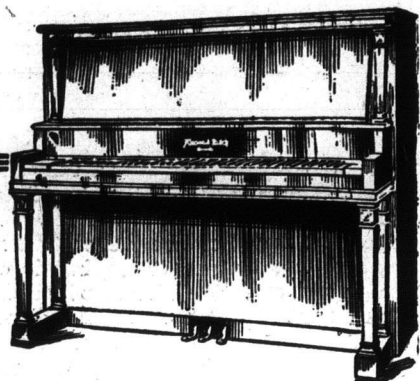




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302 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg

BRANCHES AT REGINA, SASKATOON, CALGARY AND EDMONTON

know no fear, rang out, steeds were mounted, gun traces tightened, and at a gallop they went into position. On the right an officer, a calm and impassive figure, sat on a dappled gray horse with bared sabre, waiting for the trumpet to sound the charge; his charger, as if impatient of delay, was pawing the ground and champing the bit until the white foam dropped. At last it comes and with a steady walk, a trot and at last a furious gallop, it carries its owner to victory or—death. Still faster with bit and spur the gallant steeds are urged on until they come to where steel meets steel, and then the sabres "flashed as they turned in the air, sabring the gunners there," and the bloody work was done.

The dappled gray, with scarlet nostrils, foaming mouth and staring eyeballs, the beauty of its skin splashed with gore, was like some demon let loose. The charge had been a glorious one but the return was more a charge of horses without riders. The saddle of the gray was empty, but with its fiery nature roused to the utmost, it continued its wild career and headlong gallop, until with panting flanks, and lowered head, it came to a stand. Where is that kind hand which, after a day's hard run, stroked its ears and soothed it and gave it drink and echo answers—where?

In another part of the field the great guns were speaking and changing positions, jolting over small hillocks and uneven ground in front of living death, a gun drawn by powerful horses was being taken at the gallop; at the front on the right was a large bay horse tearing up the ground with its great hoofs. Suddenly there was a hissing shriek, something burst and the great horse fell, its noble breast shattered to the bone. In a flash, the traces were cut and the great gun went on, leaving the bay to lie where it had fallen.

Oh, the pity of it all! Honor and glory to the men, but let us not quite overlook those dumb and faithful animals which are driven into the terrible scenes of war!

And After

Again the deep mantle of night covers up the ghastly scenes and the stars come out, as if very tears were dropping from their shimmering lights. The bivouac fires are burning, around which group the men, but not all; there are empty places. Suddenly, the loud galloping of a horse is heard and just as suddenly it stops, then a whinny of rage, despair and grief is heard, a sound terrible to be heard in the stillness of the night, like the agonizing wail of one that has lost its all.

High out on the battlefield, amongst the dying and the dead, a dappled gray horse, besmeared with dust and blood, is bending over a bay. It licks its face, its tears, and, like horses do, scratches its neck with its teeth as if compelling it to rise, but there is no flicker in those glassy eyes. The gray lifted its head and looked around, and then to those sensitive nostrils came the smell of death. Again it gave a whinny, but it was hoarse as if with pain. They could lead him now and slowly they took it back. On a stretcher lay a wounded officer. He asked in a faint voice for his charger, his faithful friend, and they brought it to him. Slowly and painfully he raised his hand and touched that soft muzzle; he stroked it and spoke to its owner. It was enough. The gray's little friend of the farm, which had seen the sun—the same which on that peaceful morning in Autumn, miles and miles away, had gone, but the master was still here and those two little foals, whose lives in times of peace lay far apart, had become friends over the wooden bars of the paddock, and in time of war discarded friendship for a higher and nobler name—they were comrades!

"The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Whilst her own clay shall cover—heaped
and pent,
Rider and horse—friend—foe in one red
burial blent."

This is the best day the world has
ever seen: to-morrow will be better.
—R. A. Campbell.

Through Peace to Light (By Adelaide Anne Proctor)

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take
from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always
spring
Beneath my feet,
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I
plead,
Lead me aright;
Tho' strength should falter, and tho'
heart should bleed,
Through Peace to Light.
I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst
shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see—
Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand,
and follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall
shine
Through Peace to Light.



A snowshoe rabbit

FATE

By S. J. Wigley, Edgerton, Alta.

The little snowshoe rabbits
That in winter are all white,
Were swarming in such numbers
In a way that seemed not right.
And the balance scales of Nature
Had swung a long way down,
While the little snowshoe rabbits
That in summer are all brown
Were girdling all the aspens,
Eating all the rank pea vine.
"Increase ye now and multiply"
They hung up as their sign.
Then news spread o'er the prairies
That hunting here was fine,
'Twas bad for little woodhares;
The rest on them should dine.
The lynx, he placed his great hind legs
A foot before his face,
A prowling band of coyotes
Entered blithely for the race;
The gaunt and hungry timber wolf
Found the prospecting grand;
The weasel and the marten said,
"Tis like the promised land."
From every little hamlet
Came forth a score of guns,
And dogs of high and low degree
Were nosing all the runs.
And all the cats upon the farm
Were fat as fat could be,
For where you find the carcass,
There will the vultures be.
From far and near they gathered,
Not one of them was late,
And then the scales of Nature
Soon settled very straight.
But somehow it seems rather hard
That this and thus is fate.

Stella—Do you believe second thoughts
are best?

Bella—Yes; but how are you going to
get the first ones?