WITNESS
and
Canadian Homestead

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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

Safety First Advice

A FRIEND says: "It is one thing to be on the Temperance side, but to campaign against so powerful a force as the liquor traffic, even to be so out and out for total abstinence and the education of youth is hardly in place for an all-round journal such as the Witness. It only reduces your circulation and advertising revenue. On a previous occasion I got several subscribers for the Witness and only one out of three renewed his subscription. I think you would have kept at least two out of the three had you not continued your fight. I'm for temperance too, but I think you should leave it to the organizations and their organs to do the fighting."

The advice was well meant, and also well advised if circulation and advertising was the objective of the publishers. But the fact is, they value circulation and revenue just in proportion as these may be used advantageously and with increasing effect for the welfare of humanity.

It is just because they need ask permission from no Board; that they are free to serve, just because they are absolutely independent from any circumspection that they have an influence beyond the organ among the people at large. It is not our papers that need safety first, but the rising generation; and the Witness and the Messenger will be used to enlighten and warn them to shun alcohol, so long as strength and means are vouchsafed to the publishers. And that is just one of its great adventures.

The Victory of Peace

GENERAL SMUTS, one of the world's greatest men, finds in the fact that the Paris Peace Pact commits all nations that signed it more completely than the League of Nations, but provides no process for its own fulfilment, a gap which calls for immediate attention, to remedy which he proposes an early conference of the powers. This important challenge was thrown upon the air by the South African statesman when speaking at Oxford as orator at a Rhodes anniversary. The point he made has received vivid illustration from the flout offered by the outcast power to the self-outlawed one, both of which are within the Peace Pact though both outside the League of Nations. These adjectives were not, of course, used by General Smuts. His governing theme would seem to have been, as probably is the keen desire of all large men, both within and without the United States, to pilot that self-sufficient power safely into the peace-seeking fellowship of nations, whether by front or back. Just now that power, under larger leadership than it has known since it slew Wilson, is finding its way in by way of naval conferences and by way of the World Court protocols for which it has signed, actually at Geneva. Conferences for balancing navies are a poor passage to peace, implying, as they do, a prospect of war between the negotiating parties.

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RHODES'S early dream, General Smuts said, was Anglo-Saxon unity. That dream had been amazingly superseded by world unity, actually in large measure achieved. Largely laughed at in the beginning as a Utopian fancy, "it is," he said, "nothing short of amazing that in the short span of years that has elapsed since the Great War, public opinion has come to accept so revolutionary a departure as that which the League of Nations stands for." Sitting round a table discussing intimately their differences with a court of international justice to which to refer these, the absolute sovereignties of the world find themselves under a new international constitution, under which they have voluntarily agreed to limit their sovereign rights. By deference to mediation and conciliation boards, "they have made the use of that great weapon of national aggrandisement —war—almost impossible." It is due, he says, to a world so sick at heart over the sorrows and sufferings that have been our lot **"that only a moral or political lunatic could dare to obstruct a universal movement which calls a halt to such calamities." "There is no drawing back possible any more. He who proceeds to defy the League will be a traitor and a law-breaker to a legally established order, and will be dealt with on that basis. What has been done can never be undone again."** So speaks one whose words carry as much weight as those of any man living.

The New Diplomacy

WHAT business is it of yours?" asks Stalin, primarily to Washington and secondarily to Britain and France, which have followed the leadership of Secretary Stimson in offering to help in settling differences on the Manchurian border, the other two only too glad to get the United States, whether as leader or companion, into world fellowship in pacifism. "Do you think because we have signed with you a common declaration against war that we are asking instructions from you as to what we ought to do in dealing with a neighbor? The pact of Paris gives you no such function, and you certainly do not have it as a matter of friendship. Washington has persistently refused us any recognition as a government, and Great Britain harried our London agency, finding nothing, and dismissed our representative. And now you agree to show us how to carry out our promise. Let Great Britain know that we voluntarily retired from extra-territoriality in China and withdrew all armament, which she has not done. We consider such intrusion the reverse of friendly." Unfriendly is the last word used by diplomacy before a breach of relations.

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THIS was a smart slap in the face for those virtuous powers which thought they were showing an excellent spirit in seeking how they could most smoothly restore friendly relations. Word came from Washington telling how astonished the White House was at this treatment of its friendship. The foreign office had not the very least idea that it had shown anything but a loving spirit in its offers of good offices and so its course was understood by all the west. Still the east will argue that Moscow was not the first in the game of shirt-sleeves diplomacy. It seems Mr. Stimson had also sent an identical note to both parties, telling them how world opinion would frown on any hostilities, and reminding them of their duty under the instrument they had signed. How would Mr. Stimson have liked to get such a message from Stalin or from Chiang, or, say Mussolini, concerning any question between him and, say, Nicaragua, the last place which the United States admonished with an armed force especially if the mentor had refused to be on visiting terms with him? The Chinese, whose own language is made up of exaggerated amenities, are fortunately sufficiently acquainted with the rustic bluntness of those whom their grandfathers knew as the red bristled barbarians, to be, for their part, surprised

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IN all this there is no, even covert, hint of war. The Soviet government indeed expresses the fullest readiness to come to terms with Chang, the governor of Manchuria, and implies that negotiations with him were hopefully under way when the rude power of the west butted in. They refused to deal in the matter with the Nanking government, which they had never recognized. That government had been started on its conquering course by a Soviet impulse but had hardly got established before it turned upon Bolshevism and drove it out as an enemy. Russia was at least consistent in refusing dealings with a government it did not recognize. In all here said, we are not quoting the words used, by the disputants, plain spoken as they were, only translating them in terms of familiar facts. The Nanking government seems willing enough to deal with Russia through Chang of Manchuria, provided he truly represents Nanking and does not use his position as intermediary to compromise the supremacy of that government, which his father, Chang Tso-lin never distinctly recognized. Chang Hsueh-Liang succeeded to his father, a military adventurer, as a semi-independent potentate, rather than as appointed by the National government. The last word concerning him was that he had for some reason been recalled from Harbin, where the negotiations were being carried on to his own capital at Mukden, leaving the Russians claiming that the matter was as good as settled but for this interference of the United States.

South Africa's Color Line

SOVIET gold is blamed for the widespread disaffection among the aboriginal races in South Africa. If the accusation is true, the Soviet chiefs are much less shrewd than has been believed. No doubt people of communist faith, native and foreign, are ready to take advantage of discontent everywhere to agitate against existing forms of government, but what need of Russia making expenditures from not too well-lined coffers to arouse Kaffir resentment against the Union government, when that government is noisily courting their ill-will, or to engender hatred for the dominating race when that has been done for generations by backveldt Boer farmers, imbued with the notion that the native Africans are little better than cattle, and only valuable as so much raw labor? What necessity exists of foreign agents to plot unrest, while rampant politicians rule by inflaming racial spite and when legislation forbids the so-called natives to enter skilled trades in their own country and seeks to impound them, literate and illiterate, civilized and degraded, Christian and heathen, in overcrowded and disease-infested kraals? While the new Minister of Justice, Mr. Oswald Pirow, the most pugnacious fighter in South Africa against the legitimate demands of the natives, burrows into the ill-feeling he has done so much to exacerbate, to ferret out the Bolshevik who is stirring up the blacks, he has at hand, what to observers removed from party warfare in the Union seems to be a complete and convincing answer to the riddle, in the battle cry with which Mr. Pirow and his leader, Mr. Hertzog rode to victory last June: South Africa for the whites and no votes for the natives—meaning thereby the blacks. Under that motto the Hertzog government rules by virtue of an alliance for the suppression of the blacks between two very antagonistic groups—the Boers or Dutch farmers and the labor unions, chiefly British. That victory did not merely check the progress of the natives towards political equality; it actually threw them back almost upon their position prior to the first concessions made by Cecil Rhodes, when Prime Minister of Cape Colony. That was in the days when Queen Victoria's name was freely used as an eternal guarantee to the blacks that their rights would never be interfered with.

A Shameful Reconciliation

FIFTEEN thousand native voters on the electoral rolls are proof that Rhodes's principle of equal rights for all civilized men in the Cape has not been made a dead letter. Instead of having this privilege extended to qualified members of their race in other provinces, as well-educated and adroit leaders among the blacks had hoped, they now have the mortification of seeing the black man's franchise reduced in Cape Colony and extended nowhere else. Their right to offer one of their race as a candidate is absolutely denied at the Cape while in all the other provinces they are refused any civil rights at all. In thus uniting to oppress their rapidly developing fellow-countrymen, the original holders of the land, the two dominant races have forgotten a century of animosity and bickering. General Smuts is in the political wilderness today, largely because of his protesting attitude toward this oppressive movement. Hertzog and Pirow sowed to the wind; already the whirlwind may be discerned not far off. Serious clashes between police and mobs have taken place in Natal following the organized refusal of native laborers there to pay a five-dollar tax levied upon them — not by any means the first outbreak known to history of violence after attempts to enforce taxation without representation. There is even some talk of a native insurrection; all of which goes to show how futile was the Union government's "solution" of the difficulty.

Unshackling The Giant

IN Britain, the only confirmed protectionists are the farmers and their landlords. Why? Because theirs is the only protectable interest. Its market is entirely at home, and there it fights a losing battle with imports of food from abroad, which must come in, if the products of industry are to find a market. The island is crowded with workers dependent on exports, whose work has to compete with cheap

labor wherever found and who cannot afford to have their necessities taxed. In America, the conditions have been the reverse. The products of the soil have been the one thing that could not be protected. The ground has brought forth far more plentifully than the home population could devour its fruits. It was mechanical industries whose market was at home that would tax their customers. These soon found out how to make the farmer pay them their price instead of getting larger value abroad in return for his products. There thus grew up an enormous volume of parasite interests milking the one productive one, and milking it dry. The time had to come that would reverse all this; when it would be the overfed mechanical products that would be in over supply and when their sponging on the farming interests would be intolerable, and when it would be the farming interest that would be demanding protection from outside production, and the so-called industrial interests, seeking markets abroad, would be up in arms against taxing the needs of living, and when manufacturers seeking markets outside the country would protest against taxing the return commerce.

Since the American colonies federated as a customs union, manufacturing New England has naturally been the stronghold of protection. Its appeal has been to patriotism and the safety of the country to force the cotton and sugar growing south and the wheat, corn and meat growing west to buy more dearly from her rather than more cheaply abroad, in other words, to pay her tribute. Owing to reversed conditions there now comes from the same region the premonitory note of free trade. In Mr. Clay's letter from Boston appearing in this issue, we have an instance of the turn of the tide which cannot but gather strength. Ex-governor Foss of Massachusetts, again seeking the votes of the people, is eloquent against anything that may hamper trade with Canada." It is a simple and indisputable fact," he says, "that commerce ought to flow as freely between Canada and the United States as between the States of the Union." It is now assumed all over the world that the prosperity of the United States is due to her great free trade area, in which production can develop on a large, and, therefore, economic scale. The franchise asked for by Governor Foss would economically add to the Union a market equal to that of a great state. It would add a hundred and thirty millions to Canada's markets. For the United States to broaden out the idea and make it universal would, failing a customs' union of Europe, or one of Asia, give her the easy leadership of the world.

The Intrusion of The Drama

THE theatre is going to church again. It may be in a fit of repentance, seeing that ever since it long ago left the service of the Church, it has had a bad name, and has of late fallen on evil times. Piety feared its frivolity as much as it revolted from its coarse uncleanness. Holding the mirror up to nature, it revealed, but did not elevate nature. Indeed, judging the drama of today by its advertising pictures, that by which it seeks to commend itself, we encounter indecencies which the press would not tolerate upon its pages but for the revenue involved—evidences of an atmosphere which might well account for a good deal of the waywardness of youth, so greatly deplored during the post-war decade. It even came under the ban of legislation which, strangely enough, has reserved its seductions for those who have reached the age of temptation. But it is not any ban of Church or State that has tumbled the theatre of our day. It flourishes upon denunciations. It is the assertion here, as in all things else, of mechanical devices, superseding human methods. No longer, it seems, is the laborious living drama able to hold its own, at least, at minor points, against the multiplied productions of the talking picture.

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IS this mechanizing of the drama for better or worse? No one can well deny the power of the drama as a factor in the life of communities. No one can well question its greater drawing power as compared with the pulpit. Some will question which has the greater influence in making communities what they are. So strongly is this being felt, that the drama is asserting itself in schools and colleges as an intelligent educative exercise. As in sport, and as in religion, it is certainly for the better when people tackle it themselves instead of passively receiving it at professional hands. Nay, the play is making its way back into Paradise. Churches are placarded with plays, and those have them that do not placard them. Is this "legitimate," to use a technical word? The Scripture has nothing to say on the subject. In the days when the drama reached its unsurpassed perfection among the Greeks, the Jews would seem to have had no organized drama. There is no suggestion of it, unless in that delightful picture drawn by our Lord, of children in the market place challenging each other for not playing either wedding or funeral, showing that Jewish children of old were like all children everywhere, born play actors. On the other hand, preaching, diplomacy and controversy were all carried on by parable and material symbol. The prophet, on being consulted about going to war, made a pair of iron horns and told the king: "With these shalt thou push Syria until they be consumed." That such irrelevancies should prevail over candid warning, is, at all events, a hint as to the might of teaching that enters through eye-gate.

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NOT always so obvious as in the old days of the miracle and morality plays is it the high mission of the drama in these incursions upon holy ground to instill religion and morals into minds not otherwise capable of receiving them. Where the picture or the symbol can be so used, it has its right place. Whether it enters the sanctuary by the front door, as helping a religious function, or by the back as a kindly entertainment, not for that to be scorned, it should have to face the challenge: "Comest thou in the service of the Kingdom of Heaven or of some other? If thou comest in God's name, come in." This does not mean that it should always be religious in the outward sense, any more than our daily life should be pietist and demure. But it should always be religious in purpose. Without getting piety's Sunday cloak on, a cloak which can easily be deceptive, it can serve God by serving men. It may be a mind and soul ennobling exercise or it may be a rollicking farce. What is essential is that its purpose and quality be to uplift and not to lower the tone of those taking part and of those entertained—a purpose which is not always obvious in pictures and performances, the reverse of refining, which Churches sometimes have foisted on their sanction.

Fallow Fields

AN eminent Turk has contributed to a leading Berlin newspaper, the Tageblatt, an article describing how thoroughly and finally the Turkish republic has scrapped its whole past—the sultan, and with him all connection between religion and the state, the Arabic alphabet, and practically with it the authority of the Koran and of the imam or village priest, to be replaced by the school master, charged with universal education on European lines. The hat for men takes the place of the fez and Paris millinery replaces the veil for women. Turkey is, in point of fact, to become an eastward extension of Europe. He does not foretell, probably because he cannot foresee, and recks little, as to what will replace the faith which, depending so very largely on outward performance, has received a pretty sharp thump on the head. The devout—for there must be many—will be saying with the Scots of Queen Mary's time: "A well-a-day! the auld path's away." Would that in Turkey, as in Scotland, it was being expelled by a more vital faith rather than dying in disdain. Of anything higher than worldly imitation of the long despised "giaour" (jowr) or infidel, there is no sign. The Turkey of today is but a petty remnant of a dominion which extended from the Euphrates to the Atlantic. But till this revolution set on, it was, or appeared to be, the spiritual centre and authority of a large proportion of the human race, bound to it by a faith that everywhere seemed hermetically sealed against invasion from without, but out of which the bottom must, to many of its adherents, appear to have fallen. It is a strange portent when we find the descendant of the Prophet, the Aga Khan, whose word on spiritual duty has been, and is still, said to pass as divine law for millions in India, living in England in baronial elegance with his race-horses, and in Paris, in ostentatious gaiety, and now marrying a Paris shop girl in fairyland splendor. What becomes of the faith of those millions to whom he has been the vice-gerent of the Prophet? So now in Islam, in Russia, in Japan, we have vast sections of mankind left stranded without a definite religion, groping for faith like people lost by night in mazy corridors, whose dim candles have gone out. Of these peoples, the most hopeful would seem to be the one that has been dubbed heathen, in which we find almost no organized repulsion civic or ecclesiastical of the light of life. In spite of the distracting concert of rapidly progressing science with its surprising discoveries and their revolutionary applications, religion is a permanent factor in man. His soul has a hunger for something real on which to feed, and will never rest till he finds his rest in God. There was One who said that "no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." And peoples the world over are beginning to find that He is the Way, the Reality and the Life.

Sadhu Sundar Singh

MANY friends in India and elsewhere are anxiously looking for news of the Sikh Christian, preacher and mystic, Sundar Singh, who left his home near Simla last April to keep an appointment at the Tibetan border, and who has not since been heard of. Mrs. Arthur Parker, a missionary of the London Missionary Society, in South Africa, has told the story of this truly remarkable man. Sundar Singh comes of noble Sikh stock. His father, Sundar Sher Singh, still lives, or, till recently, was living, a wealthy land owner in the State of Patiala. His mother, a Sikh lady of lofty piety, who, from his early youth had consecrated her son to the religious life, died when he was fourteen years of age. Even before his loss the lad had begun to suffer unutterable loneliness and depression. He hungered for "shanti," the Hindu term for peace and satisfaction of soul, but could not find it either in the Hindu sacred books, the Mohammedan Koran, or in the Granth, the holy book of the Sikh religion.

For the sake of a western education he was sent to a school in his village conducted by American Presbyterians, but became angered when he found that he was expected to read the Christian Scriptures. Soon he became ringleader of a group of boys who, while ready to accept all the secular knowledge they could gain from their teachers, were almost fanatical in their hatred of Christianity. "Openly he tore up the hated pages of his New Testament and burnt them in the fire. Hearing of this, his father expostulated with him, declaring the Bible to be a good book, and telling him that he should have returned it to the missionary rather than have treated it thus." Still more distressed and dissatisfied, he began again, this time of his own accord, to study the New Testament. Much of what he read brought him a measure of comfort, but there was the anguish of uncertainty. Finally one night he took a desperate resolve, thoroughly in accord with his racial traditions. Before dawn he would obtain peace either in this world or the next. A railway train passed the foot of his father's garden at five o'clock every morning, and this would be his instrument of relief, if no other way was opened.

Enlightenment

MRS. PARKER tells the story. "In Hindu fashion he bathed, and, with Testament in hand he retired to his room to spend the long night in reading, meditation and prayer. Just before dawn Sundar became conscious of a bright cloud filling the room, and in the cloud he saw the radiant figure and face of Christ. As he looked upon the vision, it seemed to him that Christ spoke, saying: "Why do you oppose Me? I am your Saviour. I died on the cross for you." His determined enmity was broken down for ever as he looked upon that Face so filled with Divine love and pity; and with conviction came a sublime sense of happiness and acceptance with Christ. At that moment there flashed into his heart the great 'shanti' he had sought so long. As he rose from his knees, the vision faded, but from that hour Christ has remained with him and 'shanti' has been his dearest possession."

However we may explain the experience—as one might seek to explain the experiences of mystics in all ages—the conviction he had gained was destined to stand many a stern test. His father and relatives, first by persuasion, then by offers of treasure, and promise of a great career, and then by harsh measures, sought to turn him from the course on which he had entered. His father's tears and his uncle's kindness almost broke his heart, but his Christian conviction was planted in the good soil of Sikh honesty and courage, and he could not be dissuaded. He was obliged to leave his home, stayed for some time with his friends of the American Mission, and was baptized in the Church of England at Simla.

"His heart now became filled with a burning desire to make known to others the Saviour to whom he had given himself unreservedly. . . . He had long felt drawn to the life of a 'sadhu', and, knowing what such a life involved he willingly made the final sacrifice for it. His books and personal belongings were soon disposed of, and on October 6, 1905, just thirty-three days after his baptism, he adopted the simple saffron robe that was to mark him off for all time as one vowed to a religious life, with bare feet and no visible means of support; but with his New Testament in his hand, and his Lord at his side, Sadhu Sundar Singh set out on the evangelistic campaign that has lasted to this day."

"In Journeyings Often"

SOMETIMES with some other Christian of like mind, more often alone, he has travelled up and down the roads of India with his simple message of the Cross. At first, having taken deacon's orders, he worked in connection with the Church of England, but soon it became evident that no denomination could hold him. Like the great English preacher, John Wesley, the Sadhu looked upon the world as his parish, and he preached everywhere and to all who would give heed to his message. . . . The sheltered life of a priest, with its possibilities of preferment, held no temptation for Sundar. . . . He returned his license to preach to his Bishop, explaining that he felt called to preach to all, and wherever God sent him. . . . From that day Sadhu Sundar Singh made himself the possession of Christians of all creeds and also set himself free

for a mighty work amongst non-Christians all over India."

His travels took him through many of the native states, the Punjab, the Central Provinces, the Himalayas, South India, Ceylon, more than once into Tibet, and more recently through Burma, the Malay States, and Singapore to Japan and China. He twice visited Britain. Once in London, calling upon a lady, the young girl that opened the door ran to her mistress, frightened. What was he like? she asked. He looked like the Lord Jesus. At one time it was suggested that he should come to Canada to work among the Sikhs in British Columbia, but he was hindered by the immigration restrictions. His adventures have paralleled St. Paul's "Odyssey of Woes", and, as in St. Paul's case, they have included many escapes which were apparently miraculous, and have been accompanied by mystical experiences. Sometimes, and by men of all religions, he has been received with great kindness; at other times, especially in Tibet, he has been subjected to bitter persecution. About ten years ago he had the great delight of welcoming his aged father into the Christian Church. A few years ago he wrote: "I thank God that He has chosen unworthy me in the days of my youth that I may spend the days of my strength in His service . . . now although I have suffered . . . innumerable evils, yet I thank and bless His holy Name that through His grace my heart is ever full of joy. From my ten years' experience I can unhesitatingly say that the Cross bears those who bear the Cross."

Sundar Singh may be taken as a type of the future Christian India, mystical and devout, beyond western knowledge. He organized no church, founded no school, but on thousands of lives he has made deep impress. Whether he will return to his friends, or whether, like Moses, he sleeps in some valley in the mountains, his work will surely abide.

The Sadhu set out last April to visit some Christians in a lonely place in Tibet, planning to return, or at least, report in July. No word coming, two missionaries set out upon his track which led over a pass eighteen thousand feet high, frequented by pilgrims and at the time infested by cholera. Had he perished by the way, there would have been no record. But he has been "in deaths oft."

Significants

By Dr. D. L. Ritchie.

(This good friend and frequent contributor to the Witness, now on leave in Europe, sends some first hand impressions of political and ecclesiastical developments in England.)

IN the public life of Britain, many things of moment happen every day, but every now and again incidents of great significance occur which it is well to mark as of importance for the future. By the unthinking, such things are often overlooked until these plain issues startle them with surprise.

Lone Wolf Beaverbrook

THE first was the rejection by the House of Lords of Lord Beaverbrook's idea of a tariff-bound Empire with free trade within its various parts. Its fate was worse than rejection, for in that fortress of the interests and stronghold of Protection, his lordship could not get a solitary voice to support him. Of late, Lord Beaverbrook, now a newspaper baron, has been a "press-stuntist," making his widely circulated paper the "Express" the daily vehicle of a furious campaign to revive Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's imperialistic tariff-reform proposals. True, he did it under the new name of a "Free Trade Empire," but only the unwary and unthinking could be deceived by that. On every page, plainly written, his idea was an empire with tariffs against the world and with free-trade within itself. After some weeks of advocacy and all manner of suggestion in his paper, he ventured on a resolution in the House of Lords only to find his whole idea both riddled and frozen out. It was shot to pieces with a few facts from his own side of the House. In his crazy proposal, he had forgotten India and Australia. He had forgotten even Canada and its historic fiscal policy. He did not see that he was proposing a policy of starvation for Britain by suggesting that it should give up foreign trade with hundreds of millions of white people outside of the Empire for increased trade with a few score millions within it. He forgot that his policy had again and again been decisively rejected by the British people. He had forgotten the British farmer while proposing to starve the millions of British industrialists. He has evidently never thought that a tax on food, raising prices, would ruin Britain. So completely in the air has been his "stunt" that when, instead of shrieking it daily from the housetops in his paper, he came to propose it among his peers, there was not even one to do it reverence. Of course Lord Arnold, the Government spokesman, armed with facts, made short shrift of it, but even Lord Cushenden —the unkindest cut of all—trampled it under foot. It is surely very significant that in the House of Lords Lord Beaverbrook was left alone with his craze.

One would think that the apostles of scarcity for the masses would learn a lesson, and come to see that their economic quackeries for increasing trade in a country are foolish. Henry Ford, a bluntly honest man, told them only the other day the truth that the only way to revive trade is to increase the purchasing power of the mass of the people, and that can be done only by lowering prices, increasing wages and directing spending into profitable channels. Even in Britain, prices are too high for wages. To increase the latter always means strife between capital and labor. It is surely the business of governments, therefore, to keep open every road that leads to prices free from artificial burdens that fill the pockets of the few at the cost of the many. But class-prejudice, party-politics, and greed blind even clever men to plain facts.

The Shadow of Disestablishment

ANOTHER significant incident was the request by a procession of more than two hundred led by Anglican clergymen to the Bishop of Truro that he should resign his See, because of his defiance of Parliament and of the laws of England. Bishop Frere is a devoted Anglo-Catholic, as a man and hard-working bishop greatly esteemed. But he has ordered that the Prayer-book, twice rejected by the House of Commons, should be used according to the decision of the Bishops in his Cathedral Church at Truro, and has caused much dissatisfaction in his diocese. It is only an incident, but in the present condition of ecclesastical England whereunto is this thing to grow? Requesting a bishop to resign! and in England!—it is an unheard of happening. What next?

The plain fact is that the bishops have placed themselves in an impossible position. It may have been done of set purpose to force an issue. They are bishops of a parliamentary church; parliament rejected their revised prayer-book as a book that can be legally used in public worship in the state church. They have decided to permit the use of the greater part of it. Meanwhile, they and their clergy are under contract to the state, and under vows to obey the laws of the realm as made by parliament. It is clearly an impossible position, and in the judgment of many plain people with no taste for ecclesiastical sophistry, an immoral one too. In England contracts are still contracts and vows are still vows.

English people are not easily roused on matters ecclesiastical, but there is widespread discontent even while millions simply ignore the Church. The Free churches meanwhile are quiet, for the present condition of institutional religion in England is too serious for ecclesiastical squabbles if they can possibly be avoided. The politicians of all parties do not want to touch the matter, for it cuts across all their interests; and unemployment and crushing taxation are big enough problems without the heat of ecclesiastical strife. Many within the State church fear disestablishment and say little, while they are much troubled. Clearly the present situation cannot be long endured. The Bishop of Durham—until recently a stout erastian, advocates disestablishment. The Bishop of Liverpool has publicly declared three defiant clergymen as outside the fellowship. Several congregations, after mob riots at worship, have demanded the removal of their vicars. There is smouldering unrest both on the Anglo-Catholic and Protestant sides of the Anglican church. And at Truro the resignation of the Bishop is demanded by a section. What next? Can the Church escape disestablishment?

Lloyd George

NOTHING is plainer than that Mr. Lloyd George has again become the dominating personality in the British House of Commons. Immediately he gets to his feet, the house rapidly fills, eager to hear its most powerful and dangerous debater; and so far as this session is concerned, his hearers have never been sent away disappointed. They have always listened to some form of masterly attack, or skilful exposition. One can understand how ministers dread him. There is a sense in which he holds them in the hollow of his hand, for he has only to ally himself on some issue with the Tories, and their days of office are over. He has already given them warnings, some call them threats, that, unless they give early evidence of doing something effective for unemployment, they cannot be suffered to continue with pretences. On the other hand, while severe on Mr. J. H. Thomas for promises without performances and vague speeches instead of deeds, he has been suggestive, helpful and conciliatory. Twice he has saved main measures from destruction by supporting their second reading, and it would be wise for the Prime Minister to accept the Liberal leader's ready response to the appeal to make the House of Commons a Council of the Nation; for, so far, in his sometimes devastating criticism, he has not been merely factious. Terrible enough, no doubt, he has repeatedly been with his biting sarcasm, pitiless humor and flashing metaphors; but it is plain that he wants this Labor Government to have a fair chance of showing what it can do.

He is a striking example of what power a skilful and dauntless debator can be in a deliberative assembly. He has all the gifts—the circumstantials and accessories too. He is naturally a master of assemblies. He has had a life-long experience of the House of Commons, and is now Father of the House, having never been defeated at an election since he first entered it. He has held many offices as a Minister of the Crown. He knows well the highways, avenues, bye paths, and back stairs, too, of controversial politics; and yet it is a certain personal quality, rather a combination of qualities, that gives him pre-eminence. His gay courage, his swift imagination, his ready wit and destructive humor, his rapier-like repartee and lightning retort, his poise, his musical voice, mobile countenance, and merry or flashing eyes, combined with sheer delight in the fray and a swiftness of intuition that seems to pierce into an opponent's mind, all make him a foe to be feared, or a friend who is a host in himself. And the short life of this Parliament has already given proof that he has still all his weapons burnished and at easy command.

He told Mr. J. H. Thomas, a railway man, that he must "get off his engine and survey the whole problem, if he is to handle the unemployment tragedy."

On the Indian question he described Mr. Lansbury as dancing joyfully before the ark, while the Secretary for India (a small man), as a pocket edition of Moses, thought he had "a right to change the tables and the ordinances." Quickly the Secretary replied: "But I have not worshipped the Golden Calf," to be met with the swift retort: "The Hon. gentleman (who had left Liberalism for Labor), has proved that he has an eye for the main chance. The fatted calf his new friends gave him clearly has its golden side."

He has described the Prime Minister as meeting upstairs with his creditors, pleading piteously for time and he would pay up to the full. Meanwhile he declares a dividend of sixpence in the pound.

He has named the Clydeside Socialist members, who have been harrying the government, "those overprincipled ruffians" who want promises kept to the letter, but reminded the Prime Minister, "that the Romans never made the mistake of trying to buy off the Picts and Scots with a spoonful of cold porridge."

These are a few samples of the mordant wit, the expansive humor and crushing retort with which he has been regaling the House to the delight of the Opposition and discomfiture of the government. From them one can see how he is the pride of his friends and the terror of his opponents.

What of his future? Is he playing for a government of all the parties with himself as head? Will he lead the Liberal party to power again? It is hard to say what may turn up in the modern political game, especially with such an acrobat as Mr. Lloyd George in the field. This, however, is clear that with all his political gifts and personal fascination, he is not widely trusted. He has too often shown the adroit opportunism of a dexterous politician, and the British people like steady trustworthiness in their statesmen. They trust more a plain Mr Baldwin, or an idealistic Mr. Ramsay MacDonald than a brilliant political gymnast like Mr. Lloyd George. But while he is in the field he will always be a power, a forceful and brilliant personality who dare not be ignored.

Our Junior Citizens

CITIZENSHIP is as an idea too seldom in our minds, as a word too little on our tongues, as a duty too little recognized, as a privilege too little prized. We do well to magnify our family life, our business life, our social life, our church life; but it would be well if we were more conscious than we are of our various citizenships, which in the better sense comprise all the interests of life's varied relationships. It should be the conscious purpose of each one to contribute personally what he can to his municipal, provincial, and national citizenships, and in doing so he will find that he has contributed to his citizenship in the Kingdom of Heaven on earth; for "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me." And inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these ye have not done it to Me—to My Kingdom.

It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. The hopes of the world are ever with the rising generation. But that assumes that each passing generation will bequeath a clearer vision of truth to its successors, that they in their new vigor may be able to follow the gleam a little further. The world may do a bit of "wagging," to use the somewhat proverbial phrase, but all the same "The world do move"—onward, as do the hands of the clock

despite the mere wagging of the pendulum.

As the hope of the world lies in an educated youth, it is well that youth be trained in the essence and practice of citizenship, no small part of which is the making and observance of laws for the benefit of the individual and the common good. And about law, one of the first things that youth must be taught is that with increasing knowledge comes increasing responsibility, that the law of the nursery must give place to laws inspired or approved by each individual's good sense and high purpose, and loyally conformed to by each for the good of all.

* * *

AN extremely interesting way of leading youth in a practical adventure in Citizenship is the course sponsored by the Board of Religious Education entitled "Canadian Junior Citizens' Code" and in which boys and girls are invited to face facts and problems and then to decide their attitude to them and frame well-considered rules of conduct, or laws, by which they will regulate their own lives, and encourage others by example and precept to do likewise. This valuable course is designed particularly for use in Sunday Schools under the direction of teachers using the book ($1.00 from the Religious Education Council, 299 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont.) We enthusiastically commend the plan to all Sunday Schools, and boy and girl groups. But we would like to see it also included in every day-school curriculum. That the idea is good and will work wonders, was proved some thirty-five years ago by the GEORGE JR. REPUBLIC, near Ithica, N. Y. That was the delevopment of a business man who had a heart for Juvenile delinquents and sought their reclamation and reformation by imposing on them the direction of their relations one to another, and in time to the outside world, as well as the making of a code for their own behavior. From that early experiment several other "Junior Republics" sprang up under an affiliation of which the originator W. R. George was President. But the plan proves that a colony of youth, and more particularly of delinquent youth could not be too largely trusted to make and enforce its own laws and that the leadership of each colony and cottage therein, had to be phenomenally noble and wise. Of later years the Tuxis and Boys' Parliament movements offered youth splendid opportunities of self-expression and development. The idea has been worked in many other ways; the one adopted by the Religious Education Council seems admirable. We are glad to note that it has one good chapter on the relation of youth toward alcohol.

* * *

"CANADIAN Youth and the Liquor Problem" is another very interesting and worthwhile book, compiled by W. R. Plewman of Tuxis Square fame. This work has been offered by the Religious Education Council at 25c. for use among the senior scholars of the Sunday Schools. It is a splendid compendium of information and public utterances on the effects of alcohol on the individual and on society rather than an attempt to treat the subject in an ordered text-book fashion for systematic study, such as is Miss McCorkindale's "Temperance and Life," which, having been highly commended by very eminent clergymen, educationists and Temperance leaders, has been selected by the W.C.T.U. for their second nation-wide Educational Prize Contest. The Contest starts with the New Year.

* * *

THE Rev. Canon E. I. Rexford, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., for many years Rector of the Montreal High School, and, later, for many years Principal of the Diocesan College, the Anglican Theological College, Montreal, and withal a veteran leader in Sunday School work says:

"I have spent considerable time giving careful consideration to the Canadian Lesson Book, 'Temperance and Life,' by Isabel McCorkindale, and desire to make the following report:

First:—I am strongly convinced that the most effective way of dealing with the temperance question is by the educational development of child-life, both in the day school and Sunday School. Secondly, I am pleased to recommend that the text book by Miss McCorkindale follows very faithfully the educational method of presenting the Temperance question to the children of our schools."

And in this connection it is interesting to record that Dr. Rexford at the recent Convention of the Quebec Federation against Alcohol re-emphasized the need of properly instructing the young on this great question, and attributed the former advances toward abstinence to the education of the previous generations and the backward swings to the lapsing of such education.

And the late Rev. W. W. Peck, M.A., as General Secretary of the Prohibition Union of Canada, advocated Miss McCorkindale's lessons in the highest terms and, at the time of his death, was trying to negotiate for the printing of a large, cheap edition.

* * *

ABOUT the coming Nation-wide Contest being undertaken by the W.C.T.U., Mrs. Gordon Wright, the national President of that great organization says:

"In one of the Ontario Government organs—needless to say a "wet" paper—there appeared, during the heat of the election contest, this bit of sage advice: "The prohibitionists would be well advised to start a campaign of education, and to drop their present method." Well, thank God, we are well away to a good start for the finest educational campaign on behalf of the youth of Canada that has ever been undertaken in our Dominion. Indeed, so successful proved the initial undertaking last year, that we * * * hope to continue this campaign in Canada through the years, until our Canadian youth are ""rooted and grounded" in the scientific reasons why they should never use any form of alcohol for beverage purposes.

We are equipped as never before for a great advance in educational adventure. And, smarting under the bitter defeats of recent months, there is clarion call challenge to every one anxious for our country and particularly for its rising generation to cooperate in effectively educating the youth of today. We must reach heights of effort never before attained; and that can only be reached through a measure of sacrificial offering of time, of talents and of money never before dreamed of.

Our day of triumph will not be long delayed when the church realizes the magnitude of her responsibility—at least and especially as regards the youth within her own schools—and is willing to use the most effective available methods by whomsoever directed.

It is a great thing to educate youth, but if the home atmosphere be prejudiced through lack of education, then the work of the school is apt to be undone by the scholar's family. That is one of the great reasons for serializing the lessons as a weekly feature of a paper that is read with interest by old and young, instead of putting them out in pamphlets which are less liable to be read.

Every Sunday Schoool entered for this Educational Prize Contest will (1) lessen the number of those who, through the first glass, start on the way that so frequently leads to ruin; (2) and hasten the day when, an educated public, regardless of sect or politics, will drive the liquor evil from the land, as now they are driving its twin drug evil, the opiate trade."

In last winter's Educational Contest about twenty thousand young people wrote examination papers. Of these over ten thousand took Honor marks and Certificates, and five thousand others took Pass marks at 50 percent.

The lessons went into over a hundred thousand homes.

For the coming educational contest a strong committee was named and Mrs. Mabel D. Cushing, of Montreal, appointed National Director, and Mrs. T. T. George, of London, Ont., was appointed Office Manager of the Campaign. Those who are not satisfied that their youth are yet adequately interested and intelligently forewarned, should ask Mrs. George for full particulars, which will be sent immediately. There is no time to lose, as the lessons must start in all Sunday Schools at the same time, so as to be prepared for examinations at the same time.

Youth Challenges Us All

LET every minister, every Sunday School Superintendent and teacher make sure that the scholars in their schools are so effectively educated as regards the scientific truth that alcohol is a narcotic drug, and how it affects tissues, organs and faculties—that they, being forewarned, will be forearmed against its use.

Whatever differences good men may have as to the best method of dealing with the evils of the traffic, surely all can unite in a really intensive and popular scientific study course through the Sunday Schools and in the scholars' homes; a serious course, the voluntary study of which is stimulated by thousands of dollars of prizes, national, provincial and, probably, in most cases, by district, and local prizes, and smaller prizes offered by the Sunday schools to stimulate their own particular scholars.

Who among Witness readers will go to their superintendents and offer prizes of at least a dollar for the best examination paper in each grade, Senior, Intermediate and Junior?

In this way he or she will have a large share in this tremendously earnest effort to educate youth before it is seduced by the highly financed propaganda of the liquor interests. We are sure that full particulars will be immediately sent on application by letter or wire (prepaid) addressed to Mrs. T. T. George, W.C.T.U. campaign manager, 360 Craig W., Montreal.

Letters

ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir.—I thank you for that letter signed "Barnabas" in your issue of Nov. 13th. The writer has the evangelical view of Abraham's sacrifice. The key to all Scripture is the four-fold story of the Crucifixion. The first faint shadow of this in the Old Testament is in the 4th chapter of Genesis. "Abel brought of the firstlings of his flock." That would be a lamb. "And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering."

In the 22nd chapter of Genesis we have a stronger shadow and the scene of it was Mount Moriah, the scene also of the Crucifixion. The key verse in this chapter is Abraham's answer to his son Isaac. "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering." Then in the 12th chapter of Exodus we have the lamb "without blemish," sacrificed in the evening, and the blood, the type of life, sprinkled on the dwellings of God's separated people.

In that wonderful 53rd chapter of Isaiah we have the definite statement. "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter."

All these, as sign-posts, point to Calvary, and John the Baptist taught the same truth when "looking upon Jesus as He walked" he said to his disciples, "Behold the Lamb of God."

Isaac, the son of Abraham, was laid upon the altar but spared to live and carry out God's promise. Jesus the "only begotten Son of God" was sacrificed in his stead and at the same place, Mount Moriah. 2 Chronicles 3:1 As the paschal lamb was slain in the evening, so "it was night," at the Passover season, when Jesus went forth to the Garden of Gethsemane and bore the supreme agony of His voluntary sacrifice. Paul says, "Even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us."

This is the old evangelical view of Scripture, and it is this truth that converts and lays thousands upon the altar of sacrifice today. Who are these who go to the dark places of the world, the missionaries and the colporteurs of the Bible societies, laying their lives a spiritual sacrifice on a spiritual altar as Abraham laid his all on a literal one, the only altar known in his day? These are men who do not baulk and cavil at the 22nd chapter of Genesis, and try to argue its baldness away. They are taught by the Spirit of God its deeper meaning, and see in it a wonderful shadowing forth of Calvary and its lesson. Now, in closing, let me point out that Abraham is the great type of the man of faith. He did not falter at the supreme test of Genesis 22, but as the writer of Hebrews says: "By faith, Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac, accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead: from whence also he received him in a figure." That word figure is very significant. It was on the third day that Abraham "saw the place afar off." Thus it was upon the third day of his agony and suspense that he received his son back as it were from the dead. And it was on the third day that Christ rose from the dead. Are these Scriptures which I have gathered from the Word just coincidence, or were they inspired of God for our guidance? I hold to the latter view.

—F. W. NASH.

Renata.

THE TARIFF

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir.—Some fifty years ago the late General Hancock, who was at that time a candidate for the presidency of the United States, said "the tariff is a local issue." The truth of the dead General's dictum has been often proved, and never more so than by the recent debates at Washington on the pending tariff bill. It was plainly impossible to frame any kind of a measure that would suit the country as a whole. Sectionalism was everywhere dominant, and the many different interests had to be reckoned with. And the different sections had their champion on hand who could be depended on to see that the special interests of his constituents was not put in jeopardy. And the floor of the lobby was kept hot with the tramping of those struggling to gain some advantage for some special interest. What will happen to the bill in the coming regular session remains to be seen. But let us hope that what has already happened may have the effect of clearing the mental vision of many and helping them to think more soundly on this important question. In the meantime it is pleasing to know that ex-Governor Foss of this State, who was three times elected governor, is out and out for the closest possible trade relations between Canada and the United tates. He is quoted as saying that "the only hope of New England industry is to find new markets for our products in Canada and the South American countries. In Canada there are ten millions of people of our own race, and with the same standards of living who need many of the things New England produces, and let us not forget that Canada today is our best customer. She has many things we need, raw materials for our industries and food for our wage earners. And we ought to have without delay the broadest kind of trade relations with her. It is a simple and indisputable economic fact that commerce ought to flow as freely between the United States and Canada as between the States of our Union." Mr. Foss has proved himself to be a champion of that which is fundamentally sound; he is an ardent prohibitionist, declaring the 18th Amendment to be the greatest step forward since the freeing of the slaves.

G. A. CLAY

Boston, Mass.

