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ason, as the approaching tread of a million men. With it drumming in his ears, Garland followed Haskins from the tent. Standing just without, the two men turned their eyes to the southeast. Breathless, Garland stood, eyes widening at the wonder of this approaching army of the north. He sucked in an awed and gasping breath; like a man in a dream went on silently staring at the dun grey-brown column of animal life, the head of which was now passing not two hundred yards away.

On the animals came, plodding steadily in loose order, perhaps a quarter of a mile deep. And as far as Garland's eyes could reach over the level tundra to the southeast, the line of undulating forms was unbroken. Like a vast, faintly swaying sea, they went slowly past. The fall of their hoofs filled all the night with a long muttering, as of distant and continuous thunder. The air became heavy with new odor, faintly ammoniacal, the combined smell from this incalculably numerous herd.

For a long time Garland remained transfixed speechless, appalled, almost dazed by the very gazing upon such profusion of wild life. Then, like one emerging from a dream, Haskins triumphant rejoicing brought him back to earth.

"The caribou! the caribou!" Haskins was exclaiming. "There's your five thousand pounds of buckskin—five million pounds if you could carry it away!"

"Yes," Garland replied, his voice strangely thrilled, "but one has to see to believe."

"Then you didn't quite believe me back in Edmonton?" Haskins queried amusedly. "Yes — no," Garland stammered. "That is, I believed you enough to come and that we'd get enough to fill the contract — but — well — I thought you were exaggerating quite a lot. It didn't seem possible that your tale could be anything but an exaggeration."

"Exaggerating?" Haskins voice was scornful. He waved his hand toward the passing panorama of horns and hoofs and heads and dun grey-brown bodies stretching to the end of the horizon and beyond to the southeast, and whose moving line was now crawling on into the west, where the dying sun, in splashed aureole of gold and crimson, was near to setting. Then he went on: "Exaggerating! Why man, I didn't tell you half. You see this herd? Well, they'll be passing here like this for two weeks yet. Millions on millions of them. And this is only one of the herds. There's a dozen more like it in various parts of the northland. Every season they pass in annual migration to the shores of the Arctic. Then in the Fall they come back again. This particular one always passes here. But, as you say," he admitted candidly, "I can quite understand your feeling—you've got to see to believe!"

They turned back into the tent after a while, and as they prepared to snatch a few hours more sleep, Haskins remarked: "We'll start killing at sun-up."

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

The reason why there was no page the last two months was a difference of opinion between myself and the editor of the magazine over an article on the confining of the Dominion vote to the

The Reason Why next-of-kin. In answer to a great many enquiries as to my opinion on the restricted vote, I had written an article which I thought might be of service to the women of the West. The editor could not see his way to publish it and I had intended to withdraw definitely from the page, but in view of the present crisis in Canada probably no writer is justified in missing an opportunity of speaking to the women earnestly and faithfully on the subject of food conservation and control.

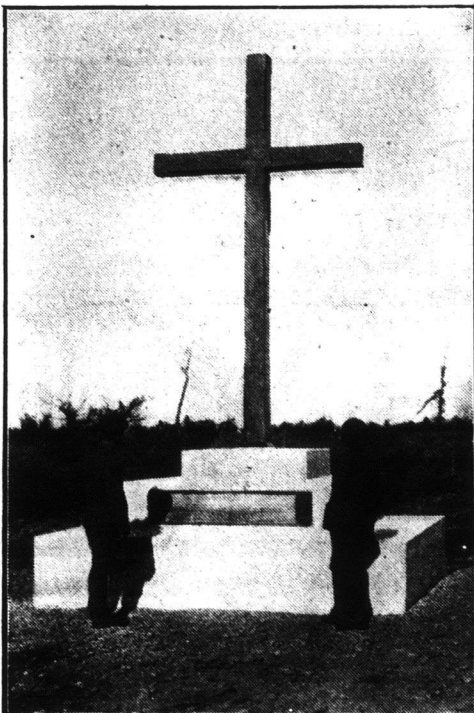
We are rapidly approaching the fourth Christmas of the war, and long before this reaches the readers the parcels for the boys at the front will have gone on their way. Everyone has felt it a pleasure and a privilege to make these parcels as comprehensive and useful as possible without losing the Christmas touch. There is just one more thing which the women of Western Canada can do for the boys in regard to Christmas, and that is to make the food portion of their celebration of Christmas as simple as possible.

