

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

Paying The Bill

"WHY not wipe out all war-debts entirely?" asked Mr. Will Thorne, British Labor M. P. during a discussion last week on the war debt to America. Paraphrased, Mr. Churchill's reply amounted to; "I would, if I could, but I can't." Mr. Thorne was, presumably, speaking to the world in general, which in these days is everywhere present. He could not but know that he had stated exactly the proposal of Great Britain which was flatly rejected by the United States. All round cancellation would be the wisest step to take. Every country concerned would have been far better off today, had it been taken ten years ago. All hope of this happy solution is frustrated by American refusal either to remit her vast war claims, or to recognize any connection between payment of Allied debts to her and Allied collection of reparations from Germany. As for the war debts of the Allies, cancellation is due in equity, as these were almost entirely contracted after the United States had declared war, by those who were in extremity fighting her battles, while she was getting ready and were all advanced in the shape of war supplies at egregious war prices. Under the reparations clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, Germany's debt was fixed at thirty-three billion dollars plus interest; something like the ten thousand talents of a debtor in Scripture. Hope that Germany would ever be able to pay off this colossal sum has long since been abandoned. Under the Dawes plan, Germany during the past five years has been called on to make annually increasing payments to the Allies; this year the maximum annuity of six million dollars becomes due for the first time. Germany, while professing ability to meet the demand this year, declares that she will be unable to continue these heavy annual payments over a period of years. Expert opinion bears out this view. But the Allied debt settlements call for payments to the United States for sixty-two years. Faced with the possibility of having to meet American demands, with Germany defaulting on part of her payments, the Allies are endeavoring to obtain a recognition of the interrelation of the two prodigious transactions. It is proposed to fix Germany's indebtedness at eight billion dollars. As security for the German debt the Allies now hold four billion dollars worth of bonds issued against German railways and industries. This will be used for reconstruction of war havoc in France and Belgium. For the remainder of the debt, the Allies propose to take four billion dollars more of German securities. Thus the Allies would have available four billion dollars worth of bonds for sale to investors all over the world and especially in America. Four

billion dollars represents the present cash value of the Allied debts of eleven billion dollars spread over a period of sixty-two years of repayment. The idea is that the United States should consider discounting the eleven billion due over sixty-two years of uncertainty and difficulty of collection for four billion dollars in immediate settle-

ment. Short of cancellation, the plan, which is being carefully studied by American experts would seem to be the best thing. It would be a timely concession on the part of the United States and the financial stability of Europe that would be the outcome could not fail to be beneficial to American industry.

respect those who labor with their hands, and entered into the life of the common people. . . . He is not the first English King to belong to the middle classes. George III. was entirely middle class. But he is the first English King to belong to the working classes by a bond of common experience. He moves among them not as a stranger from some starry social sphere, but as one to the manner born. He has reefed the sail and swabbed the deck and fed the fire. He has stood at the helm through the tempest and the night. He knows what it is to be grimy and perspiring, to have blistered hands and tired feet. In short, he knows what it is to be a working man. It is his unique merit as a king . . . a plain, direct, straight-speaking man, taking his office seriously, hating display and flummery, governed by a strong sense of duty, thoroughly obedient to the constitutional tradition of the monarchy, King George V. has the prospect of a long and happy association with his people The Vicar of Wakefield tells us that he 'chose his wife, as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine, glossy surface, but for such qualities as wear well.' We may say the same of the King. The surface is unpretentious, but the material is made for wear." The eighteen years which have elapsed since the picture was painted have served to bring out the colors of the portraiture.



EMPIRE AWAITS RECOVERY

Although physicians in attendance state there is no reason to believe King George will not have a complete and rapid recovery from the cold which has confined him to bed during the last few days, the British Empire continues to wait anxiously for further word.

King George

THE tense anxiety that thrills the whole empire as we write, over the King's illness—illness incurred in the performance of kingly duty bids us appraise our King. Not, perhaps, the greatest of our Kings—who can see greatness in one so unassuming, so simple, and so self-forgetful? Yet who among them all can so well face "that fierce light which beats upon a throne and blackens every blot"? He has not filled the pageant with stately pomp as his father was so well able to do—he who, as he once put it himself, was in the king business and was so perfectly adapted to the part. He has not stormed the hearts of the whole empire as his brisk and strenuous son has done. He has simply won them by his devotion, efficiency and love. Our statue to King Edward was appropriately majestic in coronation robes. Did we make one to our prince of today, it would need to be equestrian in wild career. A statue to King George would instinctively be in sailor garb with rounded shoulders, in unassuming pose, with sober face, but, if such could be put into bronze, a suggestion of a twinkle in the eye and a hint of kindly mirth somewhere about the mouth. He is a king in all respects adapted to his day who, while thrones have toppled and Kings are in exile, sits

firmly on a throne, embowered in an Empire's love—a throne more important than that of any other realm, as it is the only remaining visible link that holds a vast and varied commonwealth of nations together.

A Hard School

"THE governing fact about King George," says Gardiner, the great biographer, "is that he is a sailor. He was trained not for a throne, but for the quarter-deck of a battleship It was a hard school; but no king ever had a better. It brought him face to face with realities. He saw the meaning of duty and discipline, learned to

Darkness And Storm

THE political barometer was falling when George V. came to the throne. It was shortly after the coronation that Punch had a fine cartoon of the King in his naval uniform, steering a ship under a lowering sky. But no one knew of the succession of tempests through which the ship was to pass. There were constitutional crises, the Home Rule agitation and Ulster volunteering. Then came the terrific cyclone of the war, the shaking of the pillars of the world, and the tumbling of kingdoms and empires. King George's sons, like other mens' sons, were sharing the common danger. Those potentates were his own cousins who were with us and against us and vacillating in the war, and whose thrones all crashed. He was, in Frederic Harrison's phrase "our royal, loyal, indefatigable George," putting in long hours at official business, and with the Queen, taking an active and personal interest in everything that made for the security of the Kingdom and the safety of its people. So when the happy news of the Armistice came to London, the populace, with common impulse flocked to the doors of the King's home that they might rejoice with him over perils past and a brighter era dawning. But clouds gathered again. Peace had its perils no less profound than war. Chaos in Ireland, Indian agitation, social unrest, international suspicion and jealousy, these and many other like things have threatened the peace of the Empire and the world. Of the King's share in guiding the Empire, so far, through them, it is too soon to speak. Britain is a Constitutional country, the King only acts through his ministers, but there is little doubt that the King's wisdom, his moderation, his kindness, his ability to take the long and broad view of things and above political bias, have had an important part in post-war history.

Every Inch a King

THE seventy-second Psalm contains the Hebrew ideal of Kingship, a Kingship of service: "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth. . . . He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper. He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy. He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence and precious shall their blood be in his sight." The boy who, when he was going to sea, promised his mother to read from his Bible every day, the good man who still keeps to that good custom, has doubtless often pondered over the noble passage and has tried to exercise his high office in its spirit.

God Save The King

SO the other day when the news was flashed abroad that King George had suddenly been taken ill, thousands of his subjects in every quarter of the globe felt as if a personal friend had been stricken. Some, too, began asking themselves if the mainmast of the empire was giving way. Ten days or days or so before that they had heard of him standing with bared head by the Cenotaph in Whitehall. It was one of those bleak November days which London knows so well. The King of late years has been advised by his physicians to follow the example of so many of his subjects and spend his winters under mild, continental skies. But the English King loves England and those of his people who never saw the Riviera. His duty called him to the central place in the commemoration of the Empire's great sacrifice. The fact that in all probability it was here that he contracted his illness added to the sympathy and the anxiety of his people. Not in paean, but in prayer, today, rises the old refrain:

"God save the King."

The Coolidge Misadventure

PUNCH puts the British view of it suggestively by presenting the British Lion offering his congratulating paw smilingly to Mr. Hoover and expressing pleasure that he has not found it necessary "to twist my tail." Mr. Lloyd George also uses sarcasm. "President Coolidge does not approve of Europe, and, after his one and only oratorical outburst, Europe equally disapproves of President Coolidge. President Wilson had in Europe his admirers and his detractors, but President Coolidge is not even a debatable proposition. Europe feels herself reprimanded and threatened." With these cutting remarks, Mr. Lloyd George nevertheless finds a certain comfort in the President's way of putting things, as he is at present centring his own political campaign on condemnation of the Anglo-French negotiation and Mr. Coolidge's outburst at least proves his contention of the mischief that proceeding must work in the American mind. He adds that, without distinguishing between the two, Mr. Coolidge actually accused the British and French governments of having discouraged disarmament by their tentative offer, which "would limit the kinds of cruisers and submarines adapted to the use of the United States, but left without limit the kind adapted to their use." He admits that there is much justification for this view of the treaty which was offered the United States for approval. But where the President is astray is in failing to distinguish between the British government and the British people as proved by the abandonment of the tentative agreement as a result of a "well nigh unanimous outburst" of popular condemnation. "Mr. Coolidge's clearly manifested distrust of Great Britain is naturally deplored by every sensible Briton as likely to obscure for a time

the hitherto unclouded atmosphere of Anglo-American relations."

Mr. Lloyd George refuses to follow the president into detail except to accuse him of serious error in ignoring the great differences between the fighting strength of the cruisers permitted the two powers. The whole comparison is injurious. Both the Liberals and the Labor party, who, between them, include the great preponderance of the electorate, refuse to consider any clash between England and the United States as within the bounds of possibility. He castigates Mr. Coolidge's talk about securing peace by preparing for war. That is, indeed, the voice of effete Europe. "It is the very language of an older and discredited generation of the old world. The accent is European and not American." He finds, however, elsewhere in the speech that "while diving for platitudes into the past records of European statesmanship, he did not overlook altogether their failure in practice," and says "it is a long distance between a world that walks by force and a world that walks by faith." It is quite true as Mr. Coolidge says, and well illustrates, that "Europe and the United States are lacking in mutual understanding." He has certainly failed to better that understanding. "Today," says Mr. Lloyd George, "President Coolidge speaks as if Anglo-American relations suffered equally with Franco-American relations from an equal absence of both confidence and cordiality. It is lamentable indeed to think that such a change should have been produced by what, after all, was mainly on Great Britain's part in the nature of a grave tactical error, an error of which the particular British administration and not the British nation was the perpetrator."

