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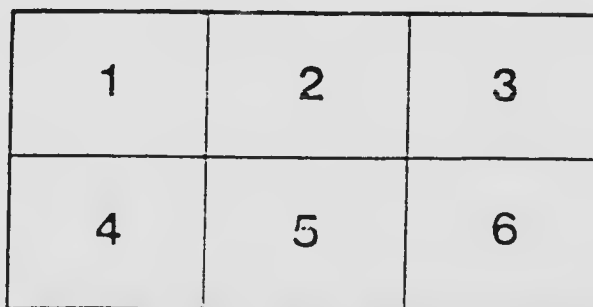
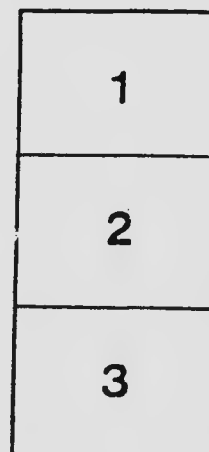
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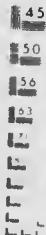
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Stray Leaves



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Stray Leaves



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GOD SAVE THE KING.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King;
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix;
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

LA MARSEILLAISE.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
 Hark! hark! what myriads lid you rise!
 Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoary:
 Behold their tears, and hear their cries,
 Behold their tears, and hear their cries,
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band, affright and
 desolate the land,
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding!
 To arms, to arms, ye brave!
 The avenging sword unsheathe!
 March on, march on! all hearts resolved
 On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile, insatiate despots dure,
 Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air.
 Like beasts of burden would they load us—
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore—
 But man is man—and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms, etc.

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
 Le jour de gloire est arrivé:
 Contre nous de la tyrannie
 L'étendart sanglant est levé,
 L'étendart sanglant est levé,
 Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
 Mugir les féroces soldats?
 Ils viennent jusques dans vos bras,
 Égorger vos fils, vos compagnes.

Aux armes, Citoyens!
 Formez vos bataillons!
 Marchez! marchez!
 Qu'un sang impur abreuve vos sillons!

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
 De traîtres, de rois conjurés?
 Pour qui, ces ignobles entraves,
 Ces fers dès longtems préparés?
 Ces fers dès longtems préparés?
 Français, pour nous! Ah! quel outrage!
 Quels transports il doit exciter!
 C'est vous qu'on ose méditer
 De rendre à l'antique esclavage!
 Aux armes, etc.

JAPANESE NATIONAL HYMN.

May our Emperor reign for ever,
 As the sun for thousands of years shall shine;
 Hail our King! may our Emperor reign for ever,
 Strong and firm, strong and firm as stone and rock.

NATIONAL SONG OF BELGIUM.

The years of slavery are over,
 The Belgian is freed from his chains,
 By his valour he has earned his good name,
 His rights and his laws.
 With their powerful right hands
 Hereafter his people boldly
 Engrave on the splendid old banners
 For King, for law, for liberty.

O Belgium, Oh our loved home!
 To thee our hearts, to thee our arms,
 To thee our lives, oh motherland!
 Shall we give that thou mayest live.
 Thou shalt live grand and beautiful,
 And thy unconquered unity
 Shall forever live in immortality,
 For King, for law, for liberty.

SERBIAN NATIONAL SONG.

Arise, arise, O Servians! Raise your banners high,
 Your country calleth every man to loosen her chains,
 Up! O Servians, in your might,
 Fight for liberty and right;
 As the rivers onward flow,
 Let us, too, untrammelled go
 Through the mountains, through the fields,
 Fight we on till the enemy yields,
 Stricken to the ground;
 Up! O Servians, in your might,
 Fight for liberty and right.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
 Wolfe, the dauntless hero came,
 And planted firm Britannia's flag
 On Canada's fair domain.
 Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
 And joined in love together,
 The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined,
 The Maple Leaf for ever!

Chorus:

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
 The Maple Leaf for ever!
 God save our King, and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf for ever!

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane,
 Our brave fathers, side by side,
 For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
 Firmly stood and nobly died:
 And those dear rights which they maintained,
 We swear to yield them never!
 Our watchword ever more shall be,
 The Maple Leaf for ever!

Our fair Dominion now extends
 From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
 May peace for ever be our lot,
 And plenteous store abound:
 And may those ties of love be ours,
 Which discord can not sever,
 And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
 The Maple Leaf for ever!

On merry England's far-famed land
 May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
 God bless Old Scotland ever more,
 And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
 Then swell the song, both loud and long,
 Till rocks and forest quiver,
 God save our King, and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf for ever!

ALEXANDER MUIR DEAD.

Author of "Maple Leaf."

Death came suddenly to the old schoolmaster whose life had been the expression of deep love for Canada and the Empire.

Yesterday he moved about among the children at the Gladstone Avenue School. In the evening he chatted with his friends on the Lowling green. As he was retiring at about 11 o'clock, he complained of not feeling well. In a few minutes he reeled and fell dead.

Throughout Canada, and wherever Canadians have gone, his song has been on loyal lips, and has stirred the emotions of loyal hearts. Wherever Canadians are today the name of Alexander Muir will be spoken with the accents of sorrow. In his long residence here, his face became familiar to the people of Toronto. The sight of his shoulders squared, in spite of the weight of years, and his genial salute as he passed on the street, could not but thrill those who recognized him with the feeling that he was a man among men and one whom Canada delighted to honor.

His last public utterance was his speech to the children in Queen's Park on Empire Day. Next Sunday he was to have conducted a patriotic Dominion Day service in the Parkdale Methodist Church.

He was born at Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, Scotland, in 183—. His father was a schoolmaster. As a baby in arms Alexander Muir was brought to Canada, and the family settled in Scarborough Township, York County. He graduated from Queen's in 1851.

Story of the Song.

In October, 1837, two men were strolling in a Toronto garden. A maple leaf fluttered from a tree on to the coat of one of them. He tried to flick it away, but the little leaf remained.

"You have been writing verses," said his friend, when saying good-bye, "why not write a song about the Maple Leaf?"

Two hours afterwards the lines which have made the name of Alexander Muir famous were written. He repeated them aloud when playing with his children the next day. His wife suggested that he should set them to music, so that he might sing them. So he resolved to compose a melody himself, and in a few hours he had the tune that is familiar to every Canadian, and has often cheered the heart of Jack Canuck when far away.

Mr. Muir soon afterwards sang the song to a party of friends, one of whom was the late Edward Lawson, a well-known man in the local musical world. "This must be published," said he, and he took the composer to the Guardian office, where arrangements were made for publication. The first edition of 1,000 copies was struck off and put on sale. Greatly to his astonishment, Mr. Muir was called upon to pay \$30.00, the cost of the edition. The magnificent sum of \$4.00 subsequently found its way to his pockets, so that he has been the loser by "The Maple Leaf Forever" by \$26.00.

Year after year the song grew more popular. Sales have been enormous, and the profits large, but not a cent found its way to the pockets of Alexander Muir.

He had written other songs, and a stirring one is "Young Canada Was There," a reminiscence of Paardseberg.

"A British subject I was born; a British subject I will die," were the words suggested by the chorus of another of Alexander Muir's songs, and adopted by the late Sir John A. Macdonald as his life's motto.

His wife and daughter were with him when he died. He has two sons, one at Newmarket, and one at Chicago.

The Patriotism of Alexander Muir.

Grand old citizen making one of his characteristic speeches on a decoration day. Alexander Muir, the Flag and the Maple Leaf—a Canadian trinity. He was happiest with both of them.

Two years ago last Decoration Day, the late Alexander Muir was presented with a flag and made a characteristically patriotic speech from the base of the Volunteers' Monument in Queen's Park. The Sunday World is fortunate in securing a photograph made by W. J. Watson, one of the cleverest amateurs in Canada, which is reproduced on this page. Everybody who knew the grand old patriot will be glad to have this picture. It suggests a sacred Canadian trinity—Alexander Muir, the Flag, and the Maple Leaf.

July 8, 1906.

MAPLE MUIR

1906, will ever live. In true Canadian breasts,
 When Alexander Muir was called, as Death's most honored
 guest.
 Fair Canada a hero mourns; No one can take his place.
 The National Emblem left behind, Ever will sing his praise.
 His thoughts the maple outlines Springtime, the leaves un-
 fold
 Matures in summer autumn tints, The leaf with red and
 gold
 Autumnal tinted, autumn leaves King Winter gently sears
 They drop and wither and they fall, Death rules over every
 season
 From childhood, youth, even to old age
 Regardless of man's reason.

 Like sap which from the maple, Brings joy, with it's over-
 flow
 The influence, of the works of Muir, will subdue every foe.
 Of all the sweets of life a shower of good, from each doth
 pour
 The Maple tree and Alex Muir, contain a well-filled store.
 It may have been in early life, his genius was unknown,
 Which Maturer years we find Unequaled, and well known.
 His talents were not laid away, Nor in a napkin rolled,
 He made good use of them and they, Brought forth one
 hundred fold.
 Throughout the vast Dominion, With each assembled
 throng,
 O true Canadians all will hear The Maple Leaf, his song.

