

My Diary

Tuesday - Sept 5/22

Mather and I

came to London from  
Litchfield. Arrived

here 11<sup>30</sup> came directly  
to Victoria Hospital.

A lovely place. met  
Miss Callard and

she took us to  
my room on the

3rd floor of the  
West Building.

my roommate is  
Mrs. Read. Mather

left me and went  
down town to shop.

I stayed for lunch  
and was the only

Probationer present.  
Met Olive Johnson

in the living room

and Miss Callard  
introduced me to  
Mrs Henderson - the  
overseer of the dining-  
room - she is lovely  
so motherly & kind.  
After lunch Miss  
Nightingale & Miss  
Murphy took me to  
my room - they are  
dears - so very  
friendly & nice -  
then I was left  
all alone to dress  
for inspection at  
2 - Miss MacDougall  
came soon and we  
were introduced by  
Miss Callard - they  
made friends at once

and I know I am  
going to love her  
she is such a dear  
lovely dark, curly  
hair & blue eyes  
Miss. Just Miss  
Cahell came then  
and Mrs Tuttle  
and Mrs Summers  
and still my room  
mate did not arrive  
at last she came  
a very nice girl  
she has taught  
so had & came from  
Montreal. Miss  
Callard & Mrs MacPherson  
inspected our  
uniforms - and my  
collars needed a little

alteration. We then  
went down town to  
buy cuffs - unlucky -  
there were none in  
stock at Smallman  
Ingrams. So we  
bored. Mother  
met me at 4 - and  
we went to buy  
my shoes - and such  
a theme. So ever  
I finally got a pair  
very broad toe - 7<sup>20</sup>  
and a lovely pair  
of black Aprils 9<sup>00</sup>.  
Mother & I met  
Miss Callard on the  
street car & went  
out with her for  
dinner. I met Miss

Annie Callard - They  
are both just as  
lively as they can  
be and I do hope I  
ca

Miss Katherine McIntyre left this  
week for Victoria Hospital, London,  
where she starts training as a nurse.

d  
w  
Callard  
has  
D

at  
of  
9<sup>30</sup> - and after talking  
a bit I went to  
bed - very, very  
tired.

Wednesday Sept 6/29  
Woke at 6 A.M.<sup>29</sup>  
had lots of time to  
dress - Breakfast  
at 7<sup>15</sup> and felt very  
smart in my  
uniform - the collar  
sleeves are very

alteration. We then  
went down town to  
buy cuffs - unlucky -  
there were none in  
stock at Smallman  
Ingrams. So we

horred  
met  
we

September 17, 1859, Mr. Karges had  
been a resident of Listowel for 62  
years. He spent 33 years in the shoe  
store business and 12 years on a  
farm on the outskirts of Listowel.

my shoes - and such  
a theme. Sooner  
I finally got a pair  
very broad toe  
and a lovely pair  
of black Aprils 9<sup>00</sup>  
Matter or I met  
Miss Callard on the  
street car swept  
out with her for  
dinner. I met Miss

Annie Callard - They  
are both just as  
lovely as they can  
be and I do hope  
I can go out there  
afternoon. Miss Callard  
& I came back about  
9<sup>30</sup> and after talking  
a bit I went to  
bed - very, very  
tired.

Wednesday Sept 6/29  
Woke up at 6 A.M.<sup>29</sup>  
had lots of time to  
dress - Breakfast  
at 7<sup>15</sup> and felt very  
smart in my  
uniform - the collars  
& cuffs are very

nice. After breakfast  
we came back & made  
our beds. Then we  
went to the school  
room. Miss Callard  
came in & told us  
a few fundamentals -  
example - always  
stand when ever  
superior enters the  
room. Then our  
class of twelve was  
divided - six went  
with Miss MacPherson  
& six of us stayed  
with Miss Callard -  
By the way there  
are twelve Probationers.  
Miss Lead Miss  
MacDougal, Miss Just



Mrs Cahell. Miss  
Summers, Mrs Ruttle  
Mrs Leevies, Miss Hardy,  
Mrs West, Mrs Fisk,  
Miss Farr & Myself.

There are all dandy  
girls and I hope  
we are going to get  
along wonderfully  
fine. - Well. the  
class was divided  
and we went over  
part of the hospital  
store rooms etc  
were explained to  
us and we saw  
what the wards  
looked like. There  
was only one  
baby in the Nursery

a darling little  
tapped tapped baby.  
There were several  
Riddies in the Children  
ward - and some  
looked so awfully ill.  
The Chamber's ward -  
a Men's ward - are  
not very pleasant -  
but I wish we  
were far enough  
advanced to be in them.  
We came back to the  
School Room at 10. AM.  
and had some milk and  
crackers - I drank two  
glasses of milk - because  
Mother wanted me to -  
and I am going to be  
nice and fat with a

decent complexion  
when I see her  
after awhile. Miss  
Callard taught us  
to make sponges -  
Maternity sponges -  
of cotton absorbent -  
batting - about the  
size of an apple - she  
made sponges till  
twelve. Then we  
cleaned up and  
went to lunch. We  
were all very  
conscious of ourselves  
but enjoyed our  
lunch very much.  
at 1 P.M. we were  
back in the Class  
Room - Mrs Ross

good workers -  
and we would  
make good nurses.  
From 2 P.M. to 3 P.M.  
Miss Callard gave  
a demonstration  
of bed making - and  
then we practiced  
it wasn't nearly so  
easy as it seemed -  
but "Practice makes  
Perfect" - so we  
are all resolved  
to practice 3 P.M.  
Miss MacPherson  
came - and we  
had our first "Quiz"  
Miss MacPherson  
looks very strict -  
but when she

our head - came in -  
She is very nice -  
a big woman with  
gray hair - and eyes  
that can be kind and  
at necessity very  
hard & piercing. She  
has a dry humor  
she can be very  
sarcastic - but if  
we work well - she  
will be our good friend  
Our lecture from  
her was very  
interesting - a  
warning to young  
nurses - to be  
careful - but to  
be cheerful courteous  
and truthful -

right over us. I  
wasn't very nervous.  
but I wished I was  
home - But I slept  
so soundly that I  
had to be awakened  
at 6<sup>30</sup> A.M. We  
dressed and went to  
breakfast at 7<sup>15</sup>.  
and such a big  
breakfast. I ate  
everything I could -  
the camp fact and  
made our beds  
and were at the  
school room at 8 A.M.  
Miss Callard had  
neglected to leave  
us dusters, so  
we couldn't do our

felt like a good cry  
had - we had some  
visitors - in the  
dormitory - and Miss  
MacDougall had a  
watermelon - she  
had a good "feed"  
and I went to bed.

Thursday Sept 16/72  
Dear Diary - This has  
been one awful day -  
There was a perfectly  
terrible storm between  
12 and 6 - last night -  
or rather this morning  
Such fearful thunder  
and lightning all  
crashing together

or Gynecological  
sponges - smaller  
than Maternity  
sponges. We had  
iced milk and crackers  
and went to lunch  
at 12. A.M. After lunch  
we had a study hour,  
then another demonstration  
on bed making and  
more practice. 3-4 P.M.  
we made more sponges.  
Dear Dairy it was a  
homisept day. I just  
felt like leaving at  
once - but we went  
down to dinner - and  
there was a letter from  
Mother - enclosing  
the card for my coffee.



work that day.  
We went around  
other parts of the  
Hospital - The Diet-  
Kitchen - Dispensary -  
L. Ray Room - we  
had a demonstration  
here - it is a wonderful  
machine - and such  
interesting work.  
We visited the I. B.  
ward - and Operating  
Room - We saw the  
Parlour where we  
must take our visitors  
and discovered the  
mail boy - just as  
we enter the dining  
room. From 10 - 11 AM  
we made Surgical

letter. I never wrote  
such a lonesome one  
before. But I was  
just on the verge  
of tears all the time.  
He went out to post  
our letters and had  
a little walk. When  
we came back to our  
rooms we had a  
few visitors. They  
made a little fun  
before we went to  
bed - but I do  
hope I am never  
so terribly lonesome  
again dear Dairy,  
or I will surely  
have to go home or  
send for Mother.

That letter was just  
about as much for  
me. Several times  
during the meal I  
felt that I would  
have to get out before  
I had had before  
everyone. However I  
managed to get thro'  
the meal. But the  
evening was ahead, and  
I was really and truly  
afraid of it. We camp  
up and wrote letters.  
I wrote Mother - just  
a very short note  
because I was too  
homesick to write  
properly. I also wrote  
to Happy - such a

Friday - Sept. 8/27.

Dear Dairey.

Woke this AM  
feeling rather lame  
But hurried down to  
breakfast at 7<sup>15</sup>. Came  
back & made bed. at  
8 AM went to class  
room and dusted  
8-9 AM. we could  
not go around the  
hospital - because the  
places were busy. so  
we made use of  
nursery sponges - little  
well tray ones. Then  
we practised our  
beds - and made  
more sponges. Went to

lunch at 12<sup>15</sup> - 1-2 P.M.  
a study hour. At 2 P.M.  
Mrs. Callard sent Miss  
Ruttle & I to buy 10  
for 3 patients. He  
brought them back  
and had a demonstration  
on h.c.f. making with  
a patient in it then  
we practiced. And  
made more eye sponges  
after four. Miss  
MacDougall. Miss  
Summers & I went  
downtown. I  
bought soap<sup>10</sup> powder<sup>30</sup>  
cream<sup>35</sup> hair net<sup>25</sup>  
last<sup>10</sup> pencil<sup>5</sup>.  
Were back for dinner  
at 6 P.M. After dinner

I felt pretty homesick  
again - but we took  
our soled cuffs down  
to the Chinks at the  
corner - and came back  
to set on Nurse Anne  
Quandah. met Olive  
Johnson and Miss  
Gardiner & went for  
a walk. Had a box  
that Mother sent from  
Smallman & Ingram -  
with little things I  
need. But I still felt  
very homesick when  
I went to bed.

Saturday Sept. 8/22  
Dear Davy - I did

feel a little better this  
Am. even though it  
was so dreary and  
raining very hard.  
Breakfast 7<sup>15</sup> - back  
to make bed - class 8.  
dusted our room,  
8-10 AM. went to  
kitchen - a very nice  
clean place. Back  
to classroom - had  
to make bed with  
patient in it. I  
did very well, only  
very slow. Lunch  
at 12<sup>15</sup>. After lunch  
a study hour. Miss  
Callard's day off so  
we made sponges  
all alone. 2-PM. Miss

MacDougall & Lewis  
bought canteloupe and  
candy and we came  
back about 8:30. Had  
to cut canteloupe with  
nail file - and eat with  
shade Lorn. Lawson,  
Ellis, Fritz & Hope -  
junior nurses from  
next floor came up  
with two buckets of  
ice cream - and we  
had a wonderful  
"feed" - and a  
wonderful time. Everyone  
showed their pictures  
and they raved over  
Jim & Frank. I be-  
lieved terribly. Lawson  
and I had a pillow



MacPherson gave us a  
written quiz on practical  
nursing. I was very  
stupid. But can do  
better next time. The  
questions were odd-  
and sticky. Very different  
to any other examination  
I ever tried. After  
four we just stayed  
around and got bathed.  
But I cannot stay  
doing nothing without  
being homesick. So  
after dinner we  
decided to walk  
down town. London  
was rather crowded  
for the night, and  
we just looked around

fight and MacDougall  
and I started a fight and  
Fleming. This was the  
best night of all Darry -  
and I forgot to be  
Lamesie's till I got to  
bed. It rained right  
after we were in  
bed at 10<sup>30</sup>.

Sunday. Sept 9/27.

Dear Darry,

My first Sunday  
in Victoria and  
I was lucky enough  
to get a P.M. We  
were up at 6 AM -  
breakfast at 6<sup>30</sup> AM.  
Prayers at 6<sup>50</sup> AM.

and in working  
in the Supply Room  
at 7 am. Miss  
Smith was our Cap  
Nurse for the morning.  
Miss French is  
supervisor of Supplies  
she is just lovely  
but a little deaf.

Halloway - a man  
who does the cutting  
out and sterilizing  
is very funny  
and made our work  
much easier. He  
made I. I. P.'s -  
small, square pads -  
and Compresses,  
at 10 am. Miss  
French sent us out

up and left us for  
the evening. How  
I wish someone  
from home could  
come in. I guess  
I be so glad - I'd  
just back - but  
I would soon  
get over that. Went  
down to phone  
Mrs Callard but  
phone service  
is 12<sup>30</sup> to 2 and 5<sup>30</sup>  
8<sup>30</sup> - so must wait.

Will leave you dear  
Dairy to get ready  
for dinner - MacDougal  
has been nicknapped  
Scotty and I am  
Mac - Merle Ruttie

for 10 minutes  
recreation - but we  
missed our milk and  
crackers. We were  
off duty at 12<sup>15</sup> -  
off duty till 10 PM.  
We had lunch and  
came up to our rooms  
to wash and cap. I  
dressed and before I  
went out. Mrs Summers  
had company come -  
her sister and sister-  
in-law - with the  
dearest baby - Margaret.  
she made me lambsick  
for Ruth - but it was  
lovely to have her  
to play with. So  
Summers has dressed

is plain - "Luttrell"  
and Helen Summers  
goes by "Summers".  
I am having for  
dinner.

Later

Had a good  
dinner - pork, apple  
sauce, potatoes, corn-  
starch pudding -  
oatmeal cake. Met  
Olive Johnson and  
went for walk.  
But although we  
spoke of H.C. and  
her leaving the  
Hospital - Olive did  
not say why - nor  
will she tell, and  
I am glad - because

one must back one's  
roommates and friends  
here above all else.  
Back at 6<sup>30</sup> and Ruttie,  
Summers and I  
started for All  
Saints Anglican  
Church where a  
friend of Ruttie's is  
clergyman - but  
ended last evening,  
and arrived at  
Saint Mary's R.C.  
as it was 7<sup>10</sup>  
we went in. A  
very interesting  
service - a wonderful  
church, so many lovely  
statues, but we  
left there 7<sup>30</sup> and

found the Anglican  
Church - we met  
Mrs. Byce - with her  
two sons - and  
went over to the  
Rectory for awhile -  
Mrs. Byce is lovely -  
and I am sure I  
shall have to go to  
his Church. He is  
very jolly - and the  
two boys seem very  
nice too. It was  
raining when we  
came home so we  
had to borrow coats  
and umbrellas - but  
we were back in  
time. The first  
sat around and talked



a little and went to  
bed.

Monday Sept. 11/22.

Dear Diary:

Beginning another  
week - and I do  
hope it's devoid of  
homesickness. But  
I suppose the best  
way to get over that  
is to forget about it.  
So here goes for a  
cheery day. Had  
breakfast at 7<sup>15</sup> and  
came back to room -  
scribbled a hurried  
note to Tom telling  
him to come up if

he possibly could -  
In class room at 8 am,  
and dusted. It was  
raining hard so we  
could not go out on  
our inspection tour  
- but we had a study  
hour, 10-11 am. we  
had a demonstration  
how to prepare our  
patient for the day.  
It was very interesting  
and I know I shall  
like it very much  
when we get on the  
wards. I used to  
have a horror of  
bathing people. But  
now I am going to  
show the picklers

of me girls - I  
can hardly wait  
until I have my  
very own patients  
to look after and  
keep clean. From  
11-12 AM. we made  
"tied sponges", funny  
little ones used  
in surgical cases -  
and such silly  
little things to  
make. lunch at  
12<sup>15</sup>. From 1-2 PM,  
a study hour, -  
2-3 PM Miss  
MacPherson for a  
quiz. I really  
like Miss MacPherson  
very much. she

asked me my method  
of making a closed  
leg - and I actually  
told her properly  
Dairy - from 3-4 PM.  
Miss Ross - for Ethics  
really she is funny -  
she says the dearest  
things - and I do  
want to laugh - but  
I don't know whether  
I dare or not. But  
to-day she told us  
we all ought to  
cultivate a sense  
of humour - so  
perhaps I can let  
mine loose - sometime  
now. You know Dairy.  
I really ought to!

Have a very keen  
sense of humour -  
Mother is so fine  
that she keeps as  
young as I am - by  
just being able to  
see something funny  
in everything. So I  
do hope I inherit  
a small sense of  
humour from her.  
This is one profession  
where I am sure  
such a thing is  
almost essential.  
We are off duty -  
and I am going to  
jump into a good  
bath.

Later - Bell Dairy

I did have a perfectly  
lovely bath and felt  
just great after it.  
We went to dinner  
at 5<sup>40</sup>. Scotty and  
I were last but  
oh for Darcy - there  
was a letter from  
my very own mother.  
I was so happy I  
just happily hopped  
to our table - and  
almost overlooked  
the paper - The Standard  
and the Star & Vidette.  
Mother says Ruth  
missed one - and I  
was just longing  
to see them all - but  
Mother said she

would come any  
time she could see  
me for a half day -  
and - can you  
imagine all this  
good luck Harry -  
I have a tm. this  
very Wednesday -  
so I'm going to  
write Mother &  
tell her - so now  
Dear Harry, Good Night  
I will write to Mother  
Dear and then  
to bed.

