

REVOIR" TO FAIR FRANCE

OMMY SETS OUT ON THE
FINAL HOME TRIP.

Little Sketch of a Daily In-
terview "Over There During
Demobilization.

...the tram-conductress,
shrill, familiar call, blew her
mass of small boys who
to the open-air trailer, and
the footboard for fares.
...the inspector, noticing the
couple of khaki men, as she
a thin paper ticket from her
...Anglo-Perse, and no return
... replied one, passing over
... asked his companion,
... said Mamelle, putting
... C'est good-
... and Mamelle, who
... to adapt herself to all
... all people, smiled at them
... singly, as she went on to
... the straight familiar Route
... road, quietly taking their
... the drab little suburb, pon-
... the times they had walked
... road to camp after missing
... the morning purchases, buy-
... the stalls and shops, walking
... their laden string bags,
... which peeped the long, flat
... the inevitable lettuce of
... of wine.
... along the Old Road.
... there beneath the building
... returned postia walked
... with a girl, while a few
... hundred in erratic fashion
... they faded the broad
... of the tram.
... "But you know what it
... of the tram drowned
... that was shouted, but
... an argument in which
... they declared their views
... the situation.
... only passenger pointed
... of "Le Journal"
... shrugged next her, shrug-
... dropped her hands
... of her opinion, and
... brows at his inter-
... Parting Gift.
... madame!" he agreed
... his kit as the tram
... of the Seine, with
... in the sunlight, its
... and barges.
... her eye upon the two
... as they prepared to
... "back good luck!" she
... health, smilingly
... they said together.
... added one of them,
... some chocolate into
... said Mamelle,
... the forehead, one of
... of her fingers in France,
... packet of chooco-
... wistful in her
... little face as she
... parting couple.
... shed impatiently.
... "In haste!" shrilled in
... promptly blowing
... "BARGES."
... Wartime Tasks of
... women.
... the women are reli-
... of regret is that
... English newspaper.
... a girl bargee was
... quiet canals, skip-
... over the 200-mile
... Lakes and Liverpool,
... only ones will be dis-
... year.
... run is about 30
... 200-mile trip is thus
... few days, during the
... the girls live on
... and managing the
... to the cabins,
... themselves general-
... wages work in pairs,
... and four girls to
... are strictly taboo,
... boat is fitted with
... Sometimes all the
... by a horse.
... ver for June is the
... reaching out more
... merchant trade of
... and their own trade
... Peace will be huge,
... glorious opportunity
... ng, the Canadian
... believes.

Brentville's Dominion Day

"I've got a quarter to spend for firecrackers for Dominion Day," said Raymond Hart. He pulled from his pocket a shining coin and showed it to Nelson Harris and Bobbie Lincoln, who were sitting with him under a spreading elm in his dooryard.

"I'm going to have more than that," said Nelson. "I'm helping Mrs. Harris keep the weeds out of her garden this month, and all that she gives me is going to be spending money for the First. It will be a lot—a dollar, anyway."

Then Raymond began to tell what he should buy with a dollar, if he had as much as that to spend for the First. He was sure that it would be something that would make a lot of noise. Nelson was of much the same mind, except that he favored buying a drum instead of firecrackers. A drum would last longer.

At first Bobby Lincoln listened without saying a word. Then he began to fidget a little, and suddenly he spoke up.

"I've saved almost a dollar," he said, "and before the First I shall have some more. I'm going to spend it all for thrift stamps."

"What are thrift stamps?" asked Raymond.

"They are something like our postage stamps," answered Bobbie, "only you don't put them on letters. The money that you pay for them goes to help pay our war debts, and by the way, the postmaster or the bank man will buy back the stamps from you and give you more than you paid for them, too."

"But if we spend our money that way, we shall have none for the First," said Raymond.

"Well, isn't it better to help our country than to buy a lot of firecrackers or drums?" asked Bobbie, stouly.

"Yes, of course," agreed Nelson, "but what we have is not really enough to help."