 Thou honored dead, we'll mourn thee As future years unroll
 Thy deeds we record though not half, of them, has ere been
 told.
 We feel a sadness of regret, That through life not thee
 alone
 Was deprived of rightful honors, Reserved for memorial
 stone
 Why not use the floral tributes, Scatter perfume during
 life—
 Should we wait till Death's grim reaper
 Harvests each from earthly strife?
 Better far to give assistance, During life a recommend.
 Sweeten Marah's bitter waters, Earnest, helpful, influence,
 lend.

When Death seals the lifeless eyelids All the kind expressions paid
 Can no satisfaction offer Or give pleasure to the dead.
 Dear Maple tree of Canada A leaf from thee was taken
 Whose fruitage will enrich the land, And Patriotism
 awaken.
 Beneath the shade of Maple leaf, Sleep on thou honored
 son,
 All Canada mourns Alexander Muir, Who maple laurel won.
 Mrs. W. J. Thomas, Burlington, Saskatoon.

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THE CONFESSION

Sister, I am dying
 Far away from home;
 Hark! I hear the bugle—
 No, I cannot come.
 Tell the loved ones yonder
 I must cross the bar.
 Sweetheart, don't forget me,
 Thou bright evening star.

Chorus—

Now I see the old home,
 Mother, father dear;
 No one left to cheer them—
 My grave even here.
 Country you have slain me,
 I died for your cause,
 No regrets I offer,
 I love Empire's laws.

Chorus—

Wrap the flag about me,
 Hold me in its fold;
 Red, White, Blue, an usher
 Thro the gates of gold.
 'Tis the bugle calling,
 Sister, hold my hand,
 Heaven is as near here
 As in native land.

LOCAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY MRS. W. J. THOMAS AND
MR. E.

On Sixty Hill Canadian Will
Recaptured guns. While flag blood-stained
They waved o'er comrad' grave
Who died for loyal flag.

'Twas not alone for Belgium
This fiendish war as planned;
Cement constructed bases
Were placed in every land.

And the British maiden prouder
Will to the Hero give her hand,
Whose motto is the field to win
Or perish where he stand.

So long as in her warrior breast
The patriotic fire shall glow;
So long as in the Briton's veins
That glorious stream shall flow.

Her home's by volunteers guarded,
No earthly Power she'll dread;
Her tranquil ears shall never hear
The haughty conquerors' tread.

Tribes far away for her will pray,
And greatly bless the hour
That linked their fate with
England's Rules, Just Laws and Matchless
Power.

DAUGHTER—CANADA—COLONY

The maple is our emblem,
 We love its bright gay hue,
 Autumnal tinted with color,
 A nature sort of rouge.
 Dear Canada my daughter an oak so staunch so firm,
 Will not mature so quickly but children have to learn,
 Go thou in life's gay morning, in innocence and youth,
 Take counsel from a mother,
 Her wisdom is the truth.

A flagstaff of the Empire supporting our dear flag.
 Long may it wave, our emblem of peace, for all to brag.
 Unlike the sturdy oak tree, whose nuts give winter's food,
 Thy syrup, in the spring time, produce a happy mood.

Go thou in life's fair morning, we love the mother oak;
 The maple leaf, the daughter, is loved by her own folk.

Unlike the mother oak tree, winter acorns are for food;
 Maple syrup, in the spring time, produce a happy mood.
 Side by side, we stand together, and may it ever be,
 The hand that rules the elements, make thee mistress of
 the sea.

 GREAT BRITAIN—MOTHER ENGLAND—GIBRALTAR

Neath the spreading oak we would invoke
 A blessing on our land,
 Deep-rooted tree our homage thee
 The countless millions hand.
 Thru ages past, in storm or blast.
 Thy ships have ruled the waves.
 Protection cast a floating mast
 In which shipwrecks now bathe.

Unrivalled stand our emblem be,
 Our precious hopes inspire,
 In God we trust, our Family Tree,
 Our precious hopes inspire:
 Unrivalled stand our emblem be
 The oak, Great Britain's wire.
 Like Lion stand bull-dog command
 The giant oak to thee,
 And God's strong hand, in first command,
 We humbly reverence thee.

BY THE STRIPES WE WIN THE STARS.

How beautiful earth's firmament,
A jewelled dome o'er head,
Where sun, moon, stars and planets, all
Rest in its sapphire bed.
The symbol for the eagle has
For the American;
A sheltered heaven, wings wide-spread,
In aid with jewels of men.

Chorus:

By the stripes we win the stars,
While patriotic nothing jars:
Our country's emblem we adore,
And wear the stars no stripes we fear.

The Presidents so good and just,
Their repartee displayed;
The results litigation which
Pure statutes states arrayed.
From east to west, from north to south,
The citizens are free.
The stars and stripes have been unfurled—
Long reign pure Liberty.

The stars of faith shine o'er our land,
They cluster in our flag.
The stripes are Hope, while Charity
For groundwork we can brag.
In sky of blue the stars we view,
Snow-white, while stripes of red
With white combine our grand ensign,
By which our troops are led.

The eagle emblem now we face
With meaning clear to all.
He swoops and elevates the race,
His history since the fall.
Our motto stands: advance, press on,
In all vocations lead;
By country's side, by storm, wind, tide,
We'll prove no broken reed.

'NEATH THE SHADOWS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN'S
PEAK.

Afar from home and dear ones,
To the attractive west
So many eager travellers come,
With fortune for their guest,
And with brave resignation,
The future years to face,
Which must elapse ere they can hope
Their footsteps to retrace.

Chorus:

'Neath the shadows of the Rocky Mountain's Peak,
Where the sunshine and the shadows strangely blend;
Where the tired, lonely feelings often creep
For the absent loved ones, also friends.

Amid the cares of business,
The thoughts will wonder back,
And precious dreamland faces
Appear, the heart to rack,
And as they sit reflecting
On scenes faded from the view,
They picture the looks expectant
On faces so loved and true.

Chorus:

'Neath the shadows of the Rocky Mountain's Peak,
Where the sunshine and the shadows strangely blend;
Where the tired, lonely feelings often creep
For the absent loved ones, also friends.

After a few years of ambition,
Spent for Klondyke treasure bright,
With experience not always pleasant
And personal comforts often light,
Decide to return and spend the time
Life holds for them on earth,
And place the laurel wreath upon
The place which gave them birth.

Chorus:

'Neath the shadows of the Rocky Mountain's Peak,
Where the sunshine and the shadows strangely blend;
Although regrets they have to leave the west,
They gladly "Au Revoir" for home and friends.

—Mrs. W. J. Thomas.

"I LOVE TO SIT WHERE MOTHER SAT."

By Rev. L. W. Hill, B.A.

The sentence quoted above fell so pathetically from the lips of Hon. Colin Campbell, Attorney-General of Manitoba, that many eyes were moistened recently. The occasion was the re-opening of the Burlington Presbyterian Church, after being decorated. Burlington was the birthplace of the Attorney-General, and the Presbyterian Church was the spiritual home of his childhood. Mr. Campbell asked the privilege of installing a beautiful, large, stained-glass window, in memory of his mother, accompanying it with a generous subscription. Mr. Campbell and his family arrived from Winnipeg, recently, to attend the dedicatory services. Speaking on the Monday evening, Mr. Campbell said: "I love many places, but none so well as Burlington, my native village. I have worshipped in many churches, but love none so much as this old church of my childhood. There is no place in the church where I love to sit so much as down in that old pew there, where I used to sit beside my mother. I love to sit where mother sat."

Fortunate the mother who binds her child's heart to herself with silken cords of love. supremely blest the boy who never breaks. By waywardness, those "silken cords of love."

Much of Mr. Campbell's success in life is doubtless due to his "sitting beside his mother" in the old family pew. Happy the days when mother and son twine their loves around that sacred spot. How restful when the night of life sets in—the pilgrim journey done—to go up and again "sit with mother!"

Burlington, Ont.

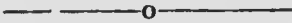
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THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

After long years of absence from Burlington, my birth place, I visited Greenwood Cemetery where resides all that is mortal of my mother, whose funeral I had come to attend. As I wandered up and down the winding avenues all was silent, not a breath or sound, or heart throb from all those hundreds sleeping there. Only a little grassy mound to remind one that someone slept there. Someone which in life had been a wonderful power in the world for charity or influence along business lines, or of exemplary character, or a great politician, or a sweet gentle one, whose every act and word in life was as the gentle dew from Heaven to sad wayfarers. All were placed on the same level with the same style of landscape architecture with those who had led a wasted life, all were powerless to influence in any form of good or evil. Friends

and bitter enemies during life, were neighbors in death. How shallow the large called life! How fathomless the thing called death! The treasure hoarded up, what did it amount to in death with no fee to pay the ferry over Jordan? Only the kind cup of water bestowed during life, left to sustain and refresh through the last journey. The shadows deepen, Heavenly Father, over the city of the dead; crushed are our bright spirits as we leave the avenues for the busy streets of life, without the power to invite even one guest to come back to our home again among all the throng of loved ones sleeping there. Silence unutterable, unfathomable reigns over the city of the dead, which ever holds its sleepers in a close, secure embrace.

Mrs. W. J. Thomas, Vancouver, B. C.



