

Vagrant Verse

A LEGEND OF MONT ST. MICHEL

(By John Clair Minot)
 Upon St. Michel's lofty rock,
 Beside the Norman shore,
 With cruel quicksands at the base,
 And smiling seas before,
 There stands a structure reared to God,
 With walls of massive size;
 And almost to the clouds that pass
 Its graceful towers arise.
 More fort than church it used to be,
 For back in olden days,
 When roving bands on land and sea
 Were bent on evil ways.

And often when the pilgrims came
 From strange and distant lands,
 The soldier-monks would see them sink
 Into the shifting sands.

Then to the tower the holy men—
 While they were sinking there,
 For human help could not avail—
 Would haste to kneel in prayer.

All this was long and long ago,
 Beside the Norman shore,
 The people walk in ways of peace,
 And foemen come no more.

But still St. Michel's holy shrine
 The pilgrims seek today;
 And still upon its stately towers
 They bend the knee to pray.

To them is told at evening-time
 A tale of other years,
 When barren was the lofty rock
 Where now the church appears;

The story of a little child,
 Whose name we cannot know,
 Who showed to doubting, wrangling men
 The way that they should go.

Far in the Norman forests then
 Was every oak beam;
 And still the Breton quarries held
 The builder's noble dream.

Upon the rock the men had met
 Who had the work in view;
 A small beginning they had made—
 But oh, so much to do!

And two, who were the masters there,
 Well versed in building lore,
 Discussed the plans as they surveyed
 The task which lay before.

"It must be thus and so," said one,
 "Or else the work will fail."
 "Nay, brother," spake the other then,
 "My counsel should prevail."

"Not so," the first one answered him;
 "I would prefer to see
 Mont Michel still a forest rock,
 As once it used to be."

Then waxed the quarrel more and more,
 And words were hot and high;
 The toilers dropped their working tools,
 And gathered, wondering, nigh.

When lo! within a sheltered spot
 They saw a child at play;
 A workman's child, it had been there
 Unnoticed through the day.

From sand and sticks and bits of stone
 Its little hands had raised
 A house of God in miniature
 Which held the men amazed.

And in its structure there was met
 The problem of the day.
 "It is the hand of God," they cried,
 "Has shown to us the way!"

The wrangle ceased; the little child
 Was lifted up with cheers.
 The work went on; the walls they built
 Have stood through all the years.

And thus upon St. Michel's rock,
 As once the prophet said,
 Were men into the better way
 By childish wisdom led.

"NO MORE SEA"

(Edith B. Spaulding, Eaton Rapids, Mich., in Scottish American)

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth;
 for the first heaven and the first earth
 were passed away; and there was no more sea."—
 Rev. xxi., 1.

There shall be no more sea;
 We of the wild Skye shore,
 What would our best land be,
 Far from the beat and roar
 That fills the night and the day.
 When the western gale is high—
 That calls from the sea-mist grey—
 That moans to the shadowed sky?
 When there is world no more,
 What will our heaven be,
 We of the wild Skye shore,
 If there is no more sea?

There shall be no more sea!
 Fishers of Brachadaile,
 Of the Slويد-na-mhara, we,
 Sons of the wave and gale,
 'Tis the graves of our fathers dead,
 We wooed our wives on its strand,
 It has given our children bread,
 While they played in its wave-wet sand.
 Our hearts have cried to its wail,
 And sung to its note of glee—
 Fishers of Brachadaile,
 Shall there be no more sea?

There shall be no more sea
 Fair though the Eden bloom,
 River and vale and tree,
 Our be the mountain's gloom,
 And the roar that was undertone
 To the short, sad song of our years,
 That gave to our griefs its moan,
 That comfort lent to our tears.
 God knows the hearts of men—
 Of fishermen such as we—
 And we shall come again
 Back to Skye and the sea.

COALS OF FIRE

(It will be wise of the men to capitulate
 at once, and no longer insist upon male
 superiority and male privileges. Their rule is nearly
 over. And if, in the see-saw of human
 events, they should in the future be placed in
 a subordinate position, we must accord them
 more generous treatment than they have
 given us. We must not retaliate. On the
 contrary, we should resist all attempts to de-
 grade them, and let equality be our motto then
 as now.—Lady Cook.)

Sisters-in-arms, the fight is done,
 The glorious cause of Woman won,
 And conquered Man now quakes to feel
 Upon his neck the high French heel.

Yet, in our great triumphant hour,
 Shall we, like Man, abuse our power
 And make of him the hapless victim
 He made of Woman ere she licked him?

