

## KINDLY VEGETATION COVERS WAR'S SCARS

WAVING FIELDS OF CORN  
HIDE CEMETERIES.

### Nature's Profusion Throws a Disguising Mantle Over Battlefields of France.

From Lille to Bethune the road takes you through La Bassee and across the Red zone. Five years ago it was all a wild waste of war-tormented land and ruined buildings. La Bassee lay level with the soil. For miles around the earth was pitted with shell holes and seamed with trenches. How does it look to-day? asks C. R. Hargrave in The London Daily Mail.

One fine summer morning I rode out along the famous highway to find an answer to that question. Had the signs of war all passed away? At the end of the journey I said to myself that they had not. And yet the signs are visible only to one who looks for them and can recognize them. For the man who had never heard of the great struggle the answer, I think, would be that there was no token of war to be seen.

What would he note? A road for the most part freshly repaved; a large number of people living in temporary huts; a vast amount of building everywhere, especially in La Bassee and Bethune.

In the former he might perceive the ruins of a church covered, almost obliterated, by rank vegetation, and beside it a barnlike timber structure with a cross over the door; but he might well imagine a local fire had done the damage. In the latter he would be astonished to find the whole of the centre, on the hilltop, composed of new buildings of brick or stone; but he might imagine there had been a local fire there too. He would comment on the ubiquity of corrugated iron, for where the roofs are not of bright red tiles they are all of this material. He would wonder why only a narrow wooden drawbridge serves to carry the highway over the canal.

It was the drawbridge the Royal Engineers built to enable the troops to advance, at last, from lines which they had held for four years. But what remains of those lines? For miles and miles before and behind the flat land is covered by swaying crops. There is an interval of a few hundred yards. Your motor car stops and your driver points out "the trenches." You can perceive vaguely the entrance of a crumbling dug-out; you can trace with difficulty the broken line of a trench. It is all overgrown, and the hollows are fast filling up.

Why has this strip of the earth not been restored to cultivation? The government has preserved it expressly from the hands of the tiller of the soil to bear witness to the past. But nature threatens to change it into a simple piece of waste land. She is fast filling up the trenches and the dug-outs, making this land look merely untidy and meaningless.

When the rebuilding is finished, when nature has done her work with the strips of earth that are intended to serve as memorials of the war, what will remain to remind the coming generation of its havoc? In a back yard in La Bassee I saw an abandoned British tank—still standing where it struck five years ago. They will surely move that to the village square and set it beside the monument to the villagers who fell on the field of honor. Such monuments are rising in every little town and village. They will be the sole permanent reminder of the war—they and the cemeteries.

But of the cemeteries I saw nothing, for they, too, were hidden by the waving corn.

### Not What They Seem.

From its name, one would think that the titmouse was a rodent, instead of a harmless, dainty little bird. The nightingale is not by any means only a night singer; its sweet song is heard just as frequently by day.

Small flies are not baby flies; they never grow any bigger, for the size of flies does not vary once they are fully formed. The dragon-fly is often accused of sting; in reality, it is perfectly harmless.

It is a fallacy to suppose that a cat can see better in the dark than in the daylight, for it cannot, though its powers of sight at night are more highly developed than those of man and many of the humbler creatures.

A beef-eater does not get his name from the fact that he eats nothing but beef. The original word was buffetier, a French word, meaning a man who waited at the Royal table or buffet.

Perhaps you have thought that it is steam which you see coming out of the kettle spout when the water boils. Steam is invisible; what you see is condensed moisture.

The first step towards knowledge is the discovery that you are ignorant.

# The Moderation League of Ontario

President, Mr. I. F. Hellmuth, K.C.

**T**HE large majorities in favor of Government Control cast, one after the other, by the Western Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta were not made possible by the votes of only those who desired a change for the purpose of personal indulgence. There could have been no adoption of Government Control had it not been for the votes of total abstainers. In Manitoba, after almost a year, only a small proportion of those who voted for Government Control has taken out permits to purchase liquors.

An examination of the figures will further show that very many people who had previously voted for Prohibition had, after several years' trial, decided that the time had come for a change.

Why?

Not because it was desired to revert to the old "Bar" system of drinking.

Not because there was any question about the universal desire for temperance, respect for law, and decent environment for the children.

Not because the public conscience had become deadened.

But Because:

There had grown a feeling, amounting to a conviction, that Prohibition was not living up to the prophecies of those who had advocated its adoption, and that it was creating evils as great as those it pretended to subdue, but much more difficult to deal with.

Thoughtful men and women do not ignore what they experience and observe. It is generally agreed that a step was taken in the right direction when the public drinking bar was abolished. But the good of that step has been challenged by the enormous traffic done by the Bootlegger and the huge output of the home-brewer and illicit distiller.

The Moderation League proposes to hold to the good that has been accomplished, but to meet squarely the challenge of the Bootlegger and the Moonshiner.

Prohibition does not frighten the Bootlegger. It created him, and keeps him alive.

Does anyone doubt that the Bootlegger will vote on October 23rd?