Thursday  
~~Monday~~ Sept. 12/22

Dear Harry, this  
looks like a perfectly

glorious morning  
from the window -  
I only hope it is  
a glorious day all  
through, - but if  
I keep humming that  
good old song  
Smile awfully  
and when you smile  
another smile  
and soon there's  
Miles and Miles  
of Smiles.

perhaps there will be  
smiles all around.  
Had breakfast at 7<sup>10</sup>  
and at classroom  
by 8. Dusted and  
made a bed in 13 minutes



Had a demonstration  
on Care of Patient  
for the Night - and  
how to give bed pan -  
Why did I dread  
the nasty things

Dear Dairy? - It  
was surely foolishness.  
There's a bright side  
to everything - and  
I have no fear of the  
work ahead of me.

Miss Macpherson  
gave a lecture and  
Demonstration on  
Bandages and we  
practised a little on  
each other for  
awhile - Lunch  
at 12<sup>15</sup> and a lovely

fat letter from Happy,  
a really truly newsy  
letter - If he only knew  
how much I appreciated  
it - For lunch we  
had a "Pear" for dessert -  
Dear Dairy its always  
a Pear or a Peach -  
but - Smile -

Later

Dear Dairy -  
we had a welcome study  
hour after lunch - 2-3 PM.  
Mrs MacPherson demonstrated  
bandaging - 3-4 PM.  
Mrs Ross gave a lecture  
on Ethics. I do wish  
she would take time  
to write a book. it  
would be the most

humorous literature  
possible. I feel sure -  
she has truly cultivated  
the art of spurring always  
the sunny side - and  
ignoring the other  
side - so very much  
in need of a little sun.  
After four - Leatty  
and I went downtown -  
met Mr. Rennie - and  
was so sorry to hear  
Mrs. Foster was dead -  
I do feel so sorry for  
poor Margaret - and  
I know how badly  
Father will be feeling.  
I bought a card of  
sympathy and sent  
it to Margaret. but.

such things are so  
pitifully inadequate  
that I almost hate to  
send them. We were  
home in time for  
dinner at 6<sup>15</sup>. After  
dinner Lennie and  
Scotty and I went for  
a walk away up  
King St. and such  
cutting up. we  
walked on railings -  
sang - and got lost  
in Regis Tavern - but  
arrived back at 8<sup>30</sup>  
took muskemelon  
and celery down to  
Murphy's room Lawson  
was there and we  
had a great feed.

At ten Neptungah,  
Ellis, Fritz and  
Lochran came in  
and we made a lot  
of noise and ate  
Lauris - in bed at  
10<sup>30</sup> - but I do  
like the girls down-  
stairs they are  
certainly full of fun.

Wednesday - Sept. 13/22

Dear Daisy:

A P.M. to-day -  
so this morning will  
soon slip by - Breakfast  
at 7<sup>15</sup> - and in class  
room at 8 - Miss  
just and I look after

the linen this week.  
We sterilized it and  
took it over to the  
supply room - came  
back and practiced  
making beds - made  
one in 12 minutes  
to-day - I surely  
need some more practice.  
Demonstration by  
Mrs Callard of the  
care of patient's hair -  
I am afraid we will  
have a fearful time  
with our first case  
of pediculosis - but  
a quin helps with  
a lot of things Daisy -  
so just hum a song  
as you travel along.

Keep on a humming  
with me"

We went over to the  
incinerator to day.  
it is a very wonderful  
place - all the city  
garbage is burned there  
and the heat from  
it goes to the Hospital.

We also visited  
the engine room - and  
Mr. Husband was  
very kind to us - and  
promised to give  
us water for our  
hair at any time.

We were instructed  
how to use the  
hose in case of fire -  
and I sincerely

Trust I may use  
my common sense  
and control myself  
to be able to do my  
very best if ever  
there should be a  
fire here. We packed  
bandages from 11-17-  
and then dinner.

Later-

Well Dear Daisy  
we have had a great  
afternoon - We left  
here at 2<sup>30</sup> and went  
to the "Fair" - we  
did hope we would  
see someone we knew  
Ruttle's Mother had  
come - and so Ruttle



was away - and Rummy's  
Mother & Sister took  
her away - so Rummy  
Scotty & I were alone.  
Scotty was lucky  
and found several  
friends - Rummy was  
only fairly lucky -  
and I was very poor.  
I saw Mr & Mrs. C.C.  
Douglas & Dorothy -  
Mrs. Guggins - and  
I saw a Kees girl  
but wasn't speaking  
to her. We just  
walked around and  
came back for dinner.  
We were late - but  
had ice cream for  
dessert. Rummy & I

went down to the  
Chinaman's for the  
Laundry - my cuffs  
look very nice - To-  
morrow / Scotty and  
I are going to take  
snaps - I hope mine  
look half decent for  
a change - I wrote  
a card to Ruth - and  
will write Mother  
to-morrow or Friday  
and now Good-night /  
Davy - I am going  
to copy notes and  
perhaps write a  
few letters. I do love  
receiving letters - but  
I have not the love  
of writing them.

Thursday Sept. 14/22.

Dear Daisy:

I am tired to night  
and almost home sick  
again - but I rec'd  
a letter from Mae to-  
night and I should  
feel a little better.

Breakfast at 7<sup>15</sup> -

and the day was much  
the same as others -  
practiced bandaging - but  
made a poor job - It  
rained all day - a  
drenching drizzling rain.

The afternoon was  
supplies and practice  
and a lecture from  
Mrs Ross. If we

have passed the day  
without a smile -  
we must smile when  
she is here. For, she  
says the most humorous  
thing - dry humor  
but very funny.  
Dinner at 6<sup>45</sup> and  
we just sat around  
making notes till  
Murphy & Williams  
came. we were  
all in the Room  
Scotty - just Cahill  
and myself. with  
Murphy & Williams -  
when the lights  
went out. Then  
Murphy told us a  
ghost story - really

Darry I was scared  
stiff - because I  
really didn't think  
it was a ghost trap -  
I really thought it  
was true - but I  
was most awfully  
scared going to bed -  
and I do hope I  
won't dream had  
dreams

Friday Sept. 15/22

A nameless man, amid a  
crowd that thronged the  
daily mart.  
Let fall a word of love and  
hope untrudged  
from the heart

A whisper on the turret  
A transitory breath -  
It raised a batter from  
the dust  
It saved a soul from  
death  
- MacKay

Dear Darry -

You were sadly  
neglected yesterday -  
but I will write a  
little this morning  
and tell what happened  
yesterday - Nothing  
much - The day  
was just the same  
as other days - We  
had Hardy's capers  
and took a whole

lot of snaps. We are  
going to get them  
to night! as I do hope  
they came out ok.

Scotty - Lewis & I  
went down today  
after four - four

known soap 2-25g  
balloon for Ruth - 15g

Back here for dinner -  
arrived to Happy & Billie -

washed and went to  
bed - so I should

feel good this morning.

The little poem at  
your head dear

deary - is from

Katharine Tenti page -

and it really seems

to be very much just

what we - who are  
training for nurse -  
might do - with just  
such a wonderful  
effect - at least dear  
Daisy - it is well  
worth a good hard try

Saturday Sept 16/22

Dear Daisy.

I have an invitation  
to dinner to night - and  
to "sleep out" - The day  
has been just like  
other days. Six of the  
girls went over to  
Chard 10 - and gave their  
first bath. The rest  
of us go on Monday.



Off duty at 4 P.M. bathed  
and dressed - ready  
to go to Mrs Callard's.  
Had dinner - Mrs  
Helen Cunningham  
was also there. She  
is an undergraduate  
nurse out at the  
Sanitorium. Went  
to see Harold Callard -  
and his wife. Saw  
some of Mrs. Callard's  
snaps of Newfoundland.  
They are wonderful.  
Went to bed - and  
slept well.

Sunday. Sept. 17/22

Dear Dairy - I have

this morning in a  
strange bed. At 8. we  
went to St. John's  
Church for early  
service. It was a  
lovely service. Came  
back and had our  
breakfast. Went out  
to the Sanatorium with  
Mr. Clark - and had  
service there. It is  
a wonderful place  
out there. Just a  
little village of its  
own. But I would  
not care to nurse  
out there as Helen  
Cunningham does.  
We had a lovely  
motor ride back

to Landon. I helped  
with the dishes. Walked  
around the garden -  
and came back here  
with a lovely box  
of biscuits. Albert  
on duty in supply  
room. Talked about  
war. Dear Dairy I  
do hope there won't be  
another war. but  
if there is - I would  
so love to go. I  
wonder if I couldn't  
possibly go over -  
Miss Ross & Miss  
French, speak of going.  
I do hope I can too.  
But more than all  
I hope no one will need.

to go at all. Went to  
All Saints Church - to  
hear Mr. Byce. I like  
him - but not as much  
as I thought I would.  
It is a lovely church -  
and rather a high  
service. Had a very  
song when we were  
all back here - and  
went to bed.

Monday. Sept. 18/22.

Dear Diary.

Up at 6<sup>30</sup> bathed  
& dressed - In classroom  
at 8 - studied till 9 AM.  
Went to board 10 to  
give my first bath.

And now Dear Darcy  
it is all over - and  
I like it very much.  
I had a lovely old  
Salvation Army woman,  
and it is no trouble  
bathing them at all.  
I only wish we were  
on the boards for all  
time. After 4 I  
washed my hair - and  
had a perfectly terrible  
time drying it however.  
I managed to get down  
to dinner by wearing  
my hat. Did my hair  
in pig tails - after  
dinner & Lewis &  
Scotty & Lawson & I  
had a caneloupe.

such a perfectly  
wonderful Mother.  
It does me anyway.  
I guess my children  
are my patients - but  
I can sing to them  
dear daisy - and help  
make their time here  
very pleasant. I  
received a letter from  
Mother o' Mine - and  
she hasn't been feeling  
well - How dear daisy  
I was home sick Saturday  
I just felt like I had  
to see my Mother - and  
she wasn't well at that  
time. This afternoon  
I received a letter  
from happy and one

from Pauline -  
Fleming & I went for  
the laundry - and then  
for a little walk  
with Hardy - am  
going to take a bath -  
and go to bed. Daisy,  
so good night dear  
pal - I do hope Mother  
is feeling better - and  
soon comes to see  
me.

Wednesday Sept. 20/22

Laugh & be merry, remember  
better the world with a song  
Better the world with a blow  
on the teeth of a wrong.  
Laugh for the time is brief,  
a thread the length of a span -

Laugh and be proud to  
belong to the old proud  
pageant of man  
— Jno. Massfield.

Dear Darry -  
I really  
like to start you off  
each morning with  
some little poem -  
Breakfast - 7<sup>15</sup>. Classroom  
8 am. Demonstration -  
Temperature & Pulse -  
Bandaging - Lunch 12<sup>15</sup> -  
and we have a P.M.  
Summers, Riddle,  
Scotty, Fenwick and I  
went to Springbank,  
Missy came out at  
5<sup>30</sup> with a wonderful



lunch. We took  
snaps - and one man  
was there with a  
whole photographer  
outfit - and took us,  
when we asked him  
to sell us one. He  
said no they were  
for the Sunday bold.  
So Dear Dairy - our  
"fairy faces" may yet  
graceful the petrouca  
page of one of Toronto's  
largest newspapers.  
What glory for us  
dear dairy! Few as  
awfully tired and  
went to bed as  
soon as I came  
back here.

Thursday Sept. 2<sup>nd</sup>/22

An hour a week I give  
to memory,  
That's when the old home  
paper comes to me  
The only link that binds  
that life to this,  
And brings back days  
that I try not to mix  
I read the personal & learn  
they made -  
A right smart showing at  
the Ladies Aid -  
And I can taste again the  
homemade cats  
and spicy cookies Mother  
used to make.

---

I read with sorrow of the  
passing on -

Of some dear friends I loved  
in days now gone -  
and someone's babe I held  
upon my knee -

I married now - How old!  
I've grown to be!

I read the ads and stroll  
with eager feet  
Down that familiar shady  
wide Main Street.

I see the windows of the  
Town Bazaar -  
and nod at folks and  
ask them how they are

The paper that the newsboy  
sells each day

Is lot more clever - I am  
bound to say -

This town's has beg for  
them to pause to tell

That Mrs. Andy Curries  
getting well.  
But just such items I am  
glad to see.  
When the home paper come  
each week to me  
across the miles my lonely  
spirit aches.  
To chat awhile with older  
dearer friends.

That's all I have time to  
say to-day Dear Daisy -  
but isn't that a darling  
verse.

Friday Sept. 27<sup>th</sup>/22

Folks need a lot of loving  
in the morning.

The day is all before, with  
cares beset

The cares we know - and  
they that give no

warning -  
For love is God's such  
antidote for fret.

---

Folks need a Leap of loving  
at the noontime

In the battle bell - the  
moment snatched from strife.  
Halfway between the waiting  
and the cradling  
While tickling and worrying  
are kept.

---

Folks hunger so for  
loving at the  
nighttime

When wearily they take  
them home to rest -  
at slumber - sang and  
turning-out - the - light -  
6 Time

Of all the times for loving -  
that's the best!

Folks want a lot of loving  
every minute -

The sympathy of others and  
their smile -

Till life's end - from the  
moment they begin it -

Folks need a lot of loving  
all the while!

Again Read Dairy -  
that is going to suffice  
for this day. But if you

have such lovely poems  
written in you - that  
is enough for the day.

Saturday Sept. 23<sup>1/2</sup>/22.

For we know not every  
morrow may be sad -  
So forgetting all the sorrow  
we have had -  
Let us fold away our fears  
and forget our father's tears  
and thru all the coming  
years  
just be glad

Sunday Sept. 24<sup>1/2</sup>/22.

Dear Darry. I will  
write a little to-day.

Worked in Supply Room  
in morning. Lewis & I  
went out to 1048 Decadas to  
her friends - had dinner  
Came back - had song - song  
to bed.

Monday Sept.  $\frac{23}{22}$ .

Dear Darry -  
Such wonderful  
news to - day - Mother  
is coming Wednesday -  
just imagine - only 3 days -  
but I feel sure they will  
simply drop alone - but  
Wednesday - Wednesday -  
it is my golden day now  
for sure - Jan wrote  
me such a funny letter



all about the Historical  
Fair - and Mother is  
coming Wednesday.

Tuesday Sept. 26/22

Dear Larry.

Only one more day  
now. Tomorrow Mother  
will be here. It is  
really too good to be  
true. Isn't it dear pal -  
but it is true - and I  
can't write anything  
else in your pages  
to night - only that  
tomorrow is Wednesday  
Mother will be here!  
I will meet her down  
town for lunch - Isn't  
that wonderful.

Wednesday 27/22

Dear Darcy. The day  
has arrived. I am on  
duty till 12. and I  
feel sure it will just  
be a go. —

Rater. This morning was  
long - dear daisy - and  
just about 5 to 12 -  
the phone rang to say  
my mother was waiting  
on the veranda of the  
Nurses Home for me -  
Really dear daisy I  
couldn't have waited to  
finish my work - and  
I shall always be

so grateful to Miss  
Callard for saying - "You  
may go now" - and I  
went all right. I came  
over to the room as  
quickly as possible -  
and day tears I shed -  
dropped here. Then I  
rushed for the Home -  
and there was Mother -  
I discovered my tears  
were not all gone after  
all - but I behaved very  
well just the same. She  
came up to my room -  
and I was dressing -  
when Miss Callard  
came up. Then Miss just  
came with a message  
for me to go to see Dr.  
Childs.

must hurry up and lost  
letter by then. I went to  
Dr. Childs to-day - and I  
like him very much - He  
gave me some medicine -  
To night there was a  
part. mortem held in the  
Marque - and we peeted  
as much as we could -  
but didn't see much. I  
guess our time will  
come - and maybe we  
won't be so keen then.  
Good<sup>night</sup> dear darry - I  
wish Mother could have  
stayed for ever.

Tuesday Sept. 29/22.

Will he ever be weary of  
wandering,

The flaming sun?

Ever weary of waning in  
lowlight!

The white still moon?

Will ever a shepherd come

With a croak of simple gold.

And lead all the little stars

Like lambs to the fold?

Will ever the Wanderer sail

From over the sea,

Up the river of water

To the the stones to me?

Will he take us all into his

ship,

Dreaming, and waft us far

To where in the clouds of the

west.

The islands are?

Dear Larry,

To. day has just been  
like a lot of others ~~days~~  
and no mail either. but  
hope for to. ~~morrow~~. dear  
Larry - and I surely do  
hope there is some for  
me. Was talking to  
Olive J. and Mrs. Bob.  
White is over at St. Joseph's  
I would have gone over  
with O. to see her but  
had a meeting. However  
the meeting was cancelled.  
Lennie & Jack & West &  
Cahell & I went into the  
Nurses home & had had  
some music and danced.

Saturday Sept. 30/22.  
"Fin - de - Siecle."

This world's a hollow bubble,  
don't you know?  
Just a piece of painted trouble  
don't you know?  
We come on earth to cry  
We grow older and we sigh,  
Older still and then we die  
don't you know?

---

We worry thru each day,  
don't you know?  
In a sort of kind of way,  
don't you know?  
We are hungry, we are fed,  
Some few things are done and said  
We are tired, we go to bed,  
don't you know?

It's all a regular mix  
Business, law, and politics,  
Clubs and parties, Clegues  
Fashion, follies, cigars -  
Enough to turn a Chappie  
into - dont you know?

---

Business - oh that's a beauty  
trade, dont you know?  
Something hot or something made  
And we worry, and we make  
And we hang our highest hope -  
On the price, perhaps to soap,  
dont you know?

---



Law - oh yes, you meet some  
girl - don't you know?  
and you get in such a whirl  
don't you know?

