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MAJOR J. J. BULL WITH FORESTRY CORPS

1500 Canadians in This Branch of the Service. Witnessed Big Air Raid on London. Twenty German Planes in Action--Flying up the Thames Like Great Hawks. Bombs Bursting and People Running for Cover.

Maj. J. J. Bull writing to his sister, says he has been ordered to report to the headquarters of the Canadian Forestry Corps. In the Great Park in London, in which stands Windsor Castle, some 2,300 Canadians are engaged in felling and sawing up the beautiful trees which cover



some hundreds of acres. He writes that he met Lieut. Hazen Flemming here and the Canadian corps numbers about 15,000 men. The letter has the following interesting account of a recent raid on London: "You may be interested in knowing that I was in the greatest air raid ever attempted on London, Saturday, July 7th. It was a brilliant cloudless day, and about 10 to 11 a.m. while I was making about Victoria St. in an omnibus towards Trafalgar Square. I heard the conductors making a great racket on the roof and soon he came thundering down the stairs shouting to the motor man to stop in place of ringing the bell as is the custom. When the bus stopped I hopped off to see what was the trouble and looking skyward I soon saw. Like great hawks sailing over a heath in the bright sun light and flying quite low down, were at least 20 big hun planes. They were sailing westward up the Thames and when near the Houses of Parliament they sheered off in a south easterly direction as shells were bursting all around them. In the meantime we could hear the bombs bursting and people were running for cover just like the hens and chickens do when a hawk sails over. Most of the damage however had been done in East London and soon five Brigades and Ambulances with loud clanging bells were rushing eastwards. The whole thing

lasted about 20 minutes and was quite as exciting as anything I saw at the front. The Hun flew in a V shape just like a flock of wild geese, the leader ahead.

AN ODD COMPLICATION.

Raw Material Question Is Now Under Discussion. Without, for a moment, entering upon the great discussion of Free trade versus Protection, it may be said that free trade has, at any rate, the advantage of simplicity. To be able to carry one's goods, and one's person, for instance, to any part of the world with the same unquestioned ease as from Alberta to Saskatchewan, or from Dorset to Devon, would be, surely, to approach the very ideal of simplicity. All consequence, for the moment, being ruled out of consideration. Such a condition would, at any rate, avoid the complications of the tariff. In no connection, perhaps, are these complications seen more clearly than in a certain phase of the raw-material trade in Canada, underlying a tariff discussion, which took place, recently, at a meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at Winnipeg. The fiscal arrangements of the Dominion make the provision when the Canadian manufacturer imports raw material, he shall, of course, pay the necessary import duty; but, if he is manufacturing for export, he is entitled to a rebate on this duty. He cannot, however, obtain any such rebate from the home producer of raw material, whose prices are, in turn, necessarily governed by the prices induced by a general system of protection. The effect of this policy is to place the home producer at a disadvantage; and it has already helped to create a situation the very reverse of satisfactory.

Some twenty years ago, when the great Slocan mine area was at the height of its popularity, mining was considered a good and safe investment. Capitalists were willing and even eager to finance sound mining enterprises, and Canadian mineral resources were in a fair way to being adequately exploited. Like all booms, however, the mining boom of the '90s was overdone. Mines failed to fulfill expectations; whilst watered stock and bogus companies, combined with the constant wear of adventurously placed foreign capital, did the rest. Mining very distinctly dropped out of favor, until to-day, in spite of the impetus which the war has given to all such industries, the banks still regard mining as a savoring far too much of a gamble to come within the purview of sound investment. The whole question certainly calls for careful consideration. That the mining industry in Canada is sound enough is shown beyond any doubt by the tremendous extent to which it has, lately, attracted foreign capital. In view, therefore, of the enormous mineral wealth of Canada, and the rapid growth of manufacture, which the future quite evidently has in store for the country, it is certain that the fiscal arrangements which do not allow to militate, as they undoubtedly do at the present time, against the development of its mines. As for a remedy, there is, obviously, more than one. The great need at the moment, however, is to arouse a more general interest in the matter, and to induce a far-seeing consideration of a question of the greatest national importance.

Horse Saves Soldier.