Nay, sisters be it our desire
 To heap his head with coals of fire
 And let him find a foe in us
 Not merely just but generous.

The vanquished tyrant sees at length
 That we possess the giant's strength;
 But, if he do not prove defiant,
 We will not use it like a giant.

The light and tender touch, the heart
 Of Mercy—these are Woman's part,
 And in the age that dawns today
 All thoughts of vengeance shall away.

We will not, in vindictive spite,
 Degrade the foe, as well we might;
 But let us rather in the sequel
 Treat him as though he were an equal.

We don't propose to bar the spheres
 Of all professional careers,
 But unto men shall be committed
 The work for which we find them fitted.

The Church between us we'll divide,
 An equal share for either side,
 Apportioned in the proper way—
 The rectors we, the curates they.

So, also, will we leave ajar
 The door that leads one to the Bar
 And freely let them take their places
 As devils unto us, the K. C.'s.

The world of business too we'll throw
 Ope to our conscience-stricken foe,
 And leave who can to make his mark
 As office-boy or junior clerk.

EVEN UNTO THIS DAY

"Woe unto you, for ye build the sepulchres
 of the prophets and your fathers killed them.
 Truly ye bear witness that ye allow the deeds
 of your fathers; for they indeed killed them,
 and ye build their sepulchres. Therefore... shall
 be required for this generation."—Punch

The souls of all that combated
 The cowardice and ease of man
 In power and girt and garlanded,
 From their high thrones, the nations scan.
 And watch their children in the fray,
 The prophets of a later day,
 Wage the old war, in the old way.

Who neither prize nor strive at all
 To win the goal of all men's feet:
 But hear the tempest by the wall
 Cry, and at end of every street
 See dawns arise and days expire,
 And many a flame of lifted fire,
 Thereto to turn all men's desire.

Then runs a word men's converse through:
 "Behold the garnished grave of each
 Prophet of old our fathers knew,
 Martyrs, in death their truths they teach!
 Cleave to the mighty men of old,
 Nor heed the mocking manifold
 Of late-born babblers overbold."

Till at the last there comes a cry:
 "These men blaspheme, and are we dumb?
 Have we not heard the blasphemy?
 Bring them to our old prophet's tomb.
 Choke in the dust the words they said,
 And on that stone their blood be shed,
 Atonement to the offended dead."

And thus they do, and on the stone
 Of him that troubled men of yore

They leave the dead to lie alone
 And feast and market as before,
 And proud and well-content they say:
 "Surely we have done well today,
 These led the ignorant astray."

While those they slew arise unstayed
 Through storm and star and sphere on high,
 Where in perpetual light arrayed,
 Like well-loved dead in memory,
 The seers of old in glory shine:
 And foremost he whose earthly shrine
 In death they did incarnadine.

"Yea," saith the prophet, "even so.
 Their scars and sorrows are the same
 As we, too, suffered long ago.
 Ah, God! ah, God! that with the name
 Of swordsmen in the self-same fray
 The priests and champions of decay
 Silence our children still today."

Come, take your rest. But nevermore
 Till Time and man together cease
 Shall cease the everlasting war,
 For treaty or for armistice,
 For loser's cry or victor's wreath,
 'Twixt fear and truth and dust and breath,
 Fire and the darkness, life and death."
 —Lucy Lyttleton, in "The Nation."

MR. PUNCH'S VERDICT

The editor of "Punch" pronounces his
 verdict of the general election. It reads as fol-
 lows:

We watched her keel across the bar go
 From free wee Kirkwall town;
 We watched her skipper dump his cargo
 Of ballot-boxes down;
 An Empire hung with pale complexions
 Upon the tidings, tick by tick;
 For Fate had left, in these Elections,
 The final word with Wick.

Shetland, that old-established Thule,
 Her bloodless fight had closed;
 Had nominated, well and dully,
 Her Wason unopposed;
 The immemorial right she wielded
 To play the last protracted trick—
 That privilege she now had yielded,
 Handing it on to Wick.

So ends the combat, loud and gory,
 That cost a cool two million quid,
 And leaves the rivals, Rad and Tory,
 Standing (like Scotland) where they did;
 And I, for one—I can't help saying,
 As I review the dead and quick,
 This futile game that we've been playing
 Was hardly worth the wick.

OF DELIGHT

"Oh, who art thou that sing'st so sweet,
 Where meadowland and woodland meet,
 Hidden among the first few shadows
 That break upon the noonday heat?"