That you kneel down on the floor  
and you plead and you implore,  
and it's all a beauty bore,  
don't you know?

Politics - it's just a lark,  
don't you know?  
Just a nightmare in the dark  
don't you know?

The persepire all day and night  
and after all the fight,  
why, perhaps the wrong  
man's right,  
don't you know?

So there's really nothing in it,

don't you know?  
We live great for a minute -

don't you know?  
For when we've seen and felt -  
Eat and drunken, heard and

smell -  
Why all the cards are dealt -  
don't you know?

Dear Larry -

I haven't become  
a bally Englishman but  
I do like the twangy -  
"don't you know?"

Sunday. Oct 1/22.

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not.  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught.  
Our sweetest songs are those  
That tell of saddest thought.  
— Shelley.

Dear Dary:

I had an M.  
to-day. But Scotty -  
and I were up for  
second breakfast - and  
then we went for a  
wonderful long walk -  
over in London South-  
pact. Victoria Home -  
Smallman's home and

a lot of other  
wonderful homes.  
They picked some flowers  
down at the river -  
and came back in  
hurry to go to Church.  
I went down to  
Christ Church on  
Wellington St - a  
lovely Harvest Home  
service. However I  
couldn't stay for  
Communion. Worked  
in the Supply Room  
all afternoon and  
went to All Saints -  
at night. Was very  
tired - so I went to  
bed without writing  
any letters.

Monday. Oct. 2/22.

Little Kings.

The grand road from the mountain  
goes shining to the sea,  
And there is traffic on it so many  
a horse & cart,

But the little roads of Cloonagh are  
dearer far to me,  
And the little roads of Cloonagh  
go rambling thru my heart.

A great storm from the ocean  
goes shouting o'er the hill,  
And there is glory in it and  
terror on the wind

But the haunted air of twilight  
is very strange & still.  
And the little winds of  
twilight are dear to my mind

Dear Darry -  
the new class  
has arrived - all  
morning we have been  
watching them come  
over one by one - and  
now they are all here -  
I saw Alice at noon -  
and who else should  
be in this class by  
Nellie Davidson -  
There was an awful  
crowd in all rooms  
to - night - and the  
poor girls certainly  
had a cold reception  
I wrote a letter to  
Mother in rather a  
hurry - and Millman  
walked out with me to  
post.

Tuesday. Oct. 2/22

"Oh beautiful the leafy  
tapestries of night" -

In Flanders Fields.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow  
Between the crosses row on row -  
That mark our place. and in

the sky  
The lark still bravely singing  
Fly,

Scarcely heard amid the guns  
below -

They are the dead - short <sup>days</sup> ago  
They lived - felt dawn saw

sunlight glow -  
Loved - and were loved - and  
now we lie

In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with  
Is you from falling <sup>the far,</sup> lands  
The touch - <sup>we thro</sup> he yours to  
wave it high.  
If ye break faith with us  
who are  
We shall not sleep, tho  
In Flander <sup>poppies grow -</sup> fields.

Dear Darcy.

We had two  
lectures to day -  
Dr Denney on the  
Normal Child - a  
very interesting talk -  
we had a baby over -  
and it was terribly



hot... Two of the new  
girls fainted. seeing  
the baby so exposed -  
and the heat helped too  
I guess. I actually  
had the honor of  
carrying the darling  
baby back to Ch F  
This afternoon we  
had Dr. Bowen - on  
Hygiene - He is  
a perfectly splendid  
young man - but  
terribly nervous -  
but this was his  
first lecture. I  
believe. so he may be  
good after while. This  
evening we had a  
feed - Had letters from  
Happy & Lina.

Wednesday Oct. 4

October

In golden, scarlet and russet

October comes with her deep

blue skies,

The mellow sunshine her

The light of dreams in her eyes

Be mine to wander by singing

streams,

O'er fields of the still green

aftermath.

And where her sunlight drew

shadows gleams,

Along the woodland path.

And I shall utter no

pensive sigh

O'er joys that hasten and  
ears that press,  
But share in my heart  
her serenity,  
And rejoice in her  
loveliness

---

Went on a paper chase to-day.  
On car out to Springfield. -

Just - MacDougall - Henry  
Whitell & I led the

Chase away up the hill  
to the lookout - and  
around through the  
woods - it was simply  
wonderful - the leaves  
are beautifully coloured and  
will soon be gone - but  
there are no nuts ready

They were pretty tired  
when we got back to the  
pumphouse where we had  
stored our lunch. And it  
was a lovely lunch too.  
The dutch kitchen made it  
up for us - We came  
home on a 7<sup>15</sup> car -  
singing on the way -

Did a big washing  
when I arrived back  
here - and received  
a scrumptious box of  
 doughnuts from my  
dear mother. They  
surely tasted awfully  
good! I was pretty  
tired after the long  
hike and went to  
bed for a good sleep.

Thursday. Oct. 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 22  
at Erentide.

Twilight and evening star -  
And quiet rest,  
And leaves that gently stir  
In rustles rest.

---

A bird's low nesting note,  
A far-off whistle of life,  
And tenderly remote  
The city's distant strife.

---

Light glowing here & there  
Shadows that deeper grow,  
And our hearts hungry  
More of our dead to know

---

Low sun and evening star,  
That glimmer where they say -  
So near - so near they are -  
Yet ah - so far away.

To-day we received  
word that we would  
go on the boats on  
Saturday - just  
imagine Dear Dairy -  
it hardly seems  
possible - but I  
am surely anxious  
for Saturday to  
come. Received a  
letter from Merle  
Bruce to-day.  
Wouldn't I just  
love to go to G. U.  
for one day - and  
see everybody there.  
But there is only  
next summer till  
I can go - so we  
will live in hope  
Dear Dairy.

Friday, Oct. 6/22

Tell Me.

If the whole world copied  
You —

Copied to the letter —  
Should it be a nobler world,  
All deceit and manners

hurled  
From it altogether?  
Should selfishness and envy

fade,  
And in the room their absence

made  
Should love come into view?  
Tell me, if I followed You —  
Should the world be better.

To: morrow - we go on  
the wards - but  
what ward will be

my fate - and who  
will share it with  
me? Such suspense  
dear darry. Received  
another box from  
Mother - such wonderful  
cookies - but best of  
all to-day. I phoned  
Home. Mother was out -  
so I spoke to Mae & Jan  
and dear old Ruth. Oh  
but it was good to  
hear them dear darry.  
Letters are wonderful  
things no doubt - but  
it is so much  
better to really truly  
hear their voices -  
She also went to a  
show - and had a  
really good time.



Saturday. Oct 7/22  
Life is not a grab-bag  
where  
each his choice may left;  
It's a contribution box  
waiting for our gift.  
and the gift from which  
true joy  
Evermore bursts out.  
Is the gift we all can  
give —  
Just a sunny heart.

Saturday at last.  
and Read & I are  
to go to Ward TX.  
Whamens' surgical —  
at 3 P.M. Of course  
I had to feel absolutely  
funk - and I did - but

I slept from 12 to 3 - and  
felt great. But such a  
time dear Davy. I am  
sure I passed umpteen  
bed pans - gave two  
enemas - and rubbed  
backs etc. There are  
ten patients - none  
are very ill - except  
Mrs. Bradbury - and  
Margaret. Margaret is a  
dear little girl of 13 - and  
has a private room. There  
is one dear old lady - Mrs  
Boyd. she raves a little  
at times and really I  
feel so very sorry for  
her. I have to feed her  
too. I was terribly  
tired after my first day -  
but oh Davy! I just love it

Sunday. Oct 8/22  
Make me a blessing, Lord,  
to those I love,  
To smooch and brighten  
their oft rugged way.  
Give me Thy blessed  
comfort from above  
that I may comfort others  
day by day.

---

Make me a blessing, Lord, to  
those I meet  
Even amid the hurried,  
eager throng.  
Give me Thy spirit, ever  
calm and sweet  
Thy light to shine through  
me both clear & strong.

---

On duty at 7 am. clean  
Daisy - fixed beds - gave  
trays - and dusted -  
came off at 10 am. Went  
to All Saints - lunch 12.30 -  
and just lay around till  
4 P.M. Back on duty -  
a lot of visitors - but they  
soon left. Gave washes -  
and trays - rubbed  
backs - passed the  
inevitable bed pan -  
and arranged beds for

Monday. Oct. 9/22

Chinese Wisdom

He who knows not and

knows not that he knows

not -

Count him a fool unworthy  
of thy speech.

He who knows not, and knows

that he knows not -

Count him as one whom

it were well to teach.

He who knows, and knows not

that he knows -

A slumberer he, who but

awakening needs.

He who knows, and likewise

knows he knows -

Mark such a one and

follow where he leads.

Where Ignorance is Bless.

To each his suffering - all  
are men,

Condemned alike to go on;  
The tender for another's pain  
The unfeeling for his own.

Yet, ah! why should they  
know their fate.

Since sorrow never comes  
too late,

and happiness too swiftly  
flies?

Thought would destroy  
their paradises!

No more, - where ignorance  
is bless

'Tis folly to be wise,

Thomas Grey

Sunday Oct. 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 22  
When failures come, as  
failures must  
In life's old human way,  
To tangle hope with thorns  
of fear,  
To sadden and dismay,  
One method helps to  
clear the skies  
In just a little while,  
To take from failure  
every smart—  
Meet it with a smile!

---

For a' that.

A Prince can make a belted knight,  
A Marquis, duke, and a' that,  
But an honest man's aboon  
his might  
Guid faith he mauna fa' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities and a' that,  
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth  
May bear the gree and a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the wauld o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that,  
Robert Burns



Robert Lavenman

It's Raining Violets.

It is not raining rain to me,  
It's raining daffodils.

In every dimpled drop I see  
Wildflowers on the hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day,  
And overwhelm the town.

It is not raining rain to me,  
It's raining poses down.

It is not raining rain to me,  
But fields of clover bloom,  
Where any beeannering bee  
May find a bed and room.

A peach unto the happy!  
A fig for him who frets;  
It is not raining rain to me,  
It's raining violets.

## Perseverance

We must not hope to be moovers,  
And to gather the ripe gold ears  
Unless we have first been sowers  
And watered the furrows with tears

It is not just as we take it,  
His mystical world of ours,  
His field will yield as we  
make it  
A harvest of horns or of flowers,  
Or both.

## Words and Deeds

Go put your creed into your deeds,  
Nor speak with double tongue,  
Emerson

## The World Over

In vain we call old notions fudge,  
And bend our consciences to our dealing;  
The ten commandments will not budge,  
And stealing will continue stealing.

Laurel

## Balancing

The good we meant to do - the deeds  
So oft misunderstood,  
The thwarted good we try to do,  
And would do, if we could,  
The noble deeds we set upon  
And have accomplished none -  
Write them - and with them credit all  
The bad we have not done.

Hubert D. Nesbitt.

## The Spring of Love

A little sun, a little rain,  
A soft wind blowing from the West -  
And woods and fields are swept again  
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

A little love - a little trust,  
A soft or false, a sudden dream,  
And life as dry as desert dust,  
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

Stafford A. Brooks.

Believe not each accusing tongue,  
As most weak persons do.  
But still believe the story wrong  
Which ought not to be true of

Sheridan

# Promised.

Apple orchards, the trees all covered  
with blossoms,  
Wheat fields carpeted far and near  
in vital emerald green.  
The eternal, exhaustless freshness  
of each early morning.  
The yellow, golden, transparent haze  
of the warm afternoon sun.  
The aspiring lilac bushes with  
profuse purple and white flowers.  
Walt Whitman.

O! Jesus day O! Smile of God,  
O! Hark to all who hail and glad;  
O! Hail thee, Conqueror and King,  
O! Hail our golden chains and song;  
"Gods morning!"  
John A. Daley

June 3 - 23 - Sunday.  
Dearest Diary.

I have almost decided to give you up - since I have left you for so long. But instead I am going to use you for something much more beautiful than just what I do every day - see - I am going to write every lovely piece of poetry I find down in you. So some day you will be a very precious - diary to me.

---

Apple Blossom Sprays.

J. J. Walker

Apple blossom sprays have come -  
glancing through the haze.

The warm winds waft their sweetness  
o'er the glad bright ways.

Alders bow in greeting, the graceful  
birches sway.

Wild birds sing the message of  
Love and love to-day.

Apple blossom sprays have come -  
pearl rose blent with green

Holding fast their promise of  
Autumn's refined cheer,  
Miracle of beauty against the  
distant blue.

Shining in their gladness the  
epicurean is new

(over)

Money in Bank	75 <sup>00</sup>
withdrew.	25 <sup>00</sup>
Expenditure -	
1 pr slippers	9 <sup>00</sup>
1 pr cases	3 <sup>50</sup>
1 pr stockings	2 <sup>25</sup>
1 pr " "	1 <sup>49</sup>
1 flower	.50
1 powder	1 <sup>00</sup>
1 range	.60
snaps	.39
" "	
Rubbers	1 <sup>00</sup>
Shoes repaired	1 <sup>50</sup>
Experson Surface	.45
Miss Cunningham	.40
Holly 1 lb.	25
	<hr/>
	22.33

Remainder - Christmas  
Cards - Postage & Carfare.



Dec. 28/22

Withdraw

\$ 10.00

---

Apple blossom spray have come,  
youth is at the gate -  
rusty voiced and telling there  
is no time to wait -

All the winding roads of life  
ever beckon on -

And apple blossom time  
will very soon be gone.

---

Apple blossom spray have come -  
silently they call -  
Our gipsy hearts in answer  
loosen every thall  
Their wafted sweetness follows,  
and every sad thought spins  
For Hope - bright-eyed is waiting  
where the green road  
turns.

## House Cleaning

If windows must be washed -  
and dusting done -  
and woodwork wiped - and  
cupboards, one by one,  
be cleaned and polished -  
and carpets beaten be -  
and boards be scrubbed  
till there's no dirt to see

Why must these things

be done in Spring?  
When crocuses are up - and  
bluebirds sing?

Isn't that quite - dear - dear -  
makes me think of  
housecleaning at home -  
wish I were there -  
now -

# Twice Flames

Alice Brewer

If in the crucible of Jarses's  
flame  
thy soul be thrust, the mould,  
A glistening crust of metal is  
distilled.  
Nobility's fine gold.

But if in Misery's retreat  
thou'rt cast.  
As ruthless that fierce flame  
A stunted wreckage - charred  
and black - is left -  
A soul both blind - and  
lame.

# The Anchor.

Here on the wharf I lie, idle and rust-  
ing,

Scored with the scars of strife,  
Wars that to win meant life;  
Many a sailor's wife

Gave, all unknowing, her heart to my  
trusting.

Ofttimes the restless sea breezes  
sweep o'er me,

In a familiar tongue  
Singing the days I swung  
From a stanch vessel slung,

Blue sky above and wide waters be-  
fore me.

Many a mighty ship peacefully riding  
Held I nor counted cost;

Fog-wrapped or tempest-tossed,  
Never my grip I lost,

Never broke faith with my charges  
confiding.

Here on the wharf I lie, home from the  
ocean,

Never to plunge again,  
Bearing my sturdy chain,  
Down through the yeasty main—

Symbol unsullied of faith and devotion.

—Harold Willard Gleason in Youth's  
Companion.

Here is  
And  
Honor  
Patien  
Courage  
Pluck  
Faith w  
Never

Here is  
And c  
Hands  
And e  
Willing  
Sowing  
Daring t  
Never

Here is  
Here is  
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—Claren  
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## The City of Cloud.

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increased power to local users.  
tion of the new pipe means  
he peak load of the current, the  
Eugenia plant only called on to  
the Niagara power lines, and  
With the Eugenia system hooked  
pe to operate the three gener-  
fficient water coming down the  
owing to the fact that there was  
t been possible to use this satis-  
shed in the Eugenia Plant. It  
ars ago a third generator was  
ould start any time now. About  
ago, and the work of construct-  
ne was completed a couple of  
' same size. The survey of the  
urther down. The new line will  
of the hill, but narrows to six  
s about nine feet in diameter at  
Dam to the Power House. This  
e is one flume leading from the  
r pipe line at Eugenia. At pres-  
e contract for the construction of  
Hydro Electric Commission have

He murmurs with a smile,  
As his dividends come regular,  
"Are the little things worth while?"

OUR Best Quality  
MOTTO

# The Anc

## SUCCESS.

Here is the road to fame  
And fortune's golden smile;  
Honor too strong for shame,  
Patience to wait the while,  
Courage to bear the pain,  
Pluck when the hill is steep,  
Faith when your strength seems vain—  
Never is victory cheap.

Here is the price of worth.  
And conquest's shining goal:  
Hands for the tasks of earth,  
And ever a sturdy soul,  
Willing to bear the load,  
Sowing before you reap,  
Daring to blaze the road—  
Never is victory cheap.

Here is what glory asks,  
Here is what life requires:  
Grace at the common tasks,  
Patience that never tires,  
Men who will slowly climb  
Mountainous pathways steep,  
Willing to bide their time—  
Never is victory cheap.  
—Edgar A. Guest.  
(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

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bcrn.  
LETTICE RUTHVEN SMITH

# The City of Clouds

When I am a-weary of people and towns

And the fret and the worry and woe  
Of life at its best, to a little gray rock  
In the heart of the meadows I go,  
And there in the silence, sequestered  
and sweet,

Away from the riotous crowd,  
My fanciful spirit slips out of the  
flesh  
And visits the City of Cloud.

