

The Duke of Devonshire.
Canada's new Governor General.

The Unlearned Creed.

CORA A. MASTON DOLSON.
"Now will I learn the creed," said she,
"A creed to live by, or to die;
Enough of walking heedlessly"—
Then came a small child's troubled cry.
Oh, little stumbling feet that failed,
And drew her from that written creed!
Oh, tender heart that love exhaled
Wherever weakness breathed its need!
The morning passed, the noon went by,
The grasses with the dews were wet,
When, lifting shamed eyes to the sky,
She said, "I have no creed, as yet."
"Dear Lord, my hands have been so filled,
I could not read where rules were writ:
But love from out my heart I spilled
And let Thy children have of it."

The Cricketers of Flanders.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KITCHENER'S MOB",
IN THE "SPECTATOR", LONDON.
The first to climb the parapet
With "cricket balls" in either hand;
The first to vanish in the smoke
Of God-forsaken No-Man's-Land.
First at the wire and soonest through,
First at those red-mouthed hounds of hell,
The Maxims, and the first to fall,—
They do their bit and do it well.
Full sixty yards I've seen them throw
With all that nicety of aim
They learned on British cricket fields.
Ah, bombing is a Briton's game!
Shell-hole to shell-hole, trench to trench,
"Lobbing them over" with an eye
As true as though it were a game
And friends were having tea close by.
Pull down some art-offending thing
Of carven stone, and in its stead
Let splendid bronze commemorate
These men, the living and the dead.
No figure of heroic size,
Towering skyward like a god;
But just a lad who might have stepped
From any British bombing squad.
His shrapnel helmet set a tilt,
His bombing waistcoat sagging low,
His rifle slung across his back:
Poised in the very act to throw.
And let some graven legend tell
Of those weird battles in the West
Wherein he put old skill to use,
And played old games with sterner zest.
Thus should he stand, reminding those
In less-believing days, perchance,
How Britain's fighting cricketers
Helped bomb the Germans out of France.
And other eyes than ours would see;
And other hearts than ours would thrill;
And others say, as we have said:
"A sportsman and a soldier still!"

Travel Notes.

From Helen's Diary.

Spiez, Switzerland,
Oct. 3, 1916.

"Been over the Loetchberg yet?"
This is the question we have been asked a thousand times, more or less, since we have been in Switzerland. Hitherto, we have always had to say:—"No, not yet," an answer that invariably caused the eyebrows of the questioner to arch in surprise.

"What!" he (or she) would ejaculate in amazement, "Been in Switzerland two years and not been over the Loetchberg yet! How strange!"

But since yesterday we can answer in the affirmative, for yesterday we went "over" the Loetchberg, and consequently we are filled with that serene feeling of satisfaction which comes to those who have done their duty.

The Loetchberg is the newest and most thrillingly panoramic of the Swiss Mountain Railways; it was just completed in 1913, the year before the war, and cost 83 million francs. It runs between Spiez and Brique, both of these towns being important railway junctions. The entire trip only takes about an hour and a half, but it is an hour and a half fairly bristling with weird sensations. For the Loetchberg is no ordinary mountain-railway. It doesn't just go up some scary place and come down again. It is a railway that loves variety and excitement. There isn't anything it doesn't do. It climbs, and toboggans, and loops the loop, and corkscrews through tunnels, and whirls over high bridges and long viaducts, and spins along the edges of fearful precipices at a speed that would be quite terrifying at times if one had not such implicit faith in the good behaviour of Swiss Railways. Between Frutigen and Brique, which is the most mountainous part of the line, there are

tunnels he regaled us with extracts from these cards.

"The circular and turning tunnels," he read, "begin near the little Blue Lake, about which so much has been said and sung (entrance fee one franc; tickets for a party of people at reduced prices.)"

"The name alone indicates one of Nature's caprices worth seeing; close to the station, the forces of Nature have heaped up, in the very depths of the forest, huge blocks with which they have formed a kind of rampart. In the very middle of this chaos lies the marvellous mirror of the little Blue Lake."

