

is nothing attractive about it except the fact that everybody goes there, and everything happens there. We often go to the Piazza in the evening to one of the cafes, get a table under the arcades, and sit there watching the passing show. All sorts and conditions of people collect on the Piazza in the evening—hotel-guests, townspeople, students, shop-girls, workmen and their families,—all kinds.

As it nears nine o'clock the crowd begins to watch the clock on the City Hall. Suddenly there is a tremendous boom—then another, and still another, the echoes reverberating from mountain to mountain like heavy thunder.

It is the boom of the cannon on the summit of Monte Bre.

The crowd becomes more animated, and the people from the surrounding streets flock into the Piazza.

The rat-ta-ta of drums is heard, coming nearer and nearer. All eyes turn in the direction of the sound. In a few minutes the flash of bayonets and flare of trumpets can be seen up one of the narrow streets. Then the band begins to play, and the soldiers—preceded by hundreds of children in a delirious state of joy—burst into the glare of the Piazza, march across to the other side, down the Promenade, and back to the barracks. This happens regularly every night, and no matter how bad the weather may be, never fails to draw a crowd.

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May 21st.  
Every day now the excitement increases. What will Italy do? That is what everyone is asking. Hundreds of German refugees who have been waiting here in uncertainty, left for Germany to-day. The Promenade which, a few days ago, was swarming with Germans, is now, by comparison, almost empty.

Our visiting Chronicle of Daily Events—the German masseuse—came in to-day all on fire about a fearful outrage that had been committed on the Promenade. The victim was an innocent German gentleman from Milan—one of the wealthy refugees. According to her version, he was standing alone under the shade of the chestnut trees, gazing out upon the placid lake, and not doing anything more dangerous than thinking.

Just behind him three Italian men were discussing Italian affairs. They denounced Gioletti, the friend of Bulow and Germany, as a traitor to his country.

The innocent German gentleman overheard them and turned and looked at them.

"Not one word said he," asserted the masseuse, "only just looked. Gott in Himmel! can nicht a person look?"

But I think there must have been something extraordinary irritating about that "look," for one of the Italians immediately pointed a finger of scorn at the innocent German gentleman and shrieked out, "You are a German!"

The innocent German gentleman was completely taken by surprise at this unexpected behaviour on the part of the Italian, and wishing to avoid anything in the way of a street fracas, declared that he was not a German, but a Swede.

But there was something about his speech and appearance which made the Italian doubt his statement.

Again he pointed his finger at him, and again he said, "You are a German!"

And the innocent German gentleman asserted as before that he was not a German, but a Swede.

But this the Italian refused to believe, and forthwith chucked him in the lake.

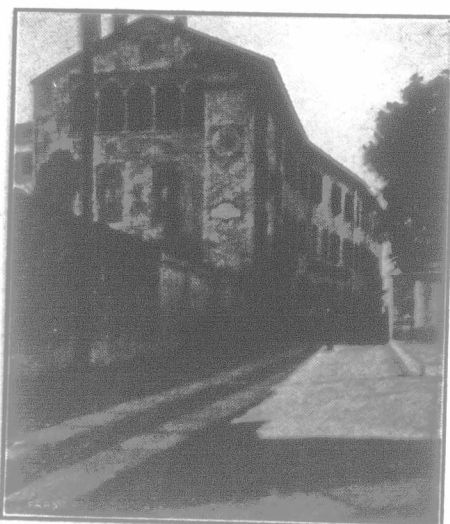
"And for what?" asked the masseuse with flashing eyes. "For what?" "The German did nichts. Only just look. Just turn the head and look. Es ist schrecklich that such thing can be. Mein Gott! never can you trust these Italians."

"But," asked Aunt Julia, "why did the German gentleman say he was a Swede?"

"Why?" He had wife, he had daughters. Natürlich, he not want any scandal. He wish not make trouble for them. He has in Italy lived. He know the Italian, how they carry knife and stab quick. He know they have the hot blood. And so he say he is Swede. He say it for to protect his frau, his family. Natürlich!"