Its domes and its minarets, turrets and towers

Are silver and mother of pearl,  
And white satin banners with fringes  
of silk

From its spires in the azure unfurl.  
The steep terrace stairs and the ave-  
nues broad,

The gates and the palaces proud  
Are of pure alabaster and ivory carved  
In the glorious City of Cloud.

Only lilies unclose in its gardens and groves,

Ships snowy sailed float to its piers,  
No sound ever shatters the quiet su-  
pheme,

No calendar reckons the years;  
But at sunrise and sunset its shimmer-  
ing roofs

With splendor untold are endowed,  
Then a-glitter with amethysts, rubies  
and gold

Is the beautiful City of Cloud.

I meet in the streets all the hopes and would  
the dreams

That melted alas! into air,  
And young Love who died of too ar-  
dent a kiss,

And Truth who was slain with a  
hair,

And none are unhappy or sick or in  
pain,

There are neither a crutch or a  
shroud

Or a whip or a weapon or hunger or  
tears

In the marvelous City of Cloud.

To eyes that are blind to the beauty  
of star

And blossom and billow, behold!  
My city enchanted is only a mass

Of cumuli fold upon fold,  
But to world beaten hearts like my

own it's the place  
Where no shadow of strife is al-  
lowed,

And my spirit untrammelled may dance  
with the sun

In the wonderful City of Cloud.

—Minna Irving.

THE END OF THE TRAIL.

I must travel the miles till the journey  
is done,  
Whatsoever the turn of the way.  
I shall bring up at last at the set of  
the sun,  
And shall rest at close of the  
day.

Let me deal as I journey  
and friends

In a way that no  
And find nothing but  
way's last ben

When I come to  
We are brothers  
common road

And the journey  
We must succor to  
the load

Of the pilgrim  
Let me deal with  
way to the

With a mercy  
And lie down to  
conscience

When I come  
—Clarence  
Here

DAWN.

The waking sun with tender light  
Betints the sky; an opal hue  
Steals through the sable cloak of  
night,  
And lo! the day is born anew.

My heart is dead with foiled desire;  
But as I watch the glow of morn,  
There flames in me an answering  
fire,  
And buried hope upsprings, re-  
born.

LETTICE RUTHVEN SMITH



Means much to prospective hunters  
or travelling in party or alone,  
or put in direct touch with the best  
men for their particular choice of  
-land with outfitters and guides at  
ing-in point, which with whom  
actory arrangements can be made  
hand. A hunting trip cannot be  
than successful under these con-

The Canadian Pacific Railway  
At this service to any who contem-  
a hunting trip anywhere, either  
ario, Quebec, New Brunswick, or  
rockies for mountain game. Any  
agents will gladly secure this in-  
tion, or an inquiry addressed to  
lton, District passenger agent,  
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so be forwarded. 41c

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AT EUGENIA

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### The Little Things.

He came a little sooner  
Than the other fellow did,  
And stayed a little longer  
Than the other fellow would.  
He worked a little harder  
And he talked a little less,  
He was never really hurried,  
And he showed but little stress,  
For every little movement  
His efficiency expressed.  
He saved a little money  
In a hundred little ways,  
And banked a little extra  
When he got a little raise.  
Of course, it's little wonder that  
He murmurs with a smile,  
As his dividends come regular,  
"Are the little things worth while?"



...-tongued artists.

### ERS ASSURED SUCCESS

means much to prospective hunters  
travelling in party or alone,  
in direct touch with the best  
for their particular choice of  
band with outfitters and guides at  
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"Are the little things worth while?"

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WHY NOT?

Across a hill, a little way,  
And down a step or two,  
Between tall trees and waving grass,  
A little house—and you.

A gingham apron and a cap,  
A wind-blown, witching curl,  
Brown, dancing eyes, red, laughing  
lips,  
And teeth of dewy pearl.

You sing a little lilting song,  
It echoes o'er the hill,  
It draws me from my plowing, dear,  
That soft, enchanting trill.

\* \* \* \*

Across a hill, a little way,  
And up a step or two,  
A lazy horse, a rusty plow,  
Some brown, turned loam—and you.

A worn straw hat, blue overalls,  
Sun-tanned and ruddy face,  
A listening look is in your eyes,  
Your pose is languid grace.

You dream fair dreams—perhaps of  
me.

I like it, I'll allow,  
But while I dream and sing, I sew—  
My dear, why don't you plow?

—Elizabeth N. Hauer.

... and we all shed  
tears,

We are all thrown hard by the hand  
of fate

And we all do things where the dan-  
ger's great,

And a boy must learn—and 'tis well he  
can—

In the game of life to play the man.

—Edgar A. Guest.

(Copyright 1923. by Edgar A. Guest.)

## *If I Should Laugh*

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

If I should laugh with joyousness,  
When morning comes again,  
It would not mean, I must confess,  
The end of grief and pain.

If I should laugh with happy eyes,  
And joyous heart and light,  
It would not mean that woman-  
wise,  
I shall not cry tonight!

If I should laugh, as laugh I will  
Until the rafters ring,  
You'll know, my love, who loves me  
still,

It does not mean a thing!

(Copyright, North American News-  
T  
T  
paper Alliance, 1923.)

A

Fresh come from memory's bindery,  
A book whose leaves were edged with  
gold,  
So many merry tales he told.

He walked alone, and yet I swear  
A troop of gladsome folk were there,  
For back of us he seemed to call  
Our lost companions, one and all.

A hundred spirits danced about,  
I heard them sing, I heard them shout,  
And for an hour ('tis truth I pen)  
I lived with them, a boy again.

Who meets an old friend on the way  
Meets all the joys of yesterday,  
The laughter which he used to know,  
And all the charm of Long Ago.

—Edgar A. Guest.

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

NDHOLDERS BEWARE

stamp your letters as we are not  
d to lift money out of the boxes,  
Sarge  
from  
Hamilton  
and Joe. Ritchie.  
H. Cowen, C. Taylor, W.  
olige.

FOOTBALL.

Tackling high, and tackling low,  
Twelve years old and ready to go.  
And his mother looks with a wistful  
eye

At the not far distant by-and-by,  
The dawn of the dangerous morning  
when  
He'll go to the field with older men.

And the mother says, in a mother's  
way:

"When he's older grown he will want  
to play,

And the game is rough and the players  
fall

And they never think of mothers at all;  
They never think of our dread just  
then

And the fears that come when our boys  
are men."

What can I say and what can I do?  
Time was I yearned for the scrimmage,  
too;

Time was I longed with an ardent soul  
To battle my way to a far-flung goal,  
And I know I'd have joyed at a hurt  
back then

Just to take my place with the older  
men.

Oh, the game is rough, and so are the  
years,

And we all get hurt and we all shed  
tears,

We are all thrown hard by the hand  
of fate

And we all do things where the dan-  
ger's great,

And a boy must learn—and 'tis well he  
can—

In the game of life to play the man.

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## Advert

## AN OLD FRIEND.

I met an old friend yesterday,  
A comrade from the far-away,  
And glad was I his smile to see,  
For this is what he brought to me:

The schoolhouse from the Long Ago,  
The boys and girls I used to know,  
The little home on Sibley street  
Where all the youngsters used to meet.

The games we played, the things we  
did,

The secret places where we hid,  
The pranks of all our youthful crew,  
The punishments we sometimes drew.

A living book, he seemed to me,  
Fresh come from memory's bindery,  
A book whose leaves were edged with  
gold,

So many merry tales he told.

He walked alone, and yet I swear  
A troop of gladsome folk were there,  
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## I REMEMBER.

Loneliness is indeed one of the things that fairly shrinks the heart. And yet, even out of loneliness may come great things. And in loneliness the soul may rise to heights of power it might not in any other way.

It is at times of loneliness that memory plays such a heroic part.

I sat by the bed once of a very noble and unselfish man whose body was racked by pain. And yet for hours he cheerfully recited from memory lengthy parts from the plays of Shakespeare, and his eyes glistened with the pleasure and comfort which it brought to him.

It is a common thing for me to throw into these talks quotations which I remember from my boyhood, and every time I recall one I am thrilled all new again.

The things you remember are like pictures which beautify a room. People who remember nothing of worth are like those who live in houses with no pictures upon the walls.

Memory keeps bringing back youth, beauty, delightful companionships, the love of a long departed mother or father or friend.

Memory washes out the mind and often gives it new understanding.

There are sunsets that come to me over and over again, great stretches of mountains with caps of white and deep valleys with winding rivers and incomparable foliage, high reaching gorges and quiet plains with grazing stock, flower gardens with delicate odors, rippling waters softly singing under a June sky.

I listen when someone says to me, "I remember," for I am at once interested. I know that I shall hear something that has given pleasure and happiness.

It is a wonderful habit to form—the memorizing of specially inspiring thoughts. You store wealth in your mind every day that you add to this habit.

And one of the greatest things to remember is the good in people. Especially in those with whom you come in daily contact and who grow near and dear to you along the way.

—George Matthew Adams.



folded his arms  
the boats in the  
card. And now  
me more there.  
I missed seeing  
know. I was

hundred and fifty or so pairs of eyes on board that ship  
there wouldn't be a dozen at least scanning the shore.  
Two men falling down a cliff would have been a startling  
enough sight. They would have been interested enough  
to send a boat ashore to go through our pockets, and  
whether dead or only half dead we wouldn't have been in  
a state to prevent them. It wouldn't matter so much as

ship every day  
those landmen  
now. But that  
under observati  
matters much."  
The lieutenant  
sudden thought.

## *The Story of the Story*

MASTER GUNNER PEYROL, the rover,  
after bringing into the port of Toulon a  
prize that has been captured by a squadron of  
the republic, aspires for a period ashore. He  
has spent forty-five years on the high seas,  
and now with a fortune of 70,000 francs (gold  
that he found in the unsearched lockers of the  
prize and secreted in a sail-cloth waistcoat) he  
decides that at fifty-eight he has had enough  
of the sea, and sets forth from Toulon to find

farm, but who were killed in the revolutionary  
riots at Toulon; the always suspicious Citizen  
Scévola Bron, a drinker of blood and a patriot  
who is feared throughout the countryside;  
and Arlette's old aunt Catherine, who are  
the only occupants of the house. Peyrol's  
soul takes root there, for his lighthouse-like  
room in the top of the building commands  
a view of the sea.

In the course of time Lieutenant P.

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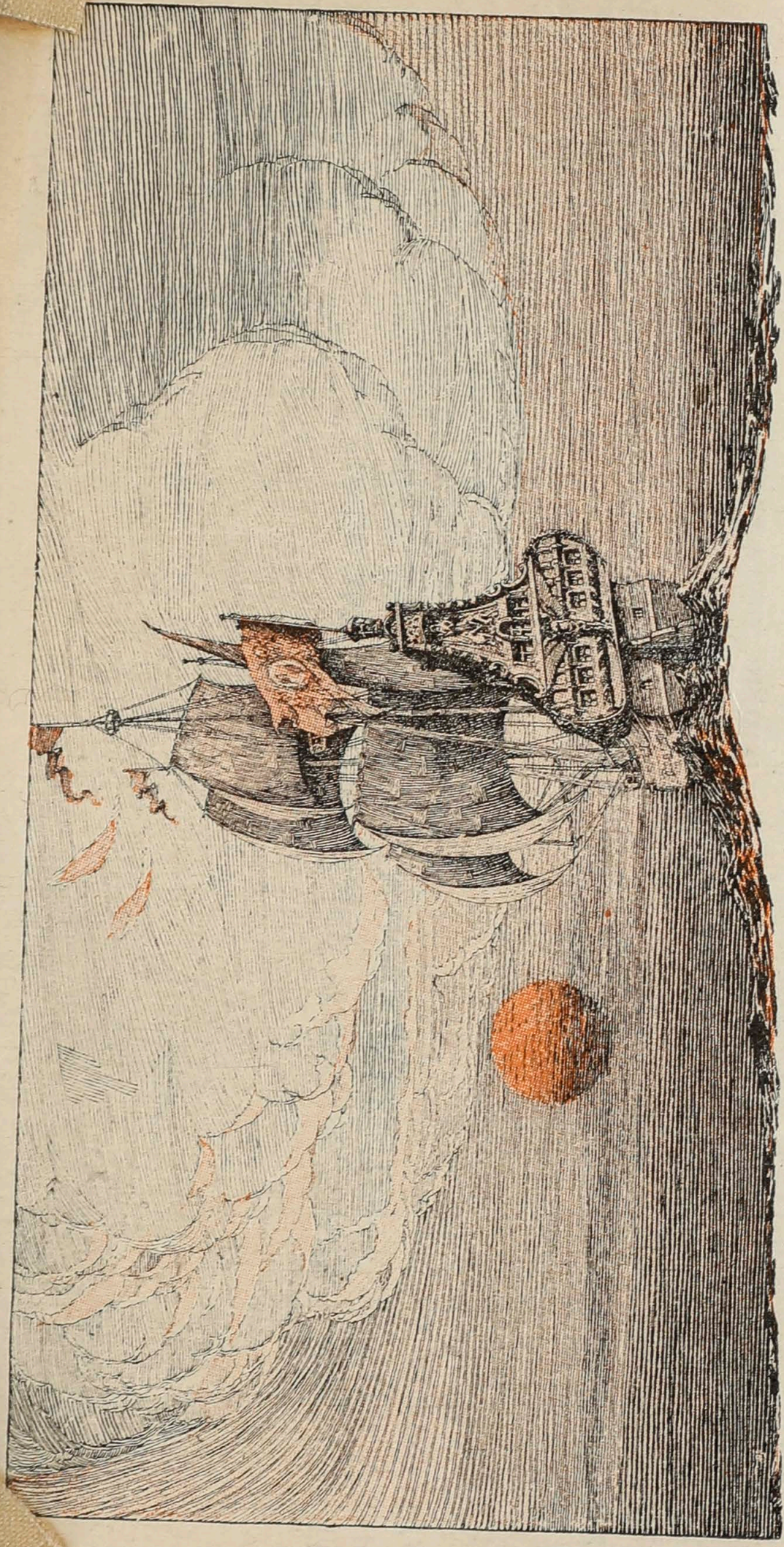
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—George Matthew Adams.



## *Of Sea-Folk*

BY HAROLD VINAL

**S**EA-FOLK who once have listened to the sea  
Can never quite forget the sound of rain;  
Always they hear spray falling by a tree,

Always the sound of spray against a pane.

And so they lie out long nights listening

For sound of water moving suddenly,

And so they can not sleep for wondering

How many ships are anchored at a quay.

They who have once seen luggers in a bay,

They who have once seen schooners from a hill

Are held by sight of many a vessel still—

Their lips are always salty for sea-spray.

And so they can not sleep, but lie and moan

For things that will not leave them quite alone.

## Alms in Autumn.

Spindle-wood, spindle-wood will you  
lend me, pray,

A little flaming lantern to guide me on  
my way?

The fairies all have vanished from the  
meadow and the glen,

And I would fain go seeking till I find  
them once again.

Lend me now a lantern that I may  
bear a light,

To find the hidden pathway in the  
darkness of the night.

Ash-tree, ash-tree, throw me, if you  
please,

Throw me down a slender branch of  
russet-golden keys,

I fear the gates of Fairyland may  
be shut so fast

That nothing but your magic keys will  
ever take me past,

I'll tie them to my girdle and as I go  
along

My heart will find a comfort in the  
tinkle of their song.

Holly-bush, holly-bush, help me in my  
task,

A pocketful of berries is all the  
alms I ask;

A pocketful of berries to thread in  
golden strands,

I would not go a-visiting with nothing  
in my hands—

So fine will be the rosy chains, so gay,  
so glossy bright,

They'll set the realms of fairyland  
dancing with delight.

—Rose Fylem

## Around the Bend.

Dead? No, don't speak of him that way!

Don't think of him as dead!  
He's only just gone on a piece,  
A little way ahead.

He's travelling still the same highway  
That he, with us, has trod;  
Merely out-distanced us a bit,  
Upon the road to God.

Dead? Never with a thought like that!  
The smallest moment spend.  
He's simply gone beyond our sight;  
He's just around the bend!

Ida M. Thomas.

—Shoulder by hid reef or loud sea  
wall;

They bear the weeds, who bore the  
leaf of old,  
Time-rotted and tide-ridden are they  
all,  
Save one in twenty acres of bar  
wold.

—Eric Chiltern

## Oaks.

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ed befor

## Alms in Autumn.

Spindle-wood, spindle-wood will you  
lend me, pray,

A little flaming lantern to guide me on  
my way?

The fairies all have vanished from the  
meadow and the glen,

And I would fain go seeking till I find  
them once again.

Lend me now a lantern that I may  
bear a light,

To find the hidden pathway in the  
darkness of the night.

Ash-tree, ash-tree, throw me, if you  
please,

Throw me down a slender branch of  
russet-golden keys,

I fear the gates of Fairyland may  
be shut so fast

That nothing but your magic keys will  
ever take me past,

I'll tie them to my girdle and as I go  
along

My heart will find a comfort in the  
tinkle of their song.

Holly-bush, holly-bush, help me in my  
task,

A pocketful of berries is all the  
alms I ask;

A pocketful of berries to thread in  
golden strands,

I would not go a-visiting with nothing  
in my hands—

So fine will be the rosy chains, so gay,  
so glossy bright,

They'll set the realms of fairyland  
dancing with delight.

