



Li Yuan Hung, the New President of China.

He was Vice-President before the death of Yuan Shi Kai, and is a military leader. In the revolution of 1911 he was commander of the Republican forces which overthrew the Manchus.

June Song.

BY CHARLES GRANGER BLANDEN, IN
"A WILDING BOUGH."

Now that June is really here,
Full of sun and full of cheer,
Come, and let us for a day
Take our staffs and be away—
Out into the meadows green,
Where the bobolinks are seen
Sprinkling all the air with song;
Where the brook doth glide along,
Full of music, full of joy
As the bosom of a boy.

Tarry not another hour;
Twinkling dew is on the flower;
Not the Queen of Sheba had
Such bright gems to make her glad.
This blue sky that bends above,
Full of everlasting love,
Full of beauty, full of light,
Full of countless worlds at night—
Think you Peter's mighty dome
Half so high as this at home?

Come, I pray you; leave your task;
Throw away the sorry mask
Of dead learning worn by sages;
Out and glean from Nature's pages;
Let your spirit spread her wings
In among the living things;
Out, and for a time commune
With the year's own Sappho, June;
Out into the morning—Hush!
Harken! Israfil, the thrush,
Greeting Allah in the bush!

Among the Books

"A Day in June."

[The following selection is from "The Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist," by S. T. Wood, already well known to Canadian readers of "The Globe" through his unsigned nature articles. The title of the book is most happily chosen: the book itself is just what it would lead one to expect—a series of "rambles" in which the explorer finds birds and flowers, animals and butterflies, clouds and wind—all grist for his mill. He not only keeps his own eyes open to the wonder and charm of Nature, but teaches others to open theirs. The book has been beautifully illustrated by Robert Holmes. The paintings of Showy Lady's Slipper and Bloodroot could scarcely be better,

while in that of the whip-poor-will is a touch of poetry that makes the picture more than a mere representation of a bird. "Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist" is published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited, Toronto. Price \$1.50 net.]

It seems in all—including motherly kindness that the trees are spreading their great, umbrageous leaves over the hot tired earth. The brooding shade is ever cool and inviting. There is a soothing quietness in it that lulls the most restless into placid waking sleep and day dreams. The inspiring panorama of spring has passed. The transient feathered visitors who lent the charm of melody to the joyful season have departed for their northern homes. Those who have come to spend the summer have quietly settled down to the serious affairs of life. Many do not sing as in the earlier days. Their joy has not departed, but has found new fields of expression. It is manifested in the lively happiness of domestic life. A few continue their song through the sultry season, and seem to have a double portion of the delights of existence. The song of the Veery, the churning, dashing, bursting melody that reveals a spontaneous gladness, is still heard among the leafy shades. Much has been said and written of the Veery's song, but only to reveal the poverty of words in its description. It is a part of the gladness of nature, to be absorbed and enjoyed in its own spirit. Other songsters, with their own peculiar charms, are still carrying the spirit of spring on into the summer. Perhaps that is the mission of all songsters. The Yellow Warbler still sings as happily as in the days of his courtship, and his note has a distinctiveness lent by the silence of so many of his feathered relatives. The Oven Bird's penetrating repetitions come along under the branches, and the Brown Thrasher still sings to the sun from a lofty perch. There is just enough melody through the shady branches to make their quietness more somnolent.

A glimpse of yellow and white shows where a Flicker curves and undulates through the open spaces to the broken shaft of an old, dead willow. The brown-grey back, almost invisible against the bark, disappears, and after a long, patient wait, with no sign of the alert head on the other side, the temptation becomes irresistible. There is a nest. Just below the broken limb a hole has been picked in the decaying wood, but it is a false one. One would like to think it was made to deceive or distract attention, but chilling, disagreeable fact suggests that the wood was found too hard. The successful excavation is higher up, and there she is already, alarmed at the stealthy approach, looking down with bright, round, startled eyes at the great, threatening intruder. A moment, and the staring spell is broken—she glides boldly out and wings her irregular course beyond the sheltering maples. A slender arm can explore the rough tunnel in the wood, and down at the bottom is a little, solitary egg. It is pure white—so pure and translucent in the sun's rays that the yolk within gives it an elusive yellow tint, but in the shade its clear whiteness returns. With a care that even the startled bird could not surpass it is replaced, and with apologies unexpressed the intruder retires. Again the passing flash of yellow and white shows how anxiously and carefully she has been watching. She enters eagerly, and, after an anxious half-minute, comes forth again, happily satisfied in the safety of her treasure.

The Indigo Bunting is among the pleasant summer songsters, but it is only by an accidental meeting in a shady spot that his handsome color can be appreciated. In the warmth of

summer even little Chippie, with his chattering trill, has a place among the favourites. The industry of their little friends, brightened by an occasional song, blends with the atmosphere of life and growth pervading the season of fruition, an atmosphere that steals upon the senses, more seductive and inspiring than the subtle fumes and vapours distilled from the drugs of the somnolent East.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Way of the Red Cross.

