

of "Pet Marjorie" exactly describes the hardened stoicism of the red cow after gorging on a bushel of corn:

"She was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single dam."

"In Pastures Green" grows better, and the reader's chuckles get louder as it goes along. But in order to give continuity to this journal of farm life, some passages which are not in themselves of great intrinsic interest, have had to be included, especially at the first of the book, to the exclusion of some of the writer's best work. A constant reader of Peter McArthur feels aggrieved at the absence of favorite essays, such as "Country Thinking," "A Wet Day," "Whittling," "The Wood-Pile," "When the Rain Came," and several others. And although one reason for the popularity of his work is its unstilted and conversational style, there are times when this "rising young writer," as the Windsor Record has called him, becomes almost too careless in his use of the English language. Mr. McArthur is a versatile literary worker, but of all the forms of the craft which he has attempted, none seem to me so native, so original, sincere, spontaneous, so rooted in the life of nature and the people as these country essays. One is only tempted to wish sometimes that he would write half as much and add that enduring beauty of form which is necessary to give permanent value to his work.

A few years ago in the announcement of a little magazine, "Ourselves," which he was projecting at that time, the author gave what I think is the best suggestion of the spirit in which the rural chronicles contained in this book were written:

"The newspapers tell us a lot about other people. We shall try to find out a little about ourselves and what is worth while in our everyday lives. Perhaps we can help one another to see what is enjoyable, what must be put up with, and what may be made better."

It seems to me it has done us good to have Peter McArthur come back to stay with us in the country and show us how much there is in life that we had overlooked before. To hear a man who had never lived anywhere else speak of the advantages of country life might not be very convincing, but one who has lived in great cities and in different countries, and then comes back to the cradle of his youth to tell us how good life is right at home, affords an assurance that we need not go to the ends of the earth in search of happiness and success.

"In Pastures Green" is dedicated "to all city men who are talking of going back to the land," and the author adds significantly: "If each one who does not go buys a copy, I shall be perfectly satisfied."—Clayton Duff.

(The price, by the way, is \$1.50. The publishers are J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London, Eng., and Toronto, whose wonderful series of reprints of the world's best literature, "Everyman's Library," has won the gratitude of countless book-lovers.)

Some Sparkles of Fun and Philosophy.

(From "In Pastures Green," by Peter McArthur.)

Corn is a crop that likes company. If you want a good crop of corn you must keep company with it most of the summer.

The man does not really own his farm who does not know all its pleasant places and its possibilities of enjoyment.

We need a Professor of Leisure in connection with the Agricultural Department to teach the value of leisure—how to secure it, and how to enjoy it.

We are inclined to make too much of books, and even of thoughts. Books are all right to hold facts until we need them, just as a toolbox holds tools.

How do you feel a cow's pulse, anyway? The longer I live on a farm and grapple with its problems, the more I find I have to learn.

If some good people would but take the time

To look about them, they would be surprised

To find their house of life is more sublime

Than poet ever feigned or sage surmised.

If I do not realize the wonderful prices for my apples that are being suggested, I shall be like the man who was kicked by a mule; I shall not be as pretty as I was, but I'll know more.

You have to cut your corn according to your patch as surely as you cut your coat according to your cloth.

If the pig had its rights he would be our national emblem instead of the beaver.

What a peculiar touch of irony it is that "sober" is the only rhyme for the month of wine-pressing, cider-making, and "brown October ale."

You cannot expect young men of spirit to take to farming until it has been idealized.

I quite realize that there is nothing new to be said about automobiles, but there are times when I feel like saying a few old things with much bitterness of heart.

The beauty of the world needs to be harvested and stored away in the memory just as carefully as the crops that are causing us so much concern.

The haying came and went this year as quickly as the express train that needed two men to see it—one to say, "Here she comes," and another to say, "There she goes."

Somehow my hour of ease seems sweeter because of the knowledge that someone else is working.

If the man who first compared voters to a flock of sheep didn't know any more

young. They are the only ones whose eyes can see the promised land.

Farming is about the only man's job left.

Now I understand why days of idleness are so irksome to so many people. It is not always because they are greedy for gain. It is because they habitually stupefy themselves with work as with a powerful narcotic, and find it painful to have their minds awake.

The sun is really building a new home and using only the foundations and framework of the old. It is upholstering the hills, decorating the woods, and re-furnishing the fields. In a few days it will re-carpet the earth and tack down the green breadths with brass-headed dandelions.