Privilege At Bay

THE protectionist organ of Montreal has revealed a pronounced fear of an election coming on next year, which it declares to be premature. It has informed us since that the Conservative party is going to make its fight on the tariff. Of this there is evidence enough in the arousing zeal of the capitalistic press in the interest of protection. The idea is, that, given time enough, it will be possible to play enough upon personal interests and prejudices to get added protection under Conservative rule. The value the party attaches to protection as a winning card is not so much the popularity of protection in the country, which has a glimmering sense of being fooled by it, as the fact that it is the interest that can and will give the party unlimited supplies; and, even in free and virtuous Canada, it is money that makes the mare go. One would think, on reading the bickering in the tariff board meeting now going on at Ottawa that each concern's interests were, in its own judgment, those of the country. Fortunately for the unconsidered public those interests do not all pull together. The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company wants duties and drawbacks, including those on coke, done away with. The Alberta soft coal operators ask that present duties be retained, that a duty be placed on imported coke, that drawbacks be abolished, and that the dumping of American screenings be stopped. While the British Empire Steel Company, (Besco), is not content with tariff protection but asks for a fifty cent per ton bonus in addition, though willing to admit drawbacks on coal for certain purposes. The only company that admits frankly that it is seeking its own ends is the only one whose demands are for the general good, namely, the Crow's Nest Pass company, which is asking for the removal of the duties. For years it unprotestingly enjoyed a tariff protection which enabled it to sell its products in Canada at a higher price than was economically justified, all

the while exporting the greater part of its production to the United States where it successfully competed with American operators. Only when these duties were reciprocated by their principal market, and so checked its sales across the line, did it seek their abrogation which would automatically reopen the foreign market.

A Bonus on Inefficiency

BESCO, on the other hand, is loud in its protestations of unselfish devotion to the interests of the country. Not for itself does it ask for a bonus of fifty cents a ton on coal used for certain purposes, but for the sake of its thousands of employees who might, perhaps, lose their jobs. No consideration, however, is given to the hundreds of thousands who would suffer from the increased price of fuel and of goods that require coal for their production, or of the decreased buying power of the public because of the increased cost of living and taxation to meet the bonus. Mr. Ross H. McMaster, of the Steel Company of Canada, in opposing Besco's appeal, placed his finger on the weak point of Besco's argument, when he characterized the requested bonus as a bonus for inefficiency. The Witness has always maintained that public cossetting of industries acts as a premium on incompetency, and Mr. McMaster brings that very charge against the British Empire Steel Company when he asks if his taxes and those of others were to be "handed over as a cover for inefficiency." He indicated that in his opinion many of the difficulties of Besco were due to lack of modern methods.

"If I use modern electric blooming installations," queried Mr. McMaster, "and Sydney (Besco) continues to use steam blooming mills, are they to be paid a bounty for using wasteful equipment? I should not think so. If I am spending money at the rate of \$1,300,000 a year to improve my plant, are my improvements to be nullified by a Government subvention to a company which wastes large quantities of coal in steel production? If I put in electric locomotives to save fuel, is that to qualify my competitor for a rebate and not me? If I spend \$200,000 for gas holders to catch gas that is shot out of valves in the open hearth furnaces, am I to be penalized? If I install waste heat boilers and get more out of the coal consumed, and you have done nothing, are you to qualify for a bonus and not I?"

When a man of Mr. McMaster's standing accuses a competitor of inefficiency what is the public to conclude? That it is being taxed for it in the higher price of coal and in the higher price of manufactures that it takes coal to produce? Here is the virtue of the bonus over the protective duty; that it quickly evokes sharp protest if undue. As for the import duty, if one company has taken advantage of the tariff to grow lax in its administration, how are we to know that others do not do the same? No industry, just as no man, ever attains its maximum strength if shielded from all the blows of competition. The best interests of Canada are not served by babying our industries.

Is Discovery

Its Own Reward?

MEAGRE, indeed, are the financial rewards of the discoverer or pioneer in almost every sphere except commerce. Sir Ronald Ross is a world-famed British physician, whose discovery of the part played by the heretofore unsuspected mosquito in the dissemination of malaria revolutionized tropical medicine, and made possible among other things the prosecution of the Panama Canal—which the mosquito had defeated—and the establishment of the British Empire in West Africa, steadily increasing in importance in the production of the raw materials so necessary to modern industry. Yet this great pioneer, at the age of 71, has just been forced to

sell part of his library and collection of scientific records in order to pay the expense of living in a very modest apartment in London. The only public monetary reward that came his way for his tremendously important malaria studies was a Nobel Prize from Sweden. Successive British ministries turned a deaf ear to requests made on behalf of Sir Ronald for compensation for loss of professional income through studies designed to benefit mankind at large. Fortunes were made by enterprising exploiters of West Africa's natural resources, but there was nothing for the man who brought settlement and commercial development within the range of practical possibility. Even an appeal to the Royal Commission of Awards to Inventors failed of its purpose, the Commission refusing to admit medical discovery as being within its purview. Democracies are notoriously indifferent to the material welfare of men who pursue unremunerative studies for the general good. "Now there was found a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man." Dr. Saunders, the discoverer of Marquis wheat which has added millions of dollars to Canada's wealth receives a mere pittance of a pension from a "grateful country," which contrasts unfavorably with the fat profits made by speculators, who bought up large quantities of the seed at the first distribution and resold them to the clamoring farmers. The qualities that go to make an investigator of merit are not often those that aid in money making; which is all the more reason why the State should see to it that this invaluable work meets, not with adequate recompense; that would be impossible, but at least with decent recognition. In point of comfort a mere title is a liability more than an asset. Those are the greatest men who work for man and not for money. Even in cramped lives materially they have really the greater satisfaction and joy in life. But the sense of being understood and appreciated is worth much to every human soul, while the failure of it injures the soul of the community.

The Title Trade

LORD CASTLEROSSE has hit it. Why should an improvident youth like Lord Ennismore, heir to the Earl of Listowel, simply dump his title when it is of saleable value? There are those alive who remember when an officer in the army who had not enough money could sell his commission to some one who had. That was the rule in Wellington's great day, and yet he won battles, and put his forces through feats of heroic endurance. There would be far less risk to the nation in allowing lords whose estates have, through taxation, or prodigality, become a burden that they cannot bear, to sell, not only the property, but the title to one who could afford to wear it. Why, when these ruins are his ruins, and these ancestors' are his ancestors, should not the title be also an asset for the purchaser? There was a time under France, when he who bought the fief, or seigneurie, say, for instance, that of Longueuil, opposite Montreal, bought also the barony with it. That would be far less perilous to the state than making army rank a thing of purchase. In fact, in as far as acquiring the position is concerned, it is already the usage. Lord Castlerosse thus describes the process. "Everybody knows that a certain person expects a peerage. It has cost him more than £400,000, but not even half of that sum has gone into a party chest. The reason for this is that he understands his business, and when he is ennobled he wishes the public to acclaim him as a benefactor who is only receiving his just reward." There would need to be provision against flooding the market. The government might exact a sales tax

of thirty per cent. Lord Castlerosse says he values his title because it cost him many knocks and cuffs. It came to him when he was a naval cadet and was occasion for every one bigger than himself to give him a kick. He says the place where a title has its value is New York. The moral of his banter appears to be that the possession of a title now-a-days gives a man a sense of being kicked by every one who is bigger than himself.

Concerning Hypocrites

SOME one at Sherbrooke has expressed to us in red ink the curious idea that the Witness cannot make Canada a land to love if it should connect the name of Mr. Bennett or that of Mr. Meighen with a controversy of the day in which we differ with those statesmen diametrically as also, it would appear, with this critic who thus addresses us: "Why not cut out religion and come out frankly and state that you are publishing a page in the interest of the Liberal party. Let it go out that hypocrisy does not pay." This admonition comes from the headquarters of a protected interest. One answer to the question is that if we were to say that it would be a lie, as we have frequently and loudly deprecated the timid course of the Liberal party on that very question as on many others. Another answer might be that had the Witness been such an organ under facile organizers it could have enriched its publishers instead of costing them much money—that it has suffered enormously by not being in the organ business. Political parties can be profitably worked by clever journalists. It is not a new thing for a man who sees the public interest only in what profits himself, to see only hypocrisy in those who fight for the public at their own cost. If this Sherbrooke man had read the Witness, instead of flaming up when it touched his tender spot, he could not have missed the fact that it has unceasingly denounced the liquor selling of the Quebec Liberal government and opposed its policy on many points, as, for instance, on the St. Lawrence navigation; also, that it has continuously reproached the Liberal government at Ottawa for its subservience to the whiskey and beer interests. If, however, we are accused of being of Liberal views in political outlook, we have to plead guilty in so far as Liberalism means the rights of the plain man; in so far as it points toward the better Canada and toward the better world toward which we strive—that good time when not only will all Canada be working for the common interest of all in it, but when the nations of the world will cease pulling against each other, Hoover fashion, but each will co-operate with all for the benefit of all.

A Crime

IS there anything more diabolical in this world than the attempt to lead children into the way of ruin, as is being done by the sale of alcoholized candies? Yet, it is being done all over the city in what seem like altogether respectable shops, says a letter today signed "A Mother." And just think of paying children to bring back discarded beer bottles with instructions to drink them empty, all for the purpose of forming the taste, that shall maintain the demand. Such a heinous thing we hear of—also of fell results. Let us hope the story has grown from few facts. Certainly there is no exaggerating the blandishments which supposedly respectable newspapers carry into every house or those which confront school children in giant posters, which would not be imposed on the public if they had no results. Whatever is to be said about the personal use of drink, the person or concern that tempts children into drinking habits is the enemy of God and man. The spiritual outlook of one who does so

is that it would be better for him if a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea. And what is to be said of the government that puts no veto on such an open and apparent public harm as instilling the drink evil?

Rainbow Cities

A CHEMIST proudly announces a new building material, a by-product of coal waste, which can be produced cheaper than granite and has greatly superior structural qualities. It is chiefly delightful in its mission to relieve us of the dull grey of our cities, and supply, in place, the most brilliant and, as we understand, imperishable colors, chosen at will. What would our cities be like then? A walk through one would be as fussy as the clatter of jazz music from every shop door. Certainly color is a very important factor in architecture and possibly might be used more successfully than it is. We have it already in brick. Still common taste leans to the quieter stone. For charming color effects few better materials could be sought anywhere than the exquisite stone facings which have been appearing in residential quarters about Montreal. We must own to have often wondered what buildings will be like when they come to be built of nuggets of colored glass, gleaming within and without. It is to be admitted that pleasing effects have long been sought by means of colored glass in church windows. Art has done its best and the centuries have contributed quaintness. The most brilliant contrasts in colored marble were used by the Florentines in their monumental buildings. Those who built them were artists, and probably pleased in color as in form, which latter remains to us, while the time-tempered colors resent the discord of the patching slabs, the difference between the old black and the new black being much greater than the difference between the weathered black and white. There was a time when every farmer in Vermont painted his house, when every Gloucester fisherman painted his schooner in some raw blue, green or pink; but time is merciful to such vagaries. The Grand Turk or somebody had the venerable and matchless Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem streaked with flamboyant colors to greet the visit of the then Kaiser. Time must have greatly healed that wrong by now.