"A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest."

The Red Cross has gone quietly on its merciful way for about fifty years; but now it has suddenly sprung up in giant strength, reaching out mighty arms everywhere and getting into its comforting embrace millions of the sick and wounded. I have beside me a book, called, "The Way of the Red Cross," published in aid of "The Times Fund for the Sick and Wounded," and sent out with a preface by Queen Alexandra.

Knowing that you are all helping forward this great and noble movement, I will pass on to you to-day some quotations from this book, which I bought from the T. Eaton Co., Toronto.

A nurse in a big base hospital said: "The Red Cross Society has been wonderful. We have come to look on it as a sort of 'Aladdin's lamp,' for we have only to ask for a thing and we get it."

She pointed with pride to a number of feather pillows which she was fitting into their cases. "This is the very last thing we asked for," she said, "for we had to think of necessities first. But you know what a hard, unsympathetic thing the regulation bolster is, and you can guess how much we wanted something of this sort, especially in cases of wounds in the head and back. Now we have them, thanks to the R. C. Society, and there seems nothing left to ask for—except ash trays."

"On arrival each ambulance train is met by the nursing staff, the wounded men are furnished with hot drinks and cigarettes, and conveyed without delay to the hospitals to which they have been appointed. Everything is done in orderly, methodical fashion; the confusion we might expect to see arising from the irruption of thousands of wounded in a day does not exist. . . . The best of nursing, the best means of transport, the best of surgeons and physicians are at work, and for such men as come down from the trenches and the firing line the best is none too good. And in men and women and goods the Red Cross organizations have given the very best, with results that cannot be overestimated—all drawn from the voluntary spirit of the nation."

"And so you want to know about the Red Cross work," said the doctor, "Well, we're uncommon glad there is a Red Cross Society. You see that our bed—where they're just moving the men on to it? We have to thank the Red Cross people for things like that—our beds and pillows, and all the little

luxuries that we want for the bad cases."

Here, in London, are "society ladies" giving all their time and energy to the uninteresting business of packing stores in the Red Cross headquarters. We may have pictured these ladies elegantly gowned, spending an hour or two in a luxurious office and "playing at work." We find them at work from nine till seven every day—except the days they work overtime.

"On the day that I visited the stores' department only 500 wounded landed in this country, and so to fill up spare moments the ladies were packing for Serbia, Montenegro, and East Africa. The long shelves were filled with every kind of medical requirement—bandages of lint, bales of absorbent cotton, syringes and porous plasters, oxygen and innumerable bottles of tablets, tetanus and typhoid vaccines, cases of needles, spools of plaster. . . . hot water bottles by the hundred, of every color, shape and size."

The ladies fulfil the demands of the base hospitals in France, almost as soon as made. They collect, they pack, and now they send a messenger with every large consignment to ensure its certain delivery. Just a messenger in khaki, but Gabriel could scarcely be more welcome than that khaki figure is to the anxious doctor in France, who, when one comes to think of it, can do little enough unless the ladies at this great base supply his needs." This store department is on such a tremendous scale that its contents are insured for £50,000.

The ladies have already become so familiar with their work of sorting and packing that they "feel capable of tackling the outfit of the whole army. It is, indeed, with a feeling of regret that they acknowledge they can do nothing for a man till he is incapacitated. 'Then he is ours,' said one of the principal workers here in the stores' department. Which means just this—no less, and it cannot mean more—that she and her associates provide for his every physical need and material comfort. 'He is ours,' they say. They look well after their belongings in the stores' department of the Red Cross."

"The story of the mobilization of the V. A. D. (Voluntary Aid Detachments) in the county through which I toured is a romance. In the late hours of Tuesday, the thirteenth of October, a telegram was dispatched from headquarters: 'Mobilize all your hospitals at once. . . . Large number of wounded arrive to-night. . . . By mid-day of the next day 3,000 wounded Belgians were in bed in the hospitals mobilized and prepared by the V. A. D., a feat which stands as a unique record in speed and efficiency. . . . All the accommodation and equipment and stores of these detachments, at the time the message was received, consisted of promises, promises for the most part made in days of peace. Nothing else. Here a contributor to the scheme had signed her name to a promise of a bedstead and bedding; here another had said that a certain amount of hospital clothing should be available if necessary; yet another had promised the use of a house as a hospital; and another had undertaken to provide certain stores of food or drugs.' These promised things had to be collected, houses scrubbed, beds got ready and conveyances provided for carrying the wounded. All night the work went on, and the wards were not only ready but were bright with flowers when the wounded arrived. Nurses were at the railway stations with hot soup and coffee, and men were ready to carry each soldier to the motor transport awaiting him. This was the orderly work of volunteers. In one of these suddenly im-

proved hospital are made out of fixed on legs, pain.

Many men shattered nerves convalescent here Red Cross Society blessing. One of them, especially for the they "will be taking making use of world."

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