war has meant little more than tradition and history. Now it has flamed into the testing-time of a people, and Canada can say, in both grief and pride, that the young soldiers who went forth eagerly in this year of trial were worthy in fortitude, daring and steadfastness of the great races which have blended in the making of a Dominion. Whatever birthdays may be kept in future years, Canada will not soon forget the Dominion Day of 1915, when she drank to the health and the victory of her sons across the seas.

That Extra Acre

IN one of his earlier poems, Tennyson speaks of those who are mere would-be philanthropists as "divorcing Feeling from her mate—the Deed." In the need of to-day, there are few Canadians who may be accused with justice of contenting themselves with a show of good-will. A resolution of sympathy is accompanied by practical offers of wheat, flour, cheese and canned salmon, to say nothing of the dollars we have sent to the hospitals across the Atlantic. We are not only being loyal with the mouth—we are giving wealth, property and life, itself, that the cause of the Empire and the Allies may prosper.

A well-meaning and affectionate young wife once remarked to her husband: "You know, dear, I would willingly die for you."

The long-suffering gentleman replied, meekly: "I'd



A PRETTY TORONTO WEDDING.

On June 16th, at the Rosedale Presbyterian Church, Toronto, the marriage of Ethel Phyllis Hyslop to Gordon Erskine McCarter, was celebrated. The bride's attendants were (left to right) Miss Gladys Lee, Miss Margaret Woodruff, of St. Catharines, and Miss Marjorie Warwick. The ushers were (left to right) Mr. Jack Eastwood, Mr. Stuart Clark, Mr. Norman Lorimer, and Mr. Everett Smith, of Guelph.

upon the Montreal harbour, and who was also connected with the building of the Chaudiere Dam at Ottawa. His daughter graduated from the High School, and on May 19th, 1890, she married Mr. Herbert Brown Ames. Ill-health prevented her from taking a very active part in her husband's political career, but she travelled extensively, visiting all of the well-known, any many of the little-known, spots on the globe. A high tribute is paid to her ability as a nurse by her husband who thinks that he would never have recovered from a severe illness contracted in Egypt, but for her clever ministrations.

SOCIAL SERVICE IN VANCOUVER.

Vancouver, June 15th.

THE great awakening sense of social responsibility which is spreading over the world has reached the hospitals, and is creating a new order of things there, and the visible symbol of this new order is the social service worker. Now, when the hospital has relieved the patient's



MRS. A. H. WALLBRIDGE,

President of the Women's Auxiliary of the Vancouver General Hospital, a society which is doing excellent work along the line of social service. The members of the Auxiliary, under the direction of Mrs. Wallbridge, organized a "Hospital Saturday" this month and made a street collection amounting to \$4,000.

physical ailments it makes an effort to ameliorate his social ills by looking into his home conditions and the nature of his employment.

It is now nearly three years since a social service department was instituted in the Vancouver General Hospital by the Women's Auxiliary, an organization which for a number of years has worked for the support of the hospital. Formerly this society, which has a large membership composed of representative women of the city, gave practically all its attention to the supplying of linen for the institution, but latterly, as the value of the social service work has become more and more apparent, the Auxiliary has devoted its energy and resources to its maintenance, for the city can furnish the hospital with no fund for this work, and the money has to be raised in other ways.

A "Hospital Saturday" was organized this month when a large corps of helpers made a street collection in behalf of the Social Service Department, an effort which resulted in a contribution from the public of nearly \$4,000. This amount, while smaller than has been received on Hospital Saturdays of other years, exceeded the expectations of the promoters who based their estimate of the day's takings on the consideration of a Red Cross Tag Day which had been held a little more than a fortnight before, when \$12,000 had been given by the people, and of the numerous other demands which have recently been made upon the generosity of the public.

M. D.

CANADA'S POPULARITY.

London, June 6th.

ANY vestige of a hint of depreciation clinging to the word "colonial," which survived the South African War has certainly died a swift death early in the present campaign. Indeed, one finds people in England calling themselves Canadians on the slightest claim. I searched out the secretary of an important organization working among Belgian refugees in London, and almost the first thing he said to me, with all the cordiality of fellow-countrymen meeting at the antipodes, was:

"Oh, are you a Canadian? So am I."

I found that he had been in Canada several months, indeed, almost a year, on business.

On this gentleman's advice I went to the headquarters for Belgian refugees, in Aldwych, and the uniformed attendant who showed me about at once spotted me for a Canadian.

"You come from Canada, don't you?" he said. "So do I."

"Do you really?" I responded. "From what part of Canada do you come?"

"Well," he said, "I got my wife in Halifax."

"Oh, and have you been anywhere else in Canada?" I asked, pursuing the subject politely.

"No, that's as far as I got," he admitted.

But he was a Canadian, and so was the secretary, and so, one finds, at heart, is almost everyone who ever falls under the happy influences of our big, broad, welcoming land. Canada so easily becomes "home."

MONA CLEAVER.

ONTARIO SUFFRAGISTS.

AFTER a year of earnest efforts under most unfavourable conditions the National Union of Suffrage Societies for Ontario has held its first annual meeting. Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, the President, in reviewing the past twelve months, said that the organization had started with the best possible equipment and the worst possible conditions; it had been necessary to sacrifice suffrage propaganda for war work, the only thing that any woman with a woman's heart could do.

The elections resulted as follows, very little change being made from last year's list: Honorary President, Mrs. Tilley; President, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton; Vice-President at large, Mrs. Gordon Wright; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. H. Fotheringham; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. R. Lang; Treasurer, Miss Jessie Melville, all of Toronto. The Provincial Presidents also fill office as Vice-Presidents of the National Organization. The conveners of committees are: Legislation, Mrs. Sears; Literature, Miss Lea; Press, Mrs. Campbell MacIver; Organization, Mrs. Hector Prenter; Finance, Mrs. Roade; Statistics, Miss Connelly. A resolution was passed that the Dominion Government be asked to pass an act granting the franchise to women on the same terms as men, so that the measure could become law by proclamation in the various Provinces.

WHEN THE KAISERIN VISITED ENGLAND.

YEARS ago, when the German Empress was just a young girl, she spent many happy days in the England that she now constantly asks that God will punish. Her visits were usually made to her uncle, Prince Christian, at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, and it was here, in 1878, that she first met her future husband, when, as Prince William, then a student at Bonn, he was returning home from an autumn visit to his royal English grandmother at Balmoral. In 1891, after her first state visit to England, the Empress and her children spent a number of weeks at Felixstowe.

Visiting, as she sometimes does, the hospitals in which lie the wounded German soldiers, the Empress is said to have impressed upon them the many reasons for hatred to England, and left them with the parting words, "Children, that is the one motto: 'Gott strafe England.'"

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Courierettes.

A CHICAGO policeman had his wrist injured when somebody hit his wrist watch. Some chap will be poking him in the eye and breaking his monocle next.

Jane Addams says that nothing can be settled by force. Jane might look up history, and history has a way of repeating itself.

"A human bullet" is one American writer's description of Teddy Roosevelt. He may be, but he's not a dumb-dumb bullet, anyway.

Alexander Graham Bell predicts that men will be able to think by wire ere long. In political circles they work by wire already.

Chen Yuang Cheng, the John D. Rockefeller of China, is making a tour of the States. He'll find it hard to teach John D. any new tricks.

A lot of the little nations of Europe seem to be hanging a long time around the stage door of the theatre of war.

The cafes are now displaying frogs' legs. A little variety now and then is really relished.

Methodist missionaries offered to work for reduced salaries to help bear the common burden in war time. That is a real proof of religion.

As Shakespeare said, what's in a name? The most daringly spectacular feat of the war—the destruction of a Zeppelin by an English aviator—was done by a young chap named Reggie.

One hundred tons of leaves for making absinthe were burned in France the other day. How Carrie Nation would have enjoyed that blaze!

Bryan may run for president on a "peace and prohibition" platform. But there's a little work to be done in the world before those ideals can be realized.

American papers still tell about Washington crossing the Delaware. If Bryan had been in G. W.'s place he would have double-crossed it.

It is said that 400,000 goats were killed for food in America last year. Still, everybody seems to have one.

Alfred Noyes, the English poet, says George Bernard Shaw is a fool. Well, do we hear any argument about it?

Since Bryan resigned grape juice is no longer the official beverage at Washington.

