# 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

### A German on Germany

POLITICALLY speaking, Germany was saved from bolshevism after the war by the choice of Eberts as her first president, a man who had, and deserved, the confidence of the working classes. She was providentially saved from monarchism by the election of von Hindenburg. He may be a monarchist; but he is a Christian man and a true man. Having once put his hand to the constitution he will never do anything that is not true to it. So long as von Hindenburg lives Germany will have political peace. Such was the judgment of Professor Melle, who is principal of a theological college at Frankfort on the Maine, a genial visitor to Montreal last Thursday. Economically, said Dr. Melle, Germany was the first and only country in Europe to stabilize her own currency. The Versailles Treaty decreed, as a punishment, that she must not have more than a hundred thousand men under arms. A punishment sometimes has benign effects for states as for persons. Defeat, whether in war or in economical conditions, is sometimes a blessing. One cannot but see some connection between the removal of the vast cost of armament from a nation and the release of five hundred thousand young men at their strongest for productive work and Germany's remarkable economic revival. Socially and religiously there has been a revolution of thought. Dislodged from the governance under which they had lived, a sense of personal responsibility seized on the people in the time of their painful depression. People who had never prayed took to prayer. People who had never gone to church began to go. Many fell to thinking, and out of material calamity had evolved the conviction that the material things that had failed them were not man's greatest interests. The theological swing was from the subjective to the objective. Instead of looking in upon itself the soul looks out and up. Among other things there was a very keen interest taken in the drink question. During the war drinking had been authoritatively checked. The results upon health and well-being were noted. The restrictions were later removed and the effects again noted. The result was a nation-wide movement against alcoholism. He had been one of the bearers to the Reichstag of a petition bearing over two million signatures, asking for a local option law. Every generation has one great social problem to work out, said Dr. Melle. In the last century it was slavery. The question of alcoholism is on the agenda for our day, and his hope is that his own country may contribute a lead to its solution.

We have given space in this paper to Dr. Melle's story of the unexpected and largely spontaneous temperance awakening in Germany, in which he found himself in a leading part, as he told it to the Quebec section of the World League Against Alcohol. As a legal measure Germany is only asking, as yet, for local option. She will do well to look upon that rather as a means of education than as an achievement. What is wanted there, as here, is not so much a coercive law as a convinced people. But when this eminent scholar's children were going to bed hungry, as well as millions of others, while millions of bushels of food were being converted into wasteful drink, no further argument was needed as to governmental duty. We shall gladly bow to Germany if she takes her place beside Finland in the van, and even outstrips us in the world's prospective ban on alcohol as a beverage.

### The Primate Invoked

THE task of a bishop, still more of an archbishop, is shepherding of the flock. The analogy of the flock cannot be driven too far, as sheep do not quarrel. Each one runs with all the rest, and all follow the wether, whereas men differ, and the more they think the more they are likely to differ. A national Church can only be held together by providing room for all sorts of people. Time was, in the days of Laud, earlier, in the days of Bonner, when it was thought possible to force people's souls into a mould. That method proved a failure, even in the redoubtable hand of the pious Judge Jeffreys. The task has since been a more delicate one, the flock having taken to going in contrary directions. The puzzle of the present Archbishop of Canterbury has been how to provide a prayer book that would give people who want the Mass a place within the fold, instead of stampeding them to Rome. In this he was just on the point of success when his hopes were torn up by the discovery that those who want the Mass are unwilling that there should be any room in the Church for Protestants. The brawl in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday before last was not on the prevailing clash between modernism and fundamentalism, though there was probably that difference also between the parties involved. It was because Bishop Barnes had denounced what he calls the magical view of the Sacrament—the idea that there is some miraculous power for salvation in the consecrated elements. It so happens that the prayer book, inherited from the days of Edward Sixth, explicitly condemns the doctrine of transubstantiation. Nor does the new prayer book, not yet approved and ordained by parliament, alter the article in which this is stated. It was for openly proclaiming his loyalty to this Protestant view that a sacramentarian priest assailed Bishop Barnes in the pulpit to which the latter had been invited by the Dean of St. Paul's, and declared it a crime and a disgrace that he should be allowed to preach there. The bishop, who went on with his sermon, but who enjoys a controversy, made public appeal to the archbishop—surely the last thing that official peacemaker wanted. Nor did he neglect even to drag in another troublesome issue by declaring himself not only against transubstantiation, in which he was conservative, but an advocate of evolution in which he was apart from the convictions of the fathers, seeking to force a public answer on both questions.

### Fatherly Rebuke

THERE is no precedent for an appeal from a bishop to his metropolitan on a point of theology, and his Grace of Canterbury does not wish to create one. His reply to the Bishop of Birmingham's somewhat obtrusive open letter is admirably calculated to discourage such appeals. First denouncing the "unseemly incident" of which Canon Bullock-Webster was the hero, he proceeds to brush aside the question of modernism which his questioner obtruded, as not being at issue. "I believe you overrate the adherence of thoughtful people to the creation theories of fifty or a hundred years ago. For myself, your position on the biological question is one with which I have been familiar for fifty years. Nobody, my dear bishop, desires to drive you either to Rome or to Tennessee. Where you are at fault is in dealing with things most sacred to multitudes in language of a kind to wound their souls. It is the part of a bishop to weigh with fatherly carefulness the effect of his words on every section of those to whom he wishes to be a father in God." Such we take to be, in brief, the burden of the primate's rebuke. On the mysteries of the sacrament he refuses to enter into newspaper discussion, but is most willing to discuss that with the bishop personally. While it is right for a bishop to affirm, "as we all affirm," the falsity of the doctrine of transubstantiation, and to be mindful to stem any trend that way, the archbishop finds that, while rightly denouncing the few who teach that doctrine, the bishop uses words that would condemn a long list of the most revered leaders of the Church of England. If His Grace had put his letter into epigrammatic language, such as might appeal to Bishop Barnes, he might have said "You, my dear bishop, are a father in God and not a bull in a China shop." The same is the front of the judgment of the Archbishop of York. He declared that Bishop Barnes's crude view of the sacrament was not even in harmony with the latest development of science. The words of the Archbishop of New Zealand are succinct and to the point: "The Bishop of Birmingham is very clever, very contentious and somewhat narrow-minded. The clergyman who denounced the bishop represents a large body of churchmen. I say both were wrong because both were partial."

### Still Out of the World

ALL seemed fair last week for giving the Pope a little kingdom in this world, the tiniest remnant of a kingdom that no one, not even he, would like to see revived as it was under his infallible predecessors; for Rome was indeed a dirty city then, physically and morally. He would not burn philosophers at the stake. Whether he would forbid the sale of the Bible, as was done up to 1870, is still "in petto," of the Holy Inquisition. For the most part it would, no doubt, have been a model little kingdom. But for the present it is off. The Vatican declares itself not only disappointed but pained by the bruesqueness of the state. The approaches, which had up to Thursday been so amiable and so hopeful, were snapped off by a curt refusal in a Fascist newspaper article. The negotiations have been going on in a perfectly novel way by the daily utterances of the organs of the two parties. No "secret diplomacy" there! Not a bad way, one would say. Yet only possible where the organs are well understood to speak only by authority, which is a heavy price to pay for having the wash all out on the clothes-line. When both parties took to stating their minimum demands, it was found that their utmost approaches failed to meet—that there was still an impassable gulf between the holy and the wicked. So, once more, Church and state have parted, not more in sorrow than in anger.

The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good.

### A Manifesto of Vision

A FINE indication of the goodwill, faith and courage of the English people is the manifesto issued by the Liberal party, which includes a disarmament policy, irrespective of understandings with, or actions of, other nations. While Lord Cecil, the peace angel of the League of Nations, and until recently of the Baldwin government, is laboriously devoting his statesmanlike powers to hammering out a promising scheme of general disarmament, the Liberal leaders would cut this hopeless tangle by challenging the British nation to act off its own bat without waiting upon others. Both Lord Cecil and the Liberal manifesto insist emphatically on the need of immediate action. We may wait for ever, say the Liberals, to reach jealous agreements which, when made, would only result in contention as to whether either was toeing the line or inching past it, and meanwhile war expenditures will mount and mount over-against each other, a mere question of who can hold out longest in that exhausting contest. It is for us, they say, to set the example of spontaneous action. Others are anxious enough to follow if they only feel they may. As for the present ship-building race with the United States, what care we how much they spend on ships? They are not going to use them against us. They are no peril to the dominions, whatever else be their mission. It is now an accepted belief that the possession of armaments is a cause of war, and that is a serious responsibility. The increasing armaments of all the powers are not only an ever-increasing tax upon their very life, but a peril to those that have them, as well as to the world. It is, therefore, mischievous as well as foolish for us to provoke them to emulation either of us or of each other.

The Liberal declaration also reiterates the traditional Liberal policy of fewer trade restrictions. All told, it is a great document worthy of a great party which shows no present signs of disappearing.

### Protocol or Covenant?

MR. Ramsay MacDonald and Lord Parmoor showed resentment against Sir Austen Chamberlain's declaration at Geneva that the acceptance of the Geneva Protocol, to the production of which they were both committed, would mean the end of the British empire, meaning, presumably, that the dominions would not stand for an arrangement under which the Council of the League of Nations must summon them to repel any nation it held to be the aggressor in any breach of the peace. These members of the Labor government accused Sir Austen of failure to understand the instrument he condemned, which only says that the member nations shall be asked what force they will be prepared to send. Still there is no doubt that the member nations who should sign such an agreement would be expected to do something in proportion to their ability and to their interest in the event. They would look upon it as a commitment to undertake, under specified circumstances, assumed to be unlikely to occur, their due share in police service—which would amount to going to war. Some think Sir Austen was indiscreet in saying what he did and where he did. The British empire has been always going to the dogs; but it has never gone. Nevertheless, his attitude toward the Protocol was undoubtedly that of the majority of his own countrymen and, more especially, of his fellow British citizens overseas. The outstanding British Liberal journals and leaders have always been outspoken in their advocacy of the "volunteer" principle of the Covenant, rather than of the "conscription" idea embodied in the Protocol. This latest Liberal manifesto clarifies the party's position: "We reaffirm our unqualified support of the provisions of the original Covenant of the League in the letter and the spirit. Powerful sanctions and support of League decisions are included in and should be effective in their purpose."

### An Example to Avoid

IN South Africa General Smuts and Mr. Hertzog have agreed on a design for the proposed flag. Such a development was inevitable sooner or later. For months now the flag controversy has raged bitterly and dangerously. The committee originally appointed to deal with the question recommended a four-striped flag—with one red upright band, and three horizontal bars of green, orange and blue. The South Africans of British origin—as well as many of Boer descent—immediately registered their opposition to any such flag. They wanted a distinctive South African banner, but they wanted the Union Jack honorably and adequately included in that flag. After much political manoeuvring Mr. Hertzog's party included the Union Jack—but on a somewhat bemuddled shield in the centre of the banner, as illustrated on the next page. Brief cabled despatches do not state what has now been agreed upon. But, having agreed to the prin-

ciple of the inclusion of the Union Jack, there never was any real reason for such bitterness between the two parties. It was a foregone conclusion that no flag could ever be finally accepted which did not meet with the approval of the great majority of all South Africans of either race. Yet political considerations have prevented, till now, the getting together of the leaders to settle this vexed question. Those who profess to understand South African politics claim that behind the scenes there looms a far larger question than that of the flag. Since the Hertzog party, formerly professing separatist aims, adopted so loyally the agreement at the Imperial Conference, there has been talk of a realignment of the various groups. Ultimate secession was the only real point of disagreement between the Smuts party and that led by Mr. Hertzog. There is a suspicion, therefore, that certain Labor leaders were as instrumental as the few die-hard secessionists in keeping the flag issue alive. For anything that brought together the two larger South African parties would leave in the cold the Labor group—now enjoying the balance of power and fruits of office.

### Britain Renascent

A BRITISH locomotive, sent to the great railway exhibition at Baltimore, surprised Americans by greatly exceeding all previous records in its preliminary trial run. This incident has drawn attention to the fact that in the past year or two Britain has shown signs of entering into a new period of mechanical supremacy. The great speed attained by the locomotive mentioned above was entirely due to the excellence of the "streamline" design—whereby the air resistance is reduced to a minimum. It was the successful application of the same principle which recently enabled British seaplanes to shatter all existing records when they captured the Schneider Cup from Italy. A few weeks earlier a British chauffeur went to the United States and drove a specially designed automobile at the unheard-of speed of over two hundred miles an hour. Taken by themselves these events would mean little. Mere speed can be overdone, especially on the road. But as promises of a new era of British inspiration in the mechanical world they mean much. Just one hundred years ago, following the wars with Napoleon, Britain carried burdens comparatively as heavy as those she now bears. Yet, in the next half-century she attained a mechanical proficiency and a national prosperity unequalled in all history. In the succeeding period both Germany and the United States made even more striking advances. Until the past year or so it was customary, at least in quarters where the wish was father to the thought, to speak of the Motherland as a declining power, and of her people as having lost their old efficiency and initiative. Those impressions had been pretty generally dispelled before this year. Recent achievements point to a more brilliant British era than yet has been.

### Mr. Rhodes Wins

NOVA SCOTIA'S government has won its fight against the Legislative Council, or senate, of that province. The Privy Council has declared that the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, has inherited the right, enjoyed by the Crown before confederation, to appoint councillors, in any number and at any time. In practice that means that the premier can appoint as many as he pleases to the Council, and whenever he pleases. Mr. Rhodes has already stated his intention of summoning a special session to deal with the matter. It will be remembered that the Rhodes government first proposed to allow the present councillors their yearly compensation for life, provided that they agreed to the abolition of their own chamber. The Council refused that offer. Mr. Rhodes now declares that it will not be repeated.. The use of the alternative weapon of unlimited appointment would make it difficult of application. It would have the aspect of unlimited bribery in the case of new appointments. In theory both parties have favored the abolition of the Nova Scotia upper chamber for many years. It was a fixed plank in the Liberal platform for over forty years. Mr. Justice Riddell, in his "Constitution of Canada," says that the Liberal government more than once appointed councillors, pledged to abolition, who suffered from acute loss of memory immediately on reaching these high altitudes. The half-hearted gestures of certain provincial Liberal leaders, in opposition to abolition, are, in view of the above, somewhat amusing. Seven of the nine provinces have long got along very well with only one chamber. Again to quote Mr. Justice Riddell: "Those with two have often wished for only one; those with only one have never wished for two." The question of economy is especially important in the Maritimes, where, to this same end, there has been some renewal of the pre-confederation movement for reduction of overhead expenses by an interprovincial consolidation.

The above flag was that suggested by the Hertzog government before the negotiations between Mr. Hertzog and General Smuts. The latest banner has not yet been described.

### Chicago's Charges Sustained

"BIG Bill Thompson," mayor of Chicago by virtue of his supreme mastery of demagoguery, has won another victory. He has had Mr. McAndrew, school superintendent, dismissed. No longer will the children of the city-of-a-murder-a-day be influenced by the man whom "Big Bill" calls "King George's stool pigeon." Moreover, the mayor is to purge the schools and public libraries of the "insidious pro-British propaganda" in a thoroughly spectacular way. He is to burn all the offending books in a huge bonfire—and movie producers are to reproduce the scene in every corner of "Big Bill's" land, and beyond. But there is a flaw in Mr. Thompson's plan. He has made many references to the interference of British monarchs in Chicago's affairs. Now those interferences have been chronicled and, contrary to the opinion of many observers, one glaring instance of British interference has already come to light. The culprit was no less a kindly monarch than Queen Victoria herself. It seems that after the Chicago fire, British people excelled themselves in lending a hand to rebuild the burned city. Queen Victoria herself headed a movement to replace the burned libraries. Her Majesty forwarded a very substantial gift of money and books with a letter that has been cherished and honored. Now here is "Big Bill's" problem. Will he burn these volumes, which are on every conceivable subject? Will he burn the Queen's letter? Or what will he burn? His quandary is giving plenty of amusement to the intelligent weeklies of the United States—all of whom condemn "Big Bill" and marvel at Chicago's mentality. Mr. Thompson is not worrying, however. Did not a certain Judge Bausmann tell an investigating commission that Canada was secretly planning to annex the United States? And, on Sunday last, did not every German-American society in Chicago unite in an endorsation of "Big Bill's" campaign? Whatever the intelligent editors may say, it is the Germans, the Irish, the Negroes and the Italians whose votes elect Chicago's mayor. "Big Bill's" bonfire will appeal to most of these on general principles.. The real questions are: Did ever since the world began a great city make such a fool of itself? Is this the supreme product of "the melting pot" principle, and of universal suffrage?

### Wanted: Mail Order Libraries

IN all Canada, so far as we can learn, there is only one organization extending book lending services to farmers. The McGill University Travelling Library sends large parcels of books to responsible organizations, wherever located. Canada lags in this respect. Yet nowhere in the world is it more important that everything possible should be done to brighten rural life. How to keep the young people on the farm is a vital problem, not only to many individual farm families, but to the nation as well. While our commercial enterprises and our manufacturing industries multiply, it remains true that all of these depend for their very existence on the welfare of the primary producers. "Let us make the countryside prosperous and the towns will look after themselves," said a great bank president, in a dictum that might well be made the motto for every finance minister. But, if the countryside is to prosper as it should, patriotic men and women should strive to make country life more attractive and lovable. The confined city home often has about its narrow precincts a more joyous garden than is common in the country, but nothing in the cities can compete with the glorious aspect of the rural landscape, the stream, the lake, the woods, the prairie expanses, nay, the interesting barn-yard. These are the things that the city dweller of restricted vision envies the dwellers in the open. But winter wraps her monotonous mantle over these. The lower animals can hibernate, more or less, and do not weary of doing nothing, but man has a mind which needs to be provided with healthy activity. Let it be social as far as it may. To social life music, song, and games contribute most, as these are necessarily social; while books are, as a rule, the reverse of sociable. But for unfailing and enlarging companionship give us books—the books that will give us fellowship with our kind and with the ages. The lack of the city diversions—it might be better to say, distractions, is the more reason for taking full advantage of what is the more possible in the country than in the city. It may be that these very distractions are the reason why so large a proportion of our solid and leading citizens are bred in the country. We are aware that an immense amount of ephemeral reading goes into the country in the form of periodicals, probably quite enough of the lighter sort, not worth remembering, and for the most part wasteful of brain matter. What is more needed is the satisfaction of the growing hunger for that which is solid, upbuilding and enduring. It is possible that we may here reveal ignorance as to the facts. We ask our friends who can throw light on these aspects of rural life to discuss in our columns this matter of rural life, its wants and its privileges, more particularly as regards this suggestion as to mail order libraries.

### More Mergers

MR. Bennett's flying business trip to New York gave rise to rumors of new mergers. It is an open secret that the vast International Paper Company has been willing, for some time, to acquire the Eddy Company. Mr. Bennett controls the latter. That he has chosen to trade his business responsibilities for heavier political burdens has naturally encouraged talk of some such consolidation. Mergers, of course, are the order of the day in many phases of human activity. Especially is this true in the business world. In the opinion of many economists it is inevitable. If identical operations can be performed more cheaply in large units than in small, the facts of business competition will surely force large units upon business organization. One has only to read the papers to see how rapidly the process proceeds. Last week half a dozen Canadian stove and steel goods factories came together. There was talk of further consolidation of the already vast grocery store chains. A considerable textile merger was announced. Negotiations for the transfer of certain western newspapers from one small group to another much larger were reported as continuing. Yet, inevitable as the process may be, it cannot be regarded entirely without concern. The success of wise and necessary consolidations often encourages others which are nothing of the sort. It is deadly to think of the fountains of knowledge coming under a common financial control; worse than governmental because more insidious. There is sometimes also financial disaster. The ill-omened British Empire steel consolidation, now ordered dissolved by the courts, was one example of bringing together diverse industries which experts say were far better apart. Too often, too, the mergers are inspired by financial manipulations, anxious for a wrecking profit, and careless of the effects on the businesses merged, or the public served.

## A Healer

**By Senex.**

BROTHER André Bessette, the celebrated healer of the Roman Catholic church, fainted in the midst of his ministrations at a meeting in Massachusetts, at which, as the report says, a thousand cripples were gathered; no doubt many cripples, among many more, assembled to see miracles wrought. Of these sufferers one, Gelineau, is mentioned as signally and effectively cured of an infirmity of many years standing through the prayers and laying on of the hands of Brother André. People will be saying that there can be nothing real about Brother André's assumptions or he would have been able to save himself from this breakdown. That is a crude reasoning. The apostles who wrought miracles of old are all dead. Brother André is eighty-two years old, and was engaged at a service most strenuous and taxing, and persisted in it in spite of warning and in spite of exhaustion. We are not conversant with his ways further than these reported facts and allegations and the further fact that, beginning as a recluse in a tiny chapel and hermitage on the then quietest slope of Mount Royal, his work became so notable that it is marked by a very magnificent shrine, of which only a part is built. When it is complete it will be one of the most prominent churches in the city and, we have heard it said, the most costly in the Dominion.

SOME will, of course, sneer and call the Gelineau case a put up job. The appearance is that a man, well known as a disabled cripple, is restored to muscular vigor and activity. We have no means of investigating, but, in view of many similar accounts, see no reason for disbelieving. Nor are such cures without formal attestation. Instead of showing themselves to the priest as Moses commanded, those receiving benefit at celebrated Roman Catholic shrines show themselves to a competent physician and get his certificate of soundness. We know that such things have happened under very varied circumstances, ranging all the way from St. Peter to Dr. Coué. They happened in the book of Acts, and in one signal instance carried conviction to a whole city. In the New Testament healing is frequently recorded in terms of multitude, but the cases given in detail are treated as surprising and unique. "Since the world began it was not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind." So was it with cases of miraculous healing many centuries earlier, "There were many lepers in Israel to whom the prophet was not sent."

PROTESTANTS of today, no less than Roman Catholics, count healing to be a primary part of their commission. It is the appointed demonstration of the Kingdom of God. "He sent them to preach the Kingdom of God and to heal the sick." "Heal the sick and say unto them, the Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." Moreover, it is the necessary outworking of that divine compassion which Christianity implants. Protestants do not question that some have the "gift of healing" as some have the gift of evangelism for the plucking of brands from the burning. But, for the most part, they see in these "signs"—so they are called in the gospels—a figurative call to the use of the best known means of grace and of beneficence. They understand the words "I was sick and ye visited me" to signify that miracles are not to replace or belittle the use of more normal service. In every land, home and foreign, where there are missions there are hospitals and schools. In those hospitals there are competent physicians who, declining the emoluments of remunerative practice, devote themselves to the betterment of human conditions. To an extent which transforms whole communities, they fulfil the assurance: "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." The service they render is at heavy cost to themselves and to the Christian community, whereas the shrines of the miracle workers become very profitable, with the concommitant temptation to exaggerate and to fake.

WHICH is the best form of Christian service—the skill of the doctor or the prayer and command of the miracle-healer? Why, both. Whoever can do good is bound to do it. But the one is, at least, as full an attestation of the benign operation of the Kingdom of God as the other. The miraculous quality of these cures is a minor item. So far as we know, Judas Iscariot worked miracles. (Mark vi:7 and 13.) In all lands the blind see, the lepers are cleansed, the lame walk; to the poor the glad promise of the Kingdom is preached.

# Christian Contention

IN ENGLAND a clergyman rises in St. Paul's Cathedral and denounces the Bishop of Birmingham for "false and erratic teaching," and for "pouring contempt on the doctrines and sacraments of the Holy Catholic Church." In Canada a cleavage in the Baptist Church sets friend against friend, brother against brother, and throws the affairs of the denomination into almost inextricable confusion. The cynic shrugs his shoulders and says, "Behold how these Christians—hate—one another. Let them agree among themselves before they presume to teach me anything." But the cynic, as usual, is astray. However much controversy is to be deplored it is no proof of hatred. If a man hate another he will do nothing to hinder him going wrong. If he loves him he may risk, or perhaps precipitate, a quarrel in striving to turn him from the error of his way. Again,it is the easy, sleepy times of tolerance that are the most dangerous. When people are in earnest differences are bound to arise. "But when Peter was come to Antioch," says St. Paul, "I withstood him to the face." Truth, of course, is one and indivisible, but it is many sided. It would be better for us all, of course, if we could rise above the region of our partial vision to the altitude where the "broken lights" shall merge into the brightness of "the true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." But failing this, who shall say it is not a worthy thing to stand for the truth as it has come to us—as long as our zeal does not quench our charity? "Surely," says Carlyle, "it is good that each of us be as tolerant as possible. . . . But on the whole, we are not altogether here to tolerate! We are here to resist, to control and vanquish withal. . . . We are here to extinguish falsehoods, and put an end to them in some wise way. . . . The doing of this thing is our great concern."

### Credo

IT used to be said: "It does not matter what a man believes; how he acts is the important thing." This is but a half truth. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." A mere intellectual belief is of little value. "The devils also believe and tremble." But "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness," or as Carlyle puts it again: "A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. . . . The thing a man does practically lay to to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines the rest. . . . Belief I define to be the healthy act of a man's mind. . . . . We have our mind given us, not that it may cavil and argue, but that it may see into something, give us clear belief and understanding about something. Whereon we are then to proceed to act. . . . . Doubt, truly, is not itself a crime. . . . . But a man lives by believing something; not by debating or arguing about many things."

Perhaps this brings us within sight of the battle ground, both in London and Toronto. We cherish our Protestantism, and we recognize the value of the scholarship which has led us to a better understanding and appreciation of the Scriptures. But there is a Protestantism which is mainly concerned with protests, that is denials, and there is a scholarship which is, spiritually, as dry and impotent as were the bones of Ezekiel's vision. The common mind, unversed in the eager pursuit of truth by men of study, knows their attitude only in terms of negations. The devout soul revolts against negation, and this may go far to account for the spread both of Anglo-Catholicism and the ire of "Fundamentalism."

A sidelight on the question, as it concerns Scottish Presbyterianism, is given in "The British Weekly." In St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, the solemn recitation of the Apostle's Creed is a distinctive feature of the service. The Rev. George F. Macleod, so far a fundamentalist, recently strongly commended the practice, and said that it ought to be preceded by three minutes' silence for recollection and "heralded with the sound of trumpets and the roll of drums." The "Weekly" reminds its readers of the utterance of "a great Puritan statesman, Sir John Eliot," in the House of Commons: "There is a ceremony used in the Eastern Churches of standing at the repetition of the Creed to testify their purpose to maintain it, and as some have had it, not only with their bodies upright, but with their swords drawn. "Give me leave," says Sir John, "to call that a custom very commendable." If a universal and unassailable creed is called for, it is found in the Lord's Prayer which people generally repeat standing, and which affirms, first the Fatherhood of God, His claim for universal allegiance and, in an incisive way, man's duty to man. But belief is to be maintained neither by John Eliot's sword, nor by that of Saint Peter, but by the sword of the spirit.

### Certainty

PEOPLE talk about a religion founded on the "conclusions of science, whereas science pretends to no "conclusions." That it is mutable is its chief glory. The whole keynote of the Christian message, on the other hand, is the bold declaration "We know." Far more important than the words of the creeds is the Faith that the creeds struggle to express. "It is easy for me to believe in God," says Tolstoy, "if you do not ask me to define Him," and the thought is echoed by the Rev. L. B. Ashly, an English vicar: "If you desire to define too much, you will, if you are not careful, end by destroying. . . . When all is said and done, neither God nor any spiritual fact can really be understood or explained or defined—they can only be experienced, apprehended, spiritually discerned."

Amid all the confusion of thought and action of our day, God is leading the world to higher Faith, to nobler Hope, to more beneficent Charity. "Perhaps," says Principal Selbie, "our greatest need at the moment is to Christianize our theology, that is, to read God strictly in terms of Jesus Christ." Our Faith is not founded on science or reason, neither, indeed, is it founded on the Church or the Bible; it is founded on Christ. It is a curious fact that whenever this is forgotten we meet disaster. A Catholicism which makes Catholicism its centre becomes not only less Christian but less Catholic. A Liberalism that prides itself above everything in its Liberalism, becomes not only less Christian but less Liberal. A modernism that looks no further than criticism, becomes not only less Christian but less modern. And so with our evangelicisms. If they turn their eyes inward instead of outward and upward, they not only become less Christian but have less of an evangel, and lose sight of the things that are really fundamental. Other foundation can no man lay than what is laid, which is Jesus Christ. At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord. The nearer we come to Him the nearer we come to each other for, in St. Paul's mystic phrase, "the head of every man is Christ." He is the reconciler of all differences, the supreme test of all values. Only in Him can any system or any faith find its fulfilment.

# Letting in the Light

MR. ROBB has repeatedly and emphatically stated that the Tariff Board is merely a fact-finding body—hearing openly what the minister himself has always had to hear in private. But recent developments indicate that the Board is also performing another service. It is indirectly acting as an illuminator for enlightening the public on actual conditions concerning the tariff on specific commodities. Last week the Board dealt with three cases, all important, from various angles. In all these cases newspaper readers could hardly help learning more of the truth concerning the protective system.

In the first case the Consumers' League and the Canadian Council of Agriculture applied for a drastic cut in the duties on aluminum wares and other cooking utensils. The aluminum manufacturers not only opposed that application, but asked for duties on certain classes of these goods which have hitherto entered Canada duty free.

It required no great ingenuity on the part of Mr. Deachman and Mr. Darby, representing the consumers, to show that the present rate of thirty-five percent was unreasonable, as compared with the duties on other similar classes of goods, and unnecessary even from the standpoint of maintaining in prosperity the industries benefiting by the tariff. It is incontestable that, as Mr. Moore, chairman of the Board, remarked: "It's a pretty healthy infant industry." He might have added that one company alone is constructing the greatest aluminum plant in the world, located on the Saguenay river, and designed not only to serve the meagre Canadian market, but to supply aluminum products to the vast markets of the whole world, and that, of course, in competition with all other products. Their demand would cut off Canadians, and them only, from any advantage in this Canadian product.

NOTHING could better have clinched the argument, on Mr. Deachman's latter point, than the defence of the aluminum magnates themselves. Mr. Leighton McCarthy, of Toronto, besides being a lawyer of wide repute, is also vice-president of the Aluminum Corporation of Canada, which is really controlled by the Mellon interests of the United States. His plea for higher duties apparently outraged even the special correspondent of the ultra-protectionist Montreal Gazette. At least it is impossible to read the latter's despatch without being convinced of the brazen temerity of the manufacturers' attitude. Upon their own confession they are selling, in world markets, over a million dollars worth of their products annually. In a like period only some eight thousand dollars worth of competitive foreign goods enter Canada. Yet they oppose lower duties—indeed, ask for higher—on the principle that, as other countries maintain tariff walls, Canada should do likewise.

"Why do you need protection in the home market if you can compete with all the world?" Mr. McCarthy was asked.

"I'm a protectionist on general principles," he replied. "Look at the way we are treated by Germany, France, et cetera. It is not fair."

That kind of reasoning is typical of the protectionist mentality. It supplies the clue to the fact that the recent Conservative convention was so anxious to propose safeguards for the consumer, who is inevitably abused by the protectionist system.

THE second case was not so important in itself as for what it illustrated. Manufacturers were after an increase in the twenty-five percent duty on doors. American firms, they said, were "dumping" doors into Canada—that is, selling doors at less than the cost of production. What happened in this case was typical of what happens in a great many. The dealers in builders' hardware vigorously opposed the application, exploded the "dumping" charge, and showed that the increase would simply mean higher building prices, less building, and hardship to everyone but the favored few. The case is significant as showing the tendency of one commercial interest to combat another whenever there is a suggestion that tariffs are to be either raised or lowered. Familiarity with that kind of strife was what committed Joe Cannon, late father of the United States Congress, to give out, as a complete solution of the tariff question, that if you let all the interests pull, the resultant will be the right thing. He made no account of the multitudinous interest that cannot pull.

BY far the most important case of the week, indeed of the Tariff Board's history, was the Consumers' League application for considerable reductions on all cotton goods. Every man, woman and child in the Dominion is affected by the price of cotton goods. The proposal is to reduce duties, which now range from twenty-two to thirty-five percent, to a maximum level of sixteen percent. There is no more powerful interest in the country than the textile industry. Cotton goods are exotic products, and the manufacturers claim that their factories can only exist if protected by tariff. Naturally, they were up in arms at any reduction proposal, and had retained an imposing array of counsel, headed by no less a noted lawyer than Mr. Aimé Geoffrion.

According to Mr. Deachman's claim, the tariff protection on all cotton goods was almost double the total amount of wages paid to employees in the Canadian cotton industry. The lawyers for the manufacturers vigorously contested this

A FRENCH JIBE

Coolidge: "America for itself and everything for the Americans!"
—Le Petits Provencal (Marseilles.)

assertion—not entirely without success. The evidence of the government's own statistical expert tended to show that the factory selling value of all Canadian cottons was put over fifty millions, while the wages paid direct to workmen producing those cottons amounted to very little more than ten millions. Thus, while Mr. Deachman's figures were not precise, he did succeed in establishing his striking point: That the higher prices paid by Canadians "to maintain the home industries" in the textile field actually amount to more than the total wage bill of those industries, so that it would be actually cheaper for Canada to buy all her cottons elsewhere, even if she maintained all the workmen now employed, in idleness, but on full pay!

There are to be further hearings on this all-important case. Doubtless the manufacturers will make a strenuous effort to establish their plea for the necessity of continued protection. But granting, for the sake of argument, the preposterous claim that such industries should be maintained, even at the cost of higher prices to every consumer, it seems inconceivable that they should be able to convince anyone that they need anything like the margin they now enjoy.

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Are women "persons"? That is the profound question that the Supreme Court, and probably the Privy Council, will finally decide. If the verdict is "yes" women may be appointed to the Canadian Senate. The interesting point is that while the British North America Act plainly says that certain "persons" are eligible for the Senate, no one imagines that any of the framers of the Act ever thought of women.

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Canadian Northern Debentures mature in 1930. The government has bought out the debenture holders at ninety-four cents on the dollar, payable next May. For years there has been argument between Ottawa and English investors as to whether these specific sections of the Canadian National were earning enough to pay the promised charges. Thus another dispute is amicably settled.

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Writers persist in calling the impending meeting of premiers the "inter-provincial conference." The federal government, of course, is the most important party to the negotiations. The misnomer is reminiscent of the days when the present Imperial Conference was called the "Colonial Conference," though the imperial government was the presiding member of it. If the gathering at Ottawa becomes a recurring event it might better be described as the national conference or, more correctly, the Confederation Conference.

# Letters

### WILL THE BIBLE SURVIVE?

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—A Baptist minister in his sermon went through this colloquy: "Was Jesus Christ born of a virgin? I don't know. Did Jesus Christ rise in bodily form from the grave? I don't know. Did Jesus Christ ascend into heaven? I don't know." Then in explanation he said: "It was just like Jesus Christ to be born of a virgin. It was just like Jesus Christ to rise from the grave. It was just like Jesus Christ to ascend into heaven." Thus his statements showed that he did not consider the Bible to be true and the explanation intimated that, to him, reason is a sufficient guide.

Another minister of the United Church, in a sermon about God being in the world reconciling it to Himself, said that the idea of atonement was not to be used in connection with the gospel. That Jesus Christ lived and died to influence man to love God. Yet, as stated above, God says "He was wounded for our transgressions, and also "without the shedding of blood there is no remission." Isa. 53-5. Heb. 9-22.

Of all the tests which the sacred Scriptures have stood through all the centuries, this one of being assailed by those within the ranks of its friends seems to be the most severe. Will the good old Book come off victorious this time as it always has done hitherto? Are its true friends loving enough, are they strong enough? Are they so possessed by the Spirit of God that the enemy will be overcome? "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my WORDS shall not pass away," says the ONE who has all power in heaven and earth. Glory to His name—He will accomplish that which He pleases.

T. J. KNIGHT.

Cornelia, Georgia,
Oct. 18, '27.

### MINERS, FARMERS, FLAGS AND BIRDS

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—As a working man, a farmer of 25 years residence in Alberta, re immigration. I was a miner from England, took up farming as soon as I landed in this Province, have made a success of it, own a full section 6 miles from town. Col. Dennis and others say they only want agricultural people. I could name quite a few miners who have done well, just as well as those who were farmers. Miners are a hard working class, and out here they do as well as other folk.

Regarding the flag:—from observation, the flags we have are quite good enough for the working people out here, need no change, the Union Jack, and the red flag with Union Jack and Maple Leaf, they are truly our flags and no other.

I was reading an article in the Witness concerning birds swimming under-water. For years I have sat on the bank of a slough on Sunday afternoon watching the different kinds of aquatic birds. The majority stay under no longer than from 13 to 15 seconds, a few up to 19 seconds. This afternoon I was looking as they were diving and swimming around.

R. M. SYSON.

Settler, Alta.,
Oct. 16, '27.

(Note: We should be glad if the flags which our correspondent says they have in Alberta, the Union Jack and the red flag with the maple leaf upon it were already the authorized flag of Canada.)

# What the Convention Forgot

To the Editor of the Witness.

Sir,—The opening words of the leading editorial in the Mail and Empire of Saturday, October 15th, read as follows:—

"Every national question with which public opinion is concerned at the present time received consideration at the Winnipeg convention of the Conservative party. The resolutions adopted completely covered the ground of current Federal politics. There was no shirking of any issue, and no resort to vague or abiguous language."

This is a sweeping assertion, yet I have searched in vain through the Winnipeg platform to find any reference to what is one of the most important issues in the national life of Canada, the alcohol problem.

Last year, the people of Canada spent approximately $150,000,000 for alcoholic beverages. This money was worse than wasted, and every dollar thus spent was one hundred cents less for merchants who had other goods to sell. The drinking of this liquor meant shortened lives, shattered health, industrial inefficiency, unemployment and a lowered standard of living. Homes have been ruined, citizens debauched, our land strewn with moral wreckage and an entail of degeneration handed down to the coming citizenship.

The ghastly farce being at present enacted in Ontario adds force to the argument for national prohibition. Ontario electors were fooled into thinking they would get liquor "control." Instead, a stupendous "sale" system has been inaugurated, with the Government as selling agent for the brewers and distillers, with wide distribution facilities, supplying over five hundred varieties of booze at cut-rate prices with beer at cost. Drunks are again staggering on our streets and glutting our police courts. We are filling our jails until prisoners have to sleep on stone floors and in the corridors. People are paying a terrible toll in drink-caused accidents. Our highways are being made an ensanguined human shambles, while every drop of liquor sold and consumed is potential with degeneracy, immorality and crime.

The present situation in Canada argues irresistibly for complete national prohibition. In support of this may I submit four reasons.

**(1)—The Revealed Character of the Liquor Traffic.**

Revelations before the Customs Commission have shown that the liquor traffic has flagrantly flouted the laws of God and man. It is a corrupting and traitorous influence in our national life whose criminal activities are bedeviling the politics of our country. Brewers and distillers have been proven by sworn testimony to have burned their books, evaded their taxes, been partners with bootleggers and bribed officials. They have contributed to the campaign funds of both political parties for the express purpose of influencing legislative action.

**(2)—The Border Liquor Situation.**

Rum-running has assumed proportions that constitute it a national disgrace. Even the operations carried on within the bounds of our Canadian Law constitute a shameful offense to a friendly neighbor nation. Moreover, the activities of rum-runners react in serious breaches of our own Canadian customs and other laws, and in lack of respect for, and observance of, law generally. The whole export liquor trade reeks with villainy, and has made our shores a wallow for the criminal booze underworld, and our border the stamping ground for international thugs and bandits.

**(3)—Domestic Necessity.**

Experience has emphatically shown that it is impossible to make Provincial forms of prohibition safe or fully effective, while, by Federal permission, manufacture, importation, exportation and interprovincial transportation and sale are permitted. The reason for the repeal of Provincial prohibition enactments has not been because of inherent defects in these statutes, but rather constitutional limitations which prevented them from accomplishing complete prohibition. Proof of this is found in the fact that during the period in which national war-time prohibition supplemented Provincial prohibition laws, the highest efficiency and greatest public satisfaction was secured.

**(4)—Moral and Economic Considerations.**

Alcoholic beverages have a degenerative effect on human life. Their use tends to degrade and debauch, and therefore to lower the moral tone of citizenship, while the industrial inefficiency and financial waste caused by drinking is an economic burden that handicaps and hampers the highest national development. With a great industrial rival such as the United States becoming yearly enriched through saving the money formerly spent for liquor, and efficient through sobriety, Canada cannot hope to successfully compete. Unless Canadians are willing to take second place in the onward march of modern civilization they must seek to rid themselves of this incubus and enemy of progress.

No! the Winnipeg platform does not "cover the ground." The Conservative party and the Liberal party alike have side-stepped this important question, and leaders are strangely silent in regard to it. But, whether they wish to or not, politicians of both parties must face the issue of national prohibition. It will not down. It cannot be ignored. There is a growing opinion that has expressed itself over and over, and will express itself again, and which is well voiced in the statement of the late Archbishop of Quebec, Ecclesiastical head of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, who said:

"The prohibition movement is serious, profound and irresistible.

"To establish the prohibition regime in the rural parts and small towns, and have the trade free in the large centres, is a grave error and opposed to common sense.

"The Parliament at Ottawa will meet the wishes of the very large majority of the Canadian people if it places the whole country under the beneficent regime of prohibition."

Thanking you for the courtesy of this space.—I am, yours sincerely,

BEN H. SPENCE.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

**Handbook to the Church Hymnary.** By Professor James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt. (Oxford University Press, London. 7s. 6d. net.)

**Stand to Your Work.** By Eric Harris. (Musson, Toronto. $2.)

**Chatterbox for 1928.** (Page, Boston. $2.50.)

**Friendly Acres.** By Peter McArthur. (Musson. $2.)

**No Other Tiger.** A. E. W. Mason. (Musson. $2.)

**Forlorn River.** Zane Grey. (Musson. $2.)

### Handbook to the Church Hymnary

The hymns of the church are, in outward things, next of kin to the worship of the soul. Of that we shall have more to say. Surely it is a high part of Christian duty to make the hymns something more than unconsidered jingles; in other words, to make them live in the minds and consciences of those who sing them. It would seem to be every pastor's duty to instruct his people in the meaning and the history of the hymns they use. To this end a minister might well have a library of such works as this one of Dr. Moffatt, the most recent translator of the Bible. "A Handbook to the Revised Church Hymnary" (Oxford University Press, London. Humphrey Milford, 7s. 6d.)—a learned, comprehensive and complete commentary on the new Scottish Presbyterian hymn-book—which includes, of course, all of the more universal of the hymns used by the whole church.

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Farm buildings should be constructed with the idea of permanency. It may be necessary at times to construct temporary shelters for livestock, but temporary buildings are usually hard to keep clean and often become unsightly and a nuisance by harboring infectious diseases.

# Begins Speaking Tour

Viscount Cecil, who recently resigned from the Baldwin Cabinet in disagreement with its disarmament policy, has launched a personal speaking campaign in the cause of disarmament, making the first of a half dozen addresses which he will deliver before Christmas.

Speaking at a special meeting of the British League of Nations' Union at Caxton Hall, Lord Cecil declared that the object of his resignation from the Cabinet, an act which shook the British political world, was to have greater freedom to press upon his fellow countrymen the urgency of disarmament without which, he said, there could be no hope of an enduring peace in Europe.

"Do not let us forget that out of every pound of taxation we pay, 14 shillings are due to past wars or preparation for future wars," he said. "This is a terrible burden, far greater than any other country in the world is bearing at present."

Lord Cecil said that Great Britain must reduce the cost of her fighting services, but added that she could not do so to any great extent unless other countries did the same. He asserted that Britain, with the possible exception of Russia, where accurate information is not available, is the only European country where expenditure for armaments is larger than before the war.

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### KING FEISAL IN LONDON

Whether the time is ripe for Great Britain to recommend Iraq's entrance into the League of Nations is one of the questions brought to the fore by the arrival in London of King Feisal.

Feisal's feeling toward the League is not known at this time, but if he wishes to enter, it is understood his request would find strong support among English Laborites, Liberals and in some Conservative sections. Iraq, furthermore, has the unanimous support of the press, despite the fact that England last year extended the engagements to Iraq for another 25 years, or until Iraq joined the League.

Great Britain feels a growing demand for retrenchment in national expenditures, and it is believed in many quarters, that the country could save considerable money if Iraq "were handed to the League of Nations."

If King Feisal indicates his country does not desire to join the League at this time, there is certain to be a strong Liberal and Laborite demand upon Parliament that, under the renewal of the Anglo-Iraq Treaty, expiring next year, England withdraw her present military establishment in Iraq, confining future commitments to offering co-operation and advice.

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Fifty Rocky Mountain sheep have been supplied to the British Columbia Game Conservation Board by the Canadian National Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior. These sheep were captured near Banff in Rocky Mountains National park, and they will be used to stock a former range of the species near Spence's Bridge, B.C.

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The demand for the standard bred bird that can lay a goodly number of eggs is increasing. It won't be long before they will be asking you, how much will it score, and will it lay 160 to 180 eggs, rather than, "How many 300 egg hens have you on the place?"

# I CARE

### GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

| | |
|---|---|
| Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer | $751.53 |
| Paid to Cot Fund | 120.00 |
| Further Contributions | 40.00 |
| A. McKinley, Ont. | 1.00 |
| Total | $912.53 |

### FOR IMMIGRANT BOYS

**Fund to Implement Subscriptions to Send The Witness and Canadian Homestead to S. A. Immigrant Boys, to help them in the direction of Christian Canadian Citizenship.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Previous contributions acknowledged and paid | $172.34 |
| Further Contributions | 411.11 |
| F. L. Jaques, Ont. | 5.00 |
| Total | $588.45 |

### FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES

| | |
|---|---|
| Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer | $477.50 |
| Further Contributions | 45.25 |
| A. McKinley, Ont. | 1.00 |
| Total | $523.75 |

### DAVID CURRIE FUND

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

| | |
|---|---|
| Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid | $ 31.60 |
| Further Contributions | 184.02 |
| Bertha E. Baldwin, Ont. | 5.00 |
| Total | $220.62 |

## Talked for Week

Mustapha Kemal Pasha, president of Turkey, has broken all existing records for length of speeches. His eight-day oration before the National Assembly puts in the shade all of our own parliamentary effusions. He concluded with an impassioned appeal to the youth of Turkey and future generations.

