WITNESS
and
Canadian Homestead

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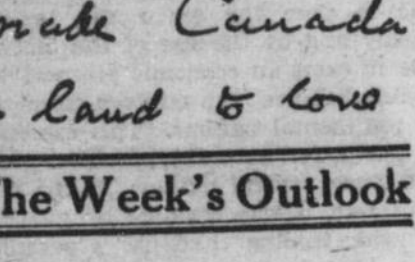
THE WITNESS is working through its readers in every province, and they through it, to

make Canada a land to love

The Week's Outlook

Undesirables in Politics

ONE of the disquieting features of modern politics is the shortness of the public memory and the ease with which men who ought to be excluded from public life for all time can have themselves reinstated in the public favor. A politician forced out of power by revelations of personal corruption and breach of public confidence need only lie low for a very brief season and then, emerging from his obscurity, unblushingly attach himself to a prevailing cause in favor at the moment and ride into office again on the wave of electoral favor. The recent election in Newfoundland is a case in point. Sir Richard Anderson Squires has been returned to power by a majority of ten seats with



LABRADOR

three still to be reported. It is only a little more than five years since this same gentleman was forced to resign along with his entire Cabinet in the face of charges of corruption. The Royal Commission appointed to investigate the charges, found Sir Richard and some of his followers guilty of receiving public moneys as well as large sums from the British Empire Steel Company. He was arrested and committed for trial on October, 1924, but the Grand Jury refused to indict him. This is the man whom the people of Newfoundland have chosen to rule the country. By so doing, the electors have identified themselves with this unworthy politician. They have secured the kind of Prime Minister they deserved. Already, in the suggestions of a sale of Labrador to a United States syndicate emanating from Sir William Coaker, a few years ago, an avowed annexationist, a chameleon politician worthy of his master, who has blown hot and cold on nearly every important question of the day, Newfoundland is experiencing the first of the many problems which it may expect as a result of placing the reins of government in the hands of a band of unprincipled adventurers. In view of the possibilities of annexation, of Labrador or Newfoundland itself adumbrated by Sir William Coaker, there is danger, not only to Canada, but to the whole British Empire in the machinations of self-seekers at St. John's.

Canada Abroad

IT is not easy for a Canadian prime minister, ever with thronging duties pressed, to leave his post. When he has a chance he generally needs rest. That is one of the principal bars to imperial solidarity, as, under one system, no one else can potentially represent the country, whether at imperial conferences or at international functions. Mr. Mackenzie King has filled his brief absence with noted service which has got him much commendation. In Paris he fulfilled the formal function of signing for Canada the Kellogg pact, and so placing Canada on the map as one of the signatory—shall we say—powers. There, also, he inaugurated the Canadian ministry at Paris, a position which Mr. Roy will fill with distinction and considerable service. At Geneva Mr. King's speech was the discussed event of the meeting, in which he made great boast of the happy life of peace and goodwill that North America has led since the Rush-Bagot treaty in 1826, since which there has been no need for what was therein barred, any rivalry of armament or any thought of insecurity between the two countries. The Toronto Globe forbids the boast as made for Canada, as that treaty was British and not Canadian. We owe our immunities, in that as in other things, to Great Britain, as, but for the British aegis, we might be where Nicaragua is. Still, it was a new world achievement and has relieved the larger continent of North America from such mutual strife as has hardly ever ceased in Europe. Perhaps as useful a speech as any was that in London, in which he disabused the English nation of the obsession that Canada obstructs British immigrants. Returning to Canada, he meets the leering spectre of the Vaughan case. Still, he seems to have left a good impression everywhere.

Whose the Crime?

AN untoward and pitiful light is shed on our whole immigration system by the record of Mr. Keith Harrison Vaughan. He came to Canada on a visit in 1913. It was a prospecting visit and instead of returning home he entered into partnership with his brother. He has been three times arrested by the immigration authorities for the crime of being in the country without a proper ticket. There seems to be nothing in the record to suggest that he is, or has at any time before or after coming here been, anything but a virtuous and valuable citizen. But, horrible to relate, he was on record as a tourist! His first arrest was in 1918 when, under the despotic powers vested in the department and exercised through a board of enquiry, he became a ticket of leave man. His sentence of deportation was relaxed into one which required him to report monthly like a tolerated criminal at the immigration office. Failing in time duly to perform this humiliating penance, he was again arrested this year and sentenced to deportation, fifteen years after he had broken up his home ties and become an established and domiciled citizen of Canada, all because, by somebody's mistake, he had got registered as a tourist. Is it a great crime to come to Canada with undetermined mind? He appealed to the court, which declared that when he was first arrested ten years ago he was already beyond the reach of the department, as he had been for the requisite three years a domiciled Canadian. Ten years of worry and legal expenses because instead of going home to seek new employment in his own overpopulated country, he had become a productive Canadian. We do not doubt that, in all this perse—perhaps we had better say prose- cution, the department officers in Montreal were acting conscientiously, but, as it turns out, wrongly, under Sec. 33, sub-sec. 10; in which case Sec. 33, sub-sec. 10, whatever it says, had better be changed. The more they were right, the more it is evident that the law is foolishly cruel. The fact that they were wrong shows that a singularly despotic power was vested in people not equal to so very serious a responsibility. Think what a story would have been Mr. Vaughan's, had he now been an occupationless wanderer in Britain. On the other hand, it may be recalled that the evidence at the recent Police probe at Vancouver, showed that one of that city's notorious vice exploiters, a continental European, succeeded by exercising influence with the civic authorities in having a deportable charge modified to save a bootlegger from deportation who had fraudulently entered the country as a farm laborer. There are ways of building up a country; but these are not of them.

The Bootleg Quandary

THE two responsibles are discussing how to deal with bootlegging. Mr. Euler is the national minister whose department it touches, at a recently diseased and still very raw spot. Mr. Euler took hold of the department just after it had been shown what a putrid thing its relations with the liquor business law made it. It was his not very pleasant mission to clean out the stable, and he went at it with a will, but has met with great discouragement. He finds himself at war with the great brewers and great distillers, great benefactors of charities and notable subscribers to party

A PARABLE

DID you . . . ever try pumping when the pump was dry? Water aplenty in the well but no matter how hard you pumped the plunger would not lift it.

The pump made a good deal of noise—and there was some gurgling of air, but that was all you got for your trouble.

Then you went to the house and got a quart of water and poured it down the pump. To the inexperienced that would sound like carrying coals to Newcastle. But it worked a miracle . . . on the pump.

Now with little effort and less noise the swinging handle and moist plunger produces the vacuum-pull that lifts and discharges the water in a gushing, ample stream.

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We have tried to reason with our readers about the different kinds and relative values and services of papers. We have tried to show them that even more than the publishers or the advertisers the readers themselves are responsible for the press.

We have asked them to use their best discernment and judgment and, whatever other papers circumstances forced them to take (as in cases of local papers where there was practically no choice) that they would put the best they knew first and at the top of their list.

We have gone further and have said that if there were any Witness readers who had discovered a paper more disinterestedly devoted to the general welfare and could only take one—that they should give up the Witness and take the better one. Our own interest is not in the Witness but in Canada's welfare.

But we also urged, not in the interest of the Witness, but in the interest of Canada, that such as did not know any other paper so disinterestedly devoted to the general welfare, would co-operate with us to extend both the efficiency and influence of the Witness —**their paper**, even more than ours for it is published in their better interest, and only by us as a "calling"—a voluntary, though strenuous and unpaid, service to mankind.

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AND here's where the parable comes in. We pumped in ordinary fashion for some time. But when we "primed the pump" as we did last week, when we told our readers that

> two men (the publishers) contributed annually thousands of dollars and over five thousand strenuous hours of work without pay

to the end that the Witness might be as valuable as possible to each reader —that was

like pouring a quart of water down the pump

And the stream began to come—and thousands have taken advantage of our "3 for 1" offer.

But there are thousands of others that have not yet been "moved" by such a challenge.

Is it because it is so commonplace? Would that it were. Canada would long ago have been "dry", and bettered in many other ways.

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SOME one has said:

> "Talk to them about some personal, material advantage—**to them, or even to you**—and you will get reaction."

We will leave that to other publishers as far as material advantages go.

We are getting them without seeking them and so will all who seek first the general welfare, for that is another word for "the Kingdom of heaven." The cruse of oil and the measure of meal have a strange way of being replenished for such as believe in them.

Of course it is only such as want to see general welfare journalism improved and strengthened and its influence extended to their friends and neighbors who will GIVE an hour or so a year by way of co-operating with such an adventure as this.

That so many are doing so is a source of great strength to

Your Publishers.

funds, but everywhere in league with the outlaws. Balked at every turn, what could he do? Sir Henry Drayton, King Ferguson's chief butler, is in the same position. Mr. Ferguson holds his present position of power by virtue, on the one hand, of the aforesaid drink magnates, and on the other, of his promise that his way of taking over the drink business would put an end to bootlegging to say nothing of other alcohol excesses. The good folk of Ontario were heartily ashamed of the contemptible business of, surreptitiously invading a neighbor's soil with what that neighbor regarded as a nuisance, voted to try the new nostrum. To the respectable of Conservative mind, any excuse was good enough for voting according to party. With the riff-raff, as in the United States the liquor man was the fugleman; and to him, for votes, and for other practical assistance, Mr. Ferguson felt himself beholden. He however could not rule Ontario unaided by a large respectable vote. He has, perhaps honestly, sought to redeem his promise to the citizens by planting government liquor shops everywhere especially where bootlegging was most rife. The cure was homeopathic in kind, but not in quantity. At all events it has proved a great and obvious failure, and the good people of Ontario are as much ashamed as ever. The two functionaries of opposite politics—a very serious divergence in Ontario, are meeting to consider this impasse. What they will admit to each other we do not know. But without saying anything, both of them know that their common enemy is "the trade," and that it has them secretly bound hand and foot. It was this secret influence that brought about the dismissal of Provincial Constable Brien, of Waterloo County, Ontario, whose charges of favoritism and maladministration of the Ontario Liquor Control Act, are meeting with a very undignified silence on the part of Attorney-General Price and General Williams, Commissioner of the Ontario Provincial Police. The officer's allegations that he was ordered to drop cases after he had secured the necessary evidence, the hints he was given to "go slow". with threats of unpleasant consequences if he ignored the intimation that certain people could have all the liquor they wanted, have not yet been answered, nor is there the slightest indication of the holding of the enquiry and publication of the report that Colonel Price promised in his initial hasty denial of the officer's charges. Genuine investigations and unbiased reports are the last things in the world, desired by the secret emissaries of the trade and the marionettes.

Sound And Fury

"A GREAT many things that Sir Sam Hughes said could not be regarded as evidence in a court." It was a delicate touch of the Chief Justice in pronouncing the unanimous judgment of the Court of Appeal against granting a new trial to Mr. Preston, condemned at Cobourg for a very grievous slander against Sir Arthur Currie, when commander of the Canadian forces. Sir Arthur was accused of having led Canadians uselessly to death after he knew of the Armistice being reached. One of the reasons for asking to annul the verdict was that a speech of Sir Sam Hughes, making the same accusation, had been refused as evidence—though Sir Arthur had suffered from that accusation for ten years without doing anything in the matter. What could he have done? said the Chief Justice. From one point of view, it was a fortunate thing for Sir Arthur that Mr. Preston so recklessly aired the charge in public. Canada's general has, as a result, been fully vindicated, by public opinion, no less than by the verdict of the learned judges, from a slander for which, as uttered in Parliament, he had no remedy.

Higher Standards of Citizenship

IF youthful Scottish nationalism flares up, as in the Glasgow University election, why not Canadian? A higher standard of citizenship is the declared and worthy aim of an organization calling itself the Native Sons of Canada. They propose to attain this by excluding anybody but Canadians from any public position and by breaking the last ties with the Empire. The Governor General must be a Canadian, which, under our system, would practically make him a party creature and wipe him out, or, under another, give him undue power. The appeal to the Privy Council is to be abolished, which would leave us without the throne to appeal to. It is really an international court and for the final court of the realm, it is not only a singularly suitable tribunal for the adjudication of constitutional questions, but it is the traditional recognition of the sovereign who is common to us all, and who takes advice regarding Canadian affairs, not from Stanley Baldwin, but from Mackenzie King. The King may be a theory, offensive, perhaps, to those separatists, but necessary to our imperial fellowship and precious to all British hearts. There was a movement in the United States, which became a tangible political force for some years in the middle of the last century. It was the Ku Klux Klan of those days and was known as "Know-Nothing" because of its boyish boast of conspiring secrecy. Those swaggerers who had, no doubt, a wide acceptance among the lightheads of their generation, had for excuse the fact that they had all, as had all their neighbors been fatuously nursed in contempt for all other peoples, especially the British. They of course could not help the fact that almost up till then their presidents had been British born although for the most part, they had sought to repair that damage. William Henry Harrison, called after an English king, but besides being the grandson of a signer of the Declaration, was the Indian fighter who at the battle of Tippecanoe had started the war of 1812, or boasted of so doing. Tyler his running mate was daring enough to claim, or to allow others to claim for him descent from Wat Tyler, the English revolutionist. It was out of this mess of cherished spite that this "Know-Nothing" miasma was exhaled. But the fresh air dissipated it in a very few years.

Canadian history has been for our youth, an entirely contrary training. The "higher standard of citizenships" to which the Native Sons of Canada can rise, finds illustration in the juvenile quality of their polemics in a sympathetic paper called the Beaver-Canada First. It would seem that an Orange Lodge took the trouble to pass a resolution rebuking their proposal to crumble the British empire by cutting whatever remaining ties they could find, whereupon we find in the Beaver, these headlines: "The Hidden Hand of Rome;" "Orangemen tools of an American conspiracy? American stampedes country Orange lodge." Assuming to know all that went on in the dread secrecy of the lodge, the "Beaver" declares this reasonable and truly British resolution to have been moved after all but two or three Canadians had left the lodge meeting, by a man born in the United States, and goes on: "So we have this mob of immigrants, led by an American, censuring the native born on Canadian soil." "Americans jealous of Canada's progress are seeking to create dissension in the Country. This is the class of people we are asked to spend money in subsidizing, to come to the country." And so forth! Well, well! Boys will be boys. We have in this juvenile banter, for that is what we take it to be, a vivid illustration of the "higher standards" to which Canadian nationalism might hope to rise under the unadulterated guidance of native sons.

Passenger Traffic.

RAILWAY passenger service is now carried on at a loss. This is the most serious statement made by the Hon. George P. Graham, once Minister of Railways, and so an intelligent observer, in a speech made to railway men. The business of branch lines in the United States which were dependent chiefly on passenger business is being handed over to the motor bus, and the railways with their heavy station and other passenger expenses are suffering from the competition of the fine roadbeds which the motor car is everywhere enforcing. While the railway company has to create and maintain its own track, the car has its road made for it at the cost of a light tax. In five years, 1920-25, the railway passenger traffic, and the gross receipts from it, fell off twenty-five percent.

"The old order changeth yielding place to new."

No human investment can count on perpetuity. It is not so long ago that the railway all through the country superseded the old mail wagon. How could the sometimes solitary passengers of that primitive accommodation furnish business for a railway? The solution was that for one traveler by mail wagon there were a dozen to use the railway. A generation later came the trolley lines. Running in many places close alongside the railways, they once more developed an entirely new traffic. In some places it was said that this new convenience that could take you from the nearest corner to your shop or office or job, would have a dozen passengers where the railway had had one. And now the road travel is superseding the rail, but again creating a great new travel business for itself. An interesting question is: what next? Still, it is not the falling off of traffic, but the increase of expense that has been the chief factor in making the passenger business unprofitable. That is chiefly due, as the papers would put it, to the demands of Labor unions for more pay, while the outcries of the public, and the competition of the automobile car, forbid a proportionate increase of rates. It is true that wage earners want better and better conditions; yet it would perhaps give a more correct sense of the facts to attribute this pressure to the extraordinary reduction in the buying value of money. Money will buy much less—about two-thirds what it did before the war, to go no further back. The railway companies have to resort to hotels, shipping lines, land development. The greater companies can no doubt make good for a long while in one way or another. Even with the increased expenses they would no doubt still pay very well if they only ran where they could count on full cars. But it may be taken for granted that any system that persistently refuses to pay its expenses will have, in time, to be taken over by the government which will then throw its losses on the public. No doubt the prudent are already speculating whether the railways will, before long, have to depend on heavy freight for their earnings. The air routes will be quicker and the omnibus more accessible and frequent for passenger travel.

The Freedom of the Seas

COMMANDER J. R. Kenworthy, war hero and member of the British Parliament calls on Great Britain, in the interests of peace and armament reduction to make an unequivocal renunciation of the right of making private blockade of enemy coasts. Failure to do this, he thinks, will eventually ruin the Kellogg Pact and undo recent work towards peace. Pointing out that all great empires of the past have prospered by access to the highways of the ocean, the commander acknowledges the wisdom and logic of British sea domination before the war. With the British Empire scattered over the seven seas, with the British the world's greatest sea traders, and thus the most vulnerable to attack; with Britain herself dependent on the sea freedom for her very existence, they were compelled to maintain an overwhelming naval force.

This power was used not only to protect the British mercantile fleets, but to close the sea routes to an enemy and by the use of the blockade to exert an economic pressure to counterbalance the military strength of continental nations. This exercise of sea power naturally provoked protest from neutral nations. In the recent war, it was resented by all the neutral trading nations, especially the United States, although that country accepted the British view after joining the Allies.

The time has come for the abandonment of this claim, declares the commander, not only because of the fact that the United States is now equally powerful on the seas and that the development of the submarine and the airplane have brought into being newer and more terrible offensive weapons on the ocean, but because the British position would be strengthened rather than weakened by the renunciation. President Wilson's Fourteen Points contained a provision that the highways of the sea should not be closed in peace or war except by international covenants. The British Government, loath to drop a weapon which had proved so serviceable in the past, succeeded in having this clause deleted from the Armistice terms. Britain still has a great mercantile navy on the seas, which would be exposed to attack in case of war, but Commander Kenworthy considers that recognition of the fact that the world has travelled a long way toward peace, by the formation of the League of Nations, the Locarno and the Kellogg Pacts, should modify the historic British sea policies. The central idea of the latest treaty is that the nations denounce war in furtherance of national policy and favor arbitration or other peaceable means of settling differences. British sea trade thus will have behind it, maintains the commander, not only British naval forces, but those of every nation willing to abide by the treaty signed in Paris. American naval ambitions are not the result of fear of any other peoples, but simply the result of national pride which not unnaturally refuses to consider any other nation "the mistress of the seas" with the right in case of wars of dictating to neutrals with whom they may trade. A declaration from Britain that she no longer contemplates filling that role in the historic sense of the term would probably do more than any other procedure to diminish American ardor in the building of ships of war and leave the way open for a general reduction in armaments, especially in the ruinously expensive naval armaments.

Chinese Puzzle

MR. ROBERT BLATCHFORD, a noted publicist of years gone by, seems to have been hibernating beyond the clouds for a spell of years, as, in writing a thrilling article for the Clarion he premises that though he has gathered from the English newspapers that there has of late years been civil war in China, he has no idea what it was all about. He has apparently never heard of a National-

ist movement shot from Canton in 1925 by a Bolshevik explosive, continuing its course all the way to Peking—some twelve hundred miles and more, which it entered some months ago, all the forces of so-called civil war melting before it, embarrassed only by its Bolshevik trail. So Mr. Blatchford's thrills are not of his own making. He got them out of a letter someone sent him from New York in the name of some Chinese organization. Blood curdling, indeed! The writhing and offensive remains of the Bolshevik skin, which China convulsively peeled off, could not make a more horrible picture than that which Mr. Blatchford thus epitomizes:—

"Under the rule of the Kuo Ming Tang, in alliance with the international capitalist powers, the rivers of China are dyed with the blood of the workers. Twenty-five thousand killed protecting their union headquarters from occupation by troops; hundreds of thousands slaughtered in cold blood and tens of thousands rotting in jails; unions suppressed and their leaders executed—all this to create a Chinese working class docile to the inhuman exploitation of the Chinese and international capitalists." The letter alludes to international capitalists, but does not incriminate any nation by name. The manifesto is more explicit. It is addressed to the American unions; but it alludes to other governments:— "We have been cruelly deceived by our bourgeoisie. . . . They betrayed the common struggle of the Chinese people and offered their services to your governments and together with them they have been destroying and drowning in rivers of blood the workers and peasants' movements." There we have a direct charge against foreign governments of complicity in massacre and tyrannous oppression. Don't let us minimise the horror of this charge. The manifesto states:

"Do you know that over 5,000 workers' corpses were thrown upon the streets of Canton? Do you know that working women were tied together in batches of five and burnt alive? Do you know that in Changsha and Hankow, where no revolts have taken place, Pei Sun-Chik and other generals have shot down over 4,000 people solely because they had work-soiled hands?" So. Now read this: "The British, Japanese and American authorities are hunting for the workers, handing them over to the Chinese hangmen. The English courts trade in the heads of our brother workers."

Mr. Blatchford supplements this farrago with a bona fide speech of Mr. Saraut, French Minister, fortunately, of the Interior, looking forward, in the "not so far distant" future, to a conflict across the Pacific to which the late war would be a mere skirmish, Russia, China, and Japan ranging themselves against civilization. Mr. Blatchford winds up his thriller thus:—

The day is soft and balmy, the trees are getting their tints of gold and fire. The garden is very green and sweet and quiet. I don't want any loot from the Yangtse Valley. But I would subscribe for a muzzle for bellicose fools.

Conquering Rome.

ANOTHER step toward world unity has been taken by the Turkish parliament in ordering all newspapers to use exclusively the Latin alphabet for the first six months of next year, after which they may use Arabic for short. That last will seem to Westerners a little like the name of a dog we once knew. His name was "Tig" but "Tiglath-Pileser" for short. But that is because we do not know the facilities of those picturesque curlicues, so adorably decorative in arabesque design. The proceeding has to us a sort of despotic look. But that is the way they do things in Turkey, as well as in Italy; and there is a certain convenience in it. Most of us think often how charmingly the world would be governed if we ourselves were only absolute in it. This is not to say that the Latin alphabet, with its letters, Roman and Italic, is ideal. We can all see it to be arbitrary, illogical, very defective and, as compared with the aforesaid Arabic, very ugly. But as it is the English language and not Esperanto that is spreading over the world; so it is the Roman alphabet and not Pitman's fonetik that is in the ascendant. The very Germans use it when they really need to understand each other, and it is used on everything that goes abroad, even the Graf Zeppelin. The Japanese all learn it. So do the Chinese. For them it is a great facility, even though its signs have the least possible relation to their sounds. The Latin alphabet is however bullying its way till some more intelligent vehicle for the sound of human speech shall be devised and can assert itself.

The Bishop of London

THE Bishop of London, Arthur Foley Winnington-Ingram, is a good man. A. G. Gardiner, in the course of one of his inimitable character sketches described him years ago. "We are in the backwash of the intellectual tide, and the Bishop of London is with us. We feed ourselves on thin emotional gruel and the Bishop of London shares our food. Yet . . . he is a great bishop . . . in the sense that he is a great Christian. His heart is filled with the love of his fellow men, but most of all with love of his poor. From the days when he left Lichfield and came to the Oxford House settlement in the East End, he has given himself to the cause of the disinherited and the miserable. Slumming to him has been no idle diversion. It has been his vocation, his life. Into it he has poured all the wealth of a nature all sunshine and generous emotion. He . . . has realized that if you would reach the souls of men you must first care for their bodies, heal their sores, lessen their miseries. And, full of this primitive law of the faith, he has carried the cup of cold water to the lips of the dying girl in the garret, labored to drain the morass of the slum, lived his days and his nights among the forsaken and the hopeless. And then, his heart full of the goodness of the poor rather than contempt of their squalor, he has gone down to Oxford to call others into the same harvest-field . . . or he has gone into Victoria Park to meet the atheists face to face; answer their pet posers with ready wit, and win their hearts by his genial comradeship. . . . It is the defect of the average Church dignitary that he is remote from the people, dwells in another atmosphere, talks another language. Dr. Ingram thinks their thoughts, talks their speech, is one of themselves . . . He is a 'pal.' He does not fill you with the sense of the awful respectability of religion. He fills you with the sense of its good-fellowship . . . He has little erudition and less theology; but he has the religion of service and sacrifice and it is the only religion that counts. It is perhaps to be regretted that the Bishop of Stepney ever became the Bishop of London . . . He rises early, retires late, lives sparingly, is poorer than when he had a tenth of his present income. . . . But his true sphere is Bethnal Green Road, and the life of the mean streets that he loves and knows and has helped to transform. He is too light an intellectual weight for statesmanship or the leadership of thought. . . . One likes to think of him . . . as the parish priest in the East End, living the life, fighting for the faith, and carrying the sunshine of his happy spirit into the sunless homes of the forlorn and miserable."

A Good Man Blunders

MARK TWAIN once observed that there was "a great deal of human natur' in man" and the Bishop of London has been endowed with it in plentiful measure. It is the source at once of his strength and his weakness. The very human quality of impulsiveness, of leaping before he looks, has more than once landed him in hot water. Another famous ecclesiastic, Samuel Wilberforce, accounted for his nickname "Soapy Sam" by the fact that he "was often in hot water but always emerged with clean hands." The Bishop of London emerges with clean hands, but often rather badly scalded. A year ago he caused a rumpus by implying that Canada turned a cold shoulder on British immigrants. Now he has put his foot in it by advising his clergy to break the law, but only to break it up to a certain point. He asked them the same questions that the other bishops did, but made too imperatively plain what answers he looked for. As might be expected both the law breakers and the law keepers resented such advice and answered "Yes," when he wanted "No", and "No", when he wanted "Yes". The Dean of St. Paul's, which is, of course, the bishop's cathedral, has commented on this action in his own biting fashion. It is indeed a strange thing that the best of men will often violate their best principles for the sake of religion. The Englishman, above most men in the world, respects law and order. And if there is one thing that he esteems above law and order it is "sportsmanship" and fair play. Dr. Carnegie Simpson, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England, speaking, by invitation, to an audience of the Church of England Men's Society, criticised the action of the Bishops as "not cricket." "English people," he said, "do not like that sort of thing; and if the Bishops persevere in it they will get their Church on the wrong side of the nation ethically as well as on the wrong side of Parliament constitutionally. Undoubtedly they are in a very difficult position, and every fair-minded man should recognise that sympathetically. But other churches have been in a position just as difficult over this very matter of freedom, and have come through it by the open road of constitutionalism and sacrifice and not by the illicit by-path of sanctioning that for which they have failed, under their own scheme, to obtain sanction."

An Anomaly

OF course there would not be any breaking of the law if the Church of England was not a function of the state, and, therefore, subject in its teachings to Parliament—rather an absurd arbiter in matters of faith and ritual. The conditions that have arisen throw too strong a light on this anomaly; and those who see the venerable structure cracking about their ears are vexed with the kick of the bishops who, led by the primates, distinctly repudiated the decision of Parliament, thereby accepting the logical consequence, should it ensure, namely, the release of the Church from the civil bond with the consequence that it loses all its privileges, as being a function of the state and all its properties, which belong to the nation. The question of property was solved in France by Mr. Briand by creating in each parish a lay trusteeship. But that was easier in a country which, however indifferent to religion, knew practically only one church, than it can be in England where the majority, if not of the people, at least of the religionists, is nonconformist, yet has citizen rights in public possessions, as, for instance, in the parish grave yards.

The Cure of Souls

CURE meaning care, that all ways was, and always must be, the pastor's service. Instruction and recognition of the human understanding are of the essence of Protestantism. The Church always recognized the need of instruction but it early became a formality. It took the form of catechism, which, when a child could repeat, he was supposed to be instructed in the faith, though he might not understand a word of it, either in childhood or later. Those parts relating to his duties to the church being of a concrete sort, he had to know pretty well. The most complete compendium of popular theology was probably the Shorter Catechism, which, till within the latest generation, every child in Scotland had to learn. The bright child who could:

"screed ye aff 'Effectual Calling'
As fast as ony in the dwalling"

might never know its import as long as he lived. Still pastoral instruction was the essence of early Protestant preaching and customarily it was systematic. Preachers in the churches which followed the Christian year had their theme largely set them. The evangelical movement changed the sermon into an appeal for a change of heart, extremely needed and wonderfully fruitful. It is described by historians as having made a new England. But systematic training in the truths of religion lost its prominence and in practice was largely relegated to the Sunday School, often a scant inattentive twenty minutes in the week, under the guidance of an untrained mind. There is still the suggestion of reserving the morning "service" for instruction and the evening for appeal. It is possible, however, that there might be gain in setting the morning gathering imperatively apart for the more intimate functions of fellowship, as between a family essentially of Christian worshippers and inquirers known to each other, meeting for worship, systematic edification and communion though of course not excluding any one, leaving to other occasions and possibly more general gatherings, the general appeal.

Changed Objective

THERE has been in our generation a considerable change in the presentation of religious truth. The objective of past generations was largely the attainment of heaven. That of our own generation has been the Kingdom of Heaven and how to bring it about. There have also been in our day disturbances in the convictions of youth which need very considerate handling, not met either by the Sunday School or methodically by the pulpit; so that a large proportion of devout people would be at a loss to declare constructively the faith that is in them.

We are realizing the need of the impartation of a more definite body of truth such as the church has in all ages felt the need of, but has perhaps too much sought to congeal into verbal formularies, unable to move forward with the increasing light which comes to the church from age to age as the divine Spirit is able to impart it. No one, for instance, would be satisfied today with the attitude of the Church toward war which some years ago survived from the days of chivalry which filled the ancient churches with the escutcheons and memorials of warriors. Bringing about the end of war has become, through great tribulation, a fixture in our religion, as it never was before, and in many another way the religious outlook has taken a bound forward in practical directions. The important

thing is to adjust the wave lengths o our spiritual receivers to the heavenly radio which has not ceased to "strive with man." This is a task calling for the intensest and most co-operative study on the part of the pastors, if they would keep ahead of their enquiring flocks or awake those who have got lost in the mists of unanswered questions.

Misplaced Emphasis

FEW would directly aver that listening whether languidly or with a hungry appetite to preaching, the most competent and sympathetic, fulfils the purpose of a Christian assembly. But is it not too much the case that in ordinary conversation, that is what people are going to church for, the rest being the frame to the picture, the music having its share of critical attention, much of it being lost to devotion by conveying nothing but sound to the listeners. If the preaching is what people are waiting for, then is the traditional order of the service, wrong end foremost; for the people ought to be better attuned to intelligent praise and prayer after the inspiration of the "Word"—using that term in its scriptural sense—than when there is nothing special in their thoughts. The order observed is one of the numerous instances in religion of the survival of old forms into new religious conceptions. The present order is due to the early habit in illiterate days of calling the people together morning and evening to prayer. The preaching or homily was supplementary on Sundays and holy days. Has not this dominant idea of worship and devotion lost its rightful place? It may be well worth while seriously to ask why! Have we in the implied slighting of worship the highest ideal?

For those who would restore devotion to its place might not a closer relationship between its acts and the intelligence give to singing and praying more reality? Should not choir-singing reach the people's understanding at least to the extent of knowing what is being sung, and being able to co-ordinate with the frame of mind evoked by the exhortation. Why should hymns be sung with small sense of their meaning, when that meaning might be the theme of most valuable teaching. The hymns are indeed the holy scriptures of the generation in which they are inspired and so come into more intimate relations with the spirits of men of today than some of the preserved utterances of the hymn writers of twenty-five centuries ago, great as is the permanent contribution of the Psalms to the spiritual life of all ages of religion. There are those who see in responsive devotion, a help to realizing the imperative duty of worship. There would seem, on the one hand, to be needed at least enough of liturgy to cover in the briefest possible way those parts of worship which should not be omitted in public devotion, such as prayer for kings and all who are in authority including those who guide the public mind, the preachers, teachers, and writers. On the other hand, in a different category would be certain utterances of contrition and renewal of allegiance in which the people would have the essential part. None the worse if such responses be musical. Oft-repeated, every voice could touchingly join in.

The high purpose of the present writing is to restore the pastor to his high position as the fatherly guide, instructor, and personal friend of a family of Christians, not too large to be his intimates, or to be intimate with one another; also to release him, by a guarded hour for congregational life, from a pulling and hauling competition with passing apostolic, evangelistic, and catholic lights and events which his people should not be debarred from

RATES GOING UP

On and after December first our lowest rate for NEW subscriptions will be raised from 67c to a dollar each. Our present club rate of one Renewal and two NEW—all three for $2.00 will end Nov. 30. Thereafter the club rate will be one Renewal and one NEW for $2.

Any new subscription mailed before November 15, will receive the opening chapters of the two new stories.

We cannot guarantee such to new subscriptions mailed after Thursday November 15.

Letters

ORDINATION OF WOMEN

(A correspondent who sends us a long poem glorifying the Methodism of fifty years ago (from the description given we should judge that the poem itself is fifty years old, and that it means a hundred years ago) sends us also the following clipping giving Bishop Hensley Henson's view of the ordination of women, with which he seems to be in sympathy. If we mistake not the Methodists of those zealous days to which he would hark back were among the first to make use of female zeal and talent as preachers—such as Dinah Morris in Adam Bede. The pastorate may not be especially woman's calling, but who will "quench the spirit" in any one called to it?)

Dr. Hensley Henson, the Bishop of Durham, referred at Durham Diocesan Conference to the problem of the admission of women to Holy Orders.

There had been an enormous decrease in the number of ordination candidates, but "it is not in my judgment by the admission of women to Holy Orders that the present crisis ought to be met," he said. "I can find no reason in the present situation, and none in the spiritual achievements of individual women, past or present, which can justify such a breach with the tradition of Christendom as the admission of women to Holy Orders on equal terms with men.

"The world today needs the faithful fulfilment of woman's natural function far more than such an addition to its resources of professional Christian ministry as female ordination can bring. The world wants desperately not female priests and bishops but Christian wives and mothers."

HEALING THE SICK

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—For centuries the Churches have ignored the Divine Instruction to "heal the sick." Does this not denote lack of Faith on the part, and does it not show that we do not value Prayer properly? Truly, "God is more ready to hear than we to pray."

Christ told His disciples to preach, and to baptize, and also to "heal the sick," in His Name. Why do we utterly refuse to recognize what He said about healing? Do we doubt Jesus? He stated very clearly that power and authority to do ALL these things should be given to all who steadfastly believe. Is it not our duty to exercise the power and the authority to "heal the sick" as well as the power and the authority to "preach and baptize?"

STERLING BRANNEN.

N. B. October 18.

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Previous contributions acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer	$19.00
Bank Interest	2.00
M. J. L., N. S.	12.00
Total	$33.00

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES

Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer	$447.77
Bank Interest	2.00
Total	$449.77

BLUE RUIN

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—Mr. R. B. Bennett, the Conservative leader, has been in Montreal and, as usual, laboring under the fear of imports, has been endeavoring to make our flesh creep by quoting what he considers to be blue-ruin statistics. For example he is reported to have said:- "Do you realize that two years ago this Dominion was selling 24 million pounds of butter and buying less than 200,000 pounds? That in the 12 months ending August last we bought 15 million pounds and sold only two."

Now, a local Conservative Protectionist newspaper says: "During 1927-28 Canadians consumed 28 pounds of butter per capita—the highest of this character in the world."

Taking the population of Canada at nine millions this means that the Canadian people consume annually 252 million pounds of butter and that of this consumption the farmers of Canada provide 94 per cent. Mr. Bennett's figures are not so distressing as they look.

A. B. C.

Westmount, Oct. 31.

THE GRAND OLD UNION JACK

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—I read in your valuable paper, with astonishment, the article suggesting a change of our National Symbol. I thought that was settled for all time. For 164 years, that grand old blood stained Union Jack has been our flag, it is for ever made sacred by the sacrifice of that 66,000 of the best Canadian manhood in the late Great War.

Who wants a new flag? Why this ceaseless agitation, to change our flag that our immortal Wolfe so firmly planted on Canada's fair domain in 1763?

Who gave us that victory and that immortal flag? The French had ruled this Dominion for 229 years. Who was at the back of that victory? Mr. Editor you know, it needs no explanation, while our Empire stands that flag will stand, as our flag. The symbol of our glorious freedom.

We know of that sinister power that would like to displace that flag but every loyal heart still sings:

We will never let the old flag fall,
For we love it the best of all.'

Yours British for Ever,
JOHN PUTTENHAM.

NOTE:—No one in Canada, that we know of, is objecting to the Union Jack. Canada is very determined to retain it as the flag of the Empire—the flag under which we have lived all our lives. Still, there are many in Canada who want a flag that represents Canada. Historically speaking—the Union Jack — "The flag that's braved for 164 years (not a thousand) the battle and the breeze" represents England, Scotland and Ireland, and does not represent Canada. Ireland has now rather repudiated it, but Canada certainly has not. It is to her the flag of the Empire. But there is an evident demand for a distinctively Canadian flag. That most generally preferred is the red ensign with a Canadian emblem on the fly. Australia and New Zealand both use the blue ensign with the stars of the Southern Cross in the fly. But in both ensigns the Union Jack is of course in the dominant position. As a distinctive flag Scotland flies the flag of her ancient kings the Lion Rampant. Ireland's distinction is the Harp. Both appear with the three libbards for England in the King's arms. Canada's distinctive emblems are the Beaver and the Maple Leaf. The Beaver is the oldest; but we now glory in the Maple Leaf.

