

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

The Pope King

BY the grace of Mussolini, the Pope has become king of some territory, a settlement which is meant to give him a status among the kings of the earth, a position which the Papacy has ever seemed to crave and determinedly to claim since Pius Ninth lost his earthly crown to Victor Emmanuel in 1870. The Pope will now be able to receive and to send ambassadors to and from all the chancelleries of Christendom and Heathendom. Most of the powers have had informal dealings with the Vatican Palace in which the Pope has always been accounted as king. We have always held that, in this clumsy temporal kingship, the Pope sacrificed an immeasurable moral standing and put himself out of count as representing Him whose kingdom is not of this world.

Ratified At Last

BY its passage with an impressive majority through the Senate of the United States, that graveyard of so many famous measures and treaties, the Kellogg Pact has surmounted its greatest obstacle, for its ratification by the legislatures of the remaining signatory nations is certain. Until almost the last moment—certainly up to the time that Mr. Borah, in charge of the measure in the Senate, agreed to the insertion into the Foreign Relations Committee's report on the pact, of a qualifying clause containing the committee's interpretation of the treaty as protecting the Monroe Doctrine, and the right of the United States to self-defence and denying obligation to punish a treaty violator, the issue was in doubt. This careful pruning of every concrete obligation was only to save the Senate's face as the treaty was already amply surrounded with reservations which made it no more than a counsel of perfection, a confession of faith—but as such not without high value; for the world is ruled by ideas after all. In its purely spiritual character it is the precise opposite of the proposal of Soviet Russia that all nations should forthwith disarm. What was gained for mankind and what gave the whole thing deep interest to all the other signatories was the fact that broadly speaking, it placed the United States among the nations of the world and at one with them in their loftiest aspiration and hope.

Unfortunately, the long delays occasioned by the almost interminable wranglings over words and clauses, in the Senate have combined with the reservations and limitations imposed by the British and French governments to rob the treaty of much of its moral significance to mankind.

The Kellogg Pact is not a magic formula to usher in the thousand years of Peace. It does not forbid all war, for while renouncing "war as an instrument of national policy", the nations concerned retain the right of waging war in self-defence. But the treaty does not define "defensive" war. Every angry nation is left to define that for itself. Who can recall a war of modern times in which all the belligerents did not protest themselves as being merely engaged in defending themselves from wanton attack or obvious threat? Nor indeed, is the treaty explicit as to what constitutes aggressive warfare, the interpretation of the various clauses being left to the contracting parties. Thus the United States may continue to interfere in the domestic affairs of Latin America, without being accused of a breach of the treaty.

Fruit Of Much Tribulation

STILL, the Kellogg Pact while primarily a statement of an ideal rather than an instrument for the outlawry of war, is a historic declaration of high import, as being the first example of unanimity of declared purpose toward peace by the great nations, and a solemn condemnation beforehand of aggressive war. To use Sir Austen Chamberlain's phrase, it will make attack more perilous for the aggressor. Years of tribulation have produced that much fruit. It may be assumed that the United States will exert pressure with the other powers against violation of the treaty. While the interpretative declaration of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee amounts to an insistence that the United States shall not be called on to administer sanctions, it is difficult to see how with any pretence of reason that power could insist on trading with a signatory violating a treaty which has emanated from the brain of its own Secretary of State. Thus the treaty appears to portend better relations between Britain and the United States by eliminating a possible source of friction in the event of the British Fleet being called upon under Article 16 of the Covenant of the League of Nations to blockade the coasts of a nation defying the League and thus also violating the Kellogg Treaty, and shutting out commercial intercourse between United States and the offender, a possibility clearly fraught with danger since the day when the United States definitively refused to enter the League. Confidence in this happy outcome will not be enhanced, however, by the reading of the cynical comments of so many of the Senators who voted for ratification, nor by the grimly ironical fact that, following the elaborate ceremony at which President Coolidge formally appended his signature to the emasculated treaty, the Senate proceeded to consider the Administration's other contribution to world peace—the demand for fifteen additional cruisers for the United States Navy, or in frank language of some outspoken Senators a navy able in case of need to face that of Great Britain.

A Hopeless Appeal

SCARCELY any greater vindication of the action of the Salvation Army High Council, in deposing the General on the ground

that he was no longer capable of giving the Army the leadership it required, could be conceived of than that he should seek to prevent the election of a successor by attacking the validity of the legalized constitution which he accepted on taking office and which was the charter conferring on him the powers by virtue of which he has exercised control of the Army during his sixteen years at its head. Like the emperor of Germany who is still posing as God's appointed voice for rule over Germany, General Booth is one of the kind who in age cannot conceive any different conditions from those in which he grew up and in which he has lived till now. Fifty-five to eight was the vote passed, amid many tears, by the constitutional convention of the Army for the deposition of the General. Is it possible that General Booth fails to see the omen in the fact that half of the eight votes in his favor were those of women members of his own family present as holding high commanding positions by his appointment, while the seven-eighths of the council who passed the vote were all veterans with imposing records of service. Surely it is patent that the Army desires to make the change, and that no power of earth can make members of a voluntary organization like the Salvation Army submit to a rejected and impracticable despot. By seeking an injunction against the High Council General Booth has violated one of his father's basic rules, which forbids resort to law against a fellow Salvationist. Worse still it is a violation of the pledge given, we know not by what authority from the General, by his daughter, Commissioner Catherine Booth, who repeatedly assured the Council that no legal proceedings were contemplated. The result of the appeal to law can only be a weakening of the General's moral authority, as is shown by the alienation from his support of three of the four unrelated members of the council who voted for his continuance in office. There is no need to assume evil intent on the part of General Booth when his mentality and physical condition are taken into account, but his latest move has robbed him enormously of the reverence in which he would have been held to the end of his days.

Robbery of the St. Lawrence

CHICAGO, we are told, professes to believe that the decision of the United States Supreme Court on what has become known as the water steal from the Great Lakes is a vindication of her policy. She is only whistling to keep up courage, as it is the reverse. The verdict of the Court, which was unanimous, was that while Chicago had legal authority to divert 4,167 cubic feet of water per second from Lake Michigan, the enlargement of this flow to more than twice that amount was a defiance of the Federal Government which, through the Secretary for War and the Chief Engineer, refused a permit for increased diversion as far back as 1907. Chicago is ordered to lessen the intake. Unfortunately no time limit is set, although a fairly broad hint was conveyed to the effect that the city might be called upon to erect expensive plants to deal with sewage disposal. Probably the fight will be carried to the Congress. The

whole case was between the wilful city and certain States that were subject to mandates from Washington. The court had not before it the claims of Canada, which is not so subject. Responsibility for the lowering of the lake levels which has considerably lessened the carrying capacity of the freighters which ply these inland seas is laid at the door of Canada by Chicago's apologists, who however fail to present a convincing case. Canadian diversion for canal purposes is almost negligible, as all water taken from the lakes and connecting streams is eventually returned to the same system, while that taken by Chicago finds its way to the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi. Diversion of water from an international stream is a matter for international consideration and Canada will have to be satisfied before the matter is settled. Fortunately Canada's interests are identical with those of all the Great Lakes states, other than Illinois; there is therefore not much possibility of the controversy developing into an international quarrel.

A New Dominion?

A CONFERENCE which may be of considerable importance for Canada and the rest of the British Empire will open in Bridgetown, Barbadoes, next Saturday. On that day official representatives of the various British possessions in the West Indies and Caribbean region will gather to discuss some of their common problems. The feasibility of having a common currency and postage, customs uniformity and free trade between the islands will be considered; also co-operation in civil aviation, cable and news services, education, agricultural research and trade representatives in Canada and England. The Honorable Cecil E. A. Rawle, of Dominica, commenting on the aspirations of the conference gives as his view that "Without co-operation the Caribbean colonies cannot, as isolated units, hope to command any degree of weight or influence with the council of the Empire or any important British or foreign market. The instinct of self-preservation should induce the colonies to seek salvation in combination." Canada has served as the model on which the other dominions were formed, and now it seems that she is looked to serve as mentor for the West Indian colonies. "We want Canada as a foster mother," Mr. Rawle said. "We want her to be our protector and guide—we want to be in economic unity with her, and we want her aid in developing these islands." While it is not expected that this conference will result in federation of the West Indian colonies, yet it is a move in that direction. Such a federation is the dream of more than one prominent West Indian. Apart from other benefits it is declared that one central government would greatly reduce the cost of administration. Climate, products and inhabitants are so similar that the problems of the various colonies are alike and might very well be solved by unity of action.

Canada's Interest

THE development of the West Indies is a matter of moment to this country since Canada and these British possessions are by nature

the complement of each other. We produce very little in common, so that these tropical islands form a natural market for our Maritime Provinces, while we in turn can purchase much from them. In fact some enthusiasts, who would have us adopt the West Indies into our own federation, would have us believe that no country can be great without tropical possessions and that for that reason Canada cannot hope to "achieve her destiny" without annexation. But the Dominion receives the flattering proposals with but lukewarm approval. It would be adding a colored problem with its social difficulties to the others which vex our statesmen, and the experience of the United States is a warning that this country can well heed. However, though political union is out of the question, commercial union may be a possibility. Recently there has been improved steamship service between Canada and the various colonies, while a mission from the Maritimes has just visited the islands with a view towards stimulating trade. By those most interested it is held that Canada is not doing her share to develop this trade. American, and to a lesser extent, British, goods far out-sell the products of this country. American commercial travellers have reached almost every island, while a traveller from Canada is seldom seen. It is not to be wondered at then that our trade is not larger. If Canada is to seize the opportunity of serving herself and the Empire to the best advantage, she will do all in her power to assist the development of the islands and coasts. The nearest way of doing that is by exchanging our flour, automobiles and other manufactured commodities for their grape fruit, bananas, and sugar. Of course the difficulty with these as in the case of Newfoundland, is Canada's high tariff whose object is so far as possible to confine those who come under it to Canadian manufactures.

Canadian Bank Reports

ENCOURAGING in the extreme are the reports of the annual meetings of the Canadian banks which have been appearing lately in the columns of the press. Without exception bank executives express satisfaction and thankfulness for the rising tide of prosperity that the Dominion is enjoying. Sir Herbert Holt, President of the Royal Bank of Canada, goes so far as to give it as his opinion that there is no more prosperous country in the world than Canada. Such optimism, coming from such a reliable source, is a pleasant change from the blue ruin cries that have so long been emanating from certain dissatisfied circles. Our natural resources are being developed at a rapid rate,—new areas are being opened up to cultivation, water power is being utilized on an increasingly large scale to develop electrical energy, and new mining areas are being exploited. Increased development of natural resources, of course, reacts favorably on almost all other lines of activity, and not the least on transportation. In this connection it is gratifying to find the executives of both the Royal Bank and the Bank of Toronto commenting on the strong financial position of the publicly owned systems, a development of which capital was so afraid. "Speaking generally, the publicly owned corporations have never been in a more sound or liquid position," said Mr. C. E. Neill, general manager of the Royal Bank, while Mr. W. G. Gooderham, President of the Bank of Toronto, declared that "one of the most satisfactory features of the year is the substantial improvement in railway earnings, both gross and net. The National System may now be said to be out of the woods and a real asset to the country."

The decreasing number of banks in the country called forth comment from Mr. Gooderham, but naturally, he was chiefly concerned with the in-

fluence on his own firm. It had been said that the smaller banks would find competition against the three larger ones more difficult, but the Bank of Toronto has no apprehension on that score. What is more to the point, however, and this point was not mentioned, is the well grounded apprehension of the general public. Whatever the amalgamating banks may gain in efficiency, they are almost certain to lose in public spiritedness. While this tendency to merging seems inevitable the centralization of public finance in the hands of a few large concerns, and, as is apparently happening, in the hands of a few individuals, can never serve, one would think, the best interests of the community. Though the banks may make more money it does not follow that the community will. It portends at all events increasing public control. But if Mr. Gooderham's attitude towards amalgamations is too lenient, little fault will be found with his criticism of the multiplicity of branches. It is by no means uncommon to find in a town of five hundred inhabitants, at least three branch banks, where two would meet the demands of competition. In the cities branch banks are becoming as frequent as chain stores.

Adverse Tides

ACCORDING to reports from Washington, 31,492 Canadians have, during the five months ending November 30, entered the United States with a view to making their home there. Of that number 5,501 entered during the month of November. Against that there was a small return tide in favor of Canada of 1,073, of which 168 returned in November. Commenting on this a correspondent of the Montreal Gazette attributes the heavy adverse tide to the attractions of the better economic conditions, and these to the high tariff with which that country surrounds itself. In referring to the tariffs in this connection he has no doubt hit on one of the causes of this Canadian leakage but sees it the wrong way about. There is probably a proportionate yearly migration from Scotland to England without any question of tariff; but it is certain that if Scotland were to tax her people in order to confine them to home products the migration would be greatly increased. He ignores the fact that among forty-eight States there is the greatest free trade competitive market in the world. He also overlooks the fact that, in spite of a vigorous proclamation of its delinquencies, the United States is on the whole a dry country with which wet countries compete at an increasing disadvantage. It is said that Mr. Hoover will favor a public enquiry into the results of ten years of prohibition. It is probable that he has a pretty shrewd idea as to what it was that elected him and what the verdict would again be; based as it would be largely on the experience of the chiefs of industry.

Taxing Ourselves Rich

THERE are writers in the United States who practically accuse their nation of childish simplicity in being hoodwinked by those whose interest it is to maintain the delusion that a nation can grow rich by taxing its people. Mr. L. Lawrence Laughlin writes in the New York Times:

"When it is assumed as a matter of course that protection is essential to prosperity, one wonders how long our people are to be fed on sophistical economics as if they were children. Of what use are our universities and our educational system if such policies are allowed to go unchallenged? Are we to accept the principle that we are the more prosperous the more heavily we are taxed? . . . Lower prices allow money wages to buy more. Then how can it be repeated with a

solemn face that taking away a large part of this production to enable the less efficient industry to hold its own and imposing enormous import taxes on the articles consumed by the mass of the people is necessary to prosperity? In actual fact we are prosperous in spite of the heavy burden of taxation imposed on us by duties on imports. That is due mainly to our genius for industrial management and to our phenomenal resources, and not to taxation.

Runaway Markets

ARUNAWAY horse is seldom brought under control before it has done harm either to itself or to others, and the same is true of a runaway market. The stock markets on this continent for more than a year now have been beyond all control, and normally sane and conservative investors have been swept off their feet in a perfect orgy of gambling. Clerks, office employees, maids, and housewives have been putting what little money they have in the stock market in the hope of making a fortune over night. Farmers, who should have had enough experience with the unpredictable fluctuations of their own commodities to risk their money in such speculations, have been heavy buyers of all kinds of stocks. The result of such feverish buying is, of course, to send stocks higher and higher, on the same principle as the bidding at an auction sale sends the prices up, until today most stocks are selling at much more than they are worth as measured by their fruits or their prospects. As an example, roughly speaking, there are seventeen million shares of General Motors common stock in the hands of private investors, and the value of this corporation must increase, on paper, more than twenty-one million dollars, which is an increase of one point, so that the speculator may break even after paying his brokerage charges, and it must increase in total value by the same amount for each point of profit that he makes; that is, if he has the luck to pass his impending doom on to somebody else. To expect such a sudden increase in actual value is of course ridiculous, and the utter impossibility of the public as a whole making a profit on the exchange is self evident. Fortunately Canadian banks are doing all in their power to curb the speculative fever by restricting credits and other means, but they have been unable to prevent the runaway from doing considerable damage. The president of the Bank of Toronto says in his address that "the absorption of vast sums in stock speculation has curtailed the supply of funds available for strictly investment securities and caused a fall in prices. This is not good for business, as its tendency is to hold up projects involving long term financing." The monthly letters of the Royal Bank, the Bank of Montreal, and other financial firms have been strong in their condemnation of the insane speculative excesses of recent months, and it is time that the people as a whole realized that if the runaway is not controlled soon, personal disasters are certain and serious general economic troubles must inevitably follow.

The Buffer State Again in Flux

OWING perhaps to some fanciful dispatch received by them all, the Berlin newspapers broke out one morning in chorus ascribing the fall and flight of Amanullah to British intrigue, and agreeing to treat it as a diplomatic triumph for Britain over Russia. Amanullah according to the legend was the instrument of Russia in his sublime, but premature, transformation venture, in which, for that matter, he was simply imitating Kemal of Turkey. And Britain was made out to have roused the dangerous tribes against him

— the last thing she wants to do — the purpose being to put his alleged pro-British brother on the throne. A cock and bull story—one that no British authority took the trouble to deny after the cordial entertainment given the king and queen by the British government some months ago. It had its origin, no doubt, in a previous escapade of the variable Amanullah who during the war succeeded his wise and loyal assassinated father and fell victim to the wiles of the German Great General Staff and those of the Turks whom Habibullah had brought in to modernize his people. These backed by the Mullahs or Mohammedan priests who were all for Turkey, made an attempt to raise India against Britain, an adventure in which he was so worsted as to make him of quite a different mind.

There had already been a similar imaginative story about Colonel Lawrence, that romantic mahdi of Central Arabia, now known as Private Shaw of the British air service, who happened to be serving on this frontier. This man of mystery was made out to have been the instigator of the revolt. Dear to the Prussian mind is some story of intrigue, and like Shakespearean drama, it has its stage not in detective work in the hunting grounds of crime, but in the high game where nations are supposed to seek each other's harm. On the basis of this rumor, but not to give it any sanction, Lawrence was immediately withdrawn from that region. It certainly would have been a poor triumph of diplomacy, as the next thing we heard was that the chieftain whose approach had caused the flight of Amanullah had the brother hopelessly shut up in his citadel at Cabul. Why should he who scared away a reigning monarch, and who practically already had the power, not seat himself on the throne, and with all the Mullah's egging him on abolish all this foreign nonsense, this contempt for the prophet and the customs of religion? What more natural than that these semi-barbarians should attribute all this transmogrification to the British ambassador, who had certainly been, as his duty was, on the friendliest terms with the king? This is at all events a different story from the legend of Berlin and, in as far as it attributes intrigue to Sir Francis Humphrys, is just as false. It is, however, a very dangerous notion. In 1842 Sir W. Macnaghten was foully slain by the then ruler and of the contingent which backed him only one man reached the British lines. Again fifty years ago Sir Louis Cavaignac and all his staff and military guard were massacred after just such friendly dealings with Britain by just such a revolution. Serious indeed! as there is no way of punishing such wholesale murder or of terrorizing the miscreants in their mountain fastnesses.

The Speech Of Tara

A BEAUTIFUL loyalty to the happy past has been the effort of the Irish Free State to re-establish the Irish tongue. To the Celt the golden age always glimmers before the dawn of a contrasted and outrageous history. It would be sad indeed should that poetic speech perish in its last stronghold as its cousins seem to be doing in many lands. We have just been told how an annual prize founded at Queen's University for proficiency in Gaelic has for four years had no claimants, although a large proportion of the students must come from formerly Gaelic speaking families. Into this effort to restore the loved and venerated tongue has entered no element of sordid utilitarianism—no question as to "will it pay?" as its success could only isolate a diminishing following from prosperous intercourse with mankind. Indeed, it is from the hills and glens where the Erse most survives that just now emi-

gration is greatest. A nation trusting to that vehicle would be intellectually confined to the dreamland of a thousand years ago, with none but borrowed or invented words to express the common things of modern life. The Jews of today have their national language, dead since the days of Nebuchadnezzar, sacredly preserved in the plentiful and well conned repository of their Holy Scriptures—theirs and ours—sufficient for their religious purposes, but for expression strictly confined to phrases from that library, so that only by extreme violence can it be adapted to modern uses. The Irish also possess what might be called a sacred or classical literature, for the most part hidden away in the reliquaries of German and other museums and libraries. These relics are all religious, though from the first, the so-called Hymn of St. Patrick—a sort of spell to produce invisibility—they are characterized by a queer mixture of heathenism and monkish ritualistic rather than inspirational piety; and not preserved in the heart of the people who prefer the tradition of Tara and Brien Boru. But the Irish language is not dead. It is still the vernacular in the illiterate recesses of Donegal, Conemara and Kerry. But the presumption is that that current speech can resemble that of the aforesaid classics pretty much as modern peasant English resembles that of Wyklif or of Chaucer. It must have been quite a philological job to construct from such diverse elements and such alarming spellings an ordered language capable of use in the Dail and in public documents or to communicate to another generation through the schools. This, however, has been accomplished and deserves splendid reward as a feat of pathetic and lofty patriotism unblemished by lesser motive, unless it be jealousy of a conquering tongue.

Heroic Salvage

WE have always deplored the fate of the dodo, the great auk and other forms of divine workmanship that have vanished from earth before the destructive approach of semi-civilized man. We should be sorry to hear of the disappearance of Bunyan's prison at Bedford or many another memento of departed worth. But how infinitely more must we lament the countless languages, in which human beings have talked and sung, which are visibly vanishing before our own. Greatly do we value, if only for this, the splendid service of the Bible Society in embalming all living languages in its translations of the Bible, though its much higher aim is to bring the existing tribes of earth into touch with the Kingdom of God. Like other Celtic dialects, the revived Irish speech has been thus embalmed in a translation of the Bible, unless the work just issued be superseded. Irish scholars will no doubt, like those of other people, have to accept that as a standard. A vast service indeed is being rendered humanity by putting on official record probably the most complete and best preserved of a great family of languages that have more or less left their mark on all European civilizations—surviving still in four forms counting Cornish and Manx, in Great Britain, also in the Gallic of France, the Walloon of Belgium and leaving its traces upon the speech and character of the Welsh, as the Germans call their Italian neighbors of what the Romans knew as Cis Alpine Gaul. They were of the early peoples of Galicia, now part of Poland; of Wallachia in Rumania; of the ancient Galatia in Asia Minor, evangelized by St. Paul. Indeed the New Testament was once proscribed in Turkey by censors who found in it that passage "O foolish Galatians", for even Constantinople had a suburb called Galatz. We must leave the result of the heroic effort to reinstate the ancient tongue as a state language to time. It is in prac-

tice like imposing Latin on the primary schools, or a foreign tongue which even the teacher cannot pronounce—all to the good, if it does not swamp the three R's in the Slough of Despond; all to the good, if it does not as Mr. St. John Ervine, speaking recently in Montreal, deplored it does prove a further barrier to keep Southern and Northern Ireland apart.

Unrequited Service

PAINFUL emphasis is given to recent pleas for national recognition of the work of medical research by the revelations at the Coroner's inquest into the deaths by suicide of two London brothers, doctors who, finding themselves without means after prolonged studies of the causes and cure of cancer took their lives to avoid the destitution which confronted them. While the whole world stands to benefit from the medical researches of doctors and scientists, the service so tendered is too often unrequited and sacrificial. Nay in all pursuits of the things that make for human betterment there is a fearful record, were it known, of superior souls, caught by some vision of unspeakable service to mankind, who perish by the way, broken, unhonored and unknown. For one who succeeds there are a hundred who pursue the same quest and perish; not so often as the poet sings, on the Alpine top mid snow and ice, as floundering like these in the fog of poverty. It is not the will of society, so worshipful of success, whether in arms or in peaceful exploits, often so lavish in its awards, lavish beyond measure to those who succeed in commerce and industry, that those devoted to its benefit should so perish. It simply has no means of discovering or helping them. It has for a good while been the custom in Germany to make such research a function of government, and to support comfortably at least, corps of workers in it. How far the selection has met such cases of spontaneous combustion in the various lines of discovery cannot easily be known. How far those who make real contribution to knowledge lose their individuality, we do not know. Those same countries have in addition their full share of self-appointed inventors, explorers and discoverers. Other governments including our own are now eagerly treading the same path. But still there are countless explorers perishing between the task of making a living, for which they are, by reason of preoccupation, ill qualified, and that of seeking to nerve men with some exploit of invention in which, given the free mind they might, or, unfortunately might not, be of untold service to mankind. Who has not known those who with their wagon hitched to a star, have perished in the bog of poverty or flickered out through the anaemia of sleepless enthusiasm. Is there no way to meet at least the elementary needs of men and women whose zeal for the physical wellbeing of humanity often precludes their securing the rewards that fall to success pursued on selfish lines—no voluntary fund to which in heartier appeal might be made? The two London brothers diverted their energies into the service of man rather than into their own aggrandisement. A world that has millions for the profligate screen-star and the champion pugilist had no refuge for them. The health and happiness of their fellows was their aim rather than the prizes of the market-place or the Bar. Their reward was misery and despair.

Coming Together

CONFERENCES are about to be held in the United States looking to Church Union, one at Richmond in Virginia, between the Presbyterians North and South, severed long ago by slavery, and one at Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, between Presbyterians and Methodists. The

first of these is about due, and will probably go through ere long in spite of historical estrangement. The other, originating, it is said, with the Methodists, is certainly the forerunner of some still greater fraternization, which is probably rapidly approaching. The ways of Methodists and Presbyterians were somewhat contrasted in the fruitful days of the early circuit riders. But between two bodies looking to the same end the process of assimilation is inevitable. In what form that process will eventuate, whether, as in Canada, it will include the Congregationalists, all in one organization, or whether, as others, afraid of clerical domination, are planning, it will result in some yet unsuccessful form of mutual recognition that will preclude rivalry, remains to be worked out. But all are beginning to feel that some form of acknowledged Christian unity is an imperative duty and an essential of success.

An Infant State

NORTH DAKOTA is jealous of Illinois. It envies that great state its Chicago with the ineffable Bill, its beer rackets, its gunmen with their baser allies, the venal judge and the crook lawyer and the multiplicity of freak organizations that mark the polyglot civilization amid the skyscrapers that cluster around the southern extremity of Lake Michigan. Such kaleidoscopic variety is of course beyond the lesser state; but at least it can measure up to the other in practical patriotism. So North Dakota, calmly taking a leaf out of the statute book of Chicago, proceeds to legislate the English language out of existence, replacing it so far as North Dakota is concerned by "the American language". Nor is that all. Dakota goes one step further than Illinois by providing that history as taught in its schools will be treated from the American and not from what it chooses to term the "English viewpoint"; that is to say the ears of the sons and daughters of the patriots must not be offended by the truth when it is unpalatable. This decision is come to by people whose ancestors for many generations have never heard anything but the "American viewpoint." Even modern peoples have their mythologies. North Dakota has been looked on as an intelligent State. Surely there are among its legislators, men of sufficient common sense to see the folly of endeavoring by legislative decree to deny an obvious fact. Call it by what name they choose, the language spoken in North Dakota is English, albeit, if the northern State is to be judged by some others we know, a rather debased and badly abused form of the noble tongue of Chaucer and Shakespeare.

Letters

GENEALOGY OF JESUS

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—Like my old friend, George Elder, I have often wondered how as I could find nothing to show that Jesus was descended from King David, his mother traced her origin from him. And I have racked my brain trying to account for the discrepancy between the accounts of Joseph's ancestry given by the two evangelists. Finally I asked my old friend, the Reverend Wm. Lawson, about it and he gave me an explanation which I think clears up both problems. I enclose it in the hope that you will publish it in the Witness.

I notice that Mr. A. J. Reynolds has the same view, though not so fully explained, in your issue of December 19th.

Geo. N. Clark

Vancouver, Jan. 3.

JESUS CHRIST THE SON OF DAVID

It has been clear to my mind for

many years after consulting a number of eminent Biblical scholars, that Jesus was born of the royal line of David. Both Matthew and Luke, I know, trace the ancestral line from Joseph and not Mary the mother of Jesus. Yet the third chapter of Luke gives a new and entirely different list of names, making it evident that Luke's genealogy is not that of Joseph as given in Matthew. This must be noted carefully: while Luke calls Joseph "The son of Heli" as he could not be the son of both Joseph and Heli by natural generation, therefore Luke does not say "Heli begat Joseph." The natural explanation must be that Joseph was the son-in-law of Heli, himself a descendant of David. While the Greek does not say "son," Schofield says it is "rightly supplied by the translators" because in accord with Jewish usage. Luke's genealogy therefore is that of Mary, whose father was descended from David, while Matthew's is that of Joseph, the reputed father of Jesus, father in the eyes of the law. Matthew wrote to Jews, therefore Mary is scarcely mentioned, while Joseph is prominent and it is just the reverse in Luke. In Matthew Jesus appears as the Messiah to the Jews, while in Luke He appears as the "Son of Man" and "to all people," so Luke traces the genealogy from Adam the head of the race, relating the "Second Adam, the Lord from Heaven, to the first Adam."

Note however that Joseph's is strictly the "Royal line" from David to Joseph, as stated by Matthew. In Luke though the line of descent is from David it is not the royal line, because in it Jesus is descended from David through Nathan, truly David's son but not in the royal line as the list follows a line quite distinct from royal line.

Mary being a descendant of David through her father Heli but, being a woman, her name according to Jewish custom could not appear in the genealogy, males alone forming the line, so Joseph's name is used instead of Mary's he being her husband. Heli was his father-in-law, so he is called son of Heli, thus completing the line. Therefore Joseph, being by flesh son-in-law of Heli, was in actual fact the son of Jacob as related in Matthew 1, 16.

The necessity of two genealogies appears in order to trace the lineage of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—one the royal and legal, the other the natural and literal. These two appear, the legal and royal, in Matthew the "Gospel of law and kingship," the other in Luke the Gospel of the natural and literal of humanity.

That able scholar and exegetical of the Word of God, Sexton, says sceptics made much for a time of Jeremiah's "Contradiction that a descendant of Jeconiah could not come to the throne of David," yet we find that while Joseph was of this line and while Joseph's genealogy furnishes the royal line for Jesus, his son-before-the-law, yet strictly speaking Jesus was not Joseph's descendant therefore was not of the seed of Jeconiah.

Had Jesus in reality been the son of Joseph he could not have come to the throne, but He is Mary's son and through Nathan comes to the throne legally, because she married Joseph.

—German youths are not so tall now as in the pre-war days, the general decrease being at least 1½ in.

—It has been stated that there are over 40 miles of greenhouses in and around Worthing, England.

—A meat van delivered \$125,000 worth of gold and silver at the bank of England, London, a short time ago.

I CARE

NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION

Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer from Oct. 1 1928	\$ 99.00
Paid to Cot Fund	120.00
Further Contributions	95.00
Mary McNaughton, Ont.	2.00
Total	\$316.00

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES

Further Contributions	\$ 12.50
Mrs. Jas. Ferguson, Alta.	2.00
Total	\$ 15.50

Letters

PESTILENCE AND PRAYER

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—The Surgeon-General of the United States indicates that the present influenza epidemic will be similar to that of 1918-19. In the United States alone approximately 450,000 deaths were directly attributable to that epidemic. It is estimated that it accounted for ten million deaths throughout the world.

"He doth not willingly afflict."
Why then does He so visit us?
"The inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness when Thy judgments are abroad in the earth." He deals with mankind to turn us from sin to Himself. From Genesis to Revelation this is made clear.

Would it not therefore be well to observe Sundays, January 20 and 27, as days for uniting in prayer that God will effectually turn us from our sins to Himself, and that He will check the pestilence that is sweeping over us,—basing our prayers on the promise of Jesus Christ, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven: for where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them?"

DAVID ROSS.

Strasbourg, Sask.

REVISING THE CALENDAR

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—Some one a short time ago suggested "Luna" as a name for the thirteenth month in the new calendar, and others suggested the retaining of some, if not all, of the names as at present. If such is done, we hope that those signifying numbers by their names will be put in proper order, according to derivation: September (7th), October (8th), November (9th), December (10th), and not make a farce of our language by placing them elsewhere. If a student were asked to immediately answer the question: What number in our present calendar is the month of September? By its derivation he should be right in saying "7th". But no! he is wrong, and we have to admit that our language does not say what it means.

To further simplify the calendar which is one of the main objects for a change, why not discard names completely, and replace them with numbers: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc., as is frequently done with streets in cities? By a number a person knows exactly where he is at.

G. Y. DONALDSON.

Ont., January 14th.

THE TOBACCO HABIT

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—I am conscious of the fact that I am only an atom in the great mass of humanity, yet my heart has often been cheered by the wholesome influence of some of the pages of your paper on questions which should deeply concern us all, as that of Peace, Prohibition and other moral issues. We have it on good authority that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is a reproach to any people."

It makes us feel ashamed of our country when worthy causes have taken a backward step, yet we are led to question whether we have rested too easy at home or "minding our own business" as we perhaps thought and let the enemy have his way.

A story of an old Scotch woman who had the pleasant habit of finding something good to say about everyone, comes to mind. A younger woman talking to her about someone she was very much tried with, and she made her usual kindly comment, burst on with the exclamation, "I do believe you'd find something good to say about the devil himself." The old woman replied, "Well, he is very industrious."

"Blessed are the peace-makers"
Would the birds might sing it,
And the merry mountain streams,
Over pebbles ring it!
Would the music-laden breeze,
O'er the land might bear it

Till in business, church and home
Every one might hear it!"

(M. Larmingham.)

These lines with more like them have often been in mind during the past decade and more and it is encouraging to see how much this doctrine has taken hold of people almost throughout the world; we still long for a more deep and general appreciation of its importance to our highest welfare.

I would not take up too much space but the smoking habit seems to increase and we have always felt that it was a demoralizing habit and now Ontario is growing tobacco! "Shall we fold our hands and acquiesce? Oh shame!" Oh, yes! let us "be strong" in our convictions of what is right and what is wrong!

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must!"

The youth replies, "I can"
(Emerson)

Now, a little story of how a man who felt that he must give up smoking tobacco and how he came to do it. We have it first hand from his own lips. He had learned to smoke when quite young; it was considered not seriously harmful by those with whom he lived but, after arriving at mature years he began to feel that it was not right for him to indulge in the practice—especially as he was making the profession of a Christian—a follower of Christ—so he decided he would quit it. This he found to be a severe test of his faith in the necessity of it, and finally gave up trying thinking that it was impossible to do it, and consoling himself with the idea that God does not require more of us than He gives strength to perform.

Still, in his inner self, he felt uneasy. Then one day he made up his mind to go and talk over the matter with a friend whom he highly esteemed—a prominent minister. After stating his case, and making some attempt, to justify himself in the habit, the friend remarked that he could think of only one place in the Bible that might seem to justify smoking. Of course he was interested to know what it said. The minister quietly replied, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still." The man felt the rebuke keenly, while appreciating his friend's deep interest in his spiritual welfare, and he concluded the story with the emphatic sentence—"Well, I had to quit."

—SUBSCRIBER.

—When Queen Victoria came to the throne in 1837 there were 1600 boys under 16 years of age awaiting transportation from England for petty crimes.

—There will be 20 altars in the new Abbey church of the Benedictine Order at Woolhampton, Berks, England, when it is completed. The church will be known as Douai Abbey.

—In Great Britain an acre of good fishing will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will yield in a year.

LIFE'S COMMON THINGS

The things of every day are all so sweet.

The morning meadows wet with dew,

The dance of daisies in the moon, the blue,

Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie,

The night with all its tender mystery of sound

And silence, and God's starry sky!

Oh, life—the whole life—is far too fleet,

The things of every day are all so sweet:

The common things of life are all so dear:

The waking in the warm half-gloom

To find again the old familiar room,

The scents and sights and sounds that never tire,

The homely work, the plans, the lilt of baby's laugh,

The crackle of the open fire;

The waiting, then the footsteps coming near,

The opening door, the hand-clasp and the kiss—

Is Heaven not, after all, the Now and Here,

The common things of life are all so dear?
—D.L.T.

When you "turn on" the electric switch....
power is used up.

When you introduce an influence to another...
power is multiplied by two.

If you think that the Witness is the Greatest Volunteer
Cooperative Adventure in an all round Every day, Every
way Christian sort of a Newspaper

Just Say so—to Your Friends

The Witness

the only national paper published.
—without territorial support
—without organizational support and yet

without an atom of selfish interest.

Its publishers having independent means draw from its revenues neither salaries, dividends, nor even interest on their million dollar investment in it.

The Witness

with its limited capacities and shortcomings
with its mistakes, and all its distance from the ideal
is in the van of progress toward the ideal journalism.

The Witness

is not paper and ink and presses and publishers nor is it a soda-water counter nor a vaudeville.

The Witness

is a great adventure toward the ideal for the general welfare.

The Witness

is a co-operative adventure in which Publishers, Staff, Readers, Readers, Staff, Publishers, each in their own place, time and way are the main factor in the adventure.

not "Who Won the Late War" but who will win the present fight against Evil and For a Better World?

Just Now is the main opportunity for the Readers

to give practical evidence of their interest in this their

Great Adventure

So will they be, in effect as in name, full partners in the services which the Witness is offering its country.

In the triple partnership the subscribers are the main factor, for obviously without circulation a paper would be nothing. By the same token the greater the number of subscribers the greater is a paper's influence; and the greater is the subscriber's share in the partnership.

Who publishes the Witness so truly as they who, besides sending their own subscription, add to its support and increase its influence by introducing it to new homes?

To make this as easy as possible the publishers offer the following

The Regular Renewal Subscription to the Witness is \$2.

But

One Renewal and One New Subscription both for \$2.

additional NEW subscriptions with the club or separately \$1. each

Foreign postage \$2. additional per subscription.

John Dougall & Son
Witness Bldg., Montreal.

PERSONAL
CO-OPERATION
COUPON

January.....1929

Dear Friends:

We are glad to have been able to introduce at last one new home to the Witness on the HALF PRICE offer. To begin AT ONCE

The new name

is

and

address

My Name

is

and

Address

and I am inclosing \$ for the subscriptions herewith.