Doctors Mistaken. — That tobacco shortens our days is the dictum of the doctors. We know some fellows who gave up the habit and now they say that their days seem infinitely longer.

Next Step. — Two British coroners' juries have charged the Kaiser with murder. Will some Irish policeman please go out and arrest the accused?

Where They Fail. — It was Paul who wrote, "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith," but nowadays it seems easier for folks to fight the good fight than to keep the faith.

Explained. — Justice is blind, and she may be so because she has not enough nerve to look at the results of some of the cases in which she is supposed to have had a hand.

The Limit. — Marconi has invented, it is said, a machine which will enable people to see through solid walls. That means the end of apartment house life.

Is He Sincere? — Al Jennings, for-

mer outlaw, has been converted and baptized. "It will make a great difference in my life," he says. But will he quit politics?

War Notes.

Somebody has put a fist in pacifist.

Bryan wouldn't put a stick either in his grape juice or his official notes.

They should have sent Dernberg home on the Lusitania.

Europe seems likely to celebrate July 4 in real American fashion.

San Marino, which has just entered the war, has an army of under 1,000 men—about equal in strength to Sergeant Michael O'Leary, V.C.

"I'd rather be right than be president of Portugal," is the amended form of the famous saying.

Turks have met British troops on land for the first time since the Crusades. They probably think it's often enough.

The Kaiser refers to his navy as "that trusty shield." Surely he meant "rusty" and got an extra "t" in there.

Japan was hardly recognized as a civilized nation until she went to war. Germany was not regarded as uncivilized until she went to war.

I Remember! I Remember!
(Being a modernization of Tom Hood's reverie.)

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
You'd hardly know the old place now.
For dad is up to date,
And the farm is scientific
From the back lot to the gate.

The house and barn are lighted
With bright acetylene,
The engine in the laundry
Is run by gasoline.
We have silos, we have autos,
We have dynamos and things;
A telephone for gossip,
And a phonograph that sings.

The hired man has left us,
We miss his homely face;
A lot of college graduates
Are working in his place.
There's an engineer and fireman,
A chauffeur and a vet.,
'Lectrician and mechanic—
Oh, the farm's run right, you bet.

The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn,
Now brightens up a bathroom
That cost a car of corn.
Our milkmaid is pneumatic
And she's sanitary, too;
But dad gets fifteen cents a quart
For milk that once brought two.

Our cattle came from Jersey,
And the hogs are all Duroc;
The sheep are Southdown beauties
And the hens are Plymouth Rock.
To have the best of everything—
That is our aim and plan—
For dad not only farms it,
But he's a business man.

Another Atrocity.—England now refuses to take any notice of Bernard Shaw or to give him the publicity he so ardently loves. That, to Mr. Shaw's mind, is the greatest atrocity of the war.

Reversed. — After touring in the play "Maternity," Richard Bennett,

the well-known American actor, started out to star in "Nearly Married." Mr. Bennett should have reversed this arrangement to get the proper time sequence.

Quite a Fall. — "I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for six hours."
"Really! Where did you fall?"
"Asleep."

Not Now. — The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the makers of pens are not working overtime these days.

Words About Women.

A pretty woman may be a plain cook, but the chances are the other way.

Why do they refer to the ladies as the fair sex, when half of them are dark?

A woman should not marry a man so tall that she cannot easily reach his hair.

The average woman makes a fact of her birthday and a fiction of her age.

It's an odd thing that a man never encounters his affinity until after he is married.

A woman hates a male flirt—unless he is flirting with her.

Caesar's wife had to be above suspicion, but some modern wives are satisfied not to be found out.

When a man begins to work overtime a woman begins to search his pockets for the reason.

"Just as Good."

A few days ago, when he was still smoking cigars and wondering how he would ever have nerve enough to change off to a pipe, a frugal citizen dropped into a Toronto tobacconist shop to get another quarter's worth of his favorite brand. He made a resolution that he would not smoke another cigar till the war was over. He knew he would break it, but since the Methodist preachers at the Conference raised such a wail about sending tobacco to non-smoking young soldiers in the trenches, he felt that he had to make the resolution anyway.

"Oh, Tuxedos?" said the dealer. "Sorry—but I haven't got those. No, I'm just out. But here's a brand that's much better than Tuxedos. Oh, skins 'em a mile! New make—delicious—pure Havana filler—same price. Eh?"

The new ones looked so sleek and handsome that the customer took a quarter's worth. He was so eager to try them that he lighted one on the street. It tasted so good that when the trolley came along he put the butt in his pocket. When he got off at the other end and lighted up again he became suddenly conscious that something was wrong inside that cigar. He chucked it away and lighted another. This was very good for a few puffs, then it got worse than the other. Before he went to bed he tried the whole quarter's worth. They were all villainous.

"That settles it," he said to himself. "Now I know how to quit cigar smoking. I never could have done it if I hadn't bought Tuxedos."

War Must End Soon.—There is unconscious humour in some of the letters sent home by soldiers at the front. An instance of this found its way into print in a Toronto paper the other day in a quotation from a letter written to his mother by Arthur Keats, of the Queen's Own Rifles. Six young men, including three Keats brothers, went to the war from this home.

The young man wrote home: "The war won't last long. Italy is in with us, Charlie Stovall is going on fine, A. Jackson is all right, Charlie is all right, and I feel fine."

The Kaiser will surrender when he hears this.



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National Trust Company Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the three months ending June 30th at the rate of

TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM

has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company and that same will be payable on and after July 1st next.

The transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 30th June, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

Toronto, June 2nd, 1915. W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager.

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THE HONOUR ROLL KILLED AND MISSING

A list of officers killed and missing, revised to May 3rd, was published in The Courier May 8th. It is now republished, with additions to June 21st. As this list will be published again from time to time, readers who notice mistakes or omissions are invited to send corrections and suggestions.

KILLED IN ACTION.

Field Officers.

Colonel A. P. Birchall, Gloucester, Eng., staff.
Lieut.-Col. Henry C. Becher, London, 7th Fusiliers.
Lt.-Col. R. L. Boyle, Alberta, 15th Light Horse.
Lt.-Col. Hart McHarg, Vancouver, 5th D. C.O.R.
Major A. E. Ball, Owen Sound, 31st Regt.
Major G. W. Bennett, Peterboro, 57th Regt.
Major W. P. Dillon, No. 2 Gen. Hos.
Major George Higinbotham, Toronto, 2nd Q.O.R. (died).
Major A. E. Kimmins, Winona, 97th.
Major J. J. MacLaren, Brandon, Dragoons.
Major E. C. Norsworthy, Montreal, 5th Highlanders.
Major G. J. L. Smith, Chatham, 24th Reg.
Major D. Tenaille, Moosejaw, 29th Light Horse.
Major G. B. Wright, Quebec, R.C.E.

Captains.

R. A. S. Allen, Salmon Arm, 31st B. C. Horse (died of wounds).
R. C. Darling, Toronto, 48th Highlanders.
A. R. Darche, Beauharnois, 64th Regt.
John Geddes, Winnipeg, 79th Highlanders.
D. Glover, Orillia, 97th Regt.
G. C. Gliddon, 10th Bn. (died of wounds).
W. L. L. Gordon, Toronto, 9th Mississauga Horse.
R. B. Harvey, Victoria, B.C., 88th Fusiliers.
J. R. I. Hopkins, Saskatoon, 29th Light Horse.
J. R. Innes-Hopkins, 5th Bn.
G. O. Lees, Ottawa, 5th Highlanders.
W. L. Lockhart-Gordon, Toronto, Mississauga Horse.
T. D. Lockhart, Galt, 29th Regt.
H. C. Maxwell, Fleming, 23rd Alberta Rangers.
C. M. Merritt, Vancouver, 72nd High.
T. E. Morrison, Toronto, Canadian Engineers, Permanent Force.
H. G. Muntz, Toronto, 2nd Q.O.R. (died of wounds).
Gault McCombe, Montreal, 3rd Victoria Rifles.
Charles E. McGee, Moosejaw, 60th Rifles of Canada.
E. H. McNeans, Winnipeg, 90th Rifles.
J. H. McGregor, Victoria, 50th Regt.
F. Pott, Medicine Hat, 21st Alberta Hussars.
G. C. Ryerson, Toronto, 10th Grenadiers.
Richard Steacie, Montreal, 1st Guards.
R. H. Stewart, Edmonton, 101st.
H. A. C. Wallace, Winnipeg, 106th Regt.
T. Warren, Toronto, 48th Highlanders.
J. N. Warmington, Montreal, 1st Grenadier Guards.