THE FLAG

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—In your issue of October 24th you have an article on the Canadian Flag. Now, really, the Maple Leaf can not be called a "Canadian" emblem, seeing that that particular maple is practically unknown west of the great lakes. I have been in Canada twenty five years and have never seen that maple in leaf. Moreover the tune, "The Maple leaf for ever," which is a very tame melody, has been quite superseded in the West by "O Canada."

The best suggestion for a Canadian Emblem ever put forth appeared in the "Manitoba Free Press." If Australia has taken the Southern Cross as her Flag Emblem, why should not Canada take as hers the seven stars of Ursa Major, familiarly called "The Dipper?" Canada is the most Northern of the big lands, and always is, as the Latins put it, "sub-Septentriones." Perhaps Russia may anticipate us in this, if we do not make haste. The maple leaf idea, song and all, is dead as far as Western Canada is concerned.

I am yours,
JOHN CARMICHAEL

Oct. 29, 1928.

NOTE:—How many lions are there in Scotland or dragons in Wales? The Maple leaf certainly was worn and sung by our soldiers from the prairies and many of them are buried with it on. It is sacred to their memory. As for the singing, it is the popular ditties that stick. You would not sing Yankee Doodle in church. But our correspondent is not exact about the ubiquity of the maple. Lord Strathcona who was an active advocate of putting it on our flag, and who well knew all the provinces, said it could be found or would grow in every province, and notably in British Columbia, where it grew to great size. At one time when the question was before discussed some one in the Pacific province sent us some maple leaves about two feet across—and genuine maple leaves. That is as big as they would be on the flag. We see no need for copying other people in the use of stars. Our neighbors have them in abundance. They would need a blue field, and a blue flag with stars on it could not be easily distinguished from other such. Red is our color. As for the Great Bear, Russia has almost a patent on that. The Russian bear—the bear that walks like a man—is as familiar as the Scotch lion or the American eagle. We would take a long time to grow loyal to Ursa Major.

WAR VETERANS AND LIQUOR

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—A month has elapsed since one of our War Veterans of his own accord requested an Ontario Magistrate before whom he appeared for drunkenness, to lock him up for a month to get away from "the stuff."

I have not seen any movement as to what should be done by those responsible for our soldier's sad predicament to prevent him "being licked again by the stuff" as he termed it. What a travesty it is to expect with liquor obtainable in enlightened Ontario to keep a man with the drink habit sober! Many of our soldier lads who had gone to war determined to remain sober, were cajoled into the belief that without a sup of rum it was impossible to be brave. "The Trade" had "the stuff" for sale — it was urged into our lads, and many a one formed the pernicious habit there, as well as that of the useless cigarette that now flaunts itself everywhere and makes itself useful in many mysterious fires.

Prohibition is fast becoming a world-wide movement — The wonder is that peoples and nations did not embody it in their laws long ago. Now we see through your "World Wide" that G. Bernard Shaw is coming to its aid in England. He says "A public institution kept by ratepayers is the prison with its police, courts of law, judges, and all the rest of very expensive retinue. An enormous proportion of offences they deal with are caused by drink. Now the trade in drink is extremely profitable, so much so that in England it is called "The Trade," the short for "The Trade of Trades." But why is it profitable? Because the trade in drink takes all the money the drunkard pays for liquor, and when drunk throws him into the street, leaving the ratepayer to pay for all the mischief he may do, all crimes he may commit, all illness he may bring on himself and family, and all the poverty to which he may be reduced. If the cost of these were charged against the drink trade in-

stead of against the police and poor rates, the profits of the trade would vanish at once. As it is, the trade gets all the takings, the ratepayers stand all the losses. That is why they made the trade unlawful in the United States. They shut up the saloons and found immediately they could shut up a good many prisons as well." He says further "Unfortunately as alcohol acts by destroying conscience, self control, and the normal functioning of the body, it produces crime, disease, degradation on such a scale that its manufacture and sale are at present prohibited by law throughout the United States of America, and there is a strong movement to introduce the same prohibition here (Britain)" He also mentions the trade's ferocity of resistance, when a famous American prohibitionist was mobbed by medical students in broad daylight in the streets of London, and barely escaped with the loss of an eye, and his back all but broken. "If he had been equally famous for anything else the U. S. government would have insisted on ample reparation, apology, and condign punishment of his assailants; and if this had been withheld, American hot heads would have clamored for war. It was evident that had be been torn limb from limb, the popular verdict would have been, it served him jolly well right."

A few more sentences from this notable thinker are worth repeating. He says "It is to the motorist or aeroplane pilot that a single glass of any intoxicant may make the difference between life and death—The moment people are in a position to develop their fitness to the utmost, work or play, they begin to grudge the sacrifice of the last inch of efficiency which alcohol knocks off, and which in all really fine work makes the difference between first rate and second rate."—"Remember," Mr. Shaw says, "that our profiteers have engaged in the smuggling trade and actually tried to represent the measures taken against it by the American government as attacks on British liberties. If America were as weak, militarily, as China was in 1840 they would drive us into war to force whisky on America." —In the face of all these facts, Mr. Editor, why do Canadians allow themselves to be bamboozled any longer by drink traffickers, whether by firms or government? It's the people's money they are after—not their betterment. Many a home was secured for families by means of former temperance acts—The wives and mothers now stand in dread again of losing these honorable possessions — the stronghold of our land. The cry of the needy again goes up—"How long?" Trusting to hear through your worthy paper from other citizens on this momentous matter.

CITIZEN.

Wellington Co., Ont. Oct. 24 1928.

KEEPING THE SABBATH

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—I am sorry to ask for valuable space in your paper, but this question is of great importance to all.

By letters in the "Witness" we are told that we are not keeping God's Holy Sabbath Day. Some have implied the question, then are we covenant breakers, Rom. 1: 31. But there has been no satisfactory answer to it. It is an important question, and has raised a lot of uneasiness as to our attitude towards God's commandments. James 2: 8, we read "If ye fulfil the royal law, according to the scripture," (the law and the prophets). Is this the law Christ referred to as from the beginning? Also God's laws that Abraham kept, Gen. 26: 5? Is this the ten commandments or God's law. In Matt. 5: 17-18, Christ said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled" (to the end of His kingdom). Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom or heaven. Who then changed the fourth commandment, and, under whose authority? Can we be keeping the commandments if we do not keep the Holy Sabbath Day, which is the Everlasting Covenant? For if we offend in one we offend in all. Can we love God with all our heart and soul and mind and strength and find His commandments grievous? Christ kept God's commandments and God loved Him for doing so. When He takes the kingdom "They shall keep My Holy Sabbath joyfully." Then why is it not a joy now, for the elect, who have obtained what is promised to Israel, when the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled? God said he would make a new covenant, with a better promise, "I will put My Spirit within them" and He would write the commandments on the fleshy tables of their hearts. The Gentiles of the early church had them written in their hearts and kept them. Rom. 2: 14-15. Who are the elect now, if we disobey God?

If some of the early Christians met to worship the first day of the week, does it make that day the Holy Sabbath? Did they ever call it the Everlasting Covenant? Then why did Paul condemn covenant breakers? Why did God's prophets say that when God visits the whole earth, they will have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant? Did they not give us a perfect picture of the world as it is today? Are we "abusing the privilege" Paul gave?

Will you, or some of your readers, please give us the "truth" concerning this question, and unravel the tangle?

M. McARTHUR.

Murillo, Oct. 22.

NOTE:—The "Royal Law" referred to by James is distinctly specified as loving one's neighbor as oneself. That is the one great human relationship "on which hang all the law and the prophets."

ANOTHER WOMAN'S BELIEF

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—I have just read the letter in Oct. 10 issue, written by G. M. Cook, and was moved to write to express my gladness to my sister in the Lord, for writing it. I have never seen, nor heard of her before, and yet I believe she is one of His Church, of which I also am a member, humble and unworthy as I am,—a member through accepting a Saviour that is able and willing to save to the uttermost, all that put their trust in Him.

Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest
And set my spirit free.

No other work save Thine,
No meaner blood will do;
No strength save that which is Divine
Can bear me safely through.

Thy precious blood, Lord Jesus,
Shall be my only plea
My only trust, my only boast,
The Cross of Calvary.

How very sad to read letters, which tell, all unwittingly, that the writer has never been "born again." How unspeakably sad to realize how many are on the wrong trail, though very conscientious, but through ignorance, —ignorance of their own condition as shown in Romans 3, and ignorant of the real remedy as shown in John 3. Or if the preaching of today, were like some of the beautiful old hymns that they sometimes sing. How then can they, who are ignorant of the certainty of where they are going at Death, and of what awaits them, be made Wise? Why, by *really* wanting to know. It is only to the thirsty that God promises living Water, only to the naked does He promise clothing of righteousness, only to the wretched does He promise peace, only to the blind does He promise sight, only to sinners does He promise salvation.

How comforting, in the presence of Death, to know on the assurance of God's Word that He is indeed, a Saviour, a Refuge, A Hiding Place. How terrible to see the unprepared one facing death, and all that comes beyond, with no promise of hope or help or light to sustain them.

This peace can easily be obtained by anyone who wants it by the acceptance of a Saviour, — the Lord Jesus Christ,—the Son of God. This acceptance has got to be made in time, there can be none in Eternity; it has got to be an individual acceptance,—no one else can do it for you; it has got to be made while yet the spirit of God is pleading and striving with you. Is it necessary? Is it vital? It is the most necessary, the most vital question that comes to a person, because it pertains to Eternity. If one reads the story of the rich man and Lazarus, in Luke's Gospel, it will show how terribly important it is. "Thine awful destiny foresee—Time ends, and then Eternity!"

"Only a Sinner saved by Grace".

Neelin, Man.

THE VIRGIN BIRTH

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—I read with deep interest Mrs. G. M. Cook's letter in your issue of October 10, "The Virgin Birth or Otherwise." It was beautifully reverent, deeply thoughtful and filled with the fire of a woman's soul. I can understand how men can treat the matter of the Virgin Birth as insignificant who approach the study of the person of Jesus as a botanist dissects the sweet rose; but one who has experienced His love and glory in the soul, who has lived on terms of dear intimacy with his adorable Lord, whose cup of communion with Him has oft-time been full to overflowing then has, I believe, an instinct of the soul and saneness of the intellect which readily endorses the narratives of Matthew and Luke—great literature which carries the stamp of sincerity upon the face of it.

Now if this integral part of the Creeds and the Christian Faith be mere fiction who is responsible for putting over the Christian World for two thousand years such a colossal lie?

It is unfair to place the responsibility upon the three hundred scarred veterans of the Diocletian persecution who came up to the Council of Nicea. They but gave expression to the generally received doctrine of their day. 150 A. D. Justin the martyr wrote of the Virgin Birth. 100 A. D. it was incorporated into the earliest form of the Apostles' Creed. Twenty-five years after St. Luke's Gospel was written (96 A.D.) St. Ignatius, a pupil of John the Apostle comes out from the presence of the Saint of Patmos with his soul saturated with the same great truth. But the responsibility does not rest with them. Ignatius had read Matthew and Luke.

Both these writers not only agree on the supernatural generation of Christ, but give us detailed records of His birth. They write from independent sources, but there is perfect agreement. No page of history bears more unmistakably the stamp of honesty. It does not require a discerning mind to perceive we are listening to men speaking out of the "heavenlies." It is Matthew who gives to us "The Sermon on the Mount" in all its classified beauty, as well as the unapproachable majesty and splendor of other of our Lord's utterances. Matthew tells the story of the Virgin Birth with a simplicity and transparency which is unsurpassed in literature; and he sees in it a fulfilment of the immortal prophecy addressed to the House of David by Isaiah. (Is. 7:14).

What historian has shown such delicate restraint, such simple and beautiful dignity and reserve as St. Luke? Daring indeed would he be who would attempt to make Luke the father of a colossal falsehood. He was a scientist, a medical expert, an accurate historian and a saint. He is the man who gave to the world the story of the "Good Samaritan,," and that of the "Prodigal Son." Even Harnack is sure Luke could not have invented a fiction. Yet it must be apparent to any fair-minded reader as it was to Ramsay that **Luke attaches the highest importance to this part of his narrative.** He writes from Mary's point of view who was doubtless his informant, and pauses to add: **"These things which are commonly received among us."**

In the final analysis the burden of proof rests upon the only two persons who could possibly know, namely, Joseph and the mother Mary. It seems to have been common knowledge that the conception was out of wedlock. John records the Jews' cruel taunt, "Thou wast born in sin." What could have been the two-edged sword to the heart of that pure Jewish maiden more than such a thrust? and such a false conception and hostile attitude on the part of society? Is it reasonable to suppose the hand of Mary unsheathed the sword for her own heart? But apart from that, it's a basic principle of scripture and of our judicial courts that "In the mouth of two or more witnesses shall every word be established." We have the two witnesses in Joseph and Mary. Have we the slightest ground on which to reject their testimony? There could not possibly have been a motive. Will their characters bear inspection? The narrative need hardly pause to tell us Joseph was "a just man." As he passes before us in the narrative it does not require a discerning mind to recognize his greatness of soul. Fiction could not invent a soul like that in an age like that. He was one of God's supermen.

But the burden of the evidence rests upon Mary. Was Mary the woman to invent such a lie? Listen to the Magnificat. It is a dull soul that cannot hear the music of the great white throne in its wondrous strains. Contrast that great New Testament Psalm with some of the flippant things that are being said today about the Virgin Birth. The contrast is as great as the illimitable gulfs of ether.

After the Smyrna fire in the yard of the French Hospital stood a statue of the Madonna and child. All about it was blackness and ruin, but nothing had happened to mar the whiteness and beauty of that statue. We would be far from ascribing divine honors to the virgin mother, but has not that sweet figure stood in all its purity above the hill-tops of the centuries? Has not Mary been the embodiment of perfect womanhood? Has she not given a glory and dignity to motherhood never before known? If the virgin birth be a myth, surely the lie rests more upon Mary than any other. The traditional belief has a solid historical basis, a reasonable likeliness and the rock-bed of saintly character. It has never been questioned except on occasions when a fourth century or a twentieth century wave of Unitarianism sweeps over the Christian Church.

We are facing crucial times. The Christian Churches seem patheticaly weak in the face of present-day lawlessness and the Herculean strength of the allied interests. It is a foolish optimism that fancies it sees the dawn everywhere and is deaf to the hollow roar of the precipice. The old Gospel of the Cross has wrought moral miracles in the past. It will do it again for it is the gospel of the Omnipotent Christ.

—A. J. REYNOLDS

Parsonage, Bedeque, P.E.I.

PRAYER

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—Through the press it was suggested that on Sunday, August 26, united prayer should be made throughout Canada for suitable harvest and threshing weather. This suggestion was made in view of the unfavorable harvest weather Ontario was experiencing, and in view of the terrible threshing seasons the West had suffered from in 1920 and 1927. United prayer for specific blessings is plainly encouraged by the promise of Jesus Christ in Matthew 18:19-20. "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."

The result is cause for thanksgiving. The three prairie provinces have enjoyed exceptionally fine harvest and threshing weather, and threshing is practically finished.

—DAVID ROSS

Strasbourg, Sask., Oct. 21, 1928.

Floods in Ontario

Land cannot be put into shape for cultivation in North Bay district

In response to a request for Federal relief for flood sufferers in the North Bay and Sturgeon Falls districts of Ontario caused by the abnormal height of the waters of Lake Nipissing, a delegation, headed by Mayor E. L. Banner, of North Bay, was given assurance on Nov. 2, by Hon. J. C. Elliott, Minister of Public Works, that the Dominion Government would cooperate with provincial and municipal authorities in any undertaking to remedy the present situation.

Mr. Elliott pointed out that engineers of the Public Works Department were now investigating the flood situation, with a view to reaching an estimate as to the possible cost of providing an additional outlet for surplus waters in the lake. Pending a report on this survey, he declined to commit the Federal Department of any definite responsibility for flood losses.

Members of the delegation claimed that more than 150 farmers had practically been ruined as the result of their lands being submerged and, unless relief was immediately forthcoming, there was little hope of the land being put into condition for cultivation next spring. Many summer homes on the lake front had also been damaged, with property loss alone estimated to exceed $100,000.

One of the spokesmen suggested that the flood situation had been materially aggravated as the result of diversion of streams and freshets into Lake Nipissing by lumber interests in the area. It was further submitted that prior to the erection of the Government dam on the French River, recurring flood conditions around North Bay had not been evident.

Eight years of investigating, J. H. Macdonald, city solicitor for North Bay, declared, had shown that the best method of dealing with the situation was the blasting of a rock obstruction at the mouth of the French River, thus providing a larger spillway. Such an undertaking as this, he submitted, would involve an approximate expenditure of $60,000.

Mr. Elliott drew attention to the danger to settlements on the lower reaches of the French River, which an additional heavy flow of water might cause; further there was the interests of the lumbermen to consider.

"The dams were primarily erected to safeguard the lumbering industry," Mr. Macdonald said, "all we now ask is that the farmers be accorded equal consideration in their distress. Unless there is a very dry spell between now and next spring there will be no delegation to ask for relief, for they will be too busy rescuing people from the flood zone."

Mr. Elliott, in reply to a plea for an emergency appropriation to meet the situation, asserted that the department was not in a position to spend public money without Parliament's passing upon the matter.

PLANE TERRIFIES INDIANS

Ontario Provincial Pilot Frightens Tribe Of Sioux Indians Into Retreat

When Gifford Swartman, crack Ontario Provincial Air Force pilot, nosed his big flying boat down upon the waters of Pigangikum Lake one afternoon last September, it was to put to utter rout—with a 100-year-old "medicine man" leading the retreat—one of the very few bands of pagan Sioux Indians to be found now in the very remote sections of Northern Ontario. Incidentally, Swartman walked into the strangest story he has ever encountered in his hectic career of forest fire-fighting between Fort Hope and the Manitoba boundary.

As Swartman tells it—and he is in Toronto now for a few days' holiday following a strenuous summer—he dropped into the Indians' midst like a bolt from the blue. One moment, he says, they were clustered on the shoreline absorbed in their forefathers' pagan process of making "good hunting" medicine. The next moment— with the downward screech of the big plane—they were hunting the tall timbers as fast as their legs would carry them.

It was the first machine, or "sky devil," as they afterward named it, they had ever seen. For a good half hour, Swartman and Reilley, his air engineer, by means of the little "sign" language at their command, coaxed the Indians to come out of the bush and "much talk" with them. When it looked as if they would have to give their parley up as a bad job, Reilley lit his pipe. That apparently broke the spell, for in a jiffy the chief of the tribe bounded out of the underbrush with the ancient medicine man trotting to heel.

"Ugh!" grunted the chief.

"Ugh!" grunted Swartman.

The plane had landed, the latter told the chief, for the purpose of establishing a gas cache—one of the innumerable gasoline caches which the Air Service plants everywhere in the Far North to anticipate the onward march of the prospector and the fire hazard which accompanies that advance.

General Bramwell Booth, who is suffering from nervous prostration, is reported better by Col. Tucker, at Salvation Army headquarters. Dr. Weir, physician to the Prince of Wales, who is attending General Booth said that no great change could be looked for, and that any improvement must be gradual to be lasting.

Hunters in Kenora district have been very liberal with ammunition. Reports showed an automobile, a valuable horse, goats and chickens had been hit by stray bullets, or mistaken for deer.

Princess Ileana, 19-year-old daughter of Dowager Queen Marie, will leave soon for a visit to Stockholm which, it is rumored, may result in an alliance with the Swedish royal family. The departure from Stockholm of the Swedish minister to Rumania indicates that the visit of the Princess is considered important.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell, the noted missionary and doctor of Labrador, was on Saturday elected rector of St. Andrew's University, defeating Lord Melchett, the former Sir Alfred Mond, by a majority of 157 votes. Sir Wilfred and Lord Melchett were the only candidates for the honor. The election was non-political, only students of the university being entitled to a vote.

A chair and couch, once the property of Sir John A. Macdonald, Canada's Confederation Premier, were sold for $3.50 apiece in a Toronto auction room on Thursday.

Flight-Lieut. D'Arcy Greig drove his super-marine Napier seaplane 350 miles an hour in a trial flight at Calshot on Saturday, preparatory to attacking the world's record. He thus probably attained the greatest speed yet reached by man in the air.

Because a purchase deal for a piano was made on Saturday night and the defence, in the suit of a local music store, suing for defaulted payments, contended that the deal had not been completed until the piano was delivered about 1 o'clock Sunday morning, County Judge Macbeth, of London, Ontario, dismissed the action. The judge held that being a Lord's Day deal it would not hold in law.

British aircraft interests have announced that an international aeronautical exhibition is to be held from July 16 to 29 of next year at Olympic Field in London. The exhibition, according to a letter received by the Civil Aviation Branch in Ottawa will cover all phases of development in the industry. It is understood that Canadian interests will be invited to participate in the show.

The Time Is Short

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For reasons explained last week we have felt constrained to extend the offer throughout November

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All NEW subscriptions will start on Nov. 15th, and we have reprinted the opening chapters of the two splendid serial stories which will be sent free to all new readers.

In this connection we will be pleased to send copies of these opening chapters free of charge, to anyone who might find them useful in securing new subscriptions.

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Sways Congress

Edouard Herriot's oratory swings Socialists to support French Premier

Edouard Herriot's personal authority over his party and his tremendous oratorical powers have saved Premier Poincare's government of national union from what seemed Saturday evening, and even Sunday afternoon, certain disaster.

For two days, the extremists of the Radical-Socialist Congress, which has been meeting in Angers, France, had carried the party with them. One of their ablest younger members, M. Montigny, had obtained the adoption in a political commission of a motion which laid down a party policy that was far from being in entire agreement with the policy, in some matters, of the present Government.

It demanded the removal from the budget of articles which restore certain rights to the French missionary societies; it proscribed amendments to M. Poincare's taxation system; it called for further reduction in the army and navy estimates, which the premier has refused, and it suggested a different method for settling reparations. Further participation of members of the party in the Government was made conditional on acceptance by the Government of this programme.

All this was bad enough, but a further amendment was added which practically demanded immediate resignation from the Government of Herriot, Sarraut, and two other ministers who are members of the Radical party. If this last motion had been carried, it would have meant immediately a governmental crisis. The four ministers involved would have been compelled to resign, and the temper of the Congress all Saturday and Sunday morning seemed set on that object.

However, at the last minute, Mr. Herriott, in a whirlwind of oratory, succeeded in swaying the congress to support the Premier.

Justification for the air mail and passenger service between Montreal and New York, via Albany, which was inaugurated with much eclat on October 1, has been found in an examination of carryings for the first month of operation, according to a report complied by the Canadian Colonial Airways, Inc., and Canadian Colonial Airways, Limited which maintain the two sections of the route. A substantial profit has been shown, and it is claimed that this is eminently satisfactory, as there are few if any commercial air transport companies that have been able to conclude their first month's operations with a balance in the credit column.

Two-dollars value for 67c is worth talking about. So is a paper of high purpose.

J. Earl Lawson, the latest addition to the federal House of Commons. He is a Conservative and succeeds Sir Henry Drayton as member for the riding of West York. Though a comparatively young man, he has won wide reputation in political as well as in legal circles. His nomination in the riding was unopposed, rendering a by-election unnecessary.

T. B. MACAULAY IN KILTS

Four thousand attended the forty-first annual gathering of the clans of Lewis and Harris held in Glasgow on October, 28 For the first time in the history of the assembly a chairman from overseas presided in the person of T. B. Macaulay, president of the Sun Life of Canada, who was attired in full Macaulay Highland costume. The congress was a great success. Greetings were received from Lewis men in Montreal, Winnipeg and all parts of the United States and were read to the meeting. Mr. Macaulay was a guest later at lunch with the Lord Provost of Glasgow.

HARVESTERS REMAIN

With harvesting operations completed in the west and with 5,000 British harvesters still remaining in Canada, it is probable that the majority will become permanently established, Department of Immigration officials state at Ottawa. Reports from steamship companies to the department indicate that approximately 3,500 have returned to the British Isles.

From the fact that very few of the harvesters have applied at Government employment bureaux, officials of the Labor Department believe that in the majority of cases they have found permanent work on western farms. While it is admitted that some may be reluctant to reveal themselves as British harvesters it is pointed out that there is no serious increase in applicants for placement.

GARTER FOR MIKADO

It is reliably learned that Prince Henry, third son of King George, will head a mission to Japan early next year to present the Order of the Garter to Emperor Hirohito. It is recalled that Prince Arthur of Connaught came to Japan on a similar mission after Russo-Japanese war to bestow the same order upon the Emperor's grandfather, the late Emperor Myjia.

Hon. J. A. MacLean, former premier of British Columbia, was the unanimous choice of Liberals of Victoria at a nomination convention on October 30 as the party's candidate in the Federal by-election on Dec. 6. The Victoria vacancy in the House of Commons was caused by the resignation of Hon. S. F. Tolmie, to lead the provincial Conservative party. Mr. McLean's name was the only one proposed at the convention.

A warm welcome, on behalf of the Canadian people, was given to Sir William Clark, first British High Commissioner to Canada, and Lady Clark, by the Canadian Government at a dinner Saturday evening, over which presided Premier Mackenzie King. Most of the Cabinet Ministers and all the members of the Supreme Court of Canada were present, also Hon. R. B. Bennett, Leader of the Opposition; Sir Robert Borden, members of the Senate, Hon. William Phillips, United States Minister, and consular representatives of foreign countries.

Canada ranks third in importance, as a source of metals of the platinum group, after Russia and Colombia.

HYMN

I am the Vine, Ye are the Branches.

The Church of Christ are we,
In Him been born anew,
In union with His life we live,
'And try his works to do'.

He is the bearing stem,
In God is His great root,
In Him the grafted branches grow
The Blossom and the fruit.

Where shall we virtue find
Except in Christ our Head?
As from the vine the clusters grow
From Him our strength is fed.

From Him must our peace,
In Him our joy abound;
From Him the quickening power to know
And love and serve is found.

In Him we're one with all,
Of every clime and race
Who know His touch of cleansing truth
The healing of His grace.

We nothing have to boast,
Not even when it seems;
His spirit makes us what we are—
The Church that He redeems.

—D. L. RITCHIE.

Purchase Office Building

Nesbitt, Thomson & Co., Buy Former Building of Merchant's Bank

Nesbitt Thomson & Co. of Montreal announce that they have purchased from the Bank of Montreal the building on the corner of St James and St. Peter street, formerly the head office of the Merchant's Bank.

This building, it is expected, will be used as the head office of Nesbitt Thomson & Co., and will also probably house the Power Corp. of Canada. It is understood Nesbitt Thomson & Co., will take possession May 1st, 1929.

It will be recalled that over two years ago the firm bought what was then the head office of the Royal Bank of Canada, but it was found that it would not be spacious enough for the purpose, and it was resold to the Provincial Bank of Canada, which moved in last summer, after the Royal Bank occupied its new quarters.

Afterwards Nesbitt. Thomson & Co., Limited, bought a site on Beaver Hall Hill opposite the new Bell Telephone skyscraper, but so much of it will be required for street widening purposes that the site became valuless for the purpose.

The future home of the Nesbitt Thomson interests is directly opposite the new Royal Bank Building at the corner of St. James and St. Peter and, just across a narrow lane, is back to back with the Witness Building, which corners on St. Peter and Craig streets, one of Montreal's busiest corners.

An indictment against Asa Keyes, prominent district attorney of Los Angeles county, who was prosecutor in the Aimee Semple MacPherson case charging "wilful and corrupt misconduct in office," was returned at Los Angeles on Oct. 31, by the county grand jury, which also filled an "accusation" in superior court demanding his removal from office.

CANADIAN MERCURY

It is a common thing to hear it said that Canada has no literature, but a group of young literary men in Montreal are staking their time and money to prove the contrary. The Canadian Mercury is the name of a new monthly journal of literature and opinion which will make its bow to the Canadian public on December 1st. This magazine will be published in Montreal and edited by Leo Kennedy, a clever young Montreal author and poet.

The Canadian Mercury will be quite liberal in its views, bringing to the reading public of Canada the best work in the field of literature, drama, arts, and politics that the writers of this country can produce, inrespective of whether their views are orthodox or not.

Final results from the London, England municipal elections show that out of 28 boroughs the Municipal Reformers retain a majority in 18 out of the councils. Labor controls eight, the Progressives one and there is a tie between Labor and anti-Labor groups in one borough. The gains and losses of seats as compared with the last election, were as follows: Municipal Reformers, gains 6; losses, 101; Labor, gains, 95, losses 18; Progressives, gains, 33, losses 16; Independents, gain one, lost none.

PROBE GRAIN TRADE

Appointment of a commission to investigate the grain trade and secure the facts regarding the effect of the mixing of grain at the terminals is planned by the Saskatchewan Government, Premier J. G. Gardiner has announced.

"In view of the widespread dissatisfaction with the grading of wheat and the repeated reports to the effect that mixing at terminals has resulted in the lowering of the standard of the Canadian wheat certificate in Europe," said Premier Gardiner, "the Saskatchewan Government is considering the appointment of a commission to conduct a thorough investigation into the grain trade."

NEWFOUNDLAND ELECTION

Newfoundland Has Chosen A New Government.

The election of Philip T. Fudge, Opposition candidate in Hermitage was declared on Sunday, bringing the majority of the Sir Richard Squires party to 15 over the defeated Government of Hon. F. C. Alderdice. Three seats remain to be heard from—Burgeo, St. Barbe and White Day.

The victory of Mr. Fudge over Rendell W. Jeans in Hermitage brought the ranks of the Squires party to 26, the Government having elected 11 men.

VICTOR

Sir Richard Squires, leader of the Opposition party in Newfoundland, who won the election by a majority of eight.

VANQUISHED

Hon. W. S. Monroe, former premier of Newfoundland, who lost his seat to the Squires Opposition candidate, J. S. Cammell, in the elections this week.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

WORLD EVENTS

Talks to British Exposition

Minister of Trade and Commerce, Speaking From Ottawa, Addresses Crowd in Wales Over Trans-Atlantic Telephone.

Ten thousand people who thronged the grounds of the Cardiff Empire Exhibition in Wales and many thousands more throughout the British Isles heard Hon. James Malcolm, Minister of Trade and Commerce, speak to them from Ottawa, over the trans-Atlantic telephone on Nov. 1.

"Simply marvelous reception," came back the word from Cardiff as soon as the Minister had finished his eight minutes' address. "The best yet."

Mr. Malcolm's office in the Parliament Buildings was the Ottawa "call station."

Officers of the Department of Trade and Commerce together with a number of telephone company officials and a group of newspapermen were present, and sat in silence as the minister's voice spanned the Atlantic and made itself heard to the crowds in Cardiff.

Mr. Malcolm introduced his brief address by expressing the regards of the Canadian people to the people of Wales, and declared that the ideal of Empire trade for which the exhibition stands was finding strong and patriotic support in his country. The Minister voiced a word of praise for the Empire Marketing Board. Trade, he said, was only a medium through which the peoples of the Empire became acquainted and through which were learned the difficulties and viewpoints of the various units. To know oneself was essential; to know one's country was a patriotic duty; to know the Empire was a great and profitable advantage.

The Minister made passing reference to the arrival in Canada of the Prime Minister from his lengthy sojourn abroad, and expressed Mackenzie King's thanks for the reception tendered him in Great Britain.

The Cardiff exhibition, said Mr. Malcolm, was only one of the many indications of the rapidly increasing interest manifested in all parts of the British Empire in the promotion of trade between its self-governing units. He mentioned the effective demonstration of the Empire Marketing Board at the Canadian National Exhibition, and declared that no part of the exhibition attracted more people than that dignified and impressive exhibit. The Minister also pointed out to his hearers that there were opportunities for a substantial increase of Welsh anthracite coal in Eastern Canada, where its excellence was being more and more generally recognized. The imports of British goods into Canada were being increased, while exports of Canadian goods to the United Kingdom were also becoming larger. The balance would appear to be in favor of Canada, but as British grain merchants were re-exporting large quantities of cereals purchased in Canada, the consumption figures would more nearly agree.

"The question of inter-Imperial migration has been much to the fore in recent months," said Mr. Malcolm. "While calling your attention to the speech delivered by our Prime Minister recently in London, in the course of which he declared that Canada welcomed British emigrants, may I say that British North America has in recent years been receiving as many British emigrants as are going to all other Empire countries. The return movement is relatively small, indicating that the great bulk of those who come to us are satisfied with their welcome and with the opportunities which Canada affords — opportunities which have never been greater than today. In the year 1922 we received and welcomed 627 Welsh emigrants; this year we are receiving over 500 every month. If an inter-Empire problem exists on the question of migration, may I say for the Government and the people of Canada, that none are more welcome in this Dominion than the sons and daughters of the British Isles."

The Minister concluded with a reference to the Prince of Wales whom Canada claimed as "a landed proprietor and tax-payer of the Dominion." His Royal Highness was the great ambassador of Empire, representative of all our common traditions; common history and common ideals for a united Empire. The Prince of Wales was a joint possession.

Mr. Malcolm closed with a wish that the Cardiff Empire exhibition might meet with unprecedented success.

Garvey Muzzled

Negro Leader Forbidden to Speak in Canada And Will be Deported

Marcus Garvey, president-general of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, is officially muzzled during his stay in Canada, which will end in his deportation to Jamaica on board the Canadian Forester, which was scheduled to depart on Nov. 7.

This action was taken following a board of inquiry held at the Dominion immigration office, St. Antoine St., Montreal, Garvey having been arrested by Henri Souaillard of the immigration service and Detective-Sergeant Bogli of the city police on orders from Ottawa.

The negro leader plans to leave for Toronto, where he has friends, and also another speaking engagement to fulfil. The latter is off the program, however, since the immigration authorities exacted an undertaking to the effect that Garvey shall not appear on any platform, nor give any interview to the press during his sojourn on pain of immediate arrest and detention. This was backed by a $100 guarantee deposit.

Mr. Garvey, who called for four million negro votes to support Smith for president seeks to establish a negro state in Africa.

Sea Power

Admiral E. F. Bruen, retired from active service in the British Navy, addressed the Canadian Military Institute at Toronto on Oct. 30 and declared that the British sailor still possessed qualities of steadfastness and courage, and was as necessary to the people of Canada as he was to any part of the British Empire.

"What is the good," he asked, "of growing grain ou your prairies unless it can be carried overseas? Sailors are necessary to you just as much as blood is necessary.

"If ships ceased to travel between the different parts of the Empire, the British Empire would die."

In response to requests from his audience Admiral Bruen described the Battle of Jutland during the great war and held that history would record it as a victory for the British Navy. The Admiral, who participated in the battle, pointed out that the German navy never was effective after it, and that the German naval mutiny was the beginning of the end of the War.

Reports during Friday night of a rather alarming earthquake in the southern United States indicated that tremors of some violence were felt in six states. The shocks, coming just a few minutes after 11 o'clock, were heaviest in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia. They were also felt in Kentucky. Reports of theatre crowds becoming alarmed, householders calling the police thinking burglars were smashing into their homes, and other alarms came from various centres. Quakes during the day in Central America were followed at night with further slight shocks.

TALKS OVER TRANS-ATLANTIC PHONE

From his desk in the parliament buildings at Ottawa on Thursday, Hon. James Malcolm, Canadian minister of trade and commerce, addressed the empire trade exhibition at Cardiff, Wales, by trans-Atlantic telephone. He is shown at his desk speaking into the microphone.

Lansing Dies

Was Secretary of State Under Wilson During War Period

Robert Lansing, Secretary of State under Woodrow Wilson, during the entire period of the United States participation in the World War, died at his home at Washington, on October, 30. the victim of a heart attack.

The former secretary, who resigned from the Cabinet after a rebuke from Mr. Wilson, had been ill for about four weeks.

Mr. Lansing's death marked the passing of the third of the trio who figured so prominently in the United States international policies prior to and during the war, President Wilson and William J. Bryan, the predecessor of Mr. Lansing as head of the State Department, having predeceased him.

Like Mr. Lansing, Mr. Bryan also had retired from the Wilson Cabinet because of differences with his chief. Mr. Bryan objected to the Wilson foreign policies, while Mr. Lansing ostensibly incurred the President's disfavor because he called Cabinet meetings while the war President was ill.

Those familiar with the activities of the Government in the trying period of the war, however, declared the breach between Lansing and Wilson even antedated the entry of the United States into the conflict and almost reached the breaking point in 1917, when the Secretary of State issued a statement saying the United Stats was daily being drawn nearer and nearer to the conflict. There were other differences over details of the Paris peace treaty, including the League of Nations covenant, but the break at that time was averted.

Toward the end of his administration Mr. Lansing dealt with his chief entirely in writing, and the action of the Secretary of State in calling a Cabinet meeting without orders from the President proved to be the breaking point.

Sale of Labrador

The Dominion authorities are not taking seriously the suggestion that sale of Labrador, either to an American syndicate or Canada, may result from the Newfoundland elections. It is pointed out that Labrador could not be sold, even to Canada, without legislation passed at Westminster. As for the suggestion that Labrador may be sold to "an American syndicate," this is regarded here as farcical. Great Britain never would consent to such sale. The most that could be sold is the pulpwood, fishing rights, water powers and natural resources. Newfoundland could not dispose of the domain without first obtaining the British Parliament's permission, and that is hardly likely to be given, according to legal and constitutional experts here.