A Splendid Adventure on Behalf of the Rising Generation

READERS of the Witness will remember that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union had undertaken to carry on a nation wide temperance education competition for Sunday School scholars through the Northern Messenger.

The campaign has assumed large proportions. A series of twelve illustrated and very interesting lesson-articles have during the past three months been carried by the Messenger into over 106,000 homes, through the cooperation of over 3,000 Sunday Schools including all Christian denominations.

The ladies of the W.C.T.U. all over Canada personally interviewed Sunday School superintendents and secured their cooperation. Over fifteen hundred Sunday Schools that were not regularly distributing the Messenger were induced to take it for the period of the course, thus more

than doubling its normal circulation for the period, the publishers supplying it at less than 2-3 of the actual cost as part of the contribution to this great adventure. The competition has excited great interest and its influence will be far reaching.

But the adventure has been exacting and costly to the W.C.T.U. and to the publishers. Introducing the great plan, raising the money including nearly a thousand dollars for prizes alone, preparing senior and junior examination papers in such a way as to cover the main arguments for total abstinence—these are only part of the story.

As these lessons have been followed in 106,000 families and as in some families there are several young people of seventeen and under who are eligible to compete for the prizes, a very large number of examination papers will be written and must be

marked and rated for prizes, and Honor or Pass Certificates. However this part of the work is being decentralised so that it may be done with the utmost expedition.

No one will know how tremendously, even to the straining point, many members of the W.C.T.U. have worked. But as this Educational Campaign has largely and of necessity centred in our office we know something of their devoted work.

Yet this is just one of the many adventures of the W.C.T.U. Its service and its worth to Canada is immeasurable. The fight against liquor is almost primarily a woman's fight, for she rightly regards liquor as the enemy, a potential enemy of her home and of the rising generation.

Every one who is opposed to alcoholic beverages and to the liquor traffic is thankful that the W.C.T.U. is so much alive.

Let's Surprise Them!

Leaving it to George—or to Georgina—is just about the shortest cut to losing interest in life—the real life. Yet how many are doing it. I personally think that it is through want of thought rather than want of heart. I cannot supply the heart, but here goes for the thought.

We all know something of the evil that is wrought through alcoholic beverages. And we all believe that there must be some way to put a stop to the manufacture and sale of such poisons. And we all hope that the societies specially organized for that purpose are doing all that can be done to educate people as to the evil of alcoholic beverages, and also as to the enactment and enforcement of laws to end the evil.

How many of us having got that far are content to rest in the hope that George, or Georgina, will in some wonderful way "do the job".

That's too undemocratic for me. My idea is that George and Georgina are going to get too much of the fun, not to mention too much of the glory, by such a program.

If I can lead—can "start something"—the zest and exhilaration is mine. If I can't lead I want to do more than hang on—I want to push. If I can't be the bow of the ship of progress mayhap I can be the little rudder, or perhaps I can be the engine, or the steam, or the coal. "If I'm good, let me be good for something"—as the saying is. That's the way to live!

Applying the Moral

What am I driving at? Just this: The W.C.T.U. is one of Canada's most splendid organizations.

Nobly inspired, it has a great purpose and program, and needs the help and influence of every lady who shares their purpose.

In no small degree the influence of the organization on public opinion and on politicians is in proportion to the number of their enlisted membership. Therefore, let every woman who would like to have her heel on the head of the snake send in her name for membership.

Besides the nominal fee, commonly, I believe, 50 cents or a dollar (and in the latter case including subscription to the White Ribbon Tidings) each member must subscribe to the following pledge:

I hereby solemnly promise, God helping me, to abstain from all distilled, fermented, and malt liquors, including beer, wine, and cider, as a beverage, and to employ all proper means to discourage the use of and traffic in the same.

The National and Provincial Unions are very eager to start new branches wherever there is an opportunity. But it is slow work unless they can find in advance some one in the place who is interested in the matter. Besides the senior organization there is the L. T. L. (Loyal Temperance

Legion) for the children and more recently the "Y" work for the boys and girls of the interesting and strategic 'teen age. This "Y" work is a sprightly and most promising affair full of enthusiasm and enterprise. "Self Starters" are needed.

Who will volunteer for membership or work?

A Sad Accident

All who have ever had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Gordon Wright, President of the Canadian Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and all who have realized something of the tremendous adventure of that organization in organizing the Sunday Schools for this Scientific Temperance Competition, will be sorry to learn that Mrs. Wright has had a serious fall, sustaining a broken arm and other injuries.

Painful as her injuries are, she continues to give her time, thought and leadership to this Dominion-wide Education competition.

Let us Keep it a Secret

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." So said King Solomon, the wise. And it is absolutely true. If merriness in the hearts of others produces merriness in the heart of the sufferer, the cure is more rapid.

And who would not like to help in the rapid recovery of this great national leader of the temperance movement and of other Christian adventures!

Within the power of our well purposed readers, what could they do that would be more likely to bring joy to the heart of the President of the W.C.T.U. than to have from every province.

A Shower—of Memberships

It would surely gladden the heart of the President if the membership of each Province could be doubled.

Doubled?—Why Not?

I do not know what the present membership is, but I am quite sure it would be far more than doubled if only a quarter of the better purposed of Canadian womanhood could be reached. That is the difficulty. But it is one that is easily overcome, for it only needs that the better purposed let the W. C. T. U. know where they are. And the best way to do that is to sign the little letter herewith and mail it either direct to Mrs. Gordon Wright, President Canadian W.C.T.U., London S., Ont., or to the writer and proposer of this big plan. If sent to me, the letters will be held till February 17th, and then forwarded, with a suitable address, by Special Messenger to the President on February 17th—the day that the W. C. T. U. an-

nually observes as Patriotic Membership Day.

To Our Lady Readers

Remember that the W.C.T.U. is a woman's organization, a Christian organization, a temperance organization—a union of Christian women, adventuring for temperance. To be a member of it is to show the side you are on, and to add the weight of your name and influence to the success of the union's adventures. They need you, and do you not need them?

I have spoken of the plan as a secret. I have only spoken of it to two local officers of the W.C.T.U., but the President reads the Witness and so it becomes an open secret all over Canada.

If the response is general, it will be indeed a

Glad Surprise

but if only a few should respond there would be a sad disappointment.

I am sure that those who sign the following letter will hear in due course from the President personally, and later from the officers of their own provincial union and nearest Branch.

May I take this opportunity of saying how greatly we have enjoyed working with the officers and teachers of the Sunday Schools and the officers and members of the W. C. T. U. in this nation-wide Temperance adventure.

In fellowship of service,

I am, yours faithfully,

Frederick E. Dougall.

Evangelizing Japan

In all the years of its history in this land, Christianity has never faced so great and challenging an opportunity as it does today, writes Dr. Wm. Axling, Chairman of the National Christian Council of Japan, in a recent New Year communication from Tokyo describing the present nation-wide evangelistic campaign. This campaign, he goes on to say, has extended into all sections of the Japanese Empire.

During November, Kagawa, "the incomparable," invaded the Hokkaido and spent almost a month in six of its principal cities. All told, he held 58 meetings, 27,264 people attended these meetings and 1,412 took a stand as "deciders." The meeting places were constantly crowded and again and again hundreds had to be turned away because there was not even standing room for them. From the Hokkaido Mr. Kagawa went to the cities of Kanazawa, Takaoka and Toyama. In these cities 19 meetings were held, attended by 5,673 people. In the public meetings 284 and in a Christian Girls' School 204 manifested a purpose to become Christians. During December Mr. Kagawa pressed the battle of evangelism in the far flung Manchurian field working in the centres having a large Japanese population.

Other speakers have carried on campaigns in many of the large cities. The Tokyo campaign was centred around Enthronement Week. Two of the largest meetings were each attended by over 1,000 people. The Kyoto campaign was also launched during the Enthronement Exercises. Taking advantage of the Exposition which is being held there the Christian forces of that city are carrying on continuous daily preaching services near the Exposition grounds. Campaigns have also been held in Osaka, Yokohama, and twelve other large cities.

Everywhere the meetings are characterized by a large attendance and a profound interest. The high tides of material civilization which during recent years have swept across the nation have left the soul of Japan starved and oppressed by an overwhelming sense of loss. The Japanese heart is hungry. The minds of the masses are restless. On every hand there is a new turning of the people to some form of religion. The inroads of communism and the spread of false and fanatical faiths have shocked the government and the thoughtful leaders into a great awakening. They have abandoned their erstwhile no-religion attitude and are making frantic appeals to religion organizations to come to the rescue. In the present Nation-Wide Campaign the Department of Education is sending work to prefectural and city officials urging them to co-operate in these local evangelistic campaigns by opening the schools to our speakers and also by encouraging teachers and students to attend the public meetings.

... February, 1929.

Mrs. Gordon Wright,
National President
Canadian Woman's Christian Temperance Union

Dear Madam President,

I would like to join the W.C.T.U. thus identifying myself with those who are arrayed against the use of and traffic in intoxicating liquors.

With affectionate esteem and praying for your early and complete recovery,

I am yours very sincerely,

Name

Address

If a member or officer in any other organization please state it below:

Please rush so as to arrive before February 15th, addressing them c/o Mr. F. E. Dougall, the Witness, Montreal.

Third Afghan King

Amanullah's Successor Deposed by Rebel, Who Assumes Crown

King Inayatullah, in whose favor Amanullah abdicated a few days ago, surrendered at 10 o'clock on Jan. 17 in the Kabul Citadel to a superior force of the rebel "Bacha Sakao," who was proclaimed Habibullah Khan and thus became Afghanistan's third monarch in a week.

Bacha Sakao, leader of the Afghanistan rebels, who is reported under the title of Habibullah Khan, is a water carrier's son. He was a subordinate member of the Afghan mission which negotiated with the British authorities at Mussoorie in 1920, after King Amanullah's abortive attempt to provoke a revolt in India.

Otherwise this son of a peasant was unknown in Afghan politics till the Shinwari rising, which brought him into prominence. He was then, according to Afghan officials, the leader of the bandits in the mountains north of Kabul. In December he offered his services to King Amanullah, who abdicated a few days ago. Amanullah, who was then hard-pressed by the Shinwari rebels, accepted Sakao's assistance, but the latter subsequently turned against the King.

The new ruler is described by prominent Indians as a fanatic, who played upon the popular feeling of the people against the westernization ideas of Amanullah, which led to his downfall.

Rumors published in the European press, particularly in Berlin, that British influence had some part in the Afghan rebellion, are scouted in well-informed quarters in London. The rumors are regarded as too absurd to require serious contradiction.

Officials pointed out the British desire now, as always, was to see Afghanistan peaceful, united and independent, and those responsible for the rumors failed to suggest what possible advantage could accrue to British policy from a state of disorder in Afghanistan.

On the contrary, it was the British who had to bear the brunt of the difficulties and dangers ensuing from the present rebellion, officials declared, the recent rescues by British aeroplanes of foreign women from Kabul, for which foreign governments had thanked Great Britain, making this fact quite plain.

Pleads for Unity

General Smuts Appeals to South African Government to Avoid Native Question

Carrying his campaign into Transvaal, General Jan C. Smuts, Opposition Leader in the South African Parliament, delivered an eloquent speech at Ermelo on Jan. 17. He made a powerful plea for African unity, by which, he was careful to point out, he meant a "British Confederation of African States." He appealed to the Government not to make the native question a bone of contention in the coming general election. If a solution could not be found at present, he was in favor of leaving the matter to be dealt with after the election.

Recent speeches of Premier Hertzog have brought the native question to the forefront, and it is believed in some quarters that the Government intends to make it one of the leading issues. The blacks now outnumber the whites four to one, and as their cultural standards are gradually rising, some scheme of parliamentary representation for them is becoming imperative.

Premier Hertzog has proposed special parliamentary representation for natives, local Native Councils, and segregation in land ownership. Mr. Smuts is opposed to disturbing the natives with politics.

The Harbor Board's new elevator, the first grain elevator to be erected in New Westminster, will be ready to receive consignments early in January, according to an estimate made by contractors.



CANADIAN DOGS FOR BYRD'S ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

Here are the fifteen huskies purchased by Commander Byrd by wireless from P. Hardy of Vancouver, who keeps a kennel of well-trained sled dogs on Grouse Mountain, 4,000 feet above the sea level. These dogs were sent to New Zealand on board R.M.S. Niagara after Byrd had wirelessly that the animals he took originally had suffered by the long slow voyage through the tropics. Lieutenant Alan Innes-Taylor, centre, former R.C.M.P. officer, who mushed many a mile in the Yukon while with the police force, went south in charge of the dogs.

Federation Mooted

Strong Opinion Growing in West Indies Toward Union with Canada

A federation of the West Indies is the dream of more than one in those Islands. There is to be a conference in Barbadoes beginning next Saturday, which may have important consequences for the West Indies. The people of the islands have not cooperated, and the feeling grows that they must get together. Apart from other benefits it is declared one central government would greatly reduce the general cost of administration.

Union with Canada is being freely discussed, in fact, one sometimes hears the opinion that federation of the islands cannot be accomplished without the help of Canada.

When one asks why there is so considerable a sale of American goods in the islands, the answer is frankly, that there is not as much confidence in Canadian shippers as there should be: and that while American commercial travellers are plentiful there are practically no Canadians. One man said to me that American interests would be very glad to see the Canada-West Indies treaty come to nought and that they are paying considerable attention to the market in these islands. He said further that British houses have, in recent years, sent out more travellers to protect their interests.

Dominica has great possibilities. The administrator, Hon. E. C. Eliot, said that an expert declared after investigation that no finer grapefruit could be produced anywhere, and that the island could produce no less than one million case per year. An expert from Jamaica had investigated and asserted that no finer bananas could be produced anywhere. The sugar cane also flourishes, though not cultivated to any extent, as well as limes, oranges, cocoa and coffee.

The administrator declared that there is need of central packing houses to grade and pack fruit, and of money for development.

Hon. Theodore A. Burrows, 71, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, died in hospital at Winnipeg on Jan. 18. Death occurred shortly before midnight.

Mr. Burrows was operated on for appendicitis, and his recovery had been anticipated. A blood clot on the heart was the immediate cause of death, his physicians announced.

Bozeat, Northants, England, with a population of 1100, has 250 residents named Drage.

King Improving

His Majesty the King continues to make progress in his recovery from pleurisy. Bulletins are no longer being issued daily.

Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister, was at the palace Monday for the second time within a week. The purpose of his visit was to arrange for the counsellors of the state now acting for the King to summon a meeting of the Privy Council for the transaction of state business. The meeting will be held in Buckingham Palace, January 29.

The Prince of Wales will appear at his first public dinner since his return from Africa on February 18. This will be a Government banquet at Mansion House, the occasion being the opening of the British Industries Fair. Mr. Baldwin will also attend that dinner.

GOOD TRADE BALANCE

Canada's favorable trade balance for 1923 stands at \$151,812,281. This compares with \$151,664,074 for 1927, \$275,597,537 for 1926 and \$392,905,447 for 1925.

The balance is calculated by subtracting the value of imports from the value of exports for the year, as compiled by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

Domestic exports for the twelve months totalled \$1,349,751,403, an increase of \$131,000,000 over 1927. Imports amounted to \$1,222,317,916, and were \$135,000,000 heavier. Exports of foreign origin were valued at \$24,378,749, and were \$4,000,000 greater.

BOLIVIA SEEKS ARBITRATION

The League of Nations was notified by Bolivia on Jan. 16 that it proposes to submit to the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague, the substance of its entire dispute with Paraguay over the Grand Chaco region.

Sir Eric Drummond, secretary general of the league, has cabled the suggestion to Paraguay. Also at the request of Aristide Briand, acting president of the council of the league, he has sent the Bolivian communication to all member countries.

While the league has interpreted the Bolivian proposal as referring to the Permanent Court of International Justice, it admits that the South American Government may have had in mind the old Hague arbitral court of justice which meets only when a case is submitted to it.

Recommends Union

Commission Finds that Closer Co-operation Among British African States Desirable

Important recommendations are contained in a lengthy report on the desirability of Federation or closer union between the British dependencies in Eastern and Central Africa, issued by a commission, which investigated the matter. The commissioners were Right Hon. Sir Hilton Young, Sir Reginald Mart, Sir George Schuster and J. H. Oldham.

While the finding of the commission is that the time is not ripe for any drastic or sudden change, the commission believes there should be more effective co-operation between the territories on many matters of common concern, especially the native question, and the relations of the governments to immigrant communities.

To attain the desired co-operation, the commission recommends the appointment of a high commissioner for the three northern territories of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika. He should have executive powers and be authorized to inaugurate joint discussions on native questions. And to promote the unified control of certain services, the report states. He could also settle disputes and differences that might arise and work out arrangements for changes in the constitution of Kenya, it is added.

The British Government, the commission suggests, might later substitute a Governor-General for East Africa for this high commissioner. If this step were taken, it is recommended the Governor-General should work with an advisory council drawn from the three dependencies, and also with the International Railway and the customs councils. Natives should be represented in the Kenya Legislative Council by Europeans, nominated by them, it is advised.

A majority of the commission recommends the maintenance of the present status in northern Rhodesia and Nyassaland. Contact should be maintained between the two however, and between them and the northern territories, the report says.

The replacement of adult franchise in Kenya with franchise depending on civilization qualifications, should be considered, the report recommends.

A rabbit became lodged in the main water supply pipe at Cottingley in Yorkshire, England, causing the village to be without water for a whole day.

Ratify Peace Pact

After Long Debate Famous Treaty
Passes U.S. Senate Almost
Unanimously

Adherence of the United States to the multilateral treaty pledging the nations of the world to renounce war was voted on Jan. 15 by the Senate, 85 to 1.

Applause of the women-filled galleries echoed the announcement of the overwhelming vote. Mumblyings and some hisses from the galleries greeted the reading by the Senate Clerk of the name of Senator Blaine, Republican, of Wisconsin, as the only one recorded in the negative.

A vote was made possible when Chairman Borah of the Foreign Relations Committee, in charge of the treaty's two weeks' journey through the Senate, acceded to the demand for the submission of an interpretative report by his committee. He made the report with the stipulation that it was not to be considered as changing the treaty in any way, or as effecting any reservation of it.

The report reiterated the previously expressed views of Senator Borah, that the treaty did not curtail right of self-defence, and that the Monroe Doctrine was a part of this country's system of national defense. The report was laid before the Senate, but not acted upon.

Last-minute attacks on the treaty were made by Senators Johnson, Republican, of California, and Glass, Democrat, of Virginia, who described it as "nothingness" and "not worth the price of a postage stamp." This resulted in Senator Borah rising in defense of the treaty, which was signed last summer at Paris by the representatives of the leading powers of the world.

Two days later on Jan. 17 in the presence of the Cabinet, Vice-President Dawes, and members of the Senate, President Coolidge signed the Kellogg anti-war treaty at 10.10 a.m.

HOOVER WILL PROBE PROHIBITION

Federal prohibition in the U.S. entered its tenth year on Jan. 16 with the problem of its enforcement engaging the attention of President-Elect Hoover, as one of the most complex problems before him.

Coincident with the ninth birthday of Federal prohibition, Mr. Hoover announced to Senatorial wet and dry leaders that he would appoint an impartial commission of experts to begin a thorough survey of prohibition enforcement conditions soon after he takes office.

He informed Senators Edge, wet, New Jersey, and Jones, dry, Washington, his plan is for investigation not only into enforcement of prohibition and the "grave abuses" which he

has recognized in enforcement, but also for an inquiry into the fundamentals of the Volstead Act itself.

The investigation also will go into the relations, if any, of disrespect for the prohibition law with the general attitude toward law enforcement in this country.

RADIO CONFERENCE

The radio conference to be held at Ottawa, January 21 will be attended by Canadian and United States representatives only. Invitations were issued to Newfoundland, Cuba and Mexico, but not one of the three has found it possible to send delegates, it was learned from Dr. O. D. Skelton, under Secretary of State for External Affairs.

The conference will deal with the allocation of the intermediate band which comprises wave-lengths between 200 down to 50 metres. There are some 630 channels in this band of which 400 are definitely fixed by international agreement for mobile services such as ship to shore communications, 'plane to land, etc., and it is the balance of the channels that the conference will seek to allocate.

Wish Freer Sale

Toronto Labor Men Ask Ontario
Government for Beer by the
Glass

Sale of beer by the glass was requested by representatives of labor organizations affiliated with the International Trade Union movement who waited on the Ontario Government last week to submit their annual pre-session brief of suggested legislation. The delegates congratulated the Government on its decision to bring old age pensions into effect in the province, and presented a wide range of recommendations approved by the labor movement from time to time.

William Varley, Toronto, said sale by the glass was the only method which brought beer within the reach of the working man. Farmers were finding barley a profitable crop, since the ravages of the cornborer had become serious, he pointed out. Greater consumption of beer would help the farmer.

Old age pensions legislation was one of the cardinal points in the brief, said Ald. Humphrey Mitchell, of Hamilton, who commended the Government for its promise of action at the coming session.

Representing the fire fighters, Daniel Lamb urged that superannuation schemes for firemen in Ontario be made compulsory. Only Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Sault Ste. Marie and Stratford had pension plans, he said.

Sir Robert L. Borden, former Conservative premier of Canada will be the chairman of the new Barclays

Bank of Canada. The directors will include Premier Taschereau of Quebec.

Power Application

Decision Expected Soon on Completed Arguments of the Beauharnois Power Company

An early decision of the Dominion Government in the application of the Beauharnois Power Company is now anticipated in the light of the conclusion on January 16 of the public hearing in this somewhat controversial matter. All parties to the application for and against, have now been heard. The Beauharnois company is specifically limiting its application to 40,000 cubic feet per second of the 200,000 feet flow of the river at the point, between Lakes St. Francis and St. Louis, its projected works would be located. It was rather apparent that opponents of the scheme anticipated the company seeking to divert the entire flow of the river and, when it was made clear that this was not the case, the objections urged were of a rather general character.

A feature of the argument was the clear indication that rival companies—the Cedar Rapids Company, the Soulages Company and the Great Lakes and Atlantic Canal Company, seek the right to develop the same power as the Beauharnois company possesses, so far as the Quebec Legislature can concede it, but with the approval of the Dominion Government necessary so far as relates to the adequate protection of navigation.

The applicant company, through its chief counsel, Aime Geoffrion, K.C. stressed the point that it has its rights from the Legislature and Government of Quebec, and that all it asks of the Dominion Government, is a permit to build on what it possesses to the extent of 40,000 cubic feet of the per second flow of the point.

Grain exports from the Port of Montreal totalled 202,575,931 bushels for the 1928 season of navigation, this being an increase of 17,508,844 bushels over the previous year, and establishing a new record for the harbor, which never before topped the two-hundred-million figure, although it has been the world's leading grain port since 1921. Increases were noted in wheat, barley, oats and corn, while rye, buckwheat and peas showed losses. The figures—those of 1927 being in brackets—are: Wheat 144,341,048 bushels (118,842,240), barley 29,317,374 (23,172,023), oats 15,100,517 (8,034,795), rye 13,402,450 (34,826,994), corn 382,233 (140,583), buckwheat 24,121 (28,456) and peas 8,177 (24,016).

—Over a quarter of a ton of broken glass has been picked up on the beach at Skegness, England.

Ontario's population was 2,966,465 at the close of 1927, according to the Municipal Bureau of the Province and summarized in the current issue of the Official Gazette. The net increase in the number of inhabitants of Ontario in ten years is put at 406,000. During the period, assessments of property and incomes for the purpose of municipal taxation have grown in about the same proportion as population and reached \$2,862,920,052, while the amount of municipal taxes collected annually for general purposes have almost doubled, school taxes have more than doubled and the total of municipal debenture debts has grown from \$226,754,890 to \$434,464,056.

It is currently reported that the United Gypsum Company has taken over the mines and plant at Cheticamp, N.S. A staff of 250 men are now employed in rushing the work on the new 500-foot all-metal warehouse and crushing plant. The annual output, it is said, will be 300,000 tons.

Work on the Saint John, N.B., Airport is about completed so far as the present program is concerned. There are two runways available for use. There is, of course, a large amount of work still to be done but all operations are suspended until next summer.

The estimate of the cut of lumber of the Crown lands of New Brunswick for the present logging season up to December 1st is only slightly below that of last season. The total then was 262,000,000, while this year's cut is put at 250,000,000 feet. A large proportion went to the pulp mills.

A careful examination of the advertisements every week will show you opportunities for education improvement, for improvement of your live stock and garden. If you don't see what you want a classified advertisement would place your needs before our readers from coast to coast.

For the first time in history, an airplane has been carrying furs from the wilds of Northern Manitoba to the Winnipeg market. Hollick Kenyon, aviator, left Cranberry Portage for Brocket settlement the other day, taking Del Symonds, veteran trader, whose aim was to beat all competitors who take a month to travel by dog team.

The mineral production of British Columbia for 1928 at \$62,000,000 represents an increase of \$2,000,000 over that of the previous year. Although the figure for the past year will be under the recorded value of 1926, the aggregate metal and mineral production of 1928, in terms of commodities, will be the greatest in the history of the province.

Agriculture now has to take second place to industrial manufacturing in Manitoba, according to figures of the Industrial Development Board. An estimate made by the Board places the output of manufactured goods in Manitoba this year at \$159,252,000, as compared with \$132,000,000 during 1927. The agricultural wealth produced in 1927 was placed at \$147,000,000.

The Saskatchewan Liquor Board in the year ending March 31st, 1928, showed a profit of \$2,443,890.

Doctors who have been attending Marshal Ferdinand Foch, in a carefully worded statement given to newspaper correspondents Monday evening, said that their distinguished patient was practically out of immediate danger from the heart attack and kidney trouble which laid him low a week ago. The statement came from Doctors Daviener, Heitz-Boyer and Degennes, and said: "The improvement in the Marshal's health continues. The patient was permitted to sit up in an armchair today. He felt no fatigue after this experience. His food assimilation is excellent, and the acute crisis from which he has been suffering is ended."

An amendment to the Canada Grain Act is under consideration by the Federal Government. There are said to be a large number of points and suggestions to weigh and consider before any detailed announcement can be made.



FAMOUS GENERAL FIGHTS FOR LIFE

Marshal Ferdinand Foch, Generalissimo of the Allied Forces during the Great War, suffered a heart attack which has left him so weak that his physicians despair of saving his life. The probability of another heart attack is regarded with the gravest forebodings. The above layout shows the famous war hero talking to King George, while on the right is a good portrait of the Marshal. Marshal Foch's illness developed from a chill contracted on Armistice Day.

Gaining Strength

General Bramwell Booth Improving Health.—Injunction Granted Against High Council Proceeding

General Bramwell Booth has gained physical strength in the last ten days which will aid him in prosecution of the fight which he seems determined to continue for retention of control of the Salvation Army. The International Headquarters of the Army on Monday issued a bulletin, signed by two physicians, stating that the General has steadily improved in health.

All possibility of selecting a new General this week disappeared when the Chancery Court granted an adjournment until Friday to permit the defendants to prepare their case. While the injunction was directed against the High Council, only Chief Officer Higgins and the seven commissioners who signed the call for the Council meeting were served as individual defendants.

There has been no sign that Bramwell Booth has any intention of withdrawing the suit. The medical bulletin was issued over the signatures of Drs. John Weir and Ernest Wardlow Milne, who signed a similar bulletin issued about ten days ago, in which they declared that the general would be ready to resume his work within a few months.

One of the grounds on which the defendant commissioners will contest the injunction will be that Bramwell Booth for sixteen years has been forming corporations and acquiring property under trusteeship powers accorded him by the very charter of deed poll which he now attacks as illegal. They will recite that when he took over the command in 1912 he signed a deed of acceptance which embodied the provisions of the original deed poll of 1878 and its later amendment, the deed poll of 1904. It is this latter deed which is attacked in the application for the injunction.

It was believed that the deed of acceptance would be produced in court Friday as evidence for a dissolution of the injunction.

Sir George E. Foster, for four years president of the League of Nations Society in Canada, will likely resign this year. At a meeting in Ottawa on Monday of the society's central executive, Sir George said that "feeling unable because of advancing years to carry on the duties of office as energetically as might be desired," he will probably submit his formal resignation at the annual conference of the organization to be held in the capital early in March. Sir George Perley and Senator N. A. Belcourt expressed to President Foster informally, deep appreciation of the members of the executive of his distinguished and untiring services on behalf of the society.

LOAN BOARD PERSONNEL

Hon. James A. Robb, Minister of Finance, on Jan. 17 announced the appointment of Hon. E. C. Drury, former Premier of Ontario, and Beaudry Leman, general manager of La Banque Canadienne Nationale, as members of the Farm Loan Board. The board is now fully constituted with Mr. Robb as chairman and Dr. J. D. MacLean, former Premier of British Columbia, as Farm Loan Commissioner.

Dr. MacLean is a permanent officer, while Messrs. Drury and Leman will be available when their services are required. Mr. Robb will call an organization meeting immediately.

The Farm Loan Board will administer the act which provides for long term credits to Canadian farmers. It was approved by Parliament at its last session.

Canada leads the world in aerial surveying. The photographing in five years of 200,000 square miles of hitherto inaccessible country, which, nevertheless, is richly endowed with natural resources, has created a world-record, and is equivalent to eight flights completely around the world with a photograph taken of every foot of the way.

The Saskatchewan Egg and Poultry Pool with a membership of 18,000, made up largely of farmers' wives, handled 70 per cent of the eggs marketed in the province in 1927, and



CONSERVATIVE LEADER AND HIS SISTER

Hon. R. B. Bennett, K.C., leader of the Conservative Party in Canada, is here seen with his sister Miss Mildred Bennett. The photograph was taken on the steps of the Empress Hotel, Victoria, B.C.

about 80 p.c. of the eggs exported. The volume of business handled by the Pool in 1927 amounted to \$721,329. It is said to be the largest co-operative marketing association in point of membership which is operated almost entirely by women.

Purchase for \$10,000 of "Canary Korndyke Alcartra," the Holstein cow holding the world's record for butter-fat production from Ben. H. Thompson of Boharm, Sask. by the Saskatchewan Government is announced by Hon. C. Hamilton, Minister of Agriculture. Arrangements have been made, however, to board the cow at Braeburn,

the Boharm farm, six miles from Moose Jaw. Canary's four-year-old record is 26,996 pound of milk containing 1,079.74 pounds of butter-fat in 305 days.

Forty delegates attended the three days' session at Saskatoon of the Western Canada Society of Agronomy. It was decided to canvass for a larger membership of qualified persons—that is, people who take a sort of middle place between the practical farmer and the theoretical scientist.

Gold fish are descended from the common carp, and originated in China.

Change Freight Rates

Railways Agree to Lower Rates in Transport of Fertilizer

Railway officials of the C.P.R. and C.N.R., meeting with a joint delegation of farmers and business men at St. John, N.B., on Jan. 17, agreed to recommend to the Canadian Freight Traffic Association for approval:

First—That the percentage of nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia which can be carried in a car with fertilizer at the fertilizer rate be increased from 25 to 50 per cent.

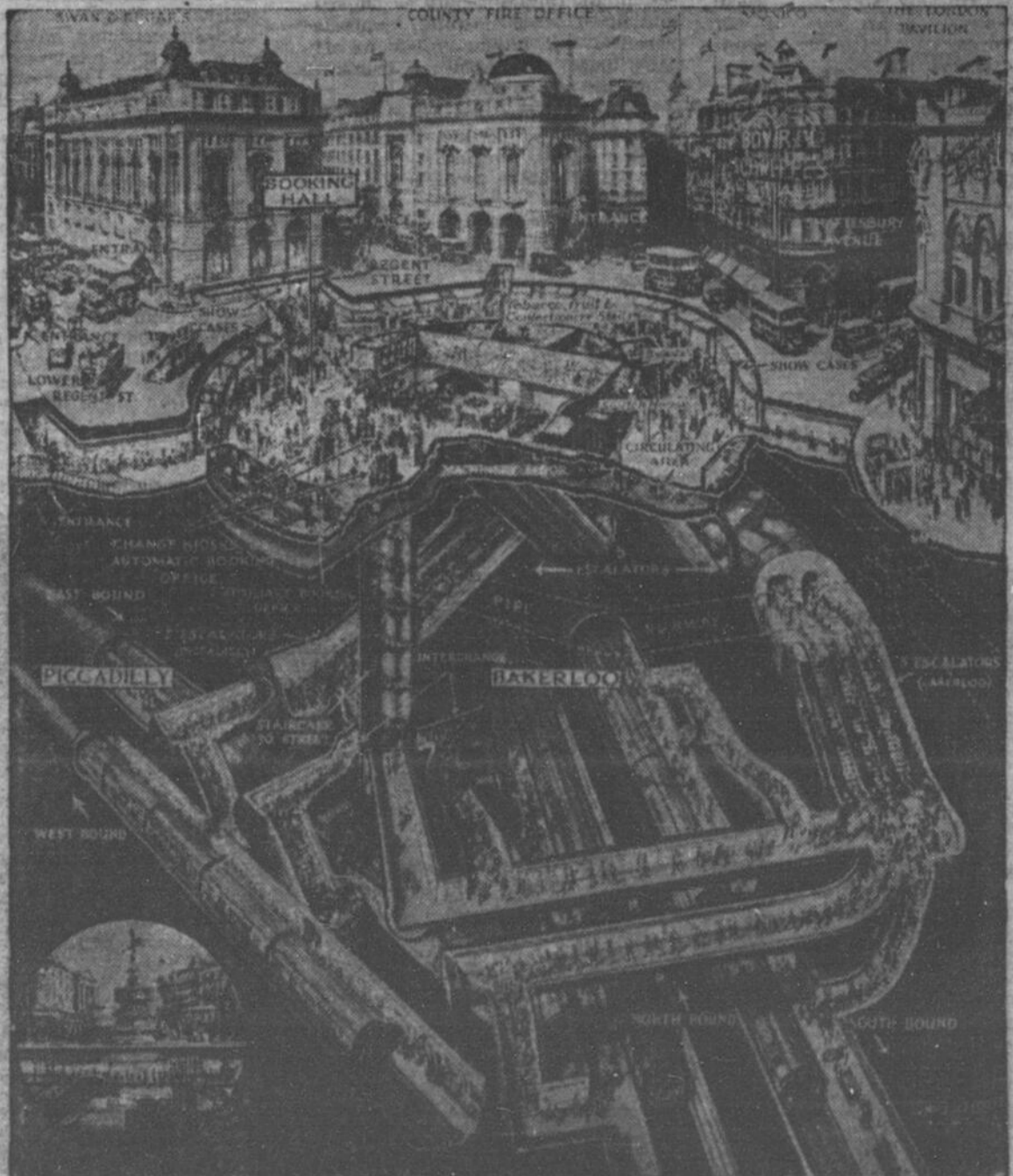
Second—That the amount of tankage which can be carried at carload rates be reduced from 30 to 20 tons. It is anticipated that both these recommendations will be approved and put into operation without delay.

Although 25 per cent of nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia could be carried in a car with common fertilizer, if designated for agricultural purposes, the rates on either of these chemicals imported alone for agricultural purposes were much higher.

Maritime farmers, who import more than 25 per cent of these chemicals in proportion to the amount of common fertilizer that they bring in, contend that it should be shipped to them at a flat fertilizer rate. They appeared, however, to be fairly well satisfied with the compromise.

That the minimum of a carload of tankage be reduced was asked because shippers of this material—refuse from packing plants used as manure—found it impossible to dispose of more than 20 tons at most stations, whereas they were obliged to ship 30 tons to obtain the much cheaper carload rates.

November's exports of passenger automobiles were valued at \$2,188,426, as compared with \$2,880,062 in October and \$1,686,501 in November, 1927. Freight autos exported showed a value of \$1,451,958 as compared with \$1,061,146 in October and \$577,731 in November, 1927.



BRITAIN'S WONDER UNDERGROUND STATION

By switching on an electric light the Mayor of Westminster, London, set in motion for the public of the British Capital the most modern and the largest underground station in the world. This new station at Piccadilly Circus, which is a marvel of engineering and architectural construction, has taken almost four years to finish, and it has cost more than \$2,000,000. Descending to a depth of more than two hundred feet, this vast underground station can handle approximately 142,000 passengers a day. Above is an architect's drawing showing the various workings of the new station. This shows the several different levels on which the underground tubes are constructed.

President Gil Supports Prohibition

Though His Term is Short, He Hopes to do Much for Temperance Education.

The cause of Prohibition, says the Christian Science Monitor, has found a real champion in Mexico in president Emilio Portes Gil, and judging from his views on the subject 1929 should see more done to combat alcoholism in that nation than has ever been hoped for.

While it can hardly be expected that during his short term of 14 months Portes Gil will be able to enact a dry law in a country that has always been strongly wet, it is evident that the small group of tireless prohibition workers in Mexico who have labored against great odds may expect during the coming year to have a sympathetic friend and strong backer in the Provisional President.

In answer to a question of a correspondent, Portes Gil declared no new licenses for saloons or places where strong drink is served had been issued in Mexico City since he assumed the reins of Government on Dec. 1. He added that no such licenses would be authorized by him during his administration.

Portes Gil would like to see Mexico go dry overnight but he feels that such an attempt would be both "ineffective and a failure." Such action the President explained would be neither practical nor possible under existing circumstances. His plan is to gradually educate the people of Mexico to direct their attention to better and higher things.

As a first step in this direction, Portes Gil said he is already making a study of what method can best be adopted to combat the liquor habit in Mexico. That he will do his utmost in behalf of prohibition he assured the correspondent.

