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A Thought for the Times

CHAPTER VII.—THE WAR.

I. C. MORRIS.

War has its glory, and amid its many dangers and its awful horrors the thought of this glory has enthused the soldiery of both sides. This feeling is natural to all men; and in such times as these the passion is at its highest pitch. Nor could it be otherwise, for does not the declaration of war awaken memories long lost? Or late years we have enjoyed, as much peace that we were beginning to lose our interest in the glories of our nation; and instead of reading the illustrious pages of history for instruction we have pored over the pages of some trashy novel for entertainment. The age is truly a reading age, but the books to which the majority of us devote our time are superficial and fictitious. This has robbed the present generation of much of its true patriotism and let it in a state of lamentable imperial ignorance. Some of us were unconscious of how little we knew of our Empire and its national life until the war broke out, and to properly understand the nation's position we have been obliged to overhaul our log book, and examine our geography. We had lost the glory of our sire. We have had so much sunshine and peace, that we were feeling inclined to "take it easy."

Peace is desirable, but not laxity; because in indulgence in the latter unfit us for the proper protection of the former. But at present we are all "on our mettle," and the nation's blood is up, and the glory of the past is tinkling in our veins. We seem to hear again the clarion notes of Waterloo, and to feel afresh the dash of "The Light Brigade," and already we have gained a better knowledge of the Empire. Our entire vision is widened, and we all see further than ever before.

This feature of the war is a desirable one, and whatever the loss may be, either in finances or in men, the nation will emerge from the conflict a greater power than ever before. Much of the useless appendices that may have grown up around her during her time of ease, will have been removed, and only the useful and necessary will be recognised. The cobwebs of years will be swept away, and a cleaner, brighter and more unified Empire will stand forth before the world, and Britain will be greater than ever.

This will be one of the bright sides of this war, and also one of its greatest benefits and most illustrious glories. The price truly will be great—the price of blood and tears, of

agony and suspense; but such has ever been the course of the nations, and such must it continue to be "until men shall learn the art of war no more." The time of which Tennyson writes in his poem "Locksley Hall," where he forecasts the future, and says:—

"For I dip't into the future, far as human eyes could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
Argosies of magic sails,
Pilot'd by the purple twilight,
Dropping down with costly bales,
Heard the heavens fill with shouting,
And there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rustling warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder storm,
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer,
And the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world,
There the common sense of most shall hold a truceful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber,
Lapt in universal law."

In quoting the poets it introduces the query as to who shall immortalize the events of this war in song. Song has played a big part in the history of every nation, and has enriched the literature of all peoples. Are Tennysons all of the past? Some may be now writers of song, and the poet's sphere is not so isolated as it was, and the age is more critical than before, and we are not quite so ready to accept things at first sight or even at face value. The poet who will paraphrase the story of this war will require to be a greater man than Tennyson, or if he be a poetess who will need to surpass a Browning and even a Hemans. The South African war gave Kipling one of his best chances, but he so interlined his poems with "slang" that instead of ascending the ladder of fame he descended to the curbstones of mediocrity. But Kipling has still much to his credit, and if no other compositions of his do him justice, his "Recessional" and his "White Man's Burden" will immortalize his name.

Someone said "that if he were allowed to make the nation's songs he did not care who made its laws." We sometimes think that the world has quite laws enough; but there is room for more song and perhaps for more singing. (Continued.)

Lace will be liberally used on evening gowns the coming autumn — it will even make entire bodices and sleeves. Printed satins for linings show a riot of color and patterns that are beyond the wildest dreams of the futurist.

SAFETY CITY NEWS

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FRED. V. CHESMAN, St. John's, Agent.

Divorced Life

By Helen Heslop Fuestle

An Anxious Day

After her brief dialogue with Calhoun, the stoupy Atlantan, Marian prolonged her stroll for over an hour, exploring nooks and bends of the river bank. She was heartily remorseful that she had purposely led Calhoun on, and allowed him to become sentimental. She realized now that she had undoubtedly made a great mistake in stirring this impetuous fellow up, and then throwing cold water on his ardor. He was different from the types of men she had had the most to do with in the past. She was genuinely sorry for him, and thoroughly sorry that she had permitted the first manifestation of his sentiments.

"Well," she concluded philosophically, "he'll take a few more drinks and forget that I ever lived."

Nevertheless, she was disturbed by vague fears, fears which his parting words had imparted and impressed upon her. Returning to the Inn after her ramble, she beheld at a distance the Inn's automobile start for its morning whirl to the railway station. She caught a fleeting glance of Calhoun, the only passenger, clambering to the tonneau of the touring car, followed by his bags, which one of the Inn's attendants swung into the car. The horn of the motor car tooted, and the vehicle sped off in a cloud of dust.

"So he's left," murmured Marian under her breath.

"Why this sudden departure of your friend?" inquired Mrs. McCarens curiously a moment later, when Marian encountered her in the Inn.

"Who's departure?" asked Marian innocently.

"Mr. Calhoun's. He's just gone. And you not here to bid him goodbye?" smiled the other.

"Called away on important business by the morning mail, I presume," returned Marian, wondering whether

she was succeeding in concealing the nervousness she could not help feeling.

"Something extremely important, no doubt," returned the other woman. "He looked very much preoccupied, and rushed off without making any farewells at all. Interesting sort of a chap, wasn't he? Peculiar though."

Marian made her escape to her room. An envelope had been thrust under her door. She opened it swiftly, and with fingers, she observed that were trembling. There were just a few hastily pencilled lines. They ran:

"I should never have come to this infernal place. I might have known better. I'm off. You'll be glad I'm gone. So shall I. I don't suppose you will, but should you feel any curiosity about me, you might watch the newspapers. Good-bye."

"The Foolish Boy."

As the sentences of Calhoun's brief note sifted into Marian's consciousness, her emotions bounded into a turmoil of fears.

What absurd and incredible thing was this youth going to perpetrate? She dared not anticipate.

She dropped into her chair with a sick feeling. She upbraided herself unmercifully for her attempt to play with the fires of the young southerner's ardent. Neurotic remorse for her act raced and swirled through her brain.

The premonition which his last spoken words to her had brought into being writhed into a score of dark and shocking pictures. She covered her face with her hands, but the unwelcome film again with renewed vividity before her mental eye, filling her with terror, making her wish she had never been born.

To-morrow—Women—The Burden-Bearers.

Mean Words.

It's ill to say unpleasant things about your neighbors, mean and thoughtless flings are edged like swords or sabres. The man you speak about will hear your words, all fraught with malice, and on your dome he'll put an ear, or, trying, bust his galls. I used to roast my neighbour, Wax, as hard as I was able; I said he wasn't worth the tacks to nail him to his stable. Of course he heard the things I said, my observations dizzy, and now and then he punched my head, when he was not too busy. I tired of swellings on my brow, that old Bill Wax imparted, they grieved me sorely, and my frau was almost broken hearted. And so I changed my method, then, and called Bill Wax a dandy; I said he was the best of men, as sweet as sugar candy. Now, kindly, gentle words have wings, as swift, or pretty near it, as ugly words possessing stings, which jar and jolt the spirit. My pleasant words reached old Bill Wax, flew to him, fairly humming; no more he grabs his battle-axe when he beholds me coming. I don't indulge in harsh words now, those words which tear like leashes; and Bill comes over and milks my cow, when I have got the measles.

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