"Even when all appears lost," he said, "when the enemy occupies the country, when the nation is exhausted, you, youth of Turkey and future generations, will not forget that your first duty is to defend and preserve the independence of the Turkish republic, and you will find the necessary force in the noble blood running through your veins."

This appeal followed upon a recital of events since September, 1924, which made the republic secure on a firm foundation, and an allusion to social reform, such as abolition of the fez, closure of the schools and convents, adoption of the Swiss code, consecration of women's liberty and the abolition of polygamy.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA

President of Turkey whose eight-day speech to the National Assembly Ended Saturday

## Has Shingled Queen

Although King Feisal of Iraq, who is visiting England at present is essentially an Arab by race and a native of Mecca, he looks much more like an English gentleman, writes Polson Newman in the London Daily Mail.

In manner and dress he is almost absurdly English, except that he retains the Arab custom of wearing the headdress indoors. Unlike his brothers, ex-King Ali of the Hedjaz and the Emir Abdullah of Transjordania, who always appear in flowing Arab robes with gold daggers in their belts, King Feisal much prefers European clothes. Indeed, his favorite dress is an ordinary lounge suit with soft shirt and collar, and instead of the customary gold dagger in his belt he wears a gold safety-pin in his tie.

Tall and slight, with a rather boyish expression, only relieved by his dark pointed beard, King Feisal looks very English, but cannot speak a word of our language.

So enthusiastic is King Feisal about English manners and customs that the Crown Prince, the Emir Ghazi, was brought up in Baghdad by an English governess, received a regular English education, was taught to play tennis, and even wore Eton suits.

The royal palace on the banks of the Tigris is furnished throughout in English style. In fact, when I bade farewell to the King two years ago and prepared to leave the palace, I caught a glimpse of almost the only sign of Eastern life within its precincts. This was the King's array of black servants from Mecca—great, stately, silent Negroes in flowing robes and armed with silver swords and daggers.

Contrary to the general belief regarding Orientals and their wives, King Feisal has only one wife, the Queen of Iraq, and the same applies to practically every Iraq notable. The harem is almost non-existent.

While it is true that the Queen does not accompany the King at public functions, and wears the veil when out of doors, her life is by no means one of seclusion. She holds her own receptions at the palace for the leading ladies of Iraq, and indoors she discards the black silk wrappings of the veil to shine forth in the very latest Paris models.

Brilliant gatherings are these ladies' receptions, and amazing is the transformation of the guests as they emerge from their head-to-ankle coverings of dismal black and step out of the dressing-room in short, smart frocks and neatly shingled hair. But they are like so many Cinderellas. When the reception is over, back they go into their black shrouds until they reach home.

## Suppresses Rebellion

President Calles, Mexico's strong, commonsense president, successfully quelled the rebellion led by the dissatisfied presidential candidates, Generals Serrano and Gomez. The rebellion was the result of ex-President Obregon's resolve to stand again for election. Since his resignation from the Calles cabinet, General Serrano, with General Gomez, carried on a hot campaign against former President Obregon, basing their speeches on the "no re-election" doctrine which had been a rallying cry in Mexican politics until the recent amendment to the constitution, brought about largely through the work of General Obregon's friends. President Calles is proud of being a direct descendant of a long line of Indian chiefs, and while more than half white, he makes greater boast of his Indian blood than of his Spanish. Firmly resolved to give his civil-war-torn country a peaceful and progressive government, he has encouraged the introduction of the most modern methods in all phases of Mexican life.

PRESIDENT CALLES

Is proud of his descent from Indian chiefs and warriors.

CAPTAIN RAOLD AMUNDSEN

Noted explorer, discoverer of the South Pole, says he will make no more Polar trips.

## Sole Candidate

The recent attempted revolution in Mexico has cleared the field of candidates for the presidency of the republic, so that General Alvaro, Obregon, shown below, is now the only one in the field, unless President Calles decides to stand for re-election. Generals Francesco Serrano and Arnulfo Gomez, the two other candidates were active in the rebellion. The former, a once close friend of General Obregon and a member of President Calles' cabinet, has been executed, while the latter has vanished. Obregon, who is said to be President Calles' choice, lead the government troops against the rebels. General Obregon, whose name is said to be a Spanish corruption of O'Brien, was president of Mexico from 1920 to 1924. The expropriation, without payment of compensation, of several hundreds of private properties, in pursuance of his agrarian policy, called forth strong protest from foreign powers, but all the powers except Great Britain eventually recognized the Obregon administration.

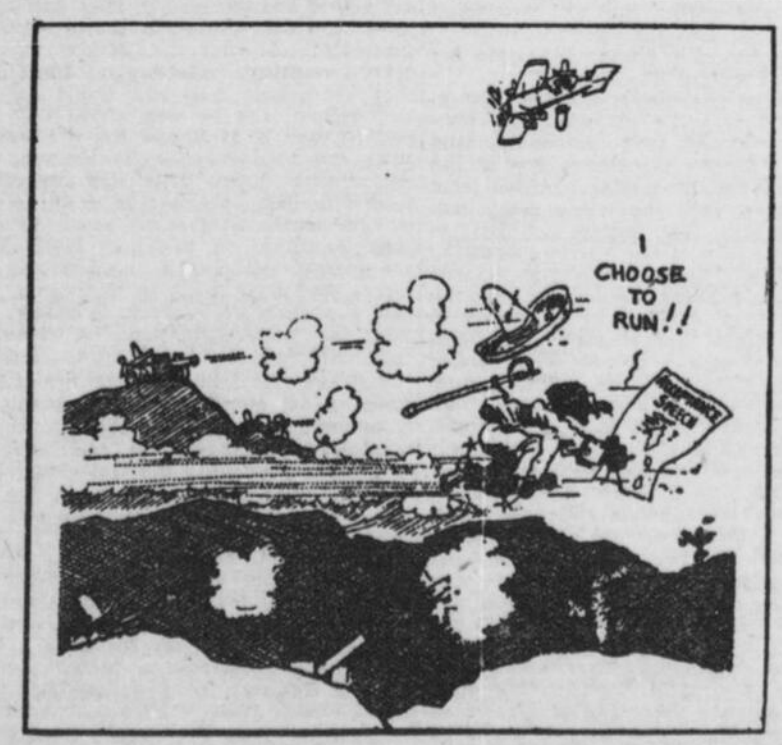
GENERAL OBREGON

All his enemies were killed off in the revolution of this month.

## Will Explore No More

Captain Raold Amundsen, the famous Polar explorer will make no more trips into the north or south frigid zones. He is through with exploring, he says, and all that remains to be done is the cleaning up of the details. Captain Amundsen was the leader of the Norwegian Polar Expedition which reached the South Pole in 1912. While his parents intended him to practice medicine, after two years study he went to sea in 1892 at the age of 20 years. His first venture into Polar regions was in 1901-02. In 1903-06 he went in search of the North Magnetic Pole with the second Gjoe Expedition. Captain Amundsen's latest exploit was the flight over the North Pole with Captain Nobile in the airship "Norge" last year. Captain Amundsen has written several books about his adventures in frozen regions.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is again offering a prize of $100 to the Canadian showing the best spring wheat at the International Hay and Grain Show in Chicago, it was announced at the offices of the agricultural department of the company in Winnipeg. The show will be held in November.




ACCEPTING A NOMINATION

"President Calles of Mexico executes a rival candidate for the Presidency."
—Johnstone, in the New York World.

## A Veteran Padre Muses

NEW DAY APPLICATIONS

During the past nine years I have been called to various places with the recurrence of the Armistice Day observance. Usually "In Flanders Fields" was given a place on the program, and in all cases the soloists carried us back with overflowing hearts into the past when the song did its great service. For a brief period we lived those war days over again. And we were not in a war, but in a peace memorial—the greatest peace this old world ever longed and sought and struggled for. Might there not have been suggested an unfitness in the line

"Take up our quarrel with the foe!"?

I think not in the desired and prayed for never-return to martial life as we felt anew the old soul impressiveness of self-surrender and sacrifice which, pray God, we may never forget in the peace service of our wide domain.

And so there comes to us a new day application of "In Flanders Fields." Take up our quarrel with every foe that would assail our national life, as did the foe of liberty and democracy and peace in the Great War—foes in our own home land, strife and disunion, intemperance and irreligion, improvidence and ignorance, mistrust and suspicion, greed and oppression. I am sure that Lt.-Col. John McCrea would have his immortal song so applied. I am sure, too, that it would be the new day message of those who fell on Flanders fields. It is a ringing clarion bugle call to every one:

"Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

May the call, my fellow-citizens, find a response worthy of this young Canada of ours.

KING FUAD

Makes official entry into Paris, where he receives impressive welcome.

## King Visits France

All the pomp and ceremony of Republican France was brought into play to make the official entry of King Fuad of Egypt into Paris last week a memorable and impressive one.

Though he had been some days in Paris, the protocol decrees that a ruler must be received at the pretty little railway station located at the entrance of Bois de Boulogne just as if he was coming direct from his own country. So the King of Egypt and members of his suite quitted Paris and spent their last unofficial night at Versailles. Friday morning he took the official royal train, and thirty minutes later arrived at Bois de Boulogne station, where he was welcomed by President Doumergue of the French Republic, Briand and a host of political and military leaders.

Mont Valerien boomed forth a royal salute of one hundred and one guns, putting an end to late sleeping. Infantry and mounted Republican Guards, resplendent in red, gold and silver uniforms lined the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Bands played the Egyptian and French National Anthems. The King, who is a heavy man, with a large black moustache, was attired in a black uniform with gold shoulder knots and characteristic fez. He smiled right and left and shook hands cordially with Premier Doumergue, whom he has known since 1911.

Then the Republican Guards escorted the royal party down the avenue through lines of soldiers and thousands of Parisians, past the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Etoile, down the Champs Elysees and over the Seine to the Foreign Office, where he will occupy rooms set aside for visiting monarchs.

# The Bride of Qu'Appelle

A TALE OF LEGENDS AND BATTLES OF THE CREE AND SIOUX INDIANS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS

By JOHN MACLEAN

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CHAPTER XIX (Continued).

Lying under the bank which rose to the prairie, was a stone of peculiar shape and formation which so impressed the natives that they regarded it as one of the stopping places of the spirits of the prairie. They were accustomed to paint it, and make sacrifices to the spirit who had for a season made it his temporary home. Iska was in the habit of spending hours in worship by the sacred stone, and upon this occasion, he had been caught in the storm. While the lightning flashed around him, and the earth shook with the loud peals of thunder, he was afraid to turn his face toward home, so he remained at his devotions and prayed for protection in his perilous position.

The aged chiefs stood by the lodge gazing upon the form of the young man and anxiously waited for the passing of the storm, that he might return safely to his home. The clouds gathered anew and burst in torrents of rain, which hid the suppliant from their gaze, and as they were unable to render him any help, they sought refuge in the lodge. Kesik looked with a grave countenance upon the old men, as they sat in silence with bowed heads and gazed into the fire. When the rain ceased, they arose and went outside, and were comforted though very anxious, by seeing the young man still standing by the sacred stone. Again the storm gathered and burst afresh with greater intensity, which drove the chiefs to their former station by the lodge fire. As they sat waiting for another opportunity to look toward the east, Kesik threw an old garment over her head, and slipped outside. They were too much engrossed with their own thoughts to take any notice of her movements, and she was careful not to disturb them. Beyond the camp there was a small eminence resembling a mound, and Kesik ran through the beating rain, until she stood upon this favored spot. Raising her face to the sun while the heavy drops closed her eyes, and her cheeks smarted with pain, she prayed. The thunder bird flapped his wings more vigorously, and the peals of thunder came louder and faster, while the lightning flashes encircled the maiden of the skies. When Piskwa missed his daughter he crept through the lodge door in search of her, and as his eyes swept the trails, he caught a glimpse of her standing alone, making an appeal to the sun. While he stood dumb with amazement. Chowek approached him, and seeing as in a vision the young woman in the attitude of a native priest, he placed his hand upon his mouth, and waited for the end. Kesik raised her hands in supplication, her body swayed, and though the storm continued in intensity, she burst into a wierd song, which increased in volume until its close. When she had finished the song, the clouds passed away, and the storm was over. Kesik remained for a few moments looking toward the sacred stone, and then gathering her wet garments in her hands she hastened toward home. Before the two lone watchers outside the lodge left their post, Chowek pointed toward the maiden, as a hint that they should not be seen by her on guard, when she arrived at the lodge. Piskwa nodded with a smile, and he touched the arm of his old friend, while he pointed toward the sacred stone. Iska was running along the trail in the valley toward the camp. Chowek grasped the hand of Piskwa in silence, and then hastened toward his own lodge, where he sat by the fire when his son entered.

Makeyo and his son were standing on the trail as Iska came running into the camp, and the elder man hissed between his teeth, and spat on the ground. He was too angry to speak, and his rage increased to a high pitch, when he observed a medicine man follow Iska into Chowek's lodge.

"The monster has sold us," said the war chief to his son. "He has taken our robes and brought nothing but disgrace. With a forked tongue, and a double heart he has deceived us. We must change our plans and pursue our enemies in another way. We shall yet defeat them!"

Cursing his fate he left Wusko, and walked at a swift gait toward the river, that he might vent his rage unseen by any of the people, as he would not give them an opportunity of reading his soul. Baffled on every side, and compelled to rely on his own resources, he cursed the medicine man, who had turned traitor, and vowed that he would bring disaster upon the whole tribe, so that he might find an opportunity of exercising his authority as head chief in time of war.

CHAPTER XX.

The Haunted Trail

With the coming of spring, the natives moved their camp to the open prairie, where the air was fresh and sweet, and the change from the filthy atmosphere on the edge of the forest brought health, and a new vision to young and old. The curlew ran among the tender grass, the partridge flew past the lodges, and the youngsters followed the flock with bow and arrow, and the robins hopped among the trees, with an invitation of zest in the beautiful spring time. The prairie was covered with flowers of various colors, which lent fresh beauty to the landscape, the clear sky and the grass, green in its earliest days, and as soft as velvet, and the vast stretches of land untrodden by any, save the pliant moccasin of the red men, were a few of the touches of nature, in making a suitable home for her western children. The natives were not lacking the true instincts of manhood in their appreciation of the gifts which lay at their feet, though they seldom spoke of them to one another, so accustomed had they become to these familiar scenes, but as they sat by the lodge fires, the patrons taught their children through the medium of beautiful legends, the wonderful stories of the flowers, and the birds, and the children listened with awe, and were trained to worship nature, and their home as special gifts of the gods. When the stars shone, and the northern lights danced, enfolding the forest, river, and prairie in their brilliant garments, the fathers led their sons by the hand, and spoke reverently of the messages from the skies, while they read the inscriptions upon the pages of the sacred book in the heavens.

Kesik left the seclusion of her lodge, and wandered alone on the prairie drinking the beauty that lay around her, and peace came to her soul after the weary months of grief. Some of the children followed her in her rambles, and she talked with them as a mother, while they sang and played with the freedom of innocence, and the joy of her protection and companionship.

"Hush!" said she to the merry group that surrounded her.

"Look yonder! Stay here till I return, and do not make any noise."

The children did as they were bidden, and their eyes followed her, as she went on a few paces and waited. Making a peculiar whistle with her mouth, her call was answered by about twenty prairie chickens, who ran toward her and stopped. She spoke to them as if they had been human beings, and they formed a circle dancing around her, and making a strange drumming noise with their wings. With eyes wide open, the little folks watched the entrancing scene, and when Kesik returned, they kept close to her side, but were afraid to touch her robe, as she seemed to be one of the fairies of whom their parents often spoke in the lodge, with mingled joy and fear. That night the matrons told the warriors about the dance of the prairie chickens, and gazing into the fire, they whispered.

"Surely she is a gift of the gods for there is no woman like Kesik!"

On one of the early days in spring, about midday, while many of the warriors were absent from the camp, loud shrieks of women came from one of the lodges, followed by similar outcries from other lodges, until the whole camp was in an uproar. The sounds of distress reached the ears of the warriors down by the river, and out on the prairie, and they came running in haste, lest the folks had been attacked by an enemy in ambush. When they reached the lodges, the ground was covered with water snakes, crawling over the paths, and into the lodges, until there was not a foot of empty space where they could tread, without stepping upon one of the reptiles. The medicine men beat upon their drums, and sang to charm the intruders away from their homes, but the more they sang, the larger grew the number of snakes. The women fled with their children beyond the camp to the open prairie, the men armed with clubs struck right and left, and the native priests performed their incantations, still the reptiles crawled into the lodges, and swarmed along the paths. While the folks were in despair, the lodge of Piskwa remained unmolested, a sacred circle being left free, where the daughter of the gods sat in peace unharmed. Kesik looked out of the lodge door, and was moved to pity, as she beheld the sad spectacle, and heard the cries of her people. Unconscious of her own powers she seldom attempted any new venture, until the burden became too heavy for her to bear, and then with gentle modesty, she went to the rescue, hoping that the gods would tell her what to do at the right moment. With a simple faith she arose, and putting on her princely robe, stepped within the charmed circle, and began to sing. Attracted by the music, the snakes crawled toward her, and as she left the circle they parted, leaving a narrow path whereon she walked. At a slow pace she marched through the camp, followed by thousands of the slimy creatures. The warriors hastened to the outer fringe of the strange procession, and stood confounded, as the maiden of the skies marched singing toward the river. Crawling over one another the snakes moved on, sometimes stopping and raising their heads to listen to the music. When Kesik reached the bank of the river, she stood, and while the song floated on the air, she pointed toward the water with her finger, and the snakes, obedient to her magical power crawled into the river and disappeared.

With the passing of spring, the summer came hot and sultry, and great flocks of wild pigeons nestled in the trees much to the surprise of the older folks, and the delight of the children. As the season advanced there was an abundance of food in the lodges, for the valley was visited by moose, red deer and bears, and the natives seized the advantage for securing new garments, and making their beds with the skins. Though the fur was not in prime condition, as it was too early in the year, they were glad to secure the hides, and the meat was a change from the berries and roots, and the pemmican made from the buffalo. Late in the season one of the camp runners informed Piskwa that a party of Cree Indians from the north was encamped in the valley, and were desirous of paying a visit. Piskwa called one of the minor chiefs into his lodge, and handing him a bit of tobacco as a symbol of peace, instructed him to invite their friends to come to the camp. The minor chief filled his pipe with tobacco and kinnikinnick, and started on his mission. When he had gone up the valley and was within a short distance of the party, he sat down and lighted his pipe, and as he arose, one of the members of the party advanced to meet him, and when they met, they sat down and smoked together. He gave the tobacco to the stranger who accepted it, and when the minor chief entered the encampment, he delivered Piskwa's message with dignity and grace.

The strangers were received by Piskwa, and a feast was held in their honor in the open air, which was attended by all the members of the Council, and having smoked the pipe of peace, the chief of the visiting band presented the greetings of his tribe, and explained the object of their mission. He stated that his people were in a destitute condition, as they had not been able to find any buffalo, though their runners had scoured the plains. The moose and deer had fled, and not a living thing was to be found anywhere, and in despair they had come to learn what prospects there were in Piskwa's territory. In answer to the chief's enquiries, Piskwa informed him that his young men had failed to find any buffalo, and he was afraid that the outlook was a dark one for the winter. With the generosity of the natives, who will always share their last morsel of food with those who are in need, he asked the members of the Council to help their brethren in distress. Fortunately there was still left a good supply of moose and bear meat in the camp, and the strangers were given a goodly portion, and with expressions of friendship they departed.

The winter was ushered in with a fierce snow storm which drove the natives to the woods to find shelter. For a whole week the snow fell, and drifted in huge heaps, covering the trails, and compelling the people to remain in the lodges. With the passing of the storm, the hunters started in different directions in quest of food, while the women peeled the bark from the trees, and dug the frozen ground for roots. Starvation stared in the faces of the old folks, and the children cried in vain for food. With the hope of securing a better camping ground, runners were despatched westward, and to relieve the monotony of the winter, and keep the people from brooding over their misery, the camp moved further up the valley. After a journey of four days, Piskwa ordered the lodges to be pitched, while the hunters continued their search for food. The haggard faces of the people told far better than words of their sufferings through lack of nourishing food, and their anxiety increased as the days wore on. However, there came a brief respite, when a runner came into camp with the announcement that twenty buffalo had been killed. They formed a stray band which had become separated from the herd, apparently as the result of a fight between the monarchs of the plains. With the improvident ways of the natives, accustomed to abundance in the days of the buffalo, they feasted night and day. The fires in the lodges were kept burning incessantly, and the men and women broiled the meat and ate voraciously, until no longer able to consume a morsel more, they lay down and slept. When they awoke, the feast continued, and they forgot their long fast in the abundance of the hour. When they had become satisfied and had rested awhile, the hunters started afresh to secure another supply of food.

The hunting party left the camp with fresh hopes of being successful, and some of the bravest warriors joined them, as they were afraid that they might be attacked in their foray, by a war party of the Sioux. Westward they traveled for two days without observing any signs of man or beast, and not having tasted any food during the journey they became maddened by hunger, and were ready to encounter any foe. On the morning of the third day they came upon an old trail which they followed, until they arrived at a camp which had been deserted. Outside the camp a large mound had been built, which aroused the curiosity of some of the young men, who were eager to open it, but there was no time for delay, as the older warriors were bent on overtaking their foes. Still following the trail, they pursued the unseen foe, and at the close of the day they came upon another camp, with a large mound similar to the one they had seen. As the trail was plain, they left the place eager to overtake their foes. The warriors sang their war songs and brandished their tomahawks, while they boasted of the glories awaiting them at home when they returned with fresh scalps. On they sped, careless of their famished condition. A stray rabbit was killed at intervals, which furnished a morsel for the party, but they had no time to waste in quest of food for themselves, as they hoped to find abundance in the defeat of their enemies. Again they reached a deserted camp, with another mound larger than those they had seen, and their curiosity was sufficiently aroused to open it. Besides they were so hungry that they concluded that it must be a cache containing dried meat and pemmican. There were evidences in the camp that a large number of moose and deer had been killed, and they walked upon the mound, the sound of their footsteps assured them that it was hollow. After deliberating for some time they concluded to open it. Dismay and cries of horror came from the lips of the men when they found that the mound was full of dead people, upon whose faces were the marks of the dreadful scourge of the Indians, smallpox. In consternation they fled, and left the trail, making their way toward home, and avoiding the deserted camps.

While the hunting party was absent, those who remained at home went out daily in search of food. Piskwa went among the lodges comforting the despondent, and encouraging the lads to try their skill upon rabbits, and larger game. The aged chief was aroused one morning by a messenger, informing him that there were marks of blood on one of the trails, and two of the young men were missing. While the messenger was telling his story, Makeyo arrived in great agitation, and stated that one of the young hunters had just reached the camp with the information that he had crossed a trail marked with blood, and that he felt certain that some one had been killed, as there were evidences of a severe struggle between a man and a bear. The print of moccasins in the snow showed too plainly that some one had been fighting for his life. Several days before, two of Makeyo's sons had gone in quest of food, and had not returned, and he had grave fears for their safety.

Piskwa was deeply touched with Makeyo's grief, and at once summoned the bravest warriors and the most expert hunters, who remained in the camp, and after organizing a search party, despatched them on their errand of mercy. Makeyo joined the band, which hastened toward the place under the guidance of the young man who had found the bloody trail. As they hurried forward, a shout of joy came from the foremost of the band, and Makeyo ran at his utmost speed. At the foot of a tree a lad was lying in an exhausted condition, unable to travel, yet unhurt, and the war chief embraced his youngest son, while the party gathered around to learn what they could about the fate of his elder brother.

"My brother and I," said he, "were following the trail, when about dusk we came upon the tracks of a moose, and he told me to stay and make a fire, while he would go further in search of the moose. All night I kept the fire burning and as he did not return, I followed his trail the next day with the hope of finding him. As

(Continued on page 22.)

# 52 from Old Barns!

## The Largest Single List So Far

Old Barns, (near Truro), N. S. October 17, 1927.

Dear Sir:—

In fulfilment of promise in my note to you of the 15th inst., I take great pleasure in enclosing list of renewals and new subscriptions including all residents in our community who subscribe (on paper) to our congregational finances and a few outside friends.

Enclosed also is M. O. for $27.67 leaving a bal. due you on the list of 52 names of $7.17 which will shortly follow.

The Session were desirous of putting your valuable weekly in every home but found that without making a personal canvass from house to house it would be hardly feasible, and the time was too short for that, so the old subscribers were interviewed and enough additional secured to cover the present list. Hoping the increase will be large and continent wide.

Please accept a lifetime reader's sympathy in the loss of your brother whose aim in life seems to have been equally as noble as that of your own. The most service to the greatest number, countless will be the stars in his and your crowns.

I am, Yours sincerely,
(Miss) R. McCurdy.

This is not only the largest list so far, but it is from a place according to the Gazetteer, of only a hundred souls, which normally would indicate about twenty homes. Obviously so many subscriptions had to be sought along the rural routes.

While our friends are so zealous we must keep the door wide open by extending the time of the 67c on trial offer. But two things must not be overlooked that our advertising rates can be raised for many of the large annual advertisers only to the extent the circulation is increased before these contracts come up. Many of the 1928 advertising contracts will be secured or lost during the next few weeks. The larger contracts are generally considered weeks and even months ahead of their starting date. It was the advantage which would accrue to your paper if the circulation could be doubled or trebled in time that gave us courage to hazard such an offer—for we have had every year to meet heavy deficits out of our personal estates even at the regular $2.00 rate. Our last year's average subscription rate for new and renewal subscriptions netted us $1.84. This year we had good expectations that advertisers would multiply their support if the circulation was multiplied. IF—and shall it not be? Yes, it will, if people want to see the general welfare paper continued and strengthened.

Thus the sooner our friends offer their friends a year's trial at 67 cts. (just one-third the regular rate) the better it will be for their paper.

It will also be the better for their friends for the following reason:

### 2 NEW SERIAL STORIES

It is also to be remembered that one of the new serials will start with the first issue in November and the other very soon after that. Three serial stories will be running within a month. Your friends will want to get the opening chapters of the one beginning in the issue of November 3rd—IF you will let them know of it.

We cannot afford the cost of professional canvassers and give the advantage of the special rate to your friends—through you. And we prefer the latter way for many reasons, among these that you will know as no stranger could, who, in your environment would appreciate the Witness. And a word from you will go further than a whole lecture by a stranger. You honor us and advantage your friend not to speak of yourself—by introducing the Witness at this time. And you strengthen it for next year's service to your country.

# Thirty More—

Walkerton, Ont., October 17th, 1927

Dear Friends,

I have been working for the Witness in the past. Last year I sent in over 30 new names at the one dollar rate and at your wonderful offer of 67 cts. for the ten days, I am enclosing Post Office order for 30 subscriptions, twenty-eight of whieh are new.

When I read this new offer I was from my home with my son, Rev. R. G. McKay, M.A., Minister of the Presbyterian Church there so I thought to do what I could just where I am. *When I am working for the Witness, I am doing missionary and temperance work.* I think my success is largely due to my son who is well thought of not only in his own congregation but in the whole of Walkerton and other places whereever he has been known.

From the home in which I was brought up, six young men went into the ministry, two brothers and one son have been called to higher service and two brothers and one son are still in the good work.

Wishing you every success in the good work.

Yours truly, D. M. McKay.

NOTE.—Who can estimate the influence of such a home as that which sent six into the Christian ministry? If the facts were known it would probably be discovered that a very large percentage of Witness homes sent sons and daughters into the Christian ministry and like services at home and abroad. Many who have risen to exalted positions in church, in educational spheres and in the state have generously confessed their debt to the Witness upon which they had been largely "brought up."

### JUST A SAMPLE BATCH

**Good Examples to Follow**

Besides letters listed below we have received inspiring communications from Mr. H. J. Smith, of Ottawa—bringing his total list to 19 new subscribers—from Mr. Langville of Lamont, Alta., enclosing 11 subscriptions, and from Mr. John Wake of Borden, Sask., forwarding eight subscriptions.

### FROM NEWFOUNDLAND!

A list of ten new subscriptions has already reached us from Newfoundland, sent by Mr. Leonard Ash of Carbonear, who says:—

"The Witness, in our opinion, is one of the finest papers published, and it would give us real pleasure to see it placed in every home."

### CANVASSED THE TOWN

Ont., Oct. 14, 1927.

Dear Sirs,—We have canvassed our small town, in a manner, and have succeeded in getting twenty-six subscriptions, of which twenty-four are new, at the 67 cents.

Please find enclosed amount seventeen dollars and forty-two cents.

Wishing your valued publication renewed success.—Very Sincerely,

Mrs. D. A. CAMERON.
Per B.A.M.C.

### TRUE BLUE PRESBYTERIANS

Palmerston, Ont., Oct. 10, 1927.

Yes, it's Dear Sirs, but dear friends also.

I think you are indeed giving us a wonderful opportunity to help our friends and scatter the good old Witness seed. Enclosed please find Post Office Order for two dollars. I expect to renew Messenger later. Now, please don't smile when I tell you that the parties whose names I am sending are True Blue Presbyterians as well as myself. To stop the Witness for all things that have been said in it against us would be like cutting off our noses to spite our faces. It is simply this, that the Lord Almighty is holding it in the hollow of His hand, and man can't put it down. Now this is from your old friend (81 years old).

(119-4) Mrs. Wm. SMART

Note.—The Witness, ever since it was started 82 years ago, counted it one of its missions to cultivate unity among Christians, and as time went on it focussed its efforts more and more to that ideal. A large percentage of its Presbyterian friends considered that the time was not ripe for organic unity with other groups. The result was separations between the paper and thousands of its best friends. These separations were perhaps unavoidable, but they were painful and a loss to all concerned.

The Witness was always interdenominational—on principle—never the organ of any group, and we make this explanation of Mrs. Smart's reference for the benefit of our newer readers, and we cannot refrain from adding that there never was and never will be an ounce of bitterness on the part of the Witness toward those who sincerely hold other views. And it holds the Presbyterian Christian in equal esteem and affection with those of any other group. To the extent that we are Christians we must be brothers—we, you and they must be! Mrs. Smart's attitude is in close harmony with our own.

### "MAKE CANADA A LAND TO LOVE"

Toronto, Oct. 10, 1927.

Dear Sirs,—Am sending you two new subscribers—names and addresses enclosed. We thank God for the great work you are doing. Your loyalty to the prohibition cause is well known. All your subscribers could double up if they had a mind to. What would it not mean to the general good and to help make Canada a land to love—as your slogan has it?—Yours truly,

(119-1) C. J. DOBSON.

October 11, 1927.

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed two dollars for my own renewal and for two new subscribers for the Witness, which is undertaking a huge task for the betterment of the world, and the influence of which will be felt for generations.—Yours very sincerely,

(124-2) (Miss) LEILA ADA HAY.

Ont., October 10, 1927.

Dear Sirs,—I am taking advantage of your wonderful offer re The Witness, which I regard as the cleanest and best paper I know, and am enclosing an order for two dollars.—Yours truly,

(124-1) ALEX. BURKE.

# Worth While Circulars!

Late mails, before going to press, have brought us very interesting circular letters issued by the "Canadian National Temperance Society—Royal Templars of Temperance.". In short compass it tells its members and friends of the Witness and its offer, and advises them to take advantage of it by using a coupon printed on the bottom of the circular.

The first thing we knew of this letter was when the 67c subscriptions on their circular form began to come in.

The circular is very well devised, and looks as if it was going to be so effective that we print it below as some other organizations or churches might like to adopt the same line of action—though there is nothing like the personal canvass of church members to get things going.

**Canadian National Temperance Society**

## Royal Templars of Temperance

Winnipeg, Oct. 18th, 1927.

"The hour cries out for heroic adventure, for a drive on the world as it is, on behalf of the world as it ought to be."
—Witness, October 5th, 1927.

Dear Friend:—

Will you help by giving .67c for a $2.00 value? The Montreal Witness has served the public, standing for truth and righteousness, without fear or favor for eighty-two years. It probably is not always right, but it honestly trys to be. It is never wrong from selfish motives for it is not published for personal gain, nor is it hampered by subsidy. The Royal Templars of Winnipeg have had the Witness on their list of Temperance literature for some time past.

The Witness needs your help. They make the heroic adventure of offering you the Witness, as a new subscriber, for one year from November 1st, 1927, for 67c,—fifty-two weekly issues for 67 cts. (regular subscription price $2.00). Will you help it in its work of trying to make the world what it ought to be? If so, fill out the following now which must be sent direct to the publishers before November 1st next.

Yours sincerely,
C. W. DEMPSTER,
E. M. KENNEDY,
Financial Secretary.

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Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Witness Building,
Montreal, Quebec. ..... 1927.

Dear Sirs:—

Enclosed you will find money order or postal note for 67c to cover my trial subscription to the Witness for one year from November 1st, 1927.

Name.....

Address.....

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

# NEWS OF THE WEEK

WORLD EVENTS

## Controversy Raging in English Church

### Bishop Barnes and Archbishop of Canterbury Exchange Open Letters—Rupture Over Doctrine of Transubstantiation.

The reply of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the letter recently addressed to him by Rt. Rev, Ernest William Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, supporting the theory of evolution, condemning the doctrine of transubstantiation and charging that religious leaders are ignoring the work of scientists, is contained in the following statement issued to the press Sunday.

"You will not doubt my condemnation of the unseemly incident in St. Paul's. Not by an action of that sort can the cause of truth be reasonably set forward. But speaking generally, I think, you, too, are mistaken as to what it is that has been evoked from cultured men with scientific and philosophical as well as theological knowledge judging from the vehement reprobation of some of your recent utterances.

"Regarding these, I probably have received, publicly and privately, more condemnations than anyone excepting yourself. I do not attach great weight to what I have heard described as 'the gorilla sermons.' I believe you overrate the adherence of thoughtful people to the creation theories of fifty or one hundred years ago and I scarcely think that among those who listen to you there are a great number holding the opinions which you satirize. For myself I can say at least your position on the biological question in outline and so far as I understand it, is one wherewith I personally have been familiar for over fifty years.

"This teaching, however admirable, is to most not novel. I do not think those hearing you on the subject with interest and advantage would recognize themselves as 'wistful agnostics.' You may, I am certain, my dear bishop, dismiss the fear that any one in England desires to drive you either to Rome or Tennessee. The words giving rise to the sort of indignation referred to are the words you use in dealing with the sacrament of Holy Communion. It is on what you have said regarding the sacramental doctrine that intelligent and large-minded churchmen, lay as well as clerical, have daily approached me.

"I have an intense dislike of the use of the daily press for the discussion of such subjects. I purposely refrain from trying in such a letter as this to discuss the profound life-giving doctrines involved, but of course I am more than ready to go into the matter with yourself if you desire. Your open-letter forces me, however, reluctantly, to some reply. Formally, publicly you invite me 'to consider what steps can be taken to help those of us who are giving of our best to fit the Church to be in the future a spiritual guide of an educated nation.'

"It is a large and difficult matter, needing time and care, but I can say at once that in my judgment one of the first steps is to secure scrupulous use of the most careful language possible in dealing with doctrinal matters of deep solemnity affecting the devotional thoughts and prayers of Christian people. That duty, obligatory upon all Christian teachers, is peculiarly incumbent upon bishops who have to weigh the effect of our words upon all sections of the great body to whom we desire to be fathers in God

"While, as you have truly said, 'smooth unctuous platitudes' are not enough, yet in all the range of our duties there is none called for more clearly than the exercise of tender, fatherly carefulness in word and act. In your open letter you assure me of what you have been doing lately and have been denounced for doing 'as a bishop to uphold traditional sacramental doctrine' and to affirm, as we all affirm, that 'the doctrine of transubstantiation is untrue.'

"Do not suppose me to be unmindful of our duty to stem whatever trend there is in that way. But when I turn to your Birmingham sermon which aroused this criticism I find the statement you make to me fails to describe fairly what you there said. In your natural legitimate desire to denounce the few in the Church of England who hold or teach transubstantiation you were led to speak of the Holy Communion in a way which—quite reasonably I think—gave real offence to a great body of churchmen and women, not the least of those who are able to give scholarly as well as reiterant consideration to the sacramental doctrine which our Church upholds.

"I do not believe you had any intention of wounding the souls of honest, faithful English churchmen but you ignore or belittle the position of teaching those within our Church who stand with such English bishops as Andrews of Ken or Wilson or in our own day Edward King or Charles Gore.

"Your words seem to me capable of being so interpreted as to include in reprobation or almost in contempt the position of the great mass of churchmen who would associate themselves with the teaching of such leaders as say, my own great masters, Bishop Lightfoot or Bishop Westcott, or who have caught the devotional spirit of Charles Wesley's hymns. I prefer to think if you read your Birmingham sermon in the light of such criticisms as your letter has drawn from me, you will feel that what I have said is not unfair.

"When I read your words about the grace of Our Saviour's presence being in the whole act of worship they leave me wondering whether, if you were to consider what are their implications, you would not find further cause to modify the width and scope of your negative and destructive statements. We all have been impressed in these recent months by the self-restraint and consideration for others shown by many clergy and laity foremost in our prayer-book discussions. To the larger tasks which lie beyond these discussions we bishops must lead the way. But we shall lead only if we talk 'with all lowliness and meekness and long suffering,' being diligent to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

Edward King, referred to in the Archbishop's statement, was Bishop of Lincoln, who died 18 years ago and who many years previously had been tried and imprisoned for certain acts of ceremonial then deemed illegal. Nobody, however, ever doubted his saintliness and personality.

Bishop Gore is still preaching and holding to evolution in much the same way as Bishop Barnes. Singularly enough, Bishop Gore last year preached a series of sermons in St. Paul's Cathedral on this very subject which, though receiving the widest attention, aroused no acute controversy. Bishop Gore, however, would probably take a strong objection to Bishop Barnes' sacramental views.

**Bishop Barnes' Letter**

"No man shall drive me to Tennessee or to Rome," declared the Right Rev. E. W. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, in the open letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, defining his present theological position, which was sensationally challenged by a public protest in St. Paul's Cathedral a week ago Sunday.

"A new era has apparently opened," Bishop Barnes says, "by that demonstration, when a bishop of the Church of England who upholds its traditional sacramental doctrine is, for that reason, exposed to public attack by those who ignore what is seemly in public worship."

The Bishop of Birmingham in his letter to the Primate of England apparently seeks to identify himself with the Protestant or Low Church movement in the Church of England and to couple the demonstrators with the Anglo-Catholic or High Church section. It is questionable, however, whether this covers the whole issue, which, broadly speaking, is rather a continuation of the conflict between fundamentalism and modernism.

Another by-product of the incident in St. Paul's has been an interchange of acidly worded epistles between Dean W. R. Inge, of the Cathedral where Bishop Barnes preached his sermon, and where the hostile demonstration occurred, and Canon Bullock-Webster, the leader of the demonstrators.

"Since you have had the impertinence to write me in connection with what occurred yesterday," wrote Dean Inge to the Canon, "I must reply that until I receive from you a full and proper apology to the Dean and Chapter for your scandalous and disgraceful behavior in brawling in the Cathedral I must refuse to have any communication with you whatsoever."

To this Canon Bullock-Webster replies in equally full-blooded language: "Before I could entertain the idea of an apology to the Dean and Chapter I should be constrained to ask you to give a full and public expression of your regret for outraging the feelings of thousands and tens of thousands of devout church-goers by inviting to preach in our Cathedral one who avails himself of constant opportunities to defame the holy sacrament of the Church which we count to be the very life of our souls."

Bishop Barnes in his letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury explains that his attitude during the past dozen years toward evolution has been created by modern knowledge, and being faced by a wistful agnosticism he began to preach sermons setting forth clearly his own beliefs and doubts.

"The principal cause of the outburst appears to be the statement, which I now reaffirm that the doctrine of transubstantiation is untrue. As every student of comparative religion knows, it has affinities with magico-religious beliefs of a lower cultural level than that of our present civilization," He says.

"No protest must hinder me as a bishop, and, indeed, as a Christian, from upholding religious truth. No man shall drive me to Tennessee or to Rome. It is vital to the welfare of the English religion that officers of the church should fear neither to welcome new knowledge nor to maintain all that is sound in the ancient doctrine.

"The standard of education is slowly rising. I invite Your Grace to consider what steps can be taken to help those of us who are giving of our best to fit the church to be the future spiritual guide of an educated nation."

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**BRITISH GET CONCESSION**

A concession for reclaiming the vast mineral resources of the Dead Sea has been awarded a British syndicate, and the American and Continental tenders have been definitely rejected. This action follows many months of negotiations between the concession seekers, the Colonial Office and the Palestine and Transjordania governments.

The London Sunday Times says: "Thus ends the prolonged struggle of powerful interests, British, American and European, for the most coveted prize in the way of development concessions which has been competed for in modern times."

The syndicate which has secured the concession will be a subsidiary company of the Imperial Chemical Industries Limited a great chemical combine with a capital of $356,000,000, including the Mond interests.

Expert examination, according to the Times, has shown that the Dead Sea is a practically inexhaustible source of potash, and that its exploitation will probably be the making of Palestine.

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King George, on October 19, appointed Ronald McNeill, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, to be Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in the Cabinet. He will succeed Viscount Cecil, who resigned recently because of dissatisfaction with the Government's League of Nations and disarmament policies.

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The French Cabinet has agreed upon the nomination of Dovgaleski, Soviet ambassador to Japan as the new ambassador to France. He will replace Christian Rakowski who was recalled upon the insistance of France because of alleged Communistic activities.

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Hon. Charles Stewart, Minister of the Interior, who, with Senator Dandurand, represented Canada at the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva, returned home on Saturday.

## More Conciliatory

### Americans Have Withdrawn Their Demands on France for Immediate Tariff Reduction.

That the United States in its last note to France on the tariff controversy modified its earlier position, in that it no longer asks a temporary return of French duties on all American products to the minimum, was revealed last week. The note of October 8, it was indicated, expressed a willingness on the part of the United States, pending negotiations for a permanent most favored nation commercial treaty with France, to overlook temporarily the French tariff discriminations on American goods existing prior to the new law of September 6, by which maximum duties were imposed in a number of cases.

The note insisted that France discontinue the new and additional discriminations which became effective September 6 as a condition of negotiating for a permanent treaty.

This position contrasts sharply with that taken earlier by the State Department and expressed in its note of September 20, when it asked for a blanket suspension of the French "manifest discrimination against American products" during a period of treaty negotiations as a condition to the resumption of the consideration of the commercial pact. It is interpreted as a conciliatory move.

The American note of October 8 was replied to by France in a communication received at the American State Department two weeks ago, which was unsatisfactory, because of conditions attached to reduction temporarily of duties on American products.

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**FIRST NEW FORD OUT**

The first new-type Ford car was officially turned out of the assembly line at the Fordson plant of the Ford Motor Company Thursday afternoon in the presence of Henry and Edsel Ford and other officials of the company.

After it had become a finished product, with a body, it was taken to the office of the company in Dearborn, where it was placed beside the fifteen-millionth Model T, which officially ended the production of the long line of ancestors of the famous flivver family.

The new Ford no more resembles the car formerly turned out by the company than a graceful porpoise resembles a whale. It is a smart-looking automobile, low and rakish, and is thoroughly up to the minute in appearance. It can make fifty miles an hour easily and sixty, if pressed.

## British Liberals Issue Manifesto

British initiative to insure effective disarmament and make complete suppression of war the dominant policy of every country was demanded in a manifesto issued October 19, by the British Liberal party, of which former Premier Lloyd George is chief. The manifesto demanded specifically that Britain not only repudiate any idea of naval competition with the United States, but reduce her own armaments, "which are beyond the needs of the present situation."

The manifesto reads as follows: "We hold that the complete suppression of war as a means of settling disputes between the nations should be the dominant policy of every country.

"We consider the immediate stringent limitation and reduction of armaments is essential; because the possession of great armaments has always been an incentive to war; because the Allies undertook the Treaty of Versailles that German disarmament would be followed by a general measure of disarmament; because a drastic reduction in the military expenditure is the principal means whereby the heavy burden of taxation which is pressing on our own and other peoples will be lightened.

"We are whole-heartedly in support of the League of Nations as being undoubtedly the best method whereby Britain can hope to achieve these ends. We regard the interests of the Dominions and India in these matters as identical with our own, and do not admit that any conflict will arise between loyalty to Britain in our own Commonwealth and her loyalty to the League of Nations.

"Immediate measures which, in our view, it is the duty of the British Government to make are:

"First: Sign an undertaking framed by the League to refer all international disputes of a legal character to the League's Court of Justice at The Hague.

"Second: Enter into general or particular treaties of arbitration.

"Third: Reduce our own existing armaments, which are beyond the needs of the present situation, and repudiate any idea of naval competition with the United States.

"Fourth: Press forward the contemplated codifying and defining of the principles of international law—we concur in the principles of the Locarno Treaty fully and accept the special and possibly onerous obligations it involves.

"If we cannot agree with those who wish to make such obligations general and cannot favor any commitment to the armed forces of this country in remote quarrels which the League might not be able to compose, we reaffirm our unqualified support of the provisions of the original covenant of the League in the letter and the spirit. Powerful sanction and support of League decisions therein are included, although a further definition is possible, and desirable. In the main those sanctions should be effective in their purpose.

"The increase in economic warfare which has been manifest in Europe since the Armistice is deeply injurious to the material well-being of peoples, and an increasingly dangerous obstacle to the spirit of goodwill and mutual forbearance, whereon the maintenance of peace will ultimately rest.

"We earnestly support the unanimous resolution passed by representatives of 47 nations, including the principal countries of the world, at the recent Economic Conference—'That the time has come to put an end to increases in tariffs and to move in opposite directions.' "

The manifesto concludes with the allegation that the Government failed to retain the world lead toward a more rational and more moral civilization. The manifesto is signed by Sir Charles Hobhouse president of the National Liberal Federation, Mrs. Corbett Ashby, president of the Women's National Liberal Federation, F. Kingsley Griffiths, president of the National League of Young Liberals.

