

Cross work, and last but not least, we hope that you are all happier, busier, more interesting people because of the Children's Page.

And now what have you been doing during these warm July and August days? And haven't they been warm? With a sulky June that pouted and rained and blew cold all the time, what chance had the flowers and trees? But then along came July with such waves and blasts of heat and such storms that everything just grew and grew. And did you ever see such strawberries or saskatoons? Where the editor spent part of her holidays in a little cottage perched like a bird's nest among the trees, above a lovely, little lake, there were literally forests of saskatoon bushes. The big, fat, purple berries hung along our path as we went to the boathouse; they clustered around the gate; they grew thick along the roads, so that no matter how spruce and clean we were to start with, before we got to the boat or the gate, or the next cottage, there were sure to be blue stains on our fingers, a suspicious blueness around our lips, and maybe even a

squashy berry on our perfectly clean middy. And such juicy, luscious pies as these berries made. And how hungry we always were for them, too. Such busy boys and girls as we saw picking pans and baskets full of fruit for winter jams and jellies and other joys. And how busy the mosquitoes were this year. Few of us escaped without scars from the battle, but even the vicious horse flies couldn't prevent us having a splash in the lake those hot days, try as they would.

In our mind's eye we can see you all trudging off to school again, hands and faces brown and ruddy from the sun, eyes bright with health, feet only too eager to dance and run, and minds full of excitement and speculation. What will the new teacher be like? Will she be cross or kind, pretty or ugly? Will our work be hard? And endless other questions are flying through those nimble brains. Well, boys and girls, here's good luck to you in the new school year. May you love your work, and your teacher, and be as happy as the day is long!

### THE YEAR THAT HAS GONE

And now since our last issue we have commemorated another anniversary of The Great War, the terrible plague that since August, 1914, has devastated the whole world. How earnestly we hoped a year ago that before this September dawned peace would have come to the world. But alas it seems as far away now as it ever has. But in spite of this fact a brighter day has come, for the Allies, so long on the defensive, have taken the offensive against our foes, who are even now being driven back slowly but surely from the lands they have been despoiling for these last two years. Ever since Britain's first little army landed in France the cry has been all the time for arms and ammunition, and early in the year 1915 things looked black in England when the workers in the great factories where

these things are made went on strike, and for weeks there were meetings, and more meetings, and talks of settlement, and then the first thing we knew the trouble had broken out again, but finally matters were settled, hundreds of boys and women were put to work in the factories in addition to the men, and then came arms and ammunition and machine guns, and heavy field pieces, and everything the army could want, and that wise man, Lord Kitchener, had all these things taken over to France, and the mountain of guns and shot and shell grew, until one day, when the war ministers decided all was ready, the terrible British guns boomed forth, sending tons of lead and steel into the enemy's trenches, the machine guns rattled from every nook and corner, and the great offensive had begun.