In a general way his plan is to bring about a gradual change in the habits of drinking Mexicans. Clean sports of all kinds are one of the means Portes Gil strongly favors. His idea is that the youth of the land should be encouraged to direct their attention to other pursuits, such as music and drama.

During his Administration, he said, he will foment cultural works and appeal to theatre promoters to stage plays of sufficient attraction to draw patrons away from the saloons.

Portes Gil will not limit his fight against alcohol to the capital. He declared that recommendations would be issued to state Governors to do their utmost to discourage drinking, and pointed with evident pride to his native State of Tamaulipas, where prohibition made its first gains during his term as Governor.

While Tamaulipas is not dry as a whole it is so in its rural districts and in many cities, while in others there are restrictive laws. Portes Gil says this is not enough, but is a beginning in the right direction.

ASYLUM FOR DRUNKARDS

Quebec Considering the Establishment of a Mental Hospital for Incurable Drunkards

Establishment of a special Government institution for the treatment of incorrigible drunkards is one of the problems which the Quebec Government is at present engaged in studying following upon a report by Dr. C. S. Roy, medical superintendent of St. Michel-Archange Hospital for the Insane, to Hon. Athanase David, Provincial Secretary. Dr. Roy does not believe the place for them is in an insane asylum, though they are at times accepted there, but, states Dr. Roy, it too often happens that they leave the institution before they are cured, the hospital having no authority to compel them to stay unless they are interdicted by the court following upon a family council.

Dr. Roy remarks: "We have often to refuse admission, in spite of the urgent requests of relatives, to a class of persons who, while not insane, suffer none the less from a disorder of the will, which renders them incapable of resisting their baleful inclination.

"Incurable drunkards are the despair and a dishonor to their families, while ruining their own health. Clearly, for more than one reason, they cannot be placed in an hospital for the insane.

"One of my predecessors, Dr. Vallee, in an annual report as superintendent of this hospital, expressed regret at not having a law to officially place such habitual drunkards in special establishments.

"We admit for treatment in the sanatorium a certain number of drunkards and morphine fiends. As Dr. Vallee justly remarked; These establishments cannot undertake really effective treatment, because absence of legislation places them at the mercy of their patients, who come and go at will.

"As generally admitted, an essential condition of a cure is the sequestration of the patient for a sufficient time. Isolation with draws him from physical temptations which, when free, the drunkard meets at every step, and shelters him from male-

volent factors which are not a less serious hindrance to his cure."

Dr. Roy adds: "I submit for your consideration the request already made by the late regretted Dr. Vallee. At present we cannot keep and treat a toxicomaniac against his will, unless he is interdicted and mention is made in the proceedings for interdiction that the patient be kept for a fixed period in a special establishment. These proceedings are costly and tend to seriously compromise the future of the unfortunate.

"We think that by a special law there would be an advantage in having the internment ordered by a magistrate upon the application of a relative or friend, accompanied by certificates from two doctors."

Control Ineffective

Church Paper points to Canada's Experience to Prove that Liquor is Uncontrollable

It is so easy for men to deceive themselves. Perhaps the most universal weakness of mankind is that process by which it commits itself to spoofing and positions called "kidding." The human mind is always "kidding itself" into believing things it wants to believe. For instance, how long has humanity dealt with the liquor traffic? To what extent has it found that business uncontrollable? Is it not true that the consumption of liquor has always been commensurate with the ease by which it can be obtained? On the other hand, is it not true that the consumption of liquor has not been reduced by the most strenuous efforts of control?

Now, verily, it is true that some men of more than average intelligence continue to "kid" themselves into believing that we can control the liquor traffic. This is not true; it is a deception; it is a hallucination; it comes to be an obsession. The liquor traffic has never been controlled. It has been retarded, it has been checkmated, it has been restricted, but it has broken every law that has ever been passed for its control. Meanwhile some of our citizens continue in their efforts to make us believe that Canada is controlling her liquor traffic, because it is under government supervision; it is a mild "pussy cat," purring, domesticated and perfectly under control. How deceived these people are! They would deceive us. Why? Because they are against national prohibition. Many of them do not want the opportunity to obtain liquor removed, since they have a desire for it. We have been giving careful observation to reports coming from Canada. Not alone have we depended upon the word of investigators visiting there from this country, but we

have word from the citizens of the Dominion. They assure us that government control of liquor in their country is ineffective, unsatisfactory, and ultimately will be removed. Prohibition is the trend toward which they are going, because it is the only satisfactory disposition to be made of the liquor business.—Western Christian Advocate.

Making Men Good

We frequently read and hear the expression, "You cannot make men good by law," uttered with the plain purpose of discrediting prohibition of the liquor traffic. No intelligent advocate of the moral progression of the human race claims that we can wipe out murder, robbery and anti-social acts by enacting laws forbidding them. But could organized society do otherwise than condemn and prohibit them? Not to means anarchy, brute rule. Neither does the most ardent champion of the prohibition of the liquor traffic believe or claim that prohibitory laws themselves will make the country dry or individuals sober. Yet, at that, there is a sense in which law makes men good. Not "make" in the sense of force, but in the sense of production. For one of the effects of law is educative. The prohibition of the liquor traffic is the divorcing of the state from an age-old evil. To ignore this purpose is to lose sight of the real significance of this new attitude toward the use and manufacture of intoxicants. Prohibition outlaws what has long been recognized as undesirable to society. Intoxicating liquor is an enemy of the individual and its traffic a rapidly increasing menace to the state. Therefore, the state has the right, and it is its duty, to prohibit it, to outlaw it. By so doing, the state no longer sanctions it or derives any income from it, thus tearing from its repulsive reality the garb of respectability. The state refuses to be a partner in a business that is so prolifically productive of misery, poverty, failure, degradation and crime. Every law is violated—nature's laws, God's laws, state laws. The latter are the creators of crime to the extent that they legally pronounce what is per se, morally wrong. Not to prohibit a recognized evil is to sanction it—consent to it if only by silence. How much worse to license it or conduct it as a business! The liquor business always was a law violator. It still is the greatest. As long as it dares it always will be a criminal. No law cannot make men good, but it at least can point out the way and make it easier to do right and more difficult and profitless to do wrong.—W. G. Procter, in The Indianapolis News.

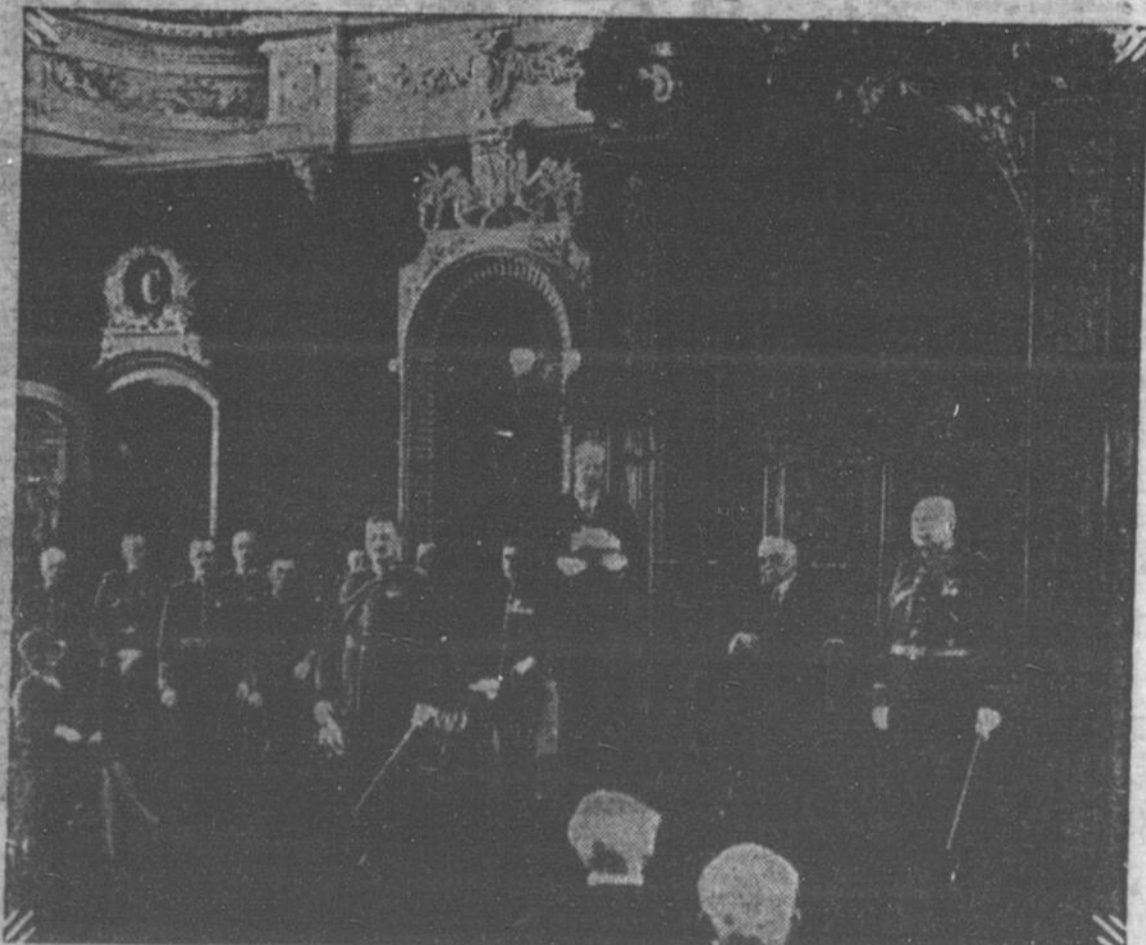
METHYL ALCOHOL IN TOBACCO SMOKE

The average consumption of tobacco in the United States is above six pounds per person, per year. Billions of cigars and cigarettes are smoked every year. Heretofore, most of the attack on tobacco has been because of nicotine, and it has been pointed out that a cigarette smoker who inhales regularly for an hour might absorb as much as 36 milligrams of nicotine, an amount sufficient to cause illness.

Now, Dr. C. Neuberg and Maria Kobel of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Biochemistry in Berlin find that tobacco is a source of methyl or wood alcohol. This drug is detectable in measurable amounts in tobacco smoke. The European investigators noted that not more than one tenth of the alcohol entering the body with the smoke was exhaled again in the air. Most of it seems to remain dissolved in the fluids of the body.

According to calculations, a smoker who smokes 10 cigars of average size daily burns up 70 grams of tobacco and would inhale about 42 milligrams of wood alcohol. The smoking of 20 cigarettes, containing 20 grams of tobacco, will lead to the inhalation of 40 milligrams of wood alcohol. Such a dose is not poisonous, but if the drug tends to be cumulated in the body, excessive smoking may do harm through this factor.—Scientific American.

No man ever proves his religion by persecuting another for his.



NEW LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC TAKES OFFICE

The above photograph was taken at Quebec when Sir Lomer Gouin took oath on being made Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. The new Lieutenant-Governor is a veteran of both Provincial and Dominion Parliaments.

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

Padget—Why did you pick the grocer to play the bass drum in your band?

Gadget—Because he's an honest fellow and gives full weight to every pound.

Vick—You say you don't know what love is?

Resinal—Why, of course I do. It's the 10th word in a telegram.

Judge—Prisoner you are condemned to hard labor for life.

Prisoner—Will you please permit me to sit down for five minutes before I begin?

Dentist—I'd better put a crown on for you.

Politician—Never! I'm a republican.

Pish—The world is full of contradictions.

Tish—No, it isn't, either.

"Did old Moneybags attain his great success in life by burning midnight oil?"

"No, by selling it."

Mistress—What are you bringing in that bottle?

New Maid—That is muclage for repairing fine china.

Owen—Did you hear about Thompson's breakdown?

Myers—Auto or nervous?

Owen—Neither—New Year's resolutions.

"Did you hear that poor Henry has joined the great silent majority?"

"No, When did he die?"

"Oh, he didn't die. He got married yesterday.

Oshkosh had gone to Europe for his health. "How did you lose your health?" he was asked.

"Earning the money to take the trip," he sadly replied.

Rakemann—There is one thing I don't like about Stringfellow.

Rawkuss—What is that?

Rakemann—Why, the confounded, low-browed, half-baked idiot is always calling somebody names.

The editor was feading over the

"copy" handed in by a new reporter. "You say there were 4,999 eyes fixed on the speaker at the meet. Why 4,999 eyes? Why not put it in round numbers?"

"Well," replied the reporter, I should have said 5,000 only I noticed that a man in the crowd was blind in one eye."

Husband—My dear, you promised to obey me. Do you do it?

Wife—Darling, you promised me your worldly goods. Do I get them?

Gumbo—Hefty Mullican called me a liar, and, big as he is, I knocked him sprawling in the street.

Mudd—What, with your bare fists?

Gumbo—Naw, with my auto.

Clara—You say Jack has been cruelly received by the young widow. Did she lead him on to believe that she loved him and then throw him over?

Belle—Heavens, no! She led him to believe that she didn't care a rap for him, then, when he carelessly proposed, accepted him on the spot."

1st Student—Is Eatcake going to the ball tonight?

2nd Ditto—He isn't sure. He's got to go to "three balls" first and see if he can get the use of his dress suit.

A BOOK FOR YOUTH

The Warrior, the Woman and the Christ; A study of the leadership of Christ by the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy M.A. (Hodder and Stoughton six shillings net.)

This book, the latest work of the well beloved Woodbine Willie is not only about sex. That is its great value. It relates sex to life in a sound perspective and is at one and the same time highly original in its treatment soundly scientific and movingly Christian—a combination of virtues that will give this volume a place in the use and reverence of many, especially of modern youth. Parents should put it quickly in the hands of their teen age sons and daughters. There is in the book all the pungency and punch associated with the writings and addresses of the author; yet



Hostess: "There's a terrible draught coming from somewhere, Mary."

Maid: "Yes, ma'am. It's the man with the laundry bill, and he won't take his foot out of the front door."—London Opinion.

withal there is a beauty and dignity of diction and of style at times profoundly appealing.

The chapters on sex which include a penetrating examination of the monogamy in history are specially valuable.

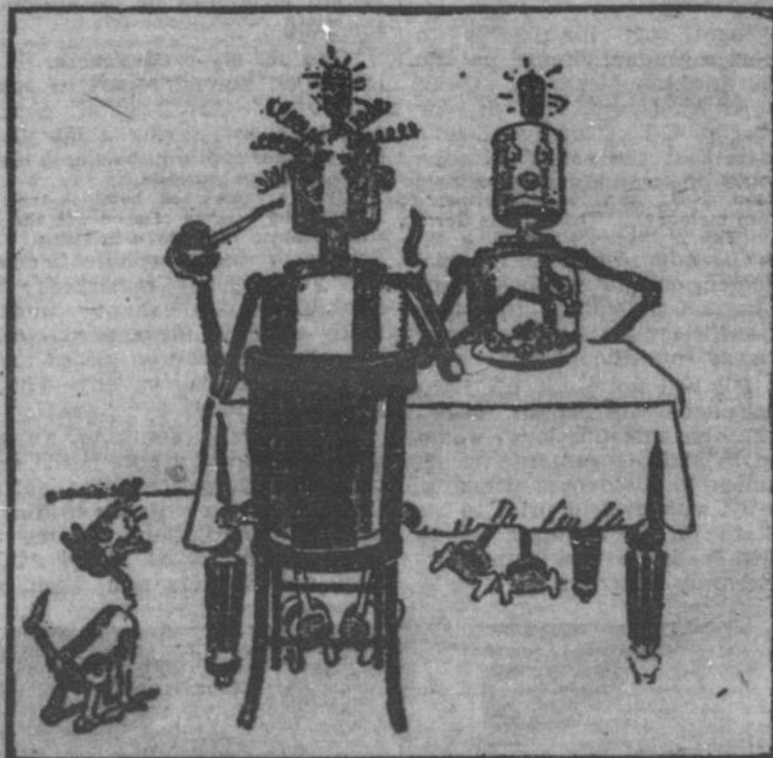
The Canadian railways showed an increase of 14,872 loaded cars in the first half of December, as compared with the similar period of 1927. This works out at about 10.3 per cent. The year's record, it is said, will show figures far beyond anything in the past.

—Stephen Lebon, the last survivor of the army of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian Liberator, has died at 97.

—A piano with walnut case, was sold for 3s at a Weybridge (England) auction.

—In Berlin's newest store there is a dining room for patrons' dogs, whom the waiters attend with bowls of food and drink.

—Motorists in Surrey, England, paid £15,656 in fines during the financial year ended March 31 last.



Mr. Robot: "That's the end of it; cook will have to go. These fried monkeywrenches are absolutely uneatable."

—Smith's Weekly, Sidney.

The Week's Cross Word Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

- 1—What is the given name of the woman who wrote "He Knew Lincoln"?
- 4—Who, besides Gooding, is the senator from Idaho?
- 8—What is the given name of the inventor of the cotton gin?
- 11—Who wrote "The Cream of the Jest"?
- 12—Who wrote "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"?
- 13—Before.
- 14—More queer.
- 16—Vehicle.
- 17—More austere.
- 19—A fortified seaport of Italy.
- 21—Soak.
- 22—Land measure.
- 25—Bound by an oath.
- 27—Sleepy.
- 28—Monster.
- 29—Who is the heroine of O'Neil's play "Strange Interlude"?
- 30—One who suffers loss.
- 33—Cloth.
- 35—Attitude.
- 36—French article (pl.)
- 38—Elongated fish (pl.)
- 39—Playhouse.
- 42—Vegetable.
- 44—Snake.
- 45—Recline.
- 47—Who wrote "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"?
- 48—Kind of duck (pl.)
- 49—Suffix: pertaining to.
- 50—Head of college (pl.)
- 51—Consume.

VERTICAL

- 1—Frozen water.
- 2—Who opposed William Jennings Bryan at the Scopes trial?
- 3—What was the nickname of Lincoln?
- 4—Stain.
- 5—More ancient.
- 6—Deputy.
- 7—Rent.
- 8—Flowing back of the tide.
- 9—In what French museum is the "Mona Lisa"?
- 10—Those in office.

- 15—Ethel Barrymore is the niece of what famous actor?
- 17—Supply the last name of this famous American portrait painter: "John Singer _____"?
- 18—What is the highest mountain in the State of Washington?
- 19—Sacred song.
- 20—Not tight.
- 23—Who wrote "The Red Badge of Courage"?
- 24—Paradises.
- 26—Mistake.
- 27—Contraction for "until."
- 31—Those who oil.
- 32—Chief.
- 34—What city in New York is the seat of the State reformatory?
- 36—Projecting ridge.
- 37—What Dutch genre painter did many satiric pictures of quack doctors and their patients?
- 40—Terminal part of the arm.
- 41—Who is the Goddess of Discord?
- 42—Pastry.
- 43—Hail.
- 45—Who was the most famous Southern general during the Civil War?
- 46—Established (abbr.).

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

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CROSS WORD PUZZLE

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49				50					51

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

LICENCE TO MARRY

"Old Friend," Alts.—What is the minimum legal age at which a boy or girl may marry with parents' consent in Canada?

What is the minimum legal age at which a boy or girl may marry without parents' consent in Canada?

Ans.—The statutory provisions respecting the issue of licences to marry vary according to the Province. In Alberta a licence is obtained upon oath of one of the persons showing the age of each to be 21 years or more, or in lieu thereof consent of guardian of minors. Licence will not issue to persons under 16 years of age. To the first question the answer is, accordingly, 16 and to the second 21—in the Province of Alberta.

GRENFELL MISSION

"Inquirer," N.B.—I would like the address of the headquarters of the Grenfell Mission, Labrador—where one would write who is interested in offering her services under that Mission. Is there any philanthropic organization carrying on medical work in the Peace River District or out-lying sections of the North West.

Ans.—Write to Miss Warne, Secretary, The Grenfell Medical Mission, 221 Gilmour St., Ottawa and about the North West districts we should advise your writing to The Canadian Red Cross Society, Civic Building, Edmonton, Alta., or The Victorian Order of Nurses, addressing Col. A. Z. Palmer, C.M.G., Sec'y-Treas., Jackson Bldg., Ottawa.

STORIES BY ALICE MCKAY

R. Baird, Sask.—I would like to know if the two stories we had in the "Witness" this year, "Broken Ships" and "The Mustard Seed" are to be had in book form yet.

Ans.—No, these stories have not yet been published in book form.

REQUESTED POEMS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Our thanks to the following for the verses sent in: "Oh dear, oh dear, I shall never learn to spell," Miss Nancy Hutchison, N.B., and "A subscriber of 50" (from memory): "The Jam at Gerry's Rock" ("Young M..."), Caroline Burton, Que., Jean S. Rapkin, Ont., and M. B. Gallagher, N.B.; "Books of the Bible," Subscriber, N.B.; "God's Garden," and "My Garden" M. B. M. McD., Sask.; "How much for Baby," Mrs. W. H. Pryor, Sask.; "The Station Master's Story," Mrs. Fleet, N.S.; "Hearing Things at Night," R. R. Foster; "Casey Jones," Jean S. Rankin, Ont.; "Break the News to Mother," Miss Flora Pender, Ont., and Miss C. McCallum, N.S.; "Get Out and Get Under the Moon," Dorothy Noble, Ont.

(Sent in by Miss H. Uptigrove, Ont.)

TYING THE LEAVES

Playmates were they, girl and lad,
She's home today, lad feels sad,
Doctor who calls whispers low—
"When the last Autumn leaves fall, then
she must go."
Lad with a tear, climbs a tree,
"I'll keep her here," murmurs he
Big man in blue, sternly cries
"What are you doing there?" Lad replies:
"I'm tying the leaves so they won't come
down,
So the wind won't blow them away,
For the best little girl, in the wide, wide
world
Is lying so ill today.
Her young life must go when the last
leaves fall
I'm fixing them fast, so they'll stay,
I'm tying the leaves, so they won't come
down—
So Nellie won't go away."

Sad mother grieves, day by day,
Watching the leaves, hears boy say
"You mustn't cry, for you see,
I have fastened the leaves fast upon the
tree."
Doctor brings joy, one glad day,
Mother tells boy, "Nell will stay."
Lad at girl's side cries for glee,
"That's what I said one day in the tree."

(Sent in by Caroline Burton, Que.)

THE JAM AT GERRY'S ROCK

Come all of you bold shanty boys,
And list while I relate
Concerning a young shanty boy
And his untimely fate,
Concerning a young river man
So manly true and brave—
"Twas on the Jam at Gerry's Rock
He met a watery grave.

It was on Sunday morning,
As you will quickly hear,
Our logs were piled up mountains high,
We could not keep them clear;
Our foreman said: "Turn out, brave boys,
With hearts devoid of fear;
We'll break the Jam on Gerry's Rock,
And for Eganstown we'll steer!"

Now, some of them were willing,
While others they were not,
For to work on jams on Sunday
They did not think we ought:
But six of our Canadian boys
Did volunteer to go,
And break the Jam on Gerry's Rock,
With the foreman Jack Monroe.

They had not rolled off many logs,
When they heard his clear voice say,
"I'd have you, boys, be on your guard,
For the Jam will soon give away."
These words were scarcely spoken,
When the mass did break and go,
And it carried off those six brave youths
And their foreman Jack Monroe.

When the rest of our brave shanty boys
The sad news came to hear
In search of their dead comrades
To the river they did steer;
Some of the mangled bodies
A floating down did go,
While crushed and bleeding near the
bank
Was that of young Monroe.

They took him from his watery grave
Brushed back his raven hair,
There was one fair girl among them
Whose sad cries rent the air
There was one fair form among them
A maid from Saginaw town
Whose moans and cries rose to the skies
For her true lover who'd gone down.

Fair Clara was a noble girl,
The river-man's true friend
She, with her widowed mother, dear
Lived at the river's bend
The wages of her own true friend
The "boss" to her did pay
And the shanty boys for her made up
A generous purse next day.

They buried him with sorrow deep
'Twas on the first of May
"Come all of you bold shanty boys
And for your comrade pray!"
Engraved upon a hemlock tree
That by the grave did grow
Was the name and date of the sad sad
fate
Of the shanty boy Monroe

Fair Clara did not long survive
Her heart broke with her grief
And scarcely two months afterward
Death came to her relief.
And when the time was passed away
And she was called to go,
Her last request was granted to
Be laid by young Monroe.

Come, all of you bold shanty boys
I would have you call and see
Those green mounds by the river side
Where grows the hemlock-tree.
The shanty boys cleared off the wood
By the lovers there laid low
'Twas the handsome Clara Vernon
And her true lover Jack Monroe.

(Sent in by R. R. Foster)

HEARING THINGS AT NIGHT

When all is still at sleep time
And you are tucked in bed,
With the light turned out around you
And the covers o'er head—
There is something, Oh! just something,
Worse than any kind of fright—
It's the feeling that you surely get
When you're hearing things at night.

It makes your eyes grow bigger,
It makes the shivers start,
And it sort of makes a quiver
Around the region of your heart.
It makes you quite immovable—
This awful kind of fright;
This feeling that you surely get
When you're hearing things at night.

So, if you get to bed at night
And see things movin' around,
And sometimes see them standing up
Or sometimes sitting down
You may have a wobbly feeling,
But it never brings the fright
That a feller's bound to surely get,
When he's hearing things at night.

(Sent in by Mrs. W. H. Pryor, Sask.)

HOW MUCH FOR BABY?

What am I offered for Baby?
Dainty, dimpled and sweet
From the soft curls over his forehead
To the beautiful rosy feet.

From the tips of the even pink fingers
To the light of the clear brown eye—
What am I offered for Baby?
Who'll buy, who'll buy, who'll buy?

What am I offered for Baby?
A shopful of sweets? Ah, no!
That's too much beneath his value,
Who is the sweetest of all below.

The naughty, beautiful darling—
One kiss from his rosy mouth
Is better than all the dainties
Of North, East, West or South.

What am I offered for Baby?
A pile of gold! Ah, dear!
Your gold is too hard and heavy
To purchase my brightness here.

Would the treasure of all the mountains,
Far in the wonderful lands,
Be worth the clinging and clasping
Of these dear, little, peach-bloom hands?

So what am I offered for Baby?
A rope of diamonds! Nay,
If your brilliants were larger and brighter
That star in the Milky Way.

An Evidence of Public Confidence

New Insurance Issued

1918	\$18,578,580.
1923	\$52,353,071.
1928	\$87,322,612.

Insurance in Force

1918	\$108,572,703.
1923	\$246,716,731.
1928	\$453,323,912.

Assets

1918	\$26,748,393.
1923	\$47,273,368.
1928	\$87,495,370.

Dividends to Policyholders

1918	\$344,060.
1923	\$687,300.
1928	\$1,954,133.

THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office; - TORONTO, CANADA



WRITE FOR COMPLETE COPY OF ANNUAL REPORT

Would they ever be half so precious
As the light of those lustrous eyes,
Still full of the heavenly glory
They brought from beyond the skies?

Then what am I offered for Baby?
A heart full of love and a kiss!
Well, if anything ever could tempt me
'T would be such an offer as this.

But how can I know if your loving
Is tender and true and divine
Enough to repay what I am giving
In selling this sweetheart of mine?

So we will not sell the Baby.
Your gold and your gems and your stuff,
Were they ever so rare and precious,
Would never be half enough.

For what would we care, my dearie,
What glory the world put on,
If our beautiful darling were—going:
If our beautiful darling were—gone.

(Sent in by Miss C. McCallum, N.S.)

"BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER"

While the shot and shell were screaming;
Upon the battlefield
The boys in blue were fighting
Their noble flag to shield,
Came a cry from their brave Captain
"Look boys! the flag is down."
"Who'll volunteer to save it from dis-
grace?"
"I will," a young voice shouted,
"I'll bring it back or die"
Then sprang into the thickest of the
fray,
Saved the flag but gave his young life;
All for his country's sake
They brought him back and softly heard
him say,

Chorus:

Just know the news to mother,
She knows how dear I love her,
And tell her not to wait for me
For I'm not coming home;
Just say there is no other
Can take the place of Mother;
Then kiss her dear sweet lips for me
And break the news to her.

From afar a noted general had witnessed
this brave deed
"Who saved our flag? Speak up lads;
"Twas noble, brave indeed!"
"There he lies, sir," said the captain
"He's sinking very fast."
Then slowly turned away to hide a tear.
The general in a moment,
Kneel down beside the boy;
Then gave a cry that touched all hearts
that day
"It's my son, my brave, young hero;
I thought you safe at home."
"Forgive me, father, for I ran away."

WORDS WANTED

Madge L. Brader, P. E. I.—Please pub-
lish the songs "Dew-dew-dewy day,"
"Sweet Bunch of Daisies" and "If the
Man in the Moon Were a Coon" also

"My Ideal" the first verse of which is:
"I never will marry, as often I've said,
Any young man with his hair a bit red
No matter how handsome or rich he
may be,
If he has that one fault he'll never get
me"

Mrs. W. H. Simpson, Ont.—Some time
ago a writer, (Mrs. A. B.) mentioned an-
other poem by Alexander Anderson, en-
titled "When Rab Came Home." I have
all the others and would be very glad
to get this one, if it could be printed.

"A Friend," Oxford Co.—I should like
to see a poem which relates the ex-
perience of one gradually drawn to de-
voted his whole self to the Saviour. First
stanza ends with "All of self and none
of Thee", second, "Some of self and some
of Thee," third, "Less of self and more
of Thee," and fourth, "None of self and
all of Thee."

Caroline Burton, Que.—I wish you
would obtain the poem containing the
words:

"'Tis folly, folly to part two lovers
When love can break through an iron
door"

Mrs. J. Fleet, N.S.—Would like words
of song of which the chorus runs:

"She loved him and she trusted him,
The same old story told; . . ."

R. R. Foster.—Would you please pub-
lish the words of a song "On the Hills
of My Old New Hampshire Home" and
also "Over the Hills to the Poor House".

Miss Flora Pender, Ont.—Would some
one of the readers please send me the
words of "My Blue Ridge Mountain
Home."

WORDS AND MUSIC WANTED

Christina McCallum, N.S.—I should
like to get the words and music of song
"Wreck of the Royal Palm." If any
of your readers would forward it to me
I should be very much obliged.

DID YOU?

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

Adventuring for the Kingdom

Overcoming in India

Although India is far from being well supplied with roads, there are many miles of highways and byways leading to villages where Christians or potential Christians live. These roads must be traveled on foot, by motorcycle, by old-time Indian ekka or tonga, by bicycle or ox-cart, none of them, even the motorcycle, being so valuable for general use as the trusty Ford, which can go almost everywhere a motorcycle can go, and carry several workers instead of only one or two.

"We do from three to five villages a day, once a year," writes a woman missionary, "and still the map assures us that we have only made a beginning. This spring we were able to reach some outposts that can only be reached by climbing down the canal wall, trudging through miles of loose sand, and even taking off shoes and stockings to wade the rivers. But how well repaid we felt when we found the people so open to our message! Even the Mohammedan landlord who owns these villages and who came to call on us in his silk embroidered coat, fez and cane, said: 'You put us to shame. We do not take so much trouble to teach or to help our own people!'"

Student Christian Movement

Over 2,000 students—some from the Continent, some from U.S.A., and some from the Far East—were in Liverpool during New Year's week at the eighth quadrennial meeting of the Student Christian Movement. The subject under discussion was "The Purpose of God in the Life of the World." The speakers were the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. T. Z. Koo, the Chinese Student Leader (on "The Re-making of a Nation"), Dr. A. D. Lindsay, Master of Balliol (on "Vocation and Fellowship"), Professor John MacMurray of London University, Mr. C. F. Andrews, the friend of Gandhi and Tagore, Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree (on "International Aspects of Industry"), Mr. K. T. Moseti, the first Bantu B.D., Mr. J. H. Oldham, secretary of the International Missionary Council and a member of the recent Government Commission to East Africa, Mr. Ben Turner, president of the National Union of Textile Workers, and Mr. Clifton Robbins and Mr. W. Benson, of the International Labor Office.

Disagree Over Claims

Missionaries in China are reported to be in disagreement of opinion as to the wisdom of waiving claims for damages to the property of missionaries and missionary societies growing out of the disturbed conditions in that country. There seems to be no uniform policy that will satisfy all minds either missionary or Chinese. Possibly some of the problems arising out of these claims will have to go over to a more settled period for adjustment. The only element that can be fully determined now is that in the spirit of Christian good-will and without vindictiveness, there shall be a settlement that approximates as nearly as possible in each case the highest ethical ideals.

Provide Against Mission Deficits

No more deficits, no more "cuts," no more last-minute "spasms" of frenzied money pleas to avert the necessity of calling missionaries home, is the determination of American Methodist leadership, as indicated at the world outlook conference held at Evanston, Illinois, January 2-4. Among the matters emphasized at the conference, as important to the welfare of the church's missionary success, were: Definite presentation of world service interests in every pulpit; the use of the service of laymen in large degree, and the promotion of local world service councils; consistent education in world services; the promotion of Christian stewardship and steward-

ship organization; the prompt collection of world service money. The need of a deepened spiritual life in the church was emphasized at the conference.

Appeal to Youth

New Year messages to the Scottish Young Men's Guilds by the Moderators of the General Assemblies of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church appear in *The Man's Own Paper*. The following is an excerpt. Right Rev. Dr. T. Montgomery Campbell writes:—"It is anticipated that the year 1929 will be a more than notable one in the annals of the Church of Scotland. The reunion with the United Free Church will likely be effected in the autumn. The reunited Church, will depend upon the interest and effort of its youth to make the reunion really effective, particularly in the matter of reclaiming for the Church and religion many of our own folk who are presently

The Limits of Liberty

By Rev. Robert M. Brodie, Clyde River, N. S.

All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient.—1 Cor. 6:12.

The Apostle Paul might be called the Apostle of Liberty, for he argues with almost vehement insistence for the liberties of every Christian. "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free" (Gal 5:1). "Ye have been called to liberty" (5:13). "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (2 Cor. 3:17). He also speaks of the glorious liberty of the children of God as a fact in their personal experience. He knew that their success in the Christian life depended on it. Therefore he argues most strenuously and pleads most strongly for his converts that they should insist on their liberties in Jesus Christ. But side by side with passionate insistence on liberty, we see another thought of great importance. Liberty must not be carried to the point of selfishness. A Christian will be willing to forego, for a higher end, what he might lawfully claim to do. He uses his liberty as not abusing it. He is willing in order to promote the common good, to set limits to his own liberty. He agrees with Paul that things that are, strictly speaking, lawful, may not always be expedient.

In the first place, our liberty may be limited by a prudent regard for our own safety. And such a course is certainly wise. Speaking of meats

unhappily separated from Christian worship and fellowship. In that campaign the youth of the Church, and particularly the Young Men's Guild, ought to bear their part."

Right Rev. Dr. J. Harry Miller's message another 'A Good New Year,' a great hope includes the following: "As we wish one rises in our heart for this year 1929. Please God we shall see in it the Union of two great Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, 'set for the defence of the Gospel,' and uniting their forces to bring Scotland to a truer realisation of the Covenant claims of Christ upon the life of the nation. I believe that our Lord is calling the young manhood of our land and of our time to put His words to the proof. If He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, we should commit ourselves unreservedly and unhesitatingly to Him. Some years ago, in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the late Dr. Wallace Williamson said to Lord Balfour of Burleigh, in answer to his Lordship's question whispered across the Assembly table, 'What line shall I take?' 'Be bold, my Lord; Scotland likes courage.' He being dead, yet speaketh; and I would fain call the young men of the Churches, in the name of Jesus Christ, to listen to His servant's word, 'Be bold.'"

presented to an idol according to the heathen customs of that day, the Apostle declares it is neither better nor worse. The idol is nothing. But some tender consciences feared that by eating such meat they were acknowledging the idol and countenancing idol worship. In such a case the proper thing to do is not to eat the meat. The injury consists in going against conscience, thereby weakening it.

Our conscience is a most sacred trust. It has been aptly called "the voice of God." What conscience disapproves we should never do. But in things indifferent, the position to take up, recommended by the Apostle, is not to put an unnecessary strain on the conscience. It is not a matter of morals. It is rather one of opinion. But if your conscience objects, then take the safe rule and follow conscience. The great thing is to avoid extremes and run no risks.

On all moral questions, Jesus was strict in his teaching. But on things indifferent he gave large liberty. He broke down the teaching of the Rabbis on the Sabbath, giving liberty! He sanctioned special customs at marriage feasts by his presence. Unlike John the Baptist and the old prophets, He was social, genial, joining in the peoples' joys, as well as their sorrows. He would not by his teaching and example make the true life a burden. He sought to remove burdens; and by so doing provoked the

bitter indignation of the Pharisees. And yet how stern and uncompromising he was in moral matters! If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off.—"Offend thee"—that is, is a stumbling block to thee. "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out." No matter how necessary or how precious any member of the body may be, it must not be allowed to lead us into sinful courses. It is for a man's own safety that he must severely curb and check all false appetites and all wrongful desires. So Paul is but echoing the teachings of Jesus when he says, "All things are lawful for me, but not all things are expedient."

And secondly, the Christian may limit his liberty for the sake of others. The Christian Church is a brotherhood, and it is our duty to think of others. Self-denial for the sake of others is the highest life. Paul anticipates a possible objection to this and answers it. Why should we who are strong be hampered by those weak ones? But see how Paul in his own magnificent way lifts the problem up into the true Christian atmosphere. Remember, he says, that Christ died for this weak brother—endured for him the agony of the Cross. Compared with that, how little is asked of you for his salvation. We are in duty bound to limit our liberty not only for our own sake but also for the sake of our brother in Christ.

