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A PADRE IN THE GREAT WAR

Being the Reminiscences and Recollections of the Veteran Chaplain, Canon F. G. Scott

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(Continued

CHAPTER 19
THE SMASHING OF THE DRO-COURT-QUEANT LINE
September 2nd 1918

On Saturday, August 31st, I paid a visit to our Battle Headquarters and the General asked me to have a celebration of the Holy Communion there the next morning at 8.00. I knew that the attack was almost due, so I prepared for it and took my iron rations with me. We had the Communion Service in a tent at the General's Headquarters. There were only three present, but the General was one of them. I had breakfast in a quaint little hut in the side of the trench, and then started off to the forward area. The great stretch of country was burnt up by the summer heat and the roads were broken up and dusty. I was taken by car to the Headquarters of the 2nd, Brigade which were in a trench, and from thence I started on foot to Cherisy. Here the 8th, Battalion were quartered, the 5th, being in the line. Zero hour, I was told, was early the next morning. The 2nd, and 3rd, Brigades were to make the attack The 5th, Battalion was to have advanced that day and taken possession of a certain trench which was to be jumping off line on the following morning. I heard that they had had a hard time. They had driven out the Germans, but had been seriously counter-attacked and had lost a large number of men. I determined therefore to go out and take them some cigarettes and biscuits which the Y.M.C.A. generously provided. I started off in the afternoon to go to the front line, wherever it might be. I went down the road from Cherisy past the chalk pit, where we had a little cemetery, and then turning into the fields on the left walked in the direction in which I was told the 5th, Battalion lay. It was a long hot journey, and as I had not quite recovered from my attack of influenze I found it very fatiguing. On all sides I saw grue some traces of the recent fighting. I came across the body of a young artillery officer of the 2nd, division but, as all his papers hadbeen taken away I could not discover his name. My way passed through the remains of what had been an enemy camp. There were a number of well built huts there, containing much German war material, but they had been damaged by our shells. The Germans had evidently been obliged to get out of the place as quickly as possible. I was just leaving the camp when I met several of our men bringing up a number of prisoners. While we were talking, some shells fell, and we all had to dive into two trenches. The Huns took one, we Canadians took the other. We had no desire in case a shell landed in our midst to have our bits mingled with those of the Germans. When the "straffing" was over, the others went back, and I continued my way to the front. It must have been about six or seven o'clock when I arrived at the 5th, Battalion Headquarters, which were in a deep German dug-out. The Colonel was absent at a conference, so the Adjutant was in command. I told him that I had come provided with cigarettes and other comforts for the men, and asked him for a runner to take me to the front line. He absolutely refused to do anything of the kind, as he told me he did not know where they were himself. The situation was most obscure. Our men had attacked and had been driven back and then they had attacked again, but he thought they were now in shell holes and would be hard to find. In fact, he was most anxious about the condition of affairs and was hoping the Colonel would soon return. I asked him if he would like me to spend the night there. He said he would, so I determined to settle down and wait for an opportunity of getting up to the men.

"THE GERMANS ARE COMING"

