

AFTER SCHOOL

When home from school's long day he drifts
And to my door his flesh form lifts,
From the town of all the joys
And sorrows that drive every boy—
I know them well. I feel them yet,
There's no living longer than to feel
But still I hold him close, and say:
"Son, tell me about your day."

He tells me—whispering over each
grief,
And sighing most in swift relief.
The little boy who bid his bid has
The girl who slipped from where she
To meet with teacher's well-earned
frown;
And how the little boy fell down!

I but—no! that I do not know,
But only that I love him so.
What life's troublous school day's close—
Each world-worn pupil homeward
Brought to the Father's eyes well
value.

Our own prompted fits of blam or praise,
Now all are away around, and say:
"Dad, tell me all about your day."
Not that Our Father does not know,
But only that He loves us so.

—Herrick Gilligan.

TRUDIE'S CANDID OPINION.

"I want you to tell me frankly what you think of it," said Roberta's brown eyes, "especially, what they think of it. You are a sensible girl, and you've had experience. Think of all the compliments you had for that easy Mr. Jones printed in the Bulletin. He, naturally, was the young man most worth a good deal—especially not for planning to send those off to a regular magazine."

A little pink blush was creeping into Trudie's face. "Oh, how we did try to say unpleasant, unlovable things to anybody—but still more uncompromisingly how she hated untruth, and she would have a candid opinion on the subject if she had written, Trudie must not fall her. Still, knowing Roberta, she hesitated.

"Are you sure?" she began, "wouldn't you rather have some one else tell her to continue for me? She has had so much more experience than I have—and of course knows so much more—"

"She's a very dear," said Roberta's warm voice enveloped her friend. "You just because you are—you—and because you write such lovely things—Yourself."

Trudie drew a deep breath, and bent her eyes on the effusion that Roberta was submitting to her so confidently. That was the trouble with Roberta—she was so advance that pride was too strong to let even a critic like her ask for a "real, sharp criticism."

"A few moments of silence followed; then Trudie said half timidly, "It's a real subject, Roberta—but of course there are some things I have written along that line—since the war."

"Yes," said Roberta, "but there is always a chance for a really new work."

"And it's a pretty big subject, too," added Trudie, "Our Country's Duty."

"Yes, of course, I am. I shouldn't care to take a trifling, light subject, but just tell me exactly what you think, Trudie."

"Isn't the meter a little halting?—especially in the second and third verse?" Trudie asked, her cheeks turning a deeper rose. "I have tried to end out with ten syllables to the line and five feet—but in the later verses you changed—and the accent doesn't seem right."

"Well, I can't help it," said Roberta, "myself hampered by a mere writer of syllables and accent, when you really have something to say—a real measure, protest, idealism, etc. Now the old country writers have blazed the way for the new singers—they're broken from the old beaten path. No, I don't agree with you there, at all! Some of the most commonplace things written now are better than anything in meter," she finished triumphantly.

"Yes, of course," assented Trudie, uncomfortably. Oh, if Roberta would only stop her from offering sharp criticisms!"

"Go on—tell me what you think," persisted Roberta, a forced smile on her face.

"And your rhymes—some of them are perfect," Trudie said eagerly. "But they are not all the way through. You have made 'home' rhyme with 'alone,' and 'proposed' with 'posed'—and you do the just repetition of syllable 'rose' and not a real rhyme."

"Mrs. Browning was noted for her independence in rhyming—for some of the most graceful possible rhymes," Roberta responded superbly.

"Yes, I know some of them were very faulty," Trudie conceded eagerly. "At the same time she wrote so much that was perfect, and so—so unusual, under."

"Go on, Trudie, don't keep anything back!"

"This is a good line about the dog," Trudie's eagerness was almost pathetic.

"Thank you," said Roberta, her voice a bit dry and just a wee bit ironic. "But all who you don't think much of it, please don't say so."

"Oh, Roberta, it's just as I started out by saying, such a big subject and of course, the magazines why I suppose haven't the least idea what competition there is here. I don't know how to get an acceptance. Why don't you work on it a little more—or perhaps if you don't care to change it much, perhaps some one would like to use it in the Bulletin?"

"That little two by four local sheet? No, thank you," said Roberta. "Well, Trudie, I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure. It's been a pleasure to talk the time to look my poor little poem over."

"Oh, Roberta, don't you know you said really wanted a 'real, sharp criticism'?"

"Oh, certainly—of course—that's all right—and I'm much obliged to you, Trudie, for spending your time on my verse."

Trudie, watching Roberta as she walked away, had a look of keen desire on her own face. Promptly Roberta joined another school friend, and Trudie knew Beth and her well-known "good taste" and "pleasant things" on all occasions, was not surprised when she saw the manuscript of "Our Country's Duty" pass into Beth's hands—and the subsequent broad smile overspreading Roberta's face.

"Thank you, dear, I only hope the editor will be as enthusiastic as you," Roberta said, just enough for Trudie to hear. "I'll be sure to let you know when it's published."