That this is the month of May no one can doubt. The flowers proclaim it. The gardens of Lugano are fairly rioting in color, and the air is heavy with fragrance. Everything seems to have burst into bloom at once. There are great patches of wistaria purpling the houses and pergolas, and tumbling over the fences; there are pink streams of roses cascading over the gray-stone walls; and wonderful pansies—great plots and borders of them massed in solid colors. And in the gardens are shoals of other flowers of every size and color and variety.

But most beautiful of all are the wild-flowers growing so luxuriantly everywhere; every hill is covered with them,



A House in Lugano.

This shows how they decorate a blank wall. All the ornamentation on the end of this house is painted in colors on a flat surface.

every field is full of them, and the roadways are fringed with them, and even the sombre rocks are tufted with gay blossoms. Some of the mountain slopes are starred white with ox-eye daisies of enormous size, and others are golden with buttercups. And there are millions of other flowers, purple ones, and blue, and crimson—all growing together in picturesque confusion. I wish I knew their names. At least, the names of some of them. It would be hopeless to even dream of knowing them all. But it would be such a satisfaction to recognize a flower as an old acquaintance, and it would give one such a delightfully superior sort of feeling when wandering, for instance, in the woods on Monte San Salvatore, to be able to say: "Oh, look! there's a Daphne cneorum. What

which Switzerland took its name), Schupfheim (sounds exactly like a sneeze), Tschiertchen (sounds like a worse sneeze), Gstaad, Tschemutt—they all sound as if you had your mouth full of water.

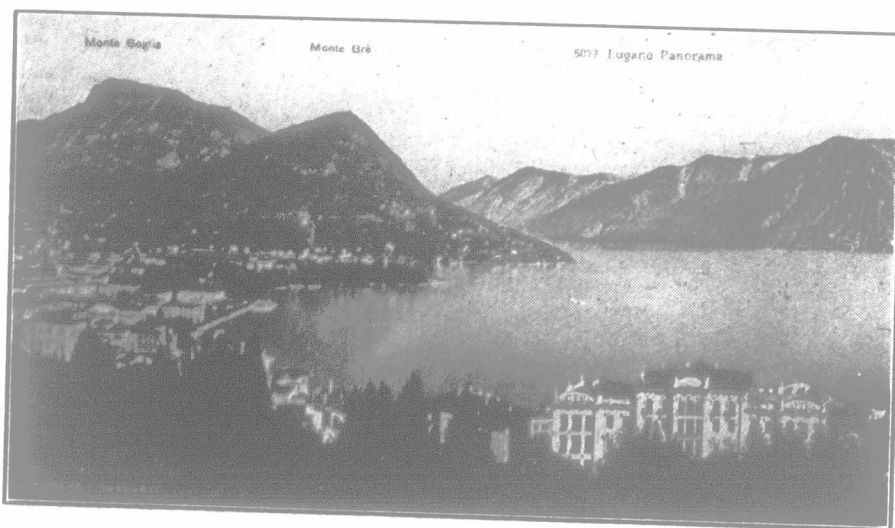
And apropos of names, the system of street nomenclature in vogue in Lugano seems to be especially designed to honor men of prominence, and as the names are all Italian, I conclude that the men so honored are of local or cantonal fame. In order that no mistake in identity should be made, the Christian names are given in full. For instance, via Carlo Francesco Soave; via Vittorio Battaglini Luini. These are not the real names, but I lost my list, and these are as near like them as I can remember. If this system was adopted in Canada we might be living on John James Smith street, doing our shopping on Henry Hawkins street, going for a fashionable promenade on Alexander Thompson McKay avenue, and spinning along in our autos on Montague Montmorency boulevard. Such is fame! A man never knows whether he will be known to posterity as a street, a popular-priced cigar, or a special brand of whisky.

The favorite sport of the Ticinese men in this district is out-door bowling. In all parts of the town, and on all the country walks, one comes across these bowling alleys, shaded by trees or vines, and adjacent to a wine-cellar. The wine-cellar seems to be an indispensable adjunct, and the men drink the wine out of large earthen bowls. Almost any hour of the day one can hear the click of the balls, and the excited voices of the players, but Sunday is the great day for this pastime.