LOST A MOTHER

The Sabbath morn dawned bright and clear,
 Nineteen fourteen was the year,
 The eighth of February was the month
 Imbued with memory's tear.
 From Burlington, on Ontario's lake,
 A message came by wire:
 Mother has passed away. Today
 She joined the angel choir.
 A mantle sombre shrouds the earth,
 A cloud obscures the sun.
 All nature's beauties lose their charms
 When Mother's task is done.
 A Mother is the noblest work
 A loving God e'er made,
 So brave, so gentle, good and true,
 She ever ransom paid.
 The wrinkled lines in her dear face,
 The silver in her hair
 Are opalescent gems of youth,
 A setting for past care.
 The dear old hands, so thin and cold,
 Now rest in sweet repose,
 The sheaves they gathered through the years
 Our Heavenly Father knows,
 Mother, Home and Heaven are
 The sweetest words on earth,
 In them are everything contained
 Of value or true worth.
 The verdant wreath of memory

While grasses o'er you wave
 Will grow with honor while you sleep
 Within your lowly grave.
 Near eighty-five years here you spent,
 Still grief marks our farewell.
 We lowly bow, no Mother now,
 No one to wish us well,
 No one to smile approval on
 Success in our career.
 We bow our heads, our hearts, our lives
 Beside our Mother's bier.
 From the old home we follow you,
 Place you by Father's side,
 For bodyguards two precious sons
 Forever here abide.
 The fragrance of thy life and deeds
 Are perfume to the air;
 Like prima donna bouquets given.
 They greet us everywhere.
 We must live on through the years
 Without you, Mother, now,
 God spoke the word which called you home
 And to his will we bow.

—Lines by her daughter, L. Burns Thomas,
 1327 Barclay St., Vancouver, B. C.

HOME.

Beyond this vale the shadows
 Hide the deep unknown.
 Impenetrable are its mysteries,
 Known to the dead alone.
 We await the first to return again
 From that vast unknwn space.
 The knowledge can alone be ours
 When we meet face to face.
 With that great infinite, supreme,
 Widespread, resistless power,
 Whose hand controls the universe,
 And states each dying hour.
 Frail man, with millions to control,
 When his dying hour has come,
 Cannot buy one minute more of time
 Than can a poorer one.
 Then why should greed of gold be crowned
 Within each human heart?
 No money is for ferry left

To tide o'er Jordan's wave,
The millionaire, the pauper—each
Lie penniless in the grave;
The deeds of kindness, works of love,
Kind words when hearts are riven,
Alone can be the fee required
For entrance into Heaven.
Beyond the stars man fain would strive
To penetrate the gloom,
Even when he knows God had ordain
First sleep within the tomb.
If more contentment man would show
And confidence in God,
His life would be much happier,
The clouds he would not see.
But have a steadfast trust in God,
For a bright destiny.
Through all the countless ages past,
God for the world has cared,
And places sun, moon, stars, planets, all
In spaces here and there.
And no mistakes, nor accidents,
Have been known to occur;
Yet if he could, man fain would wrest
The control everywhere.
And even penetrate into
The place beyond the grave.
That a wise God has foreordained
This knowledge we should have.
Oh, Athiest, ignorant man, admit
That you have preached a lie.
When you have said there is no God,
Why do you fear to die?
Man looks beyond this weary world
For a calm and happy rest—
A reception where one God is Host,
And each His honored guest.
This is the House we long to find,
When earth's ties all are riven,
And have God's arm to lean upon
And take us to His Heaven.

"TIS MIDNIGHT IN THE HOME."

February, 1914.

In Memory.

Nature supreme, thy various moods
Prove balm for every care;
Thy influence soothes the aching heart,
Then calm reigns everywhere;
Though death has breathed its icy breath
On Father of a Home.
Left children orphaned and a wife,
To pass through life alone.
The hands which rendered every aid
Are resting in the grave.
The active brain and heart and soul
Returned to "God who gave."
Another hand must rule the home,
Direct household affairs,
Protect and shelter from all storms,
And keep secure from snares.
Husband and Father crushed are we,
"God" only knows our grief.
You were the tree, the sap, the root,
We only were the leaf.
Vainly we listen for the sound
Of steps which ne'er come more,
Expectant rush to hear thy voice
Of greeting at the door.
Alas! How frail we mortals are;
Life so short to death;
And bleeding hearts by anguish riven,
Are ours when friends lose breath.
The Father crossed the bar and waits
Your coming from the stand;
Remembered by his kindly deeds,
And ever helping hand.
Loved ones afloat like driftwood,
Tossed on Life's stormy sea,
List to your Father calling:
I'm waiting on the quay.
Life's tide will turn soon, current years
Will bear you to this shore;
As garnered sheaves in "God's" storehouse,
To live and part no more.
Nature's twilight fades into night,
The pilgrim race is run;
We thrust our hands through gloom to light,
Grasp God's, and hear "Well done."

Lines by L. Burns Thomas, 1325 Barclay St. Vancouver, B. C.

April 16th, 1915,—Sitting in my den and pondering over the sad, terrible conditions of the war with its sufferings and the need of each one doing something to relieve the different sufferers through the war, it came so forcibly to my mind that the poor fellows who had gone to the battle to grasp the spoke of the war chariot and endeavor to stay its crushing of the innocent, deserved most help when they were invalided home crushed, sick, weakened in many cases with crushed nerves and intellects, loss of pride and eyes, and full of the sights and agonies of trench life which would haunt them through life,—caused me to decide on centering my time and whatever I had to make a little sunshine come to this darkened life. So I donated a beautiful collection of valuable medals and coins which I had spent years collecting and dating, and then weaving into a crown and a lion on purple velvet. I gave it of my own free will to the boys to start a fund for them, as they had offered their lives when the wheels of the war chariot began to revolve and crush and torture innocent people. They came from Canada, from the north, from the south, from the east, from the west, to help. They saw one country all powerful endeavoring to wipe out a peaceful little country unprepared for enemies or war. They thought of the treaty between the civilized powers of the whole world to stand by each other in protecting and preventing disaster to humanity. Then the returned wounded soldiers saw their mother hold out their hands and grasp the spokes of the monster wheels to stop their revolutions, and with crushed, bleeding hands held aloft, crying outright: "Your King and Country need you." They did not wait to be asked; the knowledge of a need for help for a suffering mother roused all the humane feelings in their breasts. With a true son's patriotism they rushed to assist her and help her to relieve the agonizing straw which was causing the dear old hands such unutterable agony. So after interviewing the Colonel of the 23rd Brigade, he suggested a raffle of our collection at so much a ticket, which I did after getting permission from the Mayor to hold a raffle. Then we formed a trustee company to care for our funds, and Major — very willingly assisted me in every way at first to do what he could for the returned boys. This agreement was drafted out, which reads as follows:—

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT, made this sixteenth day of April, 1915, between Elizabeth Thomas, wife of William James Thomas, of 1325 Barclay St., Vancouver, B. C., of the first part, and Major John Reynolds Tite, Acting Brigade Major, of the 23rd Infantry Brigade, Canadian Militia, 324 Seymour St., Vancouver, B. C., hereinafter called the "Trustee."

WHEREAS the party of the first part is convenor of a committee of ladies, known as the "Willing Workers' Aid," who are collecting funds to be used for the relief of local sick and wounded soldiers returning from the battlefields of Europe;

NOW THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH that the party of the first part doth hereby appoint and nominate Major J. Reynolds Tite, the Acting Brigade Major of the 23rd Infantry Brigade, B. C., as Trustee, to hold in trust all moneys collected for the fund.

The party of the first part hereby covenants to pay over to the Trustee all moneys as received.

The Trustee shall distribute the funds as directed by a committee, composed by the following members:

- (1) The Officer Commanding the 23rd Infantry Brigade, or an officer appointed by him.
- (2) A member appointed by His Worship the Mayor of the City of Vancouver, B. C.
- (3) A member appointed by the Park Commissioners of the City of Vancouver, B. C.
- (4) The Secretary of the Patriotic Fund.
- (5) Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas.

IN WITNESS whereof the said parties have hereunto set their hands this sixteenth day of May, 1915.

MRS. W. J. THOMAS.

J. REYNOLDS TITE.

Witness:

C. H. HARRISON.

Meeting of the Committee at the Office of the 23rd Infantry Brigade, at 2:30 p.m. Tuesday, November , 1916.

Present: Major R. H. Tupper, representing Officer Commanding 23rd Infantry Brigade; Mr. Pennock, representing the Canadian Patriotic Fund; Mr. Lees, representing the Board of Park Commissioners; and Mrs. E. Thomas.

Mr. Pennock in the chair.

Mrs. Thomas stated that the meeting was called at her request, as she would like to see the balance in hand, \$324.49, turned over to the Returned Soldiers' Association. This Association had recently been formed among the returned soldiers, and it was their intention to build a home or club and furnish it as a permanent institution in the city.

After some discussion, a committee consisting of Major Tupper and Mr. Lees was appointed to investigate and report upon this new institution at an adjourned meeting to be held at 2:30 p.m. on Friday, December 1, 1916.

On motion of Major Tite and Mr. Lees, the meeting adjourned until 2:30 p.m. Friday, December 1, 1916.

Minutes of a meeting held at the Brigade Office, Vancouver, B. C., Friday, December 1st, 1916.

Present: Major R. H. Tupper, representing O. C. 23rd Infantry Brigade; Mr. George D. Ireland, representing Mayor of Vancouver; Mrs. E. Thomas.

Mr. George D. Ireland in the chair.

Minutes of meeting held on Tuesday, 28th November, 1916, were read and adopted.