In the event of sale to United States interests, there would, of course, be no change in sovereignty. Even if the Crown lands, pulp rights or any other of those thing appertaining to Labrador were disposed of to an American syndicate, the country would still remain a part of Newfoundland and of the British Empire. All that would happen is that United States interests would acquire control of the resources to exploit them as they saw fit.

The Last Lap

Both Candidates in The U. S. Presidential Election Are Making a Final Rally

Herbert Hoover is conferring with his Republican board of strategy in mapping out plans to combat the predicted "whirlwind" finish of Governor Alfred E. Smith's eastern campaign.

A change appeared to have come over the Democratic nominee Al. Smith since his return from his Baltimore trip. There was a grim seriousness in his mien, a disinclination to waste one of these final precious moments with one of those familiar epigrams which characterize his intimate conversation. He was all business.

His friends recognized the tenseness which they said has always absorbed the governor's activities in the closing moments of his gubernatorial campaigns.

He is closing his national campaign according to the precise custom of his gubernatorial races. The Friday night before election he has always spoken at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The Saturday nights he has always had a final big rally in Madison Square Garden. On Monday nights, election ever, he has always left his hotel home and gone down into Oliver street, on the east side, where he was born, to mingle with his old friends and swap stories about his chances. That is exactly his program for this year.

Free Empire Trade Urged

Two Canadian Manufacturers Make Suggestions Before Meeting of Tariff Board.

A manufacturer advocating free trade within the British Empire, including the abolition of the tariff on his own commodity, was heard last week before the tariff board at Ottawa.

Fred Moffat of Moffat's Ltd., Weston, told the board that he was just as willing to have the British preference increased to British stoves coming into Canada as to the raw material he wanted from Great Britain.

"If we had free trade within the British Empire we would have the greatest empire the world has ever seen," said Mr. Moffat.

"It would not hurt the stove business?" asked the chairman.

"Not at all; it would help it," said Mr. Moffat.

Referring to the British market, Mr. Moffat said, it was difficult to break into the British market. "They say in England we have Labor troubles and must buy British goods," said Mr. Moffat. "Therefore we buy everything we can in the British market and then ship our stoves over there."

"Would you be willing to extend the British preference to British stoves coming in?" said the chairman. "Of course we would, we are not afraid of British competition. If you raise the tariff on stoves of course you should reduce it on our raw materials."

B. C. Beach of the Beach Foundry of Ottawa echoed Mr. Moffat's sentiment. "Give us our raw material free and you can take your 25 per cent duty off stoves altogether. We are ready for the American manufacturer. We can beat him. Just give us our materials free and knock off your duty if you like."

Mr. Moffat presented the case for a reduction in the tariff on electrical switches which he said were made in the United States. The secretary of the board read a letter from W. H. Banfield and Sons of Toronto, that they were making switches and asked for the retention of the duty. Harry M. Ford, barrister of Toronto, also wrote saying these switches would be made in Canada within six months.

Smith and Stone of Georgetown, Ont., wrote protesting the proposed reduction in the tariff on switches.

Mr. Moffat pointed out that Smith and Stone were a little mixed. They made small switches, not heat controls. Whenever these bigger switches were made in Canada, Moffat's were willing to see the tariff go up on them and would buy in Canada or in the empire. They were transferring one $60,000 account from a United States firm for porcelains to Smith and Stone. They wanted to buy in Canada.

Mr. Moffat asked for a reduction of tariff on mercury thermometers. There was no objection raised before the board to this.

On oven controls for electric ranges which had a relay switch as a thermostat and would handle a heavy current he asked for a duty reduction.

The chairman asked J. R. K. Bristol of the manufacturers' association if Westinghouse and General Electric had been notified of the application. Mr. Bristol said they had. There was no objection registered.

TARIFF BATTLES

Cases before the Tariff board, especially this fall are producing some developments quite out of the ordinary. To begin with the steel companies in their applications for additional protections have encountered a barrage of objections from Canadian manufacturers in other lines, so much so that the Algoma Steel Company has modified its application and the British Empire Steel Corporation is doing the same.

In another case where R. H. Jenkins, a Prince Edward Liberal member sought removal of the tariff on sewing machines, he was combatted by figures from an expert of the board itself, showing, from investigation by its officers that these machines are selling at lower rates in Canada than in the United States, whereupon Mr. Jenkins expressed himself as satisfied.

Georges Knight, France's first diplomatic representative to Canada, will leave Paris for Havre Tuesday night Oct 6, to sail for Canada. Before his departure from Paris he will be the guest of the Canadian colony which has planned an elaborate send-off. M. Knight will sail Wednesday. Following the usual procedure, he will not issue any message to the Canadian people until after he has presented his credentials at Ottawa. He will proceed to Ottawa via New York. M. Knight's appointment as first French Minister to Canada was officially announced last October 2.

CABINET SPLIT

South African Minister Resigns Over Native Postal Workers Dispute

Hon. W. B. Madeley, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, has resigned from the South African Cabinet and a crisis has arisen which threatens to have far-reaching effects on the Nationalist-Labor party pact in the Union. The Government is a coalition of the two parties.

The immediate cause of Hon. Mr. Madeley's resignation is believed to be his action in negotiating with the native postal-workers through the intermediary native union. Premier J. B. Hertzog rigidly opposes dealings with the native body, which is termed a breeding ground of native political action.

On this account therefore the Premier, who leads the Nationalist party, called on Hon. Mr. Madeley to resign. The latter belongs to the Labor Party.

The Nationalist newspaper One Vaderland says that Hon. Mr. Madeley's public speeches frequently piqued his Cabinet colleagues. "He always adopted an extreme attitude toward Socialism, which was intolerable in an agreement such as exists between Labor and the Nationalists," says the newspaper.

Some piquancy is added to the crisis by the fact that Hon. Mr. Madeley denies he has resigned.

The National Council of the Labor party of South Africa has wired to Hon. W. B. Madeley, earstwhile Labor Cabinet Minister, assuring him of Labor's support in his present dispute with Premier Hertzog.

After a prolonged meeting, the Nationalist-Labor coalition Government Cabinet, under Premier J. B. Hertzog, Nov. 5., decided to resign.

It is confirmed that Paris and Rome, are working on the preparation of a treaty to settle pending issues between France and Italy, notably in the Mediterranean and especially in northern Africa. Negotiations have been carried on by Ambassador de Beaumarchais and by Mussolini at Rome and hope is expressed here that they will be successful.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity

Sir Esme Howard, British ambassador to the United States, and Lady Isabella Howard, will be guests in Ottawa on Armistice Day, November 11. In all probability this will be the last visit to Ottawa of Sir Esme as a diplomat since he retires within a year when he reaches the age limit.

The first stage of his voyage to the great ice barrier in Ross Sea was completed on Nov. 5 by Commander Richard E. Byrd, who arrived with 14 members of his South Polar Expedition.

Criticizes Bishops

Joynson-Hicks Attacks Those Who Would Defy House of Commons

Home Secretary Sir William Joynson-Hicks has delivered a savage attack upon bishops of the Church of England who have been asking their clergy to vote on the question of whether the church should defy the vote of the House of Commons and put into effect the prayer book which Parliament has twice rejected.

Sir William was one of the leaders of the opposition to the revised prayer book in the historic debates over its use in the House of Commons.

He accused the bishops of acting without a sense of dignity, with attempting to revive the "Episcopal-autocracy," with conniving to "habitual breaking of vows" by the clergy, with lending "active support" to "Romanizing" of the Anglican Church and with refusing to recognize that the vote of the House of Commons may have been God's answer to the prayers of the bishops for guidance in a church crisis.

"I cannot but feel," the Home Secretary declared, "that there is something perilously near to profaneness in complete disregard by many of the promoters of the revised prayer book of the fact that the action of the House of Commons may quite possibly have been a Divine answer to the prayers that were offered up."

Wants Bishop Shifted

Dean Inge Thinks Peace Of Church Advanced If Bishop Of London Went To Gloucester.

The phenomenom of a Dean publicly suggesting that bishop should be transferred elsewhere is afforded in an article by Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, in the "Church of England Newspaper", well-known weekly evangelical organ. The suggestion is made in all charity and goodwill, the Dean saying he thinks the peace of the church would be advanced if the Bishop of London, Rt. Rev. Winnington-Ingram, were to exchange with Bishop Headlam of Gloucester.

"I shall not leave London," is the answer of Rt. Rev. Arthur Winnington-Ingram, Bishop of London, to the suggestion made by Dean Inge in an article in the Church of England newspaper that the peace of the church would be advanced if the Bishop of London and Bishop Headlam to Gloucester were to change places.

Return Trip

Graf Zeppelin Received Great Reception From Excited Crowd Of Germans

The German air liner, Graf Zeppelin, after successfully braving winds and storms for a record-breaking dirigible crossing of the Atlantic, almost came to grief on landing at her hangar in Friedrichshafen, at 7.06 a.m. (1.06 Eastern standard time) on Nov. 1., because thousands of enthusiastic Germans threatened to rush the gondolas.

It was only with the greatest difficulty that the huge ship was walked into her hangar and the gangplank put up after a flight that had carried her over the North Atlantic in 71 hours and 12 minutes, completing the first round trip trans-Atlantic commercial air voyage in history.

The Zeppelin was tossed around "like a ball" on her return trip, Dr. Hugo Eckener, commander, said.

A terrific gale off Newfoundland, having a velocity of 40 metres (131 feet) a second, pressed the Zeppelin downwards towards the ocean. For two hours the dirigible was tossed to and fro, he said.

Police had taken what appeared to be careful precautions to rope off crowds from the landing field, but no sooner had the gondolas touched the ground than the jubilant mob broke through and upset all the police calculations.

Hundreds of spectators jogged along beside the huge craft, tossing flowers at the crew. In the centre of the wild confusion a valiant band held its place and alternately played "Deutschland Uber Alles" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

"Hoch, hoch!" shouted the crowd as the zeppelin was pushed into the hangar.

The most feted passenger aboard the Graf Zeppelin, was Clarence Terhune, 19 year-old caddy, who stowed away aboard the air liner in quest of a "thrill," and who declares that he found it.

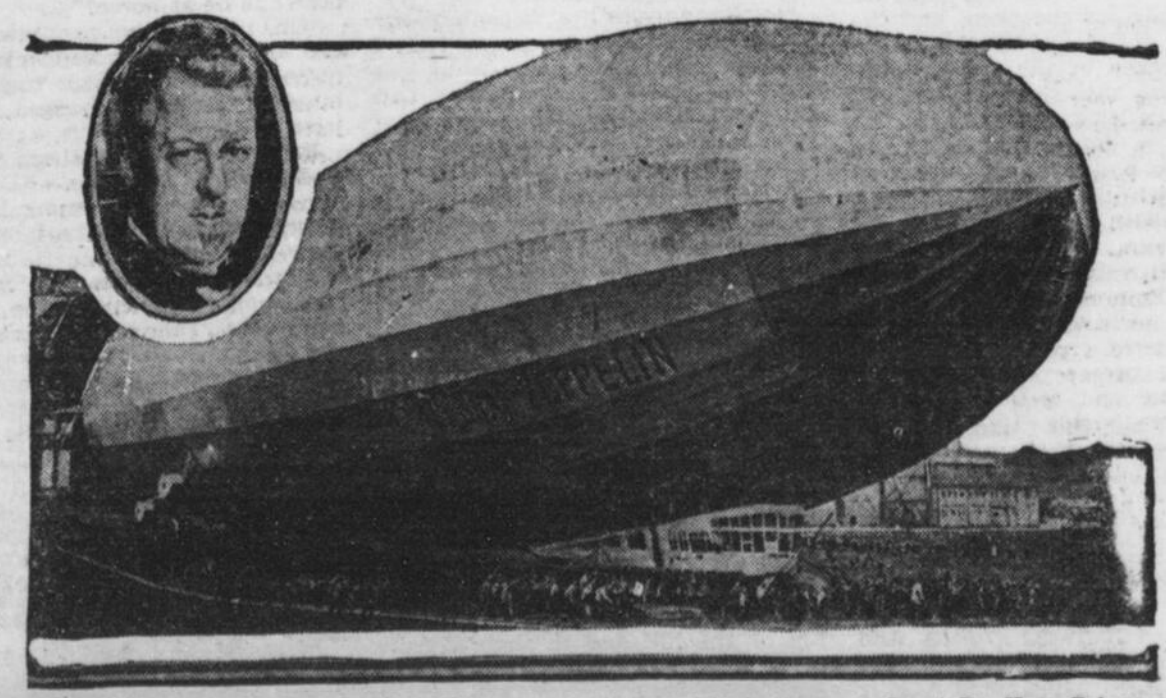
Terhune said that he had always had a place to eat and plenty of food during the voyage but that he had no place to sleep and had to lie down wherever he could find a spot that wasn't being used. He was a "maid of all work" aboard, and was well treated by crew and passengers alike.

The revenue earned by the Graf Zeppelin on her round trip from Germany was estimated at $343,000.

What part of this is profit is uncertain. Dr. Hugo Eckener estimated the expenses for the round trip would be $100,000, but repairs to the damaged fin undoubtedly raised this considerably.

The estimate of revenue is based on the assumption that 18 of the passengers on the trip to the United States and 20 of the 24 passengers on the return voyage paid the full share of $3,000. Since Dr. Eckener estimated the revenue before the start at approximately $100,000, it is assumed that several of the passengers who travelled in more or less official capacities did not pay the full rate.

The mail carried on the return voyage included 49,745 letters and 51,938 postcards, the most valuable mail cargo in point of postage ever handled by air.



The Graf Zeppelin which has successfully crossed the Atlantic both ways. Inset Dr. Hugo Eckener, commander.

After Many Years

A Thanksgiving Story by Alfreda Noddin Patterson.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. Martha Elliot finished the dinner dishes and hung the last dish-towel on its rack, then turned to survey the neat kitchen. The spicy aroma of freshly baked pastries filled the room and the kitchen table held a tempting display of good things to eat.

"There I guess I ain't forgot anything. There's three kind of cookies and doughnuts and cake," she enumerated. "And I've got pumpkin and apple and mince pies. And the cranberry sauce, and pickles, and jams in the cellar. Now when I get that turkey dressed I guess I'll be about through. Hiram!" she called, opening the door into the wood house. "Are you ready to kill that turkey now?"

At her call a grey-haired man rose slowly from the bench, where he sat, filing a saw. He was tall, but slightly bent, with keen blue eyes which not even the years had dimmed. A man whom the storms of life had beaten, but could not break. He got an axe from its corner and went slowly out to the poultry yard.

"What's the use," he muttered to himself, "of Martha makin' all this fuss every year. Only tires herself out, and makes herself sick with disappointment and grief afterwards. Strange how she keeps lookin' fer the boy. Well I did too, fer a long time; but it's no use now, not after all these years. Queer, queer though whatever happened him!"

Out in the yard a dozen turkeys strutted and preened in the afternoon sun. Mrs. Elliot soon joined her husband and pointed out the big bronze fellow she had selected to grace the feast.

"Ain't he a beauty, Hiram? He's the best one we've had in years!"

"Yes, but he's too big fer us," grumbled her husband. "We'll git sick and tired of turkey before we git him et up, just you and me."

"But, Hiram, maybe it won't be just you and me this year. I knew it seems foolish, but I just know somehow" she went on, rather defiantly, "that we're going to hear something of him or his, and I have a feelin' that we won't spend Thanksgiving alone. Oh, I know that Jack must be dead! No word all these years! But there's little Margaret, I can't believe she's gone too."

Hiram sighed. No use trying to reason with Martha, when she felt that way. "Well, I wouldn't build too much on it. You know how many times you've been disappointed before."

"I know," Martha's eyes were suspiciously bright. "It don't sound reasonable, but I can't give up hope. I asked Jim and Ella over; they can't come till near night, but we'll have company for supper and the evenin' anyway."

"That's a good idea. Now I'll git this feller ready fer you, then I've got to go up the hill fer a piece of wood to fix that manger."

An hour later, the lordly fowl all dressed ready for the oven, and the kitchen all tidied up, Martha sat in the low rocker in the sunny bedroom off the sitting-room. She held a much-worn letter in her hand. The letter bore a date of some fifteen years before and read as follows:—

Dear Mother:—

I am sailing again tonight for South America, and I shall probably be away from civilization for some months. I hope, however, that this will be the last trip. I want to settle down and have a proper home for myself and Margaret. Of course she is well cared for, and her aunt is very fond of her. But I want her myself, I have had so little of her during these years of wandering.

And you, too, Mother! I have neglected you and father sorely, I haven't even written as often as I might. When I married my Margaret we planned to go back home, but she was taken from me so soon. And since, I have been wandering up and down on these expeditions, only stopping here in Seattle long enough to see my baby, and then away again.

But when this trip is over, Mother, I'm coming East with little Margaret. So be sure the cookie-jar is full and tell father to have the biggest turkey fat, for I shouldn't wonder if we arrive on Thanksgiving day. I often think of those wonderful Thanksgivings at home, and I want Margaret to enjoy a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving. We've had some great talks about Grandma and Granddaddie while I've been with her this time, and she is so eager to see the old home.

She has grown so fast, Mother. She is eight years old now, quite a little woman. I think she is like the sister I lost, but I don't remember her very closely.

But now, goodnight, dear Mother. You probably won't hear from me again until I get back. Tell father not to work too hard and one of these days I'll be coming back to help him run the old home farm.

Love to you both.—Jack.

P.S. Margaret and I had photos taken last week. We are sending you one. It is very like."

The white-haired mother wiped the fast-falling tears, and turned to glance at the picture on the table beside her.

"Oh, Jack," she whispered, if I could only know what happened you, that you've kept mother waiting so long. And dear little motherless Margaret! How grandmas could love you.

"Oh, heavenly Father," she prayed, "in Thy merciful kindness, grant me this, only to know where my loved ones are."

* * *

"Well, girls," said Claude Mathers, coming up the veranda steps, "no going on this afternoon. That chap says it will take till dark to get the machine in working order again, and I don't suppose the mater would travel at night."

"What luck! And we so near home, too," answered his sister Della. "Still, this a very comfortable sort of place, and I wouldn't mind so much if we could get word to Bess."

"Oh, I can arrange that. There's a telephone up in that little store, I think. I'll tell her to expect us early in the morning. We can run in in an hour or so. I'll go now, and perhaps I can help the fellow some with the car," said Claude, as he swung down the steps.

Della turned to her friend, who sat in the hammock gazing dreamily out over the hills.

"It's too bad, Margaret, I thought we'd get home in time to take you to the opera tonight. They say the new singer is wonderful! And here we are marooned in this pokey little place."

Margaret, a pretty, gentle-voiced girl smiled. "You can't imagine, Della, how very much I enjoy being 'marooned' in a place like this. I am sure I shall appreciate it even more than the opera. I am longing to explore these hills with my sketch-book. Would you mind?"

"Explore to your heart's content, my dear. Only don't get yourself lost. I know you like to be alone when you have that precious drawing-book, and I'm not fond of climbing fences and fighting briars, so I'll stay here and finish my book."

A few minutes later Margaret walked slowly along an old lane that wound up the side of a hill. It was very pleasant. The sun shone unusually warm and bright for November, and a blue haze hung over the distant hills. The crisp, brown leaves rustled underfoot, and here and there a few bright ones clung to the naked branches. Some late blossoms nestled in the corners of the straggling fence, and clumps of cranberry bushes flaunted their red berries. Margaret revelled in the beauty and quiet peacefulness of it all. Suddenly the ricketty pole-fence ended, but the deep-rutted road went on and she determined to follow it. It led to the top of the hill and through a grove of ancient pines where the needles lay so thick that the track was almost indiscernible. All at once the great trees ended and she stood on the opposite side of the hill.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed and stopped to admire the scene before her.

Down at the foot of the hill a little brook twisted and turned. Near it stood a low white farmhouse which in the leafy season would be half-hidden by apple-trees. Near the house were lilacs and rose-bushes, further away a row of stately elms marked the border of the high-road. In the distance were meadows and more low hills and glimpses of blue water. On the side of the hill, a flock of sheep, with tinkling bells, were grazing; and down by the back door-step a collie dog lay drowsing in the sun.

Margaret sat down on a nearby log and opened her sketch-book. "How very peaceful and homey," she thought. I think it must be like Daddie's old home. He used to tell me so much about it, but it all seems so dim now. It is strange that Auntie could never find my grand-parents. Sometimes I wonder if she really tried. I wish I could find them; they must be old now. Perhaps they are gone. But how splendid it would be to have one's own home and people."

Rapidly the sketch grew under her skilled fingers. Engrossed in her work, she did not notice the old man crossing the hill until a twig snapped close beside her.

"Good day Miss! It's a fine afternoon for the time o' year."

"Indeed it is!" smiled Margaret. "I hope I'm not trespassing."

"Not in the least, Miss. You're a stranger about here?"

"Yes. Our car broke down, so we're in the village over night. You have a wonderful view here. One seldom sees anything more beautiful."

"Do you think so now?" the old face beamed. "I've always liked it myself, but I didn't know as it would strike anyone else that way."

"I have been trying to get a bit of it to take with me," Margaret indicated the partly finished drawing, "but you see I can't do it justice."

The old man laid down his axe and carefully examined the girl's work.

"My eyes ain't none too good, but 'pears to me that's a mighty fine piece of work. It's too bad you're not stoppin' here longer; you could get a lot of pretty pictures," He gave her the book again, and pointed out over the hills. "There's some mighty pretty places around Loon Lake yonder. It's gettin' to be a great place for campers now-a-days. Off here behind the hill is the big Pulpit Rock, and right around the turn of the brook here there's an old mill pond. The old mill's still standin' too, though it's gettin' pretty shaky. My son used to draw quite a bit. We've got a lot of pictures he made of places around here when he was a young chap."

"Oh, how interesting! I should love is see them."

"Would you now? If you'd step down to the house, Martha'd be glad to show them to you."

As they went down the hill, Margaret asked of the son, "Does he still draw? Is he at home?"

"Oh, no Miss, he went away years ago, and then—then we lost him," and noting the look of pain that crossed his face, Margaret changed the subject.

Inside the kitchen, Hiram Elliot introduced her to his wife.

"Martha, here's a young lady who draws pictures, and she'd like to see some of Jack's."

"Come right in this way," said Martha leading the way to the cosy sitting-room. "Take off your sweater and rest a bit, it's real warm this afternoon. Take this chair, it's more comfortable. Are you stopping in the village?" She chattered on, all the while stealing admiring glances at the winsome young stranger.

"And so you draw, my dear. Our boy was always at it." From a bookcase in the corner she brought a rather battered sketch-book. "I've quite a few of his first ones, but these are the best."

Margaret was charmed. The work was really well-done, and the subjects finely chosen. "Just what I need for those illustrations for M's Magazine," she thought, as Martha and her husband gave bits of interesting explanations.

"You have some wonderful beauty spots around here," said the girl as she closed the book. "I should like—" she stopped suddenly as the name written on the back of the book caught her eyes. "John Winslow Elliot! why that's my father's name!"

"What—what is your name?" the older woman asked breathlessly.

"Margaret Elliot! Margaret Dean Elliot." she repeated as the old lady stared at her in a strange manner.

Martha turned, and going into the bed-room brought out a photograph which she tremulously extended to the girl.

"This is my son and his little daughter. Do you know them?"

Margaret looked at the picture, "Why it's Daddie and I!" she exclaimed. "Dear Daddie!" Then looking at the little old lady with the tears running over her cheeks; "Why you are —you must be—"

"Grandmother, dear!" cried Martha Elliot, folding her child close. "My little Margaret, Jack's baby!"

"But what of your father, Margaret? what of Jack?" they asked when the first breathless greetings were over.

"You know that he sailed shortly after this picture was taken?" They nodded. "Well, he never reached land. The little vessel and all on board were last during a big storm. It was months before I knew the whole truth. By degrees they made me understand that Daddie would never be back."

"But all our letters to your Seattle address were returned."

"We left there within a few weeks after Daddie went away. Auntie brought me to Boston. I think she was afraid you might want me. I know she was always frightened of losing me."

And so they talked on. The old folks had so long mourned their son as dead, that it was really a relief to learn the manner of his passing, especially as it came from the lips of his child. The afternoon wore away and at last Hiram, unable longer to hide his pent-up emotion, stole out to the barn to do his evening chores, leaving the two women still talking of the loved lost one.

* * * *

The sun had disappeared and the Autumn twilight was fast deepening into night, when Margaret with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, came up the steps of the little hotel. Claude Mathers opened the door.

"I was just going in search of you. Mother and Della are imagining all sorts of dreadful things that might have happened. Come in and give an account of yourself, you look as if you had found something wonderful."

"Oh, Claude, I have. And I've been 'Home'."

"Home! Explain yourself, Marge."

"Oh, I'm not joking, Claude, just around the hill is 'HOME' with the dearest little grandmother and the and tomorrow is Thanksgiving—and stateliest white-haired grandfather—they've been waiting for me all these years. But, come in and I'll tell you all about it."

And back in the old farmhouse, Martha was telling her husband.

"She's gone up to tell her friends, Hiram. She says they won't mind about her not goin' on with them for thankgivin', when they know. She says she's goin to stay right on with us, if we'll let her. Why this old house's just been waitin' for her, hasn't it? and do you know, she's been makin' her livin', since her aunt died, doin' them pictures for magazines, and she can do that right here."

"You'd better hurry and get the chores done, you're to go and meet her, and supper's most ready. What do you suppose she said just as she left, she said "Grandma, where do you keep that famous cookie-jar?—I'd been so flustered I'd never thought to give the child a bite to eat. Seems her father told her about it one time and she never forgot. Oh, Hiram, isn't it wonderful that we're to have a real Thanksgivin' again?"

Hiram turned and fumbled his way out the kitchen door, his heart too full for words. As he went down the steps he heard Martha softly singing.

"Oh, my Soul! Bless thou Jehovah.
All within me, praise His Name."

Yes, after many years, it was to be a real "Thanksgiving" day for them.

How a Sunday School Teacher Can Help

Miss Isabel McCorkindale, gives a little talk to teachers at the start of the twelve Temperance Lesson Articles.

To the teacher is given the task and privilege of preparing childhood and youth for the making of a life and, through the individual, the making of a nation.

Education, in modern days, is expected to be practical. Ten years at school will not make a life, but they should provide the keys that will unlock the doors to wider knowledge and truer understanding of the things worth while. The modern Temperance lesson will teach more than scientific facts concerning alcohol; it will help to develop the desire to keep brain and body fit for service, it will teach citizenship and the community spirit, and a true appreciation of the scholar's best gifts. Not negative, but positive; not withdrawing from, but giving to life.

The use of alcohol as a beverage is imbedded in superstition and custom. It is the youth's right that he should receive the knowledge that will help him to see this custom in a sane scientific light, free from prejudice. There is a very grave need for teachers to become familiar with modern methods of teaching the Temperance lesson. It should be presented from a positive rather than a negative standpoint; and as a health lesson rather than a discourse on the pathological effects of alcoholism. This cannot be done from observation, or knowledge picked up in a desultory manner. It is necessary to connect the lesson with the facts of life, and it is hoped that the following chapters will be suggestive of such a scheme of lessons.

The Temperance lesson can be the most fascinating of subjects. It has the distinct advantage of being associated with life. It gives opportunity for simple lessons on laws of health, natural history, elementary chemistry, physiology and psychology, all of which opens up to the mind of the pupil a world of interesting things. It will be seen at once the value there is to the scholar in getting a knowledge of alcohol as a drug, before he becomes familiar with the old customs and traditions which, in the light of modern science, appear so absurd; such as that of drinking a person's health in what is known to science as the friend of disease.

The pupil follows the teacher in the study of the chemistry of alcohol, as in number two lesson. In later life, memory will always carry the picture of the fruits of the earth in their fresh, wholesome state, protected by nature from the yeast germ; of how alcohol is obtained by their decomposition, and the power of the poison to destroy the first life with which it comes in contact; this association of ideas will always remain.

It is wise to avoid giving a number of unrelated scientific facts. An unrelated fact is usually a fact lost to memory and, therefore, useless. It does not conduce to straight thinking. It is far more important to bring the scholar's mind to a starting point, to which he can return with the fruits of later experiences. A fact related to some known object is a magic key that opens many doors.

"To him that hath shall be given" is simply a statement of a universal law. Truth thus presented will help a new generation to grow up with "the light of knowledge in their eyes," and so be better able to free themselves from the fallacies and superstitions concerning alcohol, that older generations find it so difficult to abandon. It will help young people to have a saner outlook on the question, and fit them to judge for themselves regarding its customs. A boy may not be afraid of becoming a drunkard; he may not be concerned whether he will live an extra five years or not, but he does care about being at his best.

Many teachers are too busy to study text-books on this subject. It was, therefore, felt that a book of lessons, prepared with suggestions for simple illustration, would supply this long felt need, and that busy teachers would be glad to have the material ready to hand with the twelve charts. The lessons have been prepared from recognized standard text-books.

For the teacher who desires to study the subject more thoroughly, I know of no better text-book than "Alcohol and the Human Body," by Horsley and Sturge (Macmillan & Co.). This is a comprehensive work, which covers almost every phase of the subject that the teacher may desire to study. We also recommend "Alcohol and Self-Control," by Dr. W. A. Chapple (Richard James, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, London, England.) and "Alcohol in Medical Practice," by Dr. Courtenay C. Weeks.

Toronto. Isabel McCorkindale.

Does a cupboard on a balcony constitute part of a residence. Judge Cusson, of Montreal, has decided that it does not and accordingly he discharged a man who was accused of being in possession of 5 gallon of alcohol which was seized in a cupboard fitted with a false bottom and kept on the balcony of the house. The judge defined residence as being the place where a man lives. The liquor which it was stated belonged to a lodger was in the balcony and therefore, according to this definition, not in the residence. Judging from this decision there is nothing to prevent any man from keeping as much liquor as he wishes provided he has it on the balcony of his house.

A 67c trial subscription may result in a life-long subscriber. It is because it does so in so many cases that we dare make such a slashing cut for introductory purposes.

Confer on Rum-running

Further conferences are about to take place between Sir Henry Drayton, head of the Ontario Liquor Control Board, and Hon. W. D. Euler, respecting rum running operations at the border. Sir Henry has sought an appointment regarding the matter and the Minister has agreed to it, but the date has not yet been set. It will likely be at the week end.

An initial discussion on the subject was held in Toronto last summer in an endeavor to secure co-operation in the suppression of illegal shipments. Afterwards the Revenue Department secured an opinion from the Department of Justice as to just how far it can go and what are its rights. These are claimed to be limited under the law as it stands at present. The matter is now to be discussed further. It is quite apparent that heavy shipments of alcoholic beverages are being made to the United States, the figures recently published mounting into millions. While the export of liquor to a dry country is not prohibited under the Dominion law there are some features which are claimed to violate the provincial act and hence the renewed conference on the question.

Sir Henry Drayton. Chairman of the Liquor Control Board of Ontario, stated Friday that no new books would be issued when the 234 lines were filled in the new green liquor control permit books. "No, they can't get another permit," he stated definitely. "We think there is plenty of space in one of those permits for any man's buying for a whole year."

BETWEEN LIFE'S EXTREMITIES

Mothers will know the value of getting into the homes of their friends a paper which magnifies home life and which has such warm and true sympathies with every age, from the cradle . . . on to the dawn of the life beyond.

GEORGE YOUNG

WE Drink Water

Endurance, Prowess, Intelligence, Force, Discretion, Alertness, Poise.

COL. LINDBERGH

These are the masters who will take part in teaching Lesson No. 1 in the series of 12 illustrated lesson articles starting Nov. 18 in the Northern Messenger for the W. C. T. U. PRIZE Competition.

Any Sunday School Superintendent or teacher even yet may enter their scholars for the course IF they act promptly. The twelve lessons in twelve issues of the Messenger (a 24-page family and Sunday School paper) may be had at the special campaign rate of only 10 cents per scholar for the series. Any belated large orders should be sent by prepaid telegram. Money can follow by letter to NORTHERN MESSENGER, Witness Bldg., (See Miss McCorkindale's foreword to S. S. Workers above.

Adventuring for the Kingdom

Retrospect and Prospect

"The Great War harmed the entire world and did not prepare the way for peace. However, it aroused such horror that for seven or eight years more any warlike projects will be looked upon with lively antipathy by any of the Great Powers. The decisive hour in the life of Europe will be reached about 1935, when a new generation will have grown up that did not participate in the last war and does not therefore feel this horror."—*Francesco Nitti, in The Atlantic Monthly.*

* * *

Gandhi on War

In answer to an open letter addressed to him by B. De Ligt, formerly pastor of a Dutch Protestant Church, Mahatma Gandhi states his attitude toward war in these words: "So long as I lived under a system of government based on force and voluntarily partook of the many facilities and privileges it created for me, I was bound to help that Government to the extent of my ability when it was engaged in a war unless I non-co-operated with that Government and renounced to the utmost of my capacity the privileges it offered me. But the Light within me is steady and clear. There is no escape for any of us save through truth and non-violence. I know that war is wrong, is an unmitigated evil. I know too that it has got to go. I firmly believe that freedom won through bloodshed or fraud is no freedom. Would that all the acts alleged against me were found to be wholly indefensible rather than by any act of mine non-violence was held to be compromised or that I was ever thought to be in favor of violence or untruth in any shape or form. Not violence, not untruth but non-violence. Truth is the law of our being."

* * *

Science and Religion

"Scientists," says Frances L. Robbins in the Outlook, "are beginning to recognize that their method has its limitations, that there are things which cannot be measured on scales. Increasingly scientists are dissatisfied with mechanistic materialism as an explanation of all things. Professor Millikan, Professor Bragg (in his recent address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science), Professor Eddington and a dozen others are pointing out that the way of science is not the only approach to reality. The mood of science is changing. The old dogmatism is disappearing. There is a growing friendliness toward religion on the part of scientists to match the obviously growing friendliness of theologians toward science.

* * *

The Search for God

"Science in Search of God," is a note worthy example of this trend. Written by a thorough scientist, a Professor of Geology at Harvard University, this book deals with the relations between science and religion with the utmost fairness. The author believes that it is far more difficult for us to think of the universe as a result of chance or accident than it was for the patriarchs of olden time. As a scientist he says frankly that the theologians have been so often defeated because they have fought not as the champions of real religion, but as defenders of outworn and faulty science. He finds that there is no real conflict between religion and science because their aims are different. Science aims to describe completely the universe in which we live, while religion searches for the most abundant and worthwhile life which man may possess in such a universe."

* * *

Christian Unity in Japan

Japan's Chautauqua lake conferences at Karuizawa enjoyed a season replete with inspirational addresses. Through the beneficence of the United Church of Canada, Dr. Clarence MacKinnon of Divinity hall, Halifax, was loaned to Japan for the summer, and not only delivered to the missionary gatherings a remarkably unlifting series of addresses, but by his own spirit and experience exemplified the possibility of concerted action among religious bodies heretofore separated and differing in both doctrine and organization. It is a tribute to his fine leadership that after his careful exposition of the Canadian development in Christian unity, a meeting representative of many of the evangelical bodies in Japan was called to prepare the road for future union in the island empire.

* * *

Toyohiko Kagawa

This reformer is today as never before the prophet to which Japan is looking for spiritual and moral leadership. Whereas a few years ago Christianity was looked upon as constituting a menace to the nation, the government and intelligentsia of Japan are now recognizing that, as all the bulwarks of old Japanese morality are falling before the prevalent materialism of the day, the only thing that can save Japan is a spiritual interpretation of all life such as Kagawa's Christian gospel advocates. And whereas Kagawa-san was a few years ago hounded by the police and government agents lest he be teaching dangerous thoughts to the masses, he is today as never before free to preach and teach and lead the proletariat. The missionaries are beginning to see that one practical demonstration of the spirit of unity in the cause of Christ is to rally round this man who more than any other figure represents Christianity in the minds of the Japanese people. Kagawa is under terrific expense to support the evangelistic and social work he has undertaken in various slum districts of the empire. Until now he has had to rely upon the writings to secure these necessary funds, and this has taken heavy toll of the energy he ought to have for more direct evangelistic work. To relieve him of this financial worry and the consequent strain upon an all too frail physique, a group of missionaries are now undertaking to find funds and friends, both in Japan and abroad, to help Kagawa.—The Christian Century.

* * *

Japanese Leadership

The annual conference of the Council of Federated Missions in Japan was another attractive feature of the Karuizawa summer program. The agenda and discussion centered around the findings of the Jerusalem conference, with particular emphasis upon the task of reaching the as yet entirely unevangelized rural masses of Japan. Many excellent and forward-looking papers were presented and discussed, among the most stimulating being those of the Japanese, to whom the missionaries must look for ever-increasing leadership in infiltrating the life of the nation with Christian ideals.

In the Secret of His Presence

Sermon by Rev. John Lyall, Belle Plaine, Sask.

"His Presence is salvation."—Ps. 42:5.

"And lo, I very closely with you am all the days"—Matt. 28:20. (Sit.)

"My Presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Ex. 33:4.