It is stated that Lloyd George and Viscount Grey did not sign because they are speaking shortly at non-party meetings of the League of Nations Union.

# Resist Annexation to Canada

## Mayor of Chicago Embarks on Campaign Against "King George's Stool Pigeons" in His City.

Mayor Thompson of Chicago is busy training his big guns on "King George's stool pigeons" who are trying to undermine the liberties of America.

"My pre-election pledge is a sacred thing to me," wrote the mayor. "I will not rest until I've purged this entire city of the poison that's being injected into the heart of American youth to eulogize England at the expense of their own country."

Mayor Thompson insists that there is a well-defined movement on foot in the British Empire to annex the United States to Canada and that he is the only public man in the U.S.A. with vision enough to see the deadly peril in which his country is situated.

Charges that George Locke, of Toronto, until recently president of the American Library Association, was England's wartime director of propaganda in the United States and that the association had been moulding the literary habits of the United States while acting as an agency of propaganda distribution, were made by Frederick Bausman, former Supreme Court Justice of the State of Washington, and a supporter of Thompson.

The testimony was given at the Board of Education trial of Wm. McAndrew, suspended superintendent of schools in echoing Mayor Thompson's campaign slogans, "America first," and "Down with King George."

His testimony, aimed originally to show that Mr. McAndrew was fostering pro-British teaching in the Chicago schools, was augmented to lend substance to Mayor Thompson's charges that a carefully directed propaganda, favorable to England and unfavorable to the United States, is being carried on throughout the entire nation. Bausman dealt almost entirely with the nation-wide propaganda he said exists. At one point in the hearing he volunteered the statement that he knew nothing "about our local school books."

Mr. Bausman said that the Cecil Rhodes Trust Fund has as one of its objects the return of the United States to the British crown, and that this is the apparent origin of the overseas propaganda.

The United States, "influenced by British propaganda," gave up supremacy of the seas," Mr. Bausman said, "because it was foolish enough to sink part of the navy at England's suggestion."

The witness said that American colonies in England and France are "toadying to France and England," and that every member of the English-Speaking Union favors debt cancellation.

"The American Library Association propaganda is not a nebulous thing," said Mr. Bausman. "It is the deliberate work of human minds, aided by financiers of England who seek, first, the full cancellation of England's war debt to the United States, and second, the placing of the Union Jack wherever now flies the Stars and Stripes."

Social climbers in the United States with marriageable daughters have "sickeningly aided England's case," the witness said. "England maintains in New York, an English bureau of information which sends out an amazing amount of literature, all political," Mr. Bausman testified.

England fears that if America gets to know England was a guilty party in the causes for the World War, Americans no longer will fawn at her feet as some do.

"Only one newspaper in England, the London Spectator, deals fairly with us. All the rest hold us in lowest contempt."

Even the late Queen Victoria is coming in for suspicion. The searchers for the finger prints of "King George" made the discovery that Queen Victoria of England was one of the founders of the present library.

When Chicago was in ruins from the big fire of 1871, with its library turned to dust, not only did the people of London contribute money to help re-establish the city, but Queen Victoria herself led a movement which resulted in the re-establishment of the library. Seven thousand volumes were sent to Chicago by English contributors. About 100 of these volumes are still on the shelves of the library.

Queen Victoria took her pen in hand and wrote on one volume she gave to Chicago:

"Presented to the City of Chicago toward the formation of a public library after the fire of 1871 as a mark of English sympathy, by Her Majesty Queen Victoria."

### NEW DUTY ON U. S. CARS

Representatives of the American automobile industry have learned with considerable alarm that the Government of Switzerland had increased duties on American-made motor cars 100 to 200 per cent., effective November 1.

The seriousness of the news lies in the fact that American manufacturers now supply nearly 40 per cent. of all motor cars sold each year in Switzerland, sales the first six months of this year being greater than those for the entire twelve months last year.

Coming so soon after the impressive showing America made at the Paris International Motor Salon and disclosure that the United States will sell one hundred thousand cars in Europe in 1927, the action of the Swiss authorities naturally gave rise to the question whether this was the beginning of an attempt on the part of European countries to forestall American invasion of these markets.

In well-informed quarters, however, it was explained that the Swiss Government was prompted solely by the pressing necessity of raising more state funds. Duties collected on imports constitute the chief source of income in Switzerland, it was pointed out, and with the failure of railway returns to come up to expectations, the Berne Government was forced to look around for some immediate method of meeting the deficit.

An air mail line between Newfoundland and the United States which would be used primarily to speed mail from ocean liners is to be established within a year, it was made known by J. R. Nugent, representative of the United Aircraft Transportation Company. Nugent is in Harbor Grace seeking a field for commercial aviation purposes.

He said his company proposes to operate the air line out of Harbor Grace. Mail from steamers off the Newfoundland coast would be brought here by fast motor vessels, transferred to planes and taken to the United States, according to the company's plans.

# Final Payment

## Wheat Pool Paid Over Nineteen Million Dollars to Farmers Last Week.

A final payment of more than nineteen million dollars on the 1926 crop of pool wheat was announced October 19 by A. J. McPhail president of the Canadian Wheat Pool.

Of the amount, the Saskatchewan Pool members receive $12,929,207, Alberta members $4,198,587 and Manitoba $2,085,575.

The total payment made by the central selling agency to the three provincial pools, represents the net balance after deducting all marketing costs incurred by the central selling agency, such as storage, interest charges and administrative expenses from the proceeds of the 1926 crop.

As in previous years the spreads between grades have been adjusted in the final payments which reflect the actual price secured for the various grades. The final payments make the total price on the principal grades as follows: No. 1 Northern $1.42; No. 1 Durum, $1.45; No. 2 Northern, $1.37¾; No. 3 Northern, $1.31; No. 4, $1.21½; No. 5, $1.09; No. 6, 97½.

Mr. McPhail stated that the carrying charges and operating expense of the provincial pools are deducted from the final payment. In addition the provincial pools made deductions for the commercial and elevator reserves, which are credited to the individual members.

The administrative expenses of the central selling agency for the crop year of 1926-27, according to Mr. McPhail, were covered by a deduction of less than a fifth of a cent a bushel. The distribution of more than $19,000,000, brings the grand total paid by the pools since the Alberta Pool was formed in 1923 to more than $674,000,000.

*"What impresses us first about these men whom we call the Fathers of Confederation is their simple and modest greatness. I think it is no exaggeration to say that in all the Councils of our Empire that have ever met to discuss Empire problems no council has equalled that of the Confederation Fathers for keen and practical mentality, for sagacity, and judgment and self-effacement and idealistic vision. They stand apart as a group of British statesmen." — Sir Arthur Currie.*

### DIRIGIBLE TO VISIT OTTAWA

The giant United States dirigible Los Angeles, with Sir Philip Sassoon, British Under-Secretary of State for Air, accompanied by a number of British and American officers on board, is to visit the capital on October 29. According to announcement from the Department of National Defence, the airship will take off from Lakehurst Field, New Jersey, at 8 a.m. on October 29, arriving over Ottawa between 3 and 4 o'clock that afternoon. A stop of about one hour is to be made there.

The trans-Atlantic flight of the dirigible was made in October of 1924 from Friedrichschafen, Germany, to Lakehurst, N.J., and was a pioneer flight for this class of airship. The over-all length of the ship is 735 feet and the diameter 91 feet, with a gas capacity of 2,470,000 cubic feet. It has five separate power gondolas, providing a total horsepower of 2,000 units. It has a maximum speed of 80 miles per hour, and is capable of 110 hours' flying, or a distance of nearly 8,000 miles.

Intelligent leadership is the need of the hour in Canada and it can only be developed by proper training in the school and in the home, declared J. G. Elliott, of Kingston, past president of the Ontario Educational Association, in an address at the School Trustees' Convention.

FRENCH SARCASM

"But I've done nothing."
"You shouted 'Long Live Italy' when The Duce, Mussolini, was passing."
—L'Oeuvre, Paris.

# Aviator Missing

## Count de Lesseps, First Canadian to Fly, Lost Over St. Lawrence.

Count de Lesseps, son of the late Count de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame and one of the members of the French aristocracy, his son, and a Russian pilot named Chinchincoff, who left Gaspe by hydroplane on October 18 for a seventy-five mile journey to Val Brillant have been missing since. Wings of a hydroplane, later identified as part of the machine they were in, was found on the beach at Sandy Bay.

According to the information on hand Count de Lesseps, who has been engaged in air surveying and mapping operations for the account of the Compagnie Franco-Aerienne, and had his headquarters at Gaspe, where he had spent the summer with his two sons, left at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. He was ordered to proceed to Val Brillant, where the company has its station. Before his departure he was instructed not to leave in view of the fog which at that time was very dense. It is stated that fine weather was in sight, and that he felt he could easily make the short trip. Count de Lesseps and his pilot, Chinchincoff, decided to proceed. The last heard of them, according to Signal Service estimation was two hours later when the noise of a hydroplane motor was heard over the river by some ships, which were at anchor due to the thick fog.

Count de Lesseps was well known in Canada as one of the pioneers in operating a plane in this country. With other fliers he took part, about 18 years ago, in the first airplane exhibitions ever held at Montreal and Toronto and accomplished the first flights ever made over these cities.

# Form New Union

## Dr. Shields' Followers Organize Convention of Regular Baptists.

A sequel to the exclusion of Jarvis Street Baptist Church from the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec took place at the convention of "regular" Baptists last week when all supporters of Dr. T. T. Shields, pastor of the excluded church, unanimously decided that they will be known as "the union of regular Baptist churches of Ontario and Quebec." A tentative constitution was adopted for carrying on the work of the organization during the coming year. Amendments suggested by members will be considered by the executive committee who will formulate a constitution for presentation to the convention to be held within a year.

Two hundred delegates representing 74 churches were present, including a number of young women. Although these churches were represented it was not definitely ascertained that they were all committed to the new convention.

One hundred registered at Jarvis Street Church for the conference. They signed the following pledge: "The undersigned, accepting the statement of faith of the regular Baptist Missionary and Educational Society, and being full of sympathy with its work and objects, and being opposed to the action of the convention of Ontario and Quebec in its endorsation of McMaster's Modernism, and its adoption of an amendment to its constitution enabling it to silence the Evangelical testimony, I approve of the formation of the convention of regular Baptists, and desire to be enrolled as a delegate."

Rev. John G. O'Connor, of Hamilton, outlined to the gathering the reasons for need of a new society. "It is a question of truth," he said. "We cannot stand in error. That is the fundamental reason for organizing here. There has been honey-combing and blighting of the denomination." He characterized Professor Marshall's introduction to McMaster University as "a blight."

After some more criticism of the teaching at McMaster, Rev. Mr. O'Connor declared: "We must propagate the truth and we must have a fellowship. We have it here. I move that we form a new organization."

The motion was seconded by Rev. F. Dyson, Essex. He remarked that the possibility of "this convention going like the other one" could be left to the grace of God.

The representatives of churches outside the city come from Shenstone Memorial Church and Park Church, Brantford; Calvary, Ottawa; Memorial Church, Stratford; Collier Street, Barrie; South Woodslee, Windsor; Quebec Church, Thurso; Essex, Orangeville; Talbot Street, Wortley Road and Hope Churches, London; Bayview, Emmanuel and Hewson Street Churches, Hamilton; Gladstone, Stotch Line; Bobcaygeon, Whitevale; Hespeler, Courtland; North Nation Mills; Tiverton; South Woodslee; Boston; Maple Grove; Parry Sound; Timmins; Dalesville; Montreal Bilingual Church; Kenora; Regular Baptist Mission, Guelph; Westover; Flamboro Centre; Jerseyville; Shedden, Iona Station; Fingall; Buckingham; Cannington; Springfield; Alton; Bremner; Oxford Street Church, Woodstock; Sunderland; Fenelon Falls.

# Prohibition Coming in Germany

## Dr. Otto Melle, of Frankfurt, Told Convention of the Progress of Temperance Reform in His Country.

Declaration that temperance reform in Germany was not as unlikely as the outside world seemed to imagine, was made by Dr. F. H. Otto Melle, head of the Theological College of Frankfurt on the Main, and leader of Germany's temperance forces and youth movement, at a public mass meeting in St. James United Church under the auspices of the Quebec League Against Alcoholism.

Dr. Melle spoke of the wonderful spirit of Christian love which prevailed at the Congress of the World League Against Alcoholism, held at Winona Lake in August.

Dr. Melle said wherever he went outside Germany, people seemed to have the opinion that Germany would be the last country in the world to accept any temperance reform measures. Germany seemed to be looked upon as the "land of beer," he added.

He agreed that possibly Germany was the hardest country in the world for temperance workers, but he was sanguine that eventually some measure of temperance reform would be adopted in the country. There was a general impression in his own land and abroad that the old Germans were heavy drinkers. This was not the case, he declared. He had delved into historical records and discovered that 2,000 years ago a prohibiton law had existed in Germany. Caesar was his authority for the statement, he said, and if that was correct then he had hopes that some of the old traditions of his country would be revived.

A large group of young Germans had made a great bonfire into which they had thrown amongst other things a great beer glass as a symbol of the bad old times, an outworn custom—"symbol of a past and effete age."

Dr. Melle had been asked to edit a temperance paper for the youth of Germany. He consented to do so if he might write just what he thought best. His first number was a call to the people of Germany to sign a petition to the Government for Local Option. Within a week he received nearly half a million signatures, besides letters from numerous societies and individuals begging to have some part in the campaign for signatures. When these societies were all organized for this special work they succeeded in getting over two million more signatures. When Dr. Melle first went to the Reichstag to see politicians about this work he was met with the answer that no doubt Local Option would be a very fine thing for Germany, but it could never be attained because it was impossible to get the people interested in it. After the campaign the same politician told him that no one could even drink a glass of beer in peace without some one running up to ask him what he thought of Local Option. The papers were full of it, articles for and against.

He was not sure just what measure would prove to be the best solution for the liquor question in Germany, but he believed that Local Option would offer a partial solution.

The movement for Local Option had gained its inception some three years ago when the country was in a state of starvation. In those dark days when children, his own three children too, were crying aloud for food, the government still allowed barley and potatoes to be wasted in the manufacture of whiskey and beer, Dr. Melle declared.

In closing, Dr. Melle told how his life had been greatly influenced by the life and work of David Livingstone, and in relation to the liquor traffic quoted Livingstone's benediction on Christian, Turk, or heathen who would help to heal the open sore of slavery.

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An official Fascist party bulletin said on Thursday that "resumption of temporal power by the Pope, even in reduced form, will not be entertained by Fascist Italy." The bulletin came at a time when well informed people were speculating on the possibility of an early settlement of the Pope's status on the basis that he might be given sole sovereignty over Vatican property in Rome. The proclamation caused great excitement here. It led to fear that negotiations of a settlement between the government and the Vatican might be complicated gravely.

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American alcohol is being shipped into Canada by the bootleg route and returned to this country as "real" Canadian whiskey, it was revealed with the arrest of two men with a carload of alcohol. The men said the alcohol was destined to come back to the United States to sell as "Canadian stuff."

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The Windsor City Council's request for immediate dismissal of Police Chief Daniel Thompson was rejected at a closed session of the police commission and the following explanation of this action was handed to the press by County Judge Coughlin. "We do not think it expedient that the suggestion of the city council should be acted on during the pendency of the investigation in which we are now engaged."

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British air experts, occupied in research work for the improvement of air navigation, have produced a new air safety airplane which will make tail spins impossible. This is the menace which has always confronted the pilot whose machine stalls in mid-air. The new invention, which is described as the greatest advance in air safety since 'planes were first used, consists of a small slot projecting over each wing which operates automatically whenever the engine stops.

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Two airplanes, three marine officers and a draft of marine and naval enlisted men have been ordered to Corinto, Nicaragua, it was announced by officials at North Island, U. S. The Navy Department does not contemplate withdrawing any marine forces from Nicaragua for several months, it was said. From time to time more marines, including fliers and airplanes, will be sent south for duty.

*What did party matter . . .? There were splendid men in all parties; the thing was, whatever your party might be, to keep it loyal to the imperilled common cause of human decency.—From "Rough Justice," by C. E. Montague.*

# Are Women Persons?

## Canadian Supreme Court May Have Vexed Question to Settle.

All the legal talent in the Department of Justice—the best brains and keenest minds on Parliament Hill—have failed to answer the question, "Are women persons?" Some say "persons," within the meaning of the British North America Act, refers only to male persons. Others would be in favor of including the "superior sex." There is so much doubt about it, however, that it is to be referred to the Supreme Court for a pronouncement. Upon the answer of the distinguished jurists depends the right of Canadian women to sit in the Senate. The question submitted to the court is: "Within the meaning of the British North America Act is a woman a 'pereon' and thus eligible for appointment to the Senate?"

There is only one woman in the Canadian Parliament and she sits in the House of Commons. When women were given the franchise it seems that several statutes had to be revised to make it clear that the female of the species was a person as well as the mere male. Nothing was done, however, about the Senate and as the Upper House is governed by the British North America Act, the act cannot be changed without the consent of the British Parliament.

If the Supreme Court of Canada decides women are "persons," the problem is simplified. If not, the Mother of Parliaments may have to be appealed to.

According to the New Standard Dictionary a person is a human being as including body and mind, a man, woman or child, an individual and rational being. In law, a person is defined as any human being, corporation or body politic having legal rights and duties.

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The well-known Czech composer, E. F. Burian, has prezented a complete church musical service with jazz instruments. The audience approved the innovation by demanding several encores and there are now predictions that jazz requiems may form a regular part of the funeral services of those opposed to the present doleful music.

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A resolution imposing a one-third ad valorem tariff on imported Rosary beads for the next five years was adopted by the Dail Eireann on motion of the Minister of Finance. A tariff of three pence (six cents) a pound also was imposed on margarine. The Republican deputies welcomed the tariffs and urged others.

# Approves Choice

## Montreal Prohibition Leader Glad New Head is a Prohibitionist.

Mrs. John Scott, well-known Montreal prohibition worker, who was one of the delegates to the recent Winnipeg Conservative convention, stated in the course of addressing the meeting, when she was discussing her trip to the convention:

"I was worried all summer that a 'wet' might be elected. I prayed all along that that man would not be chosen. The Lord has ways of answering us that we never dream of. You never saw anything like it. This man on whom the leadership was apparently almost to be forced—my how he was turned down. You didn't read it all in the newspapers. He was hissed and booed and cat-called and told to sit down. From being acclaimed as being the one man for the leadership he was actually discredited. I also prayed that the right man might be chosen. And what have we got?—a prohibitionist!" (Loud applause.))

Mrs. Scott said she had visited the Pacific Coast states and provinces while on her trip. No liquor was sold on trains or boats on which she traveled. She said that drunken automobile drivers in the State of Washington frequently were fined $1,000 and given six months in jail besides. She advocated the same severity for this province, and was roundly applauded by her audience.

While visiting the States of Washington, Oregon and California, she investigated the frequent reports of the drinking of bootleg liquor by the young people. "I have come to the conclusion there is little or no truth in those stories," she submitted.

Mrs. Scott concluded by advising her associates in the temperance movement to stand firm and press on with confidence to the achievement of their aims.

Rev. W. T. Halpenny discussed the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church to temperance in Quebec Province at the afternoon session of the convention. He had found that the Church regarded government control of liquor sales as a lesser evil than either prohibition or sale by licence. Its policy, therefore, was to seek continual improvement in the administration of the present law, at the same time conducting an educational campaign upon the evils of alcoholism.

Dr. L. A. Chabot, inspector for Montreal of the Quebec Bureau of Health and Alcohol, told the assembly that, with the help of the Rockefeller Foundation, the Bureau had conducted an educational campaign throughout the province, by means of illustrated lectures, circulars, and booklets, upon the dangers of alcoholism.

Rev. Rural Dean W. Sanders gave his impressions of the Congress of the World's League Against Alcoholism at Winona, Ind., last August.

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A doe deer with five point antlers was shot some miles from Taymouth, York County, N. B. The doe had her horns "in the velvet." It is unusual for a female of the deer to carry antlers. This is only the second authenticated case in Canada.

**LEADERS OF QUEBEC LEAGUE AGAINST ALCOHOLISM**

Here are some of the leaders of the Quebec League Against Alcoholism, which held its first annual meeting in St. James United Church, Montreal, last week. From left to right, they are: Mr. J. H. Carson; Mrs. T. Ludington; Mrs. R. W. McLachlan, Secretary; Dr. W. D. Reid, President; Rev. Rural Dean W. Saunders, First Vice-President; Dr. F. H. Otto Melle, Frankfurt, Germany, founder of the German Youth Movement; Rev. Thomas Marshall; Mrs. H. P. Hatch, and Dr. E. I. Hart, General Secretary.

# One Drink Leads to Another

## First the Man Takes a Drink; Then the Drink Takes a Drink; Then the Drink Takes the Man.

Adding small dose to small dose is the only manner in which a sane man can prepare himself to be a drunkard. One must pave the road to drunkenness with mild drinks. One must cheat Nature by modest advances, seemingly harmless, of perfumed wines and mild-faced beer. Every drunkard has begun with wine and beer; never in a normal man did Nature primarily accept alcohol save in its most veiled and delicate disguises.—Vance Thompson, in "Drink and Be Sober.

Why does one drink, anyhow? is a natural question when one has learned these facts about the narcotic drug, alcohol, which all alcoholic drinks contain.

One answer, of course, is, that most old drinkers did not know these facts. Many of the facts have only been discovered within the past generation or two, and it takes a long time for such facts to uproot the prejudices of generations in favor of alcohol which its deceptive narcotic effects fostered.

Physicians have made many inquiries of patients whom they were treating for drunkenness or chronic alcoholic poisoning. They learned that in the majority of cases the drink habit was begun in drinking companies and for the sake of being sociable. The drinker seldom had had at first any real liking for the drink or for its effects.

Under the pressure of social customs which leads to the repetition of drinking, after a time the drinker begins to notice a pleasant feeling following the drink. Perhaps he feels more at ease more gay; thinks he talks more entertainingly; if he is a worker, he may think he does his work with less effort, or that after his beer he is rested—in all of which he is deceived.

The deception comes from the dulling of the nerve centres by alcohol, as has already been explained. It is both a deceptive and an alluring effect because it makes the drinker think he feels better, when really he is being poisoned or drugged.

Unless he knows the true nature of this deceptive feeling, he is likely to drink again to get it. Little by little he increases the amount he consumes. Why he does this will be explained in the next section. Beverages that do not produce the drug effect do not then satisfy him; he complains that they lack "kick." This objection shows that the drinker is in danger. It shows that what he wants is not a palatable, refreshing drink, but alcohol. He is not satisfied with a mild beer, even with such as the so-called "2.75 per cent beer," because, he complains, it lacks "kick." This means that it is not beer, but the alcohol that he wants. When any drinker reaches that stage, he is in danger of addiction to alcohol in the same sense that the opium user is addicted to opium when he is uncomfortable without it. The desire for the drug effect grows stronger as the drugged brain becomes less able to control the desire.

This is the way addiction to alcohol grows in thousands of drinkers. No one knows in advance whether the drug will enslave him. He finds out only by taking a chance; and when he finds out, it is often too late to break off without a terrific struggle. Some drinkers never do succeed in stopping.

There is a very familar old saying credited to the Japanese, that first the man takes a drink; then the drink takes a drink; then the drink takes the man. Like many another popular observation science now explains it.

Everybody knows that the habitual opium user can take without apparent injury doses of the drug that would be fatal to a non-user. This does not mean that he is not harmed by the drug. In all probability, his digestion is disordered, and his body under-nourished; but his nervous system has gradually acquired power to resist doses which at first would have over-powered it and might have proved fatal.

In a similar way, the nervous system acquires ability to resist the narcotic effect of doses of alcohol which, taken all at once for the first time, would have overpowered it and caused drunkenness. But again this does not mean that the alcohol is not meanwhile injuring the user.

Here is what happens. The drinker of frequent small amounts of alcohol in alcoholic liquors, beer, wine, or cider, thinks they make him feel good. That feeling of "well-being" (euphoria is the scientific name for it) is due to the narcotic effect of the alcohol described in the first part of this chapter. The nervous system gradually acquires power to resist the narcotic effect. Then the drinker gradually has to take more and more alcohol to get the feeling of comfort or well-being that he desires; in fact, he is uncomfortable without it. Such a drinker imagines that his gradually increasing amounts do not harm him because they do not make him drunk. In this he is mistaken. The alcohol he is taking into his system is a poison to his cells and tissues. The body gradually changes it into less harmful substances, but the process is a slow one, and as long as any alcohol circulates in the blood, it poisons to some extent the cells to which the blood carries it.

A regular daily drinker who takes an ordinary drink of wine, beer or whisky every few hours during the day keep his tissues constantly in contact with the poison. He becomes a chronic alcoholic, even though he may seldom or never get drunk, and he shows to physicians who understand his case symptoms of chronic alcoholism.—By Cora Frances Stoddard. Copyright 1922 by National W.C.T.U.

### A MUCH-ALIVE CORPSE

When our liquor friends meet they have always something to say about Prohibition. It haunts them like a nightmare, although they invariably declare that it is an "exploded fallacy," a "discredited fad," and consequently does not cause them the slightest uneasiness. Their actions give the lie to their words. They know well enough that the Prohibition Movement, far from being at its last gasp, as they would like the people to believe, is showing signs of very vigorous life. It is a power to be reckoned with in the moral and social world, and is by no means a negligible quantity in the political arena.

Prohibition is today almost a world movement. In almost every country under the sun there is a vigorous Temperance Reform Party hard at work, and meeting with much encouragement. This is specially true of the Empire to which we belong. Wherever the English language is spoken there is a growing conviction that in the interests of civilization and the Kingdom of God the Liquor Traffic must be destroyed. We are already quite a fair way on the road to this much-desired goal. But we must not stop where we are, we must go all the way. God is never content with half-won victories neither must we be content to leave our work half done.—The Patriot, South Australia.

### GROWING IN FAVOR

Rev. Dr. Telfon Richards, of the First Welsh Baptist Church, Scranton, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., in the course of an interview with a representative of the South Wales News, said: "Having regard to the many enemies it had, the wonder was that Prohibition had survived for seven years, and that it was still growing in favor with God and man. Prohibition at its worst was far better than the old system of licensed drink at its best."

### A CHANNEL SWIMMER

On Friday, August 5, Mr. Edward H. Temme, a young athlete of 22, swam from France to England in just under 14 hours and a half. The water was unusually cold for August, and the feat was a great achievement. Mr. Temme is an abstainer and non-smoker.

### PROHIBITION AND EDUCATION

Attendance of all men and women, preparatory, collegiate, resident graduate, and professional students, in the United States has greatly increased since Prohibition, as the following table shows:—

| Year | Total No. of Students |
|---|---|
| 1890 | 173,691 |
| 1900 | 234,284 |
| 1910 | 332,696 |
| 1920 | 521,754 |
| 1922 | 618,555 |
| 1924 | 726,124 |

The increase from 1910 to 1920 was 189,058, or an increase of 18,906 per year. The increase from 1920 to 1924 was 204,370, or an increase of 51,092 per year.—Scottish Temperance Reformer.

### BISHOP M'DOWELL'S DICTUM

A special correspondent of The Methodist Times, in the issue of 11th August, giving an interview with Bishop William Frazer M'Dowell, Washington, says:—"The Bishop is a whole-hearted liege of the Prohibition movement. He declared emphatically that the good it had achieved far outweighed any sediment of evil that its operations had produced. No one expected that a gigantic system like the liquor trade would calmly submit to extinction. The illicit traffic in drink had not yet been destroyed. But the great victory that had been won for the forces of righteousness was this—the business had been pronounced illegal by the nation, and it was being hunted down as an outlaw."—Scottish Temperance Reformer.

*Let the young men and women . . . . dedicate themselves to this great work. They have but to speak and act with the earnestness of adolescence that knows the dreams of good* WILL *come true, and their words and actions will become as the arm of God, strong to save. So shall the words of the Master, who said the young should lead the world, find an interpretation hitherto unrealized.—Guy Hayler.*

# Heredity and Alcohol

It is natural to suppose that children may inherit defects from their parents. This is a fact of every-day experience. Dealing with alcohol in its relation to the children of alcoholics, the medical superintendent of the Lancashire County Lunatic Asylum says:—

It is undeniable that drinking habits in the parents tend to produce in the children a condition of nervous instability, which often culminates in epilepsy and insanity; and every year we have cases admitted in which the sole cause of the insanity has been intemperance in the parents. This is, indeed, one of the saddest aspects of the drink question—the burden which so many people have to carry with them through life, on account of the drinking habits of their progenitors.

Dr. Maudsley, in his book, "Responsibility in Mental Diseases," writes:—

There is a destiny made for man by his ancestors, and no one can elude, were he able to attempt it, the tyranny of his organization.

A graphic and tragic illustration of inherited degeneration is given by Russell in "A Plea for Posterity." Referring to the Jurke family, he gives an appalling record. Frau Jurke was a chronic drunkard, and lived from 1740 to 1800. Of her 834 descendants, 709 were traced; of them:

106 were illegitimate,
142 were beggars,
64 were charges of the State,
181 were prostitutes,
69 were convicted criminals.

and it was estimated that during a period of 75 years they cost the State £250,000.

Le Grum says that of 814 children of alcoholic parents, 322 were degenerates and 174 died young. Of the survivors 17 per cent. were epileptics and 14 per cent. had other nervous weakness. Such analysis of the direct and indirect effects of alcohol convinces one of its tremendous power for evil. . . . To prepare it in palatable and alluring forms adds immeasurably to its danger.

Finally, we would say that alcohol is a poison; that it is almost, if not quite, unnecessary in medical practice; that the human organism is peculiarly susceptible to its influence; that it creates a craving for itself; that at the same time it so weakens the will power that that craving cannot be successfully resisted, so that innumerable people become hopelessly dominated and ultimately destroyed by it, that its harmful effects are transmissible to children; that it profoundly weakens the resistance of the human body to the action of very many diseases; and that it is immeasurably the biggest curse with which the human race has to contend.

Bootleggers tell on each other, they say. With so many blind pigs, it's no wonder there's more or less squealing.—Buffalo News.

"Cigarette smoking first stimulates and then stupifies the nerves. I am often called in to prescribe for boys for palpitation of the heart. In nine cases out of ten this is caused by the cigarette habit. I have seen bright boys turned into dunces and straightforward honest boys made into cowards by cigarette smoking."—Dr. A. C. Clinton of San Francisco.

The enemies of prohibition kept on clamoring for a Congressional hearing at which they were to show the utter futility and failure of the prohibition law, and the immediate necessity for changing it. The U.S. Senate Committee on the Judiciary granted them the longest kind of a hearing which Chairman Means sums up thus:

"It is the opinion of this Committee that the 18th amendment is both morally right and economically wise. It is the duty of every officer—legislative, executive and judicial—to aid in its enforcement. The hearings have strengthened my beliefs."

According to certain scientists, dust and fumes in the air are often the cause of deafness.

# Law-Abiders Only

## American Concern Will not Employ Men Who Infringe Prohibition Law.

Only law-abiding citizens can be used in the enterprises of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in Colorado and Wyoming, the company has advised its 10,000 steel workers, miners, railroaders, clerks and officials in a new proclamation, reports the Christian Science Monitor.

Under the Rockefeller employment plan, the representatives of the employees as well as the management have drawn up the ultimatum which aims to maintain an organization morally clean.

Several years ago the corporation passed a ruling which requires that any employee must surrender his position and permanently relinquish his claim to any other position with the company if convicted of handling liquor in any form.

The company has now announced that it can get along without anyone who violates any law, with special attention being called to:

"Carrying concealed weapons, fighting or attempting bodily injury of another person; drunkenness, bootlegging, habitual use of drugs, conduct which violates the common decency or morality of the community.

"Offering or receiving money or other valuable consideration in exchange for a job, better working place or any advantage in working conditions.

"Stealing or malicious mischief, such as destroying or hiding any property.

"Inhuman abuse of livestock or negligence resulting in their death.

The official statement says further:

"We class as bootleggers all those who manufacture, sell or distribute intoxicants, sell or distribute intoxicants either personally or through agents or members of their own families. Such persons will be discharged on evidence satisfactory to the management without waiting for conviction in the courts.

"Employees who are customers of bootleggers or who visit bootleggers' houses or places of business will be suspended on first offense and discharged upon continuation of the offense."

The company has detailed members of its private police and detective force to enforce the rulings. Company detectives attend sessions of police and other courts and check up on all offenders to report to the management.

Civil authorities report that the industrial mandate has decreased liquor violations in the entire city. Among the persons who deal in illicit liquor there is generally at least one member, it is said, of each family who is employed in the steel mills whose job is threatened by offenders in his family.

Although company officials will make no statement, it is generally known that the liquor regulations have raised the efficiency of the mills and have reduced the number of accidents.

"We have a right to expect," said one official, "that our employees will not do in their off hours what will be detrimental to themselves or the company during working hours."

### MILLIONS SAVED

Arthur Brisbane, the famous American editor, said: "Americans are saving money as never before, and Prohibitionists will find comfort and ammunition in that. Savings bank deposits increased last year (1923) $1,140,000,000—a good deal of money, and that is only a small part of it. Other hundreds of millions were invested in real estate, stocks, bonds, etc. In the world's history there is nothing like the way in which the American people both spend money and save money."

### CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

1—How is physical fitness maintained?
2—Of what assitance is abstinence from all alcoholic liquors?
3—What is the special value of life insurance evidence
4—In a company of typical experience, how many deaths actually occurred out of each 100 expected among young men under 40 years of age in: Abstainers? Moderate drinkers? Regular beer drinkers? Regular spirit drinkers?
5—How much liquor is used by the moderate drinkers? By the regular beer drinkers?
6—What was the conclusion of the insurance experts as to health dangers in the use of alcohol?
7—Why is abstinence an advantage to the healthy young man wishing to take out insurance for the protection of his family?

**The answer to these seven questions will be found in an article entitled "Fitness and Abstinence," which will appear on this page next week.**

MIND BODY **BOYS' PAGE** SOUL SERVICE

## Indian Summer

(Contributed by Lloyd Harper.)

The lover of nature in Canada cannot but admire the beauty of the forests at this time of the year. The full rich coloring of the trees and shrubs, together with the bright sunshine and healthy breezes, constitutes what is commonly known as Indian summer. It is at this period that Canada's glorious maple lends to the surrounding forest lands her glorious shades of red and gold. Surely this noble tree was rightly crowned as the most beautiful, stately and popular of Canadian trees. Worthy is she of the honor of having her leaf selected to be placed in history as Canada's emblem.

There are many quaint legends told regarding the reason this period of the year was called Indian summer. Many of these are without any serious foundation whatever, and may be regarded as only myths. Since it was the Indian harvest time when they cut and gathered their maize and prepared their winter store of food, it seems but natural that this period should be termed Indian summer. This is perhaps one of the few logical reasons why this portion of the year derived its puzzling name.

Among the most beautiful shrubs and trees at the present time the little sumac takes a prominent place. This little tree gives to the forest the beautiful brownish-red color that shows up so brightly beneath the rays of the radiant and golden autumn sun. Thus this usually meagre but sturdy tree makes a prominent contribution to the autumn colors admired so much in Canada today.

Indian summer usually includes Halloween, although sometimes it is nearly over by then. The yellow crisp corn and yellow pumpkins usually are at their best at this time of the year. Ripening nature seems entirely responsible for the beauty of a Canadian Indian summer. The end of a harvest season is brought to a glorious finish by this luxuriant picture of blazing glory.

As Indian summer appears to us, so is life also. Lucky is he who can finish in splendor amid a burst of well-earned applause. Let even the last days of life shine more nobly than those of before, and he will not have lived in vain.

### LET THE SPARKS FLY!

Editor Boys' Page.

Sir,—Have enclosed a little verse which might do for our page, and hope to be in the position to submit a short story for your perusal before long. Where are all our writers? Lapointe, Dair, etc.? Writing while young is a "spark." It seems a pity to let that spark die out, instead of fanning into a flame.

LEONARD G. SELLE.

Crosby, Ont., Oct. 13, 1927.

Note.—Only boys' poetry of exceptional merit will be published on this page in future. We are all waiting for Leonard Selle's story.—Editor, Boys' Page.

### STILL LOYAL TO THE PAGE

The Boys' Editor, Witness.

Sir,—Unavoidably, I missed the Witness of two weeks ago, but I have been told by ones who saw that issue that inquiries were being made about me. As to that, I have been teaching school and finding it a busy job.

*The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out.—Emerson.*

I am keeping up practice in writing and would be pleased to send something in soon. It is indeed a very difficult proposition to write satisfactorily for myself or others. It is not enough to have something to say, but there is a method which one must acquire. Then there is the tedious preparation of the manuscript to meet the requirements of the users of such material; the magazines, papers, publishing firms, etc.

I do hope that if I again appear in print on your page I shall have something interesting and instructive to say, and have it passably well said.

I hope the Witness succeeds in its latest circulation attempt, although I greatly fear the apathy of the people on the matter of an independent press.

W. L. THOMPSON.

Strathmore, Alta., Oct. 14, 1927.

Note.—When does a boy cease to be eligible to write to the Boys' Page? Answer: When he is no longer a boy at heart. Lloyd Thompson's western stories and verses will be well remembered. They will always be welcome on this page. But if he, or any other older boy, would prefer to submit contributions for other departments, they would be just as welcome.—Editor, Boys' Page.

## An Elephant Hunt

### HIDE AND SEEK IN THE JUNGLE

Grown-up persons often enjoy a return to the sports of youth, but when the hider is an unarmed man and the seeker an angry elephant, the pastime consists of something more than fun. An account of such a game is contained in Mr. Kingston's "First Voyage to Southern Seas," and the adventure is the author's own.

Dago and I were working our way to where three elephants lay, when suddenly the native exclaimed:

"Sahib, look dere! look dere! Elephant come!"

I looked round, and saw a huge creature at full charge through the long grass, head high, ears cocked, tail straight out, and uttering unearthly screams. It was impossible for me to escape through the thick grass, which hindered the elephant no more than cobwebs. I foolishly had not loaded my gun after the last shot, so only one barrel was ready. I thought my last moment had come.

On came the beast at a greater speed than I thought possible for an elephant. His trunk was raised, so I could not hope to hit his forehead. When he was within three feet of me I fired full in his face, and sprang to one side. Like a flash of lightning he hit me with his powerful trunk, and hurled me like a golf ball for about twelve yards. Fortunately I struck in the long grass, and although my thigh was hurt severely, I was not stunned.

I scarcely dared stir, but ventured to turn my head enough to look up. I could see where the elephant was by the movement in the grass, which he was beating in evident search for me. I lay still as death; it was my only hope of not being discovered.

Nearer and nearer came the thrashing, and presently a long black trunk waved over the very spot where I was lying. Back and forth it went, to left and right; if it so much as grazed me my fate would have been sealed. But my shot had evidently blinded the beast and destroyed his power of scent.

Round and round he walked, roaring in fury. The circle of his search grew larger. I dared to draw a long breath, but not to move. Farther and farther sounded the footfalls.

Suddenly I heard three rapid shots and a heavy fall. In great pain from my thigh, I managed to get on my feet, and then shouted at the top of my lungs. Dago came rushing up in great joy, for he had thought I was killed. The dead elephant proved to be a monster.

## Catching Wildcats

A wildcat in a zoological park in Denver has an exciting history. When captured, that cat acted as if—but here is the story from the beginning:

Helmar, a young forest ranger from the East, had his first station on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, near Salida, Colorado. One day while he and a tie contractor named Briggs were riding, unarmed, through a piece of timber they jumped a wildcat, which immediately took to a tree.

Helmar turned abruptly to his companion. "Briggs," he said, "if you'll catch him when he drops, I'll climb the tree and knock that cat out."

Briggs thought Helmar was fooling. "If you'll knock him out, I'll hogtie him and pack him home," he replied, laughing.

Helmar dismounted and tied his horse at a safe distance from the tree. Briggs did the same. Armed with a long stick, Helmar shinned up the tree and started out along the limb on which the cat had taken refuge.

Only then did Briggs realize that his companion intended to make good his boast. Not to be outdone, he whipped off his leather coat, got a rope from his saddle and took a position as close as he dared to the spot where the cat should fall.

Helmar crowded the creature back until the branch drooped lower and lower. Then he shook it. The cat fell, but for some reason—perhaps it was fright—instead of on its feet it struck squarely on its back and lay there, stunned.

Briggs rushed forward, enveloped it in the leather coat and bound it round and round with the rope. When the creature revived it was a prisoner.

But Briggs still had to get the cat home to complete his bargain. As it happened, he was riding an old, broken-down pony that he had secured for his two little girls. An attempt to load the cat on the nag's back, however brought youthful fire to his eye and lightness to his step. It was harder to subdue the pony and tie the cat behind the saddle than it had been to capture the beast. Finally the two men succeeded; then they mounted and rode down to the forks of the trail, where they separated, each to go his own way.

Barely had they parted when Briggs's pony went into the air and pitched the rider head first into the brush. Then the pony went bucking and snorting for camp. Helmar, who had heard the racket, came loping back. Riding double, they pursued the runaway pony to the lumber camp.

At the camp there was a horse corral built of logs. It had two gates, one of which, used for feedings, had a cross-bar on it just high enough to prevent the horses from escaping while being fed.

Outside that small gate Helmar and Briggs found the saddle with the cat still securely tied to it. The pony was in the corral. In his fright he had evidently got down on his knees and scraped the saddle from his back as he squeezed under the bar.

The two men made a cage for the cat and moved it to a grocery store in Salida; from there it was soon shipped to Denver. —The Youth's Companion.

### CURIOUS STAMPS: (2) FORMOSA

The history of the stamps of Formosa is a short one; the large, crude native labels of the first issue were to have been superseded by finely engraved stamps obtained from England, but when the engraved stamps arrived in Formosa, they were not used for postage stamps, but as railway tickets. The last phase of Formosa was the abortive effort to establish a Republic in opposition to the cession of the country to Japan; the Black Flag Republic issued quaint stamps struck from a silver die on thin native-made bamboo paper.

Specimens of cactus in the hot Mexican deserts have been known to reach 30ft. or 40ft. in height.

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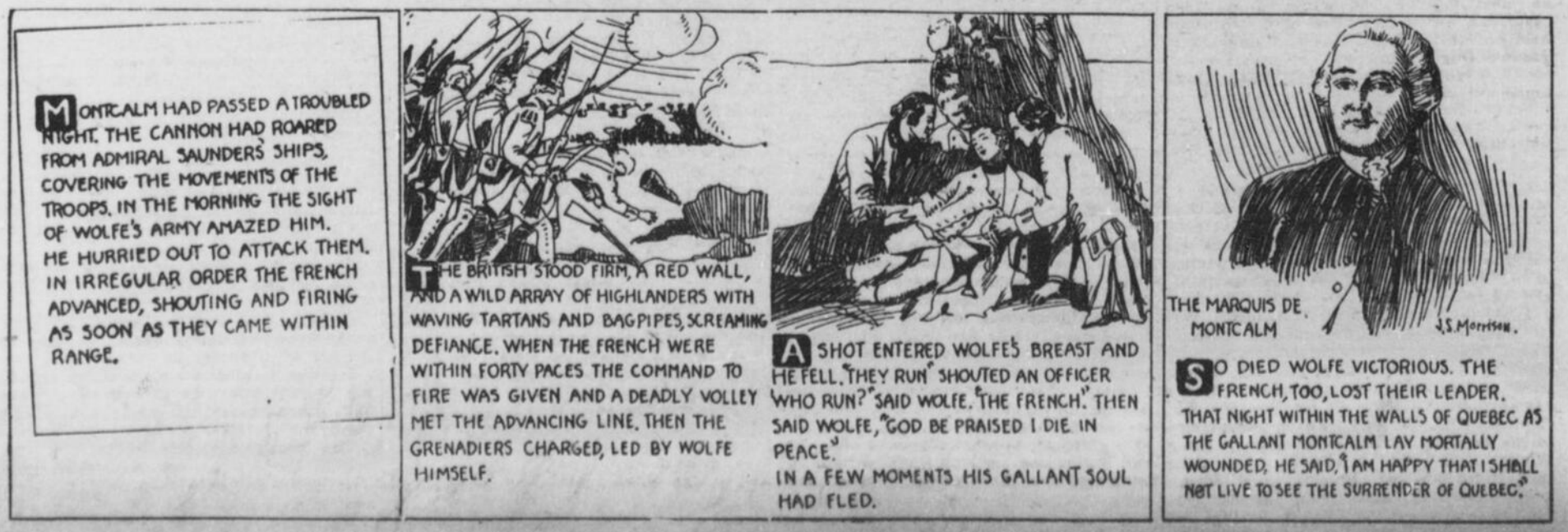
## This Canada of Ours

By J. S. Morrison and Maud Morrison Stone (Copyright).

### THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM



# QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. J. F., Alberta.—Reply to your inquiry is being mailed to you.

F. Mayhew, Ont.—Verses forwarded.

K. H., Ont.—The New England Homestead is an agricultural paper published weekly at Springfield, Massachusetts.

### CIRCULATING LIBRARY

R. H. Richards, Que.—May I ask you to give me information or instructions on handling a small Circulating Library; or direct me to some authority on the subject.

Ans.—To start such a library only needs a little enterprise. In a small village in New Brunswick—a railway settlement where there is no church and only a small school—a meeting was called of those likely to be interested, and each person was asked, if so minded, to bring a good readable volume, preferably of recent publication. There was a gratifying response, and the books formed the first lot for circulation among the contributing members. It was agreed that the books should pass from one to another alphabetically in the order of their surnames, and that no member should retain a book for longer than two weeks. A Secretary was appointed and a trifle collected to furnish her with slips and a rubber stamp to keep record. In this way, with an initial membership of fourteen, each member had the privilege of reading a new book every fortnight for a considerable period, and when new books were needed there was no difficulty in obtaining them. Where there is a book-store, it is common for the purchaser, say, of a $2.00 novel, to arrange with the store-keeper to have it exchanged for another by paying 10 cents extra, on the understanding that when he quits getting from the library, the last book obtained will be his own.

