

ator. Let me here say if that be a general accusation, it is wholly unwarranted. I am familiar with the Mines Regulation Act, and more so than most with the special rules for the guidance at collieries for the employees, and I can say that if pit men have not all the timber they require placed at convenient places in the mine, the remedy is in their own hands. It has been further suggested that less timber is being put down some collieries than when these collieries were shallower. I can well believe that. A fifteen year old colliery may require less timber than a five year old, for the work in the former consists largely in drawing pillars where timbering is largely unnecessary, whereas in the latter rooms or levels are being driven, demanding a large quantity of timber.

I am, as I have said, of the opinion that many fatalities styled accidental are preventable. I have been asked what is a preventable accident. Let me endeavor to illustrate my meaning in a simple way. A man enters the hotel from the street; he sees a friend going out with boots whose soles are smooth. He says to him, "The streets are icy and very slippery, I could scarcely keep my feet with rubbers on, you had better put on yours or you will likely fall." The advice is disregarded, the man goes out and shortly thereafter falls, receiving injuries which turn out fatal. That of course was an accident, but a preventable one. Though there may be some who say it cannot well be done, to my mind there is no great difficulty in classifying accidents as preventable and not preventable."

MR. REDMOND'S PREFACE.

(Two Extracts.)

Mr. Redmond has written for "The Irish at the Front," by Michael Macdonagh, a preface which will, we believe, rank with Mr. Lloyd George's famous introduction to "Through Terror to Triumph" as a work of real historical importance. It will be quoted with his great speech at the outbreak of war by every writer who attempts to picture the manner in which a really United Kingdom met the Prussian challenge.

"It is," says Mr. Redmond, "these soldiers of ours, with their astonishing courage and their beautiful faith, with their natural military genius, with their tenderness as well as strength; carrying with them their green flags and their Irish war-pipes; advancing to the charge, their fearless officers at their head, and followed by their beloved chaplains as great-hearted as themselves; bringing with them a quality all their own to the sordid modern battlefield; exhibiting the character of the Irishman at its noblest and greatest—it is these soldiers of ours to whose keeping the Cause of Ireland has passed today. It was never in worthier, holier keeping than that of these boys, offering up their supreme sacrifice of life with a smile on their lips because it was given for Ireland. May God bless them! And may Ireland, cherishing them in her bosom, know how to prove her love and pride and send their brothers leaping to keep full their battle-torn ranks and to keep high and glad their heroic hearts!

"No people can be said to have rightly proved their manhood and their power to maintain it until they have demonstrated their military prowess; and though Irish blood has reddened the earth of every continent, never until now have we as a people set

a national army in the field. . . . How do the Irish people regard their armies in the field? How do their brothers at home regard these brothers in the battle-line, who, at the call of danger and national opportunity, by passing into the soldier's panoply have lifted the name of Irishmen to a new plane in the world's eyes, and opened to their country's cause a new outlook? To themselves the same opportunity of ennoblement comes. The ranks of their brothers in the field are thinning under the wastage of war. Will they keep them filled? Aye, will they?"

CALAIS.

(Boston Transcript.)

There is quite a smile in the report from Berlin of the British plot to hold Calais after the close of the war. The Herr Professors are too alertly on the job to permit any servicable scrap of history to be wasted, and here is one fairly suited to their purpose to create dissensions among the allies. Let France but realize that Perfidious Albion is preparing to wipe out one of the stains on her honor, and the end of the war is in sight! And in its day Calais was a stain, a tragedy that smote Englishmen to the heart and made them hang their heads in shame. For 211 years England held this fortress on the Channel coast, a pistol, as one might say, "pointed at the head of Paris," from the time Edward III won it in a year of siege from Philip de Valois, until Mary, by stress of storm and unpreparedness, and mayhap, treachery, lost it in eight days to the royal master of the Duke of Guise. It was at that time the most notable fort that England had, and its loss then was as if Gibraltar should fall today. Yet England was well rid of Calais, for all the hot disgrace it made her feel, the tears of rage and mortification, its sacrifice saving her from a continual brawl upon the continent. How many lives might have been spent in its defence down all the centuries? And would there have been an Elizabeth to back a Raleigh and a Drake in the "Good Old Cause" had not the Spanish alliance been discredited at the start? Nor was that the only alliance that came to naught at the taking of Calais, for, though it hastened the marriage of the Dauphin and Mary Stuart, Scotland is British today, not French. In English hearts the old Calais is a memory of the age of chivalry, when Kings and Cardinals, Dukes and Lords played their comic opera parts upon the mimic stage, when Francis, his doublet decked with \$4,000,000 worth of pearls and diamonds, met Henry and the Lady Anne Boleyn, scarcely less gorgeous in their glad array, where clear-eyed English lads and grey-haired sons of the republic, in imperial khaki, are battling shoulder to shoulder today in the common cause of liberty. The new Calais has received a baptism of fire that has glorified it, sanctified it, welded two peoples into one, and lifted it in the imaginations of men far above the barbaric pageantries and petty quarrels of a bygone age. "When I am dead," said Mary Tudor, "you shall find Calais lying in my heart." You shall find it today lying in the hearts of millions.

Porridge and the Shorter Catechism, though by no means so popular as they once were, still help to put grit into the grip, and iron into the blood of Scotland's sons.—Major-General Sims, Principal Chaplain.