LEGAL INCONSISTENCY

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir.—In your column of letters Nov. 27, I noticed a letter from "Mother of Eight" in answer to one by "Glen Wotty." In this letter "Mother of Eight" states that it has been made legal to shove liquor under the noses of our young, making it respectable to buy and consume it. How many of your readers know of a law in Ontario, passed because the influence of the Children's Aid Society demanded it? This law is for the protection of children with reference to their moral code. Drinking, i.e., habitual, or indulgence in any other vice in the home of a child endangering the morals of said child is a crime; and upon conviction of the same, the penalty imposed may be one year imprisonment or a fine of five hundred dollars, or both.

How consistent are our laws!

AN OLD SUBSCRIBBER.

Note:—Our correspondent encloses a copy of a summons issued against a woman for indulging in drunkenness in the home of a child, causing the child "to be in danger of becoming immoral." Pleading guilty, the woman was requested by the magistrate to leave the town.

Drunkenness is nothing else than a voluntary madness.—Seneca.

The Heart's Delight

By George Kingsley Reed.

THERE are children who have so many toys that they cannot appreciate them, or get as much real fun out of them as the pioneer child with its rag doll made out of an old stocking, or a sled made of split ash, and fashioned like the one "Dad" uses with the horses.

This is something I have seen. I have been in houses where children had such an excess of playthings that they were almost standing on them, yet, if another child touched one of them there would be a battle royal.

Last winter a neighbor of mine who had more children than we have, (he has gone away now) was pestered to death by his little folk for snow shoes. To buy them was out of the question, so he took some mountain ash, whittled it down to size, steamed it and bent it into shape, then stretched some deer skin over the frames.

Talk about fun. Those little rascals went wild with delight as they staggered, fell, rolled and roared with laughter. These snowshoes were the only toys (we will call them toys) these children had all winter, but they had rapturous songs and heights of joy that the children of the idle rich never comprehend, much less enjoy.

Santa Claus does not carry a very heavy pack when visiting pioneer homes. The roads are so bad, the reindeer cannot force their way through the snow drifts. It may be better this Christmas, as we understand those great dirigibles, the R 100 and R 101 built by the British Government are to be pressed into this service, one of them coming to Northern Ontario, the other to the Yukon. Santa Claus once brought a coaster wagon to our home, but with two boys pulling in front, two tugging at the back (wanting to go the other way) and three girls packed in the box, it had a very short lease of life among the stumps.

AT our door we have a board platform made of birch lumber. When the weather is wet,or heavy dews are falling this approach becomes quite slippery. Having a couple of dollars last Spring, "mother" thought well to send to Toronto for one of those wire door mats, and thus avoid an accident by slipping on the wet boards.

We saw no significance in the doormat, it was a door mat to be used for the purpose afore mentioned but the second generation have more introspection than we at times give them credit for. The door mat was placed at the door. Two young lads were seen looking the queer thing over (queer to them) They talked awhile and then proceeded to attach rope traces to it and haul it all over.

They are finding new uses for this thing every day. In the heat of the Summer they fastened a heavy cord at the back end, loaded the mat with hay, and brought the cord over the top of the load. Then pulling it tight and fastening it to the front end, the team of promising pioneers got into the traces and were away like a lark on the wing.

When I was cleaning land in the brule, despite the instructions from their mother "to keep out of that black stuff" they would eventually wiggle their way over to me, talking, as they sometimes do, the way my neighbors talk to me. "Allright George! Back up, turn around, let her go, etc.," one would say to the other. This time they started to put on a load of small roots; they used "one horse" while loading, then hooked on the other to take the load to the pile, I had more fun than a barrel full of monkeys, watching these little pioneers developing their muscles and minds.

I had thought the mat would get a rest after harvest, but I might have known better, for harvest was no sooner over than the frosty mornings came when "mother" likes a little fire in the box stove.

"Gerald, will you please get mother some wood" she asked, one morning, and Gerald and Kingsley, were away like a shot, dragged the door mat down to the woodpile, loaded a few sticks of wood on, brought the back cord over the top of the wood the same as they did with the hay, got into the traces and were back at the house before you could say "Jack Robinson."

Just what further use they will find for the mat remains to be seen. I expect to see them with that cardboard box the kittens are in being loaded onto the mat, and both the cat and the kittens taken for a drive.

WE have a rocking chair. What family would try to poke along without one.? We had two, in fact, and two high chairs, but one of the rocking chairs suffered a relapse; it succumbed to injuries and was dispensed with. The remaining one is taking the place of the door mat since the wet weather came and the second generation are not allowed out so often.

I notice they have put traces onto the staves of the chair, and pull it all over the house with one of the baby girls seated on it as dignified as if it were a Rolls Royce. In fact, they call this their car, and can imitate the throb of the engine to perfection.

This morning, when I was getting ready to start my days work, I observed the belt off "mother's" house dress, and other such like apparel wound around the rockers of the chair so much so that it interfered with the soothing comfort the chair is capable of giving. After breakfast I questioned Kingsley about the presence of these attachments, and what do you think he said?. "We have trouble getting up the hills since the wet weather came, so we thought we would put "chains" on, and do you know Dad, it helps a whole lot."

What would a Dad say.? I know what their mother says, "They have to play with something, and so long as they don't hook onto the piano or the stove, or some other expensive article, I don't mind."

I think "mother" is right, too, for when young healthy kiddies are cooped up, they have to find some way of giving vent to their feelings, I notice now that they are making harness for the dog. It looks as if the dog and the door mat will have some relation the one with the other, very soon.

All the desirable enjoyment in life does not come from the abundance of things a man (or a child) hath; it comes from inside — from the heart out. Only the other day I saw a young lad (Leonard) with a piece of rope tied to an old pail he was dragging around. He was laughing as if he would break something. Every time the pail took the bumps as it was dragged over the uneven ground, he would go into screams of laughter —all over an old tin pail.

These are the things that put joy into a parent's heart—to have healthy, happy, contented children, and to be living on the farm where there is plenty of room to play and grow.

Spirit of our God, descending.
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

ANOTHER WORD FROM SONGIS

Mr. F. E. Dougall,
Montreal.

My Dear Mr. Dougall:

Naturally, I read the good old "Witness," and have noticed some of the things you have done behind your Uncle's back.

Nothing would please him, you, or me better, than to be able to send a few new subscribers. It would encourage "all hands," I am sure. But never doubt; the leaven will affect the whole lump. There are two "Witness" subscribers at Songis now, and I have hopes of getting two others, but it may take a few days. The impressions of your worthy Uncle will ultimately have their effect — "Whatsoever a man sow . . .", and your Uncle will, we hope, reap some reward from Songis.

Mrs. T. W. Baird and her sister at Feronia, seven miles West of here, have been life long readers: "Well! we just could not get along without it," they said to me. Now, I don't want to draw this letter out (I'm good at that), but want you to convey to Mr. J. R. Dougall (your Uncle) our appreciation of his work in the interests of humanity. Tell him "It shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish . . ." We pray that he may be spared many years for the cause he serves so well, and for which he is so eminently fitted.

We often wish we had a picture of Mr. Dougall to hang over my desk—one that will not fade like the one on newspaper, for I feel myself to be in his employ—an armor bearer, and it would be strength to me, to be able to look up at my chief—my Editor in Chief, when working shoulder to shoulder (so to speak) with those who are really and truly trying to "Make Canada a Land to Love."

Take this from a Pioneer, without any secret reservation, or any axe to grind, and entirely void of flattery—my heart and hand are in complete sympathy and accord with what you and your uncle are trying to do.

May the good Lord grant you many years of useful service in His vineyard.

With the kindest personal regards, and good wishes

I am yours very truly,
GEORGE KINGSLEY REED
(Pioneer farmer. Writer)

THE PIONEER'S CLEARING

This picture shows G. K. R.'s new barn in the course of construction. The building has now been completed.

Surveying Canada's Blank Spaces

STEADILY the knowledge of our hitherto little-known lands is being revealed by the map sheets issued from time to time by the Topographical Survey of the Department of the Interior.

One such is the new exploratory sheet of the Lake Claire, northern Alberta region, National Topographic series, a companion map to the Peace Point, Chipewyan and Fitzgerald sheets, drawn to the scale of four miles to the inch and embracing 5,000 square miles. The centre of this territory is roughly 60 miles, as the crow flies, from the end of steel at Waterways, and between four and five hundred miles down the Peace from the town of Peace River.

Except for a strip 72 miles long and 6 miles deep on the southern extremity of the map the whole tract forms part of the Wood Buffalo Park.

About 300 square miles of the eastern portion is occupied by Lake Claire, French for "clear," in former ages a bay of lake Athabaska. Today the entrance has become silted up and lake Claire, now only about 5 feet deep, empties into the larger lake to the east (not shown on the map) by numerous intersecting channels which are constantly changing, due to the further rapid silting-up process which is reducing the size of the lake. Where it is well-drained the rich alluvial soil thus created supports luxuriant vegetation, particularly grasses, vetch and peavine, alternating with swampy land producing tamarack, willows, scrub, black birch and hay. This is descriptive of practically all the land portion of the easterly third of the mapped region.

Lying across the southeastern corner of the expanse are the Birch mountains, 2,600 feet high, rising abruptly from the alluvial plains. From them a number of small streams fall into the Birch river which drains the southerly half of the country into lake Claire. Formerly these streams were the homes of colonies of beaver, now much depleted. The lakes formed by the beaver dams have dried up and become hay meadows. Dotted along the slopes of the hills are meadows where there are good grazing and shelter for roaming bands of buffalo and deer. Originally well-timbered, much of the growth still remains even after frequent fires.

Breaking across the northwest portion of the area shown on the map the wide stream of the lower Peace meanders in numerous "oxbows", old and new, differing entirely in character from the upper Peace, which cuts clean and sheer through a high plateau to a depth of sometimes 1,000 feet. The Beaver Indians called it "Tsahoodenedesay", referring to their ancient peace pact consummated below at Peace Point. The Crees designated it "Amiskoweeinnusepe" literally, "Beaver Indian River."

1789 Saw Peace R. First Surveyed

ACCORDING to Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Vaudreuil of the old North-West Company, who was at Fort Chipewyan in 1789, surveyed the Peace route up to about Fort Vermilion. After his trip to the Pacific in 1793, Mackenzie, enthusiastic over the marvelous runs of salmon on that coast, says, "If I could have spared the time it was my intention to have taken some salmon alive and colonized them in the Peace River." Undoubtedly Sir Alexander was the first person to suggest stocking northern waters with Pacific salmon.

So far as is known, the first to trade on the Peace river, in the "Beaver country" as it was called, were Messrs. Boyer and MacLeod of the North-West Company, who started out on foot from Peter Pond's Athabaska House on the 2nd of November, 1787, taking with them twelve men and 900 pounds of goods. Mackenzie had commissioned them to get supplies of meat for the spring brigades and to persuade the Indians to come in with their furs. On December 2nd they were back with a band of Indians, possibly having followed Pond's track along what is now a winter trail.

The next year, 1788, Boyer established a post somewhere near what is now Fort Vermilion, but becoming discontented was replaced by Vaudreuil from Ile a la Crosse, the first surveyor on the Peace.

Just where this river intrudes, in a sharp bend, on the northeast corner of the map, near Point Providence, as it was named, Sir George Simpson and his brigade of three canoes breakfasted on August 15, 1829, on their way to the Pacific. His diarist writes: "I believe that it was from this point that most of the party sent down by Mr. Clarke (late Chief Factor John Clarke of Montreal) perished in 1815 on their way to Fort Wedderburne."

Modern Survey of Hinterland

BUT these picturesque men of the fur trade with their surveyors confined their journeys chiefly to the waterways. It remained for the modern surveyor to toil through the interior lands, undergoing a variety of hardships that included little of the picturesqueness but all of the discomforts of his predecessors on commerce bent, plus the extra toil of travel over broken country.

(Continued on page 32)

From Heart to Heart the Flame is Lit

FROM ARCHDEACON SCOTT,

M.A., D.D., D.C.L., C.M.G., D.S.O.,
RECTOR AND POET
ST. MATTHEW'S RECTORY
QUEBEC,
Dec. 4th, 1929.

Dear Dr. Dougall,

May I add my congratulations to the numbers you are receiving at this time and wish you yet many years of happiness and usefulness, which latter I know means happiness to you.

I have many pleasant recollections of your kind words of encouragement in long ago years when I used to contribute poetry and prose to the pages of the Witness. Once you said in a review of my poem that I was able to see God and nature at the same time. It helped me much.

You have indeed a great record of high endeavor behind you and it must make the time of age a satisfaction to you.

Yours very sincerely,
F. G. SCOTT.

FROM REV. DR. C. E. BLAND

Winnipeg, Man.,
Dec. 3, 1929.

John Dougall & Son,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,

Let me say that I cannot adequately express my admiration for the great service the "Witness" has done during the past 60 years. It was in my father's home for many years and it has been coming to my own home up to the present. **The striking insight and moral fervor** with which current events are interpreted, the wide and exact knowledge displayed in the editorial columns, are as remarkable almost as the self-sacrificing, one might almost add reckless, devotion with which the aims of the "Witness" have been pursued. It is unique journalism and one of which many Canadians are very proud.

With most sincere good wishes to the Editor and staff.

Yours very truly,
C. E. BLAND.

"THE BEST IS YET TO BE"

Elderbank, Halifax, N.S.,
Nov. 27, 1929.

Dear Editor,—Permit me the honor to be one of your hosts of friends to congratulate you on attaining your sixty years of Editorship, your "Diamond Jubilee" of Christian Service in the Kingdom of God.

Thank God for the ever widening, ever deepening, and ever enriching stream of pure, elevating literature that has proceeded from your inspired pen. Strength to your arm, clearness to your vision, and power to your heart to fight the battle for righteousness for many years to come. "The best is yet to be"—the crown, the climax of your labors here issuing in the larger service hereafter. Canada, the world, Christ, all need you at the present crisis.

With the highest admiration for your unselfish, faithful, brilliant service,—I remain, yours sincerely,
(Rev.) J. A. MacKEAN.

LIKE AN OLD FRIEND

Man., Nov 25, 1929.

Gentlemen,—The Witness was for many years a regular visitor to our home when I was a boy, as was also the "Canadian Messenger" now the Northern Messenger. I was also a subscriber myself for a number of years, but had been without it for some time when I re-subscribed a year ago. During the past year its visits have been like those of an old friend. It has stood by its principles, and has had principles to stand for, throughout all the years that are gone. It should have the support of all who desire to see the triumph of truth and righteousness. Your exposure of the evils of the liquor traffic have been fearless and truthful, while the powers of evil in that respect seem to be triumphant, I cannot believe that your words will return unto you void. Keep up the good work. The right will win out in the end.

WARM WELCOME BACK

Three Hills, Alta, Dec, 6, 1929.

F. E. Dougall, Esq.

Sir:

Enclosed find order and $2.00 sub. for Witness. Some years ago I took Witness. Congratulations to Editor.

Yours.
ROBERT C. ACHESON
St. Andrews Presbyterian Church
in Canada

CHALMERS CHURCH,

Kingston, Ont., Dec. 5, 1929.

John Dougall & Son,

Dear Sirs:—

Our thanks go out in gratitude for the "mighty oak" of eighty-nine years whose living soul has kept aglow the light of a multitude of lives. God bless him and those who work with him.

Cordial greetings to all.

Sincerely,
(Rev.) GEORGE A. BROWN.

FROM A LIFE-LONG FRIEND

God's love and peace be with you,
And cheer you all the way.
May He guide and keep you safely
Throughout life's busy day.
to John Redpath Dougall.

The above lines express the best wishes from one of the oldest readers of the Witness to its eritor.

The Witness has been a help to me all through the years. It is always on the side of the best. Hoping your last years may be the happiest of all,
MARY FEE. (85 years.)

London, Ont., Nov., 1929.

Dear Editor,

Please accept my warmest congratulations on your anniversary occasion. "Hitherto the Lord has helped you and will continue to help you and yours in your very laudable and enterprising undertaking.

I enclose $2.00 for my renewal and add two new subscribers. We enjoy reading the Witness very much and I take pleasure in passing it on to others.

Yours sincerely,
(Rev.) S. SALTON.

AN EFFECTIVE INTRODUCTION

Salamanca, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1929

Mr. J. R. Dougall, M.A., LL.D.,

Beloved Comrade in the Service of our Lord Jesus Christ,

I gladly avail myself of the honor, which the occasion of your Diamond Jubilee offers me, to send you my congratulations upon your entrance into the 60th year of the eritorship of the Witness, of which I have been a reader for over 40 years. You have proved the truth of the Scripture words: "Them that honor Me, I will honor."

Perhaps it is unique in the cause of journalism to have so extended a service as you have had.

I rejoice that the Witness has been such a great helper to Canada, and to its many readers—both in and out of Canada—old and young. **A copy of the journal was handed to me two days after my arrival in Canada,** and having had considerable experience with journalism, I was delighted to discover that Canada possessed such a remarkable Witness to Truth, and from that time, the Witness has had first place in my esteem as a newspaper.

Your editorials have been very helpful to me and to my family, your news items have always been reliable, and your advertisements always "sweet and clean." Your firm, resolute stand for prohibition and the outlawry of the infamous Liquor Traffic have always had my hearty "Amen."

That you may continuously enjoy the presence of our Gracious God, and aided always in your work for Him, is the heartfelt prayer of

Yours in the bonds of the Gospel,
(Rev.) J. M. MARKWICK.

Mascouche, Nov 28, 1929.

Dear Mr. Dougall,

It is my hearty wish that you have a very happy anniversay and many more to follow.

I am seventy-six years of age and find I am growing very old, but since I was a child have been reading the Witness and must say it was the only newspaper my dear mother would let be taken. We were four boys and four girls and all followed in our parents' footsteps. My children, (six of them) are all scattered, only the youngest son here, but are all working for our Master, and the right. They seem to think they were brought up rightly. Wishing the Witness every success and you and your family long life and great happiness, with kind regards, I remain,

Your friend,
E. L. ALEXANDER.

A WEDDING GIFT

London, Ont. Nov. 28, 1929.

Dear Editor,

As we cannot have you in person at a tea-party on the celebration of your diamond jubilee, we wish to congratulate you on having attained that occasion and also on the wonderful work you have devoted your life to. We feel that we are one family, as your paper came in the **parental home of both my husband and myself, and we** have been taking it ever since our marriage. Indeed, the year of our marriage, a bride from a home where the Witness was taken received a year's subscription as a marriage gift. I was the fortunate bride.

Nearly all the homes from our two families have taken the Witness, all these years and their children in some cases. Therefore three genrations have been continuous subscribers to your worthy paper. My husband, who is a minister of the United Church, is delighted with the editorials, and the clear, sane and fearless stand you have taken always on all moral questions, particularly the temperance question. We have taken many papers and magazines in our home, and sometimes some would be dropped, but we would always say. "We cannot give up the Witness." Again congratulating you on your, noble life of good work and wishing success for years to come,

Since your friend,
Rev. A. H. and Mrs. BROWN.

"FIRST THINGS FIRST"

Toronto, Ont.

Dr. John Redpath Dougall:

Allow me as one of the readers of your splendid paper to congratulate you on your sixty years of grand service for Canada.

Oh that we had more editors that put "First things First." May God grant you many years more service.

Heartily and sincerely,
BERTHA MADDEN.

Haley's Station, Ont.
29th Nov, 1929.

Dear Dr. Dougall:—

Allow me to congratulate you on this Diamond Jubilee and to wish you health and strength to continue your work without abatement.

May God bless your life and labors and grant that "the Witness" may continue to hold a place of influence for good. My memory recalls the Witness of 1888 and my father's contributions regarding the Jesuit Estates Act. He went to Cushing in 1877, but his ministry began at Chelsea in Jan. 1870. I cannot say just when he became a subscriber to the Witness, nor when began that life long friendship.

Yours sincerely,
(Rev.) JAMES MACDONNELL FRASER.

TWO GENERATIONS

New Glasgow, Nov., 1929.

John R. Dougall, M.A., LL.D.,

Dear Sir:—

I would like to add my congratulations to the many others you will receive on attaining your sixtieth year of service. My husband, who passed away on Sept. 3rd of this year, was a loyal supporter of your fine paper.

When a boy they took it in the home, and when he had a home of his own he subscribed for it, and it has been in the home ever since. (Forty years ago in March of this year since our marriage.)

If the paper at any time got mislaid he would say: "Where is my **Faithful and True Witness?**" He was a very busy man, but he always took time, even from sleep, to read it.

I have often heard him say the editorials, (which he always read first) "are worth far more than the price of the paper, they are so splendidly written." Wherever he went, as opportunity came, he would mention the witness and try to get subscribers to your valuable paper. He admired it for its strong temperance principles as well as for its many other good qualities.

Were he alive I know you would receive a more praiseworthy letter than I am able to write, but it gives me much satisfaction and great pleasure to extend to you my congratulations on this your sixtieth year as editor of so valuable a paper, and also to convey to you the admiration which my late husband had for its pages.

Sincerly yours,
Mrs. J. D. McMILLAN.
Sable River, Nova Scotia.

Dear Editor-Friend,

With my congratulations on the completion of your **diamond jubilee of service** comes the wish that your splendid paper, the influence of which has spread from shore t oshore and beyond, may in the coming years help make not only Canada, but any land where its pages are read "a land to love."

As surely as I believe that "No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby," just so surely do I believe that yours has helped make better the lives of many readers of the Witness.

With sincere well wishes from one loyal Canadian to another, I am,

Yours truly,
BESSIE DUNLOP.

GRAND READING

Merrickville, Ont. Nov., 1929.

J. Dougall, honored and beloved by so many, allow me to congratulate you also. We have not reached four score, but are very close to it. We are delighted with your paper. Cannot do without it. Grand reading. Wishing you many more years of usefulness, we remain, yours in the good work,

Mr. and Mrs. JACOB HALPENNY.

"VERY WORTH WHILE"

Toronto, Ont., Nov., 1929.

Dear Sirs:—

Please convey my hearty congratulations to our esteemed editor. His is indeed a wonderful life—one is almost staggered when one thinks of all the lives he has touched in his long life, and only eternity will reveal the full influence for good. It is very worth while to live as he does, i.e., for the good of the world.

Yours very truly,
(Miss) H. DUNKERLEY.

Perth, Ont., Nov., 1929.

Dear Sirs:—

We read with interest this week's issue, and the fine tribute to Mr. John R. Dougall, who for so many years has edited this fine paper. Long may it continue its good work, and **its strong influence for truth and righteousness.**

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. P. S. McLAREN.

FOUR GENERATIONS

Maryland, Que., Nov. 29, 1929.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—As a member of one of the pioneer families of Pontiac Co. Que., in whose homes your publications have been read and enjoyed during four generations, I have much pleasure in extending to you hearty congratulations on this, your Diamond Jubilee year of Service for your country.

Hoping that for many years yet to come you may speak through "The Week's Outlook" of the Witness to your many friends near and far.

Sincerely yours,
JENNIE ARMSTRONG.

I want to say again that this Jubilee Celebration was not suggested by the Editor nor has he had one thing to do with any of it—any more than Hamlet had to do with Shakespeare's writing of Hamlet.—F. E. D.

WHAT A BLIND FRIEND SEES

Gravenhurst, Ont.,
Nov. 30, 1929.

Dr. John Dougall,
Montreal.

Dear Dr. Dougall:

It is with immense satisfaction that I write you this letter to convey some hint of my appreciation of yourself and your work. You won't have time to read all I should like to write, for when I touch this subject of the Witness editor and his fine enterprise I want to pull out all the stops.

Tea Party in Hospital

Let me tell you that last evening a few of us had a meal together at which you were a guest. Although that was carried out in many places, I almost venture to believe that ours may have been unique. I am chaplain to the sanitaria here, and, instead of having the party at home, we had it, my wife and I, with some friends in a ward in the hospital ward, with all the rest of the guests exceut ourselves in bed. A place was set for you, and after the meal—we had taken our lunch along with something for the others, and they had their trays—we read from your paper to the whole company. So with your picture, and your very thoughts read out, you took a real part in bringing a happy hour to us.

But the happy and thoughtful hours you have brought have been many. I have taken your paper for seventeen years. And I have often said, it is the last of my papers that I would consent to cut off. I should let all others go before I would lose it.

The moral and religious sentiments of it are always so right and high, it is a refreshing, hope-giving tonic to find such a witness. I find in your columns an admirable expression of the noblest moral opinion. Here, I should like to become detailed and definite, but that would take much too much of your precious time to tell it.

Broke Into Applause

But one story you will be glad to hear, or one I am glad to tell you. Last Autumn I was at a gathering of some fifty or seventy-five ministers and religious workers in the north here for a few days. I took part in an impromptu discussion about the press, or literature generally in which the press was mentioned. I share your views about the press in general and was expressing something of the kind and mentioned the Witness with approval. Immediately the meeting broke into applause. It was a very spontaneous and hearty tribute to the editor of the Witness.

Called on the Editor

One of my most gratifying memories is that I had the honor of meeting you once in no less a place than your own office. You have probably forgotten all about it, among so many visitors. But I shall remember, and on a chance I mention these items about the call. It was in the summer of 1917. I am totally without sight. which, though my friends and I forget all about it, seems to be occasionally useful for purposes of identification. I come from the Maritimes, and I recall your telling me of your being down in Cape Breton in 1858, and of the mare named Judic!

Well, any way, it is delightfully gratifying to me to recall that I actually met Dr. Dougall.

It was mentioned in a recent Witness how some had suggested your writing your memoirs. If such a thing could be, it would be a most prized volume by us and a piece of very valuable history.

At the Family Altar

I join most cordially in the expressions of esteem and regard that will be reaching you. I send my sincere and earnest congratulations. Yet I think how it should be the readers that should be congratulated on having such service for so long a time. At our family altar, we shall remember gratefully this great gift in the service of His kingdom that God has permitted us to enjoy.

With very kindest regards and grateful acknowledgment,

Very Sincerely Yours,
(Rev.) GROVER LIVINGSTONE

From Sea to Sea---the Chorus Swells

FROM ONE OF THE BOYS

Sault St. Marie, Ont.,
Dec. 2, 29.

Dear Mr. Dougall,

I take great pleasure in congratulating you on your long term of service to mankind as editor of the Witness. I am just a boy 17 years, but enjoy your paper as well as the rest of the family, hoping you will have many more anniversaries in the good work,

I am, yours very truly,
LESLIE BAIN.

AT THE TEAPARTY

Huntingdon, B.C.
Dec. 2, 29.

Mr. John Redpath Dougall,
Montreal, Can.,

Dear Friend,

I wish to add my congratulations on your sixtieth year of service, and to show my appreciation in a practical way I have great pleasure in having extended your sphere of influence through the introduction of the Witness to two new families, together with my own renewal.

I wish also to say that I had the special privilege of being at a Tea Party held in your honor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Owens, Huntingdon, B. C., on November 29th. A chair was set at the table for you, for, of course, you were the "considered guest," and the Witness was so placed that your picture was in evidence. Mr. Owens spoke briefly of the wonderful work in which you are engaged, and of your untiring zeal together with your unselfish service for your country. This occasion will long be remembered by me. May God bless you, and may you live many years to carry on your great work is the wish of your friend,

SYDNEY SKINNER.

"ONE OF THE FLOCK"

Toronto, Nov. 28, 1929.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to offer to you my hearty congratulations on your sixtieth year of service, and also to thank you for the stand you take on the many evils that surround us on every hand. And may the God of All Grace be with you and spare you for many years of useful service.

"ONE OF THE FLOCK."
(R. J. GILL.)

TOPS HER LIST

Cargill, Nov. 26th, 1929.

Dear Editor,—As I wish to add my congratulations on your sixtieth year of service, I am sending two new subscribers to add to your list. I never remember when I had not the Witness to read. It was always in my father's home, and when I went to my own home I subscribed for the Witness, and I have often said if **I could only have one paper it would be the Witness.** May you both be spared many years to carry on the good work you do in the temperance cause. I will be sending you a few more subscriptions later that I send some of my friends as gifts. I often say I wish I could put the Witness and Messenger in to every home where there were children growing up.—I am, yours sincerely,

Mrs. WM. MATHEWS.

"AT HOME"

"Restholme", Berwick, N.S.
November 28, 1929.

Dear Sirs,

On the 29th I hope to have an at home in honor of John Redpath Dougall, and he certainly shall have the chair of honor at my table on that date. I think this a splendid way to celebrate. At present I am very busy helping in the contest to be put on in your Northern Messenger. Congratulations and all best wishes.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. JOHN N. CHUTE.

WOULD LIKE TO SHAKE HIS HAND

Martintown, Ont. Nov., 28, 1929.

Dear Sirs:

Would like to see the Witness in every home in our land and hope that Mr. Dougall may live for many years in his good work. Would like to shake his hand and wish him well in the good work.

Sincerely,
A. C. McARTHUR.

FROM REV. S. T. TUCKER, B.A., B.D.,

Dorchester, Ont., Nov. 29, 1929.

Dear Sirs,

The Witness has been in our home most of the time and also in my father's home as long back as I can remember. The editorials were always the best Christian interpretation of events. Far better than the • • • • •

S. T. TUCKER.

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE

Milwaukee, Wisconsin,
Nov. 30, 29.

Mr. F. E. Dougall,
Montreal.

Dear Mr. Dougall,

Will you please add my little note to the chorus of congratulation to Mr. John Redpath Dougall.

For many years I have lived away from home, but wherever I go, the Witness follows me. It is a most valuable means of learning the important news of the world, and of getting wise, sane and Christian comments upon it. The sister paper, World Wide, is also indispensable.

My thanks and good wishes go to your noble and self-effacing uncle, and his co-workers.

Yours very truly,
H. LOUISE BURCHELL.

SINCE 1847

Elm Springs, Sask.
Dec. 2, 1929.

To the Editor of the Witness,
Montreal.

Dear Sir:—

My most hearty congratulations to you on your long years of service.

The Witness came to my father in the year 1847 and during his lifetime, and has been coming to some of his family ever since. No paper in Canada has been more staunch in upholding the truth and **spreading the light of life** to men. Since you have been my friend so long I cannot but subscribe myself as your friend and wellwisher,

DAVID RENNIE.

R. C. SMITH & SON
ADVERTISING SERVICE AGENCY

Toronto 2, Canada, Dec. 4th 1929.

Gentlemen,

We are greatly interested in Mr. Dougall's celebrating his sixtieth year of his editorship of the Witness & Canadian Homestead, and wish to congratulate you very heartily upon the service which has been rendered to the Canadian people through the messages for good which have come from Mr. Dougall's pen.

You will kindly find express money order for $4.00, for which we wish to send the Witness and Canadian Homestead to the enclosed list of six people for one year:

Yours very truly,
R. C. SMITH & SON, Limited,
ROBERT C. SMITH,
President.

Regina, Sask.,
November 26th, 1929.

Mr. John R. Dougall, Editor,
The Witness and Canadian
Homestead,
Montreal, Que.

Dear Sir,—I am pleased indeed to congratulate you on your sixty years of service as Editor of the Witness and Canadian Homestead, a publication (in my opinion) without equal today. The Witness was in the home of my parents as long as I can remember. I have been a subscriber for about forty-four years.

For the past year I have been responsible for the Northern Messenger finding its way into over one hundred homes, and only wish the Witness and Messenger were received and read in every home in the Dominion.

I feel our home would be incomplete without these two papers. I enclose my renewal, and two new subscriptions, with hearty congratulations for each.—Yours sincerely,

R. BAIRD.

ENTHUSIASTIC

Selkirk, Manitoba, Nov., 27th, 1929

J. Redpath Dougall, L.L.D.
Editor of Montreal Witness,
Montreal.

Honored and Dear Sir,

I wish to join thousands of your friends to congratulate you most heartily on being spared to occupy the editorial chair of Canada's most independent paper for sixty years. In this connection I must offer sincere congratulations to our Dominion in having had during the most important and critical period of her existence such an enlightened, influential, and patriotic citizen to mould public opinion through the editorial columns of one of her ablest journals. And further, (I say it with all due reverence) I feel like congratulating God on having in you such a capable and loyal ambassador to represent and uphold His interests in this part of His kingdom.

One of immortal fame has said, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." I am sure your fellow Scot had in mind such as you when he made that statement; and had he known you and your record he would have put you in a pre-eminent position in the front rank of that class; for the stress and strain through which they have had to pass, in co-operating with God in attaining and maintaining that character during your business career, has been like "fighting with beasts at Ephesus."

I join in continued prayer with thousands of our most patriotic citizens that God may spare you many years yet to do as you have been doing for sixty years past, leading and inspiring them in the noble endeavor to "make Canada a land to love."

In highest regard and best wishes,
Yours faithfully,
Ch. TEETER.

(Mr Teeter sent a few new subscriptions and said he expected to send more.—Subs.Mgr.)

What greater challenge have you (I) ever had

to co-operate in a practical way through the extension of Christian journalism

for the welfare of some particular family whose young people may be diverted if not perverted by a purposless press?

Remember, for good or ill a lively press "works while others sleep!"

Have YOU Measured Up?

Most of those who are congratulating their Editor on his Diamond Jubilee of Service are also co-operating in practical fashion by sending in two or more new subscriptions—their "reasonable service."

Frankly the Witness could never have lived through all these years, against the many forms of opposition and persecution, had it not been for the enthusiastic co-operation of its loyal subscribers in maintaining and increasing its circulation.

Unlike an "organ", the Witness has no organizational backing. But it has for that very reason more influence with thinking people.

Unlike the commercialised press it does not make money and cannot buy its circulation with lottery guessing prizes, with premiums or with large commissions or canvassers salaries.

The whole time, unpaid service of its publishers is surely high challenge to part time volunteer service on the part of its readers—not for the sake of the Witness, it is paper and ink; not for the sake of the publishers, they have ample for all their personal needs—but for the sake of your friends, of your country, of the Kingdom of rightness—that this country may become a province of the Kingdom of heaven on earth.

To date out of over 21,000 subscribers less than six hundred have as yet sent in new subscriptions. So far as we know, less than 3 per cent have yet devoted sixty minutes toward matching their Editor's sixty years of service in their interest!

The Editor will naturally read this effort to extend his influence through an enlarged circulation. But he has personally nothing to do with it. He is never consulted in such matters, for he devotes all his strength to the Editorial pages.

Indeed in over a quarter of a century the Editor has never penned or suggested a subscription announcement or letter.

I want to make this quite plain so as to relieve his sensitiveness about what I and others are saying about him "in his own paper."

And right here let me say that it is not his paper—and nothing in or about it is done for his sake. It is the paper of its readers, and, like the truth itself, it becomes more particularly theirs the more they spread it.

If the Witness was published for the benefit of its publishers we would not, could not talk like this.

Who has not feared nor quailed:
Who by the truth made strong,
Has battled hard and long
Against the forms of wrong
His is a service great—T. C. Clark.

THE BRIDGE BUILDER

AN old man, going a lone highway,
Came at the evening cold and gray
To a chasm vast and deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again will pass this way;
You have passed the chasm deep and wide;
Why build you the bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head—
"There followeth after me a youth,
Whose feet must pass this way forsooth;
This chasm that has been naught to me,
To that fairhaired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him." —W. A. DROMGOOLE.

More Good Wishes

Charlottetown, P.E.I., Nov. 27, 1929.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—I can hardly express in words how much I appreciate your editorials. Wishing our esteemed editor many years of usefulness, I remain,

Yours truly,
CHARLES ROSS.

TWO GENERATIONS

Waterloo, Que., Nov. 28, 1929.

Dear Sir,—Since ever I can remember, and I am now 76 years old, the Witness has been in our home, first in my father's and then in my own.

Words fail me to express our appreciation of the Witness and of Dr. Dougall's magnificent service through his exceptionally long editorship; it will be a national calamity when he lays down the pen. The same age as "The Tiger of France" Mr. Dougall's services have been and continue to be far different and of a higher quality. Four subscriptions enclosed.

Very sincerely yours,
L. M. NUTTING.

A LIFE INFLUENCE

Claremont, Ont., Nov. 25, 1929.

J. R. Dougall,

Dear Sir:

I only wish to let you know that in my boyhood days the Witness and N. Messenger were the papers that came to my father's house. The temperance teaching influenced my life and character so that while my lot has been cast in all manner of places and associates not one drop of intoxicating liquor or tobacco, has ever passed my lips and my 5 sons have followed the same path of total abstinence. Nor have I ever played cards, nor gambled. A serial story in Witness years ago caused me to steer clear of those things. The story was "How Roy went West." I never forgot the moral in that story. Your Christian teaching, and principles as set forth by the Witness I thank God for, and may he continue to use you in his Vineyard, is the prayer of

E. BETHAND

A MISSIONARY'S TRIBUTE

Dear Mr. Dougall,—Please accept my congratulations at this time. It seems almost too wonderful to be true that you have occupied the editorial chair of the Witness for sixty years, and so seem able to inspire and help the scores of thousands of people who have looked to you for advice and **sincere** opinions.

I enjoy the paper very, very much. Your temperance cartoons and articles have been used in my temperance work among the Japanese people, and your articles on child training and home making have proved of real value to numbers of Japanese mothers as translated through addresses given at our various Kindergarten Parent Teachers' Associations.

I look for the Witness each week, as I do my personal letters, and always feel that a friend stands behind it whose great dominating thought is to help people like myself who are trying with him to make life more balanced, happier and deeper for those around us.

Hoping that God's richest blessings will surround you in this year of joy in success,—I am, yours sincerely,

E. ETTER DE WOLFE
(Missionary of the United Church of Canada).

THINKING—PRACTICALLY

Tomifobia P.O.,
Nov. 29th, 1929.

Mr. J. R. Dougall.

Dear Sir,—Congratulations on attaining your diamond jubilee as Editor of the Witness. Accept our best thanks for such a helpful and fearlessly broad paper, the best that ever has or can enter any home. Long may you be spared to carry on and spread your God-given message, and our hopes for another period of health and strength and much joy in your work. We think of you today with much appreciation. Our birthday gift, two new subscribers to share our joy.—Gratefully yours,

Mr. and Mrs. A. MACKAY.

Your Diamond Jubilee Gift?

Naturally the Witness services to its country would be increased if its circulation could be trebled: And why not? There are very many nice people in Canada, whose parents and grandpaprents used to take the Witness but who, for lack of invitation probably, are not now getting it. There are many others who have never seen a copy, and who would be glad to be told about it.

Betwixt them and the Witness there is no "link up"—except through the mutual friend—YOU, who are reading this.

If, apart from the sick ones, each and every present subscriber would secure two new subscribers, that would bring its circulation up to sixty thousand copies a week.

Just think of trebling your Editor's influence!

Would it not be the finest and most practical form of recognition of his past and present work?

Sixty Years of Editorship

greeted by

Sixty thousand Subscribers!

That would be a tremendous ovation to him and stimulus to his staff.

But it cannot be done except through the volunteer effort of every Witness friend throughout the Dominion.

But it *can* be done. If each gets two new additional subscribers, or if the circulation in each place is multiplied by three, the great objective will be achieved.

On the occasion of such a unique Diamond Jubilee, of which Canada or the world probably has no other parallel, will not all who have ever cooperated before, and all who have never yet co-operated with its publishers by introducing the Witness to new homes, and new homes to the Witness, *do so on this auspicious occasion* and so gladden the heart of the Editor.

It could be done, I believe, in a single day! Who could not get two new friends to support such a paper by a 67c subscription in an afternoon or evening?

A little drive and a friendly call, or a chat over the 'phone, or a chance at some meeting, or a letter to one otherwise beyond reach—would probably surprise you. But try the more likely ones first, and then, if you will reach after others.

Those who act on the first enthusiasm will in most cases be the most successful.

F. E. D.

?

How about devoting

Sixty Volunteer *Minutes*

to introduce
your friends to the Witness
by way of celebrating
your Editor's

Sixty Volunteer *Years*

of service to your country
and therefore to you,
to your family and to your friends.

Who has not feared nor quailed:
'Who by the truth made strong
Has battled hard and long
Against the forms of wrong
His is a service great.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

OUR NEW SERIAL

We have kept standing the type for the early chapters of "The Keeper of the Vineyard."

These early chapters will be sent to every new subscriber secured within the fifteen-day limit.

But all 67 cent subscriptions will date as from December 2nd.

You will note by our offer that your own subscription may be sent at the 67c rate *only if* accompanied by two or more NEW subscriptions at the same rate. (Otherwise all single renewals remain at $2.00 each).

FOR MONTREAL AND SUBURBS

The only Canadian exception to the above offer, is within the city and suburbs of Montreal (the city of publication) where the delivery rates are so high as to require $3.00 for a club of one renewal and two NEW subscriptions, with additional new subscriptions a dollar each.

NFLD. AND BRIT. W. I.

The 3 for $2 offer is good throughout Canada, Newfoundland and the British West Indies.

ACT AT ONCE

Those acting most promptly will enable their friends to enjoy the new serial story.

On a previous occasion we limited the offer to ten days and some eight thousand subscribers acted in time, thus getting the full advantage of two NEW subscriptions and one Renewal for $2.00.

As many others wrote that given a little longer they could have done something, we made them a "Consolation Offer" of one NEW and one Renewal for $2. And thousands of friends were glad enough to take advantage of that offer.

Why not seize the better bargain while it holds good?

Renewal Subscriptions will of course be extended for twelve months from present expiry date.

Now get the large coupon on this page filled out promptly if you wish your friends to have the advantage of this great proposition at such small cost.

Time Limit Extended

The DIAMOND JUBILEE *Offer*

affords a great opportunity

of introducing this paper to your friends at a merely nominal trial rate, and that for the double purpose of advantaging your friends and benefiting their environment and country through the extension of the influence of a paper wholly and disinterestedly devoted to the general welfare.

3 ($2 SUBSCRIPTIONS) $2 . . . . FOR . . . .

in a club of one renewal and two NEW subscriptions

= $6.00 of Value for $2.00

= $2.00 of Value for 67 cts.

PROVIDING these subscriptions come in in clubs of three or more and that there are at least two NEW subscriptions with each renewal.

Renewals, unaccompanied by 2 NEW subscriptions, remain at the regular rate $2.00.

CELEBRATING

our Editor's DIAMOND JUBILEE of Service

Dear Editor, DEC.....1929.

I wish to add my congratulations on your sixtieth year of service, and to show my appreciation in a practical way I have great pleasure in having extended your sphere of influence through the introduction of the Witness to two new families.

These two new subscriptions, together with my own renewal, are covered (under the Diamond Jubilee Offer) by the enclosed M. O. for $2.00

New Subscriber 67

Address .....

New Subscriber 67

Address .....

Present Subscriber 67

Address .....

$2.00

☞ Other new subscriptions may be added now or later at same rate.

Good if used within 2 weeks of receipt of this issue.

Address all Subscription Letters to John Dougall & Son, Publishers
Witness Building, Montreal.

Personal Experiences With Prohibition in the United States

By Rev. W. B. Norton, Ph.D.

