

# THE CANADIAN WAR

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To the women who, having magnified love and duty, that their country's honour may be exalted, await the dread issue with sublime courage; and, by their sacrifice for the Empire, inspire their representatives in the field, and set an example to all who are not privileged to bear arms.

# A DAUGHTER OF THE EMPIRE

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

"HAVE you any chickens?" I asked one of the keepers of the stalls in the North Edmonton farmers' market.

"I have plenty," he answered readily—"but say," he added quickly—"I wish you would buy from the woman over there in that stall at the door. She's come a long way, and she is anxious to get home. She's a young English girl—she's outside now seeing after her pigs, but I'll go for her."

Who'll say that chivalry is dead? This grizzled old homesteader is surely holding up his end of it!

He came back with the young English girl, dressed in a rough serge suit, oppossum furs, and shoe-packs.

"Is it true that you want chickens?" she said.

I declared that it was quite true, although from the moment I saw her I was interested in her far more than in the finest chicken that was ever turned into a pot-pie.

"How far did you come?" I asked.

"Seventy-five miles," she said, "northwest of here—it took us three days."

"Who came with you?" I asked—

she seemed so young to me.

"One of the neighbor's boys," she said, "a lad of eighteen."

"Where are your people?" I asked—the chickens were forgotten by this time.

"My brothers are all in the army," she said steadily, "and I am looking after things myself."

I had almost expressed my sympathy before I noticed the look on her face. So I extended congratulations instead.

"Do you live alone?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "since my young brother went. Of course it is not so bad—I have the horses and stock to look after, and I have a cat, too."

"I'll take all the chickens!" I said, "and what else have you?"

That's how it happened that she came home with me that night, and I had the great pleasure of entertaining this brave daughter of the Empire, who stays by the stuff while her men-folk go out to fight!

"I would have gone home," she said simply, "if I had been a trained nurse, but I am not, and they do not want women in England now. My sister—who is a nurse—had booked her pas-