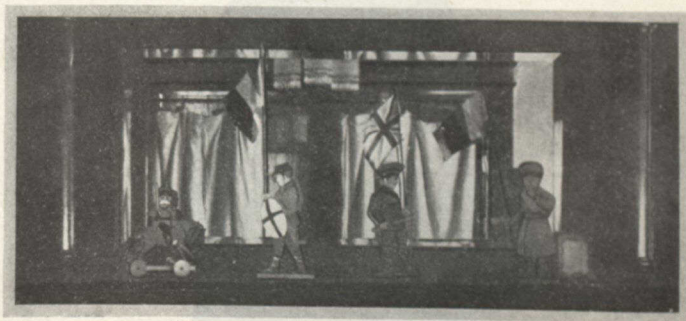


THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVI

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1915

No. 2



THOSE WAR-TIME JIG-SAW TOYS

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF HANDMADE TOYS

THE fire burns brightly in the grate and throws a ruddy glow across the room; but the mantel-shelf is in shadow, and there I can dimly discern a sentinal row of wooden toys. The children who visit me ask, Whose toys are those? And seem puzzled to learn that I will not part from them, but there they will stand until the great day of Peace; then they will vanish into the store-room chest, where children yet unborn will find them, on some rainy day, beside the shell-covered box which belonged to my grandmother and the great wax doll which was my

mother's. But I hope some stern nurse or maiden aunt will shake a finger at them and say, "Be careful, children, those are very precious, they were made in the time of the Great War."

I hope, too, she will tell them how the artists designed them and cut them out with jig-saws, in the days when people had ceased to buy their pictures, since those who did not go to fight gave money to send others; and that the people who could not capture Germans tried hard to capture their trade. So the artsists said: "At least we can design some toys."