

THE HUMAN SIDE

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

JIM.

Jim sorter didn't like th' thorts, I guess

Of leavin' hum thet night;
You see his ole man was so bent and thin

—The folks all said he thort th' world o' Jim,
An' folks was right.

Jim marched away though only fore he went,

He kissed thet poor grey head—
"Wall, good-bye Dad, course I'll pull through all right,
You watch fer me t' come an' keep th' light

Aburnin', Dad," he said.

Seems I kin see 'em yet, thet poor ole man,

A-sayin' "Good-bye, Jim;
Take keer an' don't get shot, fer you see

I'll be a-watchin' fer you, so I'll be,"
—Wall nigh boun' up in him.

Jim marched away an' thet ole man o' his,

When winter settled in,
Ud creep down t' th' office every night,
Through sleet an' snow, sorter expectin' like

T' hear from Jim.

But no word came an' he'd creep hum again,

An' th' ole lamp he'd light
An' set in th' winder, allers had
So folks all said, been bound up in th' lad,
An' folks was right.

Wall, Jim kim back, his breast nigh shot in two,

Back t' his Dad;

Kim up along th' ray th' ole lamp cast,

So thet them two jes' met ag'in at last—

Kissed an' war glad.

An' on th' mornin' thet Jim's soul took flight,

An' we stole in,

We found 'em both a-sleepin' peacefully;

God an' th' angels understood, you see,

He's 'bout bound up in Jim.

* * *

THE PICKET AND THE SCOUT.

ALL day the battle had raged and the steel-coated missiles had whined and sung above the earth. At night all firing ceased and the dead sulphurous smoke from the guns hung low, held down by the dark, heavy storm-clouds that had threatened rain all day.

Dalton, rifle in hand, passed from the ammunition tent into the night. It was raining and Dalton raised his aching head and let the cool drops lave his powder-stained face. War had ceased to be a new and terrible thing to him, like it once was, but there is always reaction. He was tired.

A night attack was feared and Dalton had been assigned picket duty. As he passed along between the gun-carriages he heard an old soldier say: "There goes one on 'em now, poor chap." Dalton understood the significance of the remark. Of course if there were a night attack, the pickets would be cut off first. He quite realised his danger, but oddly he did not care. To him the soft, swishing rain and the peace of night were heaven after the deafening crash of a day of hell. His soul was at peace.

Far down the line he found his post. He leaned against a slender fir and hummed a snatch of song. Weariness had made him light-headed, fanciful. He wanted to lie down and sleep there

in the close gripping darkness and the soothing rain. But he was a soldier on picket duty. He could not control his fancy from roving, try as he would. He started walking to and fro upon the crest of the hill. It seemed to him that his twin brother Charlie, Charlie his old companion and playmate, was with him. But, he told himself, that could not be. Charlie was his brother no longer. Charlie was fighting with the enemy. He dismissed the fancy with a shudder and came back under the fir-tree again. No, he could not rid himself of the illusion. They were skirting the shaggy bush, through the deep, still night together. It was very late and the rain was falling. Charlie held his hand and they were very happy. They were boys—boys out in the night.

Just below Dalton a bush stirred and a stone rattled down the hillside.

The picket's rifle was levelled. "Who goes there?" he challenged. In answer a dart of red and yellow leaped toward him and Dalton's finger pressed the trigger of his rifle. The Mauser message of death sped home.

Dalton swayed and sank to the rain-sodden grass. Once more his fancy was roaming.

"We'll just rest here a bit, Charlie," he murmured, "then—we'll go—"

Next morning they found the picket and the enemy's scout lying close together, on the hillside.

Feature for feature, they looked the same. The uniform only made the distinction.

High up on the hillside they buried the picket and the scout in one grave.

* * *

HIGH FINANCE.

IT was late afternoon. The dark green shadow of the trees stretched almost across the river; the pond-lilies seemed resting, their white heads nestling against their wide, palm-like leaves.

Beneath the great elm, on shore, Billy Swipes, the champion dog-fashioned swimmer of Rivermere, was holding an argument with Fatty Clive, champion frog-fashioned swimmer of Rivermere.

A little apart from the champions sat Towsel Teft. Towsel was merely a hanger-on; a despised, red-headed, freckled-faced atom of humanity, who had been nick-named "leech" by the champions, on account of his tenacity to stick.

Towsel was digging his bare toes into the sand and listening with a pleased expression on his face to the arguments of the champions. Occasionally his little blue eyes would dart a glance from beneath their white lashes at the bigger boys, but knowing from past experience that the best thing he could do was keep quiet, he simply listened and held his tongue. At last things reached a crisis. Billy Swipes jumped to his feet and standing above Fatty Clive said with a sneer:

"I'll bet my new Rogers knife against your two-bladed toad-stabber that I kin swim 'cross this river dog-fashion quicker'n you kin dog-fashion. Are you on?"

"I be," cried Fatty, struggling to his feet and starting to shed his clothes.

"Here, Towsel, you'll be referee and hold th' stakes," cried Billy. "Put up your stuff, Fatty."

