WITNESS
and
Canadian Homestead

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS. VOL. LXXXIII. NO. 9. MONTREAL FEBRUARY 29, 1928. 83rd Year SUBSCRIPTION RATES INSIDE FIVE CENTS A COPY.

THE WITNESS is working through its readers in every province, and they through it, to

make Canada a land to love

The Week's Outlook

The Income Tax

AS a counsel of perfection we could not but support the Progressive amendment that regrets the reduction of the income tax on the ground that it is on the line of departure from the principle of direct taxation, and therefore in confirmation of the principle of customs taxation. There is no doubt as to which form of revenue collection is the most equitable. The income tax takes from the man according to what he has, the customs tax takes from him according to his needs, the excise largely according to his wants. Apart altogether from the principle of protection, which takes from the consumer what does not go into the treasury at all, and simply as between the direct and the indirect method of collecting revenue, there is in the abstract no room for dispute, and it is well for the country that there are good men and true who keep this standard forever before the people, who will in time come to see it. Britain, populated to the limit, has long been where she had to calculate the incidence of her burdens very closely. Indeed, she has long found that, for revenue supplies, the place to look is where money is, not to people who are on the sharp edge of penury. The income tax has long been her staple and regulating resource. It has been a penny or two up or a penny or two down, according to the needs of the nation. Circumstances since the war have demanded the utmost from all sources. But so long as there are such contrasts of poverty and wealth taxing the real needs of the people is not going to be tolerated; still less, any adding to the people's necessary burdens for other than treasury needs such as the occult bonusing of private enterprise. The United States is visibly advancing to a like condition, and it will soon be realized here.

The People Set the Pace

MEANTIME the genteel English papers which see everything from an income tax point of view, are lost in envy of Canada at having her income tax reduced ten per cent. Practically speaking, all a government can do is to act upon the existing consciousness of the people. It is too visible that every interest, whether it be factory or field production, whether it be cotton, fruit, or butter, that finds itself in competition with goods from abroad, immediately flies to the government for "protection"; that is, to be secured in a profit at the cost of our own people. It is with such a people that a government has to deal. It is always something to be thankful for when it resists all such demands. We have to keep on testifying by argument, by war-cry, by parliamentary formulation as to the people's true interests, and count on coming to legislative results in that way. In dealing with the income tax, moreover, a government may have fiscal interests of its own to take into account. Riches take unto themselves wings and flee away. Nothing is more moveable than capital. It is easy to imagine big money changing its domicile to where burdens are lightest. To drive it away would indeed be killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Capital may be a good thing or a bad; one thing is certain: You cannot tax it if, like the Irishman's flea, when you put your thumb upon it, it isn't there. We find any government false to the interests of the country which continues protectionist legislation. We also hold a government as in a tremendous sense criminal which does not give us national prohibition. But we realize that governments are what the people make them. That is where the fault is, and our business is with the people. While thankful, as we are, for any advance toward liberty, we must, like the Progressives, keep our colors flying as to what we are heading for.

Of Greatest Importance

IT appears certain that the parliamentary inquiry into immigration will constitute the most important work of this session. There are the mere politicians who seek to make party capital out of everything—a very petty sort of statesmanship. These talk about a "bootlegging" in special permits to admit aliens. But the country as a whole will agree with Mr. Bennett, who says: "My idea was, and is, that the committee should carefully study the methods now in vogue for getting settlers into the country, with a view to ascertaining in what way these methods can be improved." That is the matter in a nutshell. The country has suddenly wakened to the fact that over a quarter of "Canada's century" has slipped by, and the increase in population is disappointing indeed. This may not be the particular fault of any one party or government. But, as even so violent a partizan as Mr. Preston emphasizes in his recent book, a system has grown up apparently more concerned with keeping people out than bringing them in. Men like Mr. Preston are worth listening to. So are the representatives of the Salvation Army, in view of the recent statement in England of General Bramwell Booth:

> "Men of affairs in Canadian life loudly profess their desire for an increased flow of British people, but, whether it is by intention or lack of foresight, the Canadian Government hampers by its regulations the movement of migrants from the British Isles to Canada."

Since the Liberal government came into power in 1921 roughly three-quarters of a million newcomers have arrived in Canada. These have cost the country about ten dollars each. In the same period Canada has lost perhaps half as many of her finest native-born youth. These go city-ward for jobs—and American cities are more numerous, larger, and often as conveniently reached. It is doubtful if this exodus will ever be entirely stopped. But, handled in a big way, there is good reason to believe that a counter-balancing movement could be set in motion. What is wanted is, if not the details that characterized Sir Clifford Sifton's immigration policy, the same large vision and energetic action. Sir Henry Thornton suggests a small general increase in freight rates to provide a large yearly fund to attack the problem on a large scale. He talks in terms of millions of speedy increase. Sir Henry thinks that a scheme of partially prepared farm homesteads, procurable by experienced farmers, would immediately start a heavy northward movement from the United States. Perhaps he is too sanguine, though no one knows better. At any rate anyone with constructive ideas, big enough to meet a vast need, deserves to be heard by the committee.

A Perilous Proposal

GREYHOUND racing has received a remarkable stimulus the world over for two reasons. First, someone invented mechanical rabbits which keep the hounds running madly to the desired goal. Second, the gambling interests discovered that they could reap far richer rewards at dog races than at jockey clubs. Dog races can be held at night in the heart of crowded cities, and in comparatively small areas. For these reasons the countries already afflicted with too many temptations to gambling have had to consider the new sport seriously. Half a dozen of them have already prohibited the sport as the only means of preventing the gambling. Britain is now wrestling with the problem. Nor is Canada to escape. A private bill has been placed before parliament to give dog racing the same privileges as horse racing. At first sight there would appear to be nothing mischievous in this. Dogs and horses, like the Biblical strong man, delight to run a race. That is what nature made them for. But horse-racing has other features that cannot be excused. In Canada it is only legal to conduct a gambling business in two places—a stock-broker's office and a race track. One may bet legally on a horse race at a race track during the races; but one is a criminal if one is caught betting on the same race elsewhere. For this reason the only effect of passing the dog racing bill will be to extend the operations of the racing bookmakers. Thanks to the Senate, which vetoed the bill which would have prohibited advance publication of the details of races, illegal gambling activities are already carried on in a good proportion of all the barber shops and pool rooms in the country, to the advantage largely of the most pitiful sort of adventurers driven from a neighbor country. The gambling passion, legally or illegally, has far too many opportunities to express itself already. A patriotic parliament will not extend these facilities.

Less and Better

PARLIAMENT is conducting its business this year with greater despatch than of old. The new rule limiting ordinary speeches to forty minutes is a real improvement. The result has been more quality and less quantity, to quote Mr. Bird, M.P. In the vast majority of cases the rule works to the advantage of the speakers themselves. Members tend to eliminate the rambling generalities on all manner of subjects which the initial debate on the speech from the throne in theory permits. It is, of course, neither possible nor desirable to deprive the humblest back bencher of his right to express himself on things in general in a way he knows will please his supporters at home. The debate on the budget usually affords opportunity to such. Nor is there any doubt that, this year as heretofore, numerous marked copies of Hansard will be sent through the mails, free, to show the people at home how ably the local member is doing his duty. But, even so, what cannot be said in forty minutes will not be read, unless by the most devoted followers. Every rule has its exceptions. The forty minute regulation prevented Mr. Forke from making a complete statement on the immigration question, awaited by the whole country. However, that was during the debate on the Speech from the Throne, which is only supposed to be a sort of warming up exercise before the real work begins. Mr. Forke, like others likewise inconvenienced, will have other opportunities.

The Balance Swings

ALL information compiled by the Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa shows that Canada as a whole is more prosperous than at any time since the war. Employment is at a record high level. In Britain, too, the number of unemployed is being slowly and painfully reduced. But in the United States unemployment is really serious, especially in the eastern states. Governor Smith has addressed an appeal to all the mayors in New York State to co-operate in speeding up public works, and has requested details of the local situation. While it is almost impossible to get any authentic figures from the United States, there being no federal system of fact compilation, even on vital matters like birth, marriage and crime, estimates agree that unemployment is more serious than at any time since the depression of 1921. The figure usually mentioned is four million, which is four times as many as receive the dole in Britain. It is, of course, a fact that "business is always bad in presidential election years." There are many reasons for this. Chief among them are, first, that capital is timid until it sees what is going to happen, and second, that business obeys universal public opinion—everyone expects depression, so naturally it comes. But this year there are other reasons for the situation now developing.

Stock Market Movements

IT is generally agreed that stock market values are over inflated. The experts have all been predicting a somewhat sharp break. While it is true that the movements of the stock market have no primary effect in industry, it is also true that the indirect effects of a stock market crash always injure business temporarily. Henry Ford declares that trading in stocks has no more effect on the factories behind the stocks than betting at horse races has on the speed of the horses. It is true that it is only the money actually invested in the business itself that affects its own prosperity, and subsequent trading in the shares means nothing to the business, although it may mean everything to the shareholders. But it is also true that the whole credit structure of a modern world is closely interwoven with that of the stock market. The one cannot receive a blow without the shock running through all the connected structure. Thus we see a paradox, that although the financial world may only realize its profits through the efforts of productive industry, productive industry, on the other hand, may be seriously harmed by the frenzied operations of financiers. It is impossible to say how far the present American unemployment is due to anticipation of a stock market collapse. At any rate it exists. It behooves Canada to take an intelligent view of the situation. One effect of a break probably would be to send overflowing balances to Canada for investment and to create speculative conditions here, and no doubt sympathetic alarms. These conditions frequently tend to disregard artificial boundaries. But in so far as they result from financial frenzies they are subject to prevention by discouraging, and eliminating, the primary cause.

Seeking Security

ON March fifteenth, the "ides of March," Julius Caesar's day of deadly portent, the general League disarmament conference reassembles at Geneva. All the great nations, including Russia and the United States, will again be represented. In preparation for that gathering a commission is now studying various suggestions for "security." That is the condition, difficult to define, which makes a nation willing to depend for its safety upon something else than its own armed forces. It has been the lack of such security, and such a willingness, that has been the real cause of the breakdown of all disarmament conferences so far held. The calm confidence of nations in each other is the goal to be reached. The dawn of that bright morning is reddening, but there is nothing definite on the security horizon at present that seems particularly new. It seems that the principle of the Protocol, which would conscript all nations to punish an aggressor, is temporarily dead. Present

suggestions are along lines of extending the Locarno idea, that is, specific treaties between specific countries. Italy thinks that these should be confined to adjoining countries. She finds alliances, like that between France and Serbia, to be a menace to world peace, as they necessitate counterbalances. The British delegation, however, has made one most important pronouncement. It accepts the principle which it definitely rejected last autumn, of pooling the financial resources of all parties to a general treaty against any aggressor nation. That principle has not yet been fully defined and amplified. But it is safe to say that its general acceptance would contribute more to the cause of security than anything hitherto. The greater powers are naturally the shyest of being summoned by a majority of the lesser ones to disciplinary military action, feeling that the operation of that might easily be to leave the task largely to them, and that, in matters not their own. The contribution of money for international administration would be less committal.

This Time Details

MOSCOW has surprised those who assumed, last year, that her general disarmament suggestion was a mere propagandist gesture designed to reveal the iniquity of the "capitalist" powers. She has already deposited at Geneva a detailed plan for general disarmament. The process would be complete in four years. There would be a fifty per cent cut in all armaments the first year, with smaller cuts later. The Soviet statesmen have included a plan for the subsequent policing of the seas, in which each nation would bear a share of the upkeep of cruisers, armed only effectively enough to cope with Chinese pirates or Canadian rum-runners. While there is no disposition to doubt the sincerity of the delegates making these suggestions, there is, on the other hand, no evidence of assurance that the Moscow suggestion is not inspired by some other idea than to make forceful world revolution more easily achievable. All Soviet leaders still repeat the Marxian creed that capitalism has to be downed by a world war. Three days after Moscow had deposited its specific plans the War Commissar, Voroshitov, was thus orating to the Red army, on its tenth birthday: "The next war will require, not alone the army, but the whole Soviet Union to exert its entire strength."

Common Sense

A FRENCH observer, writing after a visit to England, on Anglo-American relations, declared that the British people generally resented their own government's part in the collapse of the Coolidge arms limitation conference. If we may judge from last week's actions at Washington, the people of the United States are of about the same temper with regard to their own nation's part in it, and just as determined to keep out of a ridiculous and criminal naval race. At any rate Congress treated the vast construction program of the naval department with rough rejection. Of the vast armada of seventy-one ships which the experts asked, and even the president endorsed, Congress authorized only fifteen light cruisers. This number is exactly equal to the already reduced building schedule of Britain. This action should reassure those who feared the ultimate consequences of a meaningless rivalry between the two most kindred peoples in the world. It marks a movement in the right direction, where there is a great deal of room for further progress of the same kind.

The Land of Riddles

SUCH was Russia dubbed long before the war—the land of surprises. Does Russia know her own mind; or is her head reeling between her fixed ideas and stub born facts—between religionless idealism and inveterate human conditions? The most trustworthy and assiduous observers bring opposite reports, according, apparently, to their environment when there, or their personal surprises. One tells how Christ is blasphemed by government posters showing Him leading the toilers over a precipice and how religion, expelled from the schools, is hustled aside by turning the village churches into movie houses. Another—and this is persistent, tells how Baptist evangelism receives every liberty, if not encouragement, at the hands of the authorities. One writer sees a steady return to the money system of paying for commodities and for work done. Another accepts the assurance that this is only a temporary concession, and that the principle of supplying men according to their needs, not according to service or production, will yet assert itself. Presently we read that such is the paralysis of agriculture, that the government stores are out of the necessities of life, and that the co-operative stores have given up supplying any but members, and that the mighty Stalin is travelling Siberia to adjure the farmers to supply the nation with bread. Of course Russia is big enough and troubled enough for all sorts of things to be true. Miss Dorothy Thompson, an American correspondent whose headquarters are at Berlin, has been writing at great length and most interestingly on her visit to Moscow. She finds that private business is more and more being captured by the government, probably unable to compete with wholesale buying and low overhead. But the most successful businesses are the semi-private co-operative concerns, which enjoy the government's blessing. We do not need to go to Russia to verify these tendencies of the day. The chain store is winning its way everywhere. Miss Thompson finds that, while public enterprise is winning over private, government business methods tend more and more toward those of capitalism. Workmen are being paid more and more on the basis of production. Indeed emulation of Henry Ford methods seems to inspire all ranks of the ruling bureaucracy. The many new buildings are duplicates of American present-day structures. The manifest admiration for American business methods is in curious contrast to the Bolshevik contempt for tottering and effete capitalistic civilization of Europe and with the unanimously repeated creed of the leaders in the coming great apocalyptic battle between American capitalism and Russian communism. All ranks of people, says Miss Thompson, are convinced of the burning desire of the capitalistic nations to destroy Bolshevism by armed force, and the idea is unanimous that war is inevitable, and that Russia's only salvation is to keep herself armed to the teeth, an observation in curious contrast to the recent total disarmament gesture, yet not necessarily a contradiction.

Movie Movements

SO enormous is the cost of putting effective films on the market, and so pointed was the demand in Britain for films of British sentiment, that it is a real hardship when works aimed at filling that order are suppressed. The demand for British films was a reaction against the offensive Americanism of those which, for fault of natives, occupied the field. It has come to be recognized that such is the subconscious potency of visual impressions on the making of a people that the character of the moving pictures shown is, both from a moral and a national point of view, a matter of government responsibility. All countries have established censorship in the face of the protest of literary magnates such as are always found to defend with sneers the rawest naturalism, abnormality and criminality in art, regardless of the all powerful imitative element in the making of man. The nationalizing and denationalizing power of the film was recognized when the British parliament voted money for the assistance of British films. The United States film makers needed no incentive to fill their own work with flag-waving and every possible glorification of the schism of their nation from Britain. That was quite in place by every possible precedent on their own soil, or at least probably a necessity of success there, but is far from gratifying in other countries. Now we find the same fault found with British films, particularly with one which seems to cut Germans to the heart, describing the tragedy of Edith Cavell. This has been forbidden by the British Board of Censorship—a far more responsible board than is found in some countries, and one beyond the reach of blandishments from those interested in exhibiting the films.

The Dawn

THE film called "The Dawn" has been forbidden as being against public policy. The public has learned that this decision is due to diplomatic representations from Germany, and follows Sir Austen Chamberlain's intervention. With some people that is sufficient to condemn the action as a surrender to foreign dictation. That, however, is not in accord with the new world spirit. Certainly the ground of the ban, namely, that the performance would be painful to Germany and was of a sort to arouse angry feelings on both sides, is a sufficient and a noble cause for forbidding a show. It is significant of a great advance in the attitude of nations to each other, revealing a spirit which cannot be too highly approved. Such approval would be due, no matter what the ground of Germany's resentment. The reason alleged is that the play exaggerates German brutality and is untrue in that respect. If such is its spirit it calls for nothing but condemnation. That is about to come before a fairly competent jury which we should hope would resent making a melodrama of a noble tragedy. On the other hand it may be that the closer to truth the more it would hurt. The protest might be taken as a confession that Germany was ashamed of it, and takes it unkindly to be taunted with it; or it might mean that, as the crime was aiding war prisoners to escape, a crime punishable in the stress of war with death, the immense feeling associated with the heroine's name is more inspired by wrath against Germany than by a true judgment of the case. That would be hardly fair. The fact of the death penalty, whether right or wrong, was what imparted splendid heroism to the woman's conduct, and what accounts for her canonization in the national mind. It is probable that the German authorities were afraid of the bad blood that would result if it was exhibited in Germany, but saw difficulty in forbidding it there if not forbidden in England. The proprietors have appealed to British public opinion in a private view accorded to members of parliament, the press, and so forth. Much depends on the spirit of the work itself. If there is no obvious malevolence in the performance itself, it may be that the condemnation, now being fought, shall have sufficiently indicated Britain's solicitude as to Germany's feelings. At all events the controversy about it will make it a gold mine wherever it is shown.

Leap Year

A YOUNG man in a Wall Street office at a salary of fifteen dollars a week became the husband of a millionairess with a domicile at Palm Beach. He now wants to be released from the bond, as he is tired of being "a kept husband." This nice young man seems to have found that his new position in life was that of gentleman usher to a flashy lady, a position which he alleges is intolerable to him. One wonders what would be thought of a married woman who should declare that the position of being a "kept" wife was intolerable to her. In these days, in which exactly similar treatment is asked for both sexes, one is from time to time confronted with tokens that after all the two are different. Still, if either sex is to have the greater consideration in regulating the marriage bond, it is surely the woman, as her interest in marriage seems to be immensely the greater. Writing for the Leap Year day we might be thought to be approaching the question of proposal. That is less necessary than it might have been a century ago, as intercourse is much franker than it used to be. But it is still a fact that men are often cruelly obtuse and, while meaning nothing but passing friendliness, enjoy companionship that means everything to the girl, whose years are slipping by. The best rule for girls so treated is to be frank about it. Among the French Canadians who marry early it is generally explicit whether a certain youth is the girl's "cavalier" or not. That is not, however, carried so far, and should not be, as to embarrass that mutual intercourse that is necessary to intelligent choice. But, turning to the general question as to which has the better right to legal protection in a relationship which is, of necessity, a dependent one, we are looking at a photograph of the immense crowd gathered for an outdoor glimpse at a fashionable wedding in London. It seems to consist of ninety-nine per cent women. Could anything demonstrate more completely or more plainly which sex has the greatest interest and therefore the greatest inherent rights in all matters affecting marriage?

Wealth—Whose Is It?

A BIG anonymous gift to the British government is publicly spoken of, which, though said to be vast, has a distressing string to it. Under the illusion, not without obvious foundation in fact, of money's inherent power to multiply itself, it is to be wisely administered to that end until it becomes sufficient to wipe out a certain part of the national debt. The government, of course, cannot invest this money better than in its own funds. It needs the money now, anyway, more than, let us hope, it ever will again. It can appoint an accountant to keep the account to order; but the result will be the same as though dropped at once into the treasury. It would be pleasant to see this sort of patriotism showing itself increasingly, especially among those who have nothing better to do in life than to match their horses and dogs, or, if they made their money themselves, whose sons may easily find worse than that to do with it. More and more the idea is growing among men that a man has only a right to the good things of life in so far as he can use them and his own powers to the benefit of his fellow men. More and more is this influencing the fate of fortunes. But those who were, with the frantic support of public opinion, summoned from the peaceful walks of life to hardship, maiming and reverses of fortune, are asking themselves why public opinion made no similarly imperative demand upon wealth. There was, indeed, in war time, and has been since, much talk about conscripting capital; and England has had a government that would have been most willing to do it. Yet, with a very able finance minister, even that government did not know how to do so except to the crippling of the nation's then most needful commerce and industries. There was, however, no appeal for free will offerings, only for loans, and the millionaires and the great investing corporations thronging to the government crib, for a plentiful feed of untaxable bonds, felt a great glow of patriotism in thus emancipating their millions from their country's claims upon them. Whether avoidable or unavoidable this difference between the nation's claims upon the persons of their citizens and their fortunes always looks like a relic of those primitive times when fighting man or beast was the only reputable pursuit for men. There is nothing new about taxing fortunes. Edward the Fourth and his successors, when in war need, as they usually were, used to seize a pot of money wherever they could find one, which, however much the donors might writhe inwardly, they very prettily called benevolences. Of course that would not do at all, even though occasionally paid for in titles. The magnates in parliament found means, by customs and so forth, to transfer the burdens of the king to the natural burden bearers, the unresisting people. Customs were, of course, no new device. There were publicans and sinners of old. They are the arch device for enforcing the ancient right of the strong to prey upon the weak, which in many forms prevails to this day. It has, however, no place in the Kingdom of Heaven, and will presently be revolted against in "this present evil world." The eyes of the "have-nots" have long enough been green with jealousy, or rather envy, of the "haves." The time is coming when men will pity those who are put to all sorts of shifts to spend on jaded selfishness the means which they owe to the public good in such form as they can best discharge that primary liability. To look at some of the New York picture supplements one would think that the rich and unchastised nation they picture had already reached the stage of luxury that brought Rome to ruin; so largely do time and soul wasting indulgences predominate in their pages.

The Temps, the semi-official organ of the French government, sums up European opinion of the Pan-American Conference. "In some respects the Havana meeting reminds us of a league of nations meeting where for two years have been adjourned most of the real problems which deserve attention." The Matin says: "However, we do not agree with the idea that the Pan-American meeting was without results. Even if it did not do much positively, it helped the situation by enabling the different countries to make their positions clear." The Temps thinks that Washington should see it "cannot transform the Monroe Doctrine, originally a doctrine of defence against further conquests by European powers, into a system of forced domination by North Americans. Latin-Americans will not permit this doctrine to become an argument in favor of the imperialism of North Americans. This consideration dominated everything else at the

sixth conference of the Pan-American Union."

For the past ten years doctors have been experimenting with oil injections in treating leprosy. British investigators now announce the perfecting of a cure, at least for patients treated in the early stages. The British Empire alone contains a million and a half souls who will be treated this year.

The admirable Canadian Health Department has just started a laudable campaign to reduce the death rates in childbirth. Fifteen hundred Canadian women died last year who would have been saved had they lived in Denmark, where prenatal care and maternal education is far more advanced than in Canada.

The Nicaraguans call Sandino a patriot. The United States marines class him as a "rebel" or a bandit to be shot. Sandino has given an interview to an enterprising correspondent. He says there are only two armed forces—and that one is a bandit force, but it is not his. That is "telling it to the marines."

A month or two ago young boys were arrested in Montreal for setting fire to a number of churches. Ten days ago the third gang of "baby burglars" was in the hands of the Winnipeg police. Last week in Boston a boy of seven was before the courts for a series of church fires. Are little boys naughtier than they used to be, or is it that they did not have the services of an all pervading newspaper chorus to trumpet their feats.

For the Last Time?

MOSES COTSWORTH, who for long, long years has waged a campaign to re-arrange the calendar, confidently believes that February twenty-ninth will never occur again. He hopes that the proposed thirteen uniform months calendar—our readers are familiar with it—will be adopted before 1932. A special League of Nations committee now has the matter in hand. There is, so far, general agreement that the calendar should be reformed. While there are numerous plans advocated, Mr. Cotsworth's thirteen months plan seems, possibly largely through his own zeal, to have the backing of the majority of the reformers. This plan calls for thirteen lunar months of twenty-eight days, with a Year Day added to the end of each year, and a Leap Day inserted every fourth year. These extra days would belong to no calendar month. Every month would begin on the same day of the week and would be just four weeks. As such a plan would enormously simplify business accounting, by making months uniform, and divisible into weeks, it already claims to have the backing of numerous large business concerns all over the world, including our own Canadian Pacific Railway. The movement is well financed in the United States. But, inevitably, opposition is developing. An organization has been formed in the United States to fight the idea, and the aid of Mayor Thompson of Chicago has been enlisted. He denounces the proposal as a "pro-British attempt to do away with George Washington's birthday and the Fourth of July." Thompson, who is by no means as complete a fool as he makes out, knows quite well that the chief support for this uniform month calendar comes from his own country. Moses Cotsworth is indeed a British subject, a resident of Vancouver. But while that part of "Big Bill's" blast is, as he would say, pure bunkum, the derangement of anniversary landmarks will have its effects, along with many more real displacements of age-long usage, in arousing the opposition of many.

Force of Custom

FORTUNATELY, perhaps, for human progress, prophets and reformers seldom realize the immensity of the deadweight of inertia to be overcome by him who would change a custom embedded for untold ages in the very being of man. If Mr. Cotsworth's own vision of a more practical ordering of time was thus out of focus, he has no doubt had the difficulty of his task cast up to him on all sides since he undertook his crusade. Strange is the inveteracy of custom. The yearly observances of every race of men can be traced back till lost in prehistoric mist. Even such of these as, like Christmas and Easter, affix sacred dates to their origin have their counterparts in pristine mythology and mingle heathen usages with their consecrated purport.

The Heavenly Calendar

THE calendar, diverse in many lands and crude in its beginnings, has always been divided into twelve months. The twelve signs of the Zodiac seem to human ken as eternal as the stars themselves. The ancients regarded the lights in the sky as being there as time-keepers for men. They were "for times and for seasons, for days and for years." The sun's annual round among the stars, with its succession of four seasons, determined the year, the sun's rising and setting, the day. The moon's "lunations" with its four quarters gave the months and the weeks. As the lunar period was, roughly speaking, about twenty-nine days and a half, all nations counted twelve moons to the year. The fact that there were in the heavens, with which the ancients were much more intimate than we are, seven moveable luminaries, fixed the number of seven days for the week, named after these bodies. Yet four weeks do not quite make a month. Not all nations had any weeks. The Romans had an awkward division of the month by the Kalends, the first day, the Ides, the fifteenth, though not always, and the Nones, the ninth day before the Kalends, the days being numbered from these points, not forward, but back. The disconcerting fact that none of these divinely established periods could be fitted evenly into any other made calendar making a learned art and a gradual growth. But it has always been assumed to rest upon unchangeable verities.

Lunations

THE year will not divide itself evenly into months, into weeks, or even into days. The average length of the year is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 46 seconds, with some fractions of a second. Even that is only an average. What were simple people to do to fit months of equally changeable length, and days, also of variable length, into that? How were teat-door sages, without telescopes, or sextants, or logarithms, or even the Arabic numerals to do it? Imagine working out abstruse calculations in the Roman V's and X's! Try even a sum in addition.

Displacements

JULIUS CAESAR, who was the former Mussolini in Rome, made a very intelligent calendar much like the one we still use. In doing so he was like Moses (we do not mean Moses Cotsworth) in command of all the learning of the Egyptians, who had worked the thing up long before, with the necessary leap years. His work was altered, in some ways, for the worse, by his successor Augustus. We still have both their names in the months of July and August. But the Julian calendar kept going wrong with the sun about a day in a century, until at length it was corrected by Pope Gregory XIII. As that was done, however, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when England was up in arms against popery, the English would have none of it; and continued running behind the sun and the other nations till the time of George the Second. Having by that time got eleven days wrong, they had to capitulate, taking their colonies with them. Russia held out till the great war, the "Orthodox" church being unwilling to take any lead from Rome. The Jews have a calendar of their own dating from the time of Ezra; so have the Chinese. Both hold these sacred for religious purposes, but in their dealings with mankind use the Roman calendar with practically a world institution. With nothing but their own achievements to rest an era upon, the reformers of the French Revolution started a new calendar beginning with the year one. Many of their reforms, like the decimal and metrical systems, have conquered much and are still conquering. But their calendar, with its renamed twelve months and its ten day week, has disappeared. Mr. Mussolini has also set up his march on Rome as an era, apparently to replace for Fascists that of Christ. But he modestly, at least in dealing with the rest of the world, preserves the Christian era also. In all cases being founded on the movements of the heavenly bodies, they have been looked upon as eternal verities, to trifle with which would be presumptuous, if not sacrilegious.

The Jolt

BESIDES the reverence which clings about remote ancestral usages there are all sorts of ignorant alarms. Should this Cotsworth proposal come under practical discussion, we should immediately hear outeries not only as to the loss of public commemorative days such as the Chicago mayor has been gesticulating about, but about the loss of birthdays, having another month's rent to pay, and so forth. When Mr. Thompson denounces the whole move as an English scheme to deprive Americans of Washington's birthday and of the fourth of July, he does not perhaps know that the United States is already all wrong on those dates. Washington's birthday was put forward eleven days just before he came of age, he being then an English gentleman, by an earlier King George, after whom he was probably named. He may have done much that was illegal in the eleven days of prematurity. The patriotic mayor ought to get busy to put this right. When the calendar was changed in England there were near riots among people who wanted to be paid for the eleven days they had lost. No doubt a lot of adjustment would be needed if a new month named Sol thrust in between June and July and the dot abbreviated. It would certainly be necessary to secure to every man his birthday, to every event its date. The rent of premises by the month would soon regulate itself by the market, and another generation would find confusion only in records of the past.

William O'Brien, Irish Patriot

FIFTY-EIGHT years ago sixty Irishmen met in conference in Dublin. They were men of various trades, professions, and grades of society. They included Roman Catholics, "Protestants" and Presbyterians, Young Irelanders, Fenians, Constitutionalists, Liberals, Orangemen, and Conservatives. A resolution was carried by acclamation: "That it is the opinion of this meeting that the true remedy for the evils of Ireland is the establishment of an Irish Parliament with full control over our domestic affairs." It was the birth of the modern Home Rule movement. Among those who greeted this new political departure with great hopefulness was a young reporter on the staff of the Cork Herald named William O'Brien, who has just passed away this week. He wrote a long letter to the London Daily News urging the importance of a friendly attitude toward the Irish people, "whose enmity is an undying danger, and whose friendship would give England colossal strength." O'Brien had been born at Mallow, County Cork, eighteen years before. His father was managing clerk for a local solicitor. Educated first at Cloyne Diocesan College, and afterwards at Queen's College, he became proficient in classical and modern languages, and cultivated an extensive knowledge of literature. Like many young Irishmen, however, his overmastering interest was in his country. At first he threw in his lot with the Fenians, was appointed secretary for the Province of Munster, and so was the medium of communication between the local county centres and the mysterious Supreme Council in Dublin. At a sort of revolutionary Dail which met secretly in Cork in 1870 O'Brien acted as clerk. Five years afterwards we find him in Dublin on the staff of the Freeman's Journal. In the early eighties, during the Police Strike, he planned the capture of Dublin Castle by force of arms and the abduction of the Viceroy, Lord Spencer, and the Chief Secretary, W. E. Foster. The enterprise was vetoed by Parnell.

The Land League

IRELAND was entering on the bitter agrarian campaign and O'Brien's vivid descriptions of its incidents did much to foster agitation. Soon the Land League was launched, and Parnell invited young O'Brien to the editorship of its weekly organ, United Ireland. The paper was one of the most violently militant political journals ever published. It is said that when Mr. Foster, the Chief Secretary, read the first number he cried out almost in agony, "Good Lord, who on earth is this new madman?" Soon United Ireland was suppressed and its editor, with his chief, Parnell, and other Land League leaders, were lodged in Kilmainham Jail. But O'Brien was irrepressible. Before he had been many hours in prison he had, at Parnell's request, composed the "No Rent Manifesto." This was scribbled on the back of a telegram form, smuggled out of the prison, read at a meeting of the central branch of the Land League, and published throughout the country. It appealed to the farmers to pay no rent until the land question was settled. It led to the proclamation of the Land League as an unlawful association. One of Gladstone's attempts at conciliation followed. The prisoners were released, United Ireland was revived, and O'Brien appeared in parliament. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill was defeated and a Unionist government proposed "twenty years of resolute government" as a cure for Irish troubles.

Plan of Campaign

THE challenge was answered by the Parnellites with the Plan of Campaign. If a landlord refused an abatement in his rents the tenants decided among themselves what they should justly pay. This was paid to a member of parliament who held it in trust for the landlord until he came to terms, or if he resorted to eviction used it for the defence of the tenants. For the task of rallying the country to the support of this policy O'Brien was chosen. He is described by Macdonagh, historian of the Home Rule movement: "Restless, fierce, fanatic, ready to give his life, as he was giving his life's work, to bring down landlordism and British rule in Ireland. He was tall in form, with shoulders slightly stooped. The features were long and sharp, and the eyes, blue and deep set, had a flash in them that the heavy spectacles . . . could not subdue. A fine head with plenty of tousled hair, and a beard short and untrimmed set off a face which was lit up with the light of the enthusiast. . . . He swayed the crowd as the trees of a wood are swayed by the storm. He was alternately menacing, mournful, prophetic, gentle and appealing. . . . He indulged in the wildest gestures of face, hands and arms, and the tones of his voice ranged from a piercing shriek, when he was scornful and denunciatory, to a soft murmurous whisper when he indulged in passages of tender pathos and the dreamy messages of his poetic imagination." Soon the struggle settled down to a duel between O'Brien and the new Chief Secretary, Arthur Balfour, nephew of Lord Salisbury, had hitherto been regarded as a "hot house flower," and the grim Nationalists vowed that they would break him as they broke almost every Chief Secretary before and since his time. But he proved at least as grim and determined as the Nationalists. He put a drastic coercion law on the Statute Book, and while agitation was at fever heat drove about the country almost unguarded. O'Brien was imprisoned in Tullamore Jail. He claimed the rights of a political prisoner and refused to wear prison dress. His clothes were taken from his cell as he lay sleeping, and he lay in bed for days. One morning he was discovered clad in a well-cut suit of Irish tweed. It had been brought in by one of the warders under his uniform. On his release from prison the duel between O'Brien and Balfour was transferred to the House of Commons. In Ireland there was violence on both sides, outrage countered by coercion and coercion by outrage. Then the sky brightened again, only to be clouded and the cause of Home Rule brought apparently to ruin by Parnell's fall.

The End of the Drama

THE Nationalists split into Parnellites and anti-Parnellites, and the latter, under the nominal leadership of Justin McCarthy, divided into two sub-sections, one led by Tim Healy and the other by O'Brien and Dillon. Time rolled on and many measures for the betterment of Ireland were introduced by successive administrations, Unionist and Liberal, including the great Land Purchase scheme of Mr. Balfour's government and Mr. Asquith's Home Rule Bill. O'Brien founded the All-for-Ireland League, and with Healy cultivated the friendship and patriotism of Lord Dunraven, Captain Shaw Taylor,, and other broad-minded Irish Unionists. At the election of 1918, when Ireland was swept by Republicanism, O'Brien and Healy withdrew from active politics. William O'Brien will be remembered by those of a former generation as a very fierce fighter and violent partisan. His honesty and patriotism have, however, never been called in question. He was loyal to his conscience and loyal to Ireland. What he first set out to get, namely parliamentary government for Ireland, he got, though not yet for all Ireland.

Letters

PROHIBITION IN ALBERTA

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—In a letter written by Mr. W. L. Thompson of Strathmore, Alberta, the liquor situation is dealt with in a very able manner. However there are a few statements in the said letter which might well be reconsidered.

First, are we to settle down to the opinion that the majority in Alberta is against prohibition? Four years under a wet law has surely taught our people some things. Scores of men and women have said to me: "I voted for Government Control, but never expected the open bar or a situation like this." As I see it the beer parlors are creating dry votes every day. Most respectable people, even moderate drinkers, are becoming utterly disgusted with the beer parlor.

Furthermore, is there not danger of being too ready to believe and spread the brewers' argument about the amount of "bootleg" stuff sold and drunk in prohibition days? Not that we contend that such did not exist. It did. But it did not cease to exist when "Government Control" so-called came into effect. Frequently in this very district the police are on the track of a bootlegger. Besides this, many "stills" have been discovered.

As to drunkenness, there is no comparison between these wet days and the days of prohibition. Some of your readers may doubt the truth of this statement, yet I can say truthfully that I have seen more drunkenness in one day under Government Control than under the several years of prohibition. Having lived in several places from Calgary to the Peace River district I think I am in a position to know whereof I speak.

In conclusion, may I say that this is no time to weaken in our attitude, no time for compromise. Rather it is a time when all should join with the Witness in an unalterable determination and policy to push forward the prohibition cause in times of success and in times of apparent reverse.

(Rev.) G. A. SAUDER.

Czar, Alta., Feb. 16, '28.

CANADIAN COLONIZATION

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—That our normal increase in population is quite too slow and that we therefore desire a larger volume of immigration to supplement that growth in order to fill out our vacant spaces, is a generally accepted proposition, but is that need so pressing that at a very heavy cost for our European agencies and at the risk of magnifying our already serious unemployment problem, we should flood this land with settlers of doubtful value as nation builders?

We, of course, impose rigid tests as to the fitness of incoming settlers, well and good. But are there not two parties to this compact? Arriving at their destination in our western provinces, coming from lands where very different conditions existed they are all too frequently disappointed and return home as very definite anti-immigration agents, or, not having the necessary means to return, make a half-hearted attempt at settling on our new lands and finally in disgust drift to our urban centres to swell the already over-crowded ranks of the unemployed.

It is surely fair to ask, is everything being done that can be done at our end of the line, to make western land settlement worth while? Could we not, to very decided advantage, spend more of our funds and efforts at this end and less at the European end of the Migration problem?, Then, too, is it not possible to enlist more of our own youth from these eastern provinces, with their better understanding of new world conditions, to help fill in those vast spaces? Surely, unless we succeed in making agriculture a more attractive profession to our rising generation, both east and west, the prospect for unemployment in future is dark indeed. With the continued development of mechanical production of all classes of goods, in all lands, what will be left for manual labor except agriculture? And unless we can more evenly balance the apparent advantages of rural and urban life, the former will not be able to hold its own.

JOHN T. JAMES.

Bridgeburg, Ont., Feb. 23, '28.

THE MINISTER'S PAY

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—In your paper of Feb. 8, page 9, in reference to Mr. E. W. Norwood, of the City Temple, London, England, the offer of $12,000 to fill the pulpit of the American Presbyterian Church in Montreal. If this is what is meant by the "Maintenance and Extension Fund," then give me something better to support. I certainly believe in supplying the Church's needs, but not their wants. It would be far better if our Preachers were to become more acquainted with Acts 20: 33 and 34, and also Matthew 10:9 and 10 than to accept big salaries. Let them get down on to a level with the hard working man who often throws in his mite to keep this sort of thing going, and be satisfied when $10,000 of this amount is knocked off. We should have some cash in hand, then, to visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction and to assist the poor and the down-trodden of this world.

"IN CHRIST."

Qualicum Beach, B.C., Feb. 19, '28.

(Note: Such salaries make no draft on the "Maintenance and Extension Fund" of any church connection. Minister's salaries are offered and paid by the local congregation. Denominational funds are for the help of such communities as are unable to support a minister, and for other charges that must be borne by the whole church.)

RESENTS POPERY COMMENTS

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—I thank you for printing my letter referring to your published statement: "The English people . . . are startled at the revelation of negotiations in very high quarters for handing them over en masse to 'popery'."

Your note says: "The sentence was written to express the aspect that the revelations . . . would present to the ordinary English mind." I am sorry to have to say that in my humble judgment the statement can neither reasonably nor morally be disposed of in this manner. I submit, sir, that though the sentence: "The English people are startled," may be considered news, the phrase, "the revelation of negotiations in very high quarters for handing them over en masse to 'popery'," is your own unqualified statement, and is, I repeat, an untruth and a slander. There was no doubt in the context that the writer of the article was merely recording what the English people thought; it was a statement made categorically.

There were no "negotiations" at Malines, only unofficial "conversations." There had been not only "conversations," but "conferences" and, indeed, actual "negotiations" with many other Christian bodies. "Documents on unity" will show the fruits of literally scores of such efforts. Why were the people "in very high quarters" not censured for these efforts, in which they really had a part? In the Malines "conversations" they had no part, only they were courteously kept informed by those who took part.

Again, sir, your note says: "The archbishops had been cognisant of those endeavors and had for a time prevented their publication." May I point out that not only the archbishops but all people well-informed on matters of church unity were cognisant of these "conversations" from their very inception. Information respecting them was given in many religious journals. The Archbishop of Canterbury published much information about them in a letter sent to all Anglican archbishops throughout the world. He made further extended comment in a speech before the Convocation of Canterbury. All this was published and available for all, there was no secrecy about it. All that was delayed, and that for obvious reasons, was the first report.

I regret, sir, having to be controversial, but a gross misstatement slandering great Christian leaders should not pass unchallenged. I appeal to you, in the name of truth and Christian charity, to withdraw this statement.

A. E. COUSINS.

Dauphin, Manitoba,
Feb. 14, '28.

(Note: It would evidently have been better for the benefit of exacting controversialists to have introduced some such explanatory phrase as "As the ordinary carelessly informed man on the street is sure to see it." As it would be read by the same ordinary reader, this was implied. But there are always some like our downright correspondent, and we have to thank him for setting these right. All such will, we hope, carefully insert this clause. We should be appalled should some phrases in the Gospels to treated in the same way. We have given Lord Halifax and his friends credit elsewhere for their laudable efforts on behalf of church unity though we do not hope for it, or wish for it, on creedal lines.)

Proposed Memorial to David Livingstone

Canadian Assistance Asked for Monument to Great British Missionary.

David Livingstone's body lies in the nave of Westminster Abbey, borne thither by the devotion of his dusky followers and friends; his heart is buried at Chitambo in Central Africa, whence its mighty throb makes itself felt throughout the whole of the dark Continent; his dauntless spirit goes marching on in the midst of the years to the ends of the world, for his name and fame wax with the passing decades.

The names of conquerors wither in the memory of the race, the memories of emancipators become the treasures of mankind. Livingstone and Lincoln are now the twin stars of an ever-brightening constellation in humanity's sky. They snapped shackles and let the oppressed go free. They did much to remove the darkest shame of men, and to heal the running sore of Africa. They sent slavery to its doom.

Scotsmen may well be proud of David Livingstone, Missionary-Doctor, Pioneer Traveller, Discoverer and Emancipator, but above all, a heroic Great Heart who knew how to endure to the end in a sacred cause. Although Livingstone now belongs to mankind, yet it is fitting that in Scotland his fame should be cherished and his deeds recorded. Edinburgh, the Scottish Capital, for long has boasted of a noble statue, keeping his memory green: now it is proposed to make his birthplace on the banks of the Clyde a National Shrine. The old tenement house at Blantyre, not far from Glasgow, in part of which he spent his early days, with surrounding land, has been bought with the view of converting it into a Livingstone Museum, a Livingstone Gallery of Permanent Tableaux, and a School of Missions so that his inspiring memory may continue to move the hearts of Scottish youth and of all pilgrims to what is sure to become a sacred spot. How could there be a worthier scheme? How could that old house be put to a nobler purpose?

The proposal has kindled a flame of patriotism in Scottish hearts, and more than $40,000.00 has already been subscribed. Scottish boys and girls have contributed $2,000.00, but much more is required to complete the scheme, and it is hoped that Scotsmen all over the world will hasten to help. Canada is expected to give at least $10,000.00, and Scotsmen throughout its vast frontiers will rejoice in the privilege of sharing in this enterprize. Any subscription will be welcomed; but for this, as for other schemes, Scottish-Canadian generosity will surely glow. It is hoped that opportunity will be given to boys and girls in Sunday Schools thus to interest themselves in Livingstone and his inspiring life. Why not a livingstone day in every School with contributions?

The Witness is glad to open its columns to help the scheme, for livingstone stood for many of its ideals. He conquered not by trampling men in the dust, but by raising them to be sons of God. Africa will yet be Livingstone's greatest monument, yet it is right, indeed it is necessary, that the inspiration of his life should increasingly become the possession not only of his native land, but of all lands.

The Witness will be glad to receive contributions from its many readers and forward them to Headquarters in Glasgow. These will be acknowledged each week in the "I Care" corner.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE

(From a Pencil Drawing by Robert Eadie, R. S. W.)

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer..	$200.37
Paid to Cot Fund	120.00
Further Contributions	42.00
Norman Judd, Ont.	5.00
Total	$367.37

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES

Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer ..	$ 36.40
Further Contributions	55.05
Norman Judd, Ont.	3.02
Total	$94.47

DAVID CURRIE FUND

From which renewals are sustained on behalf of old friends of the Witness who, through adversity, would otherwise, very regretfully, have to give it up.

Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid	$ 42.60
Further Contributions	183.18
Total	$225.78

A Veteran Padre Muses

COUNTRY COMMUNITY CORNERS

The first corner was the Shand farm. Here was the "stone school" close by the dear old Grand River. Here I began school and finished happy teaching with former schoolmates my own pupils. Here were annual "examinations" with all in Sunday best and the section out in crowds. Here in long ago was our minister's Band of Hope, and in later times than my own debating club and Sunday school.

Three concession lines out was the Sheaf of Wheat corner, but what a travesty it was on our golden grain. It was forbidden ground though less than a mile away to us brothers five, and to this we were true, but I do recall anxious hours in my mother's heart if we chanced to be late abroad. Three decades now it has been fenced in a farmer's home, no more in its baneful work.

One concession on was Townsend's corner and another school. Here too in early days was a Band of Hope, the last of Minister Barker's trio from Fergus out. From here my older brother, and my life's companion still at my side went forth to teach. Here was a Good Templar's Lodge, and O the debates, "open nights," and after walks not hurried nor in home direction for which we answered later.

Another concession and Simpson's corner and the "red brick church" from where with two brothers and others I went to college to be a minister, and as many to be doctors. Happy are memories of church and ministers three of my own day, Enoch Barker that saintly man of God, Joseph Griffith scholar and brother man giving in turn the "read" and "spoken" soul stirring sermons, and James R. Black militant mystic and prophet. We loved them all.

One concession more was the McKee corner where in the quiet cemetery were gathered many of the community dead. It was a wonderful prospect, homes and fields, groves and woods, near and far, speaking too of those whose earthly tenements reverently and lovingly were laid away, but who themselves were risen, as good Mr. Black had taught us to know far beyond all limitations of body and place and time.