The Income Tax

A QUEBEC newspaper has discovered, or thinks it has, that the King government is preparing a surprise in the shape of abolishing the income tax to placate the country while it is dickering with Mr. Hoover about selling the St. Lawrence waterway to the States—that the government is planning to go to the country with this big plum and thus purchase through it a new lease of life. The very suggestion has started a cackle in the barnyard. The country is supposed to welcome the prospect exceedingly; whereas it would offer a serious cause of regret to the great majority of voters; of joy only to a few. Indeed, the great moral cry against the income tax is that it is class legislation, and hits but a small class at that. A dead set upon the income tax is normal whenever tariff changes loom on the horizon. It can always be counted on from those who have taxable incomes and, the bigger their incomes grow, the more they object to having them clipped, for income taxes have a way of hitting those who have money, and missing those who have not, and of coming proportionately heaviest on those who have most, so that those whose income has got into the hundred thousands bleed most profusely, even painfully, though neither these nor their successors will

lose any comfort by it. "See," they might say, "how in one's own hands it goes on multiplying and multiplying." To them it is as in the case of a certain hoarder of old. "They have taken away my gods and what have I more?" Do they reason consciously in that way? Not at all. But we have all sub-conscious impulses of which we take no account but it is these that rule us, nevertheless. What they say to themselves, no doubt, honestly enough, and to the country through their newspapers (you can always know these by this token) that it is bleeding the country to death.

Grounds of Complaint

WITHOUT entering on the land tax theory of Henry George, it is undeniable that, as between the country's principal means of revenue at present, the income-tax is by far the fairest. There are three grounds on which it is anathema to those on whom it falls. It is class legislation; it depletes the country's working capital; it takes the place of protection, by means of which the same class can prey upon the people. With these people its great moral vice is class legislation, that is, it takes money for the nation's needs from those who have it to spare and does not scrape it out of the comforts and needs of those who can just get along. Its economic vice is that it dries up the streams of capital that run the mills. It not only depletes the country's own capital resources but blocks the entrance of capital from abroad. Now there is no denying the force of this argument. The Montreal Gazette tells how it has availed to reduce the income tax burdens in the United States, a protectionist country with a capitalistic government. It does not tell how extraordinarily Great Britain prospered from the day that it abandoned protection and played changes on the income tax for its enormous revenues. But what hurts the capitalistic interests worst is that the income tax is an alternative for that system by which they are able to prosper at the expense of the people in the prices of what they have to buy—a tax which they think can be easily levied because it is not visibly tagged to the price of each article.

The Constitutional Difficulty

IN Canada the strong point against the income tax is, we fear, an unanswerable one, its unconstitutionality, direct taxation being a function of the provincial governments. It was only legitimate at Ottawa as a war measure and has only been perpetuated as necessitated by the continuance of war burdens. So that, its abrogation might fairly be hailed as a token of the nation's return to normality. What perturbs capital's faithful organ in Montreal is the suggestion that this rumor may imply an appeal to the country for which, it says, there is no need, and which would be altogether premature.

Class Legislation

IT is a regrettable incident in our constitution that our national government is required to finance itself by indirect taxation, which, inevitably, means collecting money from the people in proportion to their needs and not in proportion to their means. Burdening the poor and relieving the rich might be called class legislation quite as much as burdening the rich and relieving the poor. As for the reduction of the activities of the country, at which end is commercial anaemia most debilitating, the lessening of the stream that runs the mill or the reduction of demand for the bread? The difference between customs and excise and the income tax is not so great as it seems, as those who pay income tax manage to get it out of the people. Were it possible to use this form of taxation simply for the support of government

the inequality of it would not be so great, but the trouble about the indirect system is that it is generally managed so that the people are taxed not only by government for the nation's needs but by capital for its alleged needs, at all events, for its dividends.

In The Clearing House

WE have a tariff commission sitting day by day to consider how high or how low duties should be. That commission, whatever its abstract economic ideas may be, is necessarily a clearing house for the special interests, each one setting forth vehemently what it wants. True, there is always a voice for the million consumers. It has to be philanthropically supported in some way, seeing that the million, the supreme national interest, is inarticulate; for the most part, unconscious. The right of this voice to speak at all, as not representing any interest, was hotly disputed by the capitalistic interests, a singular confession of what or whom they regarded as being the country. Still, the country for which it speaks hardly hears this plea on its behalf amid the clamor of individual interests. The resultant of all these individual pulls is what a tariff is apt to be.

Burdening The Real Producer

AND so the body politic continues, like a bear, as they say, in winter, sucking its own thumbs for sustenance, or, rather, forcing productive industries to support losing ones, instead of encouraging those that are natural, upon which the country could live generously. Let government assistance be, as in the case of the coking process, by bonus. In that case the nation sees the money going out, and will naturally take strict account of it. It is those industries that gather in the people's earnings invisibly, in the price of the goods they have to buy, that are making the country so dear to live in. Of course, this is angrily denied. A Belgian in command of labor was once asked why the wage earners in his country were content to receive fifty cents a day in Belgium when they could get dollars in Canada. His ready answer was that they could live better in Belgium on fifty cents than on the big wages in Canada. Figures have probably changed in both countries since then, as money is worth less. But the proportions are, no doubt, much the same. Here is the secret of our immigration and our emigration. We are trying to get people here, still more, to keep them here, to support our unprofitable and, therefore, predatory industries, and it is more than we can do. People naturally drift toward the largest free trade area—the forty-eight free trading states.

A Great Reunion

THE various Presbyterian churches of Scotland have, after lengthened negotiations completed an agreement to unite, or rather reunite, and to solemnize their union next September. Only one of the three ever had "presbyterian" in its name. It was that one commonly known as the U. P.—United Presbyterian, and it had that name only for a generation or two. But all looked back to John Knox. The result of the coming union will be a national church in a different sense from what hitherto has been the Church of Scotland with its "glebes" and its "tields." A century ago there was but one Church of Scotland. It was really national in being for the most part the only church enjoying the full loyalty of the people as a whole. It has, till now, continued to be national in the sense of being by law established, being under the patronage of the sovereign, being in possession of the ancient churches and graveyards, and in being supported by tithes. In

the Eighteenth century, this church sank religiously into a "moderate" condition in some measure parallel to that of the Church of England before the Wesleys, the livings in the parish churches being in the gift of the local gentry or lairds, and being sometimes filled with small regard to piety. Scotland had, however, among its simplest people a keen sense, unknown in England, of what was "sound" in theology. It knew its Bible, and its Catechism. It was keen on the difference between the Covenant of Works and the Covenant of Grace; perhaps keener, than on living piety. That was a leaven, however, which could not but boil up, and sometimes, over, especially when some of those "presented" to parishes revealed not only an absence of evidence of "effectual calling," but were even of unworthy life.

Secessions

THERE was a revolt early in the last century of those who found not only all subservience to the state or to secular patronage unholy, but repudiated all ecclesiastical connection with the secular powers. Some went so far as to refuse civic office on account of the oath of allegiance it involved. When these groups united, it was under the name of the United Presbyterian Church. Later, when secular patronage became in some cases a scandal, there was another more conservative and more national secession from the state church, holding that the state was bound to support the church, but might not rule it. Forsaking all the privileges and emoluments of "The Establishment," this movement carried with it the larger part of the zeal and piety, alike of the clergy and of the nation, and the building of a new church in every parish formed a noted and strongly confirmatory act of sacrifice and heroism, and made the Free Church of Scotland at least as representative of Scotland as that from which it had come out, for the moral fibre of the nation was largely woven into it.

Reunions

THE differences between this large secession and the United Presbyterian was necessarily purely speculative, as neither could, or did, look for state support and the natural result of assimilation under like conditions was union in 1900 under the name of the United Free Church. This

General Bramwell Booth

THE world is gathered in sympathy and anxiety round the bedside of General Bramwell Booth, leader of the Salvation Army. The son of a famous father always occupies a difficult position, overshadowed by a great name, living under the fierce light of inevitable comparison. But Bramwell Booth has stood the ordeal well. He has proved himself a great man though his greatness possesses different elements from that of his father. Under his guidance the Army has grown in numbers, it has engaged in new experiments, it has developed new methods, and it has never slackened in its war against the world, the flesh and the devil. "Tete d'armée," "Head of the Army," murmured the dying Napoleon, but the dominating conscious and subconscious thought of Bramwell Booth, as of his predecessor, has ever been of the Army rather than of the Army's head. Or, indeed, the dominating thought has been of what the Army stood for and stands for, personal loyalty to Christ and devotion to derelict humanity.

The Salvation Army

IT is fifty years since the Salvation Army entered on the great war in which there is "no discharge." William Booth, when a boy of fifteen, had severed himself from the Church

united church is that which is now uniting with the ancient Church of Scotland, founded by John Knox, the latter having been by now practically released from secular servitude, and having become both spiritually and in polity not noticeably different from the one which unites all former secessions. All have practically come to the position taken by the first seceders, that the Church must be spiritually governed or, to use the jargon of the long controversy, that in rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's, the essential things of the church are entirely in the latter category. Twice in recent years have the leaders of the Established Church approached Parliament successfully to ask for the removal of what the other church regarded as bars to union; the first Act, passed in 1921, declared the spiritual freedom of the Church; the second, in 1925, ratified a financial arrangement between the Church and the heritors (or property owners) relating to the tithes (or tithes); both were directed towards the emergence of a church at once national and free—a glorious spiritual paradox—claiming no legal privilege above any other in the land. It is in some respects, perhaps, a new evolution to be watched with interest, that of a practically national church with no state connection.

Unassimilated

OF course in thus chronicling the happy reunion of the fragments of the national church of John Knox and assigning it a quasi-national character, we cannot forget that this Presbyterian Church is now—possibly for its great spiritual good,—far from having its old national monopoly of the field. Besides not only an extensive survival of the old Romanism, now being rapidly added to by immigration and by natural increase, but also a strong remnant of Anglicanism, chiefly among the gentry, there are now in active life bodies of Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, each of them representing an eruption of spiritual revival. There is also an undercurrent of anti-Calvinism represented in the popular mind by the poet Burns, and in religion by those commonly called Morisonians, Congregational in polity, but whose distinctive existence, depending on the emphasis once put on the doctrine of election, finds today less and less cause for separate being.

of England and had devoted himself to street preaching. With Wesley's zeal and Wesley's love for the poor and outcast, his natural affiliation was with Wesleyanism. But Wesleyanism had grown very respectable, and many leaders in the church looked askance at the young man with his ragged and bedraggled street corner crowds, his songs, and shouting, and penitent form. So William Booth tried Congregationalism, but Congregationalism was also in the full flower of Victorian culture and respectability and he tried the Methodist New Connexion. "But again, the fetters of restraint galled him," says A. G. Gardiner. "He was put on circuit work, instead of the revival work he passionately desired. The final emancipation came at the Liverpool Conference of the Connexion in 1861. Once more, despite his appeals, he was allocated to circuit work. 'Never!' said William Booth. 'Never!' echoed the voice of his wife from the gallery. And so, at thirty-two, without a penny of assured income, and with a wife and four young children to support, he faced the world, a free man." "The Christian Mission," was formally launched in 1865. Military characteristics marked its organization from the first, but it was not till thirteen years later that, under the name of the Salvation Army, it entered on its great

career of world wide conquest. As we know the conquest, like Wesley's and like that of Christianity, itself, was made not only in the face of rampant evil, and under persecution from "lewd-fellows of the baser sort"—but under the frown of the greater part of the Church-going and respectable part of the community.