Major Tupper reported that he had seen Sergt. Wells, one of the officers of the new Returned Soldiers' Association, who stated that, while they appreciated the effort made by Mrs. Thomas, they wished to raise the funds themselves. They seemed to be under the impression that the money in our hands had been collected as charitable funds.

After some discussion, it was moved by Mrs. Thomas, seconded by Major R. H. Tupper, and carried:

That Major Tite be directed to transfer the balance in his hands, \$324.49, to the Relief Officer of the City of Vancouver, to be used by him for the pressing needs of any returned soldiers who are recommended to him by the ladies of the Willing Workers' Aid.

Vancouver, B. C., 1916.

WILLING WORKERS OF VANCOUVER, B. C.

Minutes of meeting of Trustees, held at Brigade Office, Vancouver, B. C., Friday, December 10th, 1915, at 4:00 p.m.

The full Board of Trustees were present, as follows:—

Lt.-Col. C. A. Worsnop, representing Col. J. Duff Stuart.
Alderman Joseph Hoskins, representing City of Vancouver.
Mr. A. E. Lee, representing Board of Park Commissioners.
Mr. C. H. Bonnor, representing Canadian Patriotic Fund.
Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, representing Willing Workers of Vancouver, B. C.

Moved by Alderman Hoskins, seconded by Mr. C. H. Bonnor: That Lt.-Col. Worsnop be the Chairman of the meeting. Carried.

Moved by Alderman Hoskins, seconded by Mr. Lees: That Mr. C. H. Bonnor be Secretary of the meeting. Carried.

Mrs. Thomas reported that the Willing Workers had collected the sum of \$625.00, which has been deposited with Major J. Reynolds Tite as Trustee; and that the Workers had purchased a player piano for \$285.00 for the Soldiers' Club.

Moved by Alderman Hoskins, seconded by Mr. Lees: That payment of account of \$285.00 be hereby authorized upon production of the proper documents and same being in order. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Lees, seconded by Alderman Hoskins: That the balance of monies remaining on hand be turned over to the Returned Soldiers' Committee of the City of Vancouver. Carried.

Moved by Alderman Hoskins, seconded by Mr. Lees: That the Trustees here assembled do tender to Mrs. Thomas their sincere appreciation of her untiring efforts in the cause of returned soldiers, and their thanks for the handsome sum collected through the work of the Willing Workers of the City of Vancouver. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Lees, seconded by Alderman Hoskins: That the meeting do stand adjourned sine die. Carried.

Attested this 10th December, 1915.

(Signed) C. H. BONNOR,
Hon. Secretary.

Vancouver, B. C., April, 1916.

To the Editor and Public:

The Willing Workers' Aid, organized on April 16th, 1915, and devoted their efforts for the care of sick and wounded soldiers returning from the battle fields of Europe, as some had returned and required aid.

The Trustees consisted of the president of the Society and six ladies and two gentlemen.

Mrs. Thomas donated a very valuable collection of ancient coins and medals, which were drawn by Mr. Parslow, Cordova Street. Boxes were placed in various parts of the city, and the Red Cross on them was objected to. I called on the president of the Red Cross Society and asked him to place one in the Vancouver Club. He stated there was a penalty for using the Red Cross. I enquired which was the best course to pursue. He replied, to join the Red Cross, pay them the fee and allow them to collect our funds. I objected, as the Red Cross work is for material for bandages, etc., and our aim was for the care of the wounded soldiers returned. I had flags painted on our boxes instead, and he placed one in the Vancouver Club, July 26th, 1915, and returned it on December 9th, 1915, and not one club member had dropped one cent in the Willing Workers' box for wounded returned soldiers. The only boxes collecting in our city for wounded boys in a society club to have never one nickel dropped in. Well, these boys are privates, not officers. That may cause the difference in feelings and response. The Daughters of the Empire I approached next, and asked them to help dispose of the coin tickets. They refused. Their work was for men in the trenches, not after they were incapacitated. We workers asked for a tag day, but were refused, and grants were given for horses, hospitals, flags, Italians, Servians, Russians, prisoners of war, Red Cross, orphans, ambulance, Patriotic Fund, and others; but our returned soldiers needed bread and they were refused, and the Willing Workers helped on all tag days. We were given permission to collect in the parks and give concerts. I sent my piano and gave volunteer concerts, and not one regimental band played throughout the season for a wounded soldier. D. C. O. R. and Point Grey bands remembered that the wounds were done by fighting for us, and freely rendered concerts for the cause.

The Exhibition Committee gave us a corner free, away out in the Forestry Building, where we served five-cent lunches, while the larger organizations had booths given them in the public buildings; but we worked hard and with public assistance enriched our fund by \$70.00, clear, five-cent contributions.

When the Canadian Club decided to care for and furnish a Returned Soldiers' Club, they asked us to cease our work and allow them the honor of getting up a home for the boys, and provided dishes, cutlery, small tables, couches, electric fixtures etc., etc. We declined to do this, but furnished the lounge room for the use of the soldiers as long as it was used for the returned soldiers, and placed an Underwood typewriter and a nine hundred dollar auto player piano for their use in the room. Our account presented by Major —, reads thus:—

To the Committee:

I have the honor to report that under an agreement made the 16th day of April, 1915, I agreed to act as Trustee of a fund to be raised by Mrs. W. J. Thomas, 1325 Barclay Street, Vancouver, B. C., and a committee of other ladies, known as the Willing Workers' Aid. The fund to be used for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers returning from the battle fields of Europe.

From time to time as the money was collected at concerts, etc., Mrs. Thomas handed me the sum of \$643.34, as per statements attached; in addition there is a cheque from Hon. W. J. Bowser in favor of Mrs. Thomas and not yet endorsed by her, which would bring the total up to \$668.34. With the sanction of your Committee, \$258.00 was paid for the auto piano, leaving a balance of \$383.34 to be disposed of.

Donations of cash to Mrs. Thomas—

F. J. McGougan, B. C. Telephone Co.....	\$ 10.00
Mrs. G. Mathieson More	5.00
Mrs. Holdesworth, North Vancouver	10.00
Sir Robert Rogers, Winnipeg	10.00
Box collections	116.85
Transfer Co.	3.00
J. L. Lee	5.00
Pride of West Knitting Co.	5.00
S. G. Henshaw, Recruiting Concert, Pantages.....	25.00
Marconi Wireless Operating Staff	3.00
Niv.	1.00
X Y Z25
S. H. Kipp25

Balance was park collections, etc., also public miscellaneous, kind donations, for boxes, exhibitions, and furnishings.

Are there no mothers interested in these boys' home-coming? I have a boy who is as dear to me as life, serving in the United States army, who enlisted as a private, who has a world's record at twenty-five years of age. He is a dentist, a doctor, a lawyer, and a plastic oral surgeon, specialist, M.D., D.D.S., LL.B., and the State Board for Dentistry for Vancouver, and city physician for State of Illinois. Note the age, and he enlisted as a private in America. You with mothers' hearts, could you feel for needy boys? I gave all I had to help in this grand work, until the Canadian Club for Returned Soldiers, and Mr. ——— asked me for the pleasure of helping.

The Red Cross told me their work was for material. The Daughters of the Empire stated their work was for boys in the trenches. Mine was for the wounded soldiers, returned from Europe. This appeal should not have been necessary. Vancouver has done liberally, and thousands of dollars collected within her borders. Where is a place for our boys. Where they are demobilized and fairly well, and these temporary hospitals are closed, and those who have no place free to be at home in, or rest their maimed bodies, why has Vancouver, why has Vancouver some place (or have they?)? Think, think, think! Backward, turn backward, O time, and think if the millions of money would not have been wisely invested to have a free place. Think of the large corporations floated successfully. What a comfortable sort of feeling to have the comfort to the boys, even if it did not financially audit one hundred cents on the dollar. It would give relief to tired soldiers who never more will draw a breath free from pain during the terms of their natural lives.

After your percentages and cash have decayed, just think of it. No watchman left in charge, and where would you be? Forgotten. A poor victim of the Turks, Kurds, etc., etc. Who saved you? Is there no grateful feeling for the boys who saved you from it, or are they saved for the foreign element? Who cared for us so tenderly when our boys were bullet backstops? If I had the money, I would donate a large, comfortable, good home for the boys. I would grant an abundant fee pension to always be free when my eyelids are closed forever. I have not Bertha Krupps' finances, for I gave my all, and the boys have one room. The willing workers to start housekeeping, and a few dollars left. The last fifty we paid to a man four months ago. He was burned out, and we were glad to help him. I pawned my brooch to redeem a soldier's medal, and I redeemed it next day when I had some money and gave him his medal. I felt happier next day. I did what I could. When failing health made me cease, and live in their sorrows, many a pathetic incident I can relate of contemptible acts from those of whom one might expect better things. They cannot

help it. Where there is little given, there is little required. After having been a prisoner of war in Munster, near Bussels, in Germany, for two years and five months, being nearly twenty years of age now. He left school when the war started and served his country—Pte. Harold Devine, Dundas, Ontario.

If anyone can see that the trenches are removed and will help build a home or assist by donations to the willing workers, care of City Relief Officer and the Mayor, and to be always controlled by the city for the boys, we may not have accomplished what many have done, but we have done what we could.