—Rose Fylem

THE  
WILKINSON SMITHSON PAPERS

## The Westwood Oaks.

Where moaned the forest, now the  
pasture sleeps,  
One oak in twenty acres you may  
find.  
The rest went sailing, full a hundred  
ships,  
When the Armada swelled before  
the wind.

They moulder by hid reef or loud sea  
wall;  
They bear the weeds, who bore the  
leaf of old,  
Time-rotted and tide-ridden are they  
all,  
Save one in twenty acres of bar-  
wold.

—Eric Chilma

THE IMPORTANT BABY.

What is business and what is trade  
To the smiling wish of a little girl  
And the roguish eyes of a little maid  
And her dimpled cheek and her teeth  
of pearl?

And what has the wisest of looks to  
say  
That cannot wait when she wants to  
play?

What is this duty men talk about  
And face so comberly day by day,  
That it should order a baby out  
Or start a frown where a smile should  
stay?

What's more important in life than  
this,  
A baby's trust and a baby's kiss?

What is the goal that is urging me  
Faster and faster the hill to climb?  
Is the little fortune or fame to be  
Worth all my thought and all my  
time?

Shall I not be blessed by my baby's  
smile

Though I fall to travel the longer mile?

The songs unsung and the tasks undone  
And the books unread, I shall not  
regret,

These arms have cherished a little one  
These eyes have danced and are  
dancing yet,

For what matters more under heaven  
above

Than a baby's smile and a baby's love?

—Edgar A. Guest.

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### THE PIXIE-PIPER.

There is a little piper who plays an  
elfin tune

In the sunlight and the mothlight and  
underneath the moon;

If you know how to listen you're sure  
to hear him soon.

By hedge and barn and woodland, in  
city, street or square,

You'll catch the pixie-piping, like star-  
dust in the air,

Of the little shy musician, so gay, so  
debonair.

He cares not how you seek him, in rags  
or tags or lace,

You may limp out a beggar or ride in  
royal grace,

He will not flute his fancy unless he  
likes your face.

He will not play for silver, he will not  
play for gold,

He will not play for maid or man  
whose heart is waxing cold,

But if you love to listen you'll never  
quite grow old.

### COMES THE DAY.

Blackness changes gray,

Grayness silver white,

Whitely comes the day,

Goes the passing night;

Birds in clamorous cry,

Glorious comes the sun,

A wagon rattles by,

Now the day's begun.

—Arthur S. Bourinot, in "Lyrics  
From the Hills."

OLDER THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN  
THE WORLD.

Older than anything else in the world  
Is the sound of rain.

Earth's without form again, and void,  
And the waters cover it.

Land has not risen above its tidal plain,  
And gray is the gloom of all, in and  
around and above it.

Life is an unborn brooding still

On the face of the earth,

And God has not found a way yet

To dwell in the waters.

And the sound of rain is a sound that  
is never still,

And men have not come yet, nor the  
sons of men nor the daughters.

No green thing is about, and no bird's  
wing

Alights in branches.

Time and space are steeped in a sound,

This is steeped in sorrow.

Winds are unknown; there is only room  
for the sigh

That besogs the day and night, and  
the end of the night and the  
morrow.

E.

of trouble?" he

said he;

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"I know the trouble you talk about  
Is worse than the hurt you bear,  
That the greatest foe of a man is doubt,  
So stand to your time of care,  
For many a trouble will dwindle out  
When it finds that a man is there."

"What do you know of trouble?" he  
said.

"This I have learned," said he;

"Trouble so ugly when looking ahead  
Is multiplied three times three,  
And far worse seen through the eyes  
of dread

Than ever 'twill really be."

—Edgar A. Guest.

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

by Meldon Hill.

—William Barnes.

BALLAD OF A POSTAL BEGINNER.

I am full of tribulation, I'm a new clerk  
on probation,  
I'm the victim of a distribution plan.  
I've a book of regulations, postal laws  
of all the nations,  
That would puzzle Edison or any man.

I must learn to keep my hat on, when  
I'm cursed, reviled and sat on  
By a public that I'm always out to  
please;  
Smiling sweetly at each libel, guided  
by the postal bible,  
Striving every hostile patron to ap-  
pease.

I must readily explain the nonarrival of  
a train,  
And when the mail's expected in from  
Timbuctoo,  
All the rules of C. O. D. and the street  
directory,  
And what's the postage on a paper for  
Peru.

I must know a thousand rates, have a  
memory for dates  
And guess the length of parcels to an  
inch;  
Every little regulation that applies to  
registration,  
Some say the postal service is a cinch.

I have no smart uniform, I am but a  
postal worm,  
Peddling postage stamps and post  
cards for my pay;  
Taking nickels in for quarters, helping  
out the forward sorters,  
Getting bawled out forty thousand  
times a day.

But no end of worrying can accomplish  
anything,  
Guess I'll get there if I only have a  
try;  
I am learning as I go, and it's kind of  
nice to know  
That devotion means promotion bye-  
and-bye.

—FRANK WILLARD, Senior Postal  
Clerk, Medicine Hat, Alberta.

Edgar A. Guest.  
Edgar A. Guest.)

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each in St. Mark's pulpit there  
because nobody knew He was there. If  
David Lloyd George, whom I had the  
pleasure of meeting in Chicago recently  
and who I consider the greatest living  
Christian statesman in the world to-  
day, came and occupied my pulpit and  
wasn't advertised he would draw no  
more than usual. And yet whenever the  
little Welshman is billed

### TROUBLE.

"What do you know of trouble?" he  
said.

"What do I know?" said he;  
"I know it is ugly looking ahead  
And multiplied three times three.  
I know it's a far worse thing to dread  
Than ever 'twill really be."

"Have you ever lost when you hoped  
to gain?"

"Many a time," said he;  
"I've often cherished a dream in vain,  
And good it has been for me,  
And I never have suffered an hour of  
pain  
As bad as I feared 'twould be.

"I know the trouble you talk about  
Is worse than the hurt you bear,  
That the greatest foe of a man is doubt,  
So stand to your time of care,  
For many a trouble will dwindle out  
When it finds that a man is there."

"What do you know of trouble?" he  
said.

"This I have learned," said he;  
"Trouble so ugly when looking ahead  
Is multiplied three times three,  
And far worse seen through the eyes  
of dread  
Than ever 'twill really be."

—Edgar A. Guest.

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

by Melton Hill.  
—William Barnes.

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AT A SAVING OF \$1.00 TO  
ON A SINGLE PAGE  
OXFORDS

### A BABY'S LANGUAGE.

Well, I declare! You little laughing  
lassie,

Cheeks as pink as roses and as full  
of sweetness, too,

Eyes as bright as star shine on a lily  
pond that's glassy,

Everything you look at is a wonder  
thing to you.

Hold your arms out to me and let  
merry laughter shake you,

And then one thing's very certain, your  
old dad will come and take you.

Well, I declare! You're so small, yet  
domineering,

You can't walk or talk or tell the  
time, and yet you make it plain

By your cooing and your squealing that  
you'll stand no interfering

With the wishes you're expressing  
and the joys you reach to gain.

Men may string their words together  
and real poetry it may be,

But the sweetest language spoken is  
the language of a baby.

Well, I declare! By your cooing and  
your laughter

And your five small teeth which  
glisten when you break into a  
smile,

You are very, very tiny, but you get  
what you are after,

For you know your dad will weaken  
if you worry him awhile.

So go and play the tyrant, have no fear  
that he'll forsake you—

When you hold your arms out that way  
he will always come and take you.

—Edgar A. Guest.

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...sures of his friend.

—Edgar A. Guest.

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

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s there. If  
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pulpit there

Miller on Wednesday. At each event  
Macklyn McCutcheon on Tuesday  
The young people enjoyed at the home  
rtly covered by insurance.  
ed out by fire yesterday, most of  
John Beatty on the River road, was  
ORENCE, Nov. 2.—The farm home  
**HOME NEAR FLORENCE  
DESTROYED BY FIRE**  
the delay in proceedings and chatted  
th his warder who guarded the dock.

Harper's M e.  
**MELDON HILL.**  
I took the road of dusty stone  
To wal kalone, by Meldon Hill,  
Along the knap with woody crown  
To walk alone, by Meldon Hill,  
While sunlight over-shot the copse  
Of underwood, with brown-twigged  
topps;  
By sky-belighted stream and pool  
With eddies cool, by Meldon Hill.  
And down below were many sights  
Of yellow lights, by Meldon Hill.  
The trees above the brindled cows  
With budding boughs, by Meldon Hill.  
And bridged roads, and water-falls,  
And house by house with sunny walls,  
And one, where somebody may come  
To guide me home, by Meldon Hill.  
—William Barnes.

...Canadian type of manhood and woman-  
s become English, Scotch, Irish or Teutonic. Let  
ur public pride in Canada of ancestry, be that  
"And in Canada, things that now we should drop  
natural obstacles, trying the temper of  
asy living. Here let us glory in our  
take the tropics desirable as places of  
"We need none of the things which  
ark of the British Empire.

THE EMPIRE  
Isles and the

DOUBLE-STRENGTH.

He who has a friend has this:  
Comradeship for sunny days;  
Something kings and princes miss  
One to speak his name with praise.

He who has a friend may be  
Poor of purse and worn by care,  
But he's rich in this, that he  
May his comrade's fortune share.

He who has a friend may weep  
For some gentle spirit flown  
Which he loved but could not keep,  
But he will not mourn alone.

He who has a friend may fall  
Bruised and broken in the fight,  
But his friend shall hear him call  
And shall seek him through the night.

He who has a friend may know  
For the work he has to do,  
Wheresoever he may go  
That he owns the strength of two.

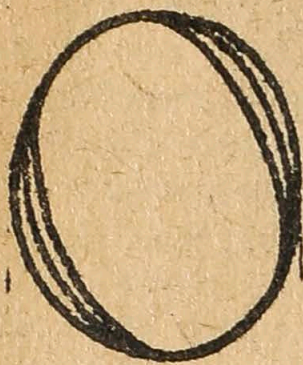
To his own, through good or bad,  
From beginning to the end,  
When he needs it he may add  
All the treasures of his friend.

—Edgar A. Guest.  
(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

# TWO POEMS

By Margaret Clarke Russell.

## THE NURSERY GRATE



ON Halloween, when tea is late,  
To sit before the nurs'ry grate  
Is what a little child may do  
To watch the flames fly up the flue,  
Which crackle as they roar so high  
And end in smoke towards the sky.

Grown-ups say that flames are red,  
But sometimes they are blue instead,  
And when for fuel the fire burns low,  
So many pictures in the glow  
Of smould'ring embers seem to lie,  
It's fun to watch them till they die.

Black Cats! Bats! and Bogies tall!  
(These need not frighten you at all),  
And in a flash a masquerade  
Which in a moment more must fade,  
Wicked Witches! Goblins old!  
And golden Jack o' Lanterns bold!

---

## A COLORED RONDEAU

On Halloween a witch in gold  
Rides her broomstick brown and old,  
And autumn leaves in amber mound  
Turn bronzy bonfires on the ground  
A cozy copper in the cold.

Orange pumpkins big and bold,  
Rosy Jack o' Lanterns hold,  
And apples russet-green abound  
On Halloween.

Taffy pulled from tawny mold  
To tan and topaz, fold on fold,  
Matches yellow flowers found  
As favors on the table round  
Where Black Cat tales are bravely told  
On Halloween.



## DISAPPOINTMENT.

From north or south, or east or west  
Whatever wind that blows, is best.  
Who sails the sea of life must brave  
The tempest and the angry wave.  
Man may not bid the wind to stay,  
Nor hold the bitter cold away,  
God has not given man the power  
To rule the weather for an hour.

Man does not wish to weep, and yet  
Oft shall his eyes with tears be wet.  
He does not choose to suffer pain,  
To face the days of driving rain  
Or bow to disappointment's blow;  
Yet as the long years come and go  
Full many a broken dream and plan  
Shall test his courage as a man.

Man cannot master wind nor wave,  
But need not to himself be slave.  
Him he can master, him compel  
To bear with disappointment well;  
To brave the bitter cold and rain  
Which mar his day, and not complain.  
This is God's hope and dream for him:  
He shall grow bigger than his whim.

Lord, when fair skies I'd choose, and  
find  
The day is dreary and unkind,  
When disappointment keen I meet  
And gray clouds hide the sun I'd greet,  
Let me not fling my faith away,  
But let me calmly face the day.  
Grant me the strength to rise each  
morn

And bravely bear what must be borne.

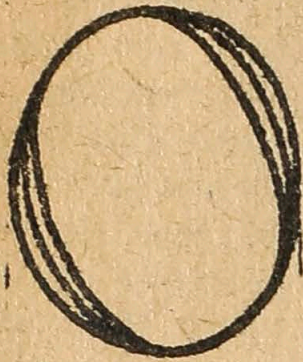
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And end in smoke towards the sky.

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But sometimes they are blue instead,  
And when for fuel the fire burns low,  
So many pictures in the glow  
Of smould'ring embers seem to lie,  
It's fun to watch them till they die.

Black Cats! Bats! and Bogles tall!  
(These need not frighten you at all),  
And in a flash a masquerade  
Which in a moment more must fade,  
Wicked Witches! Goblins old!  
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Turn bronzy bonfires on the ground  
A cozy copper in the cold.

Orange pumpkins big and bold,  
Rosy Jack o' Lanterns hold,  
And apples russet-green abound  
On Halloween.

Taffy pulled from tawny mold  
To tan and topaz, fold on fold,  
Matches yellow flowers found  
As favors on the table round  
Where Black Cat tales are bravely told  
On Halloween.

Movement From Head of the  
Lakes Continues.

## What Counts

'Tis not the tale of years men  
live  
That counts, but how they're  
spent;  
Not what we get, but what we  
give,  
Is our just measurement.

And what we give we never  
lose,  
And what we lose we gain.  
We live but once, and may not  
choose  
To pass this way again.

—James A. Roy, in "Christ in  
the Strand."

PIGEONS AT ST. PAUL'S

I saw a flock of pigeons feign  
A garland round St. Paul's,  
With wings like blossom on the wane  
That floats aloof and falls;  
No high, pole-threaded wires could  
snare  
Those birds that bloomed in London  
air.

The loiterers round marble Anne  
Found no blue doves to feed;  
The flock went by, one living fan,  
Forgetful of its greed,  
Wind-wafted and beatified,  
A wave on the ethereal tide.

Nor had they any thought of dread  
For what the earth should bring  
When like a shower they would shed  
Themselves with narrowed wing,  
But gladly rode the windy surge  
As though they flew on heaven's own  
verge.

At counters nigh were men with notes,  
Intent upon their sum,  
That never saw the rainbow throats,  
Nor heard the rhythmic drum  
Of wings go by and drop like rain  
On leaden roofs in Carter Lane.

But well it were, O foolish ones,  
If you with buoyant mind  
Could quit all thought of debts and  
duns  
And float upon the wind,  
Forgetful of your narrow walls,  
Like doves about the dome of Paul's!  
—Wilfred Thorley in *The Saturday*  
Review.

And in the chilly ~~gale~~ between the  
sumac's last red ember,  
And gaunt gray ghosts of goldenrod  
she vanished with November.  
—Minna Irving.

Sandwich, Ont., February 17, 1927.

THE PASSING OF BEAUTY.

Trees are turning red and gold,  
Now the year is growing old,  
But the leaves are fluttering down  
To the gutters of the town;  
And the beauty of it all  
Tells us plainly it is fall,  
It is fall and summer's gone,  
Winter's swiftly coming on.

Roses pink and roses white  
Make a very lovely sight,  
But I cannot stay the tear  
When I see them on a bier.  
Tinged with sadness every bloom  
Lighting up the silent room,  
For the petals, one by one,  
Whisper this: Your friend has gone.

Distant purple, flaming red,  
Well I know that summer's dead;  
Woods of beauty, hills aglow,  
Liveried heralds of the snow,  
Though enraptured I behold  
All your wealth of shining gold,  
Still beyond your calm I hear  
Winds of winter howling near

—Edgar A. Guest.

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

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illis Colton.

...The association worked in behalf of the United Welfare Fund Association, securing more by general subscription than in the former year. We have endowed a room at the new Children's Hospital as a memorial to our heroic members who gave their service during the war for king and country.

## Exit October.

The wayside weeds were white with frost, the morning air was cold, I saw a gipsy lass who danced on fallen leaves of gold.

She wore a scarf of amber silk, a scarlet petticoat,

And hops of garnets in her ears, and coral at her throat.

She flung the yellow leaves aloft, and strewed them far and wide,

"Come, see my gold, and help yourself, for I am rich," she cried,

"The sky is blue, the sun is bright, the world from care is free,

I am October, prithee, shake a merry leg with me."

A snowflake drifted on the wind, the day began to wane,

A vagrant in a ragged coat came shuffling down the lane.

The gold (alas! 'twas fairy gold, the glitter that deceived)

Beneath his stumbling feet was turned to heaps of withered leaves.

He lifted up his peevish voice, and called the gipsy maid,

And she put on a russet cloak and tearfully obeyed,

And in the chilly dusk between the sumac's last red ember,

And gaunt gray ghosts of goldenrod she vanished with November.

—Minna Irving.

Sandwich, Ont., February 12, 1873.

MRS. MARY BOWMAN DIES.  
INGERSOLL, Nov. 4.—Mrs. Mary  
Bowman, for nine years a resident here,  
away on Saturday. She had come  
three weeks. She had also  
but 50 years.