"Christian Soldiers"

TWENTY years ago Gardiner wrote: "The world has seen nothing like this movement that in one brief generation has overspread the earth with a net work of social and regenerative agencies. You may question its permanence you may doubt its methods, but as an achievement . . . it is a miracle. It astonishes by its absolute independence of motive and origin. Loyola's Society of Jesus sprang organically out of the Roman Church, Wesley to the end regarded his movement as a movement within the Church. But the Salvation Army is unique. It has no relationship with any Church or any system. Like Topsy, 'it grewed.' It is an empire within the Empire. It is a system without a dogma and without an intellectual interpretation. It is, in fact, a revival movement, converted into an organism. . . . It is magnificent and—it is war. There is the key to the mystery. It is war. It is still the custom in some quarters to ridicule the military aspects of the army. . . . We sing 'Onward Christian Soldiers', but that is only a poetical simile, and the Christian army sits in comfortable pews outside the range of fire. General Booth conceived a literal warfare, his battleground the streets, his Army uniformed and disciplined, challenging the world with fierce war-cries, its principle, unquestioning obedience." It was, like the Society of Friends, a Church without a Creed, and without sacraments, but, like the Society, its creed was expressed in the sacramental lives of its members. In all the early struggles of the Army, Bramwell Booth was his father's right hand man and it was natural and fitting that the old General chose him as his successor.

War Service

THE Army for thirty-six years had pursued its mission of mercy and helpfulness, when with the rest of the world, it was plunged into the maelstrom of the Great War. It is remarkable that, while practically every other organization in that terrible time came in for drastic criticism, and many for round condemnation, every one had a good word for the Salvation Army and its devoted soldiers, men and women. The tempest blast of the war indeed, dissipated the last remains of that fog of prejudice which for so many years had hung over the Army's march. The once persecuted and vilified Army is now, indeed, an institution which everyone delights to honor. It was almost startling a few weeks ago in Montreal to see a big Salvation Army anniversary parade headed by a squad of the city's horse police and motor cycle police. In London, the other day, Salvation Army bands and floats representing the Salvation Army's social work were a notable feature of the Lord Mayor's procession. There are soldiers of the Salvation Army living in fashionable Metropolitan suburbs. The Army, in the eyes of the world is "respectable." But let us be thankful it is not so "respectable" as to have forgotten its work, its faith and its brotherliness. All the churches have learned much from the Salvation Army. The confidence evident these days that there is a cure for social evils and that social evils must be cured was to a great extent learned in the Army's school, and by contagion of its faith. The Salvation Army has made many conquests, but looking over the world, it still sees much land to be possessed. Everyone hopes that many years of

its future progress will be made under its present devoted leadership.

WHY PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH

By H. Campbell-Duncan

"I go to church for the good of my soul," said a business man. "It keeps alive in me a side of my being which gets little chance to function freely amid the hurly-burly of every-day life. If I should lose my faith and belief in things spiritual, I should also lose my desire to live, for life on a bare, materialistic plane with nothing but oblivion when the course is run, would not be worth the effort of living. No illusions about the value of liturgic formulae, at least they free the imagination and release the mind from the gruelling work of grappling with the business of week-day life. I know that I am the better for even a weekly contact with mystical things through the medium of the church; at least I feel refreshed and revived and life takes on new hope and color."

Here was a man who found in the forms and ceremonies, the symbols and services of church worship a means of satisfying, or at least ministering to his spiritual cravings. On the other hand, there are many who see in the simple, unaffected service a better way of keeping in harmony with the divine.

Let me take the views of a woman just as keen and shrewd in the transaction of business as the man I have quoted: "To me religion is a simple thing. I believe in plain dealing even in spiritual matters. I like a homey church. I like to have my friends about me and to know that we have met together for the same purpose and with similar impulses. I like to join my voice with theirs in prayer and in hymns, and I think I draw inspiration from the simplicity of our association.

"To me the church is God's house and in it I am his guest. I like, too, to know my pastor so well out of the pulpit that I can read between the lines of his sermons, and recognize the things in his heart which, perhaps, he cannot put into words. But I ask for nothing more of him than that he shall preach 'God is love,' and that Christ saves from sin.

SCOTLAND GETS HER FIRST WOMAN PREACHER

FOR the first time in history, so it is reported, a woman has been called to the pastorate of a church in Scotland. The lady is Miss Vera M. M. Findlay, a young graduate of Glasgow university, and the church is the Patrick Congregational church in Glasgow. Conservative Scotland, though not the most conservative ecclesiastical body in Scotland, has broken with an ancient tradition, put aside a taboo of long standing, and placed the matter of the qualifications for the ministry upon a common-sense, pragmatic basis instead of upon one of tradition. Presumably the church called this young woman to be its preacher and pastor because it judged that she could preach and perform the pastoral duties. What better test can there be? The church may be right or wrong in its judgment in this particular case. Churches often make mistakes even in calling a man preacher. But the opinion that a woman, because she is a woman, is ipso facto, unable to perform the duties of the office, is almost invariably the reflection of a concealed, if not openly avowed, conviction that women are barred from the ministry by some sort of divine permanent injunction. If such an injunction was ever issued against the sex by any apparently authoritative court we judged that the tribunal is without jurisdiction in the matter at the present time and that the injunction has been dissolved by the court of common sense. The only question which ought to be considered when a church contemplates calling a woman as its minister is: Can she, all things considered, do the work? The sex taboo has no more place in the ministry than in any other profession.—Christian Century.

See those two words LAST CHANCE on page 7.

Letters

IS THIS RIGHT?

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—A lady out walking with her little boy three years old, went into a small store and, as the child asked for candy, bought him ten cents worth of what seemed to be chocolate caramels.

The child took two or three candies. When they got home he complained a good deal of pain in his stomach. The mother, alarmed, wondered what was in the candy to hurt her child. Eating one, she found a distinctly alcoholic taste. Later, when her own mother came in, she asked her to taste one of these candies, saying nothing of her own findings. The mother, eating the caramel, exclaimed—"Why, this has rum in it!"

The young mother took the bag of candy and went back to the store. Indignantly she asked the woman there if she knew what was in those candies she had sold her for her little son. "Why, yes, of course," the woman answered, "those candies are very popular, not only with the little children but with men and women too. We sell lots of them."—And she went on to tell how carefully these candies are made with the very best ingredients and pure liquors of different sorts and she mentioned the names of three large firms that are manufacturing this candy.

These caramels were unlabelled by any alcoholic word. In other stores, small bottles labelled with the names of well advertised liquors are popularly priced for children at 15 cents.

And now, Mr. Editor, are we to submit to having our innocent children poisoned? A British scientist has proved, and it has been accepted by the scientific world, that "alcohol is a racial poison." We know it is the kind of poison that creates an appetite for itself. We have heard of other methods adopted by the trade to sow the seeds of the drinking habit in children. I have nothing to say about the individuals who, for the sake of their own material gain, are willing to seek to deteriorate the race in such insidious ways. But are we willing to have the next generation in Canada thus early trained to desire alcohol? Is it by such methods that the liquor traffic seeks to ensure its perpetuity? It has been said that there are few drunkards in Montreal. Are there many citizens who have not some personal anxiety on the score of some relative or friend?

A MOTHER

Montreal, Nov. 23.

HUNGERING SOULS

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir,—I have been watching your columns for some time in hopes of seeing an article such as was written in your issue of Nov. 14 on Christian Science.

This has been a subject of great interest to me for some years and the more I study it and find out its inner workings, the more repulsive it becomes to me. I have decided that it must be one of two things; either terribly wrong, or terribly misunderstood by the Christian people. However, we must bear in mind the words of Paul and cast out every root of bitterness against the personal, individual believers in Christian Science, as they are seeking after joy and peace, too—for we are told in Eph. 6:12; "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Is not this a great challenge to our preachers and churches today, to preach Christ and His saving power, for in the greater light, the lesser light shall become dim? I only wish that our preachers realized more clearly that their pews are being filled Sunday after Sunday with hungry seeking souls, and how often they go away without hearing the words of life. I shall never forget going to a service one Sunday evening here in our province, hoping to receive some help for the trying week, that I knew lay before me, and a young girl took

up the whole service hour, explaining the work of the C. G. I. T., and that in a voice that was not audible two rows from the front. I turned about depressed, thinking, perhaps, I was the only disappointed soul, when I encountered the eyes of a friend, which seemed to say what I felt—for after much persuading, she had prevailed on her men folk to attend the service with her; now they came for bread, and went home with a stone, and her chance for getting them to attend again was poor. People today want the truth and nothing but the truth will satisfy them. They do not go to church to be entertained, either with music or words, but want the Word of Life that giveth that peace which passeth all understanding and seems each time the old story of Jesus and his saving grace is told, the Spirit of God accompanies it and gives blessing untold to its listeners. I fully believe that if we Christian people lived up to Christ's teachings and our preachers taught the Bible and left material things out of their sermons, that Christian Science would not be increasing at the rapid rate that it is today, and people, instead of going to a material book, such as "Science and Health—" would take the Word of God and carefully and prayerfully study it and allow the Spirit of God to teach them in the way of peace. We know what the old religion has done for our forefathers, how it gave them strength to stand the hardships of life and a calm, quiet peace as they faced eternity, knowing that God's words and promises never fail.—John 3:16.

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One

There is life at this moment for thee. Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved.

Unto Him who was nailed on the tree.

Praise God, I believe, and His Spirit has come in and satisfies my longings for, by His stripes alone I am healed.

A CHRISTIAN READER.

Calgary, Alberta.

KEEPING THE SABBATH

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—In your note on the letter "Keeping the Sabbath," the wording is rather confusing, is it not?

Because James spoke particularly of the laws relating to human relationship, does that separate them from the rest of the law "according to the scriptures," as the royal law? But, he spoke of the laws, of the royal law, that referred to the human relationship, did he not?

Is not the attitude of the human relationship, the outcome of the heart? Then is the outcome of the heart greater than that which rules the heart? Christ said, the first and greatest was our attitude towards God, and the second, to love one another was like unto it, for it is the outcome, or fruits, of the first or greater. Without the Spirit of God in the heart it is impossible to love one another with that pure, holy, unselfish love, that Christ shewed, for love is of God. 1st John 4, 7. To love one another is the new commandment. 1st John 2, 8-10, also 1st John 4, 21. We can not love God if we do not keep His commandments. 1st John 2, 3-7, also 3, 4 and 5, 1-5. We can not love one another if we do not love God. 1st John 4, 7-8.

