

A Branch o' Red.

A branch o' red in the green,
Around the river bend!
From where?—and how did it come?
And is this summer's end?

Oh, branch o' red in the green,
Oh, crimson life aglow,
Soul-clear beneath in the stream—
Did God's touch make you so?

Above the stream of the years,
On youth's dear strength I'd lean,
And see my life reflected—
A branch o' red in the green!

CLARA SEAMAN CHASE.

The Choice.

(By John Masefield, in "Contemporary Verse.")

The Kings go by with jewelled crowns;
Their horses gleam, their banners shake,
their spears are many.
The sack of many-peopled towns
Is all their dream;
The way they take
Leaves but a ruin in the brake,
And, in the furrow that the plowmen
make,
A stampless penny; a tale, a dream.

The Merchants reckon up their gold,
Their letters come, their ships arrive,
their freights are glories;
The profits of their treasures sold,
They tell and sum;
Their foremen drive
Their servants, starved to half-alive,
Whose labors do but make the earth a
hive
Of stinking stories; a tale, a dream.

The Priests are singing in their stalls,
Their singing lifts, their incense burns,
their praying clamors;
Yet God is as the sparrow falls;
The ivy drifts,
The votive urns
Are all left void when Fortune turns,
The god is but a marble for the kerns
To break with hammers; a tale, a dream.

O Beauty, let me know again
The green earth cold, the April rain, the
quiet waters figuring sky,
The one star risen.
So shall I pass into the feast
Not touched by King, Merchant, or
Priest;
Know the red spirit of the beast,
Be the green grain;
Escape from prison.

The Good Angels of St. Dunstan's.

Many readers of this paper will be pleased to see in this issue portraits of the benevolent faces of Sir Arthur Pearson and Lady Pearson, truly the good angels of St. Dunstan's, the great school for blind soldiers and sailors established by Sir Arthur, at which men without hope are given a new lease of life and taught to be self-reliant and self-supporting. Sir Arthur, who is himself blind, is a frequent visitor at the institution. His wife has been a great aid to him in his great work of mercy.

British Columbia's Gentle Sex Don Trousers and Harvest Crop.

(By Suzanne Garnier.)

More man has received another job out in the Province of British Columbia. His long-held supremacy in wearing trousers has been wrested from him by five thousand sturdy British Columbia women; and to-day a little khaki-clad army of the

feminine sex is hard at work in the berry fields of the province picking the bountiful crop. The army's motto—or, painted on their waving banner, had they one—would probably read "Patriotism Plus"; for, in going into the fields and toiling long hours under the broiling sun, the women are performing a valuable patriotic work, while at the same time putting away for themselves a dollar or more a day. It happened in the following manner:

Early in the season the fruit-growers of the Province, promised with a bountiful crop, were confronted with the possibility that practically two-thirds of this would be a total loss owing to the scarcity of labor. After some deliberation they petitioned the Government for special permission to withdraw the head tax on several thousand Chinese coolies, and have these men imported from China to harvest the berry crops and other fruit. This was some problem for the Government, for, while every possible effort was necessary to produce and harvest crops to aid the Allies and for home consumption, the importing of Chinese labor was not desired. These people send most of their money home and would also make more people in the country to be fed. However, there seemed no way out of the matter, and the Government were about to accede to the request of the fruit-growers when some of the leading women of the Province—than whom are no more ardent workers for equal rights for women in the Dominion—got busy and settled the matter.

They promised the Government to

The women have not only gathered strawberries and raspberries, but undertaken the heavier tasks of hoeing the fields, and by the end of July were undertaking the gathering of cherries, requiring ladder-climbing and feats of dexterity not common among feminine workers in the past. A heavy apple crop is promised for the great fruit-growing Okanagan Valley country, but the workers have expressed their willingness to do this work also.

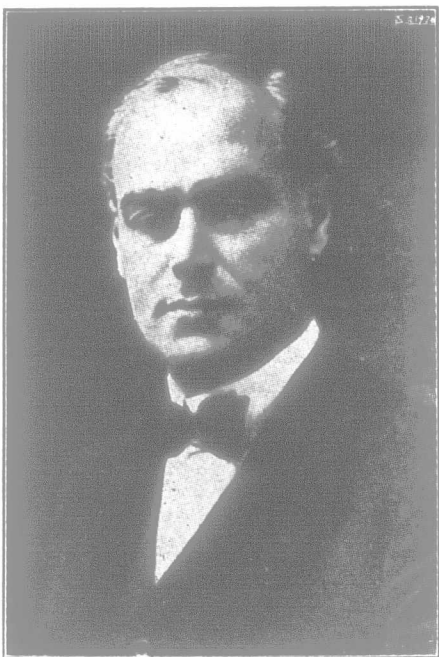
The work of berry-gathering is not difficult once the worker has become accustomed to the peculiar crouching attitude required. On most ranches a ten-hour day prevails. For the gathering of strawberries 30 cents a crate is paid; 40 cents for raspberries, with an additional bonus of 10 cents a crate to all workers staying the season, and the minimum a good worker can make is a dollar a day.