And so from those five corners in less than a five mile stretch on the old home road come memories not to be blotted out save those from one. For the generation of today there are but the four corners. God's richest blessing on them all, and upon yours "My Ain Folk" of every name and race and creed across our great broad land.—J. P. G.

ALREADY SUBSCRIBED

Dr. D. L. Ritchie $10.00

The worst of being cool as a fish is that you never get great things done, you effect no improvements, you carry no reforms against the lethargy or selfishness of men and the tyranny of old custom.—Lord Morley.

Reader-Writers' Club

Voluntary contributions, written by readers, including short stories, articles and SHORT poems, will be published in this department as space and merit permit. Contributions should not exceed 400 words.

THE TIDE OF LIFE

The winter's day is clear and bright
The snow it sparkles in the light,
The world seems made for man's delight
And pleasure here.

Approaching night the day has flit
For sleep and rest we welcome it,
Within a room a lamp is lit
For sickness there.

To school the merry children go,
Both industry and pleasure know
So smooth the tide of life does flow
For health is here.

Though fast or slow the time does go,
Some in pleasure, some in woe
Within a room a lamp is low
For pain is ther

The night is gay with song and shout
Of sleighing parties on the rout
Within a room a lamp went out,
And grief is there.

—G. Wm. Elcher.

Belleisle Creek, N.B.

". . . DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"

(By "Ex Nauticus")

During the past two summers, I lived with two other young men on board a small cruiser, in Lachine Basin, on the St. Lawrence River. That great artery of navigation, the Lachine Canal, opens opposite the basin where we were moored.

Night after night, as we lay in our bunks, we could watch, through the portholes, the twinkling red, green and white lights of the cargo-laden freighters and lighters and barges as they glided up and down the canal with surprisingly little noise.

Freighters have far more dignity and impressiveness in the dark: perhaps because one's imagination is less restricted by the bare facts of their indifferently painted sides, uncouth lines, and moderate pace, than in the daytime when these features are more noticeable.

But while the cargo-laden vessels came and went, sometimes with short, sometimes with long intervals between their entrance into the canal, and their return, floating high in the water, there was another class of ships which never failed to arouse our interest. These were the "Ford ships" as we were in the habit of calling them.

Built during the war to replace the great numbers of transports and freighters sent to the bottom by the villainous U-boat, these ships had been tied up, rusting away in idleness in various Atlantic American ports practically ever since.

The American Government made a few half-hearted attempts to operate them profitably and, failing to do so, offered them for sale by tender. Perhaps naturally enough, the British offer for them was the most favorable. But the American Government, with an equally natural desire to maintain its prestige, declined the offer, preferring to let them go to the bottom rather than fall into the hands of their most energetic marine competitors.

In fact, two hundred or so wooden vessels of this type were actually towed out into the Atlantic and burned, as being the most satisfactory method of disposal.

However, the steel-built vessels, with their machinery, were worth their weight in scrap-iron, if no more, to the American Government, and Henry Ford's offer for two hundred of them, though ridiculously low, was accepted with alacrity: on condition, however, that a specific and large percentage of them should be scrapped.

Thus it came about that week after week, month after month, these gaunt spectres of the vital, throbbing things they once were, came slowly and haltingly, towed by insignificant little tugs, pushed and pulled here and there as they were moored each night, on their laborious way to an inglorious end. (We refer to the scrapping of them at Detroit; not to their eventual reincarnation as "Lizzies").

They were a sight to make one sigh. Their huge propellers, rusty and chipped, were half out of water, the vessels having practically no ballast. A thin veil of smoke occasionally wound out of the large funnel, coming from a small boiler used to keep steam up for the pumps, winches and dynamo.

Not a sign of life could be seen on most of them, unless one looked closely at the boarded-up wheel-house, where the crew of four or five men spent their time, keeping an eye on the towing hawsers.

One evening, our curiosity being keen, we ran alongside the towering sides of one which was moored against the canal wall for the night. Its name-plate, weather-worn and dim, bore the words, "Lake Placid."

Hardly had we got fastened in a haphazard way to an iron grating in the side, and put down a couple of bumpers, than a member of the crew let down a rope ladder. It was very much tarred and rather uncertain-looking, but up we climbed, up, up, up! Those boats are higher than they look.

The men were very glad of some company, and took us down the iron ladders into the dim interior of the ship. All was dark, save for scattered and yellow-looking electric lights. A steady hiss of steam, and the distant hum of a small dynamo in addition to the hollow echo of our steps upon the iron gratings were the only sounds. It was depressing to see the deserted and forlorn interior of a once spruce and sturdy ship. It seemed to have lost its heart or soul, or whatever personality it is that ships most certainly have.

We went down deeper and deeper, past machinery, the use of which the men explained to us as we picked our way cautiously. Here was a big fresh-water tank. There was a condenser, for taking the salt out of sea-water to permit of its use in the boilers in emergencies. Here was the "stoke-hole," around which centre so many tales of heroism at sea, both in peace and war.

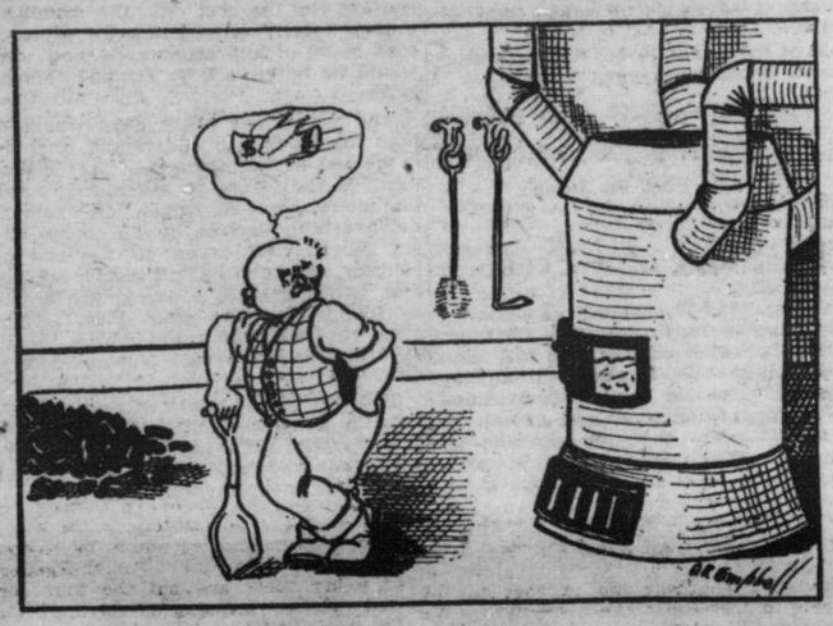
We even went down into the housing which surrounds the big steel shaft, the 'leg' of the ship, running right along the keel.

At length, having explored it fairly thoroughly, and as we were about to clamber down the cliff-like sides once more, I broached a question which had puzzled me all summer.

Every one of these ships, when they came through the canal, had two large sectors cut out of the underpart of the towering stern, about ten feet in size on either side. I had thought that possibly they were for "stern-chasers" or armaments of some kind. But when I asked the skipper, he said: "You know that these ships were built during the War in the shipyards on the Great Lakes? Well, they were built just as large as they possibly could be, and still get down through the locks. You know lock-gates always come together in a V-shape when they are closed, to resist pressure. Well, these ships were built so that they would go into the 'ocks, facing down stream, and leave their high stern extending into and over the hollow V-shape of the locks. But they could 'not go through the locks in the opposite direction. So we now have to cut out two pieces with ascetylene torches to allow the gates to close on them the other way. We can't tow them backwards and we can't turn them in the canal."

We went back to our mooring in the bay rather thoughtfully.

It had been an impressive reminder of the four years when, like many things other than ships, these vessels had been built to go down to the sea—in all probability not to return.



"These long, long winters."

A CANADIAN'S PRAYER

The night has gone,
A summer's dawn is near,
And all around the beauties
Of Thy love we see,—
Lord by Thy grace, may we,
A nation grow, united
Serving Thee.

—Lady Tryloylyan.

OUR PIONEER'S BEQUEST

They came with ardor and with hope:
Bravely they faced long years of toil.
O'er vale and hill and mountain slope
They made our tree-locked land to smile.
They're sleeping now; they've earned their rest—
A soil redeemed, a nation blest.
Oh! peerless task and gift sublime!
To last through all the years of time.

—John Mortimer.

Elora, Ont.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP

(By M. Elizabeth Wilson)

Did you ever think what a marvellous thing sleep is? For eight hours every day we allow ourselves to enter the most phenomenal condition. We spend one-third of our lives in slumber, and it is a very pleasurable way of spending it, which no one will deny.

But we are dead while we sleep, dead to all intents and purposes, dead to ourselves and to the world. Where are we while we sleep? I take it that that period of unconsciousness every day is one of the greatest mysteries Science can attempt to solve, if a solution is at all possible. And yet how little thought of! It is such a daily, familiar, common condition.

We, no doubt, consider the hours from 10 o'clock in the morning to 8 o'clock in the evening quite an appreciable time. We can accomplish a great deal during these hours. We experience much of life in that time. In fact it is almost the whole of the conscious day, and yet for the same time, hour to hour we lie in a state of unconsciousness, so profound that we might as well not be existing—coming to a knowledge of ourselves again where that knowledge left off hours before, and feeling as if no time whatever had elapsed. Wonderful, isn't it? Where were we during these hours?

TO THE WINTER WREN

Ah, wren, trill on in thine ice-bound tree,
The snow lies gleaming far and near;
Thy song, how glad and sweet and free,
Where well its notes might hold a fear:
For hidden deep, thine heart must know,
Thy breakfast lies beneath the snow.

The shivering aspens bow their heads,
Nor guess what grace sublime is theirs:
The grasses, cuddling in their beds,
Send up a hush like vesper prayers—
But, wren, how canst thou sing so free,
When winter's been so cruel to thee?

Hast thou some hidden source of joy,
Some Dayspring in thy tiny breast,
That keeps thy soul from fear's alloy,
Thy spirit by its comfort blest?
And dost thou know, O joyous bird,
That Spring's sweet voice through winter's heard?

When winter hides my month of May,
I would I hadst thy buoyant heart,
That seeth the silver through the grey.
That I might bid black doubt depart;
I would I hadst thy dauntless will
To sing in face of winter's chill.

—Sid Cecily.

Vancouver, B.C.

Why Bother With Book-Keeping?

By a Chartered Accountant.

Editor's Note: This article was suggested to an expert on such subjects as the introduction to a series dealing especially with Farm Accounts. While expressing willingness to write such a series, the writer expressed doubts as to whether enough farmers were interested to make a series of articles worth while. We would welcome expressions of opinion on this subject.

The mention of the need for keeping accounts, to those who have had no training or experience, always suggests the common objection: "What's the use? When your money is spent, it is gone, and no amount of account keeping will bring it back." This must have been the feeling of the young wife who, in the first flush of domestic devotion, agreed to her husband's suggestion that it might be a good plan to keep a house-keeping account, although she admitted that she had never done anything of the kind before. So he got a small account book and showed her how to enter on one side of the page the amounts which he was to give her out of his salary each week, and on the other side the use that was made of it. He explained some of the advantages of their knowing what it was costing them to live; the need for some information on which to base their annual budgets in future; the possibility of their having to retrench temporarily in case of sickness, or being out of work, and so on, with all of which she was quite in accord.

At the end of a month he asked if he might see how the accounts were getting along and his wife produced the account book for inspection. On the one side there was the entry each week, commencing with the date, "Received from George $10.00"; and on the opposite side a complete accounting shown by the same words on each line, "Spent it all."

Notwithstanding the obvious disappointment of George, the easiest and best method of teaching account keeping to young people, is that of recording their personal income and expenditure. And it may be said with a good deal of truth that there are few simple accomplishments, after reading, writing and arithmetic, that can be of more general advantage to the average man or woman than an understanding of the principles of account keeping.

The principles of accounting are the same in a boy's records showing the disposal of his weekly allowance of 10 cents as in the business man's accounts of his income of $10,000 a year. The difference between the two is as the difference between the fractions 10/10 and 20,000/20,000; the net result is the same.

Even a business man, unless he was very methodical, might have to have recourse to the school-boy's plan of using what might be called for the purpose, a sinking fund, where his memory failed him. This particular boy was leaving home to go to a boarding school, and his mother, anxious to develop in him habits of care and method in money matters, furnished him with an account book in which to keep track of the ways in which he spent his allowance. He did better than the young bride and each week, as he had been shown how to do, balanced his cash on hand and expenditures to date, with his allowance as he received it.

On his first visit home his mother asked to see his account book which he promptly produced. There were the usual entries that most boys would have under the circumstances, one of the commonest being 'sweets', the name by which an old-country boy would describe most varieties of candy. Another entry which occurred quite frequently, for various sums from one penny to sixpence, was described as "S. P. G." Now it should be known that these letters, "S. P. G." in the Old Country are, or were a few years ago, almost as familiar a designation as "Y.M.C.A." is to us in Canada, standing for an organization called the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Naturally the mother was pleased to see these appearances of early piety in her son, and told him she was glad to see him taking an interest in the "S. P. G." Being an honest boy he explained her mistake, telling her that sometimes when he counted up his cash on hand and added up what he had spent, these two amounts did not come up to the amount he had received, so in order to balance the two sides of his book, he would write in the amount of the shortage as having been spent, with these letters to explain that it was for Something, Probably Grub.

There are few book-keepers who haven't used S.P.G. entries at one time or another to show a balance in their Cash book. The man who is strictly honest with himself will show it as 'cash short' or 'unaccounted,' but in most cases the favorite description is 'sundries,' a useful word that is very much abused in book-keeping.

It may be repeated that the principle underlying all accounts is the same. Without attempting any technical definitions, a homely illustration may be found to describe what is meant. Beside a road where the writer used to walk to and fro, some years ago, there was a large gravel pit. Being before the days of the auto, it was possible to observe something of what was going on. The owner had installed machinery for digging and sorting the gravel which varied in size from coarse sand to cobble stones three or four inches in diameter. In order to sort these into different grades required for building or road making, there was a large cylinder on a raised frame-work, set on a slope and turned by machinery, containing meshes running from perhaps half an inch in diameter up to two inches, with several sizes in between these. When a scoopful of gravel was dumped into the hopper it ran into this cylinder and the smaller stuff fell through the first holes into bins below, while the rest, following the slope of the cylinder, went on down until it reached holes large enough to let it through; at the end only the largest stones were left to fall in a pile by themselves and underneath were a number of bins each containing a certain sized grade of gravel. It can be seen that the same principle could be used to sort the gravel into two sizes or twenty.

Broadly speaking, this illustrates one of the main processes in accounting, the object of which is to make records of (a) What you receive; (b) What you do with it; (c) What you have, and (d), What you owe. The various grades into which the gravel was sorted may be compared with the dividing up of various sums among these divisions, and further subdividing within these divisions.

It will be seen that although the gravel has been graded into a number of sizes and separated into a number of bins, the total quantity contained by these several bins must equal the total put into the hopper. Also that after some has been taken from these bins, the quantity that has been taken away will have to be deducted from the total quantity that has been put in to show what still remains. This illustrates exactly what is meant by balancing books or accounts: in other words, showing an agreement between what has been received, on the one hand, and on the other, what has been spent and what remains, or between a total quantity and the sum of a number of smaller quantities into which the total has been divided.

It is easy to understand that every sale involves a purchase and every purchase, a sale; every give involves a take and every take a give This idea offers a simple understanding of the double entry system of accounts. You receive your wages, you have given your time, energy and thought; (or your employer believes that you have). You receive a suit of clothes and give some of your money in exchange.

Give	Receive
Debit (Charge)	Credit
Owe	Own

Draw a line between these and you have the framework for practically all financial statements:

Expenditures	Receipts
Purchases	Sales
Profits	Losses
Liabilities	Assets

Going back to the main idea that the object of accounts is to show (a) What you receive; (b) What you do with it; (c) What you have, and (d) What you owe, let us see what this looks like in the imaginary accounts of a young man working for a salary: take a page of his Cash Book to start with.

He starts out with the idea of keeping a simple record of his receipts and expenses and at the end of a month finds these entries:—

(Continued on page 29.)

Mercy is like a rainbow which God hath set in the clouds: it never shines after it is night. If we refuse mercy here, we shall have justice in eternity.—Jeremy Taylor.

New Years at Fort St Joseph in 1807

By. Rev. H. J. L. Wooley, B.D.

The first day of the year usually meant little more than any other day to the lonely soldiers at Fort St. Joseph at the beginning of the 19th century. It is certain that they always in some way recognized Christmas day; on it no work was to be done and much of the garrison routine was dispensed with by order. But New Year's day, 1807, was once when the first day was duly observed. The reason was that the commander was Major Alexander Campbell, a true son of the heather, who had experienced too many New Year observances in the old land to let the day pass without some special recognition. Indeed, in his native Highlands it was regarded as the day of all days, on it the keynote of high and noble living was supposed to be struck for the whole year, and on it every Scot strove to excell in chivalry, reverence and good will. But this gallant Scottish soldier found little opportunity to observe the day according to his native custom at Fort St. Joseph. True, the soldiers found their stern commander more magnanimous and less exacting than ordinary that morning, and they were almost dumbfounded when he gave the order that they might have their liberty for most of the day and could engage in a snowshoe hunt if they so desired. He also ordered extra rations and acted toward his men in a manner that excited their admiration and gratitude.

Having done these things Major Campbell repaired to his quarters before the big crackling fire in the blockhouse where he would spend the forenoon in quietly writing to friends far away in bonny Scotland. Evidently this splendid officer was a bit homesick on that day; in fact he never became quite reconciled to life in the wilderness, he was a man of action who had been born and raised among the best class of aggressive Highland folk, and he must have been like a caged lion at the isolated posts of the frontier. In writing to a friend he admitted the boredom and isolation of his position, but recognized the advantages of life at St. Joseph. "It is very healthy," he wrote. "There is really no sickness among the troops, and the scenery is excellent in the summer time, and then one has plenty of time to read and write in the winter." In one sense the officers of the old frontier were compelled to follow the example of St. Paul, viz: "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content."

On that snowbound New Year day of 1807, Major Campbell desired to be alone, he found relief in writing home and by that means he was transported to his native Highlands, where in fancy he saw New Year observed as a Scotchman believed it should be. Truly the pen is mightier than the sword, and it is wonderful how by its magic means the hallowed scenes of home and native land may become vivid to the mind's eye, and one may become oblivious for the moment to disagreeable surroundings. This major was a scholar of poetic temperament, who evidently enjoyed writing long letters and reports, and among his correspondence are many masterpieces of good English.

He had been writing for an hour or more that morning, when he was interrupted by the announcement that a deputation of Americans from the fortress of Mackinaw awaited his pleasure for an interview. They were shown in and received very courteously, and after extending the season's greetings from their commander presented credentials to show that they had been sent over by the commissary to ascertain if food supplies could be purchased from the traders and Indians on St. Joseph's Island. Before making any private enquiries, they wished, in due courtesy to the British commander, to inform him of their peaceful mission and to ask for his approbation. They explained that owing to the early close of navigation that year, the expected supplies had failed to reach Mackinaw Island, and the garrison were already on reduced rations and nothing could be procured in that region save Indian corn. They had learned that the Indians of St. Joseph's Island were well supplied with game and fish, and that private traders were also well stocked with food for which the American commissary were prepared to pay the highest prices. The major looked steadily at these men for some minutes before replying, we are told. Perhaps he was considering if this circumstance did not afford him an opportunity to show forth the chivalrous spirit of New Year.

"I am sorry to inform you," he began, "that you have been incorrectly informed as there is little food supply on St. Joseph's Island. The supply of game is negligible and the Indians are already making representations to the command for food supply." He arose and began to pace back and forth in the barrack room. "You declare that the food shortage at Mackinaw is of a serious character?" He was assured by the Americans that the food situation was a matter of the most serious concern, and they could expect no supplies from the outside world till navigation opened in the spring.

Now this burly major had little real love for American soldiers. During the two years he had commanded the garrison at Amherstburg he had been constantly annoyed by representations and complaints from General Griswold, the governor of Michigan. The American people sympathized with the French in their war with England under Napoleon, and American and British soldiers were already beginning to regard each other with jealousy and suspicion. The major, a keen student of affairs, knew, as General Brock knew, as early as 1807, that war between the two nations was inevitable. There was a possibility that Major Campbell would have to meet this garrison of Mackinaw in battle before many months, with the odds against him. It would be to his advantage if the American soldiers starved to death. He might easily have barred all channels through which food from St. Joe might have reached the American garrison, and termed his action what the Germans so fondly termed such action during the late war, "Military necessity." He might have chuckled at their plight and deemed it a stroke of good fortune if the morale of the American soldiers was at low ebb the following spring. But Major Campbell was not a soldier of that type, and his first thought in war or peace was to play the game.

Truly no race has so fully exemplified that noble chivalry that has come down as a heritage from the old feudal days as the British. In all parts of the world the British soldier has always been a trusted and faithful ally and an honorable, chivalrous foe. The blood of the Scottish chiefs was in the veins of this commander of Fort St. Joe, a born fighter, an exacting commander, yet generous and honorable to the last degree, who would prefer defeat with honor to victory with dishonor any day. He carried no grudge toward his rivals, cherished no petty ill will, and was always ready to do any man a favor although in his native independence he asked favor of no man.

"You state that the garrison will suffer for lack of food supply before such can be obtained through the regular channels in the spring?" he asked again, as he continued to pace the room. "It is quite certain that ample supplies will reach Mackinaw as soon as the lakes clear in the spring?" was his next question. The answer to both these questions was in the affirmative. "I am disposed on this day to grant you some twenty barrels of port, which I am certain we can spare, trusting that your command will see to it that the same is returned to us next spring." The assurance was given, the offer accepted, and the next day a long convoy of port barrels left St. Joseph for Mackinaw, bearing also the hearty New Year's wishes of this knight of fort St. Joe.

In his official report to Major James Green, adjutant at Quebec, under date of January 15, 1807, Major Campbell states:

"I transmit herewith the return of stores at this post as found by survey agreeable to your orders of last fall. The twenty barrels of port loaned to the American garrison at Mackinaw are to be returned early in the spring. That garrison, for want of other provisions, were reduced to the necessity of feeding their men on Indian corn, so that I did not think it advisable to refuse them assistance.

"I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL,

Major 41st. Reg. Commanding.

Fort St. Joseph."

The Story of a Feast

In his essay on The New Year's Coming of Age, Charles Lamb describes the famous feast to which all the days had been invited, writes F. W. Bonham, in "Sunday at Home." "The Old Year being dead and the New Year coming of age (which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body), nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the days in the year were invited." The greatest care was taken in properly placing all the guests.

The special days, the fast days, the festival days were all given such seats at table as were deemed suitable to the honors usually paid them. The most baffling of all the invited guests was the Twenty-ninth of February. His erratic appearances seemed to perplex everybody, and nobody could be certain as to whether he intended being present or no. At the principal table, therefore, covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guest. An occasional knife and fork was placed at the sideboard for the Twenty-ninth of February, but no chair was arranged for him. As a matter of fact, he put in an appearance and made matters somewhat awkward.

In his after-dinner speech, the young lord—the New Year—assured all his guests of the welcome that his heart extended to them, and then, "with a graceful turn, he singled out poor Twenty-ninth of February, who sat all this while mumchance at the sideboard, and begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him, observing incidentally that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years—with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time he removed the solitary day from the forlorn seat which he had until then occupied, and stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the Greek Calends and Latter Lammas."

And, seated there, the Twenty-ninth of February enjoyed himself to his heart's content for the rest of the evening, although nobody seemed to know, when they took leave of him afterwards, how long it would be before they clasped his hand again.

And yet if the other days would only take the trouble to understand him, there is method in the madness of that eccentric day. If they were to ask him to explain his movements he would tell them that he invariably arrives in the course of every fourth year except at the end of a century, and then he only comes when the first two figures of the year are divisible by four. Thus the years 1700, 1800 and 1900 were not leap years, whilst the year 1600 was, and the years 2000 and 2400 will be.

The fact is that the twenty-ninth of February is a piece of chronological padding. It represents all those things in life that are extras and make weights. By such extras life is incalculably enriched.

COLORFUL SCENES AT OPENING OF MOTHER PARLIAMENT

With all the traditional pomp and circumstance of centuries, King George opened in state the fourth session of the sixth Parliament of his reign in London. The upper picture shows the royal coach with His Majesty arriving for the ceremonies. Left: The Baroness Beaumont entering the House. Lower centre: King George in the regal vehicle. This was the first time since the King ascended to the throne that Queen Mary did not accompany him to Parliament. She was suffering from a severe cold. The picture on the lower right shows Lord and Lady Birkenhead at the House of Lords.

Celebrates 71st Year

The nineteenth century was drawing to a close when a young English commander of Horse stood on the deck of a ship casting off for Africa remarked to his friends, "I hope they give me a hot corner."

The scene shifted to the South African veldt where, day after day the sun beat down on a little town. Ladysmith and Kimberley had been cut off by the Boers in their last desperate effort to drive out the empire-building British. Both towns were isolated and relief was beaten back but far to the north surrounded on every hand was Mafeking, where a garrison of 1,200 officers and men held off the attacking Boers, who were double their numbers.

Well it was for Britain in those days, that the commander was the Colonel, who had hoped for a hot corner. Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell had the faculty of being in the thick of things, that was why in his school days he was known as "Bathing Towel."

This remarkable man was born on February 22, 1857 son of the Rev. Professor Baden-Powell of Oxford and Langton Manor. An elder brother is a soldier of note, an inventor and pioneer in aeronautics as well as an author, while another is a notable artist but Robert has outshone them all.

The professor wished his son to follow him in the church but Robert had ambitions for the stage. When after being educated at Charterhouse he tried for a commission in the army and passed second among 700 candidates they compromised and he entered the Military service at 18. After seeing service in India and Afghanistan he won his distinction in the Zululand campaign and Ashanti where his ability as the greatest scout of the British army filled some of the most cunning natives with awe and admiration. He was "the big hat chief." When Mafeking was relieved on May 19, 1900 he added a final star to his fame.

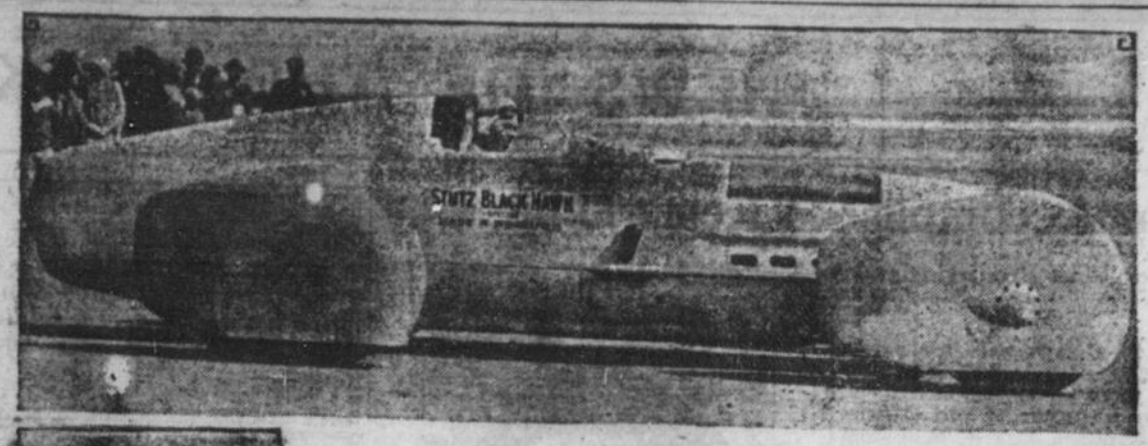
SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

Founder of Boy Scout Movement Has Passed his 71st Year

Had the world been combed a more fitting man could not have been found to do the work which he was to do now. In 1907 he put his experience and work as a military scout to work and the next year in a little office the Boy Scout movement set up shop. So great is the genius of the man that not only has the movement become world wide but it has left other organizations puffing far in the rear with never a hope of equalling the thing he began. Rover Scouts, Boy Scouts, Sea Scouts, Wolf Cubs, Girl Guides and Brownies, a way to the moral, physical and mental salvation of the world through youth—that is his contribution to the age.

An artist whose illustrations light up his many delightful books capable of drawing a cow with his right and a horse with his left hand at one and the same time, exhibitor of sculpture in the Royal Academy (1907), possessor of titles and honors covering many close lines of fine type, on his 71st birthday celebrated this past week, Sir Robert could look back over a life of service.

Go roll the names of your heroes of this era, call up your generals, preachers, scientists and statesmen. I give you a soldier, an artist, an author and more than that, preacher, psychologist, and teacher in one, the originator of the greatest power for world peace and right living in existence—"B.P."



AUTO RACER INJURED

Frank Lockhart, who was injured at Daytona Beach, Fla., on February 22, when his tiny Stutz Black Hawk, was wrecked after diving into the ocean from a test run, will make an attempt to set a new record as soon as he recovers and his car is rebuilt, his wife said Thursday. The attempt will depend on sanction of the American Automobile Association, Mrs. Lockhart said. It would be run either at Daytona Beach, at Dry Lake, Cal., or Cocoa Beach, Fla. The racing driver expected to be able to leave the hospital sometime this Week. The injury worrying him was to his left wrist, in which three tendons were severed.

Lockhart was catapulted into the surf of the Atlantic while speeding at 225 miles an hour in an effort to break the international automobile speed record.

'T.P.' to Visit U.S.

Journalist and veteran member of the British House of Commons, T. P. O'Connor is a well-known figure not only in the old land, but among English-speaking people the world over. He has sailed on the Berengaria for a visit to the United States for the good of his health. His latest action has been in connection with the banning of the film "Dawn," of which he was one of the censors, which depicts the career of Edith Cavell, British nurse executed in Belgium during the war.

The Right Honorable Thomas Power O'Connor was born in Athlone, Ireland, on October 5, 1848. His education was obtained in the College of the Immaculate Connection, Athlone, and Queen's College, Galway. He entered the profession of journalism as a junior reporter on a Dublin paper, Saunder's Newsletter, in 1867, later he was appointed a sub-editor of the London Daily Telegraph, 1870. Later he was employed in the New York Herald's London office. In 1880 he entered Parliament as member for Galway and on being returned for both Galway and Liverpool five years later he chose the latter and has represented it ever since. A number of journals have been founded and edited by "Tay Pay," among them being the Star; the Sun; The Weekly Sun; and T.P.'s Weekly. Among his published works are Lord Beaconsfield, a Biography; The Parnell Movement; Napoleon; and The Phantom Millions.

"TAY-PAY" O'CONNOR

Veteran Parliamentarian is Visiting The U. S. Shortly.

Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. Be comprehensive in all you say or write. To fill a volume about nothing is a credit to nobody.—John Neal.

PRECENDENT IS CREATED

The Legislature of British Columbia made British parliamentary history last week by conducting its proceedings under the direction of a woman. Mr. Speaker Buckham asked Mrs. Ellen Smith, member for Vancouver, to replace him when he left the Chamber for a short rest, and in filling the Speaker's chair Mrs. Smith was the first woman to exercise such a function in a British parliament so far as is known.

The change was effected so quietly that few noticed it until J. Hinchcliffe, Victoria, who was speaking on the budget, startled the Assembly by looking up, starting to say "Mr. Speaker," and then changing it to "Madame Speaker," the first time this form of address has been heard in a British Legislature.

The House quietly settled back to work again and Mrs. Smith fulfilled her duties to the satisfaction of the Chamber, although members seemed to find it difficult to get their tongues around the "Madame Speaker" which they had to use.

Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book—a message to us from the dead; from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away, and yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.—Charles Kingsley.

BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE IN FRANCE

Official announcement has been made to the effect that Sir William Tyrrell, permanent Under-Secretary of State of the British Foreign Office, has been appointed British Ambassador to France. He succeeds Lord Crewe, who has been Ambassador since 1922.

LAND AT SINGAPORE

Commander Cave-Brown (inset) leader of the great R.A.F. Empire flight which has just reached Singapore. This picture shows the leading 'plane of the expedition as it was about to leave the water at Plymouth Sound to a parting salute of guns.

A sentry between the United States and Canada would be about as appropriate as a fire-extinguisher on top of the Great Pyramid.—Hon. Vincent Massey.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

WORLD EVENTS

Airman Accomplishes Remarkable Feat

Bert Hinkler Flies From England to Australia in 15 Days—Sets 5 New Records.

Five aviation records were broken on Feb. 22nd by Harold "Bert" Hinkler, Australian flier, when he landed in his collapsible one-man airplane at Port Darwin, Australia, after fifteen days in flight from Croydon. He had accomplished the longest solo flight ever made, the longest flight for a light plane, the first non-stop flight from London to Rome, the fastest journey from England to India, and cut 13 days from the previous record for flying from England to Australia.

His feat is hailed as worthy to be set beside Lindbergh's historic crossing of the Atlantic. British leaders of state craft as well as of aviation are calling it a "landmark in the progress of the Empire united," and it is expected that the young flier will be nicknamed "The Human Bird," because of his habit of singing while at the controls, and that he will receive knighthood, which was awarded to Alan Cobham, Ross and Keith Smith and other pioneers of British aviation. Scarcely had the news of Hinkler's exploit reached England when Sir Sefton Brancker, Air Vice-Marshal, announced that a time table was being worked out for a regular seventeen-day service of larger passenger and mail 'planes between England and Australia, and a ten-day regular service between England and Cape Town across the British corridor of Africa, where Sir Alan Cobham is now charting a route.

There are numerous striking features in Hinkler's exploit, making it unique in the annals of aviation. In the first place, the 'plane wherein he accomplished the flight, has collapsible wings, capable of being folded back so the machine can be housed in any average garage. It has a special under carriage, so that Hinkler required no help of mechanics in wheeling it about the various landing fields on the journey.

Bert Hinkler in his 15-day flight from England to Australia made the cheapest long distance flight ever accomplished, it was estimated.

The small machine in which he flew cost about $3,500. Expenses from Croydon, Eng., to Port Darwin, Australia, including food, fuel and accommodations were calculated at $250, or about two cents a mile for the trip of about 12,000 miles. Hinkler was his own engineer throughout the trip, and the simplicity and handiness of his 'plane enabled him to handle it when he alighted and hopped off without hiring help.

The low horse-power of Hinkler's 'plane was another feature; it is under 80. The Smith brothers in their flight to Australia used a motor of 360 horse-power, and Sir Alan Cobham on his flight one of 400 horse-power.

ANOTHER RECORD FOR BRITAIN

Bert Hinckler, Australian aviator, whose exploit in flying from London to Australia in 15 days is considered on a par with that of Lindbergh.

Commenting on the flight, Sir Robert Horne, former Chancellor of the Exchequer said in an interview:

"Captain Hinkler has outclassed Col. Lindbergh's achievement.

"His flight is the most encouraging and inspiring that has taken place and has relieved the whole British race of the feeling that it has been outclassed in recent times in air developments.

"Hinkler's flight required endurance over long periods and patient courage of an exceptional order.

"This flight is the greatest single achievement in the history of aviation."

The Daily Mail said that the real object of Bert Hinkler's flight to Australia was to test a new undercarriage. This, the British flier invented himself and to it he attributed his success in his present flight.

The plane he uses is fitted with folding wings and an undercarriage which swings back when the wings are folded enabling the flier to house the machine in a garage and making it easy for one man to handle.

Hinkler sent a message to London saying he never had the least assistance in moving the machine since he started.

Because I realize that both victors and vanquished have got nothing but damage out of the war, I am now a soldier of peace.—General Von Schoenaich.

AMEND PENSIONS ACT

More than twenty proposed amendments to the Pensions Act were submitted to the House of Commons committee on soldiers' pensions Monday morning by Hon. Dr. J. H. King, Minister of Health and D.S.C.R.

The minister explained that the proposals were the result of conferences between officials of the department and veteran organizations and that owing to the budget debate they had not been introduced into the Commons yet. He presented the proposals to the committee for consideration in order that the members would be thoroughly acquainted with them by the time the bill reached the committee stage.

Several of the proposals are of a technical nature to clear up ambiguous meanings. One amendment makes it clear that disease contracted as a direct result of hostile acts is to be pensionable irrespective of the place where it was contracted.

Since the time shortly after the war when Palestine came under the mandate of the British Government, a feeling of entire contentment and satisfaction has sprung up and continues to prevail in the affairs of the Greek Orthodox Church in that country, His Grace Archbishop Pantelliemon, the special representative of the Patriarch of Jerusalem on this continent, said on Friday night in an interview with Montreal newspaper men.

The Indian Council of State voted on Feb. 22 to co-operate with the Royal Indian Commission, headed by Sir John Simon, who is investigating India's fitness for self-government. The council voted for co-operation 34 to 31.

Points to Canada

Canadian Member at Geneva Cites U. S.-Canadian Peace Relations.

United States-Canadian relations were cited as a model for those of European nations, at a meeting of the League of Nations Security Commission on February 22.

Dr. W. A. Riddell, Canadian member, suggested the adoption of the Canadian-United States system by nations that had similar geographical problems.

Dr. Riddell was discussing the possibility of a series of direct treaties among neighboring nations as one means of insuring against attack by war-like countries. He suggested the adoption of the Canadian-United States system of forming joint commissions of eminent citizens of both countries to investigate and report on, or to make a decision regarding each case.

Dr. Riddell said Canada was convinced security best could be advanced by disarmament rather than by mutual pledges of armed assistance among nations.

"This is our experience on the Great Lakes," he explained. "Canada also agrees that it is desirable to perfect the League's machinery for speedy, effective action by the council—the governing body—and the assembly in emergencies. But the League should consider carefully, in solving this problem, the possible attitude of neutral nations that are not League members."

The United States and Russia are the two largest non-members of the League.

Division of the world's oceans into 16 zones, to be policed by selected nations with vessels of 3,000 tons armed only with two two-inch guns and 20 rifles or pistols each, is envisaged by the Russian proposal for complete world disarmament.

The proposals were published by the League of Nations.

The zones

Baltic Sea; North Sea; eastern and western Arctic; Mediterranean; northeast, northwest, southeast and southwest Atlantic; Black Sea; Northern and Southern Indian Ocean; and northwest, northeast, southwest and southeast Pacific.

Nations would be selected to police the areas on the basis of their natural interest in the regions and their interest in submarine cables. They would be expected principally to suppress piracy and the slave trade.

League of Nations officials and visiting members of the Security Commission hesitated to discuss the proposals officially until experts had studied that, but the general opinion was that they were "somewhat idealistic."

New Minister

General Huank Fu, Nationalist Foreign Minister States Policy.

General Huank Fu assumed office as Minister of Foreign Affairs at Nanking on February 23 and outlined the foreign policy of the Nationalists under his administration. He reiterated the purpose of obtaining a revision of the so-called unequal treaties at the earliest possible opportunity and outlined the points of his program thus:

1—The Nationalist Government will prepare to open negotiations with friendly powers for new treaties.

2—Pending revision of the treaties, the Nationalists are willing to continue friendly relations.

3—The Nationalist Government will protect to the best of its ability the lives and property of foreigners.

4—It will recognize as binding all treaties and agreements hereafter made between local Chinese and foreign nations provided they have the sanction of the Nanking Government.

5—It will settle outstanding cases in militant fairness.

6—Should any foreign Power try to interfere in China's domestic affairs, it will adopt measures to meet the situation.

Altogether the statement was temperate and entirely free of an aggressive tone.

Despatches from Canton say that 1,700 alleged Communists, both men and women, have been executed by Canton troops after their capture east of the city on February 20.

The Cantonese also captured 600 members of a girls' Communist corps in the same area, but these have not been executed. Northward of Canton 800 Reds were made prisoners and hundreds of rifles captured.

Pang-Pai, widely known Communist organizer in Fukien province, is stated to have been murdered by villagers in his native town, who photographed his corpse and then cut it into ten pieces for general distribution and exhibition. His head was sent to Canton with the idea of discouraging Red activities.

FLY TO SINGAPORE

Great Britain's "flying ironclads," otherwise the four Royal Air Force metal flying boats, arrived on February 27 at Singapore, thus completing a flight of 10,000 miles and the first of its kind ever attempted in the history of aviation.

It is pointed out that this is the greatest "showing the flag" flight yet accomplished, and the fact that it was unmarred by a single mishap proves that British research and British construction are unsurpassed.

All metal flying craft, it is now believed, are entirely suitable for aviation in the tropics—a question hitherto the subject of dispute between experts and thus satisfactorily settled.

British air power throughout the eastern world has been enormously enhanced as a result of the cruise of the Royal Air Force flying boats, as their successful flight has proved that Britain leads the world in this class of fighting craft.

The air cruisers, whose base is at Singapore, shortly intend to resume their trip toward Australia, from whence they will return via Singapore, thus completing an Empire flight of 23,000 miles—the greatest ever undertaken.

"We are now about to take a vote that will likely mean the end of this Legislative Council. I presume the Lieutenant-Governor will come down a little later to give us our official quietus. 'Sic gloria transit mundi!'" In these words Hon. F. P. Bligh, president of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, concluded what he termed "the swan song" of that body, just before the Legislative Assembly bill to abolish the Legislative Council was given its third reading on Friday afternoon. In the vote that followed only two members voted against abolition, Hon. J. W. Comeau, of Digby, and Hon. Mr. Campbell, of Victoria. Hon. Mr. Mombourguette and Hon. Mr. Redden, appointees of the late government, voted for abolition.

Hon. Charles Marcil resumed his place on February 22 as chairman of the Liberal Caucus. Recently, when he was going on with his resolution about the Mexican affair, he resigned so as to have a free hand, as he put it. Afterwards he withdrew the resolution stating that he had received some new light. Mr. Marcil was reinstated in his own place as the senior member of his party, and E. W. Tobin, who had been chosen in his stead, was made vice-chairman. The caucus was devoted to a ventilation of views of private members regarding matters in their districts.

JAPANESE PARTIES DEADLOCKED

Two minor parties with 23 seats between them will hold the balance of power in the next Japanese Diet. Returns from the election indicated that the Seiyukai or Government party and the Minseito or Opposition were deadlocked. Some returns from Kyushu, southernmost mainland of Japan, are still missing and the vernacular papers in general stated that it was anybody's race as far as the major parties were concerned. They asserted either might win by one or two seats. The only official figure obtainable, those compiled by the Home Office, claimed a Government victory by three seats.

Of the minor parties, the Independents elected 15 representatives and the Proletarians eight. They thus constitute a block in the Diet capable of swinging the power to either the Seiyukai or Minseito. On the whole the political complexion of the new Diet appeared to have been changed but little from the Diet which Premier Tanaka dissolved in January, despite the fact that the electorate was enlarged for the first time from 3,000,000 to nearly 12,000,000. This was brought about by the operation of the universal manhood suffrage law which extended the franchise to some 9,000,000 non-tax payers above the age of 25.

SINCLAIR AND BURNS JAILED

Harry F. Sinclair, William J. Burns, W. Sherman Burns, and Henry Mason Day were held in contempt of court for their part in shadowing jurors in the recent Fall-Sinclair Teapot Dome conspiracy trial.

This ruling was made by Justice Frederick L. Siddons of the District of Columbia Supreme Court on February 22. He declared a mistrial in the Teapot Dome case when advised that Sinclair had hired Burns detectives to shadow the jury.

For 10 weeks Judge Siddons has been hearing evidence and arguments on the contempt charge.

Sinclair hired the Burns Detective Agency to do the shadowing and William J. Burns and his son, were held the responsible parties on that side of the transaction. Henry Mason Day, a business associate of Sinclair's, was the contact man with their detectives, and relayed their reports during the Fall-Sinclair trial to Sinclair.

Sinclair was sentenced to six months in a "common jail" and W. J. Burns to 15 days. Day was sentenced to four months. W. Sherman Burns was fined $1,000.

The Simon Commission arrived at Madras on Sunday morning and was welcomed by a very large gathering of Indians representing all communities. Parties pledged to boycott the commission were nowhere visible, and there were no hostile demonstrations of any kind. The authorities made efficient arrangements for policing the city. Motor lorries filled with armed police patrolled the streets, and all cross roads were guarded by police pickets. As far as can be ascertained there was no hartal anywhere.

Six men held up a Grand Trunk train in the south-western outskirts of Chicago on Sunday, cowed crew and passengers with a fusillade from sawed-off shotguns, dynamited the mail car and escaped with $133,000 being sent from two Chicago banks to two banks in Harvey, Ill., an industrial centre near by.

Within twenty-four hours the police announced that one arrested suspect had confessed his share of the robbery, implicating seven men, including two railroad workers.

More than $17,000 of the $133,000 loot was recovered and 25 suspects, including five women, were arrested in several raids, the police said. Virtually all were connected with the hold-up, the police reported.

Farm Valuations

Farm Land in Canada Worth $38 Per Acre According to Government Report.

Canadian farm lands in occupation in 1927 are valued at an average of $38 per acre in a Government crop report issued last week. This valuation, which includes both improved and unimproved land, as well as dwelling houses, barns, stables and other farm buildings, compares with an average of $37 per acre in 1926 and $38 in 1925.

By provinces, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, the averages are as follows, with last year's figures given within brackets: Prince Edward Island, $41 ($46); Nova Scotia, $37 ($36); New Brunswick, $30 ($31); Quebec, $57 ($53); Ontario, $65 ($62); Manitoba, $27 ($29); Saskatchewan, $26 ($25); Alberta, $28 ($26); British Columbia, $89 ($80).

The average values in 1927 of orchard and fruit lands, including buildings, etc., in the fruit-growing districts, are estimated as follows: Nova Scotia $104 ($129); Ontario, $143 ($124); British Columbia, $321 ($320).

For the whole of Canada, the average wages per month of farm helpers during the summer season of 1927 were $41 for men, and $23 for women. Both these rates are the same as those of 1926. In addition, the value of board is placed at $23 for men, and $19 for women, which rates are the same as those of the previous year.

The average values of farm live stock by ages in 1927 show for Canada a further increase for all descriptions, excepting swine which show a decrease, and for sheep, the average value of which remains at $10 as in 1926. For Canada, the average value for horses under one year old was $34, as compared with $30 in 1926 and $29 in 1925; horses one year to under three years were $67 as against $61 and $59; and horses three years old and over were $101 as against $95 and $93. Cattle under one year averaged $17 as against $14 in 1926, and $12 in 1925; cattle one year to under three years $38, as against $30 and $28; and cattle three years and over $54, as against $42 and $41.

The biplane in which the Wright brothers made their first succesful flight at Kitty Hawk, N.C., has landed on English soil. The famous plane will be placed on exhibition in the Science Museum at South Kensington. Orville Wright, on the departure of the plane from the United States for England was quoted as saying that failure of the Smithsonian Institute to give proper credit to the original plane, which he and his brother developed was the chief reason for sending the biplane out of the country.

