



CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

As Tom neared the Town Hall his face changed somewhat, and a look of eager expectancy came into his eyes. He noted with satisfaction that the yard outside a big building was empty. "I'm in time after all," he reflected. "They've just sung the last hymn." A few minutes later several hundred young people came into the street, and Tom was not long in singling out one for whom he had evidently been watching. This was a young girl of about twenty years of age, and it was easy to see at a glance that she was superior to those whom she accompanied. Her face was refined, her eyes large and intelligent; and her neat, well-fitting clothes did not suggest the flamboyancy of Polly Powell's adornments. "There's Tom Pollard waiting for you, Alice," said one of the girls. Alice Lister flushed as the girl spoke, and the color which rose to her cheeks told its own tale. "If I were you, Alice," said another, "I should keep my eye on him. Sin' he give up going to Sunday School he's moan so much of a catch; besides, I saw him with Polly Powell last Sunday evening after he went home with you; and Polly Powell is moan your sort." Alice did not reply to this, but her lips trembled; evidently the words wounded her. All the time Tom stood smoking a cigarette. Although he had come to meet Alice, he did not like the idea of going up to claim her while so many girls were around. "Ay, Tom," said one of the girls, shouting to him. "How's Polly Powell?" Tom did not reply; his ready wit left him for the moment. "If I were Alice," said another, "I'd give thee the sack. Tha's noan fitted to go with her." "Ay," said another, "and Polly's only just playing wi' him; she's got more nor one string to her bow, has Polly. And she'd noan look at thee, Tom, if the young landlord at the Bull and Butcher had made up to her." Lancashire folks are not slow in speaking their minds, and they have no salse delicacy about telling people their opinion of them. "Well," said Tom quietly, "I fly higher game than you, Emily Bilson, anyhow. I have only just got to hold up my finger to the whole lot on you, and yo'd come after me. But I'm noan going to do it; I've got too much respect for myself." Almost as if by arrangement the girls separated and Tom found himself walking up Liverpool Road by the side of Alice Lister. Neither of them spoke for some minutes. Tom didn't know what to say, while Alice was evidently thinking deeply. "Have you been to the Young Men's Class this afternoon," she asked presently. "Nay." "Why?" asked the girl, looking at him steadily. "It's noan in my line," replied Tom. "That kind of thing'll do for kids, but when people get grown up they want something better." "Better and cleverer people than you, Tom, don't give it up," replied the girl. Tom continued to walk by Alice's side, looking rather sulky. He and Alice had begun to walk out together a little more than a year before, much to the surprise of their mutual friends. For Alice was not only better educated than Tom, but she moved in rather a better circle. Alice's father was one who, beginning life as a weaver, had by steady perseverance and good common sense become a small manufacturer. He was anything but a rich man, but he was what the people called "Doin' vary weel"—one who with good luck would in about ten years' time "addle a tidy bit of brass." Alice was his only daughter. He had never allowed her to go to the mill, but had sent her to a fairly good school until she was sixteen years of age, since which time she had stayed at home with her mother, and assisted her in the house work. Alice had continued her education, however. She had a natural gift for music and possessed a fine contralto voice. She had quite a local reputation as a pianist and was constantly in demand to sing at concerts. She was more than ordinarily intelligent too, and was a lover of good books. Added to this she attended classes in the town for French and German; and had on more than one occasion been invited to the houses of big manufacturers. That was why people wondered at her walking with Tom Pollard. He, although looked upon as a sharp lad, was not, as was generally agreed, "up to Alice's mark." Still facts were facts, and there could be no doubt about it that Alice showed a great preference for Tom, and, in spite of the fact that her father and mother were not all all pleased, had allowed him to accompany her home on several occasions. "What are you going to do, Tom?" asked the girl. "What am I going to do?" queried Tom. "I don't know that I am going to do anything. What do you mean Alice?" "I mean that you must make your choice." "Choice? What choice?" "I should not have met you this

afternoon," replied Alice Lister quietly, "but for the fact that I want to come to an understanding. I have not been blind, neither have I been deaf, these last few months; a change has come over you, and—and you will have to choose." Tom knew what she meant well enough, but he pretended to be ignorant. "What has come over you, Alice? What do you mean? Surely," he went on, "you are not taking any notice of what Emily Bilson said. Just as though a lad can't speak to any lass but his own!" "Tom," went on the girl quietly, "you know what you told me twelve months ago; you know, too, what my father and mother said when they saw us together; it has not been pleasant for me to listen to people's gossip, especially when I know that most of it is true. I have been very fond of you and I don't deny it; if I hadn't I should not have walked out with you, but I want to tell you this—you have to make your choice this afternoon; either you are going to give up me, or you are going to give up the Thorn and Thistle and all it means." "You're jealous of Polly Powell," said Tom, with an uneasy laugh. "I'm jealous of your good name, Tom, jealous of evil influence." "Evil influence? What evil influence?" "Going to the Thorn and Thistle has done you a great deal of harm; it has caused you to give up your Young Men's Class, and—and—but there, I needn't talk any more about it. You understand what I mean. It must be either one or the other, Tom." "You mean that I must either give up you or Polly Powell?" "It means more than that," replied the girl, "it means that you must either give up me or give up going to the Thorn and Thistle. You used to be a teetotaler, Tom." "As though any lad's a teetotaler in these days," laughed the young fellow. "Come now, Alice, you are not so narrow-minded as that. I am nearly twenty-three now, and if I want a glass of beer surely I can have it. You don't mean to say that everybody but teetotalers are going to the bad." "You know very well what I mean, Tom. You are not the kind of young man you were, and either you give up these things or we part company." "Nay, Alice, doan' be narrow-minded. I suppose," he added bitterly, "that you are beginning to look higher than me, that you are thinking o' one of the manufacturers. I hear that Harry Briarfield was up at your house to supper the other night." (To be continued.)



