

A TRIP THROUGH GREAT BRITAIN

By M. McKensie

My reason for writing this is to try to give you an idea of some of the things and places which I saw while on leave from France.

Coming on the latter part of October, 1916, while on my way to Edinburgh, I met a Sergeant of the Royal Scots who was going there also. He invited me to his home and had a very enjoyable time, as I was the first one of Canada's Army that his family had ever met.

The day following my arrival I started out to see the sights. Of course my chief thought was to see the celebrated "Edinburgh Castle"—a fine imposing building in the heart of the city, immediately opposite its Salubrious crags.

Inside, the Castle is magnificent. One of the finest sights in it, is that of the "Royal Banqueting Hall" where all state functions were held. Both all sides of the room were lined with all sides of old fashioned war trappings including armour, great massive plate which we could not imagine a soldier of the present day wearing—truly one of the lost arts as there is no such fine work turned out today.

There were also the trophies carried into battle by the kings of long ago, among them being the flag carried into battle by Robert Bruce when he defeated the English at Bannockburn.

I shall never forget the feeling of awe that came over me as I stood in the presence of the "Queen Elizabeth's Chapel" in another part of the Castle is a place of worship called "Queen Elizabeth's Chapel" I think I am quite safe in saying, the smallest church I had ever seen.

Directly opposite the Castle is a house called "The Cannon Ball House". The reason it is called by this name is because that at one time during one of the sieges, a cannon ball, missing the Castle, embedded itself in the wall. This cannon ball can be seen to this day.

Another beautiful sight is that of the zoological gardens where they have all kinds of animals and birds. Strangely enough I saw there for the first time, the Canadian beaver at work.

One of the most instructive places of the city is the Museum. Here we are brought face to face with the fact that truth is indeed stronger than fiction. I could write of nothing more strange or wonderful than what I saw there. Here I saw the cradle in which Queen Mary was rocked when a child. Egyptian mummies, hundreds of years old, all kinds of machinery, etc., words fail to describe it adequately.

During my stay in Edinburgh I visited quite a number of places including the home of Robert Burns the immortal Scottish Poet.

Some of my readers will probably remember that in April of 1916, the Germans made an air-raid on Edinburgh. It was generally believed to have been an attempt to blow up the Waverly Station, which as you all know, is probably the largest in the world. The bomb, however, fell opposite in a big hotel of the same name causing serious loss to both life and property.

I recall talking with a lady whose house was partially damaged by the explosion. I shall never forget the look on her face, as she related the story to me. She seemed to live it all over again. I could not help but feel, feeling thankful that it was not in Charlottetown. This lady says that there is only one good German and that's a dead one. I say so too.

Next week I will try to tell you something about England.

THE FAMOUS LION OF BELFORT.

On guard at the French frontier stands the Lion of Belfort. Now cut out of enduring stone, it was once modelled from snow.

In the Franco-Prussian war the siege of Belfort lasted from November 1870, to February, 1871. Among the garrison were thousands of reserve troops, among whom there were not a few artists and other professional men. From time to time during the winter the men, to amuse themselves, made statues in the snow. Then the sun would shine and there would be no more statues.

Among the garrison was the man who gave to America her heroic figure of liberty, Bartholdi, the sculptor. One day he modelled a lion from snow, and the half-frozen soldiers, as they looked with pride and delight on what the sculptor had wrought, with renewed courage cried: "Now the Germans can never enter France from this direction, for here stands the Lion of Belfort!" And the Germans never did.

When an armistice was declared by order of the French Government, the garrison capitulated with all honors of war. Under the terms of peace France retained Belfort.

Once again Bartholdi modelled the lion. On the rock in front of the Citadel, rearing himself on his fore-legs, stands this noble figure. It is thirty-six feet high and seventy-two long. In Paris there is a replica in hammered copper, also by Bartholdi. And the square or place on which the replica looks down is called the Place Denfert-Rochereau, in honor of the brave Colonel of that name who commanded the garrison of Belfort in 1870.

TAKING SCRATCHES OFF THE FURNITURE

A scratch on polished furniture can be almost obliterated by rubbing vigorously with linseed oil.

Add a little lemon juice to the water you cook a tough fowl in. Cotton the same shade is better to mend gloves with than silk.

When pressing silk, spread over it a sheet of tissue paper. This will prevent that ugly shine usually seen on pressed silks.

A good broomholder may be made by nailing two reeds to the wall about two inches apart. Hang the broom upside down between the reeds.

To clean rusty needles, run them up and down in the earth. Have the needles threaded, with the thread double, so that there will be something to catch hold of to extract the needles.

THE RED DUSTER

(R. N. R. Demobilized.)

Oh, some will save their Navy pay and take their ease ashore, And some sit down at an office desk and go to sea no more, And some will follow the blooming plough and hear the skylark's song, But oh! it's me for the old Red Duster, for that's where I belong.

I'll sign and sail in the Lord knows what, I'll go the Lord knows where, From Hudson Bay I'll beat my way to the Straits of old Le Meir, From Pernambuco to Palembang, oh! I know I'll not go wrong, So long's I under the old Red Duster, for that's where I belong.

I'll take a turn in the Black Sea trade, a trick on the Golf Ports run, I'll feel the bite o' the Cape Horn cold the burn o' the Perim sun; I'll go the round of the blessed lot, from the Gunfleet to Hong Kong.

When I get back to the old Red Duster, the place where I belong, There's many a run old sailor-town I mean to fetch again, There's many a port I know in Mexico, there's a part of call in Maine, And many a light I'll lift once more 'twixt the Dondra and the Tougas.