A French soldier, private Ambrose Perrichon, owes his life to a German circus horse, which picked him up when he was lying on the field of battle, and carried him into the French lines, says a correspondent in the *Horseshoe's Journal*. Both the soldier's legs were shattered by a German quickfiring. When night came he heard near him the heavy breathing of a great white horse, which munched the short grass. The animal was riderless and he whistled to it and began to clap it kindly. The horse whinnied with pleasure. Perrichon was powerless to make the slightest effort on his own behalf. The animal seemed to understand, for it fell on its knees beside him, held its head over his breast, and remained motionless. Then it got up and walked around the soldier. At last it stopped, sniffed the wounded man all over and then, seizing his leather wristlet in its teeth, it lifted him from the ground and galloped off. When the horse stopped in the advance French lines at daybreak his human burden was little more than a wreck. But tender care has since brought him round and he is now convalescent. Perrichon's sergeant, who knows a lot about horses, says the animal which saved his life was before the war in a German circus, where it performed in the pantomime known as "The Arab and His Faithful Steed."

"Beautiful Joe" by a Canadian

LOVE me, love my dog," is a saying one feels, somehow, like reversing in the special case of Marshall Saunders, author of the dog-tale "Beautiful Joe." No other book, except "Black Beauty" of English authorship, has occupied so popular a place in the library of the nursery as this dog book. To read the book is to love the dog, that ugly "Beautiful Joe" who is the hero, and to love "my dog" is to love "me," Marshall Saunders.

By which detour one arrives at the conclusion that Marshall Saunders is greatly beloved by nearly a million children, here and yonder. It is estimated that that is the number of boys and girls who have read the famous story. Originally it was a prize story, and now it is twenty-odd years old and read in two other languages besides the English—Japanese and Swedish.

Miss Saunders, who spends the winter in Toronto, is a daughter of Rev. E. M. Saunders, Doctor of Divinity, late of Halifax. The pen of Dr. Saunders himself is a veteran quill to-day in the world of letters. And Miss Saunders' companions here, father in fame to the extent of a list of books as long as your arm, and most of them designed for the use of children. The common humanitarian note is caught by a cursory glance at a few of the titles. "My Pets," for one; "Pussy Blackface," another; and "Charles and His Lamb," "Princess Sukey," and "The King of the Park," yet others; while other books from this facile pen are "Tilda Jane," "The House of Arcton," "Daisy," "Rose a Charlotte," "Deficient Saints," "The Story of the Grays," and "For His Country."

The home of the Saunders in Halifax was the sanctuary as well of fur and feathers. The premises boasted a goat's kennel, guinea pigs' houses, dogs' accommodation, kittens' quarters, and an aviary inhabited by some two hundred birds. The last consisted of a basement hostelry, two feet by sixteen feet, connected by a wire with the roof, on which a giant cage gave room for spreading. The broodhood of it included pigeons, cardinals, canaries, a Japanese robin, a purple gallinule, doves, blackbirds, Arctic parakeets, other species, and nondescripts which were foundlings, spelled "foundlings."

Miss Saunders, who ran this one herself, is a great exponent of reservations for birds which should exist at the public expense. In her argument for the establishment of such, she declares that birds are state assets, and would soon pay back the cost to the public of safe and happy breeding places. They would give it back not only in song but also in the service they render by feeding on our shade and fruit-tree pests.

It distresses Miss Saunders to see birds and other creatures suffer needless pain. She has fought the traffic in captive, wild birds, and has imported, and, happy to tell, has made important headway. In Halifax, one chances on posters, here and there, in stores and public places, which have emanated from the thought of Miss Saunders and which bear a list of some dozen questions in big black type, of which this is a sample: "Birds like company. Has your birds companions?"

This practical love of the lower creation on the part of Marshall Saunders extends not only to her feathered friends but also to all the wild and the dependent on man. She has seen 'it that living conditions have improved in various cities for pigeons, cats, dogs, and pigeons. She is far from being a faddist, however, and believes in killing off cats and sparrows when the same wax too many for the civic good. She can see a beast killed; but, tormented, she has even promoted an industry for women the rearing of squabs for their definite purpose—food.

Miss Saunders was trained for a teacher and did teach for a short while in Nova Scotia. She received her schooling in France and Scotland, and, previously, was the pupil of her father. She discovered quickly that she hated teaching, when the poet and the poet's daughter, Mrs. C. M. McMaster, advised her to take up writing as a profession. She found the new work immensely to her liking, and—much to her joy—success came very quickly. In the midst of her busy days with her pen, Miss Saunders has always, nevertheless, reserved time for service to the public along other lines. A list of the clubs to which she belongs will give the best idea of her many interests. The list is as follows: The American Humane Association, The Playgrounds Association of America, Audubon Society of America, Women's Christian Temperance Union, National Child Labor Committee, Women's Council of Canada, Alliance Française, National Health Association, Anti-Tuberculosis League of Canada, Royal Society for the Protection of Birds (Canada Eng.), Canadian Women's Press Club, Alpine Club of Canada, Young Women's Christian Association, Peace Society of New York, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Toronto Humane Society—and two or three others.

