

RAMBLINGS.

In our peregrinations through Surrey we have stumbled upon many places of interest. Perhaps no County in England affords such variety of pastoral scenery as Surrey, or can boast of such quaint and antiquated villages and towns.

Godalming is an old town with a narrow tortuous street, lined on either side with ancient houses, carrying the hall marks of age in their timbered walls and heavily tiled roofs.

This cramped artery boasts of the pretentious name "High Street." To this picturesque town with its surrounding hills, its grassy meadows, its lazy streamlet, its beamed houses and its ancient lanes, came Birkett Foster for pictures for his canvas. Here came Dickens for colour for his novels, and here journeyed Geo. Eliot for atmosphere for her stories. Through this town, in the stirring and swashbuckling coaching days, the incessant traffic from London to Portsmouth passed. In this town is a memorial in the form of a cloister, with grassy quadrangle and gurgling fountain, erected to the memory of Jack Phillips, the wireless hero of the Titanic, who stuck to his post to the last, sending out his S. O. S. cry.

On a lofty elevation, commanding a view of the town, the valley and the shapely "Hogs Back," is the famous Charterhouse School. The ornate towers are conspicuous in the landscape at Godalming. To this academy of classic mould come the sons of the gentry of England, and some of England's most famous men have been students of Charterhouse, as the brass tablets in the cloisters most eloquently attest.

Not far from Godalming is Guildford, one of England's most beautiful towns. It is a city set on a hill, approach it from the valley, or the "Hogs Back," or from the railway, and you get the same impression of beauty. There, majestically occupying the hill crest are stately

and palatial homes, with terraces and gardens. There is a great white cliff that shimmers white on a sunny day. High Street is a High Street no matter from which end you view it, the fine shops on this street though smaller, are not inferior to the great shops of London. The ancient and architecturally beautiful Guild Hall is a great landmark, and its great clock overhanging the street is a characteristic bit of this city of guilds.

Abbot's Hospital is a very old and very beautiful brick building, with a charming brick Court yard, where lovely flowers bloom. The Grammar School, where classic lore is taught, is in itself of a classic of the architectural skill.

Perhaps more globe trotters go to Guildford to see the ruins of King John's Castle and Keep than for anything else. The ruin has a wire preserved arch for entrance, and thick stone walls. There on its coign of vantage, the relic of other days, affectionately mantled by its clinging ivy, is the cynosure of the eager eyes of the sight-seers. For a fine afternoon outing Guildford has charms that few towns can boast. When Canadians from Bruce return after the herculean struggle, two places will be much discussed—Godalming and Guildford.

SLANDERING THE SOLDIERS

The following is taken from a Bruce County newspaper.

A great deal of wrong is being done the Canadian soldiers by the loose or malicious talk of thoughtless or low-minded persons—often by those who having failed to volunteer seek to discredit the army with a view to excusing themselves for shirking a duty.

There are those who can see only the evil side of life anywhere, and some who have visited the camps see only the drunkenness and the bad women who are about. Others see little or nothing