"But they fled back to the class room. "And now Roberta is going to feel edgewise toward me," Trudie thought, rufus-like. "This girl probably won't ask for a candid opinion." She really want a candid one, and are going to be resentful if they don't get it."

Trudie's experience was not a very unusual one. There are many, many a child who is raising perfectly frank criticism, who really are seeking only the complimentary variety.—Herter Gurneaux Woods.

ESCAPED THE GOVERNMENT IN DEATH.

The following obituary is said to be on a tombstone in North Carolina: "He left ten children and a wife. When Death, the tyrant, sought him, Made no sunshine liquor all his life, And the government never caught him."



THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK

brought by the neighboring farmers, in his "house at the side of the road," on the second floor, for many years. It must be nearly forty years since Bill put up this house. I think he thought when he built it that he would live for a long time. But in a few years he got the 'Toronto fever.' He went to the city and has been there ever since. When Graham and his family lived there for some years, I think it was while they lived there that Bill Williams' oldest son, Carl, and Bob Hingham, his brother, and Hamlin, were married. Now, how time passes. Robert Hingham has gone the way of all flesh; and Hamlin sleeps in our beautiful Fairview; and Carl is left with his wife and their daughter and a son to comfort him.

I can't recollect who built the next house, but I think it was Lachlan Kennedy, the old cobbler, Esquimalt. At any rate, he died there when he met his untimely death on the G. T. R. tracks near Glen Lawson, when he had grown old and hard of hearing. He was a kind old soul, and may be the quietest soul after death. After his father's death she went to live with her sister, Mrs. Graham-Lawson, at Crosswell, Michigan;

The next house is the home of Mrs. Danforth Swackhamer, after the tragic death by accident while building a barn of her husband on the old farm at Esquimalt. Her two daughters were married in this house. Angelina and Rosy, Angelina married John Chisholm. For years they lived in Victoria, and then moved to a new home, about thirty years ago. I remember quite well that they were married there, for my Mary has kept the photo post of those days, and was a very nice young woman.

They are now in their sixties, and are married to men in the business.

The store and dwelling on the corner of Young Street and Esquimalt Road, were owned by W. J. Denby a good many years ago.

He thought it a store, convenient to the people in the east end, would be appreciated by them, opened with a small stock of groceries and general articles. But business wasn't very lively, and after a year or two Mr. Denby devoted his whole time to his insurance, stock and bond business, and was a very successful broker.

For all the dreams wherein ambition fed,

With sixty years of life gone over my head,

I've run and dreamt of all these things but none—

Of the strange paths by which my steps were led,

Up to this hour, by hill and valley road,

With varying aims and hopes that erst had been.

The moments vanish, hours unflogging pass;

The days roll on, the measure of our lives;

Youth's pictures tarnish, and the year逝了

Leaves but little for which manhood strives—

For all the dreams wherein ambition fed,

With the flowers Hope scattered by the way;

For all the loves, forgotten, false or dead;

For all the promised fruitage of our May;

Home-grown at the close of day.

The years go by, with all they had to bring,

The promises, and the pleasure, and the pain;

The longing in the songs we did not sing;

And in the time which we cannot run again;

The hills are dim, and far we hoped to climb;

The life is cast, our patrimony spent,

We rest us now, on the far brink of death;

And trifle with the semblance of content;

This only left, of all the gods had sent,

My dear loved land! thou art in all to me;

Or home or country woven through my veins;

This is the song which partakes of life,

Chased with the flowers of joy, the scars of strife;

In younger days I longed for glory meet,

But now I seek no other land afar,

I know no other clime so bright, so sweet.

Like echoes come the songs of long ago,

At early morn that through the forest run;

The little clearing waking in the glow

Of little stars struggle when the heart is young;

And the sun and moon are here;

Like a dream, like a vision, like a song,

As soft as the music of the spheres.

They cannot know my boyhood's home again;

I cannot taste one hour of vanished

Which now were something near, skin

to joy,

I cannot meet the sleepers who had toiled

From working East to slowly darkening West;

Whom doubt, nor fear, in life's rough battle failed;

To a heritage, a memory blest,

Iron and mothers passed into their rest;

Are they not with us, move around us still?

In half-a-crust through they lowly lie;

My little church by brook or wood or hill;

This much is left us, all that cannot die;

Their long brave struggle, their unending hope;

Their patriot soul, with every foot;

Nor count their lives a feature in the plan;

But dare not let mortal man die in mortal can;

We hold the heritage for which they fought;

We reap the harvest their strong hands had sown;

We spread the wealth their lives and labor brought;

Ours all the fruitage; theirs the toll!

Now their mute lips and folded hands are silent;

On us their sons, the sacred trust to save;

From rude invaders tread, or hand

The garnished sepulchre, or lowly grave;

Where rest the ashes of the good and brave;

There, I think Donald MacLennan Moodie and Menzies, may a fine tribute to our fathers and mothers, who cleaved to the soil, and to the land of their birth, for many years.

