



A Russian Woman Soldier.

One of the brave girls in the famous battalion of Russian women, "The Legion of Death." This battalion fought furiously and put the Germans to flight at the section where they engaged, taking many prisoners. Every woman in the battalion carries a dose of cyanide of potassium to use in event of her capture.

Battle.

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON, IN THE "NATION," LONDON.

Hill-born.

I sometimes wonder if it's really true
I ever knew
Another life
Than this unending strife
With unseen enemies in lowland mud,
And wonder if my blood
Thrilled ever to the tune
Of clean winds blowing through an April
noon
Mile after sunny mile
On the green ridges of the Windy Gile.

Back.

They ask me where I've been,
And what I've done and seen;
But what can I reply
Who know it wasn't I,
But just someone like me,
Who went across the sea,
And with my head and hands
Killed men in foreign lands,
Though I must bear the blame
Because he bore my name?

Hit.

Out of the sparkling sea
I drew my tingling body clear, and lay
On a low ledge the live-long summer day,
Basking, and watching lazily
White sails in Falmouth Bay.

My body seemed to burn
Salt in the sun that drenched it through
and through
Till every particle glowed clean and new,
And slowly seemed to turn
To lucid amber in a world of blue.

I felt a sudden wrench—
A trickle of warm blood—
And found that I was sprawling in the
mud
Among the dead men in the trench.

In the Ambulance.

"Two rows of cabbages,
Two of curly-greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney-beans."
That's what he is muttering,
Making such a song.

Keeping other chaps awake
The whole night long.

Both his legs are shot away,
And his head is light;
So he keeps on muttering
All the blessed night—

"Two rows of cabbages,
Two of curly-greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney-beans."

Through the Eyes of a Canadian Woman in England.

July 15th.

Summer is here in all her glory, a typical English summer, with sunny days, alternate showery ones, and always cool, cool evenings. The first and fourth have been celebrated in their turn by Canadians and Americans, aided and abetted by British citizens (who are glad and grateful to have us with them), with as much zest as though we were at home. Dominion Day was a general holiday, and on the "Glorious Fourth," the Stars and Stripes entwined with the Union Jack waved gaily in the breeze.

I am back again to camp after a week spent relieving a friend from hospital work in the nearby charming town of Guildford. Life among the wounded Tommies has a fascination for me, and I feel more at home in the hospital than anywhere else just now. One is so occupied that no time is left for the brooding and sadness that this war brings to us all. Except at a military camp one rarely hears a hearty, carefree laugh. People are brave and cheerful, but there is an undercurrent of seriousness with it all. I hope that on the day when peace is finally declared we shall find that we have not entirely forgotten the art, for a jolly laugh is the most exhilarating thing going. The jester of olden times was not as useless after all as we supposed him to be.

I hope all our wounded men are as happy in their hospitals as those at Hill House. This institution is entirely run by voluntary lady workers, and Tommy is considered first in everything. Each morning I rose at seven, donned my uniform, and arrived at the hospital just in time for morning worship, in the dining-room. This consisted of a familiar hymn, played by one of the nurses, in which everybody joined heartily. It was followed by a prayer for those at sea, and in the army, not forgetting the lonely and bereaved ones at home. After this—breakfast, a good hot one was served and the men went out to the beautiful garden at the back, those unable to walk being taken in wheeled chairs, or even carried on their beds. If the day were rainy they adjourned, some to the billiard room in the basement, or the recreation rooms to listen to the gramophone, others read and wrote letters. There were the morning papers in the garden and there and there was done while many long tales were being told. I was fascinated to watch one man go the whole round of the croquet game on his good foot, holding the wounded one out of contact with the ground. He helped with marvelous rapidity, and was lustily cheered by the

onlookers when he came in first on a close game. The big, rough-haired terrier "Bobby" always considered himself one of the party. He belonged to a butcher in town but evidently preferred soldiers to civilians, for he attached himself to the Tommies and refused to be coaxed back. He is always at the heels of some of them (of course he has his favorites) in their rooms or wherever they are, even accompanying them when they are taken to church on Sundays, where he behaves with great dignity. I should not be surprised at any time to hear that he had learned to smoke. I got a bed ready for an incoming patient one night, but he did not arrive, and in the morning I found that Bobby had taken his place and marks of muddy feet and many hairs were left on the dainty white sheet turned over in regulation hospital fashion. When I got fresh linen from the Quarter-master she said, "Isn't that too bad! but we must not say anything about it, for the boys are so fond of him, and it is a rule of the hospital never to say anything to hurt their feelings." The men appreciate to the full the treatment they receive, and are in return always courteous and helpful. They all seem keenly interested in Canada and plied me with questions. They feel the need of bigger spaces since their life in the open, and their thoughts all seem to turn towards Canada as the Land of Promise. We had some trouble one day fitting a very short man with crutches. While trying some of them he said, "The day I got hit there was no one to help me, so I took a couple of rifles and managed to get along. I had to hurry, too, because machine-guns were banging away at my back all the time, but never caught me." Fancy oneself in a situation like that!