Mr. ——— won the coins donated by Mrs. Thomas. For financial funds a date will be supplied on application to Mrs. L. Burns Thomas to see receipt and all moneys used by which all societies should account, tag days, bridge, flower socials, band concerts, raffles, and tell what and where they are and are they letting, unknown, no man's slopes, lying apparently deserted. But, oh, the tender association cannot be fathomed. We lose ourselves in reverie when we think of the regimen which the heart-riven soldiers have been singing like a weird zephyr over the sacred spot. Far away thoughts are centred around the all in life of so many who are miles away. We leave them to Thy care; ever green will their memories and graves be to the dear ones left behind.

0103/8860. C. 2. (110).

War Office, London, S. W.,
5th October, 1916.

Madam,—

I am commanded to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of August 24th.

In reply I am to inform you that Private H. Devine is being sent six parcels of provisions every four weeks, 4 lbs. of bread weekly from Switzerland, tobacco fortnightly, and a complete outfit of clothing.

The complaint made by your nephew in his letter to his mother was evidently written before the fact of his being a prisoner, was known.

The Army Council trust that this information will give you satisfaction.

I am, madam,

Your obedient servant,

B. W. WHITE.

Mrs. W. J. Thomas,
1325 Barclay St.,
Vancouver, British Columbia.

Five other ladies joined me, and under the name of the Willing Workers' Aid for local sick and wounded soldiers returning from the battle fields of Europe, we did all in our power to do our duty. Through the summer we gave up every pleasure and collected at Stanley Park, rain or shine, after being granted permission from the Park Board to do so. Many a time we went home so tired and footsore, life seemed scarcely worthy the effort. Then we would compare the trench life, the deafening cannonading, the awful scenes and horrors of modern warfare, and gather up the tangled threads and feel ashamed to shirk from our task, so we would be on guard the next time. Major --- sent such a nice, gentlemanly letter asking each band to play for us once a month of the different regimental bands. Not one regimental band played for the returned wounded soldiers. They all with one accord began to make excuses. Although they played free for sports, etc., many time through the season. The first band asked eighty dollars, and the Park Board was only giving sixty. We never took any collection like this amount, so they declined to play without remuneration, for the wounded. The Knights of Pythias D. C. O. S. band said if they could not fight they could play free for an open-air concert for the wounded boys. The Point Grey band and Mr. Micklewaithe's orchestra very cheerfully assisted us, and Mr. Harold Nelson Shaw so very often supplied our programme with his talented pupils. We will ever remain deeply indebted to him. He neither considered money nor time. His only thought being: it was more blessed to give than receive, by his acts. Many true friends of the cause assisted us on many occasions, and we were enabled to fill in one Sunday a month, being the number of concerts we were allowed by the Park Board.

MOTHER.

Lord Macaulay, writing of his mother, says:—

"Young people, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice and notice the feeling of even a touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes: the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestow. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the deep sweet scrutiny I felt when of an evening, resting in her bosom. I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender, untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed since we laid her beside my father in the cold churchyard, but still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed by her memory."

I would dedicate these few scattered leaves from an uneducated pen of a mother for the boys, who left home for the protection of mothers, and helpless dependants, at the war bell's sound. No care or preparation, only honor, and we want help, rang in their ears. No answer, only they shouldered guns, left everything and sailed away. Later, after much preparation with airoplanes, tanks and submarines, they prepared trenches, and many other comforts, their numbers enlarged by the Allies joining, and seeing the need an awakened conscience made it lighter for the later recruits.

After our boys had held the gate closed against the would-be invaders. Like a mighty army, plain, true principled men, unlettered in many respects, only in for "Freedom and Honor, God, Home, and Native Land" lay their education and their souls. We read of innocent, helpless ones making sacrifices, millions left to try to arrest the diabolical work of destruction. The war has ceased. The Mad Dog of Europe is muzzled at last. The boys are coming home. They muzzled him with cords of limbs and arms, and babies and mothers, knotted with broken hearts to prevent slipping nooses. Oh, when I see the boys coming home without their arms, I feel for them. I have been for fifteen years similarly afflicted. I feel for them when trying to dress the hair, fasten buttons, and hundreds of other things that must be done. How dreadful to miss so much, to be deprived of driving, music, athletic sports, etc., etc.

Have you got to go through life without a light, buoyant step, never again to walk? I have known the use of a cane to help to support me; but you must not ever regain limbs. I had too much blood pressure, and until it was reduced I was lame. I have been in a position to feel for you. When failing eyes have caused the shadows to fall across the way, obscuring, I understand and recognize the greatest of all sacrifices. To walk without eyes, the windows of the soul. What a gift for your country, honor and mother forever! Can anyone do more to be forever in darkness? Merciful God! Once having seen the light, to have to give it up for this mortal life so you may, so young. The depth, length, height, unfathomableness can be realized, can be realized only when the eyes are unclosed in the realms of day. The ears, tongue, brains have contributed food for this Mad Dog, for food to nourish him for years, from mothers' boys. Now they are coming home. We go down town in the varied walks of life. We see wounded soldiers; no home, no hospitality; some few benches placed for the poor sufferers only; for the Vancouver boys to enjoy a well-earned rest this last few months. But we would like to see a bed as well somewhere for them on a larger scale. The thousands of boys from Vancouver and British Columbia have need of a home, with the climatic conditions though they may not be extreme. Millions of boys are on their way home; only a few have a place or posi-

tion to go to. Thousands of dollars have been collected and sent to different countries from Vancouver. Now Vancouver must look after her own needy boys. There is only a few dollars in the charge of the relief officer in Vancouver, Rev. Mr. Heland, placed there by Mrs. L. Burns Thomas by her personal presentation of a valuable collection of coins for helping the returned boys, and the willing workers, the first and only mothers Vancouver, B. C., ever had during the great battle. Thousands have worked just the same and just as hard for the noble boys, but there always has to be a mother in every walk of life. God bless the mothers, who live for their home-coming. God bless the mothers whose waiting will be in vain, no boy coming over again, and the boys with no one to meet them. Think of them from and get a home for them. Every letter from overseas bears a little triangle Y. M. C. A. on the envelope.

Why, this work has done wonderful things for all the millions of soldiers over the world; the kind, thoughtful acts for our boys which close their eyes when the death dew is on their brow. When loved ones are far away, money can not repay. Many a time when we were spared many an anxious of suspense by the letter arriving with the triangle on the corner. The Y. M. C. A. building in Vancouver is partially completed. They require more money to complete the building. It was begun before the war, and is in an unfinished condition. It is quite modern, and large and suitable, and should be fitted up free, for the lads who saved it from destruction. It is their own. It shows a feeling of appreciation for what they have done for us to have a free home, with a free medical dispensary for all, equipped by the government and home citizens. They all should consider this an honor, and the place to show appreciation of a necessary and just cause. I have been interested in comparing the different accounts of crimes and inhumanity committed by different countries, and was recalling the patriotic account of the _____ who got a position when the war was first declared, at a princely salary, compared to \$1.10 per day as some salaries go. He got paid until the war was over, and he is still on the job, I understand, drawing his liberal salary, and so many would have done the work for him who needed the money, as his wife has since died and left him \$90,000; but his noble, generous, patriotic spirit was sacrificed to such an extent to justice, to freedom's cause and honor, that he stands firmly for country, and one extreme work of patriotism was to buy a 15c lunch, and on being lent 25c for the ten cents change to be given back to him for patriotic purposes. He put the whole ten cents in his pocket. Many other acts like this may be told to pass an idle hour. What a standard to aspire to! Some of these patriotic helpers can rent safety boxes. But will they be fire-proof?

THE SONNET TO A POSTMAN.

The city wrapped in slumber seems like a different sphere,
 When aroused by daybreak's glimmer to appear in working
 gear;
 And from every home or crevice where humanity could
 dwell,
 The postman is as welcome as the sound of breakfast bell.
 As eager eyes are straining for a glimpse of his manly
 frame,
 His appearance creates a hunger in eyes of obscurity or
 fame;
 And the feast of satisfaction telephoned from recipients'
 eyes
 To the postman as the letters pass from him as he goes by.
 In conveying endless letters filled with sorrow, joy or gain,
 Postmen bear so many letters, links composed of mirth
 and pain;
 In the citadel of heaven, where the streets are golden
 paved,
 The postman's rest is certain for the weary footsteps made.

Chorus:

Welcome letters, rainbow tinted,
 Frescoed news in all abound;
 Scattered by the genial postman
 As he goes his daily rounds.

MOTHER'S CALL TO ARMS.

The cannon roars, the echo sounds,
 North, south, and east and west;
 The war cloud hovers over us:
 Rouse, men! we need the best.
 My children will give aid to me,
 Tho' scattered near and far;
 Their mother they will rally round,
 The Flag the guiding star.
 In quick response sons rush to aid
 Dear mother in the war;
 And side by side sons fought and died
 Who ne'er had met before.
 They bravely crossed the waters wild,
 And marched thro' barren lands;
 The enemy they forced to flee.
 Mother's support sons stand.
 Mother, we would to thee our lives
 On thy dear altar place,
 And endeavor to uproot thy foes
 And Christianize the race.

SUPPORT THEM WITH YOUR AID.

