

tion who survived fleeing for life in every direction.

The man who had won Jena and Marengo and Elot and Wagram and Austerlitz had met the ultimate fate of all would-be world conquerors. Napoleon was defeated and for all time. Never had there been such a rout! Upon the records of time there was now written the word "Waterloo." It was the hinge of the nineteenth century. The 18th of June, 1815, was the day upon which the whole perspective of the human race was altered. Waterloo stands last and greatest in Creasy's "Fifteen decisive battles of the world."

The brave English—British they are called now—and the gallant French have ever played the game fairly. Such a battle lacks the bitterness of to-day's conflicts when we are engaged with an absolutely unscrupulous foe, who has disregarded every rule of honorable warfare. Ah, war was war in those days! I am not bloodthirsty I hope, but I know I should have enjoyed a battle or two under the old regime, with bugles, helmets, busbies, gold braid and tassels, banners, lances and all the rest of the picturesque accoutrements which do not figure in the life of the present-day soldier.

Waterloo would seem but a skirmish I fancy, compared with many of the battles that have already been fought in Flanders and at Gallipoli. The actual field of Waterloo is indeed only a little over two miles long and less than a mile in breadth.

That's a very rough outline of Waterloo. It is, I know, but a very crude attempt at a story, and yet at the mere telling of it I feel in my old bones a singular ache. It is as if they cried out to be up and in action. Ah me! I shall be seventy-six come Michaelmas! I don't suppose the recruiting sergeant would even look at me!

The old man reached across to the table and took up his pipe again. He knocked the ashes out against the fender and began to refill the bowl with tobacco that he took from a pouch in his pocket.

Then, as he puffed slowly, his old eyes grew dreamy, and by and by they lifted, as from force of habit, and rested on the photograph over the mantel. Then they kindled with fond pride—and perhaps a little envy.

He had forgotten us so we slipped away, but as we went some lines from Newbolt's "Drake's Drum" kept beating their rhythmic tattoo in our ears:

"Take my drum to England; hang it by the shore;
Strike it when your powder's running low.

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
And drum them up the Channel as we drummed 'em long ago!"

Canada Reborn a Fighting Nation

(Continued from page 5)

One might go on and on enumerating and specifying of the things that Canada has done, and fill a bulky tome. The main things have been here briefly summed up so that a full realization of how great Canada's work and accomplishments have been, may be arrived at.

Colossal, titanic, infinitely vast has been her achievement. Standing a pigmy power on that memorable day of August, 1914, when from the cannon mouth came thunderously forth those first words of the great God Mars that were soon to set a world on fire, this "Lady of the Snows," timid, shrinking and almost unknown, has been magically metamorphosed, appears now to an astonished and blinking outside world an Amazonian giantess, Brobdingnagian of strength, vast of wealth, unlimited of natural resources.

Fired by a till now untested bravery, an infinite zeal and energy, she is a warring goddess to be reckoned with, an unknown factor looming large, growing ever in proportion, a new sprung power presenting to the universe at large a daring and unlooked for front, an ability in arms and commerce that may win for her a great and honorable place in the sun of the mysterious and unreadable future.

Temperance is the father of health, cheerfulness, and old age. Drunkenness has so large a family that I cannot remember the names of one-half of them.

Fritz Abroad—The Departure—First Letter

(Continued from page 6)

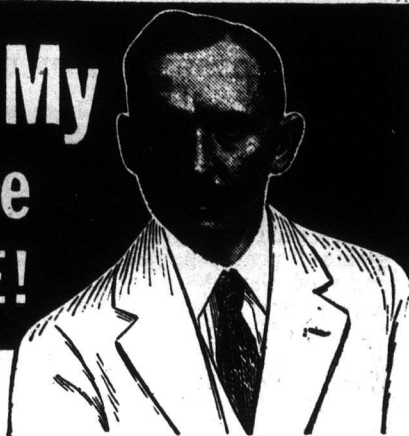
hers that furrow the seas. Some delayed men were hustling down the yard and up the plank; and what a real Canadian cheer they got from that deep brown line. At this period I took a short (?) walk through the liner—promenades, concert saloons, cafes—cabin passages got me twisted, and I had to ask my way back to our snug little berth. All this time an ominous thrill was running through the mighty frame of the boat, now it began to throb—a regiment of Highlanders embarking on a neighboring transport saw we were nearly ready for "lines off" and raised such a hearty cheer as they plunged into the grey side of their huge ship. Now, without any audible orders, the gangways are in, the lines are off, and we pull out into mid-harbor and anchor beside one of the biggest trans-Atlantic liners, and her soldier laden sides break out into cheers as our huge anchor chain rasps its way through the great steel run and we come to the tide with a graceful swing—all afloat, ready for the ocean voyage.

Exercising

In adopting rules for preserving your health, you should remember that no matter how good a thing may be, it is quite possible to have too much of it. The rule holds good of almost everything except fresh air; it is hard indeed to get too much of that, although perhaps you will do well not to live where high winds prevail. But the case of muscular exercise is different. Although some kind of exercise is necessary to health, it is impossible to lay down general laws in regard to it; the form must be modified for each individual. Age, sex, strength, appetite, digestion, mode of life, and a dozen other considerations, all enter into the question. The amount of exercise required to keep one person in good condition would quickly exhaust, and might possibly kill, another.

Most persons who wish to be strong and well, and who have no desire to compete in athletics, should aim at the general well-being of the whole system rather than at developing muscle. That is especially important for those who have passed the age for athletic sports and whose work does not demand unusual muscular power. As a general rule, it is better to exercise outdoors than indoors.

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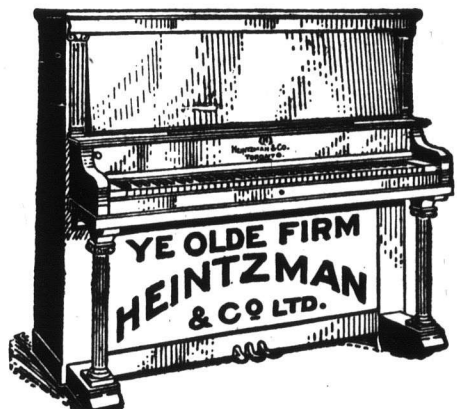
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