



### The Primrose Path.

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

The green fans of the chestnut-trees  
Are all unfolding one by one,  
The breath of April's in the breeze,  
The long streets glisten in the sun.

The tasseled lilacs in the square  
Are full of nods and whisperings,  
While black-boled poplars stir the air  
With hints of happy secret things.

The town is all so fair and fine,  
The streets they make so brave a show  
And yet—and yet—Corinna mine,  
It is now the pale primroses blow.

The woods are calling us to-day  
Where grassy hills fall fold on fold;  
Come, let us take the primrose way  
And gather wealth of faery gold.

Put off your dainty silks and lace  
For leathern shoon and homespun gown;  
Come, leave this bustling market-place  
To play the truant out of town.

For tho in town the sun shines gay,  
You can not hear the sweet birds sing  
Come, my Corinna, come away,  
And let us go a-primrosing.

—From *The Athenæum* (London).

### Reconstruction.

What Does It Mean? What Can We Do Towards It?

BY "A. N."

EVERYWHERE, since the Armistice was signed, one word has been especially in evidence—"Reconstruction." It has been found on the pages of newspapers and magazines; it has been the theme of numberless pamphlets and bulletins; it has been constantly upon the lips of public speakers. The thousands of farmers and farm women who went to Toronto during the winter to attend the Conventions of the various organizations which have now become so important a factor in Canadian life, must have noticed its constant recurrence; scarcely an address was given in which it had not a place, casually or otherwise.

And yet if one sets forth to question one finds everywhere a general haziness in regard to what "Reconstruction" really signifies. There is a vague feeling that it must be a good thing, but very little clearness as to what it covers or how it can be brought about.

The following articles may not, it is true, touch more than the fringe of the subject, yet they will make some effort to render the whole matter more definite.

TO begin with, a most startling starting-point is to realize how very small the earth has actually become during the past four years. Even when this idea is unexpressed there is evidence enough that it is, perhaps subconsciously, realized. No longer do we speak with confidence of this "great globe" upon which we live; much more likely are we to refer to it as our "little planet." And perhaps this realization is not at all to be deplored; it shows that at last we are beginning to get a true concept of our planet and its position in comparison with the other planets and systems which make up the Universe; it shows that at last we are beginning to get some glimpse of cosmic workings.

However, that may be, and whether we are willing to face the fact or not, we must admit that the Great War has shaken our earth, so far as we humans are concerned, to its very foundations, so that it has become for all time henceforth comparatively a mere village—with riots at the street-corners, it is true, and with little hope of comfortable, peaceful and aspiring living until the rioters have

learned to live sensibly together, and to work in harness with instead of quarrelling with one another.

During the past four years the rioters have made sad havoc, and so "Reconstruction" is necessary, each section having its own problems, while there are greater problems affecting the whole.

In Europe, for instance, Reconstruction means, concretely: bringing starving people back to health and strength and getting them once more upon their feet, industrially; rebuilding whole cities and thousands of manufacturing plants; reclaiming to fertility vast stretches of shell-torn country, where the bleaching subsoil, hurled to the top, now lies where rich soil once was; re-adjustment of boundary lines; re-forming relations of nation to nation; in Germany and Russia the stabilizing of Government itself. Asia, Africa, and the great islands of the Pacific are also affected; trade-routes are altered, business is dislocated; new adjustments of colonies mean new responsibilities;—Looking over the seas we see the Whole Eastern hemisphere more or less upset.

Nor, turning our eyes upon ourselves, can we see that we here in America are apart from all this upheaval. Our trade, too, is affected; our responsibilities are increased; we are just awaking to a realization of the fact that no longer can we feel any real security in our geographic isolation from the lands across the seas. We now know that with Twentieth Century possibilities in airships and submarines and high explosives,

in every one of the broadest questions with which Canada may be concerned; for upon the voter rests the really great, fundamental onus of electing to Parliament the men who will have to do Canada's work in connection with those questions,—the men who, eventually, work into the Cabinet and into positions of international responsibility. We should know, although some of us do not sufficiently realize it, that upon the quality of the men we elect—above all, their far-seeingness, unselfishness and executive ability—depends overwhelmingly the quality of international relations established between us and other countries as well as that of our domestic government, and we should see more clearly than we do, that all these things affect the quality of life in our very homes.

At the present time, however, there is a something more immediately definite that we can do towards the Reconstruction of the world in this its time of need. The subject is not new, but it is no less imperative because of that.

It concerns the starving people of Europe. In this our duty—or privilege—personally, should be clear;—and yet it is hard to realize what we have never experienced. But few of us in Canada have ever known what it was to be hungry, with no sure prospect of anything to eat. Perhaps one half-week of actual starvation, could it come to us, would be sufficient to open our eyes and hearts to what thousands upon thousands of people over the seas are to-day going through,—people who must continue, unless sufficient help is speedily sent to them,

With rosy children sleeping quietly,

"Ours were as yours until war came,  
and famine,  
And day by day we saw them wane  
and fade;  
And first our babies died, and then we  
followed,  
Our bread all given to the little ones  
who stayed.