Also "The Old-fashioned Flower Garden," page 197, and "I Simply Will Not Write Spring Poetry," page 67.

THE GARDEN.

When Spring reminds me with a smile

That I must sow if I would reap,

I do my task and mourn the while,

To find the olden curse doth keep.

I mark the thorn and thistle thrive,

And saucy weeds defy my care,

From sun to sun I sweat and strive,

And learn what Adam made us bear.

But when, returning from the field,

By hours of bitter toil forespent,

To rest my weary limbs I yield,

And share the worker's earned content,



President Wilson and His Fiancée, Mrs. Norman Galt, at a Baseball Match.

There breathes such incense from the sod,

Such melody the song birds trill,

I bow, because I know that God

Is walking in His garden still.

—Peter McArthur.

EARTHBORN.

Hurled back, defeated, like a child I sought

The loving shelter of my native fields,

Where Fancy still her magic sceptre wielded,

And still the miracles of youth are wrought.

'Twas here that first my eager spirit caught

The rapture that relentless conflict yields,

And, scorning peace and the content that shields,

Took life's wild way, unguarded and untaught.

Dear Mother Nature, not in vain we ask

Of thee for strength! The visioned victories

Revive my heart, and golden honors gleam:

For here, once more, while in thy love I bask,

My soul puts forth her rapid argosies

To the uncharted ports of summer dream.

—Peter McArthur.

The Women's Institute at Toronto.

The Toronto Convention of Women's Institutes for the central parts of Ontario was held in the New Technical Building on Lippincott Street. That it excelled all former conventions in every way was the unanimous opinion of all the old-timers present. We have had wonderful conventions in the past, but in the comfort and beauty of the place of meeting, in the unity of purposes and serious realization of responsibilities and privileges and in the eloquence and social, religious and political importance of those who appeared on the platforms at the different sessions, this year's convention has a record all its own.

The address of welcome was unique in many ways. In the first place it was delivered by a man, Mr. Warren, Assistant Principal of the Technical School, and, in the second place, it contained little flattery. Instead it contained an accurate idea of the women before him who, why and whence they were, and his attitude of understanding sympathy was refreshing.

He holds old-fashioned ideas of home and woman. He believes in the woman whose life centres in her home and who is devoted to the welfare and comfort of her family. But he also likes the new idea of these things which give a woman an interest in the outside things which influence the home life. Because of the home and because of our interest in our country, he welcomed us and he knew that we would rejoice for the brave deeds done while we mourned for the brave young lives that were ended.

He was pleased to welcome us to one of the finest auditoriums in Canada, and was all the more pleased because this handsome building belonged to the people of Ontario, having been built by our government. It has seven acres of floor space, four kitchens, five sewing rooms, and over ninety windows. A boy can take two years course in ordinary High School work and two years in shop work, art course, drafting, electricity, etc. If a boy has ability along mechanical lines a High School education does not fit his ambitions. He needs the Technical School instead. The usual thing is to take what is called the Industrial Course. This means English, science, mathematics and then specialize. For girls there are mathematics, sewing, home economics, housekeepers' course, home-makers' course. Then there are the mother's meetings, the singing class and the health department. Truly, a wonderful school doing a wonderful work to make the world brighter. There are over 5,000 pupils enrolled, and day classes and evening classes are filled to capacity.

Mrs. Graham, of Brampton, well known to all Institute women, took as her theme, "Without Cost." The Women of Canada had been asked for \$100,000 for Hospital Ship. They gave \$289,000 and the whole cost of collection was slightly over two hundred dollars. Women had in this case given their services without cost. The National Service Committee were asking for seventy thousand quarters to buy Christmas stationery for the boys at the front. Every woman on this committee is serving without cost. Mrs. Graham had gathered a carload of provisions for Earlscourt and Wychwood, Toronto, suburbs; also without cost. Mrs. Graham then read a poem written by a Muskoka woman, and asked Mr. Putnam to have same printed and delivered to the women, "without cost."

Mr. Roadhouse, Deputy Minister of Education, represented the Minister who was unavoidably absent. He felt very much at home with the women of the Institute, because he knew them by their work. They had done a vast work in times of peace for community development and in war times they were ready to do the thing that needed to be done just when it was needed. The strength of the Institute lay in the fact that while they were so widely spread out still they were so closely knit in methods of work. They had just had a great military parade in Toronto. Two thousand men in uniform marched and it took them an hour to pass a given point. If the members of the Institute should march someday, it would take them three hours to pass a given point.