There is by the agreement and it is probable  
some faction with the conference and it seems be  
imperial up again, as certainly be delegates.  
comes will almost by some of the delegates.  
plain talking by some of the delegates.

### ARCADIE

I traveled many winding ways  
That weary seemed to me,  
In cloudy nights and windy days,  
To find sweet Arcadie.

The shepherds stand on either hand;  
"We fain would go with thee,  
Save for our sheep, to that sweet land,  
That far-off Arcadie."

Along the self-same way I fare,  
And shepherds ask of me:  
"Hast found those green fields any-  
where?"

"Yea, but the people dwelling there  
Know not 'tis Arcadie."

—Arthur Willis Colton.

SELFISHNESS.

A man has built a chimney stack be-  
tween the east and me  
And spoiled a patch of golden sky where  
beauty used to be;  
And yonder to the westward was a  
clump of maples tall,  
But now an ugly barn is there and I  
have lost them all.

The quiet and the calm are gone from  
scenes which once I knew,  
The clover fields of yesterday the  
trains go rushing through;  
The brook which laughed and danced  
along its journey to the sea,  
Now wears upon its weary face the  
look of slavery.

How fair the dawn of day would be but  
for that chimney stack,  
How fair the west if only man could put  
those maples back!  
Yet almost everywhere we turn some  
lovely view to scan,  
We find the realms of beauty being  
encroached upon by man.

Yet why should I complain at this, why  
mourn the maple tree,  
When day by day my selfishness steals  
beauty's charm from me?  
I will not check some whim of mine to  
serve the broader view,  
But raise my barns and chimney stacks  
for what I want to do.

—Edgar A. Guest.

That only ~~me~~ by Edgar A. Guest  
And as we sit in the twilight hour  
In the glow of the setting sun,  
Our hearts go out to the friends we  
loved  
When we were twenty-one.

—Charles E. Pegley

Sandwich, Ont., February 14, 1924.



THE PASSING OF BEAUTY.

Trees are turning red and gold,  
Now the year is growing old,  
But the leaves are fluttering down  
To the gutters of the town;  
And the beauty of it all  
Tells us plainly it is fall,  
It is fall and summer's gone,  
Winter's swiftly coming on.

Roses pink and roses white  
Make a very lovely sight,  
But I cannot stay the tear  
When I see them on a bier.  
Tinged with sadness every bloom  
Lighting up the silent room,  
For the petals, one by one,  
Whisper this: Your friend has gone.

Distant purple, flaming red,  
Well I know that summer's dead;  
Woods of beauty, hills aglow,  
Liveried heralds of the snow,  
Though enraptured I behold  
All your wealth of shining gold,  
Still beyond your calm I hear  
Winds of winter howling near

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ing there  
illis Colton.

### WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE

Where are the days, youth's golden  
days

That we knew long years ago,  
Days that were filled with a strange  
delight

That only youth can know.  
We look far back on an age that's gone  
Like the rays of the setting sun,  
On those glorious, golden days of youth  
When we were twenty-one.

Where are the friends whom we loved  
so well.

In those days of the long ago;  
In those romping, madcap days of  
youth

That only the young man can know,  
And as we sit in the twilight hour  
In the glow of the setting sun,  
Our hearts go out to the friends we  
loved

When we were twenty-one.

—Charles E. Pegley

Sandwich, Ont., February 14, 1924.

BRANTFORD, Feb. 21. — Using 40 teams and 110 men, including the men of the garbage department, since garbage collections are impossible owing to the huge drifts, the civic authorities to-day made good progress in the clearing of the principal streets, but it will be some days before traffic is possible on all streets. The combined gangs will be kept at work until this is accomplished, after which the board of works men will be swung over to the delayed garbage collection to make a clean-up of that work. Coal dealers have cut deliveries to half a ton, for more cannot be hauled by their teams. The rural sections are worse off and some farmers will be isolated for days to come to deliver on their way to Redick-ville, about six o'clock Sunday evening, the automobile of Mr. and Mrs. Fred-erick Wallwork overturned when the truck Wallwork of the Caledon Mountain curve of the Wallwork and Mr. Wallwork being rounded, and Mr. Wallwork thrown out and had his skull frac-tured. With one ex-pected, dying instantly. Members of the party

THE PASSING OF BEAUTY.

Trees are turning red and gold,  
Now the year is growing old,  
But the leaves are fluttering down  
To the gutters of the town;  
And the beauty of it all  
Tells us plainly it is fall,  
It is fall and summer's gone,  
Winter's swiftly coming on.

Roses pink and roses white  
Make a very lovely sight,  
But I cannot stay the tear  
When I see them on a bier.  
Tinged with sadness every bloom  
Lighting up the silent room,  
For the petals, one by one,  
Whisper this: Your friend has gone.

Distant purple, flaming red,  
Well I know that summer's dead;  
Woods of beauty, hills aglow,  
Liveried heralds of the snow,  
Though enraptured I behold  
All your wealth of shining gold,  
Still beyond your calm I hear  
Winds of winter howling near

—Edgar A. Guest.

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

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## THE BANKER AND THE LIGHT- HOUSE.

We stood a moment at the water's edge  
And saw a rugged lighthouse far at  
sea,  
Warning the pilots of a dangerous  
ledge,  
And then this Western banker said  
to me:

"A lighthouse has a curious appeal.  
To me there's something noble in its  
form,  
A grandeur and a dignity I feel;  
It never breaks or cringes in a storm.

"The fury of the wind can move it not,  
Into the night it sends its light afar.  
A few brave men, among our changing  
lot,  
In times of stress much like a light-  
house are.

"I know, in all my circle, one or two  
Who brave the storms unmoved, erect  
and straight,

A Holding their place 'gainst all the fates  
A may go—  
A Strong, rugged, noble characters, and  
great."

And as we turned to leave, and looked  
once more  
To watch the angry waters break and  
roll

Against the lighthouse far away from  
shore,

A Thought I, this banker has a poet's  
soul.

—Edgar A. Guest.

(Copyright, 1923. by Edgar A. Guest.)

—song in praise to Him,  
When the shadows fall and the light  
grows dim—  
If followed, you'll find it a beautiful  
way  
To make—and so easy—a beautiful  
day.

BE HAPPY

Smile young feller, dent your  
face,  
Wrinkle up your map.  
Give your eyes a chance to  
squint,  
Cut the sigh and gap,  
Give yourself a hearty laugh,  
it doesn't cost a cent,  
Still it's worth far more than  
gold—  
Good Old Merriment.

*My Alarm Clock*

Two roseleaf lips that brush my  
cheek with touch of velvet  
wing,  
Two chubby arms that steal around  
my neck and tightly cling,  
A tousled head of gold that snug-  
gles close within my arm,  
A small voice whispering "Mother,  
Dear"—

My best beloved Alarm.

ELIZABETH GEORGE.

BIG TREAT AT THE GRAND

Will Be Repeated This Evening

and Twice To-Morrow

In the summer of the year 1918, when  
that great ardor for psychological research  
attended upon it

### A BEAUTIFUL RECIPE.

A beautiful turning to God in prayer  
At the break of day, be it dull or fair;  
A beautiful word when the chance  
occurs,  
Instead of gossip that hurts and  
slurs;  
A beautiful deed, not one or two,  
But just as many as you can do;  
A beautiful thought in the mind to  
keep,  
Where otherwise evil and sin might  
creep;  
A beautiful smile, how it helps and  
cheers  
And coaxes from others their frowns  
and tears;  
A beautiful song in praise to Him,  
When the shadows fall and the light  
grows dim—  
If followed, you'll find it a beautiful  
way  
To make—and so easy—a beautiful  
day.

BE HAPPY

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\*  
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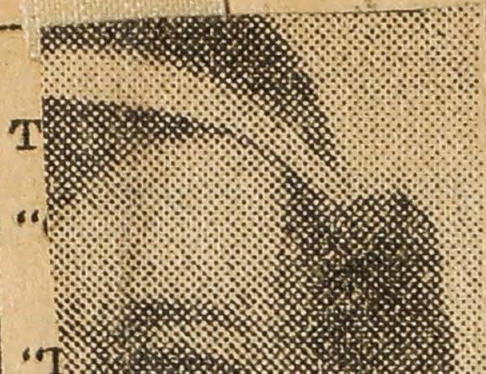
ELIZABETH GEORGE.

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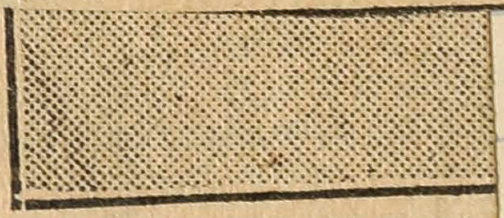
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up ;  
There's a stir in the tents in the  
valley;  
"For there's no more sleep with the  
sun's first peep,  
"For I'm sounding the old reveille."

Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?  
Is it the call I'm seeking?  
"Can't mistake the call," said the  
trumpeter tall,  
As my trumpet goes aspeaking.  
"I'm urging 'em on; they're scamper-  
ing on,  
"There's a rattle of hoofs like thun-  
der;  
"There's a madd'ning shout as the  
sabers flash out,  
"For I'm sounding the charge, no  
wonder."

Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?  
Is it the call I'm seeking?  
"Lucky for you if you hear it at all,  
For my trumpet's but faintly speak-  
ing.  
I'm calling them home, come home, come  
home.  
Tread light o'er the dead in the  
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Who are lying around, face down to

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MRS. RONALD HA  
the London Hunt  
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### ENTERTAINMENT.

I stopped at an inn one day to dine;  
The host was a generous fellow;  
A golden apple for a sign  
Hung out on a branch so mellow.

It was the good old apple tree  
Himself so nobly dined me;  
Sweet fare and sparkling juices he  
Was pleased and proud to find me.

To his greenhouse came many a  
guest,  
Light winged and lighter hearted;  
They sang their best, they ate his  
best,  
Then up they sprang and departed.

I found a bed to rest my head—  
A bed of soft green clover;  
The host a great cool shadow spread  
For a quilt, and covered me over.

I asked him what I had to pay  
I saw his head shake slightly—  
O, blest be he forever and aye  
Who treated me so politely.  
—Uhland. Translated by C. T. Brooks

### A PRAYER.

I have not seen the glory of the Lord;  
Faint and in rags I stand without the  
gate;

Wrath have I known and famine, fire  
and sword—

O Christ, compassionate,  
Open to-night and bid me enter in,  
Forgiven, forgiven and cleansed of every  
sin!

I have not known the glory of my God;  
His face in anger has been turned  
away;

Long have I bowed beneath His chas-  
tening rod—

Dear Christ, to Thee I pray:  
Take me, oh, take me by the hand to-  
night,  
And lead me to my Father and the  
light!

—Ernest H. A. Home.  
Komoka, Ont., Oct. 30, 1923.

THE TRUMPETER.

Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?  
Is it the call I'm seeking?

"Can't mistake the call," said the  
trumpeter tall,

"As my trumpet goes aspeaking.

"I'm wakin' 'em up, I'm rousin' 'em  
up ;

There's a stir in the tents in the  
valley;

"For there's no more sleep with the  
sun's first peep,

"For I'm sounding the old reveille."

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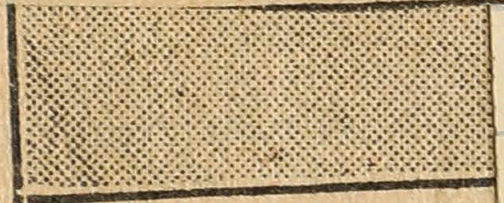
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NORRIS (GORME)  
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MRS. RONALD HA  
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committee, who y  
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the ground,  
And they can't hear me sound the  
rally,  
But they'll hear it again in a grand  
refrain,  
When Gabriel sounds his last rally."  
—Anonymous.

Himself so n  
Sweet fare and  
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To his green  
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I found a bed  
A bed of so  
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—Uhland. Tr

### ENTERTAINMENT.

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Hung out on a branch so mellow.

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Sweet fare and sparkling juices he  
Was pleased and proud to find me.

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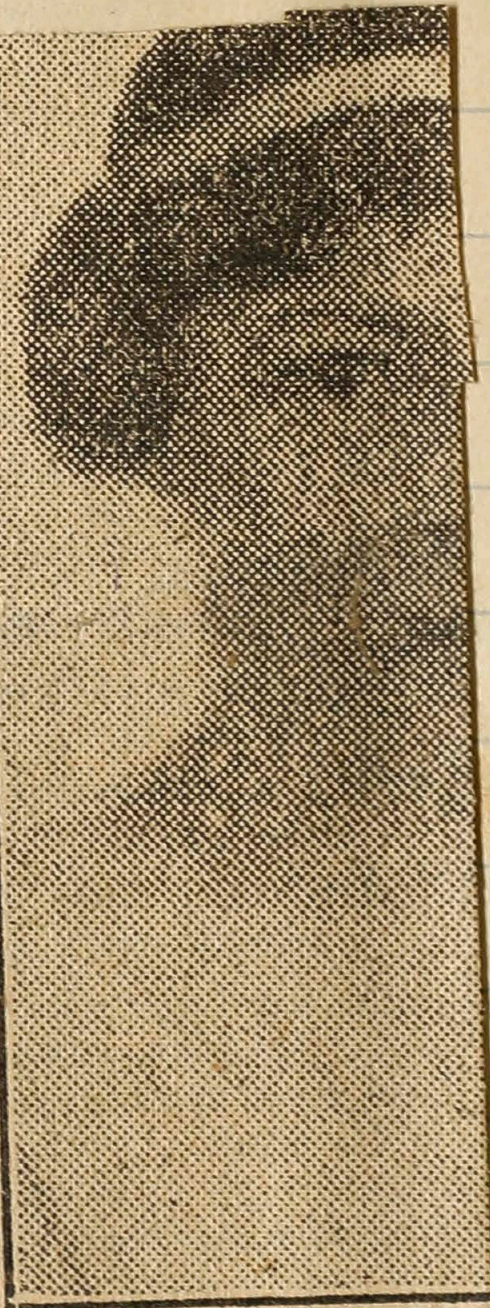
NORRIS (formerly MISS  
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C. Norris, at 24 Hay-  
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Komoka, Ont., Oct. 30, 1923.

## BLIND.

Ruskin once said that "to see clearly is poetry, prophecy, religion—all in one."

Close your eyes and imagine that they will never be opened for you again. Think of the things you have missed, as well as those you've seen—the things that you would first want to see should you be permitted to see again.

Those whose sight has been taken from them are not the only blind people in the world.

You who can see and refuse to see, are worse than blind. I believe that God's first desire for this earth was that it should be beautiful, and then His next wish must have been that everyone in it should be beautiful, and then that the people in His beautiful world should look for and love beauty.

But great things, in the manner of great human beings, become commonplace just the moment that we sink into the commonplace and close our eyes to the instances of greatness and beauty all about us.

Take the rainy day, for instance. The glistening streams of sparkling water fight through space and splatter upon the walks and roofs and green grass. How fresh the leaves and flowers and all of earth as the song of rain goes on!

Perhaps there is a lessening and the raindrops give way to clouds of mist that overcast and gray the heavens and the buildings and all objects of the ground. A Whistler comes along and puts it all into beauty upon a piece of canvas—and behold, what a masterpiece! With the rich outbidding each other to possess it.

Blind—"aren't we all?"

Then the next morning, when the sun begins to spread its golden rays over the map of the earth again, how could such beauty be without the rain that so many failed to understand in terms of beauty?

Use the eyes of your head—then open the eyes of your mind. Look about you every day. Everywhere you go, try to see something new, something beautiful.

It is possible for you to travel a thousand miles across a perfect fairyland, with only the tint of a flower upon your mind.

Will you do it—or will you just be blind?

—George Matthew Adams.

AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the  
rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant  
fann'd,  
Brighter than brightest silks of Samar-  
cand,  
And stately oxen harness'd to thy  
wain;  
Thou standest, like imperial Charle-  
magne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal  
hand  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the  
land,  
Blessing the farms through all thy  
vast domain.

Thy shield is the red harvest moon,  
suspended  
So long beneath the heaven's over-  
hanging eaves;  
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers  
attended;  
Like flames upon an altar shine the  
sheaves;  
And, following thee, in thy ovation  
splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the  
golden leaves.

—Longfellow

A STATUE OF HERMES IN A GROVE.

Beneath this plane-tree, traveler, take  
thy cheer,  
Where gentle Zephyr rustles through  
the leaves;  
Nicagoras hath set my statue here;  
I Hermes am, and guard the flocks  
and sheaves.

—Hermocreon.

Translated by Walter Leaf.

HERE, SON, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW.

I watched him bending o'er his book  
And smiled at his troubled look  
And wrinkles in his brow.

The problem troubled him, I knew,  
And so I said, as fathers do,

"Here, son, I'll show you how."

I've caught him many a time, I guess,  
Floundering about in deep distress

As I had found him now,  
And knowing that he must be led  
Through tangled ways, I've always  
said:

"Here son, I'll show you how!"

With hammer and with saw I've toiled,  
Rebuilt the things his hands had spoiled

So that his eyes might see  
Just how the puzzling work was done.  
I've said, "I'll show you how, my son,"  
That he might learn from me.

Not strict with him, but strict with me,  
My obligation is to be.

If rightly he shall learn,  
Beholding me and all I do,  
So will he shape his conduct, too,  
So will my faults return.