"Every little bit helps," said Bobbie. "That is what my father says, and my teacher said so, too. And a thrift stamp costs only a quarter."

"Where do you buy the stamps?"

asked Raymond, taking the shining coin out of his pocket again.

"At the post office or the bank," answered Bobbie. "Some of the stores have them, too. And when we buy the thrift stamps, you know, it isn't really spending our money, for we shall get it back, and more, too, in a few years. Then we can have a celebration if we want to."

Raymond kept turning over and over the quarter in his hand. Nelson looked across the shady street to the garden of Mrs. Harris.

"If we buy stamps," said Raymond, "why isn't that a pretty good way to celebrate Dominion Day this year? What do you think, Nelson?"

"I think that it is the very best way," said Nelson promptly. "It will not make a noise like firecrackers or a drum, but it will help Canada. Then let's call it settled, and we will all buy thrift stamps with our Dominion Day money," said Raymond.

"All right," agreed Nelson, "and we'll do more than that. We'll see the other fellows and get all that we can to do the same thing."

"I guess that it will be the strangest Dominion Day that Brentville ever knew," said Bobbie, "but I believe that it will be the best one, too."

That is how it began. The other boys in the village were ready enough to join the Thrift Stamp Club that Bobbie, Nelson and Raymond formed. Some of them, indeed, were already saving their money for stamps, as Bobbie had been saving his.

Bobbie was right. It was indeed a strange Dominion Day celebration for the Brentville boys, but every one of them was proud of that, for it meant that many quarters had been saved to help pay for the great war.

And when the boys marched to the post office to buy the stamps with the money from the club treasury, and then marched to the bank to give the stamps to Mr. Fletcher, the cashier, for safe-keeping, the fathers and mothers of the village were proud of them. I think they had a right to be. And no doubt the boys of many other places are like those of Brentville.

Dear Canada! beloved Land!
Our goodly heritage so blest;
Thy children ever ready stand
To guard thy freedom, peace and rest.

The Lord our God our fathers led
Into thy wilds and forests vast,
Where long they struggled, sweated,
bled,
But gained their promised land at last.

They watched thy weal with jealous eyes,
With yearning hearts thy youthful grace;
Lest tyrants' lust thy will defies,
Or rebel hands scar thy sweet face.

The Lord our God be with us still
To help us cherish more and more
Their hallowed dust, their sacred will,
In all the land from shore to shore.

To help us train around thy fame
Our children's hearts to cling and twine,
With noblest deeds and thoughts
affine
With love for man and things di-
vine.

They too shall rise and call us blest
For adding jewels to thy crown,
When with our fathers we shall rest,
And thee, dear land, to them hand down.

Beloved Land,
O Canada, mother of sinewy sons,
History will show that when the
hordes of force
Were loosened, and old Freedom's
citadel
Sorely beset, thou wast not so
In Mammon's counting house, nor
thy young limbs
Entangled in the robes of selfish-
ness
That thou couldst not assist. Al-
ready thou
Hast given thy best, and Flanders'
autumn will
Scatter above these unforgetten dead
Each year a golden shower of maple
leaves,
And unborn generations yet will take
From thy scarred land traditions and
a name,
Such as will make their stride o'er
thy broad acres,
And down thy busy streets, a state-
liar stride,
And when, mantled with Peace, the
Future evis the roll
Of those who said: "The lamp must
not go out,
Let's guard the cherished bright-
light of the race,"
Thou wilt stand up among the great
and hear:
"God bless thee, Canada! Thou, too,
wast there."
—Alexander Louis Fraser.

Our response, then, is in putting Christ first, in following Him, and in seeking to be like Him. Through Him we come to God. His presence with us now is in the reality and power of the Spirit. We trust in Him and yield ourselves to His command. He binds us to Himself by the indissoluble bond of love. He gives eternal life. He is "abundantly able to save."