The Gentiles of the early Church, learned the moral law, from the books of Moses "read in the synagogues every sabbath day". Acts 15, 21 which is the old law given from the beginning. 1st John 2: 7.

We keep the law of the land, for law and order, as in the Lord, or as far as we can and please God, in fulfillment of the new law. Does that exempt us from the law of God, when it is the proof of the love of God that is in us, if we keep His commandments?

The question asked was why do we teach the fourth commandment as one of God's laws, when we deny it in practice and teaching.

M. McARTHUR

Murillo, Nov. 14.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the king's.—Saville.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE

To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—I see in the Witness of Nov. 7th that Mr. McArthur asks for some light on the problem of the Sabbath Day and its observance.

As this subject has been one much discussed, and one I have thought considerable upon it, it might not be amiss to give some of my conclusions in the matter.

In the first place, if there had never been any law, would the keeping or violation of the principles that underlie the Law have the same results among us? It seems to me that there is no difference. The results are just the same. Then it follows, that the real purpose of The Law was not to control by force, but that we might be guided safely in right paths and to right conclusions. And applies not only to the Sabbath but to every other purpose included.

Next, the Sabbath or The Lord's Day as we have it, is and ever has been for the very purpose of instruction along these lines when we are called upon to leave our personal pursuits. For the consideration of those things that concern us in our relationship to God and one another. So when we neglect or abuse this God-given privilege we do it to our own hurt. And fall to receive the instruction of life. That is more than a broken law. The results will work out their own punishment regardless of the facts whether any arm of the law is brought to bear or not.

The law may be a necessity to safeguard public interests, and is a function of civil government. But as we become enlightened as to the principles that underlie, and govern ourselves accordingly. The Law becomes a dead letter. Sometimes the letter of law has to be annulled in order that the higher law of love to God and man may be kept. It was this principle clearly understood that existed between God the Father and the Son that characterized the life of Christ. And often brought Him into conflict with the teachers of the Law. The same spirit (that is, the spirit of adoption) should govern every professed follower of Him. We then are become dead to The Law by the body of Christ. We no longer serve in the oldness of the letter, but in newness of spirit. Therefore are we no longer under the law but under grace. And serve in newness of spirit. It has its place as a lamp. But not as a force to the regenerate.

The unregenerate are still under the condemnation of the law and ever must be until born of the Spirit, and through faith in Christ, are adopted into the family of God. Then it follows that their life must bear evidence of the fact. To the Christian there is no other law than the law of life in Jesus Christ. So our present Sabbath or the Lord's Day is in harmony with the same principle. It has no other law. It would be impossible to regulate it by any other.

The only remedy there is to the condition that troubles Mr. McArthur and others where the members of any professed Christian church do not make an honest effort to live by that principle—is the exercise of an honest, kindly, Christian discipline. And the exercise of it is the bounden duty of every church of every name. Not to do so is to deny the Lordship of Christ over it. It is vain to preach righteousness and not follow hard after it.

This lack is wherein our churches are being shorn of their power. And the lack of the proper regard of our Lord's Day more than anything else must sap the very foundation of our religious life.

N. P. WHITMAN

Bridgeport, Conn. Nov. 19th 1928.

THE LORD'S DAY

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—In your issue of November 7, 1928, I saw a letter signed by M. McArthur asking why the Sabbath was changed. Now I would like to advise any who are interested in this question to send one dollar to the Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto and ask them to mail them the book "The Lord's Day from neither Catholic or Pagan", by Rev. D. M. Cauright. This

book gives a very clear explanation of this question.

Christ has told us very plainly it is the inner man or the heart, that is important, and if there is not love in the heart nothing will save us. If our hearts are full of love we will not deny that Christ's Blood alone can save, and we will not say that a man will be shut out from heaven because he rested one day instead of another.

I do hope that all who are in doubt will get this book as I know of several who have been helped by reading it.

A BIBLE STUDENT

Alta, Nov. 20.

THE REST OF GOD

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—I think if Mr. McArthur reads the eighth verse of the fourth chapter of Hebrews he will find who changed the Sabbath, that it was Jesus Himself, (probably after His resurrection,) Paul was speaking of the weekly Sabbath rest as can be seen by the fourth verse of the same chapter.

Polluting or not remembering to keep the Sabbath holy was one of the great sins of the Jews for which they were punished and scattered among all nations of the earth. If they had observed the Sabbath as commanded, then would not Jesus have spoken of another day?

It was customary for Paul to preach to the Jews in their Synagogues on the seventh day Sabbath, and endeavor to convince them that Jesus was the very Christ, but when the disciples met, it was on the first day Sabbath rest, they were also told to lay by them in store their collections upon the first day of the week as God had prospered them.

The Jews worshipped in their Synagogues, but the Christians were a Church.

I think we nowhere read of the disciples worshipping on the Jewish Sabbath.

Let us guard our Sabbath and keep it holy, lest we fall after the same example of unbelief.

—C. FERGUSON.

Tofield, Alta.

Note.—The difficult passage in Hebrews is not very relevant. Paul did not write it. It refers to ideas familiar to the Hebrews to whom it was written, but not to us. The "rest" referred to was originally the promised land and the Jesus in the eighth verse was Joshua (see Revised Version) who brought them into it. The passage reasons that as that was not rest when attained, it must prefigure a rest yet to come that would be real. The reference to God's rest on the Seventh day of creation is to bring in the fact that the rest now to be looked forward to is the rest of God.

NOAH'S ARK

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—In volume 1, chapter 13, of Dr. Cunningham Geikie's "Hours with the Bible" is the following statement:—

"At the time of the truce between the Spaniards and the Dutch, in 1609, there lived at Horn, in North Holland, a Mennonist, Peter Jansen, who took the notion that he would build a ship of the same proportions as Noah's Ark, only smaller; that is, 120 feet long, 20 feet broad, and 12 feet high. While it was building every one laughed at him; but, Dutchman-like, he kept sturdily on and found, in the end, that it justified his expectations; for, when launched, it proved to be able to bear a third more freight than other ships of the same measurement, required no more hands to manage it than they, and sailed far faster. The result was that the Dutch built many others like it, calling them Noah's Arks, and they only ceased to be used after the close of the truce, in 1621, because they could not carry cannon, and, thus, were not safe against privateers or pirates."

If the facts here given are true, then God has shown us His mind against war in the construction of ships.

JAMES TAYLOR.

Eganville, Ont.,
Nov. 8, '28.

See those two words LAST CHANCE on page 7.

A Splendid Vessel on a Splendid Adventure

The Northern Messenger Launch of the Harrington Hospital, Grenfell Medical Mission, Labrador.

"ONE of my first out-of-town calls came on a dark, foggy night in late June, shortly after my arrival at Harrington, two years ago," writes Donald G. Hodd, M.D., in charge of Harrington Hospital, Canadian Labrador, for Dr. Grenfell's Mission. "First experiences always stand out clearly in one's memory and perhaps that is why this one still leaves its imprint.

"We had to go, in an open boat, thirty miles in answer to a call from a woman who was seriously ill. I was put to watch the compass and keep a straight course, but after running for sufficient time so that we should have seen land or heard breakers, we still found ourselves nowhere near land. Apparently we had gotten off our course. After narrowly missing a few shoals we finally heard the welcome sound of breakers and made for harbor. That was the first leg of the journey. Daylight trickled through, the fog lifted, and we proceeded, making the thirty miles in seven hours. This is just to show how important it is for a Labrador doctor to be equipped with a staunch, comfortable boat in which to make calls.

"Already this summer we have travelled over a thousand miles in our new 'Northern Messenger III.' visiting the small villages along a three hundred mile coast. Every mile has been easy because this 'Northern Messenger' was built to stand rough weather and enter shallow harbors. The boat is of mongrel design. We took the good points of several boats and tried to combine them in one. She has a bow for heavy seas and fair speed; a wide beam and flat bottom for adequate accommodation and shallow water; an engine powerful enough, yet economical of gasoline; a stern that is fairly graceful, yet does not drag in the water. Such are a few of the good points of this new boat, and if you were here we could enumerate more and feel sure you would agree with us as you travelled this rocky shore in and out among a thousand islands and across windy bays.

"Just two days ago we returned home after a six hundred mile trip down the Canadian Labrador coast, across the Straits of Belle Isle and down the east coast of Newfound-



This picture shows the launching of the new Northern Messenger III.

land to St. Anthony. Most of this journey was undertaken in order to treat a splendid little girl who suffered from a very serious tumor of the bone. It was necessary that an X-ray be taken, and, in order to obtain it we had to go to St. Anthony. Fortunately we found on arrival there, in addition to the usual efficient staff, a surgeon who was ably qualified to treat this case. Unfortunately for the girl, the only means of saving her life was amputation of the leg at the knee. However, she is now well on the way to complete recovery, and will soon be quite fit again.

"You see the 'Northern Messenger III.' has many miles to travel and many patients to see. We hope that for a long time to come she will push

into our Canadian Labrador coves and carry the doctor to isolated harbors where many of Labrador's fisherfolk dwell."

Like the saga of some old Norse ship is the story of the Adventures of the NORTHERN MESSENGER III. as it follows its two predecessors in the thrilling paths of service mapped out by Sir Wilfred Grenfell and his spirited associates.

IT was many years ago that the readers of the Northern Messenger raised funds to supply a launch for summer and a komatik for winter use, of the Harrington station of Dr. Grenfell's Medical Mission. The launch was fittingly named the "Northern Messenger" and has done noble service along the coast. Two boats have been wrecked and the Northern Messenger III. is successor to a record of achievement. Repairs and maintenance have been financed by the readers of the Northern Messenger, the Witness, and World Wide. Glancing backward, one finds innumerable errands of mercy such as that described by Dr. Hodd.

Every reader of the Witness will be deeply interested in this boat maintained as it is by their contributions. Fuel to enable the auxiliary engine to drive the vessel into some harbor against contrary winds and through pounding seas, incidental repairs, all depend for their effective performance on them. You will, no doubt, want to do something to facilitate this work. All contributions are acknowledged in the I Care column of the Witness, Messenger and World Wide. All contributions should be made payable to John Dougall & Son, publishers, and plainly marked "For Dr. Grenfell Labrador Mission." Use money orders or postal notes to send remittances, as they can be traced, if lost in the mails. All contributions are acknowledged and paid over to the official treasurer. The publishers make no deduction for their services—your whole gift goes to the Grenfell Mission for the maintenance of the launch, etc.

withstanding. God is always just and never puts any obstacle in the way of right doing. By way of explanation, let me say that I believe that the Bible was first written for our instruction and with Divine sanction, but, since that first writing it has been manhandled many times and that has been done by men who were not endowed with power from on high (Luke 24:45), and they introduced many human errors, however, all is well that ends well. Jesus gave us a plan that will never fail us—read John 16:7-13 and many others.

F. M. DeFOREST.

Cavendish, Alta.,
Nov. 19, 1928.

USING NO ALCOHOL IN SACRAMENT SERVICE

Virtually all Protestant churches in the United States have abandoned use of wine in sacramental services and have substituted unfermented grape-juice, the Chicago Church Federation announced after a survey.

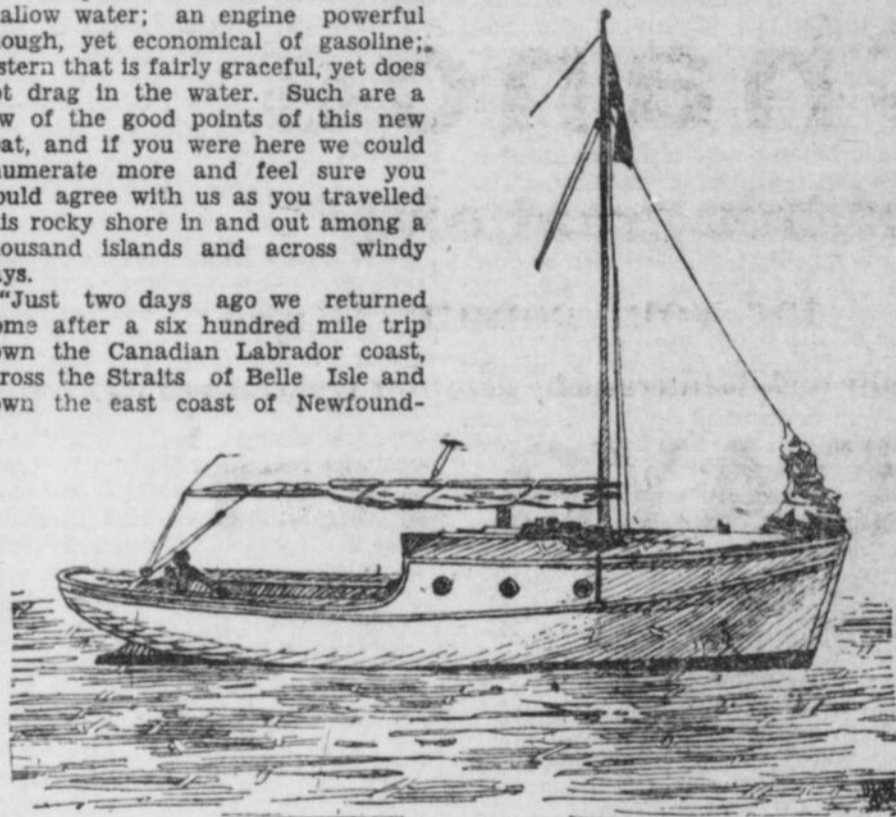
"As far as we are able to learn, not a single Protestant denomination of importance uses wine with alcoholic content in observing the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or in any other ceremonies," said Walter R. Mee, executive secretary of the Federation.

Immigration to Canada for the fiscal year to September, 1928, inclusive, amounted to 123,713, compared with 109,025 for the same six months a year ago, according to an official statement of the Department of Immigration and Colonization. Of the total, 77,440 belonged to the farming class and 11,366 to domestic service. The ratio of increase is 13 per cent. For the month of September immigration into Canada amounted to 11,663, compared with 9,061 in September a year ago. Canadians who had gone to the United States intending to remain there permanently, and who returned to Canada during September declaring their intention of remaining permanently in Canada, numbered 3,184. The total of such returning Canadians in the six months' period is 20,852.

The most ambitious program of port development to be proposed since the construction of the Ogden Point piers and breakwater at a cost of \$6,500,000, was enunciated at a recent meeting of the Victoria City Council by Alderman Liftchild, chairman of the industrial committee, in presenting the report of the committee. The report, which was adopted by the council, calls for the erection of the north breakwater, building of another pier, raising the height of the present piers by railway, acquisition by the Government of the Rithet piers and that a Dominion Government engineer be sent to Victoria to make a survey of the proposals.

Each reader who realizes the tendency of journalism to concentrate in the hands of a few cunning schemers will bestir himself to further the influence of the papers he believes to be most sincerely independent of selfish interest and most courageously devoted to the general welfare.

In view of the increasing interest in the farming of muskrats an article in the December issue of Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News on a new muskrat ranching venture on a large scale is of special note. In addition to this, the latest issue national sporting magazine carries its customary acceptable collection of hunting, fishing and outdoor yarns by well known authors.



Above is an artist's conception of our vessel made from an actual photograph.

AN EXPLANATION REQUESTED

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—Your brief note attached to your correspondent's letter from Belleville, Ont., arrests my attention. It would have been more correct if "Geo Perry" had asked "Is this Dispensation Getting Better?" This letter appeared in your issue of the 14th inst. In your added note do I understand you to mean that scripture has a local fulfillment and then becomes history? In other words, what do you mean when you say none of the texts quoted say the world is getting worse?

That the present dispensation, like all preceding ones, will end disastrously is, I believe plainly told us in scripture. But it is as explicitly told us that finally "Truth" will prevail.

PETER SIMPLE

Lucknow, Ont. Nov. 20, 1928.

NOTE:—We are constantly being told that the world must be getting worse because the Bible says so. We only said that none of the texts quoted as saying so does say so. The texts are: Tim. 4: 1. Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, taking heed to seducing spirits and doc-

trines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy etc. 2 Tim. 3: 1. This know that in the last days perilous times shall come, men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud blasphemers unthankful unholly trucebreakers. False accusers despisers of that which is good. Traitors, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. Having a form of Godliness but denying the power thereof 2 Tim. 3: 13. But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse deceiving and being deceived.

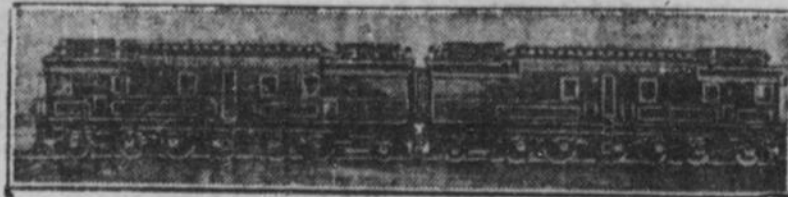
None of these says the world is getting worse.

BIBLE NOT INFALLIBLE

(To the Editor of the Witness)

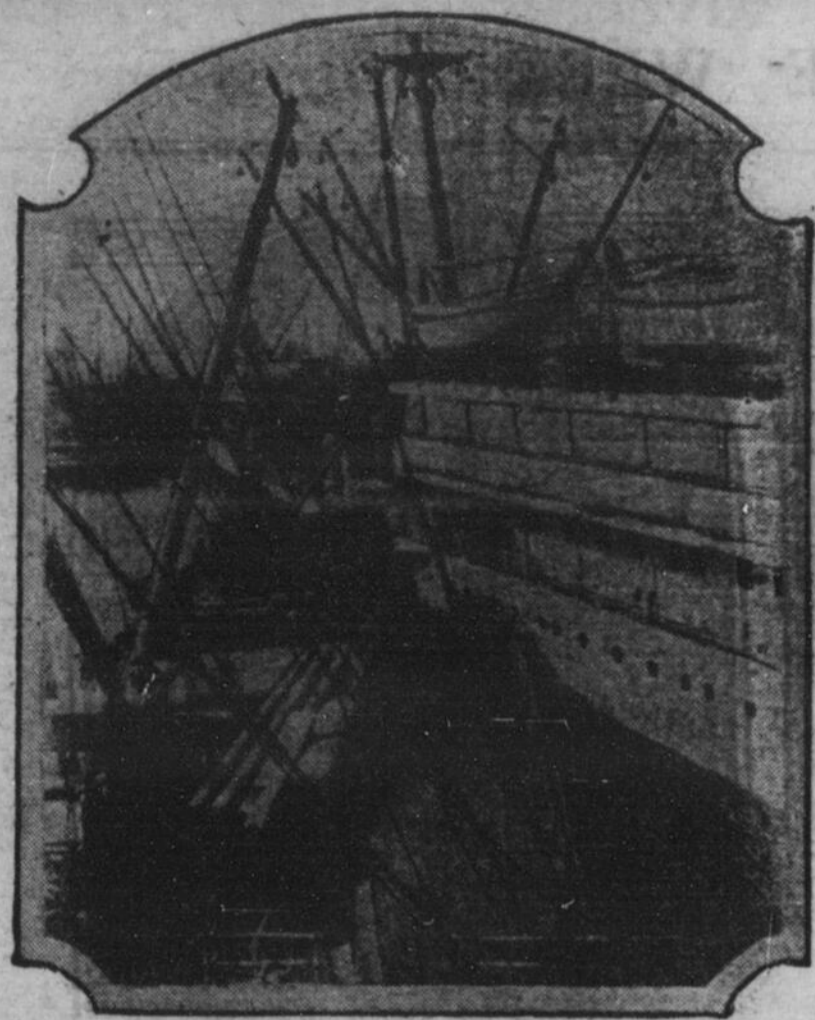
Sir:—During the last few weeks I have read several letters re the Virgin birth. It would please me to have you publish my version of the story. That Jesus left His heavenly home and the glory that was his before the world was, (see John 17:5-24), came to this earth, entered into the body of the virgin, was there clothed with flesh, and born in the natural way. To this, I invite criticism. for I may

be wrong—but, like the man from Missouri, I wish to be shown. One of your writers seemed to think that we should always take the Bible as it reads, but no thoughtful reader can do that. For instance, in Matt. 13:15 we read that because of our worldliness we allow satanic influences to creep in and our hearts because of that become hardened. Now read Isaiah 6:10. The verse quoted from that reads as if the Lord hardens our hearts; something that He never did or can do, the Pharaoh story not-



NEW DESIGN LOCOMOTIVE

The above photograph shows the new oil-electric locomotive, designed and built by the engineers of the Canadian National Railways at Kingston, which is expected to revolutionize the railroad industry. The locomotive has been designed to run in two units and will be used to haul crack passenger trains and fast freights between Toronto and Montreal in the near future.



VESTRIS IN COLLISION

The ABOVE exclusive photograph may prove of vast importance in the investigation of the sinking of the S.S. Vestris. Witnesses testified Nov. 16, 1928, that the Santa Luisa collided with the Vestris on Nov. 9, the day before it started on its last trip. This is a picture of that crash.

MANY NEW BRANCHES

The building of more than 330 miles of new branch lines, with 71 new stations and shipping points sums up in brief the construction program of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Western Canada during the past summer, according to D. C. Coleman, Vice-President, Western Lines. By this means hundreds of farmers had been brought much closer to transportation facilities, and thousands of acres of rich agricultural land had been made much more attractive from the settler's viewpoint. The construction program has gone forward rapidly, and as a consequence a considerable amount of this year's crop is being marketed over the new trackage, Mr. Coleman pointed out. A feature of the branch line construction was found in the rapidity with which settlement followed the laying of the steel. Country elevators to the number of approximately 300 were already built or in the course of construction, while in many cases towns were beginning to spring up around the newly erected station buildings.

During the first five-year period the consolidated pools of the three western provinces have marketed approximately 750,000,000 bushels of grain, coarse grains included, with a total turnover in money exceeding \$1,100,000,000. During that time the three pools have accumulated through elevator deductions and commercial reserves, which belong to the grower, over \$20,000,000.

Hemp growing is gradually assuming promising proportions in Western Canada. Double the acreage of 1927 has been devoted to hemp growing at this point and the yield is very good. The Manitoba Cordage Company

Limited reports an increasing demand for its products.

ALL RED AIR ROUTE

An all-red air route around the world is seen as a strong possibility in the near future by J. A. Wilson, controller of civil aviation, who recently returned from a sojourn of two months in the British Isles and Europe. "Enormous developments in inter-Empire communication may be expected within the next few years," Mr. Wilson said. "While efforts so far have been to some extent concentrated on flights to India and Africa, the eyes of British fliers are turning towards Canada." The R-100 and R-101 will shortly be ready for their trial trips and in the early spring would be ready for trans-Atlantic trips to Montreal. Mr. Wilson viewed both of the enormous dirigibles and discussed the contemplated flights with air officials in England.

One of the most arduous and continuous duties of a Canadian survey party in forested country is the cutting of the sky line. On either side of the line being surveyed, be it boundary or anything else, the timber is cut wide enough to give a clear opening to the sky of at least six feet. This means that the clearing is from ten to sixteen feet wide, or more, on the surface of the ground according to the nature of the timber. Where the line passes through muskeg covered with small stunted spruce, a party can average about two miles a day, but where heavy timber is encountered, half a mile a day may be a good day's work of ten hours. It is a curious fact that the easily cut line through muskeg will remain clear, perhaps, for 50 years

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CANADIAN AFFAIRS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

WORLD EVENTS

Order 70 Planes

New Machines To Be Used In Air Force And Civilian Operations

Orders for approximately 70 aeroplanes of all types will be awarded by the Government within the next few weeks, G. J. Desbarats, Deputy Minister of National Defence, announced Nov. 23. The cost will be more than \$400,000.

The new machines will be used in Royal Canadian Air Force and in civil government operations. In many cases present equipment has become obsolete, Mr. Desbarats said, and the rapid extension of flying activities has necessitated additions.

While the firms to which contracts are to be awarded have been practically decided on, no announcement will be made until the orders are actually given. It was stated, however, that the majority of the machines would be of the lighter type, carrying two passengers, and that such planes are mainly manufactured by British companies. Several seaplanes, flying boats and heavier land machines will also be purchased. There are only two companies manufacturing planes in Canada, and their output is very small, it was pointed out.

Few planes of a sort suitable for military operations will be among the contracts. Civil government operations, such as aerial photography for map-making purposes, forest fire patrols and grain dusting operations will require most of the new machines.

While the lighter type of machine is the one suitable for flying clubs, the Government appropriation for that purpose has been spent, Mr. Desbarats said. New appropriations for that purpose would no doubt be made at the forthcoming session of Parliament. Planes are donated to flying clubs free of costs under certain conditions in order to stimulate interest in aviation.

Adding together the total number of motor cars made for sale in Canada for the first 10 months this year to the number imported in the same term indicates that Canadians bought 195,213 cars since the first of the year. Of course the total actually bought would be greater or less in proportion to whether the number of new cars still unsold are greater or less than on January 1.

Pressure-cracking tests on Canadian crude shale oil and on bitumen from bituminous sands show that these raw materials are important reserve sources of motor fuel. Gasolene yields of 18 to 20 Imperial gallons per ton of shale retorted, and about 40 per cent by volume of the dehydrated bitumen are reported. Other products from these oil and bitumen raw materials are appreciable quantities of good value coke and uncondensed gas of high calorific value. The quality of the gasolene from the shale oil may be considered good and that from the bitumen exceptionally good.

Volcanic dust found in Saskatchewan and British Columbia is used for purposes similar to ground pumice, particularly in the manufacture of cleansers and scouring powders, and in some instances as a substitute for fuller's earth in the refining of hard oils and fats.

Greater interest is being taken this year by livestock men in the raising of sheep, and as a result, bidding on these animals at the recent Feeder Show Auction Sale was brisk and prices higher than last year.

During the quarter year ending September 30th American firms purchased 1,685,222 pounds of northern Alberta fish valued at \$193,918, as compared with 1,508,328 pounds during the same period of 1927.

The only locality at which lithium ores have been produced in Canada lies about 100 miles northeast of Winnipeg, Manitoba. The principal minerals found in this deposit are lepidolite, spodumene and montebrasire (a variety of amblygonite).



ROYAL WINTER FAIR OPENS

With thousands of visitors in attendance from widely separate points in Canada, the seventh annual Royal Winter Fair opened auspiciously at the Canadian National Exhibition grounds, Toronto, on Wednesday November 21. Picture No. 1 shows E. A. Mason of Agincourt, who paid the first admission; (2) first prize 'mums exhibited by Miller and Sons, attended by Miss Margaret Rodd of Charlottetown, P.E.I.; (3) Thistlewood Woodford, from Frakford, Kentucky, first entry from that section of the country. This animal weighs 2,425 pounds.

Storm Sweeps Europe

The recurring hurricanes which had been scourging the west coast of Europe with ruthless fury for four days had heaped up Monday night an appalling list of marine disasters which involved, perhaps, one hundred deaths and the loss of a score of vessels of substantial tonnages.

While the furious gale had considerably moderated in the English Channel and over the French and Spanish littorals, the storm still raged Monday night along the coasts of Belgium and the Netherlands.

The Belgian lowlands particularly suffered inundations as the sea was driven in by the raging winds, overflowing rivers and breaking down dykes to the great distress of densely-populated districts.

In England the lives lost ashore were no great number, but the property damage was great over wide areas. The shipping intelligence was full of reports of gallant rescues of mariners from angry seas, of abandoned or sunken ships, of unidentified derelicts whose crews may or may not have perished and of crippled crafts crawling perilously toward a safe anchorage.

The air was full of radio calls of distress from vessels in peril. Lifeboats and tugs were doing gallant service on all coasts and the total of those rescued from threatened ships was far greater than the losses.

In addition to the 29 known dead there were at least 20 missing with conflicting reports concerning the safety of a score more.

The entire crew of the Italian freighter Sagunto, also was feared to have been drowned off Holland. The number of men aboard her was not known.

While the gale was violent over the land, only six persons were reported killed in Great Britain. All the other deaths were at sea.

The gale later on Nov. 24 had temporarily abated in northern England allowing the resumption of shipping activity in the Mersey.

Each reader who realizes the tendency of journalism to concentrate in the hands of a few cunning schemers will bestir himself to further the influence of the papers he believes to be most sincerely independent of selfish interest and most courageously devoted to the general welfare.

After an exchange of defiance, the Bulgarian Government on Friday night dispatched troops of Petritch to attempt to capture Ivan Michaeloff, leader of the belligerent faction of the Macedonian Revolutionary Party. In view of Michaeloff's rejection of a Government ultimatum it is not expected that he will allow himself to be taken without bitter fighting.

Because seven Nationalists were suspended from the Ulster Parliament as an outcome of a disorderly session on November 22, the seven other members of the party walked out on Monday. Patrick O'Neill, as leader, announced that they would take no further part in the proceedings until their colleagues have been restored to full membership rights.

Churchill harbor is free of ice, according to a radio dispatch to the Department of Railways and Canals. Hudson Straits are also open and no ice is visible from Nottingham Island. Slop ice filled the harbor at Churchill at various times during the last few weeks, but has broken up rapidly and moved out.

If gold production in the United States continues to decline in the fairly steady way it has done since 1915, Canada with its yearly increasing production will in a very few years be the second largest gold-producing country in the world.

He who goes about mourning and saying, "It is too bad, but I can do nothing to remedy it," is a Pilate.

Author: "There is only one obstacle in my way to complete success."
Friend: "And what is that?"
Author: "About 200 editors."

Difficulties Face Commission

Return of Resources to Manitoba is Big Question

The financial conditions attending the surrender to Manitoba of its natural resources—and incidentally affecting other provinces similarly situated—are presenting difficulties and the Royal Commission which was to have started its inquiry on Nov. 26 did not do so. Counsel for the Federal Government were not ready and the Manitoba council apprised of the intended postponement, were not present.

Mr. MacMaster, representing the Dominion Govt. would have the matter postponed till January in order that he might prepare but the actual date will be fixed by the commission. The Dominion counsel want to know what the Manitoba Government wants. Professor Martin wrote a book on the subject which is instructive and there have been verbal exchanges but lawyers taking hold of the case claim that there is very little of a definite nature. Nevertheless, it seems that the province is claiming compensation for every acre of land sold during the Dominion's administration of the provincial resources and dating back to 1870. Whether the land was given in free homesteads to encourage population or otherwise, compensation is said to be demanded.

The approximate amount of milk required to supply dairy factories in Canada during 1926, based on the quantity of milk delivered and the equivalent in milk of the butter fat content of the cream delivered, was 7,118,940,782 pounds.

The Canadian production of salt, except for small exports, is sold in Canada principally to the dairy, meat-curing, fisheries, and chemical industries, and as table salt for household use. The market for salt in Canada is steadily increasing.



A P. E. I. EXHIBIT

The fox trading industry in Canada is well represented again at the Royal Winter Fair. An interesting exhibit shown for the first time this year is a Pale Silver adult male. It is photographed above in the care of Mrs Clifford Rogers of Prince Edward Island. The Rogerses have a ranch of 90 foxes.



CONSERVATIVE LEADER AT FAIR

Among the interested visitors at the live stock exhibit at the Royal Winter Fair Friday were the Hon. R. B. Bennett, leader of the national Conservative party, and his sister, Miss Mildred Bennett, who came to Toronto to attend the annual convention of the provincial party. Above are shown the Conservative leader and his sister standing beside one of the prize winning animals in Friday's judging.



FRESHMEN OF FOX BREEDERS

Peter G. Clark of Summerside, president of the Canadian Silver Fox Breeders' Association, left and Hon. J. Walter Lea, minister of agriculture for P.E.I., are in Toronto for the Royal Winter Fair, in which they will exhibit some 150 silver foxes. They are members of a party of forty exhibitors who have come to the fair from P.E.I.