Mother has called her sons to war.
 She needs them—every one.
 Her Colonies have answered:
 "Mother, behold thy sons."
 Our soldiers volunteer to aid,
 To sacrifice their lives,
 And homes, and cross to distant lands,
 And leave sweethearts and wives.
 They line up in the battle field,
 They hear the cannons roar,
 And see dismembered comrades rise
 Above the smoke and gore.
 The flower of our country
 Have battled there for you.
 Pay up the debt of limbs and wounds
 They sacrificed for you.
 You rest at home with slippered feet,
 Recline in easy chair.
 They, heroes, fight your battles,
 Find gentlemen more rare.
 May God unloose your purse strings,
 And melt your calloused heart.
 Admit they suffered for you,
 And say and do your part.
 Lines by Mrs. W. J. Thomas, 1325 Barclay St., con-
 venerator of Willing Workers' Aid for local sick and wounded
 soldiers.

"OUR NOBLE BOYS."

They left home for the battle,
 Perfect and brave, like men;
 Now invalids and crippled,
 We have them home again.
 No hand announced their advent,
 With the conquering hero comes,
 Not even a home offered
 For those who manned our guns.
 We should be filled with horror,
 And with shame bow our head,
 To know they were forgotten
 While other funds were fed.
 Now rally round the workers,
 And help secure a home.
 Donate it theirs forever—
 Soldiers' Home with City Dome.
 —Convenor of Committee for Willing Workers' Aid for
 local sick and wounded soldiers.

SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere 'neath briny ocean,
 Somewhere where shadows wave,
 Somewhere where strangers loiter,
 There lies a lonely grave.
 Uprturned, glassy eyelids slumber,
 The death dew bathes the brow,
 Only God watches over
 The soldier on from now.
 Who cares how often
 A heart breaks far away?
 The baby's prayer at twilight
 Calls daddy, Let us pray.
 He on the field of battle,
 He will hear me if I call;
 Hark! the army now keeps marching.
 Last post to baby's call.

 THE SOLDIER'S REQUEST.

Upon the slain on battle field
 The moon's pale beams did fall;
 They lightly kissed a soldier's cheek
 Who answered duty's call.

A sister nurse beside him bowed,
 And breathed a silent prayer;
 The soldier whispered "This is death,
 Loved ones must be your care.

"I'm bidding them a sad farewell;
 They aid will need you know;
 You rest at home, I crossed the foam,
 Wearied now, I must go.

"God bless you; keep my precious ones.
 Sweet sister, now I die;
 I was so true to Red, White, Blue,
 The flag I waved so high."

Chorus:

My country's flag wave over me.
 Wrapped in its folds I rest;
 My passport into Heaven,
 A soldier's honored guest.

Mrs. W. J. Thomas, 1325 Barclay St., Vancouver, B. C.

TAG DAYS, 1915 AND 1916.

1915.

Catholic Children's Aid Society.....	March 17th
Soldiers' Tag Day	March 27th
S. P. C. A.	
Canadian Red Cross.	
Children's Aid Society.	
Serbia Relief.	
Dime Day for Prisoners of War.	
For Relief of Jews.	
Vancouver General Hospital.	
I. O. D. E.	
Italian Red Cross.	
Victorian Order of Nurses.	

1916.

Catholic Children's Aid Society	March 17th
St. Paul's Hospital	May 13th
Italian Red Cross	May 20th
Vancouver General Hospital	June 10th
British and Foreign Sailors	June 24th
B. C. Aero Club	June 17th
Daughters of Empire	June 30th
Victorian Order of Nurses	July 7th
French Red Cross	August 4th
Children's Aid Society	August 25th
S. P. C. A.	September 2nd
72nd Seaforth Cadets	September 15th
Prisoners of War	October 6th
Canadian Red Cross	October 19th
Y. M. C. A.	December —
Russian War Relief	November 17th
The Navy	November 24th

Hark! Listen! What a strange, ominous sound! It grows louder and fiercer until the very heaven and earth seem united in one volume of discordant sounds. What can it possibly be? Ah, see, Yonder a faint outline of cloud appears on the horizon. It flows into the atmosphere until the volume of a Dante's inferno greets the eye. Horrors! it is the war chariot let loose. In its mad-daring race it enters Belgium, which unconsciously is pursuing its peaceful, every-day avocations, singing, praying, reading, household duties, athletic enjoyments, all absorbing the attentions of the people. The sounds of horror attracts the attention of the Belgians. The crushing chariot wheels increase the horrors of the scene. Sounds of thunder assume the mingled notes of wails as the revolutions of the wheels roll over a new object. Now it is a church demolished which was the people's pride. Then a mother is crushed with woe as her little babe is robbed of its hands. Now the father separated from his dear ones and compelled to witness all sorts of indignities to his loved tender dependents which a spoke in the chariot wheel can conjure to cause agony. Next spoke compels a wife to gaze on the torturing of her devoted husband, pierced by the murderous bayonet. Oh, merciful God, can such sights be inflicted on weak humanity and they still live, oh, and exist? Another chariot arises like a huge vulture, from the sepulchre of flame and smoke called a Zeppelin, which disappears for a time, then reappears on England's coast, and its talons clutch the innocent women and children and crush them to their doom. Still another chariot shows its spokes in the Atlantic Ocean, then plunges towards a large ocean liner sailing majestically along, bound for the homeland. All aboard the ship happy with the pleasant thoughts of a sweet reunion with loved ones. The submarine, which it is seen to be, plunges towards the lines. She has received a spoke from the submarine which stunned her. Then she trembles in almost human agony and grief because of sending into the unfathomable abyss those committed to her care, and plunges into the cold icy waters of the ocean with her human freight. One agonizing wail of despair, then an unintermittably silence, witnessed by the sea and breeze, and the spoke.

In the Dardenelles another spoke attacked a large hospital ship. Some brave nurses, when asked to leave and be saved, stood back and exclaimed: "Life is sweet, but duty first. Save the men, their King and Country need them first. We give our lives for them." Another spoke rolls and shatters the gallant barque, which plunges into an unknown grave. Lord Kitchener and his staff. A man all nations of the world cannot but ever speak and think of with reverence and respect through all the years to be. Many more have been crushed and blotted from the earthly plane; many more are being sacrificed every day, and still the wheels revolve. Father in Heaven, can the spokes be soon disabled and then the bloody Gethsemane obliterated from existence?

FIGHTING MEN FIRST, BRAVE NURSES URGED.
Nursing Sisters on Sinking Transport Thought Only of Soldiers.

London, Nov. 11.—The Morning Post says:

"A correspondent sends us a story told by the captain of a French cruiser which well illustrates the important part being played by many noble women in the war. The captain was instrumental in saving a number of lives of passengers when a British transport was torpedoed, some time ago, in the Aegean. On board were thirty-six nursing sisters, of whom ten were drowned. When the French boats came on the scene, the nurses called out, with one accord, 'Fighting men first.'

"Such an instance of devotion to the flag surely deserves to live in British history."

Casualty lists issued last night show that ten women nurses of the New Zealand nursing service were lost when the transport Marquette was torpedoed and sunk in the Aegean Sea last month.

Nearly 100 of the personnel of the Marquette in all were unaccounted for, the Admiralty stated, when the sinking of the transport was announced on October 26.

Just a few leaves from my diary of life torn out of a paragraph in my work for the returned wounded soldiers, whom we were mothers to since the war began. Mother embodiment of love and responsibility, all the depth of mother care. As one lady was asked at the election to vote for a woman worker for returned soldiers, against the woman who opposed the returned soldiers, replied: "No, I cannot vote against my heart." The papers gave the woman a noble, brave account, and caused quite a furore. It sometimes requires quite a strong will power to endure the will power needed to resist the Pink Teas debarred from by a right stand from a social point of view, and the explanations were very well understood, given in the paper next day, by Vancouver's thousands of citizens who read the account of it.

The boys, I am sure, will take off their hats to her if she ever tries for a vote. She did what conscience dictated. She was working for the returned soldiers, and not to be the first woman to sit in Parliament. There is only one Heaven and one Hell: the Bible our teacher, and our individual conscience our judge. (St. Mark, 12th chapter, to 17th verse, inclusive.) It is quite worthy of meditation.

On 60 Hill Canadian will
 Recaptured guns while flag
 Blood-stained they waved o'er comrades' graves
 Who died for loyal rag.
 'Twas not alone for Belgium
 This fiendish war was planned;
 Cement-constructed bases
 Were placed in every land.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Calm'y sitting in the twilight,
Watching scenes pass to and fro,
Painted by my memory Artist
On the flames in the fireplace glow,
Myriad pictures pass before me,
Making life appear a stage;
Years a drama played upon it
Scene first youth with curtain age.
Twenty-five years since I married,
Anniversary greets to-day; .
Ebony tresses have grown silver.
Buoyant youth has passed away.
Numerous actors in rehearsal
Are by memory clearly placed;
Cheers now force themselves upon me
With some scenes of childhood's days.
Note a change in the performance,
While the cheers grow strong and long,
Matured actors grace the stage scene:
Listen to their merry song.
Childhood, innocent, unburdened,
With the cares of matured years;
Oft I long to buy back numbers
In exchange for toil and tears.
Toil to stimulate conditions
Which develop in a home;
Tears for friends and vacant places,
Heaven closed their mortgage loan.
This old world is full of trouble,
Every actor has a share;
Some with meekness bear the burden;
Others crush with weight of care.