### PREMIER FERGUSON'S BROKEN PLEDGES

A. J. D., British Columbia.—Did Premier Ferguson break faith with the Ontario people over the prohibition question in Ontario? Kindly give dates and particulars.

Ans.—On October 23rd, 1924, a plebiscite or referendum was taken in Ontario on the question, "Shall the Sale of Intoxicating Liquor as a Beverage be Prohibited, or the Traffic Re-established and Conducted by the Government?" For eight years previous to that date,—from 16th September, 1916—the legalized sale of liquor for beverage purposes had been prohibited by the Ontario Temperance Act, and before the plebiscite was taken Premier Ferguson as head of the Government definitely pledged himself to "strengthen" the Temperance Act, if it needed strengthening, and to "give it active and vigorous enforcement." He also stated at a party Convention that no prize in the country would be high enough to make him betray his word. The plebiscite sustained the O.T.A. by a majority of nearly 40,000. In less than six months after the plebiscite vote, Premier Ferguson surrendered to the liquor interests by increasing the alcoholic content of beer from 2.5 percent to 4.4 percent, the measure being introduced in the Legislature on 19th March, 1925, and the stronger beer put on tap on 21st May, (Ascension Day), of the same year. In April, 1926, two bills were introduced by private members in the Ontario Legislature intended to wipe out the prohibition features of the O.T.A., one proposing to increase the strength of beer from 4.4 percent to 10 percent, the other to substitute Government control. These were held over on the undertaking by the Premier that he would make up his mind, take full responsibility for the liquor policy of the Government, and submit it to the people at an election, when he would accept the result as final. At the general election held on 1st December, 1926, Premier Ferguson's Government was returned on a "wet" wave, and Government Control of liquor followed.

### CHURCH AFFILIATIONS OF CABINET MINISTERS

G. L. M., Prince Edward Island.—Would you kindly inform me (a) of the church affiliations of the King Cabinet ministers, and (b) also a brief history of the new leader of the Conservative party, R. B. Bennett, stating his denomination, and oblige.

Ans.—(a) Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Presbyterian; Hon. Raoul Dandurand, Leader of Senate, Roman Catholic; Hon Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice, Roman Catholic; Hon. Jas. A. Robb, Minister of Finance, United Church; Hon. Chas. A. Stewart, Minister of the Interior, Church of England; Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture, United Church; Hon. Dr. J. H. King, Minister of Health, Baptist; Hon P. J. A. Cardin, Minister of Marine, Roman Catholic; Hon. Chas. A. Dunning, Minister of Railways and Canals, United Church, Hon. J. C. Elliott, Minister of Public Works, Baptist; Hon. Lucien Cannon, Solicitor-General, Roman Catholic; Hon. Peter J. Veniot, Postmaster-General, Roman Catholic; Hon. W. D. Euler, Minister of Customs, Lutheran; Hon. Fernand Rinfret, Secretary of State, Roman Catholic; Hon. James Malcolm, Minister of Trade and Commerce, Presbyterian; Hon. Robert Forke, Minister of Immigration, United Church; Hon. Peter Heenan, Minister of Labor, Roman Catholic; Col. the Hon. J. L. Ralston, Minister of Defence, Baptist.

(b) See article in last week's Witness.

### THE EARS OF A GRASSHOPPER

J. M. M., Ont.—Some time ago I saw an article in your paper (Sept. 21st), on "The Ears of a Grasshopper." At the time I was teaching on the grasshopper in High School, and had taught that the hearing organ or tympanic membrane was on the first two segments of the abdomen. I have looked this up in several zoology texts, and found I was correct. Would you please tell me upon what authority do you base the remarks on the enclosed slip:

"Catch a grasshopper. Look on what you will probably call the knee joint, and will notice little bunches that even a small pocket lens will reveal as tiny hollows, with a surface somewhat like the head of a drum. Even scientific entomologists are not sure about the ears in all kinds of insects, but those of the grasshopper, the katydids, and their allies have been pretty definitely located on the insects' legs."

In what zoology text would I find this information?

Ans.—We cannot now trace the source of the clipping which appeared in the Witness, but that there is truth in both statements may be inferred from the following information given in the Encyclopaedia Britannica: "Grasshopper is the name applied to orthopterous insects belonging to the families Locustidae and Acrididae. . . . The distinctions between the two families may be briefly stated as follows: The Locustidae have very long thread-like antennae, four-jointed tarsi, a long ovipositor, the auditory organs on the tibia of the first leg, and the stridulatory organ in the wings. The Acrididae have short stout antennae, three-jointed tarsi, a short ovipositor, the auditory organs on the first abdominal segment, and the stridulatory organ between the posterior leg and the wing."

### "NO SECT IN HEAVEN"

Ont., Sept. 17, 1927.

L. E. E., Ont.—I should like to have you print the poem, "There is no Sect in Heaven." I have lost that poem and can't remember it all.

Ans.—This poem, which is of some length, has repeatedly appeared in the Witness, the last time in our issue of November 3, 1926. Clipping is being sent you.

### AN ADDED VERSE

On page 6 of Oct. 12th Witness, writes J. H., Toronto, there is a poem, "Mrs. Lofty". May I add another verse to it which I knew years and years ago:

"She has those who love her station;
None have I.
But I've one true heart beside me,
Glad am I.
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No not I.
God will weigh it in His balance
when I die.
For I have love and she has gold,
She counts her wealth,
Mine can't be told.

### "JOE BEEF"

M. H. Wilson, Alberta.—Some fifty years ago or perhaps a little more, there resided in Montreal a famous character by name "Joe Beef." Lumber and river men were accustomed to speak frequently of him and his "joint." Could you furnish some of your readers with an account of the man and his place of business?

Ans.—"Joe Beef" was the army soubriquet of Charles McKiernan, the Montreal saloon-keeper, whose "canteen", as it was called, in Claude Street, in the neighborhood of Bonsecours Market, became notorious as a resort for tough characters. He was born in Ireland and brought up as a Roman Catholic. His brother was a priest, who occasionally visited the Canteen, but Joe was wont to declare that he cared neither for God, man, nor devil. Yet he had some good traits. In 1889, during the Lachine Canal strike, he distributed over 3000 loaves of bread and 500 gallons of soup. He provided beds for his patrons at the rate of 10 cents for one night's lodging, and about 125 of those wrecks, representing all grades of humanity "from a pauper to a prince," were accommodated nightly. The late Rev. John Currie, of the American Presbyterian Chapel, Montreal, visited his premises to preach the gospel, and Joe, who greatly esteemed the Scotch preacher, provided a pulpit for his use. He died suddenly in Montreal on 15th January, 1889. The canteen building was thereafter used by the Salvation Army, and was known as The Lighthouse.

### WORDS SUPPLIED

J. Hamilton, Ont.—Mrs. E. W. asks for a poem which I am so glad to send on:

JUST BE GLAD

(James Whitcomb Riley)

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so;
What we have missed of calm we couldn't
Have you know!
What we have met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour,
We have known,
When the tears fell with a shower
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content,
With His own.

For we know not every morrow
Can be sad.
So forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad.

Vina P., Nova Scotia, sends the following in answer to request of Mrs. M. A.:

HE GIVETH HIS LOVED ONES SLEEP

He sees when their footsteps falter,
When their hearts grow weak and faint,
He marks when their strength is failing
And listens to each complaint,
He bids them rest for a season,
For the pathway has grown too steep,
And, folded in fair, green pastures
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children,
That sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing
For home and its sweet repose,
So He calls them in from their labors,
Ere the shadows round them creep,
And, silently watching o'er them,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it oh, so gently,
As a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows
So tenderly on her breast.
Forgotten are now the trials
And sorrows that made them weep
For with many a soothing promise
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! Friends, the dearest
Can never this boon bestow
But He touches the drooping eyelids,
And placid the features grow.
Their foes may gather about them
And storms may round them sweep,
But, guarding them safe from danger,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future,
All fears that oppress today,
Like mists that oppose the sunlight
Have noiselessly passed away
No call nor clamor can rouse them
From slumbers so pure and deep,
For only His voice can reach them
Who giveth His loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over,
Weep not that their race is run,
God grant we may rest as calmly,
When our work, like theirs, is done.
Till then we would yield with gladness
Our treasures to Him to keep.
And rejoice in the sweet assurance
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

M. Davidson, Ont.—Several weeks ago there was a request for "Our Good Old Friends," also "The Old Arm Chair."

There was one piece about "The Old Arm Chair," but I have not seen any of "Our Good Old Friends," so am sending it:

OUR GOOD OLD FRIENDS

(By Eliza Cook)

When I dream of the friends of my youth,
And the hearts that were dear to me then,
I turn with a sigh to the days gone by,
Yet I love to recall them again;
When I dream of the joys that then were ever mine,
Of the hearts that were gentle and true
My heart still bends to my good old friends,
And I sigh when I bid them adieu.

Chorus:—
My heart still bends to my good old friends,
To my good old friends of yore,
And I turn with a sigh to the days gone by,
And the hearts that shall meet me no more.

When I think of a mother so kind,
And the hearth to my childhood so dear,
Wherever I roam, I dream of that home
With a sigh that will melt to a tear;
When I think of the hand that led me forth,
And the footsteps that followed my own,
The eyes that smil'd when they call'd me a child,
But have faded and left me alone.

The above poem is in the Old Third Reader.

### WORDS WANTED

Mrs. H. E. Q., Que.—Would consider it a great kindness if you could find space for the poem:

Let tomorrow take care of tomororw,
Leave the things of the future to fate;
What's the use, to anticipate sorrow,
Life's troubles come never too late.

J. Hamilton, Ont.—I would so much appreciate it if some reader could give me the words of the poem "Madeleine de Vercheres." It contains the following:—

"Brothers mine, you are young in years,
But not too young to know
That to lose your life is noble
Fighting 'gainst your country's foe."

Mrs. J. F., Alta.—Can you give me the words (a) of the hymn "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?" (b) and the words of the piece of Henry Drummond's, "The Stove-Pipe Hole"?

Ans.—(a) This hymn is No. 787 of the Sacred Songs and Solos, 1200 pieces. (b) Some reader may be able to supply this.

Mrs. H. W. T., Sask.—Some time ago I asked for the words of "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." Also, a reading called "Pat and the Rat." I will be glad to give my address through your columns to the friend who said they would furnish these if I would send it. Hoping to get these soon.

Ans.—Cope of "Pat and the Rat" is being sent to you.

L. L. N., Sask., is anxious to get the words of a poem entitled "Opportunity" by Edward Roland Sill.

*Every time we make a bloomer we learn something. The man who sits back and never asks a foolish question, never gets anywhere—under any circumstances.—Ian Hay, in "The Sentimental Sinner."*

### ONE READER'S APPRECIATION

THE MONTREAL WITNESS

Will you advise what paper I can take,
One to rely on for its own sweet sake;
To give the news and no mistake to make—
The Montreal Witness.

Whose newsy columns always overflow
With what's the latest that you want to know;
From all the places where you want to go—
The Montreal Witness.

No disappointment comes to you from there,
For what you want to know is always where
You most expect to find it, so take care
The Montreal Witness.

We learn to love it as a well-tried friend,
And what we want the world to know, we send
To where its influence will have no end—
The Montreal Witness.
—S. E. G. Allen.

### FEAR NOT

In the treasure house of thought
Are the little words, "Fear Not,"
If we this command obey,
Naught shall fill us with dismay.
We should chase away all fear
When we find it lurking near,
Keep close to our Saviour's side,
In His blessed love abide.

Cowards, no, we shall not be;
Never from our duties flee.
At our post then let us stand
Till we reach the heavenly land.
Though oppression we may know
Bravely vanquish every foe,
'Neath the Everlasting Arms
We are free from earth's alarms.
—Mrs. ANNIE RODD,
St. Petersburg, Florida.

# Sunday Home Reading

### LEAVE IT WITH HIM

Yes, leave it with Him! The lilies all do,
And they grow;
They grow in the rain, and they grow in the dew —
Yes, they grow;
They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night,
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light—
Still they grow.

They ask not your planting, they need not your care
As they grow.
Dropped in the valley, the field—anywhere—
Yet they grow.
They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure white;
They grow, clothed in glory, by heaven's own light—
Sweetly they grow.

The grasses are clothed and the ravens are fed
From His store;
But you who are loved and guarded and led,
How much more
Will He clothe you, and feed you, and give you His care!
Then leave it with Him—He has, everywhere,
Ample store.

Yes, leave it with Him; 'tis more dear to His heart,
You will know,
Than the lilies that bloom or the flowers that start
'Neath the snow.
Whatever you need, if you ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him, for you are His care—
You, you know.

—The British Weekly.

# "We Would See Jesus"

By Rev. J. W. Baird.

(John 12:21.)

In these simple words we seem to hear the cry of a weary and heavy-laden humanity. For, like the Greeks who came up to worship at the feast, we have heard of Him; our ears are filled with strange rumor of the healing and the power and the salvation that are in that name. But we have not seen Him as yet—not clearly, not as we need to; and the world is filled with a mad disorder, rushing hither and thither in search of healing, a mere chaos "where ignorant armies clash by night." Our own souls are troubled with the pain of the world and are not satisfied with the pleasures of the world. We know in some dim fashion that His hand holds the keys, and we reach out wistfully towards Him. We examine the records of His teaching and we try to learn from them some infallible means of deciding what He would do, what His solution would be, and we get no very clear answer. We turn to the Church which claims His authority, pitifully seeking if haply we may behold Him, plaintively yearning to fling off our griefs and our cares and to look up suddenly and find Him gazing down on us. And too often we find that even His Church seems to have lost sight of Him, lost Him in a poor attempt merely to attract, merely to exhort. Ah, yes, the cry still goes up, the pathetic human cry: "We would see Jesus."

But it must be in His way, not in ours. If it is merely a worker of wonders that we would find in Him, only a teacher, only a philosopher, only an economist, then Jesus we shall not see. When He was told about those Greeks, He did not appear to be interested. His reply, if we can call it a reply, begins: "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified," and it ends: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." The hour had come when Jesus should be glorified in offering Himself—Himself the Son of God—as a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. Then, on the Cross, would He be visible to all men; thereafter for ever would He show Himself to all who should come to adore Him as God and to crave the great salvation which He offered. Not so did those Greeks come. They came—they knew no better—to look upon yet another human teacher, and they seem to have departed without having seen Him. And they stand thus for all humankind. "We would see Jesus"; how we long to see Him and to know His will; but we cannot see Him until we look up to Him on the Cross, cannot be permitted to look on Him until we seek in Him something more than man.

Take our troubled world. We have lost our certainty with regard to most things, but we stand in sore need of some healing of the strife and disorder and waste which are sapping our civilisation. And it begins to occur to the world that just possibly if it turns to the Man known to history as Jesus of Nazareth it may find that healing. And so the pages of Scripture are feverishly turned over and the history of the Church is impatiently ransacked in the naive attempt to see this Man and to find out His message of healing. It is a troublesome process; so much both of history and of Scripture seems detached and irrelevant. But if the world would only ponder this one chapter of St. John it would learn that the Man of Nazareth has no message for its healing until the world approaches Him on bended knees, seeing in Him the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, and very conscious of the need of that forgiveness purchased by His broken body and His shed blood.

So it is with ourselves, with the individual souls who seek in the study of Scripture or in the worship of the Church to behold their Lord. Because that is surely why we read the Bible or go to church—"We would see Jesus." It is a solemn thought; it is a terribly solemn thought especially to those on whom is laid the burden of ministering in Christ's name. And yet one could wish it never absent from such, as though before every pulpit the souls' aspirations of every congregation should take visible form and shape and stand out in letters of fire—"We would see Jesus." The pulpit alone can never satisfy that yearning; the pulpit alone must often fail. But at least we know, pulpit and pew, we know the message that is needed; we know in what manner Christ can be shown forth to those who come seeking Him—Christ lifted up, Christ the Saviour, Christ the righteous Judge. The yearning to see Him is always there, though many a time hidden deep down in the heart, and it is foolishness to ignore the truth that too often to-day the Church is not seriously attempting to satisfy that yearning. When the cardinal facts of the faith, the great redemptive acts of the Lord, are forgotten or explained away, when the sacraments which He instituted are depreciated or ignored, when the reverence of adoring worship fades away before mere pulpit eloquence or pulpit cleverness, whatever else be achieved, Jesus is not seen. There come to the mind Canon Ainger's bitter and pathetic lines on the minister of Christ who so forgets his office:

With eager knife that oft has sliced
At Gentile gloss or Jewish fable,
Before the crowd you lay the Christ
Upon the lecture-table.

From bondage to the old beliefs
You say our rescue must begin:
But I want refuge from my griefs,
And saving from my sin.

The strong, the easy, and the glad
Hang blandly listening on your word;
But I am sick and I am sad,
And I need Thee, O Lord.

If we would see Jesus ourselves or show Him to others, we must remember in what manner He was glorified; we must look to Him where He is lifted up.—Life and Work.

### "YOU CAN TRUST HER!"

Perhaps there is no greater tribute one can pay to another fellow-creature than those four words. Yet very often they are narrowed in meaning until they simply imply that a woman is honest with money or can be depended on to perform a task set her. We all know many conscientious folk whom we would trust with our last penny or with our lives. Yet, asks a contributor to the "Dublin Herald," "is this all there is in the question of trust-worthiness? Isn't there a great deal in being discreet and in having common sense also?"

I was reading a book about Oriental religion last week, and was much struck by the great importance it attached to discrimination. It is all very well to be honest and to be dependable in doing any set task. But how many of us can be trusted to be discreet—not to repeat that little bit of interesting, but nasty, gossip and thus set a whole circle of people on fire? How many of us can trust ourselves not to say sharp, unkind things on the spur of the moment? How many of us have enough experience of life and enough common sense to make an absolutely certain, wise decision on some difficult problem?

Discrimination only comes with thought and experience. One of the most trustworthy and sincere people I know has no discrimination at all. She accepts everyone at their own estimate, and is always being let down. She needs a little more discrimination because, although you could trust her to be loyal to you in every way, if you were in any difficulty you would not go to her for help as she has no common sense in the affairs of life, and seems unable to learn by experience.

And into the question of trust-worthiness comes that of nervous and emotional control. You can't put your confidence in people who "go off at the deep end" and get in a fluster about every crisis. "Give me the man that is not passion's slave," said Shakespeare. He is the safe, dependable friend.

So, if you want to feel that people can trust you, not only must you cultivate scrupulous loyalty, but also a habit of self-control, all of which, as far as I have experienced, come only from being buffeted by life and learning from the buffeting.

*"There is no sphere in which a great work can be done without organization, and it is sheer affectation to disparage it in connection with Christian education and nurture. To say these are detrimental to spirituality is to claim inefficiency as the natural ally of a spiritual religion. All are agreed as to the need for spiritual revival. If, however, we regard spiritual revival as a cheap method of getting us out of our difficulties and covering over a long period in which the Church has allowed large sections of the community to drift from under her care, it will never come."—Rev. George Bennett.*

## The Safety Valve

By Rev. A. V. Bland.

Some time ago, on a railway station platform, a most interesting conversation with a friend was suddenly stopped by an engine "blowing off steam."

I have thought much of that engine and its safety valve. Did the engine not need the steam? Had it not a heavy load to pull, and stiff hills to climb? Had not the engineer been "firing up" to produce the very thing which was now being wasted?

Why waste it? Well! it was better to waste the steam than burst the boiler. The safety valve had opened because the boiler was perilously near the point when holding more would have made it impossible to hold any at all. There are times when waste is the truest economy.

Today, men and women need to learn the philosophy of the safety valve. From many causes, some are near the "breaking point." The mental and physical strain of modern life is almost too much. One of the commonest complaints is "nerves." Everything is being speeded up, and in the next generation there will be little room either for the waster or the idler.

In business life the pressure is greater, for competition is keener. In social life, the strain increases, for the craze of "keeping up appearances" is such that many live on the edge of bankruptcy to do it. In home life, the anxiety is keener than ever, for what with the education of the children, the choice of their occupation and thought for their physical and moral safety and well-being, parents are often nearly distracted.

Some, too, are temporarily disposed to gloom. In fact, some people never seem happy unless they are miserable. In other cases, it may be grief, bereavement, disillusionment, a morbid disposition, a foolish apprehensiveness, but whatever it is, the "pent-up feeling" is dangerously near causing collapse.

Beyond a certain point, suppressed energy is always dangerous, and perhaps nothing is so dangerous as suppressed emotion. It ages people so much. In fact, some have been known to go grey-headed in a night. A scream, a good cry, a time of prayer, or a burst into song, have saved many from the wreck of health and faith.

What is to be done with the human engine in such a state of physical, mental and emotional tension? Shall we draw the fires? Shall we cease activity? No! we cannot, for if we do not "keep up," we shall be "left behind."

Shall we cease to care? No! that would be foolish, for to banish care would be to throw aside all prudence and foresight in life. What we need to banish is worry and anxiety, for worry is the greatest disease of the age. Shall we let things take their course? No! surely not, for there are enough "drifts" around us already.

Shall we act as many do, and live a careless existence as though life was a gamble, and youth a picnic? I should hardly think so, although the way some young people meander about, you would think you strolled or dreamed yourself into a position of $5,000 a year.

Is it a mistake to be in earnest? Shall we accomplish more if we have less force? Is it best to be a weak person? Do we think too seriously and feel too keenly? Is it wisest not to get up steam at all?

Well, the other day I saw an engine without a safety valve. It had no firebox, and generated no steam; but it had to be pulled, by a child, on the end of a piece of string.

Of course, there are people who need no safety valve, because they are incapable of feeling strongly about anything. What little steam they generate is often dissipated through the whistle.

The world today has enough weaklings. It needs men and women of strong personality, alive to the necessity of effort, the privilege of sympathy, and the sacredness of helpfulness.

From youth all through life, there is imperative need to get up steam, to store up energy, to put as much vim and force as we can generate into our endeavors, never forgetting that at times—I say at times—when the pressure is getting near danger point, the safety valve should be opened.

It is no use shutting it down. Open it. Don't risk a collapse.

Sometimes, the best way to get on with your work is to go out and leave it. It is possible to think of one subject so long as to be incapable of thinking at all. There are times when to roll on the floor with the children will make you feel years younger.

Many of us need relaxation and diversion. We are always working above "safe pressure," and need recreation for the sake of recuperation.

I have heard it said that the only cure for toothache is to forget it. Absurd as this may sound, there is much truth in it, and we too often forget the power of the mental over the physical; yes, and over the spiritual, too.

Nothing should be allowed to become an obsession of the mind. When the pressure is too great, open the valves. It may be a book, a piano, a fiddle, a round of golf, a walk in the fields, an allotment garden, a visit to a friend, a time of prayer, or a burst into song.

Would I couple prayer with a piano; a sacred song with a round of golf? Yes! Why not? Not that, strictly speaking, each is equally an act of worship, but that rightly used and understood each may be a religious act.

Recreation today is absolutely essential. Then why not realize its religious uses?

Of course it is possible to wreck a constitution in finding a diversion. It is possible to "blow off" steam to such an extent that there is no energy left for necessary work. Often, the man who goes in for a "good time" is the man who ends with a shattered constitution, a ruined business, and a bad character. The surest test of a man's character is the way in which he spends his spare time.

All steam engineers today aim at using exhaust steam to heat the feed-water for the boiler. All recreations and diversions should be truly recuperative and remunerative. If a man's pleasure makes him unfit, or less fit, to do his work, or unworthy to look his wife or sister in the face, something is sadly wrong.—The Episcopal Recorder.

Wouldst thou have thy life the brighter?
Make another's burden lighter.
Wouldst thou know the joy of living?
Find it by the grace of giving.
Wouldst thou precious seeds be sowing?
Blossoms bloom, thou still unknowing.
Wouldst thou golden grain be reaping?
Trust the harvest to God's keeping.
Wouldst thou lose all fear of dying?
Each day live—on Him relying.

—Helen Elizabeth Coolidge.

# The Word of Life

Fear not; I am the first and the last.—Rev. 1:17.

Ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest, . . . but ye are come unto mount Sion, . . . to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant.—Heb. 12:18, 22, 24.

Jesus the author and finisher of our faith.—Heb. 12:2.

We have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, and we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—Heb. 4:15, 16.

Thus saith the Lord the King of Israel, and His redeemer, the Lord of hosts; I am the first, and I am the last; and beside Me there is no God.—Is. 44:6.

The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—Is. 9:6.

Art Thou not from everlasting, O Lord, my God, mine Holy One?—Hab. 1:12.

Who is God save the Lord? and who is a rock, save our God?—2 Sam. 22:32.

# Unrighteousness In Israel

## The Bible Lesson For November 6

### By "Delta"

(Amos, chaps. 5 and 7.)

The week's lesson is again taken from the book of Amos—that picturesque herdman prophet of Tekoa, in Judah, who at the call of God took his life in his hands and entered the northern kingdom at a time when the idolatry of calf worship, begun by the first Jeroboam, was at its height in the reign of Jeroboam II. Probably unschooled, accustomed in his youth to the lonesome life of a shepherd, and coming from the contemplative shade of the sycamores, like Nathanael from under the figtree, he was just the guileless instrument that God needed to rebuke His backsliding people. Not only does his message, as we read it today, bear most evidently the marks of divine inspiration, but the language in which it is clothed is also inspired, being in many places highly poetic, and matchless for the beauty of its symbolism. There are few parts of the Bible that will more richly repay reverent study than the book of Amos.

The prophecy begins with judgments on the heathen nations that were neighbors of Israel, and whose idolatrous practices God's people had eagerly imitated. Syria, Philistia, Tyre, Edom, Ammon, and Moab, all in turn are warned of impending calamity in the terse sentence uttered by Jehovah: "I will send a fire." Burning in Scripture is commonly a symbol of complete destruction, and it is noteworthy that the Amos prophecies were quickly and terribly fulfilled. But having passed judgment in this way on Gentile wickedness, God turns to Israel and the whole house of Jacob (for Judah, too, was guilty), and through the lips of His faithful messenger pours forth the vials of His indignation on the "seed of evil-doers." The fact that they are His chosen people, though they have rebelled against Him and corrupted themselves with the idolatry of calf worship, brings no mitigation of God's judgments but rather adds to their severity. Where much is given, much shall be required, and sin against light and leading increases responsibility. "You only have I known of all the families of the earth," says God, "therefore, I will punish you for all your iniquities." The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews takes up this thought of responsibility, and applies it tellingly to apostates in the words: "Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace . . . It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." (Heb. 10: 29, 31.)

The worship of the golden calf was only a part of Israel's unrighteousness—there was gross immorality in high places and shameful oppression of the poor. Where God is ignored individuals and nations become the prey of unscrupulous and greedy men—"kine of Bashan" they are called, (Amos 4:1, cf Ps. 22:12) who oppress the poor and crush the needy for gain, who live luxuriously in ivory houses, and hesitate not to "sell the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes." God cannot but deal sternly with such sin-hardened renegades—to do otherwise would be like ploughing with oxen upon bare rock (6:12). God is "pressed" under them, "as a cart is pressed that is full of sheaves" (2:13); "they know not to do right" (3:10); they are unto their Father God "as children of the Ethiopians" (9:7); and God will not spare them. Seeing they have disregarded all the solemn warnings that have come to them in the form of drought, blasting and mildew, palmerworm and pestilence, nothing remains for God to do with them but banish them from His sight, slay them with the sword, make an utter end of them: "Therefore thus will I do unto thee, O Israel; and because I will do this unto thee, prepare to meet thy God, O Israel."

It is always comforting, however, to note in connection with the judgments on sinners that abound in the Old Testament Scriptures, that they are almost invariably followed with passages full of love and tenderness, as if God, whose name is Love, although impelled by the demands of an insulted Law to wreak vengeance on the law-breakers, cannot bear to see His erring people rushing on their doom. Even where judgments are most terrible we see the streams of grace already flowing from the stricken heart of God, and realize the depth of meaning in the words of the prophet Isaiah: "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." We find the prophet Amos interceding with God again and again for Israel—in striking contrast with Jonah who was offended at the Almighty because His judgments were tempered with mercy to his own undoing as a prophet—and his prayers were heard and answered in the staying of plagues. But yet more strikingly in Chapter 5 we have God Himself, in His majestic character as a Sin-Bearer, breaking forth into lamentation over sin's victims, as Christ lamented over Jerusalem when He said: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" (Matt. 23:37.) The arms of mercy—nay, of passionate entreaty—are stretched forth to those who have fallen, and there is none to raise them up. "Thus saith the Lord, seek ye Me and ye shall live . . . . seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning . . . . Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live; and so the Lord, the God of hosts, shall be with you."

Injustice, cruelty, oppression are as rampant in so-called Christian lands today as they were in Israel before the Captivity. Pure justice, in the making and administration of laws, and between man and man, is rare in this present age for the reason that God is so little recognized. What men have been trying by all possible means to do since the days of our Lord Jesus Christ, is to separate things which God has joined together. "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other" said the Psalmist with visionary outlook (Ps 85.10). But men, professing to love the truth, would have it without the accompaniment of God's mercy—a thing unpalatable to many, as being an admission of sin and need. In like manner men desire peace, but do not care for God's righteousness—they are too busy trying to establish their own. But peace and righteousness once kissed each other on the Cross of Calvary, and are for ever inseparable. Christ is our peace, and He is "The Lord our Righteousness."

The Church, the blood-bought bride of Christ, is not free from the sins of injustice and oppression that drew down the judgments of God upon Israel in the days of Amos. There is still in many of our churches the worship of the golden calf, and some spiritual leaders are not free from harshness in their dealings with others. There are mercenary characters, also, like Demetrius, who fear that the setting up of a pure religion will rob them of their own ill-gotten gains, and who are ready to insinuate against spiritually-minded men that they do not serve God for nought, but "make a good thing out of it." Against all such accusations, Christian ministers and workers who know the truth that is in Jesus, and have experienced His preciousness, can find no better defence than that of Amos in his reply to Amaziah: "The Lord took me . . . . and the Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy . . . . Now therefore hear thou the word of the Lord . . . . Thou sayest . . . . Thus saith the Lord."

### SCRIPTURE READINGS

Monday, Oct. 31—Amos 5:10-15; Tuesday, Nov. 1—Amos 6:1-6; Wednesday—Luke 4:14-21; Thursday—Joel 2:12-17; Friday—Matt. 8:7-13; Saturday—Phil. 2:1-11; Sunday—Prov. 21:1-7.

**Golden Text:—Let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.—Amos 5:24.**

### GIVE THANKS TO GOD

Now thank we all our God;
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices.
—Martin Reuckart.

Keep your eyes open to your mercies. That part of piety is eternal.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Where no wood is there, the fire goeth out; so where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth.—Proverbs 26:20.

### A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

For days of health, for nights of quiet sleep; for seasons of bounty and of beauty, for all earth's contributions to our need through this past year: Good Lord, we thank Thee. For our country's shelter; for our homes; for the joy of faces, and the joy of hearts that love: for the power of great examples; for holy ones who lead us in the ways of life and love: for our powers of growth; for longings to be better and do more; for ideals that ever rise above our real; for opportunities well used; for opportunities unused, and even those misused: Good Lord, we humbly thank Thee! For our temptations, and for any victory over sins that close beset us; for the gladness that abides with loyalty and the peace of the return: for the blessedness of service and the power to fit ourselves to others' needs; for our necessities to work; for burdens, pain, and disappointments, means of growth; for sorrow; for death; for all that brings us nearer to each other, nearer to ourselves, near to Thee; for Life: We thank Thee, O our Father!—William C. Gannet.

### STEWARDSHIP

Dr. J. M. M. Gray has well said that "the doctrine of stewardship must not be drawn for ecclesiastical profit." It must be drawn for economic righteousness. Stewardship is the recognition and acknowledgment of God in property—in all of it. It is more concerned with property than with the proceeds of property; with economic activity than with church activity; with the social order than with proportionate giving. To put these minor propositions ahead of the major is to give the lesser the place of the greater. And more! Stewardship is the practice of property for the purpose of God. It is the Christian use of things.—John M. Versteeg.

### WHEN ONE IS ANXIOUS

The spirit and heart of anxiety is the denial for the time being, or the forgetting, of God. Therefore its cure, our deliverance, comes with calling Him to our remembrance, that is, with prayer. What does one wish, when one is harassed and anxious, but to feel that he and all that is really of value to him are in good hands, for they are in God's hands? And how can that feeling come to me and stay with me when things seem contrary in the world and in my lot, except by drawing near to God in Jesus Christ, and bethinking myself that He who spared not His own Son, but freely gave Him up for us all, will not fail us in our day of need, or, if He seem to fail us, it is that He is preparing for us some greater good, and preparing us to receive it?—John A. Hutton.

### CHINA'S BRIGHT SIDE

"How radiantly shines the steadfast faith of the native Christians! How splendid is the loyalty of the Chinese leaders of the work—men and women! How refreshing the fact that those who are being tested are, by His grace, standing fast by Him. But are not many of them Nationalists? you ask. Yes, many of the Chinese Christians are Nationalists. Why should they be less Chinese because they have become Christian? You and I are not less British because we have come to know the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour and Master. Nationalism in the Church in China is no sin at all. And thousands of Chinese Christians are today witnessing to the reality of the super-national fellowship of all who love Christ and declare themselves His redeemed."—Dr. Stuart Holden.

### THANKS FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD

Creator of all joy and all beauty,
We bless Thee this morning for Thy bright world,
For the sunshine on the hills,
For the mists on the rivers,
For bird and beast, mountain, plain and forest,
All giving glory to Thee in the radiance of the new dawn.

We thank Thee that (if we abide in Thee)
We may look as Thou lookst
Upon all the beauty of the earth.
We thank Thee that we may listen as Thou listenest this morning
To its song of praise, its melody of joyful thanksgiving,
Both vocal and silent.

O Master, lover of beauty and joy,
Make our hearts simple and trustful,
That we may think with Thee Thine eternal thoughts,
Thy wise, child-like thoughts,
Whereby the worlds are upheld.

Make our wills lowly and pure,
That we may share in Thy will,
Whereby is created and upheld
All the joy and the beauty
Of this Thy great universe.
—From "A Book of Prayers," written for use in an Indian College.

### A GREAT SACRIFICE

At the conclusion of a series of services held at Stanford, a little South African village, I was asked to call on the superintendent of a hostel for indigent children. After showing me through the Institution, he conducted me to a small office, his wife also being present. He then shut the door, locked it securely, walked across the room and from a small safe took a Golden Syrup tin, of which the lid was securely soldered, with only a small aperture cut into the top, big enough to let a sixpenny piece through. This he handed to me and with trembling voice and tear-stained eyes, said: "There is my thankoffering."

At first I was disinclined to accept the tin with its contents, especially after its history had been related to me. But when the gentleman assured me that the decision had been arrived at on his knees, I gladly kept it and we knelt down side by side and thanked God for the grace given to His child.

The history of the Golden Syrup tin in brief is as follows. During several years this kind brother dropped every threepence or sixpence which he could spare through the opening in the top, hoping in this way to build up a fund which in time would enable him to visit his aged father in Holland. This was a slow process indeed. He had no prospects of ever putting more in than sixpense at a time, for his salary was below £100 per annum, and he had two children to support at the University. But in spite of this he had, with the aid of his economic wife, almost filled the tin.

The tin with contents weighed 6 lbs. 15 ozs. It contained 1,776 coins, consisting of 2 gold half-sovereigns, 306 sixpenny pieces and 1,468 threepenny bits, making a total of £27. We have received much larger sums from other persons, but I doubt whether we have ever received a donation form any individual at a greater sacrifice.

In a further discourse this kind donor said to me: "I dare not keep the money to go and see my father. I have seen my Father and I know Him. I am assured that, should I not see my father here on earth again, we shall see each other in heaven, and there be united for ever. But think of the millions who know not of the love of the Heavenly Father? I must help to introduce them to Him. The Book which you publish will enable me to do this."

### DOES SLAVERY STILL EXIST UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG?

(The Christian Century.)

Such portions of the British public as have indulged in boastings regarding the exclusion of slavery from that empire are likely to be shocked by a recent decision of the high court of Sierra Leone. Memories of Dred Scott are awakened when one reads that this tribunal has ruled that slave owners in that British colony may not only recapture runaway slaves, but that they may use "reasonable force," whatever that may be, in so doing. This verdict states that "we have the clearest possible recognition of a slave who is owned as much as a chattel can be owned, and it must logically result that there is a right to follow and regain, by the use of any lawful means, the rights of ownership in and of the property of which he (the owner) has been deprived by the absconding of the slave." The right to own slaves in Sierra Leone is still established by law. It had been generally understood by the liberal forces in Great Britain and elsewhere, however, that this right existed now in name only, and that provision had been made for all those who wished to do so to gain their freedom. Evidently that "understanding" needs clearing up. There come occasions on which it can be seen that the British method of gradually easing out evils rather than reforming them outright has its disadvantages.

### THE GOOD O' THE YEAR

At the good o' the year
The waiting is ended,
And harvest lies ready,
Abundant and splendid,
In meadow and field,
Far-spreading and spacious,
And orchard and garden,
So golden and gracious.

And the breath of the morn,
Dew-misted and sunny,
Is scented with apples,
And fragrant with honey;
And sweet with the smell
Of the lavender spires,
And blackberries ripe
On the russet-red briars.

There's a dazz'e of gold
Where tall wheat is blowing,
And glints in the lanes
Where waggons are going;
Ah, the promise fulfilled
Is go'den and splendid
At the good o' the year
When the waiting is ended!
—Elisabeth S. Fleming.

# A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME WORKERS

## That "Forty-ish" Feeling

Forty! It is the parting of the ways between youth and middle age, and no woman likes to feel that she has crossed the barrier. One may be 38, 39, and yet feel that one has claims to youth and the pleasures of youth, but "40" emphasises the very unpleasant fact that soon one will be ranked amongst the middle-aged.

And it is about this time that the average woman begins to study herself and to note, perhaps for the first time, the tell-tale marks which the passing of years have left on her face and figure. If she is wealthy she hastens off to a beauty specialist, if not she often lets things "take their course," and resigns herself to her fate.

But that is a great mistake.

To allow herself to "run to seed" has a bad mental effect on a woman, and even if in the past she has neglected to make the best of her appearance by taking proper care of her complexion, figure, etc., she should start right away, and make up her mind to devote a short time daily to rational beauty culture.

If she is wise she will concentrate her efforts on improving her neck, keeping her figure slim and supple, maintaining a light buoyant step, and preventing the greying and fading of her hair. If she can succeed in these she will be able to maintain the semblance of youth for 10, perhaps 15, years more.

Diet is all important, especially in regard to improving the neck, and the neck is the first place where the signs of age are always most noticeable. Speaking generally, the middle-aged woman requires less food than she did in her youth, but if her neck is lined, too thin, and inclined to be scraggy, her foods should be of a very nourishing character.

A teaspoonful of pure olive oil taken after each meal will work wonders in filling out a too scraggy neck, and this, if accompanied by regular massage with a good feeding cream, will keep the throat white and rounded, and prevent lines and scragginess from appearing. Before applying the cream always sponge the throat with very hot water, dry gently, then massage the cream into the skin. This should be done at night, and a strip of soft muslin wrapped round the throat during sleep. In the morning the throat must be sponged with very cold water for several minutes to stimulate the muscles and make the flesh firm.

Walking is the best form of exercise for the woman of 40. It will not only improve her figure, but will keep her step light, and prevent that heaviness which so often betrays the age of an otherwise youthful-looking woman. If she is too plump the use of a reducing "roller" will soon restore the lost "lines," or, if funds permit, a course of massage from a professional masseuse.

Fading hair, or a slight tendency towards greyness, can generally be checked by massaging the scalp with a mixture of equal parts of bay rum and deodorised castor oil, but if this does not prove satisfactory a hair-coloring shampoo should be applied every fortnight when the hair is washed. Scalp massage is also very important, for as the years pass the hair cells lose their vitality, and massage by helping to stimulate them not only improves the growth and gives a gloss to the hair, but arrests falling and premature greyness.—Jeanette, in an English periodical.

### CLD-FASHIONED VEGETABLE DYES

The following colors have stood the test of time. The directions for making and using them were copied from a book of recipes over a hundred years old, says a writer in an old issue of the Youths' Companion.

Drab.—Peel the bark from willow until you have a quart of the bark. Boil for one-half hour in two quarts of soft water. Then add a piece of alum half the size of an egg. Wash the material to be colored, and while wet put it into the hot dye. Boil for 15 or 20 minutes. Turn often, and be sure to keep the material covered with the dye.

Red.—Dissolve alum in water, allowing five ounces for every pound of goods to be dyed. Add to the solution one-half pound of madder red. Put in the material and boil it for half an hour. Take it out, and allow it to air, then boil for half an hour more.

Yellow.—Boil the material to be dyed in water to which has been added one quart of the outside skin of onions, and one ounce of alum. Continue boiling until the desired color is obtained.

Green.—Boil the goods in water containing equal parts of the bark of hickory and yellow oak until the desired color is obtained.

Brown.—Boil two quarts of rock moss in three quarts of water to which has been added one-half ounce of alum. Peach leaves may be used in the same way to color material brown, or bark may be peeled from a butternut tree and used as a dye.

Black.—Boil logwood chips for an hour. To two of dye add one handful of copperas. Put in the material to be dyed while wet and boil until black.

Drab.—Boil fir boughs for an hour. Strain, add a handful of copperas. Wash goods, put into dye while wet, boil until desired shade, then rinse and dry in the shade. Acorns can be used in the same way. Acorns would have to boil longer to extract strength, and of course should be cracked. My mother used this rule for years.

Agrimony (Agrimonia eupatoria) just before it blossoms yields a yellow dye. Green cedar and purslane color blue.

*Let us give thanks to God upon Thanksgiving Day. Nature is beautiful, and fellow men are dear, and duty is close beside us, and God is over us and in us. We want to trust him with a fuller trust, and so at last to come to that high life where we shall "be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let our request be made known unto God"; for that, and that alone, is peace.—Phillips Brooks.*

### AUTUMN AIRING

The most effective killers of germs are fresh air and sunshine, the great natural purifiers. We do a vast amount of digging and delving within our houses, much of which could be avoided and better results gained if we would turn our houses inside out, says an eminent woman physician. Get the contents out into the bright sunshine and the fresh air. Sometimes you tell me that I am harsh in my strictures, she adds, but you have to admit that I take my own medicine. At this minute my best chair is out on the front porch, taking a sun-bath. It may—and probably will—fade the upholstery but it will purify it and remove any suspicion of mustiness remaining from the summer damp.

Rugs and carpets, curtains, upholstered furniture, bedding and all woolen clothing ought to go outdoors during these autumn days to be cleansed by sun and wind. Beds and pillows should be aired on the roof or out of the windows, or even on chairs in the yard if there is no better method available.

The days are nearly upon us when this outdoor cleansing cannot be done. Every day of sunshine should be utilized until all things movable have received a thorough airing.

### KEEP THE SKIN WORKING

We all know that in the process of work and growth the body throws off a great deal of waste matter, but most of us look upon the bowels and the kidneys as the great filters of the body.

As a matter of fact, of course, the skin works just as hard as either of these other organs in throwing off waste matter. In a natural state of health neither kidneys nor bowels should need help in their work, but the skin always needs it. It needs the help of water, air, sunlight, and friction—all the things that so-called "civilised" town-dwelling man finds it difficult to give to the skin.

The skin is entirely covered with millions of tiny holes called pores, through which waste matter in the shape of perspiration is given off. If this perspiration dries on the body, scales, so small that they can only be seen under a microscope, form, and the pores are stopped up.

In the days before people bathed so much, the Court beauties suffered frightfully from spots and blemishes, and "patches"—little black dots of leather—were worn to hide them. If the skin is not kept clean and able to "breathe" through the pores, not only will blemishes come, but the whole system will be poisoned.

For this reason, for people who do heavy work, and perspire a lot, a daily bath is absolutely necessary, although it is difficult in many homes. But a sponge down, or even a brisk rub with a towel, is better than nothing, because it sets the skin to work again.

The habit of sleeping in any garment in which one has passed the day is also a dangerous one to the health. The body needs fresh air upon it, and one should strip night and morning. Apart from the bad consequences to the health, it is most unrestful to sleep in a garment worn in the day.

The people in the Middle Ages who went to bed as naked as they were born, slept much better than the man who goes to bed in the shirt in which he has worked all day.

### LOOK AHEAD NOW

Look ahead now in regard to teeth that have a known tendency to ache, adenoids and tonsils that need removal, and any other slight physical hindrances to good health. These things are more easily remedied in the mild autumn weather than in winter. If they are neglected now they may furnish entrance to severe disease before spring.

It is impossible for anyone to prove that such precautions as these and others of which you can readily think in your own case (daily morning cold bath, for example), keep people in health, because no one can prove that what does not happen, would have happened if these precautions had not been taken. Yet when physicians all contend stoutly that such measures do make disease less likely, it is the best thing to take your risk on the safe side.

### FROCK FOR GENERAL WEAR

A two-piece frock for general wear is notable for the unique use of geometrical trimming. Bands of material in different colors are inset in the blouse most effectively.

The blouse also has a narrow leather belt and a small tie, cut from the material.

The separate skirt is plaited and has at the hem a narrow band of dark material that corresponds with the trimming of the blouse.

## Old-Fashioned Ways

**By Stella E. Fulton.**

"When Grandma comes, I hope she won't upset Betty's training. She's so old-fashioned, I'm afraid she will want to interfere with the child's schedule and give her all sorts of impossible things to eat," Mrs. Treadwell had said when the vigorous old lady had announced her intention of making a visit.

But, on the contrary, Grandma had no suggestions to make regarding Betty—Betty who was finical about her food, restless and impatient, bursting into tears at slight provocation and altogether too pale and languid.