THERE is a restaurant near the Chicago Tribune office which I have often patronized. On the wall there hangs a placard "Smoking Positively Prohibited." For quite a period there was a manager in charge who enforced this prohibition. If he saw any one beginning to smoke, he would quietly step up to him and gently tapping him on the shoulder, would point with the other finger to the placard on the wall. Nothing more was necessary. There came a change in managers. Patrons began smoking. The manager said nothing. Other patrons, seeing that smoking was being indulged in began the practice. A few young women, seeing their companions smoke, lighted their cigarettes. The placard on the wall meant nothing. This is a fair picture of prohibition of the liquor traffic in the United States. The prohibition law is strict and well-known. Where the officers of the law conscientiously enforce its provisions, prohibition is effective. Where officers ignore the law and wink at its violation, the law is violated. In thousands of communities the law is well observed. In a city as large as Portland, Oregon, 340,000 population, there are young people growing up to manhood and womanhood who have never seen an open saloon and very few, if any persons, actually drunk. Many have never seen liquor in any form nor have they ever tasted it. This would not have been possible before the days of prohibition. In fact, it is one of the difficulties that believers in prohibition have to contend with. So many have never seen the evils of the saloon and of public drinking that it is hard for them to realize the devastation it wrought and therefore they may be tempted to relax the strict enforcement of the law.

For twenty years I have been on the editorial staff of the Chicago Tribune. I have seen the transformation for good that has taken place in a great industrial plant and in the editorial rooms of a great newspaper. Before the days of prohibition, when the whistle sounded, men from the linotype and other mechanical departments would rush out to the saloon. A single man would come back, with a long pole over his shoulder, having suspended on it, perhaps twelve pails of beer. After prohibition went into effect there was no beer brought into the building. Instead of beer, the workmen bought milk and I have counted sixty empty milk bottles on each floor landing. During the summer the management provided a large box for ice in which the milk bottles were kept, and a man was put in charge of its distribution. Milk instead of beer is an outstanding transformation in practically all industrial plants in Chicago.

IN the rooms where the writing is done for the paper as great a change has taken place. Before prohibition I have seen many of the men staggering drunk. One came up to me one night so drunk that he could scarcely keep his feet and exclaimed in a maudlin way, "Say Doc, you don't know what life is unless you drink whiskey." That gentleman, one of the brainiest and most likeable men, was dismissed from the staff three different times for excessive drinking and then was taken back. Since prohibition, it may be added, he has completely reformed and now writes articles over his name which are voluntarily given to various newspapers, lauding prohibition. One of the best known writers I saw carried into the Tribune office by two men, one at his head and the other at his feet. He was what you call dead drunk. He, too, has reformed. Others on the staff were dismissed because of their addiction to drink.

Before prohibition various men in the office had borrowed small sums of me to tide them over until payday, until there was owing to me at one time $26. The amounts borrowed were as low as fifty cents and none higher than two dollars. Since prohibition I have never been asked for a single loan. We have in the office a savings bank for employees. One man said to me after prohibition, "What is this savings system?" I explained it to him. "Well," he said, "since prohibition I am saving five dollars a week on beer and I can go into it now." And he did.

The number of drunken men. I have seen in other places has greatly decreased. In taking the elevated trains on my way home in the old days, I saw sometimes as high as six hilariously drunk, which never occurs now on the same trains. Chicago once had more than 7,200 open saloons. The most eligible corners were luminated with colored electric signs, costing thousands of dollars a year, advertising the various brands of liquor. Now these eligible buisness sites are occupied everywhere by legitimate lines of trade. A bakery occupies the space of one of the most notorious whiskey emporiums in the loop and another one is now a place selling optical goods, and so on all over the city. But critics of prohibition say there are still thousands of "Speakeasies" where liquor may be obtained. If this is true, the "speakeasies" keep out of sight and only those who are determined and are willing to pay a big price for it, can get their thirst slaked. I have attended college banquets in the old liquor days where I have seen general drinking, with more than one man on the floor, under the table, completely overcome. Since the law has been in force I have attended banquets without a single glass of liquor being in evidence.

MUCH was said in the press of the world during the recent presidential campaign about the defeat of the democratic candidate, Alfred E. Smith, on the plea that he was a Roman Catholic and was opposed by Protestants because of their religious bigotry. As an answer I would say that when Mayor William E. Dever was up for re-election in the last contest in Chicago, Protestants almost without exception voted and worked for him. He is an Irish Roman Catholic Democrat, but while he announced that he did not believe in Prohibition he was in favor of law enforcement. His opponent, the present mayor, made an open bid for liquor support and because of the great foreign population—Italians, Poles, Germans and others who have been used to liquor in their own countries, he was elected. I know of only one Methodist minister who opposed Mayor Dever. A Roman Catholic newspaper man said to me, "Here is the tragedy of the situation. You Protestants, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians and all are supporting Mayor Dever; the Catholics, who like liquor, are going back on him." This fact of the Chicago election ought to be proof enough that the opposition to the democratic candidate for the presidency was based on his demand for modification of the Eighteenth Amendment.

It is evident to every one that the fight for a dry country and dry world has not been won as yet. The best we can say is that conditions are vastly improved. The slavery question in the United States was eternally settled in 1893 but we all know that there are still difficulties in adjusting the relationship of the negro to his bloodbought rights.

Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote the novel "Uncle Tom's Cabin" before the Civil War, by which she aroused the nation to the evils of slavery. Her contention was that while there were many kind hearted, generous and even Christian slave holders, the exigencies of commercial loss compelled these slave holders to sell their slaves to brutal slave drivers. The same condition holds today in regard to the liquor question. There are people of high social standing, intellectual culture, even church members, who believe that the solution of the liquor problems is moderation and not total abstinence and the object of the dry leaders is to show that while these exceptional people exist, yet the liquor traffic like slavery, is as a system wholly evil. The only true definition of temperance is "Total abstinence from all things that are harmful and moderation in all things that are lawful."

But in spite of all the difficulties no one in America not even in the South, would return to slavery, so, in spite of the difficulties in enforcing prohibition, America will never return to anti-prohibition days

SELLING LIQUOR DISCIPLINABLE

In 1834, the Presbyterian church session made the selling of liquor a disciplinable offense, and since then no liquor seller was ever admitted to the communion. In his old days, as a professor at Princeton, Dr. Paxton, pastor of the church from 1851-1865, used to tell his students of a man who applied for admission to the church, and was greatly offended and highly incensed when Dr. Paxton refused to let him appear before the session, on the ground that he was the owner of a liquor business in the city. When the man went out from Dr. Paxton's house, he advised him to follow one of his liquor wagons over the city some day, and then he would see just what his business was doing. Months afterwards, the man returned to Dr. Paxton, apologized for his rudeness, said he had taken Dr. Paxton's advice, had followed one of his wagons over the city, saw the iniquity of the business, had now abandoned it, and wished to be received into the church.

HOOVER MESSAGE AND PROHIBITION

"The message of President Hoover to Congress is probably the greatest recommendation as well as pronouncement on National Prohibition and its enforcement and observance ever made by a president of the United States in a message to Congress," said Ernest H. Cherrington, LL.D., Litt.D., Director of Department of Education, Anti-Saloon League of America.

"The strong declarations of President Hoover express the desire of the heart of the American people. The emphasis he has placed upon obedience to the law as well as its enforcement will go far toward reassuring friends of prohibition. It practically notifies those who have brought wet pressure to bear that there will be no let-up in the enforcement program of this administration. It serves notice upon the violators of the prohibition law, both large and small, that the President means business when he calls attention to his oath of office.

"The morale of those charged with enforcement of the law and equally of public spirited citizens and organizations supporting the prohibition cause will be greatly strengthened by the statement of the president."

The Saskatchewan Prohibition Conference

By Rev. Herbert S. Cobb.

Another Prohibition Convention in Saskatchewan has passed into history, and in some respects it was not a history making event. As far as the Convention itself was concerned, very little was done. This statement is not made to cast unfair reflection upon anyone, As a matter of fact, there is not much that can be done just now, in the way of a Provincial effort. One felt this during the afternoon session, when the time was spent dealing with resolutions largely of a domestic range and for the most part harmless. Only once did the Convention really strike fire, and that was when a speaker stressed the necessity of moving forward under a Dominion-wide leadership with a concerted plan of action. To this the Convention vigorously agreed and then slumped back into a state of restful ease. It is true to say that the province has not yet recovered from the shock of the wet victory of July 1924. It is still dazed and listless. The recent votes in Ontario and Nova Scotia have not helped the situation either. So the session passed resolutions, some of which have but a slender chance of surviving and all of which may have provided some mental exercise for the delegates but can hardly be expected to carry the Temperance Cause very far.

The evening session however was one to be remembered. It was addressed by two prominent representatives of Church and State, the Rev. J. Richmond Craig, of Grace United Church, Winnipeg, and the Hon. J. T. M. Anderson, Premier of Saskatchewan. The former spoke on "Why I do not believe in Government Control". He gave good and unanswerable arguments to defend his unbelief. His address dealt with the situation in British Columbia in general and Vancouver in particular. It was the old, old story—but true nevertheless — of increased crime, poverty, drunkenness and corruption of Provincial and Civic Governments, the inevitable fruits of the Drink Trade. His whole Story with its sordidness and grave forebodings gave point to the question he asked, "Who rules Canada anyway?"

The Premier said more about the Government's attitude and intention towards Saskatchewan's Liquor Problem, than has been said by a Government official in this Province for many a long day. In all fairness we ought to add that there has been a noticeable improvement in the enforcement of the Liquor Act since the Anderson regime. We hope that it will continue. But to return to the Premier's speech, he frankly confessed that the Government looked forward with no pleasure to the administration of the Act, but that the Government immediately upon assuming office had through its Attorney-General and with unanimous consent, issued instructions to the Police to enforce the Act, "without fear or favor." He stated that the Government had already been threatened with a weapon of half a million dollars, to be fired at the next Provincial election, unless they followed the dictates of certain interests. Then he launched into a thorough and profitable explanation of a course of Temperance Instruction that he as Minister of Education, intends to introduce into our Primary, Secondary and Normal Schools. If we can patiently wait—and if the Premier's plans have the good fortune to survive — there will be a new record of progress in the Prohibition cause in another generation.

Now as a Province that is about as far as we can go. I venture to say: It is as far as any Province now under Government Control can go. That is the explanation of the first paragraph in this article. We can go on passing resolutions respecting Liquor Advertising, Law Enforcement, Limiting the daily supply for each person, Rum-running, Government Monopoly of Manufacture, etc., until there is no paper left—and we will end up just about where we started. In spite of reports to the contrary, the present writer believes, there is no appreciable change of public opinion through out the Province since 1924 in reference to Government Control. This is not to confess that the system is working well. It is far from doing that. One hesitates to prophesy where we will be, as a people, at the end of another five years at the rate we are debauching ourselves with drink. It is to confess however that it is a more difficult task to step forward than it is to swing backwards.

The Temperance forces in Canada stand today just where the Allied armies stood in the spring of 1918. There is need, urgent need, for a unified command. We sadly lack Dominion-wide consciousness. The Temperance organization of one province does not even know the name of the temperance organization of another. Our Provincial strategies — if we can truly call them such—are causing not so much as a pin prick in the plans of our enemy. I say enemy not enemies for the Liquor Trade is organized from coasts to coast and from the manufacturer to the consumer, and backed even from abroad by a common mind and purse. The enemy must be met and fought by a similar unison of command, plans and resources. And the Provinces will only mark time backwards till this comes to pass.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

WORLD EVENTS

Canada at the Fair

The world's wheat growing championship having gone to Joseph H. B. Smith, of Wolf Creek, Alberta, early last week, the 1929 International Livestock Exposition at Chicago has been a success from the Canadian point of view. A check of the results of the jurges week of work completed on Dec. 6 indicates that the Dominion was rather more successful this year than was the case in 1928.

Coming to the show credited in advance with a strong list of entries in both grain and sheep, the Canadian breeders took important awards in both the cattle and horse divisions to round out their week of gathering the blue ribbons and acclaim that is accorded to successful contestants.

The most important Canadian event of the show was of course Smith's taking of the wheat championship after he had qualified for the wheat sweepstakes by showing the best sample of hard spring wheat that was on exhibition at the hay and grain show.

In oats, where Canada had hoped to take another title, Aina Linden, of Wetaskiwin, Alberta, was second in the regional competition. C. I. Gustafson, of Victor, Montana, won the oats championship without serious competition after Linden had been disposed of. They only top place in oats that went to Canada was the first ranking of early oats that was won by Eddie Shank, of Athabasca, Alberta.

Other grain awards of importance that went to the Dominion were the first place in two rowed barley that went to George Avery, of Kelso, Sask., and that later gave him reserve championship behind L. E. Peterson, of Victor, Montana, who exhibited six rowed barley in the sweepstakes.

Field peas were a clean sweep for Canada with W. G. Gibson, of Ladbrough, of Laura, Sask., taking rechampionship, and William Darnner, British Columbia, taking the serve honors.

In the sheep division, Robson and Goddard, of Denfield, Ontario, were the most successful, taking the Wether championship in both the fat long woolled grade and Cross class and in the fat Lincoln class. Neither entry was able to go on to the grand championship of the fat sheep competition, however.

In the breeding sheep classes, Robson and Goddard swept the Lincoln competition, their animals taking both the ram and the ewe grand championship.

In the breeding Cotswold competition the ewe reserve championship taken by Charles J. Shore, of Glanworth, Ontario, was the only important Canadian placing and in the breeding Oxford class R. Russell Fleming, of Whitby, Ontario, rounded out the performance by taking the ram championship of the breed with one of his animals and sending another through to the reserve ewe title.

In the carload lot contest, Robert McEwen and Sons, of London, Ontario, won the grand championship with a carload of native lambs that had earlier won their class title.

The Clydesdale horse judging brought top honors to James A. Johnstone, the Yellowgrass, Sask. breeder. His "Sonny Boy" won both the junior and the grain championships among the stallions and his "Lady Trojan Mahomet" was the senior and grand champion mare of the Clydesdale breed.

In cattle, although not a serious competitor in the steer classes which led to the grand championship, Ontario came back in the breeding Shorthorn classes to take three of the four top honors which it offered. Fred Deacon, of Unionville, Ontario, was the important contestant, his "Edellyn Favorite" winning the title of senior and grand champion among the bulls of the breed, and his "Villagers Goldie" taking senior and grand championships among the breeding Shorthorn females.

T. A. Russell, of Downsview, was the winner of one of the other titles in this breeding with his "Dales Lodgekeeper."

NEW FINANCE MINISTER

A recent photo of Hon. Charles Avery Dunning, former Minister of Railways and Canals who has taken over the post made vacant by the death of the late Hon. James Robb.

TO BLIND PERSONS

Mr. P. E. Layton, President of the Canadian Federation of the Blind, is desirous of obtaining information about all blind persons in the Dominion who are in need of Pensions. In sending in name and address the reason why the pension is required should be mentioned, with full particulars as to number of people dependent, present salary, and any other information that may appear valuable. It will greatly help to obtain the pension if reasons are given why blind people should receive this aid from the Government.

The Canadian Federation of the blind has been working hard for a long time to obtain pensions, and to this end is endeavoring to have a bill introduced at the next session of the Dominion Parliament.

All blind persons and those interested in this movement are requested to write to their local member of Parliament asking him to give such a bill his full support.

As there will be a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Federation in Ottawa, early in January, full information should be sent at once to the headquarters, Canadian Federation of the Blind, 6980 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal.

The School for Crippled Children 45 Cedar Ave.., Montreal, P. Q., has issued its annual appeal for funds over the signature of Miss Sarah Agnes Tyndale, principal and Hon. Secretary. Cheques should be drawn payable to "The School for Crippled Children."

Canada

Hon. H. H. Stevens member for Vancouver Centre in the House of Commons, in a statement issued on December 4 announced his retirement from political life, at the end of the present parliament.

Leading experts on cancer and its treatment by X-ray and radium presented and discussed papers at the convention of the Radiological Society of North America at Toronto on December 4. The cancer symposium was under the chairmanship of Dr. Albert Soiland of Los Angeles. A feature of almost all of the papers, and especially those dealing with cancerous growths, was that doctors are one in urging upon the public the necessity for early examination and treatment. It has been shown that percentages of cures increase as the general public realize this necessity and present themselves for examination before the disease has gained headway.

Col. C. D. H. MacAlpine, leader of the aviator explorers who were lost on the barrens of the arctic for two months, with four of his companions arrived at Cranberry Portage, Man., on Dec. 5 by plane from Stoney Rapids, aerial base in northern Saskatchewan, after a flight of 450 miles.

Satisfactory progress and promising prospects for its work in helping out Canadian agriculture by way of loans was reported at the initial meeting of the Federal Farm Loan Board at Ottawa with Hon. C. A. Dunning, who by virtue of his position is head of the board. Since the Federal Farm Loan Act became operative there have been 5,642 applications for loans and, so far, 1,160 have been made. The others are in process of appraisal.

The new hymn book of the United Church of Canada has been approved by the executive committee of the General Council and will be placed in the hands of the publishers. It is expected the new book will be ready for and given use at the next General Council, to be convened in St. Andrew's Church, London, next September.

Canada's trade agreement with Cuba has been extended for two years, ensuring continuation of the arrangement whereby the Dominion exchanges with Cuba the benefit of the intermediate schedule of customs duties. An order-in-council has been signed extending the agreement until November 22, 1931.

Three young premiers came to Ottawa Monday morning to discuss with the Dominion Government the return of natural resources to Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. From Manitoba came Hon. John Bracken, who was accompanied by Hon. W. J. Major, Attorney-General; Hon. D. G. McKenzie, Minister of Lands and Forests, and A. B. Hudson, K.C., of Winnipeg, chief counsel for the province. From Saskatchewan came Hon. Dr. Anderson and the Attorney-General, Hon. Murdock Alexander McPherson, who is regarded by Conservatives as one of their ablest new men. From Alberta came Hon. J. E. Brownlee, accompanied by Attorney-General Hon. J. F. Lynburn and Hon. George Hoadley, Minister of Agriculture and Health.

Jos. Edouard Fortin, lawyer and journalist, is the new member of the Quebec Legislative Assembly for Beauce. He was chosen by acclamation on December 9.

Another chapter in Canada's aeronautical history was written Monday in the successful completion of air mail flights between Montreal and the Maritime Provinces. Despite unfavorable weather along the line, which included blinding snowstorms that made flying decidedly hazardous the pilots reached their destinations on five out of six scheduled routes linking Montreal with Quebec, Moncton and St. John. The only trip that could not be completed was the most difficult journey between Moncton and Quebec, which has to be made over desolate country in which a pilot may lose his way with ease unless fine weather is experienced. An attempt was made to get through, but the flight had to be abandoned when driving snow forced Pilot R. H. Bibby back to Moncton shortly after he took off at 7 a.m.

Great Britain

Labor's left wing on Dec. 3 again assaulted the Government's Unemployment Insurance Bill. They raised an amendment in the House of Commons which would have increased the weekly unemployment grant to the dependent wife of an unemployed man, by from $2.25 to $2.50 per week. But the amendment eventually was turned down, though the revolt spread to other Labor back benches.

A. W. Johns, designer of British submarines during the Great War and responsible for earlier designs ofrigid airships, has been appointed Director of Naval Construction to succeed Sir William J. Berry, who retires in January.

The House of Lords on Dec. 4 registered strong disapproval of the Labor Government's efforts to resume diplomatic relations with the Soviet union. The House voted 43 to 21 in support of a motion introduced by Lord Birkenhead "that diplomaatic recognition of the Soviet Government is not desirable."

Establishment of an alternative tribunal to the judical committee of the Privy Council for the settlement of disputes between members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, was mooted in the House of Commons on Dec. 4. A questioner asked whether the Government was prepared to consider such a proposal and whether they had received any communications from any of the Dominions relating to it. Premier MacDonald said no communications had been received from any of the Dominion Governments. He declined to express an opinion on the matter, and said the whole subject was one which might more properly be discussed at the next Imperial Conference.

General Sir Charles Monro, famous British soldier, who won wide praise for his successful withdrawal of British and Anzac forces from the Gallipoli peninsula during the Great War, died on Dec. 7 in London. He was 69 years old.

Sir Esmond Ovey, the new British Ambassador to the Soviet Union, left London on Sunday for Moscow.

William Lunn, parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Dominions, was on Monday apointed chairman of the Overseas Settlement Committee.

The British Isles and western Europe buffeted for almost a week by unparalleled gales, had a storm death list of 113 known Monday and a forecast of further terrific winds for two days more. An accurate estimate of deaths and damage was made impossible by disruption of telegraph and telephone lines, but a United Press survey revealed the following deaths: British Isles, 36; Netherlands, 15; Spain, 20; Portugal, 3; France, 7; Denmark, 1; Germany, 3. The foregoing list does not include numerous ship disasters, the accounts of which were being radioed from many points. It was confirmed, for instance, that the steamer Radyer sank Saturday in the Bristol channel, but the crew of 21 was not included in the death list, although two bodies washed ashore at Hartland indicated that all had perished. Four vessels were reported in distress off the coast of France and five off the coast of England. The Cunard steamer Alaunia from New York was rushing to the assistance of the steamship Tynebridge in the English channel, which again was being swept by a gale. The German steamer Aegir grounded off the west coast of Scotland, in the Baltic Sea. One member of the crew drowned The rest were rescued. Coast guardsmen feared the vessel would be a total loss. The tugboat Iroise, which towed the Gald Ames from a dangerous position off Ouessant Reef, put out again from Brest, France, in answer to an SOS from the Danish steamer Hillene. It found the crew tossing about in the high waves, and rescued all but an under-captain and a lieutenant. "We had to fish them out of the most dangerous seas," said Captain Nicholas of the Iroise. They then prepared the staunch tug to go to the assistance of the Italian freighter Senator d'Ali and the English boat Aba, both of which demanded help. The Senator d'Ali had a damaged rudder.

Sister Dominions

J. E. Fenton, Minister of Customs in the new Labor Cabinet, will leave for

London soon to be Australian delegate to the five-power naval conference, it was announced by Prime Minister Scullin, on Dec. 4.

The South African High Commissioner at London, Charles E. Water, will represent the Union of South Africa at the London Naval Conference next month, it was announced on Dec. 5 at Pretoria.

J. W. Collins, Secretary of the Department of Industry and Commerce, has been appointed New Zealand trade commissioner in Canada, it was announced at Wellington, New Zealand, on Dec. 6. After establishing a Canadian office Collins will report on the prospects of increasing New Zealand's trade on the eastern seaboard of the United States.

The Commonwealth Bank Bill received its third reading in the Australian House of Representatives on Dec. 6. The bill is designed to place the Commonwealth Bank in immediate control of all the gold in Australia with a view to systematic supervision of the export of gold. The measure followed fears expressed by leading financiers as to the condition of Australian credit in London and other centres.

The Labor forces in the Australian State of Victoria appear to have won a definite victory in the state elections just concluded. The final state of affairs, however, does not give Labor a majority over all, but they are expected to gain sufficient support in the Legislative Assembly to defeat the Nationalist Government of Sir William Macpherson. The standing of parties on Dec. 9 was as follows: Labor 30; Nationalists 17; Country Party 11; Country-Prog. 4; Independent 3. The assembly meets on Wednesday, when Premier MacPherson is expected to let a vote on a Motion of non-confidence by the Labor Party decide the fate of his Government.

A London newspaper on Monday printed a dispatch from Rawalpindi, Punjab, reporting that British troops had engaged in fierce fighting at Wana in southern Wazaristan. Beyond saying that "very important developments had suddenly occurred," the dispatch did not explain what the fighting was about. Wana is only about 25 miles from the border of Afghanistan and is about 200 miles southwest of Peshawar, northwest provinces. British troops in that section of India have long had to contend with incursions of Afghan tribesmen from their mountain strongholds across the border.

The United States

A speedy end to the tariff controversy, prompt tax reduction and strengthening of prohibition enforcement were urged upon Congress on Dec. 3 by President Hoover in his first message on the state of the Union.

Seeking to correct a physical ailment before his inauguration, Pascual Ortiz Rubio, President-elect of Mexico, entered the United States at Brownsville, Texas on his way to a United States hospital. The President-elect and a party of twelve, including his wife and three children, journey from Mexico City aboard a special train. In a statement given newspapermen, the President-elect declared one of his chief aims would be to bring about a better understanding between the United States and Mexico.

E. G. Bylander, of Little Rock, Ark., was elected president of the International Association of Fairs and Expositions at its annual meeting in Chicago on Dec. 4. Bylander last year was vice-president. Other officers named included P. W. Abbott, Edmonton, Alberta, former director and vice-president.

Additional customs guards for use along the Canadian border are provided for in the increase of $479,300 in the appropriations for the Customs Bureau announced on Dec. 4 in President Hoover's budget message. Details of the reorganization of the bureau were made public by Customs Commissioner Eble. A total increase of 228 inspectors, customs guards and other employees is to be made, but the announcement did not state just what number would be added to the border forces or where the extra border employees were to be located.

In line with President Hoover's recommendation, a bill to ratify the $4,025,000,000 French war debt settlement was introduced on Dec. 4 by Chairman Hawley, of the House Ways and Means Committee.

The Inter-Departmental Committee on ocean mail contracts agreed on Dec. 5 to cut down construction requirements for 13 ocean mail contracts from 40 vessels costing approximately $250,000,000, to 29 vessels costing a total of between $160,000,000 and $175,000,00.

The Navy Department on Dec. 6 announced the names of eight officials who will accompany Admirals Pratt and Jones to the London disarmament conference, as technical advisers to the American delegation. Those selected are: Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the Aeronautics Bureau; Rear Admiral Joel R. P. Pringle, president of the Naval War College, Newport, R. I.; Rear Admiral Arthur R. Hepburn, Chief of Staff, Commander-in-Chief of the United States fleet; Captain Alexander H. Van Keuren, of the Construction Corps, in charge of the design division of the Bureau of Construction and Repair; Captain W. W. Smyth, member of the Special Board on Naval Ordnance; Commander Harold C. Train, who is on duty with the General Board, and Lieutenant-Commander Charles W. A. Campbell, aide and flag-lieutenant to the Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet.

The Senate on Friday denied a seat to Senator-elect William S. Vare, of Pennsylvania, and followed this action by refusing to seat his Democratic opponent in the 1926 election, William B. Wilson, to the disputed seat. The resolution of Senator Norris, Republican, Nebraska, excluding Vare, a Philadelphia Republican leader, on account of expenditures of $785,000 in his 1926 primary race and because of charges of fraud in that contest, was adopted. The vote barring Vare was 58 to 22.

The Senate finance committee on Monday reported favorably on the $160,000,000 tax reduction resolution. The committee action was unanimous. The resolution, previously approved by the House, proposes a one per cent, reduction in the tax rates on individual and corporation incomes.

Patrick Jay Hurley, of Oklahoma, lawyer, soldier and executive, was appointed on Friday by President Hoover as Secretary of War, a post in which he has been acting since the death of James W. Good last month.

Europe

The Belgian coalition cabinet of Premier Henri Jaspar, which resigned a week ago after a disagreement over the official language at the University of Ghent, was restored on Dec. 4 with Premier Jaspar again at its head. The Cabinet had split over the proposal to make Flemish the accepted language of the university, with French an optional course.

Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, handed to the Italian ambassador at Paris on Dec. 4, a memorandum on the naval problem, emphasizing a difference in the naval requirements of France and Italy by reason of the difference in the extent of their colonial possessions.

France is returning to virtually all-French bread. Under new legislation for the assistance of the farmer, Hon. Jean Hennessy, Minister of Agriculture, has fixed the quantity of French flour which is to go into the making of French bread at 97 per cent.

The Polish Diet opened its fall session quietly on Thursday, a month later than had been scheduled because of the incident of October 31, when army officers appeared in the building just before the scheduled opening. Only deputies, members of the government and the diplomatic corps were admitted on Dec. 5.

The Pope received the King and Queen of united Italy at the Vatican on Dec. 5, for the first time in history. An hour later, the visit was returned by the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, who was received at the Quirinal Palace with military honors.

The sejm, or Polish Lower House, voted misconfidence Friday night in the Government headed by Premier Casimir Switalski, who came into power last April. The vote was 246 to 120. Earlier a Communist motion of non-confidence in Speaker Ignace Daszinski was defeated by a large majority, with Government parties abstaining from the voting.

The international conference for abolition of import and export restrictions and prohibitions, which convened on Dec. 5 in Paris, encountered serious difficulties at the plenary session Friday morning, when an effort was made to evolve an arrangement for putting the convention into effect among those nations whose signatures had been affixed without conditions. Sixteen of the leading industrial countries of the world, including the United States, have ratified the instrument, but nine of them have hade their acceptances contingent upon the ratifications of Poland and Czechoslovakia. It was hoped the two latter countries would withdraw from their positions and announce a willingness to ratify, or else that the nine hesitant states would endorse the pact regardless of the Polish and Czechoslovakian attitude.

All three protocols involved in United States entry into the World Court were signed at Geneva Monday afternoon by Jay Pierrepont Moffat, Charge d'Affaires at Berne, acting for the United States government.

Transforming the Government of the Republic of Austria from a purely parliamentary system to a presidential one, with a strong executive which, though responsible to Parliament, will have ample possibilities of exerting its will, the Austrian National Assembly on Monday adopted the constitutional reform law, which comes into force on January 1. About 80 percent. of the original demands of the non-Socialists were carried through.

Latin America

Martial law has been declared in the republic of Haiti, the United States government was advised on Dec. 5 in official despatches. The situation which led to this action was believed from information available in Washington to have grown out of a strike among the school teachers of the republic and which apparently became rather widespread in other lines.

With dramatic swiftness the apparently tranquil situation throughout the Republic of Haiti was shattered on Saturday afternoon by the first bloodshed in the repulse of a band of 1,500 Haitians from the interior, who charged a marine patrol on the outskirts of the city of Aux Cayes. In the encounter five Haitians were killed and twenty wounded. One marine was hurt in a hand-to-hand encounter with the leader of the band.

The Orient

Hon. Herbert Marler, the Canadian Minister, returned to Tokio on Dec. 6 from a tour of Kansai, as western Japan is called. He visited Osaka, Kobe and other important places. He met leading Japanese officials and business men, as well as Canadian and British residents, so as to gain first-hand information of conditions in that part of the Japanese Empire.

The Jewish Telegraph Agency reported on Dec. 6 from Jerusalem that editors of all papers published in Palestine were called together by the Director of Police of Jerusalem and warned on behalf of the Chancellor that censorship will be established if they do not cease publication of articles of a character likely to arouse animosity between Jews and Arabs.

Tsai Yun-Sheng, Manchurian peace delegate left Mukden on Sunday night for Habavovsk bearing the formal signature of the Manchurian Government to the protocol, which he signed with the Soviet delegate Simonovsky for settlement of the Chinese Eastern Railway dispute, a Nippon Dempo News Agency report said Monday. Under the protocol, the railway, which was seized by China last July, will be restored to joint control as provided under the agreement between China and Russia in 1924. Manchuria has agreed to the naming of a new president to succeed the present one.

Chiang Kai-Shek, President of the Chinese Republic since October 10, 1928, on Dec. 6 informed the Executive Council of the Nationalist Government he would resign, according to a Nippon Dempo News Agency of Tokio dispatch from Nanking.

TO REPRESENT CANADA IN ENGLAND

At The Royal Winter Fair, recently held in Toronto, Cedric Kirkpatrick, Wirral, N.B. (left), Gordon Campbell, Stewiacke, N.S. (centre) and Clifford Baldwick, Barrie, Ont. (right), members of the junior live stock clubs in the respective provinces, were chosen as representatives of Canada at the International Joint Live Stock Judging Competition, to be held in England next year.

The KEEPER of the VINEYARD

By Alice McKay

Author of **The Mustard Seed, Broken Ships, Red Letters, Etc.**

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SYNOPSIS

Note:—For the benefit of new subscribers the synopsis printed below is somewhat longer than usual.

In 1914 John Cameron went to war and left his motherless son, Alan, in the care of Mrs. Rutland, their neighbor in the Cape Breton village of Bradore. Before he left he told the boy of a charge he wished the lad to keep should the fortunes of war take him. A tract of land on Forest Hill was jointly owned by John and his brother William, but the latter had gone to the Yukon goldfields years before and had not been heard from since. The timber on the tract was to be devoted to building and maintaining a "house by the side of the road" for world-weary souls. When his father was killed, his wishes became sacred to Alan. One day in 1926 while he was watching for possible fires, Alan was summoned home by Injun Andy. He found a stranger waiting him, who gave his name as Jared Griffith, a Montreal financier, (his operations in New York supplied a good reason for giving a Canadian address.) Cameron refused his offer to buy the timber of Forest Hill, declaring that his father's wishes would be carried out. Dave Kyne, who hated Alan because of his love for Barbara Austin, gave Griffith information about Cameron's history and undertook to help him in his schemes. Griffith and his daughter, Lois, whom he kept under control with drugs, visited Cameron at Mrs. Rutland's, where Julian Austin, Alan's chum, was attracted by the new girl. Barbara Austin took Lois to the raising of the frame of the "Jericho House" and saw Cameron struck down by a falling timber. Griffith knowing the inherent appetite for alcohol which beset the Camerons administered a strong draught to the unconscious temperance worker. When he regained consciousness in his room Alan found Lois watching. She whispered a warning to be watchful and fled. Soon Griffith called with pretended concern and Cameron discovered that he was possessed by an overwhelming desire for the liquor the man proffered. Little Jimsy Austin spoke out to bring him to his senses.

(Now read on.)

CHAPTER VII.

The Jericho House

A dream realized, although the dreamer was classed among the dead; a promise fulfilled, and a haven of rest, the Jericho House stood completed in the Vineyard of Bradore. The keeper of it looked upon the finished product, pronounced it good, and was glad. The building was altogether finished and equipped with a well-stocked library, a comfortable rest room, a sun parlor, a bath, and last, but not less important, a long room to be used for the temperance meetings. One third of the furnished rooms were to be used for whatever poor and needy souls might stray into Bradore. The fees on the regular boarders would be moderate, just enough to cover the expenses. Alan Cameron wanted no profits from his Jericho House, and he had taken the lumber from Forest Hill that had covered all the cost of building and furnishing.

Cameron's boyhood nurse, who had also been his father's housekeeper, came back from Montreal to bake her delicious pies and biscuit, and to serve her toothsome roasts in the culinary department. She could live no longer away from the fragrant loveliness of Bradore, and was willing to dig ditches if by so doing she could earn for herself an abiding spot in this fairyland of her girlhood days. To fill a position in this House of Houses was a hope she had not dared to entertain, and now she found herself wondering betimes if it was all a dream from which she must awake to the grating sounds and glamor and clamor that was Montreal. Yet her dream lingered, and her pies and cakes continued to be served, to the delight of all summer boarders in the Jericho House.

Jared Griffith and his daughter moved from Peter Kyne's boarding-house into the spic and span rooms of the new building, thereby increasing the hatred for Cameron that smouldered in Dave's breast. Griffith noted this, and smiled, a grim, hard smile, that was born of another lap past in the mileage of his evil scheming.

Then, too, a party of carefree tourists strayed into Bradore to play for a day, and lingered to worship at the shrine of its great scenic beauty. They found sufficient for their material in the Jericho House, while the great, unexcelled outdoors catered to the wants of mind and spirit.

The inhabitants of Bradore had begun to think that the charity portion of the Jericho House was to be forever vacant when old Sandra Vane and her big, swaggering, half-witted son, Tom, strayed to its doors. They had been cast out from a party of gypsies who were travelling through Cape Breton, so Sandra said, and she was looking for work whereby she might support herself and her boy. Sandra Vane was wrinkled and grey, and very lame. The boy was tall and dark-haired, and slovenly, with a leer in his eye and many a jibe on his lips. He swaggered along with his cap set rakishly upon his head, and threw kisses profusely about to any of Bradore's fair who happened within the range of his vision.

In conference with Cameron and others at a meeting in the Jericho House, Barbara Austin suggested that Sandra Vane and her son were as fit as any of this world's unfortunates to fill a place in Charity Hall. So it was that the lame woman was stationed in a sunny room looking out over the Bras d'Or lake, and Tom in another within speaking distance of his mother. In exchange for those comforts, so that she might not feel too keenly the stab of being an object of charity, Sandra helped with the sweeping and dusting, and her son did odd jobs about the yard whenever the mood was upon him.

Barbara Austin was librarian in the Jericho House, which position she filled joyously, as it gave her an unbounded opportunity to gratify her love for books. She it was who chose most of the volumes that filled the shelves, and her fine taste in literature was proven by the choice assortment of the masters' work that stood there in rows inviting perusal. What was lacking on her part Cameron had supplied, and the result was a library that must satisfy the most exacting.

To Barbara the library was a double boon during those beautiful summer days in which it had been her custom to roam at large with Alan Cameron through the sweet-scented aisles of Forest Hill, or motor with him over the silver-tipped lake. All this happiness had gone, and life had changed in some undefinable, subtle way for Barbara Austin. Not that Alan was different to her, or that the beauty of Bradore, in which she had always revelled, was any less, but it was Jimsy who, speaking in the careless innocency of youth, had obliterated the brightest star in Barbara's crown of joy.

"I guess if my Alan loves that girl we must help him to marry her," Jimsy had spoken unexpectedly as he looked over the pictures of Robin Hood in the children's corner of the library.

"What girl?" Barbara had queried sharply.

"Loois," he drawled the word in reply, and then looked up in surprise, for Barbara had fled unceremoniously, leaving him to puzzle out the mystery of his book-hero's bow and arrows in solitude.

The words were but those of a child, yet they made more real the fears that found a place of abode in the girl's heart ever since she saw Lois and Alan together in Mary Rutland's living-room. The sunshine of all the years of happy comraderie spent with Cameron was suddenly dimmed, and the bird music ringing down to her from Forest Hill seemed without cause to have taken on a melancholy strain. Barbara covered her loneliness with a cloak of reserve and aloofness that was not usual with her, and Cameron, perplexed by her attitude and not a little put out, left her alone, and turned for company to the more responsive and appreciative Lois Griffith. Thus the breach widened that was at first but a tiny rift in an almost perfect companionship, and souls born to be mates drifted apart, not understanding.

Hard as was this estrangement, there was a still greater problem facing Barbara Austin. It was greater in that she could not battle it out alone, but must stand helplessly by and see her beloved and gentle mother drawn into the heartbreak of it. It was her brother, Julian, and his drinking. It was also the first shadow that had ever dimmed the perfect lightness and harmony of the Austin family life. Barbara stood watching this disaster creep slowly into their home, and the astonishing horror and pain of it left her dumb. Once she had recovered her spirit, and then she tried to reason with Julian. Although he had put her off with careless ease, she could not know the effort it had cost him to assume that pose. Always her brother's confidant, Barbara was wounded afresh by his growing aloofness, and she found but poor solace in a deluge of secret tears. Therefore, Barbara fled to her work in the library as a temporary refuge from those strange and relentless whisperings of fate, and tried to forget the dull ache of loneliness and anxiety that was robbing her eyes of their sparkle.

So long as Julian's escapades were not public knowledge, Barbara felt some hope of his redemption before the drink talons would be fastened too firmly in his fresh, young manhood. She was spared the knowledge that it was Lois Griffith who had been instrumental in leading her brother into forbidden paths. Had she known it, the friendship she felt for Lois would be changed to hostility, and thus her opportunity of helping a stricken sister would be averted. It followed that even the consolation of suffered in secrecy was to be denied her, however, and the long dreaded moment when all Bradore must hear of their disgrace came at the monthly temperance meeting.

An unusually large crowd had congregated, for the evening was gloriously fine, and the air heavy with a very elixir of life that floated in over the shimmering expanse of lake and up from the rose-bushes that followed the fences. Apart from the regular members, there were tourists there who happened by, and the new summer residents of the Jericho House. Sandra Vane and her son slipped into a back seat before Cameron opened the meeting, and Tom applauded uproariously when Cameron arose to his feet, despite Sandra's frantic efforts to silence him.

When this solitary ovation died out, Cameron went quietly on with the routine of their program, and Tom gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at being paid so little attention.

This was a special meeting of the year in which all the active members were to re-sign their oath of allegiance to the temperance cause, and pledge anew their promise to fight the drink evil. When Julian Austin rose from his seat near Lois Griffith and came forward with a swagger that was too clearly affected to pass unnoticed, Barbara caught her breath with a sob and sat tense, waiting.

"I guess I won't re-sign, members," he said in a careless voice. "I've been taking a drink once in a while, and as the card says 'total abstinence,' I might as well not sign. Of course I don't want you fellows to think that I have degenerated into a drunkard, or anything like that; but a glass or two for the sake of sociability never did, and never will, hurt anybody. If I haven't got will-power enough to take one glass occasionally and stop at that, I am no man anyway."

Alan Cameron was on his feet the instant Julian stopped speaking.

"Maybe our brother here has will-power enough to stop with one glass," he said. "The odds are all with him, at any rate. He has pure, untainted blood in his veins. He came of a long line of clean-lived, clean-minded ancestors, who have passed on to him all that is best in things pertaining to the physical as well as the spiritual life. On that account he may take an occasional glass and stop at that. We will grant that he is perfectly able to do this. Yet I would ask one question of you, Julian Austin, and I ask it as man to man. What of the one, or two, or three human beings harboring immortal souls who may follow your example? Have you an assurance that they will be able to stop with an occasional glass? For as God is in His heaven above, you will be held responsible for every soul that goes astray through example of yours, as will I also, and every one present here."

Cameron did not see how Lois Griffith shrank back at his words with hand upraised as though to ward off a blow.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" questioned Julian, annoyed more than he cared to admit by Cameron's words.

"You are," returned Cameron. "The very Bible teaches us that if meat causeth a brother to offend we should not eat meat while the world standeth. You have read of the reward in store for the man who puts a stumbling block in his brother's way? You dare to make a boast of your will-power—I pray God that it is strong enough to keep you out of the gutter—but I defy you to overlook the souls that through your example may be thrown into outer darkness. What of your younger brothers growing up? They may have a weaker will-power. Julian Austin, I implore of you to face your conscience and try to fathom the terrible consequences that will surely follow in the wake of your thoughtless actions."

"You are vehement, Alan," said Julian lightly, "but I guess I am hopeless just now. Something may turn up to make me see the thing your way—until then, I will take my place in the visitors' seat."

The light of prophesy blazed momentarily in Cameron's face. He stepped forward a little and leaned towards Julian with clenched hands.

"Yes, Julian Austin, a Mightier Power than my poor tongue has the fashioning of our vile clay in His keeping, and He will send something to show you the folly of the way you have chosen, and may He in His mercy send strength to help you bear it when it comes."

A hush that was almost painful in its intensity followed Cameron's words. It was in a somewhat strained atmosphere that the meeting was hurried to a close.