History repeats the music loud,
The rounds of great applause;
Disfigured, fourteen passes out
While fifteen makes new laws.
Beside fourteen, calm, sit and think,
Reflect on misspent hours.
The perfume robbed from human lives
When you gave thorns, not flowers.
The kind word, also helping hand,
The sympathetic tear
Which forms lumps in another's throat,
Cheers peasant, also peer.
The dimpled hands of fourteen rise
And clutch chaotic space.
Please guide and strengthen them to make
Improved laws for our race.
No shade cloud fall on optic nerve,
No muffler dull the ear.
Paralysis ignore the brain,
Free speech, without man's fear
Of losing trade, gold, friends, or graft,
But firm for truth and might.
Establish every record clean
For Country, Home and Right.
And when twilight shall cloud the dawn
And give place back to hands
Lined, calloused, caused by fright,
They move to protect and preserve
From sadness and from care
The little hours, days and weeks
Which did their vigil share.
May they be folded and may they rest,
Win for them more applause
Than dawns events to baby hands
When christened by gauze laws.

L. Burns Thomas, Vancouver, B. C.

THE ROSY APPLE

A great, big, rosy apple grew perfect as could be,
The sun and rain controlled it and favored it you see.
A bad, bad apple, also a good one grew beside,
With perfect form and color and so defects did hide.
The apple good quite perfect grew
And it was picked with care.
And in the Apple Show held place,
And first prize captured there.
The apple bad, tho' not to blame,
Had a worm attack its heart.
It fell from tree, got bruised, and see
'Twas cast off and forgot.
In homes today two children may
Be nurtured side by side.
The same sap flow into their veins,
Yet one may wander wide.
Treat apple bad, cut out bad spot,
Make apple sauce of rest.
It shines wherein its place may be
And proves a useful guest.
Like apple, good results may show,
Though in a different place.
It may with care its corner share
Tho' not the table grace.
The bad child may grow worse each day
And fight life's battle hard,
The worm instilled in baby heart
Its progress does retard.
No fault of child, so give a hand,
The worm from heart destroy,
Cut out the bad, be patient too,
And fill the life with joy.
No credit comes to those who have
No need to conquer sin,
'Tis only those who heroes are
Who fight their lief and win.

—Mrs. L. Burns Thomas,
1327 Barclay St., Vancouver, B. C.

No Home, No Food, No Money. I Come Home and Beg for Some Bread.

My Salary I Want for My Service.
I Crossed Overseas in Your Stead.

Miss Vancouver! Why that Blush of Shame on Thy Brow?

I blush because I promised the boys when going away I would keep the home fires burning. I have refused them coal. I have asked for bread until I can get work. They refused me help at the club. They hand me a package of cigarettes. I don't smoke. Never had a handshake or pleasant smile. The strains of "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgc't" when I left are not even reproduced by a mouth organ. When I return my children are starving. No pension yet. I let my wife beg and be myself refused. Nearly desperate, I tell the boys who might enlist there is only one fund free to resort to in Vancouver, that is the Willing Workers. Only a few hundred which is in the care of the City Relief Officers, Mr. Ireland, to help needy cases free on application.

Please help the city provide something free, even a soup kitchen. At the Club I have to pay four dollars and a half a week to stay there. Eleven rooms house the staff and boys. So many rooms empty, of them -----, an Englishman, formerly interested in real estate, who never fought a battle, in command. I have no money I cannot stay there. He said they had no funds when asked to buy shoes for two boys. Two days later the annual report of saeven months stated thousands in the bank; also the stock subscriptions for their new Club next to the Manhattan Apartments were due. Many members of the Club do not know this state of affairs. The Rev. ----- when asked, said they did not solicit for their club, they only took what the people gave them. A modern rendition of the ten commandments, surely.

I blush, mothers and fathers, because our boys are calling to come overseas and help us, and they won't come because everywhere they hear of the returned soldiers' treatment by Miss Vancouver. Our loyal recruiting officers are being turned down because of this. Is there not a Daniel who will dare to stand up and inquire what our councillors and our Mayor are doing? Only Joe Hoskins, councillor, and the Park Board ever voted for help for my returned boys since the war began.

I blush with shame. When twenty-nine tag days were granted and never one to our boys. Why absorb the bread our boys should have? Mothers and fathers of Vancouver, sound the note abroad --a free home and food for the boys who are regarded as veteran heroes by their treatment. Ministers from your pulpits dare to be

a Daniel. New would-be mayors and councillors vote this on your ticket. Let the recruiting be encouraged, not hindered by strong, well dressed men, demanding of returned crippled soldiers, patriotic funds. They have done their bit already.

Miss Vanconver and her recruiting men with the knowledge of more help overseas, can lift her head with other villages from coast to coast, with your care through right channels for our hungry boys.

Did ex-Mayor or Mayor ——— since the war ever vote a meal? Has his private club a right to mislead the public and stand in the way of bread and work for wounded soldiers? When will Rev. ——— tell me when and where he was converted? I was told yesterday the boys could live one week free at the Club. Must they die then? Give them a Xmas fill through the medium of the city they were wounded for.

MRS. THOMAS, Sey. 7239R.

I trust these few stray lines may accomplish the noble aims designed, that is a harmonious home, freely supported by the people for our returned soldiers, sailors, airmen, etc. The war is over. One day's cost to finance the war, would make a beautiful home for our boys. Just one ship to go down under the waves. Just one airplane destroyed. Just one car of gasoline. Just one day's rations for the army. Just one day's salary for the millions is only a frail part. Only think, would you part with a limb, an arm, your eyes, for your country capitalist? The boys did this for you. Give them a home and rights.

A heart that can feel for a neighbour's woe,

And share in his life with a friendly glow,

With sympathies large enough to enfold

All men as brothers is better than gold.

I saw in the paper that thirty-nine thousand soldiers were returning to British Columbia and nine thousand had position. I had some typewriting to give to one as any of them could have earned a few dollars for themselves, so I thought of so many privates who were suffering for lack of employment and I tried all morning, then afternoon, and finally had to get a public typewriter, not a soldier. My time was valuable; a day to be wasted like this. This is the treatment I received. I telephoned

2389 Seymour
3-6 Fairmont
217 Fairmont
876 Fairmont
82 Fairmont.

Finally I gave up after switching around with the promise of a man to do my work at two o'clock. I waited until four o'clock, then I telephoned again and found the man who was going to send me help had gone down to the depot to shake hands with some returned soldiers. I understand the train was due late in the evening. I was without a man to do my work. This is the way the call was attended to.

Whose fault was it? The boys could not come when they were not informed of the situation. My first call was answered by a musical voice at the Elysium Military Club. I explained my wishes to give a little work to a soldier. She wished my address. I told her, she did not know me, and she said she would call someone else; then another woman's voice answered me, and when I explained to her what I wanted, she asked me who was speaking. I explained it was unnecessary. I just wanted a few hours' work. She said I had better go to a public stenographer. This was to help our soldiers. Whose fault was this? I wonder if I had to do this when we had so many soldiers who could have been given employment. Why not enlarge the classes of the various schools and find them employment around the army building and let the women knit socks for soldiers. I think it must be sacrificing their tender feelings by doing unnecessary heart crushing when private would try to fit themselves for these places. Who is directing the B. C. Army of Returned Soldiers? Why are our boys without a home? Answer.

A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
 And share in his love with a friendly glow;
 With sympathies large enough to enfold
 All men as brothers, is better than gold.
 Whatever you are. Be that
 Whatever you say, be true,
 Be honest, in fact, straightforward act,
 Be nobody else but you.

What are your liberal salary? Perhaps you might apply to the other high salaried official who never fought a battle, only with the sea between them and the battleground!

They will feel better. Oh, the best joke.

Three boys after a few months overseas returned home and secured a position. They approached me when I was distributing hand bills, I could not pay for Christmas cheer for all who needed help. After consulting a lawyer, also Chief of Police, who is now dead, they said they were all right, and I distributed them all alone. I will have one in this copy of my stray leaves. They told me I was doing harm to help returned soldiers. I have the paper account of it. I had letter in my pockets appealing for aid at the same time. It reminds me of the dog in the manger. How funny.

I will leave these funny incidents to be passed by. There is so often heart-breaking, mean anti-allied acts performed against those who try to bring sunlight to sad lives. Noble principled persons come to the limelight. Do not be neutral. Your country needs you.

These boys are similar to those we often read of.

To those who talk and talk this proverb does appeal, but the steam that blows the whistle will never turn a wheel.

Come along, boys, your liberal donations have never been heard of. They must have been lost in transit.

Read between the lines, please.

Read carefully, think deeply. Read Matthew twenty-first chapter from first to forty-fourth verse, inclusive.

Whatever you are. Be that

Whatever you say, be true,

Be honest, in fact, straightforwardly act,

Be nobody else but you.

Any donations sent to Rev. Mr. Ireland, City Relief Officer, or to the Acting Mayor for all time to come. Care of Willing Workers' Aid.

The Kaiser with all his gold has only one passage of God's holy word to have had read to him as being appropriate to his case when "myself and Gott" dissolved partnership, was Matthew twenty-first chapter and first to ninth verses, inclusive. This was the most stubborn arbitrary to have a king bow in prayer to do honor for a final exit from his country. How strange one's taste!

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing, etc. I had a preacher tell me he did not solicit for the Returned Soldiers' Club, they only took what was given to them. I said they charge them four and a half dollars a week for their board when I was working for them. I told him it was a new improved parable I had never heard of. He wanted to know what my grouch was about.