Some day when life is puzzling him,  
And sore beset by dangers grim

He stands with anxious brow,  
God grant I may be fit to say:

"Hold fast to honor through the day—

"Here, son, I'll show you how!"

—Edgar A. Guest.

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)



AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the  
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With banners, by great gales incessant  
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Brighter than brightest silks of Samar-  
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And stately oxen harness'd to thy  
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Thou standest, like imperial Charle-  
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Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal  
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Outstretched with benedictions o'er the  
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# The Wail of the

Declare P  
Bank

I walked alone in the twilight,  
In the city of the dead,  
No sound was heard save my footfall  
And the twittering birds o'er head.

EPOSITO

It seemed so quiet and sacred  
I knew no sense of fear,  
But thought of the beautiful song,  
Oh, it's quiet down here.

The pine trees standing side by side  
Like soldiers in a row,  
They stood as tho' they were on guard  
O'er those who slept below.

But as the shadow deepened  
Then I heard other sounds,  
A gentle breeze began to blow  
Through trees and over mounds.

The pine trees seemed to sob aloud  
While swaying to and fro;  
I asked is it for the babes you weep,  
They sighed and answered, "No."

Why should we weep for the babes?

They bore the brunt of the noon-day heat,  
Their battles they fought and won,  
They made the world a better place  
And have heard their Lord's "Well done."

"We weep for those who lived for self,  
Nor lightened another's load,  
Nor gave to any a helping hand  
Along life's weary road.

"The joy of service they never knew,  
Their interests were all their own,  
Their lives meant nothing to anyone else  
And now they are missed by none."

If you don't want the pines to weep,  
To your own self be true;  
Just help in every way you can  
And they will not weep for you.

—Mary I. I to

Imbibe rich draughts of happiness and  
deep content.

—Erica Austin Selfridge, in The  
Christian Science Monitor.

To sing the songs of the redeemed, on that eternal shore.

Arthur, Ont., October 18, 1923.

REV. DR. IBBOTT.

MY Beloved Is Miss

# The Third Column

## WAVES.

Sometimes the waves come roaring in  
Like troops round a beleaguered city,  
Advancing with the will to win  
And deaf to every cry for pity;  
Mad with the power which they possess,  
The angry waves are merciless.

Another day, when skies are fair,  
They come to shore with joyous  
singing,  
And play with all the children there  
Who seek the shells which they are  
bringing;  
To see them on a summer's day  
You'd never dream such waves would  
slay.

Again you'll see them wearing plumes  
Like knights of old on chargers  
prancing,  
like a field of lily blooms  
On which the morning sun is  
dancing;

Then riding shorewards, one by one,  
They're handsome things to look upon.

And so with us and all our moods,  
Smiles of contentment light our faces,  
We sing our gentle interludes  
And hide our strength 'neath courtly  
graces;

But roused by hate and temper-tossed,  
Then all our finer traits seem lost.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

And he is being young has passed away  
To this great truth young to-day.  
Youth only knows what life is now.  
A new world this, he must deplore,  
Who never was sixteen before.

—Edgar A. Guest  
(Copyright, 1923, Edgar A. Guest)

—W. H. Davies, in The Spectator.

# The Wail of the Pine

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The pine trees seemed to sob aloud  
While swaying to and fro;  
I asked is it for the babes you weep,  
They sighed and answered, "No."

Why should we weep for the babes?  
They knew no sin nor care;  
They stayed such a very little while,  
Now they're angels bright and fair.

Is it for those who in their youth  
were early called to go—  
The buds about to burst in bloom?  
And they moaned, "Ah, no; ah, no!"

The work the Master gave was done,  
Were it only to stand and wait;  
Now they are with that happy throng  
Beyond the beautiful gate.

Is it for the aged then you mourn,  
Whose white heads bended low  
With the load of grief and care they bore?  
And again they answered, "No."

They bore the brunt of the noon-day heat,  
Their battles they fought and won,  
They made the world a better place  
And have heard their Lord's "Well done."

"We weep for those who lived for self,  
Nor lightened another's load,  
Nor gave to any a helping hand  
Along life's weary road.

"The joy of service they never knew,  
Their interests were all their own,  
Their lives meant nothing to anyone else  
And now they are missed by none."

If you don't want the pines to weep,  
To your own self be true;  
Just help in every way you can  
And they will not weep for you.

My Beloved Is Mine

Arthur, Ont., October 18, 1923.

To sing the songs of the redeemed, on that Eternal Day.  
REV. DR. IBBOTT.

# The Third Column

## WAVES.

Sometimes the waves come roaring in  
Like troops round a beleaguered city,  
Advancing with the will to win  
And deaf to every cry for pity;  
Mad with the power which they possess,  
The angry waves are merciless.

Another day, when skies are fair,  
They come to shore with joyous  
singing,  
And play with all the children there  
Who seek the shells which they are  
bringing;  
To see them on a summer's day  
You'd never dream such waves would  
slay.

Again you'll see them wearing plumes  
Like knights of old on chargers  
prancing,  
like a field of lily blooms  
On which the morning sun is  
dancing;

Then riding shorewards, one by one,  
They're handsome things to look upon.

And so with us and all our moods,  
Smiles of contentment light our faces,  
We sing our gentle interludes  
And hide our strength 'neath courtly  
graces;

But roused by hate and temper-tossed,  
Then all our finer traits seem lost.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

And he is being young has passed away  
To this great truth young to-day.  
Youth only knows what life is now.  
A new world this, he must deplore,  
Who never was sixteen before.

—Edgar A. Guest  
(Copyright, 1923, Edgar A. Guest)

—W. H. Davies, in The Spectator.

BY GEORGE STAFF CORRESPONDENT  
CANADIAN PRESS  
OCT. 7.—SPEAK AT  
EXHIBITION  
AFTERNOON  
CANADA

Assist Home  
attachable.

of William  
Herman  
Probed By Cor-  
oner's Jury

### APPLETIME IN ACADIE.

The mellow golden afternoon  
Rests like a blessing on the valley  
fields

Glimmering with gorgeous golden rod  
And burnished with the orange Black-  
Eyed Susans

With here and there a soft thread of  
dull blue asters

Weaving like a minor undertone  
That modifies some brilliant theme  
Of melody so golden rich and rare  
The heart can hardly bear its  
poignance.

The cloudlike amethystine mountains  
to the north

Now wear a tinge of gold along their  
rim,

And nearer, winding down their lower  
hills

With mystic seeming of a gypsy caravan  
Surrounded by a cloud of golden dream  
dust,

Minted by the Midas touch of soft Sep-  
tember suns,

Comes creaking, swaying leisurely,  
A load of creamy barrels hooped with  
bronze;

And near and far on every side the  
golden road

Lies orchard after orchard basking in  
the sun,

Their tent-like bronze-green trees borne  
down with fragrant fruit.

The rosy astrachans and golden grav-  
ensteins,

Not bearing discord as the apple famed,  
of gold,

Rather abundance, fair seeming and  
good worth,

Filling the countryside with wealth and  
thankfulness.

Happy the traveler who may by the  
wayside rest

In Acadie at apple-gathering time,  
And from the golden goblet of the

autumn fair  
Imbibe rich draughts of happiness and  
deep content.

—Erica Austin Selfridge, in The  
Christian Science Monitor.

And fills me with a longing  
There—to behold Thy Glory, to worship, and adore,  
To sing the songs of the redeemed, on that Eternal shore.

REV. DR. IBBOTT.

Arthur, Ont., October 18, 1923.

My Beloved Is Mine

Death of William Huffman,  
Trenton, Probed By Cor-  
oner's Jury

WHY ACCIDENTS

# We Can't Spell Any More

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

He's growing older every way,  
The baby we adore!  
We noticed it the other day.  
We can't spell any more.

I said at dinner, "Well, I guess  
We'll see a s-h-o—"  
Before I'd finished he cried "Yes,  
That's where I want to go!"

It used to be we could talk  
Of c-a-n-d-y,  
He'd just as likely take a walk,  
But now he stays near by.

And if we say, "To b-e-d  
Somebody soon must run."  
He sighs and cuddles close to me!  
No secrets from our son!

He's growing up! He goes to school,  
The baby we adore!  
He's just a bit too old to fool!  
We can't spell any more!

(copyright, North American Newspaper  
Alliance, 1923.)

And he is being young to-day.  
To this great truth old age must bow;  
Youth only knows what life is now.  
A new world this, he must deplore,  
Who never was sixteen before.

—Edgar A. Guest  
(Copyright, 1923, Edgar A. Guest)

—W. H. Davies, in The Spectator.

# My Beloved Is Mine

Spirit of light, my soul would rise in contemplation high;  
My faith would grasp the infinite, and waft me to the sky,  
Oh! that on wings of faith, my soul could rise to realms of day.  
Could leave all earthly cares behind, and soar in bliss away.  
Thou spirit of the living God, cleanse me from sin and guilt.  
Was not my soul among the lost, for whom His blood was spilt?  
Thrice blessed thought—and can it be, He did for me atone?  
Yes, Lord, I grasp this sweetest thought, as if for me alone.  
Oh, Jesus! is my name engraved upon Thy heart of love?  
And doth the spirit watch o'er me, like a gentle holy dove;  
Inspire me with a stronger love,—a child's confiding plea;  
And let me feel as if Thy life, Thy death, was all for me.  
Teach me the Truth, Thou art the Truth—all else beside is vain;  
Fix, Lord, my gaze on Thee alone, until Thou come again.  
Hast Thou not promised to return, in glory and in might,  
To take Thy saints where Thou art gone, where faith shall turn in sight?  
Lord, here I grope in darkness, in weakness, and alone;  
Sometimes a gleam of light doth flash from out Thy glory throne.  
It lets me see Thy beauty, as it shone on Tabor's brow,  
And fills me with a longing to be over with Thee now;  
There—to behold Thy Glory, to worship, and adore,  
To sing the song of the redeemed, on that Eternal shore.  
REV. DR. IBBOTT.

Arthur, Ont., October 18, 1923.



Special to The Advertiser.  
MORAVIA TOWN, Oct. 18. — Favored  
with ideal weather, the annual fair  
held on Wednesday started with a  
record-breaking attendance. The ex-  
hibits were numerous and drew  
much praise from the visitors. Al-  
though the grain and fruit exhibits  
were not as large as in other years  
they were of a first-class quality  
The work exhibited by the ladies  
was one of the outstanding

HE'S NEVER BEEN SIXTEEN  
BEFORE

We marvel that he does such things  
And is so keen to try his wings—  
Blind youth that feels the thrill of joy  
With all the daring of a boy,  
Who violates without concern  
The precepts we were made to  
learn—  
He should know better, should know  
more  
Who never was sixteen before!

He was not here when we were young;  
Dead is the past to which we've clung,  
'Tis his to face the world to-day,  
To live, to dream, to be, to play,  
Not as we were in by-gone years  
But as the world this hour appears.  
This boy, so different, at life's door,  
He has never been sixteen before.

'Tis vain to talk of wrong and right  
Which marked an age long taken flight,  
Our youth to him is foreign land,  
Its ways he cannot understand;  
What life was once he cannot say,  
He knows he must be young to-day—  
He smiles at customs we deplore  
Who never was sixteen before.

These manners which to us are grim  
Are very natural to him;  
Our time of youth has passed away  
And he is being young to-day.  
To this great truth old age must bow;  
Youth only knows what life is now.  
A new world this, he must deplore,  
Who never was sixteen before.

—Edgar A. Guest  
(Copyright, 1923, Edgar A. Guest)

—W. H. Davies, in The Spectator.

# The Wail of the

Declare P  
Bank

EPOSITO

I walked alone in the twilight,  
In the city of the dead,  
No sound was heard save my footfall  
And the twittering birds o'er head.

It seemed so quiet and sacred  
I knew no sense of fear,  
But thought of the beautiful song,  
Oh, it's quiet down here.

The pine trees standing side by side  
Like soldiers in a row,  
They stood as tho' they were on guard  
O'er those who slept below.

But as the shadow deepened  
Then I heard other sounds,  
A gentle breeze began to blow  
Through trees and over mounds.

The pine trees seemed to sob aloud  
While swaying to and fro;  
I asked is it for the babes you weep,  
They sighed and answered, "No."

Why should we weep for the babes?

They bore the brunt of the noon-day heat,  
Their battles they fought and won,  
They made the world a better place  
And have heard their Lord's "Well done."

"We weep for those who lived for self,  
Nor lightened another's load,  
Nor gave to any a helping hand  
Along life's weary road.

"The joy of service they never knew,  
Their interests were all their own,  
Their lives meant nothing to anyone else  
And now they are missed by none."

If you don't want the pines to weep,  
To your own self be true;  
Just help in every way you can  
And they will not weep for you.

—Mary I. J. to

Imbibe rich draughts of happiness and  
deep content.

—Erica Austin Selfridge, in The  
Christian Science Monitor.

To sing the song of the redeemed, on that Eternal shore.  
REV. DR. IBBOTT.  
Arthur, Ont., October 18, 1923.

My Beloved Is Miss

CERTAIN JOYS.

I shall not fail in this,  
Whate'er the day may bring:  
I'll smile to feel my baby's kiss  
And hear the robins sing.

I'll joy to greet the morning sun,  
And every garden rose,  
And marvel as I look upon  
My baby's little toes.

This heart of mine will leap  
With joy, in spite of care,  
To see my little babe asleep  
Upon her pillow there.

I'll greet my friends with cheer,  
Whoe'er those friends may be;  
In spite of doubt or fear,  
They'll still belong to me.

Oh, there is much in life  
Beyond the moments sad,  
Beyond the pain and strife,  
To keep a mortal glad.

—Edgar A. Guest.

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

For though in winter boughs are bare,  
Let us not once forget  
Their summer glory, when these leaves  
Caught the great sun in their strong  
net;

And made him, in the lower air,  
Tremble—no bigger than a star!

—W. H. Davies, in The Spectator.

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To sing the song of the redeemed, on that Eternal shore.  
REV. DR. IBBOTT.  
Arthur, Ont., October 18, 1923.

My Beloved Is Miss

MR. MCKONE WINS.  
The payment of a full month's check  
to E. H. McKone, former principal of  
Victoria School, who has been on the  
Normal staff since October 22, was  
authorized. Mr. McKone was given a  
check for the full month's salary and  
was then asked to make a rebate. This  
he refused to do. In his recommend-  
ation Mr. Greer stated that Mr. Mc-  
Kone had done a great deal of work in  
connection with preparation of Victoria  
School.

LEAVES.

Peace to these little broken leaves,  
That strew our common ground;  
That chase their tails, like silly dogs  
As they go round and round.  
For though in winter boughs are bare,  
Let us not once forget  
Their summer glory, when these leaves  
Caught the great sun in their strong  
net;  
And made him, in the lower air,  
Tremble—no bigger than a star!  
—W. H. Davies, in The Spectator.

# Singing In Jail

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

Through the busy street we went,  
And we paused in wonderment,  
Youthful voices there were blent,  
Singing in the jail!

"Blowing Bubbles!" so they sang,  
Members of a lawless gang,  
And their voices gaily rang,  
Singing in the jail!

Tears unbidden dimmed our eyes  
When we heard that song arise!  
Just to hear was a surprise,  
Singing in the jail!

If imprisoned, they can sing,  
If to hope they still can cling,  
If tonight their voices ring,  
Singing in the jail!

I can sing, who have no bars  
Locked between me and the stars,  
Like those souls, in spite of scars,  
Singing in the jail!

(Copyright, North American Newspaper  
Alliance, 1923.)

## TWILIGHT

Brooding pink on the rim of a lake of  
pearl,  
Tender sky, slowly your soft clouds  
furl  
Over the hill, while two birds at ves-  
pers sing.  
And the tree tops take hands and  
guard in a silhouette ring  
My silent world.

Brood, sweet sky; and sing, sleepy  
thrushes, sing!  
Letting your flute notes fall and linger  
afar,  
Till out on the fading rose arises the  
sliver light  
Of the first white star.

- Rita Berman, In Christian Monitor

THE GREAT SECRET.

The're no diseases anymore that  
cannot soon be cured,  
You can't make any money when you  
get your life insured;  
Don't worry for your family, they  
will never be bereft;  
So many things can now be cured,  
the're no diseases left;  
Though ill (obnoxious word)  
Used to prey on beast and bird,  
That time is gone forever, so physi-  
cians have averred.  
They have cured, so I am told,  
All the fatal ill of old,  
With the possible exception of an  
ordinary cold.

If you have appendicitis, that is  
nothing more than fun,  
And a case of diabetes isn't feared  
by anyone;  
Polycystics and nephritis, menin-  
gitis too, have gone;  
All these ill with names peculiar,  
cured forever and anon;  
But a cold remains a curse;  
It keeps getting worse and worse,  
Playing havoc with your temper, your  
appearance, and your purse.  
Doctors charge outrageous fees  
Curing every rare disease,  
But I'll give a million dollars if they'll  
cure me of my sneeze.

There was a young lady named Moll  
Who purchased a new parasol,  
With handle so long  
That she had to be strong  
Or she couldn't have lugged it at all.

So intent was the beautifull Moll  
In lugging her long parasol,  
That she passed a young swain  
With a cumbersome cane  
And never once saw him at all.

What a narrow escape for that swain!  
Had she recognized him he would fain  
Have lifted his hat;  
But how could he do that  
And carry his cumbersome cane?

# Singing In Jail

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Till out on the fading rose arises the  
sliver light  
Of the first white star.

