

In his book, "The White Monkey" (Heinemann, 7s 6d), Mr. Galsworthy touches the deepest springs of humanity in his portrayal of the common people—the plain heroic breed.

Here they are, a Cockney who steals to nourish his sick wife, loses his job, and stands in the gutter selling colored balloons to scrape together enough to cross to Australia; and his brave wife, who overcomes natural delicacy to earn money and lift her husband from the kerbstone. It nearly ends in tragedy, but the marvellous grit characteristic of British common folk, prevents that. And these common folk make up the bulk of our population. They conquer, while the "emancipated" few flounder. So Galsworthy seems to say.

Just how much does love mean to you—love, and the happiness of the man you say you love? Remember, love does not limit or qualify, forgiving thus far and no further. Love, if it is the real thing, forgives everything, even the hurt to itself.—"Red Ashes," by Margaret Pedler (Hodder).

A peal of 53 bells, capable of playing anything from dance music to the most complicated fugue, is being made by a London firm for installation in the Victory Tower of the Canadian Houses of Parliament at Ottawa.

This huge carillon surpasses anything ever before attempted. The total burden will be 50 tons, the bass bell weighing no less than nine tons. With the frame work the aggregate weight of the peal will be 100 tons.

One of the features of the peal is that, in spite of its huge dimensions, it may be played by a single carillonneur or bell-organist. The control is from a hand

clavier, similar to the console of an organ, except that light wooden levers take the place of ivory keys.

In addition to playing the single notes of the air of a chime, the set is capable of rendering any operatic tune in full chords, complicated harmonised music, popular national songs, and hymns.

Roses in June

W. CLARK SANDERCOCK

Roses in June! Roses in June!
First of the season's blooming,
What! is the summer-time here so soon,
With roses the eve perfuming?
Ah, how they challenge my blind neglect,
Condemning the musty study,
That taught me not how the roses decked
The thickets in gold and ruddy.

Roses in June! Roses in June!
And two fair faces glowing,
Two warm hearts that beat in tune
The roses on me bestowing.
How have I merited gift so fair,
Garnish'd with thoughts so kindly?
Into what service with gold so rare
Thus would ye surely bind me?
There is no gold in the heart of a rose
Can match with a maiden's sweetness,
There is no blossom that ever blows
Can charm with the same completeness.
And the gift of your love, my dear young
friends,

To me is the richest boon,
For it enters my inmost soul, and blends
Like the breath of your roses in June.

Roses in June! Roses in June!
Let us away to wander
Far over meadow and field and dune,
Riving the crimson plunder.
Any congenial pals as we—
How better may friends commune
Than down by the river to ramble free
Gathering roses in June?

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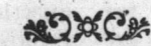
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