Betty lived in a household of grown-ups. Grandpa enjoyed taking her to the movies any pleasant afternoon. Cousin Mary donated pink chiffon bonnets and white broadcloth coats. Her father brought home a pair of real kid gloves, just to see her eyes shine, and a doll so fragile and delicately arrayed that someone had to be continually reminding her not to drop it, not to soil it. Mother took her on her shopping trips, proud of the attention she received in the stores.

And still Grandma said nothing. Until one day young Mrs. Treadwell remarked, "I don't see how mothers in your day ever succeeded in raising their families. They paid so little attention to diet!"

Grandma must have been slightly ruffled for she replied, "We weren't perhaps as careful of the food that went into their stomachs as you are, but we were a good deal more particular about the food we gave their minds.

"We maybe did give them too much spice in their victuals, but not so much in their amusements. We didn't dash in a lot of excitement on the top of a full day. We didn't take them about through crowds to over-stimulate and exhaust them. You say you don't want Betty to get a taste for highly seasoned food. Well, our children didn't get such a taste for excitement that they couldn't enjoy a quiet day at home, reading or working. Excitement arouses the desire for more excitement, just as the condiments you worry so about, cause a desire for more condiments.

"You say that certain foods are a burden to a child's delicate stomach. We never made playthings a burden. A child ought not to be continually pestered about taking care of a fragile toy. If Betty were my child I'd put away that fancy doll until she were older. A simpler one would be better for her now.

"Her food isn't too rich but her clothes are. They are no more fit for a vigorous child than that rich pudding you refused her last night. They belong to her future.

"Our children were not always fed wisely, but perhaps they survived it all because they didn't have too much attention, too many people about, too much nagging about non-essentials, fussy clothes, elaborate toys or constant stimulation."

"But what can a mother do in this modern world? We can't live as you did then," said the younger woman.

"You can as far as the essentials go. Just as you choose for her simple food out of all that is on the table so you can learn to choose simple pleasures, quiet enjoyment and the child-companionship she so much needs."—From a series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

Stale bread is excellent for cleaning light-colored suede gloves.

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# Needlework Corner

### A DISTINCTIVE DRESS

For the woman who demands distinction in her wardrobe, the problem is to find the frock that has the necessary smart simplicity and is unusual in its lines.

Decidedly distinctive, then, is this frock of satin crepe with the fitted hip-yoke which is draped in front so attractively.

A cascade down the side of the blouse is caught at the shoulder with a jewelled ornament.

### SEWING ROOM HINTS

The latest masculine fad to be taken up by the girls is that of wearing the initials inside the hat. The silk linings are sometimes embroidered, or the letters are stamped just as they are in father's or big brother's hats. It's a convenient fad these days when everyone is wearing the little sports felts so nearly identical and the embroidered initials make a pretty little gift.

Use a large safety pin to hold buttons or hooks and eyes together in your sewing basket. Slip on the buttons or hooks and eyes and close the safety pin, then they cannot run astray.

Have you any old, thin, and worn blankets? Wash, tack two or three together, and cover as a comforter with cheesecloth, or silkaline, or any comparatively inexpensive cotton material. Buttonhole the edges with strong worsted, or stitch. Tack together with double worsted at regular interva's in a pattern.

### DISH TOWELING AND DYE

Ordinary linen dish toweling, which can be purchased minus the colored stripes along the edge, in the better qualities, may be transformed into simple luncheon runners of unexpected charm by dyeing. Coarse linen lace may be set in before the dyeing. The squares of coarse filet intended for the arms of chairs set in the ends of such toweling, and dyed a deep yellow will be lifted quite out of the ordinary, and become a stunning luncheon set. Bridge and luncheon sets of Italian embroidery are quite the vogue just now dyed in rather high shades of orange, violet or rose.

### MODERN GIRL'S "LINE"

In the opinion of leading dressmakers, fashion is not altogether to blame for the "line" of the modern girl, for ever since the early days of the war she has been assiduously cultivating the figure which is the subject of so much criticism. In proof of their contention they show how measurements have altered over a series of years, and it is certainly significant that stands for fitting dresses in West-end workrooms have had to be replaced, as they no longer give a perfect fit.

Fitters have to make provision for the facts that the modern girl is a little taller than her mother, that she is more round-shouldered, and that there is not a great difference nowadays between adult and juvenile measurements. The head of a West-end workroom assured a Daily Telegraph representative that at the present time it was only necessary to decrease by 4in. at the waist instead of by 11in. as in pre-war days.

"One very rarely sees beautiful shoulders nowadays," she added, "and the erect carriage that makes dresses hang so well. The art of wearing clothes is essentially related to deportment, and dresses do not hang beautifully on the round-shouldered figure. The modern dress drops straight from the shoulders, which have to be slightly bent to achieve that effect, so that the head is poked slightly forward." She added that ladies constantly told their daughters to "stand up," and that girls would not do so for fear of getting the "wrong figure." In her presence girls would often discuss the sort of things they must not eat for fear they should get fat.

## Round Rag Rugs

First of all you want a hoop, one of those children's play hoops made of heavy wire is fine but any hoop from any barrel or a tire of a wagon will do. The main thing is something firm enough to work on without its bending too much. If you make one yourself with heavy wire you can, if you choose, bend it to make an oval mat instead of a round one.

The hoop is first wound with strips of cloth to make a surface against which to sew cross strips. A discarded sheet or an old shirt will do nicely for these. The cloth used for the rug itself should not be too heavy. It should be strong but not thick. Heavy material, some cotton and some wool, or a combination of a heavy silk material with a cotton cloth in attractive colors, makes a lovely rug.

The cloth is cut into strips about 5 inches longer than the diameter of the hoop and about 2½ inches wide. These strips are folded lengthwise, with the raw edges folded in so these will not show on the surface of the rug. Four of these folded strips are put side by side across the centre of the hoop and sewed onto the hoop with about 2 inches of the strip hanging over the edge at each end. Four more strips are adjusted in the same manner across the hoop at right angles. On each side of these, four more strips cross, and the hoop is then divided in eighths like a pie. One extra piece is stitched in the centre and brought to the rim. This makes four strips in all sections except one, and that has five. The reason for the extra strip is that it is impossible to weave with an even number of strips. This extra strip makes thirty-three strips in all going from the centre to the rim of the hoop. A long piece of cloth about 1½ inches wide is taken for a weaver. This is fastened at the centre and brought under and over the strips about three times around.

To fill in the open spaces between the groups of four strips eight extra pieces of cloth are put in V-shape sewed to the rim, fastened into the centre by the weaver, and brought back to the rim. These V-shaped pieces are put in each time the weaver goes around until the space is filled and the weaver has worked out to the rim. After the weaving is finished pull out the stitches holding the rug to the hoop and sew it around the edge either on the sewing-machine or by hand, leaving a fringe around the rug of about two inches.

The colors in the rug show in the crossing strips and the cloth used for the weaving should be all the same color. In one rug made by Youth's Companion girls, an old lavender linen dress was used for the long strips, and the V-shaped strips were orange, light yellow and jade green with a little black. The weaving was all done in black.

After the strips are cut and the hoop bound the weaving of the rug should not take over two or three hours.

"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." —Sir Isaac Newton.

It is impossible to feel or keep warm when we are side by side with an iceberg, and many people we meet in life are like the iceberg—it would need a lifetime to know them.

Clean ivory piano keys with a paste of whiting and methylated spirits or whiting and lemon juice.

# THE WITNESS PATTERN SERVICE

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5961. Velveteen, or other pile fabrics, chinchilla, twill, or cheviot could be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size will require 1½ yard of 65 inch material.

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### A STYLISH DAYTIME FROCK

5941. Jersey or wool crepe would be very desirable for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 2¼ yards of 54 inch material together with ⅜ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, revers, and belt. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 1⅝ yard.

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# HOME COOKING

## Thanksgiving Eats

Does anyone ever follow exactly the directions given in a cooking article, I wonder? Always, I imagine, they are used as suggestions and altered to suit personal and family tastes. Here are some recipes that may be new to some of our readers, and with the menus given elsewhere on this page to plan around, the demands of almost any family tastes or budget may be met.

### THE THANKSGIVING FOWL

A mushroom forcemeat gives a very rich flavor to braised turkey, and by the way, braising is a method of cooking greatly to be recommended for birds of doubtful age. They can always be made tender by this method of stewing before roasting, and the flesh of a lean bird will never be dry and flavorless. But whether braised or roasted, an old bird is greatly improved by larding the breast, especially if that portion of the fowl is intended for eating cold. Place the strips of fat (preferably bacon or freshened salt pork cut very thin) in the larding needle, lift the skin with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand and draw the needle through the skin only, not the flesh. If one has no patent roasting pan it is better to cook a fowl breast down, turning it over only for the final browning.

If a fowl is to be roasted for the noon meal, it will practically cook itself if put in a crock or pan having a tight fitting lid, and the dish set in the oven immediately after breakfast. To hold the meat up from the gravy, insert small dishes or a wire rack under it. Potatoes can be laid in with the fowl and raised biscuit dough can be cooked at the same time, provided there is room in the pan around the fowl.

If turkey is to be carved on the table it should be appropriately garnished. Tiny red apples may top the drumsticks, and the bird rest on a bed of cress or parsley in which sprigs of barberry or tiny cubes of bright red jelly are placed. If the carving be done before the dish is sent to the table more elaborate garnishes may be used, and mushroom or oyster croquettes, baked onions stuffed with bread-crumbs and walnuts, or stuffed peppers are suggested as attractive and appetizing. Halves of sweet, pickled peaches with an almond kernel are very toothsome, though not so bright as others.

In the main housewives agree that a basis for the stuffing must be stale bread chopped fine. Even potatoes and eggs are not generally accepted as necessary to successful results. But what garden herb shall give the distinctive flavor, the subtle aftertastes? That is the question. If your ancestry is of grim New England stock, then sage is the seasoning of your choice. Thyme has its advocates. It is less aggressive, more suave, but somehow, lacks distinction. Summer Savory and thyme together is better. In other homes sweet marjoram owns a well deserved popularity.

If the "Shore" be your home, then oysters take the place of herbs in making appetizing the rich interior of the big brown bird, just as surely as that a home-cured ham will grace the opposite end of the table.

The use of chestnuts in stuffing has come in deference to our foreign-born friends, and an excellent idea it is. Nevertheless, when Thanksgiving time returns, it is not to the novel that we turn, but to the old.

**Roast Guinea Hen:**—These are a favorite dish now taking the place of game in many cases. They are finest in flavor if roasted with only salt and pepper for seasoning, basted with melted butter and a little boiling water and served with melted and seasoned butter.

**Chicken and Oyster Pie:**—is hearty and delicious enough to answer as the main dish for the dinner, if one does not care to serve turkey. For a large-size pie will be required: 1 four or five pound tender chicken, 1 pint of large oysters, 1 onion, 1 carrot, small piece of bay leaf, 3 sprigs of parsley, salt and pepper.

Cut up the chicken as for a fricassee and place in a saucepan with the onion, carrot, bay leaf and parsley, and cover with hot water. Bring to the boiling point and then merely simmer until tender, adding salt and pepper to taste. A little chopped salt pork may be added. Look over the oysters and scald them in their own liquor, then strain them. Remove the chicken from the liquid, add the oyster broth and boil rapidly until reduced to about a pint.

Season and thicken with a tablespoonful each of butter and flour rubbed to a paste. Arrange the pieces of chicken, omitting the back, tips of wings and neck—which are awkward to handle and not especially tempting—in a deep baking dish, interspersing them with the oysters. Dot with bits of butter and top with a rich pastry cover in which several slits have been made to let the steam escape. Brush over with a well-beaten egg. Bake in a hot oven from forty-five to sixty minutes.

**Roast Duck With Apple Stuffing:**—Make stuffing as follows: Mix 1½ cupfuls of boiled, chopped onions, 1½ cupfuls of chopped sour apples, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, and 1½ cupfuls of bread crumbs. Add 1½ teaspoonfuls of sage, salt and pepper to taste, and mix well before putting into birds.

**Delicious Pates:**—The usual chicken or oyster pate may give place to those of mushrooms and pimentoes for a pleasing change. Either make or buy at the caterer's puff paste cases, and fill them with this mixture: One can of pimentoes, drained and cut into small pieces, mixed with an equal proportion of fresh mushrooms, fried lightly in butter, and added to a thickened sauce made as for cream sauce, but with chicken stock used instead of the usual milk. Fill the cases, and top with whipped cream and a touch of currant jelly.

**Oyster Cocktail:**—Allow four oysters to each serving. Mix 48 oysters with 3 tablespoonfuls of catchup, 8 teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, 12 dashes of tabasco sauce, 2 teaspoonfuls of salt, 2 teaspoonfuls of horseradish, and 1 teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Chill well and serve with a little finely minced parsley on top.

**Squash is Delicious Baked:**—Cut it in halves crosswise; scrape out the seeds; score the squash; dot with butter using about half a cup in all and sprinkle with half a cup of brown sugar. Season with salt and pepper and bake in a dripping pan with a little hot water until soft, (about two hours). Scrape out the pulp, sift and reheat.

**Corn Soup:**—Make a thin, rich, white sauce and add canned corn that has been simmered with a little onion. It looks pretty and tastes good to put in the top of the soup dish a few grains of white popped corn.

**Stuffed Pear Salad:**—Fill canned half pears with well seasoned cottage or cream cheese. Place pears, cut side down, on lettuce leaves. Stick in whole cloves for stems and sprinkle with paprika to give the appearance of a ripening pear. Serve with whipped cream or other dressing.

**Cornfield Salad:**—Shred lettuce fine with your kitchen shears, arrange it evenly on individual salad plates; quarter a banana lengthwise then cut these in two crosswise. Arrange these banana sticks on the bit of lettuce, rail-fence fashion, to form a square or triangle. Mix grated cheese with mayonnaise and shape into a little pumpkin, using fine strips of pimento to form the lines in the pumpkin. Place this in the centre of the square and dot with mayonnaise.

**Cranberry Jelly:**—To obtain a firm but not tough mould use half as much sugar as cranberries and half as much water as sugar. For instance, four cups of cranberries put on with one cup of water, cook until berries are soft. Rub through sieve and add the sugar; let come to a boil thoroughly dissolving the sugar and pour into wet mould or tiny individual moulds.

**Spiced Nuts:**—Use sweet almonds. Blanch the almonds by standing them in boiling water for five minutes; then remove the skins. Dry thoroughly on towel. Panfry the almonds as follows: use only enough oil—either olive or vegetable—to coat the nuts (2 tablespoonfuls for 1 cupful of nuts). Let the fat get hot, but not smoking. Drop in the nuts and cook them, while stirring, until a delicate brown in the case of the almonds. Drain on absorbent paper. Make a mixture of 1 teaspoonful of salt to every 2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and nutmeg mixed. Place in a dredger and sprinkle over the nuts just after they are drained. When cold, shake in a colander to remove the loose salt.

**Indian Pudding:**—Warm three pints of sweet milk and when hot stir in a cup and a half of yellow cornmeal. When thickened set aside to cool then add quarter of a pound of chopped suet, three beaten eggs, half a cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, a teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon of mixed spice, and a pound of seeded raisins. Pour into buttered dish and bake for two and a half hours. Serve hot or cold.

## Thanksgiving Dinner

MENU 1.

*Fruit Cocktail*
*Chicken Fricassée*
*with Baking Powder Biscuit Rings*
*Scalloped Sweet Potatoes*
*Buttered Onions* *Celery*
*Squash Pie*

MENU 2.

*Halves of Grapefruit*
*Roast Duck* *Apple Stuffing*
*Baked Sweet Potatoes* *Cole-Slaw*
*Creamed Turnips* *Baked Squash*
*Indian Pudding* *Foamy Sauce*
*Ice Cream*
*Nuts* *Coffee*

MENU 3.

*Corn Soup with Crackers and Celery*
*Braised or Roast Turkey*
*Giblet Gravy* *Cranberry Sauce*
*Creamed Onions*
*Glazed Sweet Potatoes*
*Stuffed Pear Salad*
*Minced Pie or Pumpkin Pie*
*Ginger Ale* *Coffee*

MENU 4.

*Oyster Cocktail*
*Tomato Cream Bisque* *Croûtons*
*Celery* *Spiced Nuts*
*Roast Stuffed Guinea Hens*
*or*
*Young Chicken*
*Brown Gravy*
*Mashed Potatoes* *Sweet Potatoes*
*Onions in Cream* *Baked Squash*
*Cranberry Jelly*
*Chicken Pie*
*Dressed Lettuce*
*Cream Cheese* *Crisp Crackers*
*Thanksgiving Plum Pudding*
*Hard Sauce*
*Mince Pie* *Cranberry Pie*
*Nut Toffy* *Fruit*
*Coffee*

**Mincemeats:**—For the Thanksgiving mince pie either of the following recipes will prove delicious. Good apple vinegar with a little more sugar will be found to be a perfect substitute for cider.

No. 1. Ingredients, 3 lbs. of lean beef, ½ lb. suet, one gallon tart apples, chopped fine before measuring, one quart sweet cider, 3 lbs. sugar, 1 lb. each of raisins and currants, juice and rind of one lemon, one tablespoonful salt, nutmeg, allspice and cinnamon to suit taste. Boil beef until tender and set aside to cool. Pare and chop apples; when meat is cold, cut with apples, add raisins and currants and put all through food chopper together. Add sugar and flavoring and put all in granite cooking pan, adding cider and lemon juice, also grated rind. Bring slowly to a boil and cook at a simmering heat until fruit is tender, about one hour, stirring frequently. When done, pack into pint jars and seal while still hot. Can also be packed in small containers and covered with oiled paper. This gives a rich, juicy mincemeat, easily prepared and of fine flavor.

No. 2. Select 8 lbs. of good beef and cook in granite kettle, using only enough water to prevent scorching, until very tender; now remove meat from kettle and set away to become cold, saving liquid. Pick meat from bones and run through food chopper, or chop fine. Pare and core 10 lbs. of tart apples, chop together with 3 lbs. of suet and 1 lb. of citron. Put in a large granite kettle 3 lbs. of seeded raisins, 2 lbs. of currants, 5 lbs. sugar, one tablespoon each of nutmeg and cinnamon, the same of allspice and cloves. Add the chopped fruit and meat, also three quarts of stock from kettle in which beef was cooked. Boil slowly for three hours, stirring often to prevent burning. When done pack into sterilized pint or quart jars and seal. For a most excellent, easily prepared and delicious mincemeat which may be used freely without any disagreeable after effects, this recipe cannot be excelled.

### STUPID DIETING

We frequently see advice on the subject of reducing weight, for everyone must have a "boyish figure" these days. Corpulence is not only unfashionable; it is also detrimental to the health. A great many people habitually eat too much and exercise too little, and a sensible wholesome life will gradually remove excessive flesh. But a good many women are not content with this; they want a rapid reduction, regardless of health, and try some freak diet, or semi-starvation. A trained nurse recently told us, says The Rural New Yorker, of three typical cases which had just come under her observation. All three were very plump young women who succeeded in losing over 30 pounds each within a very short time. The first tried semi-starvation and violent exercise, and has developed a "chest condition" that suggests tuberculosis. The second starved herself and used some unwholesome forms of diet and drugs, and now has diabetes. The third actually starved on black coffee, and is now in a very serious cardiac condition. There is no question that excessive weight may be reduced by intelligent and abstemious eating, avoiding excess of starch, candy, cake pastry, etc., but this is not starvation. When food is reduced below a sufficient maintenance ration we are inviting the risks that come with being undernourished, and health statistics suggest that this is now quite a common thing, in the effort for a fashionable figure.

In cooking very sour fruits, put in a very little salt, and much less sugar will be necessary.


## Imitation and Flattery

Is imitation really flattery? Perhaps so—but when it affects the pocket or health it is at least vicious. For 18 years imitations of Roman Meal have come and gone, all backed by large capital. Eleven have thus disappeared for lack of intrinsic merit. Roman Meal, started on $900.00, is still going strong, now sold in many countries, which is why it is so often imitated.

The question that ought to be asked about these imitations is: What technical or scientific food knowledge is back of them? Who with scientific or medical or dietetic technical knowledge devised them? Without exception, these imitations are devised by men with no more training in the intricate science of nutrition than you have, often not so much—as true of present imitators as of the past.

Roman Meal was devised 18 years ago by Dr. Jackson, to bring back his own health, when the great Dr. Osler gave him up to die inside of four months. He is now 100% perfect physically at 68, able to work 365 days a year, about 90 hours a week, and never tire. He eats only Roman Meal, milk, vegetables and fruits. (Roman Meal being his body-building food, with occasional additions of nuts and cheese.) We challenge the maker of any cereal food, who is 68 or 20 years younger, to compete with Dr. Jackson in a combined contest for perfection of bodily development, endurance and resistance, contestant to use his own product as the main part of his dietary.

Dr. Jackson is a food scientist, dietetic editor of two medical magazines, past lecturer on Dietetics in a prominent Medical School, author of a 428-page book, "HOW TO BE ALWAYS WELL", for which $50,000 is offered for U. S. publisher's rights. In addition he has had years of clinical, dispensary, hospital and private medical experience. Roman Meal is built upon this foundation. Can there be any question as to its superiority over its imitations by mere laymen? Rest assured, no imitation is equal to Roman Meal. Write for Dr. Jackson's 16-page booklet, "HOW TO KEEP WELL," to Roman Meal Co., Ltd., 357 Vine Ave., Toronto, Ont. Ask your baker for Roman Meal muffins and bread. Buy at least a trial package from your grocer. You'll like Roman Meal.

## Problems of Homemakers

### Water Spots

G. E. H.—Rain or water spots on fine fabrics seldom come out with gasolene. Try pinning the spotted portion of the dress over a padded ironing board and rubbing it briskly across the grain of the fabric with a firm, stiff bristle brush. Sometimes careful steaming will remove the stain or rubbing with a soft cloth dampened in distilled water.

### Toxin-Antitoxin

W. H. S.—No, they are not at all the same thing. Antitoxin is a serum, a remedy which has been used for over twenty-five years for those who had contracted diphtheria and those who have been in actual contact with such persons. It is given in large doses for immediate action. Its effect is immediate but not lasting. Anti-Toxin is comparatively new. It is never given to those who have been exposed to diphtheria or who may be coming down with the disease. Its action is slow, taking at least six weeks to become effective. It is given in very small quantities and it builds up in the body substances which make the blood proof against diphtheria. The usual procedure is to give three hypodermic injections in the arm, at intervals of one week between each injection. Once established, the immunity will last for years and probably for life.

### CURE FOR WARTS

Warts are so unsightly that as soon as they appear no time should be lost in treating them. A simple but quite effective remedy for these blemishes is to be found in common washing-soda. Put a lump about the size of a walnut in a small cup and then cover this with hot water. When the soda is completely dissolved use the liquid for wetting and rubbing on to the wart several times a day. It is much better to have the solution warm, and this may be secured by standing the cup in hot water until the contents become heated. Small, newly formed warts start to shrink in a few days when dealt with in this manner. Larger growths of long standing naturally require a longer treatment. In the end the warts shrivel up and finally fall away. One of the advantages of this method is that it does not leave a white mark on the skin, as so often happens when the wart is burned away with a stick of lunar caustic.—Onward.

### PAPERING SANDED WALLS

Many home owners of sand-finished walls have grown tired of them and wanted their walls papered. The craftsmen have devised various schemes to meet the demand.

A sandstruck wall can be swept with a stiff brush or broom to remove all the loose particles and then glue-sized with a size made by softening one-half pound of good glue in enough cold water to cover it. When the glue is soft, pour off any surplus water and mix the softened glue with two quarts of boiling water.

This glue-size should be thoroughly brushed into the wall and allowed to dry. When the walls are dry they should be sandpapered with flint paper or emery cloth to remove the larger particles of sand. The entire wall should be brushed with a dust brush and a second coat of glue-size applied.

When the glue-size is dry the walls are ready for papering. Some close-pattern papers may be hung directly to the sized wall. Papers of large open pattern will require that the wall be papered with lining paper and that this lining be pounded into the depressions with a stiff bristle "sweep"—as the brush is known by most paperhangers.

Some of the West Coast craftsmen have found that many brands of metal lath are suitable for nailing to wooden blocks of a size which is comfortable to the hand, and with these improvised scrapers they clean a wall down to a smooth surface which can be glue-sized and papered.

In instances where the wall is very rough and special finishes have been executed, a smooth surface may be developed by mixing whiting with glue-size until the mixture has the consistency of thick paint.

This special wall-size may be applied with wide brush, covering only a small section of wall at each brushing. Before the size hardens, it can be smoothed off with a regular window dryer. These window dryers are usually made of metal and rubber and can be purchased at most hardware stores. Very rough walls have been satisfactorily prepared by following out these directions.

India-rubber cement will repair all holes, open seams, and slits in mackintoshes.

*In these days of prominence given to club life, and to "mothers' clubs" in particular, there is danger that the importance of a father's relation to the child be overlooked. The boy and his father, the father and his little companion daughter, these are comradeships that give the noblest impulses to home life.—Professor R. H. Kirtland.*

## Carrying the Baby

The ways or customs of carrying babies the world over are about as varied as the customs of dress among both men and women. In many countries today the "joy-riding" family hangs the baby in a basket or sort of hammock in the back of the auto where it swings in the breezes and to the motion of the car.

As soon as their babies are able to sit alone, the women of the Holy Land place them astride their shoulders and thus teach them to ride as if on horseback. Besides teaching the youngster to be good in the saddle, this method of carrying is said to strengthen the baby's back and legs. The child has to learn to grip and hold on while his mother goes unconcernedly about her work. This method is also credited with strengthening and improving the figure of the mother. But only boys are carried in this manner. The girls are not thus dignified.

The Arab youngster sits on his mother's head. When she goes for water she takes her baby along in a sheet suspended from her back. When the earthenware jar has been filled it takes the place of the baby on the woman's back and the baby mounts her shoulders or head.

The people of Nigeria take their babies around in calabash shells, which resemble gourds. The fathers are never caught carrying their children, although they are said to be very fond of them. In Africa the Tera women carry their babies slung in their waistcloths behind them and cover their heads with calabash shells to keep the sun off.

A Kagoro woman usually "wears" her child attached somewhere about her body. When the babies are very young they are held by the mothers, but soon they learn to hold on themselves. When going a long distance the little fellows are supported by leather carriers fastened to the mother's neck and around her waist. The baby sticks one leg out on each side of her body and there rests comfortably in the sling.

We are all familiar with the American Indian papooses. The papoose was carried in a wooden basket made by the father and ornamented by the grandmother. However, the infant never stayed in the basket or cradle when not traveling. At home they usually rolled around on a bed of skin or grass to develop their muscles.

The mother in New Guinea weaves a netted bag in the bottom of which she places the baby on a small pad. This bag is hung from the roof of the house where it is swung gently to and fro. When the mother goes on a journey she hangs the bag from her head suspended in front of her and with her teeth holds a mat over the baby to keep it from the sun and wind.

But the Eskimo baby has the best place of all when it comes to having a soft place to sleep and ride in. The mother makes a bag of baby reindeer skins and lines it with fur. In this she places the baby, then stuffs it feet first into the hood at the back of her fur garments. From its warm depths the little baby eyes peer out over her shoulder. If he gets too heavy she can easily dump him out over her head into a big snowdrift to chuckle and "goo" awhile.

The centenarians, of which British Columbia has been discovering so many recently, started to line up for old age pensions Thursday under the legislation recently put in force. Peter Campbell, a woodchopper of Vancouver, who claims 107 years, has made his application. The aged man still does odd jobs at chopping wood or gardening. With the exception of seven years ago, when at the age of 100 he fell out of a tree which he was pruning, he has never been sick.

I would rather be beaten in the right than succeed in the wrong.—Garfield.


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# FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

## Brokentoe's Treat

By Mabel Elizabeth Gill.

Everything looked white and sparkling on that beautiful morning in early November. A light snow had fallen during the night and covered the brown landscape with a soft, pure mantle. The old farmhouse, situated on the high bluff overlooking the lake, was spotless in its coat of white paint, and even the lake itself was a mass of glistening ice and feathery foam.

Indoors, however, was a very different scene. Here was warmth and comfort and bustling activity. It was wash day, baking day and general setting to rights day on the farm, as indicated by the many different sounds and odors.

The peculiar odor of hot suds mingled with the more pungent smell of warm buttered bread, spicy ginger cookies, pies and other appetizing foodstuffs in all the various stages of concoction.

The steady rub-rub-rub of clothes upon the washboard was a fitting accompaniment to the sharper clatter of pots and pans, the low hum of the egg beater, the swish of the broom and the harsh scraping of tables and chairs being moved over the bare floor.

The hands of the old kitchen clock were pointing to 11:30 when a young girl of about eighteen years, tall and dark, stepped from the warm kitchen onto the back porch and advanced toward a rope which was fastened at one end to a large dinner bell.

Just as she reached the rope, however, she stood still, let go of the apron, with which she was wiping the suds from her plump arms, and, throwing up her hands in amazement, stared out across the yard in the direction of the big, red barn.

There, advancing over the snow with slow, even tread, was a little mother turkey, followed by her five large children. She was carefully scanning the premises for any sign of danger. Having seen Lucy about the same time that the latter noticed her, she gave her shrill whistle of alarm, and immediately she and her babies ducked out of sight behind the wood pile.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Lucy, and then in a louder voice she called:

"Miss Betty! Miss Betty, come here and see the turkeys!"

This cry immediately brought Betty, Mrs. Belden and little Alice to the back porch, only to see Lucy crouched down beside the wood pile, a look of surprise and wonder on her face, making wild, unmeaning gestures at the excited group on the porch.

"Whatever does the girl want?" exclaimed Mrs. Belden. "I thought from the way she screamed something terrible had happened, and now she looks as if she were going crazy. What do you suppose it is? A rat under the wood pile, probably, for Lucy is afraid of her life of rats."

"No, she said turkeys," replied Betty, as she stepped lightly down the steps and advanced on tip-toe towards the wood pile.

Taking one peep at the other side of it, she whispered a few words to Lucy and then ran swiftly toward the corn crib. As she came near the house she called out to her mother and sister: "It's Brokentoe with her babies."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Belden, a look of comprehension spreading over her face. "How many has she got?"

"Five big ones," replied Betty, as she entered the corn crib.

"Good," said Mrs. Belden, and then she and Alice went into the house.

Presently Betty emerged from the corn crib with a large scoop full of cracked corn in one hand and a little shovel in the other. With the shovel she cleared a space near the turkeys' hiding place, and after scattering the corn in this space she retired to the other side of the wood pile and took up her station beside Lucy.

Presently, one by one, the turkeys ventured from their hiding place and pecked ravenously at the corn. When this was all gone they continued their stately parade toward the house, even more carefully alert to any sign of danger than they had been before.

Seeing that they were disposed to remain around the place, Betty decided to wait until after dinner to try to shut them up. Therefore she and Lucy started to the house, joined now by Mr. Belden and the hired man, who, knowing it was dinner time—even though the bell had not been rung—had come in from their various duties, and were very much interested in hearing the recital of the discovery of Brokentoe and her brood.

As they came in sight of them, everyone agreed with Hank, the hired man, who remarked: "Them's the finest batch of turkeys I've seen already. There ain't nothing the matter with them turkeys, no way!"

"Brokentoe always was a good mother," replied Betty, as they passed into the house for dinner.

While this meal was in progress the objects of the recent excitement were continuing to promenade around the young cherry orchard, which was situated at one side of the house. Every now and then they pecked at some seed or berry which showed above the snow, and whistled and gobbled to their heart's content.

Brokentoe had been so named because of a fall that she had received when quite a young bird. She had always been smaller than the other turkeys. For this reason, when she was young she had never been able to mingle with the rest, for they would always worst her in a quarrel. When they were fighting for places on the perches at night Brokentoe was always pushed off her perch, until she finally refused to roost with her companions. Instead she preferred flying up into the trees to spend the nights beside the old gobblers.

Being so small, though, it was very difficult for her to do this, and one night she missed her footing and fell from the top limbs of a tall apple tree and broke one of her claws.

Miss Betty discovered this, and nursed her so carefully that soon she was almost as well as ever. Mr. Belden, however, laughingly christened the turkey "Brokentoe," and by that name she had been known ever since.

That was three years ago, and each spring she had been among the first of the mothers to hatch a large family of young turks. This year, however, she had disappeared about the first of June and no one had seen her afterward.

Betty had felt very badly at losing the best mother in her brood and had tramped miles and miles through woods and pastures to try and locate her. Only twice had she come upon any trace of her. Once she found an old nest, among the tangled vines of a neglected vineyard, with fifteen large eggs in it. A week or two later she again visited the nest and found that all the eggs had hatched. The broken shells and a few half-washed-out turkey tracks were the only remaining traces of Brokentoe and her brood.

Even after this Betty had not given up the search, and although she did not find what she was hunting for, still she learned many interesting things which even she, a country-raised girl, had not known before.

One day she brought home a humming birds' tiny nest; other times a branch of gorgeously-colored autumn leaves, a bunch of half-opened chestnut burrs or an apron full of fern roots; never once did she return empty handed.

And so Betty had profited by Brokentoe's disappearance, but the entire family had given her up as lost. It was all the more agreeable a surprise to Betty to find she had six more turkeys than she thought she had, because Thanksgiving Day was not so very far off.

The Beldens had just finished dinner when the mail carrier arrived. The farm is on a rural route, and the arrival of the mail is always an event in the day's happenings. This noon Tom was the first to spy the low cutter filled with mail sacks, and dashing out of the front door, he reached the box just as the man was driving away. He stood for a moment gazing out at the great lake, then turned, and lifting the cover of the galvanized iron box, took out the mail.

Tom always repeated this same performance whenever he went for the letters, for he considered it good training. He described it in this way: "I almost break my neck to get to the box before the fellow leaves it. Then, just as I'm fairly bursting with curiosity to see what he has brought, I check myself, and gaze serenely around me at the beautiful view that may be obtained from this eminence, as the summer resorters put it. Then when I am quite calm I gently open the box and scan its contents. It's jolly fun, for the longer you wait the more mail you can imagine there is for you, and, if you are disappointed when you open the box, you've had the fun of thinking about it, anyway, and if you do get mail, then it seems all the nicer for having waited for it."

"Tom surely has queer notions, especially concerning self-government," Betty remarked to her father one day after Tom had been talking this way to the family.

Mr. Belden replied: "Let the lad alone, for in years to come he will need to exert all his powers of self-control, most likely, and I am glad if he is practicing while he's young. I admire him for doing so."

This day Tom's patience was rewarded, and he came in waving three letters high above his head.

"One for father, one for Betty and mother; here's yours from Cousin Mary; I always can tell hers because they have a picture of the orphanage up in one corner. Gee! if it's as bare and poor looking inside as it is out, I'd hate to have to live there!"

With these enlightening remarks he passed the letters over to their respective owners.

A few minutes later Mrs. Belden exclaimed in a trembling voice: "Just listen to this, all of you! Cousin Mary writes: 'You know, auntie, all the kiddies have been counting so much on Thanksgiving. They are looking forward to a big turkey dinner, with the usual fixin's, and now comes the sad part. The matron confided to me this morning that we can't possibly have turkey for Thanksgiving Day, and when I suggested chicken as a good substitute she was shocked at my extravagance.

"'Of course, every kind of fowl is getting higher and higher in price at this season, and the home cannot indulge in extravagance, especially this year. We are behind in our expenses, and it is nip and tuck, I tell you, to make ends meet.

"'You see, the home is not large enough for any very general public recognition, and yet it is too large for the few good-hearted souls who support it to keep it entirely out of debt. In this way, you see, we are neither one thing nor the other, and it takes scheming to run things as smoothly as we do.

"'But it is up to me now to disillusion the little dears concerning Thanksgiving, and I can't bring myself to do it yet. The few dreams they do have, and then to think they have to be shattered! It's too pitiful for words to express, but I am not going to explain matters to them until I have to, for I think this is a case where "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."'"

When Mrs. Belden finished this portion of her letter the entire family were affected by the pitiful news.

"I always said I'd hate to live there," remarked Tom, and then added, as if talking to himself: "Gee! Imagine having to do without turkey on Thanksgiving! Poor kids!"

A sharp clap followed Tom's words and made every one start. Betty had been toying with the window-shade cord, had accidentally let go of it, and up it flew with a loud bang. As Betty reached to pull it down her attention was attracted by some object outdoors, and slowly a smile lit up her face. Turning from the window, she faced Tom and remarked:

"What makes you so sure, Tom, that the 'poor kids,' as you call them, won't have a turkey for dinner this year?"

Then, as the questioning gaze of the family rested upon her, she explained: "You see, I just happened to see Brokentoe and brood out there in the yard, and the thought came to me to send three of them to the little orphans. I see no reason why I couldn't, and it really would make no difference in my other flock, for, you see, these six were over and above what I had counted on, and it appears to me it would be a very good thing to do with them. What do you think about it?"

"A splendid scheme!" replied Mr. Belden.

"We'll send the turkeys in a crate along with another one filled with cranberries, squash and turnips. Then I'll put some potatoes in a barrel and fill that up with apples and one thing and another.

(Continued on page 21.)

## Three Happy Pumpkins

The three pumpkins grew on three neighboring vines, and from the day they came into the world blowing their golden blossom trumpets each of them fairly beamed with happiness and self-satisfaction.

They liked the rich soil into which their roots ran deep; they liked the sun and the rain; they liked the hoeing and tending the farmer gave them; and they grew and grew. While the first was yet green, Dick came along and scratched two words on the rind, "Dozyville Fair."

"Oh," thought the pumpkin, "what a great end I am born for!"

Neither sun nor wind nor rain could remove those magic words. They grew as the pumpkins grew, and finally they stood out in rough gray-green lines on a broad yellow background—for the pumpkin had grown as big and round and golden as the harvest moon that shone down upon him at night.

To the Dozyville Fair went the pumpkin. He hobnobbed with monstrous beets, curly-leaved cabbages, pink celery, giant corn, and a wonderful rutabaga pig with wooden legs, and black shoe-button eyes.

Finally a blue first-prize was pinned to the fortunate pumpkin's back and everybody that came along stopped and looked and wondered, and said, "My, what a big, fine pumpkin!"

So the first pumpkin was very, very happy, because he thought the very best thing a pumpkin could be was a premium pumpkin!

The second pumpkin grew even bigger than the first, but he was not round and golden like the harvest moon. In fact, he was rather longish and greenish.

It was at twilight that Teddy stole into the field, and with his sharp jack-knife and practised hand gave him eyes and a nose, and a mouth that seemed about to burst into a tremendous shout. His seeds were neatly scooped out through a hole in his back, and a candle set to light up his empty interior. In short, he became a jack-o'-lantern—the very next thing to a boy!

So the second pumpkin was very, very happy, because he thought the very best thing a pumpkin could be was a jack-o'-lantern!

What was left for the third pumpkin?

Well, this great yellow pumpkin belonged to Dolly, and grandmother made it into a Thanksgiving pie. It was a wonderful pie. It was deep and spicy and rich, with a melting crust and sugary golden-brown top.

So the third pumpkin was very happy, too, because he thought the very best thing a pumpkin could be was a pumpkin-pie for a Thanksgiving dinner!

*There was a child went forth every day, and what that child saw became part of him for a day, or for a year, or for stretching cycles of years. — Walt Whitman.*

## Gypsy

Of just what breed she was, I do not know, although I think her mother was an Indian pony, but of this I am not sure, writes N. J. Snell in our Dumb Animals. She was given to the children when quite young, and was then about the size of a Newfoundland dog. In color she was iron gray, with the most beautiful and intelligent brown eyes that I ever saw in a horse.

Of course the children made a great pet of her, as did also their father and mother and even the hired man. She learned to come at a whistle, and would follow one all over the place, like a dog. Gypsy especially loved to go into the house, which privilege, owing to her small size, she was sometimes allowed.

One day the family drove to a neighboring town, leaving Gypsy in the fenced-in door-yard. When they returned, late in the afternoon, the pony was nowhere to be seen. The gate was fastened securely and there was no means of her getting away unless—horrible thought!—some one had taken her! Frightened at the very idea, the children hurried into the house, and there, stretched comfortably upon the sitting-room rug was Gypsy! She had opened the kitchen door, which had been closed but evidently not latched, with her mischievous little nose, and walking in, had made herself at home, and had taken a nap upon the soft carpet.

### THANKSGIVING JOY

Cartloads of pumpkins as yellow as gold,
Onions in silvery strings,
Shining red apples and clusters of grapes,
Nuts and a host of good things;
Chickens and turkeys and fat little pigs,
These are what Thanksgiving brings.

Work is forgotten and playtime begins,
From office and schoolroom and hall,
Father and mother and uncle and aunt,
Nieces and nephews and all,
Speed away home as they hear from afar
The voice of old Thanksgiving call.

Now is the time to forget all your cares,
Cast every trouble away;
Think of your blessings, remember your joys,
Don't be afraid to be gay;
None are too old and none are too young
To frolic on Thanksgiving Day.

—Author?

Repairing the bone ship models made by prisoners during the Napoleonic wars is the odd task of an English craftsman, T. Beaufort.

## Puzzle Corner

### Conundrum

No bird that ever flits the sky
Can boast such varied plumes as I;
And yet I ne'er was known to fly,
Unless my wings were broken.

### Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

Conundrum.—Eye.

# FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

At a dinner party one gentleman arriving late found a seat reserved for him near the head of the table, where the goose was being carved. "Ah!" he exclaimed with a pleasant smile, "I am to sit by the goose." Then observing the lady in the next chair, he made haste to add: "I mean the roasted one, of course."

Insurance Agent: "Of course your husband would have to be examined before we could issue a policy."

Mrs. Youngbride: "Jack hates trouble. Wouldn't it do if I had a palmist read his lifeline?"

Old Hen: "I'll give you a piece of good advice."

Young Hen: "What is it?"

Old Hen: "An egg a day keeps the axe away."

Passenger in Elevator: "Fourth floor please."

Operator: "Here you are, son."

Passenger: "How dare you call me son, you're not my father."

Operator: "Well, I brought you up, didn't I?"

A Missouri newspaper remarks: "Lot's wife had nothing much on Mrs. Dave Kirk. The former looked back and turned into a pillar of salt; Mrs. Dave looked back and turned into a telephone pole."

Passenger: "Why did you let that pedestrian get away? You could have got him easy."

Driver: "He owes me $20."

A doctor attended an old lady from Scotland who had caught a severe cold.

"Did your teeth chatter when you felt the chill coming over you?" asked the doctor.

"I dinna ken, doctor; they were lying on the table!" was the pleasant reply.

"John, the doctor has ordered me to the seashore."

"Why? You're not run down or tired out, are you?"

"No; but I shall be by the time my trunks are packed."

"If your father knew how stupid you are at school it would give him grey hairs!"

"He would be very glad to get them! He is bald!"

Husband (left to own resources): "I hate to worry you darling, but which is the one I cook my egg in?"

William was looking very serious. "You be looking glum this morning," remarked Daniel. "What's wrong?" "Got a noo hat," replied William, scarcely moving his head. "A noo hat! Well, isn't that a matter for rejoicing?" demanded Daniel. "Aye," admitted William, "but it falls off if Oi laughs."

Jack: "Yes, George left his home for her."

Jerry: "Why?"

Jack: "Oh, hers was a better one."

Card in Florida paper—"Thursday I lost a gold watch which I valued very highly. Immediately I inserted an ad. in your lost-and-found column, and waited. Yesterday I went home and found the watch in the pocket of another suit. God bless your paper."

Bird cage and parrot offered by refined young lady having green feathers and yellow beak.—Ad in The Salt Lake Tribune.

Complained a member of Parliament to a well known British peer, "I've got a 'orrible 'eadache. What would you prescribe?"

"A couple of aspirates," was the prompt and witty answer.

Messenger (to newsboy): "Who's the swell guy ye was talkin' to, Jimmie?"

Newsboy: "Aw, him and me's woiked togedder for years. He's the editor o' one o' my papers."

It was a dark night in October. Murky clouds obscured the moon in such a way as to make driving dangerous in the uncertain light.

A car was approaching the level crossing, travelling swiftly round the corner which led to the closed gates. At that precise moment an express train thundered through.

Too late, the driver of the car saw his danger. He tried to swerve, but a skid was the only result. With a loud crash he struck the last coach, and the car crumpled up on the track.

Silence for a few minutes. Then a voice:

"Well, it's cured my hiccups, anyway!"—and the driver crawled out of the wreck.

"I was very much shocked to hear of Bob's death in his airplane. How did it happen?"

"Poor fellow, he was so used to automobiles. When he was up 10,000 feet his engine stalled and he jumped out to crank it."

He was notoriously mean. One evening he went to see "Hamlet" at the theatre. "It's just like a sermon," he said to a friend afterwards, "and it made me think. I ought to have done more." "Yes," said his friend, "and you've done a good few in your time, too."

Doctor: "If this doesn't cure you, come back and I'll give you something that will."

Patient: "Couldn't you give it to me now, doctor?"—London Humorist.

This amusing wedding incident is related: Among the attendant flower girls was the small niece of the bride. She adored her aunt Frances and thought everything she did was just right. The minister had put the question, "Do you take this man to be your wedded husband?"

"I do," said the bride.

"I do, too, Aunt Francey," piped up the small flower girl loyally

Sandy MacPherson, after being shown to his room in a hotel, looked from the window and noticed a large illuminated clock in a tower across the street. He stopped his watch.

Mother: "We are going up to uncle's farm for a visit."

Daughter: "Has uncle any nice neighbors?"

Mother: "Oh, yes! I've often heard him speak highly of the Holsteins and the Guernseys."

Wife (who had caught her husband squandering a penny on a fortune-telling machine): "H'm! So you're to have a beautiful and charming wife, are you? Not while I'm alive, Horace—not while I'm alive!"

They were newly wedded and not in the best of circumstances. Said he: "If things don't go better with us, darling, I suppose your father won't see us starve?"

"No, poor dear," replied the young wife, "his eyesight gets worse every day."