By a vote of 39 to 11, the Quebec Legislative Assembly on Feb. 23 threw out a bill to grant women the right to vote in provincial elections, and, incidentally, to become members of the House on complying with the formality of being elected. Since the vote on the bill last session when Victor Marchand, M.L.A., for Jacques Cartier, had the measure in hand, brought 13 votes in favor, even Hon. J. H. Dillon, who voted for the women on both occasions, admitted that there was in the result "an air of Irish promotion."

The total number of persons in British settlers' families to be received in New Brunswick during 1928 will in all probability reach 1,000, it is estimated by W. A. McDougall, superintendent for the Maritime Provinces branch of the Soldier Settlement Board. In 1927 there were in the vicinity of 100 British families that settled in this province, with a total number of 660 persons, and in addition there were 55 single farm laborers placed in New Brunswick, as well as about 30 domestics, besides those domestics that came out to definite employment.

The Albanian Government has appealed to the League of Nations on behalf of the famine stricken population of Northern Albania. Serious distress has come to that part of the country in consequence of the bad harvest last year. The government has requested that the suffering of the Albanians be brought to the attention also of various charitable societies, so that relief work may be organized as quickly as possible.

Declaring that the requests for naval increases have been made because "the administration wants some club to use over the head of Great Britain," Franklin D. Roosevelt, speaking on Friday before the New York Council for International Co-operation to Prevent War, at the Town Hall, said that the proposed building program over a period of years, "is only a silly continuance of the game of bluff." "I deeply resent it," said Mr. Roosevelt, "when admirals and others, who still have the point of view of the year 1812, impute lack of patriotism to those who seek the gradual reduction of armaments and navies."

No one can be both lustful and lusty.

ALTER BASIS OF AID

Several references to conditions and immigration schemes in connection with Canada were made in the course of a debate in the British House of Commons on Friday on the private bill introduced by A. A. Somerville, Conservative M.P. for Windsor, to extend the Empire Settlement Act of 1922, particularly with regard to parliamentary grants for the training of migrants, and to eliminate the necessity for maintaining the equal basis of the grants from the home and Dominion governments. The bill provides that persons receiving national unemployment benefit shall contribute from such benefit towards the cost of their own training. The bill was given second reading.

In supporting his bill, Mr. Somerville referred to Canada as the only land where domestic workers were assisted in migration, "whereas they are just the kind of people we want here," he added.

New Constitution

Spain Considering Adoption of Constitutional Monarchy.

Establishment in Spain of a limited monarchy with exact definition of the powers of the king and the government is provided in sections of the constitution approved by a committee of the National Assembly, it was learned in a dispatch from Madrid.

The clauses contained provisions that the king should not be absent from the country without establishment of a regency. This provision was said to be due to King Alfonso's plan to visit the western hemisphere shortly.

The king, the constitution provides, should initiate legislation dealing with foreign policies, constitutional reforms, and new taxation.

Parliament would deal with such questions as the budget—in war-time as well as peace time—territorial changes, electoral laws, pardons, and so forth. It is provided that Parliament cannot delegate its powers to the executive.

Cabinet approval is required for royal commands, including specifically those dealing with military matters.

A royal advisory council, with 10-year terms, would be named. The king would designate the president and vice-president.

The commission next will deal with the reformation of Parliament in the form of a single chamber, whose 500 members, men and women, over 25 years of age, would serve for five years.

Favor Treaties

Western Livestock Union Requests Consultation Before Sign Treaties.

The Western Livestock Union, in session in Vancouver on Friday adopted a resolution demanding that before any more trade agreements are entered into by the federal Government, the interests in Canada likely to be affected should be consulted.

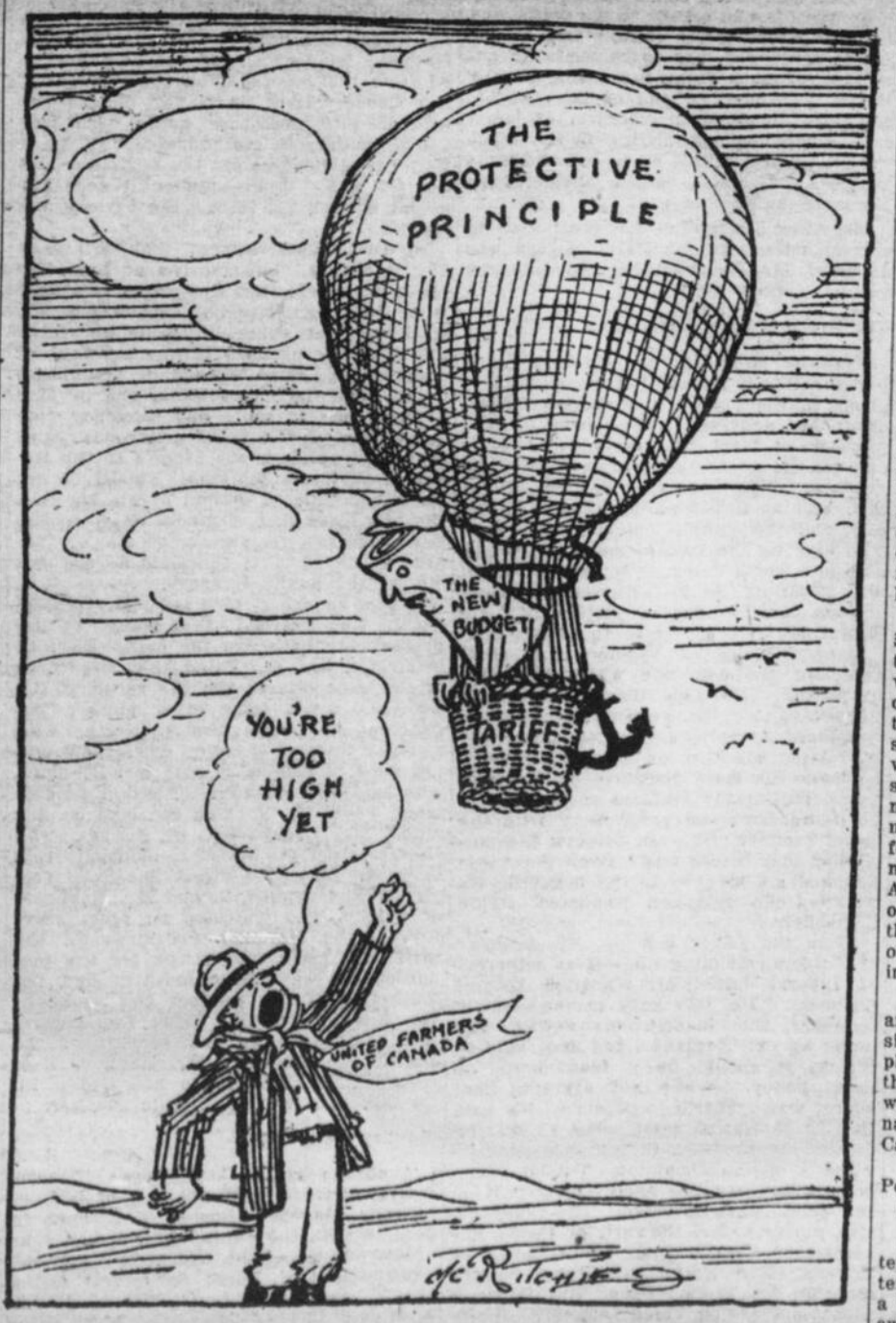
The issue arose in connection with a discussion of the Canadian Australian trade treaty, which was held by several speakers to be working a hardship on Canadian butter producers. Nevertheless, the meeting went on record as favoring the extension of markets by trade treaties. The suggestion to the Government for consultations was contained in the following resolution:

"Whereas, the Western Canada Livestock Union understands that the Dominion Government is committed to the present policy in regard to the Australian trade agreement, and as this organization has other matters to present upon which immediate action can be taken, be it resolved:

"That this organization request that when the matter is reopened for discussion or consideration, the Western Canada Livestock Union and the National Dairy Council of Canada be advised, and that before another trade agreement be entered into by the Government of Canada notice of such proposed agreement be given to the Union so that proper representations may be made by those affected."

After wrestling for hours with the constitutional question: has "the Presbyterian Church in Canada" the legal right to use that title, the Private Bills Committee of the Saskatchewan Legislature has decided such right does not exist. The question came before the committee by reason of a proposed amending bill to the United Church of Canada Act of the province of Saskatchewan, brought to the Legislature by those representing the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The bill itself merely calls for the appointment of a commission to settle disputes as between the two bodies in the matter of church property.

"Some fellows enter on their life's work in the belief that the making of money is one of the most important factors in life," said Sir Maurice Craig, the famous neurologist, at Bedford School, England, recently. "Believe me, this is not so. Money is useful, but it is not the answer to life, and never will be."



—From the Halifax Herald (Conservative).

Synthetic tobacco is the latest "substitute" produced in Germany. Thin sheets of prepared paper are impregnated with chemically-made nicotine. Dyed and perfumed to resemble real tobacco, they are then made into cigars.

One of the greatest robberies of recent years occurred during a week-end in July, when motor thieves secured a haul of £250,000 worth of insurance stamps from the Wiltshire (England) headquarters at Trowbridge of the Ministry of Labor.

Alexander, Mageean, while working on the County Down railway at Belfast, was knocked down by a train. He lay still, and several carriages passed over him before the train was pulled up. He received a scalp wound in the fall, but was otherwise unhurt.

The Greek Ministry of Education states that the ante-chamber of the Mycenaean tomb, discovered some time ago at Medea by Swedish archaeologists, has been found to contain a variety of articles, including bronze swords, decorated vases, mirrors (one with an ivory handle), and tripods (one 2ft. high, built on the hearth.)

Letters

A CANADIAN'S WARNING

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—Your note to my letter "A Canadian's Warning" in the issue of Jan. 18 just received, makes me feel that I was not sufficiently clear. You say "No responsible person in England thinks so ill of the United States as to conceive possible any such infernal action as our correspondent pictures." May I say at once that I would never accuse the people or the Government of the United States of any thought of "infernal action against Canada. I believe the average American would view the bombing of Montreal with as much horror as he would the bombing of Boston. But in the event of war between the U. S. and Great Britain, if Canada sides with Britain—and I believe she must either do this or declare her independence, she can hardly remain neutral within the Empire—she is at once at war with her neighbor. Since all military experts tell us that the main feature of the next war will be the destruction of city populations by poison gas "demoralising a people and thus disarming a Government" as Foch calls it, there is no doubt in my mind that military experts, the world over, would regard the destruction of Canadian cities as the natural first step in such a war. It will be looked on by army men everywhere not as an "infernal action" but as a military necessity. Doubtless Canadian airmen will kill some millions of American city dwellers.

You say that Lord Beaverbrook states that relations between Britain and the U. S. were never better. True, there is no serious cause of friction between the two countries but why then did the Naval Conference fail? I know the Americans were not guiltless. They, like our own government, sent their leading naval men as their representatives—the last people to represent us at such a conference as their life work is to build up powerful navies! But why did our Government demand 200,000 tons more cruisers than we ever had in our history? Why did it send such instructions to Lord Cecil as to lead him to say that the Government showed that it had no real desire for the success of the Conference? There is no other navy we need fear but that of America. Why can we not agree with them to limit?

I feel Mr. Ponsonby, Under Foreign Secretary in the Labor Government, gave the answer to these questions at the big war Danger Conference held here in December when an afternoon was given to the danger of war with America. Mr. Ponsonby said that if people were to be got to vote large sums of money for naval construction an enemy must be found. Fear must be awakened. There is no other navy English people could be made to fear today. America is the enemy! Armament firms must make big dividends! As the National Council for the Prevention of War showed us before 1914 they have the ear of the Admiralty. Owners of many of the biggest papers are also interested in iron and steel.

I do not think the directors of the big armament firms have any "infernal" designs upon Canada nor even upon the people of the States. They probably hope their naval competition will never end in war. But can Canadians run the risk? Canada or dividends—which shall it be? Let Canadians speak before it is too late.

MARY CHESLEY.

Potter's Bar, Middlesex,
England, Feb. 15, '28.

(Note: It is perhaps wholesome to contemplate what war would be when we are tempted to ill-will toward a neighbor. Such a letter shows the mischief of measuring swords where war is simply out of the question.)

The Week on Parliament Hill

By C. B. H.

The parliamentary stream has run its course this week but little thrown up on the banks can be described as extraordinary. To the practical exclusion of everything else the budget has been discussed and, though the subject is the most important of all sessional fixtures, it is sometimes very dry and listless, and this year is no exception.

There are two amendments—Conservative and Progressive—and antipodal as usual. The Conservative amendment is a combination of regrets over the shortcomings charged against the government and to the indictment there are several counts. While nothing specific is said about the tariff, in the speeches which support the amendment there is consistently voiced the need of more adequate protection and criticism of the extent to which this policy is departed from and the trend which is indicated. On the other hand, the Progressive amendment, while primarily denouncing the reduction of income taxes, voices regret because relief from the "burdens" of the tariff is not more pronounced. It is seemingly impossible to develop any identity of view in parliament on a fiscal question.

A division is planned for next Thursday night and, following it, the detailed resolutions will be considered.

Tuesday's Debates

Dr. Manion was the first speaker on the budget debate on Tuesday and the most prominent Conservative.

His speech was a general broadside against the government, in whose works he finds little to approve and whose policies he seems to regard as vitally deficient. He spoke under about a dozen headings. He agreed with the criticism about Canadian National finances not being included in the national debt. He was dubious about the decrease in the sales tax as regards its effect on the consuming public. He thought that industry would probably be injured without the great mass of the people being benefited by the budget, and he charged that the government was claiming what really belonged to Providence. He spoke of the immigration policy as ineffective and claimed that the influx of immigrants does not compensate for the efflux of Canadians.

He touched on the St. Lawrence question, speaking of it as a most important issue in the range of politics. He wanted to know what was the government's policy, declaring that they were waiting for something to turn up. He complained that no policy had been undertaken to develop iron or coal resources and he charged that the effect of the budget would not be helpful to the reopening of suspended industries, and he wanted some policy to give more employment at better wages in Canada, and said this would stop the exodus. He saw no good to the working man in the legislation of the government and no improvement in his social condition.

He charged that political dismissals have been the fate of some returned soldiers and that pensions were harder to secure. Other features of his speech criticized the government for not protecting the Canadian farmer in the United States market either by negotiation or by retaliation. He agreed that his criticism would be termed destructive but he thought that was the only kind that was of use under the circumstances.

In the further discussion Mr. Lavigueur of Quebec devoted most of his time to a criticism of the Civil Service system. He admitted that he had no use for it, and sees no good purpose to be served. He confessed his belief in the good old plan where members of parliament had the patronage in government jobs. He touched on the Marcil resolution but was called to order, and he said that anyway all that he was going to say was that he would have been glad to have seconded it. He commended the budget. Mr. Lavigueur likes Mr. Taschereau, the premier of Quebec, and he paid tribute to him, and thereby occasioned a little run in with Mr. Pouliot from the same district, who, although on the same side of the House, does not share his affections.

The latter spoke afterwards and one plank in his platform was favorable to repairing old locomotives of the Canadian National instead of buying so many new ones. His town is a divisional point of the C.N.R., and has car shops, and this may have been in his mind. Mr. Pouliot also took a crack at the Civil Service Commission and expressed his adherence to the view that a party in office should be able to look after its friends. Another pregnant thought of his was that liquor in Quebec costs more than it does in Ontario, and he thinks that as Mr. Taschereau and Mr. Ferguson are supposedly so friendly it would be well for the Quebec premier to emulate his friend in regard to the price list of alcoholic beverages.

Mr. Fansher of Last Mountain—a Progressive—thought that the government surplus was due, as much as anything, to the efficient administration of the Department of National Revenue. If there was prosperity in the West he credited it to the wheat pool. The rest of his speech was a denunciation of the tariff as a burdensome tax upon the farming community.

Wednesday In The House

The Progressives presented their amendment to the budget on Wednesday. This is the first time that this group has ever moved an amendment as according to former rules only one amending proposal was possible.

Mr. Sanderson, one of the Liberal whips who replied directly to Dr. Manion deprecated the somewhat pessimistic views of the number for Fort William, accusing him of decrying the country and saying things which were not true, this encountering objection from Dr. Manion, who denied saying anything of the kind, while the chair had to ask Mr. Sanderson to withdraw the reference to untrue statements, which he did. In doing so, however, he advised members to read the speech to see if it did not justify his construction. He also observed that Dr. Manion should not talk of unemployment, because he at least was comfortably placed with one job here and another in the liquor commission at Toronto, while he made a run for a third one—the party leadership at the Winnipeg convention. Mr. Sanderson's general contention was that the country is getting along well, that there is no reason to cry blue ruin and that the budget is a commendable product, and generally helpful in its influence .

Dr. McGibbon could not discover any virtue in the budget nor in the government that produced it. He said the Liberal party was "putting the stiletto" into industry, particularly in Ontario, although they sometimes looked after their friends in Quebec, and he said further that people were leaving the country and the effect of tariff reductions is to increase imports and incidentally produce unemployment at home. He held that either the United States must put Canada on a quota basis or else the present government must be driven from office. It is quite apparent that he doesn't like it.

The Progressive amendment presented by Mr. Fansher was accompanied by a speech amplifying what the amendment sets forth. The Liberal party was criticized for not living up to the professions of its platform in regard to the tariff, and also for reducing the income tax, which, it was contended, has to be made up out of the revenues from the tariff. Finally Mr. A. J. Anderson, one of the Toronto members, indulged in criticism of insurance companies speculating in the stock market, and thought it was a bad and risky business. He also talked about unemployment being "rampant."

Mr. Church's motion for production of correspondence re the Marcil motion was defeated, Mr. Church being the only one voting in favor of it.

The Proceedings on Thursday

Thomas McMillan, the Liberal member for South Huron, left party politics alone in his budget contribution Thursday. He delivered a discourse on the problem of farm life, saying that it is one of the biggest questions before the country. The constant trek of young men and women from the farms to the city, and the onerous enterprise of those who stay on the land to make life profitable and worth living, is something which Mr. McMillan thinks deserves the most serious consideration of parliament. He says some remedy ought to be sought.

General Clark of Vancouver severely criticized the condition which he holds to prevail. He says the trade treaties negotiated by the government, with a couple of exceptions, operate unfavorably. After touching on financial aspects he made his main discourse on immigration. With many features of the system he found fault and particularly with the racial complex. He even foresaw the possibility that before many years the Anglo Saxon stock may be in the minority. He wants trade relations promoted within the Empire.

From the Labor benches Mr. Adshead of Calgary, claiming himself an adherent of Liberal principles, regretted Liberal practices. He was very strong against reducing the income tax, saying that here, as in England and the United States, it should be a fundamental in fiscal policy. While not agreeing that there was general prosperity, he said that there was at least some, as was indicated by the fact that in one year dividends of the Dominion Textile Company were over two hundred per cent on the actual cash invested. The Conservative member, Mr. Stewart, of Leeds, disassociated himself from any criticism of the Canadian National Railway, complimenting the system upon its improvement and giving credit to Sir Henry Thornton and the employees. Nevertheless, he thought it only proper that the obligations of this enterprise should be figured in the national debt. He made a plea for active consideration of the St. Lawrence waterway project, contending that it is closely interlinked with the prosperity of the country.

> *I do not scruple to attack the ideas which I consider false but heaven forfend that I should ever attack those who uphold them.—Henri Fabre.*

Mr. Edwards of South Waterloo, coming from a constituency where there are textile industries, entered into an analysis of conditions there, his design being to show that the budget changes in the textile tariff operate to the injury rather than to the benefit of these enterprises, some of which he said might be put out of business.

Mr. John Evans of Saskatchewan has little use for the old parties and he passes up no opportunity to take a little crack at them. In the course of the Customs investigation, some evidence came out to the effect that brewers and distillers had thoughtfully contributed to campaign funds, and this furnished Mr. Evans with a cue to denounce the whole business. He is a great free-trader. He magnified its virtues and he denounced the iniquities of protection.

Mr. Finlay MacDonald, of South Cape Breton, a Conservative member, who came next, said that if there were any campaign funds some one held out on him because he paid his own bills. For his constituency, where there is the big coal and steel industry, he saw nothing beneficial in the budget. His outstanding suggestion was for the creation of another commission to discover ways and means of moving Maritime coal up to the central markets in winter, and thus, by keeping the mines going, to prevent the distress that goes with unemployment.

Friday's Debate

Colonel Arthurs, Conservative, of Parry Sound, gave the provincial governments credit for a large share of prosperous activity, harped upon the number of Canadians going to the States and staying and criticised the immigration restrictions, claiming that out of the thirty-one members of the House who came from overseas or from the states, only ten could properly get in now according to his interpretation of the immigration regulations. These ten are farmers.

Dr. Hall, South Bruce, referring to the Conservative argument that the Canadian National finances should not be segregated from the general debt, contended that the Conservatives in power did as the present government is doing. He was complimentary to the budget but spoke of its tariff revision as but the beginning and not the end. In his opinion it does not go far enough yet to suit the agricultural classes.

In direct disagreement with this was Mr. Ryckman, Conservative of East Toronto, who held that the protective tariff is neither restrictive nor destructive. Mr. Ryckman put some life into his forty minutes. He accused the government of adopting the same method of accounting as wrecked the Home Bank, and he also blamed the present day tendency for speculation to the fiscal policy. He says that even children are talking in the jargon of the stock markets. Finally he got on rather delicate ground by stating that the privileges that members enjoy in the parliamentary restaurant create an annual deficit of thirty thousand dollars met out of the public treasury.

Other speakers included Mr. Woodsworth, who charged that many of the present day evils are the outcropping of protection and calculated that two-thirds of the expenditures are the result of the war, and made some other points; Mr. Johnston, of Cape Breton North, who spoke of the coal situation down there and the need of helping it out; Mr. Beaubien who said that to vote for either amendment would be "rocking the boat on dry land." Mr. Luchkovich, of Alberta, who characterized protection as domestic robbery and favored a direct line-up of people for and against it, and Mr. MacLean, of Prince, who indicated no great affection in the Maritime Provinces for the tariff and made suggestions for the promotion of the fishing industry and the marketing of the product and spoke of the beneficial results from the government implementing the support of the Duncan Commission. Mr. MacDonald, of Kings, P.E.I., also spoke and had a little talk fest with Hon. John Sinclair.

Monday Feb. 27

A charge by R. C. Matthews (Conservative, Toronto East Centre), of lack of initiative in the Minister of Finance in dealing with the public debt; a generous commendation of the budget by C. R. McIntosh (Liberal, North Battleford) and a typical speech of recrimination by Milton N. Campbell, (Progressive,, Mackenzie) which brought some warm retorts from the Liberal seats, were the only features of Monday's sitting.

After declaring that the tariff board was "merely a shock absorber for the Government," Mr. Campbell drew fire when he charged that "this Government holds office today by fraud and deception."

The chief Liberal whip, Pierre F. Casgrain (Charlevoix-Saguenay), demanded withdrawal of this assertion which demand, after some exchanges, was met by the Progressive. Mr. Campbell went further and said the Manitoba Progressives would have to accept responsibility for the present budget.

Equally vigorous were the remarks of W. G. Ernst (Conservative, Queens Lunenburg, N.S.) who said the immigration policy of the present Government was "ghastly," and who also stated that the itinerary of the commission on fisheries of which Hon. A. K. Maclean was chairman, was dictated by political considerations. The tariff changes respecting fisheries were "only a gesture."

THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Monday

Three private bills were given first reading.

Almost the entire day was taken up by the budget debate.

Tuesday

The whole day was taken up by the budget debate.

Wednesday

Two private bills were given firsts reading. Budget debate continued.

Thursday

Two private bills were given first reading.

A bill to establish divorce courts in Ontario. This bill was introduced in and passed by the Senate.

Mr. Motherwell introduced a bill to regulate the sale and inspection of root vegetables.

The budget debate continued.

Friday

More speeches on the Budget.

REVOLT AGAINST ROMANISM

With the object of eliminating what they term "Roman Catholic practices" in their communion, 105 leading members of the Protestant Episcopal laity in the United States have organized a revolt.

Eighty-five men and 20 women in various parts of the country have signed a petition to the House of Bishops of Clerical and Lay Deputies stating the attitude of the evangelical or Liberal division of the church.

The group asks that at the triennial general meeting to be held in Washington, D.C., next October steps be taken, so that Protestant Episcopal churches no longer can have mass, adoration of the Sacrament, prayers to the Virgin Mary, auricular confession and "other ceremonies peculiar to the Church of Rome."

W. W. Skiddy, treasurer of the Church's general convention, told the United Press that, since he considered himself a Protestant Episcopal, he wanted the church to dispense with certain "Romanist" forms.

The petition memorializes the bishops and clerical and lay deputies not to take the 39 articles out of the Book of Common Prayer.

The articles set forth the historic belief of the Protestant Episcopal church and have been in the Prayer Book since 1801. The petitioners contend that the articles set forth a stand against Roman Catholic doctrines and practices and thus form the bulwark of Protestant faith.

CIVIL SERVANTS DISMISSED

For the first time within living memory a member of the British Civil Service has been dismissed, another permitted to resign and a third severely reprimanded for conduct tending to cast doubt on the integrity of high Government officials. This was the sensational outcome of the investigation into the conduct of J. D. Gregory, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for the Foreign Office, St. Clair O'Malley, and Lieut-Commander H. F. B. Maxse, three Foreign Office officials involved in speculating against the franc.

Gregory was dismissed from the service and O'Malley was permitted to resign, while Lieut. Maxse received not only a severe reprimand but forfeiture of three year's seniority.

Plans for a nation-wide concert tour to make known historic Canadian songs were announced by the Association of Canadian Clubs. The tour, organized by the national office of the Canadian Clubs, is supported by the National Museum of Canada and the Toronto Conservatory of Music. It will include Western Canada and Northern Ontario this spring, and Ontario and the Maritimes next fall, Graham Spry, national secretary, said. The first concert will be held in Ottawa on March 15.

Famous Fanatics

From the Book of the Same Name by Guy Hayler, Honorary President of the World Prohibition Federation.

CHAPTER IV.

Religious Reformers

The facts of ancient history—sacred and profane—and the opinion of the sages of the past are fully confirmed in more modern times. From the days of St. Paul, "The Apostle to the Gentiles," through those of St. Augustine, "The Doctor of Grace," St. Francis of Assisi, "who taught Christian men," says Ruskin, "how they should behave"; to Martin Luther, "The Champion of the Reformation," and John Wesley, "The Founder of Methodism," Total Abstinence has been found a leading characteristic, while the drunkenness of the people has called forth the strongest denunciations of these religious reformers. Their declarations can be stated in a few words, as "Drinking causes drunkenness," so "Abstinence must be enjoined." They recommended water as the best beverage for all purposes of life, or as Dr. Smollett says, "For the preservation of health and exhilaration of spirits there is no beverage comparable to simple water," while Milton declares that men can live "happily and healthfully without the use of intoxicating liquors." These religious reformers understood this, and knowing the evil of drinking intoxicating liquors, strongly recommended water as the best beverage for all purposes of life, and denounced the use of alcoholic liquors in the strongest possible language.

Savonarola

In morals and religion, Savonarola is considered to have been the forerunner of the Reformation. He was born on September 21st, 1542. His preaching against the sinfulness and apostacy of his time was a great popular triumph, and he became a leader among men, serving his day and generation both as a religious and moral reformer. When the French were driven out of Florence and a Republic was proclaimed, Savonarola became the chief director. Drunkenness and vice, which were rampant at this time, were condemned in the strongest manner, and under his influence prohibited. He desired the Republic of Florence to be a Christian Commonwealth, having God as its head and the Gospel law the rule of life. His preaching and action brought down upon him the condemnation of Rome, and in 1495 he was cited to appear in the Holy City on a charge of heresy. He declined to obey the summons, with the result that he was forbidden to preach. Savonarola took no notice of the prohibition and preached to multitudes his doctrines of emancipation, awakening thereby the sleeping conscience of great numbers of those who heard him. In 1497 Rome excommunicated this fearless advocate and within twelve months (1498) he was strangled and burned with two of his brave disciples. Thus lived and died a great moral, political and religious reformer. To a great extent Savonarola prepared the way for Luther, Erasmus, Melancthon, Calvin, and others, all of whom brought new life and new inspiration to Christian character and human fellowship.

Martin Luther

Martin Luther, "The Monk who shook the World," was born on November 10th, 1483. He was the son of a miner, and his study of the Scriptures while young induced him to devote himself to the Christian ministry. As a preacher he became very popular and exerted great influence over the people. Money being required by Rome, indulgences were sold in great numbers, resulting in much drunkenness and other evils, causing a great demoralization among the people. To all of this Luther entered his most emphatic protest, contending that the Pope had no power to forgive sin, or to delude the people by taking money for such so-called Indulgences. He became not only a great Religious Reformer but a bold moral and social leader. In the end the authorities at Rome tried to silence him; he, however, remained firm to his principles. The character of Luther can be found in his conduct in answering the summons to attend the Diet of Worms, when although strongly advised by his friends not to go, he declared, "Were there as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the houses, I would go," and he went. At the Diet he "spake as if deputed by mankind," closing with these memorable words: "It is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here I stand, I can do no otherwise. So help me God, Amen." Thus broke forth the Reformation, giving the world the greatest revolution towards religious freedom, and moral and social progress ever before obtained. In the height of the Reformation Luther utilized the printing presses, and has left on record his views on the drink question, which are contained in his strong denunciations of the intemperance and drinking customs of his time. Not only did he advise the people not to take intoxicating liquors, but he denounced the brewer in the following characteristic language: "The man who first brewed beer was a pest for Germany. Food must be dear in our land, for the horses eat up all our oats and the peasants drink up all our barley in the form of beer. . . . I have prayed to God that He might destroy the whole beer-brewing business, and the first beer-brewer I have often cursed. There is enough barley destroyed in the breweries to feed all Germany." Nothing could have been plainer than Luther's advocacy of total abstinence and the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

MARTIN LUTHER

"The Monk Who Shook The World."

Emanuel Swedenborg

Emanuel Swedenborg was born in Stockholm, on January 29th, 1688. He was the son of the celebrated Jesper Swedberg, Bishop of Skara. After studying at home for some years, young Swedenborg was sent to the Upsala University, where he remained until his twenty-first year. A tour round the world lasting for about five years was utilized for the acquisition of knowledge. His acquaintance with the leading men of science was of great service to him. He learned how to make scientific instruments, to bind books, and to play the organ. On returning to Sweden he published a scientific journal, filling its pages with projects and inventions of a striking character. Charles XII. appointed him assessor extraordinary to the Royal College of Mines. Later he invented a plan by which a sloop, two galleys, and five large boats were carried over hill and valley, fourteen miles to Frederickshall, a fortress in Norway, to which Charles XII. was laying siege. In 1719, Queen Eleanora ennobled the Swedberg family and the name was changed to Swedenborg. Emanuel being the eldest member had a seat in the House of Nobles, doing much by voice and pen on behalf of progressive thought. He wrote books on an enormous number of subjects, of which the following are only a few:—Algebra, the Calculus, longitude, decimal measures, tides, docks, sluices, saltworks, mining, smelting, etc. In his works on natural philosophy he covered human anatomy and physiology, while in others of his writings he dealt with almost every subject of life and death. In 1747 he resigned his assessorship of the College of Mines and other offices to devote himself to religious subjects. From 1749 until his death in London, 1772, Swedenborg wrote and published no less than 46 volumes. When 55 years of age he learned Hebrew as a necessary preliminary to the study and collation of the Scriptures. His works were published at his own expense, copies being presented liberally to all kinds and conditions of men. The following extract from his diary shows that he did not expect to have the approval of all his readers:—"There are five classes of those who read my writings. The first reject them entirely, because they are in another persuasion, or because they are in no faith. The second receive them as knowledges, or as objects of mere curiosity. The third receive them intellectually, and are in some measure pleased with them; but whenever they require to apply them to regulate their lives, they remain where they were before. The fourth receive them in a persuasive manner, and are thereby led, in a certain degree, to amend their lives and perform uses. The fifth receive them with delight, and confirm them in their lives." (Aug. 27th, 1748). His views on the drink question were very pronounced. "Total Abstinence from intoxicating liquors," he said, "is more desirable for the country's welfare and morality than all the revenue to be derived from licensing the manufacture or sale of so pernicious a drink." He never attempted to establish a sect, but his followers—of which there are many thousands in all parts of the world, call themselves "The New Church," the members of which are mostly total abstainers.

CLOSE EXPORT HOUSES

A special dispatch to the Toronto Globe from Ottawa says:

"In pursuance of one of the recommendations of the Royal Customs Commission, bonded export and import liquor warehouses, which have been found to be a source from which illicit liquor shipments cross the United States border, are to be wiped out of existence.

For the most part these emporiums are advantageously situated near the border line in Canada, and, according to the Customs Commission condemnation, serve no legitimate or legal purpose whatever.

"Hon. William D. Euler, Minister of Customs, made the announcement Feb. 16. The Department will not grant any more such licenses, and proposes cancelling licenses already issued."

Halifax export liquor houses have received notice, it was stated by customs officials to dispose of their stocks on hand and to cease importations, although no time limit has been set. Vancouver and Halifax, it was further stated, are the only ports in Canada in which export liquor houses operate.

Net profits of $2,038,622 on the Government sale of liquor were made in Alberta last year, according to the report of the Liquor Control Board, which was laid on the table of the House on Feb. 14. The report, covering the full calendar year of 1927, shows an increase of $235,070 over the preceding year's profits. Gross sales amounted to $4,858,849.

Mrs. W. B. Robertson, Man.—I am very much interested in the Witness and the stories are so uplifting. We have been suffering so much in the west by land booming high at the close of the war. The liquor traffic has been so demoralizing that one of our neighbors was thrown from her horse and left unconscious by the drunken crowd.

The American Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, with more than 90,000 members, is one of the greatest total abstinence societies on earth. Is it because of the Eighteenth Amendment? No; it is due to the great economic law of the age and the greater law of public safety.—Ernest H. Cherrington.

The new Manitoba Liquor Control Act, providing for sale of beer by the glass in Government licensed parlors, was proclaimed Feb 14. While the Act officially becomes operative Feb. 15, beer parlors will not be opened for at least another two weeks, as the Act stipulates that applications for licenses must be advertised for a period of 14 days after official proclamation.

The cash-and-carry feature of the new law, permitting direct purchase of liquor from the Government Control Commission, goes into effect on Thursday. Under the previous Act all liquors were delivered by the Commission. The amended legislation also enables permit holders to buy beer direct from the breweries.

After a series of unsuccessful efforts by "wet" members to restrict prohibition enforcement, the American House on Feb. 14 approved its appropriation committee's recommendation of a $12,790,000 allotment for the prohibition bureau's activities, during the fiscal year beginning next July 1.

Approval, without change, was given also to an appropriation of $28,640,000 for the coast guard, part of it to be used in carrying on that service's warfare against rum-runners.

Why, seeing times are not hidden from the Almighty, do they that know Him not see His days? (Job 24:1).

He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing. . . Lo, these are parts of His ways, but how little a portion is heard of Him? but the thunder of His power who can understand? (Job 26:7, 14).

Home brewing of beer in England is done secretly on a much bigger scale than is generally supposed, especially in certain Midland counties.

The Oldest Total Abstinence Society In British North America

By W. H. Johnson.

Tourists and others motoring along the fine highway from Yarmouth, N. S. to Halifax, have their attention arrested at the county line between Yarmouth and Digby Counties, by a well-kept, spacious hall of two stories, bearing a sign of deep historical and moral significance.

It is the "Memorial Hall" of the Beaver River Total Abstinence Society, the oldest Total Abstinence Society extant in British North America. The Society's claim to seniority among existing societies of its kind has never been challenged, though there was a society in West River, Halifax Co., which was at one time a close rival for the honor of being the first formed in Canada. Both were founded in 1828, but in early lists and records, the name of the Beaver River society is always first. The West River Society, however, no longer functions.

In the very closing years of the Eighteenth Century, Josiah Porter, a godly pioneer of Digby County, became deeply convinced of the evils of liquor, and while praying and meditating thereon, decided definitely to foresware its use for himself, and to endeavor to persuade others to do the same. He met with little encouragement, however, until a friend and neighbor had a similar experience. These two men called a meeting at Beaver River Corner, on April 28th, 1828, for prayer and consultation.

Eight sturdy pioneers gathered, and all being of one mind determined to found a society. They knew nothing of pledges and little of organisations. Two things they were resolved to do,—they would found their Society upon a strong religious basis, and they would have a pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating liquor.

After seeking divine guidance, John Wetmore, the schoolmaster, who was present, was chosen to draft a pledge. He did so and eighty persons affixed their names. This, the first Pledge in Canada to totally renounce the use of liquor as a beverage, has remained, unaltered, as the Pledge of the Society to this day.

In 1880 the present Hall was built, in honor of the noble founders on the very spot where the Pledge was written and first signed. The following is the full text of the famous pledge, which appears upon the wall of the Society's Audience Room; a tablet bearing the names of the first signatories, may be seen by all who pass the Hall upon the highway.

THE PLEDGE

"We, the undersigned, firmly believing and most assuredly gathering that the too great use of spirituous liquors is prejudicial to the bodies and souls of mankind in general, both spiritual and temporal, and to remedy this great and spreading evil;—We whose names are hereunto annexed, do for ever renounce the use of such, except when prescribed by a physician as a medicine in case of sickness and we pray Almighty God to establish our hearts and strengthen our serious resolutions. April 28th, 1828."

Signed by Josiah Porter, Jonathan Raymond, Daniel B. Corning, William Perry, David Corning, Ebenezer Corning, Davil Corning, Jnr.

Mrs. Mary Corning, a grand-daughter of Jonathan Raymond, the second to sign the pledge, is still a resident of Beaver River, and is the oldest living member of the Society. She frequently takes part in the monthly programs, being a talented elocutionist, and has done splendid service for the Society and the cause for which it stands. Several other descendants of the founders continue in active association with the Society.

Some of the early records remain and provide interesting study. We read of regular monthly meetings, of collections taken,—on one occasion amounting to 22½ cents—of redeemed young lives, of delinquent members faithfully dealt with, and in some cases re-instated, and of propaganda wider than their own neighborhood, for as early as 1838 the Society circulated a petition throughout Nova Scotia, appealing to the Government for the total prohibition of the liquor traffic.

The records of more recent times indicate that the Society has not outgrown its usefulness. Meetings are still held every month, and the work of education, stimulation and agitation continues with enthusiasm, although the community is greatly reduced since the old prosperous ship-building days of Beaver River. Plans are being made for a fitting celebration of the Society's Centenary in the summer of the present year.

MIND BODY

BOYS' PAGE

SOUL SERVICE

Boy Writers at Work

By Shrill Stacombe

Illustrated by A. R. Campbell

I was taking my ease the other morning in the Canadian Guileless Contributors' club, when I was aroused from the sweet peace of my beauty sleep (which everyone realises is very necessary to me) by a clamor that bade fair to wreck the concord of our fellowship.

"What is responsible for this untoward commotion?" I demanded of the great open spaces.

"It is only the Professor's new television apparatus," the Mikado informed me. "Arouse yourself and remove your presence to the laboratory."

Sadly I followed his advice with many a wish for the eradication of such tinkers as the Professor.

"It works!" he cried in a motion-picture whisper.

"Please don't mention that dreadful word," I shuddered. "It makes me so very uncomfortable with the things it suggests."

"Is there any particular person that you would like to see?" inquired the learned deiver in scientific monstrosities.

"Well," I said, "you might ring up Lloyd Thompson."

"Quite simple. The marvel of this invention is that it requires no sending apparatus at the other end. I merely adjust it to the proper focus and the particular place I want to see is presented to eye and ear."

"Look," interpolated the Mikado.

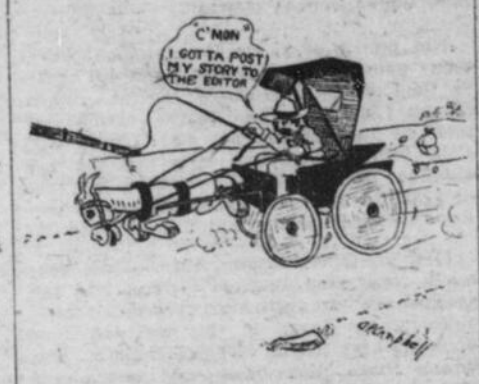
Casting my gaze at the screen it rebounded to bring one of the greatest pictures ever seen. (That's what I call poetry). There could be no doubt. A long, level expanse of country, backed with serrated mountain peaks and two cactus plants identified the locale, and, loping along over the level tract of treeless land was the redoubtable W. Lloyd. Either he had been burning the midnight oil writing a new story for the page or he had visited his lady friend the night before, you can take the most plausible solution, but at any rate, he appeared to be in a hurry to get to the little red schoolhouse, where he is training Young Canada to climb the bitter steeps of knowledge. This was to be gathered from the way in which he urged on his steed. A few days ago it was an unbroken colt, but with that patient painstaking perseverance that makes possible such stories as "Ted Turns Gardener," "A Year in Canada," and "The Boss's Boy." W. L. stayed on and now was reaping the fruits of his efforts in the gallant attempt the animal made to place him at his place of labor on time.

"That will do for him," I said. "It is heart-rending to watch him going to wo—— Oh, I can't think of it. Carleton Dair will be wrestling with a problem in algebra about this time and mathematics were always w—— labor to me. Harper will be buried under a storm of mail, so I think, perhaps, Leonard G. Sellé is the safest. He works on a farm and will be resting on a fragrant pile of hay while the balmy breezes waft."

The picture that was projected on the sheet stabbed my gentle sensibilities. Long after the clock had boomed its twelve strokes the night before he had labored on at his manuscript; by such work he produces those thoughtful essays. At five o'clock he was up feeding the stock, milking the cows and rushing about at innumerable tasks and by a great effort had secured time out and the loan of a horse to take his offering to the post office. The question was would he be able to get there before the mail went. One look at the scene as he drove along and I covered my face with my hands.

"Is it not marvelous! My invention will revolutionize the world!" the Professor cried gleefully.

"There certainly will be some kind of a commotion, if anyone uses that to see how our pen-pushing friend spends his time," the Mikado remarked grimly.



I cried out in agony.

Ten minutes later I crept back to my rooms, and announced to the Mikado that I had performed the deed.

"What good will destroying the machine do," he asked in a puzzled tone. "He will merely make another one."

"Ah, but you forget. The Professor my dear 'Kado, is so absent-minded that he will not remember ever having invented such a machine. I have made the world safe for the—"

"And I thought that at last you would have to make yourself useful for very fear of detection. Woe's me! You have made the world safe for laziness!" The Mikado was so much moved that he found himself outside, but I was already making up for lost time and finding surcease for the discomforting scenes I had witnessed—in slumber.

There is no place in the Canadian Rockies where trail riding is more enjoyable than in Waterton Lakes national park in southern Alberta. Over 150 miles of trails, broad, well-made and so safe that not even the most timorous may feel alarm, are open to the visitor. Nearly a score of trips can be arranged from the townsite of Waterton Park.

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

The postal authorities at Santo Domingo, who used to keep collectors busy with constant changes in the stamps for the Dominican Republic, have been taking things easy the last few years. It required the excitement of a National Exhibition, held in the second largest town in the country, Santiago de los Caballeros to revive their activities, says Fred J. Melville, in the London Daily Telegraph. Last autumn the President, Horacio Vasquez, promulgated a decree authorising the printing of 500,000 postage stamps to commemorate the exhibition, which total was to be divided equally between the two denominations, 2 centavos red and 5 centavos blue. The stamps, which have now been received, are of large size and bear as their central feature a view of the pavilion of the republic at the exhibition.

Few countries have had a more interesting and varied philatelic history than the Dominican Republic. In the early 'sixties, under Spanish administration, the stamps of Cuba were used there, but on the withdrawal of Spain the first special stamps were produced by typography in Santo Domingo. They are the little square stamps, with the armorial shield, printed in black on colored papers; stamps rarely met with now, and but little used during the brief currency in 1865.

In 1879 the Republic was inveigled into the schemes of the late Nicholas F. Seebeck, who a few years later was managing the stamp issues of several Central and South American States on a novel basis. His plan was to provide stamps to these Governments free of charge, on condition that they were speedily superseded and that he was to have all the overs and be free to print as many more as he could sell to collectors. His name has been perpetuated in the vocabulary of the philatelist, for to describe a stamp as a "seebeck" is to condemn it as a redundant and unnecessary issue.

THE POTLATCH

(By Merle Halliday)

(Continued from last week)

The next dance was what we called the feather dance, and while they were preparing for it some of the Indians passed round refreshments in the shape of pilot bread and smoked salmon. Mr. Lomas told us they would be affronted if we did not eat something, so we each took a couple of biscuits and a portion of the fish. I suppose the Indian small boy is like his white brother, or at least he must have that reputation, as they insisted on my having a double portion. I tried a piece of the salmon, but as it had not been cooked I did not care for it, and put it in my pocket. They must have thought I ate it and enjoyed it immensely, for one of them came along and forced another large piece upon me, which must have weighed at least a pound. I kept this in my hand until after the dance had begun again and then put it into my pocket. Fish makes a good bait for a mouse-trap, so I was provided with bait for another month.

When the music began again a large wash-tub was brought into the middle of the ring near the fire. About a dozen Indians in full war-paint and dressed in buckskin came in, each with an ordinary eagle's feather in his hand. They began dancing round and round the tub—suddenly each threw his feather into the air, when to our intense surprise they remained floating in mid-air, each feather keeping above the chief who had thrown it. In a few minutes the feathers went off in a kind of independent dance, sailing here and there through the room. When beckoned to, each would turn to its station above the head of the chief who threw it. Presently the chiefs stood in a ring round the tub and walked backwards, when the feathers all fell into the tub. The Indians standing round dashed buckets of water on the feathers, and thoroughly soaked them. Suddenly the feathers rose from the water and commenced sailing all round the room, shooting hither and thither. As each chief retired a feather would come sailing from the opposite end of the room and go out with him. We could not discover the means by which it was done, but we were all satisfied there was some trickery about it. The Indians appeared intensely excited about the matter, and gave forth various vocal sounds, which can only be pronounced by an Indian. There was no particular meaning to this dance, it being done to show the whites how clever they were.

The last dance was a general one, in which everybody (except the whites) joined. Each seemed to vie with the other in making a noise, and the racket was terrific. As soon as we possibly could we got away, and arrived at home about two o'clock in the morning.

BARGAIN OFFER
Packet of 48 different stamps including two scarce Costa Rica (cat. 60c) Niger Coast, Gabun, etc., and large price list of bargains in sets. All for 10 cents. SHAW STAMP CO., Bear River, Nova Scotia, Canada.

SIZZLE 13¢ BUG
211 ALL DIFFERENT
Contains Tigers, Camels, Dragons, Falls, Ships, and many other wonderful stamps together with our big list of bargains. "Approvals if you ask for them."
INLAND STAMP CO., 6213 Forest, K.C. Mo.

STAMPS
300 Unused Foreign Stamps All Different 40c.
500 Unused Foreign Stamps All Different $1.00
Set 9 Egypt King Fuad, 15c
Set 8 Persia Unused 15c
Big Illustrated Price Lists Free
THE ONTARIO STAMP CO., Box 444, Toronto, Ont.

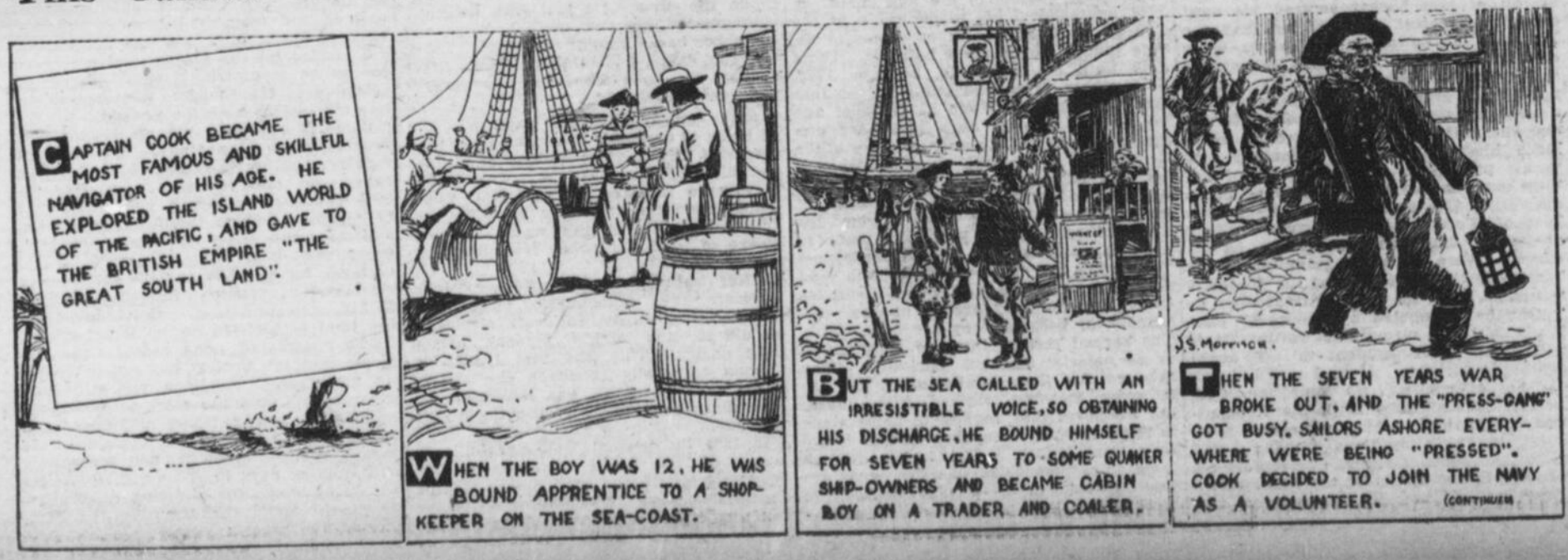
206 Different Stamps
Abyssinia, Liberia, Egypt, Bulgaria, China, Chile, Etc., list and approvals, only 12c.
W. MIKKELSEN CO., 4029 Grace St., Chicago, Ill.

Will our young readers look through the advertisements in the Witness and think which would be most interesting to "Mother" just now, and draw her attention to it. Also show "Father" the advertisement you think would most interest him. Very often people work hard and have no time to notice the very things that would make life easier if they had them. And many things pay for themselves in a very short time.

This Canada of Ours

THE OLD PRESS GANG

By J. S. Morrison and Maud Morrison Stone



QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The following are thanked for forwarding "After the Ball," M. Wightman, Ont., Mrs. Chas. Mearing, Ont., Rosa Murray, Ont.: "Each in His Own Tongue" M. F. Leard, P.E.I.: "Trees" Mrs. H. H., Sask., J. Japp,Man., Mrs. G. A. St. C., Ont., A. M. B., Ont.: "Lindbergh, the Eagle of the U. S. A.," Miss E. S., Ont.: "While Passing a Garden," F. J. T., Man., D. T., Ont.: "Two Little Maids," Mrs. R. E., Ont.: "Autograph Verses," Mrs. A. B., Que.: "Beyond the Dark Sea," J. S., Mass., "Relief of Lucknow," Mrs. A. M. M., Ont.: "Somebody's Darling," Mrs. J. A. M., Miss M. M., Ont.: "The Three Warnings," L. E. S., Mrs. A. L. P., M. A. M., Ont.: words and music of "Two Babes Were Born on the Self-Same Day," Mrs. J., Mass.: "Pass Under the Rod," Rev. W. G. M., Que.

PRESENTATION TO ROYALTY

A. A. B.—The formality of presentation to the sovereign of Great Britain is preceded by much detail of preparation. While in a sense every subject is entitled to it His Majesty cannot hold open house to everyone that wishes to come in. A summons must be secured and the presentation made by someone who has already been presented. Expenses are largely those connected with suitable equipage. In view of the fact that influence is necessary to obtain admission your best policy would be to consult your local representative to the House of Commons who is most likely to be able to clear the way for you.

AFTER THE BALL

(Sent by Ross Murray, Ont.)

A little maiden climbed on an old man's knee,
Begged for a story, "Do, uncle, please:
Why are you single; why live alone?
Have you no babies, have you no home?"
"I had a sweetheart, years, years ago,
Where she is now pet, you soon will know.
List to the story, I'll tell it all,
I believed her faithless after the ball."
Chorus:—
After the ball is over, after the break of morn,
After the dancers leaving, after the stars are gone:
Many a heart is aching, if you could read them all:
Many the hopes that have vanished after the ball.

"Bright lights were flashing in the grand ball-room,
Softly the music playing sweet tunes,
There came my sweetheart, my love, my own,
'I wish some water, leave me alone.'
When I returned, dear, there stood a man,
Kissing my sweetheart, as lovers can,
Down fell the glass pet, broken that's all
Just as my heart was after the ball."

"Long years have passed, child, I've never wed,
True to my last love, though she is dead.
She tried to tell me, tried to explain,
I would not listen, pleadings were vain.
One day a letter came from that man,
He was her brother the letter ran,
That's why I'm lonely, no home at all,
I broke her heart, pet, after the ball."

THE THREE WARNINGS

(Sent by M. A. McCool, Ont.)

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground:
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This strong affection to believe
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dobson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom,
With him into another room,
And looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you?" the hapless husband cried,
"Young as I am? 'Tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go:
This is my wedding-night, you know."
What more he urged, I have not heard
His reasons could not well be stronger,
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell: no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparations,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summon'd to the grave:
Willing for once, I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived: how wisely well:
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered, then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his smiling hours in peace:
And still he viewed his wealth increase.
While thus along life's dusty road,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

When lo! one night in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise
"So soon returned?" old Dobson cries,
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest:
Since I was here before
'Tis six and thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoined,
"To spare the aged would be kind:
Besides you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings,
And for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."

"I know," said Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend. At least,
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length—
I wish you joy, though of your strength."

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast,
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms may make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, in truth:
Yet there's some comfort still," says Death:
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," he cries; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings:
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings;
So come along, no more we'll part,"
He said, and touched him with his dart,
And now bid Dobson, turning pale,
Yield to his fate—so ends my tale.
—Mrs. Piozzi (1740-1822.)

(Sent by Mrs. V. R. G., Grand Harbor.)

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER, OR THE BOY THAT WORE THE BLUE

Dear Madam,—I am a soldier,
My speech is rough and plain,
I am not much used to writing,
And I hate to cause you pain.
But I promised him that I would write,
And I thought it might be so—
Since it comes from one that loved him—
That perhaps 'twould ease the blow.

In reading this you may not see
The grief I strove to hide,
But if you will pardon a soldier's words,
I'll tell you how he died.
I have been ten years soldiering,
And he seemed to take to me:
More than any of the younger lads
He desired my company.

The night before the battle,
Within our crowded tent,
More than one brave boy was sobbing,
And many a knee was bent:
For we knew not on the morrow,
When the bloody work was done,
How many then assembled there
Would see the setting sun.

And so we left the crowded tent—
Your soldier boy, and I—
And we stood softly speaking
Beneath the clear blue sky.
He spoke of home he loved so well,
And the friends he loved so dear,
While I had none to speak about,
But always wished to hear.

He told me of the morning
When first he went away,
How sadly you did mourn for him
But did not bid him stay.
He named his sisters, one by one,
And then a deep blush came
As he told me of another one,
But he did not speak her name.

And then he said, "Dear comrade,
If 'twould be that I should fall,
Will you write home and tell them
How I thought and spoke of all?"
I promised, but I did not think
The time would come so soon,—
The battle was three days ago—
He died today at noon.

The morning of the battle
Fast came the shot and shell;
I was standing close beside him,
And I saw him when he fell.
I gently raised him in my arms,
And laid him on the grass—
It was going against the orders,
But I guess they let it pass.

It was a dreaded minnie ball
That struck him in the side,
But I did not think it fatal,
Till the night before he died.
And when he saw that he must go,
He called me to his bed,
And said, "Comrade, you will not forget
To write when I am dead.

"Here underneath my pillow
Is a lock of golden hair—
The name is on the paper—
Send it in my mother's care.
Last night I wanted so to live,
I seemed so young to go—
Last week I passed my birthday—
I was eighteen years, you know.

"And tell them how I spoke of all,
And bade them all good-bye,
And that I prayed to God for grace,
And all my fears went by."
His voice fell to a whisper,
As I gently raised his head,
And he whispered, "Good-bye, comrade!"
And your soldier boy was dead.

We wrapped him in his soldier's cloak,
And we bore him out that night;
And buried him under some shady trees,
While the moon was shining bright.
I carved him out a headstone
As skilful as I could,
And if you wish to find it,
I will show you where it stood.

I send you back his hymn book,
And the cap he used to wear,
With a lock I cut the night before
From his dark curly hair.
I send you back his Bible—
The night before he died
We turned the leaves together
When I read it by his side.

I'll keep the belt he used to wear—
He told me so to do—
It has a hole in the left side
Just where the ball went through.
I think I've done his bidding now—
There is nothing more to do—
But while I live I'll always mourn
Your boy who wore the blue.

(Sent by Mrs. J. A. McConnell, N.S.)

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and ball—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face
Brush every wandering, silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake:
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were Somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there:
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best, He was Somebody's love
Somebody's heart enshrined him here;
Somebody waited his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand—

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling lies buried here!"
—Anonymous.

(Sent by Mrs. D. L., Ont.)

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN

As nature was sinking in silence to rest
The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west
O'er hills by pale moonbeams in lonely retreat
In deep meditation I wandered my feet.

While passing a garden I paused for to hear
A voice faint and faltering from one that was near;
The voice of this mourner affected my heart
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

I listened a while and then turned to see
What man of compassion the stranger might be
When lo! I discovered knelt on the cold ground
The loveliest being that ever was found.

His mantle was wet by the dews of the night
His locks by pale moonbeams were glittering and white,
His eyes bright like diamonds to heaven were raised
And angels in wonder stood round Him amazed.

So deep was His anguish, so fervent His prayer,
That down on His bosom rolled blood, sweat and tears;
I wept to behold Him, I asked His name,
He answered, "'Tis Jesus; from heaven I came.

I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die,
The cup is most painful, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon Me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee."
I heard with attention the tale of His woe,
And tears of repentance like fountains did flow
The cause of His sorrow to hear Him repeat
Affected my heart, and I fell at His feet.

I trembled with sorrow and loudly did cry,
"Oh, save or I perish, oh, help or I die!"
He smiled when He saw me. He said to me, "Live:
Thy sins which are many, I freely forgive."

I'm now on my journey to mansions above
My soul is full of glory, of light, peace and love
I think of the garden, the prayer and the tear,
And that lovely stranger that banished my fear.

The day of bright glory is rolling around
When Gabriel's descending the trumpet shall sound
My soul then in rapture to glory shall rise,
And gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes.

How sweet was the moment He bade me rejoice
His words, how consoling, how charming His voice.
I ran from the garden and published abroad,
And shouted salvation,—oh, glory to God!

(Sent by Mrs. A. B., Que.)

AUTOGRAPH VERSES

On this spotless page my pen essays to trace
a record of affection, and as I write, a wish is
in my heart that for thee every life-leaf may be
written with the golden pen of love.

'Tis memory has some lonely cells,
And some of them are ours,
But in the sweetest of them dwells
The thought of schoolday hours.

This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above,
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love.

May life be to thee one long summer day.

In the 'Book of Life', 'God's Album,'
May your name be penned with care,
And all who here have written,
Find their names forever there.

True friendship is better than rubies,
More precious than gold.

Though tangled hard life's knot may be
And wearily we rue it:
The silent touch of Father Time
Some day will sure undo it.

If thorns will rise where roses bloom,
It cannot be prevented:
So make the best of life you can,
And smile and be contented.

May your life be always happy,
And your smile be always gay,
As the Lilies of the Valley
When they bloom in lovely May.

May the morn of thy life be light and joyous, the noontide peaceful and happy, and the sunset gloriously hopeful, is the wish of your friend.

When the golden sun is setting,
And your mind from care is free
When of others you are thinking
Will you sometimes think of me?

(Sent by Miss C. E. Bensen, Ont.)

THE CALENDAR OF GEMS

January
By her who in this month is born
No gems save garnets should be worn;
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

February
The February-born shall find
Serenity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from cares,
If they the amethyst will wear.

March
Who on this world of ours their eyes
In March first open, shall be wise,
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a bloodstone to their grave

April
She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain remembrance flow; this stone,
Emblem of innocence is known.

May
Who first beholds the light of day
In Spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

June
Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her hour of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand
Can health, wealth and long life command

July
The glowing ruby shall adorn
Those who in warm July are born:
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

August
Wear a sardonyx or for thee
No conjugal felicity:
The August-born without this stone,
'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

September
A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind,
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

October
October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

November
Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow
Should prize the topaz's amber hue,
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

December
If cold December give you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue,
Success will bless whate'er you do.

ORIGINALITY CORNER

LUCKNOW AND THE '93RD'

In Lucknow, Ont., I heard many stirring tales told by the old-timers, of the heroes of India, and of how the 93d Sutherland Highlanders won seven crosses in and about Lucknow, during the relief. It is said that the 93rd really was a military Highland parish, minister and elders complete. The elders were selected from among the men of all ranks—two sergeants, two corporals, and two privates, and was the only regiment in the army which had a regular service of Communion-plate, and in time of peace the Holy Communion, according to the Church of Scotland, was administered by the regimental chaplain twice a year.—By Mrs. Alexandria M. McKee, Ont.

WORDS WANTED

D. F., Ont.—"Out Fishin'." "A fellow isn't feelin' mean,—out fishin'."

Mrs. G. A. St. C., Ont.—
"A mother stood weeping by the bedside
Striving in vain her tears to hide.
Chorus:—
Weep not for me, my mother so dear,
Angels are waiting, sweet music I hear,
For the angels are waiting and Jesus is nigh,
To convey little Willie away to the sky."

M. Caywood, B.C.—
"What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Jesus,
What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord."
also,—
"Rest for the weary.
Peace, peace for the soul."

C. W. P., Ont.—"Grace Darling." Chorus:—
"For Grace is an English maid
And raging seas she braved,
She pulled away 'mid the dashing spray,
And the crew she saved."

Miss L. M., Ont.—"Daddy's on the Engine."—
"Daddy's on the engine, don't be afraid,
Daddy knows what he is doing," said the little maid.
"We'll soon be out of danger. Do not have a fear."
—and, "Darling Clementine."

Mrs. W. S., P.E.I.—A poem appearing in the Northern Messenger when it was known as the Canadian Messenger called the "Dowager's Only Son."—
"The Prince of Analdesis,
The Dowager's only son,
Was a sturdy, strong-limbed fellow, etc."

PERSONAL NOTES

Three cents per word per insertion; minimum cost forty-five cents; cash with order. Poetry 50 cents per count line. Notices should be accompanied by the name of the sender.

BIRTHS

MUNN—To Dr. and Mrs. James A. Munn of Seaforth, Ontario, on Feb. 15th, in the Samaritan Hospital, Bay City, a son (Donald Harold James).

DEATHS

ANDERSON—On Friday, Feb. 23rd, 1928, at his late residence, Seymour Township, near Campbell ford, George Anderson, in his 83rd year, native of Rosemarkey, Rosshire, Scotland.

BELL—At Port Hope, Ont., Thursday, Feb. 23rd, 1928, Thomas Henry Bell, in his 75th year.

MEMORIAM

FITCH—In loving memory of my dear wife, Minnie Patience Fitch, who died three years ago today, Feb. 25th, 1925.—Husband.

McGILL—In loving memory of our dear son, Russell, who passed peacefully away on Feb. 26, 1927.—Father, Mother and Family

Adventuring for the Kingdom

Evangelizing in Malaya

"Malaya is one of the ripest and most rapidly growing mission fields of the world," writes E. Stanley Jones, author of "The Christ of the Indian Road." "Two hundred and fifty thousand immigrants came into Singapore last year. Some of these were distributed through the peninsula, but many stayed in this growing city. It is estimated that in ten years Singapore will have a million people. And the people who come to this land have the light of quest in their eyes. They have dared to break with the conservatism that would hold them to the ancestral lands of China and India. They usually are on a quest for economic betterment, but the fact that they would leave their homes makes them susceptible to something new for mind and spirit. In Siam I could get eager audiences of Chinese and Indians, but the Siamese passed by on the other side. It is true that the Mohammedanism of the Malay makes him tightly closed to the Christian approach; nevertheless, the fact that these Chinese and Indians come while the indigenous people do not, can be accounted for largely by the fact that they are immigrants. The windows of their souls are open to something new. They want progress."

* * *

"Wonderful To Be a Christian"

A Chinese teacher, in reply to Mr. Stanley Jones' question, "Are you a Christian," paused for some time. She seemed to be recalling the past as she gazed out into the blue sky above her, and then she suddenly turned to him, and said, with a light on her face, "Yes; and I think it is wonderful to be a Christian." "So do I!" writes Mr. Jones. "And to be a Christian at an hour like this! And in a land like this land of Malaya! Here is a great moral and spiritual vacuum. The old religions have lost their hold. They are dead. The shell of them clings on, but the soul has gone out. Here is a great emptiness. Oh, to fill it with an adequate gospel—a gospel big enough to grapple with a growing and complex situation filled with material values, deep enough really to redeem men from sin, sympathetic enough to produce a brotherhood out of this welter of races, divine enough to put a passion to serve into this scramble for the material, and God-conscious enough to lead men to God and to know Him!"

* * *

For Better Race Relations

For their outstanding contributions toward improving relations between white and Negro people in America, James Hardy Dillard, of Charlottsville, Va., and Julius Rosenwald, of Chicago, have been honored with the 1928 awards in Race Relations granted by the Harmon Foundation of New York. Notable recognition has also been given by the Harmon Foundation to creative work by Negroes through awards, accompanied by gold and bronze medals, to sixteen colored men and women. This is the second year of these awards for Distinguished Achievement among Negroes. Achievement in the Fine Arts, Business, including Industry, Education, Science, Invention, and Religious Service were cited with two awards in each field—a first of $400 and a gold medal, and a second of $100 with a bronze medal.

* * *

Among the Indians of Chile

Charles A. Sadleir, missionary to the Araucanian Indians in Chile, South America, reports a great congress held at Christmas time at Maquehue, which was attended by about 10,000. The meeting place being near his own home, Mrs. Sadleir and he were called upon to be hosts, and under a large booth, their table supplied a goodly number with food, as well as pure water from their spring, water being scarce. One party of 48 came from the mouth of the Tolten river, 20 leagues away, and another of about 30 came from an opposite direction towards the cordillera, others from the south: one chief and an old scholar not seen for over 20 years. Such subjects were considered as the amendment of the law permitting the sale of the Indian lands; the revindication of usurped lands in the south; the establishment of rural schools under Indian instructors in buildings the Indians themselves might provide; the bettering of the economic situation of the Araucanians; the right to maintain Indian cemeteries; and taxation. The President of the Republic, who visited Temuco a fortnight before, expressed himself as most favorably impressed by the great number of Indians on horseback who lined the streets, a delegation presenting their needs to him in the public plaza.

* * *

Do Denominations Prevent Unity?

It is the opinion of The Baptist that so far as the existence of denominations is related to Christian unity at all, they are, both historically and logically, rather effects than causes of disunity. "The way to eliminate denominations, so far as their elimination is required in order to unity, is to compose the vital disagreements that cause them. Merely to denounce them, no matter how hot the language of condemnation may be, fails to convince. It is futile. It may even tend to defeat its own purpose. The true method of approach is rather to recognize the inalienable right of people to group themselves in such ways as may seem to them most likely to conserve and promote whatever religious values they hold dear, that is, to recognize the essential legitimacy of denominations, and then to enquire, on the basis of that right, how and how far Christian unity may be achieved."

* * *

Full Communion

The following is an excerpt from the section on "The Unity of Christendom" in the Lausanne Conference Reports:

"Complete fellowship in the Church will be realized only when the way is opened for all God's children to join in communion at the Lord's table. Through prayer and thoughtful deliberation the steps must be found which will most effectively lead to this goal. Ambiguous statements and hasty measures may hinder rather than hasten the work of unification. Yet if we are ever to become one, we must not shrink from the task. Some of us believe that full communion can be reached only at the end of the process of unification; others that it may be used by God as the means to that end. Whatever the way to the goal, complete unity will require that the Churches be so transformed that there may be full recognition of one another by members of all communions. Nothing will do more to hasten the union for which we all long than that in our daily prayer, both as individuals and as chuches, we should remember one another."

* * *

The Rebellion of Youth

Lately James Waterman Wise, son of the famous rabbi, told a Milwaukee audience that youth is in an attitude of searching, trying to pierce beyond customs and traditions. Middle age calls this attitude one of irreligion and to the charge youth answers that the churches are not attempting to co-operate with youth in solving world problems. It seems to youth that religion is not endeavoring to express religious spirit and therefore remains hollow and uninviting. Youth is in an examining, critical mood and it demands that religion aid every man in deciding how to live his individual life, ignoring creeds and dogmas that seem unreal. The challenge of youth to church and synagogue managers means change and a great deal of housecleaning, said Wise. The church can ignore the rebellion of youth and die, or it can accept the challenge and continue to live. That is the chief problem of church and synagogue at this time.—Canadian Jewish Review.

* * *

Books On Lausanne

"Faith and Order," the authorized report of the proceedings of the World Conference at Lausanne in August last, offers a comprehensive account of what the Conference achieved, and interprets the ideas evolved. Among the speeches reported are those of Bishop Brent, Prof. Adolf Deissmann, the Bishop of Manchester, Bishop Gore, Dr. Timothy Law, Archbishop Soderblom, Principal Garvie, and other leaders. A full account of the discussions is contained in the text. The book is rich in inspirational value. (Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York, net $2.50.) Another interesting book by the same publishers is "Lausanne: The Will to Understand," by Professor Edmund Davison Soper, D.D., of Duke University, North Carolina (net $1.50). Dean Soper has a warm human interest in the affairs of the Conference; and his book is peopled with interesting personages and enlivened with appropriate anecdote.

* * *

The Jews and Samaritans

Dr. Christie, of Tiberias, reports that, along with a missionary friend in Haifa, he had visited Nablus and examined the circumstances of the Samaritans there who suffered so severely from the recent earthquake in Palestine.

"All the Samaritan houses were destroyed," he writes, "although some of them, like the High Priest, had one room left. After nineteen hundred years the relations between Jew and Samaritan are completely changed. The Jews are sending £5 every fortnight to help to feed the poor members of the Samaritan community. The Samaritans have adopted, in speaking Hebrew, the Jewish pronunciation, that current in Palestine, and known to our ministers through Davidson's Hebrew Grammar. There has also been intermarriage between Jew and Samaritan. At the close of the war, the community numbered 152; now there are 192. It is strange that Christ's redemption of the word 'Samaritan' has now touched the Jew. The Samaritan High Priest would like Christian teaching for the young of his community, and he expresses his sincere gratitude for the help given, as I do for the privilege of being the representative of the Good Samaritans in Scotland."

* * *

Founder's Day at Moody Institute

Wide denominational representation was noted in the recent Founder's Week Conference at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. Mr. MacBeath, of London, and Rev. W. H. Rogers, of Wichita, Kansas, represented the Baptists; Bishop Frederick D. Leete, of Indianapolis, the Methodist Episcopal Church; Dr. J. Oliver Buswell, president of Wheaton College, Congregational; and Dr. C. R. Scafe, of Detroit, Presbyterian. Other denominations were worthily represented in various ways. The gathering expressed a high and inspiring type of inter-denominational interest in the advancement of Bible knowledge and the doctrines of grace. Registration showed an attendance of 296 ministers and eighty returned missionaries.

* * *

More than half of the Protestant Christians in Ceylon are in the Sunday-school. There are approximately 76,000 in the Protestant Churches in Ceylon and the Sunday-school enrollment is 40,166 in the 808 schools, which have 2,851 officers and teachers. These figures are given by Mr. J. Vincent Mendis, Secretary of the Ceylon Sunday School Union.

* * *

Widely separated places were represented at the Third Triennial Syria Sunday School Conference, which was held at Souk-el-Gharb. Instead of seeking merely Sunday-school attendants, active leaders were especially invited. Delegates also came from Latahia and Aleppo in North Syria as well as from Damascus and Tripoli. Both Armenian and Syrian workers were present.

The Mind of Christ

By Rev. T. Charles Williams, D.D.

"But we have the mind of Christ."—I. Cor. 2:16.

To have the mind of Christ means a new power in the mind to grasp truth, not only a new realm of truth revealed objectively but a new power given to the soul to take hold of that truth. The apostle here is speaking of a brilliant man who had no access to spiritual things, a man who could enter fully and sympathetically into all the realms of knowledge; yet the door of the spiritual was locked to him. He is called here the natural man. The natural man is the finest type of man culture can produce, and culture can produce a fine type. The apostle is not speaking disrespectfully of the natural man. The natural man is the ripe product of human culture produced by the best in philosophy and art and nature; he is a thoroughly civilized man, with all the powers of his brain trained and alive. That man can open the door to any branch of knowledge, but when he comes to the things of the Spirit of God, according to the apostle, he cannot make any sense of them. They are foolishness to him—not in themselves, but to him. There is not in his mind the power to get into their meaning.

The mind of Christ is that added power given by the grace of God to the soul of man, enabling him by the grace of spirit to enter into the whole realm of spiritual truth. If we have the mind of Christ, we have the key to the mystic and the spiritual and the eternal. The mind of Christ implies a new insight.

Our Lord said a man had to be born again to understand the spiritual.

People today think that is rather an old-fashioned world. Philosophy to some extent has come to our aid, for it now talks of the twice-born. Philosophy says that until you are born twice you do not see much. It does not matter to me whether it is the "born again" of the evangelist or the "twice-born" of the philosopher; they agree in this: You must have some new endowment in order to understand spiritual reality. It is a futile thing for a man to speak disparagingly of spiritual experience when he has not had it. No one really can talk of religion unless it is to him a living power.

You cannot examine religion from without; you can only understand it from within. And you are not within until you have the mind of Christ, which brings you to a new realm of spiritual truth, and then gives you new insight to deal with it.

Finally, to have the mind of Christ means a new outlook.

You look upon everything from a new standpoint if you can say with the apostle, "We have the mind of Christ." You look upon present-day difficulties from a new standpoint. I cannot understand how a man can be an optimist with regard to current affairs—social, economic, international—unless he has spiritual faith. To me it is plain that this world has got beyond its own resources, that we have not the wisdom, the power or the grace required to deal with our own affairs, and that this planet must be managed from elsewhere. But if we have the mind of Christ, we have the key.

What is wrong with the world?

Not our intellect; we are intelligent enough. It is the mind in this sense: "Let this mind be in you." That implies something moral as well as intellectual. We must have a new mind. Nations must have a new mind; not a new agreement, for that will mean nothing without a new mind. You cannot put new wine in old bottles, and you cannot work out a new agreement by the help of the old Adam.

We must have a new mind; and only the church, God in the church, can change the mind of the world. If we have the new mind our problems will appear simple indeed. Until we have that, agreements are futile. The mind of Christ is the great international necessity.

We all agree to that. Why do we not pray for it? The mind of Christ is the key to our present difficulties, giving us a new outlook on time and eternity.

No philosophy has a right to tell you that you are immortal. You have an immortal soul, but all that philosophy can say to you is that there is nothing intrinsically impossible in your being immortal. It is only in Christ, who conquered death and brought life and immortality to light, that we have ground for something more than a hope for the future. Time and eternity are changed in the light of the mind of Christ. Until He came, people had no idea to die. No one really knew what death was, and how could they teach people about dying? Christ met an aged apostle on a lonely island and said to him, "I am about to start a school for humanity; I will teach people to live and to die, for I have done both; I am the living One, and was dead."

Have you the mind of Christ for your guidance and work in the world? Christ offers you His mind. You have many problems; and the problems of life become more bewildering every day. You are offered the mind of Christ. Take it to solve your business problems; take it to solve your intellectual difficulties; take it to give peace in your soul.

"HE SENT THEM FORTH"

I am persuaded that here lies the main reason for the slow progress of the Christian faith—that Christian men have been too content to remain in school all their days, instead of going forth to teach; they have been receivers, not givers, listeners, not tellers. They need to hear our Lord's second command, "Go forth." And if someone tells me that he does not feel fitted for the work of preaching and witnessing, I answer, neither were these twelve. They had very much to learn—you know what blundering scholars they were. But there were certain things they already knew. They knew that the Kingdom of Heaven was at hand; they felt sure that Jesus was about to inaugurate that Kingdom; and they went and preached everywhere that, in view of the approach of the Kingdom, men should repent. That is what Christ expects of us. We feel, no doubt, that we have a great deal to learn; indeed, while life lasts we shall never finish our learning. But in the meantime we know something. We know that Jesus brings God near. We know that He breaks the power of sin. We know that He imparts peace and harmony into this life. Will you tell of that? Speak of what you know; testify of what you have seen.—Dr. J. D. Jones.

PSALM I.

O blessed is the man who walketh not
In sinful, scornful, or ungodly ways,
But joyeth rather in the constant praise
Of God and all the laws He taught.
For like a palm-tree in a fertile spot,
By streams of water, he shall thrive always
So green and fruitful; and his latter days
Shall be with autumn's gorgeous beauty fraught.

But the ungodly are not favored so;
They are like chaff upon the autumn wind.
And in the Judgment Day shall sinners find
A place to stand among the righteous? No,—
For though the Lord hath Life to give to all,
It is not given to those who will not call.

W. S. McDONALD.

Calgary, Alta., Feb., 1928.

The Great Bread Question

Thoughts For March 11th.

By "Delta".

The discourse on the Bread of Life, spoken by our Lord in the synagogue at Capernaum, and given at length for our instruction in John's Gospel (John 6:22-59), should be studied along with the narrative of the feeding of the five thousand, not only because it was addressed to the same people who had been miraculously fed, but because it unfolds the great spiritual truth that the miracle was intended to teach. Jesus said unto them, "I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." There are still multitudes of people who labor for the meat that perisheth, and care nothing for the meat which endureth unto everlasting life. In the struggle for existence hard-pressed people naturally prefer the loaves that money can buy to the spiritual food that is without money and without price. "Why talk to us of mansions above when we are houseless down here? Why offer us angels' food when we are starving for a crust of bread? Why wrap us in invisible robes of righteousness when we haven't a decent stitch of common clothes to wear?" So the poor complain who cannot make ends meet, while the idle rich live luxuriously before their eyes and prosper in the world. It would seem as if it were "the great bread question" that awaits solution if the message of God's salvation is not to fall on deaf ears.

The world of men and women today is very much the same as it was when our Lord was on earth, and we must learn from Him how to soften hearts hardened by adversity and seared by "man's inhumanity to man" that makes countless thousands mourn. Our Lord knew that there lay at the root of human prejudice against spiritual religion another question which most people are reluctant to face—the great sin question, the solution of which involves self-criticism and self-judgment—the way of the Cross. Jesus could not compromise with Truth; but He fed the people first because they were hungry, and preached to them afterwards because they needed God for their help. "When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd." So it can never be right for the church of Jesus Christ to call the masses to worship, and at the same time be indifferent to their creature needs. "Give ye them to eat," said Jesus to His disciples; but not before the disciples had manifested concern because the people were hungry. "If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead." (James 2:15-17.)

The miracle of the loaves may be said to mark a crisis in the ministry of Jesus, and it is noteworthy that this is the only miracle wrought by our Lord that is recorded by all the four evangelists. After this astonishing revelation of His power, it could no longer be said that He left Himself without a witness. "Those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, this is of a truth that Prophet that should come into the world." (John 6:14.) The five thousand men, with the women and children, must have spread the news far and wide that the Messiah had come; and many of them perhaps were numbered among the thousands who were added to the church when the Spirit came at Pentecost. In the meantime they were more impressed by the revelation that bread could be provided for them without being worked for; and in their enthusiasm for an easier life they were ready to take Jesus by force and make Him their King. "Jesus had only to offer men bread without work," says Papini. "If, like a juggling mountebank, He had opened a public theatre of popular miracles, the multitude would have acclaimed Him."

"Ye seek Me," said Jesus to the crowd, when they sought Him in Capernaum, "not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled." Quickly

Tray of Bread, Palestine

resenting the saying, which wounded their pride, the Jews inquired, "What shall we do that we may work the works of God?" And the answer of Jesus put before them a clear issue: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." It was a challenge, and they evaded it by demanding a sign that He was all that He claimed to be. Whereupon He told them plainly that the sign had been given, and they believed not. "For the Bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world." Murmuring followed, and so hard was the saying that many even of His disciples from that time went back and walked no more with Him. (John 6:66.)

The spiritual lessons taught in the feeding of the multitudes are many. Jesus had been ministering in many places and the disciples had returned from their first missionary tour in Galilee. Those activities, added to the depressing news of the martyrdom of John the Baptist, called for a period of retirement and rest. "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile," Jesus said. There come times in the lives of all Christian workers when their energies must relax that they may be preserved and strengthened. As hidden roots gather nourishment and feed the life of the tree, so in the Christian experience there must be seasons of retirement and quiet waiting upon God if work for Him is to be fruitful. He makes us to lie down in green pastures, and leads us beside the still waters, that He may restore our souls.

The place of retreat to which Jesus and His disciples went by boat from Capernaum proved, however, to be but another field of labor, for the crowd who saw them depart hastened on foot around the northern end of the lake and reached the destination before them. As it was near the time of the Jewish Passover, the crowd would be augmented by many on their way to Jerusalem. However inopportune was the coming of eager multitudes into the region where He had planned to be apart, with His disciples, Jesus could not turn away from them. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out," was His own saying to them later (John 6:37), and, no matter how wearied He was, His compassion expressed itself in helpful ministry. Luke tells us that He "received them, and spake unto them of the Kingdom of God, and healed them that had need of healing." (Luke 9:11.)

The fourth Gospel gives some interesting details in connection with the miracle of the loaves that are omitted by the synoptists. John says that Jesus questioned Philip as to where a supply of bread might be got to feed the people. Philip assured Him that it could not be obtained except at a high price, whereupon Andrew directed the Master's attention to a lad in the crowd who had five barley loaves and two small fishes, saying, "But what are they among so many?" We are indebted to the evangelist of the fourth Gospel for this touch of color added to the narrative, teaching us, as it does, that Jesus can make much out of little and bring wealth of blessing out of the smallest sacrifice. He might have called down manna from the skies, or caused fruit-trees to spring forth from the green meadow; but He chose to take that which seemed utterly insignificant because it was ungrudgingly given, and to make it, like good seed, bring forth, not sixty or an hundred fold, but so abundantly that 5,000 men were fed, beside women and children (Matt. 14:21).

The disciples had advised Jesus to send the multitudes away, that they might buy bread for themselves, and He replied, "Give ye them to eat." He has always ready a source of supply, and loves to be trusted. "Say not—we cannot, we have nothing to give. Go to your duty, everyone, and trust yourselves to Him . . . make large adventures. Trust God for great things. With your five loaves and two fishes, He will show you a way to feed thousands" (Horace Bushnell). It is important to note that Jesus gave the food to His disciples, who distributed it to the multitude, thus laying upon His own people the responsibility of ministering to the world. When all had eaten He taught His disciples the lesson of economy. "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost." He came to save men by dying for them, and it is the passion of His heart still to see that no precious lives are wasted.

"This miracle of plenty," says W. W. Peyton, "was once performed that we may know that there is bread and to spare with God; and only once—that we may learn that this is not a world for happiness but for holiness."

QUESTIONS ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(Mark 6:31-44)

(1) Where is the real explanation of the miracle of the loaves given in the Scriptures?

(2) Where was the "desert place," the scene of the miracle?

(3) What incidents may have led our Lord at this time to think of His own tragic end?

(4) What other instances of Christ's compassion are given in the gospels?

(5) Whose faith was put to the test by Jesus before He multiplied the loaves and fishes?

(6) "The day was now far spent." Where else in the gospels is this expression used?

(7) What truth did the people appear to grasp through the working of this miracle?

(8) How were the children of Israel fed when hungry in the wilderness?

(9) How is spiritual hunger satisfied, and spiritual life sustained?

(10) How does bread profit a hungry man?

(11) Who do you think would be given a share of the left-over loaves and fishes?

(12) What is meant by "conservation" of the Spirit's work?

Answers to Last Week's Questions

(1) Peter the man of impulse, Andrew the quiet worker, John the loving disciple, Philip the practical-minded, Thomas the sceptic, Matthew the man of business, Bartholomew, guileless.

(2) Matthias, appointed by lot cast by the eleven.

(3) He saw the Lord personally (1 Cor. 15:8). He received His commission from Christ (Gal. 1:11, 12, 15, 16).

(4) Two are better than one (Eccl. 4:9). The one supplies any lack in the other. They help and encourage one another. They give stronger testimony for Christ.

(5) All Christians should make known the good news of salvation, but all are not called to abandon secular work in order to preach the Gospel.

(6) By becoming a home missionary or Christian worker. By contributing of one's means to mission work. By prayer.

(7) Our Lord's promise to be with them alway (lit. "all the days").

(8) The Twelve were first sent with the Gospel of the Kingdom to the Jew, and later, with all true disciples, were commanded to preach the Gospel of the Grace of God to all nations.

(9) There is no sin in having money or apparel. The sin is in living for such things.

(10) Certainly, if he uses his money rightly.

(11) To be a steward for Christ is to hold all that we have as His property, to be used for Him as He directs.

(12) Mark 6:13.

Golden Text: I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.—John 6:35.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Monday, March 5—Mark 6:31-44; Tuesday, March 6—Mark 8:1-10; Wednesday, March 7—John 6:22-35; Thursday, March 8—Exodus 16:13-20; Friday, March 9—Luke 14:15-24; Saturday, March 10—Matthew 9:9-13; Sunday, March 11—Ezekiel 34:11-16.

Favorite Hymns and Hymn Writers

By The Rev. Archer Wallace

"I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR"

It is not often that a hymn that has a chorus retains simple dignity and impressiveness as this hymn has done. The writer was Annie Sherwood Hawks. She was born in Hoosick, New York in 1835 and at a very early age began writing hymns and poems for the local newspapers. In 1859 she married and moved with her husband to Brooklyn where she united with Hansen Place Baptist Church. Soon after this Rev. Robert Lowry became pastor of the church and he was quick to discern and encourage Mrs. Hawks' poetic gifts. It was at his earnest request that she wrote many of her hymns, and he set music to them.

While the deep devotional note of this hymn is everywhere recognized, there can be no doubt but that, like a great many other noble hymns, it owes a great deal to the tune, so admirably suited to it, and conceived by Dr. Robert Lowry. There are few examples of a hymn being wedded to so perfectly suitable a tune as this, and the refrain, is equally impressive.

Mrs. Hawks lived to be eighty-three, dying in Bennington, Vermont, in 1918. Not long before her death she gave the following account of how she came to write the hymn which has become so general a favorite. She wrote: "I remember well the morning many years ago (it was in 1872), when in the midst of the daily cares of my house, I was so filled with a sense of nearness to my Master that, wondering how I could live without Him, either in joy or pain, the words 'I need thee every hour' were flashed into my mind.

"Seating myself by the open window in the balmy air of that bright June day, I caught up my pencil and the words were soon committed to paper, almost as they are being sung now. It was only by accident, as it would seem, that they were set to music a few months later, and sung for the first time at a Sunday School convention, held in one of the Western cities. From there the words were taken further west and sung by thousands of voices before the echo came back to me. I did not understand at first why it touched the great throbbing heart of humanity.

"It was not until long years after when a deep shadow fell over my own way, the shadow of a great loss, that I understood something of the comforting power in the words which I had been permitted to give out to others in my hours of sweet security and peace."

PSALM 121

The Lord preserve thy going out
The Lord preserve thy coming in.
May angels guard thee round about
To keep thy soul from sin.

In times of danger and distress
When everything seems dark and drear,
When friends forsake and foes oppress,
Fear not, for He is near.

His eye is on thee through the night
His ear is open to thy cry,
No harm can come, nor evil smite
Thy soul when He is nigh.

And when thy going out is past,
And when thy coming in is o'er
The Lord be with thee to the last
Henceforth and evermore.

—C. H.
Eureka, Calif.

The Word of Life

I (Moses) stood between the Lord and you at that time, to shew you the word of the Lord: for ye were afraid.—Deut. 5:5.

There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.—1 Tim. 2:5.

Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth.—Num. 12:3.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. —Matt. 11:29.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men.—Phil. 2:5-7.

Moses verily was faithful in all his house, as a servant, for a testimony of those things which were to be spoken after; but Christ as a son over his own house; whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end.—Heb. 3:5, 6.

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Leap Year Proposals

"M. G. L.," writing in the Aberdeen Press and Journal, alludes to the origin of the privilege which women are supposed to enjoy of proposing marriage during leap year, and says it is due to an "ancient law established in Scotland, now 700 years old.

"The explanation is that in 1228 there was passed a special Act of Parliament which enacted as follows:—

"'It is statut and ordaint that during the rein of her maist Blissit Magestie, for ilk years knowne as lepe yeare, ilk mayden ladye of bothe highe and lowe estate shall hae liberte to bespeke ye man she likes; albeit he refuses to take hir to be his lawful wife, he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane poundis or less, as his estate may be, except and awis gif he can make it appeare that he is betrothit ane ither woman, he shall then be free.'

Whether or not the statute was ever really enforced, and whether any considerable result, either in marriages of 'maydens' or the imposition of fines on men, accrued, there is, unfortunately, no record to show. But evidently the Scottish idea spread, for not long afterwards we find a similar Act being passed in France, with the approval of the reigning sovereign.

"England does not appear to have incorporated woman's Leap Year privilege in its laws, but by the beginning of the seventeenth century the principle would seem to have been popular south of the Border; for, in a volume published at that period, it is stated:—

"'It has now become a part of the common law in regard to social relations of life that as often as Leap Year doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege, during the whole time it continueth, of making love, either by wordes or lookes, as to them it seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to benefit of clergy who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight of contumely'."

JUST SERVING

I care not who the honors wield,
Or who the glory wears a-field,
If seed I sow but bears good yield.

If Christ's pure spirit—man's ideal—
Appears a tiny bit more real,
Or practical because His seal

Is placed on what I undertake,
I gladly give for life's own sake
All power,—all visions that awake.

—Nancy. O Parke.

The travelling clinics introduced by the Provincial Department of Health, consisting of three nurses, two doctors and a dentist, to visit rural districts in Northern Alberta, have been so successful that it is proposed to extend this work to cover the entire province.

Our Dream Journeys

By Margaret Moore.

Some of us, indeed all of us, I think, dream dreams of far journeys; of visiting the old country our forbears came from; of seeing the castles and cathedrals we have read about; of travelling among gorgeously clad oriental nations; of living for a time among the palms and all the marvellous growths of the tropics; and of sailing far seas. There are, too, celebrated people we would like to meet, and there are the tiny forlorn children of whom our missionaries in far lands write to us, which we would like to see and comfort with our own arms.

What pictures and memories it would give us if we could travel, we think, and how much it would add to our intellectual life, how much we would have to share with our families and all our friends; what fun it would be!

Some of the dreams do come true. For some the way clears joyfully; money is earned by thrifty saving and work; leisure is gained between tasks, or with children grown and placed in life, or friends shoulder our responsibilities for a time, or share their abundance with us.

Sometimes the way clears sadly; too late for us to follow far paths with those we love beside us. Sometimes we let our dreams die when we might have kept them living and shining, adding joy to our lives and the lives of those about us.

There are so many ways of dreaming. We can dream of the wonderful things we would see and do if we had the wealth of this one or the time and strength of that one, and turn discontentedly to the tasks and the ties of home. While we dream those tasks are done so badly that all the pleasure of efficient work goes out of them, and, dreaming of far things, we waste and throw away the love that makes the home ties sweet, not burdensome.

* * * * *

We go blindly along dreaming of the art galleries of Europe and missing the gleam of sun on a little child's head, the rich dusky shadows in the cow barn; the tracery of bare branches against blue sky. We miss the softness of the faded blue of overalls against the yellow straw stack, and the silver grey weathered shingles. What could we see of the beauty of that same gleam in the halo of the Christchild, or the shadows in the marvellous pictures of the stable of Bethlehem, or the clear tracery of lace-like spires against an azure sky? What could we see of the soft blue of a worn peasant's blouse, or the grey of a weathered haystack painted by the man whose "soul" is known and loved the world over?

We long to meet the statesmen and great men who are leading the nations but what would we understand of their life work if they talked to us of it? We long to see the great churches of the world, but—honestly now, would we know Westminster Abbey from St. Paul's, or Notre Dame from Cologne Cathedral, not to speak of the hundreds of others that are notable? How much do we know of the people and events connected with them, the things that make them interesting apart from their architectural beauty?

How many of us "skip the descriptions" in stories or articles? "Can't be bothered reading about rock formations, or scenery!" What would we get out of the journey to Switzerland in that mood? How much could we enjoy of the wonderful kaleidoscopic picture made by the passing of people of many nationalities in the narrow crowded streets of Cairo?

* * * * *

Let us dream and never for a moment think it is wrong to do so, but let our dreams open our eyes not close them to the beauties and interests about us. Then let us say to ourselves "Whether I ever see Scotland or not, or whether I ever get to Japan or not, or whether I ever wander among the art treasures of Italy or not, I am going to have a good time learning to observe and appreciate and remember what I do see; and I am going to learn all I can of these places by reading and studying and talking to others. Then if ever I am able to go I will be ready for it."

Have you ever sat quietly resting in a corner of one of the big departments of an exhibition where you could see the faces of the people as they came in? If you have not try it next year. Most of the faces are a bit tired and have a strained look. That is typical of sight-seeing the world over, a mixture of eye-strain and brainfag combined, for the effort to see a good many things and take it all in is tiring. But—here is what I want you to watch for—the minute a man looks in the door who knows something of that particular exhibit his whole face lights up. If it is engines, he can appreciate their points, does he not run a gasoline one on a hot-air pump himself? If it is cows, well he has not maybe had a chance to raise a champion, but he owns some and knows a good one when he sees it; if it is a fine piece of carpenter work, well he can handle a tool himself. The woman who embroiders will linger lovingly over the fine piece of work that took the prize, while her friend who does not know Italian hemstitching from Chinese fagoting will look bored until she steps into the dairy exhibit, and there in one minute her face will tell you she knows exactly why that butter won and will be able to tell her home folks exactly why this or that churn is an improvement on the old, and just how quaint and interesting the old lady at the old churn looked.

* * * * *

Do you see what I am trying to show you? If your dream came true tomorrow or next year, and dreams do come true, would you enjoy it? Would your whole face light up as you went into the great cathedral, or as the Scottish hills came in view, or as you stepped into the Louvre; or would you have the tired, bored expression of the man who knows he should see it but does not know anything about it?

Don't tell on me and I will let you share one of my own particular little jokes. I have not only sat and watched the uninterested faces in big exhibitions, but I have had a corner seat in a big city where I met a great many people who had taken trips and been on tours. When I have to entertain them and can not get them talking of the wonderful things they have seen, I try gently to steer the conversation around to eats. I don't think it has ever missed rousing them. They would tell me how they disliked oil in Italy or Spain, and others would gather round and I could smile and say nothing, for they all had something to say. If I had marked on a map the places I have been advised to eat at, it would fairly well cover the inhabited earth, not to speak of the seas, for they told me what liners to take. You see, they all knew about eats before they left home, so they gathered distinct memories and impressions of the food abroad. And the moral is: You have to know something of the subject before it really interests you, so get busy and learn all you can, and be ready when your dream comes true.

Though heeding well the weavers' wail
That shortened skirts have told their tale,
Will Eve find Fashion's voice the stronger?
Well, yes—and no. It seems to me
That woman's ways are such that she
Won't want the short skirts any longer.

COUNTESS WHO ENTERED BUSINESS

Countess Marie Von Prittwitz, wife of the new German ambassador to the United States, was the first member of the German nobility to go into business. She opened a modiste shop in Berlin after her father had been killed in action, and there, some years later, she met the Count. The Countess is one of the most beautiful women in the diplomatic set.

I am confident that there is no post in the business world, or, indeed, in public life, which the right woman could not fill every bit as ably as a man.—Sir Harold Bowden, Bart., in the "Daily Chronicle."

Women and Men

I will not say that "for every woman happiness is associated with marriage and motherhood," because I know that in a large number of cases it is not; nor will I say that "for every man happiness is centred in possession"—whether that possession be woman or child, money or, fame—because I know that just as for many women, the ideal of happiness is achievement and possession, so for many a man, it is purely domestic. But, speaking generally, I think one would find most women favoring the domestic ideal and most men the possessive, and this seems to rest on a fundamental, because physical, difference between the sexes.

Women are different from men where their physical make-up and ultimate functions urge them to be so. Their ideal of happiness lies in marriage and motherhood because that is the set of circumstances they are physically most fitted for, and if they have other ambitions it simply means that they have mental qualities which override the physical. On the other hand, man's physique—and by physique I mean his nervous system as well as his body of bone and muscle—fits him for a life of effort and action, and conflict with the outside world.

It is part of the poignant message of Jude the Obscure that experience and adversity, which usually have so broadening and deepening an effect on a man's character, seem almost invariably to have the opposite effect on a woman's. In the contrasted reactions to adversity of Jude and Sue, Mr. Hardy hit on a genuine difference between the sexes, again due to physical rather than to psychological causes. Naturally a delicate material will not stand wear and tear so well as that of stouter grain, and to me it seems obvious that a woman's character develops better in what, for want of a better description, one might call a moderately sheltered life than when exposed to the buffets of the world and the strain of work and responsibility.

By sheltered life I do not, of course, mean a life from which ordinary human experience is shut out, but a life in which the experience comes through domestic and personal rather than external channels, and from association and observation rather than from conflict and action. —Sheila K. Smith, in the Royal Magazine.

We cannot all be famous,
If we were 'twould cheapen fame;
We cannot all be rich enough
To give ourselves a name.
We cannot all expect to be
Distinguished from the rest,
But some reward is certain for
The man who does his best.

Newspaper is one of the finest window polishers, and tissue paper is equally good for cleaning silver.

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Powder Puffs

The newest powder puffs are of colored swansdown to match the shade of face powder affected (writes Mrs. Herbert Richardson in the Daily Telegraph). A handle of golden ribbon set in a bunch of velvet wallflowers holds a puff of ochre down, and tones charmingly with the new ochre and rose-ochre powders, or the older "rachelle" and "basanee." Pink ribbon and rosebuds on a pink puff are for those of us who still favor "naturelle" and rose; while mauve swansdown set in pansies suits the pale mauve evening shades, or a green puff, jade-handled, the new soft green which is so kind to red veins and high coloring.

The puff has always been an effective weapon in the battery of a woman's toilet table. Originally the word had no connection with powder at all, but was applied to the beautifully wrought silver scent-sprinklers of Tudor days. With the growing vogue for powder, however, the powder sprinkler, too, became a "puff," but for many years it was a weapon used in the defence of a woman's hair rather than of her skin. From the sixteenth century until the eighteenth paint and a "cosmetic wash" were the sole ingredients for facial make-up.

The Elizabethan lady pinned her faith to "egg and white wine, to wash her face and neck," while the complexion of the seventeenth and eighteenth century "grande dame" was made up completely with red and white paint. Lotion again supplied the needs of the early 1800's, when the famous "Gowland" (used by Jane Austen and her heroines, among others) was the universal cosmetic. It was not until Victorian days that women took to face powder rather than to paint and lotion, as a protest against the exaggerated make-up of earlier times, and even the demure Dickens heroines—as we may read in "Edwin Drood"—were not above powdering their little red noses!

Hair powder, which in the seventeenth century had cost four shillings a pound, and was made to adhere by a light greasing with "Jessamine butter," was procurable for ten pence a pound in the eighteenth, while the bergamot and "marechale" scented varieties (Mrs. Piozzi was very fond of the latter) cost one shilling and two pence, and the roll pomatum which succeeded "Jessamine butter" was only eight pence.

But the colored powders of today have their prototypes. In 1760's smart folk tired of white hair powder, and for many years the ultra-fashionables wore, to quote an old ladies' journal, "rose color, blue, green, violet, and other deep colors," particularly blue. The dainty silver-gilt dressing table sets of the period always contained three hair-powder boxes to hold grey and blue powder as well as white, and the contemporary dandy also affected the modish blue powder, led by that "exquisite" (in his younger days), Charles James Fox.

THE SEARCH

I met a child with troubled eyes, that
swift my heart did win:
"Oh, could you find tomorrow, please?"
said little D'mple-chin.
"The loveliest things are happening to-
morrow, don't you know;
I never quite catch up with it, however
fast I go!"

I met a man whose eyes were dim with
many tears unshed:
"I have been looking everywhere for
yesterday," he said;
"The tenderest and the sweetest things,
the things I loved the best,
They all were yesterday's—I pray your
kindness in my quest!"

And all the while a presence sweet stood
wondering between,
With gentle eyes, and gracious hands,
and tender, bounteous mien;
"I am today," she whispered low, and
spread her eager hands;
But child and man, unseeing, looked afar
to other lands.

—Anna Burnham Bryant.

To remove fruit stains from the hands, wash them in clear water, dry slightly and then hold them over a lighted match.

Problems of Homemakers

Rubber Sheet and Ugly Bed

Dear Madam,—You solve so many problems for others, please help me with mine. With an invalid in bed all the time and a rubber sheet necessary, is there any way to keep it from slipping round? Also, what could I put on top of it to make it feel more comfortable? Then the bed is an ugly iron one, ugly though comfortable otherwise. Could I, without much expense, do anything to brighten it up and make the room more pleasant for one who must stay shut in for months. The walls are a pale grey paper and not bad, the woodwork is white, and the bureau and table old walnut. What would you do with it?—K. A. R.

Sew strips of strong cotton to the sides of the rubber sheeting to tuck under the mattress. This will keep the rubber where it is needed; it will not slip or slide round, and will last longer.

Only the other day I saw a picture of just such a bed transformed by a gay cretonne or chintz cover made as one would to cover the back of a chair. A narrow strip of wood fastened over the top and foot of the bed made them square ended and hid the knobs and iron ornaments. The cretonne was cut flat for each side, then joined by a strip up and over the width of the wooden slat. This came down to the bottom of foot and head and met a valance of the same material. The valance was fastened to a plain piece of unbleached cotton cut the size of the wire mattress over which it was placed.

You are fortunate in having nothing to limit your choice of color, as almost anything will go well with the pale grey and white, only let it be gay. Get some samples and let your invalid have the pleasure of helping choose and watching the transformation. A man gets as much good from such trifles as a woman when he is ill. Have curtains and valance of the same material for the windows.

One warning. Do not choose a thick cretonne that will be difficult to wash. A smallish pattern of cheery color on a white or cream ground is good.

A Place for Outdoor Clothes

Dear Madam,—I noticed a letter from a "Frantic Mother" in my copy of the Witness re clothes in the winter.

In the next magazine I picked up I noticed a helpful hint for drying clothes in the winter which I believe would be applied to outdoor clothes and wraps. This writer says she puts two parallel lines in the kitchen and pins the clothes across them, that is, one end on each rope, and so conserves space. But I think your idea of a rack and a pulley to take it as near the ceiling as possible is the best. Wishing your columns every success.—Reader.

Thank you for the hint passed on. It would save dodging and ruffled hair and feelings to have the two lines. Since that letter on clothes went in I have heard of one mother with a big kitchen who has had her range moved out from the wall so as to leave four feet behind it in which to hang the clothes. She had two poles hung by wire from the ceiling in that space, and a number of clothes hangers help out when coats get crowded or need keeping in shape. Has anyone else a new idea?

FAME OF CANADIAN ALPINE GARDEN SPREADS TO ENGLAND

In the upper extremity of the island-studded inlet known as Howe Sound, Britsh Columbia, where Mount Garibaldi towers to the height of 9,000 feet, grow the most beautiful flowers in the Pacific Province. There are larger wild mountain gardens on this continent, but few have more varieties of alpine plants. The fame of this alpine garden has spread to England and late last year the Royal Horticultural Society, of whom Lady Byng is a prominent member, sponsored an expedition to Garibaldi meadows for obtaining seeds to be transplanted in the Old Country. Mr. J. C. Bennet, a noted alpine plant specialist of Victoria, was entrusted with the organization of a party to collect specimens. The expedition was a great success and has caused much comment in Great Britain. Above are pictures taken in this mountain garden.. Top left is a photograph of white "heather" which was found from 6,000 to 8,000 feet up the mountain. The scene at the top, right, shows the Sphin Glacier at a height of 7,500 feet in Garibaldi Park. At the bottom, left, is a recent picture of Lady Byng, who with other members guaranteed the finances of the venture. Bottom, right, is another beautiful variety called Silene Acaulis. This was found at a height of 6,000 feet.

HEALTH SERVICE
of the Canadian Medical Association

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT TUBERCULOSIS

Discovered early and properly treated, tuberculosis is one of the most curable diseases. Many deaths from tuberculosis occur each year.

Putting these two statements together, it is evident that either the cases are not being discovered early, or they are not being properly treated. There are no secrets in the medical profession, and so the physicians in one place have the same knowledge as physicians elsewhere, but the physician cannot help the person who does not come to him.

Those who follow our advice and have a complete physical examination once a year, give their family physician an opportunity to discover tuberculosis, cancer, or other diseases at their earliest and most curable stage. Those who have not followed this advice should know something about the earliest signs of tuberculosis, so that they may recognize them and secure proper advice right away.

Not everyone with the following symptoms has tuberculosis, but the presence of one or more of them is sufficient to arouse suspicion and to send the person to his family physician to find out the cause. Delay means losing the opportunity for cure and, at the same time, endangers the lives of others.

Any cough which persists for a month or more is suspicious.

Any cough accompanied by a slight fever, particularly if it recurs, is not to be disregarded.

A general feeling of not being well, with or without the loss of strength or weight, should always be investigated.

Blood spitting is often an early symptom. It frequently occurs as the first symptom in persons apparently well.

Continued upset of digestion, particularly if accompanied by a cough, also loss of weight require investigation.

It is better to be always on the safe side. Pay attention to Nature's warnings and preserve your health.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

Often the cork in some bottle is hard to remove. Next time such a cork is inserted, let two pieces of strong twine pass across the small end of the cork, their ends coming up outside the bottle two or three inches. Next time the cork may be removed instantly simply by grasping the ends of the twine and pulling on them.

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HOME COOKING

Fresh Fish for Fasting and Feasting

By Madam.

Did you ever, as you ate a delicious morsel of fried fish, wonder just wherein lay the virtue of abstaining from eating meat, and eating fish instead? The substitution of fish for the flesh of land animals was undoubtedly regarded as a sort of fast or penance or austerity by religious ordinance. Was it an absurdity, as one clever scientist claims, an absurdity the only explanation for which he thinks lay in the fact that fish had less taste than meat? He goes on to prove that whether it be mammal, bird or fish that we consume, that part of our diet consists of muscular fibres. These fibres, he says, are closely similar, a form of protein (muscle-albumen) being their chief constituent. Not only is this the case, but the protein of fish ranks high as one of the most value to us; and fish ranks among the most fully absorbed of all foods. Now do you think the old authorities were ignorant, or do you think they, like our great grandmothers, had somehow realized the true food value of fish and wished to keep the spiritually minded well nourished yet untempted to gluttonous excess? Is it not a bit interesting to speculate on?

But we will have no room for recipes if we do not call a halt.

Many Canadian Fish

Fish like meat should be cooked quickly at first to coagulate the albumen and retain the flavor, but the moment the outside is seared or sealed, reduce the heat.

For boiled fish the water should be boiling when the fish is put in and seasoned with salt and vinegar, in the proportion of one level tablespoon salt and one tablespoon vinegar to each quart of water. Onion, carrot, bayleaf or peppercorns may be added to give flavor, and this fish stock may be used for fish sauce or soup. Small pieces of fish may be steamed rather than boiled, this prevents the fish falling to pieces and retains the flavor. When fish is baked it may be covered with buttered paper to prevent burning or drying up. Fillets of fish may be seasoned with pepper, salt and lemon juice, and may be rolled if desired. They should be dipped in crumbs, egg and again in crumbs, fried in hot fat and drained on brown paper. The lack of fat in halibut, haddock and similar fish may be supplied by brushing the fish with oil, fat or butter. Lake trout, white fish and salmon are delicious broiled over hot coals.

To thaw frozen packed fish place the fish in a pan of clear cold water, the colder the better, and let stand for fifteen minutes. Never allow fish to thaw in a warm room.

To bone fish, loosen bone from flesh at tail. Dip the fingers in salt and work the flesh from the backbone with a knife, working toward the head.

Savory Cod:—One pound of cod, one teaspoonful of butter, one dessertspoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of vinegar, a little finely-chopped parsley, one teacupful of water, one egg, half a teaspoonful of salt a quarter teaspoonful of pepper. Take the cod and pull the skin off, and take out the bone. See that it is washed clean and dry it. Cut it up into pieces the size of a walnut. Put these pieces in a small saucepan, with the cold water, salt, and pepper Put it on the fire, and put on the lid and let it come gently to the boil. When it boils, lift out the pieces of cod and keep them hot. Mix in a bowl the flour and butter, parsley chopped till it is smooth adding a very little cold water. Stir this in among the liquid left in the pan, and stir till it boils. When you have a nice-looking sauce beat up the egg and stir it in gradually, and stir over the fire one minute. Pour all this over the pieces of fish, and serve hot.

Bonne Bouche of Cod:—Put into a stewpan 1 oz. butter mixed with a tablespoonful of flour, a little chopped garlic, and 1 gill of milk. Season with salt, pepper and nutmeg, and stir over the fire until it is cooked. Cut some neat slices of cod (freed from skin and bone), put them in the sauce for a few minutes, then take them out and dip in fine bread crumbs and grated Parmesan cheese. Next dip in beaten egg, and then again in breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Fry till a delicate brown, and serve very hot.

Stuffed Cod:—Make a stuffing with the crumb of a French roll rubbed through a sieve, 1 oz. of suet chopped finely, 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped parsely, salt and pepper, bind with a beaten egg, to which has been added about a teaspoonful of anchovy essence. Select the tail end of a nice cod, wash well, flour, cut two large slits down each side of the bone, and fill with the stuffing.

Baked Fish:—Baking in the oven is undoubtedly the way par excellence of retaining the fullest flavor of fish; on the other hand, frying is the way of all others of imparting flavor to a mild or flavorless fish, while boiling is the mode most suitable for fish that are cooked whole, such as salmon or turbot.

When baking a piece of cod or a thick slice of halibut, try the effect of squeezing lemon-juice over it first, then sprinkle it thickly with breadcrumbs, and lay pats of butter on the top. Bake in a dish that can be brought to table without change. In early spring a teaspoonful of finely-minced young onion is a great improvement to a piece of flavorless fish, especially to freshwater fish. In frying there is no fat better suited to the purpose than rendered beef-suet, and the fat must be very hot indeed, which is indicated by the faint blue smoke that will rise from it when it is at the right heat. It is an improvement to make a thin batter with the egg, and dip the fillets or pieces of fish into that before rolling in crumbs of bread. A crisper and richer crust will be formed by so doing.

A little cream sauce, flavored with anchovy, is a great addition to fried fish. It is also worth while knowing how much a few mushrooms will improve the flavor of baked fish, when baked with it.

Baked Hake with Fried Onions:—Make a savory mixture with about 4 oz. of bread previously soaked in milk, a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of mixed savory herbs, and two tablespoonfuls of bacon fat, add salt and pepper to taste, and bind with a little milk. Procure one or two good-sized slices of hake, wipe them with a damp cloth, and spread each slice (cut side) with the savory stuffing. Skin and slice thinly one large or two small onions, and fry to a golden color in 1 oz. of butter or dripping. Put the prepared fish into a baking-dish or frying-pan, pour over some melted butter or other fat, and cook over the fire or in the oven fom 20 to 25 minutes. As soon as the fish is done dish up neatly, surround it with fried onions, and serve hot.

Stuffed Baked Haddock:—Order a four-pound haddock to be sent cleaned, with head and tail left on. Wipe with a piece of cheese cloth wrung out of cold water, sprinkle with salt inside and out, stuff, and sew. Cut five diagonal gashes on each side of the back-bone (having the gashes on one side come between the gashes on the other side), and insert a narrow strip of fat salt pork in each gash.

Shape in the form of a letter S, and hold in place with skewers, which should be fastened with string. Place on a greased fish sheet in a dripping pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper, brush over with melted butter, dredge with flour, and place around the fish one-third of a cupful of small cubes of fat salt pork. Bake one hour in a hot oven, basting as soon as the fat in the pan is tried out, and continue basting every ten minutes. Remove to a hot platter, take out the skewers, and garnish with Julienne potatoes, slices of lemon and parsley. Serve at once with the following sauce:

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one and one-half cupfuls of hot water. Bring to the boiling point, add three tablespoonfuls of butter, and season with one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper.

Salmon Trout and Whitefish are very delicious if broiled. Scale and split the fish down the back so that it will lie flat, wash and dry it and dust with salt and pepper. Put on a wire broiler and brush the flesh side with butter. Hold it over a bed of coals until nicely browned, then brown the other side. The broiler should then be raised, say on a couple of bricks and allowed to cook on each side about 15 or 20 minutes, being careful not to burn it. Baste with butter and serve.

White Sauce:—2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 1-4 teaspoon salt. Few grains pepper. Put butter in saucepan, stir until melted, add the flour mixed with the seasoning, and stir until thoroughly blended. Pour on gradually the milk, stirring until well mixed, smooth and glossy.

Egg Sauce:—To white sauce add one hard boiled egg, chopped.

Maitre d'Hotel Sauce:—1-4 cup butter, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-2 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 3-4 tablespoon lemon juice. Put butter in a bowl and with a small wooden spoon work until creamy. Add salt, pepper and parsley, then lemon juice very slowly.

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NEEDLEWORK DEPARTMENT

Baby's Mitts

Required:—½ ounce 3-ply fingering, 4 steel needles, No. 15, and ½ yard of very narrow white ribbon.

Cast on 48 stitches on three needles (16, 16, 16); join round, and then knit rounds of 2 plain, 2 purl, for 2 inches, then knit one round plain.

Next round—*Knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together; repeat from * to end of round, to form holes for threading the ribbon. Then knit 5 plain rounds.

For the thumb gusset; first round—Knit 1, make 1, knit 1, make 1; knit plain to end of round. Knit 2 plain rounds, between each round of increase.

Fourth Round—Knit 1, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit plain to end of round.

Seventh Round—Knit 1, make 1, knit 5, make 1. Knit plain to end of round.

Tenth Round—Knit 1, make 1, knit 7, make 1. Knit plain to end of round.

Thirteenth Round—Knit I, make 1, knit 9, knit plain to end of round.

Sixteenth Round—Knit 1, make 1, knit, 11, make 1, knit plain to end of round.

Always remember to knit 2 plain rounds between each round of increase.

Seventeenth Round—Knit 1, pass 11 off on to a piece of wool, and leave for the present. Knit remaining stitches, and knit 15 plain rounds on the 49 stitches.

Next Round—* Knit 1, knit 2 together; repeat from * to end of round and knit the last stitch. Knit 2 rounds plain.

Next Round—* Knit 1, knit 2 together, repeat from * to end of round (22 stitches on needle.) Knit 1 plain round.

Break off the wool, leaving about 4 inches. Thread the stitches on to the wool, draw up tightly, and fasten securely on the wrong side.

For the thumb—Take the 11 stitches from the wool, put them on two needles, pick up 4 extra stitches on third needle, between palm and thumb, join into a round and knit 7 plain rounds.

Tenth Round— * Knit 1, knit 2 together; repeat from * to end of round. Fasten off as for the hand, and thread the ribbon through the holes at the wrist.

TORN FUR COAT

When the man of the house brings in his fur coat with a hole in the place a button or loop should be, don't make the mistake of trying to draw the hole together; it won't stay put. And don't move the button farther in, for it will pull out only the quicker as the garment is tighter. Instead, cut a circle of leather from the top of an old boot or leather glove. Make it a good bit larger than the hole, snip it through and sew the fur firmly to it. If the lining is worn or torn put another piece of leather on the outside of the lining, felting it down securely. Then sew the button in its place, sewing right through the leather you set in the hole and also through the lining. If you put a flat button with large holes on the inside and sew through that, it will make a still better job of it.

Colorful Cushions

Extra cushions for living or bedroom use are acceptable gifts for the Easter bride, or to add color to any room, and are easy to make at home. The scrap bag fills the need here, with its bits of bright silks and other odds and ends. Delightful for use in the living room are small, triangular cushions, which may be tucked into the corners of chairs or davenport. They are just the right size to snuggle under the head for a moment's relaxation or during the enjoyment of the latest good book. Black taffeta or satin, piped with some bright color, will fit in with virtually any color scheme. The scrap bag, of course, is sure to afford many pleasing combinations.

All sorts of tiny cushions may be made for the chaise longue, which is so inevitable in bedrooms today. Light and lacey bits of fluff, they look for all the world like a heap of luscious bonbons. Pastel shades of silk, under all-over lace, with a lacey frill around the edge, cover cushions in round, oval, oblong or heart shape. Taffeta, quilted, flowered, in soft-toned stripes or in plain colors, bound with shirred ribbon, makes many small cushions interesting. Others are done in lace dyed to match some of the colors of the room. Another lovely accessory for chaise longue use is the couvre-pied. One fascinating one used on a rose-colored chaise-longue is made of two thicknesses of deep, rich rose silk rep, with a lightweight wool interlining, which gives it just the right heft. About two inches in from the edge a three-quarter-inch turquoise blue and silver ribbon is sewed. Narrow ecru lace is shirred on at each side of the ribbon, making a lovely border all around.—Philadelphia Ledger.

PATCHES FOR MISSIONARY QUILTS

Dear Madam.—Could you, through your Department, tell us where patches are given away to Missionary Societies to make quilts to send to different places where they are needed.

Our Society wants to make quilts for such purposes, but we do not feel able to pay out much money for them, so please, if you can, tell us where we can get cotton patches for missionary work. —I. K. C.

Has any one any helpful suggestion to make in this case? Some of our societies have, I know, been fortunate enough to get in touch with the managers of shirt and clothing and other factories and have been able to buy the pieces and miscuts at the nominal rate at which they are sold to employees, others have been able to get from the mills or wholesale men the parcels of samples after the travellers have finished with them, but for this it is necessary to know some one in the business. Possibly the drygoods merchant you all deal with would help by speaking to some of the travellers. This is the time to do it as the summer goods are already almost finished and factories will soon be working on heavy garments for winter wear.

Glasses to improve foresight would meet a long felt want.—Anna L. Mower.

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6065. Girl's Dress.
Cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 2⅞ yards of 36 inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material. To trim with bias binding as illustrated will require 2¼ yards. Price 15c.

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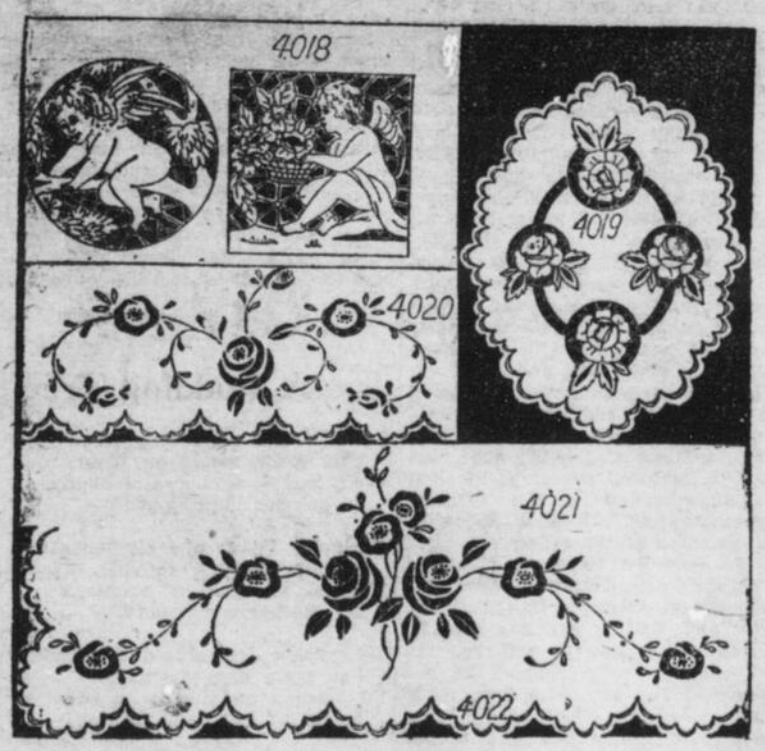

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CIVILIZED FOODS DEATH TO SAVAGES

Cancer, tuberculosis, 'flu, pneumonia, etc., are unknown to savages, largely because they eat natural foods. When savages adopt civilization's foods they die like flies. There are other causes of disease, all of which we can eliminate or compensate and live in civilization practically immune from disease. Dr. Robt. G. Jackson tells how in his 428-page book, "HOW TO BE ALWAYS WELL," written in language a child can understand.

Eighteen years ago Dr. Jackson was a physical wreck, given at most four months to live by the great Dr. Osler. But he did not die. He invented Roman Meal, the only non-acid cereal food, and lived upon it and milk and fruit for two years. These non-acid-forming foods neutralized the acid in his blood, normalized his body and made him so wonderfully well that three years ago he won a 1,300-mile bicycle contest in 19 days against a man 30 years his junior, and the same year won the $1,000 Physical Culture first prize against all comers. And now we challenge the maker of any other cereal food at 68—Dr. Jackson's age—or 20 years younger, to compare his physical development, endurance or resistance with that of this 68 years old man, once given up to die, the main part of the contestant's food to be his own product. We are out to prove there is no other single food as perfect as Roman Meal. To convince yourself try a single package. Eat a full meal of it and compare the time when you become hungry again with that time when eating any other breakfast. You will go two or three hours longer upon Roman Meal, which proves the greater food value of Roman Meal. But you'd expect Roman Meal to be a superior body-building food. It was devised by Dr. Jackson to normalize his own diseased body when he was given only four months to live. And he is a food scientist, former lecturer on dietetics, diet editor of two medical magazines, advisor to Defensive Diet League of physicians and dentists, author of the greatest health book ever written, for which $50,000 is offered for U.S. publishers' rights. Roman Meal is the very best food made from grain, if for no other reason than that it is the only non-acid-forming grain food. It keeps the blood normally alkaline. Write for a copy of Dr. Jackson's 16-page free booklet, "HOW TO KEEP WELL," to Roman Meal Co., Ltd., 357 Vine Ave., Toronto, Ont. Ask your baker for Roman Meal muffins and bread.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Drummer Fritz and His Exploits

By Edward Pyle, in St. Nicholas.

(Continued from last week.)

The next morning, when the drummer presented himself in the royal presence the king addressed him thus: "Brave sir, I have ceded to you the princess and the half of my kingdom. Of course, you are aware that the crown represents the kingdom, and without that a man is no king. Very unfortunately, your crown is at present in charge of the civil and military authorities of Stultzburg. Now," continued the king further, "these civil and military authorities are very jealous of the crown, and should you inadvertently show yourself to them while endeavoring to obtain it, they may accidently shoot you on the spot, or clap you into prison for the rest of your natural existence, which would be very uncomfortable indeed. If, tomorrow morning, you bring me the crown, the princess is yours. If you do not bring it, and after that time you are discovered in my dominions, I cannot answer for your safety. Good morning."

Now, the truth was, the unprincipled king had caused his crown to be locked in a strong box, the key of which he entrusted to the mayor, and in charge of these same civil and military authorities, with strict orders to arrest any one who should appear in the council-room where the box was to be kept, and convey him instantly to prison.

Now, Stultzburg was a great sausage manufacturing town. Every week whole droves of pigs were driven in, and every week whole miles of sausage were carried out of it. Everybody owned pigs, and the more any one owned, of the more consequence he was held in Stultzburg. The princess Rosetta herself possessed a drove of the prettiest little pink pigs in the kingdom, with blue ribbons on their tails; and the government owned very extensive sties, the pigs from which, by some mysterious means, were apt to find their way into the private pens of the councillors and financiers. All the little school-boys of Stultzburg were taught to write as a motto in their double-lined copy books: "The pen is mightier than the sword"; and instead of candies, it was customary to give them sausages, or, if a boy was very good indeed, a nicely browned tail of a little roast pig.

In one clause of the constitution of Stultzburg, it was set forth that whenever a pig strayed from its owner's pen, thus indicating criminal carelessness upon the part of said owner, said pig should, if captured by any citizen, become, after the payment of nine farthings to the government, the private and personal property of said citizen, taxable according to Clause XXVI. It is unnecessary to say that this was one of the most strictly enforced laws of Stultzburg, and one that was not likely to be rebelled against, except by the unfortunate owners of strayed pigs, who, after all, always had the consolation of hoping to make good their loss at an early day. The Stultzburg pigs, you see, finding themselves so highly prized, felt that they were no ordinary creatures, and every day grew more impatient of restraint.

The civil and military authorities, who had charge of the crown of King Stephanus, were composed, the one of the mayor and syndics of the city, the other of a squad of a dozen soldiers, commanded by a corporal and sergeant-at-arms. The crown, securely locked in a strong box, the key of which the mayor held clutched tightly in his fat, puffy little hand, stood in the centre of a table, at the head of which the mayor was perched upon a high, carved oaken chair, from which dangled his legs, not nearly reaching the floor. Beside him, on a lower seat, sat his secretary, a tall, big-jointed hungry-looking man, with a huge queue like an Indian war-club, and round the table the council, each man with his eyes intently fixed upon the box, each determining that were the crown purloined it should not be his fault.

Thus they sat and stood all that livelong day, solemn as a flock of crows mourning the decease of some horse or dog, while all the time there was never a sign of the drummer. The crowd outside the town-house grew constantly more dense and curious. Little boys perched and sat on the trees and fences opposite, watching the windows, and half expecting to see the drummer fly out through one of them with the crown in his hands. Matrons ran hither and thither through the crowd, while the bread was burning in the oven at home, the soup boiling over on the stove, the baby tumbling into the fire, or, scarcely worse, upsetting the crock of sauerkraut. At length night drew on apace and yet never a sign of the drummer. The crowd thinned from around the town-house, and by the time the great clock in the assembly-room pointed to nine, the hour at which every good burgher commonly sought repose, the good men winked and blinked in the candlelight like so many owls.

But a sound suddenly broke on the ear!

The mayor was almost in a doze, but at that sound a glitter of life awoke in his leaden eye. He started and clutched the arm of his chair convulsively, as did each and every one of the town council clutch his.

The sound was heard again. It was—yes, it was the squealing of a pig—a stray pig.

The mayor, than whom none ever loved a pig better, writhed in his chair, as did all the council-men, squirming in an agony, their duty calling them to watch the crown, their inclination drawing them to the stray pig.

Again the pig squealed; this time a continuous, long drawn-out squeal, as though some one were endeavoring to capture him by means of the handle which nature has so kindly provided. The mayor's face turned cherry red with excitement, while great drops of perspiration rolled bead-like down his pink forehead.

One more squeal and he would stand it no longer.

"Gentlemen of the council," cried he, sliding off his chair to his feet, "I am taken suddenly sick—deathly sick. Guard the crown, gentlemen, while I am gone, like loyal subjects. There is the key." And without further ado he threw the key down upon the table and rushed out of the council-chamber.

"Gentlemen of the council," cried the secretary, rising hastily—for he, too, wished to capture the strayed pig,—"Gentlemen, I am bound in duty to go and help my poor master." Thereupon he, too, bolted out.

"Here!" — "Hi!" — "Stop!" — "Stop!" "Stop him, somebody!"—"I'll go!"—No, I will!" Such were the cries that rose upon every side, and in an instant all was uproar and confusion. Each one of the council called upon his fellows to remain behind while he went to bring back the town clerk, and as the noise grew louder each shouted and screamed at the top of his voice to make himself heard above his neighbors'; so, with much crowding, hustling, tearing of wigs and bruising of shins, each trying to thrust his neighbor back and be himself foremost, they all struggled toward the door. In the confusion, little Johann Blitz was smothered nearly to death, and stout Wilhelm Struck almost punctured by the corner of a table against which he was crushed by the crowd. At last, each still bellowing to the others to stay back and mind the crown, they one and all rushed pell-mell after the pig, mayor, and the town clerk, who were just disappearing in the distance. The soldiers also being poor men with families, followed the steps of their superiors, and, headed by the corporal and sergeant-at-arms, rushed in a double-quick in the track of the others.

When the council-chamber was cleared in this manner, the drummer, who had turned loose a greased pig in the street, walked in, and, finding the key still lying upon the table, quietly unlocked the box, took out the crown, locked the box again, replaced the key, and then made off as fast as his legs would carry him.

Meanwhile, in the street was uproar and confusion, hubbub and scampering. This way and that, with shrill squeals, the poor piggy led the way, and the town council and soldiers rushed helter-skelter after. Never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had such a riot occurred in their usually quiet town. Windows were thrown up and nightcapped heads thrust forth; some screamed "fire," some "murder," and some "thief"; some shouted for the night-watch, and vigorously sprung their night-rattles; others, seeing the town council and the soldiers apparently fleeing for their lives from some unseen foe, supposed an enemy had gained the town, and shouted lustily for mercy and quarter.

The mayor was a stout, barrel-shaped little man, with legs that seemed telescoped shortly by the weight of his ponderous paunch, yet he skimmed over the ground like a very greyhound, his great magisterial gown flapping behind him like gigantic wings, and his enormous wig pushed askew in the stress of his excitement. Close behind him bounded the town clerk, finding it impossible, long as his legs were, to overtake his superior, and immediately after him rushed the clamorous rout of councilmen and soldiers.

Three separate times did the mayor convulsively clutch the slippery tail of the pig, and three times did it glide through his fingers, until at last, in one abortive attempt, he stumped his toe upon the curb stone, and fell heavily and at full length in the gutter. At the same moment the town clerk, leaping forward, fairly clutched the struggling pig in his arms, and bore it away in triumph to his own private pen.

The rest of the crest-fallen dignitaries turned their steps toward the town-house, when, for the first time, they recollected the crown, and began to feel frightened at their neglect of duty; and in direct ratio as they drew nearer their emotions grew stronger, until, fairly breaking into a run, they dashed into the town-hall with a confusion only exceeded by that with which they had rushed out.

Great was their relief when the first thing that met their eyes was the strong box standing upon identically the same spot where they had left it, with the key also lying as before upon the table. They never thought of examining whether the crown was there or not. In the first moments of relief they took immediate measures for discharging the town clerk from office on account of exaggerated neglect of duty, and these were carried into execution by the unanimous vote of the assembly. After this act of duty, they sat with redoubled vigilance around the strong box, which they supposed to contain the crown.

At the earliest peep of the following day the drummer presented himself at court with the crown securely tied up in a red bandana pocket handkerchief.

"Your Majesty," observed he, as he untied the handkerchief with his teeth, "I have accomplished the task you set me. Here is the crown," and with these words he laid it gracefully at his majesty's feet.

"Potztausend!" cried the king, starting up. "Am I not rid of you yet? Out of my presence and kingdom! Ho, there! My guards!"

The royal body-guard entered.

"But your majesty," said the drummer, "I have your own royal promise of the hand of the princess, made in this palace yesterday morning."

"Humph!" said the king, in a calmer voice. "Well, I will not arrest you. Retire to the buttery for the present. As for you, guards, go and arrest the town council, and throw them into prison."

The drummer, with much unwillingness, caused by his anxiety to see the princess, retired to the buttery, while the body-guard marched off to fulfil the king's orders.

Just as the poor mayor and council were beginning to congratulate themselves upon the excellent manner in which they had performed their allotted task, in marched the body-guard and took them all prisoners. Then for the first time they learned that they had been carefully watching an empty box all night. They were immediately clapped into prison. However, the locks being out of order, and the keeper falling asleep over his newspaper in the afternoon, they all walked out again, and joined their bereaved families once more.

(To be continued)

A Pudding Tree

I wish I had a pudding tree
That grew beside our door,
With leaves so big and shady,
I'd ask for nothing more.

Each day I'd go and sit beneath
My big tree in the shade,
And see all kinds of puddings
My mother ever made.

My mother dear would be so glad
For every day, you see,
I'd bring a pudding in to her
From my big pudding tree.

There'd be a chocolate pudding,
That boys all like so well;
And tapioca too, and rice,
And lots of sweet caramel.

Then too, I'd like some cornstarch,
And when the sun is hot,
A fine big white snow pudding
Would cool a boy a lot.

There'd be every kind of pudding
A fellow'd wish to taste;
And even if the tree was full
Not one would go to waste.

I'd go and call the lads all in,
And say, they'd jump with glee,
When they'd see all the puddings
On my big pudding tree.

We'd feast upon those puddings
'Till we could hold no more;
And say, we'd be so thankful
For that tree beside our door.

So if that really happened,
You'd wish that you were me,
And growing right beside your door,
Was a grand big pudding tree.

—Lillian Allin Hawkshaw.

JOLLY CONTESTS

A funny feature for any gathering is a milk-drinking contest. Each contestant is required to drink a nursing bottle full of milk through a nipple. Each competitor is dressed up in baby hood and bib, and goes at his work in thorough style, furnishing a round of amusement always thoroughly enjoyed and applauded. This makes a fine sequel to the old soda-biscuit eating race.

A Blow-out.

Pick out two captains and let them choose sides. Give each person a new paper sack (four or five-pound size). They are not to open them up until the leader gives the signal. The captains then open their sacks and blow them up and burst them. Then the next in line and so on, each one must wait until the last one has his sack burst before he even opens up his sack. The game is to see which side gets all their sacks burst first.

THE SNOWBIRDS

When winter winds are blowing,
And clouds are full of snow,
There comes a flock of little birds
A-flying to and fro;
About the withered garden,
Around the naked field,
In any wayside shrub or tree
That may a berry yield,
You'll see them flitting, flitting,
And hear their merry song;
The scattered crumbs of summer's feast
Feed winter birdlings long.

But when the snowdrifts cover
The garden and the field,
When all the shrubs are cased in ice,
And every brook is sealed,
Then come the little snowbirds,
As beggars, to your door;
They pick up every tiny crumb,
With eager chirps for more.
Give them a hearty welcome!
It surely were not good
That they who sing in winter time
Should ever lack for food.

Why is a postage stamp a most unfortunate thing? Because though it sticks to its duties to the very letter, it gets its head punched, its face disfigured, and a good licking.

Puzzle Corner

A Riddle in Rhyme

My first is in Richard but not in Dick,
My second's in rapid but not in quick,
My third is in applebut not in tree,
My fourth is in peeping but not in see,
My fifth is in inky but not in black,
My sixth is in opening but not in crack,
My seventh's in pencil but not in draw,
My eighth is in justice but not in law.
My ninth is in roadstead but not in bay,
My whole is what all of us seek today.

Conundrums

1. What difference is there between a live fish and a fish alive?
2. What kind of words should a parrot use?

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Winter Good Times:—1, Snow; 2, skates; 3, sled; 4, coast; 5, ice; 6, mitten; 7, sleigh; 8, frost; 9, overcoats; 10, furs.

MISTAKES MOTHERS MAKE IN CARE OF LITTLE ONES

Many mothers give their children solid foods at too early an age and say proudly that their babies "eat everything that grown up people do." Such a course is almost certain to bring on indigestion and lay the foundation of much ill-health for the little one.

Other mothers administer harsh, nauseating purgatives which in reality irritate and injure the delicate stomach and bowels and at the same time cause the children to dread all medicine.

Absolutely no meat should be given to a child until it reaches the age of 18 months, and then only if approved by the doctor. For medicine, all strong, disagreeable oils and powders should be abandoned and Baby's Own Tablets given instead.

Baby's Own Tablets are especially made for little ones. They are pleasant to take and can be given with absolute safety to even the new-born babe. They quickly banish constipation and indigestion, break up colds and simple fevers and make the cutting of teeth easy. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

"I'm glad you don't like candy any better than you do."

"I 'spect I would only I get fulf too quick."

A collection attorney received an account accompanied by a request that he "move heaven and earth to get this scoundrel." He replied:

"There would be no use in moving either locality in this instance. The debtor died last week."

"I've just accepted Mr. Offleigh, mother."

"Good gracious, child! I refused him myself 26 years ago."

"I know; we just had a good laugh over it."

"What rent do you pay?"

"I don't pay it."

"What would it be if you did pay it?"

"A miracle."

Specialist—I assure you, madame, my course will make an entirely different woman out of you.

Client's Husband—That settles it. Take it, Margaret—never mind the cost.

Co-ed—This looks like a nice flannel coat. Will it shrink?

Clerk—Not so much as I would from telling you it wouldn't if it did.

Lem—Did that patent medicine you bought cure your aunt?

Lucy—Mercy, no! On reading the circular that was wrapped around the bottle she got two more diseases.

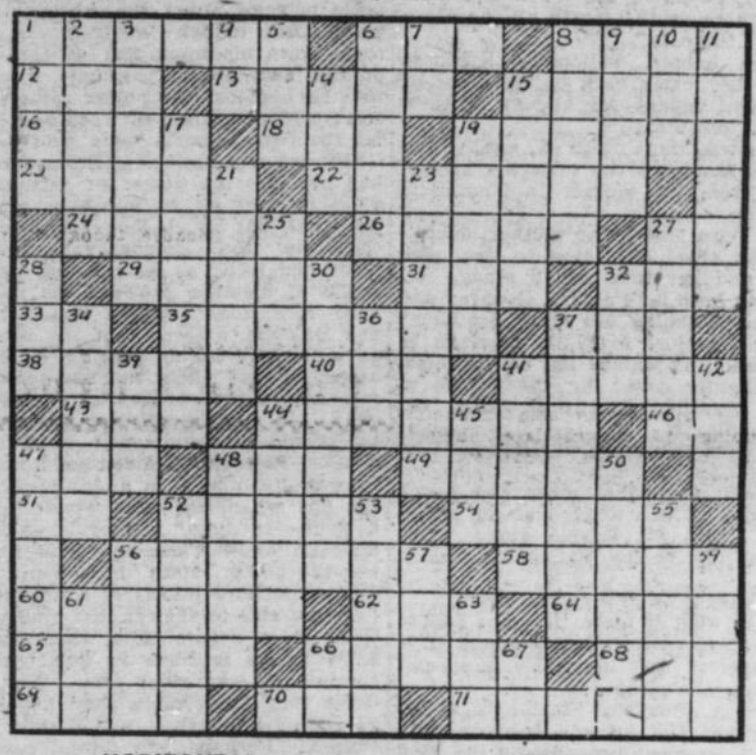
"I don't care. I want this bill paid. And I'm going to stay here until Mr. Biffer comes home."

"In that case I'll have to charge you board."

"Why?"

"Because Mr. Biffer was just sent up the river for 10 years."

This Week's Cross Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL.

1—one who holds in confinement
6—imbibe in small quantities
8—point of land extending into water
12—generation
13—floats of logs or planks
15—preserves
16—state of disorder
18—also
19—makes wide or wider
20—penetrate
22—more verdant
24—general purport
26—demand as a right
27—belonging to me
29—mad
31—exist
32—possesses
33—aloft
35—in shy manner
37—decay
38—claw
40—procured
41—prevent
43—wheeled vehicle
44—act of extending application of
46—in such manner
47—marry
48—belonging to him
49—U. S. coins
51—like
52—slight depressions
54—portable canvas loges
56—ringlets of hair
58—rock
60—ridicule
62—pale
64—dilatory
65—makes 'evel
66—to distil, as dew
68—strong resentment
69—be full of fumes
70—nourished
71—sympathetic

VERTICAL.

1—arrived
2—deputy
3—beset in annoying way
4—correlative of either
5—rodent
6—put away for future use
7—exists
8—pupil in military or naval school
9—affirm
10—to inclose
11—endeavors
14—condensed watery vapor
15—ago
17—member of legislative body
19—to fatigue
21—a bird
23—paid high honor to
25—border
27—companions
28—fruit kernel
30—abridges and classifies
32—pungent; acrid
34—walks with regular steps
36—to put on
37—becomes less severe
39—stripling
41—ladies
42—plunder
44—cleanse by flooding
45—humor
47—stray
48—pays attention to
50—dull
52—absorb
53—united with stitches
55—nasal noise made in sleep
56—large, woody plant
57—sorrowful
59—wide-mouthed pitcher
61—period preceding event
63—free from everything extraneous
66—exist
67—you and I

Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

A	P	E		M	A	P	L	E		H	A	G		
T	O	R		E	D	E	M	A		O	R	A		
E	D	I	B	L	E	S		R	O	U	T	S		
		S	O	O	N		O	N	U	S				
B	A	T	O	N		P	R	E	T	E	N	D		
A	D	I	T		P	R	E	S	S		O	R		
R	O	C		T	R	E	A	T		A	D	E		
E	R		T	R	I	E	D		I	D	E	S		
S	E	S	S	I	O	N		D	R	O	S	S		
		M	A	D	R		P	O	O	R				
S	P	I	R	E		I	R	O	N	I	N	G		
O	I	L		N	A	D	I	R		N	E	E		
T	E	E		T	R	A	M	S		G	O	T		

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"SALADA" GREEN TEA 306

Doctor—With a badly sprained ankle, how did you ever manage to get the four miles back to camp?

Camper—Luckily, doctor, I saw a bear.

Mrs. Asker—Are you going to buy any of that unpainted furniture that is all the rage now?

Mrs. Teller—No, we don't need to. Our furniture was painted when we bought it but it's been used so long that it's all unpainted now, so it's right in style.

Stage Manager (dubiously)—There are so many strong-man acts just now—do you fellows do anything out of the ordinary?

Strong Man (impressively)—We wind up our act by opening a sardine tin.

"That's a pretty bad cold you have, old man. What are you doing for it?"

"Today I'm doing what Jones told me to do. It's Simpson's day tomorrow, and the next is Brown's. If I'm not better by Sunday, and if I'm still alive, I shall try your remedy. Just write it down on this card, will you?"

Ned—What was the excitement down the street?

Fred—A man in a reverie ran into a woman in a tantrum.

Ned—Both of 'em new makes to me.

Scotty: "How much to extract this tooth?"
Painless Dentist: "It will cost you $5."
Scotty: "How much to only loosen it, Doc?"

Speaker (excitedly): "Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you: Do I look like I descended from a monkey? Do I?"
Back Seat Wit: "No, ye don't now, for a fact. Tell us how it happened."

Eddie: "So the doctor diagnosed your case. Did it take long?"
Charlie: "No; I wore my shabbiest suit."

Gertrude: "Look! There's that wretched Brownson girl wearing a hat just like mine!"
Friend: "Yes; doesn't she look an awful sight!"

The man who can do nothing but serious, or nothing but merry, is but half a man.—Leigh Hunt.

THREEFOLD GREATNESS

Most places are content to excel in one particular field of activity. Some are famous as seaports; others as steel manufacturing centres, and so on. Chicago claims leadership in three fields. It is this continent's greatest railway, grain and packing centre.

It is a city well worth seeing. Its purposeful industrial and commercial life, its famous Gold Coast, its magnificent hotels, theatres and opera houses attract thousands of visitors from Canada. The "International Limited" from Montreal through Toronto and Detroit, is widely favored by seasoned travellers, while the "Inter-City Limited" from Montreal to Toronto, affords an additional convenient route to both Detroit and Chicago.

Full details may be obtained from any Canadian National Railways Agent, or from the City Ticket Office, 230 St. James Street, MAin 4731.

LETTER GOLF

THE RULES

1—The idea of letter golf is to change one word to another and do it in par, that is, a given number of strokes. Thus to change COW TO HEN, in three strokes, COW, HOW, HEW, HEN.

2—You can change only one letter at a time.

3—You must have a complete word, of common usage, for each jump. Slang words and abbreviations don't count.

4—The order of letters cannot be changed.

H	A	T	E
L	O	V	E

10-11

Here is one of the solutions of the LETTER GOLF puzzle appearing last week. There may be others. This solution represents par golf, but players who show an aptitude at the game should succeed in occasionally making the hole in a fewer number of strokes than allowed for here.

W	I	N	S
W	I	N	E
L	I	N	E
L	O	N	E
L	O	S	E

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MACLEOD'S WIFE

By Annie S. Swan.

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SYNOPSIS

The devotion of Angus Macleod to his medical practice and the interest of Margaret his wife in old friends threatens to mar their romance but in Spain where they meet to learn the truth about Angus' birth they come to understand. Her father tells her that scientists regard Angus as England's coming man.

(Now read on.)

CHAPTER XXVII. (Continued).

"All right—only he ought to have said Scotland's coming man," said Margaret jealously.

"Ah, my dear, your Angus will belong to no country. Genius is a world possession," said Mackinnon, and Margaret thrilled at his application of the word.

They drove in a taxi to Furnival's Inn, and passed into the dusty offices, situated in one of the few remaining bits of old London as yet untouched. They were received as important clients with much deference by the heads of the firm, elderly, grey-haired men, who had been there for many years. The formalities were few and quickly put through. Then they came to the main issue—the amount and disposition of Lady Ludlow's money. She had no property; she had never had a house since her husband's death. There are women like that, who when certain ties are broken become nomads, finding no rest for the soles of their feet. Such had been Elspeth Ludlow. From country to country she had wandered. Her brother had described her truly as a citizen of the world.

Mackinnon observed that it was at Macleod the lawyers looked with keenest interest, seeking to discover what manner of man he was from his outward appearance. So far as the actual contents of the will were concerned, Mackinnon was in complete ignorance. He did not even know whether the lawyers were in any way cognisant of the extraordinary undercurrents which had disturbed the life of a rather extraordinary woman. He was speedily enlightened.

The document was produced, and proved to be of the briefest and most concise description, giving no information at all, simply stating that the whole of her means, with the exception of a fifteen-thousand pound legacy to her half-brother, was given to Angus Macleod, the husband of her dear niece Margaret. They listened in silence as the formal, technical phraseology smote upon their ears. It did not interest them much. The crux was the amount, and even regarding that they were singularly lacking in curiosity.

"What does it amount to?" asked Mackinnon in his quick, 'ncisive voice.

It seems impossible for a member of the legal profession to answer a direct question as directly, consequently the senior partner began a dissertation about Lady Ludlow's foreign securities, explaining how some of them had depreciated, and some—very few—considerably increased in value. Finally he arrived at the point they were waiting for. "About forty-five thousand pounds."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The End of the Way

There was an odd silence in the room. Margaret undoubtedly was the most nervous of the group. Possibly she, knowing her husband's attitude towards unearned money, his fierce pride and independence, feared instant repudiation. But none came. His color heightened perceptibly, that was all. The lawyer's level voice broke the silence.

"It is one of the shortest wills on record—at least, one of the shortest I have handled. She says, 'Knowing the disposition and character of Angus Macleod, his indomitable pride and purpose, also the sweet reasonableness of my niece, his wife, I leave them to use this money as and how they will, only asking them to take with it the blessing and the love of an old woman, who through much suffering has learned that love is the only argument in life.'"

Margaret's eyes filled with tears. Angus looked away. Mackinnon's expression did not change. He had lived through much, and had become in a strange sense reconciled to life. It is the attitude of the men and women who have been cheated. Some it sours and embitters, others become sad and silent, some, very few, hiding their wounds, are messengers of comfort and of peace to others. Angus heard the studied words of congratulation from the lawyer's lips, but found no answer to them. He looked round helplessly, appealingly at Margaret.

"Come," he said. Mackinnon nodded understandingly. "Yes, sir, I'll meet you later at the hotel."

Husband and wife passed out into the soft glow which filtered through the thinning trees in the old court of Furnival's Inn. The rooks were silent there now, their time of noisy activity over for another year. Somewhere else, doubtless, they were carrying on, getting ready for another spring.

"Angus," said Margaret, laying timid fingers on his arm, "are you glad?"

"I don't know yet. I feel stunned a bit, that's all. Let's go somewhere where there's room, darling. Streets seems to shut us in."

"The top of a bus," said Margaret eagerly, "and let it take us just anywhere."

He nodded, and at the top of Gray's Inn Road they climbed on a bus. Fortune was kind to them, for at the long last the bus deposited them, the last two passengers, on the edge of Hampstead Heath.

"Oh, look where we have come, Angus!" she cried. "It's Hampstead, and I've never in my life been here. It is lovely."

He helped her down the steep stairway, and they plunged across the causeway to the soft green of mown grass, from which stretched illimitable vistas, melting into a far horizon of gold and delicate grey, autumn's own tints and tones. Angus threw up his head, squared his shoulders, and took a long breath.

"This is good, darling. Now we have room, and can think and talk. There is nothing pushing us, is there?" he asked with a slightly furtive glance round. "We are not chased, we can wait here if we like all day."

"All day," she assented, smiling, and thrust her fingers through his arm, where they were grasped close and held so that there was no release.

"I want to know how you feel about Aunt Elspeth's money—your grandmother's money," she added with a queer little twist of the lips, "and what are you going to do with it?"

His answer was a bomb.

"I shall leave Glasgow."

"Oh, but why, Angus? They have been kind to you there, and you owe something to Scotland."

"I owe all to Scotland, but I can work for her here as well as there, and I shall work. God, how I shall work to honor her! You will see to it, Peggy, that there is no slacking. For I am afraid of money, darling. I have seen it corrode the minds of men and destroy their souls."

"I know. It is only an instrument, but lots of people make it into a god and worship it, Angus, hoarding it for some impossible day that never comes; then someone else takes it and scatters it to the four winds of heaven. That is the law of life. I've seen it heaps of times though I'm not very old."

"The little house in Harley Street," pursued Angus, "and it must have green doors and a copper handle, and white silk at the windows."

"In London smoke? They will need washing every week."

"No worse than Glasgow is this London smoke they talk so much of. Never mind, I'll wash them myself, for I'll be slack at first till I make my way again."

He seemed gleeful at that, seeing obstacles only to demolish them.

"Poor Aunt Elspeth, what a wonderful life she had!" said Margaret with a sigh.

"A great life. She tasted all. She could never have been a sticker in a rut, and you are like her," said Angus.

"But I don't want to suffer like her," added Margaret, shrinking a little. He cast upon her a glance that said all that words could not say. It promised protection, comradeship, standing by to the end. Once more there flowed in his veins the wine of life, brewed in love's own chalice.

"What I wish is that she had given your father more, darling. Do you think he'd take anything from us?"

"Nothing, but it'll do, Angus; it will help us so much, and I have the sort of feeling somehow that something will come out of mother's visit to Rokeby—for Pat, I mean. She isn't there for nothing. We shall just have to wait. Father has wired to her that we are all in London, and probably she will come back, then we shall hear everything."

They did not know how long they spent up there in the comparative solitude of the Heath.

They talked of many things—of all the outward and material side of their lives, hours of work and recreation, but of their inner lives they talked not at all. The veil had to be lifted yet, but not under the skies of London.

"Angus," said Margaret with a wistful look in her eyes as they made their way to the tram terminus to begin the return journey, "we shan't go back to Glasgow just yet."

"Glasgow! Oh no! There's Peter. We'll go to Portree."

"Oh, how lovely! How glorious! Our holiday beginning at last at 'the only place in the world'."

"We'll go tonight, unless your father has any objection."

"He won't have, but I think if mother is coming back we shall have to wait another day and see her."

Macleod made no objection. The thought that Lady Mackinnon might grudge to him the lion's share of Elspeth Ludlow's fortune did not occur to him. He had always been oddly outside ordinary standpoints, and this had attracted Margaret to him from the beginning. As they drove through Kentish Town to the station Margaret pointed to the great towers of the station terminus. "The road to Scotland, Angus, the only road in the world."

"Ay," he answered. "Thousands are on it now, and will be always, but the happiest are the ones that will be going back."

You and me, Angus," she said, and something lay very deep in her eyes—something of which she had not yet spoken, but which was waiting for the benediction of the hills and the baptism of the western seas. "I wonder what Peter will say?"

"Peter is through with me, Peggie," said Angus whimsically. "I will only be suffered inside his door because of you. I owe you a grudge for that, I think. Peter was mine first."

"Oh, but I'll lend him to you sometimes if you deserve it, but only if—— I think I'm hungry, Angus. It is half-past two, and we've had nothing to eat since breakfast."

"Neither we have, but we've had good meat up there on the Heath all the same—the best there is."

In such babble, indicating lightness of heart, they came back to the heart of London, and sought Mackinnon in their temporary quarters.

He greeted them with a smile, and handed to Margaret the telegram he had received from her mother in answer to his own.

"Great news from your mother, dear."

Margaret glued her eyes to the pink missive, and her face was a study.

"Waiting here for Patricia. Geoffrey and his mother fetching her from Scotland."

Margaret passed over the message to her husband and walked out of the room. Angus, slightly dazed by the events of the day, regarded the words rather uncomprehendingly.

"What does this mean, Sir Donald?" he asked.

"I expect it means that those two young people have at last arrived at an understanding," said Sir Donald dryly. "This is a great day in the Mackinnon family, Angus."

"Then they'll be getting married?"

"That is what it looks like, but I have ceased to expect anything, because it is the unexpected that invariably happens."

"But you are pleased?"

"Oh, very. Geoffrey Fielder is a fine young fellow, and he will improve with years and responsibility. He is the kind of husband to whom any man would willingly give his daughter. I mean this apart from his position and his means, of course. I am speaking of his character."

"I understand. I am glad, sir," replied Angus.

"Tell me," Sir Donald said kindly, "what are you feeling about this extraordinary development in your life? You ought to be pleased. It is not many men who have so much showered on them at once."

"No, Sir Donald; I have not grasped it fully yet. What matters most to me is how it will affect Margaret."

"Margaret, my dear fellow, has no life apart from you." Angus winced at this reminder, knowing it to be true, and that he had failed to realise it fully. "I think myself you have both stood the test very well. I confess I have had my moments of anxiety, and it was not until I saw you together at Seville that I felt assured."

"I have made mistakes, Sir Donald—those of inexperience. May I just say here and now that I am thankful for her sake that so much has been revealed, and that now at least I can offer her a name."

"I think she is quite satisfied with the name she bears now. You would not change it?"

"Oh, no, unless pressure were brought to bear. It would be confusing from a professional point of view."

"I quite understand that, and you are wise. No pressure will be brought to bear, I assure you, either by me or her mother. I can promise you that. It is a matter entirely for you and Margaret, and my sister showed herself a very wise woman in leaving you the choice."

"I wish she had lived," said Angus in full tones. At that moment he was interrupted by Margaret's return. She had evidently been crying, but her face was radiant.

"Oh daddy, isn't it all too wonderful? I can scarcely believe it. Are you happy about Pat and Geoffrey?"

The past is past, but the future is still in our hands. . . . . But so long as decent, sensible, loyal nations like the Americans and the Japanese and the British cannot come to an agreement for a limitation of cruisers you are bound to go on training.—Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton.

"Yes, moderately so. I've just been telling Angus I shall have to go to Rokeby tomorrow."

Margaret suffered her sweet eyes to meet those of Angus, and he read their mute appeal.

"We'll go North, then, darling. Tonight we'll take the road to the islands."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Journey's End

Peter Mathieson, in total ignorance of all these portentous happenings so closely affecting the two people he loved best on earth, was carrying on at Portree, doing his "day's darg," as he expressed it, but not putting much heart into it. His mind and heart were full of the affairs of Angus and Margaret, and he wondered what was to be the upshot of the strange and poignant happenings of the last few weeks. Would love be strong enough to push out all the hostile forces and finally overcome them? This was the question he kept asking himself, the problem for which he could find no solution. He had done all a man could do, humanly speaking, to heal the breach and bring about a better understanding, and now, having been swept aside like a frail coble in some angry sea, he could do no more. But though he tried to banish them from his mind and to concentrate on his own affairs, he only discovered that he had lost the power so to concentrate, and that his own work had become for the time being a mere side issue.

His patients noticed nothing amiss. He had not lost the power of switching his vivid interest on to whatever came before him, but he no longer brooded over them in the silences encountered by moor and loch as he covered the long spells of distance between his places of call. Mrs. Ross was now mending finely, and Malcolm, assured that she was being as well cared for as possible in what he described as "thon terrible toon," had returned to the sheiling to attend to his work, and wait happily for the day when he should be summoned to fetch her home. Peter met Malcolm Ross lying in wait for him at a suitable corner on the day when the most wonderful thing happened in Skye. It may be asked how Malcolm knew when or where he could see the doctor, since there were no visible or outward means of communication. I am not able to answer that kind of question. It is a sure thing that people do know things in Skye as quickly and as surely as in any other place. Nay, sometimes they know more than has happened actually, though it will happen in due course. Perhaps the birds carry the messages, or the winds, or the silences that are so holy and pregnant. Anyway, Malcolm Ross had something to tell the doctor, and was quite willing to wait all day if need be for the opportunity and the privilege.

As a matter of fact, however, he only waited two hours at the Stonebreaker's Corner, and two hours in Skye counts like two minutes elsewhere. In Skye you have all the time there is, and more than you need.

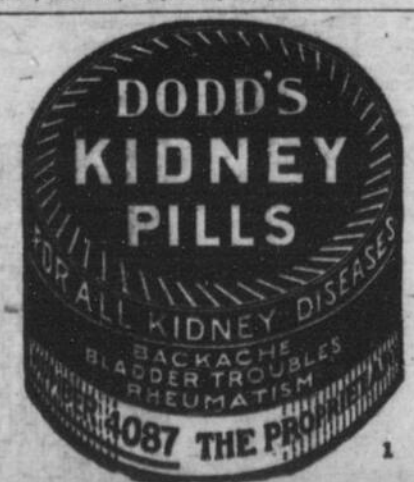
Peter, smiling and waving his hand, drew up at the Corner and waited for the news.

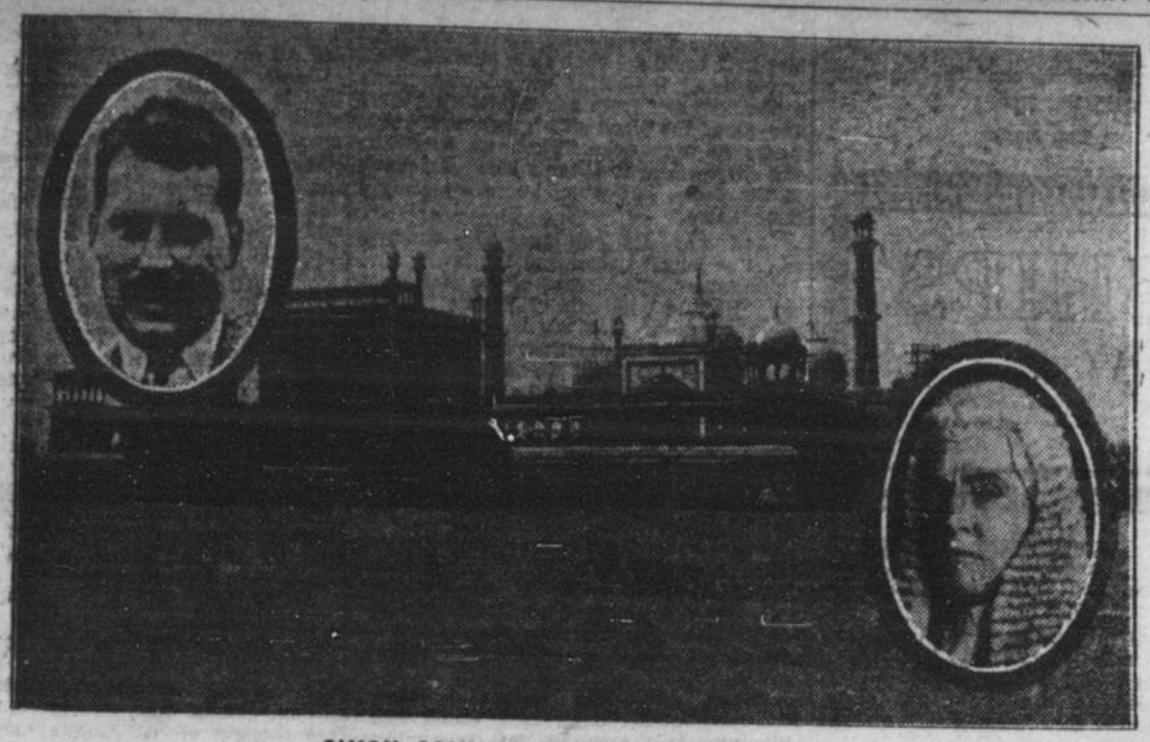
"Well, Malcolm, good-day to you. How is the world using you? Good news from Morag?"

"Oh ay, doctor, fine, and she iss to be gettin' hame next week maybe, so it will be another ploy for me to go to Glesgie for her."

"Good, and you'll watch her after she does come Malcolm, and see that she doesn't do too much."

"Ay, will I, too," said Malcolm, scratching his head. "There iss great news, doctor, but maybe ye ken it."





SIMON COMMISSION HAS ITS TROUBLES

When the Indian Legislative Assembly passed a vote of non-confidence in the Royal Commission on Indian Reforms, of which Sir John Simon, British Liberal, is the chairman, two British officials were severely criticized. Sir Basil Blackett (left), finance member of the Executive Council, was badly heckled and rendered temporarily unconscious when a reporter dropped a writing case on his head during the uproar, and the Earl of Birkenhead (right), was reproved for his recent speech on Indian reforms, made in England, and described as a "big bully." The building is the Juma Masjid, India's greatest mosque, where a demonstration was staged, following the trouble in the Assembly. This beautiful building is the largest of its kind in India. It was erected during the reign of Emperor Shah Jahanm, between 1627 and 1658, and is said to have taken six years to complete. Approximately 5,000 workers were employed daily in the construction of this mosque.

"No. What is it, lad? I've been round and over to Torbinion and that way, where news is scarce."

"Oh, that wey haf ye been? Weel, Angus Macleod—Maister Macleod, I should be sayin' noo that he's such a great one—an' hiss ledy cam' aff the boat at the Kyle this afternoon, an' are away in the motor to Portree."

"You don't say, Malcolm!" cried Peter, all alive with interest. "You're sure it isn't just a bit of Skye yarn colored blue for effect?"

"No, doctor, for I had the impidence to stop the motor to be tellin' Maister Macleod about Morag an' to say thank you in a proper manner."

"Well, I never! Mrs. Macleod there too?"

"Ay, wass she, her bonnie bit face shinin' wi' the sun on it. Thon's a sicht for sair e'en, doctor, an' it iss a good day for Skye when the like of it comes back."

"Well, this is great, Malcolm, and I'm much obliged to you for telling me. I'll push on. You're sure they were going to Portree and not to Corryvreck?"

"Ay, am I, too, but I never let on ye was up this wey, for ye never ken. They micht hae turned again hearin' ye would not be weetin' them at the door, but Kate Nicholson will be keepin' them, for I nefer saw a crater hae more truck wi' anybody that she hass wi' Mistress Macleod."

Peter smiled broadly at that, and speaking a few plain words to the car, urged her forward. She responded to the extent of breaking all the motoring commandments, and in twenty minutes he was at his own door. It opened from within, and there were the pair of them waiting with welcoming eyes and hands. It needed only the one glance to reassure him fully.

"Well you rascals, there you are to disturb the peace of a decent, hardworking G. P. How are you? But I needn't ask."

"I'll tell you," said Margaret, and threw both her arms round his neck and hugged him close. "There, I said I'd do it in front of Angus, and I have, darling Peter, because you're the second string to my bow."

Peter, though slightly embarrassed by this onslaught, managed to laugh it off.

"Didums not like to be second string, then? Well, it shall be first," she said with a bright glance of defiance at Angus, and it was she led Peter inside his own door. The smell of baked meats was in the air there with a vengeance, for Kate had dashed round to Macswann's for a leg of his best island mutton, and was otherwise preparing a fitting repast for so great, so momentous an occasion. What a night it was! They did not approach intimate things until they had left the table and foregathered in Peter's den. Then Margaret filled their pipes for them, with many a bright sly glance and sparkling quip, but it was on the creepie stool at Peter's feet she seated herself at last, so near that when she wanted to hide her eyes she could lay her head on his knee.

"Now Angus, tell the story to Peter. I've told him so many bad stories here just where I am sitting now, and had my 'paiks' too. It is your turn, and mind you tell it properly, for there are two critics on the hearth instead of one."

Angus had not her wealth of speech at command, but there was a directness, so that Peter was not kept waiting long for the momentous information that had changed the whole course of their lives.

He was not so very much surprised. He had always expected that Lady Ludlow would remember in her will the bairn he had brought home that wild night under the roof of Corryvreck.

He had also had frequent wonderings about the tragedy behind that strange event, and with the rest of them marvelled at the strength of mind and will which had enabled her to keep the secret intact. For such lack of curiosity in a world poisoned by the insane desire of the majority to pry into affairs which quite frequently concern them not at all.

"So you are sib to your wife's folk, Angus? Well, I never! Tell me, will it make it any easier for you to understand each other?"

It was the only leading question Peter put, sounding very simple, yet covering them both with confusion. Margaret smiled and glanced roguishly at Angus.

"Go on, dear; it's your night. I'm not butting in on this, Peter, and I have been on the cutty stool before."

Angus took refuge in silence. After a time silence seemed best, a silence full of unutterable things. Suddenly Peter spoke, looking keenly at Margaret.

"You're tired, my dear, and a bit white about the gills. Go to your bed now, and sleep till I bid you get up. Don't worry about Angus. The night's young yet for him and for me."

* * * * *

Margaret slept, for this was the journey's end, and her heart was at rest. She was hardly aware of Angus coming up and only learned next day that it was cock-crow before Peter and he had left the den. Kate Nicholson brought her her breakfast in her bed, but immediately thereafter she rushed down, looking adorable in a breakfast wrap of blue quilted silk, her shining hair in two long, thick plaits tied with the ribbon of blue.

"You've told Peter, haven't you, Angus, where we're going today? Kate is putting up our lunch now. Is there a car to be got at the hotel?"

"Ay, maybe, but if you bloated aristocrats don't despise the wee bus I'll take you as far as Sligachan on one condition only."

"Ay, what's that?" said Angus.

"That Angus gets the pony for you, for I forbid you to walk up to Harta this day or any other day till I give you leave."

"I walked there not much more than ten days ago, Peter, and was none the worse," she answered, but her color slightly rose.

"I'll get the pony, of course," Angus answered, and that was how they came to Harta Corrie and the Bloody Stone. Margaret mounted on the sure-footed beastie that had carried all sorts between Sligachan and Coruisk, Angus at the head, the bridle rein over his arm, walking soberly, yet with a great gladness, the blue sky above them, the crisp heather underfoot, no cloud anywhere above, below, without, or within. Wonder of wonders in a place where shadows are not few!

When they reached the Bloody Stone and Margaret got down, while the pony was left to its own sweet will, her eyes were on the eyrie.

"We'll get up there, Angus, now."

Angus regarded her doubtfully.

"Do you think you can? Would Peter let you?"

"Peter is not my guardian; he's only my second string," she answered saucily. "Come on——"

They took it easily, Angus helping her over the rough bits, and presently were sitting together on the ridge beside the cairn. And there Margaret turned to him and laid her head on his breast, and his arm enfolded her.

"This is easily our best day, Angus," she said with the swift power of making few words cover great areas of experience. "It's too lovely. Thank God, we've come to an end of talk."

He felt that way, too, and for a long time they were silent, feeling the gold and the glory of that resplendent autumn day sinking into their very souls. Something like the peace that passeth understanding encompassed and enfolded them, and they were upborne far from the things of sense and time. Presently Margaret stirred in his arms and turned her face to him.

"This is the place to tell you, Angus."

"To tell me what?" he asked, and it sounded as if there was a faint shrinking in his voice. "I can't hold any more—not just yet."

"You can hold this—I think," she whispered back, and then told him of the hope, now a certainty, which Peter had guessed—that the crown of their lives was coming to them a little further on. Angus held her close; had there been room he would have knelt at her feet.

"We shall call him Donald, Angus, and he will be laird of Corryvreck one day. Tomorrow, I think, if Peter will take us, we must go to Corryvreck."

After a long time, for they had no sense of its passage, Angus became interested in the cairn.

"You remember me putting a bit of paper in there, Peg?"

"Yes I do," she answered, smiling a trifle dryly.

"We'd better get it out, I think," he said, and laid hands upon the stones. She suffered him to lift them off one by one until he reached the little cavity, which was empty.

"Some blighter has taken it out!" he cried disappointedly. "Now I wonder—"

"This blighter!" said Margaret, slipping her fingers into her coat pocket and giving him the folded slip. "I took it out when I came here by myself, doubting everything, including myself and you. I had a very good mind to tear it up, and

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I said quite loud out that it was a lie, and deserved only to be torn up."

"And now?" said Angus dreamily as he unfolded the slip and read, "Love conquers all."

"Now I know it is true," said Margaret, and, bending down, touched the mute witness-bearer with her lips.

The End.

BROKEN SHIPS

...By ALICE McKAY...

Author of "Red Letters"

(Copyright 1928)

SYNOPSIS

..David McKinnon is president and Laura McLaine the moving spirit of the "Little Ships", an organization of village young people opposed to the liquor traffic. Eleanor Reid returns from college with disconcerting ultra-modern ideas, while her dissolute brother, Leo, has a demoralizing influence on the local youth. The league is broken up and Eleanor, despising David's simple ideals, goes to Boston in pursuit of pleasure. Judge Reid has become enmeshed in bootlegging to satisfy his wife's extravagant tastes. His attempt at suicide is prevented by Laura and the Rev. Peter McLaine discovers the secret cave, where he is struck by a falling piece of rock. David is arrested for murdering him, a bottle of liquor he has taken from his younger brother Ewan and a bloodstained handkerchief being evidence against him.

(Now read on.)

CHAPTER XIII.

The Trial.

The day of David McKinnon's trial dawned fine and clear just like any ordinary November day. There was a sharpness in the air, the harbinger of the snowflakes that fell before the day was done.

Ewan McKinnon stood in the kitchen window looking out over the hills encircling Westmere Bay. His mother was sitting at a table behind him peeling apples. She looked at the forlorn figure at the window and furtively wiped a tear away. She was determined not to show a lack of faith no matter how severe the test it might have to undergo. Yet her heart was heavy with pity for her young son's suffering. He had made a full confession of how he was for a time gripped by a thirst for liquor. He knew there was bootlegging going on but had no idea where or by whom. All he knew was that Leo Reid met him at a certain rendezvous on the cliff road and furnished him with all the drink he wanted, and that as often as he wanted. In return for this poison he paid Leo with the returns he got by selling the produce of Bayview Farm. His mother was under the impression that he was swelling his bank account with the money, and now she accused herself for not being as watchful as she should have been.

With many self-condemnatory statements, Ewan took upon himself all blame for his brother's predicament. Through his lack of self-control and stubbornness his brother was brought to shame, and he was powerless to aid him. He looked at the bare branches of the birch trees and compared them with the desolation in his own soul. Winter was indeed approaching in this home where sunshine was wont to reign. His father went about in grave silence. Ewan would rather a severe punishment than the reproach of his father's sympathy. There was no limit to the scorn he entertained for himself. He longed to go to Laura McLaine and pour out his miserable story to her but pride forbade that course of action; under the circumstances he could expect no sympathy there.

True, Mrs. McLaine had consulted with his father and with Magistrate Murray in an effort to have the matter dropped. They believed David McKinnon was innocent and did not wish to renew their great sorrow by having this brought up now. Her pleadings carried no weight against that stern master, the law. It was a matter beyond their power now, and the law would have to take its course.

The courtroom at Westmere was filled to overflowing two hours before the trial was scheduled to start. The eager spectators filled window seats and stood about the doorway.

Edith Reid, who was one of the number, deeply regretted that her husband was unable to be present. It would be a great pleasure for her to hear him pronounce the words that would send David McKinnon out of the Country for life, for Eleanor persisted in inquiring after the latter's welfare in her letters. A pretty story she would have to write her now, and she would see that it would be painted as bad as possible.

The court was set now, the jury in its place, and David McKinnon in the Prisoner's cage. He was paler for his nights in the prison, and dark circles around his eyes betrayed a lack of sleep. Otherwise he carried himself erect, with head high, and he looked the crowd of onlookers over with a hint of hauteur in his attitude. He fixed his dark eyes on Mrs. Reid's face in a cool gaze until the blood dyed her cheeks and she looked away from the story of innocence she read there.

Not a few were surprised when the witnesses were sworn in, for old Thomas Matheson and Leo Reid were among the number.

For the defence, several of Westmere's leading men testified to David McKinnon's good standing and respectability, which, although good in itself, did not assist materially in the case in hand. Ewan was then called to the stand.

With shamefacedness, but in clear tones, he told the story of his own backslidings from the time Leo Reid had forced the first drink upon him by a dare down to the night he brought the flask of moonshine home. He did not spare Leo but exposed all his villainous doings. The look of hatred and revenge in Edith Reid's face daunted him not at all. He finished up by maintaining, in the face of Leo's denial, that Leo Reid had given him the little brown paper package the night before David was arrested and bade him give it to his brother. He identified the parcel as the same one the Judge had on his desk and soundly upbraided himself for not destroying it rather than to leave it in his brother's room, a lying evidence against an innocent man.

Leo Reid was the first witness against the prisoner, and, in a few words, denounced Ewan as a bearer of false tales and disclaimed all knowledge of either moonshine or the parcel containing the handkerchief.

"Ewan McKinnon is a heavy drinker," he testified, "and no doubt imagined those things while in a state of intoxication. I can not give very much evidence in this case but this much I could say: As I walked homeward about ten o'clock the night of Rev. Peter McLaine's disappearance, I met David McKinnon hurrying away from the cliff road. His hands were in his pockets, and as he removed them hastily to button up his coat, in an effort, no doubt, to conceal his identity, he dropped something in the road. I picked it up, and here it is, Your Honor." He advanced and laid a pocketbook on the desk.

It was marked with Peter McLaine's initials and contained two ten dollar bills.

The McLaine family was called upon to identify their father's pocketbook which they did reluctantly.

"And what were you doing out at ten o'clock that night?" questioned the defendant's lawyer.

"I was visiting Mr. Matheson," Leo indicated old Thomas, "and he requested that I stay and keep his fire burning while he would be securing his boat as he feared a storm was approaching. He was delayed, you will learn the cause of his delay later, therefore, I did not start for home until a few minutes before ten."

Thomas Matheson corroborated Leo Reid's story when he took the stand, and then went on with his own. His malignant stare was fixed in triumphant malice on David McKinnon's face, and David recalled the threat spoken by the old man the morning he had destroyed his flask of liquor.

"I went to fasten my boat," said "Old Thomas," his gnarled and trembling hand pointed accusingly at David, "and when I was on my road back I heard people talking. They were arguing, so far as I could hear, and it was gittting hotter all the time. The moon was out fine and bright so I hid," here Matheson paused. He looked puzzled, as though trying to recollect something. His perplexed gaze was turned toward Leo Reid. The latter's cool stare was fraught with something undefinable.

"Well?" the judge urged.

"So I hid," repeated the old man, "an'—an' they came abreast of me. It was Rev. Peter McLaine and David here."

"Are you positively sure it was them?" asked David's lawyer.

"Of course, would ye be making a liar of me?" said the old man angrily.

"Order!" The judge's baton rapped the desk sharply.

"So I kept ahide," went on Matheson. Anyhow, David McKinnon was blamin' the minister for finding something he was keepin' ahide."

"Did you understand what this 'something' was?" interrupted the lawyer.

"It was whiskey, so far as I could make out," replied Matheson as his gaze strayed to Leo Reid's face again. "Then David struck the minister with a stick he had in his hand and he fell on the road. I was afeared to come out of my hiding, so I had to stay there. The McKinnon feller had a flashlight so he bent and looked at the man on the road—his forehead was all blood. I could see that plain enough. Then Davie here," indicating the prisoner, "took a handkerchief from the minister's pocket and wiped the blood off his forehead, but it 'pears he was gone. Then he lifts him and carries him to Ewan's boat. I follows to the shore, but when he rowed away I came home."

"And why did you keep this story a secret so long?" questioned the lawyer.

"Because I was afeared of the McKinnon boy. He is a wild one. He came into my house once and took my bottle of brandy thet I had for rheumatism and threatened to kill me if I'd tell it. But I couldn't stop thinking of poor McLaine, and a few days ago I tells my story to Leo Reid here, an' he says it's a shame to have the villain loose, an' he notifies the police."

David pleaded "not guilty" to the various charges, but refused to answer any more questions.

The jury adjourned to form their decision and in a short time returned to pronounce David McKinnon guilty of manslaughter.

After a few words with David, his lawyer declared his intention of carrying the case to the Supreme Court rather than be sent away for a life-term with so little ceremony. He would have the hearing postponed, and though that would mean all winter in the county jail, it would at least give his father and lawyer a chance to gather evidence of his innocence. David was so completely taken aback by the perfidy of Leo Reid and his accomplice, Thomas Matheson, that he would not be surprised if several more crimes would be added to his record. Always honest and straightforward himself, he found it hard to realize that anyone in their sane mind could carry through a vile scheme such as Leo Reid had prepared. He found his courage flagging when he thought of the long winter ahead with its dreary shameful prison life, and were it not for his mother he would have broken down entirely. He could see that she was keeping faith, so he took a fast hold upon himself. There was one bright spot at least in this wretched haze of unreality—Ewan was brought back from the quicksand he had been fast approaching. The younger brother was completely repentant, and although his brother was paying the price of another's folly in the eyes of the world, Ewan himself was suffering the incomparable agonies of an accusing conscience. Laura McLaine was resolved to speak to David and his brother, to tell them that despite all the damning evidence, she did not believe the former was guilty, but a tightening in her throat prevented her from carrying out her resolution, and she could only turn away in silence. The brothers mistook her attitude for disdain, and this new injury served to increase their discomfiture.

It was a lonely trio who sat about the bright grate fire in David McKinnon's living-room that night. They discussed the trial in detail and found themselves almost helpless before such treachery as Leo Reid had displayed, and the unbelievable measures Thomas Matheson had adopted to quench his thirst for vengeance. When they were through discussing the day's doings, there did not seem to be any more to say. A profound silence fell.

Ewan walked away from the grate towards the piano. He leaned against it and rested his cheek on David's violin case. His dear dark-haired brother. The tears came unbidden. Would he ever find the missing chord in the dark prison call. His mother looked on with the genuine understanding and rare sympathy that was hers. Great sobs shook the boy's frame. His father went to him and gathered him in his arms.

"It's hard, son," he said with an effort at self-control. "You are learning a hard lesson, but in some way that we cannot see it will work out for good. It is too bad poor David has to pay such a tremendous price, but we must keep faith and pray for light in the darkness."

The mother did not speak. She stood with her feet in the dark ruins of the once happy home life, but her head and heart was high in the glorious sunshine of faith and hope.

Here was the matchless beauty of one home's happiness blighted; another home stricken by a sad bereavement; an innocent boy living in shame and punishment, and another tortured by pangs of remorse, all because the latter found no harm in "a glass or two" of liquor, and because all bootleggers are not wiped off the face of the earth.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ewan's Regeneration

The chill Fall days with their long nights crept slowly on, merging sometimes gently, sometimes with blast of wind and driving snow, into winter. The hills round about Westmere took on a new and glorified beauty in their spotless garments of white, while the Bay presented each day a new aspect—being today a shining sheet of blue ice, the next a white expanse varied by grotesque drifts and dipping curves. Ever onward crept the cycle of time in its relentless course, that great wheel directed by God's own hand, changing the things humanity takes years to fashion into something new and strange, plucking a ripened life here, and dropping a new like a rosebud there, restless, ever-moving, urging all on to their reckoning.

Before the residents of Westmere realized it the snow was melting on the hillsides, the ice was floating in broken slabs on the bosom of the Bay, or piling up in picturesque heaps against the beach, waiting the command of father Sun to melt and run away, and Spring, with its renewed life and hopes, was bearing down upon them from the sunny South.

Death, the grim spectre, never idle, never disobeyed, stopped a moment in Westmere and took Thomas Matheson away to his reckoning. He was found dead in his lonely hut, and the doctors pronounced it heart failure. Daniel McKinnon's heart sank when the news of the old man's death was brought to him. He was hoping constantly that Matheson would be brought to see the folly of his ways and clear his son of the charges he had brought against him the previous Fall, but Old Thomas Matheson carried his secret to the grave, and ere this had stood before a higher tribunal than any on earth.

Judge Reid had improved slightly so that he could be moved about in a wheel chair but had not regained the use of his hands or his power of speech. His daughted was still unaware of her father's condition. Edith Reid would not consider the thought of her coming home, thereby lessening her chances for a wealthy marriage. Her vision was blinded by her love of money so that any consideration for aught else was not harbored in her vain mind. Leo continued on his wild career, but he no longer hounded his father for money because he knew what his mother did not, that there was no money to spare, and that he had mortgaged their home to procure living expenses. Leo Reid was showing the effects of his dissipated life more and more as the days went by. He grew slovenly and profane, gradually losing all respect for himself and those about him. All his mother's appeal to his pride, the unspoken pleading in his father's eyes were lost on his drink-calloused mind. Drinking to excess, yet never totally drunken, his corrupting influence was evident among many of the young of Westmere, yet he was clever enough to protect himself by always directing the blame to some one else when any of his harmful pranks came to public notice. He was artful and crafty enough to have his doings arranged so that the evidence always pointed in some other direction for the guilty person.

Of all the changes in Westmere there were none so deeply discernible as the change in Ewan McKinnon. During those brief winter months he developed into a grave, thoughtful man. All his joking and smiles were laid aside and his blue eyes had a far off look. He had fought a stern battle with self and came forth changed, but victorious, so, having overcome self, he might consider all the world conquered, as the former is the greatest enemy we have to compete with. It sends more men, and women, too, down to a terrible death than any battle that was fought on blood red fields midst crash of shell and cannon's roar.

He paid frequent visits to his brother's cell in the county jail, and, looking into his younger brother's stern blue eyes and determined face, David McKinnon counted his sufferings not in vain. David himself was resigned to his position by this time. He was at least spared the punishment most prisoners have, that is, the sting of a guilty conscience. The confined and restricted life was wearing his constitution, however, and his fine face showed lines about the eyes and mouth that were not there before. He entertained very few hopes for his release in the Spring, as his father could not obtain any material evidence in his favor. He spent many a long,

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lonely night in the grey cell thinking of Eleanor Reid, and wondering if she ever thought of him, or what her thoughts might be. It was when he let himself dream of her that he became bitter against his fate and had momentary resolutions to try and break out of his iron cage. The strong, relentless bars mocked his poor efforts, and brought him back to reality. It was just as well, nay, better, to submit in silence. Who knows, he thought, there might be some way out yet. He thought of the "Little Ships" league. Broken indeed was the once united fleet, and scattered abroad like chaff before the wind. Leo Reid was the evil power that had wrought the havoc—Leo Reid and strong drink.

Mrs. McKinnon alone kept unwavering faith and thanked God daily in her prayers that she was counted worthy of this affliction. She found a great deal of comfort in Ewan's unusual solicitude for her. He was putting forth an effort to take David's place in his mother's life, and though she was keeping that place vacant against her first-born's return, she drew much strength and consolation from his loving care and tenderness.

One bright morning May was wafted in on a soft western zephyr, and birds carolled happily in welcome to this queen of months. Green patches showed on sunny slopes and the chug of the fishermen's motors disturbed late sleepers as they put off to greet the sunrise in the fishing shoals outside of Westmere Bay. This was the month that wooed all nature to a new awakening, and filled flagging hearts with fresh hope, but to Daniel McKinnon and his family it meant only the month that David was to get his hearing in the Supreme Court. They hoped for some unknown means of proving David's innocence even when they knew in their hearts there was no hope. The Supreme Court would sit in Westmere, the capital of the county, and David's lawyer had written to Daniel McKinnon from his home in Halifax asking permission to spend the week previous to the hearing in Westmere as their guest. With his characteristic hospitality the Inspector replied in the affirmative.

Ewan, meanwhile, declared his intention of taking charge of the "Bay View Farm," and proceeded to put his declaration into action at once.

"I did not intend to work that farm, father," he said simply, "my thoughts were wandering far off to the unseen parts of the world. I meant to travel and learn something new and make a fortune for myself—but I learned enough, quite enough, right here in Westmere, and my foolish dreams have been shattered at a fearful cost——"

"Yes," said his father. "I understand how you feel,—remember poor Peter McLaine's sermon about the men of old who did wickedly and built great ships so that they might follow after the King Ahaziah, but an exacting and merciful God broke their ships so that they were not able to sail to Tarshish."

Ewan bowed his head in silence. No doubt his father's words might well be applied to his own conduct, past and present. He turned, therefore, with an almost superhuman effort to his farm, trying to drown by honest labor the growing pain of remorse that never left him.

He ploughed the fields, scorning assistance, until they lay in brown picturesque rows, the freshly turned sods steaming to the warm May sun. He harrowed it then and scattered the golden grain abroad through the mellow loam. He sent to the nursery for baby plum and apple trees and started his orchard in a sunny hollow beside his grain fields. He prepared a broad expanse by harrowing it well and covering the surface with sand. In this he placed strawberry plants and looked through the veil of the future months with faith for the fruit of his labors. The outdoor exercise brought some color back to his pale cheeks and a little of the old sparkle to his eyes. But always to mar his momentary peace came thoughts of May thirtieth and David's trial.

He thrashed about in his mind desperately for some straw of hope that he could cling to, but there was none. David would have to serve a life sentence. He straightened up from putting down his last strawberry plant and clenched his fists. If only there was something substantial that he could fight, but no, it was this terrible thing called law, and his own folly that turned now to rend him. He went over in his mind everything that could possibly help to prove David's innocence and put them all away as useless. He was in deep water indeed, and felt a great need of some sympathy outside of his own family. It seemed as though people had grown indifferent to them, treated them with more aloofness, and his heart boiled with indignation that the world should be so unjust and fickle.

Even Laura McLaine was different. Perhaps she believed that David was guilty. If only he could find out what she did believe. At that moment he knew that he would give a good deal to find out what was in her heart concerning himself and David.

As a last resort he had written a letter to Eleanor Reid. He procured her address shortly after she went away, and he sent the letter to that address. He explained their trouble in detail, not sparing his own unworthy part in it. He implored her to try and do something to help David for the sake of the dear old days when they were friends together in Westmere. Her father would help, Ewan was confident, only for the terrible affliction that bound him helpless in its clutches. He wondered if the girl would reply to his plea.

He straightened up from his gardening and shook back the fair locks of hair that crowded over his brow. They were the only part of his boyishness that remained unchanged. His thoughts strayed back to the long winter just past and he wondered how they had lived through it with its loneliness and suspense. He thought with a little twinge of triumph of the long bitter siege he had fought against his thirst for liquor. A memory of the nights he had lain awake craving, burning, for even one taste of the poisonous drink, and of how he had clenched his hands and fought prayerfully for the victory, came seeping up through the maze of other events. The period he had been drinking left its hateful marks behind in different ways. His stomach was weakened by it, and needed constant care and watchfulness to bring it back to its former normal and healthy condition. His nerve was not so steady either, and he was to have an important reason to regret this before long.