These stray leaves are for all to get something out of. Please read carefully and study deeply. We can all improve ourselves. They are beyond price. Just what you please, and think right.

While travelling from Chicago to Vancouver, via Winnipeg, one month ago, some travellers were added, making it necessary to add another coach. A lady accosted the colored porter, a fine type of man, as far as appearance went, and sneeringly asked him what kind of car that was behind. She thought it might be steerage. He said in quite a matter-of-fact way, "Oh, no, those are dismantled cars for the returned soldiers." A welcome home. Their welcome home. They would have travelled Pullman, many of them, if they had not become soldiers, but they and their noble wives were put in a bare car without cushions, and many of them needed them with their ailments.

A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share in his grief with a friendly glow;
With sympathies deep enough to enfold
All men as brothers is better than gold.

At the diner I watched through the day, never a private here.

They lunched with their families out of a lunch basket, while their officers dined with us in the diner, and some of them were probably their own brothers, only one with an officer's uniform, the other with a private's.

The officer could not speak to his private brother, because they were not decorated, not necessarily with medals, a uniform was sufficient.

Some of those I saw I am sure were never outside of offices, but the tired privates were not demobilized and were going home. Where is it in British Columbia? If we had been attacked by the enemies that day a month ago whose car would we have rushed to for protection I wonder? These privates had won medals. Excuse our choice. You know whose it would be. Thank God for the true good officers, thousands of them were first to go over the top and last to come back. Who led their men in danger? They went first. Flanders' field would be unpopulated by majority of medallist officers were decorated by the number of battles they had seen or heard of or read of and got one dollar and ten cents a day or fifty or twelve and one-half or ten cents or five cents a day, etc., etc.

Our officers, our fighting officers, God watch over them, dead or alive, over sea and land, and millions will sympathize with you for the sake of the blushes you have suffered for the uniforms of your effigy officers in many cases.

Where is the piano and furniture donated by the Willing Workers, also their chart, to be left in the Cambie Street Club as long as it was used for the soldiers. Is there a player piano in the Elysium Military Annex and is the soldiers' rug in the secretary's room at that institution and other furniture, or are the soldiers using it as a lounge room as it was agreed upon? What rent do they pay for its use as a secretary's room? Do the members of the Canadian Club know about this transaction when the Willing Workers sent for the furniture for the boys that was thus left while it was used for the boys. Were they aware what the trouble was when they wrote to Colonel ———. He wrote me this letter at my hand, saying we could not have it! It was for the Club we worked, and there were not one of us members of the Club. What do you think of that? We Willing Workers at the first of the war when they asked us to supply tables, chairs, cutlery, electric fittings. When we told them we would take care of one room and donate the furniture for that room so long as it was used for the soldiers, but Colonel ——— and Mr. ——— and two or three

ladies assumed the whole responsibility and refused us, the Willing Workers, our little bit of sunshine we had taken for our boys that we had worked for, not very elaborate, but we did what we could. Did you ever hear of anything like this, for them to say no to us. Are you responsible for giving them authority on so important an issue? I cannot think so. A noble club, as I believe you to be would assume so much responsibility as to have to answer for the doings of two or three members of an organization of a kind. Dare to be a Daniel. Give the boys back their property.

Only a few hundreds of dollars, but it cost the Willing Workers many crushed feelings. It may not be known here but it was unnecessary, many of these things, when we should have had help.

It was removed without consulting user, even the opening was made without our knowledge. We had to ask outsiders the date. They moved our piano into the hall and used it in entertaining the people, and they had had Sunday evening concerts several times to pay for the musical instruments which were not seen, only ours in evidence. Where are the others and what are they? I am curious. The removal from the building of same was not granted by the Willing Workers.

We have on the chart in each little vein of the Maple I of some of the helpers who helped us in various ways to care for the returned boys coming home. Those who added to our smiles we will not name them but they all know who did anything within us for the one great object we labored for—the returned wounded soldiers from the battlefield of Europe.

A heart that can feel for another's woes,
And share in their love with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers is better than gold.

"Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves." I would ask you to stop and think, the boys know the need before the war, and now after having passed through the terrific ordeal. Do they need a city home or do they not? When they are demobilized and they see just a few empty seats around the post office, instead of the home that should have been coming up, and our city collected thousands for the boys. Pink teas, raffles, concerts, band concerts, etc. What part of the collection does the boys get? Where is the longed for home?

Mothers, fathers, where is the home they are to come to? I would suggest the Relief Department keep an address, which is 530 Cambie Street, Seymour 2853 and 2854, of all interested in their boys. Some may never come back, but for those mothers' sons who do come back have them register each donation at the City Relief Office.

MORNING'S CHILDHOOD DAYS.

Only ashes of a memory of life's morning's childhood days,
 Innocence and childish prattle,
 Dolls and toys did thoughts engage;
 Then the sun would kiss the mountain,
 And the moon and stars shine bright,
 I with clasped hands lisped "Our Father,"
 Dreamless slumber came with night.

Only ashes scattered careless
 By a baby's dimpled hand;
 Of to-morrow never dreaming,
 Just to-day the thoughts command.

Only ashes of a memory when life's noontide sun was
 bright,
 Life was filled with joy and pleasure;
 Never thought came of the night,
 Plans and castles formed mountains,
 Love's sweet song quite ruled my heart;
 Each cloud bore a silver lining—
 Always worn with the lining out.

Only ashes traced with day dreams,
 Of bright plans for future years,
 Life now seems one round of pleasure—
 Why, sweetheart, indulge in tears?

Only ashes, now 'tis evening, morning, noontide, passed
 and flown,
 Memory of youth departed,
 Former pleasures now unknown,
 Daunted by sweet dreamland faces,
 Mystery wrapt across the Bar;
 Divine staff, my aged footsteps pilot,
 Me, Thou evening Star.

Only ashes flood the memory,
 Evening marks life's closing day;
 Childhood, youth, age, lonely lingers,
 For life's sunsets glimmering ray.

—L. Burns Thomas, Vancouver, B. C.

CHILDHOOD OF 1914

The faint streaks of the breaking day
 Creep gently thru the skies,
 It pierces through the darkness
 And bids earth's family rise.
 What means the deafening applause
 And cheers and greetings loud?
 Some celebrate and quaff red wine,
 While some their knees keep bowed.
 Hark! Hark! Above the din there steals
 A cadence sweet and low,
 With increased volume thunders loud
 And penetrates earth's poles.
 For lo! A tiny babe is given
 To kind old "Father Time,"
 Who registers nineteen fourteen
 Besides the baby mine.
 With tender care he nurtures it
 From childhood to wayward youth
 Whose passions intentions fade and die,
 Close friends bring out the truth,
 Friends known as gold and real estate,
 Drink, pleasure, self—why stare?
 Self leads and scatters sad results
 And plights, Time can't repair.
 The heart 1914 grows cold
 And calloused turns to man.
 Soon age o'ertakes him, bruised and scarred
 He proves an "also ran."

"GOOD-BYE"

Penetrate thru the mists of past ages
 The present peer into compound,
 Unfold the vast scroll of the future,
 But nowhere so expressive is found
 A word so freighted with meaning
 As "Good-bye" where pronounced or sung.
 The heavens seem clouded with sorrow,
 The heart, moist with feeling, is wrung,
 The traveller by the "Good-bye" is affected
 More deeply than observers suppose.
 The school children meet with it daily.
 Departing from home and at school's close.
 Father is confronted with "Good-bye"
 Before his day's task is begun,
 Causing a clouding of home's horizon

More dense than eclipse of the sun.
 While Cupid's "Good-bye" is heart-rending
 To all who are caught in his mesh.
 Reviewing past conquests afresh.
 Spinsters, bachelors, glance back o'er the outline
 The Scripture expounder removing
 From associations dear and otherwise,
 Find the "Good-bye" spells joy, also sorrow,
 And to new pastures he hies.
 Sometimes the tenant says "Good-bye,"
 The landlord the meaning takes in,
 And hurries away to a justice
 Who interprets, court sits, plaintiff wins.
 The dear ones who pass down the valleys
 Whisper "Good-bye," our spirits are fled.
 And life, with its myriad interests,
 Is epitaphised with the dead.
 The boy says "Good-bye" to his boyhood,
 Too often to ape the man.
 In politics, club's foolish pastime,
 Elevated by thoughts that he can
 Play adept at imitation.
 What matters how worthy the aim,
 The predominating standard they issue
 Is man's power and how to attain.
 The future assumes roseate hues,
 But, alas, is recorded in cook-books,
 Revellings in strange Irish stews.
 With grief overwhelmed, the mother
 Gives her boy to his Country and God,
 Enduring with never a murmur
 His grave 'neath the foreign sod.
 "Good-bye" when uttered by room-mates
 Severs ties fitting tighter than cloaks
 Causing a new disease to develop,
 Properly diagnosed a lump in the throat.
 To all who with life have been vested
 "Good-bye" as a legacy falls.
 The king receives it as a coronet,
 The pauper accepts it as a pall.
 The Irish emigrant's "Good-bye Mavournan,"
 The air of the Scot's "Auld Lang Syne,"
 Whilst crossing the bar with the English
 Miss Canada's Maple Leaf joins in line,
 While America's eagle tra la la las us
 With a graceful swoop of the wing;
 France Adieus, and from all foreign nations
 The ode to "Good-bye" millions sing.

—Mrs. W. J. Thomas.

