

"abundance of our very rich field, intermingled and arranged with generous hand of the poet. We find in it our national deeds by the side of the artistic, the pagan side by side with the religious. Further, wedding and historical songs, wild songs of the Cossacks, epics or sad songs, ballads of robbers and Tchumaks, national songs, those sung when planting, Easter songs and finally some of the works of our national poets, interwoven with many valuable and explanatory notes dealing with many interesting aspects of our literature, history and national existence.

"The translation, while even throughout, is very near the original in its distribution, rhythm and confidence. The book reads lightly and interestingly, and the richness of material and the plainly evident love and understanding of our songs which the sympathetic author puts into the theme is not without influence on the reader. This work, without doubt, will serve to lead to the mutual acquaintance of Ukrainian and English and so will be productive of much good."

The book is quite cheap and can be had from any Winnipeg stationer or departmental store, I imagine, and probably it can be had from almost any book-seller in any town in the West. It has stirred an immense interest in Great Britain and has been liberally and favorably reviewed, notwithstanding the concentration of the war. No doubt Britain is getting around to the necessity of understanding more of the foreign peoples that have migrated to her colonies.

We are too apt to think that the foreigner within our gates regards us as superior beings, but if we could get their true point of view, we would find that far too frequently they despise us and, I am afraid, not wholly without cause when we remember the work of political heads to which already reference has been made. In the matter of the high cost of living, I was greatly interested in the comment of an Italian neighbor in Winnipeg, she came from Italy when very young, and speaks English fluently. We became acquainted through the work of the Italian Red Cross Society, and I said something to her about the increased cost of living. She laughed and said, "Oh, you Canadians think too much of your work," and she went on to describe some of the dishes which contain all the proper proportions of a well balanced ration, which at the same time were very moderate in price. They all, however, took considerable time to prepare. She manages a small restaurant and I have sampled the dishes and know whereof I speak, and I know that they are excellent. My Italian friend shrugged her shapely shoulders and said, "You Canadians call us 'Spaghetti' and 'Macaroni,' but we can live and live well where you people would starve." Her remarks were not made in any offensive sense, but it was quite evident that she was not unduly impressed with the superiority of her Canadian neighbors, either as cooks or housewives.

I have another neighbor, a Roumanian, she does not speak English so well as my Italian neighbor, but she had gone to a bazaar for one of the city charities. The beauty and high quality of the needlework to be sold at this bazaar had been widely advertised and being interested in this kind of work, she had gone to see it. With a few very expressive gestures, she convinced me that her opinion of the quality of the embroidery, for example, was not high, and she emphasized her right to the opinion by producing samples of her own work, that I am sure would have put to the blush practically any article offered in the same line at the bazaar.

Among the peoples who have come to us there is a vast amount of talent lying dormant which we have made absolutely no attempt to develop barring a few tentative efforts by the Canadian handicrafts. Is it any wonder that these people are not loyal, that they are not developing any Canadian spirit and that their attitude of mind toward us is largely one of contempt?

The Little Helper

By Edith M. Thomas

Grandpa was sitting in the porch one warm spring day, when Tommy came in from his garden with two little wrinkles puckered right across his forehead.

"Grandpa," said he, "why did Noah let any toads come into his ark?"

"What do you mean, Tommy?" asked grandpa, hiding a smile behind his newspaper.

"Cause I just wish he had let them all drown," said Tommy, in a disgusted tone. "I went out to sow some sweet-william seeds, 'cause you know William is papa's name, and there was a great big toad right in the middle of my garden. I most know he is waiting there to eat up my seeds."

"Toads do not eat seeds," said grandpa. "Do you suppose that toad is not good for something?"

"You said the earthworms were little spades, and dug my garden for me," said Tommy, thoughtfully. "But a toad can't dig, and I don't see what use he is, anyway."

"Well, then, I will show you," said grandpa.

So he went to the workshop, and chose four blocks of wood of the right shape and size. He carried them to the garden, and built a little house of them beside a row of young squash plants. Then he gave the toad a ride on the coal-shovel from Tommy's garden to the little block house.

"This is Mr. Toad's house," said grandpa. "We will leave him here, and never disturb him."

Mr. Toad seemed to take kindly to his new quarters. He was often seen sitting in his front door and looking out with a very serious expression, winking his bright eyes and spreading out his fingers just as baby spread hers when Tommy counted, "O, u, t, out," on them.

"Neighbor Smith says that the bugs have eaten up all his squash vines," said

grandpa, one day. "Why have they not touched ours, Tommy?"

Tommy did not know.

"How about our lodger in the garden?" said grandpa, smiling.

"Do you mean Mr. Toad?" asked Tommy. "Does he catch the bugs?"

"If you watched him long enough, you would see," said grandpa. "When he sits in his front door, he is taking care of our garden, and when a trespasser comes along, Mr. Toad arrests him at once. The least that we can do for him is to give him a house rent free, don't you think so?"

"O grandpa," said Tommy, eagerly, "is everything in the whole world of some use?"

Cold Sores—These may often be prevented from developing by applying spirits of camphor on their first appearance.



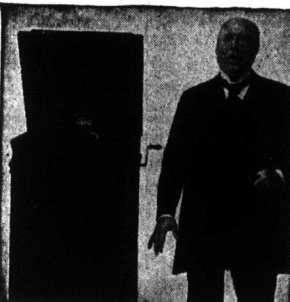
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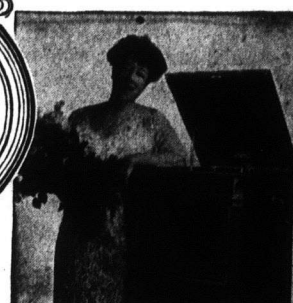
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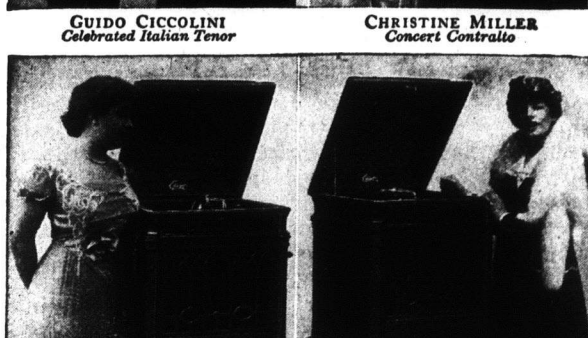
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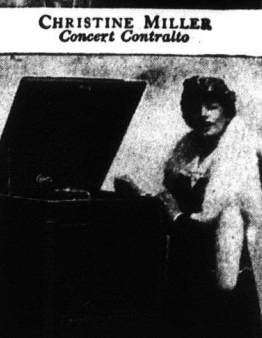
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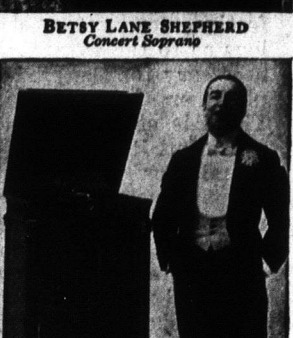
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