I went over to a trench a little way off, passing two dead Germans as I did so, and saw the little white flag with the red cross on it which showed that a dug out there was used as the regimental aid post. I went down into it and found the M. O., and his staff and a number of machine gunners in the place, which had two openings. Being Sunday, I told them that I would have service for them. We all sat on the floor of the long dug out. Two or three candles gave us the light we had, and the cigarettes which I had brought with me were soon turned into smoke. In the meantime a young stretcher bearer unknown to me made a cup of tea and brought that and some buttered toast for my supper. When I had finished we were just going to begin the service, when a voice suddenly shouted down the steps in excited tones, "We've all got to retreat, the Germans are coming" At once a corporal shouted up to him, "Shut up, none of that talk out here". Of course I had not said a word to any of the men about the condition of our front line, but remembering what the Adjutant had told me about it, I thought now that there might be some reason for the alarm. As I have said on a former occasion, I had a great objection to being bombed in a dug-out, so I said to the men, "Well, boys, perhaps we had better take it seriously and go up and see what the matter is." We climbed up to the trench, and there on looking over the parapet we saw an exciting scene. It was not yet dark, and in the twilight we could see objects at a certain distance, but it was just light enough and dark enough to confuse one's vision. Along the line to the right of our front trenches, rockets and S.O.S. signals were going up, showing that the Germans were attacking. Our reserve battalions were far back in Cherisy, and our artillery had not yet come up. At any rate, somewhere in the glimmering darkness in front of us the Germans were advancing. They actually did get between us and our front line. The machine gunners at once went to their posts, and the M. O. wanted orders as to what he and his staff were to do. I went back down the trenches past the dead Germans to Battalion Headquarters, and asked the Adjutant what orders he had for the M.O. He said that we were to congregate at Headquarters; so I went back and gave the message. I remember looking over the waste of ground and wondering if I could see the Germans. For a time it was really very exciting especially for me, because I did not know exactly what I should do if the Germans came. I could not fight, nor could I run away, and to fold one's arms and be taken captive seemed too idiotic. All the time I kept saying to myself, "I am an old fool to be out here.' Still we got as much fun out of the situation as we could, and, to our intense relief the arrival of some of our shells and the sudden appearance of a Highland Battalion of the 4th, Division on our left frightened the Germans and they retired, leaving us to settle down once more in our trench home.

THE USUAL "GLORIOUS ROAR"

On the return of the Colonel, we learned that, on account of the heavy losses which the 5th, Battalion had suffered that day, the 7th, Battalion would attack on the following morning. Later on in the evening I saw some machine gunners coming up, who told us that they had left some wounded and a dead man in a trench near the road. I determined to go back and see them. The trench was very crowded, and as it was dark it was very hard to find one's way. I nearly stepped on a man who appeared to be sleeping leaning against the parapet. I said to one of the men, "Is this a sleeping hero?" "No sir," he replied, "its a Hun stiff." When I got down to the road, I met two men and we hunted for the place where the wounded had been left, but found they had been carried off to Cherisy. So I started back again for Battalion Headquarters, and, as numbers of men were going forward I had no difficulty in finding it.

The dugout was now absoluteiy crowded. Every available space, including the steps down from the opening was filled with men. I managed to secure a little shelf in the small hours of the morning, and had two or three hours' sleep. The atmosphere was so thick that I think we were all overcome by it and sank into profound slumber. At last one of the men suddenly woke up and said to me "It's ten minutes to five, Sir." The barrage was going to start at five. As far as I could see evey one in the dug-out but ourselves was sound asleep. I climbed up the steps, waking the men on them and telling them that the barrage would start in ten minutes. The sentries in the trench said that the 7th, Battalion had gone forward during the night with a number of 4th, Division men The morning air was sweet and fresh after that of the dug-out but was rather chilly. A beautiful dawn was beginning and only a few of the larger stars were visible. The constellation of Orion could be seen distinctly against the gray-blue of the sky. At five o'clock the usual glorious roar of the opening barrage started and there was the attack. Very quickly the Germans replied, and shells fell so unpleasantly near that once again we crowded into the dug out. After a hasty breakfast of bacon and tea the battalion moved of, and I made my way to the front. I saw an officer of the 7th, Battalion being carried to the M. O.'s dugout. He was not badly hit, and told me he was just back from leave and had been married only a fortnight ago. I shook hands with him and congratulated him on being able to get back to Blighty and have a wife to look after him. He was being carried by some Germans and had two of our bearers with him. I went down into a communication trench and the next instant a shell burst. I did not know then that anybody had been hit by it, but I learnt afterwards that the officer, the stretcher bearers and the Germans had all been killed.