In the words of the Apostle, "No man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself." As Christians we are bound to believe in the brotherhood of all believers: "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." There are many things that most of us could do with absolute safety. But if by our action a weak brother should fall, we are not walking in love. Whatever is fraught with danger to those who are easily led astray, if we are true Christians, we will deny ourselves, and not assert our rights, if thereby we are putting a stumbling block in our brother's way. We are to use our liberty in the bonds of love, regarding the well-being of others as scrupulously as we regard our own well-being. Perhaps that rule may seem hard. But to observe it willingly and ungrudgingly is a noble deed, indicating Christian character of the highest type. Jesus clearly taught it. Paul re-echoed it. The best men in all ages have preached it, and in practising it we may find, not hardship, but joy. If our example fortifies others and helps them to stand, we have joy in what might seem to others an act of severe self-denial.

Such a self-denial was the appeal of the Apostle Paul to the Christians of Corinth. And thus we come into fellowship with Christ in his self-denial for others. If men would so act because they were Christians, because they belonged to Christ, what an immense impression it would make on the outside world.

All things may be lawful, but all things may not be expedient, when around us there is a Christless world and when men with their short sight and blind eyes are judging Christ and Christianity by what they see in those who profess his name. This is a call that earnest souls will consider.

"Experimental living is hazardous living. It is far more hazardous than any scientific experiment because it involves the whole life, not merely biological existence which may well be sacrificed in scientific investigation. But in religious inquiry one must cast into the experiment those larger goods, including all that one holds dear, his moral character, his highest aspirations, his greatest loves and loyalties, those things without which mere bodily existence is worthless."—Henry Nelson Wieman.

The power of the church depends more on the living of the people than the brilliance of the preaching.

Revenge is sweet—at first, but it tastes bitter a long time after the sweetness is forgotten.

If the world cannot unite on Jesus Christ and his way of living, it will never be able to unite on anything.

Conversion is not the culmination, but the commencement of Christian living.

"God seeks not ours, but us."

NORTHERN MESSENGER

Published Weekly

A Three in One Paper

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A Sunday School paper.

A temperance paper.

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The Holy Scriptures: A Light to Our Path

By Walter Albion Squires, D.D.

PROTESTANTS regard the scriptures as "the only infallible rule of faith and practice." Since they hold this high estimate of the scriptures, Bible instruction is of course regarded as a matter of much importance by Protestant denominations. If the Protestant estimate of the scriptures is true, it is very important that people should be taught to evaluate the Bible properly. Adequate appreciation of the Bible as a spiritual guide and source of religious inspiration thus becomes a necessary objective of the church school. This lesson will offer an opportunity for emphasizing the value and importance of the Bible.

Teaching Points.

The two passages of scripture chosen as the basis of the lesson (Ps. 19:7-14; 2 Tim. 3:14-17) will naturally form the two main divisions of the lesson outline. Each of these main divisions may be divided into several different topics.

We need not enter into the critical problem concerning the authorship of this psalm. (Ps. 19:7-14). It does not matter much, in so far as our immediate purposes are concerned, whether it was written by David, or by some other Old Testament worshipper of Jehovah. It certainly comes down to us out of the pre-Christian centuries and it reveals to us the thoughts concerning the scriptures which were held by righteous souls in that distant day.

The Bible of which this Psalm speaks was a very limited Bible compared with the book which we today know by that name. It was probably little more than the Pentateuch, or first five books of the Old Testament. Let us consider what the people of that time thought about their Bible.

Attributes of the Scriptures.

The writer of this psalm praises his Bible in highest terms. He declares that the law of Jehovah is "perfect" and has power to restore the soul. He speaks of the testimony of Jehovah as "sure," because it has power to make the simple wise. The precepts of Jehovah he declares to be "right." They have power to make the heart rejoice. The commandments of Jehovah he says are "pure." They enlighten the eyes. The ordinances of Jehovah he characterizes as "true and righteous altogether."

Then follow some statements concerning the value of the ordinances and commandments of God. They are declared to be more precious than gold, sweeter than honey and the droppings of the honey-comb. They are a perpetual warning against evil and he who keeps them is richly rewarded.

When we take into consideration that this psalm is not merely an expression of solitary religious enthusiasm, but that it was sung by great multitudes of people throughout many centuries, we catch sight of the high estimate of the Hebrew people as to their scriptures.

The first five verses of this passage express a heartfelt outburst of praise for the scriptures. Then the psalm becomes a prayer. It is interesting to trace the psychology of this transition. The contemplation of the scriptures centre the mind more and more upon Him who is their author. Six times the name of Jehovah is mentioned. Then comes to the psalmist a sense of his own impotence compared to the power and perfection of his God. "Who can discern his errors?" asks the writer of the Psalm. Then with a deep consciousness of his own faults, he asks the help of God. "Clear thou me from hidden faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; Let them not have dominion over me." Thus do we see how even the fragment of the Bible which they had in that day led people to a consciousness, to a sense of their need of Him, and to attitudes of worship and praise.

Paul's Estimate of the Scriptures.

In his parting message to Timothy, (2 Tim. 3:14-17). Paul has expressed his estimate concerning the value

of the scriptures. Paul's Bible was considerably larger than the Bible of the man who wrote the Nineteenth Psalm. It contained not only the Pentateuch, but practically all of the other books of the Old Testament. What did Paul think as to the value of the Old Testament scriptures?

When Paul spoke about the religious truths which had been taught to Timothy from the days of his babyhood, we know that he was referring to the Old Testament. Timothy had been brought up by his Jewish mother as a loyal son of the Law. Paul urges Timothy to abide in those things which he has been taught. These things, Paul says, are able to make Timothy "wise unto salvation." He refers to the Old Testament as the "holy writings."

Paul's brief admonition indicates his own opinion as to the element of supreme value in the Old Testament. It is noticeable that he does not, like the psalmist, praise the law, commandments, precepts, and statutes which are recorded in the Old Testament scriptures. The sacred scriptures he declares are able to make one wise unto salvation, not through laws and ceremonials, but through the "faith which is in Christ Jesus." Evidently Paul regarded the Old Testament as supremely valuable because of the fact that it led to Jesus as Saviour and Messiah.

The Scriptures and Personality.

Paul mentions four ways in which the scriptures are valuable in the nurture of the religious life. They are valuable for "teaching." The word used by Paul has special reference to the subject matter of instruction. The scriptures offer that, he says, which the wise teacher should implant within the consciousness of the child, the things the child should know. Paul next says that the scriptures are valuable for "reproof." They supply that which is needed when the pupil is knowingly and wilfully wrong. The third use of the scriptures, Paul says is for "correction." The Greek word of which our word "correction" is a translation, means a setting straight of that which is crooked. The scriptures are useful as a corrective when lives are beginning to deviate from the path of rectitude, either through choice or through ignorance. Last of all Paul says that the scriptures are profitable for "instruction" in righteous-

ness. The original word is that which the Greeks used in speaking of the training of a child. It carries the idea of an orderly and directed development out of the limitations of youth into the strength and freedom of maturity. Thus does Paul include, in his statement the whole range of education. Education in religion, consists in the imparting of worthwhile facts about the spiritual life, in the reproof of wrong conduct, in the setting straight of that which is becoming crooked in the guided development of the immature into full maturity of thought and action. All these phases of the educative process are served, Paul says, by the sacred scriptures.

We have a far grander Bible than had either Paul or the psalmist. Our Bible contains the full revelation of God in Jesus his Son. What the Old Testament dimly foretold, we have fully revealed in the life and teachings of Jesus. If the psalmist praised his Bible in highest terms; if Paul thought of the Old Testament as a fit instrument for religious teaching; what should be our attitude toward our grander Bible? What place should the Bible have in our program of religious education?

Teaching Procedure.

Church school teachers should give pupils frequent opportunities for expressing their own thoughts on the subject under consideration. This is not always possible or desirable during the brief recitation period. If written reports on the lesson can be secured, opportunity will be given pupils to put their own thoughts in definite form. The following subjects would be suitable for written reports:—

1. The Place of the Bible in Religious Education.
2. The Value of the Old Testament for the Christian.
3. The Bible as a Guide for Conduct.

The foregoing is a discussion of the topic suggested by the International Sunday School Lessons for February 3.

Daily Readings.

M. Deut. 6:4-9; T. Josh. 1:8-9; W. 2 Kings 22:8-20; T. Neh. 8:1-8; F. Ps. 19:7-14; S. 2 Tim. 3:14-17. Printed in Quarterlies, Ps. 19:7-14; 2 Tim. 3:14-17.

The Hidden Masterpiece

IN the inner recess of the mind, hidden away from the public gaze but not lost to individual view, is an ideal portrait. No matter how attractive may be some of the pictures in the gallery of the mind that vision of the noble character we know we ought to be stands ever in the centre, although we may try to avoid it. Somehow that ideal portrait is meant to be the hub of the universe, and one cannot get away from the idea that if every man put his true self in the midst of his activities humanity would soon be crossing the threshold of the golden age. Unfortunately, either through weakness or perversity, men have a natural aptitude for ignoring what they know to be a priceless masterpiece and using an inadequate substitute as a pivot for their efforts.

Shakespeare found one of humanity's weakest spots when he wrote in "Hamlet": "I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough. God hath given you one face and you make another." That sounds like a bit of autobiography.

The art of portraiture is as old as the hills, and long before silhouettes and photograph albums came to delight or vex Society, men strove after their own likeness. Probably the portrait habit was born when some primitive man saw his reflection in a stream. But man's true portrait is within, and men find the solution of life when they give up that which is false and commence the journey along the neglected corridors of the mind, which led to the discovery of the true self.

Jesus put the salvation of the race in a nutshell when He said, "The

Kingdom of Heaven is within you." This great truth is illustrated in other realms of activity. Just as the image of the oak is within the acorn, and the beautiful flower is contained in the bud, so the ideal world lies inside the mind, and men see the possibilities of the golden age in the vision of their true selves. Sometimes a priceless masterpiece is covered up by an inferior painting, and the valuable work of art can only be restored to its former condition by the removal of the surface daub. When men are making good they are removing the false and inferior material that hides but does not destroy the masterpiece of the soul, and the prodigal returns to his father's home when he forsakes his "potboiling" efforts and brings his power under the influence of the divine vision. The gallery of the mind contains many portraits, and these are the possession of the race. They represent the ideal characters that have been stages in our development.

A writer of one hundred years ago must have peered into the twentieth century when he wrote, "To look back upon antiquity is one thing, but to go back to it is another." The way to progress, is to be true to the ideal portrait, or often called the inner light, and let the spiritual vision emerge through our activities, just as foliage, blossom and fruit come forth from the trunk of the tree, with its drab aspect of sombre bark.

The finest external portrait of man is seen when he jocks his best, but we should behold an individual's ideal portrait that lies within when he lives his best. Christ, the way, the

truth and the life, leads us in our quest of the divine image that slumbers within us a potentiality and awakens it into a glorious actuality, so that it may shine forth with the beauty of holiness. Years ago a famous product was introduced into England by means of a remarkable poster. Huge spaces of uninviting drab color made their appearance all over the land, with instructions to watch it carefully for the next few weeks. Gradually a wonderful change took place under the action of the light, and eventually a beautifully Alpine pastoral scene shone through, banishing the drab aspect. Under the influence of Christ, the Light of the World, the divine image, our ideal portrait, shines through our natures, transforming the whole of our being.

John Masefield expresses the soul's desire to be God's masterpiece in those lines of his:—

"O lovely lily clean,
O lily springing green,
O lily bursting white,
Dear lily of delight,
Spring in my heart agen
That I may flower to men."

—The Methodist Times.

PRAYER

O Lord, Thy hands have formed us, and Thou hast sent us into this world that we may walk in the way that leads to heaven and Thyself, and may find a lasting rest in Thee, Who art the Source and Centre of our souls. Look in pity on us poor pilgrims in the narrow way; let us not go astray, but reach at last our true home where our Father dwells. Guide and govern us from day to day, and bestow on us food and strength for body and soul, that we may journey on in peace. Forgive us for having hitherto so often wavered or looked back, and let us henceforward march straight on in the way of Thy laws, and may our last step be a safe and peaceful passage to the arms of Thy love, and the blessed fellowship of the saints in light. Hear us, O Lord, and glorify Thy name in us that we may glorify Thee for ever and ever.—Amen.

—Gerhard Tersteegen (1697-1769).
From Tileston's "Great Souls at Prayer."

Great and sacred is obedience: he who is not able, in the highest majesty of manhood, to obey, with clear and open brow, a law higher than himself, is barren of all faith and love; and tightens his chains in struggling to be free. A childlike trust of heart, that can take a hand and wondering walk in paths unknown and strange, is the prime requisite of all religion.—James Martineau.

We can never speak in general. We can never act in general. We can never be good in general. It is all in particulars. We have no way of expressing a general principle, but by putting it into some definite individual action.—Henry Churchill King.

The Word of Life

Teach me thy way, O Lord—Ps. 27: 11

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye. Ps. 32: 8. Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he teach sinners in the way. The meek will he guide in judgment; and the meek will he teach his way. Ps. 25: 8, 9.

I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. John 10: 9.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. John 14: 6. Having boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; and having an high priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith. Heb. 10: 19-22.

Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord. Hos. 6: 3. All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies. Ps. 25: 10.

MIND
BODY

BOYS' PAGE

SOUL
SERVICE

Tuxis Parliaments

An Ontario Cabinet Minister States Their Case.

(To the Editor of the Boys' Page)

Dear Sir:—Some little time ago there appeared in the columns of your Boys' Page an article dealing with Boys' Parliament. The said article was such a gross misrepresentation of facts that it calls for a reply.

The Canadian Standard Efficiency Training movement or more properly the Tuxis movement is the organized four-fold work for the building of better boyhood as carried on by the Religious Education Council representing the Protestant Churches of Canada and the Y.M.C.A.

Your correspondent blunders when he says that these Parliaments are all known as Older Boys' Parliaments. At the present time there is no body in Canada known as an Older Boys' Parliament. However, there are six known as Tuxis Parliaments some of which formerly bore the above name. Also it would be wrong to say that they are strictly Canadian Standard Efficiency Training. For instance the Ontario Tuxis Parliament is elected by all the Sunday School boys of Ontario, making the number of eligible electors in the province nearly one hundred thousand.

Again he is wrong regarding the function of the parliaments. The Act outlining the policy and program of the Eighth Ontario Tuxis Parliament illustrates this. It is as follows:

An Act To Outline The Policy And Program Of The Eighth Ontario Tuxis Boys' Parliament

Whereas, there is a need of objectifying, in terms of definite activities, the aims and purposes of this Parliament, and

Whereas, it is important that the Members of this House shall feel a responsibility for promoting certain activities within their constituencies, and

Whereas, the Parliament should have some definite plan of serving in a co-operative way the boy life of Ontario throughout the entire year.

Be It Therefore Enacted by the Eighth Ontario Tuxis Boys' Parliament and it is hereby enacted as follows:

1. That this Act be cited as an "Act to outline the Policy and Program of the Ontario Tuxis Boys' Parliament."

2. That as a Parliament we accept responsibility for assisting in the promotion of the following more or less co-operative activities:

Winter: Conclaves and Grand Camps—Inter-group Athletics and Debates. The Bond Selling Campaign—Father and Son Week and C.S.E.T., Sunday Joint meetings of C.S.E.T., and C. G. I. T.

Spring: Bible Study examinations—Hikes and week-end camps—Preparation for summer camps.

Summer: Local and Area and Provincial Leadership Training Camps. Preparation for early start in group activities.

Fall: County and District Boys' Work Conferences—Organization of Boys' Councils—Mentors' Training Clubs—Re-registration of old groups and organization of new—Election for Parliament—Older Boys' Parliament.

3. That in order to render effective leadership along these lines, the Members of Parliament of each District meet where at all possible, under the leadership of their Cabinet Minister at least twice during the year.

4. That the Cabinet meet once during the year, preferably in the Spring.

5. That each Member be asked to make a brief monthly report on the progress of the work in his district to his Cabinet Minister on the forms supplied by the Ontario Boys' Work Board and that each Cabinet Minister make a condensed report on the progress of the work in his area to the Premier.

6. That each Member be expected to make a full report of the recommendations of the Parliament to the groups of his constituency.

7. That each member shall see that his constituency is represented at one of the official Leadership Training Camps, Beausoleil or Beau Rivage, and that the activities of the camp be suitably reported to the constituency.

8. That as the above program of activities can only be successfully carried out where there is a suitable organization, each Member assist in the organization of a Constituency Boys' Work Board under the guidance of a Provincial Secretary.

9. That in view of the fact that the C.S.E.T. program is an integral part of the Church, each Member seek to render the fullest service in co-operation with his Minister and Sunday School.

10. That because of the values that will accrue to boys' work throughout the province by a wider interest in the general election we recommend:

(1) Increased use of newspaper publicity. (2) More joint meetings in each constituency that shall be open to the public. (3) That the chairman of the local boys' work board see that the committee of the board dealing with the election shall function properly. (4) That an effort be made to have every eligible name on the voter's list. (5) That candidates be encouraged to get in touch with all the electors of their riding.

In many constituencies the duties of a member are so heavy as to compel him to travel two or three thousand miles and spend as high as two hundred dollars. The legislation passed by parliament is not by any means for adult leaders, it is the definite means of carrying on boys' work in the Protestant churches.

If your correspondent is sincere in believing our parliaments to be "pretty displays managed by adults" I would like him to attend the next session of the Ontario parliament

and if he goes away unconvinced we will be willing to pay all his expenses.

Let us review occurrences of an average day at Tuxis parliament. At nine o'clock in the morning the members meet in caucus the premier presiding to discuss Christian problems which can be handled better here than under parliamentary procedure.

At 10.15 the standing select committees meet, the various cabinet ministers presiding. For instance the Committee on Co-operation would be discussing Boys' Work Conferences, area camps, or Tuxis Conclaves and the Organization Committee would be discussing changes in the statutes governing the formation of parliament and the policy and program of parliament.

Possibly this would be the day that parliament would be entertained by the City of Toronto in the Carlisle Hotel. Again in the afternoon the caucus and committees would meet. About six o'clock the members would meet in the government cafeteria for fellowship supper. Then in the evening would come a formal sitting of the House probably lasting until nearly mid-night.

Perhaps the day is now over for the private member but not so for the cabinet minister. He must now go to his room and strive to put in the form of legislation the findings and motions of his committee as well as prepare the work for the morrow.

WILFRED L. BISHOP,
Minister of Organization,
Ontario Tuxis Parliament,
Oxford County, Ont., Jan. 10, 1929.

STAMP NEWS

Croats Issues

It is ten years ago since the first stamps of Croatia made their appearance, vague heralds of a new State which became the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, says Fred. J. Melville in the London Daily Telegraph.

The Croats were the first to send us such evidence of the independence so hardly won from the Hapsburg dominion. The Magyar stamps, in all their war-time variety, had been seized and overprinted with the mystic symbol S.H.S. and the name Hrvatska (Croatia). The set originally contained no fewer than forty different stamps overprinted with those initials, but errors and minor varieties exist of all of them.

It was at Zagreb that the first specially designed stamps were issued to commemorate the liberation of the Southern Slavs. They bear the date 29 Listopada (October), 1918, but they were not issued until Nov. 28, 1918. This was a limited issue, and it was counterfeited locally. In January, 1919, there followed a neat little series of lithographed stamps for Croatia, showing a carriage of Victory, a Jugoslav flag-bearer, and an eagle perched upon the double-headed eagle of the Hapsburgs.

The "Chain-Breaker"

These interesting little stamps have not been so closely studied by philatelists as the separate issue for Carniola made at Lalbach in the striking "chain-breaker" designs, although, being lithographed, they present some similar points of technical interest.

The vigorous chain-breaker design gradually superseded all the separate issues for other parts of Yugoslavia, and there are no longer any distinctive stamps for Croatia.

In 1925, when the Croats wished to have a set of stamps to commemorate the millenary of the ancient Croat Kingdom, stamps were prepared, but the plan met with such opposition at Belgrade that it was abandoned.

The ten years that have elapsed since the Armistice have been marked in several of the new European States by stamp issues celebrating the tenth year of their foundation. The republic of Latvia celebrated its first decade on Nov. 18, 1928, and has a set of pictorial stamps in hand showing views of the chief towns, and on the highest value the National Theatre, where the independence of Latvia was proclaimed. Austria has issued a set of four stamps bearing a portrait of the President, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Republic. The values are 10 groschen sepia, 15 gr. brown, 30 gr. grey-black, and 40 gr. indigo.

Curious English Specimen

The very successful exhibition of British and Irish stamps at the Memorial Hall concluded two months ago. Although the most notable collection of the great rarities was that of Mr. Per Gjerding, a Norwegian, the exhibition gave very satisfactory evidence that the stamps of Great Britain are appreciated by collectors at home, and that the best things are still in the land of their origin. There are good collections of English stamps in America, but none approaches the standard of the best collections here.

So intensive has been the study of our early stamps that it was not to be expected that the exhibition would produce new discoveries among the old line-engraved stamps. The only real novelty it produced was a 1d red King Edward stamp printed on the paper specially prepared for the stamps of King George watermarked with the Royal cypher "G v R". Shown by Mr. Charles Nissen, one of the judges.

This stamp is a mystery. The specimen is unused, and there is no known record of the stamp ever being printed on the Georgian paper. Yet it is not impossible that during the confusion of printing the old stamps contemporaneously with the new in 1912, a sheet of the Georgian paper may have strayed into the stock of the old paper. The Georgian stamps were at first printed on the same paper as the Edwardians, and it was not until August, 1912, that the special "G v R" paper was introduced.

On the other hand, until some evidence is adduced of such a variety having got into circulation it is impossible to accept it as other than an unissued and probably trial printing.

—In the last 40 years the astronomers of Oxford and Greenwich have photographed more than 15,000,000 stars.

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This Canada of Ours

NEW BRUNSWICK IS FOUNDED



ALONG THE LOVELY VALLEY OF THE ST. JOHN GREW UP MANY LOYALIST SETTLEMENTS, AND SOON A NEW COLONY, NEW BRUNSWICK, WAS FOUNDED. THERE ARE THE U.E.L. DESCENDANTS OF THE BENNETTS, TAYLORS, WILMOTS, CADDLEYS, ALLENS, HAZERS, BABBETTS, GREGORYS, CROCKETTS, BLISS' AND ROBERTS FAMILIES, AND MANY MORE.



THEY LEFT IN ALL KINDS OF SHIPS, SOME ONLY SMALL SAILING VESSELS, THERE WERE TOO MANY FOR HALIFAX TO HANDLE SO THEY WENT TO ANNAPOLIS... THAT TOO, BECAME OVERCROWDED... THEY CROSSED THE BAY OF FUNDY.



NEW YORK HAD BEEN HELD BY THE BRITISH SINCE 1776, AND AT THE END OF THE WAR CARLETON HAD BEEN SENT THERE TO TAKE CHARGE. HE REFUSED TO LEAVE UNTIL HE HAD PLACED UPON SHIPS ALL THE LOYALIST REFUGEES, SOME THIRTY THOUSAND, WHO HAD SOUGHT SHELTER THERE.

5c IN THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE, IN THE DISTANT PAST, WHEN YOUR FATHER'S FATHER AND MINE, HEWED OUT OF THE SILENT FOREST LAND, A HOME NEATH THE LOFTY PINE, WHEN THE DISTANCE WAS MEASURED BY DAYS AND WEEKS, AND A ROAD WAS A BLAZE ON A TREE, WAS A WELCOME SIGHT, AND FRIENDS BUT A MEMORY.

By J. S. Morrison and
Maud Morrison Stone

Our Competitions

TOPICS FOR NEXT MONTH'S LETTERS

The last letters on the topics now running will appear in the Messenger of February 1. The senior drawing competition is being discontinued. The topics for next month's letters are as follows:

- My Earliest Recollection.
- Something I Have Seen That Makes Me Wish Canada Was Dry.
- How Our Class Did Something for Our Church.

Read the rules of the letter contest to refresh your memory.

MY MOST EXCITING MOMENT

Dear Sir:—For over nine years I have been awaiting the time when I should walk without help of any sort. When I was six years of age I fell and injured my knee. I have had different treatments and operations, and this summer after being laid up twelve weeks I was told I would walk in a few weeks. This, I think was my most exciting moment.—Marion W., Ont.

MY MOST EXCITING MOMENT

I was a young lady of nine years on one of my first trips to the city of Halifax. The group with whom I was walking were intending to cross the street and visit the beautiful Public Gardens. A little bewildered by unaccustomed sights and sounds I dashed off the sidewalk myself. I heard frantic shouts from the rear, but not until I saw a fast-moving car a few yards to my right did I realize the reason for the clamor. Just as the car and I were about to collide, I slipped and fell. It passed over me with a terrific grinding of brakes. The white-faced driver crept weakly from his seat just as I crawled unharmed from under the spare tire—unharmed, because I had fallen just at the psychological moment and in the only position by which I could escape injury. The exciting moment for me came then, when I fully realized what a miraculous escape I had.—Sheila Tait, N.S.

WHEN I FELT SO RIDICULOUS

Dear Sir:—One day during our Geography lesson we were studying the Isle of Man. "I was not thinking very much but was building castles in the air."

When the teacher asked the difference between manx cats and other cats I put up my hand and said, "They have two tails, Miss Saunders." Miss Saunders and the whole class roared with laughter. I can assure you I never felt so ridiculous as I did that day.—Betty Banner, Ont.

(Other entries are printed here.)

WHEN I FELT SO RIDICULOUS

Dear Sir:—The other day I was down town with a friend. We were looking at some furs. There were several fully dressed models here and there. I noticed an exceptional one standing near the counter. Of course we went over to look at it. I touched the fur and before I knew it I was confronted by an indignant lady. My model had been a wealthy customer and when I discovered it I was so abashed that I could hardly apologize. My complexion is usually ruddy but when I fled up the street I certainly must have looked ridiculous as well as feeling that way.—Lorine Miller, Ont.

WHEN I FELT SO RIDICULOUS

Dear Sir:—Last summer I was all dressed up for our Sunday School picnic. I was all in white and very proud of my outfit. Mother had told me to call at a neighbor's place with a message and being shy I hated calling on people. I knoeked and was told to come in. The room was dark, I was nervous, and when asked to sit down, without looking I sat down hastily in the nearest chair. I felt something squash underneath me. The lady shrieked "Oh! My pies! My pies!" I had sat down in a box of fresh blueberry pies that she had baked for our picnic. That certainly was my most ridiculous moment.—Mildred Gibbon, Ont.

A DISPLAY OF MORAL COURAGE

Dear Sir:—One of the best examples of moral courage I have ever seen, happened one night at a scout meeting, when our Scoutmaster, in order to test a new recruit, told him to do something that is against the Scout Law to do. This boy for a moment was undecided. He was evidently anxious to obey the Scoutmaster and still he knew it was wrong; finally he said, "I am sorry Sir, but I cannot do it."

The Scoutmaster was very pleased and the next Scout meeting the recruit was invested into the Scouts.—Harry White, N.B.

MY MOST EXCITING MOMENT

Dear Sir:—One day, Ted, a little boy of eight years was playing on a raft in the river with some older boys. They paddled the raft out to the deep water and enjoyed diving off it. Ted could not swim so he sat on the raft watching the antics of the others till it was time to go home. Plunging once more into the water Ted thought that he had been forgotten so he dived off too.

He was out past our reach unless we swam and none of us were expert swimmers having only learned that summer. I made a dive for him but he had disappeared. Again his head came above the surface. I grabbed his arm but he fought me off with a blow on the face. He was going down again when a boy grabbed his bathing suit and dragged him to shore.

A very excited group told this story to his mother but I had had "My Most Exciting Moment."—Jean Smith, Ont.

Professor: "Have I had my afternoon nap yet, dear?"
Wife: "Certainly, dear, you just woke up."

Professor: "I thought so, but I wasn't certain whether I'd been asleep or just dreamed it."

NEW TOPICS FOR OUR PRIZE LETTER COMPETITION

My Earliest Recollection

How Our Class Did Something for Our Church

Something I have seen that makes me wish Canada was dry.

For the best three letters on any one of the above choice of subjects the publishers will award to the writers whose letters are printed each week during the competition a Messenger push-pencil. In addition to the three pencils to be awarded weekly the three best stories published during the contest will be awarded prizes as follows:

- FIRST CASH PRIZE.....\$5.00
- SECOND CASH PRIZE.....\$3.00
- THIRD CASH PRIZE.....\$2.00

Tell your friends about this competition.

READ THE RULES CAREFULLY

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

Tom Dick, Sunnydale, Sask

"My Most Exciting Moment."

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CURRENT FICTION

Too much current fiction is knocked off by men and women (especially women) whose world consists merely of ink and paper. They have never grappled with facts, never faced life in its reality. Emulation or restlessness of mind drives some of them deeper than the rest, perhaps, until they spin off artificialities that are worse than crude realism.

Now and then we get a passage in the ideal or the imaginary vein that commands our admiration, but it lapses as often as not into obscurity, and stale obscurity at that. And all the while our young people are neglecting their magnificent heritage of great romance—Scott and Dumas, Stanley Weyman and Maurice Hewlett (what a pair of artists!) for the sake of this empty, sordid stuff. Naturally, the victims ask for stiffer doses at each remove, and if that kind of thing is to be their guide in life, I am afraid our crime sheets will reflect the result.—Jeffery Farnol, in an interview reported in the Book Window.

Much the greater part of the lead produced in Canada comes from the refinery at Tadanac, British Columbia, which treats lead concentrates from the Sullivan lead-zinc mine at Kimberley. The output of this mine far exceeds that of all other Canadian lead mines put together. There is also a considerable production from numerous silver-lead and silver-lead-zinc mines in the Kootenay districts and other parts of British Columbia. The Yukon output is silver-lead ore from the Mayo district; that of Ontario is derived from galena at the Galetta mine in Carleton country; and Quebec's output is lead concentrates from the Notre-Dame-des-Anges lead-zinc mine.

The Historic Sites and Monument Board of Canada is composed of historical authorities, and one of its duties is to recommend to the Department of the Interior historic sites worthy of being marked, restored, or preserved. The board meets annually to consider the various sites brought to their notice and forwards its opinion to the Department of the Interior which makes the decision and carries out the work through the National Parks of Canada Branch.

With the exception of a very few ounces of platinum obtained from the black sands of British Columbia, all the Canadian platinum and allied metals are obtained from the treatment of the Sudbury, Ontario, nickel-copper matte. The precious metal residues are allowed to accumulate over irregular periods before being treated, so that recoveries do not bear any definite relation to the quantity of matte treated in any particular year.



(Left) Geraldine Johnson, Ont., (Centre) Milton Craig, Ont., (Right) Helen Smith, Ont.

This Canada of Ours

THE BAY OF QUINTE

By J. S. Morrison and Maud Morrison Stone



WE KNELT DOWN, WROTE ONE LOYALIST, AND THANKED GOD THAT THE FLAG OF ENGLAND FLOATED HERE. THESE WERE CRUEL TIMES FOR THOSE WHO HAD LOST THE WORD "LYNCH" COMES TO US FROM VIRGINIA WHERE A MAN NAMED LYNCH LED THE MOB IN "LYNCHING" THOSE WHO REFUSED TO BRING



ABOUT TEN THOUSAND WENT TO QUEBEC, MONTREAL AND THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BUT MANY HAD HEARD OF THE FINE FARMING LANDS FURTHER WEST. SO IN THE SPRING OF 1784 A LARGE NUMBER WERE TRANSPORTED IN BARGES AND OPEN BOATS UP THE ST. LAWRENCE TO THE BAY OF QUINTE.



AS THE HIGHLANDERS WERE CARELESS ABOUT REGISTERING THEIR CLAIMS, THESE LOYALISTS HAVE BEEN CALLED ONTARIO'S FIRST SETTLERS. THERE HAD BEEN OF OLD AN INDIAN VILLAGE HERE, AND A FRENCH MISSION. LATER, OTHERS CAME BY WAY OF THE HUDSON AND MOHAWK TRAIL.

SOME OF THE LOYALISTS CLEVERLY BUILT THEIR COVERED WAGONS WATER-TIGHT, SO BY TAKING OFF THE WHEELS THEY AND THEIR BELONGINGS FLOATED ACROSS THE RIVERS. MANY FAMOUS MEN ARE DESCENDED FROM THE BAY OF QUINTE SETTLERS. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, SIR OLIVER MOWAT, CARTWRIGHTS, KIRKPATRICKS, PHIPPS, CLUTES, RUTTANS, OLIVERS, GOULDS, WAMALSTINES, AYLESWORTHS, BENGARDS, SPRAGUES, YOUNGS, WHITNEYS, ARE BUT A FEW OF THEM.

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME MAKERS

The Last Week of the Sales

By Margaret Moore.

AN Englishwoman writing of this last week heads her article "Perilous Sale-ing." Only the strongest minded of women should visit the sales, she says. Judging by comic supplements and the joking of the man on the street only the strongest bodied women should attempt to drag bargains out from the midst of the crowd of bargain hunters. This may be so in some quarters, and I still smile when I think of the well-known author who assured me she had gone in at the front door of a New York store to get a bargain for her sister-in-law and had been carried through and out the back door without having touched her feet to the floor. The bargain was dish-towels at two cents apiece and she always delighted in adding that as she was borne by the counter she heard the floor walker's stentorian tones "Get your money ready—only one to each customer."

But that sort of thing is not what makes the sale-ing perilous. As a matter of fact the average girl or woman is not fit to go to these sales. Particularly are those unfit who have had no previous experience.

It is difficult if not almost impossible for the average woman to keep her head. The sight of a number of articles—good or indifferent—going cheap is likely to tempt her beyond the limits of her purse. More often than not she arrives home without having found what she wanted and yet having spent her money on something or things she could have done without.

The ideal way of course is to save up dress and house allowance for this time when you know there will be reductions made. Then it is wise to go to the reliable stores and find out where the articles you want are to be found, examine quality and get a good knowledge of prices. Then when the sales come you are in a position to hunt for real bargains. You will know where to look for what you want and are in a position to know if the reductions claimed are real.

THEN, too, you must have time. A hurried visit of half a day to the city stores or a rush up at lunch time such as the business girl is forced to make is seldom worth while. Bargains you are rushed into, articles you are overpersuaded into buying are not as a rule satisfactory.

The next thing is to make a definite decision not to spend more than a certain sum, or more than a certain proportion on such and such things. If you are in a position to set aside a further amount to spend on any extra thing you happen to see and want why that is another matter. But so far as the ordinary purse is concerned make your decision before you go to the sales.

Then if you are in need of a coat and it should, to give you real use, be of a certain color and quality, stick to your calmly made choice and hunt until you find it. Do not be persuaded into buying a beautiful crimson coat, exquisite and wonderful in value for the money, if what you need is a coat to wear in the morning marketing or one that will be inconspicuous enough to be worn two or three years.

Do not, if you need shoes and a suit, be led into buying an exquisite evening gown when you have already all the evening gowns you can use before they go out of style. Don't excuse yourself to yourself by saying, "Well I did not get the suit." You will need the suit and later on will be obliged to get it so that is no excuse.

Not all of us can afford to do all or even the greater part of our buying in sale time. We must, most of us, buy as the money comes to hand, but to those who can do it, sale time is a perfect boon. So many real necessities of house linen and equipment can be got at a price only made possible by the fact that large stores must make room for new goods and are forced to take small profits or none, rather than hold goods that will lose in value with time.

So in this last week of the sales do not let us lose our heads. Let us buy wisely—not indiscriminately—buy because we need the thing, not because it is cheap.

CLASSIFYING WIVES

"American wives fall into five classes," according to Mrs. Clarence G. Goodwin, of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, who proceeds to classify them as follows. Home type, 30 per cent; can-opener type, 20 per cent; drudge type, 20 per cent; baby doll type, 15 per cent, and nagging type, 15 per cent. Thus she finds that man's chances of winning an ideal wife are only one out of three. However, Mrs. Goodwin agrees that more women would be ideal homemakers if they had the "makings," that is to say, modern plumbing and labor-saving devices.



For use both in town and country—for sports wear and informal afternoon occasions—we recommend this charming and simple two-piece frock. The sweater is striped in black, white and gray—an unusually popular combination—and the skirt is fashioned of black broadcloth. A narrow patent leather belt emphasizes the low waistline and is piped in flaming red.

(No Pattern)

He Just Grins When They Tease Him

By Mrs. W. B. Bailey.

The door opened quickly and Bobby stumbled in, pulling his somewhat reluctant cousin, Jack.

"Mother! Oh, Mother!" called Bobby.

Mother, who was Mrs. Bridges, came hurriedly into the room.

"What is it, Son?" she asked—then stopped in amazement as she saw Jack with his face bloody and his left eye fast swelling shut. "What have you boys been doing? Jack, have you been fighting?"

"Yessum," he muttered, just as his father, Mrs. Bridges' brother, entered.

"What's the trouble, Jack, my lad?"

"He and Bill Fibley had a terrible fight!" explained Bobby who had kept silent as long as possible.

"What in the world were you fighting about?" inquired Mrs. Bridges.

"He just picks on me all of the time, and I won't let anyone rag me all the time," sullenly answered the youthful combatant.

"Well, Son, you certainly aren't a beauty right now, but a fellow has to stand up for himself and his own rights," commended his father.

