

**Foxgloves.**

A flower that should be in every farm garden. From the eleventh annual report of the Horticultural Societies of Ontario.

ment of Sheerness (north of the Thames). Good hits were observed."—Not a word about the missing ones!

There are some very interesting articles appearing in an English paper by Professor Sefton Delmer, an Australian who was English lecturer at Berlin University, and was interned in Germany when the war broke out. He tells what masterhands the Germans are in deceiving the people as to the true state of affairs. Every week all newspaper editors are called together and instructed by a Major of the General Staff as to what they are to publish in their papers and what attitudes they are to adopt, so that the German press has become a meek flock and bleats loud or soft as authorities prescribe. One rather outspoken journalist broke loose on one occasion, but afterwards he cooed as soft as any dove, for his magazine had in the meantime been confiscated and he had been severely threatened for his independence. Professor Delmer tells of his visits to Cinemas, (which he attended entirely at his own risk, as an interned man is not supposed to go out in the evenings). The films showed the hypocritical Bosch as a philanthropist, sometimes sharing his dinner with some orphans in the occupied territory, or standing with bowed head in a ruined church, and even feeding a Belgian baby from a bottle. But just before he got away he witnessed the Möwe films (depicting the Atlantic raider at work). From a German standpoint they proved to be a gross mistake, for in their grim realism they brought home to the beholder the wholesale and wanton destruction of peaceful merchantmen, and showed the unspeakable horrors of the U-boat war, which the Germans had not yet grasped owing to the suppression practiced by their newspapers. They were horrible pictures, showing torpedoes striking ships and their writhing human cargoes struggle and finally sink to their doom. The effect on the spectators was far from what the military authorities hoped to produce, for they began to whisper "Schrecklich!" (frightful!), as if it had just begun to dawn on them why their terrible and cowardly hostilities by sea had made the German name so detested throughout the world. He thinks that in spite of misrepresentation and twisting of facts the Germans are beginning to feel that they are not winning. No official totals of casualties have been published there for many months, but they have private and expeditious ways of conveying the information to bereaved relatives. And now even the once idolized Hindenburg comes in for criticism. Soldiers and officers are heartily sick of the war (our Tommies tell us that so often of the enemy!) and letters are often picked up in the trenches headed with the words, "Noch am leben" (still alive). That expresses the state of Germany regarded as a whole. "In spite of everything, we're still alive." Compare that with the morale of our army who go into the fight willing because they are confident of victory. Sir Edward Carson said in the House recently, "We are going to stick it out." (Presumably he intends to be known as "the stickit minister") and

the storm of applause that came from every quarter of the House when Mr. Lloyd-George made the statement, "If everybody puts all he has into the common stock, then the submarine is not going to defeat us," showed the general feeling of the audience and the sympathy of British statesmen with their great leader.

Of course, you have read about the Investiture in Hyde Park on Saturday last. The sun shone on our heroes and the day seemed made for them. Not since Crimean days has Hyde Park witnessed such a spectacle—and then there were no battle planes whirling overhead like guardian angels, to protect our Sovereign and his Lady. Princess Mary, who seems to have grown up the last few months, and represents her mother on many occasions, was there too. She is very popular. People in the park remarked on her youth and beauty. Passing to the enclosure the princess smiled upon a veteran in the uniform of fifty years ago. The old fellow was highly delighted and said boastfully to some young officers near him, "Some of you youngsters wouldn't mind growing old for a smile like that."

There is a great agitation going on as to whether breeches or trousers shall prevail when peace comes again. Tommy of course, feels that he can never go back to trousers, after his neat and practical uniform. The newspapers have entered heartily into the discussion, and on Whit Monday, a great holiday here, the ever-growing army of men whose battle cry is the abolition of trousers for a more rational dress, were all out in full force. A well-known actor who was asked to give his opinion said that he was perfectly convinced "that it is only a question of time for breeches to be universally worn, and that trousers stand condemned." One infantry sergeant said they were "the most ungainly stove-pipe like garments ever foisted on mankind, and must have been invented by a fanatic." A prominent tailor on Regent St. has planned an evening costume which consists of velvet or satin breeches with a satin coat, lace ruffles, silk stockings, and shoes with buckles. How much more attractive than the funereal black now in vogue! I know a man who would look most handsome in such a costume. But the Scotchman steps in with his opinion in few but emphatic words, "Neither trousers nor breeches. Let us all get back to the Kilt!" We have become quite accustomed to "Scottie" since war began, but for all that he still attracts more attention by his picturesque garb than other men in ordinary uniform in a procession or "march past." Everybody loves the Kilties.

Economy in dress is becoming very important too. Woollens are very high in price. An appeal has been put forth for children to collect from the hedges the bits of sheep wool left by the flocks passing along our leafy lanes, and it has met with a ready response. The Minister of National Service, to whom all the wool is sent, has received scores of packets from all parts of the country. Some only weigh four ounces, but they bulk large.

The wool goes to make blankets and clothing for soldiers. One woman had written to say that she had knitted a pair of gloves from the hair of her Persian cat, and suggested that if all the Persian pussies in the country were shaved there would be a really valuable addition to the stock available for this purpose. Another proposed that all Pomeranian dogs should be shorn of their beauty for wartime necessities! Necessity is certainly the mother of invention!

In the meantime, dear Canada, keep on knitting. Have our soldier boys ever told you how many pairs they wear out in a month on the long marches. I am sorry we cannot send matches in the mails, for Tommy was telling me this morning that when anyone lights a match in the trench he is immediately surrounded—Tommy is always "out of matches." Parcels from home are more appreciated now than ever they were, so do not grow weary in well-doing.

SIBYL.