Just then we emerged from the tunnel "There it is!" I exclaimed pointing excitedly out of the window.

"Where?" asked Aunt Julia.

But before I could answer we were in another tunnel.

"There it is again," said I, as we came out into the daylight on a higher ledge. This time it was on the other side of the car, for we were ascending the mountain in spirals. Every time we caught sight of the little Blue Lake we were higher up and the lake was getting smaller. When we last glimpsed it, it looked like a little sapphire pool.

"Near Kandersteg," read Uncle Ned, "we enter the large Loetchberg tunnel, 14,605 metres long (about nine miles). By its length it is the third tunnel in the world."

(At this point Uncle Ned drew his red Baedeker out of his pocket to look up the length of the other two tunnels, and announced oracularly that the Simplon was twelve and a half miles long, and the St. Gothard nine and a half.)

Then he resumed his reading. "On coming out of this tunnel the train stopped at Goppenstein. On the slope opposite the station is the cemetery of the victims fallen during the construction of the tunnel."

"I don't want to see it," said Aunt

fields, and vegetable plots, and flower gardens, that, seen from a height, these bits of color really suggest patchwork.

Along this section of the road is the Victoria Rock, so-named from the alleged resemblance to the head of Queen Victoria.

Brique, the terminus of the road, is a frontier town just near the entrance to the Simplon tunnel, which leads into Italy. The architecture of Brique is quite Italian in character, and so are some of the dirty streets, and also some of the smells. In the middle of the town there is a fifteenth century Chateau with three high, towers topped with shining cupolas; and there is an interesting old Jesuit church up on a hill. We climbed the hill and stepped into the church. Someone was playing the organ beautifully and we sat down to listen. It was a splendid organ, and the player was a real artist. We could not see him, but I imagined him to be a handsome young priest, with beautiful, soul-lit eyes. I'm glad I didn't see him.

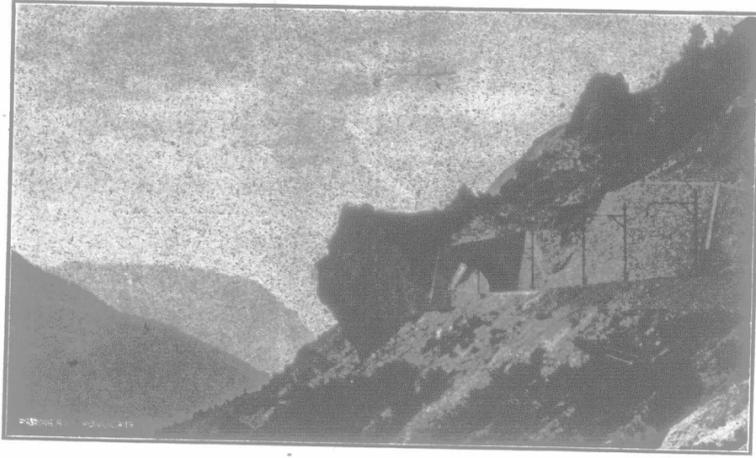
Brique being a frontier town, no military internes are allowed there, but it was full of Swiss soldiers, and there were about three hundred French and Belgian civil internes. They were the most dismal-looking, dispirited lot of men I ever saw, we talked to some of them and they told us that they were nearly all suffering from stomach troubles, the result of poor food and bad treatment in the German camps. No wonder they looked dyspeptic and wretched.

When the wounded soldiers were first interned in Switzerland, the French prisoners were sent to French-Switzerland, and the German to German-Switzerland; but that rule is no longer adhered to. In Lucerne there is a hospital where wounded soldiers of all the nationalities interned in Switzerland are sent for special treatment.

Spiez, where we have been staying for some weeks, is full of French and Belgian military internes, and there are also a great many civilians, many of them mere boys. These boys were students in Germany at the outbreak of the war. All the civil internes are obliged to wear a tri-color band in the colors of their country, on the left arm. The great number of French civilian internes are accounted for by the fact that they come from the invaded districts of France. It is said that among them are many men of the criminal class who at the time of the invasion were serving sentences in the French jails. The Germans opened the jails, arrested the inmates, and counted them in their lists of prisoners of war.

