

OUR LONDON LETTER

The Temple, London,
November 3, 1914.

THE blue shoulder- straps with "Canada" in letters of brass upon them, and the maple leaf badges on the men's caps, are becoming familiar objects in London streets. It is interesting to note the contrast between the soldier of the regular British army and the men of the Canadian contingent. Both men of fine physique, the Tommy is best described as "stocky," thickset and burly; on the other hand, the characteristic of the Canadian is lithness, he walks with more swing to his "military swagger" than Mr. Atkins, he is slimmer, and has an indescribable air of what Thackeray called "don't-care-a-damn-iveness." Of course, in comparing them one must keep in mind that the Canadian who has come over with these contingents is a picked man in a picked force, and, consequently, the average is considerably higher than the average of the whole British army.

London, especially female London, has taken your splendid young men very much to its heart, and proud is the damsel who can sport a maple leaf brooch, and these ladies who have discovered a long-lost-sight-of relative among the Canadian contingents raise much envy in the breasts of their friends, a fact which naturally gives any properly constituted female heart considerable satisfaction.

Amesbury, the little Salisbury Plain station, where the Canadians left the train for their camps, is also the station for Stonehenge, and is very near to the proposed Royal residence I mentioned in my last letter. Just as in the forgotten ages the priests of that mystic Druidical circle looked eastward for the sun, so now many of the very flower of your Western manhood look eagerly east for the hope of present glory. May their arms be crowned with signal success, and may they bring their wholesome clean young lives safe back to you in Canada.

Her Dear Majesty

SHOULD I venture upon a description of the work of women in time of war, I should require a whole issue of the Courier, and a command of complimentary adjectives never found outside of France, but I may just mention a few of the innumerable feminine activities with which I have come into personal contact. I have heard Queen Mary described very prettily by a child as "Her dear Majesty," and the simple domesticity of her life makes the description as apt as it is pretty. As well in the private as in the public functions of her great position, the Queen is working heart and soul for the comfort of the men at the front, and the relief of those who have been impoverished by the war. The constant strain of encouraging by her presence the numerous organizations at whose head her name stands, does not prevent Her Majesty from the exercise of the simple arts of knitting and sewing in her scanty spare time. It is said that in every private room of the Royal Household there is some form of knitting or needlework, so that each vacant moment may be seized upon without delay. This is so characteristic that I think it must be true. Among the recent gifts of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild is a large supply of clothing to the Queen's Canadian Military Hospital at Shorncliffe.

The Princess Mary is inaugurating a scheme to send to every one of our soldiers in France a box of smokers' requisites, upon the cover of which a specially prepared picture of the Princess will be enamelled. In this the Princess is following the example of her great-grandmother. Many households to-day treasure very highly the "Queen's Chocolate Box," sent out by Queen Victoria to her soldiers at the Boer War. The Royal ladies share the common toil, as well as their own additional burdens, and they are, as I write, sharing intimately in the common sorrow. Lieutenant Prince

Maurice of Battenberg, who died recently of his wounds, was the son of Prince Henry, who died in 1896, in the Ashanti War, in the service of his adopted country, and of Princess Beatrice, the youngest daughter of Queen Victoria. So that the young Prince—he was only 23—was a first cousin of the King.

And Some Other Ladies

BUT feminine activity, like feminine sorrow and suffering, is not confined to the Royal House. Among the many excellent schemes which have arisen from the war, is one engendered by the Central Committee on Women's Employment. It is a "back to the land" movement, for providing work for the numerous East London factory girls, who have been thrown into unemployment, and consequent destitution, owing to the closing down of works during the war. But the scheme has an additional value, besides the excellent one of staving off unemployment; it includes a very determined skirmish in the war against German trade. Upon the model farms that are being established, besides the normal employments of fruit, flower and vegetable growing, the industries of fruit pulping, vegetable drying, and bottling new unsweetened fruit preserves are being inculcated, all of them for the first time in this country, and all of them formerly centred in Germany.

This is indirect but very real help. The most serious question here at home is unemployment at present, and especially in the case of women.

Upon women, too, so much of the state of mind of the nation depends, and the temper of the men who go out to keep the barbarian from the quiet English homes. In a letter recently issued by the wives of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Rochester and Southwark, this is very fully and very beautifully remarked; it is addressed to the girls of England, and speaking of the soldiers and the effect upon them of the women's attitude, it says, "For the men and lads who are now leaving to take their part in it, it is a matter of life and death. For many of them it may mean death. Be very careful that, so far as you are concerned, no one of them shall carry away with him, as his last remembrance of the women and girls of England, anything but what is pure and gentle and straight and true."

HAROLD TRACY POOLEY.

Is There a Slav Peril?

(Continued from page 8.)

Moscow, and from Archangel on the Arctic to Turkenstan on the flowery, sunshiny borders of Persia—there are but 50,000 miles of railway, most of which are built and operated by the Government. In this sense alone may Russia be called a glacier; in the slow movement of masses of either troops or population over her sparse railways. But the Russian railway programme for the first ten years after this war anticipates ten thousand miles a year, reaching a grand total of 150,000 miles of railway by somewhere close to the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century. And by Mr. Armstrong's opinion, Russia sees infinitely more value in fifty miles of railway than in one Dreadnought costing an equal amount.

"Russia is not a warlike nation," he said; "but she is a land of simple, plain, trusting people who, when imbued as they are now with one great purpose the ultimate crushing of the pan-Germanic wall that since Bismarck's day has blocked her path to the west—know how to fight and to endure as well as any soldiers in the world."

He paid a high tribute to the cultured intelligence of the middle-class and higher-class Russian who knows many languages and has a keen knowledge of the world; to the statesmen of Russia who have learned what to



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