"I am delight, and of my birth
 There is no certain word on earth;
 Nor of my kin.
 And those who find me, e'er they see
 Well what they have, lose hold on me;
 Many begin
 With purpose set, and seek me where love is,
 And fail of both; and some have said amiss,
 Saying I live with sin."

"But I will seek thee till I hold
 Thy clear limbs in their robe of gold.
 For so men sing thee, white as sunshine,
 With glittering garment, fold on fold."

"Ah, no, for you shall never find me
 Spring in vain.
 For should you, by some chance unknown,
 See me, and hold me for your own,
 Like a thing slain
 Suddenly I should fall, droop head, and rise,
 Silent and dull, with strange tears in my eyes,
 And I should look like pain."
 —E. N. da C. Andrade in The Nation.

TO A SEA GULL

Sound the wild note of the wind and the sea,
 Thou gypsy of the air.
 Thy soul is uplifted on wings that are free
 As the white spray that thunders
 Where black reefs lay bare.

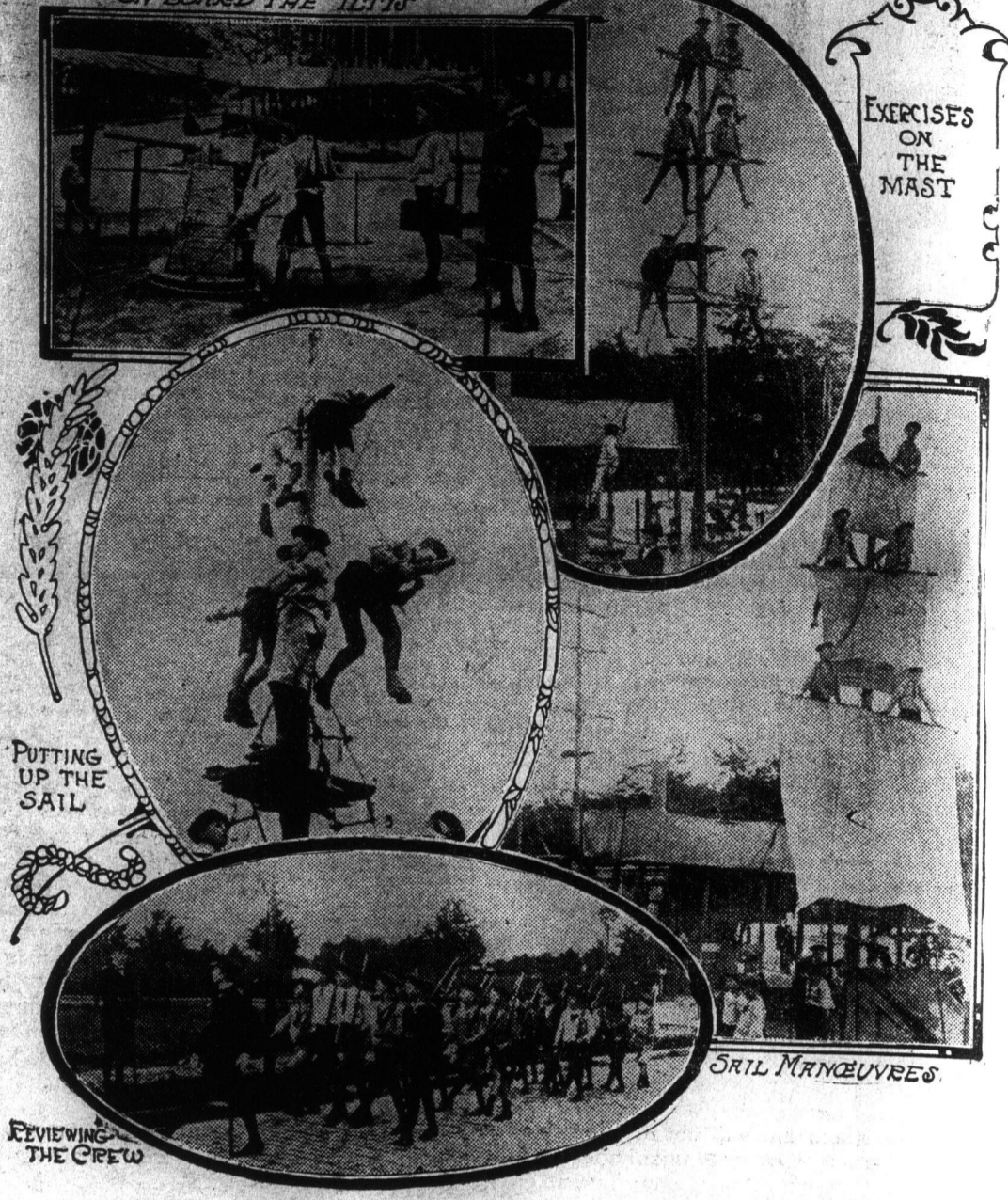
Scream to the storm winds that rage while
 you sleep;
 They echo the cry of souls lost in the deep.
 Like a white flake that's swept from the wrath
 of the seas,
 Soar in the heavens and breast the cold breeze.
 Symbol of wrecks and the world's misery—
 Vagabond—heedless, unheeded and free.
 —H. O'Connor, in California Occident.