For the accommodation of the women, bunk-houses have been built. These are equipped with mattresses, and oil stoves for cooking purposes.

Through the war Canada has learned many valuable lessons in economics, and it is interesting to note how the Canadian women have taken hold and successfully performed tasks that a few years ago were utterly strange. In this donning of trousers and going into the fields to replace undesirable Chinese labor, the women of British Columbia have done a splendid work.

Mrs. Buchanan's Book.

Members of the Women's Institute will be especially interested to know that



Sir Arthur Pearson.



Lady Pearson.

raise an army of women workers to harvest the berry and small-fruit crops. And they were as good as their word. By the tenth of July the first regiments of the feminine army had marched upon the strawberry fields on the mainland and Vancouver Island, and proved highly satisfactory.

Never was stranger army—waitresses, store girls and women from a dozen similar occupations in the big cities of Vancouver and Victoria; high school and collegiate girls and many of their teachers; the daughters of judges, lawyers, bankers, railroad presidents—all these women from varied walks of life are now in the female army of fruit-gatherers. While blue, gray and several other shades of clothing are to be found in the army, the chief style of dress is a khaki two-piece suit, trousers and belted coat. With this is worn calf-leg boots, the trousers being tucked into these. Enormous straw hats complete a neat and efficient costume.

Mrs. Walter Buchanan, of Ravenna, bids fair to take her place as Poet Laureate of the organization in which she is so well known. She has recently issued a book of poems, "Country Breezes from Breezy Brae," chiefly poems on homely subjects and local occurrences, with several in Scotch dialect. The book is published by the Beaver Valley Pub. Co., Ltd., Thornbury, Ont.

A certain Church of England bishop, desirous of doing his humble part in the war by effecting economy, was travelling in a third-class carriage with a rather rough-looking workman. The latter exhibited surprise at such company and, consumed by curiosity, inquired: "I suppose you are a curate, sir?" "Er—no," weakly replied the bishop, "not exactly—but I was once a curate." "I see," commented the other; "that 'orrid drink again."

The Windrow

A Japanese has enlisted with the Highlanders in Toronto.

A territory 800,000 acres in extent has been discovered recently in Colombia, S. A., which is so soaked with oil that it lies in pools like water. The place is inhabited only by Indians.

One of the plans by which disabled soldiers may earn their living, devised by Frank Gilbreth, the efficiency engineer, is the business of professional dental nursing. Much ill-health is now known to be due to poor teeth, and poor teeth may be greatly prevented by keeping them scientifically clean. The regular dentist's charges for this work are high, and it is thought that the dental nurse, at a lower rate, may still make a fair living wage.

The French have dubbed the American soldier "Teddy." When the first battalion swung upon the boulevard in Paris, glad shouts of "Teddy! Teddy!" rose above the sounds of the band; hence, "Teddy," rather than "Sammy," will be the American war name.

"It is clear that in Kerensky Russia has found a Mirabeau, if not a Danton. The spectacle of this dynamic man, raised from obscurity within six months to a first place in the history of the war, is thrilling. Kerensky, a semi-invalid, suffering from the fatal malady of tuberculosis of the kidneys, has been from the first the leading figure in the Russian revolution. At fearful cost he has instilled into Russia's millions the ideals that will bring them lasting freedom. He has travelled unceasingly, often being carried from platforms in coma, after fainting from sheer physical exhaustion. It was this man who led the Russian soldiers in the attacks that brought Russia back into the war, and he led his men to victory.

"So far as Russia is concerned, the only question is whether or not this newest of democracies is capable of exercising lasting self-control, of imposing upon itself that discipline without which democracy cannot survive. But who can doubt, after what has taken place, that Russia will go through to the end? She must do it in her own way, and that way may not fit in exactly with our notions of how Russia should proceed, but friends of democracy must be patient and have confidence in Russia."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Warlord's Chums.

"Tell me whom you go with and I will tell you what you are." If there is any lingering doubt in the mind of any one that a German victory would be a menace to the world, it is sufficient to study the elements in each nation which are consciously or unconsciously working in the German interest. We do not refer to Germany's formal allies, although the Turkish alliance alone would discredit any cause, but to the Kaiser's partisans in the allied or in the neutral countries.

In Russia, who is for war with Germany? The ablest and most honest moderates, such as Milukoff and the Constitutional Democrats. The ablest and most honest radicals, such as War Minister Kerensky and the rest of the existing Government. Who is for peace with Germany? The reactionary bureaucrats of the old monarchy who repeatedly endeavored to betray the Russian cause to the enemy until the revolution put a stop to their unpatriotic intrigues. The anarchists, who are trying to disrupt the republic and enthrone mob law. Those who gave Russia the worst government in the world are hand in glove with those who wish Russia to have no government.