I made my way to a mud road where to my infinite delight I saw large numbers of German prisoners being marched back. By the corner of a wood the 8th, Battalion were waiting their turn to advance. To the left was the hill called The Crow's Nest, which our 3rd, Brigade had taken that day. I crossed the Hendicourt Dury Road, which had trees on both sides of it, and then meeting the 2nd, Battalion went forward with them. There were some deep trenches and dug-outs on the way which our units at once appropriated and which became the headquarters of two of our Brigades. Our artillery had also come up and their chaplain was with them. The C. O., of the 7th, Battalion was having breakfast in the corner of the field, and feeling very happy over the result of the morning's work. Far off we could see the wood of Cagnicourt, and beyond that, in the distance, we could see other woods. I went off in the direction of Cagnicourt and came to some German huts, where there was a collection was military supplies. Among them was a large anti-tank rifle. As it had begun to rain, I as very glad to find some German water proof sheets which I put over my shoulders as I was eating my bully beef. Cagnicourt lay in a valley to the right, and when I got there I found a battery of artillery had just arrived and were taking up their positions by a road which led on to Villers Cagnicourt. We were all in high spirits over our fresh achievement. In some dug outs on the way I found the headquaterrs of the 13th and 14th, Battalions, and learnt of the very gallant deed of the Rev. E.E. Graham, the Methodist chaplain attached to the 13th, Battalion. He had carried out, under the fire of the barrage, five wounded men of the 2nd, Division, who had been left in No Man's Land. He was recommended for the Victoria Cross, but unfortunately for some raeson or other, only got the D.S.O. In a trench near Villers Cagnicourt, I found the 4th, Battalion who told me that they thought our advance was checked. I sat talking to them for some time, but was so tired that I absolutely could not keep awake. The men were much amused to see me falling asleep in the midst of a conversation I managed, however, to pull myself together and went over to the main Cherisy road, on the side of which one of our ambulances had taken up its position and was being attended by one of our military chaplains. I was feeling so seedy by this time that I got a lift by the side of the driver on a horse ambulance and made my way back to Cherisy. The road was narrow and crowded with traffic and had been broken in places of shells. Quite a number of bodies were lying by the way-side. I arrived back at my billet in Arras in the evening feeling very tired. At the Corps dressing-station that night I saw large numbers of our men brought in, among them the C. O. of the 2nd, Battalion who had especially distinguished himself that day, but was very badly wounded.

In spite of the fact that we had

(Continued on Page Two.)

KING GOVERNMENT IS NOW IN GREAT JEOPARDY

As Result of Rt. Hon. Mr. Meighen's Move the Progressives and Conservatives Will Line up Against Liberals and Mr. King Must Try to Save Situation by Inducing Two Independents to Support him.

OTTAWA, June 8.— Mr. Meighen's speech on the budget today, altered the whole preliminary situation. Up to today the Progressives had banked on the Conservatives voting for the main budget resolution.

They assumed that Mr. Meighen having voted for the Drayton amendment and thus expressed his disapproval of the Government's betrayal of its pledges, would support the budget resolution itself because in character it is protection. Accordingly, they decided that they would vote against both the Drayton amendment and the budget resolutions, reasoning that the Government would thus be enabled to defeat the amendment. In other words, that their tactics would ensure against a government defeat and consequently against possibility of an election.

Upset the Dope.

Mr. Meighen today upset this plan. He declared that his party would vote against the budget, much to the surprise of the Government and to the complete discomfiture of the Progressives.

The result is that the Progressives, publicly pledged to vote against the budget, will be compelled to line up with the Conservatives against the Ministry which, being in the minority of one in the House, will have to make desperate efforts to avoid defeat. Everything, indeed, will depend upon the vote of two British Columbia members, one Mr. Neil, returned as an independent, and the other, Mr. McBride, a Progressive of Liberal lineage. Should these vote with the Ministry, it will be sustained by a majority of from one to two, but, on the other hand, should they decide to bolt the defeat of the Government will be inevitable.

Mr. Meighen's speech today was a performance of exceeding brilliance. For an hour and a half he held the crowded house and galleries in the hollow of his hand as with merciless thrust and sally he dissected the alleged Liberal betrayal of its platform, and the Progressive failure to indict the party's treason.