THE presence of some particular person in your life or mine, makes all the difference between existence and enjoyment. We know there is a crude sentiment in the popular songs and love stories of to day about the romance of the "gloamin'," and the dreams of moonlight; nevertheless, there is also some truth in the statement that some companionships are made in Heaven; and the presence of certain persons; husband, or wife, or Father, or Hother, or son or daughter, means a great deal to the person concerned. No one can read the life of the poet Browning and his wife; and their seemingly perfectly happy union, or read the pathetic entry in the memoirs of Livingstone when he buried his wife on Shupanga Brae in Central Africa in the heart of heathendom, when in true Scotch he sobbed out, "My dear Mary, I loved you from the first time I met you, and I loved you more at the end than when we were first acquainted; what will life be to me without you?" not be convinced that their are some perfect matches. Good for Livingstone was it that he could say, "It is the word of a gentleman; I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

How much the Presence of Christ means to the Christian. Life deprived of that would be like the earth robbed of the sun, or the body deprived of the senses. Some sections of the Church, seem to think that the real Presence is reserved in the bread and wine partaken of at communion. And some again think that the real Presence cannot be known unless the worshipper faces the proper angle looking towards the East.

But these restrictions limit and confine the Presence of Christ within unwarranted and unscriptural bounds. His Presence is not confined to any form of architecture, or to any attitude of body, or subject to the empty platitudes of men.

"Where'er men seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground."

We may enjoy that serene Presence anywhere. Brother Francis, who wrote that pamphlet, "The Practice Of The Presence Of God," said: "I realized the Presence of Christ as sweetly and graciously, in the washing of dishes and pots and pans in the kitchen, as when engaged in the most sacred duties of the monastery." We may have His Presence wherever duty calls us, or need urges us—to the utmost parts of creation, in the most extreme plights. The last words of the miner incarcerated in the mine, or the soldier dying slowly on the battlefield, prove that they have felt the Presence of the Master, as an inspiring and uplifting influence.

The Unseen Companion

SHACKLETON, confined in the ice jams of the Arctic Seas, writes: "There was scarcely a day when the words of Psalm. 139.7-12 were not in my mind—"Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy Presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there, shalt Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me." In his book "South," which relates the thrilling experiences of those months amid the mysterious loneliness of trackless snow and unbroken ice; he says: "When I look back over those days, with all their anxiety and perils, I cannot doubt that our party was divinely led, both over the storm-fields, and across the storm-swept seas. I know that during that long and trying march of thirty-six hours over the unnamed mountains and the glaciers, it seemed to me often that we were not three, but four. I said nothing to my companions on the point but afterwards Worsley said to me. 'Shackleton, I had a curious feeling on the march, that there was another person with us,'" The veil which divided the seen from the unseen was lifted as those men lingered in the icy solitudes.

That Presence is to millions of people the world over something without which it would scarcely be worth living. It is to them the supreme fact in life, the truest thing in experience. They have the knowledge of a strong and experienced Companion on the road with them. And there are some souls, whose sense of communion with the unseen is so real that the removal of the thinnest veil would bring them face to face. There is an incident told of Prof. Horace Bushnell, who was spending a holiday in the White Mountains. At the close of the first day he said to his friend, "One of us ought to pray before we sleep." Bushnell offered prayer, and his friend years afterwards remarked, "I was afraid to stretch out my hand in the darkness for fear I should touch God."

An old writer tells of revival days in Caithness, Scotland, where the silence was so impressive and reverential, as the Word was preached, that men were afraid to speak in case God would mention their name.

"Speaks to Him, thou, for He hears;
and spirit with spirit shall meet;
Closer is He than breathing, and
nearer than hands or feet."

There are those whose knowledge of God is a theoretical knowledge. They cannot speak from experience. They cannot say, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee."

They grope blindly but eagerly for that which they would gladly possess. But they complain of the silence of God, of His splendid isolation, His

(Continued on Page 13)

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A Sunday School paper.

A temperance paper.

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Paul's Expériences in Jerusalem

The International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 18.

By Walter Albion Squires, D.D.

(Acts 21:17 to 23:35.)

I. Suggestions Concerning Lesson Goals. The portion of scripture selected for study in this lesson is crowded with stirring events. It is by making these events real and vivid that the teacher can best make plain the heroic qualities of Paul's character. The teacher should emphasize the circumstances under which Paul was laboring in these trying times, thus bringing out strongly his patience, perseverance, courage, and loyalty to his Master. To help pupils appreciate these qualities in the great apostle will be a first step toward building these same character traits in their lives.

II. Lesson Topics and Teaching Points. The material selected for study is rather extensive for consideration in one lesson, but if these stirring events can be brought before the minds of the pupils in one survey, there will be a certain advantage. The material may be divided into topics as indicated in the following paragraphs.

(1). An Attempt to Disarm Prejudice. (Acts 21:17 to 26.) Mountains of prejudice had been growing up against Paul in Jerusalem. The Jews looked upon him as a traitor to the religion of his forefathers. Many Christians honestly believed that he was ruining the Church by opening the door so wide to the Gentiles. Many other Christians seem to have regarded him as an upstart leader who was seeking to make himself equal to the apostles, without any right to such a position of leadership.

Paul was too sincerely devoted to the program of Jesus to look on these prejudices in a narrow and selfish spirit. He deplored them because they were hindering the cause of Christ. Therefore he did not sulk under these unjust criticisms. If his pride was wounded, he gave no sign of the fact but going humbly into Jerusalem he sought to disarm the prejudices which were so rampant there.

He called first on the leaders of the Jerusalem Church, James and the elders of the mother Church which was there. He told them of the wonderful way in which the Gentiles were turning to Christ. Being big men and fair-minded men, the leaders of the Jerusalem church soon lost any prejudices they may have had against Paul. These leaders suggested a way whereby Paul might further disarm the prejudices against him which existed among the Jewish Christians. They asked him to take part in a certain ceremonial which was distinctly Jewish, namely the ceremony of purification prescribed for those who had taken upon themselves a vow. Paul gladly accepted the opportunity. He would make any concession which did not violate his sense of right and wrong.

(2). Mobbed in Jerusalem. (Acts 21: 27-40.) The scheme might have resulted in disarming the prejudices of the Jewish Christians, had Paul not come into contact with people whose prejudices were more deeply seated than was the case with the Christian Jews. Certain Jews from Asia met him in the temple and raised a riot. Dragged from the temple, Paul was in danger of being stoned to death, when he was rescued by the Roman guards and hurried away to the fortress of Antonia. As the soldiers dragged him up the steps of the castle, Paul asked leave of the chief captain to speak to the people.

(3). Paul Tells the Story of his Conversion. (Acts 22:1-21.) Standing there upon the stone stairway of the fortress, Paul raised his hand with a gesture which seems to have been characteristic of him and succeeded in quieting the multitude. Then he explained to them who he was and told of his career as a persecutor. He recounted the circumstances under which he was converted and told of the commission which had been given him by his Lord to preach the gospel to the Gentiles. The multitude heard him in silence up to the point where he mentioned his mission to the Gentiles then they broke out into riotous uproar once more. Evidently this was the sore spot with these Asiatic Jews. They were prejudiced against Paul not merely because he was a Christian, but because he was successful in winning Gentiles to the new faith. Their prejudice was intermixed with jealousy.

(4). Paul's Roman Citizenship Saves him from Scourging. The chief captain was perplexed about Paul and after the Roman fashion thought he might compel the prisoner to confess his guilt by the infliction of severe punishment. He ordered Paul to be scourged. As the soldiers were tying him up for whipping, Paul revealed to them the fact that he was a citizen of Rome. On hearing this the centurion who had charge of the flogging was frightened. He went and told the chief captain that Paul was a Roman and that frightened the chief captain also. The preparations for the whipping were quickly discontinued and Paul was led back to his cell in the prison.

(5). On Trial Before the Council. (Acts 23:1-11). On the next day the chief captain called together the Jewish Sanhedrim or council and brought Paul before them for examination. Face to face with the leaders of the Jewish church, Paul began to make his defence, but uttered only a few words when the haughty high priest Ananias ordered those standing near Paul to smite him on the mouth. Paul was not the kind of man to take such an indignity meekly. "God shall smite, thee, thou whited wall," said he; "and sittest thou to judge me according to the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?" When taken to task by his accusers for reviling God's high priest, Paul said that he did not know that he was speaking to the high priest. It may be that defective eyesight had resulted in Paul's inability to recognize Ananias as the highest official of the Hebrew religion.

Paul then brought about a division among the Pharisees and Sadducees who made up the council. He declared that he was himself a Pharisee and that the real cause of the Sadduceean enmity against him was his belief in the resurrection. So deep was the enmity between Sadducee and Pharisee that this mere reference of opinion accomplished just what Paul desired. The accusers were divided and some of those who had come with eager desire to see Paul punished now took his part saying, "We find no evil in this man." So fierce were their contentions that the chief captain fearing for Paul's safety came down and took him away from the midst of the contentious council members.

(6). Paul Removed to Caesarea. (Acts 23:12-35.) Plots to assassinate Paul having been revealed to the old chief captain, he determined to take the prisoner to Caesarea for trial. So a large company of soldiers took Paul and stealing away at night they brought him down to Caesarea that he might be examined by Felix, the Roman governor.

III. Suggestions as to Lesson Procedure. Many interesting questions will grow out of a study of these narratives under a competent teacher. Was Paul justified in what he said to the high priest? Was he justified in setting the Sadducees over against the Pharisees in the way he did? These questions will have a bearing on some practical problems of today. Should we respect a man because of his position even though personally he is unworthy of respect? The skilful teacher will welcome such questions as these and through a discussion of them make the application of truth to present day problems.

IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE

(Continued from page 12)

seeming indifference. Is it not possible there has been failure somewhere along the line? When our telephone goes out of commission, the trouble operator sometimes finds an earth-bound connection that has interfered with the overhead line. The trouble with many who fail to make connection is, that there is something out of harmony with the divine will.

Many walk through life with blinded eyes, like the two disciples on the Emmaus road, whose dull eyes only saw a stranger, where walked the Son of God. And what dull and sorrowful men were, without the Presence of the Master! And when He was seen, what a transformation! "Did not our hearts burn within us by the way?" The scripture was opened, and so was their understanding. And if our hearts were opened and our understanding clarified by the Holy Spirit; we should be conscious of His Presence too. Our ordinary insight is but shrewdness, and blindness, and our knowledge but ignorance under another name.

'The Many Splendored Thing"

DURING the past ten years, there has arisen a craze for the teaching of psychology, and they are telling us that if the principles of this science be understood and carried out, wonderful advances will be made. But while taking into consideration all the benefits of the newer teaching, we are still convinced that the world will never come to know God by human wisdom or philosophy.

Francis Thompson, a poor tramp, brought up religiously and reared in a good home, was brought to sanity and decent living by friends who cared for him. This is what he writes about the loss of the Presence:

"The drift of pinions would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered door;
The angels keep their ancient places,
Turn but a stone and start a wing.
'Tis we; tis our estranged faces
That miss the many splendored thing."

And there is the story of Helen Keller, giving a very modern example, of how God reveals Himself to the pure soul, the spiritually minded, the reverent-hearted. She was blind to all the beauty of the earth, and deaf to its sweet sounds, cut off completely from our ordinary means of intercourse. The time came when it was resolved to try and convey to her the thought of God, and they found it quite an easy thing to do. When God's name was spoken to her by the sign language which she had been taught, she quietly said: "Is that His name? I have always known Him, though I did not know His name." To her simple heart and mind, the glory of God was revealed, and the realities of the unseen world were familiar things. Such spirits see and feel the truth, without troubling about critical investigation and the laws of evidence. The deepest and most abiding things of life are not revealed to the senses, but to the heart that loves, to the pure spirit. There is such as seeing the invisible, and touching the intangible; but whether visible or invisible, we know that the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him.

One of the chief hindrances to the realization of the Presence is the rush of human life in these modern days. We do not take time to cultivate acquaintance with God. We are living in days of unparalleled strain and ceaseless bustle. The age is electric in its activities. Feet and hands are not enough—we are shouting for wings, and some are even using them. The world is in a dreadful hurry, and most of the hurry is not for the accomplishment of useful ends, but for money, sport, enjoyment, and something to make men oblivious of their relationship to God and their fellows. Our weakness is in our rush. Where do we find men who will take time to read solid books, to discuss great themes, to tackle great topics? We are rarely quiet; the whole temper and tone of the times is against meditation, and contemplation. But if we do not take time we shall pass through life and miss the "many splendored thing."

Even men of the world recognize the need for certain seasons of quiet, if they are to do their best work. Let us be silent, said Emerson that we may hear the whisper of the gods. But a more authoritative voice said, my soul be thou silent unto God.

When Do We Think?

IT is getting increasingly difficult to cultivate quiet. There are so many things to attract our thoughts and our notice that we find it almost impossible to apportion time for meditation. The poet Southey, was one of those tireless workers; and he was describing the division of his day: "I rise at five; six to eight I study Spanish; breakfast at nine; then two hours to French and Portuguese and the following two hours to poetry; and the rest to prose." "And pray," said the Quaker lady who was listening to him, "When dost thee think?"

At the beginning of the Great War, when the men of Oxford University were massed in the square outside the building, they started singing the popular songs of the day, "It's a long way to Tipperary," and the rest. Then after the popular songs had petered out they struck up "Abide With Me". Some sang, others whistled it, and thus they embarked. Every man can choose his own tune for the march of life. When Shackleton went on his last voyage, he chose to take with him a gramophone record of Clara Butt's rendering, "Abide With Me." "I need thy presence every passing hour." These words must have helped them in the dreary waste of the Antarctic. The old mystics had a more balanced Christianity than many of the moderns seem to have.

Gerhard Tersteegen's beautiful hymn brings to us very clearly the poise and rest they knew:

Peace, O restless heart of mine;
Thou, the Still, the Blest;
Lead me to Thy courts divine,
Thine untroubled rest,
Tossed upon the raging sea,
Still, fair land, I long for thee.

O'er the waves that cannot rest,
O'er the drifting foam;
Wandering dove without a nest
Weary-winged I come;
From the lonely wastes of sin,
Blessed Noah, take me in.

Still, and sweet the silence deep,
Where no foot hath trod;
Softer than an infant's sleep,
Rest alone with God.
Closed on me Thy palace door,
Perfect peace for evermore.

Life without His Presence is a very hard road; but, having Him, we have the peace that passeth knowledge, the poise that tells others we are under control, and the power that helps us when we are face to face with life's hard tasks.

THE WORD OF LIFE

My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. Ex. 33: 14.

Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. The Lord, he it is that doth go before thee; he will be with thee, he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed. Deut. 31: 6-8. Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. Josh. 1: 9. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy path. Prov. 3: 6.

He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me. Heb. 13: 5, 6. Our sufficiency is of God. 2 Cor. 3: 5.

Lead us not into temptation. Matt. 6: 13. O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. Jer. 10: 23.

MIND BODY

BOYS' PAGE

SOUL SERVICE

The Test

By Ibby Hall

Youth learns early what is expected of it. The patterns of life—stupid or inspiring—are laid out on an inexorable counter. Youth must choose.

Four years ago the pattern of patriotism was the one chosen by a young boy of Pennsylvania. There had always been a streak of heroism in this boy. Life at Annapolis, with its beauty and precision, its gallantry and promise of adventure, no doubt enthralled his soul. Otherwise he would hardly have undertaken the arduous discipline of military training. For this was a boy built on a framework so slight as to be almost feminine. His weight was an inconsiderable something over 100 pounds.

For three years the young midshipman met the requirements of the naval academy. For three years he stood up under the drills, the tests, the rigor and the routine. He must measure himself alongside of giants. That he was unconsciously learning the hard lessons of quickness and response was small comfort to him—if indeed it ever occurred to him at all. He only knew that he was inferior to these others and must try harder than they.

But for all his efforts and for all his success in other requirements during those three years at the academy there was one test he could not meet. Over and over again he dreaded it, he trained for it, he faced it and he failed. This was the life saving test. The mortification of it struck deep.

Perhaps he had strength to pilot only himself through a difficult existence. Apparently there was nothing left over for the other fellow. For three years he was expected to show what he could do if the other fellow went down—and for three years he went on record as being able to do nothing.

The three years were about over. In another month or so the young midshipmen would be leaving picturesque Annapolis, the wide blue expanse of the Chesapeake Bay and the tricky, lovely shores of the Severn River, for their brief vacations at home.

The sporting events were on. Boys from other universities were travelling to Crabtown to match their skill and prowess against the abilities of the would-be naval officers. These visitors were the pick of their universities, picked for weight, and brawn and skill. The very sight of them must have been discouraging to the young 115 pounder of a midshipman who had never been able to pass his life saving test. But discouraged or not, his soul and sympathies were with the Naval Academy. He was on hand at every contest, giving through his enthusiasms what he might never give his Alma Mater in glory. Not until the last sporting contest of each day was over did he return to his quarters.

In this way it so happened that he found himself after dark one night not far away from the spot at which the shore line of the little town curves back from the wideness of the Bay to meet the choppy waters of the Severn. At the water's edge a good deal was going on. Visitors, midshipmen, the big fellows from other towns were strolling about, scrapping or shouting, and some of them splashing in the water.

There was a sudden cry of "Help! Man drowning!"

A sudden stiffness of fright in the atmosphere; a sudden turning of tom-foolery into panic.

The young midshipman found himself turning as quickly into an automaton. He became on the instant something of steel and lightning. In another two seconds he was in those dark and choppy waters at the exact spot where a man's head had gone down. Cries went up about him on the water, on the shore. He heard none of them. A man was drowning.

A few feet away that white strange face appeared again. Again it went down under the blackness of the Severn. The young midshipman made his swift calculation. When that head reappeared for the third time he was there beside it. Before it could slip away into oblivion he had hold of it. Before he himself quite knew how it had happened, he had towed the 200-pound visitor back to life and safety.

The next morning the rescued giant and the light weight hero lay in nearby cots in the naval hospital. The young hero, possibly, stared at the ceiling, wondering how he was to meet the still unpassed life saving test. The visiting giant stared in the direction of the hero.—The Outlook and Independent.

OUR COMPETITIONS

"THE NICEST THING I EVER SAW A TEACHER DO."

Last year I was sick, so could not attend school for two months. I was very lonesome, as my sisters and brothers attended school regularly, and I could not. For two weeks I could not go outside. I found this very unpleasant, as, when I am well, I am always in the fresh air, sliding, skating, or doing something. During this same year we had a teacher from Inverness whose name was Miss Oliver. I found her like any other teacher, while I attended school, but when I was not attending school, I found her more than a teacher. She did everything in her power to please me. Every night after school, she came to see me, always bringing fruit or sometimes story books. She talked of how my friends were getting on in school. One day she came and asked me if I would like to hear from my school chums. I was only too glad to say "yes." She came the following night and, on her arm she carried a handbag. I noticed it as soon as she entered. She drew near the sofa where I was, saying to me, "It all belongs to you." On hearing this I raised on my elbow, looked into the bag, and to my great surprise, I found so many letters written by my friends, all through Miss Oliver's kindness.—Thelma H. Cameron, Que.

THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW A GIRL DO

Dear Sir:—We had been to school all morning and we were getting our coats and hats on to go home at noon. The girl of whom I am going to speak started off home with the others. When she got about half way down our school-yard she thought she felt something moving around in her hat, but did not take any notice of it just then. In a few minutes she felt it again. She took her hat off then and threw it on the ground. She picked up her hat again and found that a little mouse had been running around inside the hat on her head. She was frightened and threw the mouse out and grabbed her hat and ran. After this she took care, for a while, to look in her hat to see if there was a mouse in it, but never since has she had the same experience.—Edith Rogers, Ont.

"THE NICEST THING I EVER SAW A TEACHER DO."

The day of the picnic at Twin Falls dawned brightly against the green forest. This picnic was being given by the school teachers. All the pupils who attended the school were invited. They were all taking a bus, and driving thirty miles away. Here the picnic was to be held, lovely refreshments were to be served, and games and races were also being held. In a little house at the foot of the hill stood a pretty girl looking out of the window. She lived alone with her sister. Her mother and father were both dead, so the burdens of living fell on her poor shoulders. Her sister was inclined to be delicate, so she needed especial care. "What a wonderful day for the picnic," thought Ruth. "How I wish I were going, but I must look after Ruby." With these thoughts Ruth turned back to her work. She was an excellent housekeeper, and kept the house shining. About an hour later a young lady of twenty-three rang the door-bell.

"Aren't you going to the picnic, Ruthie? The bus will be here in an hour. It will be a nice drive, and will do you good. You look very tired. Come on, now, please take my place, and I will stay with Ruby today."

Miss Warner kept on until she had Ruth coaxed. There is no need of telling the lovely time Ruth had. It was very seldom she had a chance to ride in a bus. She won a race, receiving a prize, and enjoying herself from the first moment to the last. And wasn't that a lovely thing for Miss Warner, the teacher to do?—Evelyn Ward, Que.

1 John Speirs, Ont., 2 Edith M. Waters, N. B., 3 Edwin Brenton, Ont.

LIMERICKS

I once had a fall from a shed,
Which landed me square on my head;
'Twas a terrible shock,
For I hit a big rock,
And sat up with a start in my bed.
—By Floyd Honey, Ont.

A fellow once bought a new car
To see the earth near and far;
A match he did light
To see the gas right
And he landed up on a star.
—By Sterling G. Warner, Ont.

I asked a wee maiden of eight
Could she spell the word "horse," on her slate.
She answered, "I could,
But what is the good
To spell a thing so out of date?"
—By Mattie D. Crowell, N. S.

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"The funniest thing I ever saw a boy (or girl) do".
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Tom Dick, Sunnydale, Sask.
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Address your letter to:
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will be awarded the one whose drawing is judged the best of those printed each month.

Drawings may be in ink, pencil or crayon on white paper or thin Bristol board about 8 x 11 inches, or "stippled paper" may be used. Shading lines or dots should not be too close together, and if pencil or crayon is used great care should be used to prevent any smudging.

Drawings stand a better chance if sent flat between straw boards or they may be sent in a tube. But they may not be folded. They must be accompanied by a statement certifying that the work is original with the sender and not copied from any other source. Address all drawings to:

Drawing Competition Editor.

ADDRESS ALL ENTRIES: c-o JOHN DOUGALL AND SON, G. P. O. BOX 3070, MONTREAL.

STAMPS NEWS

Liner "Provisionals"

An unprecedented postal incident occured on the last eastward-bound trip of the French liner Ile de France, which carries an aeroplane to be catapulted from the deck to expedite the delivery of mails. Letters to be delivered by this ship to shore air service cost an extra 10 francs postage, and the ship's post office on this occasion ran out of 10 francs stamps. The postal officer in charge created provisional 10 francs stamps by surcharging 1,000 of the 1.50 franc blue and 2,000 of the 1.50 franc red stamps. The overprinting is said to have been done in the presence of a French Consul on board, and the novel stamp varieties thus created have been selling for 300 to 400 francs each in Paris, says Fred J. Melville, in the London Daily Telegraph.

The summit of Robson pass is a broad gravel flat extending between Adolphus lake in the Alberta side and Berg lake in British Columbia, the two lakes lying about a mile apart. In no other pass in the Rockies does one mountain so dominate the entire landscape as does Mount Robson. Its enormous mass (altitude, 12,972 feet) towers 7,532 feet above the summit of the pass at such close range as to literally overshadow it.

Penny and two cent approvals in attractive books 300 stamps. References please. Ogden, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

A WATER-COURSE

Scotsman from Caithness:—There is a ditch, or water course that has left its old bed course, about twenty years past and taken on another property. The owner does not want it put back on its former course. Who decides those matters? And what is the method to arrange such cases in Ontario?

Ans.—As a general thing a matter like this is governed by the Ditches and Watercourses Act: Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1927, chapter 316. But we doubt very much that this particular ditch comes within the scope of the Act. In order to ascertain this we would require information as to its origin, etc. Assuming, however, that the provisions of the Act are applicable to the case, the party who wishes the ditch restored to its former course should call a meeting by at least 12 clear days notice in writing to those also interested, mentioning a time and place to consider the matter. Any agreement arrived at, to be valid and binding, must be in writing, according to the form provided by the Act. If no agreement reached at such meeting, the engineer of the local municipality, appointed by its Council pursuant to the Act, may be called in to make an examination and award and his award would be subject to appeal to the county judge. For further information and forms we would refer you to the Act itself.

ROSEHEATH

Mrs. Dora M. Moir, Ont.—Would you kindly tell me if the story "Roseheath" is published in book form?

Ans.—"Roseheath" by Catherine Bruce, which appeared serially in the Witness has not been published in book form.

BROKEN SHIPS AND THE MUSTARD SEED

Mrs. J. T. Seale, Que.—Can the stories "Broken Ships" and "The Mustard Seed" be procured in book form?

Ans.—No, neither of these books have been published as books as yet.

REQUESTED POEMS

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The following are thanked for forwarding the words of: "The White Pilgrim" Mrs. Peter D. Redner, Ont., Another Subscriber, Ont.; "Will You be There and I" Ruth L. Dickan; "The Little Rosewood Casket", Lilla Fraser, N. S.; "Servants", J. B. Rowell, B. C.; "Somebody's Mother", L. J. D., Que.; "Sence Mary Jined the Club" and "Going on an Errand", G. F. M.

(Sent by J. B. Rowell)

SERVANTS

He held a lamp each Sabbath day
So low that none could miss the way;
And yet so high to bring in sight
That picture fair—of Christ, the Light.—
That gazing up—the Lamp between—
The hand that held it was not seen.

He held the Pitcher, stooping low,
To lips of little ones below,
Then raised it to the weary saint
And bade him drink when sick and faint;
They drank;—the Pitcher thus between,
The hand that held it was not seen.

He blew the Trumpet, soft and clear,
That trembling sinners need not fear;
And then with louder note and bold
To storm the walls of Satan's hold,
The Trumpet coming thus between
The hand that held it was not seen.

But when our Captain says "Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant! Come!
Lay down the Pitcher, and the Lamp,
Lay down the Trumpet, leave the Camp;"
Thy weary hands will then be seen,
Clasped in His pierced ones, naught between.

(Sent by Another Subscriber)

THE LONE PILGRIM

I came to the place where the lone pilgrim lay
And quietly stood at his tomb,
When in a low whisper I heard something say,
"How sweetly I sleep here alone.

"The tempest may howl and the loud thunder roll,
And gathering storms may arise,
Yet calm are the feelings that rest in my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes."

"Go tell my companion and children most dear
To weep not for Joseph that's gone,
For the same hand that led me through darkness and drear
Has kindly conducted me home.

"I wandered an exile among strangers below
To publish salvation abroad,
The trump of the Lord endeavoring to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God."

"But when among strangers and far from my home,
No friend or relative nigh,
I met the contagion and sank to the tomb;
My soul flew to mansions on high.

"I am now safely landed on Canaan's fair shore;
My spirit hath entered its rest;
Sickness and sorrow with me is all o'er;
My soul shall forever be blessed."

(Sent by L. J. D., Que.)

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

"The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill and the winter day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's steps were aged and slow;
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Unaided, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings that passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the noisy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled high and deep;
Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels and the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop,
The brightest scholar in all the group;
He stood beside her and whispered low:
'I'll help you across, if you wish to go.'
Her aged hand on his strong arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were stout and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content;
'She's somebody's mother, boys, you know
For all she's old, and poor, and slow,
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's old, and poor, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away.'
And somebody's mother bowed low her head
That night in her home, and the prayer she said
Was: 'God be kind to the noble boy,
Who's somebody's pride, and hope, and joy'."

(Sent by G. F. M., for Pearl Elizabeth. Ont.)

GOING ON AN ERRAND

(Action recitation)

"A pound of tea, at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam;
Two new-laid eggs,
A dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

"I'll say it over all the way
And then I'm sure not to forget
For if I chance to bring things wrong
My mother has cause to fret.

"A pound of tea at one and three
And a pot of raspberry jam
Two new-laid eggs
A dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

"There in the hay the children play
They're having such lots of fun;
I'll go there too—that's what I'll do
As soon as my errands are done.

"A pound of tea at one and three,
A pot of er—er—new-laid jam;
Two raspberry eggs,
A dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

"There's Teddy White flying his kite
He thinks himself grand I declare;
I'd like to try I'd go sky high,
Yes, ever so much higher
Above the old church spire,
And then—but there—"

"A pound of three, at one and tea
A pot of new-laid jam;
Two dozen eggs
Some raspberry pegs,
And a rash of pounders of ham.

"Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop
And say my orders again;
I haven't forgot, no, ne'er a jot
My memory's good, that's plain.

"A pound of three at one and tea
A dozen of raspberry ham;
A pot of eggs
With a pound of pegs
And a rasher of new-laid jam!"

(Sent by G. F. M., for Pearl Elizabeth, Ont.)

SENCE MARY JINED THE CLUB

Yis, life 'ith us hez allus bin a pooty serious rub;
But somehow things is pleasanter sence Mary jined the club.
Mary's a marster han' to talk, a reg'lar talk ex-pert;
But what she useter talk about wuz cleanin' house an' dirt;
'Bout bringin' mud in on my feet, an' hangin' up my clo'es;
Of Tom's protrudin' elbows an' of Dick's protrudin' toes;
An' 'bout her pies that got baked-on, 'bout her preserves that soured,
An' 'bout her tin and pewter pans she never could keep scoured,
An' 'bout the everlastin' flies she driv out twice a day;
'Bout rats that et her cheeses up an' cats that sp'ilt her whey;
'Bout cramp-spells with her scrubbin' brush, an' backache at her tub—
An' all that ar I useter hear 'fore Mary jined the club.

But now she talks 'bout Tennerson—the potery man, you know—
The potery man who writ so much—whose writin's jingle so;
About Jomilton's bunkum verse, the best thing of its kind.
In his book about the devil w'ich he writ when he wuz blind;
An' 'bout a man named Shakespeare, too, whose geenyus hed no clogs,
Who spent his life in writin' down a mess er dialogues;
An' a man who writ long stories that her club folks greatly prize—
George W. Eliot, I believe—they seem to me like lies;
An' 'bout a chap named Blueing too—no—Browning—that's his name.
Who writ a book of puzzles with no answers to the same;
An' ol' Alf Walter Emerson and Wendell Phillips Holmes.
James Rustle Lynn—No? Lowell?—Yis!—who writ so many pomes;
Sence all this stuff I hear about my life ain't such a rub,
An' now I hear this ev'ry day sence Mary jined the club.

An' sometimes she gits talkin' 'bout the renysarnce of art,
I don't know nothin' w'at it means, but she duz—she is smart!
W'y the words she uses sometimes they is puffickly immense,
'Bout the "re-hab-bil-i-tashun of the scientific sense."
An' she talks of everlution: Say! you know what that ar is?
Yer don't? Well then I'll tell ye just to show she knows her biz:
It is matter's intergration
With conkomerant disserpation
Of motion
From incoherent Homer G. Nierty
To a koherunt Hattie Rowe G. Nierty—Cute notion.
Yes, sir! that is evolution. There yer have it plain an' flat—
An' Mary knows a lot er things that's pootier than that;
An' now Mary talks 'em to me, w'y my life ain't such a rub.
It's one sweet song of pooty words sence Mary jined the club.

Sometimes she talks for hours 'bout the planet Satan's rings,
The neberier hypothernuse an' them ar sort er things;
About the lates' theories of bisickle research.
An' lots er new theorogy I never heerd in church,
She knows the ol' philosophers that any man can know,
She knows John Stuart Factory an' Edward Ev'ritt Snow;
She describes the great procession that the equernoxes made
An' I thought the way she told it 'twas a tarnal long parade.
Oh, life ain't w'at it useter be, 'tain't no sich grind an' scrub,
For I jest soak in literacher sence Mary jined the club.

—Sam Walter Foss.

WORDS WANTED

W. Crawford, Ont.—I would like very much to get the words of a Christmas poem, each verse of which is a series of questions and each query is answered by the words, "Santa Claus."
The first lines are;

"Who fills the stockings from top to toe?
Santa Claus."

Miss Doris Evans, Ont.—I would like to secure the words of a poem, three lines of which are:

"Into his brain
Burned with the iron of ceaseless pain
Pierces the memory cruel and pain."

also a poem by Edgar Guest, two lines of which are:
"The wheat's looking fine in the acres out there
And I——well, I just helped it to grow."

ORIGINAL POETRY

"ICI-BAS."

(Translated from the French of Sully Prudhomme)

"Here lilacs all their perfume spend;
Here songs of robins cease for ever!
I dream of Junes which never end—
Oh, never, never.

Here vanish dearest lips and eyes,
And leave to us no trace for ever;
I dream of love which never dies—
Oh, never, never.

How often breaks the mother's heart
For children, who are gone forever!
I dream that dear ones never part—
Oh, never, never.

—By Percy H. Wright.

This Canada of Ours

ALASKA IS SOLD TO THE UNITED STATES

By J. S. Morrison and Maud Morrison Stone

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME MAKERS

Thanksgiving

By Margaret Moore.

IS there any woman, I wonder, who does not rejoice over a cellar full of fruit and vegetables, shelves full of well filled cans and a larder abundantly stocked with good food. In tiny apartments in the city these things may be a burden, but only a few days ago one who dwelt in the midst of all the comforts and conveniences the finest of such apartments could give, said: "There are some things I miss terribly, my garden and my old cellar with its heaped up stores and full shelves. I feel poor every time I have to go to the telephone and order a dozen apples or a bit of bacon. Always in the autumn I wish I could go back to the old life, help harvest all the good things and feel really rich again."

Money to buy food may be just as truly God's gift, earned with the strength of body and mind he has blessed, and we may praise Him with thankful hearts for it, but somehow we feel nearer to Him when we have gathered in the harvest of garden and field. We can give Him thanks for the very food we have watched Him bless with sunshine and rain. Many of us have thought of the wondering awe with which those disciples helped distribute the loaves and fishes and wished that we might have been with them. But surely no less a miracle is the one in which we have been granted a part, and by which we have seen our few handfuls of seed changed into food for many, and for it we give thanks.

Deep in every woman's heart is stored a precious bit of God's own joy in providing for His creatures.

• • • •

WE smile when we hear some one say, "I do like to see people eat heartily," but it is a loving smile not a critical one, for where is the woman who does not enjoy providing food and seeing it appreciated. 'Way deep down, we have that feeling of sharing with the Lord of the Harvest the joy of distributing His miraculous gift. And for this joy we give thanks.

A very real and sacred part of our Thanksgiving Day is the sharing with those in need the good things which have been so generously given to us. For the privilege of so dividing our portion we give thanks.

That we are able on this Thanksgiving Day to gather our loved ones around us in peace and comfort, in merriment and joy; that we may prepare for them the dishes they each like best; tell over again with them, not only the great news of the times, but the foolish little jokes that are so dear they bring tears to our eyes; we give grateful thanks.

We who are women do not forget. We do not need that Armistice Day come before Thanksgiving to remind us to give thanks for peace. We give thanks for our loved ones who are with us and we give thanks for those who laid down their lives. How the tears start at the little homely things of the day, the foolish little things, bring them vividly before us. For our memories, we give Thee grateful thanks.

There are many of us who, since last Thanksgiving Day, have been through deep waters. Some of us have gone down into the depths until we could only say, "We cannot understand, we can only hold fast by faith and wait." For that faith we give thanks. God never failed us in those days before the Armistice. He never will.

For great blessings and little joys; for seed time; and harvest, for home and friends; for strength, and for comfort in weakness; for all the goodness of the Lord to us and to all the earth, we give thanks.

THOSE WINDOW SCREENS

When the window screens and screen doors are taken down, have them thoroughly washed and brushed with a hard brush. If you have one of the brushes which can be attached to the hose you will find it very useful in cleaning out the accumulation of the summer. Let the screens dry thoroughly, then rub them over thoroughly with a cloth moistened with boiled linseed oil. It will make them last indefinitely if this is done every year. Set them in their place of storage for the winter and cover them with old sheets or newspapers.—M. M.

If adhesive tape is put on the sharp angle at the foot of a bed-spring frame, accidental three-cornered tears in one's sheets will be eliminated.

Thanksgiving and the Thankful Heart

God be thanked for acred yield, and mile-wide harvest bending
Heavy for the reaping blades, waist and shoulder high,
Reach on reach of golden seas, shoreless and unbending,
Where the furrow-clods lay dark 'neath an April sky.
Lord, amid our lifted prayers, let us not forget
Little, tended garden-plots in humble dooryards set.

Little, tended garden-plots, smiling to the sun.
Sweet with dew and dark with dusk, small and green and tried,
Ringed with fields, or city-grimed, bless them every one,
The little, tended garden-plots that throng the countryside.

God be thanked for marbled wealth and city pavements teeming,
Inland set and clasped with hills, or fronting to the sea,
Mile on mile of lifted roofs against far skylines dreaming,
Cities old and cities new and cities yet to be.
Lord, before the sunset dies, let us not forget
Little, brave, love-builded roofs, in lesser byways set.

Little, lamp-lit, builded homes watching through the night,
Toiling, friendly, stout of heart, for a nation's need.
Lonely hill-farm pricked with fir, clustered village white,
Grant them wealth of harvest, Lord, from every scattered seed.

God be thanked for mighty men, visioned and high-hearted;
Hands to grip a nation's helm amid storm-blinded seas;
Faith that sails a fearless course through hidden reefs uncharted—
God be thanked that we can breed such mighty souls as these.
Lord, before the embers pale, let us not forget
Loyal hearts and striving hands in lowly places set.