"How can we rest here in the light, the  
quiet,  
Even though we hold again the babes  
who died,  
When through the worlds we hear our  
moaning children,  
Upon a cross of hunger crucified?"

So in the night their voices keep me  
waking,  
Crying "Speak for us now, we cannot  
wait,  
You that can help, you that can speed  
your plenty;  
Hasten, oh hasten, lest you be too  
late!"

Even now these "starving mothers" and "moaning children" are dragging through weary days, in Serbia and Poland, Armenia and Palestine, Russia and Roumania, Germany and Austria. In all of these countries the people in many parts are even yet dying off like flies—for disease strikes hard upon bodies insufficiently fortified by proper food.

But there is a little light in the sky. . . . Because of the recent opening of the Dardanelles it should now be possible to send food in more easily to Poland, Roumania and other portions of the Near East which are suffering still as a result of the War. The way is open to all of the other countries, so that now the only necessity appears to be to obtain the money and supplies and establish again the trade routes. Indeed, even as this is being written, the word has come that a shipload of food from America has reached Hamburg, and that a number of barges laden with it have arrived at Coblenz—Germany having given the necessary guarantees and payment. . . . This is in accordance with the decision of the Peace Conference, which has well recognized that Hunger is the strongest ally of Bolshevism—which at present seems the greatest menace to the order and re-stabilization of the world—and moreover, that the Central Nations must be permitted to get upon their feet industrially before they can begin to pay off the enormous debt which they owe to the Allies for the destruction and devastation wrought by Teuton Militarism during the four years of the War.

JUST here comes in, then, the thing that each of us, as individuals can do. The Peace Conference may provide the way, but we must provide the "goods." . . . Money contributed through the various relief organizations will help. Heavy grain production will help (—It's the same story we have heard for four years, but what a very necessary story!)—Growing potatoes and other vegetables for home consumption will help; and continuing to use cereals, brown flours, etc., in our homes—since wheat flour is most needed abroad. . . . Lastly taking care that no food whatever is wasted about the home will help.—A little waste in one home may seem a small matter, but an equal waste in tens of thousands of homes totals astounding quantities.

Let it be very clear that what is wasted in one place must be "done without" someplace else. If we in our individual homes draw more than we should upon the general food supply—even though it be by wasting something we raise ourselves, but could sell if we tried—someone else, *somewhere* must do without



Lieut.-Col. John McCrae

Who wrote the finest poem produced by the War. Lt.-Colonel McCrae was born in Guelph, Ont., and was one of the gallant young men of Canada killed during the great struggle. The picture reveals his love for animals, as well as for the flowers, which will now bloom over his grave "In Flanders Fields."

we are not apart, nor can ever be again. We cannot live unto ourselves even if we would.

All this seems very perplexing, and in the effort to come right down to what we can do, as individuals, in regard to our relations with the countries across the seas, it may appear at first thought that we are helpless, and that, therefore, discussion of the matter must be useless. At second thought, however, it may dawn upon us that every voter in the land has a part

to be hungry and underfed every day until the next harvest comes in.

Just here, at the risk of appearing emotional—but surely the subject gives excuse for emotion—may we quote a little poem written by Helen Stockton Parker, which appeared recently in the *New York Times*:

I cannot sleep at night for the crying  
voices  
Of all the dead, starved mothers oversea,  
Calling to me "Safe mother, happy  
mother,

Just that  
stood: the  
village, ev  
less, upon  
And so  
waste in  
matter.—  
portunity  
insignifica  
far-reachi

These s  
considerat  
Canada c  
the food-s  
share in  
Reconstru  
The ne  
in our ow

Boo

BOOKS  
to  
to  
when writ  
may be a  
history an  
man and  
to see how  
been, one  
character  
peoples.

Among t  
Greene's  
People.  
Hume's  
Gibbon's  
Empire.  
Carlyle's  
tution.  
Buckle's  
Goldwin  
the United  
Parkmar  
American H  
Young I  
Russia  
Bolsheviks  
Chronicle  
Peking D

Travel  
sands of th  
best are:  
Stoddart  
Literary  
William Sh  
John Fos  
books.  
Johns M  
Lange's a  
—And th  
that give a  
and peoples  
A. M. W  
Garden of  
Loti and L  
Mark Tw  
especially  
a place here

Philos  
numb  
these  
Hom

that may be  
Wealth of  
Progress  
Woman  
History  
Prof. Bury.  
Democrac  
(new), by  
The Briti  
Democracy  
The Biolo  
Bergson's  
Newman  
Social  
Dougall.  
Sartor Re  
Present L  
Unto Thi

Science, A

WITH  
bo  
cu  
the best, h  
secure cat  
make a sp  
agriculture  
may be mer  
A few s  
that may t