His greatest achievement, perhaps, certainly the most dramatic incident of the day, was when he drew the veteran Fielding to his feet with a specific and astonishing repudiation of the Liberal tariff platform Mr. Meighen was citing the tariff plank as having been subscribed to by the Minister of Finance when Mr. Feilding, to the almost consternation of his colleagues, arose and said: "My Rt. Hon. Friend has no authority for that statement. I tell him he is mistaken. I never voted for the tariff items of the Liberal platform, and never concealed the fact that I did not approve of the platform in that respect."

Mr. Meighen—"I venture to say that this is the first time any one outside the four walls of the convention itself knew that the Minister of Finance objected to the tariff plank then enunciated."

Mr. Fielding—"My Rt. Hon. Friend is the first one to make such a statement (that Mr. Fielding had subscribed to the tariff plank) and I merely desired to correct him."

Mr. Meighen—"But did not my Hon. Friend go before the convention as a candidate after it had adopted that platform?"

Mr. Fielding—"That is hardly correct, but we shall deal with it later."

The House, hardened to strange incidents, was staggered by the Minister's declaration. In one sentence Mr. Fielding had utterly repudiated, not only his party and its platform, but the cabinet colleagues who sat around him and with whom he is supposed, by long tradition, to have collective responsibility.

Even Mr. Meighen, quick in his swiftness to take in and, profit by a new and favorable situation, was somewhat taken aback. "We are getting revelations now," he observed, and, although he passed on to catechize other members of the Cabinet as to whether they shared Mr. Fielding's views, it was quite evident that he had never expected a political windfall as Mr. Fielding's confession, and was not prepared to take full advantage of them being abondened in the opening which its significance left him.

As for the Liberals they were plainly angered by the Finance Minister's outspoken. "I shall say where I stand when my turn comes to speak". Mr. Lapointe fairly shouted, clearly taking a dig at Mr. Fielding's seeming eagerness to repudiate the platform without waiting until it was his turn to speak, while the faces of Sir Lomer Gouin, Mr King, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Motherwell presented an interesting study in resentment.

They probably were recalling that Mr. Fielding was actually a member of the sub-commitee of the convention which drafted the resolution. Perhaps, too, they were trying to recall if it were not a fact that it was in Mr. Fielding's own handwriting that the tariff plank in question was drafted.

HON. MR. BAXTER'S SCATHING CRITICISM OF THE GOVERNMENT

In a Brilliant Speech Mr. Baxter Scores Both Liberals and Progressives for Being False to Their Alleged Principles.

In the debate on the budget Hon. J. B. M. Baxter said: Mr. Speaker, I should be less than courteous, and very much less than sincere, if I did not take this opportnity to congratulate the hon. Minister of Finance (Mr. Fielding) who has delivered his budget on this occasion, on the fact that in the sunset of life he is enjoying the opportunity of again filling a position which he has filled in past years and which I think the people of Canada will say, without attaching any political importance to the remark, that he has always fileld worthily in a personal sense. It would be too much to expect that all the members of this House, let alone the people of Canada, could possibly be in accord with the proposals which the hon. gentleman has today laid before the public for acceptance, but it is not too much for us to say that party differences or the difference which are engendered by opposite points of view, commercial points of view, I might call them, should not prevent us from paying a deserved tribute to a worthy Canadian whose life has been full of hard and earnest work. I would like to say, just as a personal appreciation, that it is only during a short time of this session that I have had the pleasure of coming in some contact with the hon. Minister of Finance, and I have been delighted to find his extreme readiness of expression, and also to note in every act of his absolute resoluteness which is too often lacking in the public life of this country. I am glad to be able to say things of this character. If I had criticism to offer, it probably would not be made, because I feel that a long term of public service so distinguished as the hon. gentleman has had ought to entitle him to a very great deal of consideration. I have from a personal standpoint no criticism, but rather an appreciation to offer.

