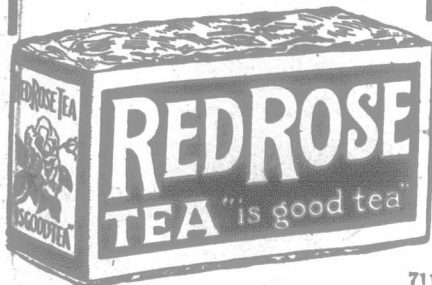




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French and British continue to make slight gains along the Somme, and there are indications of a renewal of activity in Belgium, north of the Yser. In the Balkans, the French and Serbs have made a victorious entrance into Monastir. In Roumania, on the other hand, while von Mackensen steadily retires from the Dobrudja, burning villages as he goes, the Roumanians are meeting their Waterloo on the Transylvanian front, where von Falkenhayn, sweeping through the valleys of the Jiu and the Alt, is bearing down upon the Wallachian plain.

The Windrow

Up to the first of November the roll of graduates and under-graduates of Toronto University who have enlisted for active service numbered over 3,200. Of these more than 140 have been killed.

Miss Eileen Lee some weeks ago made a record in long-distance swimming for women by swimming 36 1/4 miles in the Thames River in 10 hours and 17 minutes.

Mr. Arthur C. Benson, whose religious strain comes out in all his writings, said: I have often felt, myself, that the time has come to raise another figure to the hierarchy of Christian graces. Faith, Hope and Charity were sufficient in a more elementary and barbarous age; but, now that the world has broadened somewhat, I think an addition to the trio is demanded. A man may be faithful, hopeful and charitable, and yet leave much to be desired. The fourth quality that I should like to see raised to the highest rank among Christian graces is the grace of Good Humor.

In speaking with Dr. McPherson, headmaster of Lawrenceville School, a few years ago, I asked what characteristics he looked for in choosing teachers for his school. He answered: "First, the sense of humor; no man can live successfully in close quarters with students without a keen perception of the humorous." By this, the headmaster doubtless referred to that saving sense of proportion that appreciates incongruities, saves a man from priggishness, undue superiority, and prevents his solemnity and earnestness from being a troublesome burden to those about him.

For my own part I have never been able to imagine the Christ, clad in those dreary garments of over-whelming seriousness which some of his followers have donned. He was found at weddings and at feasts, the Lord of forgiveness and humanity, wanted not, I believe, that element that lies deep in our human nature—the kindly Grace of Humor.

—C. S. C., in Christian Herald.

An illustration of the mischief a move can do, even in a well-meant direction, is that of the work-girls, "midnettes," of Paris; When hostilities commenced, restriction in all dress was preached, and taken in real earnest by the nations involved. In a very little while the midnettes were deprived of their means of livelihood. Those who were strong enough entered the munition factories, but for those who were not robust enough for this work there was only starvation. Then suddenly they thought of an appeal to American women, and right nobly was it answered. In a week or two money was sent, something like fifty thousand pounds finding its way to France for the girls, with "more to follow," and they kept their word. But this was not all, by any means. Large orders began to flow into Paris from all the big centres in the United States, and very soon the French workgirls were busy again, and have been kept so. That is how so many of the big French firms have been able to hold shows of winter, spring and autumn fashions; and, by the grace of the great-hearted American women, will be able to do so in the future. This is the right kind of sympathy and help, and it has not been wanting in Australia. Ruthless economy means unemployment for thousands; and it would seem as if the time had now come when moderate entertaining might very well begin again. Example in high quarters has been set, and if it be followed it will help thousands of humble workers who have felt the pinch very seriously this winter as there are no munition factories wherein they may earn their daily bread.—The Australasian.

Serial Story

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The Brown Mouse.

CHAPTER VI.

JIM TALKS THE WEATHER COLD.

"Going to the rally, James?"

Jim had finished his supper, and yearned for a long evening in his attic den with his cheap literature. But as the district schoolmaster he was to some extent responsible for the protection of the school property, and felt some sense of duty as to exhibiting an interest in public affairs.

"I guess I'll have to go, mother," he replied regretfully. "I want to see Mr. Woodruff about borrowing his Babcock milk tester, and I'll go that way. I guess I'll go on to the meeting."

He kissed his mother when he went—a habit from which he never deviated, and another of those personal peculiarities which had marked him as different from the other boys of the neighborhood. His mother urged his overcoat upon him in vain—for Jim's overcoat was distinctly a bad one, while his best suit, now worn every day as a concession to his scholastic position, still looked passably well after several weeks of schoolroom duty. She pressed him to wear a muffler about his neck, but he declined that also. He didn't need it, he said; but he was thinking of the incongruity of a muffler with no overcoat. It seemed more logical to assume that the weather was milder than it really was, on that sharp October evening, and appear at his best, albeit rather aware of the cold. Jennie was at home, and he was likely to see and be seen of her.

"You can borrow that tester," said the colonel, "and the cows that go with it, if you can use 'em. They ain't earning their keep here. But how does the milk tester fit into the curriculum of the school? A decoration?"

"We want to make a few tests of the cows in the neighborhood," answered Jim. "Just another of my fool notions."

"All right," said the colonel. "Take it along. Going to the speakin'?" "Certainly, he's going," said Jennie, entering. "This is my meeting, Jim."

"Surely, I'm going," assented Jim. "And I think I'll run along." "I wish we had room for you in the car," said the colonel. "But I'm going around by Bronson's to pick up the speaker, and I'll have a chuck-up load." "Not so much of a load as you think," said Jennie. "I'm going with Jim. The walk will do me good."

Any candidate warms to her voting population just before election; but Jennie had a special kindness for Jim. The fact that he was coming to be a center of disturbance in the district, and that she had quite failed to understand how his eccentric behavior could be harmonized with those principles of teaching which she had imbibed at the state normal school in itself lifted him nearer to equality with her. A public nuisance is really more respectable than a nonentity.

She gave Jim a thrill as she passed through the gate that he opened for her. White moonlight on her white furs suggested purity, exaltation, the essence of womanhood—things far finer in the woman of twenty-seven than the glamour thrown over him by the schoolgirl of sixteen.

Jim gave her no thrill; for he looked gaunt and angular in his skimpy, ready-made suit, too short in legs and sleeves, and too thin for the season. Yet, as they walked along, Jim grew upon her. He strode on with immense strides, made slow to accommodate her shorter steps, and embarrassing her by his entire absence of effort to keep step. For all that, he lifted his face to the stars, and he kept silence, save for certain fragments of his thoughts, in dropping which he assumed that she, like himself, was filled with the grandeur of the sparkling sky, its vast moon, plowing like an astronomical liner through the cloudlets of a wool-pack. He pointed out the great



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