- Rita Berman, In Christian Monitor



dropped the separate payment of  
on for the United States.  
British debt to the United States.  
The newspaper argues that Prime  
Minister Baldwin might have made a  
similar settlement, but that by his  
arrangement for the refunding of the  
British debt to the United States, he  
threw away the only weapon he had  
to persuade France to make a settle-  
ment in Europe and getting much away  
from the United States and

SOCIAL EPISODE.

There was a young lady named Moll  
Who purchased a new parasol,  
With handle so long  
That she had to be strong  
Or she couldn't have lugged it at all.

So intent was the beautifull Moll  
In lugging her long parasol,  
That she passed a young swain  
With a cumbersome cane  
And never once saw him at all.

What a narrow escape for that swain!  
Had she recognized him he would fain  
Have lifted his hat;  
But how could he do that  
And carry his cumbersome cane?

**THE HOME-COMING.**

There's an old home down by the  
river's brim  
That is full of memories,  
Of happy days spent in childhood there,  
In bygone days, how wondrous fair  
Are those memories, still to me.

'Twas a winding road that led you  
there,  
Midst fields that were green and gold,  
Like a beautiful Garden of Eden, plant-  
ed there  
In those beautiful days of old.

Throw open wide the gates of home  
To those who return once more,  
Back to each old familiar place,  
To the scenes they loved, to each kindly  
face  
That they knew in days of yore.

Throw open wide to them your hearts,  
Bid them a welcome true,  
That each may feel, as you grasp his  
hand,  
That nowhere else, in this broad, fair  
land  
Can compare with the home he knew.

In the olden days, youths' golden days,  
That to them can never fade,  
Let every welcome to them recall  
A pleasant memory, that one and all  
May remember the new friends made.

For the home call comes from the far  
away,  
With its recollections dear,  
So let your welcome ever be  
To them a golden memory  
Of love, good-will and cheer.

CHARLES E. PEGLEY

Windsor, August 7, 1923.

## The Third Column

### AROUND THE WORLD.

LY a dusty traveler along the road  
day,  
mainly he was homeward bound  
n half the world away.  
e. had been to foreign ports on  
I'd never seen,  
ard the talk of men afar where  
ARS d never been.

"O, dusty traveler," said I,  
"may I tell to me  
what did you find in London town, so  
far across the sea?  
What did you learn in Portugal, what  
did you see in Spain,  
do they sing and dance and laugh  
across the bounding main?  
And do they have their little cares  
who live in ancient Rome?  
do the children romp and play the  
way they do at home?  
tell me, dusty traveler, what have  
you found afar?  
like to know what pleases them and  
what their sorrows are."

"Oh, yes," he said, "they dance and sing  
wherever you may go,  
and everywhere they think and talk  
just like the folks you know.  
And whether skins be brown or white,  
the hearts of men are fair;  
and though you tramp the world  
around, there's friendship every-  
where.

"They weep when sorrow comes to  
them, they smile when skies are  
blue,

In times of care good neighbors come  
to learn what they can do;

Though strange their speech and  
strange their ways, one common  
bond we know—

A kindly deed is understood no matter  
where you go."

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

When everyone weeps  
You can raise a town from the dead.  
And if while you make your personal stake,  
Your neighbors can make one, too,  
Your town will be what you want to see.  
Your town—it's YOU.  
It isn't the town—

# MUSSOLINI HAS QUIETED ITALY

Father West Flannery, Home  
From Rome, Tells of Changes

HOME AFTER TWO YEARS

May Be Appointed To St. Peter's  
Seminary Professorship.

THE  
There's an  
river's bank  
That is full  
Of happy days  
In bygone  
Are those

'Twas a  
there,  
Midst fields  
Like a be  
ed the  
In those

Throw of  
To those  
Back to  
To the sc  
face  
That th

Throw  
Bid the  
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After two years of successful study in colleges connected with the Catholic church in Rome, Rev. Father Thomas West Flannery, D. D., son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Flannery, 319 Piccadilly street, returned to London early last evening and will, it is expected, fill a professorship in St. Peter's Seminary here. Father Flannery's study has been along a special line which it is the privilege of comparatively few priests to enjoy, and the success achieved while in the ancient city, both by himself and Father Bryant Ffaulkes, P. C. L., another graduate of St. Peter's Seminary, reflects distinction on themselves and on London generally. Father Ffaulkes, who has also been studying in Rome for the past two years, will return to the city about the end of the week.

Father Flannery's stay in Rome was particularly eventful. In an interview with The Free Press, following his arrival here last night, he outlined some of his most outstanding experiences during his sojourn in foreign lands. Besides being in Rome when the former Government was overthrown and replaced by the regime of Premier Mussolini, following a practically bloodless revolution, it was his privilege to have

## *It Isn't Your Town--It's You!*

If you want to live in the kind of a town  
Like the kind of a town you like,  
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip  
And start on a long, long hike.  
You'll only find what you left behind,  
For there's nothing that's really new.  
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town,  
It isn't the town—it's YOU.

Real towns are not made by men afraid  
Lest somebody else gets ahead,  
When everyone works and nobody shirks,  
You can raise a town from the dead.  
And if while you make your personal stake,  
Your neighbors can make one, too,  
Your town will be what you want to see.

It isn't the town—it's YOU.

Up and

Down Old Brandywine!

UP AND down old Brandywine,  
In the days 'at's past and gone,  
With a dad-burn hook-and-line  
And a saplin' pole—I swawn!  
' I've had more fun, to the square  
Inch, than ever anywhere!  
Heaven to come can't discount mine  
Up and down old Brandywine!

*From Armazindy — Copyright, 1894. Used by special permission of the Publishers: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.*

How Stanno

By James Whitcomb Riley

Up and down old Brandywine!  
Stripe me with pokeberry-juice!  
Flick me with a pizenvine  
And yell "Yip!" and lem me loose!  
—Old now as I then wuz y-  
'F I could sing as I have st'  
Song 'ud surely ring dee-  
Up and down old Bra-

ight lo  
ollowing a  
I had said to  
The Bobbs-Merrill Company

## The Canadian Poets' Corner

Frederick George Scott's poetry has followed three or four well-defined lines of thought. He has reflected in turn the academic subjects of a library, the majesty of nature, the tender love of his fellow-men and the vision and enthusiasm of the Imperialist. Living on the edge of the shadow-flecked Laurentians, he constantly draws inspiration from them, and, more than any other, makes articulate their lonely beauties. His pastoral relations with a city flock give color and tenderness to not a few of his poems of human relationships.—M. O. Hammond in Garvin's Anthology of Canadian Verse.

### THE UNNAMED LAKE.

It sleeps among the thousand hills  
Where no man ever trod,  
And only nature's music fills  
The silences of God.

Great mountains tower above its shore,  
Green rushes fringe its brim,  
And o'er its breast for evermore  
The wanton breezes skim.

Dark clouds that intercept the sun  
Go there in spring to weep,  
And there, when autumn days are done,  
White mists lie down to sleep.

Sunrise and sunset crown with gold  
The pinks of ageless stone,  
Her winds have thundered from of old  
And storms have set their throne.

No echoes of the world afar  
Disturb it night or day,  
The sun and shadow, moon and star  
Pass and repass for aye.

'Twas in the grey of early dawn,  
When first the lake we spied,  
And fragments of a cloud were drawn  
Half down the mountain side.

Along the shore a heron flew,  
And from a speck on high,  
That hovered in the deepening blue,  
We heard the fish-hawk's cry.

Among the cloud-capt solitudes,  
No sound the silence broke,  
Save when, in whispers down the woods,  
The guardian mountains spoke.

Through tangled brush and dewy brake,  
Returning whence we came,  
We passed in silence, and the lake  
We left without a name.

## How Stamps Started.

An Englishman, Sir Rowland Hill, once saw a poor woman receive a letter from her husband and then give it back to the carrier without opening it, saying she was too poor to pay the postage. By the style of the address and other marks on the envelope she could tell whether her husband was well, sick or coming home. Determined to make postage so cheap that the poor would not have to use such means of communication, Sir Rowland urged Great Britain to establish a system of cheap postage. In 1840 this was done. Adhesive postage stamps were invented by James Chalmers, a printer of Dundee, in 1834. They were introduced into the United States in 1841.



## The Canadian Poets' Corner

Frederick George Scott's poetry has followed three or four well-defined lines of thought. He has reflected in turn the academic subjects of a library, the majesty of nature, the tender love of his fellow-men and the vision and enthusiasm of the Imperialist. Living on the edge of the shadow-flecked Laurentians, he constantly draws inspiration from them, and, more than any other, makes articulate their lonely beauties. His pastoral relations with a city flock give color and tenderness to not a few of his poems of human relationships.—M. O. Hammond in Garvin's Anthology of Canadian Verse.

### THE UNNAMED LAKE.

It sleeps among the thousand hills  
Where no man ever trod,  
And only nature's music fills  
The silences of God.

Great mountains tower above its shore,  
Green rushes fringe its brim,  
And o'er its breast for evermore  
The wanton breezes skim.

Dark clouds that intercept the sun  
Go there in spring to weep,  
And there, when autumn days are done,  
White mists lie down to sleep.

Sunrise and sunset crown with gold  
The pinks of ageless stone,  
Her winds have thundered from of old  
And storms have set their throne.

No echoes of the world afar  
Disturb it night or day,  
The sun and shadow, moon and star  
Pass and repass for aye.

'Twas in the grey of early dawn,  
When first the lake we spied,  
And fragments of a cloud were drawn  
Half down the mountain side.

Along the shore a heron flew,  
And from a speck on high,  
That hovered in the deepening blue,  
We heard the fish-hawk's cry.

Among the cloud-capt solitudes,  
No sound the silence broke,  
Save when, in whispers down the woods,  
The guardian mountains spoke.

Through tangled brush and dewy brake,  
Returning whence we came,  
We passed in silence, and the lake  
We left without a name.

*In Spite of  
Yourself*

By RUTH MASON RICE

MEN are very crotchety;  
but still, it's rather nice  
To think of yellow cro-  
cuses—the cunning  
knack of spring;  
Fair it is, and rare it is, and  
such a sweet device  
To make you feel you want  
to marry—more than  
anything.

THE WORKER.

Sometimes as I walk by the roads  
Where the big cars rush past  
speed,  
I feel g'ad to be a worker,  
Striving for the things I need.

And when my day is done I feel content  
To sit with my family there,  
For it's been a real good day of work  
And my methods, too, are square.

Then let me live in sweet content,  
Each day as I strive ahead,  
And while others live for a useless thing  
I live as a worker instead.

—W. G. H.

Wallaceburg, August 7, 1933.

+ + +  
Says the Yampa Leader: "He was  
not crazy. His vacant and haunted  
look and almost incoherent mumbling  
was due to over mental exertion  
brought on by a few days in assisting  
his wife in selecting suitable wall  
paper for their new house. There  
ought to be a law passed—but what's  
the use."

# The Sculptor

By MARY BRENNAN CLAPP

## I

things discarded and long laid away in cedar  
ould fashion garments in the style of any age;  
homely, simple suits that little boys could play in,  
ne were suits a queen might deign to envy for her page.  
how to bleach and tint and press to virgin texture;  
w how to lay the plaits to cover seams between;  
were the dream gowns she made come true for maidens—  
pink and lavender and white with sprigs of green.  
the long nights she spent in wistful labor,  
and reshaping for the figures that she loved,  
ancy pictured lengths of silken, shining fabric  
pliant fashioning her skillful fingers moved.  
her sewing fall, imagining the blending  
and lines and balances in silhouettes of form,  
nd enraptured in excitement of creation,  
nerves atremble like a wind harp in a storm.

## II

at itptor's touch there was a power to cleave the marble  
emainging lines of joy revealing life anew.  
onalityus!" cried the world. But he who wrought was wiser:  
et more thought, "is mother's skill in making dreams come  
est to  
l that

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Yourself*

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Town of

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a cha



ip took them  
Lorelei, and  
-Ehren-  
and the  
rumbled.

Life is not a grab-bag whence  
 Each his choice may lift;  
 It's a contribution box  
 Waiting for our gift;  
 And the gift from which true joy  
 Evermore must start  
 Is the gift we all can give—  
 Just a sunny heart!

—The Epworth Herald

### CHINESE WISDOM.

He who knows not, and knows not that  
 he knows not—  
 Count him a fool unworthy of thy  
 speech.

He who knows not, and knows that he  
 knows not—  
 Count him as one whom it were well  
 to teach.

He who knows, and knows not that he  
 knows—  
 A slumberer he, who but awakening  
 needs.

He who knows, and likewise knows he  
 knows—  
 Mark such a one and follow where  
 he leads.

—Chambers' Journal.

Christmas Cards -

Kellie Hancock ✓

Merle Bruce ✓

Rauna Duffly ✓

Eleanor Chad ✓

Hilda Smith ✓

Mary Morris ✓

Eleanor Menary ✓

Allan Mc Intyre ✓

Una Mc Intyre ✓

Bellie Aherne ✓

Lloyd Calbert ✓

Tina Hancock ✓

Jimmie Campbell ✓

Helen Windsor ✓

Molly Stevenson ✓

Ada Moore

Genevieve MacQuellan

Dorothy Bayle

Clarence Johnson

# The Calling of the Spring

By MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

WOOD SMOKE through the pasture lands drifting  
sweet and keen,  
Hillsides dark with shadowed clouds and filmed with leaf-  
mist green,  
Dawn light rioting with songs of feathered folk a-wing—  
someone's heart is throbbing with the calling of the spring.  
Sunlight through the hemlock boughs, far hills blue with  
haze,  
Young leaves dappling dusty gold down birch-blown wander  
ways,  
Every turning's southern bank starred with wind-flowers  
frail—  
someone's heart is yearning to the whisper of the trail.  
Gardeners' baskets purpled high with lilac blossoms sweet,  
Most hurdy-gurdies thumping strains of lost dreams down the  
street,  
Park lawns gay with tulips, park pools warm and brown—  
someone's heart is aching with the burden of the town.  
Youth and laughter hand in hand on the meadow grass,  
Gray Age, cloaked with memories, smiling where they pass,  
Every dawn the promise of a golden yesterday—  
Someone's heart is dancing to the elfin pipes of May.

Even amid the hurrying, eager throng;  
Give me Thy spirit, ever calm and sweet,  
Thy light to shine through me both clear and  
strong."

John & Mary & small.

Uncle Frank & Mary.

Uncle Harry & Edith.

Alice Stanley

Christmas Cards -

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Merle Bruce ✓

Launa Duffly ✓

Eleanor Chad ✓

Hilda Smith ✓

Mary Morris ✓

Eleanor Menary ✓

Allan Mc Intyre ✓

Una Mc Intyre ✓

Bellie Ahern ✓

Clays Calbert ✓

Tina Hancock ✓

Jimmie Campbell ✓

Helen Windsor ✓

Molly Stevenson ✓

Ada Moore

Genevieve MacQuellan

Dorothy Bayle -

Clarence Johnson



Fancy Anderson  
Geoff Stewart  
George Carter  
Sarah Bamford.  
Mr & Mrs Bladsworth.  
Arthur Fry.

Rea Craig

Ross Ma

Helen D'Ar

Bellie Da

Hauncell

Mr & Mrs Carr

Mr &

Mrs

Mr &

Mrs

John & Mary Small.

Uncle Frank & Mary.

Uncle Harry & Edith.

Alice Stanley

### Tell Me

If the whole world copied You—  
Copied to the letter—  
Would it be a nobler world,  
All deceit and meanness hurled  
From it altogether?  
Would selfishness and envy fade,  
And in the room their absence made,  
Would love come into view?  
Tell me, if it followed You—  
Would the world be better

"Make me a blessing, Lord, to those I love,  
To smooth and brighten their oft rugged way.  
Give me Thy blessed comfort from above  
That I may comfort others day by day.

"Make me a blessing, Lord, to those I meet,  
Even amid the hurrying, eager throng;  
Give me Thy spirit, ever calm and sweet,  
Thy light to shine through me both clear and  
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Ira Mc Intyre ✓

Bellie Aherm ✓

Clays Calbert ✓

Tina Hancock ✓

Jimmie Campbell ✓

Helen Windsor ✓

Molly Stevenson ✓

Ada Moore

Sevendalyn MacQuellan

Dorothy Bayle -

Clarence Jackson

Laney Anderson  
Cecet Stewart  
George Carter  
Samuel Bamford.  
Mr & Mrs Bladsworth.  
Arthur Fitz.  
Rea Craig.  
Ross MacDonald  
Helen D'Amignon.  
Bellie Daig.  
Haunce West.  
Mr & Mrs Cahel.  
Mr & Mrs Jones.  
Messrs Callard  
Mr & Mrs Nicholls  
Marian Wankrough.  
John & Mary Small.  
Uncle Frank & Mary.  
Uncle Harry & Edith.  
Alice Stanley

ne "howlers" inclu  
ta was a French  
as fought by Wallace.  
o the British Genera  
orning, but Napoleon  
ated.  
Fathers came and pre  
make them civilized.  
lot of wild animals.  
was fought on the ban

# Laundry

Friday. Sept. 8/22 2 cuffs  
Monday " 11/22 1 cuff  
2 collars.

Wednesday Sept 13/22 1 collar  
1 cuff

When failures come, as failures must  
In life's old human way,  
To tangle hope with thorns of fear,  
To sadden and dismay,  
One method helps to clear the skies  
In just a little while,  
To take from failure every smart—  
Meet it with a smile!

and