The Luganese, like the Locarnese, have a penchant for decorating their houses with mock architecture, but in Lugano the ornamentation is not so elaborate, seeming to run more to imitation windows than anything else. A realistic touch is added by introducing figures in the windows in the act of gazing out at passers-by. A blank wall next to one of the bowling alleys is decorated in this way, but the painted lady in the painted window on the second floor, and the painted gentleman in the painted window on the first floor just below, are having such an absorbing flirtation with each other that they are perfectly oblivious to the spirited contest going on in the bowling alley right in front of them.

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May 25th.  
We took a jaunt skywards yesterday—went up to the summit of Monte Bre (3,500 feet), and looked the landscape over. The view was vast and magnificent. We could see many lakes, num-



Lugano and Monte Bre.

a wonderfully vivid pink it is, and how very fragrant!"

Of course, your companion wouldn't know anything about it, and you would proceed to explain that the Daphne cneorum was a very rare Alpine flower, and in this part of Switzerland was never found except on the slopes of Monte San Salvatore.

I would love to be a botanist—in May, in Lugano. I would spend all my days on the hills among the wild-flowers.

All the names of places in this district are so soft-sounding and musical—Martino, Canobbio, Carona, Caprino, Sonengo, etc., so different from the harsh-sounding tongue-twisters of German-Switzerland, such as: Schwyz (from

berless towns and villages, and mountain peaks without end. We could see over into Italy,—as far as Lombardy. The lake of Lugano looked like a placid river winding along between green hills, and the steamers plying on the waters like little toy launches. On the summit of Monte Bre there is the usual hotel and restaurant and observation tower, and, of course, this being Ticino, a chapel. But we were more interested in the soldiers on Monte Bre than the chapel, and we were particularly interested in watching the flag-signal operators at work. Far, far away, on another mountain peak, we could see the white gleam of the other flags answering the signals from Monte Bre. By means

of these flag-signals the Swiss soldiers scattered over their mountains and in the valleys are able to keep in constant touch.

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May 26th.  
The population of Lugano is half Italian, and for the last few days they have been feverishly awaiting Italy's decision. Now that war is really declared, there are many sad faces to be seen, and much weeping and wailing among the women, for Italy's call to arms will take away from Lugano hundreds of young men. Many of these young men are Swiss by birth, but by some peculiar kink in the law they are considered by Italy as Italians, unless at the age of twenty they renounce allegiance to that country. Many of them have already gone, and more are going every day. It is said that fifteen thousand have already gone from Ticino.

There is considerable friction between the Italians and the German refugees, especially at the station when the men are leaving for Italy, and all their relations and friends are there to see them off. One day there was quite a fracas, which began by some Germans hissing the Italians, and ended by the soldiers on guard at the station making a bayonet charge on the crowd. There was another row on the Piazza in the evening. Stones were thrown, some people were injured, and the soldiers again charged on the crowd.

This led to a clash between the civic and military authorities, the civic authorities claiming that the local police were quite capable of dealing with city affairs, and that the military had no right to interfere. The case was carried to Berne, and the Federal authorities decided in favor of the Luganese.

There's no doubt there is a decidedly antagonistic feeling between the people of Ticino and the Germans. The Germans are arrogant and domineering, and the Ticinese are excitable, and consequently there is always more or less friction between them, which just now, of course, is greatly emphasized. Some of the Luganese carry their dislike of all things German so far that they despise the German-Swiss soldiers so numerous now around Lugano, and say very unflattering things to them.

But then, sometimes, they deserve it.

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### For the Healing of the Nations.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.—Rev. xxii.: 2.

One small life in God's great plan,  
How futile it seems as the ages roll!  
Do what it may, or strive how it can,  
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole.  
A single stitch in an endless web,  
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb.  
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,  
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed;  
And each life that fails of its true intent,  
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

—Susan Coolidge.

"The healing of the nations"! When will that great work begin? At present it seems as if the utter destruction of the nations were our object. Of course, we know that this war can't go on forever; but will the peace that follows be the peace of exhaustion and despair, or will it bring hope and healing on its wings? In the text our eyes are directed to the Tree of Life in the midst of the City street, and on either side of the River of water of life which flows from the throne of God. The leaves of the tree are called to undertake the great task of healing the nations.

The Tree, of course, is our Lord Himself, but who are the leaves? He said to the apostles, on that solemn night of wonderful converse, "I am the Vine, ye