

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 dew 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 Loetichberg 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 Loetich-  
berg yet! How strange!"

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

The Loetichberg is the newest and most  
thrillingly panoramic of the Swiss Moun-  
tain 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  
Loetichberg is no ordinary mountain  
railway. It doesn't just go up some  
scarey place and come down again. It  
is a railway that loves variety and ex-  
citement. 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 be-  
haviour 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.

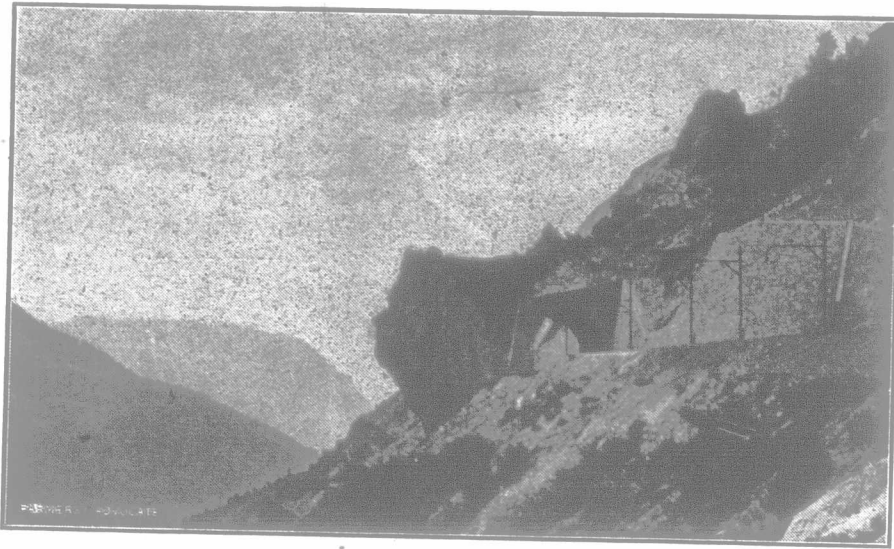
"There it is again," said I, as we came  
out into the daylight on a higher ledge.  
This time it was on the other side of the  
car, for we were ascending the mountain  
in spirals. Every time we caught sight  
of the little Blue Lake we were higher up  
and the lake was getting smaller.  
When we last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

"Near Kandersteg," read Uncle Ned,  
"we enter the large Loetichberg 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 con-  
struction of the tunnel."

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



Victoria Rock, on the Loetichberg.

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 gal-  
leries. 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 Loetichberg 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 in-  
formed regarding the wonders of the road  
had equipped himself with a set of Loetich-  
berg 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 in-  
clined to give utterance to some fine-  
sounding Byronic phrases. And what  
did Uncle Ned say? This was the un-  
poetical 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

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 mili-  
tary 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 Bel-  
gian 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 studying 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 prac-  
tising on the piano. I noticed that most  
of his music was by German composers,  
and one day I said to him:—

"Evidently  
to German m  
"No," sa  
country."

Now that  
well enough  
restless and  
In the neigh  
them are wor  
roads, and c  
market garden

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 som  
orchestra mac  
also a one-act  
diedly acted  
the white-ha  
says:—  
"We must  
laugh. It isn

### What the Did in

### Food Prod

An outstai  
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 l  
protested tha  
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 (carb  
knowledge of  
this that the  
storing starch  
potato tuber.  
dioxide and b  
substances.

Protein is  
food that fo  
body in repai  
are those that  
meats.

The fats an  
and energy f  
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 power  
adopted. We t  
of calories. Th  
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