When Cameron would have walked home with Barbara under the star-shot sky, she avoided him under pretense of having some sort of work to do in the library. He lingered a while until Julian and the others had gone. As he passed through the hall to the front exit Lois Griffith came down the broad stairway from her room, a rose-colored scarf encircling her shoulders and partially covering her clustering curls. She stopped short in surprise at seeing Cameron.

"I thought you had gone," she said, "but lucky for me that you did not, as I must go up to your house, and it is always nicer to have company."

"You are quite right," returned Cameron gladly enough, for he was in a blue mood and did not relish the idea of walking home alone. "It is a splendid night and I am delighted to have your company. To be frank, I wanted to see you alone anyway, as there are some things I wanted to say to you."

Within the library Barbara Austin sat at her desk looking moodily out at the white band of light flung across the lawn by the high window. As she gazed two figures crossed the illuminated area. The girl sat upright with a quick jerk, recognizing Cameron's habitual sport-clothes, and Lois' rose-colored scarf. Lois knew that Barbara must see them, for she

had noticed her sitting at the desk as she came down the hall, but she soon forgot this incident in her curiosity to know what Cameron had to say to her in private.

"I left my purse up at the house when I was taking my music-lesson this afternoon," she said in an explanatory tone. "There are some papers in it that my father must have in the morning. That is the reason why I must go up tonight."

"I am much obliged to your father," said Cameron laughing. Then, in a serious tone: "Lois—I want to thank you for what you said that day I was sick. You know, warning me to be careful. I believe I know now what you meant."

"Hush!" her hand was over his lips in a soft touch. "Please, please do not mention it again. If you only knew—if I could explain——"

"And why can't you?" he said, taking her hand in a strong clasp. "Lois, you may tell me. I will never betray you. What is it dear?"

His sympathetic tone, the wonderful hush of a night that was like a holy thing compared to the black turmoil of her spirit, and the condemnatory words that she had listened to in the meeting, combined their efforts to break down the wall of her reserve. She burst into a passion of tears, and the man in his attempts to calm her folded her close in his arms.

"Oh, Alan, save me from myself—and him!" she sobbed, clinging to him. "Take me away where he can never find me, and where I can fight against this thing that is killing me."

Cameron knew without a question that it was her father from whom this girl wanted to escape, and in his heart he prayed for wisdom to answer her aright.

"Lois, dear," he said stroking her soft curls, "I don't know just what is tormenting you, but to run away is no cure. You must turn where you are and fight your enemy. If your enemy is within yourself you can never escape by running away. It is as easy to conquer it here as it would be one thousand miles distant, and the sooner you start the siege the better. If I can help you in any way you can count on me."

The girl's sobbing ceased as he was speaking, but she still clung to him with the helpless abandonment of a child. Changed, indeed, was the proud, ostentatious Lois of New York's fashionable resorts.

"I want to be good!" she cried piteously, the world-old cry of the soul that has at last realized its corruptness. "I want to be like Barbara Austin. I am tired of sham, and affectation, and all the wearisome world. Alan, is there ever going to be a place where weary, ragged souls will be mended and get a rest?"

The pathos of her went to the man's heart, and he felt a rush of tears to his eyes.

"Yes, dear, there is a place. We have no surer promise. There is no reason why you should not be happy here, for God meant all his people to be happy—and good. Lois, you have affected me strangely, and I have a deep affection for you that asks for nothing in return save that you may be happy."

He spoke without passion in level tones, and the girl knew that her father's plans were balked already, for the love she felt for Alan Cameron, and the affection he had confessed for her, was not the demanding passion of mate for mate, but another gentle, sacrificing thing that was to have its solution in the unknown days of the future.

"You do not know how bad, how wicked I am, Alan. If you did you would hate me," she continued.

"No, I would not," he replied, "but do not value my opinion too highly, for I am but a sinful mortal subject to be tempted. A greater power, the gentle Saviour, Who died for us is ready and more than willing to wash away all sins. He does not wait to consider how black the soul may be if the sinner is truly repentant. That is all that matters."

They had continued their walk, and soon the lights of the Rutland living-room shone upon them.

"I would rather not go in," said Lois. She was afraid to face the keen though kindly scrutiny of Mary Rutland, when her face bore the traces of tears. "My purse is on the bookcase if you will please to bring it."

Before he left her, Alan bent and kissed the girl tenderly, not on the lips, but on the white temple, where a few dark curls lay like silken floss.

In the shade of a maple across the way, Julian Austin, watching, saw the caress and turned homeward, blindly, in a fury of misunderstanding, to forgetfulness in wine.

It was during their walk back to the Jericho House that Lois confessed her terrible soul and body-destroying drug thirst to Cameron. She did not spare herself, none less her father, who had given her the stuff first, and then had tortured her into doing his bidding by withholding it when her poor, wracked body called for the relief that it seemed to bring. Her confidence was not given, however, until Cameron had taken a solemn oath to keep her sad story a secret.

There under the quiet stars, and under the protecting arc of blue sky with the moist night-scents of fragrant Bradore about them, she vowed never to touch the stuff again, and to come to Alan when the craving would threaten to master her. It would be his part to find a way of escape for her when the monster would press too closely.

So, in the vineyard, though the vines were tangled sadly, and wild grapes grew on chosen branches, and little foxes crept steadily below, the steadfast laborer went on with his task in blind faith, ever striving to hear the beloved Voice at eventide with Its "Well done, good and faithful servant."

(To be Continued.)

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How about devoting

Sixty Volunteer *Minutes*

to introduce
your friends to the Witness
by way of celebrating
your Editor's

Sixty Volunteer *Years*

of service to your country
and therefore to you,
to your family and to your friends.

SERFS NO LONGER

or "KINSMEN"

A Tale of Stirring Days in Old Ontario

BY

Percival J. Cooney

(All rights reserved)

SYNOPSIS

Note:—For the benefit of new subscribers the synopsis printed below is somewhat longer than usual.

As Barclay Craig, new surveyor to Archibald McNab, last laird of his clan, was seeking to find his way to Kennell Lodge, he found every door barred against him. Seeing a girl among the shrubbery he dismounted to accost her but reaching the thicket to find another man forcing his caresses on her, struck without a word. But for the girl's interference he would have been stabbed in the struggle that followed. The girl, Flora McIntyre, directed him in amazement, for the man he had just fought was Allan Dhu, son of the chief. The McNab was endeavoring to establish the old clan system on the Upper Ottawa, but John Mohr McIntyre was heading a revolt against his despotic rule. When McIntyre refused the chief's proposal of marriage between Flora and Allan Dhu, the persecution was renewed. Young Peter McIntyre and Murty McGonigal formed a secret terrorist organization called the Black Boys among the younger recalcitrants. Craig stumbled on their rendezvous one winter evening in a storm and was forced to take oath to reveal nothing of what he had learned. Commissioned to servey a new road, he found that it was cutting a farm in two and McIntyre forced him to retreat at the point of a pitchfork from his land. Worse that this, however, in his mind, was the fact that Flora, whom he had come to love, was alienated. When Barclay refused to lay charges against McIntyre and tendered his resignation, the chief begged him to reconsider, but McTavish, the manager, who had been eavesdropping, and feared that Craig would take his place, accused the surveyor of being in league with the Black Boys. When the McNab, enraged, challengedCraig to a duel the manager intervened, warning the chief that they dared not risk an investigation. Taking his pay Barclay left. News of the outbreak of rebellion in Lower Canada and at York roused the chief to action and the clansmen rallied to Sand Point to help the authorities.

(Now read on.)

(The language used by the McNab was characteristic of the crude laird.)

Shrill and keen on the frosty morning air came the skirl of the pipes. A flaunt of color at the end of the snow-clad street and Piper McNee, followed by the Chief, Allan Dhu and MacTavish, rode up to the veranda of the MacDonnell inn. The Chief had been expected. He was known to be attached to the staff of Colonel Shanahan of Fitzroy, of whose regiment the clansmen formed a part.

Barclay Craig, who with Narcisse Charbonneau and Murty McGonigal had arrived in the village in the early hours of the morning, stood leaning against a veranda post. He noted with an amused smile that the welcoming shouts which greeted the arrival of the McNab came not from the clansmen, but from the Lanark and Fitzroy militiamen. Then he glanced up to meet the unfriendly gaze of the Laird himself.

"Ha! Craig," he snorted. "And what do ye here?"

"It is my intention," Craig responded coolly, "to offer my services to Colonel Shanahan, whom I have the honor of knowing quite well."

Again the McNab sniffed contemptuously.

"Ye'll no offer your valuable services to Colonel Shanahan," he announced loftily. "The Colonel is confined to his bed wi' an attack o' the gout. An the Governor has appointed masel to command the regiment."

"By Garrah—by Garrah!" muttered McGonigal at Craig's elbow. "'Tis meself that knows what the boys will be afther sayin' to that piece of news."

Tumultuously, defiantly the drums began to beat the long roll. The crowd drifted across the street to the large stonebuilt warehouse of John Young, where the formal enlistment was to take place.

The McNab's eye brightened as his glance wandered over the hundreds of sturdy men seated on the earthern floor of the building, perched on bales of goods, or leaning against the stone-built walls. But his face clouded as he noticed that his clansmen had drawn apart from the others and, with Murty, McGonigal in the centre,

and Peace at Eventide . . .

THE happy days of their early love . . . the vows they took and the plans they laid . . . are still realities, though the turmoil and the struggles now are over.

For, out of their plenty they built up a competence for their declining years. A Life Insurance policy opened the way towards independence . . . with sure and constant protection against want, should either be taken before their plans matured. And now they enjoy together the fruits of their forethought.

All we who now are young, should we be spared, will one day grow old. Our hands and hearts will grow tired and we shall long for rest and relaxation.

Life Insurance offers the only certain safeguard against the fear of privation. It will guarantee such simple luxuries as age may crave. It will bring us happiness and contentment through the later years, and peace at eventide.

Life Insurance Service

were holding an excited conference in one of the far corners.

Craig stood alone near the doorway, idly watching the Chief, who, bending over an improvised table, was explaining some documents to Allan and McTavish, when a light touch on his shoulder caused him to turn his head, to meet the smiling eyes of Narcisse Charbonneau.

"Dey want you, Monsieur Craig—over dere," he whispered.

"Mr. Craig," began Peter McIntyre, as the clansmen crowded around them, "will ye sarve as our captain—that is, if we decide to enlist—we're no sure yet. Our captain, John McNab, lies ill at home."

Craig's lips parted in surprise. He did not know that the persuasive tongue of Murty McGonigal had been busy pouring into the ears of the clansmen the story of Craig's break with the Laird, learned from Craig himself. That the surveyor had lost his position with the Chief through his loyalty to his pledge was their shrewdly accurate conclusion.

Like a flash, his mind flew back to the scene in the cabin by the Blaisdell's Bay, two months ago. About him were the same voices, the same faces. Tht same men, who on that occasion had threatened his life, were now asking him to be their leader, were now awaiting his decision. Scotchman as he was, he understood. In their undemonstrative, indirect way they were tendering him a proud apology for having so misjudged him.

For a moment he stood silent. His flushed cheek told how deeply he was moved by this evidence of their confidence in himself.

"Ye be our man, Mr. Craig," persisted Stewart. "If we sarve under the Chief, we must hae a Captain who will see we get fair play. Ye'll give your consent?"

"That I will, with pleasure——"

"Silence!" called the Chief. All eyes were turned towards the table.

The droning voice of MacTavish rumbled on through the words of a formal document appointing the Chief colonel of the regiment. Then followed another in which the Chief, as colonel, appointed Allan Dhu captain of the company to be raised among the settlers of McNab.

Astounded beyond measure, the Highlanders gazed at one another in dismay. Low-muttered curses greeted both announcements, but still a greater surprise was in store for them.

"Noo, my men," began the Chief, "ye are all under martial law. If ye behave weel, obey my orders, and those o' the officers set o'er ye, ye will be treated as good soldiers, but if ye come under the lash, by the God that made me I will use it wi'out mercy. So ye all ken your fate. Noo, I will call on as many as will volunteer to step to the front. Ye lads from Fitzroy first."

Eagerly the men from Fitzroy brawny fellows from the north of Ireland, with here and there a sprinkling of English and French, pressed forward and lined up in front of the table.

Among the clansmen astonishment and dismay had given way to rebellious indignation. Annoyed by the news that they were to serve under the Chief as colonel, outraged that they were to be deprived of the right of choosing their own captain, and that the Laird's son, whom they regarded with an unanimous and unbounded hatred, was to be placed in immediate control of them, their rage had been mounting by leaps and bounds.

And now the news that they were to be uder martial law (which they knew full well gave to the Chief and his son almost the power of life and death over them) was the last straw. Hardly a man among them but had taken part in the activities of the Black Boys, and of this they knew the Laird was well aware.

"'Tis a dirty plot av the Ould Tarrier to get the byes in his grip," muttered McGonigal.

"The man lies," flamed Peter. He turned to Craig. "Do ye ken aught, sir, o' martial law being proclaimed?"

"It has been proclaimed in Lower Canada," responded Craig, "but not, as far as I am aware, in the Upper Province yet," he added cautiously, "it may be so. And in that case he has the power to draft all of us into the service. But if he is acting under the old militia law, he has no such power. Do you intend to volunteer?" he asked suddenly. For in the darkening brows and sullen countenances of the clansmen he read signs of certain mutiny.

"No!—no!—no!" they answered unanimously.

"Not a man—noo," put in Peter. "De'il a one o' us will serve under him and Allan Dhu. 'Twud be but barin' our backs to the lash. He has tellt us as much himsal."

"Now, by Garrah!" exclaimed Murty, "we'll find out about that martial law. Do you spake up to him, Mr. Craig. Ye're our captain now. Ye have the l'arnin' to do it."

The enrollment of the Lanark and Fitzroy volunteers was completed and they were hurrying back to their places by the wall.

"Company three—the lads from McNab. Step lively, men," called the Chief.

From among the clansmen two men stepped to the table, Malcolm McPherson and Angus McBean, one of the Chief's foresters.

The Laird rose slowly to his feet, his face filled with a blank surprise that was rapidly ripening into fury.

"Did ye no hear me, men from McNab?" he shouted.

Not a movement among the clansmen. Stolidly their eyes met his and in their determined faces he read the indomitable stubbornness that has left its mark on the pages of history.

"Hold," cried Barclay Craig.

From across the room the enlisted men were regarding the Highlanders with lowering brows. But little love had there ever been between the settlers of the two southern townships, who almost to a man were Orange-Ulstermen and ultra loyalists—and the Scotchmen of the Laird's domain.

The Ulstermen had known for years of the conflict between the Chief and his tenants, and it was no surprise to them that these Highlanders, whom they believed to be still tinged with the hereditary poison of Jacobitism, should prove as disloyal to their Queen as they had been to their Chief. And the clansmen whose grandfathers had sacrificed their all for the last of the Stuarts had but little sympathy with the admirers of William of Orange, who every twelfth of July celebrated the greatness and glory of the murderer of their kinsmen in the vale of Glencoe. Each came of a race that has long memories. The low murmur among the Ulstermen rose to an ominous roar.

"Cowards!—traitors!—rebels!" they hissed across the room.

"Cowards back agin in yer teeth—ye Ulster yalla bellies!" roared Murty McGonigal.

The Irishman's face was fiery red with passion and his fingers clutched his knotted blackthorn convulsively. The men, who were hurling epithets at him and his friends, were also his own hereditary enemies, and in his heart raged a hatred born of five hundred years of bloody persecution.

"Silence, men!" warned the Chief.

"But two o' mine own folk," he said, almost pathetically. "Then, by God! I must proceed to ballot and draft ye. MacTavish, prepare the ballots for the draft."

"Hold!" Barclay Craig, with uplifted hand, strode to the front. Undaunted, his gaze met the haughty glare of the Chief.

"We would know, Colonel McNab," he asked in a voice loud enough for all to hear, "on what date was martial law proclaimed in Upper Canada? Where is your authority for the draft? Have you a copy of the proclamation? We stand on our rights as British subjects."

Astounded by the boldness of the demand, the fearless bearing of the surveyor, all stood silent. The Chief's face was livid with fury. Allan Dhu, seated at the table, was biting his lips uneasily.

"My clansmen," demanded the Chief incredulously, "do ye doubt the word o' your Chief?"

"Aye, that we do!" came the frank and defiant response.

For an instant the Laird seemed dazed, then recovering himself he turned to the Chancellor.

"Give no heed to yon demagogue, MacTavish. Prepare the papers for the draft," he ordered. "There be here enough loyal men to see my bidding done.

"Men o' Lanark and Fitzroy, will ye stand by your colonel?" he demanded.

From the enlisted man came an unanimous shout of assent.

"Chief McNab," warned Craig, "have a care what you do. These men will not serve under you as volunteers and they will never submit to a draft without further proof of the establishment of martial law."

"I'll give no proof under compulsion," retorted the Laird. "The draft must gang on."

Already both factions were making deliberate preparation for the conflict which now seemed inevitable. Many had doffed their coats, others were rolling up their sleeves and tightening their belts.

Craig's quick, comprehensive glance about the room grasped the situation. Penned within four walls, and outnumbered almost four to one, the Highlanders would be forced to yield. their only hope of successful resistance lay in securing egress from the building.

At the table, the Chancellor with trembling hands was preparing the papers for the draft. Beside him stood the Chief, stern and inflexible. He drew his watch from his pocket and raised his hand in a final warning.

"One minute more I'll give ye, men o' McNab, then I will declare ye all under arrest and take the ballots for the draft."

Not a man moved from his place.

Craig's eye sought the great double doors of the warehouse; he noted that in the intense but suppressed excitement of the last few minutes the Ulstermen had unconsciously drawn apart, leaving a comparatively open space between the clansmen and the exit. From his lips sprang a ringing shout:

"Men of McNab!—follow me!—rush the door!—altogether!"

His summons found them waiting. In one solid body, they plunged towards the doors. The Ulstermen saw the move and flung themselves on the Highlanders from both sides, but too late. The clansmen had reached the exit, and now with backs to the bars stood, shoulder to shoulder, defending themselves against their assailants. The fight was on.

Barclay Craig found himself in the centre of a throng of struggling, wrestling men. He saw one Ulsterman go down from a quick blow of Murty's shillalah, and caught a swift, side glance of Peter McIntyre striking another in the face. Then a fist full of knuckles crashed over his own eye.

Like a flash he struck back again and again, staggering his opponent under a shower of straight-armed blows and finally sending him to the ground with a terrific smash to the neck.

The fury of the primitive fighting man seized the soul and fired the brain of Barclay Craig, as with scientific precision he sent antagonist after antagonist reeling to the ground. Well now, indeed, stood by him the fistic skill he had acquired in many a gloved bout with his fellows in the purlieus of "Auld Reekie."

Yells, curses, the impact of thudding blows, all the roar and rage of savage personal combat, filled the room. Small heed was given to the injured. Here and there a disabled fighter was dragged from under the trampling feet of the combatants by a comrade who immediately returned to the fray.

Stern and stark fighters were the Ulstermen, almost as indomitable in spirit as the Highlanders themselves. Four of the clansmen and as many of their antagonists soon lay helpless on the ground. In silence Allan, MacTavish and Laird stood watching the conflict.

Closer and closer the huddled clansmen were being pressed against the barred doors. While those in front were engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy, the men in the rear were making an ineffectual effort to lift the heavy bar across the double doors.

"Rush them—men! Crowd them!—heads low!—now all together!" shouted the captain of the Fitzroy company.

In a solid mass they surged against the closely packed clansmen. Craig found himself penned between Peter and McGonigal. In vain he secured a throttling hold on the throat of an opponent forcing him back; the remorseless pressure behind his antagonist drove them breast to breast, each unable to lift arm or strike a blow.

A creaking of hinges, a rending of timbers, and the bar snapped in twain. The doors broken from their fastenings, collapsed outwards, precipitating the writhing tangle of fighters into the street.

Down—down under a mass of struggling, swearing, fighting men went Barclay Craig. In the melee his grasp found another throat and, as both rose to their feet, a familiar voice gurgled:

"It is me—Narcisse. Let go."

As Craig released him and turned to face an Ulsterman, who had struck him, the Frenchman took to his heels and scampered like a scared rabbit across the street towards the sheltering doors of the McDonnell inn.

The brawny six-footer now facing Craig was no match for him. After a few exchanges, he turned away, his hands to his bleeding nose.

Craig glanced hurriedly about him. The day seemed going against the clansmen. Separated into groups of twos and threes, they were being surrounded and beaten to the ground. But nowhere was there any sign of surrender. Then he caught sight of Peter McIntyre lying gasping in the snow. A big Ulsterman was about to kick him in the face with his heavy boot, when Stewart, with a sobbing scream, flew at him like a tiger. Peter scrambled painfully to his feet, and in a moment the three were locked in a triangular grapple.

Above the noise of the fray rose the voice of Barclay Craig.

"Rally—men! Rally! Here to me! Get together! Get together!" he called in Gaelic.

"Aucharn!—Aucharn!" yelled Peter McIntyre.

(To be Continued)

DID YOU

Did you read the offers made in last week's Witness by the advertisers, using space in this paper? We only approach firms of the highest standing for their copy, and care is taken to exclude fraudulent advertising. You can, therefore, be sure of obtaining good service from these firms, and we trust that when you are wishing to purchase you will seek their advice. Their offerings this week are worthy of your notice.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Christmas Fairies

By M. E. K.

AUNT Ruth sat thinking. It was only a week before Christmas, and, as yet, no gift had been decided upon for her pet niece, who lived in a distant city.

It was hard to know what to give Bessie — she seemed so well supplied with everything a little girl could want for comfort or pleasure. She was such a good child, and so unselfish, that she was a general favorite, and her friends, young and old, were always sending her some pretty trinket, until her own room was a kind of museum of love-tokens; every corner was full, her bureau loaded, the table covered, and the walls adorned; in fact, it had almost become a proverb in the family that "Whatever Bessie wished for always came."

Now she was ten years old, had declared herself tired of Christmas trees, and announced that to hang up a stocking for Santa Claus to fill was too childish—she should like to keep Christmas some new way. This was what Aunt Ruth was puzzling over. At last, with a look of relief, she exclaimed: "I have an idea! I know it will please her."

She immediately went to her writing-desk, wrote a long letter to Bessie's mamma, and folded into it a crisp bank-note.

On Christmas morning Bessie opened her eyes upon a bright silver quarter which lay on her pillow. Beside it was a tiny note. She opened it and read:

"Dear Bessie: I am one of fifteen silver fairies which are to appear today, with a Christmas greeting from your Aunt Ruth. Take us all together down to some big store to-morrow, and we will turn into whatever small thing you may wish for."

"Oh, how nice!" said Bessie. "What a funny auntie! always doing something different from other people. I don't quite understand what it all means, but I am glad enough of this bit of spending-money, for I hadn't one cent left."

And, wide awake, she jumped out of bed and began pulling on her stockings, when, to her surprise and delight, she found a shining piece of silver in the foot of each. Two of Aunt Ruth's fairies had taken possession of her shoes, another faced her in the wash-bowl, and a wee one was in the box beside her brush and comb.

"These will almost fill my poor, little empty purse," she thought, as she took it from a drawer and touched the spring — but there, right between the red linings, was the biggest fairy that had yet appeared!

SUCH a merry time as she had dressing that morning! Mamma was called in continually. And how they laughed over every new discovery!

At breakfast, she was served first to a small piece of silver coin; another, just the same size, shone under the bottom of the glass of water Bridget brought her. It was really enchanting—quite like the story of Midas she had just been reading, only whatever he touched turned into gold. She wondered if the chicken, potatoes, and rolls would turn into silver when she tasted them; but, no! Although she looked very suspiciously at everything on the table, not another fairy showed itself.

How many times that morning she counted her ten silver fairies, I can not tell. But what fun she had hunting after the other five, upstairs and downstairs, from attic to cellar, under rugs, in work-baskets, and in every conceivable place! Searching was all in vain, however; fairy number eleven did not appear until dinner-time, when it flew out, most unexpectedly, as Bessie was unrolling her napkin, and its silver mate lay temptingly among the nuts when dessert was brought in.

Bessie spent a happy afternoon sitting in the midst of her many presents, and planning how to spend her little fortune. Some of her fairy pieces should turn into a pair of warm mittens for poor Johnnie Davis; many times it had made her heart ache as she watched him trying to shovel snow with such red hands. She would carry a basket full of fairy cakes, frosted with pink and white sugar, to old colored Susan (she had over-heard her telling the cook that it was many a long day since she had tasted anything nice); she would change her biggest fairy into a pretty doll for that little crippled girl who lived around in the alley, and would carry out many other plans of the same sort.

But Mamma was calling her to get ready for a walk, and, rather reluctantly, she turned away from her new treasurer to put on her wrappings, and felt in the pocket of her cloak for her gloves. They were missing, but there she found a fairy, and another came sticking out from the bow on her hat, in a most comical fashion.

That night, at supper, a little cake was placed before Bessie's plate, and fairy fourteen came near being eaten, but peeped into sight just in time to be saved from such a fate. How pleasantly and quickly the evening passed! All the new things had to be looked at and admired over again. There was one more hunt after the fairy that had not made its appearance; it was unsuccessful, however, and bed-time, that dread of children, came at last. It was strange (for Bessie had ransacked her room five minutes before), but there, quietly resting on the snowy pillow, lay the last of Aunt Ruth's fairies!

While she was undressing, Mamma explained all the mysteries of the day by reading her Aunt Ruth's letter, in which full directions had been given. Then she told how Papa had changed the paper money into the newest and brightest coins he could find; how busy she had been hiding them, as Auntie had suggested, and how successfully she had escaped being caught.

"Well, Mamma, it's the merriest Christmas Day I ever knew! I like all my presents very much, but I think I have enjoyed my fairies the most. I know what I shall do to-morrow. I have got it all planned. Some other people shall see fairies too."

And thanking her Heavenly Father for all his good gifts, Bessie tucked the crowded purse under her pillow, lay down, and was soon fast asleep.

Early next morning, with Mamma to help and advise, Bessie started out on her pleasant errands of love; and the silver fairies disappeared rapidly into all kinds of the oddest-shaped parcels, until Bessie's big basket was full, and her arms too. Such fun she had distributing her fairy bundles, and such looks and words of gratitude as she received in return! "Why, it's nicer than my Christmas, Mamma," she whispered, as she turned to leave the poor little cripple, whom she had made so happy by giving her the first doll she had ever owned.

So, many sad hearts were made glad that day, and the whole long year, by Aunt Ruth's Christmas fairies.—St. Nicholas.

Sunny Day

By Catherine Masters

HIS real name was William Eustace Day, but he was nicknamed Sonny before he was a month old, and from that time on no one knew him by any other name. Sonny was not always a good-natured boy. When matters went smoothly he was pleasant; but when they did not he was likely to lose his temper and to be a long time in finding it.

One day his Uncle Jasper from California came to pay a long visit. "I've always wanted to meet my only great-nephew," said the old gentleman, looking at him hard over his spectacles.

They soon became firm friends; Uncle Jasper thought he had never seen a finer boy. But after a while something went wrong, and then Sonny's uncle saw him in another light.

"I notice William Eustace is always called Sonny," Uncle Jasper remarked one day. "How do you spell the name—with an 'o' or with a 'u'?"

Mrs. Day looked up quickly in surprise. "Why, with an 'o', of course," she answered.

"I thought it might be the other way," rejoined Uncle Jasper. "Somehow 'Sunny' goes with 'Day'." He chuckled. "Did you ever notice how the two names sound together? A boy would have to work hard to live up to that combination. Imagine a sunny day pouting, or kicking things around!"

A queer sound came from the sofa, where Sonny had been sulking because his arithmetic was hard. He had listened crossly enough when he heard his name, but the idea of a sunny day's kicking things round made him titter.

Uncle Jasper went on as if he had not heard: "That wouldn't do at all! You might say 'Dark Day' or 'Stormy Day,' but you couldn't use the word sunny—now, could you?"

"I don't believe I had ever thought about it in that way," Mrs. Day said. "It is a rather queer name. We must call him by his real name, I suppose. Or we might say 'Son'," she added.

Uncle Jasper laughed. "That wouldn't help much. Son Day—**Sunday!** Imagine Sunday in a bad humor! Why, Sunday is supposed to be the loveliest of the days! No, 'William Eustace' would be better than that."

Mrs. Day agreed. "I hope no one else has noticed how the two names sound together," she added.

"I don't see how they could help noticing it," said Uncle Jasper.

Without a word Sonny slipped out of the room; his face was red.

The next morning his mother thought he had better not wear his new overcoat to school. At that, Sonny began to storm.

"That will do, William Eustace," said his mother. The two names sounded very stern.

"It's half past eight now, William Eustace," put in Uncle Jasper.

Sonny stopped storming. Were they really going to call him William Eustace? Without another word he put on his coat and started for school.

At noon, every time the boys shouted his old familiar name Sonny looked uncomfortable. Suppose they, too, should take to calling him by his long, solemn name? He would not object to Bill, perhaps; but how would it sound to hear, "It's your strike, William Eustace!" or, "William Eustace Day has the ball!"

He worried about the matter on the way home and sulked a little, too. He was sulking so hard that he jumped when his Uncle Jasper, at his elbow, suddenly spoke.

"Hello, Sonny Day!" said Uncle Jasper.

All at once Sonny realized how badly that name went with such a mood as he was in. He stopped frowning and burst out laughing.

After that, he laughed more and more and tried harder to stay in a good humor.

When Christmas came that year, the mail brought a little silver watch from Uncle Jasper. There was a card with it that read, "To tick away the hours of a 'Sunny Day'!"

Something to Make

A Peanut Parrot

It's really a heap of fun to make peanut-parrots because no two look exactly alike, just as it is with folks. First select a peanut with a beak and paint the beak black. On either side of the beak paint two orange circles with black centres to represent Polly's eyes. Paint the entire head a bright red being careful not to disturb the painted beak and eyes. Next punch two holes exactly opposite each other on the underside of the peanut. These are the openings for the legs which can be made of wire.

Over the rear end of the peanut paste narrow strips of gaily colored tissue paper to represent the tall feathers. Next cut the wings out of green tissue paper, somewhat in the shape of a swallow-tailed coat. When pasted over Polly's back and fastened under the neck, the wings should stand up. Curl the ends of the wire legs over a tiny round peeled twig and see how naturally Polly will act when you twirl it. These are pretty for the Christmas tree or to perch on a house plant or for school favors.

Piccola

By Celia Thaxter.

POOR, sweet Piccola! Did you hear
What happened to Piccola, children dear?
'Tis seldom fortune such favor grants
As fell to this little maid of France.

'Twas Christmas-time, and her parents poor,
Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,
Striving with poverty's patient pain
Only to live till summer again.

No gifts for Piccola! Sad were they
When dawned the morning of Christmas-day;
Their little darling no joy might stir;
St. Nicholas would bring nothing to her!

But Piccola never doubted at all
That something beautiful must befall
Every child upon Christmas-day,
And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she woke,
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke;
Such sounds of gladness filled the air,
'Twas plain St. Nicholas had been there!

In rushed Piccola, sweet, half wild—
Never was seen such a joyful child.
"See what the good saint brought," she cried,
And father and mother must peep inside.

Now such a story whoever heard?
There was a poor little shivering bird!
A sparrow, that in at the window flew,
Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe!

"How good Piccola must have been!"
She cried, as happy as any queen,
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,
And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you
Of Piccola sweet and her bird is true.
In the far-off land of France, they say,
Still do they tell the tale today.

A WINTER SONG

By Susan Hartley

Oh, Summer has the roses
And the laughing light south wind,
And the merry meadows lined
With dewy, dancing posies;
But Winter has the sprites
And the witching frosty nights.

Oh, Summer has the splendor
Of the corn-fields wide and deep,
Where scarlet poppies sleep
And wary shadows wander;
But Winter fields are rare
With diamonds everywhere.

Oh, Summer has the wild bees,
And the ringing, singing note
In the robin's tuneful throat,
And the leaf-talk in the trees;
But Winter has the chime
Of the merry Christmas time.

Oh, Summer has the luster
Of the sunbeams warm and bright,
And rains that fall at night
Where reeds and lilies cluster;
But deep in Winter's snow
The fires of Christmas glow.

St. Nicholas

Puzzle Corner

A Diamond

1.—A letter of the alphabet. 2.—A Biblical character. 3.—A girl's name. 4.—This year. 5.—A river.

Centrals read downwards give the name of something much in evidence at Christmas.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

Rebus—Valley.

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME MAKERS

The Gift of Giving

THOSE who have kept their eyes open in the shopping streets of any big town during the last few days, says a correspondent of the "London Times", will have found little difficulty in dividing the shoppers roughly into two classes: the people who like Christmas shopping and the people who do not. In normal circumstances everybody likes shopping. To want something, whether for oneself or as a present, to know what one wants; to be sure that one can afford it; to go and choose the best that can be had for the money; that is a very pleasant little occupation, especially to men, to whom shopping is neither a matter of course nor a standing means of entertainment. The half-hour spent on the unwonted excursion gives a spacious, a leisurely feeling; and if we buy but a small book or a necktie, we feel as if all Bond-street were ours for the asking. Christmas shopping is very different from those single and lordly flights. We must buy not one but a dozen, a score of things, consulting other tastes than our own. There are relations, near or distant; there are dependents; there are expectant persons of all ages, degrees, and likings. We feel that give to them all we must; but what? And passing from shop to shop, harassed and impatient from the start, we are all too ready to grow more impatient still (our own impatience inevitably rousing that of others) at finding an uncomfortable preoccupation in the busy people behind the counter, who seem at other seasons to have

no precious time at all to spend
Nor services to do till we require.

In our growing hurry, our emerging crossness, we choose the wrong things, we spend too much money, we forget an important gift, we betray by puckered brows and rapid steps that we are not good Christmas shoppers.

When we are in that mood there is no spectacle more galling that that of the happy and successful shopper, apparently loitering from shop to shop, from counter to counter, and evidently finding ready service to sell him precisely what he wants. His success, his superior composure, do not necessarily proclaim him an idle or an effeminate person, who is used to shopping because he has nothing better to do, or has no soul above this trivial occupation. The "readiness is all"; but his readiness comes of a peculiar gift of imagination. He (for this kind of imagination is by no means confined to women) knows by some kind of divination just what each of his friends or dependents would most like to have; and he need not be suspected of prolonged study of catalogs, because he seems also to know just where he can get it. The new thing, the right thing, drops into his hands. Briskly, but self-contained and smiling, he holds his triumphant way; and even the busiest shop assistant enjoys taking trouble for him. At the end of his expedition he will have forgotten nothing, and have made no mistakes; and it is improbable that he will have spent a shilling more than he set aside for his purposes. And all because he has imagination? Perhaps if we looked a little deeper into his spirit, we might find that the root of the special gift lies in a rich soil of true benevolence, benevolence so pure that it enables his imagination to flower in a fine subtlety of apprehension of other people's desires and needs. He enjoys giving pleasure. When he started out there was no hint in his under-consciousness of revolt against the tiresomeness of having to get presents for all these people. He thought only of the pleasure that he might spread by taking a little trouble. He has, no doubt, the gift of giving; but the gift of giving may turn out to be at bottom part of a gift of loving.

Sartorial artists have solved the problem of the eternal triangle. In the modern conception of the word it now carries a pleasant connotation, for the triangle has been given a prominent place in the new silhouette. Should you seek further proof of this fashion statement, a glance at the sketch above will allay all doubts. The triangular effect is carried out from the flowing capelet, through the line of the set-on-flounce, and completed in the hemline. Of course it was a savant who selected black broadcloth and Persian lamb to present this line of thought, for there is nothing smarter just now.

Are You a Chum?

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

WE mothers should be chums with our children. How are we to be real chums? We "kiss the place to make it well" while they are tiny babies, when they are sick we stay awake for them night after night if necessary, we sympathize with them in their little troubles, when they break their cherished toys we mend or replace them. This is not all that is required of us. We share their tiny troubles, patiently, but do we as patiently share their joys?

I once saw a lonely little girl in school on a celebration day. She was in tears. All the other children had their parents there. Why had hers not come? I tried to find out, but there seemed to be no real excuse. When our children have to recite in public, do we put off everything to go?

We can lose our children in more ways than one. We must play with them as earnestly as we work with them and then they will tell us almost everything that is in their hearts. If we don't, they will think we are too "grown up" and will confide in others instead.

"I never think of you as grown up," said my daughter to me one day.

That seemed to me one of the highest compliments she could pay me.

Allow a child to crumple your dress a little. What are such trifles compared with her happiness?

Do you think you are a wonderful parent because you give your child enough to eat and drink, nice clothes to wear and a pretty room in which to play? Maybe she wants you to play with her.

When playing with a child, be careful to play as a child, or she will not enjoy the game. If you get a little huffed, (in pretense) because you lose, she will like you better. I know. I have tried it.

At the same time you must teach her how to take losses in a game. Do not keep up the huff more than a second.

Laugh a great deal with your children. I once heard a child say, "We never laugh in this house unless we have visitors."

What a disclosure! What a life for that child to lead!

Do not be content to say that you do not understand your children. Study to understand them. If you have not been playing with them, try it as a new method of contact. The mother who plays with her children is the mother who is best beloved—One of a series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 46th Street, New York City.

A GRADELY PRAYER

(These lines, which St. Martin's Review ascribes to Teddy Ashton, are taken from a copy hanging on the wall of a country inn in Lancashire.)

Give us, Lord, a bit o' sun,
A bit o' work and a bit o' fun;
Give us aw in th' struggle and splutter
Eaur daily bread and a bit o' butter;
Give us health, eaur keep to make
An' a bit to spare for poor folks' sake;
Give us sense, for we're some of us duffers,
An' a heart to feel for aw that suffers;
Give us, too, a bit of song,
An' a tale, and a book to help us along;
An' give us our share o' sorrow's lesson,
That we may prove heaw grief's a blessin'.
Give us, Lord, a chance to be
Eaur gradely best , brave, wise and free,
Eaur gradely best for eaursels and others,
Till aw men larn to live as brothers.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES AND CHILD WELFARE

The work of the Women's Institutes along the line of Child Welfare falls naturally into three divisions,—prenatal, pre-school and school age. A great deal of public attention is being paid to the first of these, and it would appear as if it were greatly needed, since statistics show that the United States and Canada have the largest percentage of mortality among expectant mothers of any country in the world.

The Canadian Council of Child Welfare has a series of letters for mothers for pre-natal use, which are being sent out through the Institutes. The Health Department of the Government has also a small Blue Book, copies of which are distributed through the Institutes, containing much helpful advice for mothers. District nursing and cottage hospitals are other features of the work of the Institutes along these lines.

More attention is being given to the child between the ages of one and five, before he enters school, as it is recognized that it is during these years that the foundations of health are laid for the future. Correct feeding and nutrition, the correction of physical ailments and defects, training in habits of health, are receiving the attention such important matters deserve. Here again excellent help may be secured from the Canadian Council of Child Welfare in a booklet "Play and Play Materials for the Pre-School Child."

When the long years of strain in school life begin, only the highest physical efficiency can endure and attain the best results in education. Careful diet, hot lunches, sanitary equipment, first aid kits, supervised recreation, and medical inspection at regular intervals, will greatly assist in keeping the pupil up to the highest degree of health and efficiency. These matters are receiving the earnest attention of Women's Institutes all over the province, the clubs which, in so many ways, are supplementing the work of the School Boards with help only women can give.—M. Elizabeth McCurdy, Prov. Convener, Publicity Committee, Quebec Women's Institutes.

A thrifty housewife has discovered that old negligee shirts make wonderful dust bags for the children's coats, the men's coats and women's waists. By replacing the neckband with a bias fold through which a tape may be run, and stitching up the tails you have a complete dust protector. The sleeves may be tied at the bottom, or a small rubber band will close them nicely.

Unto Us a Child is Born

A FRIEND whom I had not seen for several months rang the doorbell one afternoon lately. "Come in," I cried, delighted to see her again.

"No, indeed," she replied, "you come out and see what I've got." Her eyes were sparkling and her whole body seemed vibrant with happiness. I ran out and there in the bottom of the car in a basket lay the loveliest pink baby you ever saw, sound asleep, one little fist clutching a rattle.

"Where—where," I gasped, "did you get him?" You could just see that it was a boy.

"Don't you know I always longed for a baby and I told you I would have one by hook or crook?" she replied. "Well, last Christmas was just too awful and that's what did it. We had our little new house that I fixed up so spick and span, the kitchen was full of good things to eat, we had a tree; everything was all right on the surface but somehow it was a dead house. There was no child in it.

"Well, here was Christmas coming again so the other day I just packed a few things for Andrew and myself and we set off for the—Home. Andrew wasn't anxious but he was willing and that was enough. For my part I was a little shaky but I was never so thrilled in my life. I told the matron that we wanted a little fair haired, blue-eyed boy. 'Just a minute,' she said and went off, as I thought, to get her notebook. In a little while she came back and laid 'this' in my arms. I just cried!

"'Don't love him yet!' said Andy, cautiously, 'until we see if he is all right to keep.' But I did just love him anyway and he was all right to keep, too. His parents came of healthy stock on both sides and that is all I was interested in. Yes, he is a little illegitimate baby but then so were some of our greatest men and women.

"Life is so different now; the very commonest things seem changed; we have something to look forward to, something to work for. I can hardly get Andrew out of the house to go to work any more and you should see the Christmas tree we are going to have!"

Now you may think that I am just making up a story but within two weeks this same thing happened to three of our friends. When we talked to them about it they all said at one time or another during the conversation, "Of course this isn't the real reason we took the baby, but won't it be fun at Christmas!"

I don't believe it would be possible for real parents to love a child more than these adopted parents do. For years they have been longing for a child of their own and now all that longing finds escape in their love.

"Maybe we won't be very good parents, even though we do our best," said the first mother, "but I know that Jimmie is going to be a lot better off than if we had left him in that home and we are going to be a lot better people for having him. And Christmas!" she beamed. "I just keep thinking all the time 'Unto us a child is born' and I know how the angels felt that first Christmas Eve."—"Hoard's Dairyman."

Once to every man and nation comes
the moment to decide
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood
for the good or evil side.
—J. R. Lowell

If this whole world followed you—
Followed to the letter—
Would it be a nobler world,
All deceit and falsehood hurled
From it altogether;
Malice, selfishness, and lust
Banished from beneath the crust
Covering human hearts from view—
Tell me, if it followed you,
Would the world be better?
—Selected.

Clear Your Skin
of Disfiguring Blemishes
Use Cuticura
Sample Soap, Ointment, Talcum free. *Address:* "Cuticura," Box 2616, Montreal, Canada.

Preparedness

IN every home accidents do happen and emergencies come. Many times father or mother may not be at hand. Young children should be taught what to do, as well as cautioned how to avoid accidents. Let this teaching be given in everyday conversation in a way to develop self-reliance, and not a fear of injury. Let those old enough join the Junior Red Cross organize if you have no branch in your locality. Have even little ones understand how to call the telephone operator to get the doctor, or ask for help in case of fire or other need of assistance. Let every member of the family know how to use the "first aid helps" assembled on a convenient shelf. As well as being name labeled, show for what each is used and how applied.

