

sage to Canada when the war broke out, but then she stayed, of course, and is now nursing wounded Belgians in the country house of a friend of ours."

"How many brothers have you?" I asked her.

"I have three," she said, "and they are all in the army now. My eldest brother is at the front, and, of course, we have not heard from him since. He had a very good post in Brazil, but he went home directly war was declared, and he was very fortunate in being taken in at once. My other two brothers, who were on the farm with me, tried to go with the first contingent from Edmonton, but it was so slow here the elder went home at once, and was taken in the cavalry, too. My young brother just went a month ago—"

Then she explained the reason for his delay.

FROM A MONTREAL LADY.

Please renew my subscription to "The Canadian War." I enjoy it immensely, it is sane—so full of the spirit of true patriotism. The need for just such a paper is great, and it should do much good. All honor and success to the loyal men and women who brought it into existence.

I enclose a list of likely subscribers.

"It was the money for the passage home," she said simply. "We had to sell a horse, but we managed it all right, and he fixed up the house for me—it is quite comfortable now—only, of course, things freeze when the fires go out."

(Yes—I know that sort of a house. I can feel its cold draughts blowing over my feet now!)

"Were you never afraid to live alone?" I asked.

"There was nothing else for me to do," she said, after a pause. "You see we have put quite a bit of money into stock, and we would have to sell for very little if we sold now. I have been very glad that I was here to keep things going. A young friend of ours just had to leave his. He divided his stock among the neighbors, and let them take off his crop. He was gone

in three days after he knew war was declared—he had enough money for his passage. Of course, if he comes back the neighbors will give him back his things, and if he doesn't come back, it will not matter to him then. All the young men in our neighborhood have gone—except the lad who came in with me, and he is trying to raise the money for his passage. He is just eighteen," she went on, "and his mother feels pretty badly, but, of course, she is willing. He'll have the money before spring—he is trapping wolves and selling the pelts."

The S.O.S. call of the Empire has surely carried far—and it has not fallen on deaf ears!

The next day, having disposed of all their stuff, she and the boy started back on their seventy-five miles drive. A blinding snowstorm overtook them, and they got off the trail and were lost all afternoon. At twelve o'clock they came to a settler's shanty, and there found a welcome for the night. The next day they set out again, and in three days safely arrived at home!

And yet our Dominion Government, in their kindly fatherly way, refuse to grant homesteads to such women as this. The women may endure all the hardships, the loneliness, the cold, the privations, the labor (against which there is no law), but they cannot have the reward; the free land is not for them, no matter how hard they work.

So this brave girl, and others like her, will go through all the hardships of colonization, but if she wishes to own land she must pay for it. Free land is only for men.

Present ideas are jarring us loose from many of our old ideas and beliefs. One of the oldest and falsest of these is that women are protected, sheltered in the battle of life. Theoretically, they may be. So was Belgium!

Rev. Dr. Carman.

Should be pleased indeed just now to share in the hearty fellowship upholding and setting forth the genuine democracy against which Germany is pouring out her substance and her blood. The United States and the British peoples seem largely at one in their sympathies; happily for mankind.