Simple hearts and humble hands, toiling day by day;
Dreamer-souls that keep the faith on sordid paths unknown;
Those who sow, but seldom reap—bless them, Lord, we pray;
Send full store of golden grain for every threshing-stone.

—*Martha Haskell Clark*, in Good Housekeeping.

THIRD IN SUCCESSION TIIRONE

The daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Elizabeth, whose most recent photo is shown above, is at present third in succession to the throne of England.

SOME PRACTICAL POINTERS ON PAINT AND PAINTING

For the purpose of keeping flies and other insects away from freshly painted surfaces, mix a little bay oil with the oil paint or else place a small amount in an open dish nearby. The pungent odor will drive all insects away.

A very simple way to prevent or remove spots from a ceiling colored by an accidental water overflow is to take unslaked white lime, diluted with alcohol, and paint the spots with it. The alcohol will evaporate quickly and the lime will form an insulating layer that will take the size color and the spots will not show through.

To prevent the peeling of new coatings on old paintings proceed as follows: Rub the painting with rough pumice stone, wet by means of felt, then add to the paint of the first coat 1 part alcohol to 9 parts paint. This paint will dry well and give very good results, even in the most difficult cases. The remaining coatings are put on with the regular paint.

To prevent the crawling of the paint, carefully rub a flannel rag moistened with alcohol over the work previous to varnishing, stripping or painting. This simple operation will prevent the crawling. In some cases crawling may be traced to defective varnish. The only remedy in this case is to obtain good varnish.—"The Illustrated World."

HIGH HEELS AND SPINDLY LEGS

The high heels women insist on wearing are destroying the shapeliness of their nether extremities. At least that is the opinion of Dr. Charles Mayo, noted surgeon, who claims women are "sacrificing the shapes of their legs on the altar of high heels." Not only are they losing their calves, he points out, but the spindly legs so much in evidence nowadays are the result. Women are also getting shorter, Dr. Mayo claims, because they ride too much in motor cars.

Truthfulness and honesty must be part of a happy home. Happiness cannot live in an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust. Efforts to deceive other members of the family ruin the peace of the home. In truth and honor, happy homes are built.—Free Methodist.

Use MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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That's the way to assure success.

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No Alum

E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CAN.

A Happy Boy or a Spotless House

By Lillie M. Saunders.

"Mother, may I make some cookies?" asked nine-year-old Billie Dean.

"I should say you may not!" quickly answered his mother with startled surprise. "What in the world ever put such an idea into your head?"

"Well," replied the lad in rather a shamed tone, "Tommy Rogers' mother let him make some and they tasted awful good 'cause he gave me a whole handful of them. He said he made 'em all by himself and I know I could, too. Please, Mother, let me try just one an' if they are not good, I'll never ask again. Honest I won't, Mother," he added earnestly.

"Well, I'm not willing and that settles it. I'm not going to have you messing up my kitchen. Go on out and play with your wagon."

"Oh, shoot!" exclaimed the disappointed boy. "I want to make some cookies. I'm tired of playing with that old wagon."

"Billie Dean, that's not an old wagon and you know it," said his mother. "Why, shame on you! You've had it only a week. Now go on out and keep still, I say." Billie slouched out, shutting the screen door with a bang that caused his mother to exclaim impatiently, "That boy! What shall I do with him?"

Her aunt from another town happened to be visiting her. In answer to the mother's perplexed querey she replied, "Mary, I think you are making a serious mistake in not permitting Billie to make those cookies when he wants to so badly. If he were my boy I'd be only too glad to have him want to do such things."

"But, Auntie, just think what a mess he'll make," protested Mrs. Dean.

"I don't see why he should," returned the older woman, "and even if he did he could clean it up, couldn't he?"

"Oh, maybe he could, but he wouldn't."

"Well, have it understood that if you let him make the cookies he is to leave everything just as clean and orderly as he found it. Anyway, Mary dear," continued her aunt, "don't you consider it all a part of your job as mother and homemaker? You can't just feed and clothe your boy and call him raised. You've got to study him, live with him and for him, love him and show him you do. I've been here three days and I've not once seen you play with Billie, or show the least interest in his affairs. He's such a fine little fellow, too, I wish he were my boy," she added wistfully.

"Oh, I don't," quickly replied the mother with a laugh. "I want him myself, but he does drive me half frantic sometimes—always wanting to be doing some unheard of thing."

"Well," returned her aunt, "that's the way Columbus happened to discover America. You'd not want him sitting around like a dummy, would you? Anyway, I like to see a boy take an interest in housework. Mary, if you let Billie make those cookies I'll see that he leaves everything in good condition."

"All right, Auntie dear, you win. I'll call Billie." She found him sitting disconsolately in his wagon back of the house.

"O, Billie, come here," she cried.

"What you want?" asked the lad, sulkily.

"Well, come and see," returned his mother. "I've changed my mind about those cookies. You may make some if you want to and will clean up afterwards."

The lad gave a bound and let out a yell of joy. "Oh goody, goody, Mother! You bet I'll clean up afterwards! You'll see. And I'll make you some good cookies, too."—From a series of articles, issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

BETWEEN LIFE'S EXTREMITIES THE NEIGHBOR'S FAMILY

Mothers will know the value of getting into the homes of their friends a paper which magnifies home life and which has such warm and true sympathies with every age, from the cradle . . . on to the dawn of the life beyond.

A great help in ironing is a clean, smooth, cotton-covered kitchen holder, which slip under bits of embroidery and initials on linen. This provides just the right padding in the most convenient form. It may also be used to splendid advantage when ironing tiny dresses with yokes, collars, cuffs, and pockets that require special attention. Make such a holder and keep it attached to your ironing board by means of a large safety pin, and it is always ready for use.

Fine flavour and low Cost are combined in every package of Chase & Sanborn's SUPERIOR TEA

Black ~ Green ~ or Mixed

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Antimacassars

Name words tend to wear out like any others, sometimes because they are superseded by more modern words carrying meanings more freshly, and sometimes because the things they stand for pass away. It is a great many years since I heard the word "antimacassar" used. In my childhood it was almost a sacred household ered to be a clever creation. The purpose of an antimacassar was to prename, and I dare say it was considserve the upholstered back of a chair from the macassar hair oil, which came from Macassar, the capital of the Celebes Islands. As antimacassars were merely thrown over the chairs and not attached to them, they were always falling down. The attached short variety is seen today in clubs and in Pullman cars, and here the word survives.

A somewhat similar word, "doily" or "doyley," appears to have had two derivations and two meanings. As a table napkin its name, according to Mr. Stenhouse, came from the Dutch word "divaal," meaning a towel, and was modified by Grimm's law of the change of consonants. This I doubt greatly for the word must have been a fairly sudden creation, and I do not think Grimm's law could have had time to operate. I should guess that doily, the napkin, and doily, a kind of light cloth, were both named after the seventeenth century linen draper in the Strand, who is thus oddly mentioned in Addison's Spectator: "The famous Dolly is still fresh in everyone's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed that had he not discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride we should hardly have been able to carry on the last war." Evidently in those days war took its place among the amenities of life.—John o' London, in John o' London's Weekly.

The Morning Rush

YOU may avoid it by serving Quick Quaker. You get up too late, and hurry through breakfast. You don't eat the essential food elements, and hence are listless all morning. What you miss at breakfast you cannot make up all day long.

Quick Quaker gives you the food elements you need and in proper proportions. Because it is the most perfectly balanced cereal it "stands by" you during the long hours of the morning when you have to face your hardest work.

Be sure always to get Quick Quaker. In each package is a coupon with which you can secure household and personal articles of genuine merit.

Packages marked "Chinaware" each contain a delicate piece of fine china—such as you would buy for "best." Buy a "Chinaware" package to-day, and start collecting these pretty pieces.

Food Elements in Perfect Balance

Quick Quaker contains protein 16%, which builds tissue and stamina; carbohydrates to supply energy, 65%; minerals to tone the blood and build bone; roughage, a gentle laxative; and the important vitamin B to assist assimilation of all foods.

QUICK QUAKER OATS

Cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—The world's fastest cooking cereal

The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough and Saskatoon

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HOME COOKING

Thanksgiving Dinners

By Margaret Moore.

AT Thanksgiving time, if at no other season of the year, it seems good to us to go back to the ways of our mothers and grandmothers, and fairly load our table with good things. For this feast we save our choicest vegetables, our finest fowls, our most delicious fruit, our most beautiful flowers, sharing them with others and ourselves feasting and giving thanks.

At this feast, too, we go back to the special dishes one or another of the family always liked. They may be very simple things but they mean home to the boys and girls who come back to share the harvest festival with us. So we will, most of us, have already chosen which of the many good things we will serve our own folks, but perhaps we will enjoy adding one little change or possibly a suggested menu may remind us of some favorite dish we have got out of the habit of making.

* * * *

The Turkey

CHOOSE a bronze and black feathered turkey, say the knowing ones, rather than the smaller brownish red birds with white wings and tail, or the pale grey turkeys which also are marked with white. The meat of the brown and grey is pale and less succulent. If you buy the turkey dressed see that it is plump, with a broad full breast, pliable legs, smooth and black with soft loose spurs. The shorter the neck the better the bird. A hen turkey for tenderness, and 8 or 10 pounds in weight is ideal size for quality meat, other points being equal. The big prize birds are apt to be coarse and stringy as to flesh.

Roast Turkey with Orange Sauce.—To most of us there can never be any flavor equal to the old-fashioned stuffing of moist but light bread crumbs, flavored with thyme and summer savory, a pinch of sweet marjoram, a scraping of onion and plenty of fresh butter with pepper and salt. There are, however, times when something a little new, a little different is wanted. Where a large family has a series of turkey dinners at grandmother's, and Uncle William's, and Aunt Jane's and so on, a change of flavor is decidedly interesting. That is where the Orange Sauce fits in. The sauce is first made by making the base of cornstarch and boiling water, in the proportion of two teaspoons of cornstarch to a cup of boiling water, cooked for five minutes and smoothly stirred. To this one cup of sugar is added, four tablespoons of butter and the juice and grated rind of one large orange, and it is again cooked for two minutes and well stirred. Two-thirds of the orange sauce should then be mixed with cooked rice, chopped, cooked mushrooms and plump seedless raisins, with pepper and salt to taste. As soon as the dressing is made stuff the turkey and roast it. Baste with a mixture of fresh apple juice and orange juice until almost cooked, then baste with plenty of melted butter for browning. Be careful not to let the pan scorch, mix the delicious drippings with the remainder of the orange sauce and serve very hot with the fowl. Garnish the platter, which should be amply large, with thin slices of a small bright skinned orange alternated with sprays of parsley.

Crown Roast of Pork.—Delicious as turkey may seem to most of us, there are families where, what with culls and cockerel, the appetite for fowl has been satisfied. For these a roast of tender young pork will easily win over roast turkey. To make it equally festive and lordly choose a crown roast cooked to just the right degree of nut-brown deliciousness. It will be all the better if home grown and dressed. For the crown roast cut a piece taking in the six ribs of the loin on each side of the backbone. Cut out the backbone and make an incision between the ribs. Trim each bone as for French lamb chops. Next turn the two pieces so that the rib-bones are outside and the chops inside. Fasten together in the shape of a crown using steel skewers or sewing them together with strong thread. A butcher will prepare a crown roast for you but it is easily done at home. For the stuffing use equal parts of well seasoned sausage and soft bread crumbs which have been soaked in cold water, squeezed dry and then crumbled. A little more sage and onion may be needed as well as salt and pepper, depending on how highly the sausage is seasoned. Fill the open space in the centre with the stuffing and wrap the ends of the rib bones with heavy buttered paper, or wrap them in a heavy paste of flour and water to prevent their scorching. Place the roast in a dripping pan, sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper, then roast slowly in a medium oven for from two to three hours. Baste frequently with the drippings that form in the pan and after the meat has been cooking for about three quarters of an hour add a cup of boiling water. To serve, remove to a hot platter, take the wrapping from the bones and ornament each with a white paper frill or with small glazed onions. The space in the top of the crown may be filled with glazed onions or mashed potatoes garnished with parsley and the platter with apple rings and parsley.

Tomato Juice Cocktail.—Four cups strained tomato juice, three tablespoons finely cut chives, three tablespoons chopped parsley, one teaspoon lemon juice, quarter of a teaspoon tabasco sauce, quarter of a teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, two teaspoons salt. Let chives and parsley stand in tomato juice for three hours. Strain and add seasonings. Chill thoroughly, shake well and serve in glass surrounded by shaved ice.

Hot Cocktail.—If your guests are coming in from a distance or desire a hot course first as being more suitable for a dinner where children as well as grown-ups are to be considered. Use this same cocktail recipe but reduce the tabasco to a few drops at most and the Worcestershire Sauce by half. Follow the directions exactly. Do not boil the herbs with the tomato juice but after it is strained and seasoned set aside until wanted. Then heat quickly and serve in bouillon cups with small croutons.

Bouillon.—Wipe and cut in nice cubes, 5 lbs of lean beef from the middle of round. Put two thirds of the meat into soup pot and soak in three quarts of cold water for half an hour. Brown the remainder of the meat in a hot frying pan with marrow from 2 lbs. of marrow-bones. Put browned meat and bone in pot. Heat to boiling point; skim thoroughly and, simmer, cooking below boiling-point five hours. Add 1 teaspoons pepper corns, 1 tablespoon salt and one third of a cup each of diced celery, carrot, onion and turnips. Cook one hour, strain and cool. Remove fat and clear. This gives a plain beef bouillon which may be served or made into tomato bouillon as follows:

Tomato Bouillon with Oysters.—Mix together three pints of beef bouillon, one can of tomato, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, half a bay leaf, 6 cloves half a teaspoon of celery seed, half teaspoon peppercorns and boil for twenty minutes. Strain cool, and clear. Just before serving add one pint of small oysters parboiled, let heat and serve in bouillon cups with small croutons.

Glazed Onions.—Use the small silver skinned variety for this. Peel, prick through centres and each side to prevent splitting, put them on the fire in boiling salted water and simmer until tender but not mushy. Drain and dry thoroughly. For each quart of onions, melt two tablespoons of butter in a heavy frying pan, add two tablespoons of granulated sugar; cook to the bubbling stage then add the onions and stir gently until they are well glazed or carameled. They will not taste sweet when finished but will have a shiny surface.

Baked Squash.—Cut the squash in half, scrape out the seeds and stringy parts. Score it and dot with butter using quarter of a cup for each half. Sprinkle each half with half a cup of brown sugar and a generous dash of pepper and salt. Place in a dripping pan with a little hot water. Bake two hours or until soft. Scrape out the pulp, sift and reheat for serving.

Stuffed Egg Plant.—Boil two egg plants and cut in half. Mince one medium sized onion with half a clove of garlic and fry in fat. Mince and add one green pepper, one cupful of chopped cooked ham, four cups of bread crumbs, moisten with one third of a cup of milk, add little chopped parsley, season well with salt and pepper and a drop of tabasco. Fill the halves, cover with bread crumbs, dot with bits of butter and bake brown.

Glazed Sweet Potatoes.—Wash and pare six medium sized yellow sweet potatoes. Cook ten minutes in boiling salted water. Drain cut in halves length-wise and put in a well buttered pan. Make a syrup by boiling three minutes one-half cup sugar and four tablespoons of water; add one tablespoon of butter. Brush the potatoes with the syrup and bake forty minutes, basting twice with the remaining syrup.

For a richer dish, boil the sweet potatoes until they are nearly done, then take them out of the kettle and let them cool then peel. Cut them up crosswise in slices and put some slices in a baking dish, say a covered casserole. Sprinkle with two table spoonfuls of sugar, dots of butter and very little cinnamon. Put in a second layer of potatoes and treat in the same manner. Lastly, pour over a cup or more of boiling water, cover, and let bake slowly until the potatoes are soft and semi-transparent. This is a Southern way of cooking sweet potatoes and by many persons thought to be the best way. When ready to be served, the potatoes are found to be glazed over with a sweet, rich syrup.

That piquant, mellow smoothness of a fine Japan tea cannot be appreciated unless it is tried in the cup. Try this delightful green tea.

"SALADA"

JAPAN TEA

Fresh from the Gardens

MENUS

Menu 1.

Appetizers
Crown Roast of Pork
Sausage Stuffing *Brown Gravy*
Apple Rings
Sweet Cucumber Pickle
Mashed Potatoes *Glazed Onions*
Escalloped Tomatoes *Baked Squash*
Pulled Bread
Carrot Salad
Apple Meringue Pie *Cranberry Tart*
Home-made Candy
Fruit *Mixed Nuts*
Coffee

Menu 2.

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Roast Turkey *Orange Sauce*
Cranberry Jelly
Curled Celery Small pickled Gherkins
Cauliflower with White Sauce
Stuffed Egg plant
Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Home Made Finger Rolls ..
Cabbage and Pepper Salad
French Dressing
Cottage Cheese Balls
Mince Pie, Pumpkin Pie with Whipped Cream
Grape Juice Ice
Mixed Salted Nuts
Maple Cream Bonbons
Fruit
Coffee *Cheese Straws*

Carrot Salad.—Add the required amount of boiling water to one package of prepared gelatine, lemon flavored, and stir until dissolved. Chill. When thick as honey, stir in one pared apple chopped fine and three scraped and grated carrots. Pour into cold wet individual molds and chill. Unmold and serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing or mayonnaise. This serves six.

Cabbage and Pepper Salad.—Skin and remove the seeds from one red and one green sweet pepper, chop them very fine retaining a few thin strips only for garnishing. Shred the fine leaves of a close hard head of cabbage and throw into cold salted water to crisp. Drain the cabbage and arrange on individual plates sprinkling on the chopped peppers and garnishing with the strips of pepper. Serve with a French dressing to which a few drops of onion juice have been added.

Individual Appetizers. — Use small bread and butter plates with a little lace paper doily on each. Use well drained pickled peach for centre of each plate surround with the thin slices of well drained canned pears, close around peach, place salted walnut or hickory nuts and between the pear slices of tiny green gherkins.

Grape Juice Ice.—One tablespoon gelatine 1-2 cup water, juice of 2 lemons, 1 1-2 cups sugar, 1 quart boiling water, 1 pint grape juice. Soak gelatine in cold water. Boil sugar in boiling water for 2 minutes and pour over soaked gelatine. Add other ingredients, cool and freeze.

Pulled Bread—This is greatly appreciated by everybody alike:—Take a loaf of freshly made bread, it should be quite warm from the baker's, and pull the inside out of it, in pieces the size of your hand, or perhaps smaller. Put these into the oven, and bake them a delicate brown. When cooked they are crisp and a very delicious nutty flavor.

Home-made Finger Rolls.—Use your favorite recipe for Parker House rolls but shape in finger rolls or the following. Add quarter of a cup or four tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of sugar and one teaspoon of salt to two cups scalded milk· when lukewarm add one yeast cake dissolved in quarter of a cup of lukewarm water, and three cups of bread flour. Beat, thoroughly and let rise until light; cut down and add enough flour to knead (it will take about two and a half cups.) Let rise again, toss on slightly floured board, knead, pat and roll out to half an inch thickness. Cut in finger length strips. Roll with the hand on floured board to shape. Place on greased pan, one inch apart; cover, let rise and bake in hot oven 12 minutes to fifteen minutes. A hot oven and quick baking is necessary.

The brushes sold by various manufacturers to be used for cleaning the toilet bowl are just right for the bath tub as well, and save a great deal of stooping and kneeling and reaching when the tub is scrubbed.

Two-dollar value for 67c is worth talking about. So is a paper of high purpose.

A 67c trial subscription may result in a life-long subscriber. It is because it does so in so many cases that we dare make such a slashing cut for introductory purposes.

The Japanese ladies above, Miss Masu Yumaki, left, and Miss Kiku Arai, right, are visiting public health centres in Canada and the United States under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation. Following their visit in Canada they will return by way of Cleveland and other U.S.A. points to St. Luke's International hospital at Tokio, Japan, where they will carry on their life work.

NEEDLEWORK DEPARTMENT

Crochet Tie

This is just the usual kind. The work is done with two balls of silk and a steel hook, No. 3. Commence with 2 chain, and work 1 double crochet into the 1 stitch. Then for the next row, work two knots into each of the 2 stitches. Knot stitch is worked in this way:—Put the hook through both threads, and draw through loop; then put the hook through the top thread only, and draw through a loop, and draw one loop through the 3 loops on the hook.

For the Third Row—1 chain, 2 double in the first stitch, 2 double, and 2 double in the last stitch.

Fourth Row—1 chain, 2 knots in the first stitch, 4 knots and two knots in the last stitch.

Fifth Row—1 chain, 2 double in the first stitch, 6 double, 2 double in the last stitch. Continue in this way, increasing 1 stitch at each end of the row, and working alternately, knot and double stitch until there are 16 stitches in the row; then work 20 rows without increasing. Then, still working the alternate rows, decrease one stitch at the beginning of every row, until there are only 8 stitches left in the row. Work on these 8 stitches for 180 rows.

Now increase 1 stitch at the beginning of every row, until there are again 16 stitches. Work 20 rows without increasing; then decrease 1 stitch at each end of every row, until there is only 1 stitch left. Draw the thread through and break it off.

Now stretch the tie, but pulling it out to its fullest extent; roll up carefully, and put it under a moderate weight, and leave for a few hours. If you prefer it the tie may be ironed, between the folds of a cloth, instead of pressing it under a weight.

A Warm, Firm Cushion

For an invalid friend a firm, soft cushion with warm crochet-cover will prove a great comfort when sitting up in bed. Make a strong, square cushion case of good crash or something similar. Leave one side open, and fill it tightly with well washed and pulled or corded wool. Then sew up the opening. The outer cover is worked in tricot with any colored wool—crimson one side and green the other side, perhaps. If you do not know the stitch you will quickly pick it up from this description:—Make a chain, the length required for one side of the cover, using a long bone crochet hook. When the length is made work back, picking up the first loop, put wool over hook, and draw it through two loops; wool over hook, draw it through two more loops, and repeat to the end. Turn, pick up every loop again until all are on the hook, and again turn, taking up one loop wool over hook, take up two loops and so on, until you have worked a piece large enough to form one side of the cover. Work another square in the same way, using a different colored wool. Sew up three sides leaving the fourth side open, to take in the cushion, then sew up neatly and firmly. This cushion placed at the back of the invalid will form a warm, firm support.

SLIP COVERS

In selecting materials for slip covers or chair pads choose a good quality and select fabrics that will wash and wear well, suggests Miss Gladys Gallup, extension specialist at the Washington State college. She warns against making these things of poor quality cretonne.

"Well made slip covers," she says, "should give many years of service. In the meantime the color scheme of the room may be changed. With this possibility in mind, it is well to choose a many colored cretonne for the covers so that the different color schemes can be developed from the one pattern. Each time the room is changed, different tones from the cretonne will match with the plain materials used in other parts of the room."

Susan Asks and Answers

Home Made Clothes

Dear Susan S.—Can you tell me how to finish my coats and dresses so they will not look home-made. I get good patterns and am careful, but they never look as well as bought, ready-made clothes and I am discouraged.—E. B. H.

Don't get discouraged. It is probably a matter of the small finishing touches only. First of all when you make your coats and dresses do you press every seam and fold before you go on to the next step? Do you press the under-arm seam and the shoulder seams, and the sleeve seams before you set in your sleeve? Do you press the collar well before you join it to the coat? Do you press the bottom of the coat or skirt after laying the hem and before you stitch it down? Do you set in all pockets and trimmings and press them well before sewing up the dress or coat? Do you keep your work neat and well pressed from the time you baste and try it on for the first time until the last stitch is in? If not, then try doing all these things. The real secret of good looking tailor mades is the pressing not when the garment is finished, but during its construction. Have a clean, well-padded ironing board and a sleeve board at hand. If you have not the latter roll a long piece of cotton round and round a rolled magazine and sew it so it will not come undone. Use this to press the armhole, sleeve, neck, or any place where you are afraid the iron on the flat board will wrinkle it.

Attention to details is the secret of good looking home made things and when well done no shop made garments can equal them.

With dresses of thin material, such as artificial silk or crepe-de-chine, on which French seams are generally used, care must be taken that the seams do not pucker. It is oftener neater to make a single seam, then overcast the edges together.

On many of the simple frocks, the neck and sleeves are bound with cross-way strips of material, which gives a smart, neat finish. The binding, however, must be done very neatly and must be quite narrow, otherwise a clumsy appearance results.

The neatest method is to use the binding material double, put the two raw edges to the edge that is to be bound, seam them together then turn the folded edge over and machine stitch or blind stitch it down by hand.

Many of the new dresses are made with circular skirts, and here again binding is necessary. An ordinary turned-up hem would never sit nicely, and the neatest effect is got by binding the skirt.

By the way, when making a circular skirt, it is an advantage if the dress is allowed to "hang" for a few days before being finished.

The material usually being on the cross, it "drops" considerably after cutting. So, after making up the bodice and attaching skirt, hang the dress on a coat hanger for a day or two, and then finish off the hem.

Round Bead Chain

Dear Susan S.:—Will you be so good as to give directions in your needlework column for making a round bead rope or chain. I would like to make one of orange beads and work in with it some large orange, blue, and black beads I have.—A School Girl.

You will not find the rope chain at all difficult if you are accustomed to using a crochet hook. Use English cut beads, size O, spool Purse Twist, a number 8 steel crochet hook and ten of your large beads.

First:—Crochet 4 chain stitch and join without beads.

Second:—Insert needle in first stitch, take one bead and make a half stitch. Continue round using four beads to a row.

Third:—Insert needle under first bead, and make half stitch, continuing as in second row, always keeping four beads to each row.

Continue until you have one piece twenty inches long, then finish off and begin again, making four other strips each six inches long.

Join to the twenty inch strip at each end a six-inch strip inserting three of your large beads between. Two large round ones with a long one between looks well.

Join to each of the six-inch strips another six-inch strip putting at each join a long bead. At each end add a large round bead sewing through it and adding three or five loops of the small beads. Six-inch strips of the small beads doubled back make three-inch tassels which are about right for the chain.—Susan S.

Scroll Table Mats

Dear Susan S.—I have had so many patterns for needlework from the Witness I am glad to be able to send one in that is asked for. I'm not sure but I think I got it from the Witness a number of years ago.—J. B.

Mats scroll pattern.—Use No. 5 crochet cotton. Chain 8 join in a ring. Ch 4, fasten in ring with s.c., repeat until you have 6 loops of 4 ch.

2nd row. * 4 ch. fasten in loop of 4 ch. with 2 s.c., repeat all round from *.

3rd row. * 4 ch. fasten in loop of 4 ch. with 2 s.c. and two more worked through the two s.c. of previous row. Repeat from *.

Continue to work thus, increasing by one s.c. the solid part formed by the s.c. each row until you have 17 s.c. in each scroll and you have one section complete.

Make three more sections and sew closely together to form an oval.

For border. Fasten thread at right hand side where two sections are joined. Ch. 4, s.c. in 2nd s.c., and an s.c. in each s.c. until you have 15. Repeat all round. Next row you will have 13 s.c. and decrease by 2 s.c. each row and increase the number of loops of 4 ch. until you have only one s.c. left when the mat is finished.

One mat this size, two with 15 s.c. and two with 13 s.c. makes the ordinary set, and they will be found very useful for setting under hot dishes and adding to the appearance of the table.

Thank you for the scroll pattern. I wonder if any one else has a pattern for round mats.—S. S.

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

A Thanksgiving Adventure

IT was nearing Thanksgiving Day and the Stevens household was busily engaged in making preparations for the holiday. There were Mr and Mrs. Stevens, Sadie and Adolph Stevens and a woman-of-all work, Maggie Cline, and a man-of-all-work. John Heart. The Stevens lived on a ranch in the West, and their world was a small one, for their nearest neighbors were from seven to ten miles distant, and their nearest town fifteen miles away.

A few days before Thanksgiving Mrs. Stevens began making plans for a day of sociability and a fine dinner. "We'll have to get our turkeys from town," she said one evening. "So Dolph will have to go to town the day before Thanksgiving and get a pair of big birds for our feast."

"Yes, mother, we must have our Thanksgiving dinner," declared Mr. Stevens. "But why do you want two turkeys? Won't one do nicely? We are only six strong here, you know, and a huge fellow would feed ten people."

Mrs. Stevens smiled. "I have written to the Joneses asking to pay us a visit on Thanksgiving, and have dinner with us at 3 o'clock. It will make the day brighter to have company, I think."

"Good, mother," acquiesced Mr. Stevens. "Get two big birds, for there are seven Jones, are there not?

"Yes daddy, there are five Jones children," informed Adolph. "And Mr. and Mrs. Jones make the seven. Say, I'm glad we are to have them over for Thankgiving. I'll let Harry Jones ride my new pony, and he'll enjoy looking over my new set of Dickens. He's awfully fond of books."

"And I'll have a lovely time with Grace, Harriet and Helen," cried Sadie. "They'll bring their dolls, I hope."

"And Baby Jones, will be for me," laughed Mr. Stevens. "Well all enjoy the day, I am sure. The Joneses are a fine family. I do not know a better man in all the county than Sam Jones. He's good through and through."

"Yes, father, we can't complain of our neighbors except that they live too far away from us," said Mrs. Stevens. Then the conversation became general, and the program for Thanksgiving Day was planned.

"Say, what's the matter with my calling at the Joneses on my way to town and asking Harry to go with me on the trip? He can come on home with me and stay over a night." suggested Adolph.

"A good idea," agreed his father.

An hour before dawn on the eve of Thanksgiving Day, Adolph Stevens was getting ready for his trip to town. The journey there and back covered thirty miles and much of the way lay our rough hills of what was called "grazing ground," no farms being in that vicinity. Only human habitations lay between the Stevens ranch and town.

"I'll be in town before noon mother," said Adolph, as he set down to his early breakfast.

As Adolph jumped into the top-buggy, and gathered up the horses' reins, Sadie called out of her room window: "Dolph, be sure to get a box of fancy candy for me. And—and a blue band for my hair."

"All right, Sis," called back Adolph. Then he clucked to the horses and was off just as the grey dawn peeped over the eastern hills.

When Adolph drew rein at the home of the Joneses he found the family already at their usual morning duties. He asked if Harry would bear him company to town.

"Like nothing better" was the answers, and hurriedly putting on his best clothes, for his mother had agreed to his going home with Adolph to stay over night. Harry was soon in the buggy beside Adolph and they were riding over the prairie road chatting about all things of interest to them.

They reached the town a bit before noon, and Adolph found two fine turkeys at the market that just suited him. He bought them and tucked them away in some straw at the back of the buggy. Then, getting some groceries his mother wanted, and the candy and ribbon for Sadie, he was ready to start home. But he and Harry decided that the horses should rest a bit longer, for the roads were bad and made traveling hard on them.

So it was about half-past one o'clock when at last Adolph and Harry turned their faces homeward. After leaving the town, which nestled in a little valley beside the river, they reached the highlands, and Adolph sniffed the air, with some uneasiness. "Sure as we're born, Harry, there is a storm brewing. The wind comes cold from the north. Bet we have a Norther before tomorrow."

"Hope it won't keep Daddy and Mammy at home," remarked Harry. "They are counting on a day at your house tomorrow.

"And so are we," affirmed Adolph. "But—there's a Norther on its way. I smell it. And, do you know what I'm afraid of Harry?"

"What?" asked Harry, also feeling the frost in the air of a sudden.

I'm afraid it will meet us before we're half way home. If so, we'll put into your house."

"Yes, we'll have to stop there over night," said Harry. "That is, if the Norther gets here before we can reach your home."

Even while they were speaking the wind began coming in heavy gusts, and ice was to be felt in it. Then, before the boys had covered five miles of the journey, the Norther was full upon them. It was difficult to go abreast it, and the horses almost staggered at times. The boys had wrapped themselves in the lap robes, and had to ride with heads bent and eyes closed. The sleet and snow in the wind cut their faces and filled ears and eyes.

After half an hour of tedious travel the air became so filled with flying snow and sleet that the boys could not see the distance of ten feet around them. The horses bravely toiled onward, but Adolph was afraid they'd give out before reaching Mr. Jones' ranch.

After what seemed a very, very long time to the boys, they found themselves on the side of a steep hill, not the sign of a road beneath their buggy wheels. Just when the horses had gotten off the road the boys had no idea. Adolph drew the horses to a standstill and jumped out to examine the surroundings. "I can't make out where we are," he said ten minutes later, as he climbed into the buggy again. "Say, Harry, we're lost, lost, and in a blizzard, too."

"Say, that's not a very cheerful prospect, is it?" asked Harry, trying to smile. But he shivered instead. The storm was increasing in fierceness, and the boys knew that they and the horses would soon succumb unless they could find some sort of shelter. "Let's give the horses their heads," suggested Harry. "They may take us home."

"They had their heads, and brought us off the road that would have taken us directly there," said Adolph. "But I don't know what else to do. I know the wind is coming from the north. If we turn them away from the wind they may find the road and take us back." So Adolph took up the lines and turned the horses in the direction the wind was blowing. On and on they went, till the day waned and dark began to settle about them. "We can't stop out in this all night," declared Adolph. "We've got to find shelter for ourselves and the horses."

Even while he spoke an object loomed dark in front of them. On coming closer to it the boys found they were at the door of a country church which lay about seven miles from the Jones ranch. "We've found a place at last," cried Harry.

No time was lost in conversation. The boys jumped from the buggy, their limbs stiff and their noses almost frozen. They quickly unhitched the horses and led them to the long stables at the rear of the church.

As the members of the church's congregation came from great distances to attend worship, and had to have some place of warmth and shelter, for their horses, the stables had been built for such accommodation. And Harry and Adolph were most thankful that they had found a place where the poor animals also might be secure from the blizzard.

Once the horses were safely shut in the warm stable with some hay from the back of the buggy, Adolph and Harry got into the church by means of a window which they opened. There, to their satisfaction, they found plenty of coal and wood in the big box that stood in the entry. Soon they had a roaring fire, and the church became warm and inviting. A bracket lamp, well filled with oil, was lighted, and the boys declared themselves quite comfortable. "Now, if only we had some supper," said Harry, "Ah, we'll have some broiled turkey wing," said Adolph. And he made his way to the stable, where he pulled one of the fine fat dressed fowls from the straw. With his pocket knife he severed the wings and legs, and returned to the church. On a sharp stick he held the bits of meat over the stove blaze, and soon had their supper ready.

"Salt wouldn't do this turk any harm," suggested Harry.

"We're lucky to have turkey, without the trimmings and very thankful for it" laughted Adolph. Then they ate their strange supper, without a murmur of discontent. Afterward they arranged beds in the pews nearest the stove, using the lap robes for covers and their own coats for mattresses. All night they slept the sleep of healthy, innocent youth, and on the morrow — Thanksgiving Day — found the storm had subsided sufficiently for them to venture homeward. "If we can't reach my home, we at least can get to yours," said Adolph. "And as sure as fate your folks haven't braved this weather to go visiting."

"No indeed," asserted Harry. "But both your folks and mine must be worried almost to death about us. That's the thing that worriers me." "And me," assured Adolph. "So, let's start. We'll give the horses a bite. And lucky for them that I put in a few extra ears of corn. Then after they have had some water from the church well, we'll start for home."

It was very late in the afternoon that Mr. Stevens on the constant watch for the return of Adolph, saw a dark object dragging over the storm-blown road. And later Adolph turned the horses into the yard of his own home. The entire family were at the door and window to greet him, and as his mother folded him in her arms, weeping over him for joy, and declaring that she had feared he might have perished in the storm, he was obliged to remind them that he had a companion. And then they all greeted Harry warmly. "Well, we certainly have much to be thankful for on this day," said Mr. Stevens. "But Harry's parents—do they know?"

"We had Thanksgiving dinner with them at 12 today," explained Adolph. "Then we set out for this ranch, where we are to have Thanksgiving supper. I left one turkey with Mrs. Jones and the other is in the buggy. We'll all eat turkey tomorrow, wont we?"

"What there is left of the turkey," smiled Harry. We feasted from parts of him at the church last night." And to the astonishment of the family, the boys told the story of their night's lodging. And again Mr. Stevens said: "We have great cause for thanksgiving this day."—(Selected).

A THANKSGIVING DAY

It was a hungry pussy cat,
Upon Thanksgiving morn
And she watched a thankful little mouse
That ate an ear of corn.

"If I ate that thankful little mouse,
How thankful he should be,
When he has made a meal himself
To make a meal for me!"

"Then with his thanks for having fed,
And his thanks for feeding me,
With all his thankfulness inside,
How thankful I shall be!"

Thus mused the hungry pussy cat,
Upon Thanksgiving Day;
But the little mouse had overheard
And declined (with thanks) to stay.

By Oliver Herford.

The Blackbirds' Thanksgiving

Bobbie and Frances are quite sure the rest of you boys and girls have never seen what they saw on Thanksgiving Day down on the pond. Of course, there had been plenty of fun for the children. Four uncles and any number of cousins and aunties, as well as grandma and grandpa, came to dinner. Everybody was grown up, however, so after dinner Bobbie and Frances went out on the pond for a skate together. The weather was cold and the pond had frozen over. The ice was thin near the centre of the pond, but the little folks had promised to keep close to the edge, so they would not tumble into the cold water. The pond wasn't deep, but no one likes an icy pond bath in cold weather. Over their heads flew a number of blackbirds, calling to one another, and hunting for food.