Lieutenants.

W. F. Ashburton, England (from list of wounded).
A. C. Bastedo, Toronto, 20th Halton Rifles.
A. R. Ball, Winnipeg, — (died of wounds).
D. P. Bell-Irving, Engineers.
Briscoe, Galt (accidentally, at Salisbury).
R. R. Brown, Galt, 29th Regt.
H. G. Brunton, 4th Bn., Winnipeg, Fort Garry Horse.
A. L. Bell, Montreal, formerly 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto.
C. D. Brant, Hamilton.
H. A. Bromley, Victoria, 88th Fusiliers.
E. N. Chesham, Strathroy, 26th Regt.
J. M. Currie, Regina, 16th Light Horse.
R. F. Crawford, P.P.C.L.I. (died of wounds).
G. A. Coldwell, Brandon, 12th Manitoba Dragoons.
C. W. Day, Kingston, 47th Regt.
W. J. Doxsee, Campbellford, 40th Regt.
G. G. Duncan, 36th Regt, Port Credit.
Guy M. Drummond, Montreal, 5th Highlanders.
Arthur G. Eddis, Toronto, 3rd Bn.
N. A. Edwards, P.P.C.L.I.
W. Fitzpatrick, Pipestone, Man., 20th Border Horse.
W. M. Galaugher, Chatham, 24th Regt.
Glen N. Gordon, Stratford, Cadets.
Alexis Helmer, 1st Art. Br., Ottawa.
G. Hornby, New Westminster, 104th Fusiliers.
O. C. F. Hague, Montreal, 3rd Battery.
McC. Hill-Jones, London.
J. G. Helliwell, Toronto, Windsor, 21st Regt.
C. C. Holmes, Victoria, 88th Fusiliers.
R. Hoskins, Winnipeg, 106th Light Infantry.

C. A. James, Woodstock, Ont., 22nd Oxford Rifles.
W. D. P. Jarvis, Toronto, Gov.-Gen'l's Body Guards.
N. A. Jessop, Victoria, B.C., 88th Fusiliers.
Charles King-Mason, Saskatoon, 29th Light Horse.
A. D. Kirkpatrick, Toronto, G.G.B.G.
H. G. Kerr, Pickering, 3rd Bn.
H. N. Klotz, Toronto, Mississauga Horse.
S. E. Lewis, Brandon, 99th Rangers.
R. P. Latta, Vancouver, 6th Connaught Rifles.
A. L. Lindsay, Vancouver, 72nd Highlanders (died of wounds).
H. B. Maguire, Orangeville, 36th Regt.
F. R. Medland, Toronto, 2nd Q.O.R.
G. A. Metcalfe, Toronto, 25th Regt., St. Thomas.
M. D. McDonald, Toronto, 2nd Q.O.R.
D. Mundell, Regina, 16th Light Horse (died of wounds).
A. E. Muir, Toronto, 48th Highlanders.
D. C. McColl, Medicine Hat, 21st Alberta Hussars.
A. R. Morgan, Vancouver, 72nd Seaforth Highlanders.
D. Meikle, Moosejaw, 27th Light Horse.
G. A. G. MacKenzie, reserve officers, 2nd Q.O.R.
A. H. McKay.
J. T. H. Nasmyth, Port Hope, 46th Regt.
H. E. Passmore, Winnipeg, 90th Rifles.
E. M. Picton-Ward, 16th Bn.
W. A. Reeve, Regina, 6th Light Horse.
S. A. Reddock, Toronto, 2nd Q.O.R.
J. E. Reynolds, Winnipeg, 90th Rifles.
F. W. Robinson, Strathroy, 26th Regt.
W. E. B. Schreiber, Div. Am. Col. (died of wounds).
G. N. Stairs, Halifax, 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers.
J. M. Scott, Montreal, 85th Regt.
M. B. W. Smith-Rewse, Winnipeg, 90th Rifles.
J. L. Tranter, Southampton, 32nd Regt.
G. Todhunter, 10th Bn.
J. A. K. Thompson, 10th Bn.
W. G. Tennant, British Columbia Horse.
G. Williamson, Montreal, 1st Grenadier Guards.
J. C. L. Young, Clifton, Eng.

PRISONERS OR MISSING.

Field Officers.

Major P. Anderson, Edmonton, 101st Fusiliers.
Major H. G. Bolster, Cobourg, 40th Regt.
Major P. Byng Hall, D.S.O., Victoria, 88th Fusiliers.
Major Edward Thomas Kelly, Dunnville, 37th Rifles.
Major A. J. E. Kirkpatrick, Toronto, 2nd Q.O.R.
Major C. J. Mersereau, Hampton, N.B., Corps of Guides.
Major D. R. McCuaig, Montreal, 5th Highlanders (wounded).
Major J. E. K. Osborne, Toronto, 48th Highlanders (wounded).

Captains.

G. M. Alexander, Toronto, 48th.
R. Y. Cory, Toronto, 48th.
E. C. Culling, London, Eng.
A. M. Daniels, Cobalt, 97th Regiment.
G. E. D. Green, Toronto, Grenadiers.
M. K. Green, Kingston, R.C.R.
W. H. V. Hooper, Ottawa, 42nd Regt.
Honorary Captain D. O. Irwin, Y.M.C.A.
D. L. Johnston, Toronto, 2nd Q.O.R.
G. W. Jameson, Winnipeg, 79th Highlanders (wounded).
P. J. Locke, Vancouver.
L. S. Morrison, Toronto, 10th Grenadiers.
A. R. McGregor, Toronto, 48th.
G. W. Northwood, Winnipeg, 90th Rifles.
G. H. Ross, Winnipeg, 79th Highlanders (wounded).
A. C. Shaw, Herbert, Sask. (wounded).
J. E. L. Streight, Toronto, G.G.B.G.
T. V. Scudamore, Vancouver, 6th Connaught Rifles (wounded).
John W. Warden, Vancouver, 6th Regt.
L. W. Whitehead, 13th Bn., Montreal, 5th Highlanders (wounded).

Lieutenants.

G. S. Ager, Victoria, B.C., 50th Regiment (wounded).
D. G. Allen, Toronto, Grenadiers.
G. F. Andrews, Winnipeg, 90th Rifles.
H. A. Barwick, Toronto, 48th.
W. C. Brotherhood, Montreal, 1st Grenadier Guards (wounded).
E. O. Bath, Toronto, 48th.
J. K. Bell, Winnipeg, 90th Regt.
E. D. Bellow, Vancouver, 11th Irish Fusiliers.
H. S. Dennison, P.P.C.L.I.
G. D. Douglas, Toronto.
Thomas C. Fryer, London, Eng.
C. V. Fessenden, Toronto, 48th.
W. M. Hart, 5th Bn., Winnipeg (medical).
F. V. Jones, Toronto, 4th.
J. G. Kenworthy, Victoria, B.C. (w'nd'd).
P. Lane, P.P.C.L.I.
Langmuir, Toronto, 48th Highlanders.



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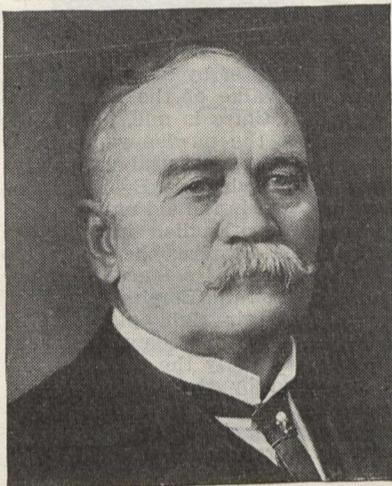
George M. H. Leslie.
V. A. Maclean, Vancouver, Seaforth Highlanders (wounded).
W. A. Mackenzie, Winnipeg, 90th Rifles.
F. W. Macdonald, Toronto, 48th.
H. C. V. Macdowall, Victoria, 88th Fusiliers.
John McDonald, Stratford.
J. E. McLurg, Sault Ste. Marie, 51st Rifles.
R. R. McKesock, Toronto, 48th High.
W. DeC. O'Grady, Winnipeg (wounded).
H. E. L. Owen, Port Arthur, 96th Regt.
C. B. Pitblado, Montreal, 5th Highland-

ers (wounded).
C. R. Scott, Perth, 42nd Regiment.
D. H. Sinclair, Glasgow, Scotland.
Frank J. Smith, Toronto, 48th.
R. A. Stirling, Quebec, 8th Royal Rifles.
R. P. Steeves, Vancouver and Sussex, N.B.
T. J. Swift, Waterford.
H. M. Scott, Scotland.
J. C. Thorn, Vancouver, 11th Irish Fusiliers (wounded).
G. B. Taylor, Toronto, 48th Highlanders.
G. Triggs.
O. G. Whelen, Ottawa, 43rd Regiment.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Orders for Railway Equipment

PEOPLÉ who say that Canada is not getting a fair share of the Russian and French railway equipment are assuming a position which is new. It is scarcely ten years since some Canadians argued that Canada could not produce steel rails, steel cars and locomotives in competition with the big steel companies across the border. Now these same people want to know why the Allies are not placing more orders here. There is a funny side to the discussion.