Does anyone think that if the Bootlegger could be assured that present conditions would last for, say, ten years he would not greatly extend his business, and become even more daring in his operations?

In the meantime the Bootlegger has grown wealthy and powerful. No matter what is done he will not now be easily abolished. Drinking continues on a scale the magnitude of which is unsuspected by the ordinary citizen, and consequences, which do not find their way into statistics, but are nevertheless disastrous to the individuals concerned and to the community, follow.

The decent, self-respecting and law-abiding citizen has been penalised, but the orgies of the other class, provided they are conducted with sufficient secrecy, have remained unchecked.

The Province is also losing the huge revenue which those who desire to use liquor, properly and moderately, are willing to pay for the privilege.

Can the Province afford to lose this revenue? Can it continue to ignore the conditions being created on every side?

The answer lies with the electorate.

With many of the ideals of Prohibition the Moderation League of Ontario is in entire sympathy. The only motive underlying the activities of the League is that of a sincere desire to promote the interests, social, financial, and moral of the Province. There is no wish to provoke controversy or ill-feeling. Appeal is made to the experience and observation—not to the passions and prejudices—of the people of Ontario. It is contended that there exist sufficient grounds obvious to anyone who does not wilfully close his eyes to them and regarding which there is no difference of opinion, to justify the position taken by the League.

Altogether, the time has come for a change.

Government Control can be had by marking your Ballot as follows:—

<b>1</b>	Are you in favour of the continuance of The Ontario Temperance Act?	
<b>2</b>	Are you in favour of the sale as a beverage of beer and spirituous liquor in sealed packages under Government control?	<b>X</b>

**MARK  
YOUR  
BALLOT  
HERE**

←

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### Thought's Dwelling-House.

Don't muse on dreary things—  
On graceless deeds,  
Unfriendly words, cuts, bitterness,  
and stings!  
For musing thus, the heart with sorrow bleeds,  
And memory wraps drab cloaks about us there—  
Girdled with care.

Better to shut the door and bar it out,  
That hour of grey,  
When you and I walked through the lane of doubt—  
Missing the friends who'd failed us,  
gone away!

Look at the sky of blue—the sunshine bright:  
You could not see their glories yester-night,  
Yet they were there!  
And love and truth and faith still make life fair—

Though yesterday they seemed so far,  
God brightens His brightest star  
On darkest nights, and happiness is still  
His gift and will!  
So close the door on all that's petty,  
mean—  
Throw up your windows on some grander scene!  
—Lillian Gard.

The natives of New Guinea eat grub worms, rats, lizards, frogs, snakes and crocodile eggs along with other meat and vegetables.

### The Thing That Grips Us.

While visiting Dundee, Scotland, an American who had heard much of Robert Murray McCheyne, one of the "saints of Scotland," was anxious to find someone who could give him some personal reminiscences of the great preacher. For that purpose he went to see an old man.

"Can you tell me some of the texts of McCheyne's great sermons?" he asked.

"I don't remember them," said the old man, shaking his head.

"Then can you tell me some of the striking sentences he uttered or some of his best sayings?"

"I've forgotten them entirely," was the reply.

The American was greatly disappointed. "Well," he said, almost in despair, "don't you remember anything about him at all?"

"Ah," replied the old man, brightening, "that is a different question. One day when I was a laddie playing by the roadside Robert Murray McCheyne came along and, laying his hand upon my head, said: 'Jamie, I've been to see your poor sick sister. I'm always glad to see her and help her as I can.' Then he paused and after looking a bit into my eyes added: 'And, Jamie, I'm very much concerned about your own soul. I have forgotten his texts and grand sermons, sir, but I can still feel the tremble of his hand and see the tear in his eye.'

And so it is with Jesus and our own souls; it is his personal concern in our salvation that grip us. The world is

full of great mottoes and fine sayings, and there are none better than those that Jesus himself has given to us. We may forget his words of truth and his noble philosophy of life, we may fail to grasp the breadth, depth and perfect beauty of his spiritual kingdom, but, having once come in contact with him and his Gospel, we can never escape his interest in our personal salvation. We are ever fascinated by him whose heart yearns for the return of the prodigal, who left all to find the lone lost-sheep, and who died on the cross to prove his love for us. Since Jesus has looked upon us and awakened our souls to his concern and love, we are not the same; we never can be.

We profess to be Christians and then we use the talents God has given us to discover the worst methods of man-killing. — Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

### I Like Bulbs in Windows.

Years ago, when I lived in a cold house and the plants would freeze now and then or get chilled enough never to be really nice, I learned the value of the hardy bulbs. I could have flowers even if the soil in the pots should freeze a crust. A light chill had no effect on even the more tender sorts, such as the paper-whites and freesias, while the hyacinths seemed to welcome the cold. Then if I wanted flowers in a room where I kept no fire, but where the temperature was well above freezing—around 50 or 60 degrees most of the time—I could have them, for all the hardy bulbs like such cool quarters. They will do better in a cool room than in a warm one, though in the ordinary living-room temperature they will do well if kept moist.—H. A.

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**RED ROSE**  
**TEA 'is good tea'**  
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**RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE**