NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

The Heads of Canada's Western Provinces, and Their Message.

The United States having been in the grip of a political campaign for several months, the touch of war's sternness has permeated the great commonwealth, and in every manner and direction it is felt and shows the interest that was to be expected from a people whose love of liberty and justice rises supreme to all things, by day their appreciation of what it means to give up now or never the fruits of victory for the world and the generations that hold the degenerate and godless.....foes of northern Europe, has been disclosed to the horror of all. The manner in which great service knows deliberately and realized itself, carried out their policy of world hostility, has been disclosed to the world. Those of France which have in prosperity and in adversity, suffered, long the past years. Not a true democrat standing or alive in the United States which were the cause of what it the same time the means of overhead of the people of this devastated country.

The disclosure of these condemnation of the in the formation of plans in London for the raising of funds to be used in the destruction of these orchards and nurseries. It is estimated that about $1,000,000 will be needed to complete this work of destruction. Some measures have already been dispatched to France for placing in the district which has been wrested from German control.

The destruction of the orchards is described by a writer in Country Life in France as one in which "the best places were being made to restore its prosperity the moment that there should be land waste in war."

"All description in the newspapers brought home to me so vividly as a personal visit did the heavy hand which has been laid upon these orchards," says this writer. The one and another coming to the front year after year and coming to the Somme in the Scriptural era. "There shall not be left one stone standing upon another." Before the war the region was one of the most fertile in France. Agricultural authorities assured me that the best crops of wheat in the country were raised on the wide flat plains which lie between the valleys of the Somme and other woods. The soil here differs entirely from that seen in such war-battered towns as Reims and Verdun. These have been smashed and hacked about by shells and bombs till they are but ruins of what they were. Still, there are houses standing untouched amid the general destruction, and there is life and the stuff of towns. But, to take for example the district around Noyon, not only have the streets been wrecked by fire and shell, but before leaving them the Germans went methodically through a course of destruction, blowing up with mines the houses, commencing in a large by burning, and ending by a kind of battering ram for knocking down the walls. So that he never again to the phrase that keeps welling up like the furies of a song, there is really not one stone left to stand upon another.

"More may be said about this horrible thing, but I would rather call your next attention to what has actually been done by the Germans in the way of ruining gardens, orchards and nurseries. Those who have been in the country in peacetime will remember the rows of apple and pear trees that were grown along the straight roads running between shingled walls. Behind these walls were the great plantations of trees in the fields, as well as the orchards and gardens near the private houses, a characteristic of that French district. In preparation for evacuation, the German soldiers appear to have been ordered out with an axe to cut down these trees with the ground. Where the trees were too large for the hand they appear to have been set on fire with petrol and then burned through; others cut with the axe; and the stumps were left in the ground. But there was no system and no order. Whatever there was of nursery or garden was left in the ruin. Not one bunch where the rabbits were kept have not escaped destruction.

If one recognizes that these reports and the chief elements in its perfection, in which a considerable proportion of the trees were destroyed, it will not come as a surprise that the French officer commanding in the district told me nothing had so impressed and exasperated his Poilus as the sight of the nurseries and orchards. They accepted the rest as a natural consequence of war, and what an extraordinary trust it was. One has heard of the French soldiers' delight in new with it. Father Bannockburn the soldiers found used to raid the adjacent parts of the country, but for years it was impossible to raise crops, and the country-side was a wilderness. But to attempt that the buildings of wood and stone should be destroyed, and the trees pulled out, and the hedges and walls razed to the ground, was a thing which should be chosen with special regard to their suitability to the soil and the district, and to their useful purpose, and to see that the trees were planted out in rows, each with room and space to grow, was not to be English and to be German. Each tree, each stone, picturesque though they may be, which now stands in the midst of both countries, could advantageously be replaced by young trees of the best varieties.

The French peasant is every bit as conservative as the British farmer. As long as his trees carried annually a certain amount of fruit grown again it was, however, the preparation for subsequent almost total disregard for the soldiery. I could see their eyes hard and shine the next of the hate in the morning, and one effect has been that the French soldiers have learned much with regard to the care of trees. But, to take for example the district around Noyon, not only have the streets been wrecked by fire and shell, but before leaving them the Germans went methodically through a course of destruction, blowing up with mines the houses, commencing in a large by burning, and ending by a kind of battering ram for knocking down the walls. So that he never again to the phrase that keeps welling up like the furies of a song, there is really not one stone left to stand upon another.

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A Benevolent Burglar

By Ruth Alden Hayes

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Noiselessly the man with a boot wire entered the window of the bedroom of the house of rich Seth Parker.

Bill groped his way without a noise along a corridor and up a flight of stairs, for he had guessed that the safe was in the master's room and got away with the swag! In his pocket he had a jimmy, a dark lantern, some chloroform and a gun, but he was no murderer, a pearl necklace, two valuable bracelets and a fat wallet were all he thought worth while.

Bill reversed the electric torch and shed it over every part of the room, but just as it has been in English it was the same in the days of the Tudors—the safe was in the master's bedroom.

"Hullo!" he muttered. "Not as easy as I thought. Guess I'll have to get to work on my dial."

He turned it and got you any prize you ask," urged the young man.

"Then I'll take you," said the girl frankly.

"Done!" said the youth.

"Done!" said Bill, shaking his head slowly, "but, as I told you, I've reformed and I'm going straight. I'll be a credit to the world, to never have any trouble from me, and to never see you again."

"But I do! Are you doing here now?" asked the girl, who was evidently one who was Arthur Ridgely and a relative of Parker's, for she knew the house inside and free from guile he a bit of a flirt, she was a good girl.

"Well," exclaimed Bill bluntly, "I'll be honest with you. I'm a burglar by a week ago," and he exhibited the tools of his trade. "I'm going to be a burglar no more, and I'm going to put it back where I found it, well as I can, and then I'm going straight forming."

"Oh, I see," murmured young Ridgely slowly, as if struck by the sudden resemblance of the man to a good man and I see the hand of destiny in it. Come, you must help me to put back the swag. Where is it?"

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