Teach them not to be alarmed at sight of blood, and help them to learn selfcontrol when one must use hot water to cleanse a wound or apply a smarting remedy. Firmly keeping the attention on the relief measure helps to ease the pain. Where there are power machines in use, explain the need for caution and show them how to shut off the power and understand about the safety devices. This knowledge may save a life or limb.

Fire extinguishers should be conveniently located, and explaining how to use them for quick action may perhaps save much loss. An oil or gasoline fire outdoors may be smothered with sand and dirt; indoors, flour will put it out. The first thought in case of fire should be to smother the blaze with a rug or heavy coat.

Study the bulletins on first aid methods and then in a conversational way tell the children about them. Talk over with them the simple ways to stop bleeding and what to do if one faints. When you tell them of some accident instead of dwelling on the painful details of the injury, tell them what was done or should have been done to relieve the sufering.

These simple ways of helping a child to learn self-control and to have a confident knowledge of relief methods wil be useful many times and will also develop that reliance and helpfulness that makes the useful neighbor. You not only prepare him to meet emergency but you develop habits in the making of character.—Successful Farming.

Dear Delusions

Where on earth did we dig up the delusion that men take care of women?

It's the other way round every time! Women take care of men, and with the bit of life that's left over after that they take care of themselves, and make a pretty good job of it, too!

All this stuff that's talked about "having a man to look after you" leaves me cold! Why, a man doesn't know the first thing about looking after himself, so he can hardly be expected to make a howling success of looking after you! I'm sorry for any woman who pins her faith on the "looking after" myth—she's in for a nasty jar!

Great thunder, a man left to his own devices can't even find you a seat in a railway carriage!—at least, not the sort you'd glance at if left to yourself! Do you ever get a corner seat if a male belonging "sees you off"?

Never!

"Sorry, darling! This is the best the company can do for you," he gasps, bundling you into an overcrowded, stifling "smoker," and planting you on that side of the carriage warranted to make you sick! —when, if you'd been left to your helpless self, you'd have spied the nearly empty carriage three doors farther along.

Who is it finds the best way to reach a new place you are bound for—you or he? You, of course, or you'd still be travelling miles in the wrong direction!

Who is it remembers that it will be colder coming home at night than setting out in the morning, and surreptitiously stuffs wraps in the back of the car? You, of course! And who has the happy notion of taking a thermos of coffee just in case the car chooses to break down in a tealess tract? You again.

And look at the amount of energy it takes for a man to get hold of a taxi on a wet night! You can bank on his getting the very last on the rank, and thank your lucky stars if you're not dragged out from cover fourteen times on a false scent!

But the joy of joys is being "looked after" by a male-belonging when you're not well! I could write passionate screeds on that! Tea strong enough to carry an elephant and cold enough to satisfy a polar bear! All the lights switched on over your aching head so's he can read you a good bit he's discovered in the paper! And his total inability to find matches, sugar, his own boots, and the aspirin bottle!

* * *

And have you ever in your life seen a more pathetic sight than a man left to look after himself for a few days? The utter desolation and discomfort he manages to surround himself with!

Staggering, isn't it!

Don't dash off with the mistaken idea that I pine for a manless household!

Not on your life!

I can produce many advantages of having a man in the home. But, never, never, in the wildest flights of fancy can I imagine him adding to the comfort of home life!—Home Chat.

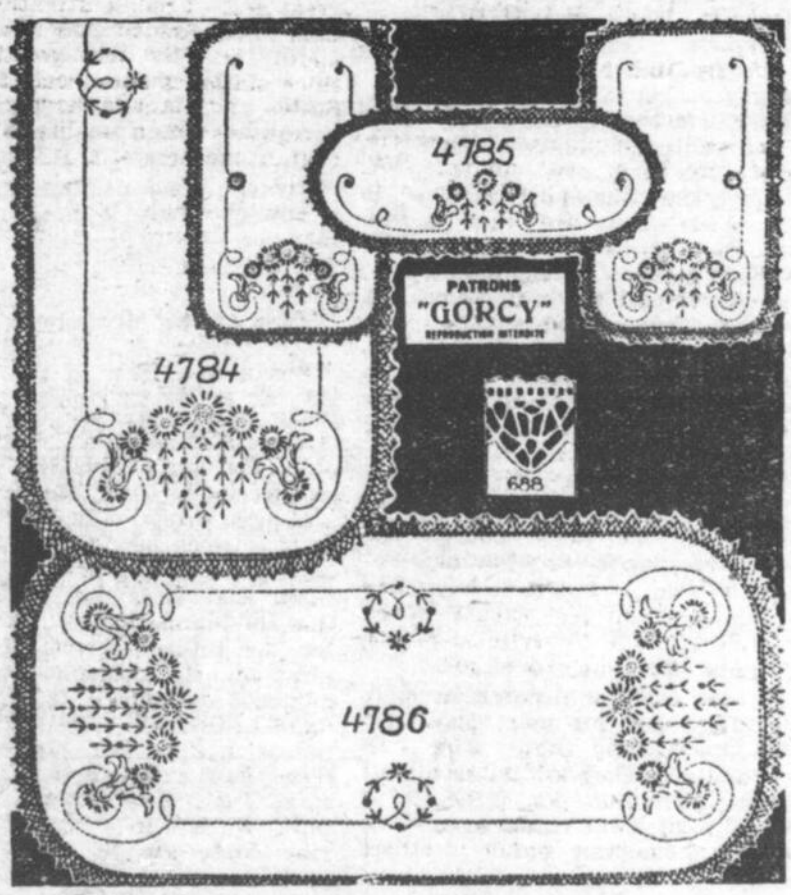
ROUNDED CORNERS

Makers of kitchen cabinets lay stress on the rounded inside corners, which can catch neither dust nor crumbs and require no extra poking out when cleaning. But the same improvement can be made in any cupboard, shelved closet or pantry, by inserting the little metal corner pieces made for use on flights of stairs. They come in brass, nickel and a dark bronze, and can be had at almost any store where stair rods, buttons, and so forth, are sold. These little curved metal triangles are also invaluable for the corners of bedroom closets, play rooms and any place where one cleans woodwork and floors with dust mop or patent dustless duster.

SAFE WEIGHT REDUCTION

Recently Health Commissioner Wynne of New York gave a radio talk on weight reducing, which should be beneficial to the women who are willing to try everything except exercise and frugal diet to remove superfluous fat. Dr. Wynne said that bath salts and powders and rubbing creams are entirely useless. He gave an emphatic warning against advertised antifat medicines, which he considered dangerous, since they reduce health as well as weight. Many of them, Dr. Wynne said, contain glandular extracts which should not be taken except on a physician's prescription. He was not favorably disposed toward the diet of grapefruit and vegetables, which many people are now trying, for he considered it contained less nutrition than the body needs, while the amount of acid fruit might be harmful in some cases. His prescription for safe weight reduction was to cut out sodas and "snacks" between meals, to cut down sugars, starches and fats, but not to lessen proteins, to eat a little less each day, and above all to exercise briskly. It is quite true that many people are examples of the old saying that we may dig our graves with our teeth, but there is little doubt also that many young women have been brought to death's door by a determination to be fashionably slim.

EMBROIDERY PATTERN



Colored Embroidery on Inxpensive Materials

4784. BUREAU SCARF 17 x 45 ins. Tracing pattern 15 cts. Hot-iron transfer 20 cts. Stamped on unbleached cotton 39 cts. On best quality Wabasso unbleached cotton 59 cts. On white English cotton 69 cts. On Wabasso linen finished cotton 89 cts. On oyster linen 98 cts. C. B. Colored embroidery cotton 30 cts.

4785. THREE PIECE VANITY SET. 1 of 6 x 17 ins. and 2 of 8 x 13 ins. Tracing pattern 15 cts. Hot-iron transfer 20 cts. Stamped or unbleached cotton 29 cts the set. On white English cotton 39 cts. the set. On Oyster linen 59 cts. the set. C. B. colored embroidery cotton 30 cts.

4786. BUREAU SCARF, 17 x 36 ins. Tracing pattern 15 cts. Hot-iron transfer 20 cts. Stamped on unbleached cotton 35 cts. On best quality Wabasso unbleached cotton 55 cts. On white English cotton 65 cts. On Wabasso linen-finished cotton 70 cts. On Oyster linen 79 cts. C. B. colored embroidery cotton 30 cts.

688 LACE. To finish white or ecru 5 cts. per yard.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

EMBROIDERY COUPON

Please send me patterns No. ..... I have underlined, in the announcement above, the exact kind I want. Amount enclosed .....

Name .....

Address .....

Problems of Homemakers

Problem of Homemakers Musty Vinegar

Dear Madam. — We have had trouble with our barrel of vinegar which seems to have a musty flavor. Is there anything we can do? It is strong and good except for the mustiness. — K. A. McA.

Probably the barrel was musty and the trouble has got in there. Drain the vinegar off carefully. If you can tap it from the bottom so much the better. Strain it carefully through a muslin strainer then heat it to the boiling point. Put it at once in clean sterilized bottles, and seal. Or let it cool throughly then put it into a clean container.

Buying a Fur Coat

Dear Madam. — Do you think it would pay to buy a cheap fur coat. I don't know exactly what kind of fur it really is. It looks pretty but I am afraid of its not wearing well. Would it be possible for a coat to be good at about $75 or $80, or would it be wiser to get a good cloth coat.—School girl.

Fur coats are very tempting. It is so much easier to slip one on over thin clothing than wear warmer garments and a cloth coat, but I don't think it would be at all wise to buy a cheap fur coat. It would so quickly look shabby. A good cloth coat warmly interlined and lined with Kasha or other soft woolen goods, with a comfortable indeed a luxurious collar and cuffs, would cost less than the cheap fur coat and wear and look well very much longer. When you do buy a fur coat go to a well known thoroughly reliable firm which will not risk its reputation by putting out poor goods. You will have to pay a good price but you will get full value for the monev. You will also get a coat cut on good lines that will not soon go out of style and need expensive alterations. You would do well to wait for the fur coat until you have reached your full height. Then too a good fur coat would merely be a trouble at school. You could not wear it on hikes or in the school yard with any comfort.

Waterproofing With Rubber

Dear Madam. — I was told recently that there was a way of waterproofing boots with rubber that could be done at home. Would it hurt the boots. Can you tell me how it is done? —John Beck.

I have only heard of it but never tried it, and cannot say what effect it would have on leather. The directions given were to dissolve an ounce of rubber from old rubber boots, in an ounce of boiling mutton tallow. It is said to make the boots shine like shoe polish and to make them quite proof against moisture and water.

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BOVRIL
GIVES YOU STRENGTH TO RESIST INFLUENZA
16

New Cushion Tops

A ROUND cushion of raffia makes a choice gift. Raffia is strawlike in appearance, and has been used extensively for basket making. It may be purchased in a variety of colors at any store where basket supplies are sold.

Before starting the cushion, the raffia needs to be dampened to make it more pliable. It is then crocheted like a rag rug, only much finer and tighter.

These cushions may be made any size, either for floor cushions or for davenports and chairs. They are especially attractive for porches and swings, as they are durable, and are practically waterproof if tightly crocheted.

If you have a number of old silk stockings you can cut them spirally into narrow strips and crochet them in the same way. Then embroider a gay flower on the right side.

The tops and bottoms, which are circular, may be directly fastened together; or they may be separated by a straight crocheted band 4 or 5 inches in width. Very attractive cushions are made of one or two colors, or by using various colors and crocheting in rings of different widths.

Monogram Patches

HERE are little useful Christmas gifts that require practically nothing but time. If you cannot make these for this year put the thought away in your note book and use them for pick-up work to have ready for a June bride, or next Christmas.

A set of monogram patches all ready to be sewed on linen pieces. Simply stamp one to three initials, Old English or block letters, in a square, circle or diamond outline onto linen pieces and satin stitch the letters and the outline. Trim the medallion to a quarter inch around the edge, so that it may be appliqued onto linen with buttonhole stitches by turning in the raw edge.

Crocheted filet initials are quick work and may be given by the dozen to be set into towels, tea napkins and lingerie. Another pretty monogram may be made by crocheting fine-meshed filet in the three initials with colored thread. Initials for lingerie are lovely worked over tissue paper on small pieces of lace. For towels, work white initials on colored linen patches. Cross-stitch initials are quaint for simpler linens and can be done on creamy linen patches with enough of the colored thread included with the gift so that the patches may be cross-stitched to towels or crash luncheon sets.

GAY SET FOR THE KITCHEN

Make a Christmas gift set for your own or your friends kitchen with some of the new gay patterned oilcloth. Valances for the window of gay red and white with shallow scollops bound with scarlet bias braid. Tie backs, bound in the same way to go with them. Just narrow strips cut long enough to hold the curtain and with a round hole punched at each end to slip over the brass hook. Square or round chair seats made of two layers of the oilcloth padded with cotton batting or pieces of old blanket knotted in place with cord. The edges of these should be bound and the pad tied to the chair with the tape. If there is a square or long table used for books, childrens work, etc., it too may have a gay cover. Cut this to fit the table or 31 inches square and measuring off about 5 inches at each side of each corner cut them out, bind all round then sew elastic to one side of each corner, sew a snap on so that these elastics may be passed around the legs of the table and fastened. The one fault of oilcloth is its slipping off and this makes all secure. These are also fine for porch tables. Once you begin you may think of other small pieces to add. A gay pocket to hold rubbers another small one to hold the memorandum pad and pencil. A cover for the favorite Cook book, etc. All together or singly they make delightful gifts.

When making kitchen aprons make the strings longer and wider than is necessary, then when a patch is needed cut off a piece of the apron string for this purpose. This is better than using a new piece, as the string has faded with the apron.

Our Pattern Service

6657. Ladies' Dress.

Cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4 yards of 39 inch material. The width of the Skirt at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2 1-2 yards. Price 15c.

6678. Girls' Dress with Bloomers.

Cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size requires 2 5-8 yards of 35 inch material. For collar, cuffs, and leg-bands of contrasting material 3-8 yard is required 35 inches wide, cut crosswise. For frill or plaiting on the collar 1 7-8 yard 1 3-4 inch wide, is required cut crosswise. Price 15c.

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COUPON PATTERN

Please send me
PATTERN NOS.) No..... No.....
At the rate of
fifteen cents each.

Amount enclosed .....Cents

Name .....

Address .....

..... Prov. .....

For Blouses, etc., give BUST MEASURE in inches. .....

For Misses and Children give age only in years .....

Susan Asks and Answers

Book On Tailoring

So far I have not been able to obtain the book on tailoring men's suits and over-coats asked for by "Enquirer" but am advised that, The Women's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, Scranton, Pa. U.S.A., has published such a book and have written asking them price, etc.

Cuddley Toy Wanted

Dear Susan S.—Have you any directions for knitted toys, animals or dolls that could be made of odds and ends of wool and be warm and cuddley for winter nights. I would appreciate it if you could give directions for such,—A. D. H.

Have any of our other readers directions for such toys? I could find only cloth or stockinette animals but among my Old Country clippings I came up a crocheted seal. A little picture of him looked quite natural but I have not had time to try out the directions. The work would have to be closely and firmly done, or it would stretch out of shape, I should think.

Sammy Seal

Sammy is a cuddley toy and not quite so common as Peter Rabbits and fuzzy dogs.

Abbreviations: — Ch. chain; tr., treble; d.c., double crochet.

Using one large hank of stone-grey brush wool, work 4 chain with 2 strands, and join with slip stitch; 4 treble, 4 double crochet into centre. Pad the animal with cotton wool as you go along. Next row: Work 4 tr. over 4 tr. of previous row, and d.c. over d.c. Next 4 rows: Same as previous row, but gradually increase till you have 22 stitches. Then 1 row d.c. Next row: 14 treble and 8 d.c., decreasing 3 times under chin. Next 5 rows: Work in same manner as first 4 rows. Break off one thread of stone-grey and join a thread of light grey. Work the two shades together. Reverse treble to breast part, and d.c. where treble was. Next 3 rows: Same as last row increasing gradually. On 3rd row decrease twice to give curve to back. Work for 3 1-2 ins. Break off the stone-grey and work with two threads of light grey, decreasing three times on next row. Work one inch in this color, decreasing once in each row. Next 8 rows: Work d.c. on right part of body and tr. on the left. Decrease occasionally where d.c. is worked; 2 rows d.c. Break off one thread and work 4 rows d.c. Finish off.

For the tail make 20 ch, with stone-grey, work 7 d.c. 3 tr. Join light grey and work both shades together, making 6 tr. Turn and work same as previous row. At top half of tail work other 2 rows. Fold these over and sew down (to make tail thicker at top.) Make other half of tail fin in same manner. Sew together at top and work 2 rows in light grey along top to fit into end of seal.

Make 5 ch. in stone-grey for fin, turn, and do 1 row d.c. Next row: increase in 2nd st., work to end of row. Continue in same manner for 11 rows. Join light grey and work both together, 4 rows tr., increasing same as previous rows, 2 rows d.c. Finish off and sew up; gather a little when sewing to give curve to fins. Brush up, and make eyes of green beads with 1 row chain sewn round.

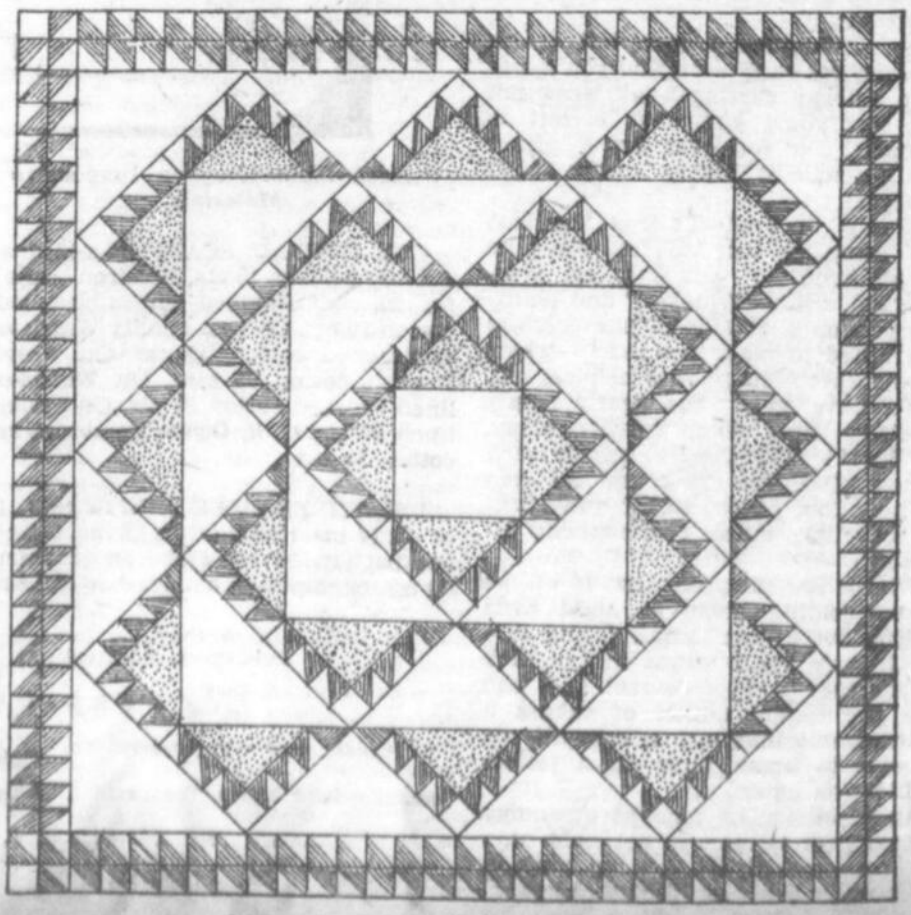
Rising Sun Block Wanted

Dear Susan S.—Could you or some of the readers of the Witness supply me with the quilt pattern called the Rising Sun. I am very anxious to get one and have been unable to find a pattern. Yours truly.—I. H.

Can any one send us the Rising Sun or tell us where it can be obtained?

Valley of the Mississippi

Dear Susan S.—I saw in the Witness Mrs. C. B. Reid's request for a quilt pattern which she calls the Valley of Mississippi. From her description I think it must be like a quilt that I have but which my husband's mother called Bride's Puzzle, so I have drawn a rough sketch of the quilt and am sending it to you to use if you can. I have never seen a quilt like it anywhere else. The colored part of this one is blue and orange put together with plain white, it is a large quilt—the centre square



for the Midnight Supper

After bridge or the theatre, serve your guests with steaming OXO. Its rich beef flavour just "hits the spot." No bother—no fuss—and no sleeplessness afterwards!

In 6-oz. Flasks and Tins of 4 and 10 Cubes

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It's **"Meat and Drink"** to you

67R.

measures 13 in., the triangles around it 9 in, on the straight sides and the small triangles which make the saw teeth all measure 3 in. on the side. These measurements are just as I took them from the quilt after all seams are taken. The large triangles of white would have to be cut to fit in where they are to go as one advances in piecing the quilt, the border pieces are the same size as those in the saw teeth although I have made them smaller in the sketch and the same all around the quilt.

I am much interested in your quilt patterns and am saving all of those that are new to me.—Mrs. D. O. F.

I am not sure whether in redrawing the sketch for reproduction I have got it correct. I take it that the small triangles or sawteeth which each with an equal white one make three inch squares are all blue the next sized triangles 9 inch on the two straight sides are orange the centre 13 inch square and the largest triangles (which work out at close to 17 inches on the straight-sides) are white. Then in the outside corners of the quilt I was uncertain just how the white and blue were ranged. Perhaps Mrs. Foote will be good enough to tell us if we have it right. Some one who saw the sketch wondered if one side of the double row of sawteeth on the outside was orange. I have had no other Mississippi Valley sent in so far.

HOME COOKING

Those Christmas Candies

By Madam.

WHETHER we start candy making to provide always welcome gifts for far away friends; for our own home feasting; or as part of the holiday fun for the youngsters we all enjoy it. How good it smells! You can't keep the family out of the kitchen while you are at it. Even the high and mighty star of his college team condescends to drop in and Dad wanders in with his evening paper. Of course the youngsters are there and may be their chums. You might just as well take it for granted they will come and plan work for them all. Cracking nuts, beating marshmallows, shaping and dipping creams, pulling toffee—set them all to it. If you manage well, you will have every available shelf and table covered with sheets of waxed paper full of delicious things; and in the morning will have only the pleasant job of packing them up. Some will go into dainty boxes ready to serve gifts; others, in layers into tin boxes in the pantry ready for all the occasions on which they will be needed during the holidays. No bought candies taste half as good, and with a little thought you may have sweets for every one from granddad down to the small girl who is having her first conscious Christmas. If you have not favorite recipes of your own perhaps some of the following wil fit:

Cooked Fondant.—Place in a clean saucepan; Three cups of granulated sugar; one cup of water; one teaspoon of cream of tartar.

Stir to dissolve and then bring to a boil and cook until the mixture forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from fire and pour on a large meat plater that has been liberally rubbed with salad oil. Let stand until cool, then begin to work, using wooden spoon. Just as soon as the mixture becomes creamy, remove the spoon and knead with the hands until smooth like bread dough. Place in a small bowl and cover with a napkin, wring out in boiling water very dry and then set aside for twenty-four hours to ripen. It is now ready for use for molding or dipping.

To Dip using Fondant.—Place one-half of the fondant in top of a double boiler and heat over hot water and beat until creamy. Add a teaspoonful of boiling water if too stiff and beat hard. Now dip in this fondant nuts, pieces of candied ginger and citron, candied pineapple and cherries. Set the dipped candies on wax paper to dry for two hours.

When the fondant becomes too shallow for dipping add the balance and when this is used up then add to the fondant left in the boilers.

One cup of finely chopped nuts; one-quarter cup of finely chopped raisins; one-quarter cup of finely chopped citron.

Add one tablespoon of honey or sirup and work to a smooth mass. Form into small balls and roll in little cocoa.

There are many pretty candies you can make with fondant. Some of it may be rolled into little balls, flattened and given a holly-like decoration with a piece of cherry and two tiny leaves cut out of angelica may be added.

A little butter may be added to part and the fondant, worked into little balls which are dipped into chocolate, resulting in delicious butter creams. Another part may be shaped into a long cylinder about an inch in diameter and rolled in chopped nut meats. This will cut into little slices.

Round balls flavored with vanilla and halves of walnuts squeezed in on either side or rolled in crystallized ginger chopped fine or in cocoanut which has been lightly browned in the oven are good. Fondant may be flavored with a little almond, molded into the shape of acorns and dipped in cocoa or mixed with ground almonds and formed into quaint little button mushrooms. Tiny round balls of the fondant flavored with grated orange rind may be rolled in orange colored sugar there are no ends to the variations once you begin.

Acorns.—Dip the stem ends of separate Malaga grapes in melted chocolate and then in granulated sugar. Lay on paraffin paper on a platter to cool. Serve in bonbon dishes.

Dip one end of blanched almonds in the melted chocolate and then in the sugar. Cool as above. Both of these "acorns" are pretty and delicious for the Christmas table.

Harlequin Candy with uncooked Fondant. — First layer: One-half white of an egg, 1 teaspoon cream, 1 cup fresh (or canned) grated cocoanut; powdered sugar to stiffen. Knead well and spread layer evenly in bread pan lined with oiled paper.

Second layer: One-half white of an egg, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pink sugar and color; powdered sugar to stiffen. Spread on first layer.

Third layer: One-half white of egg, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 teaspoon almond extract, 3-4 cup blanched and split almonds; powdered sugar to stiffen.

Fourth layer: One-half white of an egg, 1-2 tablespoon cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 square melted chocolate; powdered sugar to stiffen.

Fifth layer: One-half white of an egg, grated rind of an orange and juice of half; powdered sugar to stiffen. Set away for several days in a cool place, then turn out on board and slice off amount desired, cutting slices into small pieces and wrapping each piece in waxed paper. This is a very attractive as well as wholesome confection and makes several pounds. This may also be made with cooked fondant.

After Dinner Mints.—Two cups sugar 3-4 cup hot water, 1-4 teaspoon cream of tartar, oil of peppermint. Boil together until it cracks when dropped in cold water. Pour into greased shallow pans until cool enough to handle. Add flavoring while pulling the candy. Cut and roll in powdered sugar. Keep in a closed jar from four to five days before eating.

Apple Confections.—For the many people who tire of rich creams and pure sugar candies, nothing is nicer than confections made with apple paste. Quarter core and slice apples, cook with a little water until tender, strain the pulp and cook down until it is thick, sweeten to taste and return to fire, cooking again until it is clear. If desired color with red, orange or green vegetable coloring and flavor but the fine acid flavor of the apples themselves is best. Spread on platters or enamel pans and dry on warming shelf or in mouth of oven.

When the paste is sufficiently dry, cut it in strips and squares, dip it in melted fondant, roll it in cocoanut or chopped nuts or prepare it in any other attractive way. To make mint chips, flavor the paste with mint and color it green.

The paste is easy to make, requires little sweetening, keeps well, and takes up very little storage space as it may be packed away in layers with powdered sugar or waxed paper beween in a tin box.

Apricot Candies.—Dried Apricots, 3-4 Cupful. Lemon-juice, 1 tablespoonful Cocoanut 3|4 Cupful. Nut meats ½ cupful grated Orange rind 1 teaspoonful. Grated Lemon-rind, 1-2 Teaspoonful. Wash apricots thoroughly and put through the food-chopper with the cocoanut and nuts. Add lemon-juice, orange-rind, and lemon-rind. Knead well. Roll out on a sugared board to a quarter inch in thickness. Cut into squares, and sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. This makes squares.

Turkish Paste.—Three tablespoons gelatine, ¾ cup cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 3 cups sugar, 3 tablespoons orange juice and grated rind, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 drops oil of peppermint or clove. Soak gelatine in cold water and add the hot. Boil 15 minutes. Divide into 3 parts, add orange to one, lemon to one and peppermint or clove to third. Pour into pans and let stand over night. Cut in squares and roll in sugar.

Apple or Current Taffy.—Melt one cupful of butter in a saucepan, add three cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of cream, one-half cupful of currant or apple jelly, and two teaspoonfuls of cocoa. Boil for twenty-five minutes, stirring as little as possible. When a drop cooled on a cold plate can be cut clean with a knife, pour into buttered tins and mark with the back of a knife. Turn out when cold and break into pieces, wrapping each in waxed paper.

Honey Drops.—Pour two tablespoonfuls of strained honey into a cupful of boiling water and add two cupfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Boil slowly until syrup dropping from a fork taken out of the hot liquid leaves a fine thread behind it. Pour the boiling syrup over the whites of two eggs that have been beaten to a stiff froth and add a teaspoonful of almond extract. Now beat until it is cold and just as stiff as you can handle and drop in spoonfuls on a buttered pan or a sheet of paraffin paper. A nut-meat pressed into the top of each drop makes the candy even nicer.

Christmas Caramels.—Mix together one-half cup corn syrup and one-half cup honey and bring to a boil, then add gradually about seven-eighths cup rich top milk or cream and a pinch of salt. Stir constantly and cook until it will form a very firm ball when dropped in cold water. It should not be brittle, but must be quite firm. Then add one-half teaspoon vanilla and pour into a greased pan. When cold cut into squares. For chocolate caramels add 1 1-2 squares unsweetened chocolate when first putting on the fire. For cocoanut caramels, strew one cup of steamed shredded cocoanut on the pan before pouring out the mixture. For nut caramels, strew the pan with a cup of broken nut-meats—any kind, but preferably walnuts or Brazil nuts.

This was given me as a good recipe, but I have not tried it.—J. E.

White or Sugar Taffy.—Three cupfuls of cane sugar, two cupfuls of water, one-half cupful of vinegar, Thoroughly dissolve sugar in water before placing on stove, for the syrup must not be stirred while cooking. Boil a long time, until syrup hardens or crackles in water. Pour out on to buttered plates. (Do not scrape syrup out of pan for this will grain in the candy. Add a few drops of desired flavoring to each plate. When cool enough to handle, pull until hard and white.

Marshmallow — One envelope gelatine, 1 1-4 cups water, 2 cups granulated sugar, pinch of salt, flavoring. Soak gelatine in half the water. Put remaining water and sugar into saucepan and cook until a firm ball is formed in cold water. Pour into soaked gelatine, add salt and flavoring and beat 20 minutes or until very stiff.

Sugared Pop Corn — 1 Cupful of Sugar, 4 Tablespoonfuls of Milk, Pinch of Cream of Tartar, Pop Corn, boil the sugar, milk and cream of Tartar until they form a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove and add the flavoring. When cold beat until creamy. Dip the corn into the mixture, then roll it in powdered sugar and place on waxed paper to dry. For chocolate flavor mix one tablespoonful of cocoa with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and roll the corn in it. Colored Sugar may be used if desired.

Maplenut popcorn is made by cooking together a cupful of maple syrup, half a cup of brown sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of butter until the candy seems brittle when tested in cold water. Mix the popcorn with a cupful of chopped English walnut meats, butternuts, pecans and peanuts and pour the candy over the corn and nuts, stirring constantly. Be careful not to get any unpopped grains of corn or pieces of nut shells in

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MIND BODY | **BOYS' PAGE** | SOUL SERVICE

Stefansson, the Paradox

By Wilfred Wees.

(Vilhjalmur Stefansson is a Canadian explorer, who finds it more profitable to reside in a foreign country. His chief delight seems to be disproving old myths, particularly about the frozen north.)

IN an article in an American literary magazine recently an author referred to those early days when Stefansson strode down Broadway without a hat. That was before the collegiate fraternity made hatless heads so fashionable. Stefansson goes without a hat not because he is trying to be different, not because he wants his hair to grow, nor to illustrate the toughening effects of Arctic weather; he goes without his hat simply because he can never find it. He has a hat, but it would take more time than the hat is worth to be forever looking for it.

I don't know that this little idiosyncrasy illustrates any particular trait of character in the man; but it certainly marked him out in the small towns in western Canada this summer, little towns, where a hatless man is much of a curiosity. It takes so long for these new fashions to percolate to the farther-flung communities.

The public, of course, expects famous people to have these peculiarities of habit. In this, Stefansson is not a paradox.

But he is certainly famous. Whether or not he is popular in his own country it is a little more difficult to determine. He contradicts people, and a person who is continually showing other people they are in the wrong could hardly be expected to be popular.

When he disappeared from the face of the earth for a period of a couple of Arctic suns, people said he was dead. One man even wrote a story basing it on the death of the Arctic explorer. Then he turned up alive and hardy after a long diet of seal, bear and blubber, and people were evidently disappointed that he had contradicted their prognostications.

One of his books he calls "The Friendly Arctic." Its very title is a paradox. And in it he has contradicted the "known" facts about the Arctic. When he wrote it people had not yet forgotten the many fatal intrusions man had made into the northern solitudes. The book was so absurd on the face of it that the author was said to be "bugs" on his pet topic. Now, after long years, the friendly Arctic has become the hope of a new Canadian prosperity.

Some time ago Stefansson told the world he could live on meat if he had to, that "vegetarianism" was a fad of civilization. To prove his statement he and his friend Anderson undertook a year of meat, and nothing else. The reports that have been made public in the last few weeks by the medical men who supervised the experiment show that Stefansson and Anderson were perhaps more physically fit after a year of meat than they were before.

In a recent issue of a Canadian magazine the man has again plumped his ideas into the middle of our complacency, in an article that attempts an expose of Canadian geographies. If what Stefansson says in the article is only half true, a little of the fun that we made of American ignorance of our geography should be reserved and directed towards ourselves. Personally I am not in a position to criticize favorably or adversely the statements made by Dr. Stefansson in the article because I am one of those who was educationally fed on leaves from those very geographies, so my geographical ill-nourishment would probably give me an anemic outlook.

The point is that the Stefansson who appears, to contradict public opinion so flatly in the magazine or on the platform isn't really a contradictory or irascible sort of person when you rub shins with him under a crowded table in a country hotel or squeeze in beside him for a cross-country trip in the rear seat of a miniature automobile.

His biographer, Lebourdais, in a manuscript shortly to be published tells a story that describes the outstanding quality of Stefansson as his companions know him. The story goes something as follows:

Stefansson and Lebourdais were lecturing in one of the southern states and to make suitable connections for their next engagement were obliged to take a twenty-mile trip in a hired automobile. The motor was a decrepit animal of an ante-bellum breed and the driver was the local taxi-man of the village, his office the back door-step and his garage the shady side of the wood-pile. Lebourdals' baggage filled the portion of the front seat not occupied by the driver and Stefansson's baggage was piled compactly in one side of the "tonneau," Stefansson and Lebourdais making a neat fit in what was left of the back seat. As the cavalcade passed the driver's house the automobile pulled up with a jerk.

"Hey!" called the taxi-man; "Billy, d'yu want a ride?"

"Sure, pa," cried the heir to the transport line, as he slid off the rear end of his bicycle and ran towards the car, stopping now and then to pick out a bit of gravel from between his toes.

"Well, pile into the back seat," said father, "lots of room."

Lebourdais says be himself was too enraged to object coherently, but Stefansson rearranged the baggage for the grubby Billy who squeezed himself in, perfectly at home in his pa's automobile.

"Pa says you're the guy what's been a Eskimo," volunteered Billy as they left the rubble of the village street for the dust of the country road.

"Not exactly that," Stefansson replied with a smile, "but I lived with the Eskimos for quite a while."

"An' polar bears?"

"There were some bears."

"Boy! Tell me about them."

Stefansson proceeded to tell some of the stories of his 20,000 miles of Arctic travel and beguiled the first few miles for the youngster with adventure.

Say, you're great," said Billy, "have a stick of gum."

Now there are few things that Stefansson despises in a personal way more than gum. He doesn't smoke, he doesn't drink, and he doesn't chew gum. The grimy stick that Billy had selected from the innumerable other articles in the depths of his pockets might have been considered as an added reason for politely declining the hospitality. But Stefansson took the gum, peeled off the pink wrapping paper, pressed the residue into his mouth, and chewed away like any chicle devotee. Between the rubbery crackles of the gum he continued his stories of the romance of the north.

Anyone who knows Stefansson knows that Lebourdais has told a typically Stefanssonian incident. The man is thoroughly and utterly courteous.

If he has a fault it is generosity. Stefansson receives enormous sums for his lectures; he is probably one of the three or four most highly paid lecturers on the continent; yet, if one might prophesy, old age will likely find him poor. He will walk a block to select a taxi that will save twenty-five cents on a fare because he does not believe in countenancing extortionate prices; he will give the driver double the fare for a tip. He will argue for weeks about the sum for a lecture contract; he will not bother to send in an expense account. During a trip on which everyone has agreed that meals and refreshments shall be invariably "dutch" Stefansson whispers the orders to the restaurant proprietors as he goes in and pays the bills in advance. He rails against people who ask for charity; he finds a clever boy in the country and sends him to college.

Even his voice is a contradition. Soft as a woman's it carries in conversational tones to the back seats of the largest auditorium in western Canada.

Probably the crowning incident of his career, from the standpoint of those of us who find incidents interesting, occurred this last summer. The university that expelled him as a youth conferred on him in maturity the degree of LL.D.—Edmonton Journal.

The Schoolboy's Revenge

By C. B. Pyper.

THE examinations were on and little Abbie was worried. It was a crucial test for him, a test that might make or mar his whole career. If he passed he could enter the Polytechnicum and if he failed he couldn't enter the Polytechnicum. That was what it meant to him.

He sat at his desk, his face and fingers smudged with ink, studying his mathematics paper. It was his mathematics exam and that was why he studied the mathematics paper. As he studied it he gnawed his nails in despair. He was in despair; that was why he gnawed his nails. He had been told that he mustn't gnaw his nails, but he had never before been in despair like this. He was baffled. The problem that baffled him was this.

"If the large hand of the clock is pointing to 12 and the small hand to 5.45, and the farmer's wife, carrying a five-gallon milk pail, starts to run counter-clockwise at the same time that an Alderney cow, which gives 10 gallons of milk daily, starts to run clockwise, and two trains, one going at 65 miles an hour and the other coming at 35 miles an hour, are approaching one another on a single track, and a passenger on the back vestibule of the first train fires a rifle bullet with an initial velocity of 9,000 feet per second at the engineer who is leaning out of the cab of the second train, only at the other side of the track, will a rubber ball, dropped from the top of a 150-foot mast on a ship which is travelling at 15 1-2 knots per hour, fall before, behind or on the Alderney cow?"

That was the problem that baffled little Abbie. He had not prepared for it; all winter, when he should have been studying the habits of farmers' wives and cows and trains and engineers and ships, he had been idling away his time, playing tipcat and push-half-pfennig and gazing at the stars. Now retribution had him by the heels and all he could do was gnaw his nails in despair.

* * *

Little Abbie failed. When the examination lists came out his name was not there. The names of all his friends were there—Heinie and Adolf and Fritzie and Mitzie and Trudchen—even the girls had got their names on the lists, but Abbie's was missing. His career was marred forever. He could not enter the Polytechnicum.

It was a terrible blow. It would have completely overcome 99 boys out of 100, but little Abbie was the hundredth boy. He was not easily overcome. Tears coursed down his cheeks, but they were tears of anger as well as tears of mortification. The tears of anger coursed down the right cheek and the tears of mortification coursed down the left cheek and the tears of anger won because the tear ducts in his right eye were stronger than the tear ducts in his left eye, and, besides, his head was inclined slightly to favor the course of the tears from the right eye. Little Abbie wilted in mortification, but he stamped his foot in anger.

"I'll show them," he said; "them and their old mathematics."

Little Abbie showed them. He went out and invented a system of mathematics that only 12 men in the world beside himself could understand and that had the teachers of the Polytechnicum and the professors who set the problem of the farmer's wife and the examiner who gave him no marks, all baffled and bewildered

?

How about devoting

Sixty Volunteer ***Minutes***

to introduce
your friends to the Witness
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Sixty Volunteer ***Years***

of service to your country
and therefore to you,
to your family and to your friends.

This story, which might be entitled, "The Schoolboy's Revenge," or "Little Abbie's Comeback," gives the origin or genesis, or both, of the famous Einstein theory. Little Abbie, grown up, is none other than Professor Albert Einstein, who in his youth failed to pass the entrance examination for the Federal Polytechnicum at Zurich.

* * *

Now that he has grown up he is making a monkey out of all the mathematicians in the world but 12, or perhaps 13, and is able to prove that if you strike a match today the light, if nothing interrupts its course, will travel round space and come back to the place where it started 500,000 years from now. He could probably, if he wished, prove something the same thing about sound, and none could disprove it, because none but 12 or 13 men in the world can understand the system of mathematics he has invented.

So, out of the thistle, defeat, little Abbie plucked the rose, fame. But do not think you can afford to neglect the study of farmers' wives and railway trains and then turn round and win fame like little Abbie. I, too, was like him once; I. too, failed in mathematics; I, too, invented a system of mathematics which none but me has ever thoroughly been able to understand. But, whereas little Abbie's system has brought him fame and fortune, mine has brought me nothing but short change.—Winnipeg Tribune.

STAMP NEWS

Australia's First Air-Mail Stamp

The Australian Commonwealth has issued its first air-mail stamp, a pleasing little engraving printed in green, showing an aeroplane in flight over a pastoral scene, says Fred J. Melville in the London Daily Telegraph. In the foreground is a flock of merino sheep, gum trees figure at the sides, and a river and mountains fill in the background. The design is said to have originated in the Post Office Department, the first sketch being made by Mr. Ronald Harrison, engraver to the Commonwealth note printing establishment, and the final drawing by Mr. Harold Herbert. The engraving and printing have been done at the stamp printing office in Melbourne.

Correspondence forwarded by the steadily increasing number of air mail routes in Australia is charged a special fee of 3d per half-ounce, in addition to the ordinary postage. Hitherto this fee has been payable in ordinary stamps, but it has been recognized that the issue of a special stamp for air mail is a good advertisement for the service, and the new stamp, although timed to coincide with the inauguration of the Perth-Adelaide route, is for use on all Australian air mails.

Although this is the first regular air mail stamp of Australia, there is the rare and historic official label hurriedly designed and printed in February, 1920, to affix to the small mail carried by Sir John Ross-Smith on his memorable flight from England to Melbourne. That was not strictly a postage stamp, as it denoted neither postage paid nor postage due. It was an official souvenir invented as an afterthought, and affixed in Melbourne on the arrival of the mail, consisting of about 130 letters, to add interest to the "covers." It is an item highly prized by collectors of air stamps, and is quoted at 16,500 francs (£130) used; and on the envelope, in the French catalog.

STAMPS

50 different West Indies, 35c; 100, 90c; 40 New Zealand 50; 60, $1.00. Canadian stamps purchased, or discounted against approvals. FRED A. BESSON, 1 East 132nd Street, New York.