It will be well, therefore, to make the review lesson centre in Christ, and to think chiefly of our relation to Him, our choosing of Him as Lord and Master, our enlisting in His service, our finding true life in Him. We may think also of what Christ is doing in and for the world, the spread of His gospel, His power over the hearts of men, His law of peace and good will, His supreme obedience to faith, doing God's will, prayer, and above all love, love both to God and our fellow men.

This response to the love of God, which it is our high privilege and joy to make is described in the passage selected for to-day's reading. It is, Paul says: (1) The willingness to put everything else aside, to "count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord." It is (2) to follow Christ in the way of faith, doing our appointed task as a service rendered to God, and so finding not a righteousness of our own devising, but "the righteousness which is of God by faith." And it is (3) seeking to know Christ and, even through suffering, if it be necessary, to rise with Him into the triumphant life of the Spirit, and to press forward in the strength and hope of this new life to the attainment of the "prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," that is the life eternal.

Three great outstanding facts we have learned: (1) That God is our Father in heaven, loving His children, even the erring and lost ones, with a father's changeless love; (2) That the gracious love of God in Jesus Christ and through His Spirit has entered into the world to redeem, regenerate and save; and (3) That our response to God's work of love in Jesus Christ is in sincere repentance, faith, doing God's will, prayer, and above all love, love both to God and our fellow men.

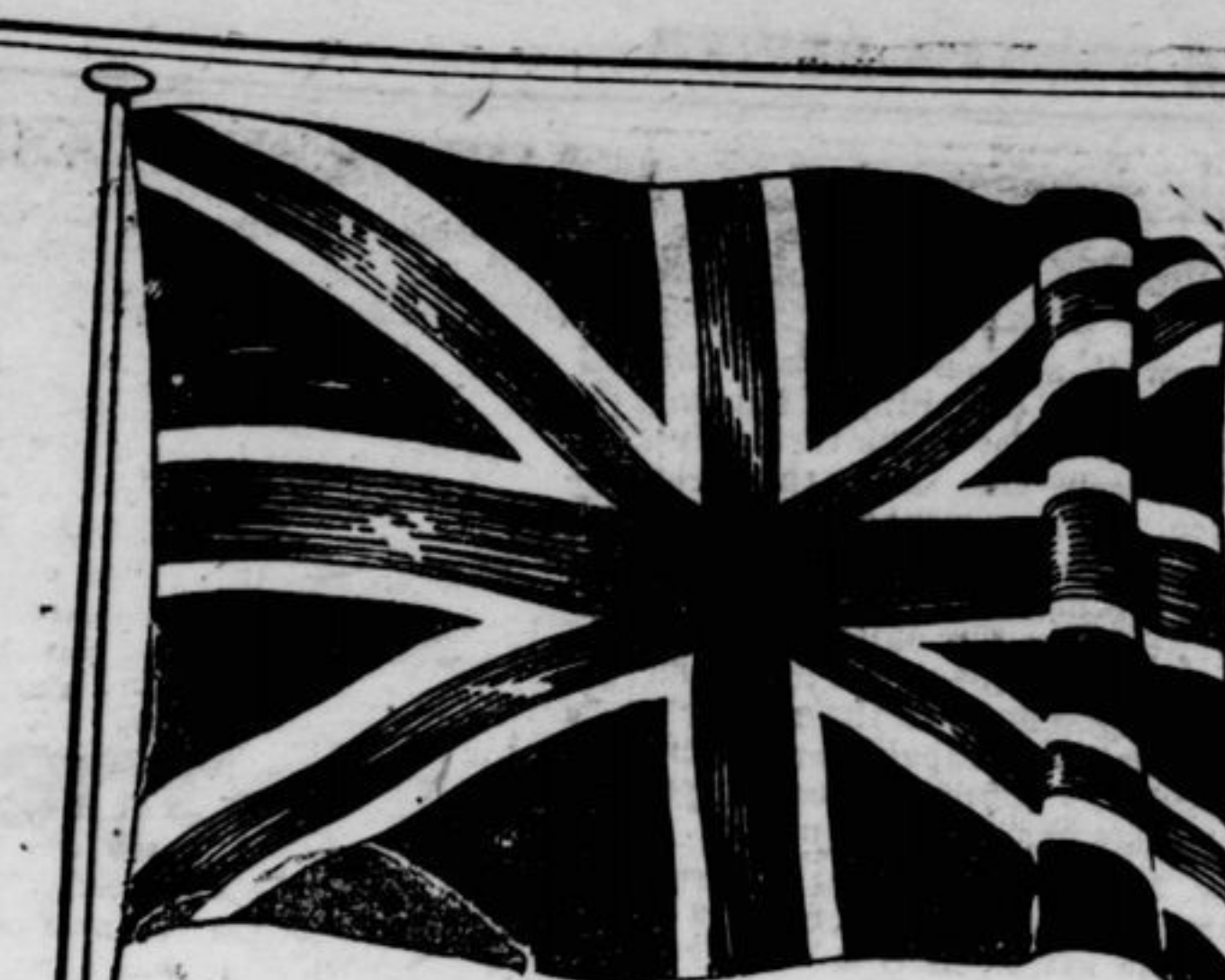
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DOMINION DAY, 1919.