"The poor things want some Thanksgiving dinner," said Frances.

"I wish we had something for them."

"Look at them now!" said Bobbie. "See how funny they are acting!"

The birds had gathered together where the ice was thin and lay close to the ice. It looked as if they were taking turns in warming the ice, and so they were! They were trying to melt it with their warm bodies. Fish need air to breathe, and when the pond froze over, the air was shut out and some of the fish in the pond died. The birds saw the dead fish under the ice, and knew they would make a fine meal. They kept warming the ice till it was melted, then they poked in their bills, drew out a fish and feasted happily!

"Wasn't that the smartest thing ever heard of?" said Frances.

"And wasn't that the queerest Thanksgiving dinner you ever heard of?" answered Bobbie, as they pulled off their skates and went running back to the house to tell the exciting bit of bird news.—Picture Story Paper.

A LITTLE CHILD'S THANKS

A very little child am I,
Yet I can thankful be
To our kind Father who has sent
Such wondrous things to me.

For fruit and flowers, rain and shine,
And skies of deepest blue;
The twinkling stars that light the night,
The frost and pearly dew.

For songs of birds, and rippling brooks,
And fairy things that fly,
And all the creatures of the woods
That shyly pass me by.

I thank Him for all things so fair,
Around me and above;
But most of all I thank Him for
A heart with which to love.

—Primary Education.

Puzzle Corner

Six-Letter Square-Word

We see my first sail o'er the ocean blue.
My second is a bird of brownish hue.
The whole, or all, is by my third expressed.
My fourth's a riddle you have often guessed.
My fifth means called, or named or classified.
My sixth is firm, nor sways from side to side.

Hidden Fruits

1. Look on the map please.
2. Will you have fruit or angel cake for dessert?
3. This problem on fractions is easy.
4. It will appear next week.
5. I will help each child over the fence.
6. That chap lumbering along must be tired.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Beheaded Words. Tone, bone, lone, none,—one. Pi. Norway, Denmark.

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

Milt Fall was a stickler for getting what he went after. One day he went fishing for eels. He had not had his line out long before he pulled in a magnificent bass. With a feeling of disgust he took it off the hook and threw in back into the water.

"Why, what in the world did you do that for," asked his companion.

"When I go eelin'," Fall said, "I go eelin'."

Fisk—Can you let me have a week off?. I'm all in.

Weatherby—But you just had a two weeks vacation.

Fisk—Yes, that's the trouble. I must have another week to recover.

Photographer — Look pleasant, please.

Pewit—Take me looking sad and gloomy.

Photographer—But why?

Peewit—This photograph is for my wife, who is away. If I looked too gay she'd hurry home.

Patient—But, is this operation dangerous?

Surgeon—Well, we succeed, generally, once out of five times. But don't worry; I have just failed in the last four I had.—London Passing Show.

Doctor—Perhaps you drink too much coffee. I should advise you to try a substitute.

Patient—Doctor, your advice is superfluous. I have lived in boarding-houses for 25 years.

Stranger—Did the mob burn that fellow at the stake?

Sol. Plumbley—No; we found there was some doubt about his guilt, so we only hung him.

Billswiggle—Just imagine, I just met a fellow who resembled you so much that when he saw me he couldn't help saying, "Hello, George."

Teacher—Billie, do two rights ever make a wrong?

Billie—Yes, ma'am; when they are shoes.

Scribbler—I wonder if I'd have better success with the magazines if I should have my articles typewritten.

Friend—Oh, no! Then the editors could read them.

Boy—No, mister, I don't want to sell this big fish.

Angler—Well, just let me measure him, so that I can truthfully say how big the fish was that got away from me.

Mother—What in the world are you doing to poor dolly, child?

Child—I'm just going to put her to bed. I've taken off her hair, but I can't get her teeth out.

Bozo—Do any of the good things you hope for come to pass?

Bimbo—They all come to pass; but they come and pass so swift I can't grab 'em.

"I suppose you have heard of the Fool Killer."

"Yes, but I've never met him."

"That is quite obvious."

Jimmie—Father, why do men get bald sooner than women?

Father—Because they don't wear their hair so long.

Mrs. Moneybacker—Have you any antiques of the Louis XV period?

Dealer—Yes, madam, we have quite an assortment. What are you particularly interested in seeing?

Mrs. Moneybacker—I would like to see a Louis XV vacuum cleaner.

The henpecked husband was returning from his wife's funeral and as he walked up the front steps to his house a dislodged slate fell from the roof and landed on his head.

"Gee whiz," he exclaimed. "Sarah must have reached heaven already."

Landlady: "You have been here three months and have never paid any rent."

Student: "But you said it would be like home here!"

Landlady: "Well, I hope it is."

Student: "At home I never paid any rent."

A FRIENDLY FAMILY

In the village of Notre Dame de Laus, in Quebec province, the blacksmith has a pet deer which is attracting a great deal of attention. The young animal is shown on the right playing with the cat at the home of D. Moncoin. The latter's son is pictured at the left with the family dog and the deer, also good playmates.

Beryl (bored)—Well, what shall we do this evening?

Merle—Let's think hard—

Beryl—No, let's do something you can do, too!

"Why don't you buy something at my table?" demanded the girl at the charity fair.

"Because I only buy from the homely girls," said the man. "They have a harder time making sales."

The girl was not offended, and the man worked the gag right down the line.

What is worse than raining cats and dogs?

Hailing taxis and buses.

Friend—Why do you keep beating your wife?

Caveman—Because she keeps saying she's unhappily married.

He—Why didn't you answer my letter?

She—I didn't get it?

He—You didn't get it?

She— No, and besides, I didn't like some of the things you said in it.

Mother—Does my little boy like to study?

School teacher—He likes to do nothing better.

Auntie did not know that Lonny had just received a spanking, so when she found him crying behind the house, she said kindly:

"My dear, what is the matter? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No," was the tearful response, "It's all been done."

Jones: "Can you loan me a five-spot for a month, old boy?"

Jonah: "Certainly not. What would a child one month old do with five dollars?"

M. T. Head—I'm not myself lately.

I. M. Mean—Congratulations!

Her father—How am I to know that you are not marrying my daughter for my money?

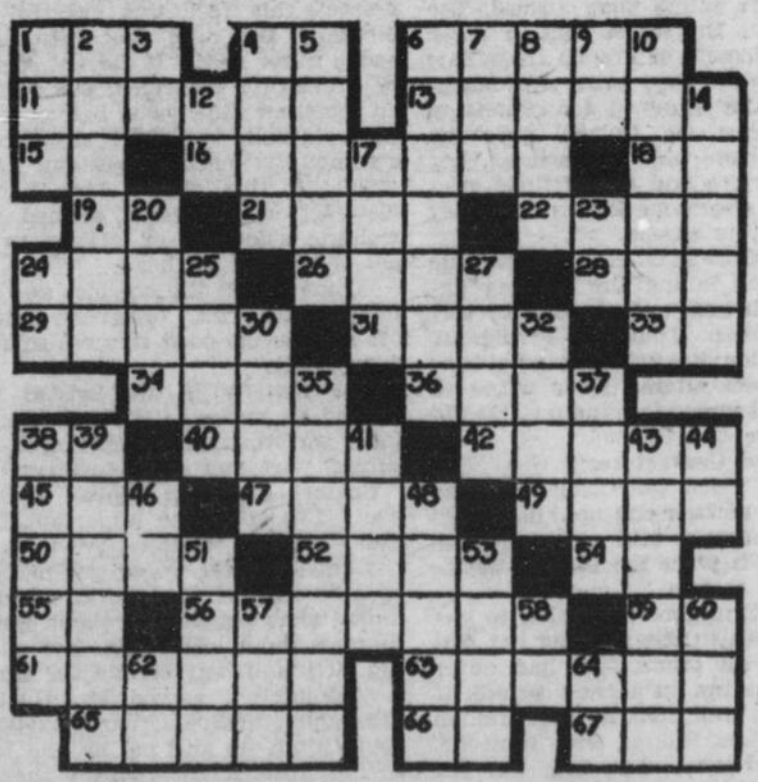
Suitor—And how am I to know that you won't fail inside of a year? We are both taking risks.

Lady (at fashionable ball)—Do you know that ugly man sitting opposite to us?

Partner—That is my brother, madam.

Lady (in confusion)—Ah! I beg your pardon. I had not noticed the resemblance.

The Week's Cross Word Puzzle



VERTICAL

1. In the past
2. To pour in
3. To act
4. Ray
5. Composition
6. Order
7. Age
8. Similar to
9. Behold
10. Tangle of threads
12. Possessive pronoun
14. Ant
17. Hasterns
20. Holes
23. Prefix: down
24. I am (contraction)
25. Son of Adam
27. Hostile incursion
30. Smoke
32. Rind
35. To make ready
37. Killed
38. Loafer
39. Dreaded
41. Narrow board
43. To oscillate
44. While
46. Half an em
48. Spectrum
51. College official
53. Preliminary bet
57. Alighted
58. To depart
60. Poem
62. Father
64. Sun god

HORIZONTAL

1. Help
4. To exist
6. Small rooms
11. Goblins
13. A bird
15. From
16. Mohammedan woman's veil
18. Type measure
19. Toward a higher place
21. To cripple
22. Holland town
24. Egytian goddess
26. Division of time
28. The first woman
29. Device for measuring
31. To break suddenly
33. French for "and"
34. Pace
36. Molds
38. Supposing that
40. Feminine pronoun (possessive)
42. Triangular deposit at river mouth
45. River of Wales
47. Sea weed
49. Dregs
50. To disembark
52. Brazilian city
54. Pronoun
55. Comparative ending
56. Puffing up
58. Toward
61. To fix
63. Put away
65. Who wrote "The Inferno?"
66. Pronoun
67. Part of "to be"

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

IT WEARS WELL!

What other paper of all-round-interest has been so great an inspiration to young as well as to old, has championed at so great cost to itself and publishers so many good causes, and has done so for three, four, and in some families, for parts of five generations? In other words the great great grand-parents of some of our present readers valued the "Witness"—a paper which has always been a leader in great movements and still has the courage to lead.

THE SPANISH PRISONER

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

by Freeman Tilden

by arrangement with Doubleday-Doran Syndicate.

Synopsis

Senor Arturo Cervello, a penniless aristocrat, is forcel by poverty to become an accomplice of Juan Corcega in the swindle known as "the Spanish Prisoner." In California, Colonel Erskine Fenimore has vexed his daughter Glorietta by leading Major Poulson, an English gentleman, into investing in Bellemary, a real estate development, which like the rest of the Colonel's schemes turns out badly. The Major takes the loss lightly but the Calonel filled with remorse is ripe for a letter he receives from Spain. Thinking to retrieve his fortune he sets out secretly for Spain but the Major discovering his object accompanies Glorietta and her brother Freddie in a chase to prevent the swindle.

(Now read on)

CHAPTER IV.

Meanwhile, Colonel Fenimore, snugly stowed aboard the Synoptic, was having the time of his life. Never having heard much about seasickness, and therefore being unafraid of it, he escaped that calamity altogether. The Synoptic danced and lurched, and took thousands of tons of cold North Atlantic water over her bows, but the Colonel only waxed more entertaining and loquacious for it. By the time they had passed Cape Race, the real-estate development of Bellemary was known to all the passengers who were well enough to listen, and, in the Colonel's retrospect, it loomed as a hustling metropolis.

The Colonel was in high spirits. The first letter from Ramon de Santa Clara, inviting Erskine Fenimore to become the saviour of a Spanish gentleman imprisoned for bankruptcy, and thereby to obtain the handsome sum of $120,000—the third part of that fortune which was hidden in a certain portmanteau—had come just when the Colonel's fortunes seemed at the lowest ebb. The Colonel had said nothing to his daughter about the letter, nor to his son. He considered the "proposition," and it engaged him. He felt that it would do no harm to risk a cablegram to the Spanish Prisoner and become possessed of more facts. So, two months before, he had cabled as follows:

YES. YAGER

Thereupon, after a few weeks of impatient waiting, another letter had come from Spain; but not this time from Ramon de Santa Clara. That good man, after languishing so long and painfully in jail, was dead. Dead! The Colonel's heart went out to him, across the mountains, the prairies, and the broad ocean. But, of course, the Colonel's heart did not go out quite so completely that he was unable to examine what followed. The new correspondent, a priest and confidant of the deceased prisoner, reported to Colonel Fenimore that almost the last words of the bankrupt had been: "Get the good Colonel to come to Spain and take charge of my affairs. See that he becomes the guardian of my beautiful orphaned daughter, who will now be the sole heir to my fortune."

The Colonel, always a sentimental man, flushed with pride and pleasure when he read this. A beautiful senorita, in need of a guardian! What better guardian could there be than himself? He had seen pictures of Spanish senoritas and they were all beautiful, with big, trustful eyes and raven hair. Not that the Colonel, though he was a widower, had the slightest notion of courting such a lovely young female himself. But he thought instantly of Freddie—and a romance built itself up on the spot. An heiress with raven hair and big trustful eyes was exactly what Freddie needed. Altogether, it seemed perfect!

The one cloud in the otherwise gorgeous sky was due to the fact that the Colonel had no money. The priest suggested in his letter that it might be just as well if Senor Fenimore came to Spain armed with at least thirty thousand dollars of American money, to settle the late bankrupt's court fees, satisfy the official itching palms, and so forth. The Colonel had no such amount. If he had h" this amount, the bankrupt's letter would not so have enthralled him from the beginning. But Colonel Fenimore had never been the man to refuse an entertaining speculation merely for lack of money. He felt that it was a poor salesman who could not deal with Spaniards—a people very inferior in intelligence and more endowed with singing and dancing ability than with business acumen, if report were true. Somehow, somewhere along the road to this fortune, the Colonel would, he felt, find the right way to get hold of the portmanteau and achieve the guardianship of Senorita de Santa Clara.

Glorietta had guessed accurately when she assumed that the Colonel must have borrowed the necessary money for the trip. As it seemed to be nothing, however, that Glorietta would be disposed to look upon with favor, the Colonel made his plans without consulting his daughter. Thus when he said to Glorietta that he was going for a business trip to Denver, the Colonel was telling a small whopper. But he forgave himself this venial sin on the ground that it was in a good cause.

So, the Colonel sailed on and on, eastward, and the farther he sailed, the more romantic and alluring the whole business became. There was something so dignified, ingratiating, and so healthfully optimistic about him that he won all hearts and confidence. He was a big man, physically, and his tailoring was designed to make him at once conservative without being repellent. He wore his broad-brimmed Stetson hat with an air that was not exactly jaunty but was provocative. As he never spoke of money to strangers—unless it was a question of a temporary loan—in terms of less than thousands, he could not fail to give the impression of wealth. So, those who heard the Colonel describe, somewhat oratorically, the vast riches of Western America, confided to each other:

"That great real-estate development he talks about is probably only a plaything. No doubt the Colonel owns oil wells or mines."

One of the Colonel's favorite sayings was a quotation from the late J. Pierpont Morgan: "Sir, the man who sells the prosperity of the United States short will go broke as sure as God made little red apples!" It is doubtful if Mr. Morgan mentioned little red apples in the original remark. The Colonel added that part from his own rich vocabulary. But the point was that Erskine Fenimore repeated this aphorism in such an effective manner as to convince all hearers that he must have been a friend and co-worker with Mr. Morgan.

The stewards of the Synoptic would have received large tips from Colonel Fenimore if that gentleman had been in easier circumstances. They never questioned for a moment that the big American was travelling cabin merely because he preferred the company of the kind of people who travel that way. Nobody, by the way, has ever been known to admit travelling second class for any other reason. The stewards were surprised, then, upon landing in Liverpool, to receive such slight tokens of the Colonel's esteem. But the life of a steward wouldn't be worth living if it were not for the element of surprise contained in it.

To the great relief of Colonel Fenimore, he found that the same language, approximately, was spoken in England as in the United States. Somehow, he had thought Englishmen were foreigners. Of course, they are. But he had thought he would have difficulty in getting about. On the contrary, it seemed that getting about was easier than in New York. From Liverpool to London, and from London to the channel boat, the distinguished visitor travelled with ease and ished visitor travelled with ease and at Calais that he began to realize how far from Los Angeles he was getting.

In Calais, Colonel Fenimore first became aware of the peculiar way in which some foreigners talk, when at home. Nor did they seem to understand him: nor did they seem to try to. In such a case there is only one thing to do. That is, to overawe the foreigner. This the Colonel, at the first opportunity, did. He drew himself up to his fullest stature and put one hand upon his breast and said to the train guard who was trying to prevent him from entering a train for Switzerland:

"Sir, you don't know who I am. I am an American, and my government is the greatest government in the world, and wherever the American flag flies, Liberty lives. Stand aside, you poor boob, or I'll kick you in the uniform."

An American lady, long resident in France, hearing the Colonel's righteous pronouncement, interceded for the train guard at this point. "This is the train for Paris, on this side, sir. That is all the train guard was trying to tell you. If you will follow me, I'll show you."

"Thank you, madam," responded the Colonel, lifting his hat with a cavalier manner. "I thought this fellow was trying to put something over on me. Golly, it seems good to see someone who can talk a regular language."

"If you are going to Paris, you'll find practically nothing but English spoken there, these days," said the lady.

"I am on my way to Spain on a matter of business," explained the Colonel. "I have—ah—some interests in Spain that need looking into."

Those who believe that there are no modern miracles should have been present as the Colonel, without being aware of a single word of French, made his way triumphantly from the Gare du Nord to the Hotel Pont-Royal —whose advertisement he had seen in an English newspaper; from there to the American Express Company in the Place Charles Garnier; thence back to the hotel; and later, to the Gare d'Orleans. When his English was not readily understood, the Colonel filled the gap by shouting. His shouts always attracted a crowd, and someone in the crowd could always speak English. Glorietta's fears for her father's safety were absurd. The Colonel was the safest man in Paris. While professors of French from Yale and Princeton were being overcharged, and later arrested for protesting to the police, the Colonel gave the taxicab drivers what he thought they ought to have and stifled their cries with such enormous shouts that they slunk away in shame.

At the Gare d'Orleans, where the Colonel was taking the evening express which goes to Barcelona by way of Montauban, Toulouse, Perpignan, and Port-Bou, the purveyors of pillows and blankets offered their wares to the Colonel under false names. It did not deceive the Colonel.

"Oreillers! Couvertures!"

"Pillow!" cried the Colonel—at the same time picking one up. "Blanket!" he added sternly, and picked up one of those. Whatever the Colonel pointed at came to him.

Colonel Fenimore had tried to engage a berth in the sleeping car, but they were all taken. He had never sat up all night in a train before. It irked him. Nor had he ever ridden so far without talking with someone. His compartment was full, but his companions were Spanish and French. They were polite, and offered conversation to the American gentleman, but all the Colonel could do was to smile pleasantly and nod. To all inquiries that he considered required an affirmative, he answered, "Yes, it sure is." To all inquiries that seemed to call for a negative, he replied, "I should say not!" In this way he beguiled part of the night.

As the first greenish streaks of light appeared in the sky, the Colonel wormed his large and cramped body out of the seat and stretched himself in the corridor. Through the corridor windows, in the dim dawn, the outskirts of Carcassonne were just coming into view. To the eye of Colonel Fenimore, the vineyards and the general contour and color of the country smacked strongly of Southern California, and a wave of sudden homesickness swept over him. A great sob rose in his throat and stuck. This nostalgic feeling would have overpowered the big man in a few more moments, if he had not suddenly heard a nasal voice, somewhere in the adjoining compartments, crying bitterly:

"Ain't it a darned shame! Gosh, ain't it a shame!"

"An American!" said the Colonel aloud, and straightway moved toward the place whence the sound emanated. At the compartment second from his own, Colonel Fenimore stopped and gazed at the back of an individual about his own size, who was standing, swaying, within the compartment and venting his feelings aloud.

"I say it's a darned shame to sit all night long in front of a pretty little lady who tried to talk to you and you can't speak a word of her lingo. And there's nobody on the train that can speak American."

"I can!" announced the Colonel promptly. "I'm an American, friend! I come from Los Angeles. Where do you come from?"

"Perkins, Iowa," was the response, in a cry of joy, as the other man turned to greet his compatriot.

"Skake, partner!" said the Colonel.

"You bet!" was the reply. And they shook. "My name is Fenimore," added the Colonel. "Mine is Huckins!" was the return announcement. "Say, ain't this a dickens of a country, though? I been sitting up all night in this hen coop, right opposite this pretty little lady who has been trying to talk with me, but we don't understand each other."

"I've been sitting up, too," said the Colonel. "But no pretty lady has been trying to talk to me. My compartment has all been eating garlic ever since midnight." The Colonel looked first at the "pretty lady," who was correctly described by the word "pretty" but perhaps not so accurately by the word "lady." She was viewing both the Americans with a quizzical smile, and was clearly no novice at making chance acquaintances among strangers. Then the Colonel studied the face of his compatriot. The Iowa man was endowed with a tremendous head, a neck carved in proportion, and shoulders like a wrestler. He had a shock of heavy black hair, of the sort that defies the comb. But the most salient characteristic about him was that, though in other respects his face was cheerful and pleasant, his nose was twisted. It was a queer nose. It did not seem to be broken, or deformed, but suggested somehow that, years before, it had been playfully tweaked and had never resumed its normal position. As a result of this defect, Mr. Huckins, viewed from any angle, seemed to be walking sideways, or always in the act of turning his head.

"Come out in the corridor and let's have a little talk," urged the Colonel. "It sure seems good to meet someone from home."

The man with the twisted nose needed no urging. "It's a godsend to meet an American," he agreed fervently. "Are you going to Spain?"

Colonel Fenimore replied that he was. "I've got some important business," he said. "Nothing less than important business would get me over to this side of the world. I don't know what people see about Europe to rave about. It strikes me as being dirty and 'way behind the times."

"Absolutely!" agreed Mr. Huckins. "I'm going to Spain, too. Maybe we could hitch up and pal around together a little. Know anybody there?"

"N-no, not exactly," admitted the Colonel cautiously. "I've never met these people I'm doing business with. You know anybody?"

"Well, I do, and I don't. It's a kind of funny thing, in my case. I've come

over to help a poor devil—that is, I can't exactly help him, because he died quite recently, but I've got to take charge of his estate and his daughter. There's a good deal of money involved. I expect incidentally I'll make a pretty handsome thing of it, but I'll be doing a great service, too. Service is the thing, after all, ain't it? To serve your fellow man, I guess that's about the highest thing you can do. We had a swell talk at the Kiwanis Club on that subject, just before I left Perkins. And if you can make a profit while rendering service, that's all the better. That's about my case. As you and I probably sha'n't see each other again, and as you're the kind of man, I can see, that doesn't tell all he knows, I don't mind telling you that I'm over here to settle the estate of a Spaniard—Don Ramon de Santa Clara, his name was—"

Colonel Fenimore's eyes suddenly bulged, actually bulged, from his head. The blood flowed into his face so quickly that he felt giddy and grasped the window rail for support. Ramon de Santa Clara! What did this man mean? Was it possible—was it credible that—that Huckins had come to Spain on the same errand? But Colonel Fenimore was too keen a strategist to blurt out what was in his mind. He steadied himself swallowed hard, and then achieved a fair amount of sang-froid, as he asked:

"Ramon de Santa Clara? That's a queer sort of name. And you say you didn't know him? Old friend of your family, maybe?"

"No. It's a queer thing altogether, Mr. Fenimore. I guess these Spaniards don't trust each other much, and this Santa Clara feller wanted an American who could be relied on. He wanted his daughter educated in the United States, too. The senior, which is what they call a man in Spain—the senior got himself into some trouble and was put in prison. I can't go into details, but the senior was a very fine man and very wealthy. I guess, when they get you in prison in Spain, they make it pretty hard for you to get out unless you give up all the money you have. So the senior and his friends heard of me—I don't know how—but I'm pretty well known in the canned-goods trade in Iowa, and I might have been suggested by one of the exporters in our line. If we should happen to finish up our business about the same time and go back on the same boat, I'll tell you all about it and show you the young lady. I'll take her back with me."

"Yes, you will not!" said the Colonel to himself. He saw what had happened! The unlucky Spanish prisoner, trembling on the verge of eternity, and half-crazed with fears for the lovely daughter he was leaving behind, had been afraid to pin his hopes upon one American. Lest something should go wrong, he had naturally tried to cover the possibilities by writing to two Americans—and by a strange stroke of fate, these two Americans had met on the same train in France, and were now face to face. Yet not so strange, either, for evidently the letters had been sent to both Huckins and himself at the same time, and it was no miracle that they had therefore arrived in Europe about the same date. But, miracle or not, the Colonel saw the prize of $120,000 slipping from his grasp. This man with the twisted nose, who was innnocently telling him what he already knew, must be prevented from beating the Colonel to Ribas—wherever the place was.

For an instant, Colonel Fenimore debated the advisability of throwing his cards on the table and saying to Huckins: "I'll tell you, friend, I'm over there to settle this estate myself. There's no use squabbling about it. We're both men of business and used to meeting all contingencies with good grace. We'd better pool our issues, and work this thing together, and split fifty-fifty."

But as he gazed into the face of the man from Iowa, the Colonel thought he perceived a certain selfish, sleek complacence there—the look of a man who had prospered by his own efforts, by going it alone, the look of a man who was not used to compromise. Besides, this Huckins was evidently well pleased with the prospect of becoming the guardian of Senorita de Santa Clara. The Colonel had set his heart upon the beautiful girl's becoming the wife of Freddie, if they should become fond of each other—and he was sure they would. No, it wouldn't do!

In such an emergency, the Colonel made up his mind quickly. He decided upon a boid stroke. The train was already slowed down for a station, and through the window Fenimore saw painted in great red letters, upon the white brick embankment they were passing: NARBONNE.

Narbonne! This was the station where, according to the last cable message he had received from the Spanish priest—the friend of the late Ramon de Santa Clara—a messenger would board the train, a messenger would could speak English, and make himself known to the Colonel. The Colonel's last act, before leaving Paris, was to send a telegram to one Estevan Pujol, at Port-Bou, Spain, saying that he was leaving on the five o'clock rapide from the Gare d'Orleans.

"Narbonne!" exclaimed the Colonel casually. "Funny name, isn't it? Gee, I'd like to get a cup of coffee, wouldn't you? I wonder if we couldn't stretch our legs here?"

"I wouldn't want to get left behind," was the timid reply.

"We can ask one of these brakemen how long it stops."

"Yes, we can ask, but he wouldn't understand us. And if he did, we wouldn't understand him. But I certainly would like a cup of coffee and a sandwich."

"I'll ask," volunteered the Colonel. He did so, and it proved, to the infinite delight of the two Americans, that the guard could speak a little English. "Twenty minutes, messieurs," they were informed. "Change here for Beziers and the Cote d'Azur!"

"Twenty minutes, friend! Plenty of time!" cried the Colonel. "That looks like a cafe over there. C'mon!" At the same time, the Colonel craftily noted a long train, already made up, with a locomotive puffing at its head, stationed on the track just adjoining. On its side was a sign saying:

BEZIERS, CETTE, NIMES,
MARSEILLES, NICE.

"It's a dirty trick," thought the Colonel, "but I've got to look out for my family. My first thought must be for their welfare." Nineteen anxious minutes followed. The Colonel looked alternately at the big station clock and at the unsuspecting though worried face of the man with the twisted nose. "C'mon!" cried the Colonel, at last. "We'd better run for it. We mustn't get left. Here's our train. Hop in!"

Mr. Huckins hesitated. "It don't look like our train, comrade," he palpitated. "Our train was on the right—no, the left—no, which was it? This doesn't look like it."

"This is ours," was the reassuring reply. "Hop in! Yours would be the third hen coop from the other end. I know this car. Notice the little boy sitting at that window?"

"I guess you're right," replied Mr. Huckins, and he hopped in. Whereupon the Colonel grinned, retreated a few steps, and looked about anxiously. Then he jumped aboard the other train and began to walk rapidly toward his compartment. The train moved out of the station while the Colonel was still making his way over the valises and parcels which cluttered the corridor.

"It seemed a pity to do it, but it had to be done," Colonel Fenimore murmured to himself as he went. Then, at the end of the car, he heard two men talking in English. "How'dye do, gentlemen!" the Colonel greeted them. "Do you happen to know where that other train, that was in the station, is going to?"

"Barcelona, Spain," replied both the other men, at the same time.

"Bar—" A chill feeling suddenly struck Colonel Fenimore in the base of the spine. "Bar-ce-lona? Er—this train—we—are—on—where does it go, then?"

"Marseilles," was the prompt response.

"Good Lord!" cried the Colonel pitiably, as his knees began to shake under him. "That train I put Huckins on was our train, after all!"

(To be Continued)

EAST INDIES NATIVES

J. G. Rutherford of the Ontario government motion picture cently returned from a 30,000-mile camera-hunt through the East Indies. He brought back with him a marvellous collection of travel film which will be edited into about 17 reels for the bureau's film library. Above is one of his prize "shots," a native gentleman caring for his prize rooster. The only occupation indulged in by the men in Bala is cock-fighting and the roosters are given scrupulous care while the women do the work. Below is shown another of his studies, a couple of hideous "devils." In Bala there are two kinds of "devils," good and bad. These are reputed to be the latter.

THANKGIVING WEATHER

Some like the smile of April, and some
the breath of May,
And some the hidden laughter we
hear on an August day;
But whether gray and gusty, or brightly blue and clear,
The weather at Thanksgiving is the
best of all the year.

The weather at Thanksgiving—
O, that's the time for living,
When once again the children seek
the old home nest!
The good Thanksgiving weather
When we're all at home together—
The good Thanksgiving is for me the
best.

It may be snowing softly, it may be
that the rain
Whips in an endless drumbeat against
the windowpane,
But in the house the children sit in
the firelight's glow
And listen to the stories that we tell
of long ago.

The good Thanksgiving weather
When we're all at home together!
When one word brings a chuckle
and the next a tear;
Take one day and another,
But O, for me and mother
Thanksgiving Day's the best one in
the whole long year.

And when the day is over, and they
have all gone home
Beneath the stars that bless us from
heaven's spreading dome,
Then we turn back contented, and
softly shut the door,
And thank the Lord for this day out
of all His wondrous store.

The weather at Thanksgiving—
O, that's the time for living
When homeward come the children
at the heart's clear call!
When we're all at home together
It's good Thanksgiving weather—
The weather at Thanksgiving is the
best of all!

—W. D. Nesbit, in The Pilgrim.

A communication from Springfield, Mass., states that Barr Dusky Maid, a cow sold recently by Ness & Sons of Howick, P.Q., to Wendover Farm in New Jersey, was the grand champion Ayrshire female at the Eastern States Exposition, America's greatest dairy cattle show.

Co-operating in the marketing of Maritime Provinces products will be aided by the Maritime Provinces Club of Montreal, it was decided by the executive committee after hearing from J. D. McKenna of Saint John, on the arrangements which had been agreed upon in the Queen City by the Toronto Maritime Provinces Club.

A report of the Foreign Commerce Department of the United States' Chamber of Commerce points out that Canada led the United Kingdom by more than $100,000,000 in total trade for the first six months of 1928. During that period Canada bought more American exports, and in return sold the United States more of its imports than any other country. The total business between the two countries amounted to $661,000,000, compared with $560,000,000 with the United Kingdom, the second best buyer and third seller. Canada purchased American goods to a value of $428,199,000 or 18.1 per cent of the total United States exports, the figure being about $45,000,000 greater than the purchase by the United Kingdom.

KINDRED

by Alice Prescott Smith

An Absorbing Story of the Days when France Held Canada Against the English

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Synopsis

Under the name of Auguste Le Claire, John Sargent, wealthy English merchant has penetrated to La Baye, where Charles de Langlade controlled the western Indians for the French. It is Sargent's secret plan to win these Indians over to the English side in the Seven Years War. Two people show surprise on hearing the assumed name. One is Monsieur X met on the trail, who becomes hostile on hearing it and warns him to say nothing of the meeting, the other Madame Rupert, mysterious woman at La Baye, who faints on hearing it and then appears to think she recognizes him. He has been made welcome by the Langlade family but on the arrival of Charles from Michillimackinac he presents his credentials to be told that they must be forged as the Intendent was sick at the time they were supposed to be issued. At this moment Madame Rupert steps in with the declaration that Le Claire is her kinsman. The incident passes but seeking her afterwards Le Claire is given the family ring, his solicitor had been unable to regain from Hortense Le Claire, Sargent's deceased wife's French half-sister. Hortense, he knows married a Lieutenant Godefroy and she tells him he must go to Langlade for the story.

(Now read on)

CHAPTER XII.

Langlade Talks

I waited morning with anxiety, but it came dourly; gray with drizzling rain. It had turned cold, the grass was heavy and sodden, the poplars showed the whites of their leaves. I was depressed by the weather for my nerves were out of hand. I could neither think nor plan till I had seen Langlade, and found what he knew about Hortense. Never before had I met an absolute impasse. This palsied me. Till I met Langlade I was useless. I marvelled at my quiet of the night before, and wished I had asked questions. Also I was troubled that I had found wet red clay on my door-stone. Was I being spied on again?

I ploughed through the wet to Langlade's cabin, but was told he was at the warehouse. I heard the chatter of women within, but refused to enter. The settlement was very quiet. Across the river the Indians who had arrived the day before were huddled round their fires.

In the warehouse Langlade stood among his fur bales. He had two clerks with him, and was marking and checking. His slouch, as he bent over his work, was more savage than French. Yet his shoulders were broad, and his chin firm. As I came forward, he made the clicking sound with his tongue that I learned meant that he dismissed one thing to take on another.

I went to the heart of the matter. "You have heard from Madame Rupert?" He nodded, and, turning, sent the clerks away. Then he walked to the open door of the warehouse, where it jutted over the river, and looked up and down. No one was in sight, and he seated himself on a bale of skins, signing me to do the same.

"What do you want to know?" he began.

Even now I can see the long room, and smell the fetid drying hides. Langlade looked more Indian than ever, humped on the skins, pipe in hand.

"All you know about Madame Rupert," I said rather shortly. For a moment I was the dominant race; the man before me, a savage.

He put tinder to his pipe. "Yet you are her kinsman?" he parried.

I knew I was a fool in my manner of approach, so took myself in hand and told him the truth. "Sieur de Langlade, I am indeed kin to the woman you call Madame Rupert, but I had never met her and did not know her by that name. Our families have been separated, and I know only that she married Lieutenant de Godefroy and went to Montreal. From that to this, is a blank. Why she is here, what of her husband, why she is called by a strange name—I do not know."

He handled his freshly lighted pipe and considered. He was as reticent as I was in haste. "You did not expect to find her here?"

"No." It was curious to be telling exactly the truth.

"And you know nothing about her husband?"

"No."

"Then why not ask her?"

"I did. She preferred you to tell me."

That won him somewhat. He puffed at his pipe. "She was right to leave it to me," he said, complacently. "I gave orders that no one here should talk about her story."

I held hard on my patience. "Your orders have been obeyed," I assured him. "No one would tell me anything."

He nodded. "Of course," and went on smoking.

The water dripped, and the wind whined in the reeds. I saw Langlade was Indian enough so that I could not hurry him. I took my own pipe. Langlade finished a pipe bowl before he spoke. Then he looked over at me rather benignantly. "Yes, they were married and came to Montreal," he began. "That was last year. Then from Montreal Godefroy was ordered out here to this fort." He stopped. "You knew Godefroy?"

"No."

"Did you ever see him?"

"No."

"I see. Well, he had been in Canada before—at Mackinac. He was stationed at Mackinac four years ago."

"Yes?"

Langlade fussed with his pipe. "He married," he said. "Married the Ottawa girl, Ahnawa. He married her hard and fast with a priest."

I got up. "Married!"

Langlade nodded. "He was a fool. But the girl was a relative of mine. And then he went back to France."

"But he married—he married Hortense!"

Langlade shrugged. "No one in France knew of the marriage in Mackinac. And he never expected to see Canada again. It was the devil's own luck he should have been sent back." He shrugged again. "And to have to come here to La Baye where the girl was staying with her mother!"

"And he brought Hortense here?"

Langlade shook his head. "What could he do? He was under orders. Then he did not bring—your relative. He left her in Montreal."

"But she is here!"

Langlade straightened. "She is not like other women. She followed. She found a priest and convoy, and went with them to Mackinac. Then she came down here. Godefroy didn't know."

"That Indian marriage," I burst in, "is it legal?"

"I told you it was in the chapel—with a priest."

"I see," I said. I went over to the door and sat down. Nausea was overpowering me, and the stench from the hides seemed part of the story.

I came back to stand over him. "So she came here and you told her about the marriage," I stormed.

He was slow in replying. "What else could we do! Of course she was not his wife. And then there was the child Nicholas."

Of course there was the child Nicholas; I could feel his hand in mine. And of course Hortense was not a wife! That this indignity should come to a woman of my family! I must kill Godefroy.

"What did she do?" I asked stupidly.

Langlade rose. "Enough," he said. "We are too long coming to the point. We bark like puppies. There was nothing for her to do. She never saw Godefroy again—that is, never but once and for a moment. When the boats came in, and he heard she was here—well, he came down to the shore, and he looked at her. He stood still and looked, and she started to run to him—then he turned and went away."

"He went away? Where?"