The uniforms of the French soldiers vary a great deal; there seems to be absolutely no limit to the combinations worn: One sees white coats and blue trousers; blue coats and white trousers; uniforms that are all blue, or all gray, or all khaki; but the one most universally worn consists of a light gray coat, red trousers and red cap.

As for the officers they are too gorgeous for words. In this hotel there are fifteen, and no two of them wear the same kind of uniform. On Sundays they all appear in their most resplendent attire, with strings of medals dangling on their coats. They are very affable and charming, these French officers, and invariably polite. They mingle freely with the guests and amuse themselves in various ways. Some of them are putting in the time studyin' English. This, by the way, is a favorite occupation of French interned soldiers at present. One of the officers in our hotel is a remarkably clever cartoonist. Another one is an expert in macrame-work, an art which he acquired while a prisoner of war in Germany. He has been instructing some of the ladies, and consequently macrame-work has become very popular. Another officer spends several hours a day practising on the piano. I noticed that most of his music was by German composers, and one day I said to him:—



Victoria Rock, on the Loetchberg.

So named from the resemblance to the head of Queen Victoria.

no less than 32 tunnels, 22 bridges and viaducts, and a number of avalanche galleries. The tunnels are of all lengths, the passage through them varying in time from two or three to twenty minutes, but as the road is electric, and therefore smokeless, and the cars brilliantly lighted, tunnels on the Loetchberg have no terrors. In fact, they are rather an advantage than otherwise, as they give one an opportunity to read up between scenes, or, to shut the eyes and rest.

Uncle Ned, in order to be fully informed regarding the wonders of the road had equipped himself with a set of Loetchberg Guide-Postcards, bound together like a book, with descriptive inserts in three languages. The English text was sometimes very queer and complicated. During our progress through the longer

Julia, and she kept her head turned the other way. After we had passed through the Hohen, which is the last of the long tunnels on this route, Uncle Ned gave up reading extracts. There was too much to look at. We were rushing along high up on the mountain slope, and down below us, far, far down, was the great valley of the Rhone, divided in the center by the swiftly flowing river. The view was vast and magnificent. One felt inclined to give utterance to some fine-sounding Byronic phrases. And what did Uncle Ned say? This was the unpoetical remark he made as he looked down on the Rhone valley:—"Mother Nature's patchwork quilt!"

But there was a lot of truth in what he said, for the valley is as flat as a table, and so completely covered with little

"Evidently to German m
"No," sa
country."
Now that
well enough
restless and
In the neigh
them are wor
roads, and
market garde

How to ke
becoming qu
proverbially
for idle hand
to outwit h
are making
internes to do
they are best
who are wel
to work. Som
will be allowe
at the Swiss

Every few
give a "show"
is charged.
there were son
orchestra ma
also a one-act
didly acted
the white-ha
says:—
"We must
laugh. It isn

What the
Did in

Food Prod
An outstair
ing meeting
Convention, h
Nov. 8th., w
Harcourt, hea
ment of the O
He spoke on a
interest at th
In introduc
Roadhouse sa
solve for us
high cost of
protested the
large one, but
might be gain
a comparison
of foods used
food values.
At the begi
accompanying
handed about
reference.
We value f
according to
carbohydrates
can create all
elaborating th
it in soil and
forming consti
carbon dioxide
ing, or that is
plant can co
starches (carbo
knowledge of
this that the
storing starch
potato tuber.
dioxide and b
substances.
Protein is
food that fo
body in repai
are those tha
meats.
The fats an
and energy fr
into the blood
energy to do w
work cheaply
hydrates, but
have spirit and
A growing pe
than the grow
need to form
up repairs.
When we a
one rich in pr
hydrates and
order to compa
a unit called t
value or powe
adopted. We t
of calories. T
in which the p
and yet conta
of the body.
Prof. Harcou
the distributed
be seen that
more calories fo
than any other
are all at the