"There you be," cried Fatty, tossing his knife to the stake-holder.

At last the boys stood ready at the edge of the river awaiting Towsel to give the word "Go."

The referee scratched his red head

thoughtfully and squinted across at the champions. Then he spoke for the first time.

"Somethin' tells me as neither of you boys 'll make it," he said.

"What?" The champions turned and looked at Towsel in wonder. "Not make that little distance? You're batty."

"Well, in case you shouldn't, I suppose the stake-holder gets the stakes, eh?"

"Sure he does," both champions agreed.

"And supposin' now, jest fer case of argument, neither of you should make th' start, what then?"

"Why, it holds. You get th' stakes, ninny. Now give th' word."

"Are you all ready?" cried Towsel, placing the knives in his pocket with a glad grin.

"Yes."

At Lambton and Scarborough

THE week of July 6th has been a busy one socially, even for Toronto, where the summer season is yearly becoming gayer, as more and more Torontonians conclude that, at least in hot weather, there is no place like home. They decide accordingly to spend the summer in their own cool residences with a variety of visits to the many country clubs, or a run to Niagara either by steamer or motor car. Last week the picturesque Lambton Golf Club, reminiscent of the valley of the Thames in England, was taken possession of by that jolly and unconventional crowd, the American Golfers' Association, all of whom, avowedly out for a good time, proceeded to have it. In this they were ably assisted by the Torontonians, who are noted for their hospitality to the stayer within their gates. The golfers' time was fully occupied between the serious business of golf and the numerous entertainments arranged in their honour. The moonlight sail on the *Macassa*, to which they were invited by his Worship the Mayor, was pronounced one of the most delightful, the attention from the Corporation being greatly appreciated by the visitors. On this memorable trip the entertainment was provided by Mr. Lowe and Mr. George Lyon, who ably assisted the orchestra by buck and wing dancing, merry-widowing and those arts in which these two notable golfers excel. One evening the men of the Association indulged in a Liars' Night at the King Edward Hotel, while the women of the party consoled themselves with bridge in the yellow drawing-room. Special mention must be made of the beautiful trophies which the Golf Association brought through in bond to be played for at Lambton and which comprised loving cups, bowls, fitted dressing bags and silver photograph frames.

On Friday afternoon Mr. Albert Austin, on behalf of the Lambton Club, was the recipient of a handsome solid silver punch bowl, which the Golf Association presented as a souvenir of their visit and a token of appreciation of the kindness of the Toronto golfers. One evening the party went by private car to Scarborough Beach, where they dined at long tables in the pavilion before indulging in the strenuous amusements of the park.

In connection with Scarborough Beach,

"All right, I'm goin' t' give th' word now. But before I give it I want to say that you'd best swim clear o' them pond-lily roots yonder. I see two big water-snakes there this mornin'. All right now, go!"

But neither of the champions moved. They stood staring across toward the lily-roots.

At last Fatty turned and with a foolish grin started to put on his clothes. Billy did likewise.

Towsel, his red head in his hands, sat squinting dreamily across the river. The space between the advancing tree-shadows and the farther shore had narrowed to a milky line that mirrored the blue-green of the bank amid the declining rays of the sun. But Towsel saw nothing of it. He was thinking of the game of high finance.

one cannot help thinking of the real treat provided for the children of Toronto's various institutions by the Motor League on Friday morning of last week, when the 107 cars, many driven by their owners, who gave up a day's business or pleasure for the purpose, proceeded to Scarborough, decorated with flags and laden with smiling little ones all eagerly looking forward to one of the happiest days of their lives. After enjoying the various amusements of the beach, the children flocked to the pavilion where each one was provided with a bottle of pop and a box containing all the necessities of luncheon, from meat pies to cake and candy. After luncheon they were rendered still more happy by each receiving a suitable present from Mr. Geo. Gooderham, who gave an informal luncheon on the verandah for some of those who had lent their cars. Mr. Noel Marshall, who came out in a big Russell car, also gave an impromptu luncheon, his party including His Worship the Mayor, the Hon. J. J. Foy and Mr. Russell, who all entered into the picnic with zest. Afterwards they visited the Tickler, the animal show, the chutes and other intellectual amusements.

This week the fortnightly dance will be given at the Argonaut Rowing Club, when there will be the usual happy mixture of girls, just-outs and not-outs, and boys ranging in age from fifteen to fifty.

Next Tuesday the Yacht Club dance, which is of a more formal nature, takes place and the tables at the club house are already booked for the well-served dinner which precedes the dancing for those who are lucky enough to secure accommodation.

On Tuesday there was a general exodus to Niagara-on-the-Lake to attend the bowling tournament, where a staff of men have been working on the green lawns for the last few weeks bringing them to the acme of perfection. Over three hundred bowlers, eighty more than last year, took part in the tournament, the majority of them staying at the Queen's Royal.

On Monday evening the bowlers were occupied by a bridge tournament. On Wednesday a smoking concert in their honour was arranged at the Casino. The usual week-end dance will be the event of this evening.

L. M. P.