

ing whale of the scriptures. But what matter! He returns with new strength and vitality, with pleasant memories of sunrise over the lake, of early morning dives from some sloping rock, of bacon fried over a smoky camp-fire, of deep sweet sleep after hard toil; he has that sense of physical soundness and power which is one of the great joys of living. As Lampman puts it, he "feels the strength and goodness of his hands."

Having mentioned fishing I should like to entertain the reader with some genuine fishy stories, but Mr. Editor was careful to limit me to a thousand words, and I must be getting near that mark. In any case July fishing is usually a frost — speaking metaphorically of course. Taken as a whole the piscatorial pastime is monotonous, except to those supermen who can catch fish whenever and wherever they please. In my experience the "purple patches" are few and far between. The born angler no doubt believes that "one crowded hour of glorious 'bite'" is worth any amount of patient sizzling in the sun. Such idealism is admirable, but hard to imitate; and I frankly confess that on the rare occasions when I fish, my eye is on the frying pan. Then again the fish's point of view is at least worthy of consideration. I remember a little poem called "Heaven," by Rupert Brooke. I quote a few lines:

"Oh! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,

But more than mundane weeds are there

And mud, celestially fair.
Fat Caterpillars drift around
And Paradisal grubs are found;
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies."

In considering the part played by July in the great war it is remarkable that this month should have seen the preliminary stages of the war and also those of peace. In July, 1914, Austria sent her ultimatum to Serbia, Russia mobilized in defence of the latter, the Kaiser made his significant remark about "the most terrible war," France and then the British Empire stepped out into the ring. Four years later, July 18th, came the initial "coup de Foch," the first of those quick, repeated blows, which kept the enemy on the run till he finally threw up his hands on the glorious November 11th. So that this month has, I think, a special meaning when we think of the past five years.

Lastly, of course, July, to all Canadians, is the month of the year, as it celebrates the birth of the Dominion. This is her fifty-second year, and though at the time of writing peace has not been signed, yet it is coming surely, if slowly." It is a great thing to be able to say: "Civis canadensis sum." No doubt there are troubles ahead, but these are everywhere; and in spite of losses, debts, unrest, all must feel that the great test has left our country stronger than ever.