Lord Northcliffe.

As chief of the British War Mission to the United States and commercial representative of the British Government, Lord Northcliffe will co-ordinate the work of the British organizations already established there. His work will be more commercial than diplomatic.

CANADA IS CALLING.

Canada is calling "Give us Men!" Men to stand guard at the Gate— Men to keep the nation great— Men who trifle not with Fate— Loyal Men!

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We'll be loyal to that trust now, as then; Fling the old flag to the breeze— Ours the freedom of the seas— Humbly asking, on our knees, "God make us men!" —Kate Simpson-Hayes.

Japan is trying to introduce silk raising into Korea, purchasing 1,000,000 cocoons in China and engaging the services of Chinese experts in sericulture.

THE PHYSICIAN IN THE WAR ZONE

WAR TAKES HEAVY DEATH TOLL OF MILITARY SURGEONS.

In Their Efforts to Save Life They Expose Themselves on the Actual Firing Line.

The military surgeon, according to that revised art of war which began to be on a fateful August day three years ago, is no longer the neutral ministrant to the wounded. He is a leader of men, for he sustains the morale of troops, he restores the slightly injured as speedily as he may to the fighting line, and he fits his fellow soldiers for their trade. Therefore he is marked for death by a savage foe just as though his scalpel were sword and his tourniquet were trigger. The military necessity of Kaiserism demands the torpedoing of the hospital ship, the shelling of the ambulance unit, the bombing of the dugout where the maimed are in refuge. Hence it is that in this tragedy of Europe the casualties in the medical profession have been much greater than in any other war, for they are relatively equal to the mortality among officers of the line and greatly exceed that of the staff. The army surgeon, whether he be with troops in the charge or far back from the front, is exposed to peril, for in these days of long range weapons safety is not assured by distance nor by the dictates of humanity. The surgeon volunteers who are going from this country to fill the depleted ranks of their brethren abroad are therefore Knights of the Great Adventure whose chivalry is a rally of self-sacrifice.

The Army Surgeon of To-day.

The army surgeon of the new order was revealed recently in a lecture delivered by Col. T. H. Goodwin, D.S.O., an officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps of Great Britain, who has been on the western front ever since the war began.

"When the battalion is ordered to attack," said Col. Goodwin, "the regimental medical officer should, as far as possible, keep near the commanding officer and move forward with him. If the attack is successful there will be a certain number of wounded in No Man's Land.

"The medical officer should direct each of these who are able to walk to go back, taking shelter as much as possible, until they meet the stretcher-bearers of the field ambulance division who are coming up behind. Those wounded who are unable to move should be placed in shelter, in shell craters or trenches, and first aid performed as rapidly as possible.

"The medical officer should not delay here. He must at all cost keep in touch with his battalion and move forward with it. His presence in the newly won trenches will be of immense moral value. He can forthwith set about improvising a regimental aid post, improving shelters for the wounded and attending to casualties as they occur. He should take every opportunity to get in communication either by telephone or messenger with the field ambulance bearer division, which will now, under a pretty heavy shell fire, be clearing the wounded from the area through which he has just come."

Some one asked Col. Goodwin how it would be possible for a regimental officer advancing with a battalion to attend to so many wounded.

Death in No Man's Land.

"He can do first aid," was the answer, "but he should endeavor to move forward with his battalion. He can, as a rule, place wounded men in fairly good shelter, and if he can do that with every man he should congratulate himself.

"If he had fifty cases, twenty-five



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would probably be more serious. He cannot manage twenty-five cases without taking at least twenty minutes. He cannot delay long, however, as the battalion is probably going into the next trench, and he must at all costs endeavor to be with them.

"I grant that it is difficult indeed, but we have to do our best. There has been the suggestion to abolish the post of medical officer with the battalion, but I am personally very much opposed to that."

"What about the barrage, Colonel?" asked one of the listeners. "You get quite a certain number of men killed by this barrage fire in No Man's Land," replied Dr. Goodwin. "It is going on the whole time, of course, but it is astonishing the number of men that you can get safely back through the communicating trenches.

"Out of a total of 6,000 casualties you will probably get back 4,000 to 5,000 right away to the clearing station. Sometimes the wounded have to stay in the front area all day in the dugouts and then when the fire decreases at night you get them back. Sometimes it seems impossible, but you can manage to do it."

Speaking of the field ambulance, Col. Goodwin said that it was largely composed of newly commissioned officers with men under them who are little more than boys.

"They go cheerfully and quietly forward," he added, "into positions which can only be described as unmitigated hell."

Dr. Goodwin then tersely laid down some general axioms for the guidance of the surgeon in the field and put especial stress upon this:

"Keep cheery. Your mental attitude will have a considerable effect upon the men."
Medical Corps Heroes.

"Although as the organization of

the war hospitals proceeds there may be comparative safety for the surgeons at the bases, the ranks of the profession are being constantly depleted by the demand for first aid on the firing line. This is the duty of the regimental medical officers, to whom Dr. Goodwin refers, and among these there has been the greatest loss of life.

When the war began many of the best surgeons of both England and France were sent to the furthest front. So many of the profession have lost their lives that in these days when a skilled and experienced surgeon is worth as much to an army as a Colonel, every effort is being made to protect the surgeons.

Bolivia, South America, the country of Andean heights, torrid valleys and freezing plateaus—a South American Switzerland that perhaps never will be liberally provided with hotels for tourists—has a total of 153 automobiles.

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