MAY COOK FOOD WITH HOT AIR

During a recent convention of bakers in
 London an apparatus was demonstrated which
 utilizes superheated air for cooking purposes.
 The steam of an ordinary kitchen boiler is
 conveyed in pipes to the superheater, where
 in a series of coils above a coke fire, its tem-
 perature is raised to 1,000 deg. F. without in-
 creasing the pressure. Passed through the
 hollow rods of a grill, the air quickly raises
 the metal to the same temperature as itself,
 and then anything can be cooked from a steak
 to a biscuit.

The inventor believes that the kitchen of
 the future will have no blazing fire, and that
 valve admitting the heated air. The air, after
 passing through the hollow grillers, can be fur-
 ther utilized for heating rooms.

A NAVAL HINT from the GERMANS



Now that Canada has taken the first step
 in the upbuilding of a Canadian navy, it is only
 reasonable to expect that the young idea in
 Canada will begin to evince a real interest in
 naval matters. To the growing boy few things
 are more alluring than the call of the sea. Even
 boys who are born inland and who have never
 seen salt water invariably show a keen prefer-
 ence for adventure stories dealing with sea
 voyages. This is as it should be in a country
 that is an integral and important part of an
 Empire that owes its supremacy to its sea
 power and sea will.

Since the Niobe and the Rainbow took up
 their stations on the east and west coasts re-
 spectively, some lively recruiting work has
 been going on, with the result that a large
 number of Canadian boys are now entering
 upon their training as British bluejackets. At
 this stage in Canada's development as an ac-
 tive part of the Empire's naval support, it is
 interesting to note what the Germans are do-
 ing by way of experiment in the training of
 their youthful subjects.

LIGHTHOUSE OPERATED FROM THE SHORE

The new lighthouse on the coast of Guernsey,
 one of the group of islands in the English
 Channel, is a departure in lighthouse engineer-
 ing, as it contains a powerful fog siren as well
 as an acetylene light, although the lighthouse
 keepers are stationed at the electrical plant
 on the shore, more than a mile distant.

This dispensing with keepers on the rock
 is desirable because of the long periods of ex-
 posure to a heavy sea. The fog signal is
 worked entirely by electric cable, the turning
 on and off of the electric current on the shore
 automatically starting and stopping the mo-
 tors and pumps which force air into the reser-
 voirs. This compressed air drives an air mo-
 tor, which in turn operates the siren.

The acetylene light is automatic, and will
 work for months without attention, the gas be-
 ing automatically turned up at dusk and down
 at daybreak.

POINTLESS HATPINS

A pointless hatpin, with interchangeable
 heads has become popular in Paris. Having
 no point to protrude beyond the side of the
 hat, it is obvious that the pin will not danger
 the eyes of other people. Each hatpin is in
 reality two pins with one head, the pin part
 sliding through a star-like fixture permanently
 attached to the hat. Heads of various designs
 are provided with each pin.

of the very material benefit she is otherwise
 sure to receive in dividends of better, stronger,
 more manly citizens. One of the secrets of the
 success of the Scout movement unquestionably
 is the appeal it makes to the boy's love of
 adventure and his natural desire to play. Now,
 the Germans have evolved the idea of taking
 advantage of the same instincts in their boys
 to teach them, during their school years, the
 rudiments of naval education. The experi-
 ment, which has been most successful, has
 been introduced at three of the public schools
 in the city of Berlin. At each of these schools
 a model battleship has been erected, upon
 which the boys are taught the manifold du-
 ties involved in managing a large-man-of-war.
 The captains, officers and "men" are dressed
 in correct naval rig, and exercises, often held
 in the presence of officers of the imperial navy,
 take place on certain days of the week.