Our Competitions

ANNOUNCING OUR NEW TOPICS

The competition with the present topics is closed with this issue. The winners of the cash prizes will be announced in the Messenger of December 27. Letters received up to December 20 will be judged in the finals and prizes will be mailed to reach the recipients for Christmas.

THE NEW TOPICS

OUR PART IN CANADA'S STORY

In every community there are stories of pioneering, valor and romance. Tell us the outstanding story of the making of history in your particular corner. Your corner does not mean the whole Dominion or your Province but your county or town or village. We want the intimate stories, which you can learn from local old-timers, (or you may have seen the things yourself) but it must not be a rehashing of stories that our history books have made familiar to all. If your local hero is nationally famous, well and good, but the story must be about your corner.
(Topic Number 16)

OUR BABY—"AIN'T HE CUTE!"

Share with us one of those humorous happenings in which your youngster played the leading part. When you write, be sure that it is your baby that you write about. There you should be an authority. Of course others are far more cunning and clever! Every other mother will admit that! But write about yours. Only, if you have no baby of your own you may be permitted to tell about the neighbor's "Young hopeful."
(Topic Number 17)

NOTE CAREFULLY

The first letters with these new topics will be printed in the Messenger of January 8 and entries for the cash prizes must reach the contest editor before January 15, 1930 to be eligible. Topics for the competition to follow this one will be announced shortly.

REVISED RULES

For each of the best three letters on any one of the above choice of subjects printed each week during the competition the publishers will award to the writers a Messenger push-pencil. These pencils are similar to those used by our editors in their daily work. The barrel is of fountain pen composition in the popular terra cotta color, mountings are nickel plated, and it takes the fine leads cheaply procurable at all stationery counters. Each is mailed equipped with leads, eraser and pocket clip.

In addition to the three pencils to be awarded weekly the three best short stories published during the contest will be awarded prizes as follows:

FIRST CASH PRIZE	*$5.00*
SECOND CASH PRIZE	*$3.00*
THIRD CASH PRIZE	*$2.00*

Tell your friends about this competition.

READ THE RULES CAREFULLY

Letters should be written in pen and ink on one side of the paper only. They should not exceed two hundred words, and we prefer them shorter so that we can publish more of them. Other things being equal, the preference will be given to the neatest and most legible manuscript. Name and address should be written in the upper right hand corner above the heading of the letter as shown below:

Tom Dick, Sunnydale, Sask.
WILD LIFE

Address your letter to:
Letter Competition Editor.
ADDRESS ALL ENTRIES: c-o JOHN DOUGALL AND SON, G. P. O. BOX 3070, MONTREAL.

This week prize pencils and our congratulations go to Kathleen Renton, Ont.; Mrs. W. R. Woodman, Sask., and Harold Blain, Man.

WHO LIKES RAISIN PIE?

Dear Sir:—My little brother Bruce is very fond of sweetmeats. When he was four years old his favorite food certainly must have been raisin pie.

One Monday, when Mother was washing she suddenly thought of Bruce. She could not see him anywhere outside. Going into the house, she went into the dining-room and there, sitting on the floor, with a pie-plate in his lap was Bruce, having the most wonderful time of his young life. Over three-quarters of the raisin pie was gone. The floor around him was scattered with crumbs and raisins. He looked up at her and laughed saying, "Well, I guess I have had enough."

He is five years old now and, though he is still as fond of raisin pie, he has never tried to eat a whole one since that day. —Kathleen Renton, Ont.

PATERNAL DUTY

Dear Sir,—Several years ago our old goose refused to own her goslings, but the old gander used to take them with him all day. Every evening at six o'clock he brought them to the back door and squawked until we took them from him, and put them in a basket in the house. At six a. m. we were wakened if we were not already awake, by the squawking of the old gander at the back door again. He squawked until he got his babies and then he went happily off.

It was very amusing to watch him as he sat on the ground with the goslings cuddled together beside him. He never hovered them.

He was wiser than the old goose, who loved the rain, for, the moment it sprinkled he rushed to the back door and squawked. When it stopped raining he came to the door and squawked for his babies again. He looked after them all summer, but at Christmas time they were all caught and dressed for market. The morning after they were killed we found the old gander dead, without a mark or blemish. We always felt he died of grief. —Mrs. W. R. Woodman, Sask.

OUR BEAR

Dear Sir:—The wind blew with the ferocity of an angry monster in our cold, red faces, checking our progress, from tracking a large bear's footprint on the snow. Unexpectedly the bear had become caught in one of our many traps and hauled it away with her.

Near the end of our journey we noticed small spots of blood along the trail. At last we came to a pitiful scene—the bear lay dead on the damp earth of a marsh, with a tiny cub sniffing and whining at her side. As we came closer, the cub snarled viciously at us. Nevertheless we threw a sack over him and immediately captured him. We carried the fluffy young cub home, and fed him with a bottle till he became older, making a pet of him in the meantime.

The strangeness of the nature of the bear was puzzling, for he always slept with a black pig in a more-or-less combined pig pen and the lone bear's house. The pig's back was frequently covered with scratches, but even though the bear played with the pig roughly now and again, he would not let any of us hurt the pig.—Harold Blain, Man.

London Giants

By Walter G. Bell

THEY were a famous race, the London Giants, long enduring. Now the familiar figures in Cheapside are about to book passages across the Atlantic to grace the utilitarian Mr. Ford's great motor-shops, and with them disappears from the London streets the last of the Giants Gog and Magog in Guildhall will still keep guard over the City fathers at Common Council or feast, but even they are not originals.

Captain Richard Saunders made them, in 1708, so the bucolic old fellows have more than two centuries to their score. But before them were giants which burnt in Guildhall in the Great Fire of London, fashioned of wicker-work and rushes, which had been carried through London streets on many occasions in my Lord Mayor's Show, till City rats and mice, it is said—and may be advanced age—left them no longer capable of standing upright without support.

Far back the old story goes to Brute, who, when founding the city of Troynovant, which we call London, captured the true ancestral Gog and Magog from among the gigantic race then flourishing in England, and caused them to be chained to his gates as porters.

This phenomenon of Giants, so actual to earlier generations of Londoners, still awaits investigation by the Royal Society. For its study we must go back to the Elizabethans. Old John Stow knew well the London Giants. There was the towering fellow of St. Mary Aldermanbury, represented in the antiquary's lifetime by no more than a shankbone strung up on the church wall—"very great, for it is in length 28 inches and a half of assize." "True it is," observes Stow, wonderingly, "that this bone (from whencesoever it came), being of a man, as the form showeth, must needs be monstrous, and more than the proportion of five shank bones of any man now living among us."

Of the Giant of St. Laurence Jewry Stow was less convinced, though he recalls a childhood's recollection. "I myself more than seventy years since"—he was writing about 1597—"have seen in this church the shankbone of a man (as it is taken) and also a tooth of very great bigness. . . . The tooth (being about the bigness of a man's fist) is long since conveyed from thence; the thigh, or shankbone, of 25in. in length by rule, remaineth yet fastened to a post of timber."

In a marginal note he wrote: "The tooth of some monstrous fish, I take it." The shankbone "might be of an Oliphant." He kept open mind, and wisely we should do the same. It may have been an Oliphant.

William Harrison, who wrote a chapter on Giants in his "Description of Britain," incorporated in Holinshead's Chronicles, is more engaging. He had no such disturbing doubts. He knew the Aldermanbury Giant's bone, which he measured as 32in, and to show the living generation what manner of creature this was, he recalls that there stood on the east wall, not far from the bone itself, an image made by some skilful artist in full proportion "which showeth the person of a man full 10ft. or 12ft. high."

A yet more ample Giant, rising 28ft. high, Harrison attests, having held in his hand its tooth, weighing 10oz. of Troy, "on the tenth day of March, in the year 1564"—he is exact as to date. Its other relics, a skull so capacious that it would hold five pecks of wheat, and shinbone 6ft. in length and of marvellous greatness, were "extant and to be seen."

Then there is the fellow of whom Harrison tells with a mouth 16ft. wide. Frankly, I have my doubts about that London Giant.—London. Telegraph.

Don't you think it a "good turn" to introduce your paper to a friend?

This Week's Great Day

Memorable Events in the History of the Empire.

By Charles Conway.

Dec. 9—Birth of John Milton

Three hundred and twenty-one years ago, on the 9th December 1608, John Milton, the great epic poet and prose writer, was born in the City of London, his father being a wealthy scrivener.

It was originally intended that he should become a clergyman, and he was educated at St. Paul's School and Cambridge University. As a youth he wrote a large number of poems which attracted considerable attention, and when he left the university he abandoned the idea of entering the Church and decided to devote his life to literature. He was only 25 years of age when he wrote "Arcades" and "Comus", and had he written nothing else these two works would have entitled him to a place among the immortals.

At the outbreak of the great Civil War he was recognized as the foremost writer of the day, and he was the first man of note, outside Parliament, to openly attach himself to the Commonwealth cause, which he defended and glorified by the exercise of his mighty talents, his great learning and unrivalled eloquence.

At the Restoration of the Monarchy Milton found himself the most hated man in Britain, for it was the powerful arguments set out in his "Defence of the English People" which had justified the execution of King Charles the First throughout Europe. How he escaped the scaffold is a mystery, for a price was set upon his head and his writings were publicly burned, but it is believed that he was saved by the influence of Sir William Davenant, the Poet-Laureate, who stood high in the new king's favor. This is quite possible, for Davenant owed Milton a good turn, as during the Civil War the former had been taken prisoner by the Parliamentary army and was saved from execution by the intervention of Milton.

It was when he was old and poor and blind, and living amidst the repugnant debaucheries of the Restoration, that Milton commenced to write his masterpiece—"Paradise Lost," the most famous and popular of his many works. For several years he had mused over the theme of this superb poem, but it was not until the great patriotic cause, for which he had labored so strenuously during the best years of his life, was completely lost that he was able to find time to give expression to the magnificent thoughts which had possessed him so long.

The copyright of "Paradise Lost", which is an imaginative word-picture in majestic blank verse of the fall from grace of Adam and Eve and its consequences, was sold by Milton to a publisher for the sum of five pounds in cash, a payment of another five pounds after the sale of the first edition of 1,300 copies, and the promise of two additional sums of five pounds each after the sale of two more editions of the same size, making a total of twenty pounds in all. The poem was completed in 1664, but its publication was delayed for over three years, owing to the fear of the authorities to issue the requisite license to a writer who had taken such a prominent part in the activities of the Commonwealth Government.

Milton died on the 8th November, 1674 at the age of 66, being the last survivor of the group of prominent men who had championed the Parliamentary cause in the great struggle between the Crown and the people, and he was laid to rest in the Church of St. Giles at Cripplegate in London.

WAR STAMPS MADE FOR SPIES

Nine historic postage stamps were auctioned in London recently which are apparently used German stamps. Actually they were forged by the British Government for use of spies behind the enemies' lines. They were made in England during the War and only a powerful lens will detect any flaws in the design. The paper, watermark and perforation are excellent. Two values were made, the red 10 pfennig and the grey 15 pfennig. This picture shows nine 15 pfennig stamps which sold for a remarkable figure.

Adventuring for the Kingdom

White Baby is Native Chief

A four-year-old son of a Seventh Day Adventist missionary is heir to one of the most powerful chieftainships of Rarotonga an island in the Cook group in the South Pacific.

Pastor Henry Hill and his wife were stationed in the South Sea Islands when their son was born. The aged chief of the natives named the boy as his heir and when the family returned to Australia, he insisted that the baby should be trained to take his place in the councils of the tribe.

Now word has come that the chief has died and that islanders are awaiting the return of their infant ruler.

Twenty Generations of Ministers

Joshua Khamis, an Assyrian Baptist minister and educator, now living in Chicago, and a member of the First Baptist church, was introduced by his pastor early in October at the ministers' conference.

Mr. Khamis comes of a family of Nestorian ministers dating back more than 600 years. Born in Mamican, Gawar, Kurdistan, in old Assyria, Mr. Khamis' early education was received in the home; he was taught by his parents. His father was a minister, and his mother the first Assyrian woman to be trained by missionaries. Later with a brother and sister he entered the Missionary college at Urmiah, Persia. From there the brothers went to Great Britain for further study and were baptized by Dr. F. B. Meyer of the Regent Park chapel, London. Joshua practised evangelism and theology in London and Nottingham. His brother was a qualified medical missionary in the Edinburgh and Glasgow universities.

They returned to their country in 1899, and established their own, independent missions and dispensaries in Kurdistan and Persia. Joshua also started an orphanage on his own estate, and fourteen day schools. He was the distributor of the first translations of the Bible and tracts into the Syriac, his own tongue, and into the language of the Kurds—Kurmangee.

In 1918 came their last calamity; with 165,000 men, women and children they fled for their lives, under the protection of the British government, to Bacoba—the House of Jacob—in Bagdad. There Joshua Khamis did evangelical work among the exiles, in the hospitals and elsewhere and established a school with 250 pupils. At the close of the world war he and his family came to the United States via India, Shanghai, Singapore and Vancouver; they lived in Seattle, Wash., for three years, in Portland, Ore., more than a year, and in San Francisco, Calif., for over three years. In each city he gave voluntary service as a missionary to his own people.—Perry J. Stackhouse.

A Translator's Trials

In 1915 I was appointed the Bible Society's Secretary for West Africa. My time was now very much taken up in travelling throughout this vast Agency: but I always made it a point to take my books with me. My diary shows that the book of Psalms was typed off in 1918 while I was a passenger on a French frigate for twenty-one days between Dahomey and the Congo. The Proverbs were partly translated in 1918 while travelling up the Congo and Kasai Rivers, and the book was completed in 1919 while I was on board the West Coast steamer "Mandingo" travelling to England. The Psalms and Proverbs were published in 1920. Spare moments while on trek were always taken advantage of, and added a little to the ever-growing pile of translations.

During 1918 my typewriter, books, and clothes, in fact all my boxes, floated about for a day on the Congo River in a native canoe half-full of water. During the same journey, when my life was in danger in a cannibal village, I left all my loads by the roadside and ran for over a day. My loads were eventually brought in to me by a company of soldiers three days later. The Psalms and Proverbs, almost completed, were in those boxes. At another time all my boxes were dropped in the sea off Sekondi on the West African Coast. I narrowly escaped the experience myself. When I came on board and complained to the ship's captain, his reply was "Lucky dog to be on board at all!"—Rev. A. W. Banfield, in The Bible in the World.

He came, and men gave Him—a crib,
He came, and they crowned Him—with thorn,
He came, and they gave Him—a cross,
Derided, and treated with scorn.
But Jesus—great Lover of souls,
Loved on "to the uttermost" end,
And "saves to the uttermost" now,
Our "uttermost" Victor and Friend.

—B. P. Head.

The Glorious Hope of Israel

By Rev. T. W. Jones, Calvary United Church, Montreal.

A Study of the Prophecies Concerning the Coming of the Messiah.—The Second of the Series on the Advent Hope.

TENNYSON, in that prophetic poem Locksley Hall, sings:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages,
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns."

We might well adapt these words and apply them to the study of the Old Testament Scriptures, for we find as we examine these records that "Through these pages one increasing purpose runs." That purpose provides the sacred singer with his song, the prophet with his theme and the statesman with his ideal. And even as the poet could say "The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," so we find in the unfolding pages of the Scriptures, that this purpose fills an ever enlarging place as the thoughts of singers and sages, prophets and statesmen, grow wider and more spiritual with the passing of the years, and the clearer understanding of the will of God.

For that "increasing purpose" is none other than the establishment of the Kingdom of God among men. This indeed is the refrain, that, fading at times to a whisper then again swelling forth into a grand crescendo is chanted by the sweet singers of Israel, and echoed and re-echoed from the lips of the prophets, as, in days of dark despair, even as in hours of clearest light, they heralded forth their heartening yet challenging evangel of the coming king and his glorious kingdom.

The story of that unfolding purpose of God, as told in the messages of the prophets, law-givers and singers is a most fascinating and inspiring record. It marks in sure outline the spiritual pilgrimage of a great people, and reflects in real measure, the religious experience of a nation which possessed, in superlative degree, the spirit of intense devotion and passion for the things of God.

For it was the prerogative of the children of Israel to regard themselves as the elect people of Jehovah, the guardians of His revealed will and the chosen instruments for the outworking of His eternal purposes.

We do well to remember, however, that theirs was a very chequered career, and while the changing circumstances of their national experience never entirely robbed them of their religious ideals, yet we are not surprised to find the expression of their hopes constantly changing according to the situation in which their prophets, the spokesmen for the nation, found themselves to be placed.

Indeed it is this constant adaptation of the prophetic messages to actual life conditions that makes the Hebrew Scriptures so appealing to the hearts of men and women in every age. For as the prophet sends forth his message of hope to his sorely distressed people and tells in stirring tones of a deliverer who shall redeem and restore the chosen race, he expresses, not some pious platitude written ages before for the guidance of "other men in other days," but rather, he proclaims the **"Word of Jehovah"** as he himself has heard it, in the silences of his own heart, while seeking for the revealing and inspiring word to speak to his people in the hour of their need.

This is what is meant when we speak of the "growing revelation of the Will of God," namely that we find the will of God set forth in clearer light and fuller measure, for example, in the book of Isaiah than we do in the Book of Judges, that the books of the prophets are clearer, truer guides and better interpreters of the purpose of God for man, than are the books of the Kings or of Chronicles.

For, in the prophetic writings, our attention is directed to the spiritual Kingdom of God rather than upon the kingdom of Judah or Israel, and our eyes behold the "King in His Beauty" rather than the monarchs of a day who hold sway in Samaria or Jerusalem.

And while the language which the prophets and singers use in their songs and promises varies according to the time and place of delivery, yet it was ever a vision splendid their eyes saw and a glorious hope to which they gave expression. The religious literature of the human race contains no more glowing passages than those in which the prophets of Israel enshrined their national hopes of the coming of their Messiah and of his glorious reign and kingdom.

For, in very truth, these men were the "heralds of the dawn" of a new day; they saw in vision fair, the coming of a new era, and while we are privileged to be living in the glow of the morning of that new time, we still express our faith and hope of still more glorious days, in the very words of the prophetic evangel, "Behold a king shall reign in righteousness,—mighty to save." And again, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the mighty deep."

TO trace the development of that glorious hope of Israel in all its details, would involve the careful examination, not only of every book included in the Old Testament, but also a great number of other books embacing almost every utterance of the prophets and other national writers.

Edersheim, writing of the Jewish national hope says, "This rule of heaven and Kingship of Jehovah was the very substance of the Old Testament. It explained alike the history of the people, the dealings of God with them and the prospects opened up by the prophets."

He adds further, "The hope became intense that all hindrances to the kingdom might be swept away by the Advent of the promised Messiah, who would permanently establish the right relationship between the King and his Kingdom by bringing in an everlasting righteousness. Such was the teaching of the Old Testament and the great hope of Israel."

Through all the varying fortunes of their national career, the sublime hope never left the Jewish people. The belief that they were the chosen race, destined to be the ruling nation over all the peoples of mankind, that God himself was their king, Jerusalem his earthly throne and the temple his chosen seat, was firmly implanted in every loyal Hebrew bosom and was nurtured by every device that patriotism and religion could employ.

From the lip of Moses, had come the first glowing promise. "A prophet like unto me—shall the Lord thy God raise up unto thee." And that hope, of a prophet who should be at once a deliverer from bondage, a revealer of the will of God, and a leader of the people in their triumphal process, found expression in every national song, every patriotic challenge and every religious appeal through all their subsequent history.

AMID the splendor of the Davidic reign, the most inspiring vision that could be vouchsafed to Israel was that of the continuance of a kingly line from the family of that illustrious monarch. Hence it came to be a promise of hope that "A son of David's line" should carry forward the glory of the kingdom.

The prophet Isaiah, voicing this national hope, sings "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. And the government shall be upon his shoulders. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." In Jerusalem the throne is to be set up and from that place of authority, the King shall hold sway in the name of Jehovah, dispensing justice to the sons of men.

It was with such promises that the prophets inspired the people in the days of prosperity and safety, and even when the dark and distressful days of the Exile came, the spokesmen of Jehovah still lifted up their voiced and proclaimed deliverance and restoration by the aid of "The Lord of Hosts." Even as late as 70—40 B.C. we find the author of the Psalms of Solomon praying, "Behold, O Lord, and raise up unto us a king, the son of David, in the time which thou, O Lord, knowest, that he may reign over Israel they servant."

ALONGSIDE this ideal of the continuance of the throne of David which we speak of as the National Hope, there developed during the period of national disaster and bitter persecution, another conception of deliverance and triumph which we describe as the Apocalyptic Hope. Echoes of this may be found in many of the later prophecies, but it is found in fuller detail in the book of Daniel and in the books of the Apocrypha and similar writings that appeared during the period between the close of the Old Testament and the opening of the New, and indeed extending to a much later date.

These books have been described as "Tracts for hard times" suggesting that they were written for a definite purpose and to serve an immediate need. Certain it is, that we find expressed in their glowing lines an almost "despairing hope" concerning the intervention of Jehovah on behalf of his suffering people. But in these visions and tokens we find both the scope and the manner of this divine intervention fundamentally charged from the idea set forth in the "national hope."

Here the "Son of Man," the new figure of speech that is used to describe the deliverer, is to appear on the clouds of heaven. The stars in their courses are to fight for him, and all the enemies of Israel are to tremble at his coming. All mankind, not Israel alone, is to be brought within the scope of his glorious sway, and while Jerusalem and the temple still stand as the centre of his kingdom, as seen in the words of Malachi "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple," yet the whole earth is to reap the benefits of his reign. Indeed in some of these prophecies, the old world is seen to

(Continued on page 23)

The Publishing Game

The publishers of **The Witness, World Wide** and **Northern Messenger** have turned work into absorbing play, Each of the papers opens doors for new adventures.

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Those who like these publications will not only support them with their annual subscriptions but will introduce them to others and thus fully share with us the satisfaction of "the game!"

The Child in a Christian World

By Walter Albion Squires, D.D.

IT has sometimes been said that the child was discovered during the latter part of the nineteenth century. The basis for this remark rests on the fact that at the time mentioned the importance of the child in the whole drama of human progress began to be appreciated. Psychologists began to see that the bases of human character were established in the very early years. Sociologists began to realize that any program for human betterment, if it is to succeed, must begin with the child. Educators began to understand their task in terms of child personalities rather than in terms of subject matter to be taught.

And yet all this awakened appreciation of the child as a factor in human life and human development was not really new. It rests on principles clearly announced by Jesus.

Matthey 18: 1-6; Mark 9: 36, 37, 42, refer to an interesting incident in the life of Jesus. The disciples came to their teacher saying, "Who then is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" They had been disputing with one another over this question. It was no mere academic discussion The argument had a very personal aspect, for they had been contending with one another for the highest place in the kingdom which they expected Jesus to set up in the near future.

The Great Teacher answered their question, not merely by word of mouth, but by statements reinforced with an object lesson. He called a little child to him and taking him in his arms, while the twelve men stood about, anxious to discover what this procedure might mean, he spoke to them some profound messages concerning the place of the child in the plans of God. He told them that, so far from being ready for the highest places in the kingdom, they could not enter even the lowest places unless they should become as little children. He said that whosoever should humble himself as a little child should be permitted to enter the kingdom and would be great therein. Then he told them that whoever received one little child in His name received both Himself and the Father at the same time. He likewise uttered a solemn warning, telling his disciples that it would be better for a man to have a great millstone tied to his neck and to be cast into the sea rather than cause one little child to stumble.

A little later in his talk with the disciples, Jesus said to them, "See that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." The word despise might have been rendered "set at naught" or "overlook the importance of." What Jesus said was something like this; "See that you do not overlook the importance of even one little child in your plans for building the kingdom of God."

A Ministry of Jesus to Children

The passage in Mark 10: 13-16, together with the two we have just considered, seems to suggest the possibility that Jesus carried on a ministry to children of which we have only the most fleeting glimpses in the gospel narratives. How did it happen that he was able to call a child out of the streets of the city when he was in need of an object lesson? Is it not possible that the child knew the Great Teacher and had been instructed of him? What is the significance of the fact that Jesus referred to the child in his arms as "one of these little ones that believe on me?"

Mark shows us Jesus taking the children in his arms and blessing them. He not only did this but indignantly rebuked his disciples for trying to keep the children away from him.

The stories connected with the birth and infancy of Jesus are among the priceless treasures of the Christian religion. The way in which the Saviour of the world came to earth has had a profound influence in the uplift of our ideals concerning womanhood and childhood. So long as we believe in the babe of Bethlehem, we cannot lose sight of the child as God's chief instrument for lifting mankind to higher planes of living.

Some Lesson for Church Leaders of Today

These narratives concerning the childhood of Jesus and the attitudes of the Great Teacher toward children have a deep significance for our own times. Some misconceptions of present-day church leaders might be cleared up if due attention were given to the significance of the facts here recorded.

Church officials are sometimes puzzled as to the age at which children should be admitted to full fellowship in the Church. In some parts of Scotland, it is the custom to put off the reception of young people into the church until they are practically adult. Sometimes this Old World custom is strongly advocated in the churches of the New World. The question is one of importance and a wrong solution, either in the direction of a too strict rule as to age, or a too lax method of admitting children to the fellowship of believers, is apt to work serious injury.

Possibly we have some light on this problem in the passages we have been considering. Jesus indicated his conviction that children could have saving faith in him when he referred to the child in his arms as "one of those little ones that believe on me." The child must have been quite young. The Greek word indicates as much and Mark tells us that Jesus took the child in his arms. If Jesus spoke thus of a little child, we should be slow to fix any absolute age limits for the admission of children into the fellowship of believers.

Evangelical Protestants do not adequately realize the importance of the child in God's plan of human redemption. If they did, they would never be content to go on from year to year with an educational system which fails to bring religious instruction to half the children of the country. Perhaps the Great Teacher would say to us as he said to his disciples of the long ago, "See that ye do not overlook even one little child in the plans you make for building the kingdom of God on earth." The twelve disciples were "adult-minded." They were thinking of the kingdom enterprise in terms of adult leadership. They were greatly concerned about who should have the place of greatest power and honor. Jesus told them that they were overlooking something of importance. Grown men were not the only important factors in the building of the kingdom; probably they were not the most important factors; children were so important, said Jesus, that their angels stand always in the presence of God.

THE GLORIOUS HOPE OF ISRAEL

(Continued from page 22)

pass away and a new world in which dwelleth righteousness, is to take its place, to be for evermore the scene of Jehovah's reign in undimmed splendor.

We find this same idea expressed in certain passages in the Synoptic Gospels, in some of the Epistles and in marked degree in the book of Revelation, where the immediate and primary purpose appears to be the inspiration and encouragement of the Christians who were suffering such bitter persecution for the sake of the faith they held so dear.

The hope of immediate and spectacular intervention on the part of their glorified Lord was doubtless regarded as the most inspiring promise that could be held out to those who were being tested and tried in such cruel and heartless fashion.

It did also, of course, furnish an opportunity for the statement of the Christian hope of immortality, inasmuch as the martyrs were portrayed as sharing in the glorious thiumph of their Lord and Master.

THERE is another aspect of the Messianic hope which, however attracted but little attention and gained no popular support. It is that conception of a suffering servant which we find set forth in the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and also to some degree at least, figuratively presented in the book of Job.

The central idea of this conception appears to be that of the necessity of deliverance, not from any merely physical power, but rather from the moral bondage of iniquity. The deliverer here portrayed is a Saviour from sin, who himself bears the load for others, and by virtue of his vicarious suffering brings salvation to his people.

Although this may be interpreted as relating to Israel as a whole, yet in the light of these after years, we can discern, even though but dimly, the glow of that light which shone in soft radiance upon the brow of the "Man of Sorrows" as he walked along the highways and byways of Galilee, Samaria and Judea, the light which came to a focal centre in "grace and glory" upon the cross of Calvary.

Such were the promises and hopes of Israel. And what is the message that they bring to us as we ponder o'er these stories of a nation's hopes and fears. Surely it is the gladsome message that God has never left his people without witness. In times of prosperity and adversity, his spirit has ever borne witness to the sons of men of his high purpose for them.

And we need to remember that He still speaks to men, that He is still calling the nations to walk in the path of righteousness, that he still pleads with men to "do justly, to love mercy and to walk in truth and humility", in all their relationship with their fellowmen.

Yes, and there is another heartening lesson in this story. It is the assurance that the Eternal One not only speaks to men, but that he also sustains and upholds them in the great testing hours of struggle and crisis.

And that is a faith we need today, the assurance of the presence of God, upholding, directing and empowering all those who in a spirit of goodwill and integrity are sharers in the never ending conflict of right against wrong.

We must believe that God not only "stands keeping watch above his own," but also that he struggles with them, fights for them, and that victory is assured to all who trust him and strive to do his will.

Happy indeed are the people who live in the radiance of such a faith.

A PRAYER OF MEDITATION

Our Father God, we praise thy name for all that thou didst give unto our fathers, of light in the darkness, of courage for the conflict, of strength for their task. God of our fathers, be the God of their succeeding race. Grant unto us the assurance of thy presence, and the sustaining power of Thy Spirit, that we may ever do thy will. Through Jesus Christ Our Lord. —Amen.

The Word of Life

Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.—John 17: 17.

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.—John 15: 3. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.—Col. 3: 16.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word. With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.—Ps. 119: 9, 10.

When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul: discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee. —Prov. 2: 10, 11.

My foot hath held his steps, his way have I kept, and not declined. Neither have I gone back from the commandment of his lips; I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food.—Job. 23: 2. I have more understanding than all my teachers: for thy testimonies are my meditation.—Ps. 119: 99. If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.—John 8: 31, 32.

Our Corner for the Shut-Ins

By Rev. A. W. Hone

HYMN

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me;

Smooth let it be or rough,
It still will be the best,
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

PRAYER

O God, we pray for that mind which was in Christ Jesus. We would have our hearts the dwelling-place of His Spirit, that we might bear with patience the stress and strain of fret and care. Be very near to Thy children who are weak and suffering. Comfort the hearts of those who have been bereaved. Teach us the futility of trying to carry the burdens of our own strength, when Thou hast placed at our disposal all of the resources of Thy matchless power.—Amen.

SCRIPTURE

Hebrews 12: 1-13.

MEDITATION

Hebrews 12: 1.—"Let us run with patience." It is rather unusual to associate patience with anything so strenuous as running. And yet, in a lengthy race, patience becomes a necessary virtue. There must be the patience to keep a steady and even pace when the temptation comes to spurt. So, too, one must patiently persevere when there is every inclination to abandon the contest. Surely, patience is necessary when every muscle and nerve cry out in protest against continued effort. Every Christion must cultivate the grace of patience, not as something esesntial in times of waiting only, but as a vital requisite to success in the hours of conflict and struggle.

HYMN

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Teach me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

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J. R. PETERS, B.A.
Warwick Ont. Canada.

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Founded by the late John Dougall in 1864

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QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

WORLD FRIENDSHIP TEA

Minister's Wife—I would like suggestions for a "World Friendship Tea" for our Mission Band, how many countries to represent decorations, menu, etc.

Ans.—This is a splendid scheme if well-planned. Every detail was to be considered beforehand. The number of countries represented depends upon the number of participants and the materials at hand for costumes and decorations. Styles of dress can be seen in books on travel, especially books about other lands such as are in most lists for supplementary reading in schools. The decorations depend largely upon the place where it is held. A large hall may be done in booths as a series of different countries or if a private home is the scene, it might be well to use the style of one distinct country. Have the food as representative as possible of the countries present. The task of studying for the preparation of such a function is both instructive and very good fun.

REQUESTED POEMS

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(Sent by Sydney Cook, Ont.)

ON THE TRAIN

On a Christmas Eve an emigrant train,
Sped on through the blackness of night,
And cleft the pitchy dark in twain
With the gleam of its fierce headlight.
In a crowded car, a noisome place,
Sat a mother and her child;
The woman's face bore Want's wan trace,
But the little one only smiled,
And tugged and pulled at her mother's dress,
And her voice had a merry ring,
As she lisped, 'Now, mamma, come and guess
What Santa Claus will bring.'
But sadly the mother shook her head,
As she thought of a happier past;
'He never can catch us here' she cried,
'The train is going too fast.'
'Oh, mamma, yes, he'll come, I say,
So swift are his little deer,
They run all over the world today—
I'll hang my stocking up here.'
She pinned her stocking to the seat,
And closed her tired eyes.
And soon she saw each longed-for sweet
In dreamland's paradise.
On a seat behind the little maid,
A rough man sat apart,
But a soft light o'er his features played,
And stole into his heart.
As the cars drew up at a busy town
The rough man left the train,
But scarce had from the steps jumped down
Ere he was back again.
And a great big bundle of Christmas joys
Bulged out from his pocket wide;
He filled the stockings with sweets, and toys
He laid by the dreamer's side.
At dawn the little one woke with a shout
'Twas sweet to hear her glee;
'I knowed that Santa would find me out;
He caught the train you see.
Though some from smiling may scarce refrain,
The child was surely right,
The good St. Nicholas caught the train,
And came aboard that night.

For the saint is fond of masquerade,
And may fool the old and wise,
And so he came to the little maid
In an emigrant's disguise.

And he dresses in many ways because
He wishes no one to know him,
For he never says, 'I am Santa Claus'
But his good deeds always show him.

—Henry C. Walsh.

(Sent by a Reader)

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma, in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a little red sleigh and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew, in a moment, it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles, his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name;
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet oh, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled; his dimples—how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
And the stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head in a wreath.
He had a broad face and a round little belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight,
'Happy Christmas to all; and to all a good-night!

(Sent by Mrs. C. A. E. Matheson, Ont.)

IN IMMANUEL'S LAND

The sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In fair Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveler
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
In fair Immanuel's land.

Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp,
Now these lie all behind me—
Oh, for a well-tuned harp!
Oh, to join the hallelujah,
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing where glory dwelleth
In fair Immanuel's land!

O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In fair Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered by his love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In fair Immanuel's land.

—Annie R. Cousin.

(Sent by the Rev. Alexander Ross, Swift Current, Sask.).

M'HM

Ye've heard hoo the deil, as he wauchled through Beith,
Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, and ane in his teeth,
When some ane cried oot, "Will ye tak' mine the morn?"
He wagg'd his auld taail while he cockit his horn,
But only said, "M'hm", that useful word, "M'hm",
Wi' sic a big mouthful he couldna say, Ay!

When I was a callant lang-syne at the schule
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule,
For a' that he said I could ne'er understan',
Unless when he bawled, Jamie! haud oot yer han'!
Then I gloomed and said, "M'hm", I glunch'd and said, "M'hm",
I wasna owre prood, but owre dour to say, Ay!

Ae day a queer word, as long-nebbit's himsel,
He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
Quo' I, Maister Quill, wi' a kin' o' a swither,
I'll spell ye that word if ye'll spell me anither,
Let's hear ye spell, "M'hm", that common word, "M'hm,"
That auld Scotch word, "M'hm", ye ken it means Ay!

?

How about devoting

Sixty Volunteer *Minutes*

to introduce
your friends to the Witness
by way of celebrating
your Editor's

Sixty Volunteer *Years*

of service to your country
and therefore to you,
to your family and to your friends.

Had ye seen hoo he glower'd, hoo he scratch'd his auld pate,
An' shouted, Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!
Get aff to your seat! ye're the plague o' the schule!
The deil o' me kens if ye're maist rogue or fule!
But I only said, "M'hm", that common word "M'hm"
That auldfarran' "M'hm", that stan's for an Ay!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean,
O' Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen,
When 'neath my gray plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,
I speir'd in a whisper if she'd be my ain,
She blush'd an' said, "M'hm", that charming word, "M'hm",
A thousan' times better an' sweeter than Ay!

And noo I'm a dad, wi' a hoose o' my ain,
A dainty bit wifie, an' mair than ae wean;
But the warst o't is this, when a question I speir,
They pit on a look sae auldfarran' an' queer,
But only say, "M'hm,' that daft-like word, "M'hm,"
That vulgar word, "M'hm," they winna' say Ay!

Sae I've gi'en owre the "M'hm," it's no a nice word,
When printed on paper it's perfect absurd;
An' if ye're owre lazy to open your maw,
Just haud ye yer tongue, an' say naething ava.
But never say "M'hm", that draft-like word, "M'hm",
It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid Ay!

—James Nicholson.

WORDS WANTED

Hugh McRae, Ont.—"The Deacon's Courtship" beginning:
"Poor Deacon Brown in the prime of life, Had buried his loved and loving wife, etc."

W. H. Byers, Ont.—A poem, part of which goes: (The Red White and Blue?)
"Then your flag and my flag
Shall float around the world
The greatest and the proudest
That ever was unfurled."

Jean S. Rankin, Ont. — (1) "The Widow and Her Son." (2) "Black Bess" in which a minister's horse is ridden by his daughter. (3) Reading about a Ladies' Aid or Club in which the president calls for someone to play a piano solo, admonishing those present to be very quiet but talking all the time herself and finally shouting. (4) A song "There'll be time enough for that, says I" beginning: "When I was a school boy aged ten, With my short striped trousers, etc."

R. Henderson, Que. — "The Two Young Munro's."

Flora Black, Ont.—"I've loved ever since she was a baby" and "All by yourself in the moonlight."

A. E. N. — (1) "Rosalie the Prairie Flower" (2) A poem about two homeless children on the streets of London and containing "Weary, weary are our feet." (3) "The Rests by the Swannee River."

Alban K. Westwell, Ont.—The words of Pat Mc Ginty's Goat."

Lena Henderson, Ont.—Words of "Coming Round the Mountain" and "The Ladies."

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

Very Popular Author: "Well, well, this is an outstanding book, Boggs! Well written—superb style! A most astounding book, Boggs! Who wrote it?"
Boggs: "You did, sir." **—The Passing Show, London.**

An Irishman who was driven to desperation through being workless procured a pistol and took to the road in a lonely spot. Meeting a traveller he stopped him with "Your money or your life." Seeing that Pat was green the man replied "I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you all my money for the pistol."

"Agreed," said Pat, and on receiving the money he handed over the pistol.

"Now," said the traveller, "Hand back that money, or I'll blow your brains out."

"Blow away, my hearty," said Pat, "never a bit of powder is there in it."

Batson—I understand some of your hens have stopped laying.

Belfry—Two of them have, anyway.

Batson—What's the cause?

Belfry—A motor car.

The negro went for a ride in an aeroplane at Coney Island. When he came down he said to the pilot, "Thank you, guv'nor, for dem two rides."

"Two rides?" said the aviator, "You've only had one."

"No, massa," said the man, "I've had two; ma first and ma last."

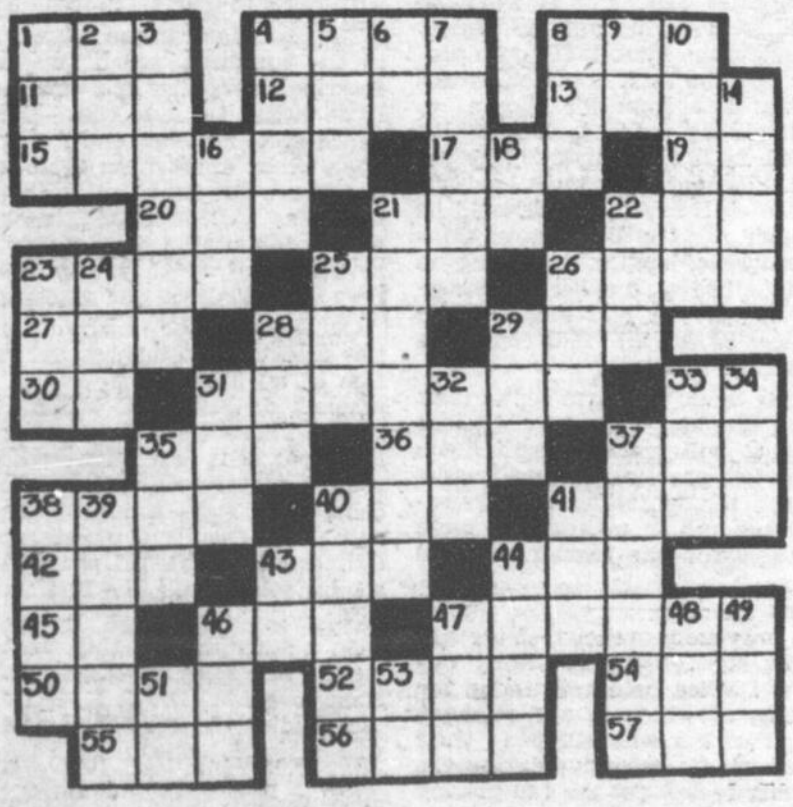
Sandy, the sailor, was about to start out on another voyage and his wife and children had come to see him off.

"And you'll be back in four years, time, Sandy," said his wife after a while.

"Aye," returned Sandy, "but I may be a bit late on this trip, ye ken."

His wife considered this for a moment or two, then she added suspiciously, "Well, if you are, don't let's 'ave any of your old excuses about the ship going down, and 'aving to walk home."

The Week's Cross Word Puzzle



Horizontal

1 Jewel
4 Large
8 A constellation
11 Mohammedan name
12 In a line
13 To praise
15 Pertaining to European race
17 To recede
19 To act
20 To do wrong
21 Algerian governor
22 To be ill
23 Egyptian singing girl
25 Shell that fails
26 Before
27 Vegetable
28 Drunkard
29 Cunning
30 Part of infinitive
31 Calling forth compassion
33 Musical note
35 Paddle
36 Felt
37 Distant
38 Rage
40 Dark brown
41 A color
42 Devoured
43 Nothing
44 Unchivalrous person
45 Pronoun
46 Extinct New Zealand bird
47 Hearth guard
50 Girl's name
52 Reclined
54 Card game
55 Quarrel
56 Let it stand
57 Finish

Vertical

1 Aeriform fluid
2 Old cloth measure
3 Malarial poison
4 Self-admiring
5 Part of circumference
6 Thus
7 Unfinished wool cloth
8 Vestment
9 Symbol for radium
10 To adjust accounts
14 To give sparingly
16 By way of
18 Alongside
21 Obedient
22 One indefinitely
23 Likely
24 A constellation (the lion)
25 Spot
26 Everyone
28 Title of respect
29 Prefix: above
31 Wages
32 Pleasure
33 Breeze making device
34 Chest
35 Mineral
37 Musical equipment
38 To prove inadequate
39 Complete
40 Clock faces
41 Shallow dish
43 Negative
44 A coin
46 Beast's stomach
47 For shame!
48 Vast age
49 Measure of distance
51 Negative
53 By

"I found a half dollar in the park yesterday."

"It must be mine—I lost one there yesterday."

"But this was two quarters."

"Yes, I expect it broke as it fell from my pocket."

"What are you writing?"

"A letter to my wife."