SENATOR NATHANIEL CURRY, President Canadian Car and Foundry Company, who is executing a big order for the Russians.

orders is a man's job. A Government might have the busiest printing bureau in the world and yet go broke.

However, the facts are, that Canada is making railway equipment in competition with the world. True, the Canadian production may not show much profit, but at least we are doing it. The Canadian Locomotive Company has secured an order for some locomotives. The Eastern Car (N. S. Steel), has some Russian and French orders. Canada is getting her share. The huge order secured by Senator Curry for the Canada Car and Foundry Company is well known. More might have come this way if our Government had had as much experience in this game as the Schwabs and Morgans. Industrially Canada is still in the apprentice class, and has a lot to learn before it can hold its own in competition with the United States. They have both the money and the brains over there; but in the words of the country editor, "Nil desperandum."

One of the lessons to be learned at Ottawa is that printing commercial news is a boy's business, whereas, getting real

Bleeding the Foreigner

NEW YORK is in control. Because the United States is neutral it has the whip hand. New York is fighting to keep down the price of all stocks internationally limited, because the big fellows know that the Europeans must sell and can find purchasers only in New York. The United States financiers, with plenty of money in the country, are buying American securities in Europe at ridiculously low prices. Moreover, they are profiting by the exchange situation. So much money is coming from Europe, and so little going back, that European pounds and francs are at a discount in New York. The American is thus getting the profit by two methods—low prices of international stocks, and low exchange.

What to Buy

WISE Canadians are buying bonds and debentures only. There never was a time when Canadians needed to show more wisdom in investing money, and there never was a time when the people were actually showing the necessary knowledge and disposition. Municipal and Government bonds are the thing—unless you want to gamble.

Navigation Shares

UNDoubtedly this is a big year for the shipping companies. Boats have risen in value and can be sold at a big profit. Boats that are operating are getting plenty of cargo and top prices. The Canada Steamships, Limited, has a number of its lake boats on ocean traffic. Hence the remainder of the fleet is busy, and is not feeling the decline in freight traffic on the lakes. Moreover, passenger traffic is good, and 1915 promises to be a banner year in this respect. The total earnings of this and other companies will undoubtedly exceed those of 1914.

Gambling in Canned Goods

NEXT to mining there has been considerable gamble in canned goods in this country. The canners gambled that they could keep prices up to a certain level by artificial means. They are stocked away up—enough to last a couple of years. Hence the Dominion Canners have passed their dividends and smaller companies are closing down. Canned goods will sell again when the canners stop trying to make fifty per cent. profit. The reported "war" in canned goods is only a falling of prices to the natural and reasonable level.

New Director Excelsior Life

AT a recent meeting of the directors of the Excelsior Life Assurance Company, Mr. J. H. Black, of Halleybury, was elected to the board to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Ruliff Grass. Mr. Black is General Manager of the Northern Ontario Power Company, and was at one time one of the Commissioners of the T. & N. O. Railway. He is perhaps one of the best known men of the north, and should prove of valuable assistance to the Excelsior Life.

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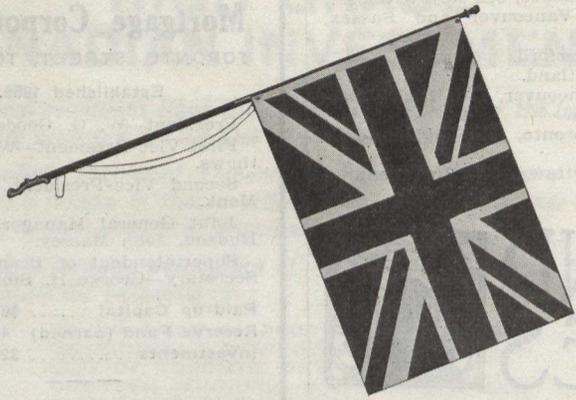
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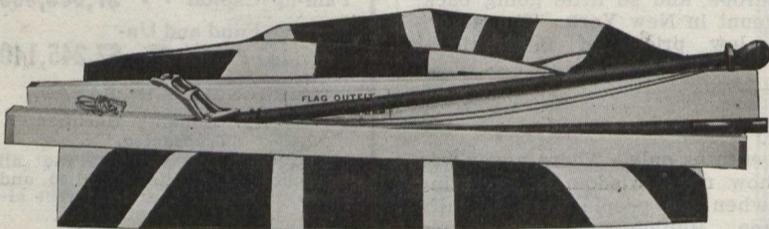
Never in our history have Canadians been so deeply stirred with feelings of patriotic fervour. Never has the historic old Union Jack looked so good or stood so high before the rest of the world.

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The Canadian Courier, Toronto, Canada.

Send me a flag. I have indicated with an X the one I want. I am remitting herewith the amount quoted above for this flag.

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What is Empire to John Smith?

(Concluded from page 4.)

of the late Prime Minister of the Dominion, the great French-Canadian, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, no less than of the present Prime Minister of British descent. The existence of Canada is not threatened, nor likely to be threatened. Canada has no German colonies or possessions within her own horizon, but the horizon of the Empire is hers; she takes her part and sends her men. In South Africa, with the Great War but a thing of yesterday, race feeling and Dutch nationalism is or has been strong. Here are Germans hard by to fan it, to supply munitions of war, to stimulate and stiffen rebellion. Yet from South Africa there is in the main the same story to tell. Dutchmen have crushed their recalcitrant kindred, and join with English fellow-citizens to square accounts with the German enemies of the Empire. The same is true of all lands and peoples wherever the British flag flies. The native races offer service; the islands of the seas send gifts.

CARLYLE'S TESTIMONY.

WANT of belief by an Englishman in the value of the Empire in normal times is due, partly, to revolt against the unwise vapourings of unwise writers and speakers, partly to want of knowledge. Even at the present day, and in the old universities which should lead English thought, the history of the Empire, the study of various branches of science in their direct bearing on the Empire, have not been put in their right place. We need a succession of Seeleys to teach strongly and soberly the evolution of what is called by the somewhat repellent term Empire, to teach it not as a subject for boasting, nor as a showy and agreeable appendage, but as a thing vital to our national existence, and as our own special contribution to history. "Our little isle is grown too narrow for us," wrote Carlyle, in Past and Present; and it has been seen how in the same great book he dwelt upon the qualities in the Englishman which have made the Empire. "His unspoken sense, his inner silent feeling of what is true, what does agree with fact, what is doable and what is not doable—this seeks its fellow in the world. A terrible worker, irresistible against marshes, mountains, impediments, disorder, inciviliation; everywhere vanquishing disorder, leaving it behind him as method and order." These are the words of a great writer and thinker who believed in force, who was steeped in German methods of thought, and one of whose heroes was Frederick the Great; but it was not mere force he

found in the English character, nor love of greed, it was the quality of discerning what is doable and what is not doable, the application to lands and peoples of practical common sense.

THE WORKING ENGLISHMAN.

THESE words of Carlyle are a fair estimate of what has given life and strength to the Empire. It may all be expressed in terms of the British instinct to do, and the British capacity for doing a good piece of work. The artisan, who sees no advantage in the Empire, at least knows a good piece of work in his own trade when he sees it; and, if he is cast in the mould after which British workmen have been fashioned in the past, he will not lend his hand to a bad piece of work, not merely because he is an honest man, but because it would be contrary to his workmanlike instinct. This is the quality or characteristic on a great scale which has built up the Empire. British sense of justice has done much for the race in dealing with other races; but sense of justice is only another term for sense of proportion, seeing men and things as they are, taking a true and not a faulty perspective. The man who sets out to build a good house means to be paid well for his work, the people who construct an Empire mean to make their profit; but the one and the other have something in view besides gain, they set themselves to prove to themselves and to whomever it may concern that they know their job, that they are capable workmen.