When I get back to the old Red Duster, the place where I belong, I'll sip aboard o' the first that comes, any old thing'll do, And I don't much care if she's sail or steam or whether she's old or new, There'll be never a tramp too foul for me nor a spouter smell too strong, So long's I'm under the old Red Duster, for that's where I belong.

For Navy chaps are Navy chaps—good luck to all and one! And Navy ways are Navy ways and now the fighting's done I'm sick at heart for a shellback's yarn my old-time pals among, And oh! it's me for the old Red Duster, for that's where I belong.

—G.F.S., in Punch.

"Thanks," said the Judge, "a sweeter draught from fairer hand." "Yes," interrupted Maud Muller, fixing him with a cold look, "but before you ride away, remember there's a one-cent war tax on that drink." —(Washington Star.)

OUR PLANS, OH HIS?

Success is a duty. It is every one's duty. And as every duty is possible of fulfillment, therefore it is every one's duty to be successful. But we must accept God's definition of success, not our own. The success that God wants us to have may look like failure to us. The success we want to have may be real failure, to God. This is where the practical test of our faith in God comes in. Like Abraham, faith obeys God even when such obedience seems the wreck of our dearest hopes and of all that God has called us to do. Such a test met Abraham when God asked him to offer up Isaac, his son, his only son, upon whom the fulfillment of God's great promises to Abraham depended (Heb. 11:17, 18). But because Abraham believed God, he obeyed God. For faith would rather enter into a God-directed failure than a self-directed success, being confident that the apparently God-directed



Right Under Your Job

Your job means your living. Your wage or salary pays for your food, clothing, housing, amusements and all your daily needs.

So long as Canada is prosperous your job and hundreds of thousands of other fellows' jobs are safe. You must help keep Canada prosperous.

Your job and Canada's prosperity are inseparable. Since the prosperity of Canada depends on the success of the Victory Loan you must not shirk your duty to the Victory Loan.

All the money subscribed to the Victory Loan is spent in Canada

and helps to fill the pay envelope. It circulates and benefits all classes.

The greater, the more overwhelming the success of the loan, the better for Canada and for you.

Buy all the Victory Bonds you can pay for now and during the next ten months.

Last year employers co-operated with their employees by financing their purchases on an easy payment plan, thus enabling them to buy much more than they would otherwise have been able to buy. They will do it again.

Talk it over with your employer.

BUY Victory Bonds

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.

DON'T WAIT FOR HEADACHES TO WEAR OFF

Drive them off. They won't cure themselves. And headaches and Neuralgia, if not stopped at first, return with increased frequency and develop into dangerous chronic trouble.

DOMINION C. B. Q. (in the red box) is a reliable remedy for headache and neuralgia. It cures the pain, breaks up colds and grippe; and helps to keep the system clean and orderly.

If you are subject to attacks of headache or neuralgia, and want quick relief, take DOMINION C. B. Q. (Cascara, Bromide and Quinine).

Sold by all druggists in the red box. The National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada.

For NEURALGIA and HEADACHE use DOMINION C. B. Q. TABLETS (in the red box) 25c. Breaks Up Colds, Etc.

failure is and will be glorious success and the apparently self-directed success is and will be hopeless failure. So the opportunity for real success is always ours. What a "sure thing" this makes of life!

"My times are in Thy hand," My God, I wish them there; My life, my friends, my soul—I leave Entirely to Thy care.

"My times are in Thy hand;" Why should I doubt or fear? His child a needless tear.

SELECTED.

WHAT GIRLS CAN DO Entirely to Thy care. And I do beseech and charge you

that as you look about for something to take care of and thus fulfill your destiny, you will take such charge as you many of men in general, and especially the young ones of your own generation, and try, in so far as you can, to make something of them that will be an advantage to the country and to the human race. You cannot make a good world without good men. Do try to make something of these young ones that you will find floating about. It will be good practice for you in the most important duty that falls to women. Don't compete with them in their employments unless you have to. All college presidents will over the young man because they can't get enough of them interested in knowledge. If you have some knowledge,

feed out a little to them, sugared, and if they have any, get it out of them. Most of the inspirations that men get, they get from women. Do qualify yourselves to diffuse inspiration. It is the thing our world needs the most. Material things immensely abound, means can be got for anything that deserves them, but the fire that touches the spirits of men is something to seek. Money's a plenty; bricks, stone, food, books and all that, but inspiration is scarce. Have it to give if you can.—F. S. Martin, in Harper's Bazar.

ROAST PORK FOR TWO

A young housewife was heard to lament, "We can never have roast pork at our house because John and I

simply couldn't use up a great big roast by our two selves!" She was quite surprised to know that this was not necessary, for she could have roast pork with dressing with very little trouble. It is only necessary to buy four meaty pork chops cut thick. These can all be stacked in a neat, solid pile, sprinkled with salt, pepper, a little flour and poultry dressing, of sage, put into a basin with a little water in the bottom, covered up, and roasted an hour. The condensation of the steam will baste them. The last three-quarters of an hour, the cover is removed and the pork allowed to brown. In the meantime, the few pieces of dry bread from the table, remaining

in the bread bin, a little onion, salt, pepper, butter, a few cracked crumbs, and a little poultry dressing can be blended to make a nice dressing. By this time the meat pork will be browned and it can be lifted out of the basin, draining the chop by shaking it, and laid on a hot platter. Sprinkle a little brown gravy from the meat juice and drippings, and serve in the gravy boat. The dressing balls can be laid around the roast pork, and the whole garnished with a few sprays of parsley. With a vegetable dish of rice, potatoes, a few creamed onions, and a tiny mould of cranberry jelly, the main part of a substantial meal is provided for.