"I'm not sure of the advisability of preaching such a philosophy to these boys, Fred," reproved his sister.

"Shucks, Sis, don't kids have to do a certain amount of fisticuffing?"

"No, I do not think it necessary," said his sister seriously as she went about the work of giving aid to her little nephew.

The two boys had just come home from the afternoon school session, and as she worked she encouraged them to tell her more fully about the trouble.

"Mother, you know Bill and the other second grade boys all like to tease the first graders—especially Jack and Densil."

"I don't know—unless it is because they both get so mad."

"It's just for meanness and 'cause they have a spite against me," complained Jack.

"They don't tease Chubby any more, but they sure did at first," Bobby went on to explain.

"Aw, he's a sissy—don't take his own part nor nothin'," grunted Jack in disgust.

"What does he do Son?"

"Well, he just stands and grins when

they try to tease him or sometimes he laughs and says, 'Go on and chase yourself!'"

"He's not brave enough to stand up for himself," broke in Jack.

"Oh, yes, he's brave Jack! Don't you remember when they were teasing little Dorothy and Tom slapped her? Chubby doubled up his fist and went right after him and made them quit. He told me that his mother said if he got mad at a little teasing he wasn't a good sport nor a gentleman," confided Bob. "Is that what you think, Mother? Is that why you don't want me to fight when I get teased?"

"Yes, Bobby, I think Chubby must have a very sensible mother, and I agree with her that a real sport and a true gentleman does not fight except on very rare occasions and when by doing so he helps others as much or more than himself."

Jack twisted around where he could see his aunt better as he joined in again.

"Don't we have to take our own part, Aunt Frances? Won't the other fellows run over us if we don't fight them?"

"Oh, they might, sometimes but not very often. This isn't the first time you have fought Bill, is it?"

Jack shook his head negatively.

"Well, does he stop teasing you?"

"No, he doesn't, and I'm going to fight him every time until he does stop it." An angry expression was again on the little fellow's face.

"Listen, Jack, do they tease Chubby any more?"

"No! Not hardly ever."

"He didn't fight them to make them quit. Bobby said he just grinned at them and refused to get angry or to pay attention to the teasing. That is what will stop them more quickly than anything you can do. They just keep on teasing you because it makes you angry and because you will fight about it."

"I declare, Sis," exclaimed her brother who had been watching and listening all this time, "I believe you are right about this! I am partly to blame for Jack's attitude, for I did not want him to be a softy but neither do I want him to be too ready to fight. Of course selfish fights over

trivial things won't do a boy any good. Jack, you and I will talk this over later. I must think back to the time when I was a little boy, first. We'll all go for a rld, now."—From a series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

CEMENT REPAIR WORK

Finely sifted Portland cement can be used to repair many breakages. Mix the quantity needed with cold water until a smooth paste is made that will run from a spoon, but not freely. This mixture will cement the handles on knives and forks, and repair lamps and candlesticks that have parted company with their bases. A small amount mixed with soft putty will mend all kinds of pottery, also close cracks in stove grates and ovens.

Comfort in Rubber Bands

NO, at the moment I'm not thinking of the rubber bands surgeons advise—although I did once make the joyful discovery that a plain web elastic girdle, would take the place of and save the expense and discomfort of a heavy leather harness affair a friend was dreading having to wear for support after a serious operation.

Just now I'm thinking of the comfort of having a good supply of different sizes of ordinary rubber bands in the kitchen. Package goods when opened, such as rice, tapioca, breakfast food, etc., have a most disconcerting way of topping over and spilling their contents over pantry shelves. It is a good bit of trouble to tie them shut with a string each time they are used, but a rubber band can be snapped on in a second, and the package is kept securely shut when in storage.

Perhaps you have a bit of fish, or other odoriferous food, that needs a cover when in the refrigerator. There may be other households like ours, where there are never half enough small covers for dishes in which food is stored. But a good-sized piece of waxed paper put over the dish, with a rubber band to hold it in place, solves the problem. It is even better than a cover, for keeping the odor from going through the ice box.

Those of us who some times have to wear a long-sleeved dress in the kitchen, know how the sleeves will work down when we are working, even through we think we have rolled them up securely. And when your hands are in something like dish water or pie-crust, and you cannot tuck them up without soiling the sleeves, is just the time they come down most frequently. They are almost as aggravating in their uncanny ability to annoy you when you are most helpless, as the fly that will sit on your nose when your hands are so occupied that they cannot brush it off. The remedy for sleeves that thus get in the way, is a rubber band. Use a very narrow band about five inches in circumference. This size is most comfortable, and exerts sufficient pressure to keep the sleeves in place. If you sell or make gifts of rhubarb or asparagus or flowers it is much more convenient to use rubber bands than string, to hold the stalks in bunches. An old inner tube cut in rings about one-fourth inch in width, makes fine, strong bands for this purpose. The children will spend a stormy afternoon cutting up such a tube into useful sized bands the whole family will find use for.

These bands are splendid for holding together a file of magazines which you want to keep for a special serial or series of articles. A couple of rubber bands will fasten your cook book open and it will not shut just as you want to refer to it.

If the children's overshoes keep coming off in muddy weather, one of these bands over the instep will hold the shoes firmly in place.

Keep a box of rubber bands in the drawer of kitchen table or cabinet, and I venture to say that you will find many more uses for them than I have outlined, and I am sure you will wonder how you ever got along without them.

Rooms That Talk

"ANNE'S come home from her honeymoon," remarked Essie, "and she's got the dearest little flat. But, do you know," she added, "I don't believe she knows one bit how to make it look home-like. Only the other day I found her absolutely clearing the wall of her sitting room of all the pictures and ornaments that her mother had arranged. She says she believes in clean rooms, and she doesn't intend to make trouble for herself by keeping a host of things that have to be dusted. It's all very well in its way," concluded Essie, "but you can't imagine how lifeless the room looked when she'd finished. One might as well live in a refrigerator."

Rooms speak to those who listen, and what they talk about is the people who make them their home. One has, somehow, an uncomfortable nervous feeling and a desire to hush the voice in the unfurnished rooms of an empty house, and perhaps the reason is that the rooms seem so dead. Their life went out of them as the vans carried away the household goods of the departing tenant, and until they can talk about a new owner they are just dumb rooms and not a living home. Pictures, china, books, do, indeed, need the housewife's duster like the more utilitarian details of furnishing, and as soon as these are added to a room they make more work. Still, it is these personal possessions that mostly have some little history of their own, and it is these that help to give the room the personality that it cannot acquire from chairs, tables, and beds coming straight from the furnisher's shop.

Naturally, a line must be drawn between the possessions that are really ornamental and those that are merely accumulated junk. The walls of the Victorian sitting room (and there are still many rooms today that preserve the tradition) were held to be just so much space for supporting family souvenirs. Such a room may indeed talk, but much of its conversation is so dull and trivial as to be very boring to the listener.

It is, of course, sometimes necessary for one reason or another, that a room should be comparatively devoid of ornamental objects. In such a case it is wise not to have plain walls, but to choose instead a paper with an attractive decorative design of birds or flowers, with pretty patterned chintz or cretonne for curtains and covers. A room so treated need not lack interest even if it has only one picture or pretty ornament, for if only the owner has put an idea into its arrangement it will still be able to express something of her personality.—Glasgow Weekly Herald.

Engagement Rings Grow Modern

IT is not the stone which brings an engagement ring up to the minute in style value, but the mounting which proclaims the period or date of the ring, according to authorities in jewelry circles.

Mountings grow ultra-modern along with the present age. The unimaginatively mounted solitaires have given place to a ring of greater elaboration.

Some new designs are planned with the idea of giving full play to a single diamond, but smaller stones are likewise set with the main gem for the sake of added brilliancy and the enhanced beauty of the ring.

The very newest of modern rings of this type is set in a square effect, but with a mounting so skilful and artistic that the cost of a large, square cut diamond is not necessarily requisite.

Modernized examples of beautiful rings contain small stones of the conventionalized cut and also an alliance of emeralds or sapphires with the long accepted engagement gem—the diamond.

Color in jewelry pervades the mode. Many clever women are having their jewels of earlier periods brought up to date by combining small stones from long-treasured, but fashion valueless pieces. These when cleverly remounted, result in jewels of striking beauty and no little interest.

Several really good stones of small size thus may be reworked into one or two places of jewelry with smart effect, if one can find a good working jeweler.

TWO OLD LADIES

(Taken from "The Optimist's Good Morning," by Florence F. Perrin.)

One old lady kept a-sighing;
Said she wasn't young,
Didn't look as sweet's she used to,
Times were all unstrung;
Troubles doubled aches, and favors
Went a-flying past,
Wrinkles stung like thorns and eye-sight
Kept a-falling fast.

One old lady kept a-saying
Life was like the spring—
Brighter blossoms always coming,
Birds around to sing;
Troubles came, and went—she let 'em,
Didn't count the throng,
Thanked the Lord most every morning
She'd been young so long!

Wax Flowers

Realistic paper flowers, skilfully made from the special crepe paper materials readily obtainable nowadays, become very life-like if paraffin is melted and the flowers dipped quickly in and out.

The flower should be shaken and the stem set in a fruit can or a milk bottle until the wax hardens, which will be in a very few minutes. Sometimes a second dipping will make them especially waxy and take away the artificial look.

One young woman found her yellow roses were especially popular. The secret she employed was dipping a few crimson roses from which the color would run a little, then dipping her yellow roses into the same paraffin. They would show a streak of reddish tint, or a decidedly pinkish cast. These flowers delighted her friends, and there was a good deal of speculation on how she achieved this particular effect.

A Beauty Tonic

AS soon as the sunshine begins to peep in, open wide your window and take the full benefit of a beauty tonic. There is really no short cut to a beautiful face and a fine figure. These are natural gifts.

But you can do a great deal in the way of having a good color, fresh, healthy skin, and an attractive face. You want lots of exercise, so get out and walk every day. If you cannot get out open your windows and work in the fresh air for a while every day. If you have a house to look after, don't forget that housework is an excellent beauty tonic. It means constant movement, running up and down using all your limbs, so there's not much chance of your putting on too much weight.

When you do your housework, such as sweeping, dusting, bed-making, you are making your blood flow to every part of your body, and a good circulation gives a fine glow in the cheeks. If you work in a cheery spirit you will have a happy expression. Bright eyes, fine complexion, and all the rest of the rare gifts are lost when the expression is dull or disagreeable.

Kneading bread is good exercise for the arms, and a day at the washing board will develop the shoulders and upper arms; while carrying trays, if you keep your head up, will help to give a good carriage.

To ease any part of the boots which press or pinch, a plan which will succeed when everything else has failed, and which is perfectly harmless to the leather is to put the boot on, and dip a piece of flannel in boiling water, wring out and lay on the boot where it presses. Repeat this until the shoe feels easy; then keep the shoe on the foot until it is dry, or you will run the risk of undoing the work.

Problems of Homemakers

RUBBER KNICKERS

Dear Madam: All the mothers I know keep their babies in rubber knickers over their diapers and they advise me to do the same. My baby is only a month old and my Mother does not think I should put them on him and her children were always healthy

This unquestionably
is the finest green tea

"SALADA"

JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Make it a rule
to add *OXO*

It's surprising what a difference OXO makes to plain, ordinary fare. OXO gives the appetising richness and savour of freshly-cooked lean beef to any dish in which it is used.

OXO is concentrated Beef at its Best—the Housewife's Great Economy.

OXO



and good-natured, but it certainly saves a lot of work. What do you advise. Young Mother.

Your mother is a wise woman. The little rubber knickers are fine in their place which is for an hour or two when you have to travel or take the baby into public places. Or when you have to bring him in to be admired by visitors of the gushing kind who insist on holding the adorable infant in spite of your protests. Otherwise the rubber knickers ought not to be used. The moisture is kept in and the result is the same as if you put a hot poultice on the child's abdomen, back and legs. When it is taken off a draught or a cool diaper may give him a bad internal chill. Many a small baby gets a bad rash as the result of wearing these things, for with no outward moisture to give warning the wet diapers are left on until the tender little body is chapped and sore. That means a cross, irritable baby and a tired, worried mother. Often, too, the tightly gathered legs of the knickers pull up on the thicker part of the baby's limbs as he is lifted and nursed. Then the tightness will cause distress and in some cases swelling. A soft pair of white, woolen, knitted pullovers will cover the diaper and help absorb the moisture and be much better for the baby.

SOFT SOAP AND WRINKLED RUGS

Dear Madam: We make a soft soap here when we are making hard soap but it is made with lye and cuts my hands. Could you by any good chance give me directions for making a soft soap used in the old country for scrubbing. It has linseed oil and soda in it but I do not know how much. I have two medium sized carpet rugs that have lost their stiffness and push together and wrinkle on the floor. Could you tell me what to do to make them stiff. H.B.

You do not give the dimensions of the rug but can make up the size in my amount. Add one pint of powdered glue to half a gallon of boiling water, stirring it over the fire until dissolved. Tack the rugs on the floor with the back of the rugs up, spreading newspapers under the edges to protect the floor. Use a brush to apply the glue solution, taking care to cover every inch of space. Cover the edges of the rug with the solution. Do not move the rug for twenty-four hours or until the sizing is dry.

The following may be the soft soap you have seen used. I have not tried it. Melt one bar of common yellow soap in two quarts of water and add a pound of soda and a pint of raw linseed oil. Stir all well, adding a little camphor or a few drops of carbolic acid and pour the liquid into tins. When cool this makes a soap jelly for scrubbing or washing.

Linoleum painted with shellac gives a brilliant polish without causing a slippery surface, and obviates the necessity of cleaning every day.

HEALTH SERVICE

of the Canadian Medical Association

Are We Healthier?

Because of the tendency to glorify the past, belittle the present and bewail the future, many persons are quite sure that we do not compare favorably with past generations in any way. Yet, we find a distinguished English scholar stating in a review of conditions in England, that "Above all, there has been an amazing transformation in the health of the people, for whom life is wider, better and longer, and death is more remote."

This conclusion is supported by a comparison of conditions in the year 1838 with those in the year 1926. In England and Wales, in 1838, the general death rate was 22 0; in 1926, 11 6. This means that in 1926, there were more than ten less deaths for every thousand of the population than there were in 1838. In other words, in this period of time, the general death rate has been cut in half. During the same period in London, the death rate of children under five years has decreased to about one-third of what it was. The result of this is that the expectancy of life at birth has been increased by over twelve years.

This represents something which is not generally appreciated, and yet it has not happened by chance. It has come about because of the interest of governments in the well-being of the people, and because during these years we have had given to us the means wherewith to control some diseases and to promote the health of the human race.

It is a fact that we today live longer, suffer less from disease and enjoy a larger measure of health than ever before. Remarkable as this progress has been, there remains much more to be done, because we are not by any means using all the power available to fight disease and promote health. More years of health will be ours if we will make the necessary effort to gain them.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

The Norwegian Lutheran Deaconess Hospital School of Nursing offers a 3 1/2 year course of High School graduates. Excellent instruction and practical experience. Apply to Principal, Ect. 26, Fourth Ave. & 46th St., Brooklyn, New York.

HOME COOKING

Ham As a Standby

By Madam.

WHEN the family tires of other meats or seems to need an extra savory meal, a ham will always serve. A fresh boiled or baked ham is a dinner fit for princes, and there are no end of delicious ways of using it cold.

One old lady said to me "If I've apples and potatoes in the cellar and a ham hung in the larder I feel safe no matter how many visitors come." No one could cure a ham or cook it better than she did.

She soaked the ham over night or longer if it was a year old, then scraped, trimmed and washed it, and put it in cold water in which she put quarter of a cup of good cider vinegar, a few cloves and pepper corns, a tablespoon of brown sugar and half a small onion. When the ham came to boiling point, the pot was set back and let simmer slowly four hours for a ten pound ham, or five hours for a fifteen pound one. When done the ham was taken out skimmed put on an enamel roasting pan, covered with a good sprinkling of brown sugar, and the fat top stuck full of cloves before it was put in the oven to brown delicately.

Raisin Sauce With Ham.—Raisin sauce is good on ham and is a little different. After you have boiled your ham, stick the fat side full of cloves and bake it in the oven till tender. Serve it in slices hot, with the raisin sauce at one side on the same plate.

Wash the raisins and soak them in a small amount of water. Simmer them in this and when done add a little ground clove and just enough flour, mixed to a smooth paste in water, to make them slightly thick.

One does not, however, need to cook a whole ham for a slice in a casserole may be covered with water to which half a clove, a scraping of onion, a few drops of vinegar and a little brown sugar have been added, and cooked slowly in the oven will prove delicious.

There are other ways of baking a slice equally savory such as the following:

Baked Ham.—Use a slice of ham about 2 in. thick, place in an open baking dish in a moderately hot oven, and baste frequently with the following: One tablespoon mustard, one tablespoon brown sugar, small pinch of cloves and a dash of pepper, add to the dry mixture ½ cup each vinegar and water. Be sure to keep enough moisture in the pan. After baking 1½ hours, remove the ham, add a little hot water to the juice in the pan so that there will be about one cup of liquid, thicken with one rounded tablespoon of flour mixed with a little cold water. Pour the gravy over the ham and serve.

Ham Baked in Milk.—Use a slice of ham about 2 in. thick, season with pepper and rub well with flour. Place in a baking dish and pour over enough milk to cover it well, add one bay leaf and bake 1½ hours. If the milk cooks away add a little more. There should be enough gravy in the dish when the ham is done. Serve with sweet potatoes and green peas.

Baked Ham With Tomatoes.—Cut ham across in a thick slice, put in a covered baking-pan, slice over it 4 small onions, pour over it a can of tomatoes, season with pepper. Add ½ cup water and bake an hour or more in a moderate oven. Make a gravy with the tomato thickening it slightly with flour.

Ham With Pineapple.—Cut some ham in slices one-fourth inch thick. Cover with boiling water and let stand for ten minutes. Drain, wipe dry, and brown in a hot frying pan or broil until brown. Drain a can of sliced pineapple and saute the slices in ham fat or butter until heated thoroughly and slightly brown. Arrange the pineapple or the ham and serve very hot.

Ham Baked au Gratin.—1 slice smoked ham 1 inch thick, ¼ cupful molasses, 1 cupful cooked rice, ¼ cup-

ful grated American cheese. Freshen the ham by soaking in cold water one hour. Drain and wipe free from water. Spread and work in the molasses on both sides of the slice. Let stand fifteen minutes. Bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes. It will be necessary to bake the meat with a small amount of water in the pan. When the meat is cooked, pile the seasoned rice lightly and evenly on the slice of ham and sprinkle over the top the grated cheese. Return to oven to melt and brown the cheese.

Scalloped Ham and Potatoes.—Cut the ham into pieces of a suitable size for serving and lay them in the bottom of a casserole. Arrange pared and sliced white potatoes over the ham, sprinkling each layer with a little salt, some pepper, and a shaking of flour. Add milk until it can be seen through the last layer of potatoes. Bake in a slow oven for an hour or longer, until the potatoes are soft, then increase the heat so that they will brown on top.

Broiled Ham.—Should be cut in thin slices; put between the wires of a broiler and cook for five minutes, turning frequently, over a clear, hot fire. Serve on a hot platter with poached eggs. Boiled ham may be sliced and broiled quickly over a clear fire.

Ham Leaf.—3 pounds of ham, chopped fine, 1 cupful of milk, 1 cupful of bread crumbs, 1 teaspoonful of salt, ¼ teaspoonful of pepper, 2 eggs, 2 cupfuls of strained tomatoes. Whole cloves. Mix meat, milk, crumbs, eggs and seasoning. Mold in a pan and bake half an hour. Pour off liquid and add the strained tomatoes. Stick whole cloves over the loaf and bake one hour longer.

Ham Soufflé.—2 cups scalded milk, 2 tablespoons butter-substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, ½ cup stale bread-crumbs, 2 cups cooked ham, finely

ground, yolks three eggs, well beaten, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, whites three eggs, beaten stiff and dry. Make sauce of first five ingredients. Add bread-crumbs. Cook two minutes. Remove from fire, add ham, yolks of eggs, and parsley, then fold in whites of eggs. Turn into a buttered dish and bake 35 minutes. This makes a delicious dish for dinner, luncheon, or supper. It utilizes left-over ham.

Ham Fondue.—1 pound chopped ham, 1 large slice bread, ½ pint milk, 1 or 2 egg yolks.

Soak the bread (may use left-over toast or very stale bread) in milk for an hour or so, add ham and beat together. Combine with beaten egg yolks and turn into a buttered mold to bake. Bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees—for thirty or forty minutes.

This is an easily made dish, good for a Sunday supper.

If you have burnt the soup, milk again will tone down the flavor, but a little curry powder disguises it very successfully.

Bread that has become too stale to eat may be dipped for a minute in water and then fried in boiling fat. Stale crusts may be baked in a tin and put through the mincer for bread-crumbs. They can also be given to baby to chew, to help him with his teething. A whole loaf can be dipped in water for two minutes, then baked in the oven, when it will be as good as new.

In making cakes or puddings any flour mixture in fact, honey may be substituted for molasses, cup for cup, but requires less soda, the amount varies from quarter to half a teaspoon according to the acidity of the honey. For sugar, honey may be substituted cup for cup, but in using it one quarter cup of the liquid in the mixture must be left out. Soda must be used as with molasses.

To keep leftover egg yolks, place them in a small cup and beat for one minute and add two tablespoons of cold water. Cover and store in the ice box and they may be used a week later with good results, or drop them in boiling water and cook hard to be used in salad dressing or served as garnish to creamed vegetable.

Add a dash or two of cinnamon to the powdered sugar in which you roll



your doughnuts, and the flavor is improved. If this spice is added to your powdered sugar cake frosting, it proves a delightful change.—Mrs. M.

Keep all your baking utensils together and save many useless steps. Have a tray or pan large enough to hold your measuring cup, sifter, set of measuring spoons, mixing spoon, spatula, egg beater and three small covered jars containing baking powder, salt and soda.

Never grease cake or cookie pans with butter, as the contents will burn. An unsalted fat or oil should be used.

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NEEDLEWORK DEPARTMENT

Buttonholes the Handy Way

BOUND buttonholes are easier to make than many people think and the same process that is used in making them may be followed in making pockets, slashes through which belts are slipped, and finishes along the structural lines of a garment. The starting place for any use of the bound buttonhole is a straight line marked on the wrong side of the material to indicate the length and position of the finished binding. For the binding, a strip of the material cut on a true bias or straight with the threads of the material is needed. This should be cut to extend an inch or more beyond either side and beyond the ends of the marked line.

The strip should be basted with the right side of the strip to the right side of the material, directly over the line of marking. On the wrong side, a rectangle is stitched around the mark as far from the line on either side as the desired width of the finished binding. The buttonhole or slash is then cut through both thicknesses of materials, almost to each end, and from these points it is cut diagonally into the four corners of the stitched rectangle. The binding strip is then turned through the hole to the wrong side of the material.

To keep the binding in position it should be basted together where the opening is to be made and pressed in that position. The amount of finishing required on the back depends upon where the buttonhole is used. Trimming the binding strip on the back to a neat size and tacking it in place, may be sufficient. If, however, the material ravel or the back may be exposed, it may be necessary to turn under the edges of the binding material and hem them to the garment.

A Victorian Teapot Holder

THERE are still hot teapot handles as there were in the days of our grandmothers sixty years ago, and you probably all would enjoy making and possessing one made by the very same pattern grandmother used.

Two skeins of fingering wool—dark and light rose make a beautiful holder, 2 stocking wires No. 10. A border of the dark is all round, throwing up the diced centre. Cast on 48 stitches with the dark wool, and knit plain knitting for 6 rows. Then knit 8, and do a row of holes thus:—*2 together, over thread (wool), knit 1. Repeat from * for 32 stitches. Knit 8 plain. Knit 1 plain row. Next row, knit 8—these 8 stitches at the end and beginning of each row must be done in the same color, forming the border. Then join the light wool, and knit 4, pull the dark along fairly tightly and knit 4. Continue alternately along the 32 stitches. Do 6 rows and then reverse the colors in the dices, and do 6 rows, then reverse again till the desired length is done, taking care always to have the wools on the wrong side, when changing the colors pull the wool tightly. This gives the fluted appearance. When long enough do 8 stitches, then a row of holes as at the beginning, then 8 stitches, all in

the dark wool. Six rows of plain knitting, cast off.

Do 2 short lengths of chain with both colors and run them through the holes top and bottom, draw the holder together and tie the chain. Finish off with small pom-poms."

SEWING ROOM HINTS

Sewing little loops of tape to the baby's stockings will prevent holes from the constant pinning of them to the diapers.

When sewing on small buttons, space them evenly by basting on strips of ruled letter paper, sewing the buttons on the lines (skipping one or two as desired,) then tearing away the paper.

Do not wind artificial silk for knitting into a ball, but over a piece of cardboard shaped like a Maltese cross, and you will not be troubled with tangles.

Before cutting the buttonholes in cloth that frays easily, mark the lines by basting carefully where the holes are to be, then stitch around them twice. This gives a good foundation to work on and saves work.

To bind or face the neck of a blouse or dress quickly and neatly, cut a double bias binding of the material (thin silk is the best for heavy material.) Place raw edges of binding to raw edge of neck and stitch. When the binding is turned you will fold to hem to the garment instead of an extra turn to be made. It will help to keep the binding true if it is basted before being cut.

—In Morocco the face of a bride is painted white and red, and her hands and feet are dyed yellow with henna.

—The London ambulance service has received over 40,000 calls at its 13 stations in the past year.

Susan Asks and Answers

Pretty Things in Gingham

Dear Susan S.—I did not make my gingham set for a gift but perhaps it might fit in the gift box just the same. I had some good-sized pieces

of extra fine pink gingham in my piece box, (which by the way I like better than a piece bag, for things don't get all wrinkled) and I made them up for my own bedroom. I made a box cushion for the low rocking chair, quilting the top. Then I cut pads for the dressing table which has high sides and is low in the centre. I did the quilting with rose-colored thread after making the pads and cushion top with wadding and an interlining. The pads I quilted with a shell all round the edges and a centre of cherries with leaves. The cushion has just a diamond quilting. Then I made a shade for the lamp of the same gingham, stretching it tightly on the wire frame and giving it a coating of clear, white shellac before sewing a narrow pleated ruche on the edge. It has made a very pretty bit of color in my room which had only green and white before. Perhaps some of the rest will find the making of a pretty set in their piece box. I mean to make some dress folders right away. I think they are a splendid idea and I think it is fine to exchange ideas like this.—Rose.

Quilted Satin Bags

Dear Susan S.—Thanks for the directions for knitted tights you gave L.E.M. I'm going to knit a pair too in these nice, long evenings and I mean to make round star mat covers for my gift box so I must tell you what I made. I had a piece of nice black satin—just enough to make two bags and a handle for one. I cut the satin in two pieces, one 12 inches wide and 20 long and the other 10 inches wide and 18 long. I backed these with two thicknesses of wadding and a piece of soft lining.

Before putting the lining on I marked the ten inch wide piece in half inch squares then I basted wadding and lining carefully to the satin. Next I quilted it with black silk, working from the inside and following the markings on the lining with five even stitches. I found I had to use a finger-stall as working from behind it was necessary to work carefully or one missed a stitch every now and then. I have always quilted from the top in doing quilts and I wondered if the other "Witness" readers liked quilting from the back.

For this bag I quilted a handle of the black satin, two inches wide when finished and fifteen inches long, sewed up the sides of the bag and lined both it and the handle with some crimson crepe de chine.

For the other bag I chose a pattern I had of a bunch of grapes and leaves for the front and three quarter inch diamonds for the back and to fill in around the pattern. I lined this bag with purple satin and put on two handles of black satin ribbon, one on each side. They really made lovely gifts and did not take nearly as long as you might think. Mine were for elderly ladies but made in soft orchid, lined with purple, and quilted with purple silk or in apricot, lined with old ivory, they would do for a bride.—Another "Witness" Lover.

These sound entrancing. I like the idea of the wide quilted handle and the apricot and ivory suggestion makes me long to begin one. I saw one black satin bag this Christmas quilted by a dear old lady for a younger woman. It had a peacock with a spread tail pattern like the one our Grandmothers loved to embroider on chair backs and I wondered if it was the very same.—S. A.

Our Pattern Service



A Dainty Frock for a Little Miss

6381. For party this model is lovely in taffeta or in crepe de chine. Chiffon and tulle are also attractive. As shown and tulle are also attractive, with pictured, taffeta was chosen, with tiny platings of the material for trimming. Printed georgette or chiffon is also suggested. The sleeveless waist is joined to the skirt, which boasts of an uneven hem line, and is gathered over the hips. The bertha may be omitted and the shoulders trimmed with ribbon bows, with long loops and ends.

The Pattern for this quaint little dress is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 2 1-8 yards of 32 inch material. To trim as illustrated will require 3 1-2 yards of plaiting. For a sash of ribbon 3 yards is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6372. Misses' Dress. Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the Dress without sleeves for an 18 year size, will require 2 7-8 yards of 39 inch material. With sleeves 3 1-4 yards is required. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2 1-4 yards. Price 15c.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

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Our Big Annual Clearance Sale—Regularly sells for 79c to \$1.00 yard. We give you 12 yards for \$3.59 and few cents postage. Three beautiful dress lengths (4 yards each) 22-36 inches wide. New pretty patterns and plains. Just think of it, 12 yards Silk Rayons for \$3.59—less than 30c a yard. And listen: Send no money. When parcel arrives pay your postman \$3.59 and postage. Biggest value we ever offered. Money back at once if not satisfied. We positively guarantee this to be a good grade Silk Rayon fabric. Just cut this ad. out, mail it with your name and address plainly written on small piece of paper. Do it now. Supply not large. And please show them to your neighbors.

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

What Made the Blue Jay Blue?

By Abigail Burton.

JEMIMA Jay sat in a gooseberry thicket, watching the goldfinches play tag in the sunlight. Her feathers were all ruffled, and she was scowling dreadfully, quite as if she had a headache. She had no headache, of course,—Jemima Jay never had a headache,—and there was nothing the matter but jealousy.

You see, Jemima Jay had always wanted to be beautiful. She admired a gay coat more than anything else. No one had ever told her that fine feathers do not make fine birds. I am afraid she would not have believed it, anyway, for she felt that she should be perfectly happy if she could dress in bright colors.

Now, you must know that in those days Jemima wore a sober costume of pale brown, without any trimmings. Against the background of a tree she hardly showed, and when she alighted on the ground, unless you looked twice, you really would not know she was there. And Jemima longed to make a sensation. She dreamed of flitting, a scarlet streak, from branch to branch, like the tanager, or of bringing the sky down to earth, like the bluebird. So Jemima Jay was not at all pleased with her appearance.

She might have been very happy if only she had been a little wiser. Her voice was naturally sweet, and all the birds love a fine singer. If she had been able to trill and to warble, no one would have noticed how she was dressed; but she would not learn that lesson of the thrushes and the song sparrows. She would not study and she would not practise, and all that the wood people knew her by was her frown.

So Jemima crouched out of sight among the wild gooseberries and frowned at the gay little goldfinches; and she ruffled her feathers, until the ruffle stuck up on her head as if it had intended to stay there always, as indeed it did. But all her ruffling and all her frowning did not change the color of her dress.

The goldfinches flitted back and forth over a tiny pool. The water caught the glint of their golden wings and, reflecting it, made the scene twice as gay. Suddenly Jemima began talking aloud and scolding. Angry as she was, her voice was sweet, and the goldfinches stopped their play to listen. But the minute they came near enough to hear what Jemima was saying, they were so shocked that they flew away in a hurry; for her words matched her scowl.

Jemima scrambled out of the thicket, scolding worse than ever. She went so fast that she was within an inch of plunging headfirst into the pool. The water was a wonderful deep blue, for, you see, it was full of sky. And there were flocks of white in it caught from the clouds. A moment before it had been shot with gold from the goldfinches. If the pool could change its own color like that, thought Jemima, why could it not change hers?

The next minute Jemima Jay was wading into the water. It was very cold. She could almost feel herself turning blue! She closed her eyes and holding back her head went in deeper, until only her bill was above the water. And there she stayed, until she was so stiff that she knew she must go out at once, if she were going at all. Besides, she felt blue.

And she was! Her feathers had turned the color of the sky, and were flecked with white, as the sky is sometimes flecked with white clouds. And the ruffle on her head made a fine crest. Only her bill had not turned blue, because she had kept it out of the water, nor her feet, because they had been sunk in the mud.

But do you think Jemima Jay was satisfied? Not at all! Why had she not stepped into the pool when it was shining with the goldfinches? It would have been much grander, she thought, to have dashes of gold over her dress. More than that, she had

caught a terrible cold. When she tried to speak, she found that her lovely voice was gone, and the only noise she could make was a harsh scream. The other birds would have admired her, no doubt, had not her harsh tones frightened them away. She was frightened herself—so badly that every time she spoke she jumped nearly out of her newly dyed feathers!

Now, Jemima Jay never got over the cold she caught in the pool, and she was not any happier in her beautiful blue coat than she had been in her sober costume of plain brown for it is no fun to be afraid of your own voice.—"The Youth's Companion."

Tip and Cindy

Tip is our staid family dog, and Cindy a frolicsome little kitten, just the color of ashes, so we named her Cinders, that pretty soon grew into Cindy. When she was left with us, a poor, little, forlorn baby-kitten, she mourned piteously for old mother cat, but seeing Tip, she crept right in between his forepaws, and snuggled close up to him. He received this touching proof of confidence with astonishment, but was too dignified to express much; still we saw he rather liked it, and far from hurting Cindy, would gaze upon her in the most benevolent manner.

They ate off the same dish, and slept on the same cushion. When Tip went out for a walk, Cindy was restless, and she would scamper to the door when she heard his well-known bark for admission, and then when we let him in, would give him a most loving pat on the cheek with her soft little paw.

One cold winter's evening, when the wind roared around the old house, and drove the hail against the windows, we all sat around our warm grate fire telling stories, when the front door-bell rang.

"John," said grandpa, "go see who is there; we must not keep any one out such a night as this."

John took the light and went into the hall. Cindy sprang toward him, mewing piteously, and rubbing against his leg.

He heard Tip's well-known bark outside; the stormy wind had prevented his hearing it before. You must know, the door-bell hung down about a foot from the floor. He opened the door, and Tip bounded in with a joyful whine. Cindy greeted him with a loving pat, and they were soon in front of the fire.

Little Cindy, hearing poor old Tip outside, and associating the ring of the bell with some one's coming to the door, had bounded up and hit the bell with her paw, the ringing of which bringing John to the door, her favorite was let in.

Meadow Mice

By Margaret W. Leighton

THE snow lies thick on the ground, and now for a time the little meadow mice may enjoy themselves. They can gnaw at the roots of your fruit trees to their hearts' content, and you will know nothing about it till spring, when they will be far away. They can scamper through their dim snow subways without a thought of cruel claws ready to seize and bear them away. In the autumn, when the grain is ripe, the mice live high; but they must be on the watch day and night for foxes, weasels, owls, and cats. After the harvest is over and the little gray gleaners go to work, up come the marsh hawks, flying low over the stubble and every little while pouncing on one of the mice.

Even in winter the poor little fellows have their troubles. They are clever weavers, and their round grass nests are so deftly made that they are waterproof—and, indeed, they need to

be. When early spring thaws come all the lowlands are covered with icy water and slush. The baby mice would be drowned if their nests were not water-tight. Many a time are the meadow mice obliged to move hastily and carry their babies to higher ground to save their lives.

They do not lay up large stores of food in autumn. Their appetites are good, and a few weed and grass seeds, a nibble or two of some root, or a benumbed grasshopper or cricket, which they come across while opening a new runway, furnish them with a good meal.

'Tis fortunate for the farmers that the hawks and owls, the foxes and weasels love the field mice so well. If they did not hunt them vigilantly the little rodents would increase so fast there would soon be no fruit or grain to harvest.

THE VOYAGE IN THE ARMCHAIR

Oh! dad, dear dad! we've had such a fine game,

We played at a sail on the sea;
The old arm-chair made a beautiful ship,

And it sailed—oh, as nice as could be.

We made Mary the captain, and Bob was the boy

Who cried, "Ease her," "Back her," and "Slow."

And Jane was the steersman who stands at the wheel,

And I watched the engines below.

We had for a passenger grandmamma's cat,

And as Tom couldn't pay he went free;

From the fireside we started at past two o'clock,

And we got to the side-board at three.

But oh! only think, dear dad, when only half-way

Tom overboard jumped to the floor;
And though we cried out, "Tom, come back, don't be drowned,"

He galloped right out at the door.

But daddy, just listen one moment more,

Till I tell you the end of our sail;

From the side-board we went at five minutes past three,

And at four o'clock saw such a whale!

The whale was the sofa, and it, you must know

Is at least twice as large as our ship;

Our captain called out, "Turn the ship round about;

Oh, I wish we had not come this trip!"

And we all cried, "Oh, yes, let us get away home,

And hide in some corner quite snug;"

So we sailed for the fireside as quick as we could,

And we landed all safe on the rug.

—Phrenological Journal.

Something to Play

Animal Blind Man's Buff.

ONE player is blindfolded and stands in the centre of a circle with a wand, stick, or cane in his hand. The other players dance around him in a circle until he taps three times on the floor with his cane, when they must stand still. The blind man thereupon points his cane at some player who must take the opposite end of the cane in his hand. The blind man then commands him to make a noise like some animal, such as a cat, dog, cow, sheep, lion, donkey, duck, parrot. From this noise the blind man tries to guess the name of the player. If the guess be correct they change places. If wrong, the game is repeated with the same blind man.