Mrs. Shimmerpate, just back from Europe, said to Mrs. Beanbrough:

"I just couldn't bear looking at the ruins in Italy. They made me homesick for my husband."

"Homesick for your husband?"

"Uh, huh. You know, Henry has fallen arches."

Schulze (in hospital): "Who puts the butter on the bread?"

Matron: "I do."

Schulze: "Then who scrapes it off again?"

SEE CANADA FIRST—IF YOU CAN

—Cartoon in National Grange Monthly.

YOUNG FELLOWS

FOR the earnest young man on the threshhold of business life, nothing can give a greater sense of present security, or give a greater certainty of future progress, than to hold an endowment policy.

Only prudent and forward-looking men insure their lives—but these are the qualities that impress employers, for they bespeak the man who expects success. And the payment of a good sum in early or middle life will give effect to all the work that has gone before.

*Write for a copy of "The President's Story"*

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL

## BROKENTOE'S TREAT

(Continued from Page 20.)

"I'll send some of my mince meat for pies, and a jar of the pumpkin mixture, too, and a few glasses of jelly," continued Mrs. Belden.

"Then we'll get Lucy to bake some of her good cookies and doughnuts, so as to give them a treat, while we're about it."

"Well, I'll put in some of those nuts Ted and I gathered last fall. There are a lot of different kinds, and I know they're good because I've sampled 'um!" volunteered Tom.

"And I'll tell you what I can do!" interjected Alice. "I'll make some of those funny pictures on cards, you know, Betty, the kind you use buttons for heads."

"Yes," replied Betty, "that will be fine, dear, and we can ask Cousin Mary to write the name of a child on each card and put them at their places at the table. They will serve as place cards and cause a great deal of merriment during the dinner, I'm sure."

In this way the Beldens laid their plans, and for several days before the box was sent off all was bustle and excitement at the farm.

Alice obtained a number of small, blank cards; on each of these she pasted a large-eyed bone button. On the button she drew a face, using the two round holes for eyes, and simply making a tiny dot on the card for the eyeball. Then below this head she drew all sorts of comical figures of men, women and children, or animals, to suit her fancy. The pompous turkey gobbler was depicted in no less striking manner than was the little flaxen-haired schoolgirl, her lunch basket on her arm and her books swinging by a strap at her side.

When these pictures were colored and finished they made very novel and amusing place cards, for the tiny dots of eyes seemed to follow you whichever way you turned, and lent a comical, life-like expression to the picture.

At last the day arrived for the box to be shipped, and all the family gathered in the large kitchen to assist in its packing. Three of the largest of Brokentoe's children had been fattened, and were now on the back porch pecking sharply at the slats of the coop in which they were crated ready for shipment.

Bushel baskets, filled with various kinds of fruit and vegetables occupied every available space on the kitchen floor, and from these a large sugar barrel and an orange crate were being packed with the goodies. Squash and turnips were put in the barrel with the apples and potatoes, and the crate was filled with cranberries, nuts, pastry and other delicacies.

At last the packing was finished, the covers nailed on and the tags and labels adjusted satisfactorily. Then Tom drove up to the back door, with a team of prancing grays hitched to the cutter. He soon loaded on the packages, and amid many parting injunctions and oft-repeated instructions, he set off at a smart pace toward the town where he was to ship his load to Chicago. When it reached there the orphanage was to have a wagon take it from the railway station out to them.

The Belden, needless to say, spent a very happy Thanksgiving Day that year. They had a large family re-union, and killed the other two of Brokentoe's children for dinner.

Tom expressed the sentiments of the family when he made the remark, while hungrily chewing the meat off a large drumstick: "Well, I guess the reason I'm enjoying this turk's leg so is because I know those poor kids over in the orphanage, in Chicago, are having all they can eat of another bird that tastes just as good to them as this does to me. I couldn't have eaten my dinner with near as much relish if I had thought they could have nothing but an old pot roast or something of that sort today."

"Of coruse, none of us could!" replied Betty. "And now I am anxiously awaiting Cousin Mary's letter that will tell us about how the children enjoyed the surprise."

And Betty had not long to wait, for Cousin Mary sat down that very afternoon, and in a lovely long letter poured out her love and gratitude to the dear home folks for their timely helpful gift.

This letter reached the Belden's Saturday noon. Betty brought it up from the mail box, and, giving it to her mother, called all the family to hear it read.

They listened attentively to the delight of the youngsters upon opening the barrel and crates; the queer speeches they made when they saw the live turkeys, and last, but not least, how they had enjoyed their fine dinner of products from the Belden farm.

"Thanking you, one and all, in behalf of the dear children here, for your lovely treat, which was certainly greatly appreciated by us all, I remain, with lots of love,

"Your grateful cousin,

"Mary."

Thus the letter ended, and as Mrs. Belden finished reading it she gazed at the smiling group of faces around her, and then exclaimed: "Well, I guess, from the way this reads, they all did appreciate our treat. Don't you think so, Betty?" And Betty, who had been looking out across the yard at her flock of handsome bronze turkeys, just at that moment spied Brokentoe walking a little behind the others and looking very small and lonesome without any of her children. So, with a laugh, Betty replied: "I shouldn't call it our treat, mother; I'd call it Brokentoe's treat."

"Right you are! Three cheers for Brokentoe and the five that were but are no more!" cried Tom. Picking up his hat, he dashed out of the house, followed by Spot, his fox-terrier, and left the rest of the family to discuss further the details of Cousin Mary's letter concerning "Brokentoe's Treat."

# The Bride of Qu' Appelle

(Continued from page 6.)

I ran, I was so much excited that as I jumped over a fallen tree, I stumbled and fell, and was hurt so severely that I could hardly walk. That night I came upon the tracks of a bear, and though I was afraid to follow the trail, being so weak, I was so anxious to find my brother, that I pressed on. When it was getting dark, I noticed marks of blood in the snow, and then I fell, and knew nothing more, until I was awakened by some drops of rain beating upon my face, and it was broad daylight. As I could not do anything alone, I turned toward home to get some help. My brother is lost!"

The lad fell over in his father's arms as he finished his tale. After a few moments rest, he pointed westward.

"That is the trail! You will find my brother there! He is lost! Lost!"

Makeyo held the lad and spoke tenderly to him. The warriors and hunters rose hastily, and rushed along the trail, vowing vengeance.

As they ran, they glanced on either side, ever wary, and on the alert for the presence of a hidden foe. At last they reached the bloody trail, which was announced by a shout of defiance and hope. Hastening on they found the ground trampled over, and there were the footprints of a bear and a man. A terrible struggle had taken place, and here and there were evidences of the man having fallen, and then rising to renew the contest. On they hurried, until they reached the spot of the tragedy, where the body lay, cold and stiff, but not frozen. Besides the body were the dying embers of a fire, which the wounded man had kindled after the battle. His arms and head were terribly lacerated, and he had managed to crawl to the spot, where he lay down and died. A runner was despatched to inform Makeyo, while the body was carefully wrapped, and borne amid great lamentations to the camp.

Wusko was one of the hunting party that had gone westward in quest of food, and he did not learn of the sad calamity which had befallen his family until his return. Iska, however, was one of the search party which had gone with Makeyo, and when the party bore the body of the son of his enemy to the camp, he lingered on the trail. When the mourners had gone some distance he turned back and followed the bloody trail. The young warrior was accompanied by one of his dogs, a massive animal who always guarded his master, when he was permitted to be with him. With his bow and arrows in his hand, and watching intently for the bear, whom he expected to find in his winter quarters in the woods, he followed the trail. As he crept along stealthily, the dog gave a loud bark and rushed into the woods. Iska stopped, and none too soon, for he was instantly confronted by a huge bear, which came out of his lair and stood on the trail. The dog held the animal's attention, while Iska stretched his bow, and sent an arrow straight for the heart. With a loud roar he arose on his hind legs, and fell dead upon the trail. Iska improvised a sled and with the help of his companion, brought the monster to the camp.

Makeyo had returned from the burial of his son, when he was called outside his lodge. Iska was standing with the carcass on the sled, and as the war chief gazed upon the slayer of his son, Iska, pointing to the sled said in a quiet and sympathetic tone of voice, "That belongs to you!"

Calling his dog to follow him, the young man left the sled at the lodge, and Makeyo watched Iska as he walked toward home, too much surprised to utter a word.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### On The Saskatchewan

The killing of the bear, and the gift of the carcass by Iska, had the effect of softening Makeyo's feeling toward the rival of his son. He rather surprised Chowek by making a visit to the lodge of his old enemy, and thanking him for Iska's courage and kindness. The two aged chiefs sat as in the days when they were young men, and talked of their victories, and Makeyo begged that their rivalry might cease, and that the past might be forgotten. Chowek was deeply impressed with Makeyo's sincerity, and profession of friendship, and as a token of their union for the welfare of the tribe, he lighted his pipe and handing it to the war chief asked him to smoke. Makeyo nodded while he took the pipe, and the feud came to an end over the pipe of peace.

When Wusko returned from the small pox camp, he was deeply grieved to learn of the death of his brother. Makeyo repeated the story of the search, as Wusko sat by the lodge fire with his head bowed in grief, and as the father spoke of Iska pursuing the bear and killing him, the young man looked into his father's face with surprise.

"We must forget the bitter strife, my son," said Makeyo softly. "He may have a good heart, and while I am still determined that you shall have Kesik for a wife, it will be best to trust the gods, and make friends with Chowek."

Wusko listened to his father's advice, and the twain sat alone far into the night, talking over the events which had happened during their separation, and laying plans for the future. On the following day Wusko entered Chowek's lodge and greeted Iska. The visit was a surprise, as Wusko had not been in the lodge for several years, but the inmates showed no excitement as they gave him a seat. Wusko related his adventures at the deserted camps, and his eyes flashed as he spoke of the small pox mounds, and the narrow escape of the whole party from a horrible death. When he had finished his story, and had smoked with Iska and his father, he handed a beautiful stone pipe to Iska, saying as he placed the gift in the hands of his rival: "We are friends! May no enemy step between us to break this bond which we have made this day!"

The folks in the camp peered through the holes in the lodges, when they saw the two young men walking together along the trail a few days after Wusko's visit. They were still more surprised when they saw them go off on a hunting expedition alone, and they rejoiced in the hope that the bitter feud had ended, and now they would enjoy peace. The matter was discussed around the lodge fires, and the conclusion was reached that the heart of Makeyo was softened by the death of his son. Not a day passed that the two young men did not spend several hours in each other's lodges, and these visits cemented their friendship, so that they became as brothers living in the same lodge.

When Iska had returned late one evening from a visit with Wusko, and had thrown himself on his bed, he was aroused by the hooting of an owl. Being unable to sleep, he went outside to chase the intruder away, and he was confronted by the Black Dwarf, who shook his fist in his face, and made a strange noise with his mouth. He spoke not a word, but as he left Iska standing shaking with fear, he growled in anger and dismay. It was a bad omen for the young man, who was so overcome that he tossed in his bed and twice sprang to his feet to meet an unseen foe,

In the centre of the camp on the following day, a crowd of young men sat on the ground, watching Iska and Wusko playing the game of the wheel. A space was marked off about twenty feet long, with a peeled log at each end. Wusko held in his right hand a small wooden wheel, whose spokes were entwined with colored threads of sinew, and upon one of them was fastened a knot of sinew of different shade. Both of the contestants held an arrow, and as they started to run from one end of the course to another, Wusko cast the wheel which ran toward the log. As it left his hand they followed it, running swiftly, and when near the end they threw their arrows against the log, and the point of the arrow which lay nearest to the colored knot on the wheel was declared the winner. Back and forth they ran, shouting and laughing as first one, and then the other, made a point in the game, and as they were well matched the spectators became greatly excited and rose from their sitting posture. Buffalo hides, stone pipes, and arrows lay on either side of the course as trophies won in the game, for one of the chief factors of interest was the gambling spirit of the crowd. Those who were betting on the result of the contest held small sticks in their hands as tallies to keep track of the number of points gained by each of the young men. Iska was ahead of his competitor, and seemed likely to be the winner, and those who had staked on Wusko's skill ran at his side shouting words of encouragement. While the excitement was at its highest pitch and the game was drawing to a close, the company scattered, and the contestants stood with their arrows still unsped. The Black Dwarf came running on his hands and feet, and threw himself on the course, where he lay barking like a dog. Rising to his feet he fell on his knees, and with wild grimaces he yelled like a demon, while the spectators stood aghast, rivetted to the spot and unable to divine the meaning of the sudden intrusion. The game remained unfinished, as Wusko cast one glance at the Dwarf, and another at Iska, and then departed. That night Iska spent some sleepless hours, as through the darkness there came weird sounds from the forest, and the wailing of the wind kept time with the howling of a pack of wolves.

The warlike spirit of Makeyo undismayed by so many misadventures and delays, took on fresh courage by a report that the Blackfeet were out on the war path. The opportunity for which he had long waited had come at last, and his frequent denunciations of the womanly spirit of the young warriors was taking effect. With increased vigor he renewed the attack, chiding them for their folly in spending their days and nights in ease, instead of emulating the virtues of their ancestors and defending the camp. Piskwa was not in favor of Makeyo's plans of forming a war party to march into the country of the Blackfeet, which Makeyo laid before him. The young men, however, were eager for the fray, and the lodges resounded with the wild notes of war songs, as the fires shone in the darkness of the night. Piskwa visited the lodges of the chiefs and talked with each of them, and they all agreed that it would be good training for the young men. Somewhat reluctantly Piskwa assented to Makeyo's proposition, and with the consent of the Council, the war chief assembled the young warriors, and counselled them to prepare for a march over the prairie, and a sudden attack upon the Blackfeet Indians.

The former quiet of the camp was broken by the loud and continued din of the tom-tom and war songs, and the games were forgotten in the expectation of a great event. Meanwhile Makeyo sought the advice of Chowek in laying his plans, and long and frequent interviews were held by the two aged chiefs in their respective lodges. The war chief praised Iska for his courage in killing the bear, and Chowek was proud of the valor of his son, especially when the praise came from the lips of his old enemy and rival.

"He is a brave young man," said Makeyo with a smile.

"He is worthy to be honored by our people, and he must have a chief place among the warriors."

Chowek was grateful to the war chief for his high opinion of Iska, and thanked him for his promise of promotion.

As the Blackfeet were reported to be very strong, numbering several hundred warriors, and they were expert in war, Makeyo selected two hundred of the bravest men in the camp. Those who were chosen counted it to be a great honor to become members of the war party, as the contest was likely to be a severe one, and would test the courage and skill of the hardiest of the warriors. Much to Iska's surprise, he was selected by Makeyo to lead the young men to battle, and these were gratified to have such a brave warrior as their chief. There was not a dissenting voice in the whole camp when the choice was made known, and Kesik forgave Makeyo and his son,for their attempts on the life of her favorite. The Black Dwarf had been absent for a few days, and when he returned and learned of the change of affairs, and the appointment of Iska, he shook his head, and for several nights Iska was aroused by the hooting of an owl, and the barking of a dog. Once when he attempted to go outside the lodge in the middle of the night, to drive away the intruder, Chowek pushed him back upon his bed and whispered: "Lie down. It is only the Black Dwarf at his old tricks. He is a fool! Lie down and go to sleep."

For several days the warriors fasted and prayed. They painted their bodies with grotesque figures, and danced and sang their weird songs, vowing, too, that they would return with scalps to adorn their lodges. When the day arrived for their departure, the warriors who remained to guard the camp during the absence of the war party assembled, and escorted them half a day's journey up the valley. The women sang and shouted and prayed to the gods to grant a glorious victory to their husbands and brothers and sons. Five days they travelled westward, and when they had entered the Blackfoot country, runners were sent out to locate the camp of the enemy. Still going westward, they kept wary watch over every bluff, which might afford a hiding place for their foes. They had almost despaired of finding the camp of the Blackfeet, when two of the scouts returned with the information that the lodges were snugly hidden in a wide coulee, which was protected by precipitous banks. Under the cover of darkness Makeyo led his men to a ravine where they found shelter, and were within easy reach of their enemies, and waited for dawn to make an attack. Iska was placed in command of his party of men, and stationed in an advantageous position in front of all the warriors, that he might win the honors of the day by making a charge, when an opportune moment arrived. With the first streaks of light, Makeyo issued his orders to advance. Quickly and silently the warriors separated, and spread themselves along the edge of the wide coulee, and as the war-whoop rang out wild and clear, a hundred arrows whizzed through the air, which only gave warning to the Blackfeet without doing any serious damage. The Blackfeet warwhoop came back, as an answer to the challenge of the Crees, while the warriors sped from their lodges to repel the advance of their foes, and get beyond the cries of their women and children. The Blackfeet climbed the steep banks, where they poured their arrows thick and fast among the Crees, who rushed forward, and then retreated for a breathing space. Singly they fought, every man watching his opportunity, while Makeyo shouted and directed the warriors, and his cries stung the hearts of his men to do their utmost in a final struggle with their ancient foes. The ravine lay between the contestants, and none dared to risk their lives by crossing the line of separation. Wusko stood by his father's side to protect him, and as a mark of affection. "Look there," said the young man pointing to a tall warrior who was gazing upon them, and held his bow bent to discharge an arrow.

"It is the chief," replied Makeyo, as he threw himself on the ground, and called his son to follow his example. An arrow struck a large stone behind which they crouched, and glancing aside, lodged in the matted locks of the old man. Mad with rage and fear, he sprang to his feet, the arrow dangling in his hair, and shouting defiance to his brave antagonist who stood laughing across the ravine, he sent an arrow with unerring aim, and the Blackfoot fell where he stood. When the Blackfeet saw their leader prostrate, they turned and ran down the hill, fighting as they retreated. Makeyo scanned the field before taking advantage of his apparent victory, and was dismayed to see the dead and wounded lying around him. The risk seemed too great for him to cross the ravine, as a few of the boldest of the enemy lay hidden behind some rocks to guard the space between themselves and their camp. As he studied the situation, an exclamation of delight fell upon the ears of Wusko, for Makeyo shouted in glee, and seized the arrow clinging to his hair. Handing it to his son, he pointed to a figure standing ahead, with his bow bent in the act of shooting at their foes.

"Now is your opportunity, my son! Send the enemy's arrow straight for his heart. If he falls the battle is over, and we have won a double victory. This opportunity is sufficient compensation for all our dead and wounded. It was for this that I planned the expedition, and now we shall be masters at home. Kesik is yours, my son! Shoot him! And do it quickly! Shoot! Hurry!"

Wusko looked and listened, and hesitated.

"You will not do it?"

Wusko shook his head. Grasping the Blackfoot arrow, the war chief crouched behind the huge boulder until he was hidden from view, and sent it speedily on its mission of death. As the man fell, Makeyo arose and called upon his men to cease fighting.

It was late in the afternoon when the war chief led his warriors out upon the prairie, on their journey homeward. Wusko walked by his side dejected, as he mourned the loss of Iska, slain by the hand of his sire. There was no longer any barrier to secure the possession of Kesik, as his rival would never trouble him again, yet sorrow was eating out his heart, for he had learned to forget Iska's claims and rivalry, and loved him as a brother. When the Blackfeet saw the Crees forsake their positions, they mustered fresh courage and renewed the contest, but both sides had suffered so much that they were not disposed to fight another battle. Makeyo was satisfied with the death of Iska, and his warriors were content to depart, without risking the loss of more of the brave sons of the camp.

As was their custom, they set fire to the prairie, thus preventing the Blackfeet from dogging their steps in their homeward march, and inflicting punishment upon their foes, by driving the game from favorite haunts. A brisk wind caught the flames behind them, and sent them with a lurid glare in the darkness as they swept the plains, while Makeyo and his son sought refuge in a coulee aside from the trail. The roaring of the flames was heightened into a mad frenzy by the moaning of the buffalo as they rushed wildly before the torrent of fire, and the scene became frantic with horror as antelope, moose, and coyotes fled in dismay, in search of places of safety in the river bottoms, where they crouched in fear, and forgot their strife in the common disaster. So long had the natives made war upon the animals of the plains that their sympathy for the dumb creatures had been destroyed, and when the tribes were engaged in deadly strife, they were oblivious to all interests save those which belonged to themselves.

There were loud lamentations in the camp when the war party returned, mothers, wives and children crying in distress for the men who had fallen in battle, the native coronach was sung in many lodges with a weirdness that was desolate, and the whole camp mourned the loss of many of her brave sons. While every lodge was deeply affected, and the songs of love and peace were forgotten in the sighs and moans of grief-stricken relatives, a common interest and sympathy were centred in the lodge of Chowek, as Iska the beloved was numbered among the slain. The mother of the young man cast aside her gay attire, and put on the garments of mourning, which was nothing but a dirty robe, old and decayed, and to add to the symbols of her grief, she cut off her hair, and one of her fingers at the first joint, and gashed her legs from the knees to the ankles. A sad and lonely woman was she, as through the camp she dragged her weary feet, and though others had their own share of sorrow, this bereaved mother awoke a response of sympathy in many hearts. Chowek and his family were not alone in their grief over the death of Iska, for in Piskwa's lodge there was one whose sorrow was deeper than that of any member of the tribe.

When the news of Iska's death was reported, Kesik laid aside her rich mantle, and lived for a while as a recluse among her people. Refusing to be comforted by her father who sought to assuage her grief, she sat in the lodge neglecting the food prepared for her, and her long tresses of hair became matted, her face remained unwashed, and she brooded in despair, an abject picture of intense agony. Compelled by her position to nurse her grief alone,

(Continued on page 24.)

# Jack Miner And His "Missionary Messengers"

FAMOUS NATURALIST

"One of the outstanding personalities of the generation," and "one of the great men of the continent," is the way John F. McGovern, Minneapolis journalist, described Jack Miner, in an article dealing with a lecture given by the famous Canadian ornithologist. "He has done such good work for the Western world that the extent of it will not be measured for many years, and the fact of it fully appreciated until long after he has passed away."

## Gospel Messengers

### From an Article by Emmy Matt Rush.

Down in Essex County, Ontario, the southern-most part of Canada, bordering upon the shores of Lake Erie, there lives a man to whom are attracted thousands of wild geese, ducks and others of God's helpless creatures of the air, every spring and fall in their transcontinental migratory flight. The heart of this man is so free from guile and deception that these wild creatures of the air have learnt to recognize the safety of the acreage surrounding his home. Proudly they stop, en route from the winter climes of the Southland to the summer climes of the Northland, for a short sojourn with Jack Miner, bringing with them not only their own little flock of young, but their neighbors and friends of the winter time are invited to come along. Should a hunter's aim strike one of these helpless creatures in their flight, they continue on and on, with unremitting effort, until Jack Miner's Sanctuary is reached, feebly dropping at his feet, and certain of his aid and kindly ministration.—E. M. Rush.

Jack Miner predicts that the day is not far distant when every farmer in the universe will recognize the importance of protective kindness to wild birds, and once little children are taught not to wilfully rob nests and kill these helpless creatures, the work of educating the masses will be but a simple matter.

The first flock of wild geese came to him to stay fifteen years ago, and they numbered but nineteen. Undoubtedly they told their friends of the Miner philanthropy and kindness, just as I am telling mine, for they brought with them twenty-one more geese the following year. This number increased from year to year, until now between two and three thousand wild geese and ducks visit the Miner Bird Sanctuary twice a year. Late in March or early April they come, and remain until about the first of May, when the flight is continued northward.

Since the year 1915 Mr. Miner has established a systematic tagging system. During the period of their sojourn upon his farm these birds are tagged, i.e., their legs are banded with little aluminum tags bearing the request that the person catching or killing a bird carrying such a band, kindly return the band to Mr. Miner, for which service he pays One Dollar for each tag returned. More than five hundred wild geese and ducks have been tagged and recorded in this manner, and approximately one hundred and fifty tags have been returned to him.

**Birds Spread The Gospel**

Of late years this idealistic naturalist whose faith in all things good is wondrous great, conceived the idea that these birds might spread the gospel of God, thus creating of them what he terms, "Missionary Messengers," and now each band placed upon the leg of a wild bird by Mr. Miner carries a verse of scripture, and thus the Gospel is spread into territory where even the church of God has failed to pierce the darkness of unbelief.

Recently an Esquimau in the James Bay territory of the Hudson Bay region returned a tag marked thus:

"No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."—Psalm 84-11.

Another Hudson Bay Indian returned a tag bearing the inscription:

"Wise men lay up knowledge."—Proverbs 10-14.

A man from the State of Arkansas who had been a habitual drinker, killed a goose bearing a tag with the soothing message: "He careth for you."

This man wrote Mr. Miner that in all honesty the tag should be returned to him, but he added, "I want to keep it, for it has made a new man of me."

Mr. Miner gave me a letter to read citing an incident that happened in Mississippi, brought about by his Scriptural tag system. It appears that a group of colored boys and men went hunting, and in the group was the colored preacher of the community. To the latter fell the honor of killing the first wild goose, and it bore a verse of Scripture. He thought it was a message direct from God out of the heavens, and there followed one of the greatest colored revivals ever had in that State, for said the preacher, "Dis am de message of de Lord, I saw Him descending with the fowl in His arms, and it flew right at ME. Now de judgment am coming, and we are the elected, going straight to His arms."

**Bands Returned From Far North**

Bird bands have been returned from the agents of the Hudson Bay Company in the James Bay District in the far north, Alberta and Saskatchewan in the west, Long Island Sound in the east, and from Mississippi and Louisianna in the far south, and from the intermediate territory, and it is safe to assume that these birds with their missionary messages travel into territory where the foot of modern man has not yet rested.

Mr. Minor has been the cause of a great revolution in Migratory Bird Laws pertaining to the protection of wild game in flight. The Essex County Game Protective Association, of which he was the founder, at its last meeting voted ninety per cent in favor of the absolute protection of Quail in that County. Mr. Miner has been called to many of the larger cities of the United States and Canada to share his Bird Knowledge with the populace and to voice the recurring good of protective measures for our little fellow creatures of the air. He has been instrumental in accomplishing untold protection for these helpless birds through judicious legislation both in the United States and in Canada.

Every known specis of wild bird in North America is known to have found this haven of rest in its transcontinental flight, and THEY COME BACK, some of them for six and seven years, as shown by original date upon the band they carry, placed there by a member of the Miner family.

## The Naturalist Has His Worries

### By Margaret M. Cook, B.A.

There is certainly no private residence on this continent that attracts so many visitors as does Jack Miner's home and bird sanctuary at Kingsville, Ontario. People come from all over the world. Proof of this statement has been often in evidence. At times you will find automobiles parked as thickly as in any city for several rods each side of the naturalist's home and bird sanctuary. The day I visited him I found the licence numbers on the cars represented sixteen different states and provinces.

So many people are under the impression that his estate is a public park and use it as such. On making an investigation I found that only about five per cent of the visitors ask permission to look around at the bird-lover's accomplishments. The control of the remaining ninety-five per cent is the cause of no little worry to Jack Miner.

His home is his place of rest. After being away on lecture tours, addressing audiences continually, this rest is very necessary. With so many visitors—visitors who think his home is public property—Jack Miner considers his position to be similar to "the side show ape at a circus," to use his own expression. He has had signs printed to direct people around the property, but a certain class tear them down and smash them into kindling, while others actually go into the buildings and disturb setting hens. When asked why they did this, one person replied. "to see if the hens were setting on duck or quail eggs."

**Destroy His Roses**

"Last summer," Jack Miner informed me, "I kept an experimental rose garden, in which all my choice rose roots were grafted. Shortly after they had started to bloom—just the time to show the variety of results of my careful experiments—I happened to reach the garden one afternoon, just in time to see a lady with an armful of freshly plucked roses. When I spoke to her about it, she said she had never seen such beautiful roses of such great fragrance and was taking them home to allow her mother to enjoy them." Such incidents are naturally a source of worry to Jack Miner.

I visited the famed place one morning after quite a heavy thunderstorm had occurred during the preceding night, the kind which Ontario often experiences. The ground being of clay, it became rather sticky. As I approached the residence, I saw a party of people sitting on the Miner doorstep cleaning the mud from their shoes and leave without sweeping it off. I was surprised to see Mrs. Miner come from within the house with her broom and dust-pan and clean the dirt away, which the uninvited visitors had left. When I spoke to Mrs. Miner about it, she said, with a little smile, "Oh, this is a common occurrence."

How the Miner family stand such annoyance is a problem to me. I suggested to Mr. Miner that he charge an admission fee, to be paid to a man in authority who would show people around, but Jack Miner replied: "This is my home and, by the help of God, it will be one place on earth where no tips will be paid as long as I live."

**Refuses to Take Tips**

"I have," he continued, "had people suggest that I sell picture post cards of the place and my book, to help maintain things generally. But, no," he repeated by way of emphasizing the point, "tips are the curse of the world and, in the name of God, let us have one place on earth where no money changes hands and that place my own private dwelling."

The bird-lover, though one of Canada's busiest men, arose from the bench on which he was sitting, to meet some fresh visitors, and said to me, in closing our interview, "What steps I will have to take to control the public around my home and private dooryard will need careful thought. But I must solve the problem as things have to change in order to give my family and myself more rest and privacy. I love the people of the world and hope I have no enemies, but put your self in my shoes—five thousand people visiting your home in one day, many of whom are very curious and ask questions sufficient to keep you busy all day long and well into the evening, only to return some days later with more friends. You will then realize how necessary it is to make some definite alteration to the present regime."

## "Jack Miner Says"

### Culled by Norman S. Rankin.

"Tell the truth if you have to lie to do it."

"I like birds but boys better."

"If it were not for flowers, birds and music and children, I would have no desire to carry on."

"I am so happy I'm going to live a hundred years or die in the attempt."

"Never a man so good but what a good woman will make him better."

"Is life in the country worth living? It depends on the liver."

"There isn't enough real money in the world to buy my home."

"I've done no work. Work consists of doing something you don't want to do. Yet I'm always as busy as a cow's tail in fly time."

"Did you ever notice that when you begin to work for others you get all kinds of encouragement—everybody works with you and for you."

"I've got nothing of which to boast. Back of Jack Miner has been the powerful hand of the Unseen."

"Don't let us work all our life to make a living, but let us work to live all our life."

"The hope of the world is more love and education, both in national and international affairs."

"God and a good wife can make a man out of a skunk-catcher."

"Money doesn't make a man."

**JACK MINER'S INFLUENCE**

(Toronto Globe.)

It is impossible to gauge the full extent of the great work he has accomplished in stimulating keener and more widespread interest in the study of natural history. Throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, to say nothing of other parts of the continent, boys and girls are seeking to emulate the feats of the Kingsville nature lover by establishing bird sanctuaries and by striving to know the members of the feathered world and to understand their habits. On the farms and in the smaller communities young people have thus found a new interest in life, and have learned the useful lesson that it pays to observe the things around one. In the towns and cities, too, old and young have read with interest Mr. Miner's articles or listened with delight to his lectures.

**WOODWORK FROM HIS OWN OAKS**

Jack Miner had an ambition when he came to Canada of building a home and using his timber, which ambition did not materialize until a few years ago. Now, to all guests, he points with pride to the fine woodwork contained in the doors and paneling and remarks on the source from which they originated some thirty-five or forty years ago.

Now, on this valuable land, where the giant oaks stood you will find thirty acres reforested with a variety of native trees. This was done in 1914. Experimentation determined the kinds of trees adapted to the various soils which consist largely of a sandy soil and black clay loam. In accordance with these results twenty-five thousand Scotch pines were planted in one group. At that date (1914) they were from four to six inches high and planted comparatively close together. They were cultivated for two seasons and their proximity has resulted in straight and rapid growth. Several of these during the interval of ten years have attained a height of from fifteen to twenty feet.

As one walks through and around these trees, you will see cord and ribbon of different colors on a large number of them. Jack Miner has so marked these in order to keep a record of their growth in height and girth.—R. S. Williams.


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# The Bride of Qu' Appelle

(Continued from page 22.)

as she dared not show how deep were her feelings on the death of Iska to the dwellers in the lodges, she abode in the seclusion of her home, and none witnessed the sorrow of the beautiful maiden of the sky. While the fire burned low and darkness had settled, she and her father were startled by a song of hope and triumph, which came almost inaudibly to the door of the lodge. The singer sang in a whisper as if he were afraid to awaken the resentment of those who were bereaved, and yet intended that his message of peace should be heard by the lonely occupants of Kesik's lodge.

"It is the Black Dwarf," said Piskwa with a sigh. "This is no time for singing, when the camp is plunged in great sorrow. Surely he is a fool!"

While he spoke, Keskweo entered the lodge, and as the last words of the song died on his lips, he shouted hoarsely and in a tone of defiance, "Iska is not dead! He lives!"

Piskwa raised his hand commanding silence upon such a sacred subject, while Kesik looked into the face of the dwarf, and a gleam of hope chased away her tears.

"Makeyo is a traitor! Wusko has a double tongue! Iska is alive! I saw him in my dream, and the gods were on his side."

Piskwa listened in astonishment to the prophecy of the Black Dwarf, whose repeated warnings and visions had impressed the head chief, and as he pondered over the predictions of the fool, and the wily character of Makeyo and his son, he refrained from any opposition to Keskweo's strange words.

Before the period of mourning for the dead was ended, Makeyo made a friendly visit upon Piskwa, and expressed his sympathy for the loss of so many of the brave sons of the camp. As he related the story of the battle with the Blackfeet, Kesik shuddered and hid her face in the folds of her garment. Makeyo noticed the movement, and his countenance became darker than usual with the fierce anger which burned in his soul. She was only a woman, and he resented her opposition, but she was the reputed daughter of the gods, and to win her as a wife for Wusko was a prize to be not lightly esteemed, besides he had endured so much already on this mission that he was determined to destroy all his enemies in attaining his object.

"I am sorry for Chowek," he said in a tone simulating sympathy. "Iska was a brave young man. He fell at the head of his band of warriors with his face to the foe."

"There was not a better man than Iska in our tribe, and my heart is sorely pained for Chowek on the loss of such a noble son," said Piskwa in response.

"There is no need for longer delay," said Makeyo, looking toward Kesik, who sat motionless with her head still covered. "Wusko alone remains to claim the hand of your daughter, and my gifts are still at your feet."

"The gods have not spoken their last word, and we must wait for their decision."

"Decision! The gods have given their decision. Iska is dead, and it is folly to delay longer."

"She belongs to the tribe, the Council must be consulted, and I dare not assent to your demand."

"Demand! She belongs to Wusko, the Council has spoken already, and the gods have decided in favor of my son I must have her, and I will have her, as it is our right!"

Piskwa shook his head in reply, and Makeyo with fierce anger depicted on his countenance arose, and left the lodge. When Makeyo had gone, the head chief was greatly perturbed in spirit, and while Kesik still maintained silence, he said in his quiet fashion:

"My daughter, I am no longer young, and this matter affecting your future is grieving me so deeply that I am afraid I must either submit to the demands of Makeyo, or I shall soon be buried with my fathers. I dare not leave you alone, and yet my sufferings are wearing out my heart."

"I am your daughter, and my destiny is in your hands, and I shall obey without a murmur, but spare me this disgrace a little longer, father. The gods may send another message of peace. The Black Dwarf has spoken, and there may be some truth in his prediction."

Kesik had thrown aside her old garment, and was looking in her father's face with an expression of hope, without defiance. She was sad, and though submissive, there was confidence in her sire that he would protect her, and sympathy with him in his perplexity. While they sat alone discussing the situation, their conversation was broken by loud hootings, which were unseemly amid the lamentations from the sorrow stricken lodges. As the sound came nearer, they recognized the voice of the Black Dwarf, and they were not surprised when he bounded into the lodge, shaking his fist and denouncing Makeyo and his son.

"Traitors! Traitors!" he shouted. "They are despoiling our people! They are liars and murderers! The gods will yet defeat them, and they will be cast out of the camp as accursed plotters against our peace. Kesik must not be given to Wusko! Let her die, if she must, but Wusko must not have her! Do you hear? The gods are speaking, listen to what they say."

As he ceased, he threw some wood on the fire, and a dark green flame shot out, which made his features hideous, and while Piskwa and his daughter gazed upon the man transformed into a demon, he pointed to the door of the lodge, and a loud peal of thunder shook the ground.

"Iska lives! Iska lives!" he shouted as he darted outside, and was lost in the darkness.

All through the days of sorrow Piskwa went among his people imparting comfort, and Kesik left her seclusion that she might visit the sick, and lend her sympathy to the women who mourned for the lost. Makeyo strode through the camp exulting in his victory over the Blackfeet, and waiting for another opportunity to renew Wusko's claims for Kesik. When the wounds of bereavement were partially healed, and the people had betaken themselves to hunting and their daily duties, one of the runners of the camp approached Piskwa's lodge with the information that a stranger was seen on the northern trail coming toward them. With the customary gait of the natives the stranger followed the trail through the valley, and a number of the warriors gathered in expectation of some strange news from the northern land. While they waited in suspense and watched him closely, one of the younger men shouted, "It is Iska! It is Iska!"

"Iska is saved! He is coming!" he cried, as he ran toward Chowek's lodge, to bear the glad news to the aged chief. In great surprise and joy the people forgot their grief, and came out of the lodges to catch a glimpse of the man returning from the home of the dead. Kesik threw open the door of her lodge and waited, Piskwa hastened to greet Chowek, who was standing on the trail, shading his eyes and unable to speak, and Makeyo peered through a hole in his lodge, afraid to venture forth among the people, and cursing the Blackfoot arrow that had fastened in his hair. A wild shout rang through the air as Iska threw his arms around his father's neck, and while the twain walked toward their home, followed by Piskwa and a great number of the people, the Black Dwarf ran in front dancing and singing. Suddenly he stopped at Chowek's lodge, and pointing toward the sun, shouted, "The gods have spoken! Watani's dream has been fulfilled! Iska is a son of the gods!"

## CHAPTER XXII.

### The Thirst Dance

Spring had well advanced, and with the approaching summer and the singing of the birds the hearts of the people became enlivened with a new hope, and they rejoiced in the tokens of peace. With the growth of vegetation, the pure atmosphere, and the warm weather, the sick folks crept from their earthen couches and lay in the sun, protected from its hot rays by the overhanging branches of the trees, the warriors returned to their sports in the interval of their hunting expeditions, and with no signs of any marauding foes, the natives enjoyed a season of comfort and delight. The summer came with its prophecy of religious vows, for the dwellers in the valley were not unmindful of their pious duties, and the worship of the gods, and every year the feast of the thirst dance was kept with a sacredness which deeply impressed the minds of the young, and afforded an opportunity for the aged to express anew their gratitude for the benefits conferred upon them, as they beheld nature putting on new garments, and health returning after the long winter, and they confessed their sins in sacrifices to the great luminary, and with deep contrition of heart. When the saskatoon berries were ripe the women began to lay in a stock for the feast after the season of fasting had passed, and many buffalo tongues were prepared for the communal festivities.

As the time drew near for holding the thirst dance, Chowek selected a fine open space in the valley, where the medicine lodge was to be erected, that it might be seen by all the people, and such a situation was a mark of honor to the gods. Repairing to the woods, he chose a stalwart tree for the sacred pole, and marked it, that another might not be taken by mistake. Early on the following morning the chief medicine man took up a position on a small hill in the vicinity, while a band of young warriors waited below for the signal to advance upon the tree. The aged seer held his face toward the east, singing and performing incantations, as he watched for the first sign of light. As the sun rose, gently tinging the hills, the prophet on the summit gave a great shout, the warriors sprang as a man toward the chosen tree, and sent more than a hundred arrows into the trunk, shivering the branches and despoiling the bark. Having satisfied themselves that they had slain all the evil spirits hidden in the trunk and branches, they seized their stone adzes, and hewed and felled it, until it lay prostrate at their feet. It was too sacred for human hands to touch, so they enveloped it with their leathern lariats, and amid songs and shouts from men, women and children, they dragged it to the chosen site in the open valley. Some of the younger men armed themselves with stout pieces of timber, which served to hoist the sacred pole into position, where it was held with strong supports. All through the day stout stakes and branches of trees were conveyed from the woods, until they lay in great heaps on the ground. Chowek marked off a space about forty feet in diameter, and after two days of hard work in bringing the necessary materials, he issued his orders for the erection of the medicine lodge. Right lustily the men built a circular wall about ten feet high, with the sacred pole in the centre, and when the chief had expressed his satisfaction with the work done, he ordered the erection of the medicine man's bower within the enclosure.

The day of the sacred festival of the thirst dance arrived, and early in the morning Chowek led the way to the lodge, followed by the chiefs, warriors, and all the people who were well enough to attend the feast. They bore in their arms buffalo hides, the skins of various animals and personal garments, which were hung upon the sacred pole as gifts to the gods. The chiefs took their seats in a row at the base of the pole, the people arranged themselves in circles within the walls, leaving a wide space in the centre for those who were to participate in the sham fights, and other exercises of the festival. When the whole assembly had gathered, and quietness prevailed, Chowek lit the sacred fire in front of the row of chiefs, and filling a medicine pipe with native tobacco and kinnisinnick, raised the point of the long stem to the sun with a prayer upon his lips, that the god of the heavens might condescend to accept the sacrifices and honor them with his blessings of health and peace. Again he pointed the stem to the four points of the compass, and prayed, and taking a live coal from the sacred fire, he lit the pipe and smoked. After several hearty whiffs, he swallowed some of the smoke, and allowed it to pass in a long stream through his nostrils. Having finished his smoke, he passed the pipe to Piskwa, who took a few whiffs and handed it to the chief sitting next to him, and thus it continued, being filled when empty, and kept on its journey. The festival began with this important part of thanksgiving from the people. Two women brought in a native sack filled with buffalo tongues, which they laid at the feet of an aged man, who stood in the centre of the lodge waiting to receive it. They had been cut into small slices by the women who had lived pure lives during the year, for none dared venture to lay unholy hands upon the tokens of this native sacrament. When the sack had been opened, a stout warrior leading a child, walked with reverent step and bowed head toward the aged man, and having taken a bit of the buffalo tongue, he gave it to the child, and then lifting another slice, he held it aloft to the sun and prayed. Standing in a pious attitude, the twain partook of the sacred tokens, and when they had finished they walked slowly to their places in one of the circles. This sacramental ceremony was repeated at several intervals during the fast by the pious members of the tribe.

Not a morsel of food was partaken by the people during the four days that the thirst dance was held. While songs resounded from the lips of the folks seated in the circles, they removed the native ornaments which adorned their necks, wrists, arms and ears, and exchanged them with one another, as a token that all personal animosity must cease, and they were again united in the bonds of peace and love. The commotion among the people aroused Makeyo, who was smoking as he sat among the chiefs, and with a sud-

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Used after the Bath

**Dr. Chase's OINTMENT**

Relieves Chafing and All Skin Irritations

den impulse he tore off his personal ornaments and gave them to Chowek. The old chief was surprised, as he had not forgotten the wily tactics of his rival, and his repeated attempts to destroy his son, but with a generosity characteristic of himself, he accepted the gifts, and gave Makeyo those which adorned his own person. In the foremost circle sat Iska, who was so interested in the progress of the ceremonies that he did not imitate his fellows in the exchange of ornaments. At some distance sat Wusko, deeply engaged in conversation with a young warrior, and as he talked rapidly he looked toward his father, and suddenly ceased as his sire was addressing him in the sign language. Rising from his place in the circle, he walked toward Iska and then threw into his lap the ornaments which he removed from his body. The young man gazed upon them for an instant, and before Wusko had returned he unfastened his own, and gave them to his rival for the hand of Kesik. Some of the people noticed the exchange, and a dark scowl settled upon their faces, as they shook their heads. Evidently they had no faith in the transaction, and were not prepared to countenance any union between the sons of the two chiefs. The medicine man stood in his bower with only a bit of fur around his loins, and a bone whistle between his lips. Looking out upon the ceremonies he began to blow vigorously on the whistle, while he danced, and this monotonous performance was maintained, with an occasional change of a song instead of the whistle, until he was completely exhausted. Fasting, singing and praying were his sole occupation, during the entire period of the thirst dance.

Apparently without any signal a number of young men arose, and stationed themselves on opposite sides in the centre of the lodge, where they engaged in a sham fight with bows and arrows. The spectators shouted and clapped their hands in much glee, as one and then another fell in the fray. As the battle proceeded amid great hilarity, Wusko sat enjoying the spectacle without showing any desire to join either party. During a lull in the battle, while the contestants were taking a rest, Wusko, however, seized Iska by the hand, and sought to induce him to join in the fray, and as he rose half inclined to participate in the frolic, a deep growl from the Black Dwarf warned him, and Iska fell back into his sitting posture.

The monotony of the ceremonies was relieved by Watani stepping into the centre of the thirst lodge, and as he raised his hand the hum of the spectators ceased.

"When we were at war with the Sioux," said he, amid the deep hush of the assembly, "I travelled alone to the camp of our enemies, and lay at night by the lodge of the war chief, listening to the discussion of their plans of attack upon us. When I discovered their scheme of falling upon us in the darkness as we lay asleep, I hastened home and informed Makeyo, so that we met the Sioux in battle, and defeated them, and many of their leading warriors were slain."

The people clapped their hands and shouted approval of the bravery of Watani.

A few moments later Piwases arose, holding three scalps in his hand.

"I was returning at dusk from a hunting expedition, when, as I approached our camp, I saw three objects lying in the grass, which I thought were some of our own dogs. As I watched them crawling toward Piskwa's lodge, and knew that Kesik was there, I crept slowly, and became convinced that they were human beings intent on mischief. One of them I slew with my tomahawk, and this is his scalp."

He raised a scalp so that everyone might see it, and the folks in the circles shouted applause.

"As he gave a wild yell his comrades sprang to their feet, and fled in the darkness, but I sent two arrows with a sure aim, and they fell dead. Here are the scalps which I took from the enemies of our people."

As he held them aloft, the women clapped their hands, and the men, placing their hands upon their mouths, shouted wildly, and as they patted their lips the hideous sounds were as the cries of demons in distress. The bravery of the two speakers was discused with animation, even the chiefs sitting at the base of the pole with the sacred fire burning at their feet, laid aside the medicine pipe and joined heartily in the conversation.