In discussing the budget proposals I shall try in the short time I intend to occupy the House to approach the subject entirely from what I conceive to be the business point of view. Now my hon. friend made use of some figures. I have not the slightest acubt but that they are absolutely correct, and I wish to supplement them with some other figures, because I have already said that the hon. gentleman has shown a resoluteness and courage in dealing with the matters he has laid before the House on this occasion and also, I may say, on other occasions when he has addressed the House I feel I may disgress to this extent: I believe the hon. gentleman is putting forward proposals which by no means go to the length he would like to have them go; they by no means meet his ideal of economic conditions; in fact I may also venture the suggestion that the proposals which he does make on this occasion approach much nearer to the economic ideas of the group of which I am a member than they do those of a large number of the group of which he is one of the exponents. However, he has given us this statement and he has given it. I believe, with absolute sincerity. He occupies the position which enables him to make this statement because of the success of the party at the polls—a success which must have been very gratifying to him and to his party but which was obtained by the violation, in every erspect, of that candour and sincerity which distinguishes the hon. gentleman himself. I would pass, for a moment, to a quotation from a speech delivered by the hon. gentleman during the campaign. He said on that occasion:

> It would be possible to make the tariff much less burdensome on the people, particularly the poorer classes, without injuring industry, and the Liberals when in power would do this.

I believe the hon. gentleman was sincere when he uttered those words. I take, however, the utterances of his leader (Mr. Mackenzie King) and I am going to quote from a report in the Toronto Globe of a speech made by him in the constituency of York. Ont. Now, I take it that in public life we had better get down to plain, blunt facts. It is possible, as the late respected Mr. P. T. Barnum said, to fool some of the people all of the time, to fool the whole of the people part of the time, but impossible to fool all the people all the time. I notice that the leader of the Government assumed in this speech that the population of Canada was 9 millions, and I will use that as a basis for testing his calculations and the sincerity of the views put forward, not only by himself on the platform but by his party in their literature, to obtain the adherence of the electoate to that party; assuming 9 millions as the population, he said the tax for federal purposes alone would be $62 per head, and for a family of five, $310 a statement that no doubt was read, was noted, and was commented upon by the hon. gentleman (Mr. Hoey) who spoke a few moments ago; and no doubt his nerves are still tingling with the idea of this immense burden of taxation. In fact, I would not doubt but that his entirely pessimistic attitude with regard to the Canadian West has been more largely inspired by speeches of the character made by the leader of the Government than by the actual facts as they present themselves in western Canada. The leader of the Government further said: that this sum of $310 per year meant the difference between a home and no home, or between giving to loved ones the food or education they needed or not—a most pathetic appeal. And when we look at the figures which have been supplied to us by the Finance Minister, and others which are easily obtained from the records of the country, we find that in the year 1920-21, the year upon which the leader of the Government must have based his calculations, the receipts of the Dominion were something over $434,386,000. That would mean not the large amount of $62 per head but $48.26, and when multiplied by the typical five-member family would come to $241.30. The receipts must surely be the measure of the taxation actually imposed upon this country. If the leader of the Government had used the correct figures I am not going to say it would have made very much difference; but I do say that his apepal was based upon a statement as to the taxation imposed by the late government which was, to say the least of it, absolutely misleading. If, however, he took the expenditures for the year he would be no more happy because the late government had not spent up to the amount of the revenue and the burden would be $210.30. We come then to 1921-22, when we find that on the basis of the receipts, which is the burden supposedly borne by the five-member family, the tax was $211.80, and on the basis of actual expenditure it was only $193.40.

Now the reason I am commenting on these figures at all is to point out that on the basis of the estimated expenditure put forward by the Minister of Finance this year as the amount—cut to the bone, pared as closely as possible—the smallest amount he can get along with—the tax is to be at least $244.85 on the supposed five-member family, or larger than it was under the preceding government. Where then is the relief that was promised on every platform in this country—the relief that was promised to the women of the home in a pamphlet that I have upon my desk and that was largely circulated throughout Nova Scotia; that was promised to every wage earner and to every laborer within the sound of the voice of the leader of the Government One would have expected under those circumstances to have found some real reduction, some real abondonment of expenditure, but instead of that we have an actual increase. Not only have we a failure to implement the pledges—not set out in the platform of the party adopted in convention, but the pledges spoken from the platform and published in the party literature—but there is, as in all other matters, an absolute disregard of them.