"Why do you write so slowly?"

"Because she can't read very fast."

Marie: If you could have two wishes, what would they be?

Viola: Well, I'd wish for a husband.

Marie: That's one.

Viola: And then I'd save the other till I saw how he turned out.

"So our engagement is at an end?" said the man.

"It is," replied the girl.

"I suppose you will return the engagement ring?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. Call round some evening and we'll pick it out."

"Why are you running?"

"I am going to my future father-in-law. I have just seen in the paper that he has gone bankrupt."

"You want to help him?"

"No, I want to break off the engagement."

Homebody: "They say if there is anything in a man travelling will bring it out."

Traveler: "So I learned, after being at sea for a couple of days."

Jones: "I've found a way to get even with a back seat driver."

Bones: "How do you do it?"

Jones: "I sit in the kitchen and tell how to fry an egg."

Mose met his friend, Sam, on the street one day and asked him if he would like a chicken for supper some evening, and upon being assured he would, said he would bring one over. Several days passed but no chicken came. Sam met Mose and inquired: "What 'bout dat chicken yoh was goin' t'bring ovah?

"What chicken?" said Mose. "Oh sho' Ah recalls now. Ah was goin' t'bring dat hen ovah, an' den she got well."

"When did they first get the idea of using busses for transportation?"

"When Brigham Young went on his honeymoon."

The autumnal colors, as you motor along the highways, are every beautiful. Many of the signs are newly painted.—Life.

"So you got a big fine for smashing up someone's car? I thought you said you had a friend in court who would fix things up for you?"

"Just my luck. He was the fellow I ran into."

Weary Willie was out of work as usual, and he was exploring a new neighborhood.

He rapped timidly at the door of a poor looking house on the corner. It was opened by Mrs. Murphy.

She was very red in the face, and her hands were still covered with soapsuds. Also, she was very angry at being interrupted at her washing.

"Did you wish to see me " she bellowed darkly.

Weary Willie backed down the steps with downcast eyes.

"If I did, he said meeky. "I've had my wish, thank you."

Dietitians say there are vitamines in hash, and some fine day the scientists may succeed in finding out what else there is in it.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

No. 1525

A	P	E		U	P		R	A	P	I	D
D	I	M	I	T	Y		E	R	A	S	E	D
O	R		F	A	L	L	A	C	Y		M	E
	A	S		H	O	O	D		S	O	U	P
A	T	O	M		N	O	E	L		F	R	O
T	E	P	I	D		T	R	O	T		E	T
		S	T	O	W		S	T	O	P		
A	C		E	N	I	D		S	A	L	V	O
N	A	P		S	L	O	P		D	E	A	N
G	R	I	D		D	O	R	A		A	N	
E	R		A	M	E	R	I	C	A		I	N
R	O	U	T	E	S		D	E	M	I	S	E
	T	R	E	N	T		E	S		T	H	E

Without Examination

healthy men, ages 15 to 45, may obtain a policy for $3,000

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25	58.14	40	91.35
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Dietitian: "A few leaves of lettuce without oil, a bran cracker, and a glass of orange juice. Stick to that and your weight will come down."

Woman: "Well that's fine, doctor. Now, do I take that before or after meals?"—Union Pacific Magazine.

I hear Skimpole was hurt. How did it happen?

Well, you see that ditch over there?

Yes.

Well, he didn't.

She (sotto voice)—Georgie, dear, it's a burglar!

He—Sh-h, don't move, maybe he can get that window up; it's the one we haven't been able to open since the painters left.

Miss Fronde—Now, don't be impudent, or I'll be forced to knock some sense into your head!

Mr. Freshly—It would take a dozen women like you to knock sense into my head.

Smith — Einstein, the rich pawnbroker died and left the business to his wife.

Jones—Poor loan widow.

A.—How many have you working in your concern?

B.—Oh, about half of them.

Jack—I thought that you owned a chummy roadster?

Mac—I did, but I taught my wife how to run it.

Lady (to new milkman)—How much is my milk bill?

Milkman—'Scuse me, lady, but my name's Joe.

Gerald—Have you got hot and cold water in your room at the hotel?

Ronald—No; just tepid and lukewarm.

Wigg—No; I can't say that Talkalot is a friend of mine. I merely have a speaking acquaintance with him.

Wagg—Most people have only a listening acquaintance.

U. S. plans to lift the tariff rate on hexamethylenetetramine. You don't say.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

"The wedding reception beggared description," says a report in a local paper. Not to mention the bride's father.

?

How about devoting

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FARM GARDEN AND HOME

Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

Sanitation on the Farm

By W. G. Kaiser.

NOT so long ago, a friend of mine told in high glee of a militant farm wife who had moved out into the newly erected barn when her husband failed to provide her and their children with the proper kind of house in which to live. According to my friend, the farm house was an old one, battered and worn both in and out and altogether no place in which to rear a family decently.

The story was not funny to me, because it brought back to mind the countless cases of drudgery I have witnessed throughout the country where farm wives are little more than chattels, and where farm homes are scarcely fit places for stabling the cattle. It is strange that a farmer often seems to take more care of his livestock than he does of his own flesh and blood, although the age of farm servitude is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

Within recent years many of the unfortunate features of farm life have been nullified by the adaptation of city conveniences to rural dwellings. Among these, perhaps the greatest element of comfort and convenience has been brought by running water systems for the farm home together with sanitary disposal of sewage.

Up until a few years ago, the usual water system available to the farmer consisted of the old reservoir and pump arrangement. I can recall, with very little effort, the backbreaking exercise of filling the attic water tank by means of the old double action hand pump attached to the rain water reservoir. It always seemed as though the tank ran dry at the very moment I came in from a dusty job and was in need of a bath more than anything else.

It seems quite likely that the old tin bathtub, the dishpan, the improvised water system and the unsanitary outhouse may be only the senseless things of a bygone age within a few years from now.

Contrasted with the past, there are many conveniences available today which make farm life a very comfortable affair. Water for the farm house has been made available by a multitude of mechanical pumps and pressure systems—machines that are operated by gasoline, oil or electricity and not by the muscular efforts of the farm wife.

But a modernly equipped bath room, and a handy kitchen sink, require that some provision be made to dispose of the wastes in a satisfactory and sanitary manner. It is out of the question to discharge wastes from bath room and kitchen onto some vacant patch of land or into a stream. For his own sake, the farmer will not do it because such action may inflict disease on his family or, equally bad, on some neighbor. Though he may not come into direct contact with such filth, the farmer is nevertheless exposed because ground seepage may carry the germs of disease into his well water supply or through the soil into the very food he eats or expects to sell in some city market.

Fortunately, the matter of safe sewage disposal is solved readily by means of a septic tank. Such a device, in effect, is a small sewage reduction works—a small scale plant of the type which protects the health of city millions. Its construction is simple and, once in place, it gives little or no trouble.

Any farmer who has built a concrete feeding floor for his hogs, or who has constructed a concrete floor and foundation for his barn is perfectly capable of building his own sanitary septic tank. The simplest form is a plain rectangular box of concrete, provided with cover, inlet and outlet pipes and baffle boards to keep the inrush of raw sewage from disturbing the reducing action of bacteria which work within the tank.

Before building, the farmer will have to estimate the probable size needed to accommodate his family. A good gauge is to allow about 50 gallons of tank capacity for every person served. However, it is seldom wise to build a tank of less than 500 gallon capacity. A tank which will hold this amount, and a little more, measures six feet long by three feet wide by five feet deep internally. The type of soil into which the tank will drain also determines one other variable factor of construction—the length of tile line which must be used. In a light, porous soil about 30 feet of concrete tile per person served will be sufficient. In tight, hard soils as much as 100 feet of tile per person may be necessary to secure proper absorption.

With these details decided upon, the farmer may procede with the construction work.

The site for the tank should be at least 50 feet away from any water supply to guard against possible contamination. If the soil in which the excavation is made does not cave, only an inside form will be needed to build tank is quite simple. When the use of both inner and outer forms.

The form for a single chamber hen tank is quite simple. When the earthen walls of the pit are to serve for outer forms, care must be taken to make the excavation meet the exact measurements of the outside dimensions of the tank. The walls of the hole should be smooth and vertical and the corners square. The box-like inner form is made according to the inside measurements of the septic tank. Allow a space of six inches between the inner forms and the earth to provide proper width for the concrete. The interior form is braced to prevent it from bulging when the concrete is filled in around it. Matched stock or ordinary boards are all right for the box if they are fairly smooth and don't leave wide cracks at the joints.

Four cleats of wood are placed on the outside of the form box. These cleats make slots in the sides of the tank in which to place baffle boards. The cleats should be tapered slightly at the edges so that they will come out readily. They are about two feet long, for the average small septic tank, and are placed about 15 inches from the intake end of the tank.

In building the form, it's a good idea to round or bevel the corners off somewhat to make the job of removing the form an easy one.

As the box is built, up, the top boards on the two ends are allowed to remain un-nailed. These boards should be provided with round holes to take the inlet and outlet pipes. The hole for the inlet pipe should be placed about eight inches from the top of the box and the outlet pipe hole about ten inches from the top-allowing a fall of two inches across the length of the tank.

With the form made and ready for use, the concreting process is ready to start. A mixing platform of some sort should be provided to guard against loss of materials and against the possible inclusion of dirt in the mix—dirt is not an ingredient of good concrate. There was a time when we all probably thought that sound concrete could be made by puddling up a lot of sand and water and rock with a sack or two of cement, but that idea is a bad one. A man might have been lucky enough to hit on the right mixture by accident, but accidents don't happen all the time. Good sound concrete can be secured every time, but it takes headwork instead of guess work.

Instead of making the concrete for the tank by the old "cut and try" method, start out by mixing one sack of cement with just five and one-half gallons of water-five and one-half gallons and no more. To every part of cement, add two parts sand and three parts pebbles, but keep the water at not more than five and one-half gallons. If, with this suggested mix, the concrete is workable without being excessively watery or too dry, the same proportions should be followed for making the rest of the concrete. It may be necessary to change the amount of sand and pebbles to secure the proper workability, but the water cement content should remain as it was-just five and one-half gallons per sack.

All materials should be mixed thoroughly, until every particle of sand and stone is covered with a film of water-cement paste. Then place a layer of the concrete, six inches deep, in the bottom of the excavation. This layer should be carefully spaded or rodded to fill up any voids and air spaces. The box form is then pressed firmly down on top of this layer, after which the sides may be filled. When building up the sides, be sure first that an equal space of six inches is found on all sides of the box form between it and the earth wall. Place the concrete in layers about eight inches deep all around the box and spade each layer thoroughly before the next one is placed. This insures a uniformly dense concrete from bottom to top. The top edge can be leveled off with a strike board or straight edge to secure an even surface. The inlet and outlet pipes are placed in their respective positions in the forms when concrete is brought to the desired level.

The top is usually made of several simple reinforced concrete slabs, three inches thick, which are cast in forms separately and are placed across the tank top after the concrete has set. Discarded horse shoes may be cast in the slabs for lifting rings. If it is so desired, a single slab may be cast to cover the entire top. This slab is made of the same concrete used in making the tank with the addition of reinforcing bars.

The concrete should stand for at least two days before the forms are removed. Durng the next two weeks, the tank and cover should be sprayed with water every day to keep the concrete from drying out too rapidly and to allow the material to cure properly before the tank is placed in use. The sewer line from the house to tank should be made to bell mouth sewer tile with the joints tightly cemented. Beyond the tank, several sections of bell mouth pipe should be laid before the tile line starts. Concrete drain tile, lengths depending on the soil nature as previously discussed, should carry a half-inch fall per twelve feet of length. This completes the drainage system.

Properly built, the farm septic tank will give untold years of efficient service. It will make a farm home water system practical and will assist materially in lightening the household chores and in making life more comfortable for the farmer and his family.

Good progress was shown at the annual meeting of the Manitoba Co-operative Dairies, held in Brandon the other day, at which it was reported that: "Farmers who shipped their cream to the Co-operative during the year under review got the full market price for their products at the time of delivery and in addition earned a bonus at the close of the season of 1 1-2 cents on every pound of butterfat shipped." In its three creameries at Brandon, Dauphin and Winnipeg the Association handled almost 2,000,000 pounds of butter valued at about $750,000. A surplus of $42,000 was shown in the report.

Bids for the purchase of about 8,700 acres of land in the Sumas reclaimed area of British Columbia have been called. The terms of agreement have been prepared by the Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the Dyking Commission in such a way as to provide adequate assurance being given by the purchaser that the area signed for in each case will be properly developed without delay.

What Makes a Good Apple?

What is the difference between a high quality apple and one of low quality? Of course tastes differ somewhat and a variety that would make one person enthuse might not please another person at all. But in general we agree on what are high quality and what are low quality varieties.

First there must be a fairly large sugar content. Even in the so-called subacid apples there is a good percentage of sugars. These vary considerably with different fruits, and a single fruit may have several kinds or types of sugars, but the total of them must be high for high quality.

In the second place we have some type of acid in the fruit. With apples, peaches, cherries and some other fruits it is malic acid alone, while in cranberries we have both malic and tartaric acid. And of course the ratio between the acid and sugar contents determines whether the variety is classed as sweet, subacid or acid.

The third factor in making up the quality of a fruit is the essential oil, as it is called. These oils are very complicated and variable in their chemical composition with different fruits but agee in carrying with them the characteristic odor and flavor of the fruit, the extract from apples for example having in concentrated form that delightful fragrance which one gets on entering a storage house where fine apples are being kept.

In the production of the actual quality of an apple these three factors, sugars, acids and essential oils, are all that we recognize at present as entering into the case. But at least one other factor is quite important in the impression one gets of the quality of an apple as it is eaten and that is the question of whether the cells in the flesh separate from each other without being broken, or whether they are crushed by the eating process and their contents thereby are allowed to come in contact with one's tongue.

The principal reason why an apple in the condition which we usually describe as "mealy" has comparatively so little taste is that the cells which go to make up the tissue of the apple break apart from each other as one chews the flesh, but each cell remains as a little closed sack, and while its contents may possibly be just as delightful as they ever were, yet they do not affect our sense of taste.

One other factor which our authorities assure us influences our impression of an apple as we eat it, is the amount of insoluble solids in its flesh. Those varieties which carry a large per cent of such solids are usually poorer in quality, while a low content of such solids is associated with high quality. For example the Grimes Golden has 2.7 per cent of insoluble solids while the Ben Davis has 3.07.

As a summary of this matter of quality in apples we can do no better than to quote Dr. J. K. Shaw, who has studied the matter carefully and who says, "It appears then that high table quality in apples depends on good texture, which is accompanied by a low content of insoluble solids; an abundance of sugars, especially sucrose, an amount of acid sufficient to blend agreeably with the sugars but not excessive, and an abundance of pleasant and agreeable flavoring oils."

The time will doubtless come when we will know far more than we do at present not only about what contributes to good dessert quality in the first place but also how this quality may be retained for a longer period.

Manitoba's success at the Royal Winter Fair is described by Premier Bracken as "the most remarkable ever achieved by the province." Both in the number and variety of championships and other winnings, the records of the past years have been far eclipsed.

Hall's Lily

One of the older garden bulbs which is forever new is Amaryllis Hallii. Dr. George R. Hall (1820-1899), of Bristol, R. I., after practicing medicine in China, went to Japan about 1854 and sent to his home many rare Asiatic plants. This beautiful lily was one of them.

Just how widely it was cultivated here seems not to be known. It is said to have been first distributed by the Boston nurseryman Hovey. It was first illustrated in "Garden and Forest", Vol. 3, page 176 (1890), where reference to its culture was made.

The behavior of the plant is rather against its retention in full and busy gardens. In May a group of straplike leaves appears, ripens and disappears. If the gardener is not careful the underlying bulb may be unintentionally discarded. Not liking to leave the soil bare he is tempted to put in an annual or a new perennial and the bulb is forgotten. But on a day in August he finds a stalk bearing five or six delightfully fragrant and colored blossoms.

China has other species of Lycoris, L. aurea, the Nerine aurea of Japanese gardens, with similar but golden blossoms, and one or two red-flowered species.

The culture of Hall's lily is practically complete with planting, as it is perfectly hardy and comes up year after year. One must observe where its leaves are in the spring and not disturb its position until blooming time.

Henry's lily, sometimes called the "yellow speciosum" because of its relation and similarity of form and habit to Lilium speciosum, was introduced into cultivation in 1898, flowering first in the Royal Gardens at Kew, England, from bulbs sent by Augustus Henry from the glassy slopes of Ichang , Western Hupeh, China, where he had collected it a year before. E. H. Wilson says "Ichang is best known to horticulturalists as the home of the lovely Lilium Henryi."

Moss Verbena Recommended

While not deemed perfectly hardy Henry's lily does well if planted with the protection of conifers or rhododendrons, as it likes a little shade and coolness at the roots. Green backgrounds also enhance its attractiveness, bringing out the contrast of orange, yellow-green centres and reddish dots and anthers. This lily may be propagated not only by bulbs but by seeds, which are produced abundantly.

Growing Bulbs in Fibre

Roman hyacinths, Dutch hyacinths, freesias, narcissi, tulips, lily of the valley, spireas, irises, lilies and other bulbs can be grown with surprisingly good results in china bowls without drainage. It is an excellent method of growing bulbs for those who have not the convenience of a conservatory, greenhouse or frames, or who have difficulty in obtaining suitable soil; and when the good results obtained are understood, the system is sure to become popular. This method, I believe, was originated previous to 1908 by Robert Sydenham, a bulb dealer of Birmingham, England, and has been recommended by bulb dealers everywhere ever since.

The fibre can be obtained from any seedsman. It is odorless and clean to handle, and the dishes of bulbs can be placed anywhere about the house without danger of dirty water running from the pot. The fibre is made from old hemp rope, ground up oyster shells and charcoal to keep it sweet, and possibly other materials.

Rather shallow china or glass bowls are best. Put in from one to three inches of fibre which has first been properly moistened. Thoroughly wet the fibre and then permit all surplus water to drain off. Place the bulbs on the fibre and then fill up the bowls to within an inch of the top. Do not press the fibre so tightly that the roots may not spread freely through it.

Set the bowls away in a dark, cool, airy place. A dark, close closet will not answer. They will require no attention for two or three weeks. After that keep the fibre moist but not wet. This is a simple matter, but once the fibre becomes dry the bulbs may be ruined. The fibre dries out on top first, indicating when water is needed. If too much water is applied turn up the bowl and drain off the surplus.

When the bulbs have grown about an inch out of the fibre they should be given more light and as much air as possible. A window facing south will put color in the foliage and hasten growth.

Roman hyacinths, freesias, paper white narcissi are good for growing in fibre. The Dutch polyanthus narcissi are dwarfed and have better flowers than the Joss lily. The poetaz and the trumpet narcissi give excellent results, especially Emperor and the star shaped Mrs. Langtry.

Hyacinths do well in fibre, but all of the same variety should be used in one bowl, or varieties that flower at the same time. Miniature hyacinths and second size bedding hyacinths are inexpensive and will be found satisfactory.

Crocuses, scillas and snowdrops can be had for a small sum and really give wonderful effects.

Lilies and all the spireas may be grown in this manner, and no doubt many other plants can be grown to perfection in this same simple manner. Here is an opportunity to follow the success of others and also to try experiments in a limited way to see to what extent the list of plants that may be grown in fibre may be increased.

THE FIRST CHRYSANTHEMUM

How many of those who found pleasure in the fine displays of chrysanthemums this autumn are aware that the first of the species ever grown in England is still on exhibition? The plant, one of the small yellow-flowered variety, was reared at the Botanic Garden, Chelsea, in 1764, and Philip Miller, the famous gardener, preserved some of the flowers. The plant itself died after flowering once, but one of the preserved blossoms found its way to the herbarium of the British Museum, where it may still be seen.

BORDERS BETWEEN HOUSES

The strip of land between two houses presents a puzzle to the town gardener. It is often wind-swept, and it brings death to tender flowers.

One of the best plans is to block the north or east end with a screen or a bush of cedar or spruce, and then to plant shade-loving plants—Solomon's Seal, bulbs, especially Snowdrops, Bluebells, winter Aconites, Japanese Anemones, Lilies of the Valley, and Ferns.

Those who have shrub gardens may have noticed that some of the privets hold their leaves long after all the other shrubs have become bare. This is one reason for planting the privet. The so-called European privet is particularly useful for adding color to the garden late in the season. The shining black fruits which are borne in compact clusters well up on the ends of the branches add to the beauty of the plants. Fruits and foliage may be used for indoor decoration.

The 1929 yield of potatoes in Canada is estimated at 74,446,000 bushels from 545,239 acres, valued at $67,451-000, compared with 83,658,000 bushels in 1928 from 599,063 acres valued at $40,874,000. All of the provinces are represented in the production, Quebec heading the list with 32,320,000 bushels and Ontario following with 26,-575,000 bushels.

Half a million Christmas trees will be shipped out of Quebec Province over Canadian Pacific lines this season, benefitting farmers to the extent of about $100,000.

ANSWERS to Garden Questions

Weeds As Cover Crop—Late or Early Pruning.

Dear Sir.—I keep coming across the statement that weeds as a cover crop are not only inexpensive but are probably just as valuable as any of the non-legumes. Is this true,and would you advocate letting weeds grow in an orchard or garden? Why is it better to prune in late winter or early spring than in the autumn when trees are dormant and weather good?—M. S. T.

It may be better to let a late crop of weeds remain on the ground to prevent washing down of the soil or to stop the growth of trees and induce them to mature wood before frost, than to plow or cultivate and leave the ground bare. But that does not mean the weeds are better than a clean cover crop. The weeds may serve, but there is always the danger of some varieties seeding or spreading and becoming a serious pest, if not in your orchard, then in the neighboring fields. As for the garden, I, having perforce, been obliged to let weeds take the place of a cover crop during two seasons, can testify that the couch grass, which, under cover of more innocent weeds, ran through the soft, fertile soil, has destroyed more bulbs and necessitated the digging up and tearing to pieces of more cherished clumps of valuable perennials than many good cover crops could pay for. No, I would never advise weeds where anything else is possible, and if by reason of inability to plant other things you are caught with them, plow them under before there can be any question of their going to seed. Watch also for such as spread from the roots, and take time to rid yourself of any patches of such before they increase further.

The reason for pruning late is to avoid the long protracted period of freezing dry affecting the wounds. It may also make a difference in the amount of winter injury. In milder climates, fall pruning may not be harmful, b ut during most winters in the north spring pruning will prove superior.

Potatoes Under Straw

Dear Sir.—Can you tell me anything about growing potatoes under straw instead of earth. Is it practical?—W. C. S.

The growing of potatoes under straw could not be recommended on a large scale, but where straw is plentiful it is an interesting experiment worth trying on a small scale, especially on light, sandy soil.

Here is the experience of one who tried it:

After properly preparing the ground, a three-inch deep, rather wide furrow was made. The potatoes were laid in this, each set from fifteen to eighteen inches apart, according to the variety, the early maturing varieties at fifteen and the stronger growing late sorts eighteen inches apart. Instead of covering the sets with soil, a heavy layer of straw was spread over the rows, extending about one foot on either side. The rains we had shortly after planting settled and consolidated the straw mulch through which the potato sprouts appeared in due course.

The presence of straw prevented weed growth and, of course, there was no hoeing to be done; all the labor expended was the necessary spraying to prevent blight and the ravages of the potato beetle. The top growth was excellent, and the timely sprays with Bordeaux-arsenate kept the vines in a vigorous state of health. After the vines died down, all that was required in harvesting was to remove the straw, the majority of the tubers having matured just under it. The labor of harvesting was trifling compared with that of the crop grown in the usual manner.

In comparing the two methods there was very little difference in the net yields. If anything it was in favor of the straw mulch. The soil under the straw was moist even during the height of the drought, so that the plants never suffered, and this, no doubt, accounts for the increased yield.

Palm, Grevillea, Poinsettia and Ivy

Dear Sir.—I have a date palm grown from seed. Is about ten inches high and needs repotting. What size pot is needed and kind of soil? What kind of soil is best for Grevillea Robiesta and the Asparagus, both Plumosus and Sprengeri?

Is the Poinsettia goood for more than one season?

Have a large English Ivy which is very badly infested with scale. Can the scale be got rid of without cutting the ivy back? Is it too much work to go over every leaf singly? Thanking you, Yours truly,—"SUNSET."

One of the most frequent causes of failure with palms is overpotting and subsequent overwatering. An old gardener's rule is never repot a palm while it is thriving. Your palm should not be repotted until the mass of roots completely fills the soil and then not till spring or just before active growth begins. Even then a pot only one size larger is sufficient. Palms have few fibrous roots and require little pot room. When potting is done the earth should be firmly packed, but drainage should be free. A soil composed of well rotted leaf sod, leaf mould and a little sand will meet the requirements, or two-thirds well rotted sod and one-third well rotted cow manure. In repotting set the base of the palm level with the soil. As growth develops it will become elevated but that is nature's provision to keep the stem from rotting off. Water sparingly from November to March. Give bonemeal worked into the top of the soil twice a year.

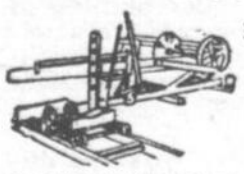
Loam and peat in equal quantities with a good deal of sand make a good compost for the Grevillea. It is a good room plant, standing considerable abuse, but needs to be moved from the window to warmer quarters on cold nights as it is not quite hardy. As it is a tree it is apt to become ragged and overgrown, and it is better to discard old plants, saving seed each spring for new plants for the following winter. While small, it is as decorative as a fern.

For the asparagus equal parts of loam, well rotted manure and leaf mould. (See Garden Answers, November 20.).

Yes, you can keep the poinsettia over although, because it is apt to grow too large, the gardeners usually start new cuttings from shoots each spring. After flowering set the plant away in a warm place (50° to 60°) to rest. They should be allowed to become dried but not to shrivel. In the spring shake out the old soil, repot and water. A good fibrous loam to which has been added one-fourth the bulk in well-rotted cow manure makes an excellent soil for poinsettias. When growth begins remove all but two or three shoots, using the surplus to start new plants if you wish to do so. During the summer they may be plunged out of doors in full sunlight. They should never be allowed to become potbound as in that case they will drop their lower leaves. Before any danger of frost they should be taken in. Keep them in moist atmosphere at 55°, when color shows this may be increased to 65° or 70°. Give liquid manure once or twice a week if they show a tendency to become potbound. Do not over water or permit to dry out or the leaves will become yellow.

Methylated spirits and a tooth brush is the prescription of an expert gardener for scale on Ivy. Brushing loosens the scales and the alcohol kills them. It may seem a tiresome job, but it really will not take long. The alcohol evaporates so quickly that it does not hurt the plant and the long handle of the tooth brush, preferably one with a hump of bristles at the will make it easy to reach in and around the stalks and quickly apply the spirits.

ATTENTION!



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POULTRY TOPICS

A Robber in the Flock

By Dr. L. D. LeGear.

THE best way to cure roup, sagely remarked an old timer in the poultry game, is never to have it. That may sound like a very weak attempt to be funny, but it is gospel truth. Contagious diseases such as roup do not fall willy nilly from the heavens on some whimsical freak of fate. The way is usually paved for them by the lack of adequate sanitation, improper housing facilities, incorrect feeding, failure to cull out weaklings, the weakening effect of parasites, or by some other form of neglect. Healthy, robust fowls, properly fed and housed in sanitary surroundings, will almost always throw off the germs of disease. Even when they do not, however, their rugged constitutions make the success of treatment practically certain.

Acting on the idea of prevention as the best cure for roup, I never add new fowls to my flock until they have been kept in quarantine from two to three weeks. Even if it is practically sure that the birds come from an uninfected flock, this is a wise precaution. They might be carrying the germs of infection which would mature later with disastrous results. If this should happen before they are added to the flock they can be destroyed or treated as the case may demand without danger of spreading the disease.

Watch young and delicate birds very closely as they are most susceptible to the deadly roup germs. The same is true of fowls suffering from common cold or catarrh. The throat and nasal passages, being already sore and inflamed, are easily infected. Sick birds, no matter what the ailment, should always be isolated. They can be much more effectively treated when away from the flock and they cannot contaminate the healthier ones if the disease should prove to be contageous.

Should any of your flock begin to show symptoms of roup, no time should be lost in starting measures to prevent further spread. All houses, pens, coops and runs should be thoroughly cleaned and sprayed with a strong solution of a good coal tar dip and disinfectant. Droppings, litter and trash of every description should be removed and burned. All unnecessary equipment of every kind should be removed from the houses and yards. Every piece of equipment for supplying food and water should be scrubbed and disinfected. All this sounds like work and it is, but the saving is decidedly worth the work required.

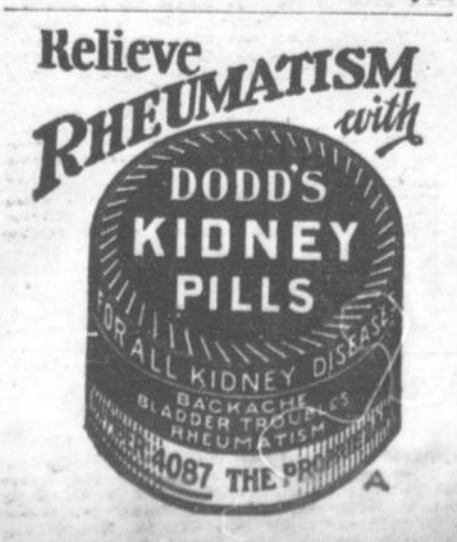
AS the inroads of this deadly disease have been known to wipe out as high as 95 per cent of a flock, every owner of a poultry flock should learn to recognize the symptoms. At first they are much like those of a simple cold or catarrh, but more fever, dullness, prostration and loss of appetite. First symptoms are a watery nasal discharge, difficult breathing with wheeze sound and constant shaking of the head to dislodge accumulated matter.

After two or three days the discharge from the nose becomes thicker and gives off a characteristic offensive odor. The nasal passages then become so clogged that the bird must breathe through its mouth. A discharge will also run from the eyes. This discharge gradually becomes thicker, causing painful swellings below or in the eye which often destroy it. As it hardens, this discharge may cause the eyes to be completely pasted shut and may gather in such quantities that the head is swollen to twice its normal size. Quite frequently these deposits will press down the roof of the mouth so that the fowl cannot swallow. In some cases there is a canker deposit of yellowish matter on the tissues of the mouth and throat. It is easily removed, however, and should not be confused with a deposit of similar appearance which is a symptom of diptheria.

As soon as any fowl is known to be sick, put it at once to itself as far from the flock as possible and give it one full teaspoonful of epsom salts to remove cold and fever from the system. If the bowels have not moved by the following day, repeat the dose. Give one roup pill night and morning. Wash the affected eyes, nose and mouth once a day with a solution made by mixing one teaspoonful of dip and disinfectant in one quart of warm water. Souse head, eyes and all into this solution each time. Roup will often yield to treatment if caught in time, but each case must be handled individually and more detailed instructions are required than the space allowed for this article will permit.

As a measure of protection for the balance of the flock, after infected birds are removed give epsom salts in a wet mash. Give one pound of epsom salts for each 100 fowls of lighter breeds or for each 75 of the heavier kinds, and repeat in one week. A saline purgative such as epsom salts is invaluable at such a time. By causing the prompt elimination of germ-laden matter, this simple remedy may keep many a good layer on the job without interruption.

But, after all, there's no remedy like the one quoted at the beginning of this article. I do not claim that roup and kindred diseases cannot invade the premises where sanitation and other precautionary measures are always observed. I do not hesitate to say, however, that if the flock does become infected, the damage will be much less than among fowls not so well cared for. The old maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" may be well worn from much usage, but it is still as true as it ever was.



The Situation

The Christmas poultry season is now actively at hand. In the West carlot loading is under way and in the East local receipts of turkeys and chicken are flowing into market. Receipts, and the volume of stock in the country, appear to be somewhat above last year and in face of this condition prices have been established on a basis considerably below last year's levels. Quoted prices in the West reflect this reduction plainly. At Calgary turkey prices are six cents lower than a year ago. Saskatoon is about four cents below 1928 and other Western points are showing similar reductions. Undoubtedly the fairest comparison of values is in carlot prices. There have not yet been any reports of sales of carlots of turkeys of current pack, but it is understood that offers have been made from Winnipeg on a basis of 34 cents F. O. B. for number one birds, 12 to 15 pounds. Opening sales last year were made at around 40 to 41 cents F.O.B. for top quality and weights. Trading in Western carlots will likely get under way actively during the present week and prices should be fairly well established by the end of the week.

In the East, as in the West, poultry prices are ruling substantially below last year. It is true that storage stocks are somewhat heavier than normal and that rather heavy marketings may be expected but it is possible that the present downward price movement may be overdone. It does not take a considerable reduction in prices to create an active poultry consumption during the poultry season and there are some experienced dealers who feel that if prices open at the levels at present indicated there will be a substantial upward revision before the season closes.

Reports from some Western points indicate that the quality of the poultry reaching market is still not of the best. This certainly could not be applied to the East. The general run of birds coming to market at the dressed poultry fairs of Eastern Ontario during the past two weeks has been good and large numbers of excellent lots, especially of chicken, have been seen. Incidentally these Eastern Ontario dressed poultry fairs this year have, to date, been rather unsuccessful from the producer's standpoint and considerable dissatisfaction has been expressed. Prices have been low—lower in many instances than even present market conditions justified—and the number of buyers present has been disappointingly small. It may be that events of the present season will lead to a discontinuance of this method of marketing and that some system more in keeping with present marketing trends will have to be developed.

The fresh egg market at a number of points has taken a slightly easier turn during the week due chiefly to the fact that offerings from British Columbia are increasing steadily and these are inclining lower. At some points in Ontario and Quebec there has also been a slight increase in local receipts although this is hardly sufficient to have any bearing on the market. One point, however, must be borne in mind at the present time in connection with fresh egg prices. That is, that the consumptive demand for fresh eggs at the present time is at a low ebb due to the prevailing high prices and that any substantial increase in supplies will have to be moved into consumption by more attractive prices.

Storage eggs are moving exceptionally well and stocks in warehouses are being depleted rapidly. Judging from the present outlook stocks of storage eggs will be fairly well cleared before the end of the year and should this occur it will be decidedly favorable to the fresh egg market. It will be remembered that last year the storage egg deal did not wind-up very satisfactorily to those who owned stocks during the latter part of the season. The low prices at which storage eggs had to be sold naturally had an unfavorable effect upon the prices of fresh eggs. The opposite should be the case this season as the increasing supplies of fresh eggs will not be handicapped by a congested storage egg situation.

The Co-operative Association of Poultry Breeders of British Columbia report remarkable success in the shipment of hatching eggs to Japan. A report just received from consignees (the Oriental Poultry Estate, Unewatashi, P. O. Chibakin, Japan), states that out of the 45 eggs sent six months ago by Canadian Pacific Express on the steamer "Empress of Russia," 43 hatched out good chicks and that there are now 22 cockerels and 17 pullets, the latter starting to lay. The Association believes this to be a record for so long a journey and states that the results testify to the great care taken in the transportation of the delicate consignment.

The month of October saw a decided increase in the coal output of British Columbia. It amounted to 210,285 tons as compared with 179,071 tons in September. The production of the collieries on Vancouver Island for the month amounted to 104,270 tons compared with 86,009 tons in September.

MARKETING TURKEYS

The New York City office of the State Bureau of Markets gives the following advice with regard to marketing turkeys:

Good appearance is a large factor in the successful marketing of turkeys. Reports are that turkeys will be plentiful this season. The supply will be heavy. Supply and demand largely determine prices. Demand is stimulated by quality and appearance and artful advertising. The turkey is well advertised. It occupies first place on most Thanksgiving and Christmas menus.

Competition this year is likely to be heavy. The best judgment is selection of the birds slaughtered and the greatest pains in dressing, grading and packing must be used. Turkeys poorly dressed, graded and packed take heavy toll. A poor turkey in a box of good ones is like a rotten apple in a box of good apples. It injures the whole box. Keep in mind that appearance counts a whole lot.

Turkeys with torn skins, bruised spots, bloody heads, dirty feet, and poorly pin-f athered do not grade "fancy." They are not eagerly sought but rather go shopping for a buyer. By careful selection, slaughtering only the best birds, two things may be accomplished: First, the menace of a glutted market will be minimized; second, flooding the market with undesirable birds, which lower the market, may be averted.

Before packing be sure the carcasses are thoroughly cooled, otherwise early spoilage will result. Do not allow to freeze. Pack the different classes or grades separately. If possible, pack your toms of uniform weight and appearance by themselves. Do the same with the young hens. This improves the appearance of the pack. Do not mix old and young. Do not ship thin scrawny birds. Nobody wants them.

In making express shipments two rags bearing the name and address of the shipper and of the receiver should be tacked on the sides of the package. The number of turkeys, class, grade, and net weight should also be marked on the package. Notify the receiver that shipment is being made.

The difference in return between live and dressed turkeys has long been one of speculation because of lack of sufficient data. By "dressed" is meant the weight after bleeding and plucking of all feathers. The College of Agriculture at Fargo, N.D., conducted a series of experiments extending over a period of four years. From the results of those experiments, it is clearly evident that it pays to dress birds for the market. Without going into all detail a gain of over $1 per bird will be realized by dressing.

From tables given it is also shown that birds weighing approximately from 9 to 10 lbs. lose approximately 1 lb. in dressing; 12 to 15 lbs., 1 1-4 lbs.; 16 to 18 lbs., 1 1-2 lbs.; 18 to 20 lbs., 2 lbs.

Therefore being given the quoted price of dressed turkeys it is easy to determine the price at which live turkeys must sell to realize the same. A live bird weighing 15 lbs. should dress 13 3-4 lbs., and at 50c per pound, should realize $6.87. The live bird to realize the same would have to sell at .458 per pound. This shows a spread between the two of only .0420. The actual spread is usually about 10 cents.

It has been decided to hold another Produced-in-Canada Exhibition in Montreal next year, following the marked success of the recent exhibit. Next year it is hoped, also, to have agriculture and horticulture represented.

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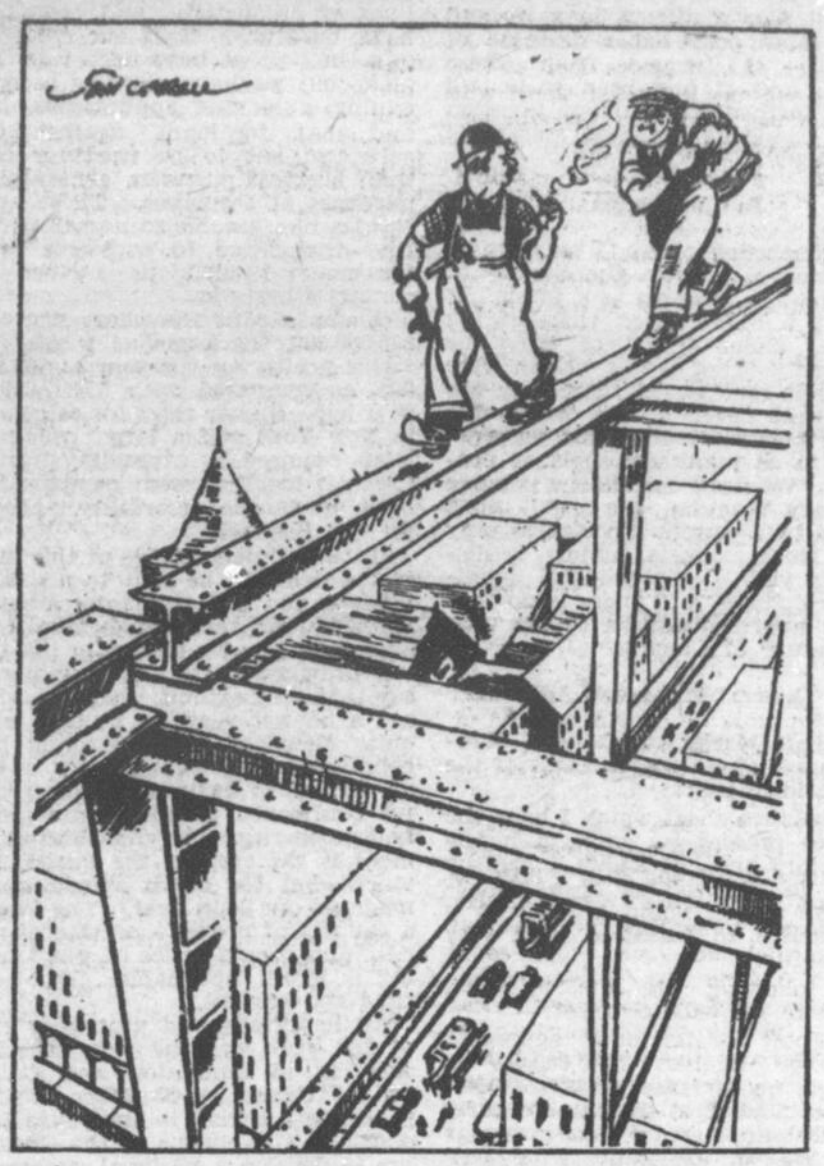


Indignant gent with spanner (re'ating his week-end experiences): "Yus, mate, them doctors is blinkin' 'ot—tried to get me to walk on a chalk line, 'e did!" —The Passing Show, London.

KEEPING RECORDS

Are you still keeping the poultry records you may have started last spring, asks R. G. Kirby, in the Michigan Farmer. A poultry business runs throughout the year, not just during the first six months when the egg returns are heaviest. There are six months from July first to January first and during that time many pullets must be fed and the old hens are slowing down in production. It takes considerable skill to make the books look as they do from January first to July first.

Keeping books has been a great help to both the farm flock owner and the poultry specialist. Many farm flocks that have not paid have been reduced. Others that have paid have been increased. Hens that cannot produce profitably have been culled out, not only saving their own feed bill but cutting out the cost of feeding all their progeny that might have been.

The old method of farm poultry keeping consisted in rejoicing when the eggs or poultry meat were sold and kicking whenever a sack of feed or oyster shells had to be bought. As long as the bins of home raised grain held out, the poultry business looked all right. The newer method consists in buying necessary feed because it pays to spend the money to aid in the manufacture of eggs. And if the books are properly kept and the hens are given credit for the meat and eggs used at home, the farmer either reduces the flock or appreciates them and is then willing to give them good feed and care and additional hen house comfort when it is necessary.

Immigration to Canada during the first six months of the current fiscal year—April 1st to September 30th—totalled 120,338, a decrease of 3 per cent. when compared with the same period of 1928. Of the current year's total 51,781 were British, 20,709 from the United States, 21,891 from northwest Europe, and 25,957 representing 33 other races.