By this method the Germans are able to
 teach the boys, at the time when they are
 most receptive, lessons that will remain with
 them throughout life, and which will, in com-
 bination with their military training, render
 them well fitted for service should their coun-
 try ever find need to call.

GRAVITY CHUTE FOR FRUIT PICKING

A fruit-picking chute which will reach to
 the top of a 25-foot ladder and convey the
 fruit to baskets on the ground, has been in-
 vented by a fruit grower of Orange County,
 N. Y. The chute is made of canvas, and is
 provided with pockets so spaced as to allow
 the dropping of fruit into it from any rung of
 the ladder.

It may be attached to any ladder by means
 of straps, and, as it does not add more than
 10 lb. to the weight, the ladder may be car-
 ried around and placed against the tree in
 the usual way. Two baskets are placed on
 the ground to receive the fruit as it drops into
 the trough provided to make the fall light.
 When one is filled, the picker tips the end of
 the trough into the other by means of a sim-
 ple arrangement always within reach.

I have often noticed that many people con-
 fuse gossip with scandal, and I am glad to
 see the two things differentiated in a clever
 article which I read recently in The Gentle-
 woman. The gossip talks "shop," like the
 painter, the writer, or the actress, but really it
 is more fascinating "shop" for the gossip's
 trade is human nature. On the whole, the
 more interesting kind of conversation is that
 which turns on people, and it is to this kind of
 conversation that the gossip contributes the
 lion's share. It is to the credit of human na-
 ture that the scandalmonger is usually detest-
 ed, while the gossip is generally popular.

He—At last we're alone! I've been hoping
 for this chance.
 She—So have I.
 He—So you guessed, then, that I wanted to
 tell you I loved you.
 She—Yes, and I wanted to say "No" and
 have it over.—Chicago Daily News.

The

SPORTS

(By Richard...)

The Wonder
 This from Dunce
 neighborhood killed a
 deer, but deliberately
 of the butchery of the
 awakened from dream
 hideous snarling and
 house. Looking from
 the place where poor
 he saw the shadowy
 light of a pack of lon-
 which were snarling
 gory remains. He re-
 fowling piece and ani-
 the shot had taken e-
 which made off at the
 comrade on the field,
 at any moment to the
 deemed discretion the
 waited until daylight
 what kind of a wild
 gun.

Bright and early
 the carcass of the sla-
 enough stretched in a
 mal, with coarse, thin
 white on the breast.
 idea, a new species to
 were called in and sh-
 them could tell what
 was suggested, but no
 in packs, and one of
 when he saw it and th-
 for an ordinary wolf,
 cided that the ranche-
 the killing of a new
 hitherto unknown to
 Vancouver Island. C-
 handled and wrapped
 patched to the Curator
 Museum for him to d-
 species, name it for
 aid it to the Province
 history specimens.
 It went the next tr-
 plain," and was eagerly
 tenderly as it hand-
 then the curator lay
 languid till he was so
 opinion that the new
 Island big game shoul-
 "Canis Siwashii" vulgar-
 or in the vulgar tongue
 mon, Siwash mongrel

Grils in S

At the moment of
 down thick and fast, a
 sends a cold shiver do-
 a matter of fact in
 the weather has been
 sport has been obtain-
 Saanich Arm by those
 enough to venture out-
 ies of the weather cler-
 to a boat were report-
 few spring salmon has
 these latter fish in the
 this time of year both
 of the epicure and of
 winter "springs" in m-
 much better fight than
 are caught in the fall,
 apt to go to the bott-
 this is owing to the
 ture of the water in
 an indisputable axiom

Ducks a

The cold snap after
 wet weather was a good
 some excellent bags of
 made, notably at Cov-
 sportsman reported get-
 own gun in a little over
 these days is going so
 been shot, but no ve-
 heard of to date.

A New

Now that the legis-
 newed interest is being
 in the matter of the ne-
 promised to us, to bri-
 tions more up-to-date
 little less unwieldy an-
 is the time for sport-
 the matter of better go-
 to bestir themselves a-
 and suggestions, inste-
 what eventuates and th-
 not suit them when it
 pondent wrote me a ve-
 ago in which he sugge-
 league should be forme-
 rested in sport; this
 admirable suggestion;
 jority of sportsmen sho-
 the legislators in fram-
 if a meeting of all inte-
 the whole matter dis-
 passed determining wh-
 the now large body of
 be of advantage for
 game laws of this secti-
 these resolutions forw-
 quarter, it seems reaso-