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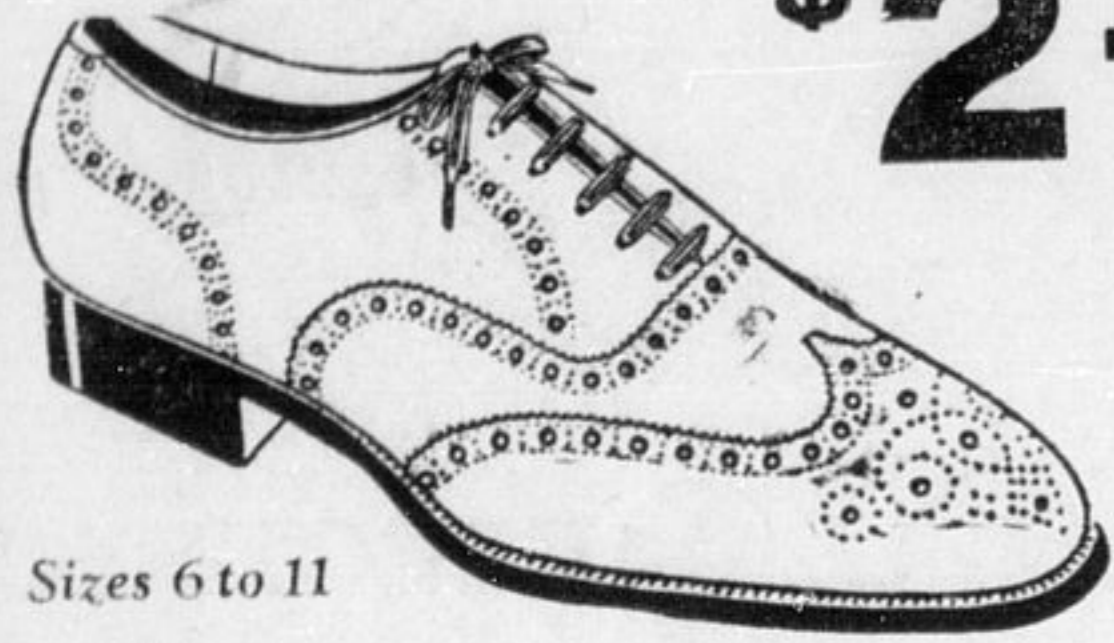
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If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

Appealing, and different, is the poem "The Violinist," by Archibald Lampman. Spohr, who is mentioned in the poem, was a German conductor and composer of music, whose works have found great acclaim.

The Violinist
In Dresden in the square one day,
His face of parchment, seamed and gray,
With wheezy bow and proffered hat,
An old blind violinist sat.

Like one from whose worn heart the heat
Of life had long ago retired,
He played to the unheeding street,
Until the thin old hands were tired.



Few marked the player how he played,
Or how the child beside his knee
Besought the passers-by for aid
So softly and so wistfully.

A stranger passed. The little hand
Went forth, so often checked and
spurned.
The stranger wavered, came to stand,
Looked round with absent eyes and
turned.

He saw the sightless withered face,
The tired old hands, the whitened hair,
The child with such a mournful grace,
The little features pinched and spare.

"I have no money, but," said he,
"Give me the violin and bow.
I'll play a little, we shall see,
Whether the gold will come or no."

With lifted brow and flashing eyes
He faced the noisy street and played.
The people turned in quick surprise,
And every foot drew near and stayed.

First from the shouting bow he sent
A summons, an impetuous call;
Then some old store of grief long spent
Broke from his heart and mastered all.

The tumult sank at his command,
The passing wheels were hushed and
stilled;

The burning soul, the sweeping hand
A sacred ecstasy fulfilled.

The darkness of the outer strife,
The weariness and want within,
The giant wrongfulness of life,
Leaped storming from the violin.

The jingling sound of pleasure broke,
Gay carriages were drawn anear,
And all the proud and haughty folk
Leaned from their cushioned seats to
heer.

And then the player changed his tone,
And wrought another miracle
Of music, half a prayer, half moan,
A cry exceeding sorrowful.

A strain of pity for the weak,
The poor that fall without a cry,
The common hearts that never speak,
But break beneath the press and die.

Throughout the great and silent crowd
The music fell on human ears,
And many kindly heads were bowed,
And many eyes were warm with tears.

"And now your gold," the player cried,
"While love is master of your mood,"
He bowed, and turned, and slipped
aside,
And vanished in the multitude.

And all the people flocked at that,
The money like a torrent rolled,
Until the gray old battered hat
Was bursting to the brim with gold.

And loudly as the giving grew,
The question rose on every part,
If any named or any knew
That stranger with so great a heart.

Or what the moving wonder meant,
Such playing never heard before;
A lady from her carriage leant,
And murmured softly, "It was Spohr."

South Porcupine Lady Was Acquitted, Not Fined

In Thursday's issue of The Advance it was stated that "A lady of Railroad Street, South Porcupine, was accused of giving liquor to a person under the influence," and that a fine of \$25 and costs was imposed. Although no name was used in this case some may recognize the lady thus charged and it is accordingly only fair to note that there was no conviction and no fine. The Advance was in error in recording a fine, the lady in question being acquitted.