On the second day of the feast a young man walked into the centre of the lodge, and stood with his eyes fastened on the ground. An aged orator arose, and, going over to the young man, placed himself at his side, and raising his own hand to insure silence, began:

"This young man is a faithful son of his fathers. He has been true and obedient to his parents, and has set an example of devotion to his companions. He has been loyal to the traditions of our tribe, and his piety is well known to you all. He has come to fulfill a vow made to the gods, who granted him success in his late expedition into the country of our enemies. Pray for him!"

The assembly burst into a spontaneous song, which was extemporaneous, and as the wild music rent the air the name of the young man could be heard, chanted in appreciation of his brave deeds, and loyalty to the faith of his fathers. The twain waited until the song was finished, and then the young man laid his hands upon the shoulders of the aged orator and drew them down to the old man's feet, in token of gratitude for the words which he had spoken. Before entering the lodge, the young brave had visited one of the medicine men, who had painted his naked body with fantastic figures, everyone of them having a deep significance for the native mind. A wreath of willow leaves had been formed, and before placing it on the head of the supplicant, the medicine man prayed, and passed his hand over it four times, four being the sacred number of the confederacy. Willow leaves were fastened around his wrists and ankles, and a bit of fur around his loins completed his dress. When the aged orator had returned to his seat, four men stepped out of the foremost circle, one of whom spread a buffalo hide on the ground, and as the lad lay down in obedience to their command, they knelt by his side. One of them held a small stone lance, narrow, fine, and pointed, and with sharp edges, with which he made an incision on the left breast, while another ran a thin wooden skewer under the skin. A similar operation was performed upon the right breast, and on the left shoulder, and the lad rose to his feet. A buffalo head fastened to a lariat lay upon the ground, and the lariat was looped around the skewer on his shoulder. From the sacred pole dangled two lariats, and these were tied to the skewers on his breast. He stood for a few moments, while the men who had prepared him for the ceremony repaired to their places in the circle, and then amid the silence that prevailed he walked with firm step toward the sacred pole, and throwing his arms around it, he prayed with deep emotion. His body quivered with the excitement of the moment, and while he prayed for strength to pass through the trying ordeal, the assembly waited in suspense, and with evident sympathy. His orisons ended, he stepped back from the sacred pole, until the whole weight of his body fell upon the lariats, and the flesh on his breast became extended. As he hung half suspended in the air, with his feet scarcely resting on the ground, he swayed his body gently, until the flesh gave way, and he fell prostrate amid great applause from the spectators. The buffalo head still remained attached to his shoulder, the blood trickled down his breast, and he was suffering intense pain, yet mindful of his vow to the gods he made a dash through the enclosure and tore the flesh, thus getting free from the encumbrances, and ending his torture. One of the men who had made the incisions cut off the ragged skin with a stone knife, and as the young brave slipped away to a seat among his friends the entire assembly sounded his praise in a weird native song.

The sun beat fiercely upon the heads of the people as they sat in the open, the medicine man in his bower danced, and uttered peculiar notes from his bone whistle, and the only relief from the days of fasting and prayer was the soothing effect of a few whiffs from the pipe. With a vision of the coming of the gods, and the appeasing of their anger by sacrifices, and the removal of the heavy burdens from their souls, there came peace and contentment. As they pondered with deep reverence upon the events of the day, a voice from the crowd cried "Iska," and the monotonous silence was broken by loud and frequent calls of "Iska! Iska!" The young man was still the people's favorite, and in response to the cries he stepped into the centre of the lodge with his back to the sacred fire. In a feeble tone of voice indicative of his weakness from the sufferings of his experiences among the Blackfeet, he related his simple story of the late battle.

"I am not worthy of the honor which my people have conferred upon me," said he with deep emotion. "You all know that when it was decided to fight the Blackfeet in their own territory, that Makeyo placed me at the head of the young warriors." At the mention of his name the war chief smiled, and raised his head, that he might notice the satisfaction of the people at the honor he had given to the young man.

"I determined to do my best to defeat our enemies, and with my own arrows I sent some of the bravest of the Blackfeet to lick the dust." The people shouted and clapped their hands, believing in his honesty, though he had no scalps to support his statement.

"I was standing in front of our band, and was calling my men to make a charge upon our foes, and put an end to the fight, when an arrow struck me, and I fell."

A voice shouted "from Makeyo's hand," and the people were startled with the interruption and dark suggestion. Makeyo dropped his head and looked into the fire, while Iska stood unnerved by the sound of the strange voice.

"I was unable to rise when our warriors departed, and the Blackfeet took me prisoner. They placed me in one of the lodges, and nursed and fed me until I had recovered, and then they brought me out and compelled me to run the gauntlet. I did not wait until they were ready, for as they had loosened my hands and feet, and I was left standing and waiting for the word of command to start, I seized my opportunity, and grasping a club from one of the warriors, I struck out right and left, running as fast as I could between the lines, and thus escaped."

"Watani!" cried the strange voice. "Watani's dream!"

All eyes were turned toward Makeyo under the spell of the vision, which followed the mention of Watani's dream. The customary applause was forgotten, and every tongue was silent as Iska quietly walked to his place in the foremost circle. For several moments the people kept looking toward the sacred fire, where the war chief was sitting with the other chiefs, and when there came no reply to their unspoken request for an answer to the utterances of the Black Dwarf—for it was he who had spoken—they bowed their heads in sorrow. Makeyo was not discomfited by the foul suggestion, for he suddenly, and with an attitude of defiance, nodded to his son Wusko as he sat under the spell. With filial devotion Wusko arose, and stepping firmly into the place lately occupied by his rival, he pointed to the sun. This action deeply impressed the spectators, who raised their faces expectantly, and waited for an explanation of Watani's dream from the lips of Makeyo's son.

"I was one of the band of young warriors led by Iska against the Blackfeet," said Wusko, as he faced the people. "With my own hand I killed ten of the bravest Blackfeet warriors!"

There was no acclaim to Wusko's boast, as the tones of the strange voice still lingered in their ears.

"Our foes were so numerous that I failed to secure the scalps of those whom I slew. As I stood by the side of Iska, I saw the war chief of the enemy trying to send his arrow into the heart of my friend, and I slew him where he stood. When the warriors saw their chief fall they fled down the hill, and I ran at my utmost speed across the ravine, and placed my foot upon the neck of our prostrate foe."

Assuming a striking attitude and turning his face toward the chiefs by the sacred fire, he held aloft a bow and quiver of arrows.

"These are the implements of war of our common enemy," he cried, and threw them on the ground. A great shout of applause came from the crowd. Raising his head and throwing forward his right foot, he drew from his belt the scalp of the Blackfoot chief, and shouted: "This is the scalp of our inveterate foe!"

"Wusko! Wusko!" fell from the lips of the spectators. Then spontaneously the assembly broke forth into a wild song, in which was heard repeatedly "Wusko! Wusko!" As suddenly as they began, the weird music ceased, and every eye was fixed upon the hero of the hour. An aged medicine woman, with deep lines in her face, arose, and as she leaned heavily upon her staff, she raised the long bony forefinger of her right hand to the sun, and chanted an extemporaneous song. The chorus was caught up by the people, led by the old enchantress, and as the native chant swept through the thirst lodge, Makeyo's eyes flashed with delight at the noble reception given to his son. Advancing into the centre of the lodge, the gaunt figure of the medicine woman threw its shadow over the face of Piskwa, who sat between Makeyo and Chowek. With her staff pointed toward the sun, she uttered a loud shriek, the people crouched under the spell of the female prophet, and waving her arms in the air, she danced and sang, till every heart was wild with excitement and fear.

"Wusko has beaten a smooth trail through the valley. The enemy has been chased into the depths of the dark ravines. Lift your eyes to the empty spaces, the enemy has fallen. Wusko has gone to the ends of the earth, and slain a hundred men! Sing, ye women, for no longer will ye crouch in fear, and weep for your sons, whose scalps adorn the Blackfoot lodges. Shout, ye warriors, for the body of your greatest foe lies rotting on the sod! Wusko has sounded the war whoop, and a thousand have fled at the sound of his soft moccasin. The gods have spoken, and they are on our side. Wusko is the hero of the day! Wusko is the choice of the gods!"

As the weird chant lingered in the ears of the people and they sat under the spell a hissing noise resembling the warning of a rattlesnake came from one of the inner circles, and the crowd sprang to its feet, and fled in dismay, leaving Wusko and the enchantress alone. It was a bad omen, and a sad ending to the heroic song. Makeyo spoke to his son, and the twain repaired to their own lodge to ponder over the strange event. The ceremonies continued for four days, but the songs were faint, and the people gazed into the sacred fire, for a heavy shadow had crossed their path, and there was a burden on their hearts. Every night the hissing of a rattlesnake was heard in the lodges, followed by the groans of a human being, and the mention of Wusko's name. The people became afraid, and were distrustful of one another, as the spirits of the prairie were evidently holding an assembly, and were speaking in muffled tones. "Wusko," no longer fell from their lips, for there was something ominous in the name, which they did not understand. With the close of the ceremonies, Makeyo and his son departed on a hunting expedition, and were absent from the camp for more than a month, and the people forgot their sorrow as the rattlesnake no longer troubled them with his warning cries.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### The Pierced Rock

The war chief Makeyo lived apart from the leaders of the tribe, as there was none whom he could consult upon the problems affecting his people, the recent events having estranged the chiefs, and aroused suspicions which could not be allayed. All through the day he sat alone in his lodge nursing his wrath, and devising plans for the overthrow of his enemies within his own camp. Wusko came and went, day after day, but his father seldom gave him more than a passing word. Knitting his brows, he struck the ground with his fist, as if he had suddenly become possessed of a new idea, and throwing over his shoulders a heavy fur mantle, he left the lodge. The darkness was intense, but the trail was easy to follow, as the fires in the lodges served as beacons, and he walked leisurely without any fear, the boldest of his enemies lacking the courage to venture forth on such a night. His eyes glanced on either side of the trail as a precaution, which was a native instinct, and with light step born of long training, he followed the path till he arrived at Piskwa's lodge. With the customary announcement of his presence, and an invitation from the chief, he entered the lodge. He had only crept half way inside when the faint light fell upon the face of another visitor, and Makeyo would have

(Continued on page 30.)


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Concerning the Tablets, Mrs. Alex. J. Perry, Atlantic N.S., writes:—"I always keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house for the children, as I have found them a perfect medicine for little ones."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

# Trials of Indigestion

### Errors About This Trouble Into Which People Fall.

Many people so far misunderstand the digestive system as to treat it like a machine; neglecting it until it works sluggishly, then irritating it into work again by the use of purgatives. The stomach needs help at all times, but a study of the process of digestion will show that purgatives, as commonly taken, are seldom necessary and often harmful.

To safeguard your digestion the diet must be controlled. Over-eating is always harmful, but one must assimilate enough food to supply the needs of the blood. Remember, the blood has to carry nourishment to all parts of the body and find fuel for its energy. Hence when the blood becomes weak and fails to do its work, indigestion arises. Therefore the sure remedy for indigestion is to build up the blood. If you suffer from any form of indigestion choose your diet carefully and take wholesome nourishment. Above all, start building up your blood by taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Then under the influence of the new blood supply, your digestive system will respond naturally, your appetite improve and your food will do you good. So begin to improve your digestion by starting to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now.

You can get these pills from your druggist or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

# FARM GARDEN AND HOME

**Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes**

## New Leader Favors Wheat Pools

### R. B. Bennett Considers Forming of the Co-operatives Greatest Exploit in Alberta's History.

The Hon. R. B. Bennett, K. C., member of Parliament for West Calgary, newly elected National leader of the Liberal-Conservative Party, delivered an address recently in support of the Pool's campaign to sign the new contract which covers the crop years of 1928 to 1932 inclusive.

Mr. Bennett opened his address by stating that he was not a new convert to the cause of the Pool as he had espoused its cause from the beginning as he believed the Pool would result in great benefit to the people in Alberta and throughout the Dominion of Canada. Mr. Bennett stated that although he had large investments in the grain business when the Pool was first organized, he supported the movement as he was led to believe in the soundness of the proposal as a result of the advice he received from his friend Mr. John McFarland, head of the Alberta Pacific Grain Company, one of the largest grain companies in Western Canada.

The following are extracts from Mr. Bennett's address:

"Of all the matters by which this country will be known when the history of Alberta comes to be written, the establishment of the Alberta Wheat Pool in 1923 by a group of our people will rank as one of the greatest exploits."

"I recall the circumstances under which the Pool came into being. I pressed on the banking institutions with which I had affiliations the desirability of giving their support to the Pool. I am happy to say that when the President of one of the banks came to this city I said we must do everything possible to help because I foresaw that the deferring of the payment in full of the property you produced on your farm ensures your having money with which to meet the demand on you next year."

"That situation in itself you cannot measure in terms of dollars and cents. It changed the whole economic face of this province; the financial change made this country more prosperous than it otherwise could have been. Similarly, every city in this province. Your taxes have been paid, the interest on your mortgage has been met, instalments of principal have been paid and you have conducted your business on a budget system instead of spending the money on anything offered you from a milking machine down to a phonograph.

"The Pool gives practical expression to the highest form of co-operative spirit, by which every man receives the same price for his wheat of the same grade whether he be the farmer of 1,000 or 100 acres, a quarter or ten sections. Sentiment given practical expression to in this province, cannot help but bring about a higher conception of the duty of citizenship, a realization that any healthy effort is the best effort to make a nation.

"Your work in the next few weeks lies in having these Pool contracts signed and when they are signed see they are not broken. It is better not to have vowed than to have vowed and not keep that vow. 'Break not thy contract,' is as old as civilization itself. I cannot but believe that the same high sentiments that prompted the men and women of this province four or five years ago, in the light of the experience they have had as to price, as to orderly marketing of their product, the value of the partial payment, in the hope that comes from removal of grievances, in the realization of the vast spread between the cost in Canada and the cost in the market of the world, that a single seller is better than a thousand sellers, have not changed tonight. The position that the great cartels of England and Germany and France claim with respect to steel and iron, the enjoyment of their rights in those great industries, is the same in the matter of the rights of the farmers of this province. If the idea is continued that has existed from the start of the Pooling organization, if those conditions govern you in the years to come, I am satisfied instead of being sixty or seventy per cent that Alberta farmers will realize the duty and obligation which is on them to make certain this great farmers' movement becomes a great deal stronger. The movement is theirs—not the movement of lawyers or doctors or politicians—their own business, controlled by their own directors, with their own managers.

"If it fails you have struck a blow at farmers' organizations that will not be recoverable in the next half century.

"I leave the problem to you and by signing up you will be doing Alberta a service, and one to Canada not equalled since Confederation."

### FERNS FROM THE WOODS

The wild woods ferns are really lovely and anyone who cherishes a fine fern or two can easily transplant them.

Take the flower pots, which should be of a large size, right to the swamp, fill with leaf mold and pot the fern in its own dirt. Keep away from the direct sun light, and keep as moist as its natural surroundings, now is the time to select them. Of course not all of the kinds that look nice in summer keep over during winter but, looking now one will find that only the ever-green or Rock and Woods ferns still flourishing. There are other quite pretty plants in the woods which are well worth trying, many having their flower buds set will bloom for you indoors.

## Damson Plums

Damsons possess many qualities which shou'd commend them to fruit growers, particularly for home consumption and for local markets. This fruit is not receiving the attention in this country that it deserves. Abroad, the Damson is in great demand for canning, preserving, tarts, etc., and is much better known.

All European plums are divided into two groups, the Domesticas, to which belong the large-fruited varieties, and the Damsons. The recorded history of the Damsons goes back 600 years B.C. to the city of Damascus where the Damson or Damask plum is believed to have originated.

Damsons surpass all European plums in productiveness, vigor of tree, and hardiness. The fruits are smaller and more astringent than those of the common cultivated plums, and for this reason the Damsons have never been so popular as the Domesticas.

Shropshire is the best known Damson in this country. It originated in Eng'and in the seventeenth century. The trees are vigorous, adapted to a wide range of territory and very productive. The small blue fruit is a little tedious to pick, but it grows in such abundance and such clusters that the trees produce large quantities. For jam, preserves and other culinary purposes they are unsurpassed and there is a good demand for them always. The season of ripening is late. French is also a common variety and has larger and more productive trees than Shropshire. The fruit of the French is also larger, handsomer, and may be eaten out of hand when fully ripe. French is believed to be a cross between Shropshire and some Domestica variety.

Another excellent Damson is Mirabe'le. There are several Mirabelles in Europe, but because of their small size they have never found much favor in America.

## Prepare for Peony Time

There is still time to plant that charming and indispensable hardy plant, the peony. The peony may indeed be termed indispensable, as it blooms when showy flowers in the open garden are scarce.

The reason why peonies should be planted this month is that at this season the plants begin to make their fine rootlets, the growth of which continues throughout winter and spring. When peonies finish their blooming season the plants continue what is known as a ripening period, in which they gather strength for the following season's flowers. Thereafter they are dormant for a time—usually during September and early October. This dormant period is therefore the ideal time during which they should be transplanted, and the fine hairlike rootlets, which are so indispensable to the best welfare of the plants, will then have their accustomed season of growth. By delaying the operation until spring the fine rootlets are destroyed and this severe shock or check to the roots may delay their flowering for one or two seasons.

The peony is a gross feeder, yet many failures to grow it well may be traced to the ignorant and too free use of rank manures. Where individual roots only are being p'anted, make a hole at least two feet wide and two to two and a half feet deep, in the bottom of which place two or three shovelfuls of old well-rotted manure, and fill up with rich loam and leaf mold, well mixed. On no account must the roots come in direct contact with the manure, and if it is kept well down in the bottom of the hole it will be thoroughly decomposed and harmless by the time the roots reach it. When planting keep the roots nicely apart and take out sufficient soil that they may not be in any way twisted or bent. Cover the crown not more than from two to three inches. If planted any deeper the plants take longer to become thoroughly established, while if the crown is exposed you cannot expect good blooms. Firm well by treading, and see to it that if the ground sinks the crown or buds are in no way exposed. When planting in masses or beds, allow from three to four feet between each plant. If you receive the roots before the ground is ready for planting unpack them, and if at all dry dip in water and heel them in the border until they are planted permanently. Although they are perfectly hardy, it is as well to give the newly planted peonies a mulch of manure, applied over and round the plants after the ground freezes. In the spring the manure may be pointed in between the plants with digging fork or spade or allowed to remain on the ground, when it will find its way gradually into the soil with the aid of the hoe.

Peonies do not take kindly to transplanting. Some varieties may not bloom for two seasons or even longer after being moved, especially if this is done in spring. It is well to have the ground in good order for their reception and to do everything possible to encourage healthy growth from the time the shoots appear in spring until the resting period comes round in August.

## Percentage of Hull

### (Experimental Farms Note)

From a live stock feeding point of view, it is not enough to find out which variety of oats yields the largest quantity of grain, but it is also necessary to determine the percentage of hull of each, so as to get at the really important question, that is, which produces the greatest number of pounds of kernel per acre.

It has been demonstrated that there is no necessary relation between per cent of hull and weight per bushel or shape of grain, as the varieties or strains most suited to the environment develop their kernels best. These may be long and slender in certain cases, or short and plump in others.

From 1922 to 1926 inclusively, or during five seasons, a test was made at the Cap Rouge Experimental Station with five varieties, Longfellow, a side oats, Alaska, an early one, and the three which have proven to be the heaviest yielders of grain during the last fifteen years, viz. Banner, Gold Rain and Victory.

The results of the experiment were as follows: Banner, with an average percentage of hull of 29.19 gave 1,770 pounds of kernel or "Meat" per acre; Victory, 28.93 per cent of hull and 1,711 pounds of kernel; Gold Rain, 27.08 per cent of hull and 1,672 pounds of kernel; Alaska, 24.48 per cent of hull and 1,480 pounds of kernel; Longfellow, 31.06 per cent of hull and 1,410 pounds of kernel.

The above shows that Alaska, though having a low percentage of hull, did not yield enough grain per acre to show up well at this Station; that Longfellow, like other side varieties, is relatively unprofitable; and that of the three spreading varieties, Banner, Gold Rain and Victory, the first mentioned is the best for most of Central Quebec.

### NEW DRYING METHOD

A new system for drying off milch cows sponsored by a British dairyman is described as follows:

"The new system is to milk and feed water as usual up to a couple of days of the time she should be dry, then her concentrate should be knocked off, but not the twice-a-day-milking. On the chosen day she should be milked out clean, the teats carefully dried, and then a spot of Stockholm tar or collodium painted over the orifice and end of each teat.

"The udder must not on any account be touched again or stripped out, or the cow washed or groomed, and it is a good plan to keep her away from other cows at milking time.

"By the third day the udder will be greatly distended, with possible discomfort to the cow, but the distension will quickly subside by absorption of the fluid into the body of the cow, and in about ten days she will be dry. The steaming up for the next lactation may begin on the fifth day after the sealing up.

"Should any teat leak after sealing up, the whole udder should be stripped out clean and resealed; this is not often necessary if collodium is used and carefully applied in two or three layers."

A cow's cud consists of unchewed forage. Each regurgitation is given 50 to 70 strokes of the teeth before it is swallowed and replaced by another portion.

## "Miracle" Wheat Again

### By L. H. Newman, Dominion Cerealist.

There has appeared recently in a number of leading agricultural papers an article entitled "King Tut's Wheat Grown in the West." The article refers to certain results obtained by a Soldier Settler living near Edmonton, Alta., and gives the impression that the wheat in question was discovered in 1922 in the tomb of King Tut-ankh-amen. As a matter of fact the records show that this wheat was known as far back as 1840 when one enterprising gentleman offered heads at $5 each.

The above variety belongs to the Poulard subspecies of wheat being somewhat intermediate between the common and durum wheats. It has numerous aliases, the most common of which are Egyptian, Eldorado, Many Headed, Miracle, Mummy, Seven headed and Alaska. It has always been easy to interest people in this wheat owing to its branched head. If an unbranched head will yield so much surely a branched head will yield much more! While head for head this may be true, yet experiments have not shown that it holds good acre for acre. This wheat was probably introduced into North America from Europe or Egypt in Colonial days. It was received by the Philade'phia Society for promoting Agriculture in 1807, since which time it has appeared periodically under one name or another.

In 1908 the United States Department of Agriculture began an extensive investigation of this wheat, which investigation continued for several years. In the meantime it has been tried by farmers all over the United States but it is not now grown anywhere as a commercial crop. The fact that it has never become established in spite of the remarkable advertising it has received is a good indication of its inferiority. Promoters, however, resurrect it periodically and, owing to its striking and unusual appearance, manage to sell it to the unsuspecting farmer at exorbitant prices.

The essential facts concerning Alaska wheat have been summed up very nicely in a bulletin published by the United States Department of Agriculture—Bulletin No. 357, 1916, P. 27—at the conclusion of extensive tests conducted at many points in the U.S., as follows:—

(1.) That it has been used in this country very often as a means of deceiving people and very seldom as a farm crop;

(2.) that it has failed to produce even fair yields when tried in many parts of the country, and has never been known to produce extraordinary yields;

(3.) that it is not a good mil'ing wheat;

(4.) that the branched head is not a sign of superior yielding power.

## A Bug's Winter Resort?

Don't get the mistaken impression that the job of cleaning up the garden at the conclusion of the season is for the sake of looks alone. One of the most effective steps toward controlling insects and diseases is to prevent their finding any place in the garden where they can put up for the winter. One small pile of rubbish or a handful of diseased leaves left on the ground over winter may carry enough eggs or spores to be the source of total failure of several crops next spring! A match in time saves ninety-nine garden troubles! Make a thorough job of it. Begin at one end of the garden and clean up as you go—any old stalks, cut-off tops, brush, poles, whatever may be left, row by row—until you get to the other end. Flower-beds and borders are much more likely to be overlooked when it comes to cleaning up than is the vegetable patch. But it is just as important to get them cleaned, too.

When the tops have been killed down by frost, go over every bed carefully. Remove the annuals and burn them, as soon as they are dry enough. Take a scythe or sickle and cut off the tops a few inches above the ground. Remove these to a place where they can dry and be burned. Rake up any fallen leaves which may be diseased. Prevention pays! Replace by a clean mulch.

The harvest in Lake St. John district of Quebec, is rich and abundant this year. The garnering of the crops is now finished and the farmers are well satisfied with the results. In Normandin district the grain is particularly good, though wiseacres formerly predicted nothing but poor grain crops there.

Vaseline will remove mildew or stains from leather.

# Sunlight, Vitamins and Apples

By Dr. Frederick Kincaid, N.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

One of the special peasons why Apples are such an important article of food, and why we cannot afford to omit them from our daily diet, is because of their abundant content of Vitamins.

It is now known that Vitamins are absolutely essential to our we fare and that, whatever else we eat, we must be sure to include foods which contain a sufficient amount of these vital elements. The exact nature of Vitamins is not yet determined. They are not susceptible to ordinary chemical analysis like the other constituents of food; but it has been established that there is a remarkable connection between them and Sunlight, and that they are, in fact, derived directly from the sun's rays.

Since we must have Vitamins in our diet, it follows that the most valuable foods are likely to be those which, in their development, have had the greatest opportunity of absorbing from the sun. This is found to be the case and Apples, which develop slowly whilst the fruit and the leaves are bathed in the life-giving rays, contain an abundant supply of the essential Vitamins. All living things derive the energy which activates them from the rays of the sun. Human beings depend on sunlight for their growth and health and an insufficient supply results in underdevelopment, disease and death. The rays are absorbed by the blood as it circulates through the skin and immediately subjacent tissues and the energy thus collected is transmuted into other forms, such as heat, chemical changes, etc; and carried by the blood to all the muscles, nerves, organs and every part of the whole body.

Exactly the same thing takes place in the case of trees and plants, the blood in animals being represented by a substance known as chlorophyll. This substance, circulating in the leaves, absorbs the sun's rays and converts them into the required form of energy. It is through the action of the sun that the tree grows and develops its fruit, and the more sunlight the better the apples. But the leaves absorb more of this vital energy than is required by the tree for the performance of its own functions and a considerable balance is stored in the apples in the form of Vitamins, thus enormously increasing their value as a food. A most interesting and instructive experience has been reported authoritatively from a large English school for boys. During one winter session the conduct and health of the boarders was noticeably unsatisfactory. They became more and more slack in work and play and increasingly discontented and irritable. An unusual amount of sickness occurred and the general standard fell much below the normal. Various attempts were made to explain and remedy the condition but without avail until, at last, a modern dietitian was consulted. To the uninitiated it seemed that the diet was satisfactory and that the boys were being well fed, but it was found by the expert that there was a deficiency of food containing one of the most important of the Vitamins. It appeared that the boys had formerly made up for this deficiency by purchasing Apples from a near-by store, but that this had been closed for some time with the result that the disturbing condition of their health had become more and more marked. Upon provision of a liberal supply of Apples the whole trouble quickly disappeared.

florets thick and smooth, the color dense and decided and the flowers close together on the stem, they may be propagated by cuttings. Imperfect plants and those of undesirable color should be weeded out. Those selected for keeping should have the stems cut down to within three inches of the ground before going to seed and the ground around stirred with a fork and loosened.

As soon as the first flowers of a mature plant open sufficiently to judge of the flowering, the superfluous side branches having no flower buds may be taken off, with two or three joints and leaves. Cut the shoot through with a clean cut, just under the lower joint, leaving the leaf entire; cut it also at about 2 inches above the joint—either joint will do provided they have growing eyes, with a leaf and piece of ripened wood to support the bud until roots are formed. These cuttings, planted in a light sandy soil, placed under a hand-glass and watered occasionally, and shaded from the sun, will require little further care except keeping clear of weeds and dead leaves. When rooted, pot them off and put them in a cold frame where they can remain for the winter. In spring plant them in the open ground where they are to flower in good rich soil such as would grow cabbages.

The old plants in autumn furnish another source for new plants. When the flowers are becoming shabby, cut the plants down, and, beginning at the bottom joints, continue to make cuttings, as described above, until the fibre gets too soft for the purpose—each joint having eyes will furnish a plant; these stuck under a hand-glass on a very slight hot-bed will grow vigorously, the soil being, gritty sand, loam and leaf mould in equal proportions, watering cautiously but sprinkling the cuttings slightly every day in fine weather.

Campanulus or canterbury bells are best treated as biennials in our severe climate. If you can raise seedlings rather late in summer keeping them growing slowly so they are hardy and tough rather than large sappy plants they will winter better. If you find they do not go through the winter try sowing seed indoors in the winter in a box and growing them in a cool room to plant out in the spring and flower the same year. With me self-sown volunteers come up sheltered by hardy perennials and possibly seed sown in such places as soon as your house grown plants ripen seed would give you enough for transplanting in the following spring.

## Garden Questions and Answers

### Cut Back Pot Roses

Reader:—After a house rose has bloomed, cut back the branch leaving only two or three leaves on the branch, this induces new growth that produces blooms instead of "coming blind" as it is called when branches do not form buds. It also keeps the plants from growing too straggling.

If charcoal was not put in the bottom of the rose pot, dig a bit of powdered charcoal and a pinch of soot into the soil to make the colors brighter and blooms more velvet. Cut back any plant almost that has a tendency to grow out of bounds.

### Hollyhocks And Canterbury Bells

J. T. A.—In this country it is customary to sow hollyhock seed in early summer and the plants are set when they are wanted, the following spring. They will bloom the year they are transplanted—the year following the seed sowing. When conditions are good they may be set in their place in early autumn. New plants are set every two years as the old crowns are likely to rot or die after the first flowering or at least become weak. This is especially the case with the fine double varieties.

In the milder localities and where the hollyhock rust is not prevalent they can be propagated by cuttings. Where the hollyhocks show special qualities, the plants perfect, the flowers round, the

### Gladioli And Montbretias

B. O. J.—In lifting gladioli and montbretias do not detach the stems from the roots. After allowing them to dry for an hour or so in the sun, place them in boxes or baskets, roots down, and place in a dry frostproof attic for a few weeks until the stems are thoroughly dried up. The roots or corms are then cut from the stems, cleaned and spread out thinly until they are well dried, when they may be stored in a cool dry place until spring. If stored in a damp cellar the corms are likely to emit rootlets and so lose much of their vitality. Tigridias after lifting and cleaning must be packed in dry soil and kept in a frostproof cellar.

## TRY OUT NEW VARIETIES

When you hear of a good new variety try it out. Don't go on planting only old kinds simply because you know them. At the same time don't launch boldly out into large plantings of a new variety until it has been proved in your own locality and type of soil. The Cortland apple, for instance, is said to possess a combination of the handling and keeping qualities of the Ben Davis and the flavor and aroma of the McIntosh, than which nothing could be more desirable.

But while reports indicate that as grown in New York Cortland is a promising variety, in Michigan and in certain other sections where the McIntosh can be successfully grown, it is disappointing. The trees are all that the commercial orchardist could desire. They are hardy and productive and the fruit hangs well. It matures later than McIntosh and will keep somewhat longer in storage. In color and quality, however, it falls far short of expectations. Indeed, it may be questioned if its quality can be considered much better than a slightly improved Ben Davis. Its behavior, like that of many other apples, further demonstrates the fact that although a variety may be highly recommended for one section, it may not be equally well suited for another.

## HOW BEES LIVE DURING THE WINTER

Since bees cannot migrate to a warmer climate to escape the rigor of the Canadian winters as do many of our birds, and cannot hibernate during the winter as do the solitary insects and even some of the social insects, they must follow the only other course possible, which is to lay in a supply of heat-producing food with which to generate heat when the temperature falls below that in which they can live.

During the summer, the bees, responding to the hoarding instinct, lay in their supply of winter fuel, honey, which usually amounts to several times that actually required. This fact is worthy of the attention of all beekeepers, for the tendency is to extract too close; to leave the bees too little to winter on. In the fall, when the last brood has emerged, the bees form themselves into a compact ball-shaped mass, the cluster, and within the cluster occupy nearly all the cells recently filled by the brood and the spaces between combs.

At first the cluster is usually located near the entrance of the hive, and from there it gradually moves upwards and backwards as the winter advances, keeping all the while in touch with the stores of honey.

When the temperature is moderate the cluster is loose and the bees generate no heat, but when it gets to 57 degrees F., the cluster becomes compact; then, as the mercury drops, the bees consume stores and generate heat.

Though heat is generated, this alone would be insufficient to keep the vital functions of the bees in operation had not they the ability to conserve warmth by the compacting or tightening of the cluster.

The heat is produced by the muscular activity of the bees at the centre of the cluster which generate it by moving the legs, abdomens, and wings in fanning. As the temperature falls the number of these active bees producing the heat increases. Furthermore, the bees forming the outside of the cluster are constantly being replaced by others within and this continuous movement also produces heat which increases as the temperature drops owing to the changing of location within the cluster increasing in rapidity.

In generating the necessary heat to warm the cluster, the bees consume honey, the undigested portion of which remains in their intestines until an opportunity for flight presents itself, for bees normally eject waste matter only while on the wing.

During the cold winters in Canada, as the bees are frequently confined to the hive for several months, it is very necessary that the winter stores be of good quality. Should there be any doubt regarding this, they should be exchanged by the hivekeeper for better stores or at least supplemented by sugar syrup. The hive out-of-doors should be carefully packed and well sheltered by a windbreak that the bees may pass the winter in comfort and come out strong in the spring.

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There is no better foundation stock for bacon anywhere in North America, said J. A. Ford, manager of the Swift-Canadian Company's packing plant at Moncton, N. B., after inspecting the animals shown at the Pig Fair under the auspices of the Provincial Department of Agriculture. Mr. Ford purchased the entire lot, which were shipped to the Moncton plant.

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In selecting ewes for raising market lambs, select only those that have good mutton form. The fleece should be dense and compact. It is advantageous to have ewes of quiet disposition, and it goes without saying that they should be sound and in their prime. See that the teeth are in good condition, that the udders are soft and pliable.

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Nine head of purebred Guernseys, four milking cows and five heifers, recently bought by the Department of Natural Resources as a foundation herd for the College of Agriculture, have arrived in Truro, N.S., from Massachusetts.

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Have you ever noticed the chain that drags beneath all rubber-tired gasoline tank trucks? It carries off static electricity which might otherwise ignite the gas.


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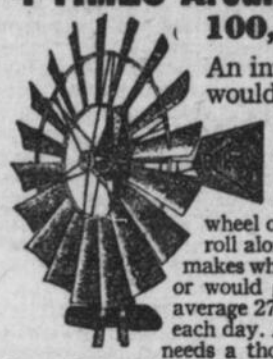

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# POULTRY TOPICS

## Raising Chicks in Confinement

By Caric Harding.

Poultrymen who for a number of years have been brooding chicks in yards of limited range, suffer very considerable loss from the contamination of the ground. It is heartrending for a poultryman to see chicks which at hatching were lively and full of pep sicken and die before his eyes, and find himself helpless to mend matters, because the trouble is in the ground polluted with intestinal parasites. And we may be sure that those chicks which survive are not as strong and healthy as they should be when they grow into pullets, and are less able to withstand colds and roup and other ailments which may assail them. The farmer who, having unlimited range, can move the colony houses in which he broods his chicks to a new pasture field, which has not been used for poultry for two or three years, is not subjected to such a high loss percentage as the poultryman who has very limited range, and hence it is to the latter that information concerning raising chicks in confinement will be especially welcome.

The Pennsylvania State College has conducted some experiments on brooding in confinement and the results of these experiments will doubtless be far-reaching in their bearing on the future of the chicken raising industry. The success of "confinement brooding," as practised in this State College, can be appreciated when we state that the mortality rate on 4,300 chicks so brooded was only nine per cent on chicks raised to sixteen and eighteen weeks.

The method adopted may be described as "off the ground and fly-screened," inasmuch as the exercise pen in front of each brooder was constructed, as far as the floor was concerned, of concrete blocks covered with a thin coating of concrete, made of equal parts of sand and cement; and the brooder house as well as the exercise pen were covered with fly-screening or mosquito wire. It has been also recommended that the exercise pen should be covered at the top with one or other of the glass substitutes that permit of the sun's ultra-violet rays playing on the chicks when taking exercise; and this is preferable to an open wire roof to the exercise pen as it will prevent the droppings of birds of flight, such as pigeons, sparrows and crows, being deposited in the run.

When the exercise pen is placed on concrete blocks and these are floated with a thin coating of equal parts of sand and cement, the problem of sanitation is easily solved, for before the chicks are let out to take their sun bath in their exercise pen, the framework can be lifted and the floor thoroughly cleansed with the hose.

Confinement brooding cannot be compared with free range on clean ground, but where the poultryman is so placed that he cannot give his chicks anything but contaminated ground to exercise in, it would be well to try out the Pennsylvania State College method of brooding which has proved such a success. The mortality rate of only nine per cent is wonderful and we are assured by Professor T. B. Charles, who conducted the experiment that the outstanding features were the uniformity of the pullets and the high degree of yellow pigmentation which they carried.

This intensive method of brooding our chicks will cut the losses caused by intestinal parasites, such as roundworms and tapeworms and will help very considerably in controlling epidemics of coccidiosis and bacillary white diarrhea, but those adopting it must not forget that when the chicks do not have the opportunity of feeding on the young shoots of grass they must be supplied with green feed to their heart's content and the necessity of cod liver oil in their ration becomes more imperative.

Milk in one or other of the many forms in which it may now be obtained—dried, semi-solid and liquid has proved to be so very valuable in controlling intestinal troubles and especially is this true concerning coccidiosis, that it should be regarded as a necessary item in the diet in rearing chicks.

### FALL MOLTING

The months of October and November, especially the former, are months when many poultry keepers are troubled with molting in their flocks of pullets. Many are too prone to lay this to the stock, saying that it is due to poor breeding.

This, however, is not often the case.

Some of the immediate causes of molting are a sudden change in the method of feeding, a sudden change in the composition of a ration, improper housing or some other form of mismanagement.

At this season probably the neck molt is the most common. The remedy here is to examine very carefully all points in the management of the flock, getting expert advice where possible, changing the points in the management that are wrong, and making any changes in the feeding schedule that are advisable—or other changes, for that matter—gradually. This last point is very important to remember.

Generally, heavy feeding of grain is necessary to bring the birds back into condition so that they will get over the molt.

Mismanagement immediately preceding the molt is not the only cause of molting. Fall molting goes back, in many cases, to the season at which the chicks were hatched. January or February hatched pullets will, in the natural course of things, come into laying in July or August and molt in October or November.

This situation is desired by many poultrymen so that they will be through the molt by spring and will be fit to be used as breeders.

However, where it is the desire to keep these early hatched birds from molting, in which case they should not be used as breeders in the spring, lights may be used in the laying houses in an endeavor to keep production going as long as it will.

When it is desired to use lights on early hatched pullets, they may be turned on as early as the middle or latter part of September, and it is recommended that the birds be given not more than twelve hours of light a day—twelve hours including the daylight plus artificial light.

## The Laying House

It has been the custom to allow four square feet of floorspace per bird in the laying house and houses 20ft. by 20ft. or 16ft. by 32ft. are recommended for 100 hens. In actual practice slightly less space is often allowed, especially where birds of the lighter breeds are kept. The space required per bird diminishes in proportion as the amount of floor space in the house increases, an area of only three square feet per bird being not uncommon in large houses.

Poultry houses are with very few exceptions of frame construction. As a measure of permanence and cleanliness concrete floors are recommended and if properly built on a foundation of loose stone or cinders to facilitate drainage are most economical in the long run. Where temperatures range below zero a straw loft is advisable since moisture from the birds tends to condense upon the cold roof over their heads and severe colds may result. The straw loft is supported by 1in. by 3in. boards, one inch apart nailed to the under side of the joists and hinged in several sections to allow for easy cleanjng and renewal of the straw. A depth of from six to eight inches of straw is sufficient under ordinary circumstances for an efficient loft. As large an area as possible is left open in front to give the maximum amount of ventilation during warm weather. An opening at least four feet in height and running the entire length of the house is recommended, the bottom half closed in by windows and the top wired and supplied with cotton screens, hinged to permit of opening when required. During the hot weather both windows and screens may be removed. The building is single boarded with the exception of back and ends which are single boarded on each side of the studding with building paper between, thus forming a wind proof air space. If the straw loft does not extend over the roosts it is advised that the ceiling be boarded from the back to a point level with the outside of the dropping boards.

Blue prints of a house for 100 hens, 16ft. by 32ft.; for a colony house 10ft. by 12ft., and also a bulletin dealing with all phases of poultry house construction may be obtained free upon request from the Poultry Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ontario.

### CLEANING THE DROPPING BOARD

If dropping boards are cleaned frequently and regularly, the task of cleaning them is less irksome than when they are allowed to go for a long time without cleaning. On well managed poultry farms they are cleaned every day or every other day at the latest. Sprinkling a little absorbent material on the dropping boards after each cleaning not only preserves the manure but makes it much easier to clean the boards, as the droppings become dryer and are more easily removed. A filthy dropping board makes an ideal place for harboring mites, worms and disease germs.

A small flock of poultry properly housed and cared for is usually much more profitable than a large flock that is crowded into a house and improperly managed.

### GREEN FOOD IS IMPORTANT

Egg production depends upon good health, for birds will not produce unless they are in good health. An important point in egg production, therefore, is to maintain health. Green food is one of the agencies by which birds keep the various organs of the body functioning properly and thereby maintain health. This is accomplished by keeping the bowels in good order and by helping to keep the digestive organs distended so the various digestive juices can act on the food properly. In addition to these benefits of green food, certain vitamins are furnished that are needed by the birds' bodies.

All commercial poultrymen recognize the value and importance of green food. Poultrymen in the Far West have their patches of kale and point to them with pride when visitors go on their farms. Poultrymen in all sections are not fortunate enough to have patches of kale or other green food that will grow all winter and they must necessarily provide green food in some other way.

Sprouted oats is one of the most popular ways of providing greens in sections where a crop cannot be grown out of doors all winter. There are various oat sprouters on the market that aid the poultrykeeper very materially in keeping a steady supply of green food to be fed to the birds as desired each day. But whether sprouted oats are fed or not, some kind of palatable green food should be given the birds to get best results.

### MILK IN THE RATIONS

The use of milk in various forms, such as dry skim milk, dried buttermilk and semi-solid buttermilk, has increased greatly in the last few years. There is a reason for it, of course, namely, that pronounced results have been obtained, both in laying rations and in growing rations. There is no question but what the addition of milk to a ration is beneficial; this has been proved.

The amount of milk to add to a ration will depend upon the composition of the ration, to some extent, and upon the purpose for which it is fed. Where dry skim milk or dried buttermilk are used in a laying ration, at least 10 per cent. of the amount of the mash should be milk. This will, of course, necessitate an adjustment in the amount of meat scrap used, using approximately the same amount as of milk. If it is desired to use a larger proportion of the animal protein in the form of milk, the amount of meat scrap must be cut down proportionally. Many poultry growers prefer to use larger amounts of milk, using this as their entire source of animal protein. In a growing ration, where the desire is to control an out break of coccidiosis, 40 per cent. of the mash should be in the form of milk.

A too narrow ration may be poisonous. Protein which cannot be entirely consumed in the body leaves behind it a large proportion of incombustible waste, which it is the office of the liver and kidneys to excrete, calling for special exertion on the part of these organs. It is the cause of liver and kidney troubles, and accounts for many stomach derangements arising from poison by the breaking down of products of protein, several of which are poisonous.

Epsom salts have become a regular part of the feedroom equipment. Its use is made necessary by the fact that during the winter season, when birds are confined, they cannot secure the abundance of green feed, which is highly laxative and keeps them in condition. During this period they are fed quantities of concentrated protein feed. Laying flocks are very apt to become constipated, and a condition of auto-intoxication develops. This does not kill the birds, but it slows up production and lowers the resistance of the entire flock to disease. So the feeding regularly every two weeks of a moist mash containing 1 lb. of Epsom salts to each 100 birds is very desirable for the average poultryman.

A bird is not reared until it has reached full maturity, and, in the case of a pullet, has commenced laying. If chicks have all the attention which a modern poultryman gives his stock, and are found to lag behind, they will never be much good to anyone; so the poultryman who notices laggers should cull them out of his flock at once, and not carry them on through the winter months, as they will detract from the profit of his whole stock. Nature's way with weak birds is that they get pushed out of the nest to die, and it is most unwise to attempt to rear any such birds. They are subject to disease, if allowed to live, and are a grave menace to the pocket.

Enquiries into the condition of the turkey crop in New Brunswick this year reveal that approximately the same number of turkeys will be marketed this year as last, but that they will be better developed on account of the more favorable weather.

Popular poultry breeds developed in America are the Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island reds and the Wyandottes.

CHICKADEE YEAST FOOD for POULTRY
Keeps all poultry healthy
INCREASES EGG PRODUCTION
Ask your Poultry Supply Dealer
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
E.W.GILLETT CO.LTD.
TORONTO
CANADA.
MAKES HENS LAY
MAKES POULTRY PAY.

## A Blind Poultryman

(By Christopher Hemmery)

Vaughn H. Ackers is one of the men who gave so generously in overseas service that it meant a complete reorganization of his life, for he returned home with the greatest of all human handicaps, the abysmal darkness of permanent blindness.

At the Veterans Vocational School in Baltimore, Maryland, he learned to typewrite and to read the raised type known as Braille, that the blind use. He also learned other manual arts especially adapted to the need of the blind. This, however, did not satisfy Mr. Ackers' desire for constant contact with living things, so he joined a class with twenty-nine other blind veterans and began the study of scientific poultry raising. Upon the completion of their course in theory, the other members of that dauntless group decided to remain in homes along the Atlantic sea-board. Mr. Ackers heard the call of California and bought a tiny place where he could work out of doors comfortably every day in the year.

In the course of a few years, he outgrew his too limited space and recently bought more ground which will make possible the gradual expansion of his work until he can care for a flock of from seven hundred and fifty to one thousand hens. Pedigreed egg raising is his specialty and from trap-nested Rhode Island Reds, he has built up a flock that is a marvel to all who see them. He picks these birds up at will and with his fingers reads the raised numbers on the leg bands, carefully keeping their score of production on charts above the nests by means of writing equipment especially provided for use by the blind.

