



"I can almost remember being one of Solomon's wives," she said dreamily.

Concluding Instalment

WHEN WAR CAME UP OUR STREET

By FRANCES CRAWFORD FIRSTBROOK

Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

I TOOK the children to hear the Rev. W. A. Cameron preach his last sermon before leaving for the War. I must say I liked him in his soldier's uniform. His discourse was all about love—strange theme when

he was going away to fight—but it fitted in with the spirit of the congregation like an acorn into its cup. He said that at the last day, when the Lord calls his own, He will not say,

"Jane, did you believe in predestination? Were you sound in doctrine from your shoes up? Was your creed all set in order and fastened with orthodox clasps?" Not a bit of it. He will say,

"Jane, come right up here, and sit with Me. I was poor and you visited Me; I was sick and in prison and you came unto Me. Don't be backward, Jane; you are My disciple. You stood up for the down-trodden." Mr. Cameron did not say these very words, but that is how I fitted the sermon into my life. Sol drew me down and whispered, "Let us ask the Clement children to dinner!" How that boy went right to the point! Mrs. Clement was feeble-minded and couldn't cook anything fit to eat. Some sermons I have heard only lead to a blind alley on a dark night.

The Conrads were the early birds who came out North before Shack Town had a being. They bought a large piece of ground, built a small house, and waited for the boom. Mrs. Conrad was thrifty, made money on her hens and garden truck, while her husband went about and took options on several other blocks of land.

The boom came, and the Conrads were on Easy Street—quite wealthy for working folk. Now comes the sad part of their story. Mrs. Conrad lost her head and cooled off on her old friends, built Corinthian pillars on the front of the house, turned the chicken run into an Italian garden, bought twin beds, gave a pink tea, and tried to line herself up with the aristocracy.

When war broke out, Mr. Conrad said he would not enlist; he had never thought much of soldiering as an occupation; he declared that those who played the game during peace should now take hold and do their duty in time of war. But he had nothing to do; his business was at a standstill; the only land sold was an occasional lot in the cemetery. When reports of the murder of Nurse Cavell came out, he enlisted. He told me he really thought he should have gone before the men with children; "But," he added, "one can't right-about-face all in a minute. I have no children, and if I am killed, my wife will have plenty. To be sure, I am not very husky—life as a land speculator does not develop muscle—but I am willing to do my bit. It's a fight for liberty, and I want to be in on it."

First he went to Niagara. Later he was moved to Camp Borden. One Friday he came home on leave, took off his uniform, and said he did not intend to go back to the camp again; he had enlisted to fight Germans, not to pull stumps in a sand desert. He showed me his hands, all torn and bleeding. His wife and I tried to reason with him, but to no purpose. He told us to stop chattering; he knew what he was doing.

One evening Mr. Faulkner, an old man who lived at

the head of the street, told me that while he was at the town hall in the afternoon he had heard that two officers were coming in the evening to arrest Conrad.

It was then eight o'clock. I hurried up the street into the Italian garden, through the Corinthian pillars and the frescoed hall, back into the Conrad's dining-room.

"Come," I cried, "the officers are after you. Jump into your uniform at once and don't disgrace us. Run down by the Don, then round by the Convalescent Home; at that point take the car to the City, after that the train to Camp Borden; and do it quick! If there is no other way, hire a motor."

"What do you take me for?" he asked, as sullen as a frozen marigold.

"Take you for!" I said, warming up. "For a man and a soldier. You said that you were willing to die for your Country. Put to the test, it seems to me you can't bear a scratch on your little finger. I tell you the officers are down the street! Hurry!"

His wife began to cry, threw her arms round his neck, and implored him not to get arrested. We bundled him into the kitchen, threw his uniform after him, and hoped for the best.

By-and-by he came to us ready for the road. His face had cleared up, and he said that after all he guessed he would go back to Camp Borden, but he'd raise a devil of a row if they put him on the job of pulling stumps. He walked out the back gate a few minutes before the officers came to the front door. Conrad made good, earned his stripes before he went to England. Nobody ever knew, but his wife and I, how narrowly he escaped being a deserter.

ONE day I took Ruby Ann down to the city to buy an electric iron. I did not want it much; the old sad irons I had since Sandy and I started house were good enough for me. Truth to tell, I was a little annoyed at Ruby Ann, bothering me at war time with new fangled ideas.

"What's the matter with my ironing, Miss Particular?" I asked.

"Nothing at all," she answered sweetly; "your clothes look beautiful, but you are so set and old

fashioned, you shy at a new idea as though it were spinal meningitis. Now, you know you do!" she said laughingly. "Mother dear, can't you see that an electric iron saves fuel, is cleaner, and is always ready for use?"

She went on talking at such a rate that I felt our whole family would be scrapped and thrown to the dogs if I did not get that iron quick, so I said, "After the work is done up, we'll start for the City."

We bought the iron and were just leaving the shop, when a sudden sort of hushed murmur arose in the street, and every one seemed to stand still. I felt some way as though I were in a boat that had been struck by a torpedo and was beginning to settle. Men looked

frightened, women startled, a little child near me began to cry; yet most of us did not know what had happened. All at once a clear, young voice sounded far up the sunlit street: "Kitchener is dead! Kitchener is dead!"

AN extra was out, telling that our gallant leader had been drowned. His vessel had gone down in the North Sea with all on board. A man at my side seemed at last to revive from the shock and said to a companion, "Well, it's a sad blow, but England has other men who will fight till the end." Soon a torrent of tongues seemed fairly to swirl up and down the streets. Every one talked, speculated, and mourned. But I never hear the name of Kitchener that I do not think of that awed silence that crept over the business centres of Toronto when word first came that a great man had been swept off his post of duty and swallowed up by the hungry waves. It seemed like a great, silent monument raised to his memory.

After Kitchener's death another anti-German wave rolled over Canada. Our city of Berlin grew restless. Berlin! The very name gave the place a black eye. Give a dog a bad name, and to most people he is only a low-down mongrel cur. Berlin was, and is, a most thrifty, well managed city. A vote was taken, and after some legal delay the name was changed to "Kitchener." Some of our streets had German names; these were replaced by others, patriotic and British. About this time I heard some one ask at Eaton's for Berlin wool. The saleswoman speared her with an icicle glance and said, "We keep no such article in this store."

There are those who maintain to this day that Kitchener is not dead, but up in Russia helping with the War. I cannot tell upon what they base their belief, but I do know that in a true and very vital way Kitchener is not dead.

Mrs. Jelleby is a widow with money. She built a handsome house and moved up North to enjoy our pure air. She had an only son, a fine strapping fellow, whom his mother tried to run in a groove made by her own peculiar ideas. She seemed to take no part in either helping the poor or working for the soldiers. She never attended church in our neighbourhood. When the collection was being taken for the British Red Cross, Mrs. MacIntosh and I were appointed by the League to call and see if she would give a donation. We were shown by a Japanese servant (Continued on page 40)