Huntingdon Gleaner.—The regular occupation of R. K. Blakely, Evansville, Ind., is that of an iceman. His sideline is the sale and distribution of Bibles, which he began in 1935. His ambition is to put a New Testament into every Evansville home that has none now. His plan is to sell copies at 25 cents each. If he finds a home having no Bible where he cannot make a sale he will leave a copy free of charge. In this way he has disposed of 600 copies so far, 500 of them sold and 100 given away.

ON THE TRAIL FROM KELS0



This is the way most of the pioneers of Porcupine travelled into this camp from Kels0 where the railway ended. The picture shows a group on the trail with packtrails and other loads to carry.

Camp Lorraine a Happy Camp for C. G. I. T. Girls

One of the Most Popular Holidays for Girls in Northern Ontario. Seniors to Be Under Canvas July 11th to 21st; Juniors for Balance of July

Camp Lorraine is the camp established specially for Northern Ontario girls of the C.G.I.T. From Miss Scott, of Kirkland Lake, The Advance has received the following article on this camp, which is published for the interest of readers. Other articles on the camp will be published later.

C.G.I.T. Girls Look Forward to Holiday at Camp Lorraine

Many girls are looking forward to the C.G.I.T. camp at Lorraine, an event which is one of the most popular holidays in Northern Ontario.

This year the seniors will be under canvas from July 11 to 21, while the juniors will occupy the site for the balance of the month.

The following article on the delights of camping is presented by C.G.I.T. girls as an admirable description of the delights of the camp. It was written on last year's camp for a magazine:

Camp Lorraine (Mary Chase)

"What's it like at a C.G.I.T. camp anyway?" I can hear hundreds of girls in Canada and Newfoundland who have never been at a camp yet asking this question. Let me tell you this first of all—there are no two C.G.I.T. camps alike.

Had you been able to charter an aeroplane which would carry you up to Northern Ontario, to a lake called Temiskaming, you would have found one of these camps. There nestled at the foot of high hills, close to the water's edge, you would have come upon Camp Lorraine.

The shiny specks which you see from your lofty vantage point are the roofs of cabins, five of them, dotted here and there among the trees. The great big spot is the roof of the dining pa-

vilion, the most beautifully situated one you'd find at any camp in Canada (at least, I think so). All the sides of it open out like windows, overlooking the lake which is just below. There's a fireplace, too, for rainy weather. Up a bit on the hillside stands the "Chalet"—a very special little building where some of the leaders live. The white specks are tents—two, three, four, or five of them, depending on how many campers there are.

The tiny moving objects which you see are the thirty-nine campers, and nine leaders. The campers have come from the Northern towns—Timmins, Kirkland Lake, Cochrane, New Liskeard—some have come as far as two hundred miles.

Soon after seven o'clock you will see the campers down on the beach at work with soap and tooth brush. Then, splash! They're in for their morning dip! Half an hour later you wouldn't know the camp was the same place. The moving objects are all settled down, in ones or twos, along the shore. Only the song of the white-throat, the lapping of the water, break the silence of the Morning Watch.

At eight o'clock you won't see a sign of anybody, for it's breakfast-time. Porridge tastes twice as good as it does at home, and, oh, how the toast disappears.

By this time you will have landed on our lake and will have come in to spend the day with us. We shall take you first to our outdoor chapel with its altar of white birch. Here we gather every morning at 9.30. With the birds singing above us, and the clouds drifting lazily along the horizon, we worship together in the beauty of the out-doors. Our director leads us in thinking ser-

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Improve the strokes they've learned themselves. These Northern campers proved to be exceptionally good swimmers. A few of them passed a Royal Life-Saving Society test on the last day of camp.

But our swimming period isn't all work. The last part of it we forget all about strokes, and play! Have you ever heard of "aqua-logging"? Two of our leaders introduced this feat into camp, by challenging two of the campers to a race. One person sits astride either end of a log, paddle in hand, and off they go. It's a little bit hard to keep your balance—at least, certain leaders found it so.

Everyone's starving again after the swim. Fortunately are they who have saved a morsel of "tuck" to eat now. An orange or a chocolate bar goes to the spot! But camp council follows soon and emptiness is forgotten in thoughts of all sorts of important things which all the campers discuss with the director. The other leaders are not allowed to attend unless specially invited.

Before supper there's some more time to do the things you want. To-day it's to be a shore supper, so we each get our dishes from the dining room, and wander down the shore a piece. There's the loveliest driftwood all the way along. We feel very grateful when we think of campers in Japan, who are able to have campfires only very rarely because of the lack of wood. Each Bible study group makes its own fire, and we warm our beans—home baked ones, they are. Our cook is an expert along several lines, and beans is one! For second course, we're making "twisters."

"What in the world are they?" you ask. Well, you start in with a strip of biscuit dough, which you wind very carefully around the end of a stick. You hold your stick over the coals, turning it slowly round and round. When it looks all nice and brown and done—if it hasn't fallen off before, that is—you take it off the stick, and fill the hole with jam. Yummy, it's good! The heart-rending part is that you have to give part of it to your neighbour who has lost hers in the fire.