Bruin Routs Fishermen. A fishing party upon which several Nanaimo, B.C., men set out one Sunday for Horn Point, was suddenly interrupted by a big black bear. He stroled out into the middle of the trail and started two strangers who were half a mile in the rear of the main party. Although the bear seemed up on his hind legs, the two men lost no time in starting out towards the east to catch up with their own party.

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THE Italian military campaign continues its advance toward Trieste. It is a creeping sort of an advance, whether the armies of General Cadorna move down along the coast or across the rocky plateau of Carso, but nevertheless it is a forward movement.

Progress of only two or three miles since the spring campaign began might not seem much were it not possible to compare it with the advance of the Allies on the western front, where progress is measured by yards, instead of miles. Whether or not the Italian armies ultimately are able to take Trieste, they serve a military object of vast importance in keeping an enormous Austrian force busy in defending it.

Trieste is the queen city of the Adriatic. It is an attractive city, too, whether coming overland on the train from Vienna or across the bay from Venice. It fills a good many chapters in the history of the Italian struggles which have resulted in Austria keeping it until the present time, but it is not necessary to review the queen city in the historic aspect. Lever, the Irish novelist, lived in Trieste as British consul when he wrote his book, "Charles O'Malley," which so good a judge of books as Theodore Roosevelt is said to have declared is the most entertaining military novel ever written. For Italians, Trieste has the same sentimental interest as the Trentino and the Tyrol, but the queen city of the Adriatic, though attractive, is not a Venice. Its winter climate is somewhat harsh, and the winds which sweep across it are so violent that on many days it is found necessary to stretch ropes along the streets for pedestrians to use in trying to get about.

In summer, however, Trieste is almost as delightful as Venice. There are vineyards in the surrounding country and the gulf itself offers some fine retreats. It is as an industrial and commercial city that Trieste is chiefly known, and while Italian sentiment is a potent force in seeking to recover it as a part of lost Italian territory, the commercial and military advantages of the city are more potent reasons of state. For the same reason its possession is of supreme importance to Austria, whose commercial existence almost depends on the continued possession of the city. Trieste is the principal seaport of the Austro-Hungarian empire. It is on the shores of the Adriatic, a Hungarian seaport, but it has few of the advantages which Trieste possesses. Moreover, should the dual empire ultimately be split, and, as a consequence of the great war, Hungary set up in business for herself as a completely independent kingdom, Austria would be literally a landlocked country whose only burial outlet would be down the Danube to the Black sea, through foreign territory, since Roumania always will be foreign, so far as Austria is concerned.

Austrian Lloyd's is the best known of the shipping lines. It is partly a Government enterprise and has enjoyed large subsidies. Its vessels, which pass through the Suez canal to the far east, compare very favorably with the French and English lines. Before the outbreak of hostilities the company was in a rather bad way financially, owing, it was declared, to mismanagement. The war, naturally, has made matters worse, and a recent report was to the effect that the company's losses for the current year were about \$600,000. Local Mediterranean lines have served the Austrian population in the Levant and Egypt. Austria has had considerable trade with Constantinople and with Alexandria. The Austro-American line was the one which maintained a regular service with New York and with several of the southern ports, as well as with South America. This line drew considerable profits from the emigrant service at the period when the emigration of the Slavic population was encouraged.

With its facilities as a commercial port, Trieste offers some natural advantages as a naval port, and these have been improved. Though there may be some warships at Trieste, Trieste is the naval rendezvous of the Austro-Hungarian fleet. It is also the starting point and the starting point of the Austrian submarines. Little is known about the number of Austrian submarines, but when the war broke out they formed a part of the Austrian navy. It is assumed that more have been built, if the meantime, or that Germany may have shipped the parts to Trieste to be assembled there.

Occasional reports have reached the outside world of attacks by Austrian submarines, and the blowing up of several transport ships of England and France has been attributed to them rather than to the German submarines. Whatever the Austrian fleet may be, it is assembled in the Gulf of Trieste, it apparently has been effective enough to resist any attack by the Italian navy, supplemented by the warships of the Allies. The Austrian fleet may be bottled up there as are the German warships at Kiel and other German ports, but since Trieste is the objective of the Italian attack the Austrian fleet may be of more use to Austria than the German fleet to Germany, since it is able to supplement the strong land defenses which must be overcome before an Italian army can have a chance to take Trieste.

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