Not for the lakes of glancing blue
I love this land of mine,
Not for the dark Laurentian streams
Berimmed with spruce and pine,
Not for the blushing winter peaks
Where snows forever shine!

Nay, were my land a wilderness,
Still here would I abide,
It is the soul of Canada
That lifts my head in pride.
Mother of half-a-million men
Who Tyranny defied.

Dear Canada! beloved Land!
Our goodly heritage so blest;
Thy children ever ready stand
To guard thy freedom, peace and rest.

The Lord our God our fathers led
Into thy wilds and forests vast,
Where long they struggled, sweated,
bled,
But gained their promised land at last.

They watched thy weal with jealous eyes,
With yearning hearts thy youthful grace;
Lest tyrants' lust thy will defies,
Or rebel hands scar thy sweet face.

The Lord our God be with us still
To help us cherish more and more
Their hallowed dust, their sacred will,
In all the land from shore to shore.

To help us train around thy fame
Our children's hearts to cling and twine,
With noblest deeds and thoughts
affine
With love for man and things di-
vine.

They too shall rise and call us blest
For adding jewels to thy crown,
When with our fathers we shall rest,
And thee, dear land, to them hand down.

YOUR PROBLEMS

BY MRS. HELEN LAW

Miss Canada: "Please suggest a new way of charging admission to our club lawn party to be held on Dominion Day to raise funds for supplies." Announce that a "luxury tax" will be levied at the entrance gate and that those who attend the lawn party should wear plain attire. Should any of the guests bedeck themselves with non-essentials, they shall be obliged to pay a tax to be imposed by a selected committee. The committee, assembled just inside the entrance, and all who attend must submit to an examination. Taxes are levied according to the prepared list, and the sum total represents the price of admission. The list for women is as follows: Plain apron, one cent; trimmed apron, two cents; no apron, five cents; cotton dress, two cents; wool dress, three cents; silk dress, three cents; plain finger rings, three cents; rings with setting, five cents; plain watch, three cents; bracelet watch, five cents; plain hat, two cents; spectacles, three cents; shell necktie, four cents; stick pin, five cents; white shirt, five cents; colored shirt, four cents; finger ring, five cents; belt buckle, six cents; soft hat, five cents; stiff hat, five cents; silk socks, ten cents; eye-glasses, ten cents; spectacles, six cents.

Have a supply of small Union Jacks for sale to each guest at fifteen cents each, to be worn throughout the afternoon. These flag badges will indicate that the wearers are entitled to admission to the entertainment which has been prepared and to refreshments.

Louise: Good for you! Neither do I like girls who bring themselves to the attention of men in a bold way; but, my dear, as between forwardness of that kind and complete aloofness, there is a happy medium, and you should cultivate an approachableness. By all means take advantage of the opportunity to meet this most desirable young man at his sister's home. That is the nicest way you can manage it.