"How do I know?" said Langlade impatiently. With the sharpened observation that comes with stress, I saw he, too, was pale. "He went into the woods somewhere. He killed himself."

"He is dead then! I felt less choked. "He is dead—out of the way. But why—why is she still here?"

Langlade straightened as he had before. "She is not like other women," he repeated. "One must get new measures to understand her. And where should she go? She is not maiden; not wife, nor widow." There was respect in his tone.

"But why call herself Madame Rupert!"

"She had to have some name. I gave her that one. And every one uses it. It is my law."

We sat silent after this, and Langlade smoked. I am a slow-thinking man, and must have my material in shape to know where I stand. And Langlade had the air of a man resting in his own thoughts after a time in the field.

For myself, I could not keep away from Godefroy. Hate of him filled me; he had fouled my family. I could not endure he should be dead and out of my hands. I had to ask where he was buried.

"Buried?" Langlade jerked himself back to realities. He snapped his fingers. "Who knows? The wolves attended to that."

"You mean?"

"We never saw him again. He went out into the woods and shot himself."

I seized at the straw. "Then he may be living. If you never saw him again how can you know?"

I was white enough with hate for Langlade to respect my mood, and he answered painstakingly. "Godefroy had an Indian slave—my mother has him now—and he followed. The slave says Godefroy walked a day without stopping, and he would not speak, or eat, or drink. He just kept walking, and at last he talked to himself. At the end of the day he took his gun and shot himself."

It was a nauseating picture, but I had to have details. "What did the slave do then?"

"He came back," said Langlade. He felt my blood lust, and was patient. "He ran back here at once." He clicked his tongue. "What did you say your name?" he reopened.

I almost said Sargent. "Le Claire," I murmured, and wondered automatically how Langlade could forget a name that had proved so surprising. But I knew now why Hortense had fainted, and as to the man in the forest—

I have always marvelled that the truth came to me so quickly, all at once; with all the testimony.

"Godefroy—what did he look like?" I leaped at Langlade. He was talking at the moment, but my voice bore his down. And again he respected the madness in me.

"Godefroy?" he frowned. "Tall, yes, and handsome—fair." He softened. he was a fool, but there was no one like him."

"How was there no one like him?"

"He was no common man," said Langlade soberly. "Take him in the woods. There are few Indians as good woodsmen as he, and no Frenchman could approach him. He could kill a bird with a throw of the knife. He knew how to shift for himself, he knew—Well, if he had not been white—and not been a fool—" He stopped, and sighed.

I had a moment to catch myself. I must not tell Langlade; must not let him know till I had opportunity for my own ends, that I was sure the man he mourned was alive. But I risked one more question. I asked it flatly.

"Did the slave say where Godefroy shot himself?"

Langlade made a wry face. "In his head," he answered shortly.

Well, I was answered. I tried to walk away, but Langlade held me with questions about business. I answered by rote, for I could prate of trade and licenses in my sleep. And then he let me go.

CHAPTER XIII

I Talk And Discover Little

I went out to kill Godefroy. I went as single-minded as a hound on a scent. Godefroy haunted the Manitou, and I could find him. I had no idea of a duel. I intended to kill him.

It was not coincidence that before I had gone twenty feet I met the little Nicholas. Since I petted the child he was always at heel. He came snuggling out like a wet puppy, all waggles and smiles, but I found it hard to take his hand. I was in an animal mood, and saw nothing but hate.

But he was not a child to be ignored. Looking at him with sharpened senses I had to admit he had beauty, and was strong and keen. He was prattling of his bow. He could outshoot any of the boys in the Menominee camp, he boasted.

" . . . . And I had scattered much se d among the Menominees."

I could not let him talk; I remembered from whom he inherited his woodcraft. "Where is Madame Rupert?" I interrupted.

He stopped dancing. "She's in her cabin." He snuggled so close he tangled in my legs. "Are you afraid of her?" he whispered.

This arrested me. For I had often seen the child clinging to Madame Rupert. "No, I am not afraid."

He danced again. "I'm not, either." He wagged his head vauntingly. "I like her. But my mother is afraid."

"How do you know?"

The boy's voice sunk. "She won't let me go there. She says Madame Rupert makes bad medicine, and I mustn't talk to her."

This troubled me.

"What else does she say?" I lagged to prolong the talk.

Nicholas whispered again. "She says Madame Rupert talks to devils; they will carry her off some day. Some morning she won't be there at all."

"Where will she be?" I asked sharply.

The boy crossed himself. "Gone to hell, my mother says," he quavered. "Are you afraid? Do you want to see my medicine?"

I nodded, and he pulled at the thong around his neck, bringing out a small pouch of embroidered deerskin. From that he took a metal button — a button from an officer's coat.

"It is a fine medicine," he said proudly. "No other boy has one like it. My father used to wear it."

I sent him away at that — I could not stand talk of his father — and I went to my cabin.

I went to my cabin for my gun, and I took it and examined the priming. It was in good condition. Also my knife was keen. I was prepared.

But I did not start at once. When I left Langlade, I had but one idea. Now others came. For one thing, before I risked my life with Godefroy I must see Hortense. Yes, distasteful and difficult as it was, I must see her.

But why had Godefroy gone through a legal ceremony with the Ottawa girl! Why had he not done as other men!

I met Amaiou in the lean-to. "You are sick," he said in Algonquin. "Your face is like an old man's

Amaiou, you have have the cunning of the weasel. I have the foot of a buffalo. Will you do some work I cannot?"

He opened his round blue eyes — the eyes that always disconcerted and puzzled. "My brother's bread is mine," he said, and came to stand beside me. "The same sun rises for us and goes down at night. Our days end together. What work has my brother?"

I was puzzled. His look was lifted, more impassioned than my question justified. What I would ask of him was not worth this rhetoric.

"The man who followed us," I explained hurriedly. "The man with his face shot away. I think he hides on the Manitou. Can you find where and tell me? Do nothing to him. Just find his camp."

Amaiou was disconcerted; so obviously disappointed that I speculated on what he had expected me to say. He took refuge in his blanket, and when he did answer his tone lost dignity. He contended the point; argued that the man was not hanging around the settlement or he would have been seen. I had met this in Amaiou before — this disposition to argue. I suspected that with a common ground of a fluent language I would find great candor in him.

I reminded him now that he was the only Indian, except squaws and slaves, on the settlement side of the river, and that white men never strayed a rifle shot from their roofs unless hunting. So, since the Manitou was too near for game and too sluggish for fishing, nothing would call a white man that way, and a man could hide there with impunity. To which he agreed without interest. I told him we would meet at nightfall, and that he should report then.

This done, there was nothing I could invent to postpone my going to Hortense. The situation must be met.

Outside, the rain had stopped, and scuds of cloud were flying before a high southwest wind, leaving clear patches of pale blue sky. It was still cold. Smoke was pouring from Madame Rupert's chimney, and it formed elfin figures as it drifted away.

When Suzanne's puckered eye appeared at the crack, I motioned her outside, and held her a moment in the flapping wind.

"Never let the Indian woman Ahnawa inside the door," I cautioned.

She nodded. The wind whipped her grey hair across her face, and the smoke whirled around her in witch coils. She looked me over cannily. Suddenly her face wrinkled in a smile. "My mistress is baking muffins," she said, and ducked into the house.

I followed. Hortense was standing over her fireplace watching cakes cooking in an open skillet over the coals. Her chimney was the best in the settlement, built on good lines and well chinked. The fire was drawing well, and the coals glowed deep and warm. The room was ruddy, and full of the fragrance of toasting meal, and the bending woman, her cheeks rosy from the blaze, was suddenly at one with her background. This was no alien priestess, or forsaken child. This was a women of the wilderness in her home.

It was a moment's picture. Then she turned and the color left her face. "You have seen Langlade?"

Then it all came back. I took her hands, and pulled her to the window. "Hortense," I cried lamely. "It's a fair world, and you are young. Everything passes. The salt will come back to life. Indeed it will? If one keeps health and self-respect, there's bound to be something in just living. There's bound to be. And you've kept your self-respect. That's all that counts. Believe me."

She moved away to face me. Her face was as calm as mine was turbulent.

"I have lived with — what happened — many months," she reminded me. "So I've learned. One must keep quiet and work it out. Yes, one must learn to keep quiet. But you —" She looked me over, and I knew I looked ragged and drawn. "I don't think you've eaten. I was cooking muffins for you. Sit here and eat them now."

I blessed her good sense in keeping our tongues away from tragedy. and I let her serve me. I ate like a dazed and hungry man — yes, and a grateful one. And, as before, I ate the muffins to the last crumb.

And out of all the welter of horror I found myself looking up at her with a smile. "The first muffins — were they a threat or an invitation?"

And she smiled too. A little elf pucker, that hid in mouth corners. "It was a whim," she parried. And I remembered again how young she was, and how Helen had always spoken of her as a dimpled mischief. And with that, the tragedy of the situation swept back.

She sat on a folded buffalo skin at the edge of the fire, her back against the wall. Sitting in a crosslegged heap, her straight black gown was as little imposing as a child's rumpled pinafore.

"How English you are — even the best of you." she said. "Woman, go here — woman, go there! Suppose you tell me why you are here."

The fire shone through her light curls, throwing gay shadows on her face, and making her question seem a child's. I must hold her whims in leash and get her back to France.

"Oh, I —? Adventure. An eye for trade. Though I find trading a farce, for the French hold the land too well. But the question now, is how to get you to Montreal. Perhaps Agatha Bourassa would go with you; we could get men and canoes. It happens — well, I've funds available."

She rose. "You always have funds available." she said slowly. "Since money long since ceased to be an aim with you, John Sargent, don't ask me to believe you came here to trade. As for myself — you are kind, and I'm grateful. But I shall not go back to France."

I looked at her stupidly. Standing with her black gown hanging straight from her shoulders, she was again Madame Rupert — the woman who had baffled and trapped me. She gave me back my self-possession and also my realization that I balanced on a hair rope. Yet, for the moment I was careless of whether she believed my story. I must dispose of her first.

"What can you do here?" I knew my tone was hostile.

She looked as though my sudden tempers did not touch her. "What can I do here?" she repeated gravely. "What can I do there? Remember — I am neither maid nor widow. What would I be in France?"

That could not but sober me. "But here, Hortense! Why here?"

She paced the room. "Langlade is a great man. If he works out his plans he — he is a great leader."

I let her pace a moment. "I wait to see how his leadership concerns you," I said coldly.

She kept her composure. "It does. It gives me opportunity for service. Sieur de Langlade has had little education, but he has a methodical mind. He wishes records of his Indians — his marches — his speeches. I can do that."

"You stay here to be Langlade's secretary — his clerk!"

She turned, "I stay here —" she began gently. Then her voice broke. "You said yourself the salt would come back to life. Is there any better way to get hold of life than by service?"

I took her hands and bent to them. "Hortense, I'm brutal. I don't mean to be. Be patient. But you must not stay here alone. Remember I have rights. You are of my blood."

She shook her head — though she let her hands rest in mine. "No, no, not of your blood! Your wife's sister, John, and aunt of your boy, but never of your blood. I am a Frenchwoman. We are miles apart."

"Your mother was English."

"I am my father's child. Then, too, my mother was wife of her husband. She spent the last helf of her life trying to forget England."

I let her hands go. She was right. Her mother's first marriage had been a drab affair; dutiful. dull. She had found her belated girlhood in her French marriage. I could expect no sentiment toward England in a child of hers.

"But you can't stay on here," I growled. "It's an impossible situation."

"Will France make it a better situation?"

There she was again, throwing me back to the terrible essentials. Was she right — was she better here, after all? But there was Godefroy; she might see him at any moment. I must get him out of the way. But suppose Godefroy killed me! The room was getting too warm. I felt choked. Then I realized I was walking the floor and stopped and sat down.

"Have you money?" I demanded. "Have you funds to draw on?"

"Ample."

"Apart from — from Lieutenant Godefroy?"

"Thanks to you — yes."

"Nonsense! That money belonged to you anyway. Then you could pay for escort to get out of here at any time?"

She had been standing by the window, talking over her shoulder. Now she turned and beckoned. "Come here."

I went to her. She had pushed open the heavy casement with its square of thick glass and the wind that had moderated to a light breeze, came full in our faces. The sky was blue now, and a thrush was singing. In front of us the wall of the forest was shining and swinging. A tall slim birch was dipping curtsies to a pine tree like a maid in a pantomime.

"I am not leaving this," she said.

"Why?"

"I told you I had work."

"Clerk to a half-breed chief!"

"That comes badly from you who are seeking favors from the half-breed! But let it pass. And there is more. This work — it is my heritage."

"Your heritage!"

She leaned away from me. "I must make you understand something. Wait! You did not know — Nicholas Godefroy. He was unusual. He had almost Langlade's power with Indians. He was young, but a leader. He—he loved France. And he had great hopes for this country. Do you — do you see?"

I bowed. Godefroy's name on her lips shocked me.

"You do not see," she contradicted. "You can't see because I haven't yet told you. If he had lived — he would have done great things for France. If — if it had not been for me, he would be alive now. So — an obligation to carry on his work is my heritage; the debt I owe France."

Still I was silent. If she could talk of Godefroy — well, that was her affair. But I could not. I leaned to the window; a breath of the woods blew in — a scent of early clover.

She lifted her eyes to look at me squarely. "How narrow you are!"

"Narrow?"

"You think I should not say these things. You are wincing now for fear

The "Committee" meets to decide Mother's Fate

WE would be glad, of course, to have mother come and live with us," says one of the sons. "But the trouble is our house is so small."

"We haven't a spare room," adds the daughter-in-law regretfully.

And so it goes. One after the other makes excuse. Each has his or her own problems, and responsibilities.

Widowed at 65, Mother's fate would have been vastly different had father left any estate, or adequate life insurance. Mother could have had a nice little monthly income of her own if father had planned aright—an income guaranteed by the Mutual Life of Canada, and payable as long as she lived.

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Since 1845 the Witness has been recognized throughout Canada, as the leading national weekly. Edited by JOHN REDPATH DOUGALL. "The Week's Outlook," a regular feature, is a clear and complete commentary on world and national affairs. Also a regular weekly department in the interest of Prohibition and Social Reforms. Besides its splendid News Features it has Special Departments, edited by experts, of interest to all members of the family, and to all walks of life. Its Market and Stock Reports are fair and trustworthy. Its splendid Short and Serial Stories, Home Department, Young People's Department—cover a wide range of human interest. Its Queries and Answers on all subjects, including Agriculture, Veterinary, Poultry, etc., and its Farm and Garden Departments are greatly prized for their practical and timely hints and information.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, "Witness" Bldg., Montreal.

I will say more. Yet, what I am saying is my excuse for living. Why ask me to talk like a school-girl in an English nursery?"

"I think of you as a child."

"You must not. I am older now than Helen was when you married — older than Helen ever was. Let me talk as a woman — a woman who knows sorrow."

"Is it necessary?"

"Yes. For one thing you are hating Godefroy. Yet he was a man of exceptional honor."

And then I did rebel. But her hand stopped me. "Wait. Hear me out. Remember one thing. Remember he married Ahnawa, and made her child — his child, legitimate. What other man in his position would have done that?"

"And then he pretended to marry you, and wrecked your life."

She looked over at the forest. "He gave his life for that," she said. "Yes, he met me — and he married me. But I have come to understand of late how terribly powerful the temptation must have been."

"You mean?"

"I mean that a man of honor came, through love of me, to dishonor everything that had been dear to him; his church; his faith; his name. He must have been tempted beyond my possible conception of temptation. For all his life had been honorable. So I cannot judge him. As you must not."

"A man may judge a man."

"A man who has loved wisely, his head in control, may not judge a case like this. You have been a fanatic to an idea, never to an affection. Yet — I respect your judgment, and would like you to understand."

I looked at her slender figure; at the girlish leanness of her neck. "It is terrible to discuss these things with you," I said, and saw I was clenching my hand.

She flushed; but it did not seem embarrassment. "And it is terrible to me, too," she cried. "It is terrible that a girl is expected to marry and give so little — in comparison."

"She gives herself."

"Yes, but how! What can she give beyond a flattered acceptance, yes, and a certain curiosity toward a new life. What — with our manners of marriage — can she know of love! And if the man on his side cares so much; if it brings him to perjuring himself and injuring others — why—"

I seized but one point. She had not loved Godefroy; had hardly known him. Poor child, so she had not even memories to help her. I took her hand.

"Quixotic," I said, "but very real, I take it. You think then you owe his memory a debt for the love you failed to give?"

She winced. "Not quite that, but — you understand?"

I shook my head. "No. At least I do not agree. But I have never found it matters — what the other person thinks. If the compulsion is on us — why, we must." I stood beside her, looking at the forest wall. To her that forest was the grave of the man who had killed honor and himself for love of her. To me it was the hiding-place of the greatest horror I had known. Why, Godefroy might be watching at the moment; she might see him! Revolt gripped me. I must handle this situation better; must get her away at once. Yet, how manage her. A woman's cajolery and tears I understood, but not reasoning. And reasoning, too, that cried to a chord in my own heart. One could almost tell her the truth; talk things out frankly. But one must not. I seized my hat.

"Good-bye. Another day—But come away from the window, please. It's an unwise habit in an Indian country — always. Good-bye." And I went out of her door without a look behind.

Little Nicholas was waiting for me. The cold hand he curled in mine I could take now, and press without repugnance.

"Does Madame Rupert talk with devils?" he began again. "Does she?"

I was hot with feeling. "She talks with angels, Nicholas," I said.

CHAPTER XIV

More Entanglements

I was tired, and wished to go to my cabin, and drop like a drunkard. It was but little over twenty-four hours since Langlade's arrival, and in that time I had slept but an hour, and had lived emotions enough to supply a normal man many years. Spirit and body ached. But I must meet Amaiou at sundown. And it seemed best not to return by the woodland detour. When I leaned from the window with Hortense, I had seen Agatha playing ball with Nicholas; I would not seem clandestine, so went by the Langlade cabin.

The Langlade door was open, and I heard laughter and the sound of a fiddle played softly. Some one — the voice was Coutrol's — called me and I went over to the door.

The room was filled — men, women, children. They sprawled on tables, settles, chairs. Langlade, Coutrol, and Amiot the blacksmith were drinking together, and called me to join them. They filled one of the French dram-glasses, and pushed it toward me.

"Our glasses are only fit for a child's tea party," Coutrol grumbled. "The English do much better. A dram of their brandy is more a man's size."

Langlade looked up. "You heard an Indian say that, Coutrol," he said incisively. "That is what the Boston pack-men teach the Indians to say. Who is spreading that sort of talk here?"

I took my glass and went over to Madame Augustine Langlade, the Indian mother. "I drink to my pleasure in your son's return," I said. "You did well to bear a man like that."

She nodded. "Yes, he is a man — and so thinks he knows everything, and is blind. He can look a mile away — and cannot see around the corner. You are a relative of Madame Rupert?"

"Yes. Will you wait a moment, please?" I looked around and found Agatha. She was standing by Coutrol's shoulder listening to his chatter. Her smile was supercilious. I went to her and whispered her to come with me to Madame Langlade. She joined me rather contemptuously, but she came. I penned both women in a corner, and talked as softly as I could in the roar of the room.

"Madame Langlade asked me if I were kin to Madame Rupert, and I wanted you, Mademoiselle, to hear as well. Madame Rupert is my sister-in-law — my wife's sister."

"You are married?" It was the Indian who asked. Agatha kept her contemptuous smile.

"My wife died five years ago," I answered. "I have one child. Mademoiselle, you asked yesterday why I had lied about knowing Madame Rupert."

She still smiled. "Why did you?" she drawled.

"But I did not. I had never seen my sister-in-law and did not know she was here. I could not explain when you asked me, not knowing how much my sister-in-law wished me to say. Yet I very much wished you to understand." I could not but smile at myself. "You see I was between two women — to both of whom I was indebted."

She laughed at that. All her fire was gone, and she looked tired.

"You are straightforward as a peasant," she said, "in matters that do not count. Did Charles tell you about — Madame Rupert?"

"Yes," I drew Agatha one side. "May I say, as kinsman, you have been kind beyond all predecent. The way you buried her story is wonderful."

She frowned. "That is Charles' work. His will is obeyed. When we can we are as fond of gossip as the rest. You should remember that. But I suppose you will take her away now."

That flicked the raw. "Why? Is she not well off here?"

The girl pursed her lips. "I don't know." She looked over at her sister Charlotte, who, red-lipped and big-eyed, was perched on a table in reach of her husband's hand. "I don't know," she repeated. "How pretty Charlotte is," she said irrelevantly. "But even if one is pretty, it does not pay to be a fool."

The violin whispered softly. An engage was playing a chanson of the time; frail; whimsical; winsome. It beat in one's pulses. I saw Langlade's hand go out to stroke his wife's arm. I pointed it to Agatha.

"See. That is your answer. Your sister's folly is her strength."

The girl still frowned. "Ah, but it is not always music or moonlight. Life is more than that. No, Charlotte must learn not to be such a fool about Indians. It ennuies."

Coutrol pushed in. "Come with us to the Indian camp, Le Claire. Langlade is going."

That was what I desired, even it if made me late in meeting Amaiou, so I went at once. Langlade's wife followed him to the door, purring remonstrances and cautions like a distracted kitten. She was certainly pretty; but so was Agatha. Leopard and house cat! It was strange one family could have bred them.

(To be Continued)

Messrs. Hill and Bates, Lethbridge livestock dealers, have been advised by Walters and Dunbar of Chicago, that the 93 head of dry cows from the McEntyre ranch had sold readily at Chicago and had topped the market for that day for fat cows at 12½ cents. Local shippers are pleased with this showing as it speaks well for Canadian cattle sold immediately on their arrival after a long rail haul.

A wool pool in Alberta is now a possibility. Premier Brownlee met a number of representatives of the industry in that province the other day and the subject was opened up in a preliminary way. It will likely come before the executive council for further consideration in the near future, the Government being interested in all co-operative efforts by way of advising and encouraging.

Orders from the Canadian Pacific Railway for the treatment of more than 1,000,000 ties have been received by the Alberta Wood Preserving Company, Calgary, this year, and this tremendous business, along with other orders, have compelled the company to establish a plant at Vancouver, of which A. K. Leitch, President, will be in charge. He has left for the coast to superintend construction.

The city of Calgary will be chosen for a divisional point in the Canadian government's air mail service, according to information received by Mayor F. E. Osborne from Ottawa.

To the little town of Vulcan in Southern Alberta belongs the distinction of receiving more bushels of grain direct from the farmers' wagons and trucks than any other point in the British Empire, if not in the world. There are nine local elevators, seven of which are of double capacity. Last year Vulcan shipped 2,500,000 bushels of grain, and this year it bids fair to break its own record.

With the largest staff in its history fully engaged in keeping up with the demand for the products of the plant, the Alberta Clay Products Limited is surpassing the prediction of the early spring of a record season for the industry. Last year marked a high water mark, but this year will score far above it. In fact, so many orders have been received that current production cannot keep up with them, despite the recent addition of a 500 ton a month kiln, and another addition will almost certainly have to be made. Fall and winter will be busy seasons as a result of the present boom in demand.

Near the summit of the Selkirk range of mountains in British Columbia is one of the most remarkable series of subterranean passages found on this continent. These passages are the Nakimu Caves in the Glacier national park, one of the scenic areas administered by the National Parks of Canada, Department of the Interior.

Practically all of the mica produced in Canada is of the amber variety (Phlogopite). Mica is marketed in the rough-cobbed state, as trimmed sheet, splittings, scraps, and ground mica. Trimming and splitting is done by hand.

CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL

Rt. Hon. MacKenzie King recently visited the Farnborough studio of the March family to inspect the work being done in the Canadian memorial to be set up at Ottawa. Figure (1) shows the work as it will appear when completed; (2) shows the size of the statue of winged victory, with the premier standing close by; (3) the central figure for the memorial.

VISITING CANADA

Sir Rennell Rodd, G.C.B., G.C. M.G., G.C.V.O., M.P., who is to visit Canada. Sir Rennell lived in Rome from 1903 till 1919 as British ambassador. Since 1883 he has served the British diplomatic service from Zanzibar to Stockholm and from Abyssinia and Athens to Paris and Berlin.

Why some Hate the Church

Dislike of the Ten Commandments rather than opposition to theology is what explains the indifference of the so-called intellectuals to the Church, believes Dr. Frederick Lynch, who is himself a writer of some note and eminent among the leaders of religious thought. Dr. Lynch, writing in The Christian Herald (New York), says he is acquainted with most of the novels which deal with the struggle between faith and doubt, orthodoxy and modernism, and he regards the treatment of the problem as an indication that the public has not lost its interest in religion. These books, he says, are full of the difficulties which the thoughtful man experiences in accepting the confessions and the creeds, and they all end with the assertion: "Let the Church drop its antiquated theologies, rewrite its creeds, or abolish them entirely; let it preach simply the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; above all, let it make service the only test of membership, and the thoughtful people and the students will flock to it again." All this sounds convincing, but it is not true, says Dr. Lynch. "The country is full of churches which have done just this thing, and those who neglect the Church because of its antiquated doctrines do not go near them." In support of his assertion, Dr. Lynch recites:

"In the summer of 1925 I happened to be in Rome. It was Holy Year, and thousands of pilgrims from all over the world were flocking into the city. Every day at noon the Pope met hundreds of these pilgrims in a hall in the Vatican and preached a short sermon to them. I happened to be present one day, and I was very curious to know what the Pope would say to that dense throng. What he said in substance was this: 'You will find in every country today groups of men who hate the Christian Church, and are attacking it. They will tell you they are opposed to it or indifferent to it because of its doctrine. Do not let them deceive you. It is not the Church's doctrine or theology that disturbs them; it is her morality that they hate. It is her demands of the pure, unselfish, sacrificial, sinless life that keep them out or makes them antagonistic—not her theology.'

"I am inclined to think that the Pope hit the nail on the head. I am more inclined to think so since I have noted the covert or even open attacks on the fundamental Christian morality found in many of the religious books and articles by our clever intellectuals.

"Personally, when I find a man who begins telling me that he does not have anything to do with the churches because they repeat the Apostles' Creed, I am inclined to ask him if it is not rather because they repeat the Ten Commandments." — Literary Digest.

A little vinegar and water rubbed on the skin will prevent insect bites.

Carillon Book Club

An association to provide Canadian readers with the 12 best Canadian books of the year.

In these busy days many men and women like to buy their books upon the advice of an expert or a board of experts. The success of the Book of the Month Club in the States, which has over 80,000 subscribers, and of the Literary Guild, with over 50,000, to say nothing of other clubs, such as the Prime Book Club, The Religious Book of the Month Club, and so on, seems to have caught the minds of Canadians.

For nearly a year now the Carillon Book Club of Canada, of Ottawa, has been steadily building up a membership list of people who buy their books on the book of the Month Club plan. The Carillon Book Club chooses and supplies none but Canadian books, that is to say, books written by Canadian men and women. Under the Carillon imprint such books have been distributed thus far this year as Frederick Philip Grove's "A Search for America", the Rt. Hon. William Lyon MacKenzie King's "The Message of the Carillon," Prof. Watson Kirkconnell's "Elegies;" and "Canadian Short Stories" edited by Raymond Knister is being sent out this month. The November book of the month is to be "PeeVee", a posthumous novel by the late Fred Jacob, while in December Howard Angus Kennedy's "Unsought Adventure" is likely to be the book selection. Thus the Carillon Book Club does not confine itself to any particular publisher, but draws the soundest Canadian work from the whole range of Canadian publishing.

The Consultant Committee which chooses and recommends to the subscribers the book to be supplied consists of the Hon. Martin Burwell, Librarian of Parliament, Ottawa. Hector Charlesworth, the Managing Editor of "Saturday Night," Miss Ella J. Reynolds ("Jenny Wren") of the "Hamilton Spectator," Professor Pelham Edgar of Victoria College, Toronto, Bernard K. Sandwell, of Montreal, and Ernest W. Harrold of the "Ottawa Citizen," Ottawa.

The President of the Carillon Book Club, who is the Secretary to the Consultant Committee, is Charles C. Knight, Ottawa.

Farms and Factories as Allies

The power of machinery to do work that requires too much accuracy to be done by hand is best seen in branches of the metal industries where the system of interchangeable parts is being developed. It is only after long training and with much care and labor that the hand can make one piece of metal accurately to resemble or fit into another; and, after all, the accuracy is imperfect. But this is just the work which a well-made machine can do most easily and most perfectly. If agricultural machinery had to be made by hand, its first cost would be very high. When any part was broken off, it could be replaced only at great cost by sending the machine back to the manufacturer, or by bringing a highly skilled mechanic to the machine. But as it is, the manufacturer keeps in stock many duplicates of the broken part, which were made by the same machines and are therefore, interchangeable with it. A farmer, perhaps hundreds of miles from any good mechanic's shop, can now use complicated, standardized machines with confidence. By mailing or telegraphing the number of the machine and the number of its broken part, he can promptly get a new part which he can readily fit into its place. — Norman F. Harriman in "Standards and Standardization".

THE DANGERS IN SNAP JUDGMENT

Do not judge a man by your first impression, or a country by one or two natives with whom you come in contact. By so doing you may do the man or the country a rank injustice.

A Pennsylvania woman who recently returned from a visit to Canada, regaled her friends and neighbors with hours of gossip about the harshness and meanness of an official at the boundary line. To her, Canada was a good land not to live in; the Canadians were good people to leave alone; and her own United States was something that she was now more proud of than ever.

When it was pointed out to her that the official in question was an American and not a Canadian, she could say nothing except "Well! I think no more of him, no matter what he is."

But her reaction toward a friendly people had been broadcast. Many may have heard of the crude official, who will never hear her apology. Her snap judgment not only demonstrated her own ignorance, but placed blame where blame was not due. As a matter of fact, the American official was probably doing his duty properly and what seemed "gruff" to the tourist was probably merely a careful attention to duty.

Tourists are walking, talking, perpetual advertisements. The impression a country, a town, or a people make upon them, means much to the country, the town and the people — and vice versa, as well. But it is sad when "snap judgment" passes brickbats when bouquets are due.

At your death you create debt

Death, in many instances, creates a new debt, immediately payable — succession duties.

It is inescapable, inexorable.

Wise men now provide a special policy so that the event which creates the debt shall automatically extinguish it.

The cost is thus defrayed out of income instead of out of capital.

A life assurance policy is the only means by which succession duties can be discounted.

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$155. takes you home for Christmas ... and brings you back

Old friends! Old scenes! An old-time Christmas holiday! How else can you buy so much happiness for so little money? And, remember, the happiness will not be all your own, for there will be some even gladder to see you than you to be home again.

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Weekly sailings from Montreal to Plymouth, Cherbourg, London, Belfast, Liverpool and Glasgow until November 23. Departures from Halifax and Saint John thereafter.

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Origin of Names

Mackenzie and Franklin Commemorate Great Explorers—Keewatin an Indian Name

To facilitate the administration of the Northwest Territories by the Department of the Interior they are divided into the provisional districts of Mackenzie, Franklin, and Keewatin. According to the Geographic Board of Canada the first two names date from 1895 and the third from 1876. "Mackenzie" commemorates Sir Alexander Mackenzie (1755-1820), the explorer of the Mackenzie river. Franklin district, which includes the Arctic islands is named after Sir John Franklin (1786-1847), the great Arctic navigator. Keewatin district extends north of Manitoba and embraces the islands in Hudson bay. The name is an Indian expression, meaning "the north wind coming back," applied by the Crees to a very cold wind which comes up to the lake of the Woods from the south in the winter. It is the same word as Keewaydin used in Longfellow's poem "Hiawatha" published in 1854. The name was suggested by Hon. James McKay, Minister of Agriculture in the Government of Manitoba, 1875-78 and well-known for his assistance in negotiating several Indian treaties.

A Farmer's Hope

By George Kingsley Reed, J.P.

ABOUT thirty years ago, I attended the anniversary service of a small Church, in a mining town where I was then employed, and as I sit here, "toying" with my thoughts, the scenes and sermon of that service project themselves into the conscious realm of thought.

On Monday of the following week, a "get together supper" was served and an opportunity afforded the leaders to "work off" their surplus enthusiasm and fire the hearts of the rising generation with the faith of their fathers, known of old.

On this particular occasion, and after the supper, the Mine manager had the floor, as we say, and along with the other good things he said, was this:—I hesitate to say, just what would have happened to this little Church, had it not been for the kind friends who always surrounded her in the hour of need."

Imagine that thought being kept alive for close on thirty years, and today, crowding out every other issue in its demand for recognition, it most reminds me of;

The people out of old romance,
  And people who have never been,
And those that on the border dance
  Between old history and between:—
resounding fable.

Because; there are so many of us who can say the same thing about life, and perhaps our own life in particular. Just what would have happened to my life had it not been for the hope that kind friends "built in me" and the faith I had in Him who, with the thunder of His power, shakes these spheres until angels and men, devils and demons, believe and tremble.

How can I forget those who warned me, that the danger of life was not in the difficulties, but in the discouragements, and helped me to see it as a National peril; discouragement! who ever saw it? who ever felt it so deeply as Christ himself, when in the utter loneliness of soul he cried "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken me?.

While others slept the [illegible] couragement of his mission tugged at his "heart strings" as did that poor woman, who, in her long years of infirmity and deferred hopes longed to but touch the hem of His garment. Discouragement we say! why the whole wide world was full of it, until Christ came;

And raised the hopes of human kind
  As high as heavenly arches span;
Freeing a world which sin did bind
  With fetters, all too strong for man.

And thus we apply this hope to our lives today, this "axis" upon which the world moves. We make comparison between the past circumstance and the present, and then hope that the future will be better and brighter.

* * * *

PERSONALLY, I find myself hoping always, it may be for some worth while book, or to raise my literary standard, or to listen "closer" as the Spirit leads with me;—my son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments.

Seldom, if ever, do I hope for any of earth's alloy, and by alloy, I mean those things that do not count in the building of a life.

To enumerate them all would scarce be possible, because there are certain "things" that are expedient for you, which would spell disaster for me, and vice versa:—let me explain:

You have read the story of Gideon and the Midianites, and how he discharged certain soldiers for lying down to drink at the stream, retaining only those who dipped up the water with their hand. The reason for his action was that the tall reeds and rushes of that stream might have been alive with ambushed Midianites, who, with one stroke of hidden sword could have lopped off the heads of those thoughtless soldiers.

The moral is this:—Dip up your pleasures as you press on towards the mark of your high calling, for if we stop, and in stooping abandon the watch, the enemy may come as a thief in the night.

So for the "hay, straw, and stubble" I seldom hope, because they will not stand the fire, and considering that I have spent forty long years on the foundation of my life, I could not afford to "lie down, and drink of that stream."

I am hoping to build a life, and incidentally, it is one of the most difficult tasks I ever set myself, in that it requires constant vigil. Now that the foundation is laid (and it cannot be altered) all possible thought and effort must be given to the "scaffolding" and to the material with which I hope to build.

I have read somewhere. I believe it is in Corinthians, that the fire shall try man's work, of what sort it is; if any man's work abide he shall receive a reward. Just what that reward will be I cannot tell, but there is this assurance:—that when our "little ship" swings in the bight, we shall be welcomed like a richly laden vessel into the harbor.

And this is my hope:—a farmer's hope, that when the scaffolding of my life is all torn down, and the "fire," driven by opposing winds licks the building with its scorching tongues of flame, it will stand:—firm on the rock; I hope it will, I believe it will, because:

My hope is built on nothing less
  Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.

And I believe, because:—
I see my way, as birds their trackless way.
  I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not . . .
  In good time, His good time, I shall arrive.
He guides me and the birds.

BREEDING STOCK

Many of the illustration stations operated on private farms under the direction of the Experimental Farms system, are serving a useful purpose in providing neighboring farmers with superior seed grain and breeding stock. Mr. J. C. Moynan, the recently appointed Chief Supervisor of the Stations, reporting for the work last year, states that operators of the stations in many parts of the country are steadily building up their herds from which improved young stock, particularly pigs and poultry, are being produced. Last year in the stations located in the western part of Quebec province, there was distributed more than 3,000 bushels of seed grain, 845 bushels of potatoes, and 5,300 pounds of timothy and clover seed. In poultry 116 Barred Rock cockerels, 174 pullets, and 375 settings of hatching eggs were disposed of to people in the district. In live stock, 22 bulls, 43 mature cows, 27 heifers, 41 hogs, and 22 sheep were sold for breeding purposes.

Background for Flowers

We who are fond of flowers take great trouble in their arrangement and the choice of vases to suit their individual characteristics, but quite as important is the background against which they are placed (says a *Daily Chronicle* writer.)

To show their vivid beauty, flowers of brilliant coloring need plain walls of unobtrusive but sympathetic tint. Soft grey, biscuit, pale green, or primrose yellow lend the best effects.

Dark panelling, or a rich, dark curtain make perfect backgrounds for roses, which seem to demand luxurious surroundings. Sweet peas, on the other hand, prefer simplicity. The darker the background for white flowers the better.

A mirror on the wall just above a table is a great opportunity to devise some beautiful flower groupings. A mass of lovely color finds repetition, and every pretty blossom is duplicated.

Another effective device is to stand a glass rose bowl filled to overflowing with gay blooms on a circular mirror laid flat on a table. This makes a particularly good centre for a large round table.

