



The Workers of the World



For the woman at the switch-board, for man or woman in all employments that call for sustained mental alertness and physical endurance, for all work that pulls tensely on tired nerves.

Shredded Wheat

is the ideal food because it supplies the greatest amount of nutriment with the least tax on the digestion. For breakfast eat it with hot milk or cream. For luncheon eat it with baked apple, sliced bananas or other fruits. It is ready-cooked and ready-to-eat. A deliciously nourishing meal for a few cents.

"Made in Canada" by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited

Niagara Falls - - - Ontario

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. E.

If I Were King

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

If I were king in some fair realm o'er the seas,
Tis thy sweet loveliness would be my queen,
Stately and tender, royal of heart and mien,
Begirt with gracious words and courtesies.
Sceptre and diadem to you I'd bring,
If I were king.

If I were crowned prince in land of song,
I know of whom my sweetest strain would be,
My maddest, merriest note of minstrelsy,
To whom my rarest music would be long!
For I would sing until the whole world knew
My love for you.

Or if, instead, I held a monarch's place
Among Art's children, surely I would paint
No pictured head of martyr, or of saint,
But rather your most perfect form and face,
That all men's tongues enraptured must confess
Your loveliness.

But I'm not king, save of your woman's heart—
The only empire that I care to hold—
I offer you no crown of bay or gold;
But my great loyalty and love, apart
From self, I bring you, in my life's demesne,
Crowning you queen.

THE POETS ARE SINGING

Some people claim that the War has killed good poetry, but we don't believe it

A War-Time Christmas

By DONALD A. FRASER

Out on the midnight, bells are pealing;
Full and far, sweet sounds are stealing;
Merrily, cheerily, forth they're ringing;
Bursting throats with joyous singing:

"Peace, peace on earth,
Goodwill to men;
Glad hope has birth;
God speaks again!"

But, hark! the loud trumpet is shrilling so clear;
The clash and the boom of the battle I hear;
The tramp of battalions, the rush of the car,
The cries of the wounded—O horror of War!

Ringing bells,
O booming guns!
Singing bells,
The thunder stuns!
O pleading bells!
And mocking roar!
Interceding bells!
Strife, strife, give o'er!

The trumpet, the trumpet still startles the air,
Now bursts the loud shell, and the flames' lurid flare;
But, faint through the turmoil, I hear the bells chime,
And into my heart steals their message sublime:

"Death lives on strife,
And strife will die;
We sing of Life
From God on high.
All war shall end,
All strife shall cease,
And Christ shall reign
Great King of Peace.

Ye bells of God
Ring on for aye,
And far abroad
This message say:
"Peace, peace on earth,
Goodwill to men;
Glad hope has birth,
God speaks again."

Knitting!

By LOUISE E. JULYAN

Knitting's a delusion and a snare—
It's even apt to make a maiden swear;
It's hard on nerves and fingers,
But the spell of it just lingers—
To learn the art all sorts of woe you'd bear.

With a kind and helpful friend and needles four,
And tightly drawn blinds, and fast closed door,
With a patriotic fervour
To become your country's server,
You're initiated in this mystic lore.

You try to take a stitch, but all in vain;
It seems to say, "Aw, beat it! Come again!"
And you worry and you fret,
But you vow to get it yet,
Though your energy is somewhat on the wane.

But the joy you feel is really quite complete,
When you see the soldiers marching down the street,
And you know you've done your share
In providing them a pair,
For—one wears your maiden effort on his feet!

Knitting—Again

By LOUISE E. JULYAN

One needle sees his fellows warmly dressed,
And, jealously, determines it will wrest
The clothes from off the others,
Even though they are its brothers,
And proceeds to put its theory to the test.

Result—A Sock.

Taken for Granted

By GERALDINE GLASGOW

We pour our vials of wrath and scorn
On the cowardly conscience, newly born,
That objects to fight and neglects to work,
And clings to its right to run or shirk!
But we take for granted the tireless feet
That steadily marched in the great Retreat;
The whistle at Mons—the piper vet
Who played his men from the parapet!
The laugh that covered a groan and fell,
Like the song of a bird, at the mouth of Hell!

With passionate anger we count the cost
When a Zeppelin raids, or a ship is lost.
We speak of the navy's "senseless boast,"
If it cannot defend a line of coast!
But we take for granted a flag unfurled,
And Nelson's signal across the world;
Guns that speak from a shot-torn wreck,
The wash of waves on a sinking deck,
The North Sea held, and the Empire free,
And the silent fleet on a conquered sea!

Wherever the Union Jack is planted,
These are the things we take for granted.

The Memory Quilt

By MARION SEYMOUR KIRKLAND

I don't mind being sick a bit—
I really think it's fun.
They put me in the spare-room bed,
And when the work is done
My mother brings her sewing in
Beside the fire they've built,
And tells the grandest stories
From the memory quilt.

She patched it when she was a girl,
From scraps both large and small;
They're bits from Grandma's wedding clothes,
Her first gown for a ball,
A piece of Mother's best school-dress—
The one where ink is spilt—
Oh, there're the grandest things to tell
About the memory quilt.

I draw it close about my ears,
And shut my eyes up tight,
And only peek out now and then
To watch the red firelight.
When Mother's voice sounds far-away,
The Sandman creeps to tilt
His bags of sand and golden dreams
Across the memory quilt.

I Would Rather Be The Soldier Than The Woman Left Behind

By LLOYD M. GRAHAM

Midnight o'er the trenches creeping,
Chill and cold the north winds blow;
Winged death its watch is keeping,
Desolation all below.
Yet, with night and all its terror,
And with death upon the wind—
I would rather be the soldier
Than the woman left behind.

Here, perhaps a lad is lying,
Lips untouched by earthly care,
While the kiss of mother's parting
Still in memory lingers there.
Dying? Yes! but free from sorrow,
Save for those he left at home—
I would rather be that hero
Than the mother, all alone.

There, with all a youth's devotion,
By his guns another lay,
And afar across the ocean
Some young heart will break to-day.
God in Heaven! kind and tender,
Comfort her with Love Divine!
I would rather be the soldier
Than the woman left behind.