Through all his thoughts and reminiscences there floated an image of Laura McLaine, and wondering as to what she thought of it all. He looked up the length of his newly-tilled field and saw in the blur of his imagination a pretty cottage like his father's topping the level cleared space there. There would be a garden in front like David's, with pansies and sweet peas and hybrid roses. Then he mocked at his own day dreams. The McLaines would be leaving Westmere soon. This knowledge seemed to clash with the picture his fancy had painted of a home and flowers. He did not try to ferret out where the discord was, or why, yet he knew instinctively that it was there.

It was past the middle of May, and the new preacher from Pine Hill College would be coming for the summer months. He was bringing a young bride with him, therefore the McLaines must vacate the manse. It was rumored that they would go to Halifax, where Laura would teach music to help support the three demanding little sisters. Ewan sighed deeply and turned to look toward the manse. His heart skipped a beat and raced on. There was a white-clad figure speeding down the road on a bicycle. He recognized Laura McLaine. She alone of the family refused to wear black for her father. "He wouldn't wish it," she said. "I shall wear pure white like dear father's soul."

So she wore white and what cared she if idle tongues criticized. Under the white was an aching heart that many a one who wore black and sackcloth never felt.

Ewan watched her coming, and wondered what could be bringing her along the road at this particular time of day and at such a speed. His surprise increased when she stopped by the gate leading to his field and leaned her wheel against the fence. He started to meet her as she came toward him walking recklessly through newly turned sods, regardless of her patent slippers. Ewan motioned her to a path that she had overlooked, but she paid no attention to his signal. On nearer approach he could see that she was laboring under some great strain. Her usually calm expression had vanished, she was flushed and her eyes shone with suppressed excitement. She was handsome like this, and Ewan's eyes drank in the picture she presented greedily.

"Oh, Ewan," she cried breathlessly, disregarding all conventionalities, "come here quick!"

She unfolded a bit of newspaper and held it before him pointing as she did so to an item in one corner.

"Read that!" she urged, pulling his arm impatiently.

Ewan bent his head close to the golden-brown unbobbed one and read the article she indicated.

Its effect upon him was startling. Instantly he was galvanized into action. He threw aside his trowel and started homeward with the girl. They conversed long and earnestly as they walked along, Ewan leading the girl's wheel by his side.

They parted at the manse gate and Ewan walked meditatively homeward. He entered to find that Vance Cameron, David's lawyer had arrived from Halifax. He greeted him hastily and sought a private interview with his mother.

"I must go away with the car for a few days, mother," he informed her, "I will be back before David's trial. Please do not ask any questions because I am sworn to secrecy, and do not let anyone know I am away. Mr. Cameron is going with me. I haven't told him yet, but he'll go sure enough."

"But Ewan, what——?"

"Don't 'what' me, please, mother," he said gently but firmly. "And Laura McLaine is going too. We will leave as soon as night falls. Maybe you would put up a box of lunch for us."

His mother's face was a chaos of surprise and wonder, and could one blame her after all she had passed through, although a shadow of fear was there also. Ewan read all the signs thereon and folded her in his arms. "Is that wonderful faith of yours good for one more trial?" he asked her.

It was a well chosen question. Instantly the perplexed look on her face faded before a benign smile.

"Go, by all means, my boy, but be careful. Father and I are depending on you now. Go and God speed whatever your mission may be," she kissed him with the words and pushed him gently toward the door.

Ewan consulted with Vance Cameron while his mother packed a hamper of food and repeated her son's brief explanation of his mysterious going to her husband. Daniel McKinnon wondered, but maintained a discreet silence.

Presently Ewan joined them alone.

"Mr. Cameron went down to Thomas Matheson's old house," he explained, "he said he was going to look it over. I told him the door was barred, but he said he could go in at a window that was not nailed. He noticed it as Smith drove him up from the depot; I will pick him up there as we go by."

When dusk had fallen Ewan McKinnon with Vance Cameron by his side drove slowly to the manse gate, picked up a dark, muffled figure that waited there and proceeded out beyond the limits of Westmere.

It was Monday night and Friday was the thirtieth—and David's trial. Ewan McKinnon gripped the wheel and stepped on the accelerator. The car shot forward over the dark road guided by its own triangle of white light and the driver's hand. It was then that Ewan McKinnon had cause to curse the day he ever tasted liquor. His weakened nerve refused to answer the demand of the moment, and he had to reduce his speed by one-third. Cameron could not drive, and he was forced to travel at what seemed to him in his eagerness to hurry on, a snail's pace, and there was but three days until David's trial. The light from the car chiselled out Ewan's profile against the border of darkness, and it was set in a grim determination. So through the long night, under a moon that hung a white ball of light overhead, the party drove on, stopping at daylight for a hasty breakfast from the bountiful hamper Mrs. McKinnon had prepared, then on again with renewed courage and hope.

(To be continued)

JAPANESE COMMENT

Japanese newspaper comment on the proposed exchange of ministers between Canada and Japan is uniformly favorable. The Osaka Mainichi, the paper with the largest circulation in the Far East says:

Since at the last British Imperial Conference it was agreed to recognize the sovereignty of the Dominions by the adoption of the new cognomen "Commonwealth of Nations" to describe the British Empire, States like Canada and Australia have the right to exchange diplomatic envoys with other countries. Canada has already arranged with the United States for an exchange of Ministers: she now wishes to act in a similar manner with Japan.

"We are satisfied that our Government has complied gladly with the Canadian request and is now negotiating for a definite settlement of the question. Next to the United States we are vitally concerned with Canada not only because she is our neighbor on the Pacific and many of our nationals are domiciled there engaged in various capacities, but also because our commercial and economic relations with that country, important enough up to the present, are bound to increase in magnitude in the near future.

"Under these circumstances, it is fortunate that a regular and more intimate channel is to be established for the exchange of views which will facilitate the satisfactory arrangement of mutually beneficial affairs. Perhaps the first question to be discussed will be the anti-Japanese agitation in the Western states of Canada, and we hope that a precedent will be instituted when this delicate problem is deliberated upon by the diplomats of both countries."

"Kokumin" (another Japanese paper) attaches great significance to the exchange of ministers between Japan and Canada, which is bound to strengthen the cordial relations existing between the two countries. In the first place, Canada is the oldest of British possessions overseas, in the second, the trade between Japan and Canada is increasing in volume year by year, and thirdly Canada has the greatest number of Japanese settlers of all British possessions overseas. True, Canada has occasionally enacted anti-Japanese measures, but Canada's attitude towards Japan has of late taken a 'urn for the better, which is why this paper welcomes the beginning of diplomatic relations."—(Jan. 29).

Artificial graphite, an electric furnace product, is made near Niagara Falls, Ontario.

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SUPERIOR COURT
Province of Quebec
District of Montreal
No. A-24700
Canada

DAME LENA WALL, of the City and District of Montreal, wife separate as to property of MAX RUDIE, merchant of the same place, and duly authorized to ester en justice.

Plaintiff

vs

The said MAX RUDIE.

Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted in this case on the 31st day of January, 1928.

MONTREAL, February 8, 1928.
I. J. CHARNESS,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

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FARM GARDEN AND HOME

Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

Mother Helps Irish Make Hay

Another Homely Story of Pioneer Life.
By George Kingsley Reed, J.P.

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As soon as the snow melted away I got to work cleaning up a piece of land we wanted to seed down for hay. It looked to me as if at some time "way back in the dim past" some one had logged pine through here, because I discerned the outline of an old main logging road and later, old rotten skidways which aroused much of my interest.

I remember cleaning around one that was in a good state of preservation and then as I looked it over saying "some men with like passions as mine have been here long ago, have contended with the difficulties and provocations common to the 'bush' have toiled to keep the home fires burning and perhaps by this time entered into rest."

And now I come to tread over the same ground with the fires of youth kindled in my bosom, my task is to make "truth spring from the ground," the truth that whatsoever a man sow that shall he also reap, and so with both hands earnestly I continued to clean up the slash and brush that encumbered the ground.

We thought we were doing a wise thing when we sowed bags of hay seed we had gathered out of the mangers—having fallen out of the hay we had bought from another settler, but when it grew our opinion changed, for we beheld the finest crop of weeds among the hay anyone ever saw—orange hawk weed, dandelions—daisies—golden rod and many other favorites.

Of course it taught us a lesson we shall never forget, the only thing we could do with this crop was to accept a partial loss by cutting it before maturity, so that the weed seeds would not germinate and multiply again.

It was quite a task mowing that first crop from amongst the stumps, every once in a while I would "jab" the scythe point into one and get "stuck." After having done that a few times I began to feel "tossed" but there was no way out of it, we had to get it harvested, and not break the scythe either because it was the only one we had and it was a long way to the "Bay" to get another even if one had the price.

So I toiled on, taking a good sweep wherever I could, trying to miss this "snag" and that root, to mow down all raspberry bush that insists on shooting up each year, and at the same time to get as much down as I could, because on a job like this one has to work with the weather—we did not want to get any of it spoiled if we could help it.

This first day my hands were very soft and soon blistered causing me some difficulty in handling the snatch, to which at best I was no expert, and as I wanted to get a certain piece down that evening it made me hurry somewhat, and I was "joking" at it rather laggardly when I heard mother's voice behind me. "How is it going 'Irish'?" she asked, "You don't seem to get the right swing when you mow. If you want to go down to Carter's for the mail I will flatten that bit down for you while you're gone."

Before I left I stood and watched mother mow, she sure took some awful dangerous sweeps, once or twice I was afraid she would "hook" a stump or "poot" into the ground, but for some reason fate was kind to her so I went away down to the Post-Office to get my mail feeling pleased at having the hay down ready to turn on the morrow.

When I arrived at the Post Office I saw "Bill" at the door enjoying a pipe of real "Canadien" and we soon indulged in a ten minute chat. He told me about some alfalfa he had been experimentiug with. It was a complete failure, for some reason or other it does not "stand" the winter very well and he did not intend sowing any more. He asked me about my hay and many other things in general and as I was leaving I told him that mother was going right after it with a pretty good gait, and that I expected it would be all down when I got back.

But I was mistaken, for as I approached the gate I could still see the hay waving in the breeze, but I could not see mother. I thought perhaps she had been called away by one of the children getting into mischief which they often do, but even that was disproved for all was quiet in the house and mother was busy with some other work.

She did not look up as I entered the house, so I said "What happened mother? Did you jump the job?"

Then she looked up at me and said "No! I did not jump the job, I was doing fine, stepping right along until I hooked one of those birch stumps and something had to go, and that somthing was the scythe."

"Woman! You don't mean to say you've broken the scythe, what on earth shall we do? No money—everybody using theirs—no chance to borrow one and hay getting over-ripe."

Times like that make you feel like saying something but I knew it would be better not, because I may get an answer suitable for the occasion, so I bit my lip and kept quiet while I considered the best way out of the difficulty. By this time it was getting late, too late to go off to the neighbors where I thought I may get the loan of one, so I washed up, got the milk-pail and went off to milk the cow and do the evening's chores, then to supper and to thinks over my plans for the following day.

Next morning bright and early I was away to borrow a scythe and was very fortunate in finding a spare one on the second farm I went to. The owner said I could have the loan of it so long as I brought it back in good condition, that of course precluded any chance of anyone except myself using it, so as the saying goes, it was up to me.

Now if there ever was a nerve racking job its one where you are using someone else's tools, and where there is a good chance of breaking them, in fact that is what I found as I mowed away at that hay, you can rest assured that there was "joy in Heaven" when the last swath was cut and there was love at home too, more than there was the previous night, but that is the way of life here.

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band
Singing songs of expectation
Marching to the promised land.

IN APPRECIATION OF GOATS

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—I have from twelve to fifteen head of milch goats specializing in the two breeds, viz., Saanen, and Toggenburg. Among them are some wonderful milkers which will be entered in the R. O. P. test the coming season. There are some great advantages in keeping the milch goat for milk production, especially for poultrymen and fur-farmers, as well as for the small family's milk supply, as goat's milk is known world wide, to be the purest milk obtainable. I have shipped goats to Prince Edward Island east and west, to Alberta, also to Quebec province, and different places in Ontario. This will tell how the little milch goat is making a prominent place for herself not only in private homes, but on the farm too. Fur farmers are beginning to understand the value of keeping a few goats to supply milk for the little pups and also aiding, too, in keeping the adult foxes and other fur bearers healthy. Some people think that the goat can clean up any and every kind of refuse. Absolutely no. What the little goat will eat has got to be clean. She will turn away from anything that is not good. Use her kindly, feed her hay and grain and she will give in return three or four quarts of the richest and sweetest milk the best cow ever gave. Also I have made my own butter and I find it superior to any Creamery. Your paper has helped me make my milk goat industry known from one end of Canada to the other. So I think it pays to advertise. I am always willing to give information to anyone regarding the milk goat, or about feeding the milk to infants and invalids.

Aylmer W., Ont. Mrs. A. K. SMITH.

MEAT PACKING PLANTS

The majority of the meat-packing plants in Canada are models in appointments, states the Federal Minister of Agriculture in his latest annual report. Cleanliness is a striking feature in these plants. The inspection staff of the Health of Animals Branch makes every effort to continue the high standard of sanitation demanded by government regulations. Many improvements have recently been made in the plants especially by the installation of modern equipment. Non-absorbent and easily cleaned metal fixtures are rapidly replacing those made of wood. All this makes certain that the high standard of quality of the products of these plants will be maintained.

Brood sows need exercise. They also need alfalfa in the ration. If the alfalfa is fed in a rack placed some distance from the place where the sows sleep, they will get both the exercise and alfalfa.

Feeding Cuttings and Pot-bound Plants

Feeding plants is much like feeding animals or people; they must, when young, be given only such food and in such quantities as they can assimilate. Rich food forced upon a cutting which has just been rooted in sand or a seedling only started to grow will as thoroughly upset them as giving rich food to an infant.

Cuttings freshly rooted in sand should, in their first potting up, be set in soil only a little richer than the sand. Ordinary light garden loam in which there is little active plant food is best suited for them; soils highly fertilized with nitrogenous plant foods are sure to cause trouble. In the second potting increased fertility may be given the soil until gradually the plants are capable of using heavy applications of highly nitrogenous plant foods. The ability to discern when plants are getting all the food they can assimilate and when they need an increased supply comes only from experience. No

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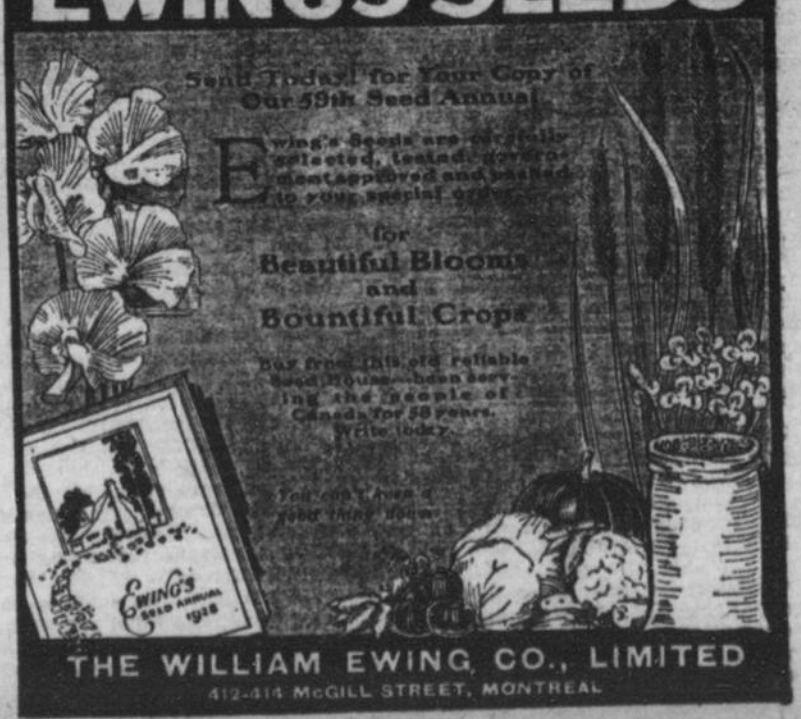

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book or instructor can give exact amounts any more than they can tell exactly how much water plants require from day to day for conditions of growth, atmosphere, weather, etc., vary.

Flowering plants should not be repotted just as they are coming into bloom. When repotting is necessary it is done several weeks before so that they will become potbound, a condition which has a tendency to stimulate flower production and retard the development of foliage and the general growth of the plant.

To these pot-bound plants it is often necessary to give liquid manures or other fertilizer. When this is the case, liquid manures are preferable and safer than chemical fertilizers. Liquid stable manure is suited for most plants and rarely injures them once they have established a good root system. Half a bushel of solid manure to fifty gallons of water, preferably rain water, may be used for almost all plants. If plants are growing strongly or in case of heavy feeders like the chrysanthemum the strength of the liquid may be doubled and a bushel of manure used to every fifty gallons. Many gardeners add a tenth part of soot to the manure in order to increase and darken the color of the foliage. This mixture should be stirred frequently and allowed to stand for several days before using.

Nitrate of soda applied in liquid form is often beneficial in stimulating well-rooted plants into rapid growth. A level teaspoon of nitrate of soda to eight quarts of water will be sufficiently strong for most plants. Care must be taken to have it thoroughly dissolved and stirred before applying it to any plant.

What Your Garden May Produce

"How much can I get into that garden of mine and what can I reasonably expect to get out of it?" "Why, bless you," as one old gardener said, "It all depends!" And it does. Any estimated yield can be only approximate, since the vegetables you will secure from a row of a certain length will depend on your soil, on weather conditions and cultural practice. But estimates can be made, based on what may reasonably be expected if you have good soil, use proper fertilization and take proper care of your garden.

From 100 ft. rows you may expect to get these yields: bush beans—one to three bushels; bush Lima beans—ten quarts, beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips, salsify, two to fine bushels; sweet corn, eight to ten dozen ears, potatoes, one to two bushels; early cabbage—sixty-five heads; late cabbage—fifty heads; onions—two bushels; tomatoes—five to eight bushels.

From this list, if you know about how much of each vegetable you can use, you can figure out the space you must allow for summer and winter use, and canning.

You need not allow for radishes as a few seeds sown with parsnips and salsify will break the crust for these vegetables and be ready to eat before they are large. Lettuce does better if slightly shaded, and a pinch or two of seed sown at intervals in spaces left between slow-growing plants will easily supply the family needs.

Because the estimate is for 100-ft. rows, does not mean that it is best to plant in such long rows. If you intend to use a horse cultivator, the 100-ft. row is not too long, but for hand cultivation a shorter row may prove more convenient. Even when the long row is used it is in some cases well to break the row by planting more than one thing in it. Corn does not do well in a single long row, or even two, it is better in a square so that the wind may not blow the pollen away, leaving many undeveloped. If you have room only for 200 feet of corn break it into a block by using for it 25 feet of the end of eight rows.

Where a hand cultivator is used, 50-ft. rows are good, but when weeding and cultivating are all done with hand and hoe it is sometimes best to stick to the old garden bed. This is especially the case where a rainy season or damp ground make a slight elevation wise. I have found it a simple matter to hurriedly turn narrow paths into trenches to carry off sudden downpours that threatened to wash out young seedlings or in long continued rain. With beds 4 or 5 feet wide and 15 or 20 feet long I could take the rain water off or dam it back to give an extra soaking when that was needed. When such beds are made it is always advisable to keep them narrow, so that the centre rows can be reached easily without walking on the bed.

In deciding how much seed the 100-ft. rows will take, some estimates of an experienced gardener may help.

A packet of peas will sow 10 feet of row. One pint sows 30 feet. One pint each of early, midseason, and late sorts, provide peas during the season for an average home garden.

The average packet of sweet corn will sow 30 feet of row. A packet of extra early and a pint each of early and midseason variety, plus a packet of a late kind contain enough seed for repeated sowings in the home garden of a quarter acre. The average packet of bush beans will sow 30 feet of row. For a constant supply sow a 15 foot row every week from the middle or end of May until the middle or end of July, or plant those that come into bearing at different times. One quart of beans will grow all that a family of five need.

The regulation packet of beets will sow 20 feet of row. For constant supply of young beets, sow a 15 foot row every week from the middle of April until August 1st. One ounce each of early, midseason, and late sorts provides enough beets for summer, autumn and winter.

One packet of carrot seed will sow a 100-ft. row and if the ground is old, garden soil you will find it germinates better if, after sowing the seed you sift or sow in your furrow a thin layer of sand.

One packet each of early white, large early yellow, and late red usually supplies onions for the average family. One packet sows 25 feet of row which, on good soil with no loss from insects should supply half a bushel of ripe onions. An ounce of seed will sow 200 feet of row.

One packet each of early, midseason, and late variety contains enough seed for the season's sowing in the small home garden. One ounce would sow a row 150 feet long. All heading varieties must be transplanted or kept thinned so they do not touch or they will not form heads.

An average packet of tomato seeds (not novelties) will give you about 300 plants. One dozen plants each of an early pink and purple sort and two dozen plants of two main crop varieties supply all the tomatoes a family or five can eat; with a surplus of five bushels for canning.

One packet of radishes sows 30 feet of row. One ounce each of extra early round and long white with one of summer and one also of the winter radish, if it is liked will provide for the year.

A packet of cabbage seed will provide more than you and a neighbor can use. For the average home garden a dozen plants each of an early and a midseason sort and two dozen each of a late and a Savoy cabbage will fill all requirements. The same number of early hot weather, and late cauliflower will serve and here also the packets of seed give more than are required for a family.

ANSWERS to Garden Questions

Scottish Heather

Dear Sir:—Could I raise heather from seed if my people sent me out some, or does it have to be grown from cuttings. —G. McL.

As a rule heather, or ling (Calluna vulgaris) is, when under cultivation, propagated by cuttings as are the heaths (Erica) but nature's way is to grow it from seed and the heather on Scotland's moors and mountains is all from self-sown seed. Ask your friends to gather the flower stalks when the seeds ripen late next summer or autumn.

The seeds are so small that it is best to cut the entire flower stalks, and, putting them in paper bags, hang them in an airy, sunny place to dry. When dry the capsules will open and the seed can be shaken out on a sheet of white paper. Make a level seed bed of finely pulverized soil. Water it well and let it drain off before sowing the seed. When they are large enough to handle the plants should be pricked off and grown on until they are large enough for planting out.

You would probably find it preferable to sow the seed in flats in a greenhouse or frames and keep them under glass until well-grown. Light, sandy soil with peat or leaf mould worked in is the best soil for them.

Supports For Raspberries, Cut Worm Bait

Dear Sir,—What is the best way to keep raspberry bushes from bending over and tangling up so it is hard to hoe or pick them. Also what is the bait to use for cut worms. Last year we had a plague of them all summer. They climbed into the cabbages and lettuce, and ate into the heads. There seemed to be a great many different kinds of them, but they all acted like cut-worms, coming out at night and hiding in the earth or dark places in the day.—C. B. R.

A couple of wires lightly supported by small posts at the ends of the rows if they are not too long will be all you need. To these the bushes may be tied. Keep each stool down to three or five sprouts. Old iron water pipes, inch and a half or two inch, make good posts for such work as they can be sunk in without digging, and are easily removed to another place.

Cutworms showed up in my locality also last year in hordes and while I had not every kind I also had many black, green, light, dark and striped, and all pests.

The poison bait recommended is 20 pounds bran, 1 pound paris green, 2 quarts cheap molasses, 3 lemons and three and a half gallons of water.

Mix the paris green and bran together while dry. Squeeze the juice of the lemons into the water and put peel and pulp through the meat grinder and add to water. Dissolve molasses in water and then stir the liquid into the bran until thoroughly mixed and dampened throughout. This is enough for several acres but for smaller amounts make in the same way keeping the proportions the same. Keep this carefully out of reach of children, animals and birds. In my garden I lay small pieces of old shingles over the bran mixture as I have many birds about. Put some of the mixture out with the first warm days and get the cutworms while green food is scarce.

Lilac Hedge

Dear Sir:—I have a fine, well-grown lilac hedge which has been kept well-pruned and looks very well, but it has never bloomed. Should it have more fertilizer or what would you advise. It was made of the suckers from some old bushes at the foot of the garden which always flower well.—Fern.

The trouble is you have kept your lilacs too trim and neat. If you wanted merely a green hedge that was quite the proper treatment but for flowers you must let the flower buds develop. If you trimmed the hedge last fall you will not have flowers this coming spring as the flower buds are then already formed. Let the hedge grow next year and if you prune at all do so when the first spring growth comes, only pinching back the ends of any shoots that threaten to grow very high.

Do not manure the hedge. The probability is that it has had too much already and so has tended to grow foliage only. You will be able to see next autumn whether flower buds have formed as they are rounder and plumper than the leaf buds. If you do not get flowers the following spring you will have to thin out the hedge a little. Possibly a dose of acid phosphate might also help.

Leaf Rotter of Fruit Trees

Sir,—Is there any good control for leaf rotter in apple and cherry trees?—J. N. H.

The leaf rotter of fruit trees is difficult to control, because of its habit of hiding in the opening buds or in rolled leaves; but the eggs are susceptible to the effect of miscible oils which, when thoroughly applied, have destroyed from 74 to 92 per cent of the eggs. The oils should be applied in the spring, at the active growing period of the tree, but always before the buds burst, and a spray of 1 gallon of oil to 15 gallons of water is recommended, the spraying to be done on a day when the temperature is above freezing. One application only is necessary.

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POULTRY TOPICS

Boosting the Industry

By Caric Harding.

It has been said that a man deserves well of his country if he makes two blades of grass from where but one grew previously. May we not carry this idea into the poultry industry and do something towards creating a greater demand for eggs and poultry meat, for by so doing we are undoubtedly helping the industry and at the same time we are educating the public to appreciate this particular form of food. When we remember that eggs are rich in lime, phosphorus and iron and that the yolk of an egg supplies us with valuable quantities of three of the known vitamines, so necessary to health, we can confidently regard the egg as one of the necessary items in our daily diet instead of regarding it as a luxury for occasional use. And as example is better than precept we would do well to commence with the good work of boosting the industry by using more eggs ourselves.

In the Victorian Poultry Journal (Australia) for January we find extracts from a lecture by Mr. Rugg, Chief Poultry Expert in Victoria that was broadcast by radio recently, which handles the subject so well that we reproduce it in part:

"In recent years the power of publicity and advertising has been invoked to promote the consumption of many particular foods. We are daily confronted with posters and placards advising us to eat more fruit, drink more milk and eat more honey. Many thousands of pounds are spent annually in telling Mr. and Mrs. John Citizen the wonderful benefits to be derived from eating some particular breakfast foods, etc—in fact, we are deluged with advertising campaigns of all kinds from cereals to dried fruits. Now, all these foods are good, and the people interested in them are to be commended for bringing them so prominently under the notice of the consumers, but what of the poultrymen and egg producers in particular. They seem to have entered into a conspiracy of silence, and promised not to tell the consumers of the important and nourishing qualities of eggs. Next to milk, the egg is probably the best concentrated food for the young, the old, the healthy, or the sick. They are a superior food, because we know they contain all the elements of life; for, when an egg is incubated for 21 days, a chicken hatches, so it must have contained everything that is needed to make up the body of the chicken—blood, bone and flesh.

"The white of the egg is one-tenth albumen and the rest mostly water. The yolk is by far the most digestible form. Eggs are rich in lime phosphorus and iron. All medical men know eggs are rich in Vitamin D, and contain Vitamins A and B as well Without Vitamin D children especially are subject to rickets, and everyone needs this vitamin to assist the body to work normally.

"The chemical composition of vitamins has not been determined as yet, but it is known that the principal sources of Vitamin D are the ultra violet rays in sunshine, cod liver oil, and yolks of eggs.

"Unfortunately, a great number of people cannot get sufficient sunshine, especially workers in offices and factories. Cod liver oil is to many people very unpalatable, but eggs can be prepared in so many appetising ways that it is rare to meet anyone who cannot partake of eggs in some shape or form.

"The great majority of consumers are unaware of the importance of Vitamin D in body building, and its wonderful health-giving properties, but medical men know that there are very few articles of food that will so quickly repair the wastage in the human body caused by sickness and restore their patients to perfect health as new laid eggs. There is little waste in the digestion of an egg, and it is almost entirely absorbed by the body.

"I read an article some time ago by Dr. Bundesen, of Chicago. In it he states: 'Vitamins are to the food what nails are to a board in building a house. If you feed a child calcium, and do not give him enough Vitamin D, he will get rickets. If you do not nail the boards together your house will get ricketty.'

"It is only because eggs are almost indispensable to the housewife that this unorganized and unadvertised industry is as important as it is today. A campaign to increase the consumption of eggs will not only benefit the poultry industry, but will improve the health of the people generally.

"Commercial men have found from experience that a mass attack through repetition of one idea, in news items, posters, and exhibits, is an effective method to follow in inducing a large number of consumers to buy an article. Now all the men engaged in this egg business are in a wonderful position to launch a campaign to increase the consumption of eggs for the following reasons:—First, because they are producing a good priced article of food unadulterated, and one that it is not possible to adulterate. Secondly, it is a food second only to milk as a nourishing concentrated food that can be recommended for young children as well as adults; and, thirdly, it is an article that is already almost indispensable to the average housewife, and only needs a little extra push and advice as to how eggs can be prepared in new and attractive ways to bring about an increased demand."

In these days of slender forms we should remember in our efforts to stimulate the consumption of eggs, that eggs are not fattening. Dr. Bundesen recently said, "An egg a day increases the baby's weight, keeps brother strong, paints a glow on sister's cheeks and lips, keeps mother young, and helps father to bring home the bacon. And this is no eggsaggeration."

While on the subject of "boosting the poultry industries," we will quote the following from the American Poultry Journal which shows from another angle the importance of the industry:

"The executive committee of the International Baby Chick Association has made arrangements for a $2,000,000 advertising campaign to boost the baby chick industry. An expenditure of $500,000 a year for the next four years is planned and a contract has been signed with the Geyer Company, of Ohio. This company will conduct a campaign this spring to secure the necessary funds. The sum of $400,000 must be collected before the campaign will start.

The purpose of this advertising is to reach people who have not yet purchased chicks. According to estimates that are based on surveys that have been made, only 25 per cent of the market for baby chicks has so far been supplied. This means that 75 per cent of the farmers of the country are still hatching their own chicks, either by hens or small incubators, which provides a big potential market for Chicks'"

VALUES OF FARM POULTRY

The average values per head for Canada for each description of farm poultry are estimated as follows, the averages for 1926 are given within brackets: Turkeys $3.08 ($2.95) geese $2.20 ($2.20); ducks $1.18 ($1.17); other fowls 94 cents (90 cents). These averages, multiplied by the numbers as returned in June last, give approximately the total values. For the whole of Canada the numbers and values of farm poultry in 1927 are accordingly estimated as follows, with last year's corresponding totals within brackets: Turkeys: No. 1,890,203 (2,088,296): value $5,817,000, ($6,161,000; geese: No. 1,135,155 (1,011,314): value $2 496,000 ($2,-228,000); ducks: No. 981,032 (913,309): value $1,154,000 ($1,069,000); other fowls; No. 46,172,095 (46,095,597); value $43,-491,000 ($41,579,000); total poultry; No. 50,178,485 (50,108,516); value $52,958,000 ($51.037,000).

By provinces the total values of all descriptions of poultry are as follows the estimates for 1926 being given within brackets: Prince Edward Island, $950,000 ($848,000); Nova Scotia $879,000 ($798,-000); New Brunswick $1,103,000 ($973,-000); Quebec $8,724,000 ($8,461,000); Ontario $22,005 000 ($20,177,000); Manitoba $4,187,000 ($4,352,000); Saskatchewan $6,-245,000 ($7,341,000); Alberta $5,483,000 ($5,104 000); British Columbia $3,382,000 ($2,983,000). The decreases in numbers and values of total poultry in Saskatchewan was mainly in turkeys and "other fowl" due to the inclement spring in that province in 1927.

As the result of a weakness in the poultry market in Great Britain, communications have been received in Canada from that country offering game birds and Russian poultry. Russian chickens are quoted at 13 pence per pound, ducks at 10 1-2 pence, turkeys 11-13 pence, geese 7 pence, f.o.b. It is reported that one car of Russian geese and turkeys has already been received in Montreal.

SUITABLE MEAL MIXTURES

The following is recommended by the Farmers' Gazette (Northern Ireland) as a good meal mixture for feeding either wet or dry:—4lb good pollard, 2lb bran, 2lb maize meal, 1lb Sussex or finely-ground oats, 1lb fish meal or meat and bone meal. If milk is plentiful and the birds have free range, the fish meal or meat meal will not be necessary. One of the objections to the use of dry mash is that it is somewhat unpalatable. If it is seen that less than 2oz of mash is consumed by each bird in the day it will be necessary to encourage better consumption. This can be done by giving at midday a quantity of the above meal mixture moistened with warm water or skim milk, and leaving the dry mash hopper open all the time as usual. A combination of the wet and dry systems is probably the most satisfactory method of feeding laying hens under average conditions. If it is intended to feed the layers on the dry system the pullets should be accustomed to it during the rearing stage. If sudden changes either in the method of feeding or in the composition of the mashes are made, a partial moult may be induced and egg production seriously diminished in consequence.

FERTILITY OF EGGS

In the seventh annual report of the Animal Breeding Research Department of Edinburgh University an interesting experiment by Dr. F. A. E. Crew, the director, is mentioned. He wanted to obtain information concerning the time or onset of fertility after the introduction of the male to the pen, and the duration of fertility after his removal. He found that fertile eggs are to be expected within 24 to 48 hours after the introduction of the male, and that the length of life of the sperm within the body of the hen is about 15 to 20 days, though in exceptional cases it may be greater. If after the removal of the male a second male is introduced the influence of the first sire is extinguished by the seventh to the tenth day. The foregoing is interesting, but the novice must not jump to the conclusion that when a sire is introduced to a pen that after 48 hours he can safely put to incubation a sitting of eggs, and expect fertility in all of them. The eggs of one or two hens may be fertilised by that time, but not so the rest. Better to wait a fortnight at least before putting down the eggs.

FEATHER-PULLING CURE

Feather pulling may be checked by dissolving powdered aloes in water and washing the feathers of the birds that have been plucked. This renders the feathers distasteful to the culprits that do the plucking. Bran moistened with vinegar is said to cure the habit in hens that have contracted it as a result of indigestion.

Mineral salts are substances contained in some foods and nearly absent in others. It has been shown that an ordinary diet may produce a fair number of eggs, but there is not enough mineral salts in the ordinary diet to keep up with forced egg production. Meat and bone meal, also fish meal, contain most useful salts, and that is one reason they are so universally used. Roughly they are calcium, sulphur, iron, bone ash, and sodium. Polished rice is practically devoid of salts, and given to the exclusion of everything else could not support life for very long.

What causes double-yolked eggs? The winning reply to this question by the Poultry World (England) was as follows: —"The feeding generally being of too stimulating a nature, two yolks mature at the same time and enter the oviduct close together, becoming enveloped in the same membrane and shelled as one. Over-feeding or anything in the character of the food that tends to unduly hasten productions may very easily be responsible. Should the condition be frequent, to remedy it one must cut down the amount of soft food, meat, or fish meal for a week, and increase hard grain, grit, and shell-forming material, and give fresh green food daily."

A carrier pigeon which fell exhausted on the deck of the Homeric on its outward voyage, has been restored to its owner after a free trip of 6,000 miles to America and back.

The use of a moist mash mixture for the laying flock will stimulate feed consumption and slightly increase egg production. The best practice seems to be to moisten the regular dry mash with milk or warm water to make a crumbly mixture. The birds should be fed the amount of this mash that they will clean up in a half hour.

A TOWER OF STRENGTH

Assets - $400,000,000

Life Assurance in force $1,500,000,000

Dividends to Policyholders increased for eighth successive year.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL

Save More Chicks!

Stop Rickets and Death Loss!

Dead chicks are money lost—so are sick ones. If you want early broilers, if you want big strong chicks, and full broods—give them the Ultra-Violet energy rays of the sun by putting them under GLASS CLOTH through the inside months. It's the greatest health treatment your chicks can have, and it's a tremendous money-maker. Replace the Brooder House glass with

The Original GLASS CLOTH

It hastens and strengthens vegetables
Big yields always certain under GLASS CLOTH because GLASS CLOTH permits all the sunlight to enter. Strong and hardy growths—easily transplanted—quickly sold. Extra profit for you!
GLASS CLOTH is easy to apply and costs far less than ordinary glass. 65c a square yard, delivered, C.O.D.
ECONOMY INCUBATOR, Results and Value.
Only $17.75 delivered, 140 egg size.
Send for free list of Poultry Supplies.

GEO. WOOD MFG. CO.

DEPT. L., REBECCA ST., TORONTO.

BABY CHICKS AND HATCHING EGGS

From pure-bred trapnested stock, in S. C. White Leghorns, White Wyandottes, Barred Rocks, and S. C. Rhode Island Reds. Better than the average. Write for prices and breeding lists. Farm under R. O. P. supervision.

RIVERCROFT FARM,
Farnham, Quebec.

BABY CHICKS and HATCHING EGGS
FROM THE BRED-TO-LAY STRAIN OF
S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS
a lot of them having OFFICIAL R. O. P. Records.
Send for Free Folder,
telling all about these wonderful egg machines.
MOUNT PLEASANT HATCHERY
42 East 24th, Mount Hamilton, Ont.

WHY BOTHER WITH BOOKKEEPING?

(Continued from page 5.)

RECEIPTS

Jan. 1st, 1927	On hand	$36.00
" 7th,	Wages	20.00
" 14th,	"	20.00
" 21st,	"	20.00
" 28th,	"	20.00

EXPENSES

Jan. 5, 1927,	Laundry	$ .50
" 7	Board	7.00
" 10	Suit	20.00
" 13	Shoes	4.00
"	Laundry	.40
" 14	Board	7.00
" 15	Car Tickets	1.00
" 16	Entertainment	.35
" 18	Donations	.50
" 19	Laundry	.45
" 21	Board	7.00
" 24	Postage	.20
" 26	Barber	.25
"	Laundry	.35
" 28	Board	7.00
"	Donations	.90
"	Toothpaste	.25
" 29	Deposited in Bank	25.00
	Total	$2.35
	Cash on Hand	33.65
		$116.00 $116.00

After keeping such an account through the year he finds that he has deposited $180 in the Bank and has $27.50 in cash on hand. A little calculation tells him that he has received $1040 in wages, which with the $36 he had on hand at the first of the year makes a total of $1076 that has passed through his hands. Taking from that what he now has on hand and in the Bank, he finds that he has spent $868.50 during the year.

This rather surprises him because he knows that his board at $7 a week would amount to $360; he estimates he has not spent more than $100 for clothes, and such little items as papers, stamps, carfare, entertainments, etc., shouldn't run over $2 a week, which would total another $100. But this still leaves over $300 to account for.

Being the kind of fellow who prefers to know rather than to guess, he takes a sheet of paper and rules it off into a number of columns which he heads with the names of the classes which he wants to separate—Board, Clothes, Washing, Carfare, Entertainment, Donations and Sundries;- the last intended to cover anything not included in the others. Then beginning from the first of the year he enters each amount under one of these headings.

Before he has gone very far he comes to: 'Alarm Clock, $3.' That doesn't fit into any of the special classes, but seems too large to go into "Sundries"; besides, that clock will last for several years (if you can believe the advertisement) so it is hardly reasonable to call it an expense of this year, anyhow. Further thought shows him that it is not an expense at all, but an asset, so he heads up another column, "Furniture."

Later on he finds several other amounts to go with it—a Dictionary at $3.50, a Reading Lamp at $5.50, a Bicycle at $18, and so on.

Let us look at the result of his analysis after he gets all of his expenditures placed in one or another of these columns. In addition to Furniture he has found another class of expenditure that seems to require a separate place for itself, the annual premium on his first Insurance Policy, $40.

TOTALS FOR THE YEAR

Board	$364.00
Clothes	116.80
Washing	26.75
Carfare	48.25
Entertainment (including summer holiday trip)	95.65
Donations	26.20
Sundries	102.25
Life Insurance	40.00
Furniture	48.60
Total	$868.50

Putting these figures in the form, roughly, of an ordinary business statement, we would have this result:—

REVENUE ACCOUNT

Income		Expense	
Wages	$1,040.00	Board	$ 364.00
		Clothes	116.80
		Washing	26.75
		Carfare	48.25
		Entertainment	95.65
		Donations	26.20
		Insurance	40.00
		Sundries	102.25
			$819.90
		Surplus for the year	220.10
	$1,040.00		$1,040.00

(Following the realization that furniture is an asset rather than an expense, it is omitted from 'Expense' and shown below as an 'Asset')

SURPLUS ACCOUNT

Balance from 1926	$ 36.00
Surplus for 1927	220.10
	$256.10

BALANCE SHEET

Assets		Liabilities	
Cash on hand	27.50	Surplus (or Capital)	$256.10
" in Bank.. ...	180.00		
Furniture	48.60		
	$256.10		$256.10

Here is a simple foundation for a set of personal accounts. In a later number we shall consider the same principles as applied to Farm Business.

The profound importance of the asset represented by the abundance of hydro-electric energy in Canada is particularly in evidence in the coal-less provinces of Ontario and Quebec, which contain the principal centres of population and manufacturing in the Dominion. Here water-power has not only enabled successful competition with the mass production of other countries but has rendered Canada's industrial structure largely independent of foreign fuel. The rivers of the Dominion which are already harnessed, running inexhaustibly from year to year, are capable of producing power equivalent to that of 27,000 000 tons of coal burned annually in steam plants of average modern efficiency.

According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics report for the year 1926 the pulp and paper industry of Canada represented a total capital investment of $501,185,000, found employment for 31,279 persons (exclusive of those employed in the woods) whose wages and salaries for the year amounted to $44,175,500, while the gross value of produce amounted to $215,488,000. The export trade of $120 in 1890 for this industry is often contrasted with the present corresponding figure of $187 559,000 to demonstrate the remarkable expansion during the intervening period.

The Douglas fir is at present one of Canada's most important woods. It is second only to spruce in the quantity of lumber cut. No other single species is furnishing so much of Canada's lumber. More than 750,000,000 feet board measure are being cut each year and this cut will doubtless increase with the growing scarcity of large structural timber of other species and as the qualities of the wood become more widely known.

WILLIAM P. TUTTLE

President of Ronalds Advertising Agency Limited, Montreal

This firm has just won the Harvard Advertising Award for the best institutional advertising campaign for 1927, with the Canadian Pacific Railway's Diamond Jubilee series, which appeared in the press throughout Canada, both French and English, during the first half of last year.

This is the first time that one of these Awards has been made to an Advertising Agency located outside the United States.

The Harvard Advertising Awards (founded, 1923, by Edward W. Bok) are offered annually to encourage merit and stimulate improvement in advertising.

POULTRY

BABY CHICKS

A-1 Quality Rock, Leghorn, Wyandotte, Red Baby Chicks, $18.00 per 100 and up. Hatching Eggs, $8.00 per 100 and up. Pedigreed Cockerels $6.00 each, and up. 36 Page Illustrated Catalogue Free. L. R. GUILD & SONS, Box 4, Rockwood, Ont. t.f.

Baby Chicks—Write Us for Our Prices and Tell Us when you would like them. Pure bred, White Leghorns, Barred Rocks, R. I. Reds, White Rocks and White Wyandottes. TORONTO CHICK HATCHERY, 408 Oakwood Ave., Toronto. 9-6

GIANTS

Improved Jersey Black Giants—A Few Fine Cockerels, ten to eleven pounds. Five dollars each. CHAS. CARTER, 124 Victoria St., Brantford, Ont.

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED

Old Hens Wanted—all Weights—Crates loaned free. WALLER'S Spadina Avenue, Toronto. 43-18

Eggs—Eggs—Eggs. We Want Eggs. We Can Use all the eggs you will have for sale. Prompt cash payment. Write for Free Price List, for eggs, poultry and dairy butter. GUNN, LANGLOIS & CO., LTD., Montreal, Que. 7-6

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Barred Rock and White Leghorn Chicks, Good Laying Strains. March and April, Rocks 19c, Leghorns 18c. 100% live delivery guaranteed. Cash before delivery. MRS. ALF. COLE, Thorndale, Ontario. 8-6

SUSSEX

Speckled Sussex Stock From Show Winners. Old and young stock. Eggs in season. MRS. CHAS. BRANTNER, R. 8, Polo, Illinois. 5-6

POULTRY BOOKS

A New Book of Poultry Lessons Free. L. R. GUILD & SONS, Box 4, Rockwood, Ont. 6-13

FARMERS' BUSINESS BRIEFS

ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-order rate of three cents per word per insertion (minimum charge 45c per insertion). SIX consecutive insertions will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions $1.50). A number or a single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made.

Copy for insertion in these columns should be in the "Witness" Office not later than Friday morning to secure proper classification in following Weekly Edition.

POULTRY

POULTRY BUSINESS

Make Poultry Pay Big Profits From Instruction given in Shaw's Home Study Course regarding breeding, housing, feeding and marketing. Write SHAW SCHOOLS, Bay—Charles, Toronto. 8-15

POULTRY SUPPLIES

PROPER FEEDING WILL LESSEN THE LOSS OF YOUR BABY CHICKS

If you will feed protein to your entire flock now and to your baby chicks when hatched, in the form of Swift's "LAYMORE" Meat Scraps, you will raise strong, sturdy and healthy chicks. Be sure the protein in your chick mash is wholesome, palatable and digestible by ordering Swift's "LAYMORE" Meat Scraps. Write for a copy of our free booklet.

SWIFT CANADIAN COMPANY, Limited,
Dept. W-16, Toronto, Ont.

WYANDOTTES

Regal White Wyandotte Book, 104 Pages. The most complete book on White Wyandottes ever published. Full of illustrations from life. Send Twenty Cents for a copy. Free—20 page Catalogue and Mating List. JOHN S. MARTIN, R. 8, Port Dover, Ont. 7-6

Cockerels For Sale—White Wyandotte, Martin or Beulah Farm strain. Apply A. HEWGILL, Streetsville, Ont. 9-3

LIVESTOCK

BEES

For Sale—Beekeeper's Outfit. A Bargain. Write for list. D. FRASER, Ilderton, Ont. 9-3

CATTLE

For Sale—A Registered Milking Type Shorthorn Bull, 1-year old. IRVING L. FOWLER, Hanover, Mich. 7-6

DOGS

Male Hound, Good on Fox or Rabbit, $10; Also Beagle Rabbit Hound: female $5. EDW. VAN ALSTINE, R. 4, Napanee, Ont. 8-2

Collie Pups, 3 1-2 Months: Heelers: Males $5; females $3. J. J. McLEAN, Beachburg, Ont.

Chow-Chows, Champion-Bred Puppies, Scientifically raised, delivery insured, photos free. BROCKINGTON, 181-R McKenna, Montreal. e.o.w.