The Empire, then, ought to appeal to the workmen of England, if only as the largest illustration that can be taken of the constructive power of Englishmen. This point of view would be appreciated if the history of the Empire were taught, without minimizing any of the wrongdoing of the past or the present, without attempting to deny that sordid motives have had play as well as higher aims, but with due insistence that it is contrary alike to reason and to the facts of history to represent the acquisition by England of an overseas Empire as an artificial process, the product of a line of self-seeking men solely intent on personal advantage, and not, as it actually has been, as natural and national growth, necessary to England for the defence of England, congenial to Englishmen as the kind of work for which their character and their training have adapted them, and incumbent upon England as the part which has been assigned to this particular land and people in the evolution of the world.

Rabbits and Frogs' Legs

(Continued from page 6.)

in. When we shook out our catch we had a large number of fish, enough for a good meal.

We then proceeded to set our rabbit snares and gather brush and wood, after which we made another haul of fish, securing a couple of dozen at least. We enjoyed a meal of fish with frogs' legs for dessert.

We were only lucky enough to secure one rabbit next morning, but with the fish and some more which we caught we made a good breakfast.

After about two miles we came to a fair sized creek. This we decided to follow as we had been told that further on a short portage ran to the river. As there were plenty of speckled trout in this creek we hoped to be lucky enough to catch some, also the chance of finding frogs would be better than along the river where the banks were generally high.

NOON came and found us with nothing to eat. No frogs had been found and though we could see many speckled trout swimming about we had no means of catching them. All through the afternoon we travelled up this creek, but it was not until late that Fred found

a quantity of eatable roots. I do not remember by what name he called them, nor am I familiar with the plant. The roots, which were about the size of hazel nuts, had a pleasant taste and we dug and ate a considerable quantity.

At last we came to a dead tamarac which had broken off in its fall. By the aid of our knives we secured a quantity of splinters. These Fred carefully sharpened to a rough point and tied a large number of them around a sapling. This was a fish spear. We stopped for the night beside a log which crossed the creek underneath of which was a hole about three feet deep. We set our rabbit snares as usual, then went after the fish. We had no luck. Darkness came and we made a good fire beside the hole. The fish immediately gathered in the fire light and Fred was fortunate enough to catch five or six. He would drive the spear right down into the mud on the bottom. By this means he would get the fish securely impaled on the spear and though his weapon required frequent repairs it did the work.

Breakfast next morning consisted of three rabbits. We toasted them before the fire. Fred was right; they

were very dry and hard and not at all palatable.

That afternoon we had a piece of luck. While travelling a poplar ridge Fred saw a large porcupine in a tree. His shout brought us over. Jack climbed a tree nearby and with a long stick dislodged the animal and Fred and I killed it with clubs. It was quickly skinned and dressed, but we decided to keep on till night before eating anything, even though we had no dinner, as we hoped to gain the portage to the Mattagami before dark. Reach it we did, very tired and very hungry.

We found a comfortable camping place under the roots of an upturned cedar, in front of which we built our fire and while Fred roasted chunks of nice fat meat Jack and I lined our nest with grass, which grew in plenty in a beaver meadow close at hand.

This was the most satisfying meal we had eaten. The meat was delicious and we had more than enough left for breakfast.

On the trip we had seen moose, beaver, muskrat, as well as cranes and partridges. The porcupine is the friend of the man who is lost, for of all the animals in the bush it alone may be taken with a club.

People in gilded cafes don't as a rule call for porcupine. But if any dyspeptic dollar-a-meal citizen ever finds himself lost in the north without guns or ammunition, as we were, he will probably conclude that a nice juicy porcupine is one of the greatest luxuries ever left off a bill of fare. In fact, so great is my gratitude to this humble, succulent beast, that in order to do him a favour I should say no more about him in this story, for fear he becomes so popular that he will be hunted just like any other common animals such as deer, bear and wild ducks.

We slept soundly that night and got an early start. Fred had cooked our breakfast the night before and we ate it cold.

We pushed forward as rapidly as possible, as we hoped to reach the lake next day, but in the afternoon heavy clouds covered the sky and it became necessary for us to prepare a shelter from the rain. Against a windfall we placed a number of sticks and saplings. These we covered with large pieces of birch bark, like shingles on a roof. Sticks were laid on the bark to hold it in place. Then we gathered a quantity of brush for a bed and wood for a fire. We had nearly completed our arrangements when the rain came on. We ate the remainder of the porcupine, but as we had not waited to catch any frogs or fish for dinner we were all hungry.

The night was cold and we had no coats. The fire kept us warm for awhile but soon went out for lack of wood. However we went to sleep at last and in spite of the cold did not wake till morning.

Hungry and cold we started out at the earliest dawn, through the wet woods across to the Kamisko'tia River, which we reached in less than two hours and we knew that we were not more than five miles from the lake. We pushed on as fast as we could, but it was four o'clock when we reached it. In answer to Fred's war-whoops a canoe came over for us and in another hour we were sitting up to a meal of boiled moose meat and fried fish with salt, and above all plenty of hot tea. How good it tasted! There is nothing like hot tea when you are cold and hungry.

Next day I bought a small birch bark canoe from our host and a supply of dried fish and smoked moose meat, and a very small quantity of tea and salt. Flour or sugar he had none to spare. Next morning we started, and on the evening of the third day we sighted the low buildings of Fort Mattagami.

A Comparison. — Lord Northcliffe and his papers, hollering for the retirement of Lord Kitchener from the post of War Minister some time ago, reminds us of the chap in the 25-cent bleachers who yells "Take him out!" when some batter gets a hit off Walter Johnson.

A Proverb Revised.—Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some just grate upon you.

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The Sacrifice of Enid

By MRS. HARCOURT-ROE

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

THE author of the story "The Sacrifice of Enid" is an Englishwoman who spent several years in Australia, afterwards in London, and now lives quietly in the country. She is the daughter of a senior officer in the Australian naval station, and spent much of her time reading in preparation for her work as a novelist. Her first novel, "The Man of Mystery," was warmly recommended to the publishers by the eminent novelist George Meredith. Her success with this was so great that she has written several others of which "The Sacrifice of Enid" is the most recent and one of the most powerful. The story is frankly a love story, but by no means hackneyed. It deals with a curious struggle between love and conscience and develops into a plot of tragic intensity.

CHAPTER I.

Her Request.

IT was six o'clock. The bell of the great paper factory which stood beside the river, was clanging, a stream of workpeople poured out, the men respectable looking, the women, as a rule, clean and well dressed in neat cotton blouses.

A tall, young, delicate-featured woman, with an expressive and refined face, and no small share of beauty, stood on the bridge over the river, and scrutinised them with interest. After a time she nerved herself, apparently by a supreme effort, to go and knock at the door of the manager's office.

"Come in," said a pleasant and cultivated voice, and the girl stood before the manager, Mr. Ronald Westlake, who was a tall, finely formed man of some two and thirty, with handsome features, keen brown eyes, and an expression of great determination, kindness and honesty. His face was clean-shaven, his hair dark and parted in the middle. He was a man of culture, and had received a University education, being the only son of the proprietor of the factory, a man of great wealth, who had grudged his boy no advantage. In actual fact Mr. Ronald Westlake had the whole working of the large concern in his hands; he saw to every detail, and his constant care and vigilance, combined with his undoubted talent, had served to increase the business greatly.

He looked at the girl attentively, wondering what her business was; she wore no gloves, but she had the appearance of a lady. "What can I do for you?" he asked courteously.

"I came," she replied in a hesitating voice, "to inquire if you could give me work."

"Our work is of a humble character. I don't think it would be suitable for you. And the pay is small."

"I should be thankful for employment of any kind. I have been told that the work does not require much previous training. If you have a vacancy I should be truly grateful if you would take me on."

"H'm!" exclaimed Mr. Ronald dubiously. "Sit down and let us talk it over. I might possibly find room for you, but I warn you you will have to mix with people of all sorts."

He was now certain she was a lady; her voice was low, her accent that of a woman accustomed to mix in good society—an accent that is seldom acquired by those beneath a certain social standing,—her hands were white and soft.