The roses have been badly beaten by recent rains, and heaps of crimson, pink and yellow petals lie on the ground still shedding sweet fragrance, and now the little scarlet ramblers, clinging to everything within reach, and the white and pink climbers are at their best, and we shall have them with us for weeks yet. The July flowers are having their turn, and tall, sturdy fuschia trees are bursting into bloom; monkshood in purple and yellow (such as I have never seen) and their rival, the delphinium, in rare shades of blue, form a tall background looking down upon white and yellow lilies and a profusion of summer flowers of every shape and hue. The gardens are a never-ending panorama of color as the months go by. Now we have raspberries, huge golden gooseberries and red currants, and already little green apples are beginning to appear in the greengrocers' windows. Red tomatoes and crisp cucumbers beautifully the salads, and vegetable marrow and, Oh, joy! plenty of potatoes, have their place on the daily menu. The new food controller is about accomplishing a reduction in the price of meat, so with all these good things we shall surely be able to deny ourselves the luxury of bread and wheat products to a great extent. We have all acquired the habit of discussing food, and ways and means of preparing it. One hears it at street corners and in drawing-rooms, and after all why shouldn't it be so? Some of the new war-dishes are quite palatable. There is a restaurant in Piccadilly which is very conspicuous. On the door is a huge poster worded as follows:

Let the Men! beat the U men
If U fast the U shark U beat,
The U shark beats U if U feast.

There are highly colored pictures surrounding this poster, of submarines shaped like sharks, torpedoing food ships.

An English M. P. in opening a bazaar here the other day lamented that although millions of poems were inspired by the beauty of flowers and trees, there was no vegetable poet. His complaint had immediate effect and one of his hearers

dedicated to him the following lines which readers of the Advocate, so many of whom are interested (like myself) in the cultivation of vegetables, might enjoy reading.

Lines to a Carrot—and Other Things.

The vegetable world bewails a long-felt need,

That is—the glamour of a poet's friendly need,

To the keen eye, to artist's judgment true,

There's beauty, wonder, elegant construction, too,

In carrots! Mark the vivid tint of lovely red,

The feathery frond of softest green, forming the head,

The taper of the perfect one, its rounded form;

This could not be produced by humans born.

The cabbage—in its seedling's early days,

Before it ripens, shapes, in sunny rays,

Delicate green of velvet surface rare,

Each leaf formed by a skill beyond compare.

The sturdy stem by which potatoes show

Their goodness, size of bulbs that lie below,

Gathering from the richness of their bed

The quality depicted by each surface head.

A golden bulb of different shapes and form,

A graceful spike the onion does adorn;

Of neutral shade but pungent, also strong,

Its culinary use helps the cook along.

Upon the rows of sticks, and often string,

You see the pods of peas, "the Summer King."

Mark well the fold and casket wherein lie

Some pellets, perfect, packed from curious eyes,

The fragrance of the pods in fullest strength,

The contour of them and their width and length,

The thoughtful eye sees beauty in these things,

Their wondrous growth, the song that nature sings:

Who does not note the turnip's snowy round,

Its surface smooth, its head with verdure crowned?

How marvellous, each lesson driving home

The Power thrown from the height of Heaven's throne.

And yet another root, so delicate in hue,

Born 'neath the surface of the mother true,

From which all vegetables in the kingdom grow

Each in its proper season, from the seed below,

Sweet parsnip, concentrated rich in medicine's power,

Soothing, staying, a food in hunger's hour,

A modest root, its mission is to bring

Flesh to the gaunt, and clearness to the skin.

I. B.

Last week theatre-lovers in England and the world over were shocked to hear

of the passing of Sir Herbert Beerbohm

Tree, who like the other great actor, Sir

Henry Irving, was suddenly called to his

reward. Both these men attained a rank

which is very rarely reached by an actor

in any age, and it seems as though their

places cannot be filled. Tree was one

of those whose personality was even

greater than his work. He was emphatically an actor born.

To see him on the street, without knowing him one

would have said, "This is a remarkable man."

In his daily life off the stage he carried his stick as if he walked in some

fantastic scene, but he had no pompous airs nor ever tried to make himself an

image of greatness. He was ever good-

tempered, gay, and entertaining, and was

possessed of a ready wit which was the

envy of his associates. One of the best

stories about him is that of the pushing

and exuberant person who familiarly ad-

dressed him as "Tree" at their first meet-

ing. The actor put an affectionate, almost caressing hand on this person's