The players should try to disguise their natural tones as much as possible when imitating the animals, and much sport may be had through the imitation. Players may also disguise their height, to deceive the blind man, by bending their knees to seem shorter or rising on toes to seem taller.

Where there are thirty or more players, two blind men should be placed in the centre.

Something to Do

Match Magic

Place twenty-one burned matches or toothpicks on the table and tell a friend that if he takes from the heap either one, two or three matches, you will do likewise. You will then continue taking alternately one, two, or three until no matches are left on the table. The player taking the last match loses the game.

The second man can always win by playing as follows: Watch the number taken by the first player, and take from the heap the difference between that number and four.

For instance, if he takes three you should take one. If he takes two, you should take two. If he takes one you should take three. The second player, by making the number taken amount to four, is bound to win, because after five "takes" of four there will be only one match left, which the first player must, of course, take.

If after a few defeats your chum insists that you play first, do so, and silently keep count of the number of matches taken from the heap. For instance, you, the first player, take one. Your friend takes, say, two. Now you take one, so that four have been taken altogether. Now, no matter what your friend takes, watch that the total taken is divisible by four. So, playing first or second, you will always win unless your friend discovers your method.

START NOW CHILDREN

Here's Lina Venable's awful threat of what you're eventually going to look like if you don't start right in now to make the kind of face you want:

"You owe it to your family
You owe it to the town;
No one should be compelled to see
Your face have on a frown.
And then when you grow older
Your friends look at your face
And see in your character
And read your growth in grace.
God gives to children faces
It is a joy to see;
But you'll have one you made yourself
When you are fifty-three.
As sure as eyes are windows
Through which the soul looks out
Your face will tell to strangers
What you have been about."

Puzzle Corner

Winter Ailments

Sort out these mixed up letters into the names of troubles you must be careful not to bring home this winter.

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| 1. Chrisbont | 8. Psmum |
| 2. Repidhalth | 9. Hownopig Hugoc |
| 3. Dlosc | 10. Recalst Erevf |
| 4. Al Frigep | 11. Mlaxlpxo |
| 5. Oninpeuma | 12. Locd Reso |
| 6. Lissotillin | 13. Padehpc Dansh |
| 7. Hiniballe | 14. Kechhncoxp |

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Riddle:—A watch.

Diamond:—
T
ARE
TREES
EEL
S

FREE

The BEAUTIFUL LADIES WRIST WATCH, latest style, imported direct from Switzerland. GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling only 20 bottles high class perfume, at special bargain prices. Also Gent's wrist watch and other handsome premiums.

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THE LOST DOWRY

By LILY DOUGALL

"... Even a professional novel reader is unable to forget."— *London Spectator*.

(Copyright)

Synopsis

Following a railway accident in which his father was killed and he permanently crippled Alexis Ferguson is adopted by his father's brother whom he has never seen. The portion of a conversation which he overhears between Mrs. Prince, his uncle's housekeeper, and his grandmother, a person he dislikes, builds up a chain of connected fears as to his future. On arriving at his uncle's home he slips out of the conveyance and into the house unseen, thinking that he was lost in a helpless condition on the road. A search is made. His uncle discovers him, but the boy does not know him and tells him much of his fears. They develop into close friends and Alexis calls his uncle, Helios, because, unlike the boy and the lad's father he was fair-haired. One night in January years after his arrival the bell rings and Alexis answers it. To his astonishment he sees two ladies in white, who ask if there is a Mrs. Ferguson. Unused to seeing such people and much embarrassed the young man replies in the negative, meaning that there is no Mrs. Ferguson there. He has never seen his uncle's wife and his uncle does not know where she is. He invites them in out of the cold but they shrink back and are lost in the night while Alexis is calling his uncle. The latter cannot believe the story and it is plain that there had been no carriage with the ladies. They search the grounds in vain for a trace of the visitors.

(Now read on)

CHAPTER V.

Fortune or Misfortune?

WHEN Helios was very young, in fact, as soon as he came of age—he had bought Lone End, the place in which we lived. I always think that this action of his showed a great deal of character; but in accordance with that delightful inconsistency which fact, as contrasted with fiction, is apt to suggest, I have never been able to see that the act was at all characteristic. He was a nice man, fond of the fun afforded by the daily trifles of life; unlikely, so far as could have been predicted, to choose the lot of a recluse.

He had been told by the doctors that his lungs were weak. Being a genius, he believed in the healing properties of sun and sea and air before science had drawn aside the thick curtains that used to shelter every invalid. Then it was that he came down to this village and made friends with the fishermen. He wrote a small book about fishermen which obtained fame. On his majority, in that debonair way in which youth constantly does something which molds the whole after-life, he bought the only house near the fishing village.

There had been, of course, the usual local agent at his elbow to assure him that he could at any time sell the place for double what he was giving for it. Naturally enough, this enhanced value was never actualized; and although he worked on in the literary trade with fair success and established his health, he had never been able to sell the house upon terms that he could easily afford. He once called it "the old man of the sea," for it clung to him in spite of his earlier efforts to get free. Now he had become greatly attached to it; at the time of my story, the greatest trial that could have happened, I think, to him or to me would have been to lose it.

I will tell first of what little I knew as a boy of my uncle's marriage, which I could not avoid hearing about from the neighbors, rich and poor.

The land round our little freehold all belonged to the estate of North Hay, owned by people of the name of Girdlestone. They were a family of some renown, and in time past of great wealth. They had, in successive generations fought in France under Queen Mary in England with Comwell, in Spain with Lord Wellesley. Sometimes they went in for diplomacy; the richest of them had been ambassador at the Spanish Court. The family had arisen in the days of Henry VIII, and it might be said to have set just before Helios came to Lone End, when the old squire, Ralph Girdlestone, being in dire poverty, went to America to superintend the working of a gold mine. He took with him a wife and son and daughter; and when the younger Ralph Girdlestone came of age he obtained his father in breaking the entail which

bound most of his property.

The mine collapsed, and the father died. The younger Ralph came home to claim the property, but discovered that his father had left a will with the family solicitors in the market town, and that will divided the property equally between himself and his sister.

While the women remained in America the lawyers raised a difficulty about the title-deeds, and the young squire, whom nobody liked, only succeeded in raising a second mortgage upon a couple of farms. With this money he speculated, it would seem successfully, went to London, owned some race-horses, and was recognized for one season by such of our county families as had houses in town. He then ran away from his debts, disappearing in a small dust-cloud of disgrace.

The neighborhood did not suffer as long as a good tenant, General Oldham, remained at North Hay. The general had plenty of money, and plenty of daughters, and plenty of servants. To all intents and purposes he benefited the neighborhood more than the most steady-going of the Girdlestons had ever done, although all the tradespeople, the fisherfolk and the clergy, within a twenty-mile radius always shook their heads and said it was a great pity. "The family" kept away. During this time a tradition arose concerning the Girdlestons to the effect that they, both men and women, had exceeded other men and women in personal beauty, and also in courage and a certain extraordinary ingenuity of resource on critical occasions when necessity evoked those powers. Their personal beauty had come into the family with a Spanish bride, who had also a dowry of a more material sort which she had not bequeathed to her descendants.

Personally, at the time this story begins I never believed a word that was said in favor of the Girdlestone family, except as to their good looks, which seemed indubitable. On account of my uncle's "misfortune" I hated them, root and branch, all that might now exist, and all who lay quietly in the north transept of the church—I was convinced that they had all been wicked as beautiful. My uncle's marriage, as regards his part in it, came about in a way perfectly natural to his generous character, and, as regards the Girdlestons, consistent only, I felt assured, with great wickedness, although what sort of evil I had not been able to decide.

The Oldhams had lived at North Hay a year or two after my uncle's purchase of Lone End. Then, when his last daughter was married, the good general very considerably died; by this means his large fortune was divided to the great benefit of his sons-in-law and their families. His many servants were dismissed, his horses and dogs led away, and such furniture as he had added to the ancestral furniture of the Girdlestons was sold. The senior of the firm of solicitors who had always represented the Girdlestons locked up the house with its worn heirlooms, and only a colony of rooks was left on guard. The garden became overgrown! a desolate appearance soon fell upon all that had been most cheerful. Something more fortunate still for the neighborhood occurred, for a ghost, or ghosts, which seemed to be looking out for a suitable abode, very quickly entered as unprofitable tenants.

Had the time been a century earlier, or the folk of our neighborhood more given to pleasures of the imagination, the mere loneliness of the house would probably have accounted for the tale; but as it was, it seemed more probable that someone, for some reason, did at times make furtive visits to the old place. Helios and I believed the visitors to be human, but the rector's wife always spoke of the author of lights or foot-tracks at North Hay as the "visitant," which, we gathered, she took for the feminine of "ghost."

It was at least known certainly with regard to this desolate epoch of North Hay history that Mr. Carp, the senior of the solicitors before referred to, drove one day to look over the house for some business purpose, and was seen by the man who drove him and the clerk, who had come to copy an inventory, to come precipitately out of the house again and lock the door behind him with a pallid countenance, and they said he made a very poor excuse for not accomplishing his errand that day. This story seemed well authenticated, and was, as Helios said, to those who knew the three men concerned, as convincing a ghost story as any he had ever heard.

Upon this foundation there grew up a variety of tales more or less interesting, of lights seen in the windows by belated travellers, and sounds heard by those whose business or pleasure caused them to pass the place. Helios and I had a method by which we tested these stories; he invented it, and I have seldom found it to fail. If the story, however circumstantial and however well-attested, was such as anyone would be likely to imagine or delight to repeat, it might be set aside as untrue; but if it had in it something quite unexpected, absurd or unromantic, that the ordinary story-teller left out or slurred over, you had then something worthy of investigation, and that would probably turn out to have a foundation of fact.

The haunting of North Hay lasted about three years after the Oldhams left it. The house was then occupied for two years. After that, when it was again shut up, the ghost, whoever or whatever it was, appeared to return, and persisted in irregular manifestations up to, and for some time after, the time my story begins. It was that two years temporary occupation that brought my uncle his "misfortune."

The temporary occupier was no other than Theresa Girdlestone, who came from America after her mother's death, and hired three respectable servants, and lived, as she certainly had a right to do, in the old family home. She was not young; she looked, perhaps, older than she was; the village folk, whose daughters always married early, spoke of her quite freely as an "old maid." She was credited with a character in accordance with the tradition of the Girdlestone women; but, as a fact, she had a shy, almost frightened manner, although very handsome.

Her Western life made her seem quite a foreigner. Those who called at North Hay cherished an unsatisfactory feeling about their social dealings with her, a feeling which they described in such different ways, and attributed to such different faults of character, that there was little to be got out of their stories. Of her servants, two went to London after she left, and the third always steadfastly insisted that Miss Girdlestone had lived for those two years in the most steady manner, keeping that wing of the house which she inhabited, and one small south garden, in good trim; that she was economical and scrupulous about paying her bills—which was, indeed, very unlike her brother—plain in her dress, kind in her intercourse with the poor, but unwilling to visit her neighbors, and very unhappy.

No one doubted her unhappiness, for her brother's character and the fallen fortunes of the family gave her good reason for melancholy. There seemed but one way, indeed, by which she could escape from sharing her brother's social disgrace, from the narrowness of her income, and from the gloom attaching to the old home; the way of escape, of course, was marriage.

At that time "young Squire," as he was still called, was lost. When he disappeared he was in debt for more than the value of his share of the estate; but the sale, which had been

put off while his mother and sister remained in America, was still deferred pending his return.

It was not at all surprising that, in such a case, Miss Girdlestone should want above all things a protector and champion, want a surer social position and a happier home than the decaying house. It was assumed that she wanted a husband, and that, with the marked ability of her family, she fixed her choice upon my uncle. I believe I was told that she made his acquaintance designedly, and laid all her misfortunes and unhappiness before him so constantly, so artfully, and with such an appearance of disinterested modesty, that he offered to marry her. At any rate, he did marry her; and then what the neighbors called his "misfortune" had occurred.

A strange man from London entered the village on the day of the wedding, just when the ceremony was over, and finding the church empty, went on to the rectory, where the rector and his wife had very kindly given the bride her wedding breakfast. This strange man was closeted with my uncle and his bride for about an hour; after that he took the bride back to London with him. He was a well-to-do solicitor—a Mr. Newberry—of very benevolent appearance; and whatever the cause of Mrs. Ferguson's departure, the rector, as far as he understood, approved it, for he drove the unhappy lady and the stranger some fifteen miles to another railway station, so that it was some days before the neighbors, from whom I had gathered this much of the story, knew when she had gone. Where she had gone and why, they did not know, and at this time neither did I.

All that I knew more than this was that Mr. Newberry continued to be a friend of ours.

CHAPTER VI.

Lone End and the Neighbors

LONE End was in a corner between the outflow of a tidal river and the open coast. Close by, to south of us, lay the sea—nothing between us and it but the sand flowers and grasses. To the east was the river, which brimmed to the old sea-dykes twice a day, and as often bared its glistening mud-banks to the air. High forests to the west caught and kept much of our rainfall. Our sun was apt to rise and set in all the glory of those vapors which the mingling of fresh water and salt throws skyward. Winter and summer, spring and autumn, there were many days when the angels, who, I suppose, have charge of such things, painted for us fair pictures of sky and water in indigo and dove color, and long horizontal fires behind glowed or leaped with all the colors that flame can take. The big ships and the little ships, the fishing boats and the black wingless things that travelled with long tresses of smoky hair behind them, all appeared in the sunrise and passed through the day, and in the evening disappeared again in dimness, when the sun went down behind the roofs of our fishing village and the blue moors and the straggling headlands of the western coast.

Our sand-dunes ended at the river-side with an old brickyard, where the bricks in which we lived had been made by an eccentric gentleman a century before; but the yard, as far as we knew, had produced no others. Its mossy sheds, now decayed, lay by flower-grown clay-pits.

It is a delightful characteristic of rural England that in every remote recess of the coast there is always a good admixture of the foreign and romantic element. Our nearest neighbor was a farmer who lived in the old North Hay Dairy Farm on the river, and was a woman. She was ill-tempered, but an excellent farmer and dairy-woman. She had married a shipwrecked Portuguese sailor, who naturally became meek, and took to sitting in the ale-house when on land, but whether he was a good sailor or not I do not know.

Next in proximity was the ghost that lived in the great empty halls of North Hay, and who had such various descriptions that they were as good as none, for, as philosophy remarks, there must be something that a thing is not if it is to be defined at all.

Next come Captain and Mrs. Barker, legally and mentally a unit, but his half was chiefly idle, and her half constantly concerned in an active way with the young Barkers, whose name,

for aught I ever knew to the contrary, might have been legion.

Then came the village, consisting chiefly of a little fleet of some fifteen fishing boats, with cottages and fishermen and wives and children to match. It included also a retired sea-captain, who lived in the largest house that stood on the village street, and had a German wife, a stout and clever lady who patiently taught me German in all the years of my teens.

Just beyond the village came two comfortable houses with large and amply decorated grounds, occupied by the families of retired tradesmen from our market town. Looked at with candid eyes and from a distance, they appeared to be most delightful homes of delightful people. I am obliged to class these houses as our neighbors rather than their inmates, for their inmates never had anything to do with us. I always felt a lump in my throat when I thought of these houses because they seemed to have all the things in them that one reads about in stories—nice girls, brothers that came home from school, godmothers, Christmas parties, mothers and fathers and babies, funerals and weddings, and all such things as make life a delightful pageant when people go through it in large groups, dancing or mourning, but always holding hard by each other's hands.

In the centre of all stood the rectory. The rector was always running about the village, and holding services and preaching. He was so good that he lived up to his ideals, and so lacking in goodness that his ideals were such as he could live up to. The climax of importance in the neighborhood was the rector's wife, who had never spoken civilly to my uncle since he formed a habit of occasional attendance on Sunday evenings at a little chapel in a further village, and who never looked at me without the gaze of commiseration and the admonishing word. The lady always wore a bonnet with a high feather which was, indeed, the very type and summary of her attitude towards all mankind. In her estimation she represented the Church, and the Church, in her mind, was a thing of social distinction. I doubt very much whether the Pope of Rome himself lays, in his heart, so proud a claim to be the mouthpiece of Divinity as did our rector's wife; and it was obvious that she conceived of the Infinite as being something very fashionable and aristocratic.

On the opposite bank of our river, in full view, lay a strip of poor farm land, which had been bought soon after my advent at Lone End by a colony of French nuns, said to belong to an agricultural order which could no longer make a living in France. At all times of the day, and in all weathers, we could see these women doing men's work in the fields. There were six or eight of them, and a varying number of novices.

The rector's wife, who had the first news of their purchase of this barren bit of English soil, regarded it as an important move in a diabolical scheme for the perversion of the English race. She wished us all to see in them the craft, the cleverness and the cruelty of the most accomplished villains among the sixteenth century Jesuits. Indeed, such was the theological disturbance of our little world, produced by the waving of the feather, that the nuns made an appeal to my uncle as a magistrate, because they found it hard to induce the shopkeepers to sell them what they needed.

It may be as well to explain here what our relations were to the French nuns, who for four years had occupied the opposite bank of our river.

We knew nothing of their arrival in the district until one stormy winter day we noticed what looked like a series of black balloons with similar smaller balloon things on top of them. The nuns wore round black hoods, into which all the cloth of an ordinary nun's veil seemed to be gathered, and round black cloaks, which were like their grandmothers' dress skirts tied into a neck-band. The result, when they faced our winds, was in the same shape and proportion as a cottage loaf. That day the wind was driving a mist before it, and I remember well, when the black, hobbly things continued to come up the drive, it was some time before we could at all make out what was coming. At length there were found to be three women inside them.

They were apparently of the laboring class—as far as we from

first to last could make out, rather stupid women, too anxious to make a bare living and perform the duties imposed upon them by the rules of their Order to think of anything else. They were accustomed to field work, and, having lived on the sea before, to the management of a boat. To the land which had been bought for them belonged a boat; they could not afford horses; and consequently it was much easier for them to come across the river at certain times of the tide and deal at the shops in our village, than go further inland on their own side of the river. They had been unable to overcome the surliness of our villagers, and after my uncle had made peace for them they were always as friendly with us as they had time or spirits to be with anyone. They came over the river about twice a week, at whatever time the tide made the crossing easiest; and Helios allowed them in rough weather to tether their boat at our landing stage near the brickyard.

The nunnery added somewhat to our liveliness by the occasional summer "pensionnaires" they had from abroad. The first summer they had two very agreeable French governesses, who were supposed to teach me French conversation, but who, not being able to cope with my conversational agility were in reality well instructed by me in the English language. They were so delighted with the proficiency they acquired and the liberal fee which Helios gave them for the reception of this benefit, that every summer after that the French sisters sent every foreign boarder they received over to ask if they might not teach the young gentleman whatever language they happened to speak. Helios, however, was not so well pleased with the results of the first conversation lessons; and when elderly females arrived, offering to teach me Aramaic or modern Greek or Russian, they were not indulged with that benefit that I could so easily have conferred upon them.

One morning, only a few weeks before my vision of the maidens, the last application of this sort had come to us. A handsome little Spanish woman called one morning. We were both charmed with her; there was a crispness about her ribbons and muslins, a healthy brown about her wrinkles which betrayed her age, a brightness of eye, a gloss on her silver hair, which were exceedingly attractive. She was a short woman, and had in consequence that extreme dignity of carriage which gentlewomen of the last generation who felt themselves at a disadvantage as to height frequently acquired.

This delightful foreigner said so many interesting and agreeable things before she disclosed the object of her visit that we were both taken by surprise when we found that she was staying with the nuns, and was anxious to instruct me in the Spanish language.

I suddenly conceived a desire to ac-

quire that language. I explained to Helios that it had always been my fondest ambition to travel in Spain.

The little lady sat looking from one to the other of us, like an elegant little hen-bird listening with critical ear to the songs of her admirers.

Helios had the baseness to tell her, in his best French—she had only spoken French—what the result of my last foreign lessons had been; at which she laughed very much, and made herself so agreeable, and showed herself so interested in what she called our "curious foreign ways," that I remember Helios showed her over the house and garden before the interview terminated.

CHAPTER VII.

The Pearl in the Flower-Pot.

ON the morning after the mysterious visit of the maidens I was up early, to the riverside to see that no boat had lately crossed from the convent, on to the hill where I could see the Dairy Farm, and then off to the village, where I visited the fishermen, my German teacher and the Barkers. But I could find no trace, or any hearsay evidence, to corroborate my story. I was careful not to tell that story in asking questions, because it would only have augmented the ghost stories that were afloat about North Hay, without exciting in our neighbors any belief in the actual event.

It will be easily understood that my vision of lady visitors took hold of my fancy to the eclipse of those more permanent interests—the varieties and vagaries of our neighborhood, which, till that night, had amused me very well; but when two nights had passed, I was able to speak to Helios about it without any disturbance of my pulses.

"You know, my liege," I said in an instructive tone, "you are more disturbed with regard to what you think my hallucination than you will admit. You are afraid I am becoming subject to tricks of fancy. You pretend that you take little interest in the affair because you think that best for me; but in reality you are thinking of consulting Mr. Quack."

We called our doctor "Mr. Quack," chiefly because Mrs. Prince had such an unbounded respect for his wisdom.

Helios was writing, as he nearly always was, and appeared to pay no attention.

I put my crutch in the middle of an open space on the floor, and swung myself completely round on it. I had taken years to teach myself this feat; I considered the exercise wholesome, and the agility of the pirouette motion beyond praise; but Helios was convinced that the centrifugal force would at some time prove too strong for my arm, to the detriment of me and the furniture. This, which I considered my prize trick, had become a means of commanding his attention when all else failed.

"If you do that again—" "I will do it again," I rejoined. "I

will do it again ten times, if you don't talk to me. How would you like it if you had seen the sea-serpent, and I always occupied myself with something else whenever you mentioned it, conveying the suggestion obviously that the theme was not appropriate to good sense or good morals?"

"You become more consequential every day," he cried. "Really! I should have no objection to all the nice girls in the world dancing round the house in evening dress, if they could only bring you down from your egotistical complexities and simplify you."

"But," said I, "I want you to realize that you can't simplify me merely by pretending that you think my vision of the other night unimportant. Admit in a rational manner that it is important, and then I won't tease you any more about it today."

"Important to whom? and compared with what?" he asked. He raised his eyebrows, and called me "Alice," as he always did when I grew romantic.

"Important to them, and important to us," I said; "and that to a greater degree than any incident of our everyday life."

Again he raised his eyebrows. "Dinners? Teas? Writing of books—I refuse to allow these to sink into relative unimportance, and you must advance proof before I can allow that epithet to be applied to the incident at all."

"Easy proof!" I cried. "If there were two highborn maidens astray in the darkness, and seeking some hoped-for shelter at our door, you must grant them equal importance with shipwrecked sailors, or beggars fainting by the wayside; and I have known you bestir yourself for days for such people. If you believe the story I told you, you must bestir yourself on behalf of beauty in distress; or, on the other hand, if you do not believe, you must either regard me as in a bad way, mentally or physically—which again is important—or else you must think that I have taken to acting a part and telling lies, which I also wish humbly to point out would be important. Q.E.D."

I felt that I had him, and was prepared to be magnanimous.

"I don't think any of those things," he said. "I think that two persons did come to the door, that some freak of light and shade, in combination with your lively imagination, made them appear to you extraordinary, when, in fact, they may have been ordinary. I think you are increasing to yourself the marvel by allowing your fancy to dwell upon it."

"Very well!" I said; "very well! Now I know how far you really respect me and my powers of discrimination. Yes, I see you still look upon me as a child. Well, sir, what do you think of this?" I put my hand in my pocket and drew from it the only result of a day and a half's search. I held out the result in my palm, and Helios leaned over and peered at it. "Found it at your own door, sir, in the plaster vase where geraniums grow, hidden under the leaves that fell that night. I only found it by accident, putting the pot to rights as I came in just now."

Helios took the thing out of my hand and held it to the light between his thumb and finger. It was a thing which jewellers might call a pendant, but how different from the common idea conjured up by that name! It was one large pearl set in tiny lacework of gold filagree. It hung on the slenderest of chains, hardly thicker than a golden horse-hair, only long enough to have encircled a slender neck, and broken.

"You desired proof, sir?" I went on, in fine irony. "I am a novice in such things. I have not mixed with the world—I have never had the pleasure of gentlewomen's society, still less have I had occasion to turn my mind to the baubles that women wear—but if I have any judgment, I think I know that this is no gew-gaw, or the ornament of a vulgar person."

"Don't be ridiculous, Alice," said my uncle. "This is getting serious."

"Alexis," I corrected.

"Alice" he insisted.

He looked so angry at the pearl and its delicate setting that I did not contradict him again.

"It is certainly genuine," he said, "and discolored. I do not think this workmanship is of the last hundred years. It is exceedingly annoying that it should have dropped in our grounds. We must send a notice to the county inspector."



"Very well!" I said; "very well! Now how far you really respect me and my powers of discrimination."

"Sanitary?" I asked.
 "Police," said he. "The police could advertise it without saying where it was found."
 "As you will call me Alice," said I, "you could not blame me if I burst into a flood of tears at the very thought of dealing so barbarously with so delicate a romance."
 "I don't see what else there is to do."
 "But, my liege, you must give weight now to my opinion, since my judgment is confirmed so far. I tell you that I am sure these girls were in trouble, and had come to this door, not by any mistake, but under the impression, for some reason, that the house had a mistress from whom they could seek protection. Further, I beg you to realize that they could not have gone far away that night—not further than they could walk—for they had no conveyance. It seems to me our duty to search the whole neighborhood to make sure there are no unfortunate ladies to whom we might be of service."

After a pause I added:
 "I see that you do not take kindly to my view. Then tell me why, instead of being interested and compassionate at the thought of beauty in distress, you are so anxious to wash your hands of the whole affair?"

"It must be evident, even to one of your tender years—" Helios began.
 "Go on," I cried. "I pass by the insult."

"—That any woman good-looking and worthy of respect could have no difficulty in obtaining whatever help she needed in a civilized country, especially with such jewels as this to pay her way. Shipwrecked sailors and dying beggars sometimes require service at our hands that no one else is disposed to render them."

While I tried to conceive of circumstances to suit my case, he went on:
 "I do not know much about precious stones, but I once handled a pearl not unlike this, which was sold for fifty guineas."

"Not unlike that?" I asked tentatively.

"All pearls are much alike to me," he said; "I am not a connoisseur."

I burst out:
 "Why should they come here? It is a long way from anywhere, and they knew our name. Perhaps it was wicked of me to say there was no lady here when Mrs. Prince might have induced them to come in."

"There is no one at all resembling your two young women who could possibly have any claim upon us. The only woman," added Helios, "who might claim my protection, if she were in distress, would be the woman I married. She is not young; she is very ill, and not in this part of the country. She certainly would not have asked the question your fine ladies asked."

He had never told me as much as this about his wife before, and as he now spoke quite calmly and in a matter-of-fact way, I was emboldened to say wistfully:

"You said you did not know whether she was alive or not."

"I never said that," he asserted. "I could not have said that."

"But you did," I persisted gently. "You said it two nights ago."

He looked puzzled.
 "Indeed, my liege," said I, "you certainly said you did not know whether you had a wife or not."

"When shall I ever teach you precision of language?" he returned.



How

SUN LIFE Policy Holders share SUN LIFE PROSPERITY



IN 1926, Agent Roberts of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada assured his friend Bates for \$10,000.

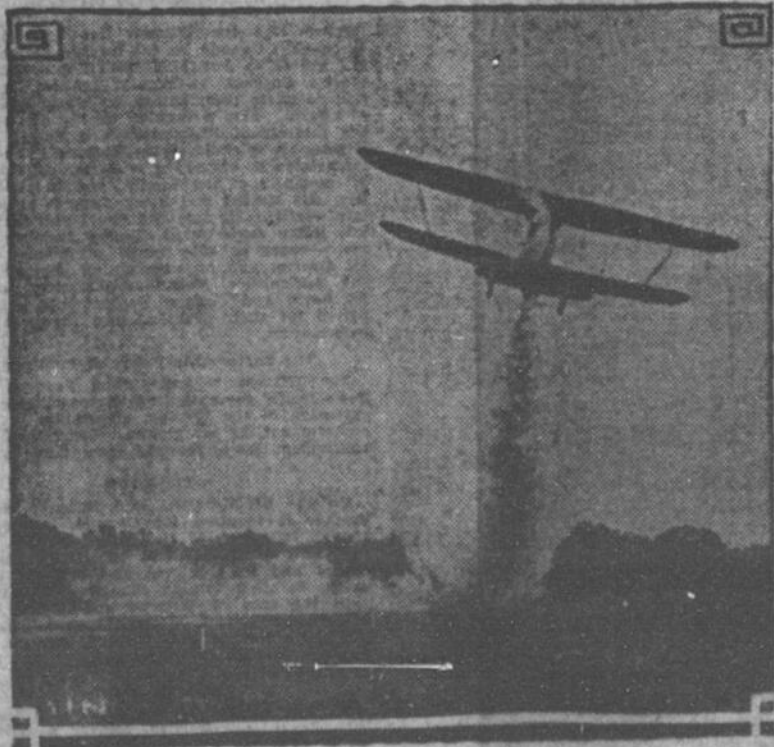
He told Bates that in 1924, a man of his age had taken out a similar policy; that this man had already received two dividends; and that the second, received in 1926, amounted to \$73.80. Bates felt that an equal dividend accruing to him in 1928 would be highly satisfactory.

Roberts delivered a cheque for Bates' second annual dividend the other day. *Instead of \$73.80, it was \$91.00.* The expectations of two years ago had been exceeded by 23 per cent.

Sun Life prosperity is being shared with its policyholders in the form of dividends much in excess of those anticipated when the assurance was taken.

To-day, on the threshold of a New Year is an opportune time in which to get details of these exceptional advantages, from the Company's representative in your district.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
 HEAD OFFICE in MONTREAL



ARMY PLANE LAYS A "GAS" BARRAGE

The photo shows an army plane laying a simulated gas barrage from a low altitude over Aberdeen proving ground, Md., the headquarters for field tests of the Chemical Warfare Service. Airplanes like this have proven successful in Alberta and Saskatchewan in combating rust, and in the east in fighting orchard pests.

"Why will you always take words to mean more or less than they do? The one statement does not imply the other. The lady I married supposed herself to be a widow. She had been married in America, and believed the man to be dead. Her brother sent down a messenger on the wedding day, who arrived just too late, to explain that she was not free. It was most distressing, and created a vast amount of talk, because there were circumstances which made it inadvisable for her sake to make any explanation public."

"Did you mind very much?" I asked eagerly.

"What a boy you are!" he said. "A mere babe, yet in pinafores."

He flushed slightly and turned back to his work, but in a way that lifted a weight that had lain on my mind, for I knew now that he had not broken his heart over his loss, although he was quite unconscious of having admitted as much.

After a while I said: "Will you give me another day before you hand over that pearl to the police?"

"Are you going to spend the day witch-hunting?"

"I have an idea," I said.

"Out with it! You don't suppose I am going to allow you the private and personal use of an idea before you are of age."

"I shall be of age next year," I said; "and you ought to allow me a little pocket idea to practise with before I become absolute proprietor of all that I possess."

We did not discuss the matter further just then, but I began to see, as the morning wore on, that he did not intend to let me go out alone with my idea. Yet, as he issued no orders, I coaxed Evans to put the horse in the trap after lunch, when Helios was in the garden helping Hudson to prick our purple cabbages. We always grew a patch of purple cabbage where it could be seen from the back dining-

room window, not because we liked pickles, but because we considered their foliage more beautiful than most garden flowers. I had not mentioned my proposed excursion, and Evans brought the trap round quietly to the front. I watched Helios from the back till the last moment. He was making holes with the dibble when I left the window; but while I was somewhat laboriously climbing into the trap on one side, he quietly got into it on the other.

"Oh," said he, "is that you?"

"My hege," said I; "any unexpected cleverness on your part is always as great a delight to me as if you were my own son."

So we drove out of the gate together. It was a day of soft wind, white lights and purple shadows flying over sky and sea and land.

(To be continued.)

FIRE REVEALS STILL

Fire broke out in a building containing an illicit still in the rear of a garage, in Montreal, on Jan. 13. Upon the arrival of the firemen the flames, which had started in a box of garbage, had spread through the one-storey building, but they were quickly extinguished and the damage is not very considerable.

The Government inspectors went to the scene to investigate and confiscated a large quantity of distilled and undistilled liquor and all the machinery found in the building, including three stills.

There was nobody inside the building at the time of the outbreak.

The Province of Alberta now produces more than one-third of the wool output of the Dominion, the figures for 1927 being given by the Dominion Wool Growers' Association at 1,492,191 pounds out of a Dominion total of 3,648,254.

THE SPANISH PRISONER

The Witness new serial of daring adventure and intrigue among Spanish brigands.

by Freeman Tilden

by arrangement with Doubleday-Doran Syndicate.

An hour before the fight began, the carts and wagons were jammed with yelling spectators, and every housetop, portico, window and window ledge, pole and tree, was squirming with its human burdens. When Freddie arrived, he found himself against the outside of a living wall that had not a point of vulnerability in it. He tried his elbows, obtained several bloodthirsty glances in response, and moved on. For a while, he made the rounds of the outskirts, wondering whether a proffer of money would get him through to the front line. He wisely decided that it would not.

At that point in his wanderings he came to a narrow alleyway, and investigated it. It was a mere slit of a passage, ending abruptly at a high wall. But in a sort of alcove at the end Freddie saw a ladder. He glanced around to see if anybody was looking, and then deftly removed the ladder from its brackets. Not daring to take the ladder out into the square, Freddie brought it halfway along the passage, stood it against the side of the house, and climbed up. To his delight, the central part of the Plaza, where the bull was to be fought, was almost wholly spread before his eyes.

There was a tumultuous roaring from the throats of the mob, and Freddie knew that the bull was being brought up. Some hats—not very good hats—s'yrocketed into the air and fell in the arena. Then, suddenly, the bull appeared, entering Freddie's field of vision on the gallop.

The bull made straight for the fountain, undoubtedly believing that it was the gilded brother on top which had been prodding him all night; saw his error, turned, and began to paw the earth. Then came into the arena his first adversary—a big man, with a bright borrowed cape of pink, a big fellow with Aragonese costume, and a handkerchief around his head. He shouted something at the bull, something uncomplimentary, without a doubt—something too unpleasant for three-year-old bulls to hear. For the bull upset all expectations by suddenly walking in the other direction. The big man followed, shouting; and this was where he made the first mistake of the bull-fight. He followed the bull too briskly. The animal abruptly turned, caught the man neatly on his horns, and tossed him ten feet in the air. Cape, man, and knife came down like a bullet, and lay quietly in the arena. The bull sniffed at his adversary and tried to get his horns under him, to toss him again. The crowd howled with delight, shrieking encomiums of praise upon the excellent bull. "Good bull!"

"Round one!" said Freddie Fenimore. "This round is the bull's!"

But the bull was quickly attacked from another quarter. A second amateur, slightly groggy in the underpinnings, stumbled up to the bull and seized him by the tail. The crowd yelled its displeasure. "Good bull! Leave good bull alone! Don't pull good bull's tail!" The bullfighter tried to go around to the other side of the bull, and tripped in his own cape, coming down upon all fours, like a small bull. This presented too good a target for the black animal to miss. He did not charge the amateur. He walked up to him and sniffed his trousers, and then nonchalantly tossed him a few feet. By that time the first bullfighter was being dragged away by his faithful followers, taking advantage of the animal's new recreation. But the second fighter had, in that brief space of time, become miserably sober. He regretted, as he lay on the Plaza sand, that he had entered the lists. He suddenly rose and made great speed toward the men who were rescuing the first victim. He charged into the group so wildly that to of them were bowled over and the other two fled. The

bull stared at this strange proceeding, lowered his head, and would have charged the injured man again, had not a great challenging cry sounded again at his tail. A new aspirant for interment was at his heels.

This new amateur was a little blond man, with bow legs, and, it seemed from Freddie's perch, with a black bandage over one eye. From the roar of approval that greeted his entrance, it seemed that he was well known and highly esteemed as a prospective corpse. He had a ragged blood red cape, or undershirt—Freddie could not make out—which he flaunted in the bull's face with the abandon of a regular professional *espada*; or perhaps simply of a lunatic. The bull bellowed and charged. The small man sprang deftly aside, and the animal obligingly followed the red shirt. Tremendous applause! This was in the very spirit and form of Juan Belmonte! Three times the little man repeated this act, in really extraordinary fashion, and the crowd began to cheer for the man. Hitherto the crowd had been distinctly favoring the bull. A man on one of the ox carts became so excited that he fell head first into the ring. A crazed woman, hoping to seal the fate of her off-spring as a bullfighter, tossed her infant into the arena from one of the country carriages. Freddie's heart turned over and stopped beating—but two or three men promptly rescued the child and returned it to its thoughtful parent.