"Why do you talk to me as if I were not a working woman?" she asked with sudden indignation. "Is there anything in my appearance or dress incompatible with the fact of my getting my own living?"

She wore a pink cotton blouse and a plain black serge skirt, but he remarked that both were admirably cut, and fitted in a way no factory hand's clothes fitted.

"As to your dress," he replied with a laugh, "it seems to me that every girl in the country or at the seaside, be she princess or peasant, wears a straw hat, a blouse and a skirt, so that there is not much to be learned, except as to cut and style, from that, but it is idle to attempt to disguise from me that you are not accustomed to hard work."

"You are right; I am not. But if earnest endeavour and a fixed purpose will compensate for lack of great physical strength you will not find me wanting."

"If I give you any work it will not be of a nature to require much strength; it will simply require deftness and quickness, but you will find it tedious, and the hours are long."

"I am willing to accept tedious work; I am willing to accept any work."

"Pardon me," said the manager, who had through the interview addressed his companion with marked deference, "but do you not think you could find something to do more in keeping with your—your station? Believe me, I only say this from a desire to assist you."

"I thank you, but I wish for this work in preference to any other. I can trust you, your face speaks for you. I have reasons for wishing to live among the working classes. There is no occasion they should know I am not one of themselves."

He laughed. "My dear young lady, I am afraid you do not credit factory hands with much 'cuteness. They will spot you before a day is over."

"Let them. It is of small consequence."

"Are you actuated by philanthropic motives? If so, I am afraid you will make a mistake, for the people are quite capable of looking after themselves, although ladies and gentlemen very often seem to doubt this."

"I am not. I shall hire a couple of rooms if I can get them in some respectable house cheaply; (I am going to earn my living), and I shall live a secluded life as far as I am able to do so."

"You look very young to live alone. May I ask your age?"

"I am not so young as I look. I am twenty-three."

"A great age indeed!"

"And," she added with a blush, "I may not be alone very long. It is possible my—my husband may be with me."

"YOUR husband!" exclaimed Mr. Donald with marked surprise, and, in truth, a feeling of keen disappointment; "I did not think you were married."

He glanced at her ringless hand as he spoke, and hot colour overspread her face.

"I am not married yet; I hope to be before long."

"When?"

"That I cannot tell you. I have a further favour to ask. Do you think you could find employment for him also?"

"What is he doing now?"

"He is working at a trade."

"What trade?"

This question was unexpected. "Tailoring," she replied after a moment's pause. Her voice was painfully embarrassed, vivid colour still overspread her cheeks.

"I am afraid we do not want any tailors here."

"He would do anything."

"Would he pick and sort dirty rags? It is filthy work."

"He would."

"Very good. I will try him. I would rather give him work than you, because I know the work is not fit for you. When do you want him to come?"

She glanced at the door uneasily as if she feared some one might be listening.

"There is no one about; they have all gone," said the manager. "Now when is your—husband coming?"

"Oh," she replied sadly, "you will think me both ungrateful and stupid, but it is the truth when I say I do not

know; he may come at any time—in which case I wish work to be ready for him—or—he may never come at all."

Mr. Ronald Westlake was now completely mystified.

"Who is this man that plays fast and loose with you?" he asked sharply. "A man with no prospects whatever, who cannot even succeed in his own trade. Let me entreat you to consider what you are doing. I fear your family ought to be communicated with, suppose I took steps to find them out."

"For Heaven's sake do not," she exclaimed beseechingly; "I have trusted you. I have considered the matter until I am sick with arguments for and against. But it is too late to draw back; I do not wish to do so."

"You have in reality told me nothing."

"Forgive me, but I cannot tell you more. Will you employ me next week?"

"What recommendation or reference can you give me?"

"None," she replied boldly.

HE lifted his eyebrows. "A young woman of twenty-three who desires work can generally refer to some friend."

He had no desire to be cruel, but he was intensely anxious to solve the mystery. She looked him in the face, and said in icy tones, "I apologise for having troubled you. Good afternoon."

He was at her side before she could unfasten the door.

"I will not allow you to go yet. Sit down again, Miss—. You have not told me your name."

There was a pause. "You can call me Mary Williams."

"Which is not your real name."

"It is not."

"You come here to me enveloped in mystery, and candidly own to a false name. But I know something of physiognomy, and I am quite sure that, whatever you may wish to hide, you yourself have done no wrong. Your face speaks for you. It is usual to give references, but this establishment is not governed by the laws of the Medes and Persians, which alter not. You shall have work whenever you want it."

"I thank you warmly. I should like to come next Monday."

"Do so, but do not go in with the work-people. Come to me here, and I will take you to the foreman. Remember you will only receive a few shillings a week, you will be under the thumb of an older woman, and if by any chance you are reported to me for idleness or bad behaviour I shall be very severe with you," he said with a laugh.

"I am not afraid of anything you have mentioned," she replied, her blue eyes for the first time lighting up with laughter, which caused her to appear singularly youthful and pretty. "Of course you will be severe, only I thought the foreman looked after the work-people."

"So he does, but I shall tell him to report you to me. I always like to know how new hands get on." He added mentally, "I will not have a great hulking brute rowing her," though the foreman had never figured in his mind in this light before, indeed as a matter of fact he was a kind old man.

"I shall try not to be reported. You may rely on my doing my best. And now good afternoon, and thank you so much."

"Thank me for what?" he thought when she had gone. For putting her in the way of dreary, mechanical, badly paid work. If I increase her wages out of my own pocket the other hands will be angry. She is a beauty, while her figure is admirable, her manner leaves nothing to be desired. And yet such a girl is going to marry a worthless tailor! A case of elopement from home probably. But I am certain that, suspicious as the circumstances are, she is both innocent and good. As to the rascal, her lover, until I have tested him he shall have some of the worst work in the factory."

This reflection appeared to console him. After meditating for some little while he went home. His father's house adjoined the factory. It was large and well-built, standing in spacious and ornamental grounds.

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Everything was in perfect order, evidences of wealth abounded, and Mr. Westlake prided himself with justice on the fruits of a life of hard toil. He lived at ease now, spending most of his time in hunting and fishing, and, being a hospitable man, he made all sportsmen welcome. His hunt breakfasts were famous, and his subscriptions large. In appearance he was a large man inclined to stoutness. The culture visible in his son's face was absent in his, but Ronald's kindness and honesty were evidently inherited.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as his son entered the gates, "what makes you so late. Here's Miss Ormonde declaring that the place is as dull as ditchwater. She has been waiting hours for you to take her for a ride."

MISS ORMONDE was staying in the house. She was a dark, handsome girl with regular features and haughty eyes, but she could look very charming on occasion. She chose to do so now.

"Mr. Westlake, you are too bad. I said nothing of the kind. As to Ronald, he is quite welcome to go or come as he pleases for anything I care."

The speech was not gracious, but she smiled as she said it, and Ronald hastened to make amends. They had been friends since childhood, and had always called one another by their Christian names.

"I am very sorry I am late," he said, "but I was detained at the mill. I hope you will care to go for a ride with me. I will order the horses round as soon as I have been in to see mother."

"As you are such a good boy, I suppose I must ride with you," Miss Ormonde replied.

Ronald crossed the lawn, and entered the drawing-room by the French window.

"He never neglects his mother," said Mr. Westlake with pride; "not for any one. I believe if the Queen were here he would say, 'I will attend to you, your Majesty, when I have looked after my mother.'"

"She is devoted to him."

"A good son—and he is the best of sons—makes a good husband," said Mr. Westlake, with what he considered great diplomacy.

"As to that," Miss Ormonde replied somewhat sharply, "it does not appear to me that he is at all anxious to enter the bonds of matrimony."

"Ah," said Mr. Westlake, with a smile on his rosy countenance, "I didn't marry until after I was his age, and look what a husband I am."

"I suppose I had better go in and put on my habit; he does not like the horses to be kept waiting," returned Miss Ormonde, who desired to turn the subject, being in fact very much aggrieved that Ronald had not proposed to her, and gave no sign of being about to do so, but that he would be her husband eventually she never doubted. For years she had loved him, and she did not believe that he was insensible to her charms, although he had never chosen to tell her so.

Ronald meantime was seated beside his mother, who was a semi-invalid. She had lived a hard life while she was young, and her husband was in struggling circumstances, and she now delighted in a life of indolence, under the plea of weak health. But if illness attacked either husband or son her fancied ailments were entirely forgotten and she was unwearied in her services to them.