I notice with much attention the attiture taken a few minutes ago by the hon. gentleman who spoke for the Progressive party. He assumed that the party sitting to your immediate left Mr. Speaker, would be intensely interested in knowing how he was going to vote. I can assure him that that party is only concerned with how it is going to vote itself. We have our principles and we stand true to them. We know how we are going to vote, and we have known for a very long time, in fact, practically ever since the session commenced, just how the hon. member who has just spoken is going to vote. It was not necessary to volunteer any information on that point. He is going to vote as he voted on the first division this session in this House. He is going to vote in favor of a policy by which a party can go to the country upon a series of mis-statements and if returned to power, he will vote to condone such conduct and will support that party. He talks about what is ethical, and his action drives all that is ethical out of public life. He has quoted the words of the Finance Minister about leaning on governments. I am not particularly concerned with his application of it, but there is leaning and leaning; and leaning sometimes is a support. We often see a post placed in the road which affords protection to a structure, which would topple over without its support. It is the Government that leans, and it leans for support upon the hon. member who has just spoken.

Mr. Hoey: Will the hon. member tell me, has the Government since its inception ever leaned on the party to which he belongs?

Mr. Baxter: The hon. member probably thinks the question is pertinent, and I will tell him that, so far as I know—and he has the same opportunity of observing that I have—the Government has never leaned upon the party which sits to the Speaker's left, but I will say that in certain matters the Government members had the good fortune to be possessed of sufficient common sense to vote the same way as the party which I belong to has voted. That is a Heaven-born gift, that, so far, has been denied to my hon. friend and the party with which he is associated.

Mr. Hoey: It is the same common sense that has influenced me to do it on other occasions.

Mr. Baxter: I am quite willing to take my hon. friend's self-sufficient estimate of himself. There can be nothing much more perfect probably, in ethics, politics, morality or religion, and we will let it go at that. If the hon. member wants any better character, I will try to improvise one to his his satisfaction, but I have no desire for any personal quarrel with him. The leader of the Government went to the country making representations of the character which I have mentioned. Those were public utterances. I have another utterance, where he said that Cape Breton Liberals had fought for the development of the coal and steel industry. I was never aware of any pitched battle on the part of the Liberals for the developement of those industries, but, at the same time that is the statement he made. He also declared that they would continue to fight until they brought back the prosperity which Canada enjoyed for fifteen years under the Liberal regime, and I notice, as a striking commentary, that my hon. friend from Cumberland (Mr. Logan) told his audiences during the election campaign that a much higher duty should be paid on American coal coming into Canada. Apparently it was not possible, however, to influence the Prime Minister (Mr. Mackenzie King) to the extent of altering the tariff in the direction of an increase. On that point my hon. friends to the left seem to have had their innings, because the Liberal platform was interpreted throughout the West as meaning abolition of coal duties, while in Cape Breton, and generally throughout Nova Scotia, it was interpreted as in favor of enhancing those duties, for the protection of that very important industry.

I will refer to a pamphlet issued during the campaign, to which I referred in the debate on the address, in which, I think, a pair of boots was taken as an illustration. The people were assured—the women at all events of Nova Scotia were assured—that it was very wicked of my right hon. friend and leader (Mr. Meighen) to take 50 cents on a pair of boots, of which, I believe, some 20 cents went to the manufacturer, while if my hon. friend the present leader of the Government were returned to power there would be a difference of some 30 cents in the duty. I said at the time that the thing looked very much like the traditional 30 cents, but I find, after we have had all the tariff proposals, that it does not even reach the munificent sum of 30 cents in the reduction of the cost of living. I think about nine cents, after you have calculated the duty on an average pair of boots, and after you have taken the increased sales tax, about eight or nine cents, is the amount of the deduction, and you only get that if you import the boots or shoes from England. I am not sorry because I am not advocating the reduction of the duty. I believe in building up the industries of Canada, and keeping the workmen within our own country by the produce to be raised, even in this part of the country, which, I am assured, is going very rapidly to the dogs—a statement which I do not accept at all. I want to see a united Can-