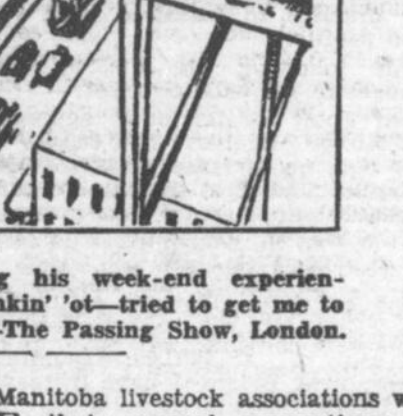
The Canada Colonization Association, concluding its fifth year of operations as a subsidiary of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has placed on land in Western Canada, 4,225 families. The acreage occupied by these settlers totals 836,003 at a total purchase of almost $33,000,000. During the present year the Association has placed 1,210 families on 123,441 acres. Its operations cover British Columbia and Ontario as well as the Prairie Provinces. There are now opportunities present for 1,587 families on 332,596 acres.

Manitoba livestock associations will hold their annual conventions in brandon on January 6th, 7th and 8th. The meetings will precede the convention of the United Farmers of Manitoba, thus assuring a large attendance.

Showing an increase of 80 per cent. over last year, the salmon pack on the Fraser River this year totalled 439,042 cases. The 1928 season recorded a total pack of 257,876 cases while that of 1927 recorded 272,000 cases. This year there were large gains in sockeye, cohoes and pinks, the first named being more than 100 per cent. greater than in 1927.

Extensive experiments are under way in Saskatchewan in connection with the use of waste gas in the manufacture of clay products. This work will be completed within the next few weeks, when the members of the commission enquiring into the situation will draw up their reports for submission to the Department of the Interior.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 360 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.



Apply the liniment every few hours to throat and chest. Gargle with Minard's in warm water.

Splendid for Bronchitis and Asthma. 48

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Superior Court,
District of Montreal,
Province of Quebec, Canada,
No. D 57681.

Dame Bessie Pepper of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Albert Steinfield, Merchant of the same place, Plaintiff, vs. the said Albert Steinfield, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted against the defendant on the 29th day of November, 1929.

WEINFIELD & SPERBER,...
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Montreal, November 30th, 1929.

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 insertion will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions $1.50). A number or a singh 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.

MACHINERY

Electric motors for sale, state details current, cycle, etc. Blowers for cheap fuel burning. GUARANTEE MOTOR CO., Hamilton, Ont. 46.6

Governors for making auto engines usable on land. GUARANTEE MOTOR CO., Hamilton, Ont. 46.6.

Canadian Fairbanks 3 H. P. Generator Set, good for 100 lights, only been in use 3 months. Price $300.00. RICHARD JAMES & CO., 359 St. James St., Montreal.

London Gasoline Mixer, half bag on wheels $50.00. RICHARD JAMES, 359 St. James ST., Montreal. Plateau 2848.

POULTRY

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Barred Rock Cockerels. Choice breeders, hatched April 7th from pen of finest selected layers, mated to pedigreed males, $3.50 each. MRS. JAS. STEWART, Osgoode Sta., Ont. 47.6.

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED

Newlaid Eggs, Dairy Butter, Live and Dressed Poultry, Dressed Hogs, Veal, Etc. We pay spot cash. Write for market information. GUNN LANGLOIS & CO, Limited, Montreal, Que. 46.12.

TURKEYS

Choice, large, young, Bronze Turkeys (pure bred) at reasonable prices. JOHN PHILLIPS, Manitowaning, Manitoulin, Ont. 47.6.

Large Bronze Turkeys and Toms for sale $6 for Turkey hens: $7 for Toms. FRED McGREGOR, Maxville, Ont., R. R. No. 1.

Pure Bred Bronze Turkeys for sale. Toms, $7; hens, $5. HERB HUGHES, Devlin, Ont. 50.2.

WYANDOTTES

Pure-bred white wyandotte cockerels, excellent type, large vigorous birds, $2.50 each. THORNHILL AND EDINGTON, "Boxworth," Warren, Ont.

LIVESTOCK

CATTLE

Milking Shorthorns. Seven beautiful Roan Bulls, one to thirteen months old, all bred from Queenston's Clay Boy, our great show Bull. Twenty Dams in whose pedigree average 12,000 lbs. milk in year. Prices $65.00 to $130.00 according to age Herd accredited. Some females also. BAYSIDE FARM, Owen Sound, Ontario. 46.6.

DOGS

Thoroughbred Llewellin, English, Irish Gordon Setters, Pointers, Irish Spaniels. Chesapeake Retrievers, pups and trained dogs. Describe kind wanted. THOROUGHBRED KENNELS, Atlantic, Iowa. 47.6.

FOXES

Registered Silver Foxes, high grade, proven breeders, pairs mated, early whelped pups for Fall delivery, or can ranch here and guarantee 100 per cent increases. Deferred payment plan with full instructions to care for your foxes and ranch. Write McINTYRE RANCH, Bathurst, N. B., Canada. 49.5.

FOXES

Foxes—Healthy, prolific, registered silvers. Also a few Alaskan blues. Reasonable prices. RAINY VALLEY RANCH, Emo, Ontario. 48.6.

RABBITS

For Sale pedigreed Chinchilla Rabbits from registered stock, $2. up. R. NUTTALL, Toms River, N. J., U. S. A. 46.6.

Raise Lasalle fur rabbits. Highest Quality Stock. Young pedigreed Chinchillas $6.00 a pair. LASALLE FURS, Mt. Clemens, Michigan. 47.6.

Airedale Pups—Good ones, $10—$15 each. COHASSET KENNELS, Danielson, Conn., U. S. A. 47.6.

Big profits fur rabbits. The kind that win the ribbons. PARSHALLS 11 & B STS., Lincoln, Neb. 48.6.

SWINE

Spotted Poland China Boars, registered, the large bone and typey kind. Vaccinated. E. P. SAND, Bellevue, Michigan. 50.6.

WILD ANIMALS

Hunters. Trappers—Fox, Coon, and Mink are easily taken by my method, so easy that any boy can catch the sly old Red. Particulars free. C. M. DECKER, Huntingdon, Que. 47.6.

Trappers. Never kill any Mink, Marten, Fisher or Beaver. Catch them alive with my catch traps. Fortunes can be made. Write for literature. S. ROBERTS, 531 S. Manning Ave., Toronto. 48.6.

Will trade Silver Badger for Mink. S. BERGER, Parkland, Alta. 48.3.

FARMS FOR SALE

$25.00 ACRE

Age cause selling: one of best farms in this best district. Never had crop failure. Chance of life. A. E. GORSE, Codette, Sask. 51.2.

Farm property for sale, situated St. Therese, 18 miles from Montreal, 80 acres, on provincial highway, used as vegetable and mixed farming. Seven roomed house and outbuildings, in perfect condition. RICHARD JAMES & CO., 359 St. James street, Montreal.

162 Acres—Rich clay loam soil. Mostly seeded down. Spring creek. Five miles to creamery, railway station, churches. Reasonable. For particulars address BOX 71, Matheson Ont. 46.6.

To sell, trade or buy property anywhere located, write FISHER REALTY CO., Hannibal, Mo. 44.10.

Buy a real farm where there is always a crop and rain every spring. 485 acres good heavy land. 2 miles from Leroy, Sask., on the Melfort branch. 140 acres new land. Can easily break 340 acres more. Small house and barn for 8 horses. Eighteen dollars per acre. $1,500 cash. Apply BOX 95, Revenue, Sask. 48.6.

18 Acres, all bottom cultivated: 5-roomed bungalow: good outbuildings: 2 miles Salmon Arm: close to school: $4,000. Half cash. Owner, C. STILWELL, R. R. 2, Salmon Arm, B. C. 49.2.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

New rug brick house—modern conveniences, with one to eight acres good garden soil: on highway east of Oshawa: moderate terms. SAM SNOWDEN, R. R. 3, Bowmanville. 47.6.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE

Clippers Sharpened—All kinds of clippers, satisfaction guaranteed. Send blades by mail. Price $0.60 WILFRID FONTAINE, Indian Baskets Dealer, Pierreville, Que. 48.6.

For sale by tender—Cheese factory with full equipment, in excellent working order, with new De Laval Whey Separator, on Provincial Highway 3, Elgin County. For particulars apply SEVILLE CHEESE & BUTTER COMPANY, Aylmer, Ont. 48.6.

Church PLAYS

"Wanted—A Wife" "Marrying Anne?" "A Ladies' Aid Business Meeting at Mohawk Crossroads" (Women) "The Joggsville Convention" (Women) "The Minister's Bride" "The Young Village Doctor". All bright, humorous, wholesome, profitable—suited to all ages and platforms. No expense for costumes—everywhere giving successfully. Descriptive catalogue free, apply CLARA ROTHWELL ANDERSON, 255 MacKay Street, Ottawa.

PURE WOOL OVERCOATS

And suits to measure, from $21.50. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CAMPBELL SALES, Cornwall, Ont.

A Bargain—Remnants $1 A Bundle

Big clearing lot new Fall remnants, for all purposes. Latest shades and designs, each remnant over 3 yards, 32 to 36 inches; sample bundle sent for $1.00 plus 3c. insurance against loss. SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFERING:—High grade silk rayon floral dress lengths $1.50 bundle. Larger bundles fine quality assorted materials $2, $3, $4, $5, all postpaid. The biggest value you ever received or money refunded. Also large bundle wool cloth patches, making warm, serviceable quilts, $1.25, and 25c. postage and 4 yards warm quilt lining 90c. EMPIRE DRY GOODS CO., Station H, Montreal.

I have several thousands handkerchiefs and coat bouquets. Send 25c for sample of three handkerchiefs or one coat bouquet. Money back if not satisfied. Will pay 30 p. c. for selling these, not Waxed Flowers made of paper but real fabric flowers. Not connected with any mail order house in Waterford. REGAL FLOWER CO., Waterford, Ontario, Dept. 4. 50.2.

BELTING

Threshermen, attention! We are headquarters for drive belts, hose, tank pumps and all supplies. N. SMITH, 138 York Street, Toronto. 46.8.

HONEY

Honey, the finest honey I ever tasted. That's what some have told me, and only 10c per lb. second grade 8c. JOSEPH CONDY, Walkerton, Ont. 47.6.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

New Phonograph Records, 15c per selection. Choose from 500 10-inch latest popular pieces. Catalogue free. FACTORY SURPLUS SALES CO., Dept 17, Windsor, Ontario. 50.9.

STAMPS AND COINS

Postage Stamp collection for 25 cents if you send for my free list of bargain packets. JAMES SHRIMPTON, Wadena, Sask. Member of Canadian Philatelic Society.

Free—Free stamps to all applicants for approval sheets. Write now. BULLARD, 132 Dentonia Park, Toronto. 48.6.

MISSING RELATIVES

Brenick, Helen, last heard of 1922 from Montreal. Brother inquires. Information to PAUL BRENICK, care B. Cocquyt, Waskada, Manitoba. 51.6.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents will make Big Money selling our Xmas Gift Packages, Toilet Sets, Perfumes, Candies and specialties. Write for full particulars regarding these and our 150 different lines of Household Products. JOHN R. CRESSY CO., 296 Gladstone Ave., Toronto 3, Ont. 46.6.

A very considerable permanent income is assured gentlemen (clerical or otherwise) in extending the sale of our British productions of educational and literary importance by subscription purchase. Congenial whole or part time occupation. Write BRITISH BOOKS LIMITED, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS, EITHER SEX

Write for a proposition that will interest you. CAMPBELL SALES, Cornwall, Ont.

SITUATIONS VACANT

Men and women—Steady, profitable employment, weekly pay, selling our universally known, guaranteed quality Trees and Plants. Newest and best varieties. There is good money in it for you. Illustrated up-to-the-minute equipment. Real sales co-operation. Write LUKE BROTHERS NURSERIES, Montreal. e.o.w

BUSINESS CARDS

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

Artists' Brushes, Colors, Paper, Pastels and Canvas, also everything that an artist would require. Send for catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LIMITED, 1428 McGill College Ave., Montreal. 52.52.

EXPERT TANNING

Have a horse or cow hide tanned for a robe that will be like cloth. Harness, sole, lace, deerskins and furs, etc., made up from your own hides; prices reasonable. Write THE FOLEY TANNING COMPANY, LIMITED, Collingwood, Ontario. 51.6.

EDUCATIONAL

The De Brisay Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Correspondence courses. ACADEMIE DE BRISAY, Ottawa. 11.52.

Aviation & Automobile School. Complete aviation and automobile courses, electricity, batteries, tires, fender, body and radiator repairs, welding and driving, practical and short. FEDERAL CHARTERED AERO & AUTO MECHANICS SCHOOL, Amherst Building, Montreal. 46.6.

Interior Decorating Learn to make attractive, home like rooms. Noted New York decorator. Wonderful opportunity. Free booklet. BOX 342 Adelaide, Toronto, Ontario. 46.6.

NURSING

St. John's Long Island City Hospital
Registered School of Nursing. Two and and-half years course. Requirements: two to four years High School. An allowance of $25 a month is given to defray expenses of uniforms, text-books, etc. Apply SUPT. OF NURSES, St. John's Long Island City Hospital, Long Island City, N. Y. 49.6.

Bank of Montreal

Annual General Meeting Held 2nd. December, 1929

The 112th Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held in the Board Room at the Bank's Headquarters.

On motion of Mr. H. R. Drummond, Sir Charles Gordon, G.B.E., was requested to take the chair.

Major-General The Hon. S. C. Mewburn, C.M.G., moved, seconded by Mr. W. B. Blackader, that Mr. W. R. Miller and Mr. Arthur Browning be appointed to act as scrutineers, and that Mr. C. H. Cronyn be the secretary of the meeting. This was carried unanimously.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Sir Charles Blair Gordon, G.B.E., in his address, said in part:

Before moving the adoption of the report, it is customary for the President to make a few remarks.

In reviewing the commercial situation in Canada, it should be kept in mind that there have been five years of almost uninterrupted expansion. In that brief period Canada has achieved a degree of development quite unprecedented. Not in one or two directions, but practically in all, remarkable material progress has occurred—in agriculture, in many lines of manufacturing, in mining, forestry, trading, water power production and building construction.

During the early part of the past year, business, generally speaking, in nearly all lines remained active and there was no serious check during the first ten months. Possibly the greatest advance in any direction was in mining. During the summer I had an opportunity of visiting, together with other Directors, four of the great plants of the country, namely, the British Empire Steel at Sydney, International Nickel at Sudbury, Algoma Steel at the Soo, and the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company at Trail. One must visit these enormous developments to realize what they mean to the districts in which they are situated, to transportation interests, and to subsidiary interests all over the country. Other names which are becoming almost household words are Noranda, Flin Flon and Sherritt Gordon, and they in turn will mean much to the localities in which they are located, because they are not only great mining ventures, but propose to establish concentrators and refineries.

So far as the banks are concerned, another favorable feature of the situation was the unprecedentedly high rate for money in New York, the rate running as high as 10 to 15 per cent for long periods. No special advantage was taken of this by Canadian banks, as the business of the country was so active that their money was fully employed in Canada, and, with the exception of the regular reserves held in New York, Canadian banking funds did not flow that way and every legitimate need of this country was taken care of at much lower rates than prevailed in the United States.

Favorable is the fact that there is no inflation apparent in any of the great basic commodities such as wheat, sugar, cotton, steel and other raw materials, so that we had not to witness a slump in these prices as well as in the stock market.

The unfavorable features of the situation have been: first, the small crop of the Prairie Provinces and the slow movement of the grain towards the seaboard. This has affected United States exchange, which at times has ranged around 2 per cent premium. It has also affected the earnings of the railroads and steamship companies, and has caused some check to business generally. The second unfavorable aspect of the situation was the crash in the stock markets. The call rate and other danger signals were out, but, with world-wide speculation rampant, these signals were not observed by many people until the situation got so top-heavy that a crash was inevitable. Fortunately, only a small proportion of the people are in the stock market and so the losses will be confined to comparatively few. At the same time what has occurred is bound to have its effect on the purchasing power of the country as a whole.

For the first time in five years, grain crops were a partial failure in the Prairie Provinces, the yield of wheat — 270,000,000 bushels — being one-half that of 1928, and that of other cereals correspondingly smaller. The harvest was gathered rapidly in propitious weather and the quality of the wheat has graded exceptionally high.

Discouragement has not, however, dominated farmers of the Northwest. They were fortified against the short crop by four favorable seasons. The reduction in their incomes this year is not to be measured by the decrease in quantity of grain; prices have been higher as well as the grades. Yet a reduced yield of about 270,000,000 bushels of wheat cannot be lightly regarded, for while the profit to many individuals may be satisfactory, purchasing power in the aggregate will be curtailed.

Turning from the Prairie Provinces, it may be said that in the remainder of Canada the harvest was irregular and somewhat below a good average, though highly satisfactory over large areas.

Branch line railway construction has been considerable in the Northwest during the year. New country is being opened to settlement, especially to the north, and it is apparent that what the Great West is to the United States, the western provinces will be to Canada. Mining has been joined to agriculture and industrialization to both. Manufacturing in the prairies is supplying no inconsiderable home market. Active operation of the Hudson Bay Railway is now within sight and, true to its pioneer spirit, the Bank of Montreal was first to establish a branch at Fort Churchill. In the making of highways for motor traffic, much labor has found employment, an impressively large tourist trade has been attracted, and cheaper and speedier transportation afforded communities removed from railways.

Building Construction

Both a cause and a consequence of the marked trade activity of the last five years has been extensive building construction and the undertaking of important engineering works.

Water power development is still going on and finding a ready market for the electric energy created.

Residential, office, warehouse and factory building will this year outstrip all previous records. In the first ten months of the year contracts awarded amounted to $498,727,500, being an increase of 17.6 per cent over the corresponding period in 1928.

In the nine months ending September 39th, the period of largest influx, the number of immigrant arrivals, 143,947, was 2,435 less than in the year before. From Great Britain and the United States, immigration has somewhat grown, the decrease being in settlers from Southern Europe. Emigration from Canada to the United States has continued, but it is encouraging to note that it has been in considerably smaller volume.

The external trade of Canada has suffered in volume and value from diminished grain crops and the slow movement of wheat to British and Continental markets. In the seven months to October 31st, the aggregate, $1,467,431,000, was $45,000,000 less than in the corresponding period last year, imports rising $37,800,000 and exports falling $83,000,000. This recession is more than accounted for by a decline of $133,821,000 in exports of farm products of all kinds, principally wheat. Stimulation of inter-Empire trade is not yet conspicuous in results, almost 70 per cent of total imports during the twelve months to October coming from the United States, and barely 20 per cent from British countries. For the first time in many years the balance of trade has turned against Canada, imports have exceeded domestic exports by $85,600,000 in the last seven months, and until the wheat moves out it is improbable that this condition will be changed. The visit to Canada of Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas and the activities of other agencies, both at home and abroad, will, it is hoped, be successful in enlarging inter-Empire trade.

Public Revenues—Taxation

The buoyancy of the public revenues has reflected the activity of trade. In the seven months of the current fiscal year to October 31st, Dominion revenue was up $11,700,000 over last year, and debt down $74,800,000. The reduction in sales and stamp taxes produced a decrease of $8,000,000 in income from these sources, and it has been intimated that a further remission of taxation will be made at the next session of Parliament.

In Conclusion

In conclusion, may I say there never was a time in the history of Canada when business as a whole has been at a higher peak than during the year under review, or when the developed sources of our wealth were more wide and varied than they are today, and never a time when the earning power of our people was sustained in so many channels of production. We must not allow a possible temporary reaction, the result of a collapse in a purely speculative orgy in the stock markets, unduly to distort our view. Fundamental conditions are sound, and there is no reason for apprehension as to the ultimate future of Canada.

The General Manager's Address

Mr. H. B. Mackenzie, General Manager, in reviewing the business of the Bank, said in part:

The balance sheet which I have the honor to present to you is a highly satisfactory one. It shows a healthy growth in the volume of our business, the strong liquid position it is our practice to maintain, and very good profits.

The following are the principal changes in the balance sheet:—

Our Total Assets now aggregate $965,000,000 against $873,000,000 a year ago, an increase of $92,000,000.

Capital and Rest aggregate nearly $74,000,000, an increase over last year of $13,000,000, reflecting the new stock issue and $1,000,000 added to Rest out of profits. Our Rest is now $2,000,000 in excess of our Capital.

Deposits aggregate $772,000,000, an increase of $50,000,000. Dominion Government Balances have increased $32,000,000, Demand Deposits have increased $37,000,000, and Deposits after Notice have decreased $18,000,000, the last a reflection principally of withdrawals for investment in securities. The past year has been exceptional in that respect, and the Savings Department will probably now resume its normal growth.

Balances due to Banks are $39,000,000, an increase of $27,000,000 for the year, the increase representing principally funds sent to us from Europe to take advantage of the high rates of interest then prevailing for Call Loans in New York. With the fall in the rates these funds are now to some extent being recalled.

Cash and Bank Balances (including Central Gold Reserve), amounting to $148,000,000, have increased by $14,000,000.

Cash Reserve to Liabilities to the Public are 13.40 per cent as against 14.95 per cent a year ago.

Call Loans aggregating $155,000,000 show a decrease of $23,000,000 when compared with a year ago. Our Call Loans in Canada are practically the same; the decrease is mainly in New York and reflects the cumulative effect of advances larger than usual to customers in Canada against securities, the increased requirements of expanding business in Canada and the delay in shipments of grain. Our own Call Loans in New York, i.e., omitting those offset by special deposits, were substantially less than in 1928. Had we been able to employ the same amount of money there this year during the period of high rates our profits would have been greatly increased, but we have drawn from New York to supply expanding Canadian requirements. I may add that the manner in which the New York Stock Exchange functioned, and the promptness with which brokers' loans were adequately margined throughout the recent period of distress proved once again the soundness and stability, as well as the liquidity, of this class of loans as a banking reserve. Our calls for margin, almost without exception, met with prompt response from borrowers, and where delays occurred they were due to physical disabilities and not to financial inability to comply with our demands.

Investments amount to $129,000,000 as against $109,000,000 a year ago, an increase of $20,000,000, almost entirely in Dominion and Provincial Government securities.

Bank Premises are carried at $14,500,000, as compared with $11,500,000 last year, an increase of $3,000,000. During the year we retired $3,280,000 Merchants Bank Realty Bonds and our Bank Premises are now free of encumbrance.

Current Loans in Canada (including advances to Municipalities) amount to $399,000,000, an increase of $68,000,000. Our customers in all lines of production and commerce have, as always, been our chief care and their needs have been fully supplied, but we have recently been declining numerous applications, large and small, for loans against good collateral but to be used for other than business purposes, generally the purchase of securities. These applications had become so numerous that they threatened to encroach upon the money needed to finance the country's business.

Current Loans Elsewhere aggregate $35,000,000, the same as a year ago.

Our profits for the year are $7,070,000, as compared with $5,847,000 a year ago. Higher rates for call money in New York and a larger volume of loans required by expanding trade in Canada, together with comparatively light mercantile mortality, account for the increase.

In the printed reports of this meeting, which will be sent to all shareholders, you will find interesting reviews by our Assistant General Managers of trade conditions in the various provinces. It is enough here to say that they exhibit, upon the whole, not a banner year for Canada nor a quite cloudless sky but sound basic conditions and, allowing for a temporary lull in business, ample ground for confidence in our future growth and prosperity. The chief disappointment is the crop in the Prairie Provinces, but too much should not be made of one lean year. The West is a country of proved agricultural richness and over a series of years nothing is more dependable than seed time and harvest.

An important and promising event of the year was the very successful meeting in Edmonton and Calgary of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce with a visit to the Peace River district. The objects of the Chamber are to develop a national, as opposed to a sectional spirit, to foster interprovincial trade, and to promote trade within the Empire. The membership is growing rapidly and the Chamber promises to be a useful instrument in serving as a clearing house for the exchange of ideas and the ironing out of prejudices born of misunderstanding.

Stock Speculation

For several years we have been living under the menace of a rising fever of stock speculation. The collapse brought painful consequences to many individuals and its effects will no doubt be felt in diminished spending in some directions, but it is well that the crash is behind us rather than still ahead of us and it is also well to remember that there has been no destruction of property. The real national wealth of the United States and Canada remains what it was. That may not give much comfort to the losers, but it is important from the standpoint of national welfare and prospects. Business will perhaps be somewhat quieter while we are getting back to realities, but the realities in both countries afford firm basis for a healthy optimism.

Report Adopted

The Chairman then moved, seconded by Mr. H. R. Drummond, that the Report of the Directors, now read, be adopted and printed for distribution among the Shareholders.

The Report was unanimously adopted.

Thanks to Officers

Mr. James Rodger then moved, seconded by Mr. Henry Rawlings, that the thanks of the meeting are hereby tendered to the President, the Vice-Presidents and Directors, for their attention to the interests of the Bank.

In speaking to this resolution, Mr. Rodger said:

"Before this meeting stands adjourned, I want to submit a resolution which I think will meet with the approval of the shareholders present. Before reading it may I preface it with a very few words, which I hope will not only be pertinent to it, but, if necessary, in support of it. I notice in the report of the Board of Directors you draw attention to the very large amount of money which was put out on loan to those who reside in Canada. Criticism has been made in the past, that money was taken from Canada to be loaned in other places. I do not think this criticism can be fairly made this year, as there is an increase of nearly 60 millions in loans to citizens, merchants and manufacturers of Canada. May I also offer my congratulations to the Directors on the successful issue of an action which was taken against us some little time ago. It goes to prove at least to me, that corporations have a soul, and I feel satisfied that so long as there are directors of this Bank of the same mind as those present, we

will take part in uplifting the people of this City and other parts of the Dominion, and help in all good movements."

Mr. Rodger then moved the resolution, as above.

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

The Chairman—"It is always very pleasant to hear nice things, and I do not think that the Directors of the Bank of Montreal are exceptions to that rule. I have very much pleasure in thanking you for the very kind words you have said. The point you made, Mr. Rodger, about our looking after Canadian business is most important. No inducements to send money from the country have tempted us to keep anyone short here, and the business community and others have been looked after to the best of the ability of the Bank."

Mr. A. O. Dawson moved, seconded by the Hon. Henry Cockshutt, that the thanks of the Meeting are hereby tendered to the General Manager, the Assistant General Manager, the Superintendents, the Managers and other officers of the Bank, for their services during the past year.

The ballot for the appointment of Auditors and the election of Directors for the ensuing year was then proceeded with.

The scrutineers appointed for the purpose reported that Messrs. James Hutchison, C.A., and Alastair A. Gowan, C.A., were duly appointed Auditors, and the following gentlemen elected Directors: The Honorable Thomas Ahearn, P.C.; D. Forbes Angus, E. W. Beatty, K.C.; W. A. Black; The Honorable Henry Cockshutt General Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.; A. O. Dawson, H. R. Drummond, G. B. Fraser, Sir Charles Gordon, G.B.E.; Harold Kennedy, J. W. McConnell, William McMaster, F. E. Meredith, K.C.; Major-General the Hon. S. C. Mewburn, C.M.G.; Lieut.-Col. Herbert Molson, C.M.G., M.C.; James Stewart, W. N. Tilley, K.C.; Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor.

The meeting then terminated.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Sir Charles Gordon, G.B.E., was elected President; Mr. H. R. Drummond, and Major-General The Honorable S. C. Mewburn, C.M.G., were elected Vice-Presidents, and Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor was elected a Vice-President, stationed in London, England, with complete supervision of the British and European affairs of the Bank.

The Executive Committee of the Board was appointed, consisting of Sir Charles Gordon, G.B.E.; Mr. H. R. Drummond, Major-General The Honorable S. C. Mewburn, C.M.G., and Mr. E. W. Beatty, K.C.

ROOTS VALUABLE FOR DAIRY COWS

Roots fed in moderate quantities to dairy cows may be used with advantage as a substitute for part of the meal ration. At the Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere Experimental Station, Quebec, operated by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, two lots of six cows each were used in an experiment; one lot received turnips and the other beets. The feeding experiment included three successive periods for each lot. In the first and third periods, the cows received hay, and a half-ration of meal, plus roots. In the second period, they received hay and meal only.

In this experiment turnips and beets had a feeding value of $6.25 and $6.41 per ton respectively. This valuation was arrived at on the basis of the meal ration saved by their use. The roots had cost $2.77 per ton for growing. In the opinion of the Superintendent of the Station, as expressed in his report for 1928, it would be a good practice for dairy farmers to grow roots on a larger scale than is usual on dairy farms, in the district, particularly in view of the fact that corn for silage purposes is not a very dependable crop.

Canada's Financial Strength

Despite the fact that Canada had an adverse trade balance of $20,000,000 for the twelve months ending October last, the facts and figures revealed by Sir Charles Gordon, president of the Bank of Montreal, at the annual meeting of the shareholders on Monday, December 1, furnish convincing proof not only of the stability of that institution but also of the sound position of the Dominion as a whole.

The concluding words of the president's address should be encouraging to all Canadians. They are:

"May I say there never was a time in the history of Canada when business as a whole has been at a higher peak than during the year under review, or when the developed sources of our wealth were more wide and varied than they are today, and never a time when the earning power of our people was sustained in so many channels of production. We must not allow a possible temporary reaction, the result of a collapse in a purely speculative orgy in the stock markets, unduly to distort our view. Fundamental conditions are sound, and there is no reason for apprehension as to the ultimate future of Canada."

This ends a careful all-round analysis of conditions in general, dealing with the branches of the bank in Canada, the United States, England, France and Mexico. Mining development has particularly engaged the president's attention. The small crop on the prairies during 1929 and the stock market crash are examined and interpreted as being likely to curtail purchasing power for a time, but only for a time.

At the same meeting, Mr. H. B. Mackenzie, formerly general manager of the Bank of British North America at the time of its absorption by the Bank of Montreal, who has succeeded Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor as general manager, presented the annual balance sheet, which, he said, is highly satisfactory.

Many significant increases are shown, of which three may be selected as showing the Bank's faith in the future welfare of the Dominion. Investments amount to $129,000,000, showing an increase of $20,000,000 over a year ago; these are almost entirely in Dominion and provincial government securities.

Bank premises are valued at $3,000,000 higher than a year ago, and are now entirely free of encumbrance, $3,280,000 of Merchants Bank Realty bonds having been retired.

Current loans in Canada show an increase of $68,000,000, in all lines of business; the bank has recently been declining to make loans to finance the purchase of securities.

To congratulate the Bank of Montreal on its showing is almost like congratulating ourselves and the Dominion of Canada. It is evident that the old saying "As strong as the Bank of England" is to be transferred to Canada, with the "Bank of Montreal" substituted in pride of place in the proverb.

Canadian homesteads filed upon in the ten months of the present year numbered 14,586 as compared with 11,521 for the similar period of 1928. Alberta topped the list with 8,126 as compared with 6,471 for the same period of last year; Saskatchewan recorded 5,107 as against 3,990; Manitoba 631 against 466 and British Columbia 722 against 594.

A fish hatchery on Alumette Lake, near Pembroke, will be erected next year by the Ontario Game and Fisheries Department, according to Hon. T. A. Dunlop, M.L.A. for North Renfrew.

Up to November 23rd shipments of grain through the Port of Montreal for the 1929 season amounted to 85,831,656 bushels, which is a decrease of 120,000,000 bushels from the previous season.

The 17th annual meeting of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association will be held in the Pulp and Paper Research Institute, Montreal, January 31st, it is officially reported. The program will include, according to custom, reports from the several sections, the financial statement for the year, the presidential address and the election of officers.

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Earnings for 13 months ended January 31st, 1929, after depreciation were $1,233,058. Earnings for twelve months ending January 31st, 1930, after depreciation are estimated at $1,800,000—an increase of approximately 60% and equal to four times interest requirements.

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Householder: "Support the Slopville Welfare Society? I never heard of it. Who are they?"
Canvasser: "Me an' the Missus, so far, sir."

—The Humorist.

TEXTILE DOMINION CO. LTD.

Dominion Textile Co. Limited

Notice of Preferred Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One and Three-Quarter per cent. (1¾%) on the Preferred Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY Limited has been declared for the quarter ending December 31st, 1929, payable January 15th, 1930, to shareholders of record December, 31st, 1929.

By order of the Board.
JAS. H. WEBB,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Montreal, December 3rd, 1929.

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 has been declared on the Common Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY Limited for the quarter ending December 31st, 1929, payable January 2nd, 1930, to shareholders of record December 16th, 1929.

By order of the Board.
JAS. H. WEBB,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Montreal, December 3rd, 1929.

Book Reviews

MODERN PROPHETS

Some people believe that inspiration in our day and age has ceased to exist, but there are many who know that it is still to be apprehended by sensitive souls. Such is Rev. W. A. Cameron, the popular pastor of Yorkminster Baptist Church, Toronto. A man zealous in the study of literature, he has made use of analyses of some of the best selections of modern poetry, fiction and general literature in his sermons to his large Sunday evening congregations. Fifteen of these, with two memorial addresses are now collected and attractively presented in book form. ("Not by Eastern Windows Only," Messages from Modern Prophets, by W. A. Cameron, McLelland and Stewart, Ltd., Toronto, Price $2.00.)

Burns' "The Cotter's Saturday Night," Goldsmith's Parson in "The Deserted Village," Browning's "A Grammarian's Funeral", and "Saul", Ruskin, Stevenson, Wells, Maeterlinck, Francis Thompson, Tennyson, and John Masefield, all provide themes from which he deduces lessons of worth for today. His remarks show a wide knowledge both of literature and of life. This preacher is not weaving hazy, pretty nothings of words to charm the casual listener, but has a message which he is driven to express. Feeling and meaning fill his discourses, which are lightened by a wealth of illustration and quotation. He does more than explain and analyze the various selections. They have a purpose, which he interprets and applies with directness and force. They are spiritual messages for hearers and readers to remember, and act on, not merely intellectual exercises to be admired.

He interprets Edwin Markham's "Man With the Hoe", as a ringing challenge, and again, inspired by John Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture", is very much aware of the social aspects of Christ's gospel. One's temperament will decide which of the sermons is a favorite. Masefield's "The Everlasting Mercy" and Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" provoke strong, moving expositions. The first as an enlargement of the text, "I was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious; howbeit I obtained mercy", takes the story of Saul Kane in the poem and emphasizes the reality of the change that came over him as proved not by the mere sudden flooding of his consciousness but by the turning of his energies to worthy work.

A BOOK OF THE DAY

Eleven addresses originally delivered by him during a mission in the Islington Parish Church, London, are the answer of the Right Reverend A. F. Winnington-Ingram, Lord Bishop of London, to the question he asks himself ("Why am I a Christian?" Cassell and Company, London, Three Shillings and Sixpence.).

In the closing address, which is really a summary of the preceding ten, he answers the question in more or less direct fashion.

The doctrine taught in these addresses is that of a liberal evangelical. The Bishop states that he has always had sympathy with the moderate modernist.

In the first address he deals with a number of New Testament miracles which he treats in a very sane, convincing fashion. He shows that a miracle does not necessarily mean a breach of the laws of nature, but the bringing in of a higher law. This is illustrated by the radio which twenty-five years ago would have been looked upon as a miracle. He urges to rest firmly on the old miraculous Gospel.

In the address entitled "A Light in the Darkness", he contrasts Christianity with Buddhism, Confucianism and Mohammedanism, showing that these great religions can shed little or no light on the problems of life or destiny; whereas the Christian religion imparts to men knowledge and power in the great crises of life, and can light up with immortal hope the dark valley of the shadow of death.

In dealing with the Cross and the Atonement, the Bishop believes that these were a very necessary proof of the love of God, and in view of the many tragic happenings in life, such as the Japanese earthquake, God's love needs to be proved. He shows that Christ's death was voluntary, and that he **really** died, and that in dying He fulfilled the perfect law of God and manifested the love of God for sinful man and when the sinner realizes that, he is overcome and won from his sin to a life of faith and righteousness.

The resurrection of Christ is regarded by the Bishop as the very bedrock of Christianity. Take it away and the whole superstructure of the religion of Christ topples over into appalling ruin. As the Bishop himself puts it, "The resurrection is the only consistent end of an otherwise inconsistent story."

Could the Christian church have been started on its world-conquering career by the sight of a dead peasant on a cross who never reappeared again? This question is answered by an emphatic negative.

There are a number of questions and answers appended to some of the addresses. One question dealt with is, "What does the Bishop consider to be the modern idea of Hell?" Answer, "I believe that Hell is a state. Some people are living in hell here and now. That man who is living a lustful life and who cannot break away from his sin is living in hell. If a man chose the good, he could not remain in hell because hell is a state of mind. I believe it is possible for a man even after a million years to turn from a state of hell to a state of salvation if only he desires the good."

This book will do much good. It will help many waverers to cross the line from unbelief to a new and vital interest in the things that are divine, unseen and eternal.—(Rev.) W. S. EDGAR.

FOR GIRLS, CHILDREN AND THE TINY ONES

One of the features of the Christmas book list for the young people is the annuals. For young girls a good example of these pieces of popular reading has come to hand in Blackie's Girls' Annual, (Blackie and Son (Canada) Limited, Toronto. Price $1.50.). There are stories, articles and verse with good illustrations, and the book also contains four beautiful colored plates. One item of particular interest to girls in this country is "Letters from a Canadian Girls in Training Camp."

Replete with long stories, short stories, and verse, with appropriate black and white and colored illustrations and plates, is another for younger ones (Blackie's Children's Annual, Price $1.50). The illustrations in this volume are especially worthy of comment and the reading matter would seem to be more universal in its appeal than that in the "Girls'" volume. "Raggelty, Taggelty," a song with music, and "Snow-white," a play, bid fair to be useful for entertainment purposes.

Then there are still younger ones, those who have not yet learned to read but are interested in pictures, and are beginning to associate letters of the alphabet with some particular object. Animals are always certain to appeal, so another book (Animal A. B. C., Price 75 cents.), links these charmingly. The first section of this book, which is bound in stiff boards, starts with "A is for ape, who lives in a tree" strikingly illustrated in colors, through "B is a bear as fierce as can be" to "Z is the Zoo where the Zebra is met." The second part of the book contains black and white pictures of animals in natural settings with rhymed couplets below each as a caption.

For the boys a companion book to the annual for girls (Blackie's Boys' Annual. Price $1.50.), is in every way equal to its companions of the series.

ENTERING CHEMISTRY

To our age there is a charm about the miracles of science. That branch which deals with chemistry has gone far from the days of the search for the philosopher's stone. A good grounding in the subject will be found in a small, very simple and concise text book (The Chemistry Gate, by A. Spencer White, B.Sc., L.C.P., F.C.S., Blackie and Son (Canada) Limited, Toronto. Price $1.00.) This text may well find its way to the supplementary book list of teachers of botany and geography and aid the established texts in our schools.

The fundamental facts of elementary chemistry are set forth clearly and interestingly. There are glimpses of the history of the science, and eight portraits of outstanding by-gone chemists are given as well as diagrams for the various experiments.

A GOOD BOYS' YARN

When a firm has for generations produced the best of boys' reading with no noticeable let-up in the standard and with earliest publications of this type of literature still heading the lists of sales, it may be safely relied upon to continue to perform this important service. A good book for boys in early teens (Three Against the Gang, by Norman Blake, Blackie and Son (Canada) Limited, Toronto. Price $1.00.), tells a story full of action, well motivated and not far fetched. Three boys out for a vacation on their thirty-foot sloop, the "Scud", going up Lake Huron, run foul, first of a storm in which the sloop is lost, and then of a gang of rum runners. The appearance of hijackers complicates matters. There are shootings, with a pleasant lack of bloodshed, imprisonings, daring ruses, tricks of fate, and, finally, triumph for the three and the police.

A MODERN NOVEL

Miss Sylvia Thompson is an English writer who has made a marked success as a portrayer of certain aspects of English life. Her ability, especially in character delineation, has appealed to the more literary readers and critics have spoken highly of her work. In her latest book ("Chariot Wheels" By Sylvia Thompson. McLelland and Stewart, Ltd., Toronto. Price $2.00.), she tells the story of Cressida Stobart, who in the early days of this century reacted from a conventional upbringing, and married a rising novelist whose novels expound views of life and love similar to those he practises. His wife is a mere slave, tied to his "chariot wheels" about whom he can sentimentalize on her death. In her friendship with Robin Driscoll, who is killed in the war, she has some escape from her everyday life. Her daughter Stella adores Robin, grows hard on his death, puzzled by her father, who never understands her. The book belongs to the class of modern psychological novels, clever, brilliant in finish, sharp and devastating. It pictures smart and literary circles in England, and people of matured tastes to whom this type of book appeals will be pleased with "Chariot Wheels."

SURVEYING CANADA'S BLANK SPACES

(Continued from page 5)

What Simpson and Mackenzie did not chronicle were the large areas of dry hay and willow country along the streams draining to the Peace and to Athabasa lake from the interior. Here sandy uplands produce jackpine and certain ground shrubs, with poplar and spruce to an increasing extent, as the quality of the soil improves, until finally they predominate. On the river flats and well-drained land bordering the interior rivers, where they cross the alluvial plains, spruce, suitable for commercial uses, reaches excellent development.

The surface characteristics of much of the country, namely, island-like timbered areas surrounded by swampy areas, has reduced to a large extent the danger from forest fires by localizing them and keeping them from the thick forests along the Peace.

Little impression is made on the natural feed of this area by the herds of buffalo, and other wild grazers.

Settlement throughout the whole of the mapped territory is confined to an occasional trapper's cabin, or the camps of the Indians along the banks of the Peace or on the shores of lake Claire.

The Lake Claire map sheet may be obtained for twenty-five cents, or if desired on linen back or in folder cover, for fifty cents each, by applying to the Surveyor General, Department of the Interior, Ottawa. The companion maps of Peace Point and Chipewyan are procurable in the same forms at the same prices. These three with the Fitzgerald map, which is in course of preparation, will form a set of maps embracing a square of nearly 20, 000 square miles.

In view of the success attained in October in the first Prince Edward Island Fox Exhibition it has been decided, by the directors, to hold a similar show next year on the same dates.

I CARE

NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND
GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION

Further Contributions	$ 68.50
Wilmot Valley S.S., P.E.I.	11.65
Total	$ 80.15

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES

Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid to official Treasurer from Jan. 1, 1929	$171.68
Further Contributions	29.85
Witness Subscriber	10.00
A Friend, Que.	5.00
Total	$216.53

DOING the MORTGAGE to DEATH

A mortgage on the house is inconvenient when the husband is alive. It is often tragic when he passes.
It means a hopeless fight against recurring payments—or the moving van at the door and the exit of the little family to other and meaner quarters.
Yet none of these things need happen.
Just a policy, with modest premium payments, which cease in case of the death of the assured, and free the principal, intact, for wiping out the mortgage,—that's all.
It's so simple and so easy that the wonder is that any provident husband can neglect it.
See the Company's local representative.

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by way of celebrating
your Editor's
Sixty Volunteer *Years*
of service to your country
and therefore to you,
to your family and to your friends