"Now, Mother, can't you fancy Ronald's ill," Mr. Westlake would say sometimes, when he wished to rouse her.

"Well, dear boy," she said in a caressing voice to her son, "I fancied you were never coming in."

"You shouldn't make my society of so much value, mother. Why didn't you read your last new novel? I am sure Louise does her best to provide you with books tending to show that women are angels and men—the reverse."

"Disgusting books which I never read," said Mrs. Westlake with excitement, for Miss Ormonde's tendency to advance the general superiority of women over men always annoyed her. "And if I had wished to read I could not for I have lost my spectacles."

Ronald carefully examined the carpet, and found them beneath the sofa.

"Why don't you ring when you want anything? There are plenty of servants to attend to you."

"So there are, but I never can get over my dislike to troubling them. You know for a great many years I had to do everything for myself, and that is why I never will have a maid. The other servants might say it was not their work to fuss about me."

"They would not remain long in the house if they did," he said sternly. And then a brilliant idea struck him.

"I can understand your not caring to have a servant constantly with you, but why not have a lady?"

"Do you mean Louise? Oh, my dear, you forget; she has been brought up as a rich girl, and is accustomed to be waited on hand and foot in her own home; she would not wait on me."

Ronald laughed. "No one could have been further from my thoughts than Louise. I meant why not have some nice girl, a thorough lady, who would pay you the attentions of a daughter? Of course if you could find a really suitable companion,—and they are not easy to procure—you would give her a handsome salary. Shall I find you one?"

Incredible as it may appear, Mary Williams, the mysterious girl with an assumed name, was in his mind as he spoke. Without hesitation he would have introduced her into his mother's household, although he was usually a prudent, cautious man.

"Really, I think I should like it if she were a nice girl," said Mrs. Westlake, who would have entertained any idea presented by her son, in whose wisdom she had the most profound faith. "Trust to me. I shall bring a nice girl or none."

His eyes sparkled, it appeared such an easy solution of the difficulty concerning Mary Williams. She should have one hundred a year, which would be riches compared with factory wages. That she might refuse he never contemplated.

"I must go now," he added, "or Louise will be waiting for me."

Miss Ormonde was a skilful rider, and never appeared to better advantage than when on horseback. Her habit fitted tightly, she was altogether well turned out, as Ronald did not fail to remark, but in spite of her many advantages she failed to touch his heart.

"I can't think why he does not propose to her," said Mrs. Westlake to her husband as the younger people rode off. "The match would be suitable in every way, and yet it seems no nearer in coming off than it did three years ago. I am sure she is always most agreeable to him, although people say she has a temper."

"It doesn't require a great amount of self-control for a girl to keep down her temper in the presence of a handsome young man. Sometimes I doubt if she is altogether the wife for Ronald, in spite of her money and good looks. But there, we can't do anything. I chose you, my dear, and no doubt he will choose his wife for himself."

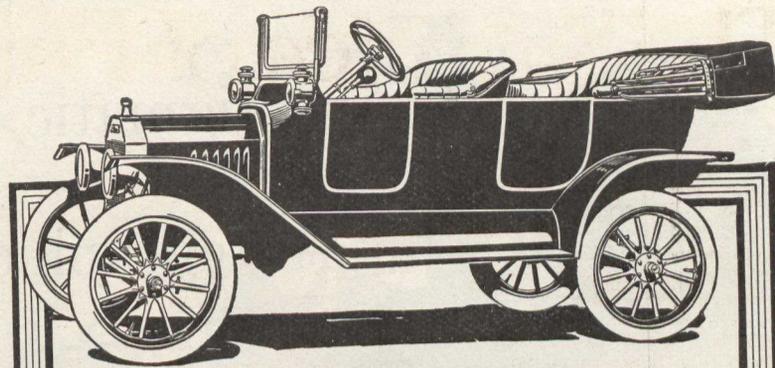
The equestrians took a long ride over the moors, which rise at the back of Willowbridge. They were crossing the last tor on their homeward way when Ronald saw a sight which filled him with astonishment. It was that of a girlish figure climbing a tor, and he felt sure that the owner of the pink blouse and black skirt was Mary Williams, although it was now nearly dark, and she was going steadily away from Willowbridge. He told his companion he had forgotten an important engagement, and induced her to gallop her horse home.

CHAPTER II.

A Curious Resting Place.

ON leaving the mill Mary Williams went towards the village. In spite of the beautiful surroundings of moorland and river, the main street was unlovely, consisting of ugly, badly built, small houses, tenanted by working people, with some fairly good shops here and there.

Her heart sank within her. "I thought," she said, "that in such a



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place I should have found pretty cottages, however humble, not common town-looking houses."

Her search for rooms was dispiriting. Her surroundings were more uncongenial than she had imagined, smoking men, crying children, gossiping women.

"Why don't you get lodgings up the hill, Miss?" asked one woman, who seemed to understand that she was forlorn, and pitied her. "You can get rooms much more suitable to you for a pound a week."

"A pound a week!" Mary replied with dismay, "that is far beyond my means. And there is no reason why I should not live as other factory girls do. I am going to work at the mill."

"You!" exclaimed the woman. "What is wrong with me?" asked Mary, who had recovered her self-possession. "Is not my hair done in the same fashion as other girls' (except that I observe theirs is rather more curled and frizzed), is not my dress the same?"

"It isn't that," said the woman, "it is you."

"Perhaps it is because I have come from London. I beg you to believe that I am a working girl who has to earn her own living," for Mary was intensely anxious not to be taken for a lady.

"Are all London girls like you?" asked the woman shrewdly, glancing at her carefully dressed ruddy brown hair, her clear blue eyes, her delicate complexion and hands.

Mary laughed, disheartened as she felt. "I do not know," she replied, and turned away.

ALANE opened on her right, she wandered up. A few hundred yards further on stood an old fashioned farmhouse, a card with "Lodgings" was in the window. Without much hope that the price would suit she knocked at the door. A clean-looking, sharp faced woman opened it and listened to her application.

"It certainly isn't much you have to give, she replied, "but I don't suppose you will be much trouble, and my rooms are all unlet. You shall have two small ones for that."

"Thank you," said Mary gratefully, for she felt strangely humble since her quest had begun. I shall give scarcely any trouble I assure you. I will do whatever I can for myself."

The sitting-room was stone paved, with a small square of cocoanut matting on the floor, the furniture was plain in the extreme, but everything was scrupulously clean, and she rejoiced to think she would be secluded here, and away from the noisy village street. The windows looked into an orchard and a potato field, while cultivated hills formed the background.

The landlady's son agreed to fetch her luggage from the station at once.

"I take the rooms now," said Mary, "but I am not going to sleep here to-night, or indeed for some days to come. I shall return on Sunday. I am going into the country for a few days."

"Oh, very well," replied Mrs. Mason, who was a good hearted though rough mannered woman, with a strong Devonshire accent. "Please yourself. Everything will be ready for you whenever you like."

As soon as her luggage had arrived Mary set out, carrying with her a large, heavy parcel.

"That isn't fit for you to take," said Mrs. Mason; "let my boy carry it for you to the station."

"I am not—" Mary began, and checked herself, altering her sentence into, "Thank you very much, but I would rather take it myself."

It was the beginning of July, the weather was very warm. She walked slowly up the village street, but instead of going to the station, crossed the river, and took the steep road behind the mill, which led to the moorland. It was both hot and dusty, with large stones lying in all directions. Her parcel was very heavy, and more than once she put it down and rested. After a mile of continuous ascent the walking became easier, the road narrower and prettier. On either side of the hedges foxglove, stonecrop, and hardy ferns were growing, a brooklet ran beneath, while magnificent views of the country round were now visible.

After a time she turned off to the right, and, entering a gate, reached the beginning of the moorland, going steadily upwards, although skirting the sides of the hills.

It was an exquisite evening, the dark rounded tors were covered with long sweeping cloudy shadows and lights, the distant river below ran amongst its boulders, making a soothing sound, the air was scented with early heather. She forgot her fatigue as she trod on the springy turf, and breathed the exhilarating moorland air. The cultivated hills lay behind her, in front were the Dartmoor ranges, grand, silent, inexpressibly beautiful with their solemn stateliness, and wild rocky summits.