It is almost impossible for the women of Western Canada to realize that there is an actual shortage of food in the world, but this is absolutely the fact. There is a shortage of bread and meat, a very serious shortage, in fact the world's reserves of both these articles have been practically

wiped out, and if there should be a failure of wheat crops in 1918 or even a partial failure, and if we fail to produce every pound of meat, especially beef and pork that it is possible to produce in a year, there will be not merely shortage, there will be famine. With regard to wheat, beyond putting the grain in proper time on the best cultivation that can be achieved in the present shortage of labour, the production of the crop is out of the hands of the producer. The production of meat can be more closely controlled but it is largely contingent on the supply of food for cattle and the supply of labor to feed them. There is, however, one thing which every man, woman and child in Western Canada can do in this crisis, and that is they can save on the food which is already in existence. Fortunately, the food required to be saved is the food which will keep, namely, wheat, and beef which can be tinned and bacon which can be cured. Therefore, it is the absolute duty of every mistress of a household to see that nothing is wasted. I know that on farms it has been felt in the past that dry bread was not wasted when it went to the

hogs and that scraps of cold meat were not wasted when they went to the fowls, and in normal times this was quite true, but normal times have long ceased to exist and it is with abnormal times and very abnormal times at that that the western housewife in both city and town must deal with. It is not easy for Canadians, and more especially Western Canadians, to save on the matter of small amounts of food. It has never been necessary before, but it is absolutely necessary now if the rations for the men at the front are to be maintained in their present quantity and quality. The saving of food in small ways is tiresome, monotonous and adds to the work in any household, but because it is a tedious and inglorious task it is the better worth doing. It is always easy to do the spectacular things, public approval and applause carries us over many hard places, but in the history of the world it has largely fallen to the women to practise those every-day small self denials and economies which make little show but in the aggregate mean so much, and the women of Western Canada have come to a time when this class of work is more essential than it ever was before. I would like to say with a force and an emphasis that would ring through the three western provinces, do not allow a crust of bread or an inch of meat to be wasted this winter, and in making Christmas preparations, endeavour to use only those things which cannot be utilized for the men at the front. This will be a season when the using of turkeys, chickens and geese instead of being an extravagance will be an economy. These things cannot be sent overseas. I am not suggesting that the plum puddings should be omitted, but I would suggest that cornmeal take the place of flour in these puddings. I can hear the score of good housewives say how ridiculous, the little bit of flour that we put in plum pudding, but if you multiply that couple of pounds of flour by more than three-quarters of a million homes, it runs into a good deal, and incidentally you will find the Christmas pudding with yellow cornmeal a substitute for flour not only quite as palatable but considerably easier to digest. For all, excepting the very small children, cut out the making of home-made candy, sugar is the article on the saving of food next to wheat and meat. The supply of fruit, such as currants, raisins, figs and dates is good and considering war time, not unduly expensive, and they are infinitely better for children than so much candy. If these savings seem to you trifling, sit down and figure what it would mean if every household in Canada so arranged its menus that they would save three pounds of flour and three pounds of meat a week, there are eight million people in Canada, and allowing five persons to a family, that would be 1,600,000 homes, three pounds of flour per family saved would be 4,800,000 pounds per week and the same quantity of meat. Never forget for one moment that it is actual food itself which must be saved. We have grown so accustomed to the idea of barter that we measure everything by its value in dollars and cents, that standard will not do on this occasion, it is the actual food, the bread and meat that is needed and nothing else will do.

I know that all over the West women are feeling hotly indignant at the reports of profiteering on foods, and many of them individually and through resolutions in their various organizations are intimating to the food controller that until these things are stopped they will not pledge themselves to save. Personally, I think that shooting on sight is too mild a punishment for the man who profiteers in food, but the fact that there are such wretches has no bearing whatsoever on the duty of the women of Canada in this crisis. Get after the profiteers, insist on their being eliminated, but bear in mind always that while they profited in food they did not do away with the food, it was there for use, at an exorbitant price truly, but it was there. Unless food is saved in every way that can be devised the food will not be on hand this year when it is needed, and remember that ten million dollars in the "cold cash" we are so fond of talking about is of no value to soldiers in the trenches compared to a million pounds of flour, and the women of Canada can easily save three times that amount every week in the coming winter if they choose.



Memorial to men of a Canadian Division who fell on Vimy Ridge, at "La Folie" farm. It bears the following:—

"Canadian Division."
"To the glory of God and in everlasting memory of our gallant comrades who gave their lives in the defence of the line from October 23rd, 1916, to February 15th, 1917, and in the attack and capture of Vimy Ridge, on April 9th, 1917, and in the subsequent operations."