When the autumn foliage takes on the rich reds and yellows of the season, use clusters of leafy branches in tall vases as a background for shorter vases and bowls of chrysanthemums and asters. Ferns and bracken also lend themselves as a natural background for grouped vases.

Two-dollars value for 67c is worth talking about. So is a paper of high purpose.

A 67c trial subscription may result in a life-long subscriber. It is because it does so in so many cases that we dare make such a slashing cut for introductory purposes.

Freesias Indoors

FREESIAS have always been favorites with those who knew them, the dainty fragrant flowers being equally decorative growing or for use as cut flowers. The delicate bell-shaped flowers are produced on slender stalks just above the foliage, to the number of six or eight to the cluster. They have none of the stiffness that makes the arrangement of some flowers difficult, and the straight leaves add to their beauty by contrast.

Even to those who did not care to grow white flowers they have always appealed with their soft white and cream and yellow throats. Now that skillful work has given us delightful colors, yellow and lavender and pink, they have an added charm.

I have seen no more beautiful window boxes for a sunny living room window than those filled with creamy freesias and little blue scillas. Both stay in flower for some time sending up fresh flower stalks from the same bulb. Cut freesias will last a week with careful treatment.

They are perhaps the easiest of all bulks to grow and bloom in from ten to twelve weeks from planting. If you want to hurry them, choose the largest and finest bulbs for the earliest batch. None of the bulbs are large and they look as if they could not produce a growth of flowers and foliage but even the smallest mature bulbs will flower practically one hundred per cent later on in the season. If planted early they are likely to run to leaf and bear no flowers.

They may be planted in pots or boxes but will flower a little earlier if grown in pots where the roots are restricted. They will, however require heavier feeding later as Freesias are rank feeders especially when grown in pots.

About eight bulbs to a six inch pot or half pan should be sufficient. Use mellow fibrous soil and give ample drainage. A cool, partly shady, position is all they need until growth starts with water to keep the earth moist. A room with plenty of light and a temperature of fifty is ideal, but I have had them do well in the window of a living room where the temperature varied, going much higher in the daytime than at night.

As soon as growth begins give them all the light and sun possible and as they grow put in twigs to support the slender stems with their weight of flowers. They will soon become pot-bound and, as growth develops, demand abundance of water. Do not give liquid manure until the buds appear or flowering will be delayed.

Plant batches for later flowering any time up to the middle of December, but for best results from your bulbs it is well to get all in then. Hold some back by growing them slowly in a cool room if you so desire, but do not keep them in the dark after growth begins or the plants will be weak and drawn.

About the only insect that will trouble them is the green fly which may be kept in control by spraying once a week with a good insecticide. Fumigating with tobacco may burn the tips of the leaves, especially if the soil is dry. Lack of water and over-feeding may also be responsible for this condition. Yellowing of the leaves is usually due to over-watering or defective drainage.

If the foliage is cut with the flower, it is useless to keep the old bulbs for flowering a second season. In order to assure good bulbs, the foliage should be left intact and the pots kept watered as long as they show any indication of staying green. As they begin to show signs of yellowing, water should be withheld gradually so that the bulbs will ripen. When the leaves have died down the roots should be shaken out and rested until time to plant again. They should be kept perfectly dry.

The bulbs increase rapidly from offsets. Plants may also be grown from seed, which should be sown as soon as ripe, giving blooming plants the second or third year.

In spite of the beauty of the newer colored varieties Purity still holds its place as the most popular. California, Salmon Beauty, Pershing, Splendens, and Mendota are possibly the most outstanding of the colored varieties.—M. G.

Garden Sanitation

SANITATION in the garden is the cleaning up of all vegetable rubbish from the garden and destroying the portions which have been diseased, even though crops were produced. It seems like a great waste of vegetable matter to burn the dead tomato vines, bean vines and other plant tops which have been diseased, but this should be done, because to save or compost these for fertilizer would simply be maturing and saving millions of disease spores, which would be on hand ready to attack the crops next year. More than this, a clean garden appeals to the eye and to the pride of the owner as a winter landscape.

Corn stalks, cabbage leaves and stumps, beet tops, if from healthy plants should be saved for mulching or be added to the compost heap.

In planning for the early garden, the earliest planted crops like peas, turnips, spinach and potatoes should be placed together at one side and the ground for them ploughed or spaded this fall. The object of this is to have this ground in planting condition early in the spring. If ploughed in the fall it will dry out and be in shape for planting much sooner than the unploughed portion could be worked.

The ploughed part can be fitted with the garden cultivator, wheel hoe or garden hoe, and be planted as early as the season permits. In this way two or three weeks may be gained, and this may make all the difference between success and failure of the earliest crops. Garden peas particularly thrive best in the cool early spring and the crop must be made before hot weather begins.

No vegetable matter, such as dead vines, corn stalks and other garden rubbish should be wasted, because it is too valuable as an aid in the garden crop production.

Besides the usual waste of garden rubbish, there is a large wastage of leaves, weeds and the skins and other unused portions of fruits and vegetables. These should all be thrown on the compost pile to decay for use on the garden next spring. The compost pile should be built up in alternate layers of vegetable refuse a foot thick and earth an inch or two deep.

Color of Clover Imports Changed

The Dominion Seed Commissioner, Mr. Geo. H. Clark, announces a change in the color allotted to the United States in connection with importations of red clover and alfalfa seed. In the case of red clover, or any mixture of seed containing 10 per cent or more red clover when imported from the United States at least one per cent of the seed in each container must be colored navy blue.

Similar seed from South America, Italy, Africa and that part of Turkestan comprising both Chinese Turkestan and the area formerly known as Russian Turkestan, must have at least ten per cent of the seed in each container colored red. All other countries must color one per cent of the seed green.

Alfalfa seed importations are allowed from States bordering on Canada and Utah, Wyoming and South Dakota when sealed in the container by officers of the state in which the seed originated certifying that the one per cent of the seed is colored variegated varieties of alfalfa, when navy blue. In the case of all other seed is Grimm, Baltic, or kindred importations ten per cent of the seed must be colored red.

These precautions are necessary in order to protest the strains grown in Canada from being contaminated with less hardy strains. Canada has established an enviable reputation for red clover and hardy variegated alfalfa seed, and these Regulations under the Seed Act are framed to protect that reputation.

The Fork of Ignorance

ONE thing which had often impressed me, when studying other people's flowers, was the way certain plants would fail in big gardens, while they thrived apace outside a cottage door, seeming to revel in the fact that they were growing amid simple surroundings. I have seen cottage gardens overrun with flowers which positively refused to do anything at all in more exalted spheres.

I believe one reason for this is the fact that the cottager (usually a woman) gives personal attention to every plant she possesses — if she takes any sort of pride in her flower-bed, and most do. She knows each one individually, and just where it lives in the garden. And then—though it seems contradictory to say so—she leaves it alone!

So long as only one person touches a garden the plants can rest in peace, for they are not likely to be murdered wholesale. But directly a second person appears on the scene, no matter how well-intentioned, there is every possibility that something will be dug up, and in this way destroyed.

When the garden is small enough for the owner to attend to it herself, she (or he) will know every item and its position in the borders, and will safeguard each root and bulb.

In such a plot the white lilies will come up sturdily, and bloom year after year; the daffodils will faithfully appear in their corner every spring; the everlasting peas will never be dug up by mistake, no matter how late they may be in showing above ground; the columbines will never be routed out in the winter, when the border is tidied up.

There is something more than sentiment in the saying that flowers bloom best for those who love them. It is true. For when the plants in our gardens are friends whom we love, and for whose return we watch anxiously each spring, we are careful for their well-being. They don't get chopped in half by a careless hoe, or ruthlessly brought to the surface and left there to freeze by the fork of ignorance.—Flora Klickmann, in Flower Patch Neighbors.

Why Grade Honey?

Honey is one of the few uncooked, pure and natural foods in its class that remains. But because it is too frequently allowed to go to the market in an unclassified or ungraded manner, it is often overlooked by the purchaser.

Since there are so many different kinds of honeys, and so many individual tastes, it is important that, when buying honey, the purchaser should know what he or she is getting.

For example, buckweat as a table honey, is disliked by many people, while on the other hand, many people prefer it to any other. It is perfectly good honey, but it does not suit the palate in some cases. The only way to make sure that the purchaser is getting what is liked best, is to have the quality or grade marked on the container.

Because in these days so much of the food-stuff consumed is graded and labelled, any commodity, such as honey, that is not graded, is frequently overlooked by the housewife when purchasing her provisions. When purchasing a can of peaches, one can see the quality marked on the label, or when buying jams one can see the kind clearly marked on the label, leaving no doubt in one's mind concerning the quality of such purchases. When it comes to buying honey, unless it be graded—and much of it is not—one must make a stab in the dark, hoping that it will prove to be good white clover honey (should that happen to be the kind preferred). Now if honey were to be graded, the purchaser would be assisted in making his choice of kinds. Furthermore, he soon gets to know what kind he prefers, and will return for more.

Canada has vast resources of oil shale and bituminous sands, the former occurring in the Maritime Provinces and the latter in Alberta. These deposits have long been considered as potential sources of products generally obtained from crude petroleum, As a result of recent modifications in refining methods these raw materials may now be seriously considered as sources, to be drawn upon when needed, to help in supplying the rapidly increasing demand for motor fuel.

THEO. FAVRE & SON
Established 1849.
TOMKINS COVE, N. Y.
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Dressers—Furs Made Up
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Marine, Auto, Stationary, Tractor Engines reconditioned, cylinders ground, new pistons, etc. Engines for sale.
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RED GOLD SUGAR-SAVER STRAWBERRIES FREE
Big, rich, sweet, luscious, full crop. Taste like wild berries. Easy to grow with Mulch Paper, saves moisture, kills weeds, increases yield. 4 plants with Mulch Paper, 25c. Two plants, with catalog, free—send 10c, or not, as you please.
GARDNER NURSERY CO., Box 957, Osage, Iowa

ANSWERS to Garden Questions

Flowers For a Grave

Dear Sir:—Being an interested reader of your paper for some years, from which I have received much help, I would now like your advice please about planting flowers on a grave, what kinds would be best and when is it best to plant them. I would like to have them or some of them that would grow up each year without needing too much care if possible, or would annuals be better? I would also like some bloom all summer long. If you would please suggest some kinds and how to plant them I will be very much obliged.

As I do not see any mention of charge for answering questions in your paper I take it there are none and am very thankful for the help I have had in the past and expect to receive in the near future.

—A Reader, R. M.

We are always glad to be of help to our readers and where our own limited knowledge fails we endeavor to get the needed information from those whose long experience puts them in a position to give practical advice.

While it is possible to use perennials on a grave they are difficult to keep in order in the limited space and you would hardly be able to have sufficient variety to give you bloom all summer. Such low growing perennials as the arabis Alpina with its sheet of snow in early spring and the low glowing pink flowered perennial phlox or cerastium tomentosum with silvery leaves and white flowers are used and make a neat carpeting but their season of bloom is not long.

Why not put in bulbs now and fill in with annuals when the bulbs are over. A borden of blue Scilla Sibirica with pink or white hyacinths or daffodils in the centre makes a beautiful covering. Or a border of snowdrops with purple or golden crocus or crocuses alone are beautiful. Crocuses or Scillas and Snowdrops may be set between the low growing double tulips and will bloom first then the tulips which may be lifted when the flowers are over and heeled in among the vegetables of your home garden until the leaves turn yellow when they should be taken up and dried off to be reset in the autumn. Daffodils and hyacinths would need the same treatment to keep the grave looking well but the little bulbs may be left in and annuals set between them. A border of sweet white alyssum may be kept blooming practically all summer if it is given a clipping with the grass shears now and then when it begins to grow straggly. The low growing bedding petunias such as Rosy Morn or Pink Glory will also bloom on and on and need only a clipping or pinching back to take off some of the seed pods and keep them flowering. White alyssum with a centre of pansies or one of the beautiful blue violas is also a good choice. All these annuals may be started early, in the house and if planted up in pots can be had in bloom when set out as the bulbs finish flowering.

Chinese Lanterns And Box Trees

Dear Sir:—Is the Chinese Lantern plant hardy or does it need to be taken up and replanted in the spring? Mine has grown well but the frost has cut it down already, that is the leaves. Can I store the ivy and box trees from my porch in the cellar for the winter?—J. W. L.

The Chinese Lantern plant (physalis franchettii is not only hardy but almost a pest in rich sandy loam. With me in the Laurentians it needs to be watched or it sends its strong underground stems into places where they are not wanted. In a sunny place with plenty of humus and moisture it grows and increases very fast. It will profit by a heavy dressing of well rotted manure late in the fall. The leaves and tops will die down each year but not the roots.

Both box trees and ivy in fact all plants that hold their leaves over winter require considerable light. They will not take as much water as when growing, but, the soil should not be allowed to dry out. They should be kept in a cool but frost-proof place.

Red Spider And Scale

Dear Sir:—Some of my plants are losing their leaves, they first turn light green and then spotty and yellow before they drop off. Can you tell me what to do with them also how to clean ivy of scales. I put mine out of doors for the summer and it was covered with scales even the vine itself as well as the leaves. I have rubbed off a great many with soap suds but they still increase.—M. P. G.

It looks as if you had red spider on your plants. This pest works behind a tiny web on the underside of the leaves which change color and fall as you escribe. The spider may be kept down by syringing the plants with clear water two or three times a week or by dusting the under side of the leaves with flower of sulphur. A diluted solution of kerosene emulsion or a swab of cotton soaked in alcohol will kill scales.

Mentha Longifolia

Dear Sirs.—Under separate cover I am mailing your plant department, a sample plant for identification. Hoping to receive same through columns of your valuable paper. A.J.C.

The government botanist at Ottawa, identified the speciment sent as Horse mint (Mentha longifolia) a European plant grown for ornament and farther south sometimes, becoming naturalized. The specimen sent very much resembled the Veronica longifolia, subsessilis (speedwell) a very excellent perennial.

Canada has the distinction of being the first entrant in the International Grain and Hay Show, Chicago, which is scheduled to run during the week of December 1st to 8th inclusive, according to secretary-manager B. H. Heide of the International Live Stock Exposition, at which the grain show is featured. James A. Paur of Langham, Saskatchewan, has sent in samples of Marquis wheat—the first of the year.

Canada's principal chromite mines are situated in the Coleraine district, Quebec, and are regarded as capable of producing large quantities of ore.

USE FOR BROODER

Mechanical "Setting Hen" Dries Seed Corn

Brooder houses and incubators are ambitious articles of farm equipment. Not satisfied to take Old Biddy's job away from her, these mechanical setting hens are now going after seed corn. Unlike Biddy, however, they do not eat the corn but dry it and store it for use the following spring.

Numerous instances of using sheet steel brooder houses to dry and store seed corn have been reported, while occasionally one hears of an incubator being used to dry the ears. The brooder houses, however, are more practical for larger amounts of corn, as they provide a dry, rodent proof shelter. The brooder stove can be used when the corn is first picked to dry the excess moisture from the ears.

Small bins of sheet steel are also constructed by manufacturers for the express purpose of storing seed corn.

POULTRY TOPICS

Hens Finish Strenuous Year

British Columbia and Ontario Breeds Share Honors—Barred Rock Best Individual.

Fourteen hundred hens have just completed 51 weeks laying in the Canadian and Ontario Laying contests on the Experimental Farm at Ottawa.

Premier honors in the Canadian contest go to a pen of White Leghorns, owned by T. H. Haywood of Langford, B. C., the 10 hens laying 2,374 eggs for a total of 2,329.4 points. W. Bradley owner of the second pen, White Leghorns, also hails from Langford. His birds laid 2,235 eggs and secured 2,220.5 points. Ontario claims third place through another pen of White Leghorns, owned by J. M. Jackson of Port Dover. This pen laid 2,100 eggs and scored 2,178.8 points.

Lay 131,999 eggs

The 800 birds in the Canadian contest laid 131,999 eggs in the 51 weeks which now constitutes the contest year. In 1926-27 the production was 136,474 eggs for 52 weeks.

It is interesting to note that the 10 birds in the first pen and seven in the second are second generation, which means their dams previously qualified in Canadian egg laying contests, and were registered under the Canadian National Live Stock Records.

This year 127 of the 800 birds entered in the Canadian contest qualified for registration.

Champion Hen Barred Rock

Individual honors went to a Barred Rock hen, the property of Miss Brown of New Westminster, B. C. This bird officially known as C. L. C. I. 132 laid 254 eggs for 308.4 points. Second place went to a White Wyandotte C. L. C. I. 179, belonging to W. H. Fisher, Ayton, Ont., for 255 eggs and 305.2 points. Alex. McLean of Gananoque, Ontario, took third place with White Leghorn C. L. I. 288, with 273 eggs and 304.9 points. This is the first time for some years that a representative of the heavy breeds has taken individual honors. The leading heavy breed pen was one entered by J. Burgess of Qualicum Beach, B. C., Rhode Island Reds, which laid 2,085 eggs and scored 2,016 points.

The contests are decided on points with one point for an egg weighing 24 ounces to the dozen, a tenth of a point added for each ounce over 24, and a deduction of one-tenth of a point for each ounce under 24 to the dozen.

In order to register in the National Records a hen must lay 200 eggs or over averaging 24 ounces to the dozen, be typical of the breed, free from standard disqualifications, and from disease free flocks.

Ontario Contest

The 600 birds in the Ontario contest laid 98,793 eggs in 51 weeks, compared with 94,164 eggs in 52 weeks last year.

The pen standing is: First, H. L. Roberts, Simcoe, Ont., White Leghorns, 1,872 eggs and 2,078.3 points; second R. W. Kettles, Carleton Place, Ont., Barred Rocks, 2,326 eggs for 2,068.6 points; and third, H. Kohlsmith, Strathroy, Ont., White Leghorns, 1,864 eggs and 1,992 points.

Barred Rock Again

The individual standing is: first, Barred Rock O. L. C. H. 61, owned by W.. Downham, Highland Creek, Ont., 240 eggs and 267.9 points; second, Harvey Simpson, Leamington, Ont., with O. L. C. H. 220, White Rock, 242 eggs and 265.6 ponts; and third a white Leghorn O. L. C. H. 607 with 221 eggs and 262.6 points.

Seventy-three birds qualified for registration in the Ontario contest.

BUNIONS GONE IN 15 DAYS

Clip This and Prove It NOW!

The *pedodyne solvent* treatment is a boon to those whose bunion joints cause constant foot trouble and an ugly bulge to the shoes. Pain stops almost instantly; actual reduction of enlarged parts begins within a few days. Your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. Just mail the coupon so we can arrange for you to try Pedodyne on your own bunion and prove the amazing results.

—SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON—

Kay Laboratories, Dept. 243, 50 Wellington St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Please arrange for me to try your Pedodyne Process for bunions and to restore normal ease to affected joints.

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Address.....

DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

A SURE, SAFE AND SIMPLE REMEDY FOR ALL THE COMMON AILMENTS OF MAN AND BEAST. IT SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT ON HAND, AS A MORE SERVICEABLE PREPARATION FOR SUCH USES CANNOT BE FOUND. GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY AND HAVE IT READY FOR THE TIME WHEN YOU WILL NEED IT.

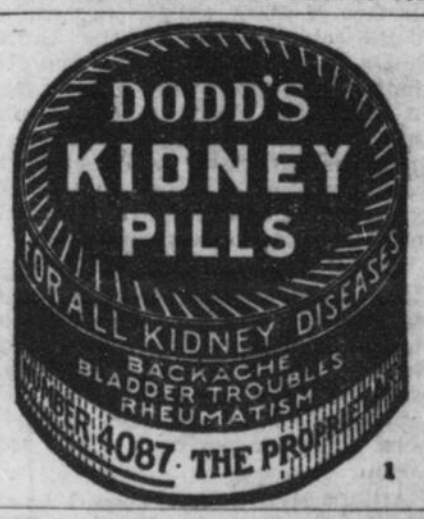
PILES

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 250-B, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

Healed His Rupture

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of recovery was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely healed me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete recovery without operation if you write to me. Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 650 Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of the rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.



Notice is hereby given that The United Theological College, Montreal, a duly incorporated body, having its principal office in the City of Montreal in the Province of Quebec, will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, for an Act to confirm and declare valid its Act of Incorporation, being Chapter 83 of the Statutes of Canada of 1928, and to declare that the powers conferred upon it by its Act of Incorporation, or to be conferred upon it by the Act to be applied for, to acquire and hold property, shall not be limited or affected by any statute or statutes of mortmain.

Montreal, October 30, 1928.

J. A. Ewing,
E. G. Place.
Attorneys for Applicant.
355 St. James, St., Montreal.

NOTICE is hereby given that WILLIAM GREIG GREEN, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal and Province of Quebec, Garage Manager, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next Session thereof for a bill of divorce from his wife, Johanna Sullivan at present residing in the said City of Montreal on the ground of adultery and desertion.

DATED AT MONTREAL, in the Province of Quebec, this 5th., day of October, A.D. 1928.

WILLIAM GREIG GREEN,
by
Sol Weber, B.A., L.L.M.
Themis Building, 10, St. James St. W,
Montreal, Que.
His solicitor.

Redmond Code,
Citizen Building, Ottawa, Ont.,
Petitioner's Ottawa Agent.

Superior Court
Province of Quebec
District of Montreal,
No. E-40271

DAME OLGA WISSE, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Herman Rosenberg, agent, of the same place, Plaintiff,
vs.
HERMAN ROSENBERG, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted in this cause on 20th., day of September, 1928.

Montreal, October 27th., 1928.

(Sgd) JACOBS & RAPPAPORT, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Selecting the Breeding Male

It may seem a little early in the season to talk of selecting next spring's breeders, but this is of such importance that it must be borne in mind early in the season, if best results are to be secured.

Early in the growing season the poultryman should have marked "for the block" all those chickens that had shown the character for slow feathering or any constitutional weakness. There will thus be reserved for breeders, only cockerels from high-laying dams that have laid large eggs.

This latter is of great importance as there is unquestionably a tendency to diminution in the size of the egg, where selection has been followed for high production, without due care to also select for size of eggs.

During the latter part of the summer and early fall it will have been noticed that there were some cockerels that had developed sexually very early. These cockerels almost invariably finish up as "ponies." In other words, although they look large early in the season, they become set in their growth, and do not make birds of normal size at maturity. Cockerels of that kind should not be retained as breeders, as their offspring will have a tendency to mature in the same manner. They will lay early, before they reach proper body growth, and consequently lay small eggs throughout life.

To summarize, the breeding male should be the son of a high-laying, large-egg hen. He should be well-grown, of good size for his breed, and, above all, should be vigorous. While vigor may be denoted in every part of the bird, in the broad back-deep body, the well set legs and general action, and in the nervous force, the paramount requirement in an egg breeding male, is indicated by the bright, prominent, piercing eye set in a clean cut face.

This is the kind of male that will give results.—George Robertson, Ottawa.

Breeds of Geese

Market geese reared in Canada are principally of four breeds, Toulouse, Embden, African, and the Chinese. Toulouse is the largest, the standard weights being for adult gander 26 pounds and for adult goose 20 pounds. This variety is gray in color except on the lower part of the body which is white. The Embden goose is pure white and is more compact than the Toulouse. Standard weights are for gander 20 pounds and for goose 18 pounds. The African goose has been produced by a cross between the Chinese and Toulouse. They are stately birds of about the same color and size as the Toulouse, the standard weights are the same as for the Embden. There are two varieties of the Chinese, the white and brown. The brown resembles the African in color while the white is regarded as the most beautiful of all the breeds of geese, having an upright and stately carriage. These breeds are held in favor in parks on account of their beauty. They are smaller than the other breeds named, the adult gander weighing 12 pounds and the adult goose two pounds less. Circular No. 55 of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa shows groups of these varieties of geese and gives instruction on their breeding and management.

Daylilies

Why not secure some new varieties of the hemerocallis, or day-lilies and use them for forcing this winter, then plant them out in the garden in the Spring. It is well adapted for sunny positions in the herbaceous border, although it will grow in moist places and in partial shade. If planted a foot apart in Autumn it makes an effective display in early summer and goes on flowering a long time. The single flowers last for only a day, although one follows another with great rapidity.

Formerly only two kinds of hemerocallis were common in gardens, one yellow and the other a lemon tinted. In recent years hybridists have been busy, however, in the making of new varieties, with the result that many different kinds are now on the market and nearly all of them are very handsome. As it happens, several of them bloom at different periods, so that it becomes possible to have a display lasting for two months or more.

Members of the garden clubs who visited the Harvard Botanic Garden in Cambridge on invitation last summer, were able to see some of the best of these day-lilies because a bed has been established there embracing most of the fifty kinds which have been developed by Mr. Carl Betscher of Dover, Ohio, widely known as an enthusiastic hybridizer. In the list are flowers running through deep yellow, orange and lemon. Some are rather small, while others are unusually large. These flowers, which are perennials, are not at all difficult to handle, and when well established make heavy plants which produce myriads of blooms, and striking effects when massed.

The old fashioned tawny day-lily, Hemerocallis fulva, is not refined enough for close association, perhaps, but looks well when allowed to naturalize itself along the roadside. This species will grow readily enough in moist places, but that does not mean that it does not require drainage.

Among the particularly good kinds for the garden are the following: H. citrina, citron yellow in color; Dr. Regal, also a citron yellow in color; Dr. Regal, also a citron yellow variety: Florham, a rich yellow kind; Gold Dust, a charming golden yellow hybrid; Orangeman, rich orange in color, and Luteola, golden yellow. In order to have a long season, it is well to plant Middendorfii, which has bell-shaped rich chrome yellow flowers, and is very early; likewise Thunbergii, a variety having rich, buttercup-like flowers which blooms late. The oddities include Hemerocallis gracilis, which is a charming graceful little flower with grass-like foliage. Many garden-makers grow the double kind called Kwanso florepleno, and the very large double aurantiaca major. These double-flowered kinds, however, lack the refinement and delicacy of the single-flowered species and varieties, and I hesitate to recommend him.

The total number of licensed radio stations in operation in the Dominion and on ships registered therein was 216,700 on March 31, 1927.

C. H. Lager, Professor (not of agriculture but of languages), in Brandon College, has grown two crops of potatoes in one season. Both crops were raised on the same plot of land—the field being first dug up and then planted.

Great Big **RED GOLD** Sugar Saver Strawberries

Sweet, luscious, taste like wild berries; grow up to 8 1-2 ins. around. Use only half as much sugar. Amazing reports with Mulch Paper—kills weeds, saves hoeing, keeps moisture, increases yields.

12 Red Gold Plants, 37 sq. ft. Mulch Paper, $2.00
50 Red Gold Plants, 113 sq. ft. Mulch Paper, 6.00
100 Red Gold Plants, 225 sq. ft. Mulch Paper, with Special Strawberry Setting Tool, 10.00

2 Plants free with catalog — send 10c, or not, as you please.

Gardner Nursery Co. Box 957 Osage, Iowa **FREE PLANTS**

THE NEIBHBOR'S FAMILY

Mothers will know the value of getting into the homes of their friends a paper which magnifies home life and which has such warm and true sympathies with every age, from the cradle . . . on to the dawn of the life beyond.

FARMERS' BUSINESS BRIEFS

ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-order rate of three cents per word per insertion (minimum charge 45c per insertion). SIX consecutive insertions will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions $1.50). A number or a single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made.

Copy for insertion in these columns should be in the "Witness" Office not later than Friday morning to secure proper classification in following Weekly Edition.

POULTRY

CAMPINES

Silver Campines.—I can supply Cockerels and pullets for any show in Canada, at prices you can afford, Correspondence a pleasure, write your needs to Harry Meeking, Port Hope, Ontario. 44.2

POULTRY BUSINESS

Make poultry pay big profits from instruction given in Shaw's Home Study Course regarding breeding, housing, feeding and marketing. Write Shaw Schools, Bay-Charles, Toronto. 44.9

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Barred Rock Cockerels: From finest egg-laying strain in Ontario, closely related to contest winners. April hatched birds $3.50 each. MRS. JAS. STEWART, Osgoode Sta., Ont. 43.6

WYANDOTTES

"White Wyandotte Cockerels and pullets". Cockerels $3. or 2 for $5. Pullets $2. John R. Argue, R.R. 2 Carp, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS

12 Pure Bred large white pekin ducks and drakes $3.. each: also 10, pure bred to lay, Bard, Rocks from high laying strain $3.00, each. John Ganett, Londesboro, Ont. 44.6

LIVESTOCK

DOGS

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LIVESTOCK (Cont'd)

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FARMERS' MARKETS

CANADIAN TRADE WITH THE BRITISH WEST INDIES

Study of recent statistics indicates that the effect of the treaty of 1925 between Canada and the British West Indies has been an immediate and reasonably large increase in the value of this trade,—an increase of $11,000,000, or about 33 per cent in three years. Canadian imports from the British West Indies during the twelve months ending July 30, 1928, amounted to $25,000,000 as compared months of 1925, and in 1928 exports amounted to $19,000,000 as compared with $15,000,000 in 1925.

While a superficial statement of this trade relationship may make it seem disproportionately favorable in promoting West Indian exports, closer analysis of the preferential tariff rates granted by the British West Indies and of the potential volume of their imports, would seem to indicate that Canadian exporters have not yet taken full advantage of the benefits of this treaty.

Re-adjustment in the channels of trade for basic commodities takes place at a more rapid rate than changes in the distribution of manufactured goods. So far as this trade consists of imports of sugar and molasses, and the export of flour, fish and lumber, the adaptation to the new conditions is well advanced. So far as this will consist of an increase in the Canadian exports of manufactured goods and an increase in imports of bananas, oranges and grapefruit, however, the expansion has been delayed by the lack of satisfactory transportation facilities and of marketing organizations which will popularize the products of the West Indies in Canada and the products of Canada in the British West Indies. Now that ships and refrigeration have been provided and harbor facilities improved, the next step is the organization of marketing. Representative men from the British West Indies have visited Canada to study Canadian methods of marketing fruits and vegetables. Banks, shipping companies and merchants have been consulted concerning the best form of marketing organization. Canadian produce dealers have been interviewed about best season for sales, details concerning packing and the necessity for the standardization of the quality of fruit and vegetables. Definite efforts are being made to secure the co-operation of exporters and producers throughout the British West Indies in creating an influential marketing organization. To be effective, this organization must be adequately financed so that it can also direct its efforts toward the popularization of West Indian products in Canada. The Canadian—West Indian League has used its influence throughout the islands to secure general recognition of the importance of Canada as a market for British West Indian products.

The Canadian—West Indian League, the Exports Club of Montreal and of Toronto and the Commercial Intelligence Service in Ottawa have co-operated in spreading information among Canadian manufacturers concerning the extent of the generous preferences which have been granted by the British West Indies. Numerous individual manufacturers have asked their bankers and the Canadian Commercial Intelligence Service to secure consumption statistics, tariff rates and other information designed to assist them in exporting to the West Indies. In each country there has been well organized effort to promote this trade and to foster the interest of those merchants and producers who will ultimately secure the greatest benefit from the provisions of the treaty.

For the Canadian manufacturer who wishes to sell in the West Indian market, a knowledge of the extent of the preference granted on his particular products is of prime importance. In British Guiana, the general tariff on boots and shoes amounts to 90 per cent ad valorem, but the duty on boots and shoes from Canada is only 30 per cent. In Barbadoes, the general tariff is 30 per cent and that on Canadian boots and shoes is only 10 per cent and in most of the other islands the general rate is 20 per cent as compared with 10 per cent on Canadian shoes. Yet, as late as 1926 the value of the shoes from the United States sold in the British West Indies was seven times as great as the value of the Canadian shoes sold in this market. Throughout most of the islands the preferential rate on Canadian flour is sufficient to give Canadian millers a monopoly. Canadian butter now dominates the market and the amount imported from the United States is rapidly decreasing.—The Royal Bank Monthly Letter.

BUREAU OF STATISTICS

Census Report Portrays Mechanism of Distribution in Canada

A report has just been issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics giving in detail the results of a postal census of Trading Establishments taken in 1924, the main figures of which were issued by the Bureau some time ago. The object of the census was to obtain a measurement of the mechanism of distribution in Canada. Statistics have long been available relating to population and, more recently, regarding the production of commodities. The mechanism, however, by which commodities have been distributed to the ultimate consumer, has in the past been subjected to but slight quantitative measurement. Information regarding this mechanism is of great economic and social importance and the present report represents a first step to meet an urgent need.

To bridge the gap between producers and consumers, or, in other words, to perform those services which finally place products of all kinds in the ultimate consumer's hands, requires a large amount of capital investment of more than a billion and a half dollars. Sales amounted to $1,600,000,000. Forty per cent of independent retail stores in cities of 50,000 population or over had sales of less than $10,000 and twenty-three per cent had sales of less than $6,000. A grouping of stores according to size of capital investment shows that 70 per cent of the retail establishments reporting, operated on an investment of under $10,000, while the same percentage of wholesale-retail stores extended into the $60,000 class and 70 per cent of wholesale stores reached into the $90,000 group. Apart from general and departmental stores, grocery establishments had the largest amount of capital invested. In retail establishments working capital was roughly twice fixed capital, in wholesale-retail establishments it was roughly 2¼ times, but in wholesale establishments working capital was nearly 4 times as great as fixed capital. Many other interesting facts about trading establishments are shown in the report.

POULTRY MARKETS

With further declines in fresh egg production storage eggs are now constituting the bulk of the trade in practically all centres outside of British Columbia and in some markets are being used almost entirely. The month of November is undoubtedly that of the shortest fresh egg production. In December fresh egg production from the pullets starts to increase in the East and more liberal shipments of fresh eggs will be available from British Columbia. This will, of course, then affect the use of storage eggs. It is now a pretty well defined principle in the trade that under normal conditions storage eggs, if at all possible, be moved out before the turn of the year and in fact the season for the use of storage eggs is becoming shorter each year.

While the movement of storage eggs has shown considerable improvement recently the market on this class is still very easy. Reports from the West indicate that stocks on hand there are heavier than last year, a situation which is due, no doubt, in some measure to the fact that there have been practically no shipments to the East. It is reported that a car of storage eggs was shipped from Swift Current to Toronto on consignment during the week.

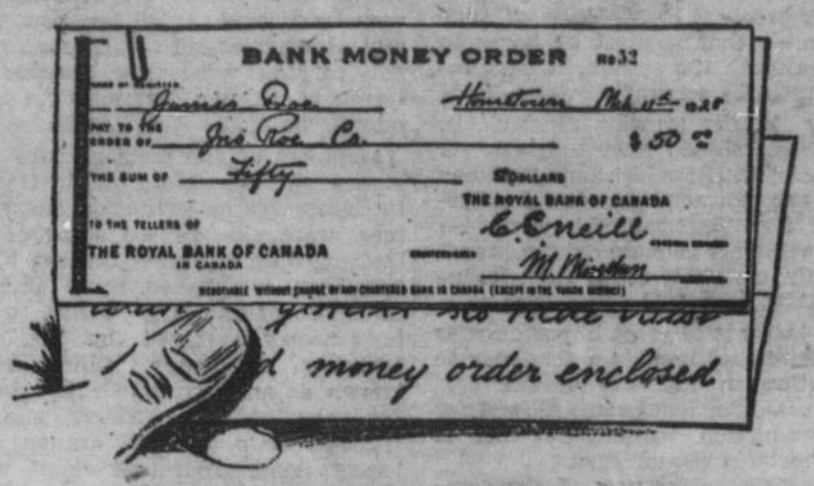
A bright feature of the situation is the increased movement of storage eggs for export. It is understood that there has been a fairly liberal movement in this direction and while the price obtainable, somewhat under 38 cents per dozen on ship board Montreal, does not show any great profit to the exporter, the movement is at least serving to take stocks off the Canadian market and to add strength to the situation locally. With the turn of the week the weather, especially in the East, is much colder and this will not only stimulate egg consumption but will further reduce the supplies of fresh and thus aid materially in the movement of storage eggs.

The American storage situation has been distinctly better this week. November futures sold in Chicago on the 22nd at 29 3-8 cents, but at the close of the week had advanced to 31¼ cents. Withdrawals from storage in the United States are more favorable and are, in fact, running ahead of last year.

The market on fresh eggs is distinctly firm. At both Toronto and Montreal dealers find it practically impossible to secure sufficient supplies of fresh eggs to meet the consumptive demand. Production in British Columbia continues light, but is increasing steadily and is expected to increase from now on. It is rather a peculiar situation that the majority of the cars leaving Vancouver now are going to Toronto, none having been reported at Montreal this week.

On the Prairies fresh egg production is at a very low ebb with only a few centres receiving anything like enough to meet their requirements. Prices do not show any material change. The situation in the Maritimes is distinctly firm with price advances general during the past week. Fresh receipts in that section are also light and storage eggs are moving into consumption freely.

The flush of the poultry season is approaching rapidly and receipts are increasing practically everywhere. In the Prairies carlots of live birds are commencing to arrive on the principal markets and killing and packing for storage is getting under way. It is understood that there has not been a great deal of packing for storage in the East yet as consumptive demand continues to take care of the bulk of receipts outside of those of poorer quality. Country shippers and producers at the present time cannot pay too much attention to the quality of the birds they market and should make a point of not sending birds to market until they are well grown and properly finished. The poor quality shipments not only bring poor prices but have a depressing influence on the market at a whole. With the season for interprovincial shipments not far off Montreal dealers state that trussed birds are not wanted on that market.



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