F. W. R.: What can you do to entertain the boy who is too quiet and "just-won't talk?" Absolutely nothing apart from being as entertaining and sympathetic as you can. Lots of girls like quiet, reserved men and to me such reserve of manner is many times an indication of real worth. If you do all you can to bring him out, by talking of the things in which he is most interested, and he still remains silent and taciturn, then either resign yourself to his type and see the good points in him or drop his friendship.

Mrs. John R.: "My daughter has coal black hair, clear blue eyes and a very fair skin. She is in high school and is sensitive about colors. Could you give me some suggestions as to the best colors to use in her school dresses?"

Coal black hair, blue eyes, and a very fair skin are rather an unusual combination and I can readily understand why you are puzzled as to the colors that are best suited to her. Our daughters are far more sensitive about colors than most of us imagine and it is the wise mother who consults her daughter's preferences and then, with a little study, determines what is most becoming to her. This girl can wear all shades of blue and I would suggest one-piece dresses of navy blue serge or poplin for school wear. She should wear cream or ivory white wash satin collars with these. Brown in the golden and golden tan shades, very dark red, all the shades of grey especially blue grey, soft shades of yellow and shell pink or apricot, are her colors. All these are classed as subdued colors. The strong colors should never be worn by any one of this type. If she has a good deal of color in her face, black will also prove very becoming, though she is rather young for it yet.

Farmer's Daughter: A personal letter sent you has been returned from the Dead Letter Office. If you will kindly send correct address I will write again, as the matter cannot be discussed in this column.

The Maple Leaf

The maple leaf of Canada—
It is renowned afar:
Where'er her flag is free to wave,
Where'er her peoples are,
It is the emblem we entwine
With shamrock, thistle, rose;
'Tis famed in Flanders and in France,
But on our soil it grows.

The maple leaf of Canada—
It springs from virgin soil;
Its winged seeds are swift to bear
Strong trees of leafy spoil,
The leaves wave bravely with the breeze;
Their shade to patriots dear
Shelter affords from summer's heat
Through each succeeding year.

The maple leaf of Canada—
In spring 'tis freshly green;
In autumn, see, 'tis crimson gold
As sunset skies in sheen,
And now in soldiers' homes a flag
For him who dies the leaf is red,
For him who lives, 'tis green.

The only important peace treaty ever negotiated by women was that known as the "Ladies' Peace," arranged by Louisa of Savoy and Margaret of Austria.

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Don't Let Him Sneak Up on You

Old Potato Bug doesn't blow a horn to let you know he is coming. Just when your potato plants are shooting out tender green leaves this deadly destroyer sneaks in and begins to chew them up. Have a hot reception all ready for the pest by spraying plants with

MUNRO'S PURE PARIS GREEN
It is the good old killer that always does the job right. Spray early and as often as required, and your Potato plants will be impervious to attack.
Munro's Pure Paris Green is made to conform to Government standard. It is a fine fluffy, rich green powder, which mixes evenly in water.
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Habit of a Judge.
An ex-judge had been nominated mayor in a French country district. It soon devolved upon him to sanction a marriage ceremony.
"Do you consent to marry this gentleman, young lady?" he asked amiably.
"Yes," was the reply.
Then, suddenly changing his tone to one of great severity, he said to her proposed husband: "And you, have you noting to say in your defence?"

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Canada First.
To Home and Country shouts we raise!
For Home and Land to Heaven we cry!
In Home and Country let us live—
For Home and Land we stand to die!

This Land us bred; these Hills are ours;
These Mighty Floods that seaward roll—
We know no masters but ourselves—
We know no bounds this side the pole!

God gave to us these Reaching Woods:
The Spreading Lakes we sail upon;
We hold them for our children's right—
And who is he intruder thereon?

And we shall till the Rolling Plains
That reach into the setting sun;
'Tis our Dominion to extend
To coasts that lave the Great Ocean.

