

the middle of the thigh of a tall monk who measured it. In the smaller division of the sarcophagus were found the bones of Queen Guinevere, and a tress of her glorious golden hair, which fell to dust at the touch of a hasty monk. These remains were placed in a black marble mausoleum, fashioned like the sepulcher of hollowed oak, and removed to the middle of the presbytery. Eighty-five years later, A.D. 1276, when Edward I and his queen visited Glastonbury to celebrate the Easter festivals, the mausoleum was opened for them, and the relics placed in front of the high altar for the adoration of the people. Leland, who saw this tomb in the fifteenth century, said: "At the head of Arthur's tomb lay Henricus, Abbas (Henry de Bois), and a crucifix; at the feet, a figure of Arthur; a cross on the tomb, and two lions at the head and two at the feet." One of these lions is still preserved. Remains of two pyramids, on the spot indicated by the Welsh bard, were visible until the middle of the eighteenth century.

Stand upon that strange, conical hill, the Tor, and you are more than five hundred feet above the plain. Here is Nature's watch-tower, a sublime point of defense in those days when tribe harried tribe, and nation, nation. The delectable plain, then a marshland, and its surrounding hills, became the fighting-ground of the continental legions which, one after another, century after century, infested Britain—Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman—and in the fullness of time left here the Englishman. From the Mendip hills on the north, to the Poldew and Quantock hills on the south; from the Bristol Channel and the Cheddar cliffs westward, to the escarpments of Wiltshire on the east, many of the most momentous battles were fought here by the men who made England. All is quiet now and peaceful. The land is one of orchard-lawns and green fields, of picturesque farm-dwellings and manor-houses. No great city is anywhere near. You can see the small, delightful cathedral-town of Wells as you stand on the top of the Tor by St. Michael's tower. The brown mass of the most perfectly preserved of England's great churches shows through the soft blue haze against the distant Mendips. Below you lies Glastonbury, shaped like a cross and half hidden among the trees. The little river Brue, lazily slipping down from the forest of Selwood, strikes the foot of the Tor and glides away past the town, crossing the long plain, until it drops into the Bristol Channel, having made part of its journey through dykes—for all the world like a Dutch canal, with its bed above the adjacent fields.

Turn your back to the tower of the Tor and look eastward across the plain to the high lands of Wiltshire, and you will see King Alfred's tower, a modern memorial, commanding the site of the battle at which Alfred routed the Danes. And somewhere within the shadow of that tower is the spot, once called the island of Athelney, where Alfred sought shelter in a herdsman's cottage and scandalized the good wife by letting her cakes burn unheeded on the hearth. Over every inch of the country which the Tor commands, history has been making ever since its dawn. When the Romans held Britain, as Britain now holds India, the Tor was one of the stoutest fortresses in the Western Province. The tower which crowns the hill and shelters you from the winds that whistle up from the sea is in itself a relic of antiquity. Those early missionaries who came to Somerset when Marcus Aurelius was emperor at Rome and Eleutherius was pope there, built a little church on this difficult height and dedicated it to St. Michael, after the fashion which links St. Michael's memory with hilltop chapels. That was seventeen hundred years ago, and St. Michael's chapel stood unharmed at the top of the Tor until an earthquake destroyed it, in 1276, when it was rebuilt. The present ruined tower is all that remains of the second edifice. They must have been pious souls, indeed, who toiled up to the church at early morning mass, for it is very stiff climbing. It was considered an important matter, though, that a Christian temple should crown the top of this commanding, mysterious, and perhaps sacred hill.

Here is King Arthur's country, and the heart of it. Camelot is close at hand. Fifteen or sixteen miles away to the southeast there is a hill which Somersetshire knows and swears is "the sacred mount of Camelot," where,

"... all the dim rich city, roof by roof,
Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,
By grove, and garden-lawn, and rushing brook,
Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin built.

And over all one statute in the mould
Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a crown,
And peak'd wings pointed to the Northern Star.
And eastward fronts the statue, and the crown,

And both the wings are made of gold,
and flame

At sunrise till the people in far fields
Wasted so often by the heathen hordes,
Behold it, crying, 'We have still a King.'

There are outer barbarians who maintain that Camelot was in Cornwall, at Camelford; but in Somersetshire they know better than that. Malory would have it that Winchester was Camelot. Caxton said it was in Wales, that is, in what we now know as Wales, for Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset once were part of Wales. And there are learned ones content with nothing less than the identification of Carlisle with Camelot. Of course, the Scotsmen mark out a claim. Camelot was their way, they say, and for some reason which they cannot explain, even in their canniest moments, they have an "Arthur's Seat" in Edin-

burgh. But Camelot, in spite of all, was where the village of Queen Camel lay, hard by some mossy ruins on the hill at modern Cadbury. And let him who doubts flaunt his dissent in the teeth of the Somersetshire men, if he dare!

Why should Cornish Camelford be Camelot? It is a hundred miles, and more, in the line of a spear-thrust, from the isle of Avalon. And how could Arthur have been carried thence to Avalon in a barge, unless the barge had put out to sea, and, by a roundabout skirting of the coasts of Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset, have made up the Bristol Channel, and so up the Brue? And why should even the weavers of legends have wished to carry the hero king, who was dying with ten wounds in his head, over so long and so perilous a journey? To have rowed from Cadbury to Glastonbury

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