We wander back to camp and do some folk dancing, while the campcraft group get the campfire ready. My, what a big circle we make. In no time we've learned Roselle, and Weaving the Wadmal is an old favorite by now. We can almost imagine we're at a village fair in Denmark.

At sunset we gather around the campfire, down on the beach. Our chief camper lights the fire. As she does she repeats John Oxenham's poem, "Kneel always when you light a fire—" The whole camp joins in singing the fire song. Then some one reads aloud, or we sing for a while. To-night the dramatic group is putting on a play.

Just as it finishes our camp-mother brings along some biscuits and jam. That's a nice surprise which we don't get every night.

The biscuits demolished, and our fire burned low, we make a huge circle to the water's edge. At the director's signal voices are hushed, and we stand in the silence of a Northern night. Some one starts and we all join in:

"Day is done,
All is well,
Safely rest,
God is nigh."

A chery "Thanks for the day, comrades," and all the campers scurry away to their cabins.

But no two days are alike. There are always different and unexpected things happening like thunderstorms in the middle of the night, with refreshments served after in the cabins!

It's heaps of fun, is a C.G.I.T. camp—ten days of growing.

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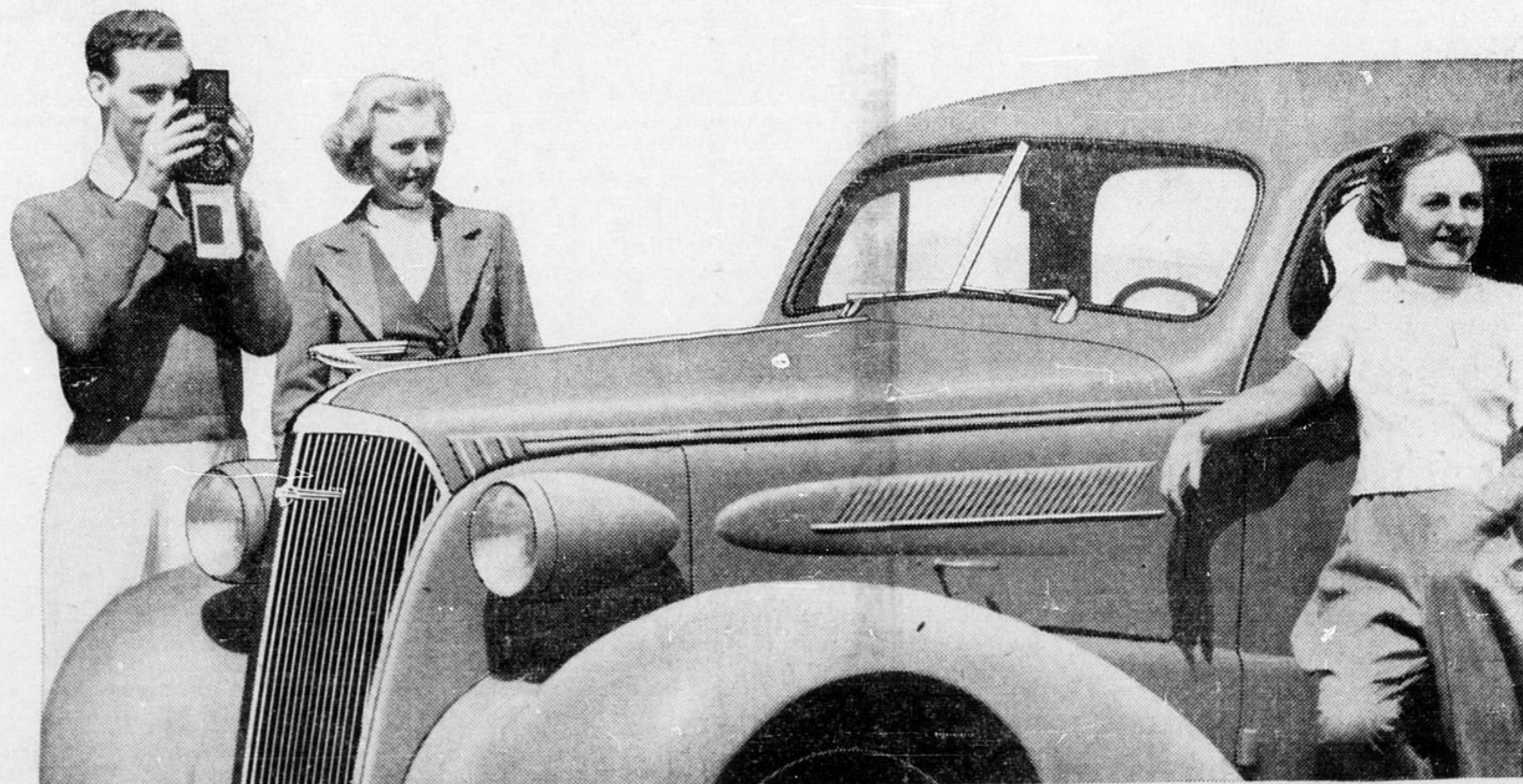
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