To Home and Country shouts we raise!
For Home and Land to Heaven we cry!
In Home and Country let us live—
For Home and Land we stand to die!

An elephant can pick up a needle with its trunk.

Canada's Birthday

This fifty-second anniversary of Confederation finds Canada rejoicing that the war is won. Last Dominion Day was ushered in by a day of national supplication. The British Empire was bowed in prayer to the God of Battles Who alone giveth the victory. On Dominion Days 1918, began the onward march of our armies, which was stayed only by the armistice. The long, bitter years of struggle are over and victory has crowned our arms. Canada welcomes her valiant heroes home again; from coast to coast joy reigns, a joy mingled with poignant grief for those who return not again.

These years of stress and service have been years of national growth and of character building. Canada's war achievements has commanded the attention of the civilized world. Abroad her soldiers have won imperishable renown, at home her citizens have shown practical patriotism and a grim determination to take their full share in the struggle for human liberty. This achievement has won for Canada an assured place among the nations of the earth.

But high position brings with it great responsibility. Canada cannot shirk her share of the task of humanizing and evangelizing the whole world. And the first step in the accomplishment of this task is to grapple with the problems that lie within her borders. Canada's golden age lies just ahead, but whether she attains her full measure of greatness depends upon the way in which her people settle the questions of to-day. First of all we must develop a national spirit; from the Atlantic to the Pacific we must be one people. The Canadian Confederation must be a unit, each province, each township and village a satisfied member of the commonwealth. Solid settlements of foreigners now exist in our land with their own schools, their own language, their own customs. A way must be found (and that soon) to inculcate Canadian ideals and Canadian customs into these foreign districts and make them Canadian in the truest and highest sense of the term. In the solution of this problem the work of the school teacher and of the missionary will necessarily have a large place.

Indeed, Canada cannot attain to true nationhood unless her national life is permeated to the very core with the principles of Christianity. She must build on the basis of faith in God and human brotherhood. When Canadians learn how to live together in mutual appreciation, love and helpfulness the taint of social unrest will be removed from our fair land.

The faith of the Fathers of Confederation and the heroic sacrifices of their sons and grandsons deserve the noblest monument we can give them. What nobler monument could there be than a Canada purified, united, brotherly, fearing God and hating unrighteousness.

"To Canada."
Fair Canada, I love thee
My dear adopted land,
I love thy pine-clad forests, and
Thy mountains towering grand.
I love the sturdy Maple, and
The leaf of that dear tree,
The well beloved emblem,
Dear Canada, of thee.

I dearly love thy people,
So staunch, so kind and true,
And oft I gaze enraptured on
Thy sunny skies of blue.
I love thy lakes so mighty,
I love thy glorious falls,
I love the leafy woodlands,
From whence the wild bird calls.

I love thy feathered songsters—
To me they've grown so dear,
I gladly hail their coming in
The Springtime of the year.
I dearly love the Robin, and
His happy, cheering song,
With joy I fain would listen to
His full notes all day long.

Tho' far from my dear homeland still
The old flag waves o'er me,
The Union Jack, true emblem
Of freedom, liberty,
Sweet land of hope, thy beauties
I see on every hand,
And fondly do I love thee,
My dear adopted land.
—Isabella B. Watson.

Early on the First,
Queer how the First of July breaks
Just like a common dust on the hilltop wakes
And goes his shining way;
The clouds slide softly over us,
And not a single bird
Appears to make one bit more fuss
Than if 'twere July third.
While right along, since crack of dawn
I've tingled top to toe;
And how the world can keep so cool
I really do not know!

The old clock talks in whisperings
Without one added tick;
A ploy wind at the window sings—
It almost makes me sick!
The yard is full of quiet airs
As ever 'twas before,
The house is still as mice; upstairs
I hear somebody snore,
While I—my head's like fireworks,
With such impatience in it,
That, if I gave a few more jerks,
I'd blow up any minute!