But the crazy act served to overturn what little stability the crowd had left. There was a deafening noise, and a hundred hats—some of them good hats—and as many handkerchiefs were flung into the air, raining down on the heads of the crowd. The bull, meanwhile, was wholly engaged in the attempt to slaughter this provoking idiot with the red shirt. He pawed the ground reflectively, walked backward a few steps, and charged again. Again the bow-legged hero swerved aside, but this time the bull stepped on the shirt, and the halt was so sudden for the man that he lost his balance

and fell. Instantly, he rose, pulled at the shirt, trying to recover it. If he had been a professional bullfighter he would have let the bull play with the shirt while he went out and bought another one. But this was presumably his only red shirt, and he wanted it. So he pulled until the animal looked up to see who was doing all this pulling. And by this time the bull had found that it was not a nice embroidered silk cape, but a shirt. Disgusted, he left the shirt and started for the man. Then, rather late in the day, the man began to run. In fact, he ran fast. And in spite of his bowlegs, he was nimble. He ran toward the crazy fence that had been erected on that part of the arena nearest to where Freddie perched. His intention was to vault the fence, but over his shoulder he saw the bull was too close. There was no time. So, in a last effort, he swerved aside just before he came to the barrier. It was cleverly executed. The man escaped, and the bull struck the fence with a resounding smack, and the fence went down. The crowd, jammed in all around, somehow managed to fall away a little from that spot, those who did not fall down in trying. And those who fell were not gored, but merely trampled—and the bull kept on going, due south, in the general direction of Valencia and Freddie Fenimore's alleyway.

CHAPTER XX

In most places, the escape of a three-year-old bull into the streets would be regarded as a catastrophe, especially when the streets were teeming with women and children. But in rural Spain, where the craving for the sport is gratified perhaps only once a year, and where—there being no regular arenas—professional bullfighters are never seen playing the honorable game, such an incident is considered as a bit of dessert added to the regular holiday feast. Sometimes, indeed, lacking both the arena and the energy to build one, the populace is delighted to have a bull simply turned loose in the streets, to

see what happens.

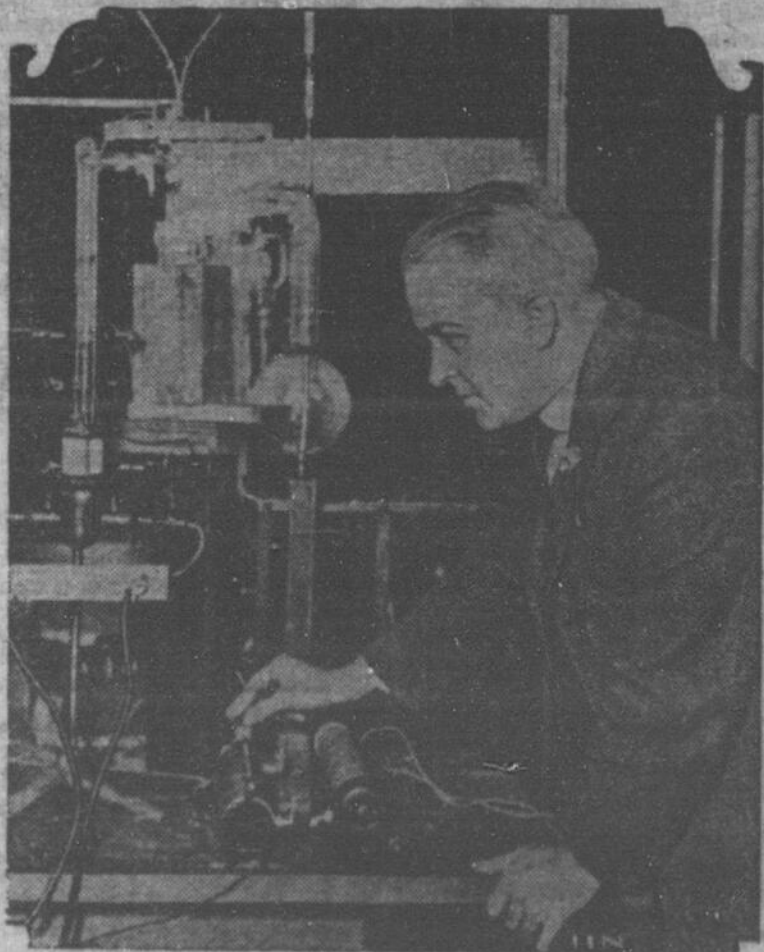
So, in the Liberty Plaza, in Tercel, on this happy occasion, the escape of the noble count's black animal was greeted with cheers of joy. The crowd, mounted on their various perches, screamed with delight and cried, "Bravo, toro!" as though the beast had scored a point, and deserved congratulations. Most of those in the streets who had a place to run, ran. But a few lucky youths, who hadn't been able to get a seat at the game, were charmed to find themselves in the very centre of action. They tore off their coats and started to flap them, like capes, to attract the animal's ferocity toward themselves.

The bull, having made a brave dash into the middle of the street, stopped and took account of stock. He had so many victims to choose from that it puzzled his bewildered head. Then, as though he suddenly decided to call the whole business off and take a rest, he turned a hopeful eye toward Freddie Fenimore's alleyway and trotted toward it. It undoubtedly looked to the toro like an avenue of escape.

At the same moment, two women, racing across the street to get away from the beast, also chose Freddie's alleyway as a quick exit. From his perch, Freddie could see that one of the ladies was past middle age, and stout, while the other seemed to be much younger. Both women instinctively raised their skirts, to make better time, with the result that they displayed both agility and modesty, and gaily colored petticoats besides. And one of the petticoats being a bright red, the bull was instantly convinced that he had selected the right place to begin his departure.

The two women entered the alleyway about twenty feet ahead of the bull, encouraged by cheers from the crowd, and by impulsive shouts from Freddie to the effect that they had better hurry. Engrossed by this exciting chase, Freddie forgot that the bottom end of the ladder was planted in the middle of the narrow alleyway. He did not observe this fact until he looked down and saw the women fly past him. Then, seeing that there was not room for both the ladder and the bull, the young man hastily started to climb down. But he started too late. He went down a few steps; saw that the bull would beat him to the spot where he wanted to go, stood irresolutely for just a second, and then started to climb the ladder once more. Coming like a tornado, the animal struck the bottom of the ladder, and Freddie began a quick descent, still clinging to his perch. At the same time his feet slipped from the rung he was standing on, and he fell between this rung and the next one.

(Continued on Page 26)



NAMED PRESIDENT OF SCIENTISTS

R. A. Millikin, California physicist, who was elected President of the American Society for the Advancement of Science. He is here shown in the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics at the California Institute of Technology, of which he is director.

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Never to be without money sounds almost too good to be true doesn't it? Yet nothing could be more true. Picture this



KNIT SOCKS AT HOME

scene for yourself — you are seated at a table in your own home with an Auto Knitter before you; A wonderful hand operated knitting machine that knits wool socks by simply turning a handle. When a few dozen or more pairs are ready they are sent to me by parcel post. By return mail I send you a Money-Order paying for the work, and in addition, a new lot of yarn. This new yarn costs you nothing and it is replaced just as often as work is sent in. From this you can see that as long as the machine is operated — pay cheques will come. That is why I say — you need never be without money.

Previous Experience Is Not Necessary

No previous experience is necessary; no special talent or ability is required, nor does it matter where you live. If you would like to turn your spare hours into actual dollars, I can show you how. "I searched in vain for some way to make extra money at home," writes Mrs. A. Lempky who lives in a small Ontario town. Then someone told her about Auto Knitting, and she began the work in her

spare time. And she continues in her letter to me: "We have realized our far off dream of buying a little home of our own." Mrs. Lempky is but one of a great many. Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars have been earned by Auto Knitter workers in Canada.

There Is No Canvassing

You are perhaps familiar with the ordinary ways offered for earning spare-time money, and perhaps you have tried them and found them unsatisfactory. The most common form of occupation offered is canvassing, but very few find themselves suited for this kind of work. It is therefore easy to understand why those who take up Auto Knitting are so happy. For



SEND THEM TO TORONTO

they are engaged in an occupation which is not only interesting and pleasant, but it is private. Here is what Mrs. R. Folliet of Manitoba says of its privacy: "What I like is the privacy of the work, not even my neighbours know that I earn money this way, and I am sure of my pay cheques because the Company take all of the socks I knit."

I Sell the Socks You Knit

The great success of the Auto Knitter business is based upon co-operation. I have sale for all of the standard wool socks that I can get. The socks my workers knit I sell to storekeepers all over the Dominion,

Hundreds of Thousands of pairs a year. Auto Knitting is a tested, established way of turning spare time into needed dollars. Think how pleased Mrs. Wesley Hearn of Saskatchewan must be that she took up this work some years ago. Here is part of an interesting letter from her: "I am the mother of five children and do not get much time to knit, but I have made as much as \$45.00 a month besides doing my own work."

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Some folks hesitate about sending in their name thinking it will obligate them to buy something. Well here is a time when it won't. When you send your name, I will mail you a beautiful booklet giving you complete information—How to get started and what you can earn. I want you to know of the pleasant and profitable place I have for you as one of my workers. I want you to know of the substantial



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Dear Sir: Without the slightest obligation on my part please send me particulars about Making Money At Home.

Name

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..... Prov.
Name of Publication Canadian Witness Jan. 23—1929.

THE SPANISH PRISONER

(Continued from Page 24)

The bull had not seen the ladder at all in his wild flight, so that he made no attempt to dodge it. He was interested in the red petticoat just ahead of him. So, one of his horns neatly caught a ladder rung, and both the ladder and Freddie fell on his back at the same time. It stopped the bull. He had been attacked from the sky. He skidded against the side of the building, half rose on his hind legs, and tried to shake off this strange weapon which had assailed him. He shook Freddie easily enough, for Freddie had fallen clean through the ladder and slipped sideways from the bull's back, landing on his feet. But the ladder would not shake. It merely twitched across the alleyway, obliquely, and stuck. Meanwhile, the two women had reached the end of the alley and stood there, limp with fright, waiting for the bull to break the ladder and charge them. It was clearly death for one or both of them, as soon as the beast broke the ladder.

Freddie understood it, too. For a brief space he threw away all thought of his own safety, and wondered whether it would be of any avail if he should try to leap on the bull's back and grab him by the horns. Then it flashed upon him that he was the possessor of a pistol. He had completely forgotten it. He went into his hip pocket and drew the weapon. Never having shot a bull, his mind worked swiftly on the proper procedure in such events. He had heard sportsmen say that the place to aim at a deer was just behind and below the shoulder. As it happened, the exact spot was being presented to him, now. Freddie put the pistol muzzle within a few inches of the bull, closed his eyes, and pulled the trigger five times.

One shot would probably have been sufficient. The first bullet must have reached the animal's heart. When Freddie opened his eyes, he saw the bull in exactly the same attitude as when he had fired, but there was hardly a movement of the shaggy black body. Then, as he watched, the front legs began to tremble; blood trickled from the foamy nostrils; there was a shudder that ran from nose to tail; then the stocky legs bowed as gently as though the animal were lying down to sleep—and Freddie jumped aside just in time to miss being crushed by the huge bulk. As it was, the ladder, still on the horns, struck Freddie across the forehead as it broke with the falling weight—and he went flat.

In that instant when Freddie fell, he had the excellent feeling that he had performed an important service, a worthy deed. He didn't necessarily feel that he was a hero, for he realized clearly enough that he had had a great advantage over the bull and had really been in no danger, himself, at the moment. Still, he felt that he had saved the women—and he undoubtedly had. He was fortified in this belief by the actions of the two women. For, he had hardly staggered to his feet when they swept down upon him, and the older woman had him in her arms. She cried something vehemently thankful in Spanish and planted a kiss full on his lips. At the moment when she finished this performance, Freddie recognized her. It was Dona Fernandez—the woman whose headache he had cured with aspirin, on the train.

"It is—you!" began Freddie, glancing from the stout woman to her companion, and instantly wishing that the reward had been paid by the other, who was slim, blooming, with red lips and devastating eyes. He got that far when the infuriated populace arrived.

"He has killed our bull! The Englishman has killed our beautiful bull!" cried the crowd, looking desolately at the remains of their present from the noble Count Saltilla.

Freddie did not understand the words, but he was not slow in catching the meaning. In spite of the fact that the stout woman was still clinging to her benefactor, the gang was menacing. Somebody reached from behind and struck Freddie on the shoulders viciously.

"Here! What's the matter with you, you poor fish!" cried Freddie, detach-

ing himself from the Dona's embrace. "Look, Mrs. What's-your-name! Tell this crowd to get away from me! What's the matter with 'em?"

"The Englishman has killed our beautiful bull! Kill the Englishman!" bawled the crowd.

Freddie began to clutch the sense of the demonstration. He might be a hero to Dona Fernandez and her young companion, but in the eyes of the crowd he had committed a worse crime than murder. He had committed several crimes, each one worse than the other. He had murdered that beautiful black bull, the gift of the Count Saltilla—the only bull presented to Teruel sports in two or three years. He had murdered the lovely bull, the sweet bull, the heroic bull, before the bull had a chance to kill anybody, and before he had given more than a fifth part of the performance expected of him. Still worse, Freddie had shot the bull! This was murder in the first degree. It would have been bad enough if he had sunk a knife into the animal's spine, as they do to cowardly bulls in the arena. But shooting a healthy bull is ghastly and grisly, in Spanish eyes.

"He had shot our bull, our lovely bull! Hang him! Give him the cuchillo!" cried the mob. And this is precisely what they meant to do.

Dona Fernandez understood only too well the temper of the blood-lusty crowd. Their craving for killing being thwarted, so far as the bull was concerned, they transferred it with added interest to the hapless young American. They called him "the Englishman," for very few Americans are seen in remoter Spain, and anyone

who wears non-Spanish clothes is an Englishman until proved otherwise. But it was not as a Nordic — so to speak—that Freddie was being mobbed. A Turk or a Chinaman who had killed the bull would have been treated the same way. Dona Fernandez understood, and from the very first moment that the crowd became menacing, she had whispered something to her young companion, who immediately ran from the alleyway. And now, to protect the young man, Dona Fernandez fairly enveloped him in her embrace, meanwhile flashing a thousand sparks from her eyes, and scolding the crowd with a stream of limpid discourse.

There was something about the Dona that the crowd respected. Some in the throng may have known her, and therefore whispered it about that it would not be safe to take too many liberties with the lady. But the probability is that her powerful, commanding maternal appearance, coupled with the fact that women of her type are greatly respected in Spain, saved Freddie's life until the civil guard came, on the run. With the appearance of these two warlike creatures, who had answered the summons of the young woman, the crowd fell back. Bloodthirsty or not, no Spanish mob takes chances with the civil guard. They are a picked body of sombre, well-armed, determined fellows.

"What is this? What is this?" cried one of the guards, drawing his sword and presenting the flat of it, delicately, toward the crowd nearest Freddie and the Dona.

"He has killed our bull. He shot him!" roared the crowd.

"I am Senora Barbara Fernandez, wife of Hilario Fernandez, of whom you have heard," explained the woman to one of the guards. "This young man shot the bull to save my life and that of my daughter. He is a foreign gentleman and does not know our ways, nor does he speak our language."

"He should not have shot the bull!" declared the guard quickly. The guard was a lover of the immortal sport himself, and saw no excuse for such barbarism as Freddie's. "Besides, he should not have had a pistol! It is against the law!"

"You should take him before the Alcalde, then, at once," insisted Dona Fernandez. "If he has disobeyed the law in any way, it is not for this gang of ruffians to punish him. You are to uphold the law, officer!"

This was a shrewd thrust. Something glittered in the eye of the guard which said clearly that he would cheerfully see Freddie hanged to the nearest lamp-post, so far as his feelings were concerned; but he was an officer of the peace, and the guardias civiles are notably efficient and honest.

"Stand back!" shouted the guard to the crowd. "Away with you! I am going to arrest this man and take him before the Alcalde—and the magistrate will settle with him later."

"But our bull! That won't bring our bull back to life!" howled the crowd.

"The bull is dead," said the guard, with regretful conciseness.

Beginning Next Week

A YOUTH GOES FORTH

By Parker Hord

An Historical Novel of the Time of David

(By Special Arrangement with Fleming H. Revell & Co.)

The men of David's band broke into cheers at the length of the line, it was a mightier caravan than even their optimism had led them to expect. . . . At the head of the caravan rode the woman whose coming had aroused such an eager interest in David's mind. . . . With lithe grace she slipped to the ground before David could advance to assist her and, richly clad though she was, she fell upon her knees in the dust of the road there before him.

"Abigail!" he cried. The single word on his lips was a paeon of joy and thanksgiving. It pulsed to the gladness of his heart, like the string of a harp vibrating to a note of exultation.

And thus David, in his maturity, found Abigail, his childhood companion and sweetheart; Abigail who had run away from her mistress to follow David to the court of King Saul; who had cheered him as he went forth to engage in combat with the giant, Goliath. Abigail who had been kidnapped as she was returning to Jeru-

salem, sold to a merchant from a foreign country, carried to Damascus where she was sold again to a caravaner who had seen and loved her, and now found again by David, 15 years later, as he rode forth to punish her husband for an insult.

This is one of the dramatic moments in our new Witness serial, A YOUTH GOES FORTH, which will start shortly. This absorbing story of old Israel during the reign of King Saul is one that every Bible student should read. In it the figures of the Old Testament, usually little more than names, become living persons to the reader, with desires, ambitions and feelings like normal human beings.

The WITNESS wants every one of its readers, and every one of its reader's friends, to get every instalment of this intriguing story as well as every instalment of the new story begun last week THE LOST DOWRY. For that purpose a special offer is being made of 35 cents for four full months or

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Jan. 1929.

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According to your offer I am inclosing money order for 35 cents or 13 two cent stamps) Address the paper to my friend:

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The remark was obvious, but it had the merit of being extremely accurate. And it helped to call the attention of the crowd to the bull and away from Freddie. With the help of the other guard, and followed by Dona and Senorita Fernandez, Freddie was pushed through the crowd, who spat upon him freely as he went, out into the Plaza, and on toward the home of the Alcalde.

"Run and find your father, quickly!" said the Dona to her daughter. "Ask in the wine shop, near the corner. They will know where he is. Tell him to come to the Alcalde's house at once."

The young woman seized her mother's hand. "They won't hurt him—these silly beasts, will they, Mother? He is such a wonderful caballero! I—" "Hush!" said the mother. "Go quickly!"

The Alcalde was an elderly, near-sighted, dyspeptic gentleman, with the pointed beard and flowing moustache such as Gustave Dore gave to Don Quixote; an unusually sprightly old gentleman, given to clean linen, soap, and water. He was not enthusiastic about bulls. He regarded bull-fighting as indecent, bull fighters as miscreants, and followers of the sport as idiots and loafers. So far, so good, for Freddie. But unfortunately the Alcalde had other cherished dislikes. One of them was for foreigners; and another was for young men about Freddie's age. In addition, the Alcalde detested feast days, civil guards, newspapers, firearms, and interruptions or innovations. Thus he was well equipped to deal acidly with about any case that might be brought before him.

The Alcalde, like a good many other dyspeptics, was a great reader of philosophy. He was such an ardent philosopher that he became greatly incensed when any incident broke in upon his studious reflections. The sudden appearance of a vengeful mob, crying violently for the punishment of Freddie Fenimore, made the old gentleman furious.

"Out! Out of my house!" he cried, as the crowd swarmed in. "Officers, drive that filthy mob outside. What do you want of me? You have broken in upon my reflections—and upon a holiday, too! Who is this young man? What are these ladies doing here?" Then, recognizing Dona Fernandez, whom he well knew, for her husband was one of the Alcalde's few intimates, he rose and bowed politely. "Respected Dona, what means all this? How are you concerned with this rabble?"

That part of the rabble which had succeeded in getting into the Alcalde's reception room refused to be put out again, nor did they become less noisy.

"He has killed our bull—" "Shut up, will you? Have you no manners, when this noble lady wishes to speak to me?—Respected lady, do you know this young man? What is the trouble?"

The lady told the story colorfully, shedding copious tears as she described the narrow escape of herself and daughter from the bull. "Besides, Senor Ruig," she added, "this excellent young man did me a good turn just the other day, also, proving himself a good gentleman, of refinement." And she recounted the affair on the train, coming from Barcelona.

"Can he speak our language, Dona Fernandez?"

"No, not a word."

"Ask him who he was carrying a revolver. It is forbidden."

"He did not know that. He was in a strange country."

"Notwithstanding your interest in the young man, I shall have to fine him twenty pesetas for that offence, and the weapon shall be confiscated."

"He will pay it! I will pay it for him, gladly."

"So far, so good," said the Alcalde methodically, making a note of the transaction. "For my part, I wish he had killed all the bulls in Aranjuez and Andaluca. It is detestable business, this bullfighting. Do you happen to know I forbade it this year? Well, I gave way to the popular clamor. Fools must have their folly. *Siempre se ha practicado así!* I am glad the bull is dead."

"He wounded one man severely," said the Dona.

"Ha! not enough! Well, I shall not punish the young man for killing the bull. Neither shall I praise him, except that, if you say your life and that

of the senorita were in peril, he served you a good turn. You are sure he saved you?"

"Oh, I am certain, Don Felipe."

"Well, then, he did well. But understand, Dona, I cannot be responsible for his safety when he leaves here. This crowd is in violent mood. They are thirsting for blood. You had better take the young man home with you and keep him under lock and key for a while."

Before the lady could reply, the crowd at the doorway was violently thrown back, and a giant of a man, swarthy, moon-faced, and with a great shock of ruffled hair, dashed into the room. Behind him was the little, beautiful girl whom Freddie had saved.

"Ah, my husband!" cried Dona Fer-

nandez. "It will all be well, now," she said to Freddie in English.

"My friend Hilario!" said the Alcalde placidly, holding out his hand, but not rising. "Forgive me, friend. It is one of my rheumatic days."

Hilario Fernandez saluted the Alcalde shortly and then turned to his wife. "Is this the young man?" She nodded; and an instant afterward, the giant had Freddie in his arms and was violently kissing him, first on one cheek and then on the other. "You are like a son to me!" he bawled, speaking English with very little accent. "My wife and daughter—you have saved them both. And before that, you were kind to my wife. Don't be afraid—I'll see that this crowd is satisfied."

(To be Continued)

KINDRED

by Alice Prescott Smith

Chapter XXXV

Recompense

I slept immediately—business that must be got over. I would have gone to Hortense at once, but feared the issue. I needed all there was of me to bring to her, and must pay some part of my debt to my cheated body. Langlade was good as his word, and I was undisturbed.

Sleep did its work; I woke renewed. And I had buried something in sleep; put the past behind. So it was in all senses a new day when I went to find Hortense.

It was scant noon, and the Langlades called me to dinner as I passed. But I forged on. Susan was washing on a bench outside the house, and she greeted me in English, her face working between joy at seeing me, and disapproval that I had not come before. She said her mistress was inside.

I went with breath tightened. Hortense had heard voices, and came toward the door. We stood a moment, saying nothing.

And then I saw, what no one had told me, that she looked thin as myself, spent and ill. Her cheeks were sunken. The change a month had done was more than I could bear. I ran to her and laid my lips on her hand.

"Dear love, dear love," I cried. "Will you marry me?"

I had not meant to say that at once. I was frightened at my voice. She drew back and I released her fingers. "Hortense, forgive," I bungled. "I didn't mean to say it that way. But you looked ill."

Still no words. "You have been very ill," I cried again.

"You have been back weeks," she whispered. "And never came."

"I was in the measles camp, Hortense."

She shuddered. "You should have let me help. You might have died there." "Tut!" I cried. "I did not. I took her hand to lead her to a chair; but the touch of her was too much for me. I drew her to me. My dear, my very dear, will you marry me, Hortense?"

"No," she cried. "No, no, no!"

My arms fell. "Forgive me," I said, and turned away. "So you did mean it," I added to the door.

"Mean what? Don't go. Don't."

"The way you treated me—that last night."

"That last night? I had work to do—to see Langlade."

"You need not have been unkind!"

"Unkind? Why, we're quarreling. Yet when I was kind—the night on the river—"

I strode back. "Too many words. Hortense Le Claire, I love you. And if you will marry me—"

"Don't," she interrupted. "You forget." I bent to her hand again. "If I've said it too quickly and rudely—Oh, Hortense, can a man be cool with what he's starving to get?"

"But I say you're forgetting. That day on the river—you showed me then where we stood. My marriage—that was not a marriage—"

"Hush! You were married in my eyes Hortense. I always felt it so. Though it would not have mattered in the least if you'd not been."

"But there is more. Your wife's sister—the law—"

I led her to a chair. "Man's law, Hortense, I have no respect for it. It does not hold in France. I cannot live with you in England. That is an in-

convenience—nothing more. There are other lands. I sat at her feet. 'Don't answer me. Wait, wait.'

And so we sat a moment. A breeze blew in, ruffling the papers. The air was sweet; wild columbine. I laid my hands on hers. 'Hortense,' I said more slowly, 'I've been a blundering fool. You're not prepared. But perhaps in time—I'll have a chance. I care for you so terribly, my dear.'

She touched my hair. 'You're thin.' I pressed her hand for answer. 'I'm well—just tired. Hortense, Langlade has given me liberty—that, and more. So I can stay here for a time. Perhaps—well, when I sit this way close to you, I feel some courage. If I could teach you to care, you might—'

And then she laughed. It came as a discord, so that I turned sharply. She was crying; trying to laugh through broken sobs.

"Blind man!" she wavered.

I jumped to catch her. I held her in my arms as if she were a child, and patted her to quiet. Too light, too frail! My heart contracted. But her color came under my kisses. And when she said she was but worn with anxiety for me, I let my vanity believe it true.

So at last she was ready to talk; to question. 'Why have you stayed away from me, John?'

'Another time,' I parried. 'No talk just now.'

'But there's so much to say.'

'And so much time,' I taunted. 'All the years ahead! Married folk seem to have so little to talk about. Let's not begin by being prodigal, Hortense.'

But her eyes were not ready for laughter. 'There's something you're hiding. Why, John?'

I drew her closer. I put our future to the test. 'Hortense, it's a story I can't tell. It's not mine. It's kept me from you these days. It silenced me the night on the river. But it's not mine to tell. Can you let it go by without questions?'

'You ask this seriously?'

'Very, Hortense.'

She looked at me fully and sweetly. 'Yes. The matter is buried.'

'You'll never question again—never through the years.'

'John, I'm no ghoul! But the matter—is ended?'

'Absolutely.'

She put her hand in mine. 'Don't frown. I'll never ask.'

But she did ask of what I meant to long to make her see my altered standard. She feared I was doing it for her. 'And I'll not take you at that price,' she told me, and would have drawn away.

'You cannot understand it, or believe?' I cried at last. 'Is it so foreign to your heart?'

She leaned to kiss me. 'It speaks my heart, John, speaks it clearly. The

feeling has grown, I thought it might be because I was of mixed blood—and cared so much for you.'

I kissed her in turn; but, for that one moment, more as a partner than a lover. A partner at last! I was dizzy with gratitude to life.

And then we fell to grave talk; of Nicholas, of Amalou, of my boy. Later we went to stand before Langlade side by side.

He looked at us rather wearily, but very kindly. 'Strange folk,' he said; 'but you'll be happy.'

(To be concluded)



HEAD OF ROYAL AIR FORCE

Sir John Maitland Salmond, Air Marshal, has been appointed Chief Marshal of the British Royal Air Force in succession to Sir Hugh Trenchard, who resigned last month.

CONTROL FAILS AGAIN

A news item in the Montreal Star, says that:—George Richard, a resident of St. Sauveur, was fined \$1,000 yesterday when found guilty of illegally transporting liquor.

In default of payment of the fine and costs, a three month prison term was the alternative. The liquor was confiscated.

FARM REFERENCE BOOKS

It is the part of wisdom to look ahead. While this is true in its general application it is absolutely vital to the farmer. In breeding, in crop rotation, fallowing and in many other ways the farmer must look years ahead. What is in your mind in connection with farm repairs and improvements next fall? Now's the time to think of it. Perhaps when you see the richest chemicals of the manure leaching away and making a quagmire of your barnyard you will decide to have a cement pit before next winter. Or perhaps it's a new stable floor, or a cistern for the cellar or a new silo or any one of a thousand other things.

In this issue some of our advertisers are offering free books on matters which you should be considering. It won't cost you anything to get the book and you'll be "forehanded" with your improvement next fall.

November's output of autos numbered 11,769, this being a reduction of 37 per cent, as compared with the previous month, but virtually a doubling of the figure for November 1927, which was 6,167 cars. For the eleven months ending November 30th the output was 232,957 cars with a sales value of \$146,502,561 (f.o.b. plant), an increase of 33 per cent in number and 27 per cent in value over 1927.

Don't Neglect Catarrh Now!

Winter shows up the weak spots in a person's health. If even occasionally, head colds develop—noises and heads feel stuffed up—breaths acquire a bad smelling odor—sticky Catarrhal mucus has to be hawked up from the throat—ringing sounds come in the ears and you feel a little deaf, you have Catarrh.

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FARM GARDEN AND HOME

Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

The Pioneer Has to Dig Out the Farm

The Season's Worst Snow Storm Finds the Woodpile Covered, and the Roads Almost Impassable.

By George Kingsley Reed, J.P.

YESTERDAY, January the ninth, was a fine day, clear but cold. Thinking that it would stay that way for a while, I went to the bush and cut a few birch logs for firewood, intending to skid them over to the house this morning where we have a skidway to roll our winter wood on.

Last night, chores done, supper over, I drew my armchair close up to the box stove and toasted my shins. In a few minutes there was a promising pioneer on each arm. One said, "Please Dad, tell us about that boy who called 'Wolf! Wolf!' when there was no Wolf, then laughed when the men came." Complying with their request, and making it as dramatic as possible, drawing home the moral, I soon noticed that they had begun to "sag", yes "sunk down in sleep".

Somebody noticed them, and remonstrated with me for letting them go to sleep with their clothes on. For such occasions as these I have to save, or invent, a pointed answer. This time I said: "That's all right 'mother', I used to do the same thing myself, years ago. I suppose they take after me."

Being relieved of my charges, I dozed, mused, thought about a multitude of things. Then, as if a magic hand had "struck" celestial chords, I heard music in the three tops. The wind going over the top, (we are in a hollow here). Then the storm "broke", snow beat upon the windows, the wind increased in velocity, as it "sang" in the tree tops, sweet fragments of the songs we love.

EVIDENTLY we were in for a bad night. Making sure that the stock was comfortable, and that the little fellows were all tucked in, I told Him who rides upon the storm all that I ought to tell; then slipped into a nice "cumforbubble" bed.

There I lay listening to the music of that celestial choir. Ah! music, congealed hearts, "thaw" in thy ministry. Earth hath no sorrow, that heaven cannot heal. Lulled to sleep by the storm, I rested, sure and safe from all alarm. I don't even remember the light being put out, or wood being put on the fire. On waking up at my first instalment, the storm was still raging, reminding me that the logs I had cut, and the trail, would be all snowed up. But shucks! says I, what of it, and rolled back in again.

This morning, when I "kicked" open the door, the snow was good and deep. I ploughed my way over to the barn, got what milk I could, (they are away down now), fed, watered, did the rest of the odd jobs, and went back in to stir the porridge, and help "mother" flip the flap jacks. Then for the big push. Harnessing up the horse, I hooked onto the snowplow, (a great convenience around the farm) ploughed all the roads around the buildings, out the Avenue to the main road, then to the bush, as close to the logs as I could get.

Taking the plough back near to the pig pen, I started to wrestle with those logs. A lady we know used to tell us about some person she knew not being able to be as good as she might when hurried or in difficulty with her work. I can sympathize with her. If there is anything that starves my soul, it is taking out logs when the snow is three or four feet deep. Frequently my good intentions go to pieces. I want to interrupt myself here, to quote a little verse, because, somebody may be "stepping on me." "For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not.—Ecclesiastes, 7:20.

I WAS telling somebody what provocation there had been all morn-

ing. Then, looking me full in the face, she said, "yes, but you know George, it's better than slugging away for somebody else, the way you used to." Realizing the truth of what she said, I ate my dinner, took the shovel and started to "dig out the farm." In fact that is what is seemed like, there was so much of it. The places near the doorways where the plough could not get, down at the creek where Nellie refused to go, at the head log of the home skidway, and last of all, but not least, around the haystack.

When this stack was built, I thought we were putting plenty of poles under it to keep the hay from drawing moisture from the ground and to keep the "hang over" from freezing or being buried under the snow. There is such a depth of snow this winter that what is left of this stack is in a regular hole. The only thing to do was to dig a trench around it, cut across it with the hayknife, and put one-half in the barn. It was like pitching out of a hole. How ritel that's just what it was. When the hay was all (all I could get) off the poles, it was about four feet to the snow surface level.

Enough snow has been shovelled today to satisfy me for some time. Tomorrow I must hook onto the plough again, touch up the rough spots, and level off the ridges so that "Jack Frost" will freeze it, making it firm and hard. The same thing applies to life. Where we falter today, we must try to fix it up tomorrow. Touch up those "rough spots" that jar the other fellow. Level off those "ridges" before they "freeze" and become set. Make straight, make straight the highway of our God.

It is evening now. The strife is o'er, the battle won. The clouds are herded home; Peace has crowned the day.

Muskrat Ranching

FREQUENT indication is given of progress being made in a quiet manner in the industry of muskrat ranching in all parts of the Dominion, particularly in the Western provinces, which possess so many locations and such large acreages suited to the pursuit. The successful conclusion of the negotiations under way at the present time, looking to the transfer of their natural resources to the Prairie Provinces by the Federal Government, will unquestionably be the signal for a great boom in the activity, which has already reached significant proportions in the territory. Already the Province of Alberta has received 800 applications for leases from intending muskrat farmers and there are hundreds filed with the authorities in Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

The Province of Manitoba has, in addition, certain lands of its own suited to muskrat farming which may be bought outright for from \$4.00 to \$7.00 per acre upon easy terms of payment, or arrangements can be made to lease certain portions of them. Maps have been prepared by the provincial lands department showing the location of these. This province is anticipating the building up of an industry of some proportions, particularly in the so-called swamp lands of the eastern section, where, according to the secretary of the Eastern Manitoba Development Board, many United States interests have been investigating with a view to elaborate establishment.

According to regulations drawn up in Alberta, leases are ordinarily not to exceed 640 acres, though a greater area may be leased if considered reasonable, having regard to the purpose for which the lease has been asked. The yearly rental for such lands is to be 25 cents per acre of

land, water or marsh, payable yearly in advance for three years, after which the rent will be \$1.00 per acre annually. The cost of rentals are announced as the same in Saskatchewan and this province is already attracting influential interests to the industry. One recent establishment was the Moose Mountain Fur Ranch near Kisbey, which secured 9,000 acres of marshland and introduced several pairs of muskrats from Maryland to be used for breeding purposes.

Notice of other large establishments in various parts of the country by important incorporated interests is periodically given. The National Fur Farms recently located about 200 miles north of Toronto on 6,000 acres of marshland which is being stocked with muskrats. A yet larger establishment is that of the Big Creek Muskrat Farms near Port Rowan, Ontario, where there are miles and miles of marshland useless for cultivation and attracting attention from their suitability for muskrat rearing. The farm consists of 2,200 acres, with 14 miles of wire fencing, and it is estimated there are from 25,000 to 30,000 rats on the ranch. It is hoped to pelt 100,000 rats each spring in addition to the sale of breeding pairs, while the carcasses will be marketed fresh and canned. The largest muskrat ranch in the Dominion, consisting of 11,000 acres, located some 40 miles from Quesnel in British Columbia, is making steady progress. There are several large establishments in the Columbia Valley area of the same province, which has enormous stretches suited to the activity, and which is destined to be a great centre for the industry.

Fostered by intelligent and capitalized interests, the future of the muskrat raising industry in Canada looms up so great as to immediately raise apprehension as to a possible over supply. But the foremost authorities definitely allay any such fear. The production of muskrat pelts in Canada from the wilds, ever being encroached upon by advancing settlement, has been steadily falling off for some time, while the demands for them in the manufacturing industry is steadily increasing as the scope of utilization of the pelt of this hitherto insignificantly regarded little rodent widens. The United States Biological Survey estimated that last year the world demand for muskrat exceeded the supply by 15,000,000 pelts. It is stated that sixty per cent. of fur coats are made from muskrats and marketed under various names. The muskrat shortage has for some time been reflected in the rising prices for peltry.

Muskrat ranching appeals to the man of small capital from the economy of establishment and the rapidity of getting under way. The natural increase of these animals under pro-

tection, proper conditions of food, water, etc., is amazing. There are from three to five litters a year with an average of from six to ten, and the increase of a pair may be as high as 1,200 per cent. in a year. One instance is cited of a ranch which was stocked with 800 muskrats and in eighteen months was estimated to have 60,000, or in other words, 75 animals for every one placed on the place a year and a half before. A Manitoba pen raising experiment produced from one pair of muskrats a total of 138 animals. It is estimated that an acre of well supplied marsh will sustain from 50 to 75 rats and their progeny.

The best assurance of the future of muskrat ranching in Canada is the moral support given it by various governments. Not only have these exerted their best endeavor to secure control of all suitable lands within their confines but have early drawn up regulations, prepared maps, and issued literature for the guidance of those embarking upon the industry.

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Though the United States has made progress in the activity and certain European countries become interested, France, Germany, Finland and other countries having received foundation stock from Canada, the probability is that the industry will attain its greatest development in the Dominion, where all conditions are such as to contribute to the greatest numbers of and the finest pelts.—Agricultural and Industrial Progress in Canada (C.P.R.)