## Hope's Quiet Hour

### The Invincible Ally.

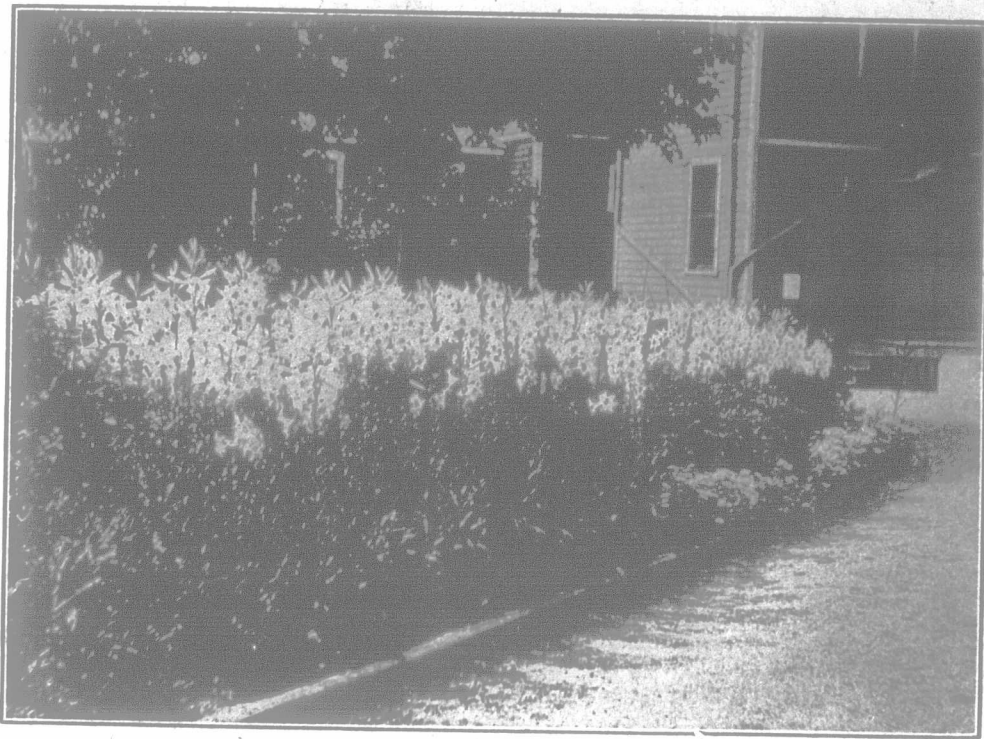
The patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt; but God was with him, and delivered him out of all his afflictions. —Acts 7: 9, 10.

"Man's wisdom is to seek  
His strength in God alone;  
And even an angel would be weak  
Who trusted in his own."

If God be with us we need not fear the might of any enemy. Of course it is not enough to claim God as our Ally. Germany has done that from the beginning; but it is impossible—by any number of prayers—to win God's sanction for injustice and cruelty towards the weak and helpless, or His approval for repudiation of solemn treaties. The judge of all the earth cannot be bribed by prayer and sacrifice to support a wrong cause. How sternly He refuses to accept the prayers of those who are oppressing the widow and the fatherless. Listen!

"When ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." —Isa. 1: 15-17.

"These six things doth the LORD hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto Him. A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren." —Prov. 6: 16-19.



**White Lilies.**

From the eleventh report of the Horticultural Societies of Ontario.

Can any number of long prayers win the All-Holy God of the nations to support a cause like that? Yet there are many people in our Empire clamouring for "reprisals"—in kind,—for acts of terrible cruelty to the helpless. If our friends, who are in the hands of the enemy, are ill-treated, shall we defy the anger of God by punishing helpless prisoners for wrongs committed by other men? Because little children in England have been killed by bombs, dropped on undefended cities, shall we deliberately try to kill innocent children? It is impossible to overcome evil with evil—that is only like pouring oil on a raging fire. We cannot permit evil to go on unchecked; but we must fight it by fair means and never soil our hands or bring disgrace on our cause by foul deeds.

Arthur Gleason—who wrote of what he saw during his Red Cross work at the front—has declared: "An army of half a million men will return to the homeland with very bitter memories. Many a simple German of this generation will be unable to look into the face of his own child without remembering some tiny peasant face of pain—the child whom he bayoneted, or whom he saw his comrade bayonet, having failed to put his body between the little one and death."

But some men plead "necessity" as their justification for demanding cruel and unlawful reprisals. They have an idea—the idea which has been proved untrue numberless times in this war—that frightfulness helps forward a cause. Does it pay to war on women and children? How many new enemies did Germany make by killing a noble British nurse, and by sinking the Lusitania? Can you count them? Did those terrible deeds help forward their cause; or did they fall as sledgehammer blows on the nation that planned, executed and approved of them? Even as a matter of advisability let us remember that cruelty and wickedness invite destruction. "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people." God is an Ally to be greatly desired—but let us beware how we defy His laws and make Him our enemy. We need not think that sin will go unpunished: "For we know Him that hath said, vengeance belongeth unto me, I will recompense, saith the Lord. And again, the Lord shall judge His people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God."

But I did not intend to write about the war to-day—it is not an easy subject to avoid. Let us look at our text. We see, as in a moving picture, the life-history of a man who prospered greatly because God was his Friend. At first he appeared to be helpless in the hands of those who hated him. Look at the gentle-hearted lad as he comes to greet his brothers. See him flung into a pit, then dragged out and sold as a slave. Everything seems to be against him. But wait! God is with him. Swiftly he rises to a high position in the house of his master until he is made overseer—a position of trust and responsibility. Then comes a strange and bitter change.