Careful memorizing has taught him his way about his place, and through patient labor, he has constructed his coops and fences. He was fortunate in his first venture in exhibiting at poultry fairs; his pen of high layers won the endurance test at a Los Angeles County Fair and won notable awards at other shows.

To see this determined young man at work no one would think that the eyes behind those dark glasses could see only inner visions, and yet it is this inner concept of continuous activity that is so plainly shown in his big healthy flock, his clean poultry houses and yards, and in his optimistic outlook.

"Every day is a happy one for me," he declares, "for since I have something constructive to work with, something that I especially like, I find the incentive to do as well, or better, than most persons who have their sight. There is so much work to be done in this world that there is no excuse for any of us ever having a hard luck story. A man may be temporarily knocked out, but he is never done until he himself admits it."

There has not been much storing of poultry so far this season, but receipts are beginning to increase more rapidly, both in the East and on the Prairies, and it appears that a surplus for storage purposes will soon be available. The quality of the arrivals up to the present has been only fair, a large percentage not being good enough to store without being given some crate feeding. Dealers are now operating very cautiously as many of them are still carrying considerable of last year's pack.

The consistency of feed will depend first upon the characteristic of the feed itself and, second, upon the condition of the droppings of the birds. If the droppings are very loose the feed is generally too thin. If the droppings are dry the addition of moisture may prove beneficial.

THE FINEST MATING IN AMERICA

Friends,—We are now booking only a few orders for eggs from the famous pen that we purchased direct from Tom Barron of England, with Official Records of 248, 257, 258, 260, 270, 272, 280 and 282 headed also by a cockerel from his highest pen with ancestors having records of 313 eggs per year. This should produce some of the finest laying birds ever known, at $3.00 per egg (fertility guaranteed) also booking orders from our flocks with no bird in them from stock producing less than 220 eggs per year (at $18.00 per hundred for chicks hatched in Feb. 1928.

Reserve your orders now, as many are going to be disappointed. Write for Catalog.

TOM SELLICK & SON,
Box 502, Wallaceburg, Ontario.

## SAVING AND STORING SEED CORN

Selecting seed from the field or garden while standing gives one an opportunity to get large well matured ears that were produced under normal conditions and not the result of exceptional opportunity for sunlight and growth.

Selection of seed at husking time is much preferable to taking seed from the crib, where it may have heated and become mouldy.

Good seed corn should be: First, well matured, save the hard, firm, fully grown ears. Second, of good size for the variety. Third, with deep kernels well filled out and with large germs. Fourth, with small to medium sized cobs.

Save all the well matured ears that are large or medium size. These can be more carefully sorted before planting.

The first essential in the care of seed corn is to dry it out as quickly as possible, not by artificial heat but by putting it in a dry, airy room. Ears saved for seed should be thinly spread out as soon as possible and not left in piles or sacks. Any room that is dry, well ventilated, and proof against vermin is satisfactory for storing seed corn.

Seed corn needs ventilation in order to dry well. This may be secured by spreading it on slatted shelves, arranging in specially made racks, or by "stringing" it. Nails may be driven into the walls, or into boards, then after cutting off the nail heads the ears can easily be stuck on the spikes. Seed corn may be left on the racks where the ears have been dried. But it is better to store the ears in mouse-proof barrels, boxes, or crates during the winter. In any case they must not be exposed to dampness or they will absorb moisture and be injured.

After hanging in the drying shed, or lying on the racks where there is constant circulation of dry air for the first two months after they have been selected from the stalks in the field, the seed ears should be bone dry and contain less than 10 per cent of moisture. Some farmers place the thoroughly dry ears in the centre of a wheat bin, and then fill the bin with loose, dry wheat.

## PEONIES AND PHLOX

Peonies and hardy phlox make a good combination. The peonies bloom in the early summer while the phlox are making their plant growth, and after the peony flowers are gone the peony foliage remains a fine background of green while the phlox in front will furnish color until fall. You will have to watch the phlox for it is a rampant grower and may spread in among your peony roots which do not thrive if disturbed. One of the most common objections to the peony is the long summer with no flowers, but combined with the phlox this is no longer a disadvantage, as the phlox will supply color for both from July until frost.

As the two plants bloom at different times the color selections are made independent of each other, but a sunny location, which is best for the peonies, will call for bright colored phlox. Peonies do not object to partial shade so much, but they are such heavy feeders that if near trees they suffer for moisture and plant food, and if you want to grow some of the finer delicate pink sorts to go with your lavender and light pink phlox you can prepare to feed and water liberally and succeed with them in partial shade.

"Bumblefoot" has been attributed to injury resulting from jumping off high perches. Provide plenty of litter in the poultry houses as a preventative measure.

## RUDDY CANADIAN APPLES FOR OVERSEAS

"What shall I send to the folks in the Old Country?" is a query heard as the Christmas season approaches, but if the average Canadian realized how much our big, juicy, red apples are appreciated and enjoyed by people overseas the problem would be immediately solved.

Canada's luscious rosy apples are relished by young and old alike. They symbolize our brilliant sunshine and warm summer days, and they do look Christmasy and cheerful. Northern Spies, McIntosh Reds and Baldwins are the best and the most popular to carry your kind thoughts and good wishes across the sea, and standard boxes and barrels of choice hand-picked and hand-packed fruit, Government inspected, are procurable at reasonable prices from any grocer, while the matter of shipment is as simple as the mailing of a card.

The Canadian National Express will call for your apples, transport and deliver them by quick service to any station in Great Britain, Ireland and most European countries.

The transportation charge from Montreal and Quebec up to November 15th or from Saint John and Halifax, thereafter, by direct steamer to points in Great Britain, Ireland and the Channel Islands, is $3.10 per standard box and $6.20 per standard barrel, including refrigeration.

For rates to Canadian ports, through rates to Continental stations and other particulars, consult any Canadian National Express Agent.

## DO NOT CUT BUDDLEIAS

The Buddleias, or Summer Lilacs, are so persistent in flowering that every garden should contain one or two of them. Of the many varieties variabilis magnifica is decidedly the best, its racemes are long and full and carried in wonderful profusion. These Buddleias need no winter protection, provided they are not cut back in the fall. Leave all the growth on until spring, then cut back close to the ground for the best results. A good many have made the mistake in doing this cutting back in late fall and in nearly every case plants have then died. Since they withstand a temperature of from 10 deg. to 15 deg. below zero, Buddleias may be classed as reliably hardy. A very pretty border has a background of Buddleia magnifica, and, in front of this a broad band of Anemone japonica alba with a bordering of Heliotrope.

Sheep raising promises to develop rapidly in northern Ontario. The country about New Liskeard in particular is highly favored as a sheep country. It is remarkably free from wolves and the land being more or less rolling is well suited to sheep raising. The mining industry in northern Ontario provides a fine market for lambs and it is expected that the present flocks will grow rapidly and others be started throughout a considerable area of the district.

The smallest cows in the world, found in the South Sea Islands, are only 4ft. high.

The National Dairy Council assumes responsibility for the statement that cows never wash their own ears. The job is done cooperatively with a friend.

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# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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### GEESE

Mammoth Emden Goslings, Sired by 30-lb. exhibition male. $6.00 each. Bred-to-lay Barred Rock cockerels $3.00 each. Rich barring exhibition quality. Roller canaries, $6.00 pair. Satisfaction guaranteed. MRS. STEWART STORRING, Tamworth, Ont.

### GIANT MINORCAS

Giant, Large-Type Heavy-Weight Minorcas. Black, Buff and White Choice Cockerels, $3.50 and $5.00; hens, pullets, $2.50. ELLA WHITWOOD, Hudson, Ill., U.S.A. 41-6

### PIGEONS

Tumbler; Roller; Pygmy Pouter; Jacobin; Magpie Pigeons. Reasonable. ANDY MALCOMSON, Barrie, Ont. 42-6

### LEGHORNS

**TANCRED COCKERELS**

From high producing hens. 25 years of continuous trapnesting behind them. Fine cocks, breeding pens of cock and four pullets for sale—prices right. MILLBROOK S. C. W. LEGHORN FARM, Alfred Station, N.Y., U. S. A. 38-7

### ORPINGTONS

Look, Blue Orpingtons—Trio for $11.00. JOHN UNANGST, Freeport, Ill., U.S.A. 40-6

### MISCELLANEOUS

Make Poultry Pay Profits. SHAW'S Home-Study Course insures success. Fully illustrated. Highly endorsed. Booklet free. Write SHAW SCHOOLS, Department W, Bay-Charles Building, Toronto.

### PLYMOUTH ROCKS

'Fishel' White Rock Cockerels, $3.00 and $5.00, Pullets $1.50. EDNA McBAIN, McDonald's Corners, Ont. 43-4

### POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED

Old Hens Wanted—All Weights—Crates loaned free. WALLER'S Spadina Avenue, Toronto. 43-18

### POULTRY SUPPLIES

"Jamesway" Natural Incubators, Ventilated Brooders, Self-Feeders, Flock Waterers, Sanitary Nests. Catalogue. ALF. B. WILSON, 292 St. James St., Montreal. 43-6

## LIVESTOCK

### CATTLE

Jerseys—Jap and Gamboge Strains. Heifers of all ages for sale. Accredited herd. Priced to sell. SPENCER W. & LAURA A. HINDES, Orchard Home Farm, Kinderhook, N.Y. 42-6

### DOGS

High-Class Coon, Opossum, Mink, Skunk, and Rabbit Hounds. Reasonable price. Catalog free. V. LANGDON, Dresser, Ill., U.S.A. 41-6

# FARMERS' WANTS & SALES

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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.

## LIVESTOCK

### DOGS

Police Pups From Cattle Driving Mother. Eligible to A. K. C. Also 9 mo. Beagles. CHAS. LOWTHER, Conneaut Lake, Pa., U. S. A. 38-6

Coon Hound Pups for sale. $7 and $5. Write ROY BENNETT, Campbellsburg, Ind., U.S.A. 39-6

Police Pups, registered, prices reasonable. MRS. V. MOOTE, Wainfleet, Ont. 39-6

Police Puppies From Imported Sire, Brother to Strongheart. JESSE S. WARD, Crawfordsville, Ind., U.S.A. 41-6

Airedale Pups From Registered Sire, Porang strain. Hunting and watch dogs. $4.00 and $7.00. E. WHEELER, Northwood, Ont. 42-6

Ch. Alpha V. Krone.—We Offer Puppies by above famous Alsatian Shepherd sire; dam, a daughter of Junker V. Nassau. We are the breeders of Ch. Roxawna of Kaslo, dam of the only international Canadian-bred champion; Iso. V. Bergholtz. English Bull Puppies also for sale. KASLO KENNELS, Oakville, Ont. e.o.w.

St. Bernard Collie Pups For Sale. Females $5, Males $10. Good watch and farm dogs. JAMES BOOTH, Chatham, Ontario.

Newfoundland Females, Eleven Weeks Old, choice registered stock. Famous watchdogs and children's playmates. $20 each. D. R. OLIVER, St. Mary's, Ont.

### FOXES

Foxes—Silver Cross, Raccoons, Minks. Very nice stock for sale. LOUIS MARCOTTE DESCHAMBAULT, Portneuf, Quebec. 42-6

Registered Silver Black Foxes. Famous Colpitts Stock. A. D. WILMOT, Salisbury, N.B. 43-6

### WILD ANIMALS

Catch from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 6 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this newspaper how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. HADLEY, Stanstead, Que. 48-26

**Trappers' Poison** GOES' LIQUID POISON CAPSULES kill fur animals on spot. Twenty-second season on market. Free circular when this paper is mentioned. Excellent results. EDMUND GOES, Station C, Milwaukee, Wis. 42-6

### RABBITS

Chinchilla Rabbits — Guaranteed Pure-bred Pedigreed stock, all ages. Write for prices. C. KENT, New Hamburg, Ont. 35-17

If You Want a Real Bargain in Pedigreed Chinchillas from registered stock, all ages, write Box 7, Keefers, B.C. 40-6

Ferrets—Price List Free. Book on Care, 10c My stock is first class every way. Try me. BERT EWELL, Wellington, Ohio, U.S.A. 41-8

Chinchilla Rabbits—Young and Mature. From Registered Stock. Priced to move. EARL JACKSON, Elmira, Ont. 42-6

Chinchillas—Matured Males, Standard Color, with pedigree from registered parents. While they last, Three Dollars each. Cash with order. H. WENDT, 18 Water Street, Lindsay, Ontario.

### SHEEP

High Class Rambruillets—the Wool and Mutton Breed. Also Shropshires, Delaines, Cotswolds, Southdowns. D. H. TOWNSEND & SONS, Interlaken, N.Y. 38-6

20 Registered Shropshire Yearling Rams; Ewes all ages. Ewe Lambs. Fine stock. Low prices. LeROY C. BOWER, Ludlowville, N.Y. 38-8

Registered Delaine Rams at Farmers' Prices. L. M. ADAMS, Eagle Bridge, N.Y. 42-6

### SWINE

FOR BEST RESULTS

your hogs must have protein added to their ration this fall and winter. The easiest and best way to feed it is in the form of Swift's "Red Ribbon" Digester Tankage. Give it a trial and see how much quicker your hogs will gain in weight, and the nice firm finish it will give them. Our free booklet,

"Better Pigs and Bigger Profits"

tells you all about it. Write for your copy.

SWIFT CANADIAN CO., Limited,
Dept. W-2, Toronto, Ont.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### FOR SALE

Christmas Cards, French or English. Orders taken at spare moments. Free catalogue. Liberal commission. ROY ART, 167 Lagauchetiere West, Montreal. 43-6

Portable Sawmill for Rent or For Sale. Apply CURTIS B. WELCH, Ormstown, Que. 43-6

Guaranteed Pure Maple Syrup in Six-Gallon Crates. Apply H. J. McDONALD, Lakefield, Que. 38-5

Novelty Catalogue,—Listing Latest Novelties, Masquerade Supplies, Magic Tricks, Joke Novelties, Toys, etc. Sent free postpaid. UNITED SALES CO., Station B, Winnipeg, Man.

Bargain—Three 50-Cent Tins Grasshopper Ointment Postpaid. One Dollar. Old English Ointment. DAVIDSON, 457 Marion Street, Port Arthur, Ontario. 42-6

Cloth Remnants—We are offering a wonderful trial assortment arranged in remnant lengths, suitable for useful and necessary purposes, such as ladies' and Misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt and dress lengths. Also men's shirt lengths. Also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds. Money cheerfully refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Big value bundles at $1.00 $2, $3 and $5 postpaid. The Remnant Store, New Glasgow, Que. t.f.

Real Harris Tweed—Direct from makers. $2.00 per yd. Patterns free. Suit-lengths by post. Carriage paid. NEWALL, 330 Stornoway, Scotland. 31-20

Songs—Send One Dollar for My Three Original and beautiful songs. Suitable for home, school and church. I. W. OGDEN, Apsley, Ontario. 40-6

### HONEY

Clover Honey in 5 or 10 lb. Pails Crated 11 cents a lb. and amber 9c. WM. HARTLEY, Beamsville, Ont. 36-20

### Radio

Your Radio Opportunity. Long Distance Outfit, factory tested, absolutely complete, hardwood cabinet, tube, telephones, batteries, aerial equipment—positively nothing more to buy —$13.75 postpaid. ACME RADIO, 5911 Clark, Montreal. 42-2

## FARMS FOR SALE

Farms Partly Improved; Dirt Cheap. Going up. Buy now. HENRY STOLLE, Tripoli, Wis., U.S.A. 37-6

Twenty Acres—In Village; Excellent Condition; five-room house, cemented cellar, hard and soft water at door, cemented stables, henhouse; few rods public, high school, churches, station. J. H. MYERS, Ayr, Ont. 38-6

Farms for Sale in Henrysburg. 112 Arpents, 30 in timber, good springs, orchards, fine brick house, 80 ft. barn, also stables, situated on gravel highway from Montreal to United States, also 44 arpents with sugar bush. Apply to H. P. COCKERLINE, R. R. 1, Henrysburg, Que. 40-6

Good Hay Farm—Buildings, orchard, stock, machinery, half crops. $1,800, $1,000 cash. Apply AUGUSTE BLANC, Hibernia, Queens Co., New Brunswick. 41-3

210 Acres—Mostly Tillable; Free From Stones and 130 acre potato farm; also 25 acres with good buildings, all about 2 1-2 miles from Swanton Village, Vt., U.S.A. Must be sold. Write for particulars. P. J. FARRELL, Swanton, Vt. 41-6

Farms Partly Improved, Dirt Cheap, Going Up. Buy now. HENRY STOLLE, Tripoli, Wis., U.S.A. 38-6

100 Acres—in Splendid Farming District; new solid brick house; furnace; fine bank barn, water in stable; implement shed, hen-house, pig-pen; 25 acres bush; clay loam soil; two creeks; county town 4 miles, school one mile; immediate possession. Box 11, Witness Office, Montreal.

### PROPERTY FOR SALE

**SILVER FOX RANCH**

Forced Sale—Owing to Ill Health I am Forced to sell my ranch with modern house and complete equipment. Located on the Kingston highway, on the Rouge Hills, it is an ideal situation for a silver fox and small stock ranch. Two and one-half acres of land. House of brick with eight fine rooms, bath and running water. There is also a very fine well. Garage, barn and chicken coops. An ideal location for mink and rabbit raising. Eight fox pens, three pairs of silver foxes and one extra female. Fifteen pups this season, these being six females and nine males. In all there are twenty-two foxes, registered in Canadian National Live Stock Records. These animals are all in fine condition, healthy and very prolific. The ranch and stock will be sacrificed for immediate sale, on very reasonable terms, as it must be sold for reason mentioned. Write, wire or see R. S. McFARLANE, R. R. 2 Pickering, Ontario. 43-6

100 Acres, 85 Cleared, Township of Manvers, Durham County. Soil, sandy loam, excellent potato land. Good buildings and fences, running creek. School 1-4 mile from farm. Railway station and store 1 mile, telephone service. W. CHEDZOY, Pontypool, Ont. 43-2

## MISCELLANEOUS

### FOR SALE

### AGENTS WANTED

Agents Either Sex, Take Orders for Christmas Cards in spare time. Highest Commission. No experience necessary. Sample book free. Write "MANUFACTURER," P.O. Box 931, Montreal. 28-18

$4. a Day Paid Men or Women for Distributing religious literature until Christmas, spare or full time. For particulars write MR. CONRAD, Dept. W., Spadina Bldg., Toronto. 41-6

### SITUATIONS VACANT

Agents—If You Like Trees and Shrubs, Why not sell them? Make a business of it. Part time or full time, 900 varieties of proven Red Tag Nursery Products. Cash every week. Equipment and instructions free. Write DOMINION NURSERIES, Montreal. eow

### MALE HELP WANTED

Firemen, Brakemen, Beginners $150—$250 monthly. Also clerks. Railroads nearest their homes—everywhere. RAILWAY ASSOCIATION. Box 10, Witness Office, Montreal. 41-3

Wanted Persons to Grow Mushrooms For Us all winter. Earn upwards of $25 weekly, using waste cellar spaces. Illustrated booklet sent for stamp. DOMINION MUSHROOM CO., Toronto 3.

### MISSING RELATIVES

Would Appreciate Very Much to Hear From anyone with some information of Beatrice Snook, formerly of England, during her stay in Montreal, 1921—1922. Her brother, R. EASTCOTT, Craik, Sask. 41-4

Phipps—Logan S., of Chilliwack, B.C. Please write home as mother is very ill. Tubby needs you too. MRS. A. BARROW, Chilliwack, B.C. 43-2

## BUSINESS CARDS

### ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

Artists' Brushes, Colors, Paper, Pastels and Canvas, also everything that an artist would require. Send for catalogue. ART EMPORIUM, LIMITED, 23 McGill College Ave., Montreal. 48-52

### INVESTMENTS

First Mortgages—Funds Desired for Investment in first mortgages upon improved farm and city property; minimum fund placed $200. Interest eight and nine per cent. Correspondence invited. NELLES V. BUCHANAN, Barrister, Edmonton, Alta. 23-26

### PRINTING

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# LIVE STOCK PRICES

### LIVE STOCK PRICES FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 22.

**Montreal:**—Good cows $5.50 to $5.75, choice $6.00 and $6.50. Canners and cutters $3.00 to $3.75 or better. Bologna bulls $4.00, heavies $4.50 and $4.75. Veal calves $12.00. Common suckers $11.00 to $11.50, heavy pail-fed calves from $6.00 to $9.00. Good ewes and wethers $11.25 and $11.35. Common lambs ungraded $9.00 to $10.00. Sheep $3.00 to $6.00 A large part of the hogs were contracted for at $10.00 to $10.25.

**Toronto:**—Best butcher steers $7.50 to $8.50, baby beeves $10 to $14. Common to medium butchers $5.50 and $7.00. Butchers cows $4.00 to $6.50, canners $3.00 to $3.75. Bulls $4.00 to $5.75.

Store cattle trade continued active from $5.50 to $6.75 for stockers and from $6.00 to $7.25 for feeding steers. Milkers and springers $100 to $120. Choice vealers $13 to $14, with other grades downward to $8.00. Grass calves $5.50 to $6.50. Hog prices advanced 25c per hundred on Tuesday and held steady throughout the week, closing firm at $11.15 off cars for selects or $10.25 F.O.B. Feeding lambs $10 to $10.50, plain culls $9 to $9.50. Sheep $6 to $7 per hundred for good ewes.

**Winnipeg:**—Best steers $7.00 to $7.50, good handyweights $6.00 to $6.75. Top cows $5.00 to $5.50, plain, $3.00 to $4.75. Canners $2.75. Bulls closed from $4.00 to $4.25. Good vealers $9.00 to $10.00, plain $4.00 to $8.00. Hogs $10.25 for select bacon. Sheep $4.00 to $6.50.

**Prince Albert:**—Top heavy steers $6.50, good $5.50 to $6.00. Choice heifers $6.00, others $4.00 to $5.50. Good cows $4.25 to $5.00, fair $3.00 to $4.00. Bulls $2.75 up to $5.00, canners $2.50 to $2.75. Good stockers $4.50 to $5.50, fair $3.50 to $4.25. Feeders $3.00 to $5.75. Top calves $6.75, good $5.00 to $6.00. Hogs $9.75 for selects fed and watered Lambs were all bucks at $7.00.

**Moose Jaw:**—Two-year-old feeders $6.25 to $7.35, yearling steers $7.40 to $8.75. A few carloads of three-year-old steers $6.35 to $7.75, calves $6.35 to $9.50. Choice heavy steers $7.25 to $7.75, good to choice $6.00 to $7.00, baby beef quality, $6.75, good to choice $5.50 to $6.00, good cows $4.25 to $5.25.

Choice stockers $5.00 and up, fair $3.50 to $4.65. Selects opened at $10.15 and closed unchanged. Feeder hogs sold at thick smooth prices to 15 cts. lower. Lambs $9.00 to $11.00. Ewe lambs $10.35, yearling ewes $14.10. The general run of ewes $3.50 to $9.50. Rams $13.00 to $65.00 each.

**Edmonton:**—Butcher cows found a broad outlet and closed strong to 25c higher. Butcher cows sold at a practical top of $5.00. Kinds costing $3.75 to $4.50 showed the most strength. Canners and cutters were firmer from $2.50 to $3.50 and bulls strong from $3.00 to $4.00. Stockers were mostly plain and sold from $4.00 to $5.50. Fleshy feeders were in demand from $6.00 to $6.25 and others from $4.00 to $5.75. Top vealers made $10.00, good $8.00 to $9.00 and common to medium $3.00 to $7.00. A few choice lambs reached $11.00, decent killers of hanyweight order made $10.00 to $10.50, heavier kinds $9.00 to $9.50 and common thin lambs $6.00 to $8.00. Sheep were mostly $4.00 to $7.00. Hogs were generally unsettled. Early sales were on a basis of $10.00 for selects and $9.50 for thick smooths.

**Calgary:**—Good choice steers sold from $6.50 to $7.25 and $8.00; medium to fair made $5.75 to $6.25 and common $4.50 to $5.50. Heifers sold all the way from $4.50 to $6.50. Good to choice cows made $4.50 to $5.25 and common to medium $3.25 to $4.25. Canners and cutters made $2.00 to $3.00 and bulls $2.75 to $4.00. Good calves made $7.00 to $8.00 and common medium $4.50 to $6.50. Good to choice feeders sold from $6.00 to $6.75 and common to medium $5.00 to $5.75. Good to choice stockers sold from $5.50 to $6.50 and common to medium $4.00 to $5.25. Lambs were steady from $10.00 to $11.50, feeders $9.00 to $10.00, yearlings $9.00 to $10.00, and ewes $6.00 to $6.50. Hogs were steady. Selects made $10.00 and thick smooth $9.50 per hundred off cars.

## The Bride of Qu'Appelle

(Continued from page 25.)

withdrawn, but having no excuse he crawled within, and took a seat beside the man, who was none other than Chowek the father of his son's rival in peace and war. Having exchanged greetings, Piskwa lighted his pipe, and over a friendly smoke, the three leading chiefs discussed the affairs of their people, and then drifted into reminiscences of the days when they were boys. The story which Chowek had partially told, relating to Kesik and Iska was left as Makeyo entered, and the object of the special visit of the war chief was unmentioned.

The time passed so swiftly, and with so much evident pleasure, that when Chowek departed, Makeyo was not in a mood to express the deep feelings which had swayed his heart, and stirred his passions as he followed the trail. He contented himself with talking about some minor matters affecting the welfare of the people, and with a smile which freshened into a laugh, he stepped out into the darkness of the night. Leaving the trail which passed through the centre of the camp, he made a short cut in the direction of his own lodge, keeping on the outskirts, away from the glare of the lodge fires. The noiseless steps of his soft moccasins were an invitation to the murmurs of the gentle wind, and as he leaned forward with his eyes on the alert, and his ears attent for the faintest sound, he suddenly dropped on the ground. Under the protection of a small bush sat two human figures, who could not be distinguished in the darkness, but whose presence was made known by their conversation, which was carried on in a whisper. The old chief lay for a few moments, and creeping cautiously toward the shadow of the bush, listened for an interpretation of his suspicions. The conversation was too indistinct for even his well trained ear, and he was too cunning to expose them by fright, as he might lose a better opportunity on another occasion.

It was sufficient for the present that he had discovered a man and woman having a secret meeting by night, and these were none other than Iska and Kesik.

When Makeyo reached his own lodge, he found Wusko sitting by the fire smoking.

"Beaten again, my son," said he, as he sat down, and took the pipe which Wusko handed him. The young man waited in deference to his father's dignity for him to speak, and intently he gazed into his eyes, as the chief sent heavy streams of smoke through his nostrils. "The snake is crawling through the darkness, and I have heard him hissing as he passed"

He closed his eyes and drew several whiffs at his long pipe. "The snake has coiled himself around Piskwa's lodge, and the prize is lying prostrate on the ground. We must strike the monster on the head while he is sleeping, and we must do it tonight."

Makeyo threw down his pipe, and grasping his stone tomahawk, whispered in a hoarse tone, "Follow me!"

Wusko arose and stepped out into the darkness, following his sire, taking care to fasten his heavy club in his belt, to be ready for any emergency. The friendship which had been renewed between him and Iska was suddenly changed into intense hatred, by the bitter words which fell from his father's lips, and he crept along the dark trail, hissing revenge upon his rival who was practising deceit, and evidently going to supplant him in the affection of Kesik. Stealthily the twain followed the path leading to the lodge where the lovers were hidden, and when within a few paces the elder left the trail and slipping to the ground lay still and listened. A faint whisper revealed the presence of Iska, which was communicated by Makeyo touching his son with his tomahawk. Slowly they crawled through the grass, inch by inch drawing nearer to the unsuspecting pair. With the instrument of war ready for its deed of blood, the war chief peered through the darkness, hoping to catch a glimpse of his victims, and was delighted with the sight of the two figures leaning against the lodge. Wusko lay by his side waiting for the decisive moment. Makeyo arose gently from his reclining posture, but fell back as a low hiss announced the scent of danger. The opportunity was too great to allow it to pass, and was worth a daring venture. So despite the warning he lay still, and trusted for an opportune moment to make a spring upon the guilty pair. The whispers ceased while the lovers sat motionless, and Makeyo gathered courage, and unable longer to endure the suspense grasped his tomahawk, and arose in a crouching posture. As he was in the act of making a bound, a flash of light darted from the ground, blinding him, and as he held one hand over his eyes, a huge dog sprang at his throat, and hurled him prostrate. Wusko threw himself upon the animal with a yell, and having released his father, they fled towards their own lodge, muttering threats of vengeance upon Iska and the Black Dwarf.

When Iska discovered that the bond had been broken between Wusko and himself, and that the attempts upon his life were being renewed, he went to the lodge of one of the medicine men, that he might be advised as to the best course for him to follow.

"Slay your chief enemy, and you will find peace," said the seer.

"Wusko! Slay Wusko?"

"There may be another foe greater than he. We do not see all our enemies. Some are hidden in the long grass, and others make their home in the rocks and trees. Your eyes are dull, and you cannot see."

The medicine man threw some herbs into the fire, and as the lodge was filled with sweet perfume, Iska asked:

"How shall I discover my enemies?"

"The gods alone can help you."

"What shall I do?"

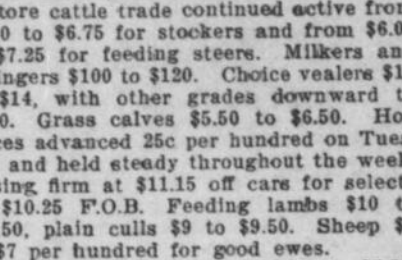
"Go, my son, to the City of the Gods! Stay there for the vision. In the night they will speak to you, and you shall not be afraid. You may receive a message for the tribe if your heart is clean. If you make a perfect sacrifice, you will be told what to do, and you will find your greatest foe."

A few days after this interview, Chowek sat in Piskwa's lodge. His face wore a sad aspect, as he told the head chief that Iska had started southward at a running pace, and though he had called him, he made no reply, but hastened on as if bent upon some mission.

"Fear not, my friend," said Piskwa, "Iska is a child of the gods, and they are speaking to him. He will return in safety, and your troubles and mine may soon come to an end."

While Chowek mourned over the departure of his son, the young man, with an undaunted spirit, was pursuing his journey towards the City of the Gods. Gathering what scant food he could find by the way, swimming the rivers which barred his path, taking a few hours sleep at night, just sufficient to maintain his strength, he ran on, until he caught a glimpse of the City. Here and there on the banks of a river stood huge pillars of stone, some of them ranged in circles, while others rose apart as silent sentinels on the prairie. Though weary from his long journey, he stood on the bank of the river until the sun went down, gazing in awe and rapture upon the vast amphitheatre, and when darkness fell, he lay down and slept. At early dawn he arose, and as the sun came gently over the hills, he stood and prayed. With a beating heart he crossed the river with his moccasins in his hands, and wandered among the palaces of the gods. Huge animals in stone

(Continued on page 31)

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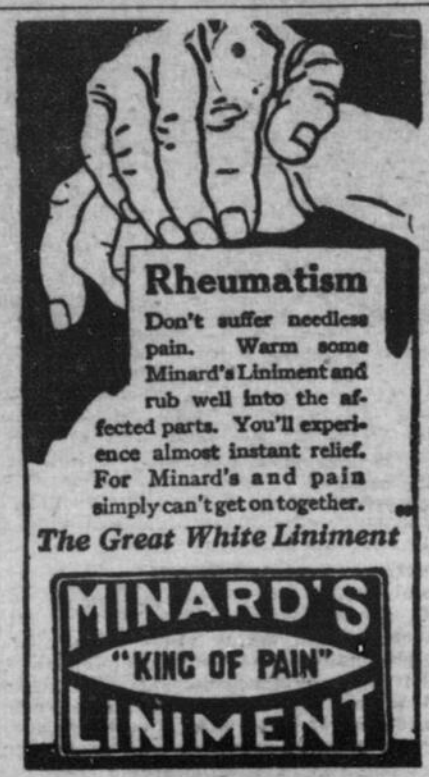


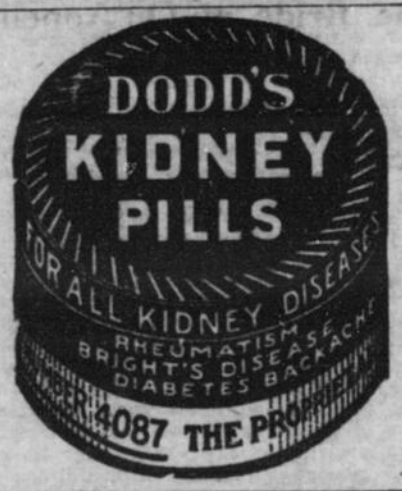

Superior Court,
Province of Quebec,
District of Montreal.
No. C-20737.

DAME ANNIE PALAYOW, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Abraham Kobernick, and duly authorized by judgment of this Court to ester en justice, PLAINTIFF, against ABRAHAM KOBERNICK, of the same place, DEFENDANT.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted in this case on the 13th day of September, 1927.

M. GARBER,
Attorney for Plaintiff.


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# FARMERS MARKETS

AVERAGE CASH PRICES FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 22.

Wheat prices continued on the down trend last week. Increased movement of the new Canadian crop, and reports from Argentina construed as bearish were responsible for the decline.

| Winnipeg Wheat | Open | High | Low | Close |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1 | $1.51⅛ | $1.50⅝ | $1.40⅝ | $1.40⅝ |
| No. 2 | 1.43⅛ | 1.43¼ | 1.33⅛ | 1.33⅛ |
| No. 3 | 1.32⅛ | 1.31¼ | 1.22⅝ | 1.22⅝ |
| No. 4 | 1.21⅛ | 1.19¼ | 1.11⅝ | 1.11⅝ |
| Track | 1.40⅛ | 1.39¼ | 1.34⅛ | 1.34⅛ |
| Oats | | | | |
| 2 C. W. | .64⅝ | .64 | .60⅛ | .60⅞ |
| 3. C. W. | .61¼ | .60⅛ | .57¼ | .57⅞ |
| Feed | .59¼ | .58⅛ | .55¼ | .55⅞ |
| Track | .64 | .63⅛ | .56¾ | .56¾ |
| 3 C. W. | .81 | .80¼ | .77⅛ | .77⅛ |
| 4 C. W. | .73⅛ | .77⅝ | .76 | .76 |
| Track | .77 | .76¼ | .74¼ | .74¼ |
| Flax, No. 1 | 1.90⅛ | 1.89 | 1.84 | 1.84¼ |
| Rye, 2 C W | .94⅛ | .94¼ | .92 | .93⅛ |

### COUNTRY PRODUCE

The egg trade in Montreal on the whole has been fairly active, with final sales of fresh extras at 56c to 57c, firsts at 46c to 47c and seconds at 40c to 41c, while storage extras sold at 44c, firsts at 42c and seconds at 38c per dozen.

The trade in storage dressed poultry during the week was fairly good and the tone of the market remained steady, with final sales of selected turkeys weighing 6 to 13lbs. each at 37c to 49c per lb., green ducklings weighing 5 to 6lbs. at 31c to 34c per lb., domestic ducklings weighing 5 to 6lbs. at 28c to 31c per lb., selected ducks weighing 5 to 6lbs. at 26c to 29c per lb., selected geese weighing 8 to 12lbs. at 25c to 28c per lb., squab broilers 36c to 41c per lb., selected broilers, at 30c to 37c per lb., selected chickens at 37c to 39c per lb. and selected fowl at 22c to 32c per lb.

Domestic vegetables selling at wholesale houses at Toronto are quoted as follows:

Ontario potatoes, bags, $1.50 to $1.75; cucumbers, outdoor, 11-qt. basket, 75c to $1.25; brussels sprouts, 6's, 75c to $1.00; spinach, bushel, 50c to 75c; cabbage, dozen, 30c to 40c; tomatoes, 11qts. No. 1, 40c to 75c; head lettuce, box, 40c to 50c; hubbard squash, dozen, 75c to $1.25; pumpkins, dozen, $1.00 to $1.50; carrots 11 qts. 20c to 25c; cauliflower, dozen, 60c to 85c; celery, dozen, 25c to 50c; beets, 11 qts., 20c to 25c; marrow, 11-qt. basket, 25c to 30c; onions, bag, $1.50 to $1.75, silverskin, 11 qts., $1.00 to $1.50; peppers, green, 11's, 40c to 50c; gherkins, 6-qt. leno, 75c to $1.00.

Domestic fruits on sale at Toronto wholesale houses are quoted as follows:

Apples—B. C. Wealthy, box, $2.75 to $3.00; chestnuts, per lb. 40c to 50c; pears, 11 qts., 30c to 50c, 6 qts. 20c to 30c; grapes, concord, 6 qts. flat 40c to 45c.

### THE DAIRY MARKET

There was no improvement in the demand for butter the past week and this combined with the fact that stocks on spot are larger than a year ago with fairly large quantities of New Zealand butter bought to arrive here during the next three months have been depressing factors in the situation and prices in Montreal have declined 1c per lb. since this day week with final sales of current receipts of Eastern Townships No. 1 pasteurized creamery butter at 37½c to 37¾c per lb.; and No. 1 held stock at 37c to 37¼c per lb. On account of the above the jobbing price was also reduced 1c per lb. towards the close of the week to 40c per lb. for solid packages, and to 41c per lb. for 1 lb. blocks.

The trading in cheese for English account last week was reported to be of a limited character, but there was a steady demand from American buyers and a fair amount of business was done in this respect on the downward scale of prices, the latest sale of current receipts of western No. 1 white and colored being reported at 19⅞c per lb., but the market closed weaker and prices at the boards in the country on Saturday were ¼c to 15-16c per lb. below those of the previous week.

Toronto buyers were quoting the following prices to shippers. Creamery butter, pasteurized No. 1 38¼c to 38¾c; unpasteurized, No. 1 37¼c to 37¾c; seconds 36¾ to 37¼c.

Approximate quotations on churning cream, f. o. b. shipping points, are: Special, 41c; No. 1, 40c; No. 2, 37c per lb. fat.

Butter and cream prices nominal, owing to the unsettled conditions of the market.

## The Bride of Qu'Appelle

(Continued from page 30)

lay in silent repose, massive seats spread their gigantic feet upon the flowery sod, large trees were transformed by petrefaction into fantastic forms, and tall monoliths reared their lofty heads in the air. As Iska gazed upon the wonderful scene, his limbs trembled, and with moistened eyes, he sank to the ground at the foot of the Pierced Rock. This massive stone was more than a mile long, and about thirty feet thick, and lay on its edge about twenty feet above the level of the prairie, while numerous holes resembling natural arches pierced it at intervals. As Iska crouched in fear, with words of the medicine man lingering in his memory, he was aroused by a hiss, and his eyes danced as he beheld some spirits flitting here and there as if in sport. They climbed upon the top, and ran with utmost speed, and again chased one another through the arches, while peals of laughter filled the air. As he watched the spirits at play, one of them ran toward him and touched his eyes with his finger, and upon looking up, he beheld the figure of an Indian carved on the rock. The spirit pointed toward the feet of the carved figure, and Iska saw some bear's claws and tobacco stuffed in a crevice, and he became afraid, as in his fear and wonder, he had forgotten to present gifts to the gods. Springing quickly to his feet while the spirit stood by, he removed his necklace of bear's claws, and raising it to the sun, he walked toward the figure of the Indian and placed it at its feet. When he rose from his stooping posture, the spirit had vanished, and the peals of laughter died away.

(To be continued)

### RURAL BUSINESS MEN

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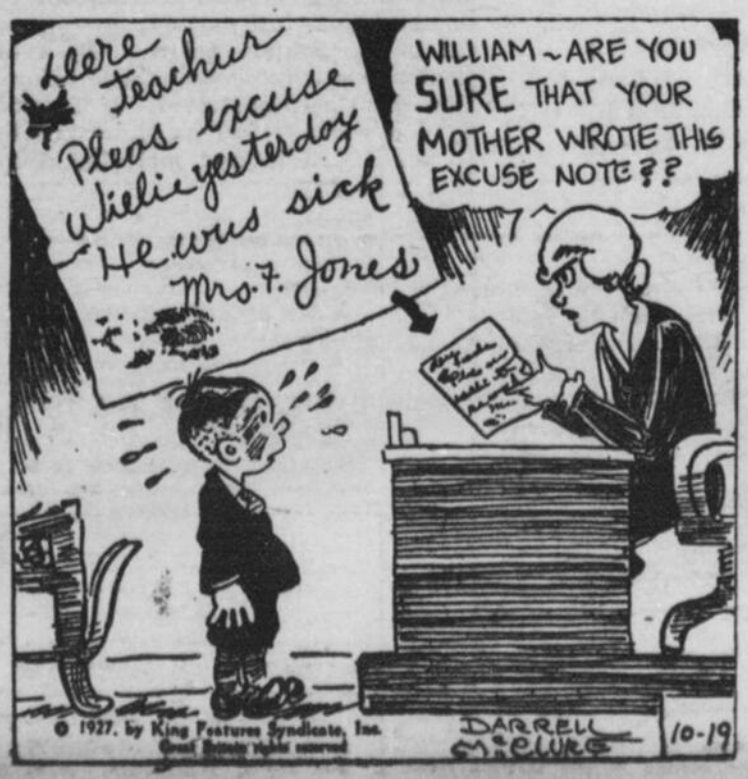
### EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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| Canada Northern Power Corp. Ltd. | 6½% | 1941 | 103.50 | 6.12% |
| Canadian Pacific Railway | 4½% | 1944 | 98.50 | 4.63% |
| Canadian Pacific Railway | 5% | 1934 | 102.00 | 4.65% |
| Gatineau Power Company | 5% | 1956 | 99.00 | 5.07% |
| Manitoba Power Company, Ltd. | 5½% | 1951 | 103.50 | 5.25% |
| Montreal Tramways Company, Ltd. | 5% | 1941 | 101.00 | 4.95% |
| Montreal Tramways Company, Ltd. | 5% | 1955 | 98.00 | 5.14% |
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| Northwestern Utilities Ltd. | 7% | 1938 | 103.75 | 6.50% |
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| Winnipeg Electric Company | 6% | 1954 | 103.50 | 5.75% |

*Industrial*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Canada Paper Company | 6% | 1945 | 101.00 | 5.90% |
| Canada Steamship Lines | 5% | 1943 | 101.00 | 5.45% |
| Canada Steamship Lines | 6% | 1941 | 101.50 | 5.85% |
| Wm. Davies Company, Ltd. | 6% | 1942 | 96.00 | 6.40% |
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| | | | about |
|---|---|---|---|
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# If It's Money You Want

## Here's how to get it

## NOTHING TO SELL BUT YOUR SPARE TIME

**If you are in a position to work at home for us we will pay you for every hour that you can spare. Your pay cheques will come regularly, their size depending upon the time you can devote to the work.**

Haven't you often wished that you knew of some practical way of earning extra money? Most of the plans you hear about mean canvassing or selling, but very few find themselves suited for this sort of work; and to others of course it would be quite distasteful. You can understand then the happiness of hundreds of men and women who have found in Auto Knitting the very thing they have been looking for —a private means of earning money at home. Our Home-Earning Plan is simply this: If you will devote your spare time, be it an hour a day or all day long, to knitting wool socks, with the Auto Knitter, we will pay you a guaranteed price for every pair and keep you supplied with the necessary yarn. And while we send you yarn and pay cheques in this way, you are really your own employer because you work just when you like—in the hours that best suit your convenience.

### You Work in the Privacy of Your Own Home

It is very easy to understand why those who take up Auto Knitting are very happy in their work. For they are engaged in an occupation that is not only interesting and profitable, but it is private. Mrs. R. Follick of Manitoba has this to say of its privacy: "What I like about the work is its privacy. Not even my neighbors know that I earn money this way, and I am sure of my pay cheques because the Company take all of my work."

Mrs. Follick and hundreds of other men and women not only appreciate the privacy of Auto Knitting, but they also experience the thrill of independence that it brings. They know positively that no matter what may happen, quiet times, bad crops, or any other reverses, our pay cheques will always come. Just as long as socks are knit money must be made.

### Where You Live Does Not Matter

The splendid thing about our Home-Earning Plan is that it does not matter where you live. Nor is previous knitting experience necessary. The machine is automatic — it does the knitting. Fifty turns and the cuff is made, ninety more and the leg comes through, a few rows back and forth shapes the heel and toe, and ninety turns completes the foot. Here is how Mrs. H. Stevens of Quebec writes of its simplicity: "By following the simple instructions I soon had socks coming through one after the other. I have had my machine eight months and I have earned $325.00." And out in Manitoba, Miss E. Cox says; "With the machine came an instruction book which showed what to do, and it was not long until I was doing good work. I now average two pairs of socks an hour. In a few months I earned $485.00."

**WHAT WE DO WITH THE SOCKS**

Auto Knit socks are retailed by over three thousand storekeepers in Canada. Hundreds of thousands of pairs are sold every year. With such a tremendous outlet you can readily see why we are continually wanting more workers. Auto Knitting simply means that instead of operating a knitting factory here in Toronto, we have the work done privately at home. Our pay-roll totals thousands of dollars each month. Our workers' earnings are greater today than ever before.

And here in Ontario Mr. A. Fraser has this to say: "I was a little afraid of starting as I had never seen a knitting machine, but with the help of the instruction book everything was easy. I have only had my machine five months but I have made $325.00 in my spare time." And so it goes, we have hundreds of such letters here in our office from men and women proving everything we claim.

### Write To-day for Wage Contract and Full Particulars

If this plan of earning money sounds like something you would like to do, by all means let us hear from you. We cannot give you all the details here, but we would like to send you, without cost or obligation, full particulars. Simply fill in the coupon below. By return mail you will receive complete information about getting started. If it is money you want — Let us show you how to get it. Clip and mail the coupon this very day.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Limited
Department No. 7910
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Dear Sirs:—Without the slightest obligation on my part, please send me information about working at home for you.

Name .....

Address .....

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