Gassing Wire Worms

WIRE worms are very troublesome pests at any time, but are particularly bad in new gardens which may have been in grass or weeds for some years. They are also bad in borders which are set round lawns and in gardens having grass walks. In New Zealand as in Canada gardeners have been troubled by these pests. There it has been found that the worms are readily attracted by baits such as germinating wheat, and this is sown in the spring before the permanent crops are put in, in rows about three feet apart. The soil should be broken down and cultivated in the usual way, for the finer the soil the more effective the treatment. In about a fortnight or three weeks, according to the temperature of the soil, the wheat will germinate, and as soon as the seedlings appear through the soil the cyanogas can be applied. Calcium cyanide is used at the rate of one and a half to three and a half pounds per 60 yards of the rows, and this can be placed in holes fairly close together and from two to three inches deep, or it can be sown in drills alongside the bait, about the same depth. The germinating wheat draws the wire worms from the surrounding soil, and they are readily killed by the fumes of the poison gas. The click beetles, which are the parents of the wire worms, are also attracted by the germinating wheat and are overcome by the fumes. The best time of treatment is said to be in the spring or autumn, when there is little else to attract the worms, and the wheat germinates readily.

In the opinion of Dr. J. H. Grisdale, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, and others sponsoring the Empire-wide Research Bureau, the Dominion will stand to benefit materially by such an organization. The Bureau will give special study to soil science, animal nutrition, animal health, animal genetics, agricultural parasitology, plant genetics and fruit production. The chairman is Sir Robert Greig, who is chairman of the Scottish Board of Agriculture, and was a recent visitor to Canada.

The finest show herd and the only shipment of its kind ever sent out of Canada, is now on its way to Australia. Twenty-seven animals, the pick of James D. McGregor's famous Glen-carnock stock farms, near Brandon, were safely placed in Canadian Pacific Railway cars and started on their long jaunt to New South Wales. No effort was spared by North America's leading Aberdeen Angus Breeder to make the herd outstanding in quality. Three bulls and 24 cows made up the shipment. Twenty of the animals will be used for the foundation herd of the animal husbandry department in New South Wales.

ANSWERS to Garden Questions

Making a Square Corner—Value of Manures

Dear Sir:—Could you give us a simple method of laying out a perfectly square corner when making the corners of a garden fence and setting out a block of fruit trees. Also the value of the different natural fertilizers and what should be added to poultry droppings.—C. H.

The most simple method I find given is to use three stakes. Set one

up at the point you wish to make the corner or right angle. Lay off eight feet from this stake on the desired line and plant a second stake. Plant a third stake at the point where it will be six feet from the first and ten feet from the second stake. This will give you a perfectly square corner. Use a plumb line to set all three posts exactly perpendicular, then sight across the tops to extend the lines as far as desired.

Animal manures vary considerably with the feed of the animals and the handling of the manure so that it is impossible to give accurate figures. The following, however, may be counted as fair averages:

	Nitrogen	Phosphoric Acid	Potash
Horse Manure	0.55	0.35	0.45
Cow "	0.46	0.25	0.35
Sheep "	0.95	0.35	1.00
Pig "	0.40	0.19	0.40
Chicken "	1.50	1.50	.15

For best results 12 to 15 pounds of acid phosphate and 18 to 20 pounds of kanit, or 4 to 5 pounds of muriate

of potash should be added to every 100 pounds of chicken or pigeon manure.

Wallflowers

Dear Sir:—I would like very much to grow wallflowers and have tried several times planting them in summer for the next season but they never thrive. They dwindle and rot at the root and never come through the winter. A few hints would be much appreciated.—D. T.

It sounds as though you had sown the wallflower seeds in heavy sour soil or soil in which cabbage, cauliflower or some others of the grassicas had been grown, in which case there is always danger of clubroot. While wallflowers will grow in almost any ordinary soil they resent an acid soil and are never so good as on limestone. Heavy manuring makes the plants too gross. Sow the seed in a bed prepared by thorough digging and working in of lime, rubble and lime.

A gravel bank or a stone wall or as in one garden I know the gravel walk along stone terrace will often produce fine self-sown plants when the carefully prepared seed-bed fails. They seem to enjoy the hard packed, lime-filled soil they find in such places and grow sturdy and stocky and able to stand the winter.

The single wallflowers are as a rule harder than the doubles. They are as a rule sown in August for bloom the following season but there is now an annual variety which it is claimed will bloom in five months from seed. These may be sown in the house in February or March for bloom in late summer.

NICOTINE SULPHATE

Several of our readers have asked us where they can get Nicotine Sulphate, which was recommended a few weeks ago for delousing hens. It can be obtained from seed houses. It is handled in Montreal by Wm. Ewing & Co., 412 McGill Street, Montreal.

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POULTRY TOPICS

Cinders Make Good Sun Yard

EGG production, hatchable eggs, and the health of the poultry flock in winter often depend upon the amount of direct sunshine to which the birds are exposed. Sunlight that has passed through ordinary window glass is not effective. It must come through open space or a special glass substitute that will not filter out the ultra-violet rays.

A simple, inexpensive, and effective way to secure direct sunlight for the winter layers is to fill in eight or ten feet of space at the south side of the house with an eight-or-ten-inch layer of cinders. The space may or may not be enclosed to keep the fowls from contaminated soil. In exposed locations it may be necessary to provide a windbreak of some kind. Chickens dislike wind and will stay inside to avoid it.

Cinders are especially effective. Because of their dark color they absorb heat from the sun, causing any snow or ice to melt with the first appearance of sunshine. This permits the birds to get out on the warm, dry cinders and bask in the direct sunshine while the ground is still wet and cold or covered with snow.—Ohio Weekly Press Bulletin.

The Roup Danger

ROUP is a disease which has long been known, and yet it appears to continue its visits to the flocks of the country with too much regularity. Not every case of frothy eyes and discharge from the nostrils indicates roup. However, roup is a very serious disease. Cases may appear at any time of the year, but most cases make their appearance during the cold, damp and dark days of winter.

Exposure to drafts, dampness and cold appear to supply a fertile field for its development. In many cases the discharge from the nostrils contaminates the drinking water and feeding hoppers. In a short time the entire flock is exposed and sick. The germs may be carried on the shoes. It is highly contagious.

The "roup smell" is one of the best means of distinguishing the disease.

Prevention and sanitation are of the utmost importance. Treatment is always necessary if the disease is to be checked. There are many commercial roup remedies in use today which give excellent results. In many cases vaccination is being adopted as a means of checking the progress of the disease and reports indicate that it is highly effective.

Whatever form of treatment you may adopt it should be prompt. To

treat roup as a light matter and let it get a good start in the flock is to invite disaster. Remember, it is a difficult disease to check and only the very best treatment should be resorted to. This is something which should not be experimented with. It is too serious a proposition. Just the moment you find roup among the birds, act at once, and keep right on the job. The disease is not hopeless, but it does require the most urgent attention.

Beware of Parasites

A recent bulletin by the U.S. Department of Agriculture gives out some very good information on parasitic worms in chickens that should be read and heeded by all poultry raisers. It reads:

"When nature supplies your chickens and turkeys with 'free' feed in the form of earthworms, snails, slugs, and insects, there may be a cost to reckon with later. Many parasitic worms use these other small animals as intermediate hosts or as carriers of some sort in getting from one bird to another. Thus earthworms sometimes transmit gapeworms to chicks; slugs and snails transmit tapeworms and nematodes (the roundworm group) to chickens and turkeys. These small animals swallow worm eggs in contaminated soil and carry the eggs of young worms to the bird that eats the earthworm, slug, snail, or insect. It is sometimes necessary to combat these intermediate hosts in order to control certain parasitic worms. The bureau of animal industry will identify parasitic worms and furnish any available information in regard to life histories and control measures. Many life histories are not known and control measures must await results of investigations.

"If your chickens have worms as revealed by a postmortem examination of one or several of them, use two per cent by weight of finely powdered tobacco dust, containing at least 15 per cent nicotine, in the dry mash to control roundworms and cecum worms in the flock and thus diminish the danger of young chicks next spring. The cecum worm carries blackhead.

COW PEAS FOR EGGS

Cow Peas are not only relished by hens, but they are an excellent egg ration. After matured, the peas should be harvested and stored in a dry loft. As needed they are thrown, vines and all, on the scratching-shed floor, where the hens will busy themselves scratching over and searching for the peas.

After a few days it will be noticed

the egg supply has very visibly increased, and within a few weeks will almost double the crop from an equal number of hens kept in separate quarters and fed on other grain. The hens like the small branches and leaves, and will eat every particle except the hard, stiff stems.

The writer has noticed that when being fed cow peas as above, the general health of the fowls is excellent, and it remains so during the year.

Hens' Nests

AS we approach that season of the year when every hen in the flock will be wanting to lay it is not out of time nor place to say something about nests.

The number of nests in relation to the size of the laying flock during the heavy laying season is important. With a sufficient number of nests properly placed there is less danger of eggs being deposited in the litter and becoming lost, stepped on, or otherwise broken. Lewis suggests one nest for three to four hens.

Nests should be darkened; they should be so constructed that it is easy for one to see and remove the eggs. If nests are too large eggs may be broken by two or more hens crowding into them. Twelve by fourteen inches is suggested for the larger breeds and ten by twelve inches for the smaller breeds. Nests should be easy to remove to facilitate cleaning.

A FEW MONEY-MAKING DUCKS

The Aylesbury duck comes from the Vale of Aylesbury, from which fact it derives its name. It is the market duck of England. It has a long body, deep keel, and legs placed a little behind the centre of the body.

The Pekin is Chinese, and is the most popular market duck in America. Its legs are set far back, giving an upright carriage.

While the Indian Runner is not a popular market duck on account of its small size, its flesh is tender and palatable, and its foraging habits give it a game quality that will make it in demand with epicures, as soon as it is properly introduced to good livers in the cities.

TABLE SCRAPS

Table scraps and waste food products make more or less of a balanced ration for a small flock of farm hens when combined with scratch grain. But be careful about feeding the hens any spoiled canned goods or mouldy feed. Such materials may cause some of the winter losses that are blamed on disease. And it pays best to use a laying mash even if the hens have plenty of table scraps. They will usually eat the scraps first but the balanced mash will be there when the other materials are lack-

ing. Hens seem to have few digestible troubles when they have the dry mash containing bran and easily digested ground grains.

Pin Money for Chickens

THE high cost of land is often a limiting factor in deciding on the size for poultry yards. If other income can be obtained from the ground, at the same time, a larger yard might occasionally be provided.

I have numerous clumps of iris planted next to the fence; named and unnamed varieties. When the rhizomes are first set, they must be fully protected, or the chickens will faithfully keep them scratched up. Brush might be effective. It is handier for me to place, over the root, a small rock or piece of brick, too large for the chickens to move. It should be left there for several weeks, possibly all season. The chickens enjoy the shade of the clumps, and the iris thrive on the nearby scratching. Canas do equally well in a chicken yard, and afford considerably more shade.

Our local florist and nurseryman sells many plant assortments, and needs large quantities of the less expensive varieties of iris for these. It is more profitable for him to raise the rarer kinds, which sell singly, and buy my increase for the assortments. The wholesale price is 1½c a rhizome. Not much, but decidedly better than throwing the thinnings over the fence; and I have the satisfaction of their beauty.—Laura Dean Cole.

ABOUT EGGS AND OTHER MATTER

The duck lays about 96 eggs in a season.

The hen lays 108 eggs a year on an average.

The goose lays about 96 eggs in a season.

The guinea lays about 96 eggs in a season.

The turkey seldom lays more than 24 eggs in a season.

The larger the breed the darker the color of egg laid.

A good hen in a year should lay about five times her weight in eggs.

Nearly 80 per cent of the individuals of the flock never lay a double-yolked egg.

Fifteen per cent of the weight of the guinea hen egg is in the shell.

Dirty eggs may be cleaned with a cloth that is greasy with lard or butter.

The flesh of the cockerel starts to toughen when spurs begin to harden.

The goose is the cleanest fowl alive.

The goose averages 20 goslings in a season.

Ducks can be successfully bred from four to five years.



BIG UNITED STATES FAMILY MOVES NORTH TO LAND OF PROMISE

Above is the Gellert family, comprising Mr. and Mrs. Mike Gellert and their eight boys and two girls, who have just passed through Edmonton, Alberta, on their way from Munroe, Washington, to a farm Mr. Gellert bought at Golden Spike, Alberta, twenty miles west of Edmonton, where they are now establishing themselves. This family of twelve is one of the largest that has gone to Alberta in recent years.



COLDS

Go after that cold with Minard's Liniment. Put Minard's on chest and throat. Take a half teaspoonful mixed with syrup. Also heat and inhale Minard's. No cold can stand that treatment.

Minard's is excellent for grippe, influenza, bronchitis, asthma and all similar ailments.

The Great White Liniment

MINARD'S

"KING OF PAIN"

LINIMENT

RED GOLD SUGAR-SAVER FREE

Big, rich, sweet, luscious. Call our. Taste like wild berries. Easy to grow with Minard's. Large quantities. This month. Increase yield. 4 grams with Minard's. 100. Two months. with Minard's. Free—send 10¢. or out. 20¢ per dozen. GARDNER NURSERY CO., Box 957, Chicago, Ill.

PILES

Do you suffer with this complaint? If so, send me your name and address and let me tell you, free, how I rid myself of Piles by an old family remedy.

LEWIS E. RODNEY,
Box 256-B, Yarmonth, Nova Scotia.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 360 Craig St. W., in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath

Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of the City of Montreal. Subscription rate \$2.00 a year.



CANADIAN MOUNTIE GOES TO ABERDEEN ON HOLIDAY

Constable James Murray of the world famous R.C.M.P., who is holidaying with his "ain folk" in Aberdeenshire is the hero of the nine hundred mile dash across the snow-covered wastes of Baffinland, to recover the dead body of Hector J. P. Pitchforth, the English fur-trader, who was stationed at Cape Kater, and was called the "loneliest man in the world." Constable Murray is seen with his niece, who is very proud of the Eskimo summer coat he took home for her.

The new Fuel Research Laboratories of the Department of Mines at Ottawa were designed and the equipment selected with a view to carrying out investigations which would be in the interests of the development of the coal resources of the Dominion.

According to a report of the Department of the Interior from the Dominion Forest Service nursery stations in Indian Head and Sutherland, Saskatchewan, next spring will be a busy season in tree planting in the Prairies. "The advent of the autumn freeze-up brought to a close another very satisfactory season's operations," says the report. "Approximately 8,000,000 seedlings and cuttings have been safely 'heeled in' for winter storage, and, beginning in May, these will be sent out to about 10,000 applicants. Last spring about 7,500,000 trees were shipped out from the two nurseries, bringing the total to slightly more than 100,000,000 for the 28 years since the inauguration of free distribution to Prairie farmers of the Dominion."

Building permits issued by 63 cities during November amounted in value to \$15,822,401, a seasonal decline of

She Obtained Most Marvellous Results Quebec Lady Tells of Dodd's Kidney Pills

Mélie S. Gaumond Suffered with Backache

Saint Simon, P.Q., Dec. 31 (Special) "I hasten to write to you because your Dodd's Kidney Pills have truly relieved me," writes Mélie S. Gaumond, who resides at this place. "I am 28 years old and have suffered for the past three months with Backache. I was advised to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. Shortly after doing so my pains disappeared. I have only taken two boxes. I advise all those who suffer with bad Kidneys to try them. I am sure they will be satisfied."

Other sufferers of backache tell of pains relieved and health restored through the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They act directly on the kidneys. They strengthen the kidneys and put them in shape to strain the uric acid out of the blood.

Your health, strength and vitality depend upon the condition of your blood, for it is through the blood that every part of your body is nourished and built up.

\$5,689,411 or 26.4 per cent. from October but an increase of \$2,964,779 or 29.1 per cent over November, 1927. The total was greater than for any other November on record. The eleven months' permits exceeded by \$31,000,000 or 17.7 per cent those of the similar period of last year.

The Banff-Windermere Highway is the final, and northern link in the great Grand Circle Tour. This route covers approximately 5,000 miles through Canada and the western United States, touching sixteen national parks, four in Canada and twelve in the United States.

All the white arsenic produced in Canada is obtained by treating the arsenical silver-cobalt-nickel ores of northern Ontario. Arsenical gold concentrates are shipped from British Columbia to the United States.

The policy of the Quebec Roads Department in keeping the highways comparatively clear of snow seems to be having the desired effect of easing the way for vehicular traffic. A report of the Department shows nearly 4,000 vehicles travelling the road from Montreal to Ottawa and Toronto within the week of December 8th to 15th. This is a high average, and less popular routes also show a marked increase in traffic over previous years.



BRITAIN'S NEW UNDER-SECRETARY

The Earl of Plymouth, who has been appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs in succession to Lord Lovat.

FARMERS' BUSINESS BRIEFS

ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-order rate of three cents per word per insertion (minimum charge 45c per insertion). SIX consecutive insertion will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions \$1.50). A number or a single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made. Copy for insertion in these columns should be in the "Witness" Office not later than Friday morning to secure proper classification in following Weekly Edition.

POULTRY

BABY CHICKS
A-1 Baby Chicks—We Are Starting Our Incubators the 7th of Jan. and we could supply chicks any week from that on. Free catalogues will be ready by the 30th of January. All orders received by the first of March will get a discount of 5 per cent. on catalogue price if accompanied with 50 per cent. of order. A. H. SWITZER, Granston, Ontario. 4.5

GIANTS
Few Jersey Black Giant Cockerels left, \$4.00 each. ALEX McMILLAN, Washago, Ont.

HAMBURGS
Silver Spangled Hamburgs, For Sale. Winners at Royal, 1927; Madison Square, New York, 1928; Royal, 1928. W. H. TOOTH, 58 Henry St., Barrie, Ont. 4.5

TURKEYS
Turkeys—Mammoth Bronze, Strong Healthy stock, free from blackhead: Toms 20 lbs. and over \$12. Hens 12 lbs. and over \$8. E. C. MACINTYRE, Box 14, Mountain, Ont. \$2.6

MISCELLANEOUS
Pedigreed Rock, Wyandotte, Leghorn breeding cocks and cockerels \$5.00 and up. We ship C.O.D. Catalogue free.—L. R. GULL & SONS, Box 4, Rockwood, Ont. \$1.6

POULTRY SUPPLIES
Eggs in a Few Days are Guaranteed, by crushing "Old Reliable Magic-Egg-Gland Tablets in your hens' drinking water or mash of your money back. If your hens are not laying, Magic Tablets will make them, lay quick; if your hens are laying now, Magic Tablets will make them lay dozens more eggs." Mrs. Crawford, Ontario—writes: "I used your tablets, and got splendid results on the second day of use." Magic Tablets are full of vitamins and wonderful egg-making materials. Free poultry bulletins. One big box, sixty cents; two big boxes, one dollar. Post paid. Agents wanted. RELIABLE STOCK FOOD CO., 239-T Melita Ave., Toronto. \$4

WYANDOTTES
"White Wyandotte Cockerels and Pullets." Cockerels \$3 or 2 for \$5. Pullets \$2. JOHN R. ARQUE, R. R. 2 Carp, Ont. \$6.7

LIVESTOCK

CATTLE

NORCREST FARM

For Sale 2 Reg. Guernsey Bull Calves.

Born June 11, 1928	and Dec. 16th 1928
Dam Elm Tree Pauline 185246	Dam Elm Tree Coxy 206173
Sire Pride of Woody Brook, 128399	Sire Elm Tree Gendarme 105975

Grand gain to sire A R 19211	Record 13597.40	750.12	Rams Records
Class D	Record 15165.40	\$19.60	12112 milk 733 fat
Class A			

Individually they are good Price \$100. and \$50. Tested Herd
CLARENCE J. MESSENGER, Mgr., R.F.D. No. 12 Westport, Conn.

DOGS
St. Bernard Dogs and Puppies, reasonable!!! Information with photos free. BROCKINGTON, 181-R McKenna Avenue, Montreal. t.f.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE
SKATING OUTFITS, new and slightly used, \$2.00 upwards. Bargain list mailed. PIERLESS, 195 Dundas West, Toronto. 1.6

For Sale—cheap—three Manual Pipe Organ, Foot Pedals and Pneumatic Action—beautiful tone. W. J. AITCHESON, 137 Bold Street, Hamilton, Ont. 3.2

HONEY
Six ten lb. pails Clover and Basswood Honey \$4.00. clover, and buckwheat mixed \$4.50 WILBER SWAYZE, Dunville, Ontario. 51.6

Delicious clover honey ten cents lb. buckwheat honey 7c. lb. 60 lb. crates. JOSEPH CONDY, Walkerton, Ont. 4.8

BULBS AND PLANTS

TREES, TREES, TREES:
Buy trees that grow. Apple, plums, cherries, raspberries. Ornamentals, trees, shrubs, roses, perennials, peonies. Send today your want list. Direct to customers. ROUEMONT NURSERIES, Rougemont, Que. 49.13

GLADIOLUS, 25 blooming bulbs, each different named, labelled \$1.00 worth \$3.00 or 50 named sorts, mixed not labelled \$1.00. 210 sorts from 2c. to \$10.00 each, also Iris, Paeonies, Roses, Shrubs, Bulbs, Plants. Everything for the garden. Seeds to Fruit Trees. List free. A. W. SMITH, Box W., Woodstock, Ontario. t.f.

FRUIT TREES, FINEST GRADE. Apples 5 to 7 feet 25c. Plums, Cherries, etc. Everything for the garden. Seeds to Fruit Trees. List free. A. W. SMITH, Box W., Woodstock, Ontario. t.f.

STRAWBERRY AND RASPBERRY PLANTS
VIKING RASPBERRY, new, hardy, very large, enormously productive, 100—\$3.50. All varieties of Raspberries, Strawberries, etc. Everything for the garden. Seeds to Fruit Trees. List free. A. W. SMITH, Box W., Woodstock, Ont. t.f.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS
Edison Amberol records. Latest releases. Write for lists. W. GOODALL, Dept. C., 328 Talbot Ave., Winnipeg, Man. 3.2

TRAPPERS' SUPPLIES
Illustrated booklet "Successful trapping" worth many dollars, only 25c. 20 modern methods. KREDDIG, Vegreville, Alta. 1.6

LIVESTOCK (Cont'd)

DOGS
Bentons, Springer Spaniels and Manchester Terriers, puppies and grown stock for sale. Registered and healthy. Bred from champions. Must be sold. Box 352, Coaticook, Que.

Shop by means of the Witness advertising columns. If you do not see what you require, write us. We will put you in communication with the right people.

GOATS
Purebred Toggenburg Milkgoats. One three years old registered Buck. Bargain Prices. NORTH-STAR RABBITRY, Nekomis, Sask. 59.6

RABBITS
"Do not delay. Act today." Be among the first to raise World's Premium Fur Bearing Black Silver tipped Fox RABBITS. Real money makers. Send for booklet. QUALITY FUR FARMS, R. 1, Box 36, Green Bay, Wis., U.S.A. 51.6

FRENCH SILVER RABBITS—High quality. Reasonably priced. Pedigrees furnished. H. TOMLINSON, R. 1, Seagrave, Ont. 3.8

Chinchillas pedigreed at reduced prices, also farm for sale. WALTER DEAN, Kenilworth, Ont. 51.6

100 Pedigreed Chinchillas for sale, bred from C. S. R. A. registered stock come registered. Write KIRKVILLE RABBITRY, Box 351, Collingwood, Ont. 3.6

Choice Quality Pedigreed Chinchilla does, 7 months old, \$5 each. WALTER WESTLAKE Bayfield, Ont. 1.8

Chinchillas—registered scoring 90-95 (Canadian small breeds). Bucks \$5, does \$6, pairs \$11, trios \$15. Four months stock, registration legible \$5 pair, trios \$7. DAVID WHITE, St. Marys, Ont.

Pedigreed Chinchilla's Does, ten months old \$10.00, good Bucks \$5.00. W. R. CAMPBELL, Alma, Ont.

FARMS FOR SALE
640 acres, no buildings nor cultivation, adjoins village 35 miles Winnipeg, daily train, excellent Dairy & Truck farming, good location Creamery and Cheese factory, on 130 acre tracts \$22. and up, easy terms.—Fred C. Hamilton, 597 Avenue Rock, Winnipeg. 50.8

Cash for your property, farm business or residence. No matter where located. Free information. INTERNATIONAL REALTY CO. 643 Pelissier, Windsor, Ont. 51.12

FARM LAND NEAR VANCOUVER
Owner wants to sell seven acres of rich meadowland on Fraser River, near Marpole (now part of Vancouver City), with all city conveniences available, telephone electric light, public and high schools in immediate locality, on paved highway, 20 minutes' motoring distance from centre of Vancouver; also tramway facilities; all these facilities with low taxes; no buildings. Present owner has been owner for over ten years, and believes property is excellent one for person desiring to leave prairies and establish a home on the coast. Suitable for farming, poultry, dairy or small fruits. If interested write owner, DR. BYRON S. ELLIOTT, Birks' Building, Vancouver, B. C. 52.6

Ten Acres, frame house, barn chicken-house, fruit, stone road, five minutes' walk from Railway Station. CORA BARTLETT, Smithville, Ont. 4.5

FARM WANTED
Wanted—Hear from owner good farm for sale. Cash price, particulars. D. F. BUSH, Minneapolis, Minn. 4.2

AGENTS WANTED
Agents—If you like trees and shrubs, why not sell them? Make a business of it. Part time or full time, 200 varieties of proven Red Tag Nursery products. Cash every week. Equipment and instructions free. Write DOMINION NURSERIES, Montreal. e.o.w.

MISSING RELATIVES
WHITE—Joseph, formerly of Belle Cote, C.B. Served in war with 3rd Reserve Battalion. Last heard of in February, 1919, was then at Whitby Camp. He intended on return to Canada to go to Northern Ontario. His mother, Mrs. C. L. WHITE, Belle Cote, C.B., will welcome information. 51.6

Frank Lambing, information desired with regard to the whereabouts of the above gentleman, last known address was Clova, Que., July, 1927. He or anyone please communicate with J. CORRIGAN, Steeple, Que. 4.2

SITUATIONS VACANT
Wanted—13 Faving Cutters, 1 Blacksmith, 1 Quattyan, commence work 13th March. JACK BUCHANAN, Sundridge, Ontario, Box 38. 4.6

Wanted, persons to grow Mushrooms for us in waste cellar spaces, all spring. Earn upwards of \$25.00 weekly. Start now. Illustrated booklet for stamp. DOMINION MUSHROOM CO., Toronto 3.

BUSINESS CARDS
ARTISTS' SUPPLIES
Artists' Brushes, Colors, Paper, Pastels and Canvas, also everything that an artist would require. Send for catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LIMITED, 1428 McGill College Ave., Montreal. 52.2

PRINTING
100 Name and Address Stickers 25c. Envelopes, Note-paper or Statements 60c. PICKERING'S PRESS, Harrisburg, Ontario. 52.6

EDUCATIONAL
The De Eriasy Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Correspondence courses. ACADEMIE DE HUSAY, Ottawa. 9-52

FARMERS' MARKETS

Markets and Prices

THE generally weaker prices of the vegetable group, and particularly of the grains, more than offset the relative firmness maintained in other groups of commodities, and our index number of wholesale prices declined from 91.42 as at 15th November to 90.81 as at 15th December. The market for wheat was adversely affected by advices from Australia and Argentina indicating that harvesting was making good progress and that deliveries from the former were of excellent quality. Present conditions in the Southern Hemisphere denote a production about 7 per cent. in excess of last year's. Any further weakening in the market was offset by a reduction from last year of 8.6 per cent. in the official estimate of the area sown to winter wheat in the United States. The price of corn was lower following heavy receipts, but later strengthened when the final United States government crop estimate, representing a decrease since early in the season, was issued. This estimate, together with the carryover, places the total supply at about that of last year. The other grains fluctuated within narrow limits.

Hog and cattle offerings were very heavy at a season when there is considerable falling off in demand, with the result that prices for both live stock and meat products suffered a slight decline.

There have been no changes of importance in the textile markets, and prices on the whole have been firm or slightly higher. Interest in the cotton industry has now been transferred from production to consumption, which, while hitherto rather disappointing, is showing signs of improvement. Silk prices have remained firm at fairly high levels in spite of a reluctance to buy at existing prices. The market for raw wool has been firm with some tendency to advance in all the primary markets.

Copper prices have again advanced although, after a long period of contracting supplies, surplus stocks are now on the increase and amount to slightly over half the reserve of a year ago. Lead also increased in price and demand has been active. The recent advance in the price of zinc has been maintained, but there has been a recession in demand.

Gross exports of rubber from Malaya for the month of November totalled 68,072 tons as compared with 24,441 in October, but failed to bring about any weakness in the market, as tire production, which normally shows a reduction at this season, continues at a comparatively high rate.—Bank of Commerce Monthly Letter.

The Poultry Trade

Statistics covering the past few years show the industry in dressed and undressed poultry in Canada to be increasing in importance though still capable of considerable expansion, especially in its export phase. The number of poultry in the country is on the rise, increasing from 45,469,292 in 1923 to 50,178,485 in 1927, and 53,779,539 in 1928, and the wealth represented by poultry population standing at \$52,958,000 in 1927 as compared with \$50,971,000 in 1926, and \$47,171,000 in 1925. The Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan are the only one to fail to show increases in the number of their poultry in recent years.

The volume of poultry marketed fresh in Canada shows a corresponding increase. In 1927 the total was 6,819,675 lbs. worth \$2,204,061 as compared with 5,893,643 worth \$1,920,798 in the previous year, all provinces with the exception of British Columbia recording increases in their marketings. The manner in which this is divided up shows a curious standing for the provinces. Ontario had a wide lead with marketings totalling 3,334,385 lbs. worth \$1,104,692. Manitoba followed with 1,221,804 lbs. worth \$371,560. Saskatchewan and Alberta together accounted for 1,251,185 lbs. worth \$371,361; Quebec for 271,569 lbs. worth \$99,616; British Columbia for 736,232 lbs. worth \$255,422 and the Maritime Provinces for 4,500 lbs. worth \$1,400. The per capita consumption of

poultry in Canada has of recent years been on the rise, the figure for 1927 being 9.69 lbs. as compared with 9.61 lbs. in 1926 and 9.51 lbs. in 1925. This includes all varieties of fowls, turkeys, ducks and geese, the consumption of fowl alone being in the three years respectively 6.65 lbs. and 6.24 lbs. This increase has naturally had some effect upon the export trade, which, however, amounts to less than five per cent of marketings.

The export trade in dressed and undressed poultry exhibits very wide fluctuations over a number of years, reaching a high of \$785,575 in 1926 and declining to \$492,444 in the following year. In the next fiscal year there was a further decline to \$158,506 but the first three months of the present fiscal year give evidence of a considerable improvement. The decline has been mainly attributable to smaller purchases of \$325,962 in 1926 becoming the Dominion's first customer, a position consistently held by the United States, then cutting its purchases by four-fifths in the following year. Other heavy purchasers of Canadian dressed and undressed poultry are Newfoundland, Hong Kong, Bermuda, and smaller ones the British West Indies, Fiji, China, France, Germany, Japan, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands.

During the past few years, more particularly since the stimulus imparted to all phases of the poultry industry through Canada's participation in the World Poultry Congress, interest in this has been steadily on the rise and is unquestionably greater today than ever before. This is true of practically every province though it would seem clear that Quebec does not occupy the standing in the industry its general position and opportunity justify. Expansion in the Maritime Provinces has been outstanding, the past year in particular having been featured by numerous important establishments. Western Canada is also making progress along sound lines. A recent establishment was that of a \$20,000 poultry farm in the vicinity of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, while large California interests were reported as considering establishment at Edmonton, Alberta, and investment of \$250,000 in a plant there. A chicken hatchery on a large scale is to be established in Alberta, with hatcheries at several points in the province by Vancouver interests, according to report. It has been striking to note the success women in all parts of the country have been making in the industry, both as a whole-time occupation and as a side line to mixed farming activities.

Western Canada, probably the foremost farm territory in the world in co-operative marketing, has in very successful manner organized pool sales of poultry. All the Prairie Provinces have been operating pools separately and recently those of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, for more efficient operation, united to form the Canadian Co-operative Poultry Producers. During the year British Columbia organized its co-operative association for poultry marketing after the Prairie Provinces idea, while the Maritime Poultry Exchange has been doing an effective and expanding work in that territory. Organized interest in the poultry industry is only of recent date but with the encouragement offered from all sides the activity can be expected to expand in the future with special reference to opportunities existing in the export markets.—Agricultural and Industrial Progress in Canada.

BILL NYE ON LIFE INSURANCE

"I would not try to keep house without life insurance. Six years ago I was caught up into Heaven—and returned with thanks—by one of the most destructive cyclones that ever visited a republican form of government. A great many lives were lost, but I was spared. People who had no insurance were mowed down on every hand. Of course I had my leg broken in two places, but that might have been avoided if I had taken out an accident policy.

"Twice I have almost raised my wife into affluence and cast a gloom

over the whole community in which I lived. But I recovered.

"I therefore take pleasure in saying to those to whom these presents may come, that since I became fully insured, my health has improved so much that it is a subject of profound congratulation on my part, and of the deepest disgust on the part of those who would naturally inherit my vast wealth."

United States purchases of Canadian bonds now have a more substantial lead over Canadian purchases, the takings to date being, respectively, \$217,761,000 and \$201,668,059, while Great Britain's share is \$15,926,833. The total, \$434,655,892 (compared with

\$617,200,675 in 1927 and \$573,226,879 in 1926), was made up as follows: Government, \$86,726,333; Municipal, \$26,313,559; Corporation, \$272,200,000 and Railway \$49,388,000.

Canada has now 3,739 cattle herds examined and found free of tuberculosis, as compared with 2,068 such herds in 1925, 793 in 1923 and 59 in 1921. This test by the Department of Agriculture is not a hasty nor perfunctory affair; each "tuberculosis free accredited herd" must, in fact, have passed two annual or three semi-annual tests without a reaction. The test is part of the "restricted area plan" under which 635,982 cattle have been tested

\$2,500,000 Canadian Power & Paper Investments Limited

5% Cumulative Convertible Preferred Stock
Par Value \$50

The net assets of the Company after giving effect to this financing will consist entirely of investments, call loans, and cash, having a conservative value of over \$4,500,000, equivalent to over \$80 per share on the \$50 par value Convertible Preferred Stock outstanding. Net income for the twelve months ended December 31st, 1928, after payment of Debenture Interest and Federal Taxes, amounted to over \$300,000, which is equal to 2.4 times the dividend requirements of the Convertible Preferred Shares to be outstanding before receipt of any benefit from the additional capital to be provided by this financing.

Convertible at holder's option

This issue of Preferred Stock is convertible into no-par value Common shares on a share for share basis at any time at the holders' option.

Price \$50.00 to yield 5.00%

NESBITT, THOMSON & COMPANY LIMITED

315 St. James Street, MONTREAL

Toronto Ottawa Quebec Hamilton London, Ont.
Winnipeg Saskatoon Victoria Vancouver

728

Good Investments

For January funds we recommend a diversified selection from the following choice investments:

GOVERNMENT

	Due	Price	Yl'd %
Province of Ontario, 4%	May 15, 1945-63	98.52	4.50
Province of Ontario, 4 1/2%	Jan. 15, 1954	98.52	4.60
Dominion of Canada, Guaranteeing			
Canadian National Rys., 4 1/2%	Dec. 1, 1968	96.00	4.72
Province of British Columbia, 3 1/2%	July 1, 1937	91.00	4.80
Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Com., Guaranteed by Prov. of Ontario, 6%	June 21, 1941	110.19	4.90

MUNICIPAL

City of Toronto, 4 1/2%	Nov. 1, 1940	97.73	4.75
City of Vancouver, 4 1/2%	Sept. 26, 1937	97.12	4.90
Village of Coldwater (County of Sim- coe Guarantee), 4 1/2%	Dec. 1, 1934-40		5.00
Town of Seaforth, 5%	July 2, 1932-43	100.00	5.00
City of Welland, 5%	July 2, 1931	100.00	5.00
Three Rivers Schools, 5 1/2%	Nov. 1, 1945	105.00	5.05

CORPORATION

Montreal Tramways Co., 5%	July 1, 1941	100.00	5.00
Gatineau Power Co., 5%	June 1, 1956	98.00	5.13
Canada Northern Power Co., 5%	May 1, 1953	96.00	5.29
Canada Steamship Lines, 6%	Oct. 1, 1941	102.50	5.72
P. T. Legare Co., 6%	Sept. 1, 1947	101.50	5.87
Famous Players Corporation, 6%	Apr. 1, 1948	101.00	5.91
Dominion Square Corporation, 6%	Apr. 1, 1948	100.00	6.00
Balfour Building, 6%	Oct. 1, 1943	99.00	6.10
Ontario Building, 6 1/2%	Mar. 1, 1943	101.40	6.35

INVESTMENT PREFERRED STOCKS

Canada Paving & Supply Corp., 7%	At market	115.00	6.09
A. J. Freiman, Limited, 6%	At market	90.00	6.67
Pure Food Stores, Limited, 7%		100.00	7.00

ATTRACTIVE COMMON STOCKS

We have sponsored and recommend for a hold the purchase of the following common stocks: Hayes Wheels, Photo Engravers, Canada Vinegars, Easy Washing Machine, Humberstone Shoe, Hunt's, Limited, Canadian Dredge, and Canada Paving.

Orders may be telegraphed at our expense

McLeod, Young, Weir & Co., Limited

Investment Bankers

Metropolitan Building, Toronto

BRANCHES AT: MONTREAL, OTTAWA, HAMILTON, LONDON,
WINNIPEG, NEW YORK