

accustomed to her new surroundings, and they also pledge themselves to see that the children attend school, and various matters of this kind. This is, I am afraid, rather the exceptional case. There are few of the small towns in the west but what have widows of their own who need all the work that is going and all the help that the women can give them in order to raise their families.

Personally, I would be very glad of the expression of opinion from readers of this page as to what they think of the whole matter, but in closing this section I wish once more to place myself on record as willing and anxious that English speaking immigrants should come to us. It is not the immigration that I object to, but the method under which it is proposed to bring it out, and the danger that these war widows will find themselves in, in a terribly severe climate, in wholly unaccustomed surroundings, and that instead of being a benefit to them, it will be a real injury, and also an injury to Canada.

Every woman who reads a daily paper, and I imagine there are few in the west who do not, must be appalled at the revelations of the various commissions sitting in Ottawa, and must feel that there has been something radically wrong in our system of education, both in the home and the school, when so large a number of the public men of Canada seem to have conceived of this awful war only as a means for lining their own pockets. The rank and file of the men of Canada by the thousands are going abroad fully prepared to lay down their lives on the altar of civilization, for that is what this war means; it is a fight for civilization and world freedom, and in the face of this the men who remain at home, the men in high places, are seeking to make money out of this terrible disaster. For a long time it seemed incredible that this could be true, now we can no longer refuse to believe the evidence presented before the various commissions, and it comes home that our standards of living and our idea of honor must have been sadly out of gear before this war began.

It is not possible to go back over the past, but there is certainly a solemn duty ahead of the women to whom the franchise has been granted in the west, and that is to see that any public men in whose election they may take a part are of such calibre as will prevent the possibility of the recurrence of such scandals for the future. While the onus of having elected such men to office at present lies with the men of Canada, the fact that so large a number of men can be found with such low ideals of public service is undoubtedly in some measure the fault of the women. While our hearts thrill with pride at the deeds of Canadian men in this war, we must blush and hang our heads for the conduct of public men at home.

Surely, surely, there is something wrong in the home training that has produced these men. This is assuredly the time for the women of Canada to "clean house," not only physically, but mentally and morally, and find out where this canker of public immorality and dishonor has sprung from and root it out. There can be no sound nationhood until this is done, and we owe it to the men who have given their lives in this war to see to it that they have not died for freedom and honor in vain.

A Fortunate Escape

Crossing from Rotterdam to New York recently, Alan Dale, the author of "The Great Wet Way," met an acquaintance who was evidently in trouble. He describes the meeting and the cause of his friend's anxiety:

She wore a look of haggard distress, and could scarcely find time to ask me how I was, or say how pleased she was to meet me. She stood quite still as she reached the deck, and inquired of me most imperiously, "Have you seen Miss Myers?"

"Who is Miss Myers?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied. "I wish I did. I'm so tired! I've been tramping about Boulogne all the afternoon, waiting for this wretched boat. I should love to go to bed, but I must see Miss Myers. Do please see if you can discover her. Ask the stewards; search well, and bring her to me. I will wait here."

High and low I searched for Miss Myers. I read labels on steamer chairs, and got down on my knees to decipher legends on trunks. It was no use, and I had to give up the search.

I broke the news as delicately as I could. I had not found Miss Myers; in fact, I believed there "wasn't no sich person."

"But there is! there is!" Mrs. Kelly almost wept. "They told me about her in London; they told me about her in Paris; they told me about her in Boulogne. The very thought of her drives me wild—"

Then, and then only, it dawned upon

me that my poor friend, Mrs. Kelly, was mad. Pleasure, European pleasure, had unhinged her reason.

"Never mind," I said, gently, trying to humor her. "Never mind. Perhaps there is a Miss Myers, but she won't hurt you. I will see that she does not. Now if I were you, I should go to bed, and to-morrow you will feel better and more like yourself."

"Don't be idiotic!" said Mrs. Kelly, peevishly. "I won't go to bed. This Myers woman is my roommate, and I've got to find her. I begged the company for a room alone, but all they could give me was a small cabin with Miss Myers, and"—here Mrs. Kelly tried to keep back the tears—"I'm a stout woman. I may even say that I'm a fat woman. I need space. Suppose, suppose Miss Myers is also fat! What then? What does the company care?"

A little later Mrs. Kelly was told that she could have the cabin to herself, as Miss Myers had been accommodated elsewhere.

A Simple Expedient

It was the custom of Mr. Cameron to fall into an easy attitude wherever he might be. This habit led to an occasional dialogue of a spicy nature, and the dialogues led to a small square package which Mr. Cameron presented to his wife one night.

"What in the world are these?" inquired Mrs. Cameron, as the unwrapping of the package revealed a few cards neatly marked, "For Use," and two or three dozen marked, "For Show."

"Those, my dear," said Mr. Cameron, "are for you to attach, by the small pin on the under side, to the various sofa cushions, chair-backs and unoccupied wall spaces in this house. Then neither my head nor that of any chance visitor will rest in or on any object designed for ornament; and once more, even with Christmas coming every year, and your friends as loving and generous as ever, we shall have a happy home."

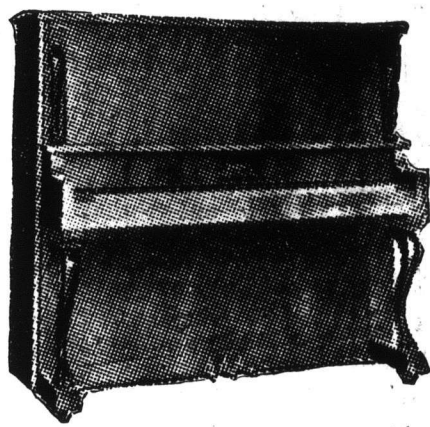
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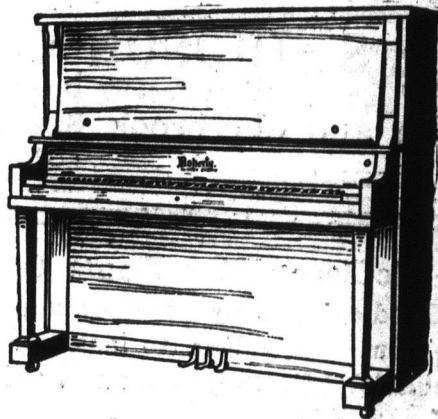
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