SHE passed a lonely farmhouse where children were playing, then crossed a rivulet by stepping stones. In the distance she saw a horseman driving in some sheep, droves of Dartmoor ponies and cattle raced about gaily, but otherwise the solitude was complete. A few rooks sailed overhead, a lapwing crossed her path, and then, after a time, she was in absolute loneliness.

She sat down on a boulder and took out a map and a pocket compass, studying both attentively. A faint moon was shining, the land below was wrapped in the stillness of evening. A dread overcame her, not of man, but of these marvellous silent witnesses around her; she felt, as many a one had done before her, her own utter insignificance in the presence of Nature and Nature's God.

She knew that it would soon be nightfall and, making a great effort, she resumed her way, going now up the side of the tor known as Three Barrows. The climb was steep and exhausting. She placed her parcel, which was carefully tied up and sealed in all directions, on the ground, removing from the top of it a thick waterproof cloak and a small basket of provisions. She was now amongst the rocks and could obtain shelter. Before sitting down she went round the summit, looking in all directions to make sure no other tourist was there also. But she was considerably astonished on looking in the direction of Willowbridge to see Ronald Westlake coming up the side of the tor with a rapid step, and as she knew that he had seen her and escape was impossible, she awaited his coming. She was very angry that he had followed her, and yet was greatly relieved to find that it was none other than he.

"Miss Williams!" he exclaimed, as soon as he was by her side, "do you know that it is now growing dark. Let me beg of you to return to Willowbridge at once or you will be benighted. As it is, you cannot possibly get there by daylight, but I will see you home."

"And by what right have you had the impertinence to follow me?" she asked haughtily. I beg your pardon, I forgot you were my master," she added with sarcasm. "Pray forgive me, I was only speaking to you as if you had been an ordinary gentleman."

"In one way I did not follow you," Ronald replied coolly; "I was out riding and caught sight of you, and as I knew you were in a strange and unsafe locality I took the liberty of seeing after you. As I have walked some miles, and gone without my dinner in your service, I think you might speak a little more pleasantly," he added with a laugh.

"Did I ask you to pursue me? Did I ask you to go without your dinner? I do not thank you, for you have only embarrassed me. What would be said in the village at your seeing a mill-hand home, you the son of the proprietor?"

"I really can't help that; you shouldn't have come out so late, Miss Williams. I must insist on your returning at once."

"It is not my intention to return. I am going on."

A sudden suspicion came into his mind, which caused his voice to become hard and cold.

"Pardon me for my interference. No doubt you are going to meet someone, and will be well protected. I apologise."

"I am neither going to meet man, woman nor child. I shall be entirely

alone. I am going to sleep at the top of this tor and at daybreak I shall pursue my journey."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going straight across the moor."

"But you cannot do it; you shall not do it. There is not a road, there is not a path, there is not even a sheeptrack. You will infallibly be lost, for, when you get further on, one tor is exactly like another, you will be in the wildest part of Dartmoor, where even moormen who have lived in these parts all their lives sometimes lose their way and wander round in circles."

She was evidently alarmed, but she replied firmly, "Notwithstanding I am going, I shall follow the course of the river."

"And where that ends? As it does half-way."

"I shall trust to my map and compass—and to God."

"Which you have no right to do any more than if you deliberately pointed a pistol at yourself and trusted to God that it would not go off. And there are besides many bogs on Dartmoor, at the top of the tors very often."

"If I feel the ground treacherous I shall be careful. I am well shod."

She put out her foot as she spoke. He saw that she was wearing boots with clumped soles, studded in neat patches with small nails.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "Alpine boots, and made by a first rate maker. You could not wear anything better on the moor. At the same time you cannot do as you have said, you, a girl alone. Suppose you met a tramp or a ruffian. Are you not frightened? Let me entreat you to go back."

He spoke as if it was a matter of the strongest personal consequence, his voice was soft and pleading. She was touched.

"Mr. Westlake," she replied, her heart going out towards him with the confidence of an old friend instead of the reserve she usually felt towards a stranger. I am frightened. I am a lonely, helpless girl, and I dread the journey before me inexpressibly. But I must go, I must indeed. I trust you and I would tell you all, but I dare not. Believe me if I could turn back with you I would. And I am very grateful for your kindness, I wish I could accept it. I know I must appear in a strange light in your eyes but I do want you to know that I am doing nothing wrong."

"That I am sure of, (or rather I should say that you think you are doing nothing wrong,) for indeed, apart from other circumstances, it is very wrong of you to sleep alone on the moor. Still I will assure you that I have the strongest faith in the integrity of your motives, although I have no ground for it."

"Thank you again and again for that. I am in heavy trouble, Mr. Westlake, I have shed tears so bitter that whatever trouble may in future befall me I do not think I can ever feel as much again, and I am glad you are not hard on me. Even my own people have given me up."

"I hard on you?" exclaimed Ronald. And then a curious knowledge came to this hard-headed man of business, who had spent thirty years of his life in the society of ladies, many of them beautiful and fascinating, for he knew that this unknown and mysterious girl had completely captivated him, this acquaintance of a day, and that he was hers to command henceforth.

CHAPTER III.

Dartmoor.

HAD Ronald followed his impulse he would there and then have told Mary that he loved her, for he had entirely forgotten for the moment that she was the promised wife of another man, but for her sake he restrained his words, and then timely recollection helped him.

"I shall never be hard on you," he continued; "let me be your friend."

"I should like you to be my friend. That is," she added, "as much my friend as my master ought to be. And now I must ask you to leave me. You have been here much too long and are blighted yourself."

"I could find my way home blindfold,

I think. But you must give me your promise that should a mist come on you will not stir from this spot. In that case I will come for you. I shall be on the Moor early to-morrow morning, and will watch the weather."

"I promise you that. I hope by eight o'clock to-morrow to be far on my way."

"I shall be on the moor by four."

"But you must not join me."

"I will not. But I shall watch over you at a distance. When do you return?"

"On Sunday evening. I shall not return by the way I am going. It is quite possible I may lose my way, so I may be later than Sunday."

"If you do not appear at the Mill on Monday I shall send men in all directions to scour the Moor."

"I beg you not to do so. I will—" she hesitated. "Shall I send you a line if I cross in safety?"

"Pray do," he replied with eagerness, "and either drive back by one of the beaten tracks or come by train."

"I intend to come by train."

"That at least is well. Let me tell you sleeping out of doors is terrible work when you are not accustomed to it. Every piece of ground feels like a flint pressing into you. I will at least pick some of this dry moss for your bed."

He gathered armfuls as he spoke and arranged it beneath the shelter of some high boulders.

"And what have you to eat?"

"I am well supplied with provisions. As you went without your dinner let me offer you a few sandwiches. You must be hungry."

"Now you mention it I am, but I would starve sooner than take of your scanty store, all of which you will want."

He lifted her parcel, intending to arrange it as a pillow, then frowned.

"You are going a most toilsome journey carrying that!" he exclaimed. "You cannot take it."

"But I must. You speak as if it were weighted with lead. There is nothing really heavy in it."

"It is far too heavy for you. I suppose I must go now for it is very late. You will not forget your promise to write, and I shall expect your letter eagerly. Good night."

HE pressed her hand and departed, turning round to say, "Please write the moment you reach a post-office, or letter-box." His thought was, "Why does she do it?"

His presence had entirely removed her sense of loneliness and desolation, and the greatest part of her fear. As soon as he was out of sight she ate her supper of sandwiches, and, wrapping herself in her thick cloak, watched the brilliant starlit heaven, until she was overwhelmed by the awe and majesty surrounding her on all sides. After a time she lay down, and fell fast asleep until daybreak when she resumed her journey, greatly surprised that she had been able to sleep at all.

She had descended Three Barrows when she saw a figure at the top of Sharp Tor. It was Ronald. He waved his handkerchief, and she waved hers in return, feeling greatly touched at his token of thoughtful kindness in one who yesterday had been a total stranger. But she knew that he was no longer a stranger, that he was a truer friend than many an acquaintance of years. He had believed in and trusted her when he had every reason for doubting her, and though their relations were about to be those of master and servant she was aware that, whatever outward formality he might be obliged to observe, at heart he felt already a warm friendship for her.

"How good! How kind!" she thought, as she went on her way. "He must have got up before three on my account."

In actual fact he had not been to bed at all. He had gone home, asked for something to eat, and informed his mother business would detain him the best part of the night, so that she might not be anxious on his account, and then he had retraced his steps to the Moor, spending the night in watching on the top of Sharp Tor.

(To be continued.)



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