

## As the Shadows Passed

Written For The Western Home Monthly By C. C. Cummings

"We pass the fields of Magic by  
To reach the favored place,  
And sadly find our gods have gone  
With far-averted face."

—Wilfred Campbell.

"I DO not like this country," complained the carved-stone vertical Sundial. "It's not suited either to my age or importance as a piece of English history."

"Why," said the young Maple in the corner of the garden, "What's wrong with it? For my part, I find it a very good country."

"That's because you've never lived in any other," retorted the other, who as a piece of English history of 350 years' standing, could be pardoned the spice of scorn in its tone.

The Sundial which stood on a little terrace near the street whereon abutted the two-acre lot which formed the garden of the quarter-million dollar, steam-heated, Cement-block residence of a Winnipeg millionaire, had been brought from England—purchased for as much Canadian money as would have covered

"Oh, that can be explained on historical grounds, you know,—ancient lights and other legal enactments. But here you have no history to explain anything, except, perhaps, the extinction of the buffalo. You have none of that reverence for the past and for well-established precedent that you find in countries with older civilizations; you have no influence of heroic deeds done through the centuries—in fact, none of those thousand and one things that have made England England."

"But you of the Wider Vision," quietly answered the Maple, "must know that Time which has brought all these things to Britain will bring them also to this country, if the people be worthy."

"There!" exclaimed the other, with a sudden access of repentance, "that's just like me! There's no fool like an old fool! I always forget that Time will cure all our present discontents. And yet who should know that better than I? I well remember that that was the very thing that the Ensign said standing here by my pedestal, I do not care to think how many scores of years ago—when his father, the old Dean, lamented the decline of England and the



After Kultur—Kul Tourists.

The scenes of Belgian devastation are already marked out by German tourists as ideal ones in which to spend holidays.—The London Bystander.

it thickly with dollar bills from the top of its time-eroded Cross and Crown to the base of its moss-marked, lion-supported pedestal, with a few bills over to wrap round its wrought-iron gnomon. Its new proprietor was very proud of it and few were the visitors to "The Maples" who were allowed to depart without seeing it and learning some of its history and all of its cost. In fact, the Sundial, ever since it had left the quiet old English deanery where only a few graceless choir-boys from the Cathedral nearby disturbed its age-long meditations, had lived in the full glare of a repugnant publicity. Hence its dissatisfaction.

"The sun is too fierce, the snows are too deep here, and above all, the people are too curious, too irreverent, too hustling," it continued testily. "They come and stare at me as if they had never seen a Sundial in their lives before."

The Maple, though young, was diplomatic. "Well, you must remember that in all probability, they've never seen any one with the remarkable historical associations that you possess," it said ingratiatingly.

The Sundial softened. "I beg your pardon for what I said just now. I am not used to the ways of this country and we old folks are apt to think that the ways we're accustomed to, are the only ways. All the same I would have preferred a more retired situation than this—in full view of the street. Now in the Old Country as you call it—although I think it's as young as it ever was and I've seen 350 years of it—this lawn would be walled in and privacy properly observed."

"Oh," said the Maple, "that's only one of our national characteristics. It's the opposite of your habit in England of erecting the finest city buildings in the little side streets where no one can see them."

wickednesses in Church and State. I remember also how the younger man pointed to the shadow edge on my dial and said that if only her people were sound at heart, Time would bring to England all that England needed for greatness."

"That sounds like wisdom," said the Maple.

"Aye, he was wise beyond his years. It's curious what an impression that young man made upon me, although he's dead these 150 years—ever since Canada became a British country, in fact. Well, well, how true it is what that Elizabethan workman carved when he fashioned me so long ago. You can see it—that Gothic lettering—down there under the Cross and Crown."

The Maple looked and read: "Shadows we are and like shadows depart."

"Now," said the Sundial, "look farther down and read."

The Maple complied. "Let others tell of storm and showers, I mark only the sunny hours."

"Yes," said the Sundial, "that was his favorite. He did not like that one about the shadows—he was a great person for looking on the sunny side of things. I recollect how I saw him one early morning when, as he was waiting near a clump of foxglove in the garden—his regiment even then preparing for the war, the Seven Years' War, you know—he read that over and over and laughed. Then she came and bade him goodbye leaning on the old Sundial, who overheard their whispered words but kept them to himself as he alone knows how. And after she had gone and the sound of her light footsteps had died away down the stone-flagged garden walk, he remained for a moment reading that couplet again. Then he, too, quietly went out of the garden and I was

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and  
that  
was

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