GUINEA PIGS

Guinea Pigs For Sale.—Can Supply Clean, Healthy stock for Breeding. Exhibition or Experimental purposes. E. LOCKYER, 72 Arlington Ave., Toronto.

HORSES

Stallions For Sale—Lots of Quality. Percherons, Belgium. 3 to 8 years old. Sure getters. A. P. ANDERSON, R. 5, Litchfield, Minn. 9-2

For Sale or Exchange—65 Head Registered Percheron, Belgian, Clydesdale and Hackney stallions and mares. Prices reasonable. Terms arranged to suit. GILBERT ARNOLD, Grenville, Que. 8-6

RABBITS

Chinchillas From Registered Prize Stock. Breeding age, also young stock. OAKLAND RABBITRY, Ostrander, Ont. 6-6

Pedigreed Chinchillas All Ages, and English Wool Angoras. Price reasonable. THOMAS AUGHTON, Box 251, Collingwood, Ontario. 5-6

Rabbits—Champion Flemish Giants, New Zealands, Chinchillas. Stamp for circular. JOHN ROBERT HEMEYER, Snow Rd., Cleveland, Ohio. 6-6

LIVESTOCK

RABBITS

Registered Chinchilla Rabbits For Sale. Reasonable prices. J. N. LUCAS & SONS, Newburgh, Ont. 7-6

SHEEP

Bred Karakul Ewes—Line Bred Descendants From the first Karakules ever brought to America from Bokhara. ANGUS HOME STOCK FARM, Davison, Mich. 6-6

SWINE

For Sale—Fine, Young Yorkshire Boars and Sows, registered stock, six weeks to three months old. BOYS' FARM AND TRAINING SCHOOL, Shawbridge, Que. 9-6

WILD ANIMALS

Tested and Almost Invisible Gnaw-Proof Coyote Snares. How to Set. $5.00 per dozen. Timber Wolf, $6.50 per dozen. CLIFFORD HIRON, Gilbert Plains, Manitoba. 4-6

Illustrated Booklet—Successful Wolf, Fox Trapping. 9 Selected methods, only 25c. KREDDIG, Vegreville, Alta. 8-6

Buying Wolverine, Beaver, Cub Bear, Black, Brown or Grizzly, Otter, Lynx, Timber Wolf Pups, Marten, Fisher, Coy-ote Pups, Badger, Snowy and Great Grey Owl, Geese, Swans, Cranes, etc. Give full description and price in first letter. F. W. O. CO., Portage la Prairie, Man. 7-6

MISCELLANEOUS

BULBS AND PLANTS

Dahlias, Rose Bushes, Gladioli, Peonies, Irises, cut flower plants. High quality, lowest delivered prices. List free. LORANGER, 104 Main, Aylmer East, Que. 3-6

SEED

Seeds—New Colossea Verbena, Odorless Onion, Cocardeau Aster. Catalogue free. PRODUCERS SEED CO., Ottawa, Ont. 1-10

O. A. C. No. 144 Seed Oats For Sale at $1 per bushel, f.o.b. Kitchener, while they last: sacks free. Samples on application. JOHN STECKLE, R. R. 2, Kitchener, Ont. 9-2

GOVERNMENT STANDARD SEEDS

Grimm Alfalfa, $25 bushel: Variegated, $22: Alsike, $15: Red Clover, $22: Mammoth Red $25: White Sweet Clover, $5. All hardy home-grown recleaned No. 1 Government Standard seeds. Timothy, No. 1 Purity, $4.50 bushel: Canadian Beauty (large) peas, $2.75: O.A.C. 144 Oats, $1.15: Unhulled White Sweet Clover, $2.50. Special prices on large orders. Cotton bags included. Satisfaction or money refunded. A. C. MUIR, Ceylon, Ont. 6-6

FARMS FOR SALE

12-Acre Fruit and Chicken Farm—Close to Niagara Highway; nice location. W. KELLERBARN, 137 Gladstone Ave., Hamilton, Ont.

For Sale—Farm on Beach of Shuswap Lake, school on property. Store and P.O. one mile. M. L. MACLEAN, Blind Bay, B.C., via Notch Hill.

Half-Section Good Farm Land at Woodnorth, Man. No buildings. MRS. BARRET, 415 First Street, Brandon, Man. 7-6

200 Acres—Dairy, Fruit or Potato Farm. Near Ottawa, must be sold. Can be purchased cheap. Box P-131, Ottawa Farm Journal. 48-12

Farm Home, 35 Acres, On Good Harbor: Fruit trees bearing: large house: going concern. CHAS. ALLEN, Whaletown, B.C. 6-6

28 Acres Cleared—200 Acres Good Timber. Price $2,800 cash. WILLIAM WILKINS, Kearney P.O., Ontario. 8-6

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE

Dr. McGahey's Leg Itch Remedy. One Application stops itching, stamping, biting. $2. Heave cure for broken winded horses, $2. Kemptville, Ont. 7-6

Novelty Catalogue—Listing Latest Novelties, Masquerade Supplies, Magic Tricks, Joke Novelties, Toys, etc. Sent free postpaid. UNITED SALES CO., Station B, Winnipeg, Man.

Sufferers From Bronchial Asthma Communicate with Box 503, Moosomin, Sask., with stamped envelope for reply. No drug-forming habit. Genuine relief—never fails. 4-6

Cloth Remnants—We are offering a wonderful trial assortment arranged in remnant lengths, suitable for useful and necessary purposes, such as ladies' and Misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt and dress lengths. Also men's shirt lengths. Also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds. Money cheerfully refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Big value bundles at $1.00, $2, $3 and $5 postpaid. THE REMNANT STORE, New Glasgow, Que. t.f.

Repair Your Own Rubber Boots, Hot Water Bottles, rubbers, etc., with our guaranteed Rubber Repair Outfit. Sent postpaid for 50c to any address in Canada. Money back guarantee. LEIGHTON & BARFIELD, 4 Hospital Street, Montreal. 50-12

Novelty Catalogue—Listing Latest Novelties, Masquerade Supplies, Magic Tricks, Joke Novelties, Toys, etc. Sent free postpaid. UNITED SALES CO., Station B, Winnipeg, Man.

The Country Gentleman.—World's Largest Farm and story magazine. 36 Monthly issues $1.00. We handle subscriptions for all magazines. ONTARIO STAMP CO., Box 444, Toronto. 9-6

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

H. P. SAXOPHONE

For Sale—Paris Buffet silver plated E flat H. P. Saxophone in case, in perfect order. Apply Box 23, Newboro, Ontario. 9-3

HONEY

First Quality Clover Honey—Six Ten-lb. Pails $7.50, freight paid in Ontario. HERMAN DICKONT, Lowbank, Ont. 5-6

SITUATIONS WANTED

Single Man, Canadian, Seeks Engagement on Latest improved farm, pure-bred stock. Experienced. Wages $50 per. A. SIMPSON, Bowmanville, Ont.

BUSINESS CARDS

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

Artists' Brushes, Colors, Paper, Pastels and Canvas, also everything that an artist would require. Send for catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LIMITED, 1429 McGill College Ave., Montreal. 49-52

BUSINESS CARDS

HIDES TANNED

Robes, Furs, Harness Leather and Lace Leather, etc., made up from your hides. Send for shipping tags and new price list FREE. THE FOLEY TANNING CO., Collingwood, Ont.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mail Us Your Films—Glossy Prints 4c Each, including 2 7-8 x 4 7-8. Developing 6-exposure roll 10c. P. H. SARGEANT, 462 Yonge St., Toronto. 6-6

PRINTING

100 Cards, Envelopes, Note-paper or Tags 60c. **Name and Address Stickers 25c. 500, 75c.** PICKERING'S PRINT SHOP, Harrisburg, Ont. 6-6

EDUCATIONAL

The De Brisay Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Thorough mail courses. ACADEMIE DE BRISAY, Ottawa. 9-52

Barber Trade, Expert Tuition On Most Modern System. Success assured. "Earn while you learn." MOLER BARBER COLLEGE. Established 44 years. 914 St. Lawrence, Montreal. 30-52

The De Brisay Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Correspondence courses. ACADEMIE DE BRISAY, Ottawa. 9-52

NURSING

Private Nurses Frequently Earn $30 a Week. Learn by personal correspondence. Catalogue No. 14 free. ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, Toronto 4, Canada. t.f.

INVENTORS

ADVISORY SERVICE FREE

W. IRWIN-HASKETT,
18 ELGIN ST., OTTAWA, CANADA.
Prompt, Professional, Personal Service

Please send me FREE (1) "Record of Inventions." (2) Booklet of "Wanted Inventions." (3) "Newest Leaflets on Patents," and (4) "Full Information."

Name .....

Address .....

—MAIL COUPON TO-DAY— W.

Pooling Wheat in Canada

Copyright, Robins & Magrath, Publishers, Ottawa, Canada.

By Walter P. Davisson.

ADMINISTRATION

The Head Offices of the Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan Pools are located respectively in the cities of Calgary, Winnipeg and Regina. The administration of each organization is on a provincial basis, but is similar in all essential points—varying usually to meet conditions peculiar to the interior economy in each province.

Including the operators and staffs of "Pool Elevators" in all three provinces, and at the various terminals, there are some 1,875 employees in the service of the organized growers, with a yearly pay-roll of over two million dollars.

Then, too there is that much larger body—men and women who have served in the growers' cause, but whose names you will find on no pay-roll. "The village Hampdens"—and thousands of "unknown soldiers," who have done their "bit" on these agricultural battlefields. Let us remember them!

The various staffs have been recruited largely from the ranks of the private grain trade, and where experts were needed, the Pools have not hesitated to acquire them—at their open market value.

As was to be expected, in a movement which is shaking an old-established system to its foundations an early opportunity was furnished to test the validity of the new system, in the courts.

A certain grower refused to deliver his grain to the Pool. It was at once decided to put the provisions of the Pool Contract through the fine mesh of legal opinion. In the lower court, the decision went against the Pool, on technical grounds. Within a few months however, that decision was reversed, and the Contract upheld, by the Saskatchewan Court of Appeal. The following succinct paragraph is taken from the final verdict:—

> "If through the agency of the pool, the farmers of this province can market their grain with less expense than it it would otherwise cost them, and divide among themselves the profits which a private individual or concern would make, by placing their wheat on the market, so much the better for the farmers."

Pool office administration is grouped off into main Departments. The Grain Department, where the day-by-day deliveries of the growers' grain, at the country elevators and shipping platforms, are recorded. The Gowers' Ledger Department, where loose-leaf ledger accounts are kept for each Pool member. The Secretarial Department where contact is maintained with the country organization and the local Pool Committees all over Saskatchewan—with sub-departments for Contracts, Field Service and Publicity; the last-named coming directly under the Management. Then, also, there are the "Internal Audit"; the "Assignment"; and the "Reserves" staffs.

As each crop-year closes, the books of the "Internal Audit" staff are examined by independent chartered accountants, appointed by the Delegates at their Annual Meeting.

The creditor interests, notably the banks, trust and loan concerns, and farm implement companies, enjoy very close relationship with the Pool's "Assignment" department. Prior to the coming of these marketing organizations many thousands of farmers were "sunken in debt to commerce."

It should be recorded that those creditor interests have very completely come into line with the Pool method of partial or "spread" payments. Millions of dollars of grower debts have already been liquidated by way of assignment of the Spring and Summer interim payments on Pool grain. This feature is, for the present, inevitable—a legacy from the unorganized years.

Here is an illuminating note, taken from a report to the Board of one of the Pools, and may be taken as representative of conditions in the three provinces:

> "In connection with the 1925 Pool, approximately 19,000 claims and assignments were filed with us for consideration; and it is safe to say that one-third of our first and second interim and final payments of 1925 will have been distributed under Assignments."

In more prosperous days, it is probable that as large a proportion as possible, of these spring and summer payments, will be kept unencumbered for the seasonal use of the growers. It remains to say, that very valuable economies have accrued to the creditors, through the use of the Assignment Departments of these co-operatives; enabling them to simplify their collection problems in relation to a large body of the growers. Nor has the use of the Pool ledgers, in this direction, gone without comment from those who object to the growers' machinery operating along these lines—a form of "centralized collection agency" in their opinion.

The Contract Department records all Contracts as they come in; also gives the new member his identifying number; and keeps tab on the kaleidoscopic changes in the vast membership through land sales new location of members; and those who move out of the province; and those who die.

The necessity of the unerring contract-number becomes very plain, by a perusal of the Pool membership rolls—including, as they do, large numbers of name duplications (there are, for example, 350 Olsons in the Saskatchewan Pool!) and larger thousands who know nothing, or very little, either of writing or English.

In the "Reserves" Department separate accounts are kept for each grower, regarding the total deductions now to his credit, in both the Commercial and Elevator Reserves. The latter as already noted, is of special interest—not alone as to its investment nature, but in the fact that it carries 6 per cent revenue to all contributors to its fund.

Here is the record of what a Pool grower's Reserve ledger-sheet looks like, in connection with the Elevator deductions made from his wheat deliveries during the past three years:—

1924 Crop	4,000	Bushels	@ 2c....	$80.00
1925 "	3,000	"	" 2c....	60.00
1926 "	4,600	"	" 2c....	92.00
				$232.00
1925 Interest			@ 6%.....	$4.80
1926 "			" 6%.....	8.40
1927 "			" 6%.....	13.92

So, therefore, that grower has $232.00 invested in Pool Elevators, having an earning as well as a co-operative power. The building of that little "nest egg" is, in the majority of cases, a subconscious affair. But it is there, none the less.

The joint staffs of the Saskatchewan Pool and Saskatchewan Pool Elevators' Head Office number approximately 500. Money has not been spared in getting the best personal and mechanical equipment mobilized in the growers' service.

TWENTY MILLION ACRES

Over twenty million acres of grain was pooled in Western Canada in 1926. The figures don't carry the story very well.

The State of Indiana has an area of some 35,000 square miles. Deducting the 5,000 square miles, for the badlands, woodlands, pasture-lands, roads, rivers, villages-towns and cities of Indiana, Canada's "Pool" grain would make a solid grain-field of that entire State!

Or, let's take a simpler figure. Travel with me for a thousand miles in a straight line from the point where you are reading. For fifteen miles to the south of our train, and for fifteen miles to the north of our train, for the full trip—one vast grain-field—without allowing space for the essential roads! There you have a fairly good mental picture of the 20,000,000 acres of "Pool" grain on the prairies of Canada.

In the late summer of 1923, the first of the three provincial Pools, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, was born in the latter province. As you know, it was born in adversity. A philosopher has said that "necessity does everything well." The pools in Canada have been well-born!

In these pages you will be mainly looking over the outlines and structure of the giant keystone Saskatchewan Pool, as being typical of the organizations in the sister provinces to the East and West. But wherever the record lends itself to the blending of the three pools "in bulk," that will be done.

There are now 138,000 growers signed to the Canadian Pools. During the 1925-26 crop-year just 20,000 new members were "won" from the non-pool ranks. The word "won" is used advisedly, for there is a gigantic struggle engaged.

Taking the latest complete crop year (1925-26) the record indicates the relative strength in Pool and non-pool camps:—

Pool marketing, 190,000,000 Bus. Wheat
Trade marketing, 174,000,000 Bus. Wheat

The organized grain trade in Canada is a world model of power and efficiency. There can be no question as to that. They have already an investment of almost $90,000,000 in their physical machinery for the handling of the grain.

There has arisen, however, the war-note of interrogation as to just in whose interests that efficient equipment operates? Behind that query stands the moral power of the primary producers.

To get a glimpse at the background in the great issue, remember that there are today over 4,500 country elevators strung across the Prairie Provinces—of which but 775 are pool-owned or controlled. Remember that 52 per cent of the wheat in Western Canada moved to world markets through the Central Selling Agency of the Pools. Remember that there are over one hundred private grain trading concerns competing for that 48 per cent of non-pool wheat, and their place in the profitable sun! Remember that they simply must get the grain, or get out. And finally, please note that only 25 per cent of the Pool wheat passed through the Grain Exchange facilities in the 1925 crop-year; seventy-five per cent having flowed to overseas markets and overseas buyers direct.

Judicially, one would be compelled to admit that the bulk of the wealth, operative experience, and even mental power, is to be found in the ranks of the private traders. This is not surprising, in view of the fact that they have been operating their machine, intrenching their interests, and training their leadership for many years. They have some very solid advantages. Indeed they have all the essentials for victory—except the grain! It may be untrue to say that the paternal interest shown by the organized grain trade for the unorganized grower today, is merely the concern of a slave-owner for his slave. Nevertheless it is undeniably a fact that the non-pool farmers are enjoying a solicitude and a service for which those "traders" were not notable in earlier years. The Pool grower cannot advantage himself, without mirroring similar benefits to his unorganized brothers. As I see it, that is a most important truth.

Let us take another close-up along the country elevator "front" in Saskatchewan. In that province there are 2625 country elevators, of which 586 are "Pool"—with a program for an additional 60, in development as these lines are written. At the end of November, 1926, those pool houses in Saskatchewan had handled 59,000,000 bushels—during the same period that 81,000,000 bushels were passing through the 2030 houses of the private "traders." The Pool average per house: 124,000 bushels. The Trade average per house: 40,000 bushels!

Clearly, there's something doing, along the elevator "front" in Saskatchewan.

POSITIVE CONTROL OF LEAF CURL

The use of a strong limesulfur spray applied while the peach trees are still dormant has long been known to be a specific against leaf curl and scale. However, frequent reports of failure to control the leaf curl disease have been reported. In practically every case investigated it has been found that the grower waited too long before making the application, or else the spray was not applied thoroughly enough.

To control peach leaf curl the spray must be applied before the buds begin to swell. If need be, the applications can be made late in fall when the tree becomes dormant, but if the spraying is done in the spring, it must be done early. Moreover, the limbs must be coated thoroughly on all sides, so that no part of the buds will remain unsprayed. Strong limesulfur, one gallon in ten gallons of water, is a sure cure for curl if applied thoroughly and before the buds swell.

Cleaning Clover Seed

(A. Belzile, Dominion Experimental Station, Kapuskasing, Ont.)

The production of clover seed in northern Ontario is increasing every year. Many of the settlers are finding this an excellent cash crop with which to supplement the revenue obtained from the sale of live stock, and other farm products.

No matter how successful the farmer may be in the production of clover seed he cannot hope to obtain maximum returns unless this seed is properly cleaned and graded, so that it may be legally sold under the Seed Control Act. It is true that the seeds of many of the weeds that grow in red and alsike clover are of such size that they are somewhat difficult to remove by the sieves in an ordinary fanning mill. It is often possible to obtain from the manufacturer a few special sieves for this work which will soon pay for themselves in efficiency of the work done.

No ordinary fanning mill, however, can be expected to do as good work in cleaning these small seeds as a properly equipped and operated power cleaner. In any section where the production of clover seed is being featured by the farmers, the installing of one of these machines on a cooperative basis should prove a good investment.

At the Dominion Experimental Station, Kapuskasing, Ontario, where one of these machines is installed for custom cleaning it has been found to do very excellent work in cleaning small seeds.

After a farmer has had his clover seed properly cleaned it is necessary to send samples of the seed to the Seed Branch at Ottawa, for grading. When the grade is received the seed may be placed on the market and will always bring a much better price than will the ungraded product as it comes from the threshing mill.

Alfalfa can be grown over the widest range of climatic conditions of any legume grown in Canada. It is now being produced in every province from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Many mothers know that it's never too late to mend.

All ewes in the flock should be placed on a light grain ration about six weeks before lambing. About a half pound a day of a mixture of three-fourths oats and one-fourth corn makes a good ration.

It is estimated that at least 7,000 sheep were brought into British Columbia from the prairies last year under the policy of the Dominion Livestock branch by which the fare and reasonable expenses of a sheep buyer going into the Prairie Provinces are paid by the buyer.

FARM REFERENCE BOOKS

It is the part of wisdom to look ahead. While this is true in its general application it is absolutely vital to the farmer. In breeding, in crop rotation, fallowing and in many other ways the farmer must look years ahead. What is in your mind in connection with farm repairs and improvements next fall? Now's the time to think of it. Perhaps when you see the richest chemicals of the manure leaching away and making a quagmire of your barnyard you will decide to have a cement pit before next winter. Or perhaps it's a new stable floor, or a cistern for the cellar or a new silo or any one of a thousand other things.

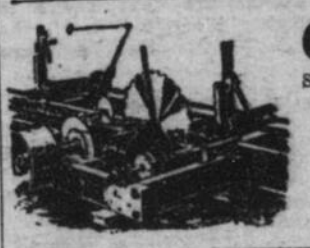
In this issue some of our advertisers are offering free books on matters which you should be considering. It won't cost you anything to get the book and you'll be "forehanded" with your improvement next fall.

Get the Profits from Your Sugar Bush

WELDED STEEL SAP PAN

This is the pan for maple syrup making on a small scale. The welding makes it practically a one-piece pan—no solder to melt or leak if allowed to boil dry. Finished around top with heavy angle steel. A pair of handles each side for lifting off fire. Durable, efficient, economical. Many in use, giving great satisfaction. Write for further particulars.

THE STEEL TROUGH & MACHINE CO., Ltd.
190 Jarvis Street, TWEED, ONT.



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ENGINES FOR BOATS AND LAND USE FOR SALE

Many Bargains. Send for lists.
GUARANTEE MOTOR CO.,
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Established 1849.
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DEALERS RAW FURS, GINSENG GOLDEN SEAL ROOT
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BISSELL HORSE-DRAWN DISK HARROWS

Have always been noted for Light Draft and Great Capacity. Now we can add

Lower Prices.

They are used from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Peace River to Florida.

Be sure it's a "BISSELL"

Made in 12, 14 and 16-Plate Widths.

Both In-Throw and Out-throw Styles.

BISSELL PRICES are FAVORABLE.

GET OUR LOWER PRICES ON ROLLERS, PACKERS AND STONE BOATS.

They CUT, TURN and PULVERIZE in all kinds of soil, where others only SCRAPE THE SURFACE. That's another reason for buying the BISSELL.

Write to Dept. "M" **T. E. BISSELL COMPANY, LTD.,** ELORA, Ontario

FARMERS' MARKETS

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 25, 1928.

GRAIN PRICES

Wheat was strong throughout the week with the exception of a weakening before the close. Opening with a gain it advanced steadily and following a depression climbed to a good gain which was offset in closing.

Coarse grains opened quietly, oats and rye showing activity farther on in the week with barley standing out at the close.

Winnipeg

	Open	High	Low	Close
Wheat				
No. 1	$1.42⅝	$1.45	$1.42¾	$1.44
No. 2	1.37⅝	1.40¼	1.38¾	1.39¼
No. 3	1.24⅝	1.27¼	1.25⅞	1.26⅝
No. 4	1.12⅞	1.15½	1.14	1.14⅝
Track	1.36⅝	1.39	1.37¾	1.38
Oats				
2 C.W. ...	.64¼	.65	.64⅝	.64⅝
3 C.W. ...	.58⅝	.59¾	.59⅛	.59⅝
Feed	.55¾	.56⅞	.56¼	.56⅞
Track	.62¾	.63¾	.62⅛	.63⅝
Barley				
3 C.W. ...	.86⅝	.89⅝	.87⅝	.89¼
4 C.W. ...	.83⅝	.85⅝	.84⅝	.84½
Feed	.80⅝	.81⅝	.81¼	.81¼
Track	.86⅝	.89⅝	.87⅞	.89½
Flax No. 1	1.83⅛	1.85¾	1.83⅞	1.83⅞
Rye 2 C.W.	1.05¾	1.07⅞	1.06⅝	1.07⅝

COUNTRY PRODUCE

Montreal.—Fresh-killed turkeys weighing 12 to 18 lbs. each sold at 40c. to 43c. per lb.; 8 to 10 lbs. at 36c to 38c per lb.; 6 to 8 lbs. at 32c to 35c per lb.; fresh-killed chickens weighing 5 to 7 lbs. each at 34c to 37c per lb.; medium weights at 31c to 34c per lb.; light weights at 25c per lb.; frozen heavy chickens at 28c to 30c per lb.; medium weights at 23c to 26c per lb.; light weights at 17c to 20c per lb.; fresh-killed fowl weighing 4 to 6 lbs. each at 26c per lb.; frozen medium weights at 24c to 26c per lb.; light weights at 17c to 19c per lb.; ducks at 20c to 22c per lb., and geese at 18c to 20c per lb.

Quebec potatoes sold in car lots at $1.20 to $1.28 per bag of 90 lbs. in bulk ex-track. Sales of small lots of choice white hand-picked were made at $3.20 per bushel, ex-store, and car lots to arrive were quoted at $3.10 per bushel, ex-track.

The market for honey was quiet and steady with white clover strained in 60 lb. tins selling at 11 1-2c per lb.; in 30 lb. tins at 12c per lb.; in 10 lb. tins at 12 1-2c per lb.; in 5 lb. tins at 13c per lb., and in 2 1-2 lb. tins at 14c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKET

Car lots of Eastern Townships No. 1 pasteurized creamery butter were held at 37 1-4c to 37 1-2c per lb., and smaller quantities sold at 37 3-4c per lb., with No. 2 grades at 36 1-4c per lb. Latest sales of western September made No. 1 white and colored cheese were at 20 3-4c per lb., and June-July makes at 20 1-4c per lb.

Eden Bond, Limited review futures on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange as follows: February opened 43 3-8c and sold up to 43 1-2c at the close. March opened at 42 7-8c and gradually sold up to 43 1-8c, closing at this price.

LIVE STOCK PRICES

Toronto.—Handyweight steers $9.50 to $11.00, choice heifers $9.50 to $10.25, good fat cows $8.00 to $8.50, fair cows $6.00 to $7.50, canners $3.50 to $4.50, butcher bulls $5.75 to $7.50, baby beef $10.00 to $11.75, milker and springer $110.00 to $125.00, store cattle $6.75 to $8.50. Calves, choice veal $15.50 to $17.00 lights $10.00. Hogs, select bacon $9.00, F.O.B. or $9.90 off cars. Lambs, good ewes and wethers $14.50 to $14.75, culls $10.00 to $13.00, good sheep $8.50 to $7.00 culls down to $3.00.

Montreal.—Good to choice steers $9.50 to $10.90, common to medium $7.00 to $9.25, good heifers $8.50 to $9.00, common light $4.50 to $7.35, medium to good cows $5.50 to $7.50, canners $3.00 to $3.50, cutter $3.75 to $4.50, common bulls $5.00 to $6.25. Calves, grassers $5.75 to $6.50, veal $11.00 to $13.50. Hogs, selects $1.00 per head above thick smooths, latter at $9.50 by packers, while local butchers paid $9.60 to $9.75 for good hogs, sows $7.75 to $8.00. Lambs, $11.00 to $12.00, sheep $5.00 to $6.50.

Winnipeg.—Odd steers $10.00, others $8.50 to $9.50, cows $7.00 to $7.50 for good, remainder $5.00 to $6.50, canners and cutters $3.50 to $4.50, bulls $4.50 to $5.50, butcher heifers $6.50 to $9.00, feeders $6.50 to $8.50, light stockers $7.00 to $7.50, good heifers $5.50 to $6.00. Calves, handyweights $11.00 to $13.00, plainer $5.00 to $9.00. Hogs, selects $8.85, thick smooths $8.35. Lambs, good $13.00, sheep $6.00.

Prince Albert.—Top steers $9.50, good heifers $6.50 to $8.50, good cows $6.00 to $7.25, good bulls $5.00 to $5.25. Hogs, selects $9.00, thick smooths $8.50, heavies shops and feeders $8.00 sows $7.15. Lambs, $11.50, sheep $6.00 to $7.50.

Moose Jaw.—Good steers $9.00 to $10.00, baby beef heifers, $9.00, good $8.00 to $8.50, good cows $6.00 to $7.00, canners and cutters $3.00 to $4.00, good bulls $5.50 good feeder steers $7.00 to $7.50, stocker heifers $5.00 to 5.75, stocker cows $4.00 to 4.50. Hogs, selects $8.75 to $9.00. Lambs $12.50, bucks $8.00 to $10.00, sheep $7.00.

Edmonton.—Good to choice steers $9.50 to $10.25, medium $9.00 down, good heifers $8.00 to $9.00, plain $7.50 down, good cows $6.50 to $7.00, plain $6.00 and under, canners and cutters $3.00 to $4.00, good bulls $4.00 to $7.50, good feeders $7.50 to $8.50, good stockers $7.00 to $8.00, plainer $6.00 down. Calves, tops $13.00, good $10.00 to $12.00, medium $5.00 to $8.00. Hogs, selects $8.85, thick smooths $8.35 off cars. Lambs $12.00 to $13.00.

POULTRY YEAR BOOK

Poultry keeping is more than the possession of a few hens, who pick up food around the stable and barn in the winter, are set in the spring and packed off to market in the late summer or fall and occasionally in between lay eggs. To the modern farmer poultry-raising is at least a recognized branch of his establishment while in addition there are the back-yard and fancy raiser of poultry.

"The Feathered World Year Book for 1928" (Price 2 shillings. The Feathered World, 9 Arundel St., London, W.C. 2) makes its appearance for its seventeenth year as a fine reference handbook, even better than ever. This annual of the British poultry industry is devoted not only to the review of the most notable breeds of poultry by experts in the English field with fine illustrations but there are many general articles on such topics as "Planting Fruit Trees in Poultry Runs," "Breed Oddities," "Green Food," "Hints and Menus" and "The Backyard Raiser." Pigeons are given a good sized section as are the waterfowl and turkeys, as well as the staple hens. For a review of poultry breeding, during the past year, a summary of the characteristics and ideal types in breeds and a general help in care of the feathered stock this book is well deserving of a place on the bookshelf of all interested in this fascinating enterprise.

THE SPEAKER'S BIBLE

Preachers in search of sermon texts and inspirational reading will find nothing better than Hastings' "Speaker's Bible," published from Aberdeen, Scotland, but obtainable through the Upper Canada Tract Society, 8 Richmond St., E., Toronto. The volume before us, covering the first half of the Acts of the Apostles ($2.25) is rich in well selected material from hundreds of the best expositors; and the Index to Modern Sermons, which is appended, forms a most valuable catalogue for further reference. The treatment of the various texts is such as to bring out the most serviceable thoughts and lessons for pulpit purposes, and the volume is throughout deeply devotional.

Okanagan Valley fruit growers have to a man signed the new Associated Growers' Cooperative contract, according to report. This contract is for one year and makes the big cooperative sole sales agency for growers who sign.

THE ETERNAL TRAFFIC QUESTION

"They shall not pass."

—Journal Amusant (Paris),

Hogs slaughtered in the Maritime Provinces at inspected plants for 1927 totalled 42,596 head, as compared with 30,990 head in 1926. This is an increase of 37 per cent in one year. In 1925 and 1923 the figures were 21,539 and 16,552 respectively. That represents a gain of 250 per cent in four years. Sheep slaughtered at inspected plants in the Maritimes totalled 618,057 head in 1927, as compared with 545,769 head in 1926 or an increase of 13 per cent. In 1925 and 1923 the figures were 20,569 and 14,437 respectively.

Among the smaller industries in Nova Scotia in 1927 was that of honey, of which 52,875 pounds was produced. The Department of Natural Resources is lending assistance to this growing industry, and it is anticipated that an increase in output will be recorded in 1928.

Shaughnessy Heights South, a new residential subdivision adjoining Vancouver's most exclusive home section, has been thrown open by the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. Clearing operations have been in progress for some months and with present road work the property will be ready for building within a few weeks. The new suburb is laid out in accordance with the most modern methods of town planning.

The larger part of Ontario is occupied by the Laurentian plateau or "Precambrian Shield," with its typical uneven, forest-covered rocky surface, its innumerable lakes in rock basins and its rivers broken by frequent rapids and falls. It is in this area that mineral development is taking place so rapidly.

The visitor to the national parks in the Canadian Rockies who leaves without having taken a trail trip has missed one of the chief joys of the region. If one wishes to know the real heart of the mountains he has to go off alone and live and camp among them. There are over 700 miles of trails in Rocky Mountains national park, Alberta, a large part of which radiate from Banff.

Among the lead producing countries of the world, Canada now ranks fifth, her output being exceeded by that of the United States, Mexico, Spain, and Australia; in zinc, sixth, with an output a little smaller than France and Germany, though only about one-tenth that of the United States, the world's greatest producer.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 222 Craig St. W., in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of the City of Montreal. Subscription rate $2.00 a year.

TEXTILE DOMINION CO. LTD

Dominion Textile Co. Limited

Notice of Common Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One Dollar and Twenty-Five Cents ($1.25) per share on the Common Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY Limited has been declared for the quarter ending March 31st, 1928, payable 2nd April, to shareholders of record March 15th.

By order of the Board,
JAS. H. WEBB,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal, February 15th, 1928.

Bathurst Power & Paper Company Limited

2625 *Sq. miles of timber limits estimated to contain* 18,000,000 *Cords of pulpwood*

DAILY CAPACITY
65 tons newsprint to be increased about July 1st to 130 *tons.*
75 tons Kraft pulp
65 tons Sulphite pulp

10,000 *h.p. developed*
50,000 *h.p. potential capacity*

Management
Canadian International Paper Co. Limited

Common Stock of no par value Class "A"
$40 per share

Carrying a bonus of one share of Class "B" Stock with each four shares of Class "A" Stock.

NESBITT, THOMSON & COMPANY LIMITED

145 St. James St., MONTREAL

Toronto, London, Ont. Ottawa, Winnipeg Quebec, Saskatoon Hamilton, Vancouver

HOW THE SUN LIFE MADE THIRTY-EIGHT MILLIONS PROFIT IN THE YEAR 1927

Participating Policyholders Receive Ninety-Five Per Cent. of Profits—Dividends to Policyholders Again Increased—Company seeks Legislation to Maintain Canadian Control.

Montreal, Feb. 29th, 1928.—The phenomenal record of the Sun Life Assurance Company is an inspiration to all Canadians. Its income of $102,000,000 is already equal to the total revenue of the Government of Canada in the year 1910, and $38,000,000 is certainly an amazing sum to have earned as profit in one year. Not many corporations anywhere can report such figures. The President's intimate, practical comments at the annual meeting explaining how these huge profits were made were illuminating.

Of even greater moment, however, were his statements regarding the danger that this great Canadian institution may pass from Canadian control. Some months ago, Mr. Macaulay referred to the activity of Wall Street in the buying of Sun Life stock, and cautioned policyholders and shareholders of the menace it involved to an institution which was founded and developed by Canadians and which has obtained its phenomenal growth under Canadian management. Subsequent events have justified these misgivings, and at the meeting today the first public intimation was given that the Sun Life directors are seeking legislation at the present session of Parliament which is intended to effectively forestall this danger.

Precautions to Maintain the Company Canadian in Character.

In concluding his address to the shareholders and policyholders the President made the following reference to the matter:—

"There is but one cloud on our horizon. Our very prosperity has created a remarkable demand for our capital stock. We desire to ensure that this great company shall always remain strictly Canadian in its control and in particular that its investments shall never come under Wall Street domination. A bill which we have introduced into Parliament will be submitted for your approval. If it is passed, it will give us the protection we so much need, and I know we can rely on the whole-hearted sympathy and support, not only of our stockholders and policyholders here present, but of our army of policyholders throughout the country."

The meeting unanimously approved of the measure in question. How important and how vital to Canadians are the interests at stake is disclosed in the report submitted to the annual meeting of the Company.

In moving the adoption of the report, President Macaulay said:—

"You gentlemen have become so accustomed to our presenting every year a statement surpassing all previous records that you come prepared to hear another report of that description. I am quite sure, however, that not one of you, in his most optimistic mood, expected a report so favorable as that which you now have. Our record for 1927 is indeed a remarkable one. Let me touch on the main features:—

Remarkable Growth, Strength and Profits

"The new assurances completed amounted to $328,000,000, an increase of over $62,500,000.

"The amount in force at the close of the year had risen to $1,487,000,000, and at the present moment is well over $1,500,000,000.

"The income exceeded $102,000,000, an increase over the previous year of $23,800,000. To me, this is very impressive. Not only has this item passed the one hundred million mark, but the increase alone is equal to what was our total income but eight years ago, which had been accumulated by forty-nine years of strenuous effort. A life company with a total income no greater than our increase would be an important corporation.

"The assets have increased by $56,000,000, and now exceed $400,000,000.

"But the most wonderful of all these wonderful figures is the amount earned as profit—$38,000,000. How great this figure is may be judged from the fact that the earnings of the previous year, in which we so rejoiced, were $20,500,000. It would be hardly reasonable to assume that our earnings of future years will continue on such a tremendous scale, and we have therefore set aside a large part of this sum to provide for future contingencies.

A Great Surplus and Contingency Fund

"Our securities have been valued on a very conservative basis, but from even those moderate values we have set aside another $5,000,000 to provide for market fluctuations making the total deduction under this heading $10,000,000.

"We have also set aside the following amounts:—

"A further $1,500,000 for unforeseen contingencies raising that fund to $12,500,000; $500,000 to provide for possible greater longevity of annuitants, raising that item to $2,000,000; and $1,300,000 to increase our reserves on tropical business; besides writing off another $1,000,000 on our Head Office and other buildings.

"We have distributed $11,100,000 in profits to our policyholders, and have also set aside $6,200,000 to cover profits accrued on policies.

"After providing for all these amounts, we have added $11,000,000 to our undivided surplus, raising that sum from $34,000,000 to $45,000,000.

Scale of Profits Increased for Eighth Successive Year

"The announcement, however, that will be received with the greatest enthusiasm is that for the eighth consecutive year we have increased the scale of profit payments to our policy holders. The basis of distribution for 1928 will call for nearly $900,000 more than would the basis of last year.

Profits to Policyholders Unexcelled in the World

"We can already say that in profitableness to our policyholders, we are not excelled by any life company in the world; but we are not satisfied and will not be satisfied until we can make an even stronger statement than that. Years ago, I told our field force that we hoped to be able to announce an increase in our profit scale for ten consecutive years. We have maintained that record for eight years, but the ninth and tenth years have yet to come, and their story has yet to be told. Our huge undivided surplus and our great contingency funds are the best guarantee our policyholders can have as to their future dividends.

Large Dividends the Result of a Wise Investment Policy

"You ask how we are able to make these huge profits. The $38,000,000 earned may be divided as coming approximately $14,000,000 from the regular life assurance operations of the company, $5,000,000 from profits actually realized by the redemption or sale of securities and $19,000,000 from increase in market values. And, of all the profits made in the participating branch, the policyholders get ninety-five per cent.

"I would not have you suppose that we ever speculate. We do not. We, of course, do not hesitate to sell bonds or other fixed-interest securities when they rise to such premiums that the yield is no longer satisfactory, but when we buy a stock we buy for permanent investment, we buy to keep, and we never sell merely because the market value may have risen to a high figure. We have, however, had an epidemic of security redemptions, and as a result we have the $5,000,000 of realized profit.

High Interest Rate Earned, With No Arrears

"Even the normal earnings of a life company depend very largely on the rate of interest it can obtain on its investments. The current rate of interest has been steadily dropping for years, and there is every indication that it will continue to drop—for how long we cannot tell. The outlook for investors in bonds and mortgages is not encouraging. That fact causes us no anxiety. We have enlisted many large groups of the brainiest, most experienced, most energetic and most successful men on the continent to work for us to maintain our interest earnings. We get their co-operation by becoming stockholders in the outstanding basic corporations of the country, so that we share in all the profits that they make. The dividends which we receive on our stock holdings are already two millions more than were payable on the same stocks when we bought them. Our interest account, of course, includes also our dividend receipts, and our record is illuminating. In 1921 the average rate earned by us was 6.07 per cent; in 1923 it was 6.20 per cent; in 1924, 6.38 per cent; in 1925, 6.41 per cent; in 1926, 6.69 per cent; and in 1927 if we were to use the same basis of calculation as in previous years, the rate would be 6.81 per cent. We, however, do not wish to show such a high rate, and as we always make a charge of 5 per cent against our interest earnings for investment expenses, you will note that we are quoting only the net rate, 6.47 per cent, after deducting that investment expense. The falling rate of interest has no terrors for us.

"The quality of our securities may be judged by the fact that not one dollar of interest or dividend on any bond, preferred or common stock listed in our assets is in arrear for even one day.

Business Doubled in Four Years

"The position we have attained justifies enthusiasm, but we must always look on the present as a mere vantage ground from which to plan for the future. What is that future to be? Year after year we have been confidently predicting the glorious future yet to come, and that promised future is now unrolling itself before our eyes in all its greatness and strength. But what of today's future? I have just been reading my own remarks of two years ago, and already the figures of which we were then so proud look small and outgrown. We have doubled in size now every five and a half years since the Company began, but our last doubling has taken only four years, and we are today growing more rapidly than ever before in our history. I predict that the figures of two years hence will make even the figures of today look small and outgrown in their turn.

Sun Life Sets Its Own Pace

"People sometimes say when speaking of our progress:—'Yes, life assurance is growing wonderfully.' So it is; but the Sun Life is not content to grow only at the rate of life assurance generally. Statistics now available indicate that in 1927 the aggregate new business of all the companies operating in the United States exceeded the total for 1926 by only one per cent and in Canada by seven per cent. But the new business of the Sun Life of Canada shows an increase of twenty-three per cent. We set our own pace. Our prosperity and popularity, and the enthusiastic support of our six hundred thousand policyholders, makes our growth both rapid and certain. The future still before us will I am convinced, be more wonderful than anything we can now imagine. And it is indeed a happy thought that all that growth in size and all that growth in prosperity mean increased service to humanity, and service at steadily lowering cost to our policyholders."

The President closed his remarks by his reference to the need of safe-guarding the future of the Company, as above quoted.

The Board of Directors of the Sun Life is composed of the following:—T. B. Macaulay, F.I.A., F.A.S., President and Managing Director; Arthur B. Wood, F.I.A., F.A.S., Vice-President and Actuary; Robert Adair, W. M. Birks, Hon. Raoul Dandurand, J. Redpath Dougall, Sir Herbert S. Holt, Abner Kingman, J. W. McConnell, C. E. Neill, Carl Riordon, John W. Ross, His Honor James C. Tory, Hon. Lorne C. Webster. Three new directors were added at the meeting—Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Ross H. McMaster and C. B. McNaught.

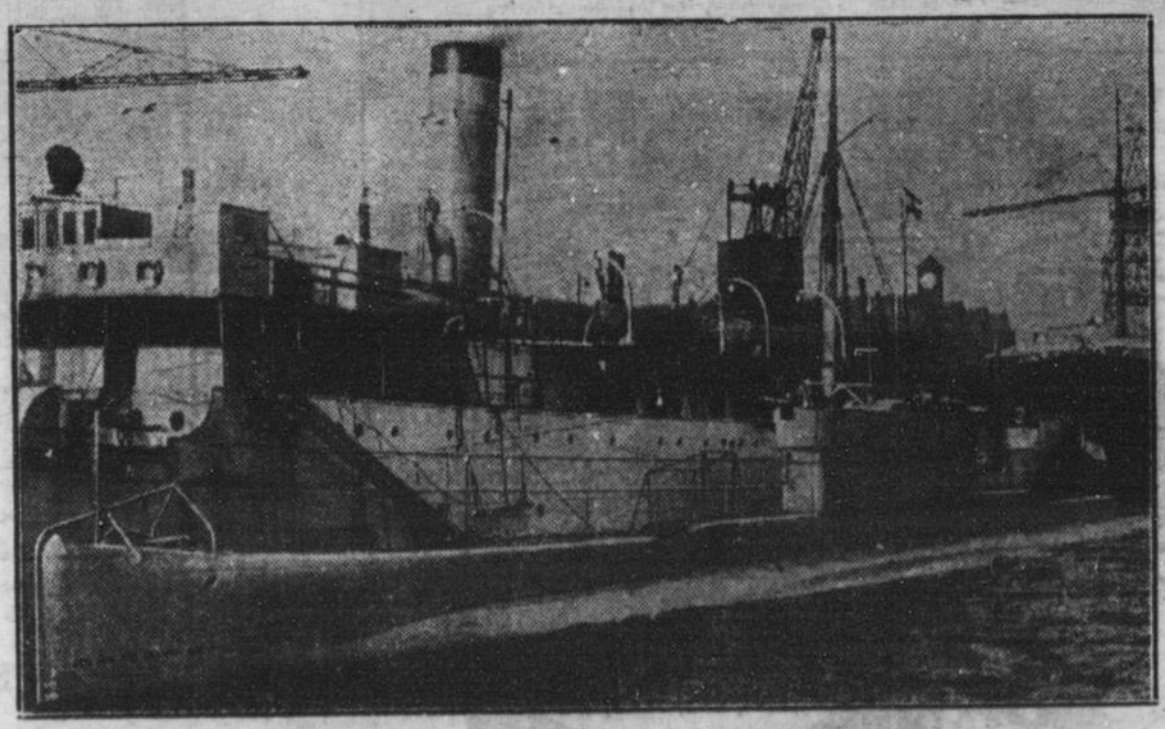
Tractor vs. Horse

The Dominion Field Husbandman has conducted an investigation with the object of obtaining as much information as possible on the use of farm tractors in Canada. In the course of the survey of the situation the opinions of many farmers throughout the country were secured. The results of the survey show that, according to the opinion of tractor owners, where a farmer has sufficient work for a tractor to do it will generally prove to be a very profitable investment. Its main advantage is that it enables work to be kept up to date. However, it should be remembered that there are many jobs which can be done more economically with horses. The place of the tractor is to supplement the work of horses and to provide power for belt work.

In summing up the results of his survey in his latest report, the Field Husbandman makes comparisons between the costs of field operations by tractors and horses. He finds that in Eastern Canada the two-power tractor not only ploughs more than three times as much per day as the two-horse team but does this at one-half the cost per acre. The tractor also shows a substantial saving for disking and cultivating, while for harrowing the horses do the work almost as cheaply. Where larger sized teams were used the costs were reduced as compared with the two-horse team. In considering these data it should be remembered that the amounts of work done per day by the various outfits are average figures and subject to change under varying conditions. In calculating the costs, horse labor was valued at $1 per 10 hour day and manual labor at $3.

Mine workers endure the heat in the shafts more easily when salt is added to their drinking water. Excessive perspiration causes a loss of salt from the body, and replacing this loss prevents much of the exhaustion that would otherwise result.

Marble staircases are no longer in fashion, and a magnificent example, which cost an American millionaire £30,000 about 12 years ago, is now on offer for 5 shillings to anyone who will take it away, as the house is being pulled down.



BRITAIN BUILDS SUBMARINES FOR NEW SEA POWER

The little inland state of Serbia, now Jugo Slavia, has since the Great War become a sea power, and to guard her coastline on the Eastern Adriatic she has instructed one of Britain's famous shipbuilders to construct two submarines of the latest type. Above is a picture of the first one to be completed. It is lying alongside its parent ship which is to escort it to Jugo Slavia from the Tyne.