(Continued On Page 3)

LETTER FROM LIVERPOOL

BY W. L. COTTON

Points About the City—A Trip Into the Country—An English Seaside Resort

Liverpool is well known to all readers of The Guardian as one of the very greatest of Commercial cities. It is stated that an average of about seventy vessels enter its docks every day, and that its aggregate trade per year amounts to nearly £500,000,000 sterling. In addition to its import and export trade, Liverpool has industries of vast magnitude and importance. Notable among its industries are grain milling, sugar refining, iron and steel working, ship-building and repairing, tobacco manufacturing and rope making. The boundaries of Liverpool include an area of 33,000 square miles and there is a frontage on the river Mersey of nearly eight miles. Liverpool docks, celebated throughout the world, number sixty-five, with a waterarea of about six hundred acres. Truly it is a wonderful port. Its landing stage on the Mersey is described as "the greatest floating structure in the world". The largest Trans-Atlantic liners come alongside this stage in all conditions of the tide. Wonderful as its trade is, its growth in recent years is still more wonderful. The date of its first charter was 1207 and "Liverpool Castle," on the site of the Victoria memoral, was built in the year 1232. But in 1880 its population had only reached a total of 75,000. Now it is more than 750,000. Its streets and wharves are lively with moving people. One of the steamships that last week came from New York brought into Liverpool 2400 passengers, and, on Friday last, when a C. P. R. boat was about to depart we saw other thousands going on board enroute for Canada. So that though trade is said to be "dull" and "very dull" there is still "something doing" in Liverpool. I have noted the present continuous passage of heavily laden "lorries", trains and barges to and from Liverpool and the various manufacturing towns in its vicinity and merchants speak with confidence of a "revival of business in the near future."

Today we took a motor trip into the country through part of the coal mining area of Lancashire. We had heard a good deal about the depression of the mining industry and the "dilapidation of the miners cottages," etc. But there was no apparent distress in the mining villages that we passed through. The cottages we saw were of red brick in straight rows; but before each cottage there was a bit of grass and some flowers—railed in after the manner of the English people and the children playing on the streets were plentiful and lively, giving the driver of our car some perturbation. While on this trip we visited one of the farms in the midst of the mining district, and later in the evening we walked in the grounds of a gentlemen's residence nearby. The houses were built centuries ago. But they have been added to, repaired and supplied with "modern conveniences",—and are evidently "up-to-date" in every respect. The "Hall" from the roadside is not "much to look at," There is a comfortable lodge at the entrance of the grounds; and once inside these the grandeur of the place appeared. The house itself was seen to be quite extensive. "Plenty there a residence had found." "In front at the foot of a broad lawn there was a lakelet in the placid depths of which every detail of the architecture of the Hall and the surrounding ornaments in trees and sculpture was faithfully and beautifully reflected. The gardens of flowers and vegetables adjoining were a revelation of loveliness, as indeed every part of England is that we have seen in this spring season. Such a bloom and prospect as there are in every direction outside the cities cannot be described in language.

We spent an afternoon at Southport the summer resort—about twenty miles from Liverpool—of thousands of English people. The "season" had not begun, but we could see by the preparations in progress at the stores and along the seaside that the expenditure of millions of money by holiday tourists is confidently anticipated. For recreation there were attractions of every conceivable kind, and literally "acres of fakirs" for the gathering in of all the loose shillings and six-pences in the pockets of the young and lively who will come to get pleasure without grudging the expense.

The scene along the shore at Southport afforded a suggestive illustration of what man be seen and experienced at some of the seaside resorts of P. E. Island when population and wealth accumulate on the mainland and when enterprise has awakened the people in North America to the summer beauties and delights of our "Gem of the Northern Sea."

W. L. C.