Robert Hingham, the old man, who died so long ago, in his judgment his sentiment and language, and reverent tribute are equal to Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Oliver Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." And I'm quite sure this institution on the early days and the first settlers will give the patriotic response to the poem.

These words are to be repeated again,

"As much as a player-plane!" the youngster pursued.

"Yes, more than a player-plane!" was the answer.

"How much would Miss Gertie Guess de-

clareately wed better get a player-plane?"

THE BETTER WAY.

Gertie Guess, aged 16, was on

uprooted from the old home,

and moved to the new neighborhood,

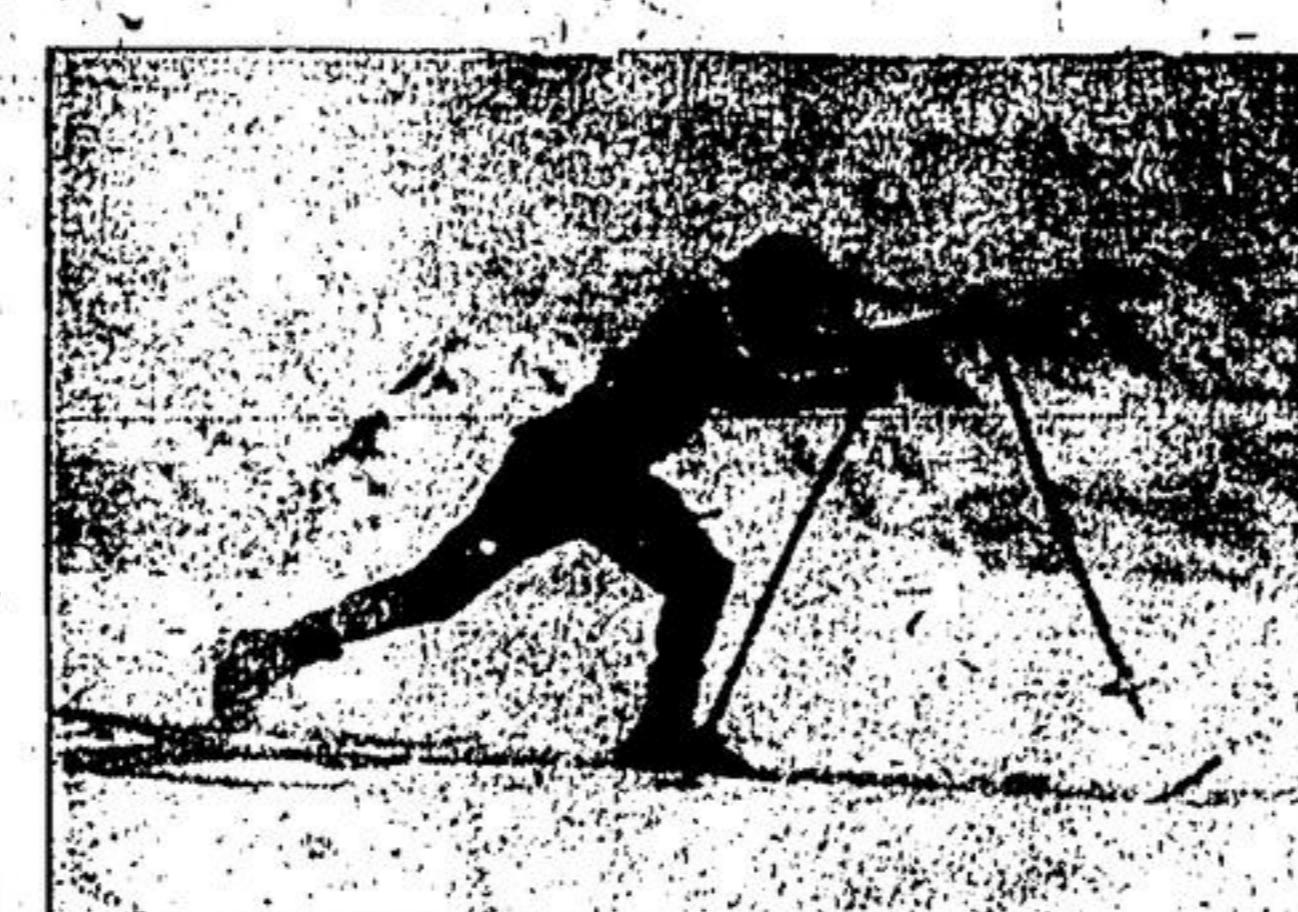
Young at Queen Street. The first house to the right of the one with

the Mrs. John Russell, who

are living in well-earned retirement

from a busy lifetime on High Street in Erin. This house is owned by William Andrew and Talton Austin who are living a quiet life and fashionably substantial clothing from the homespun

A WINTER SPORTS' EXPERT



MR. C. H. Vaseach, a noted Swiss instructor, who has won numerous international ski competitions.

Mr. Vaseach, Kintore, and other famous Swiss resorts, is located at the Canadian Hotel, Quebec, where he resides.

Mr. Vaseach is available to

anyone who wants to learn

skiing, snowshoeing, and cross-country skiing.

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