Shaw on Business Men

Criticizes Their Great Admiration Of Trade

Business men's admiration for trade was criticized by George Bernard Shaw in a speech at Welwyn, Garden City, in aid of distressed miners. "A business man would not have been satisfied with Paradise, because there is no trade there." Shaw told his auditors. "But suppose Eve had sent an apple to Arabia in exchange for a pound of tea, the Arabians had sent it to Naples for a pound of macaroni and Neapolitans sent it to Spain for a pound of olive oil, and it came back to Eve in the shape of a lovely pair of silk stockings, then the business man would think Paradise wonderful.

"Trade isn't an advantage, it is a nuisance. But it is hard to get people to see this. I look forward to the day when there will be no trade in England. Particularly I wish to see the mines closed up—I won't say with the proprietors inside them."

"Why not," some auditor cried. "Because it is Sunday," Shaw answered. Though raising funds for the poor, Shaw said he was not an entirely disinterested friend of the poor. "If nobody were to do anything the Government would have to," he said. "Large numbers of people are on the brink of starvation, but it is difficult to get business people to think of them, because they are always thinking about

trade. If you tell them 5,000 people are without boots and shoes they take no notice, but if you tell them that export trade is down by £5,000 they think the country on the verge of ruin."

THE SHOT-GUN QUARANTINE APPLIED

A shot-gun quarantine to prevent the spread of smallpox, usually fatal to Indians and Eskimos, has been established in the region of the lower Yukon following the outbreak in Central Western Alaska, said Governor George A. Parks, Saturday, Nov. 24.

Persons in the area are weighing the chances of being marked by smallpox if they remain, against the certainty of being marked by bird shot if they attempt to leave.

A. J. Sutherland, Deputy Health Commissioner, is in Marshall, having gone there by airplane to enforce vaccination of all inhabitants. Five cases of the disease are known at Marshall, and more are reported at Mountain Village, 80 miles down river.

General William Bramwell Booth on Nov. 25 was reported to have had a quiet day after a restless night. It was said that his progress during the last week had been fairly satisfactory for his recovery from the neuritis from which he is suffering.



WORLD'S CHAMPION

It takes nine years to make a wheat king. That, at least, is the record of Herman Trelle, the international champion grower, who, with his charming wife, is shown in this photograph. Their home is at Wembley, Alta., and they have pioneered 300 miles away from the nearest railway. Mr. Trelle, who is only 33 years of age, entered the Peace River district 18 years ago, worked in his father's sawmill, studied at the University of Alberta, wooed and won his bride, who had come from Minnesota, and started growing grain. He says the pioneer life isn't "quite so murky" as some novelists would lead one to believe. "But when the west reaches a population which will enable it to control the east, as it must and will in time just as surely as the sun rises and sets, then we are going to have a problem which will make the racial mixture problem of the United States look like a simple equation," he says. Mr. and Mrs. Trelle are now attending the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto.

Clean Up Yard

Police Sergeant Faces Bribery Charge At Bow Street

Station Sergeant Goddard, of Vine street police station, who was dismissed from the Metropolitan Police Force several weeks ago, appeared in Bow Street Police Court on Nov. 26, charged with unlawfully and corruptly accepting a gift of \$300 for one Ribuffo, assistant-manager of a night club on Albemarle street in April, 1926. He was remanded, and bail was refused.

Defense counsel offered substantial bail, and declared Goddard for the past month had known prosecution was impending but had made no attempt to evade it. He was arrested at his home.

A police inspector testified that Goddard, when arrested, asserted he had a "perfect answer" to the charge.

The proceedings against Goddard come as a sensational incident in the campaign inaugurated by Lord Byng, new head of Scotland Yard, against night-clubs whose proprietors, mostly aliens, are asserted to be chiefly re-

sponsible for the cases of bribery that have been uncovered.

Soapstone was produced in Canada for the first time in 1922, the material being taken out in block form and consigned to kraft paper mills for furnace linings; this stone came from a deposit at Robertson, Quebec. Other deposits have since been opened up in the same district; and important developments are also reported from Vermillion bay, Lake of the Woods region, Ontario.

The principal function of the Geodetic Survey of Canada, which is a subdivision of the Surveys Bureau of the Department of the Interior, is to furnish latitude, longitude, and elevation data for all surveying and mapping operations in the Dominion.

The only known magnesite deposits of commercial value in eastern Canada are situated within a small area in Argenteuil county in Quebec. Hydro-magnesite occurs in fairly large deposits in several parts of British Columbia.

U. S. May Enter World Court

Coolidge Wants American Participation Before Expiry of Term.

If exchanges with foreign governments are not in progress already, the Coolidge Administration appears to be inclined to make another effort to bring the United States into membership of the League of Nations' Permanent Court of International Justice, otherwise and more commonly known as the World Court.

That was the impression carried away from the White House on Nov. 24, by fifteen Republican senators who had breakfast with the President and over their dishes of sausage, fried eggs and flannel cakes discussed with him the program of legislation and executive business for the coming session of Congress, which will last from December 3 until March 4 next year, the day Mr. Coolidge's presidential term comes to an end.

Those senators present, or some of them, learned that Mr. Coolidge was anxious to round out his presidential career by the ratification of the Kellogg Anti-War Treaty, the enactment of the Fifteen Cruiser Bill and an arrangement with the powers signatory to the World Court protocol by which the obstacle to American adherence to the protocol offered by the Senate's reservations would be overcome.

While the World Court phase was merely incidental to the White House breakfast-conference, it was apparent to certain of the Senatorial guests that bringing this Government into the court's membership was a matter dear to the President's heart. There was no disclosure to indicate that exchanges for overcoming the difficulty presented by the Senate reservation had been initiated, but knowledge of the President's manner of doing things gives color to a surmise that negotiations are already in progress.

A practical reason for this surmise is found in the act that with the ways of diplomacy traditionally slow, the little more than three months remaining of Mr. Coolidge's Presidential tenure will hardly afford time for the conclusion of an understanding with the Court's signatories. However several of the senators who took breakfast with the President were of the opinion that exchanges had not been begun.

The primary apparent purpose of the breakfast was the discussion of the Senate's program of business for the coming session, usually designated the short session. It appeared to be the general opinion of the senators who broke bread with the President that very little in the way of legislation and executive business could be accomplished in the brief period before Mr. Coolidge retired to private life.

But there seemed to be a widespread view that the Kellogg pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, to which most of the nations of the world are parties, could be ratified by the Senate while Mr. Coolidge remained in office.

A curious feature of the breakfast-table discussion of the legislative program was the omission of mention of farm relief legislation. The understanding prevails that it was not brought forward by any of those present, although several of the President's senatorial guests are deeply interested in disposing of this troublesome question within the shortest possible time.

Judging by the reaction of those present as indicated by their silence on the subject of agricultural remedial measures, it looks as if Mr. Hoover, as President, will be obliged to call the new Congress into extraordinary session next year in accordance with his public assurance that he would do so if the current Congress failed to pass remedial legislation.

MOND'S SETTLEMENT PLAN

A suggestion that Canada should make land grants and that Britain should finance settlement schemes on the instalment basis is made by Lord Melchett, formerly Sir Alfred Mond, who says he would like to see a really big migration movement started which would bring out at least people to Canada without undue hindrance.

"We should have an Empire scheme

for unemployment insurance," says Lord Melchett, "whereby its obligations could be transferred in some way, so as to remove the deterrent factor of imperial settlement."

He added that there was a huge growing market for coal in Canada which, if taken full advantage of, would give Wales and other areas in Britain a great fillip.

"THE WALL THAT CANADA BUILT"

(From the Brooklyn Eagle)

Nearly twenty years have passed since the Canadian Conservatives themselves killed a reciprocity scheme worked out by the Taft Administration and the Laurier Government. As matters stand, Canada now wants reciprocity more than it did then; and the United States wants it less. . . In other words, Canada made it own bed, in the matter of tariffs, and may have to repose in it for some time to come. Tariff proponents, there as elsewhere, failed to consider that conditions might change.

Increase for President

France Will Triple Allowance Of Doumergue

President Doumergue is to have his salary increased. Ever since he was installed in the Elysee Palace he has been living beyond his means. Though no fault of his own, the fall in value of the franc and the increased cost of living together have made it impossible for him to make ends meet.

The Chamber of Deputies on Nov. 23, adopted three articles in the budget, which increase the President's honorarium from 600,000 francs (\$24,000) to 1,800,000 francs (\$72,000). In addition his household and travelling allowance have been raised to 700,000 and 900,000 francs (\$28,000 and \$36,000), making a total of 3,600,000 francs (about \$144,000).

That allowance is still far below five times the pre-war allowance to the president of the Republic, although the franc has now only a fifth its pre-war value.

On his salary, the French President pays back to the State on the income as set on Nov. 23 no less than 1000,000 francs, so that his real income is only a million francs, of 140,000. His expense allowance is untaxed.



J. R. MacNicol, president of the Dominion Conservative Association, who is presiding over the provincial convention of the party at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto.

B. C. ACT INTRA VIRES

Supreme Court of Canada Upholds Decision

The Supreme Court of Canada on Nov. 26 upheld a judgment of the British Columbia Court of Appeals which found that the Land Settlement and Development Act of British Columbia was intra vires. The question arose on an action between F. W. Rattenbury and the Land Settlement Board of British Columbia.

Rattenbury was owner of 40,000 acres along the surveyed route of the G.T.P., in British Columbia, and carried on a colonization business. In 1917, the B.C. Land Settlement Board entered into negotiations with Rattenbury with a view to taking over his land.

The negotiations fell through. Rattenbury then claiming \$500,000 damages, alleging unlawful acts by the Board in clouding his registered title and imposing taxes against his land without statutory authority.

It is announced that the new act vesting in the Bank of England the sole right to issue legal tender notes in the United Kingdom, will become operative November 22.

This is preliminary to the issue of one-pound and ten-shilling notes by the bank to replace 285,000,000 treasury notes now in circulation. It is understood that the new pound notes will be green, and the ten-shilling notes red.

No New Alliances

Britain Denies That Anglo-Jap. Alliance in China Renewed

Categorical denial was given in British official circles on Nov. 23, to suggestions from Tokio that the Anglo-Japanese alliance has been or will be renewed in spirit or in letter and will immediately lead to closer co-operation in China. Britain's policy on China is definitely governed by the Washington territoriality conference and the British declaration of 1926. This country, it is declared, has always co-operated with other great powers in China and will continue to do so, but it is flatly denied that such co-operation will now evolve into a new working agreement with Japan or be restricted in any sense to her.

From authoritative information not strictly official sources, however, it is learned that Count Uchida did propose during his visit to London that Japanese and British policy in China should once more be as closely as possible united. It had been agreed at the Washington conference by the nine powers interested in China that they would not enter into any treaty or arrangement seeking special rights or privileges and would maintain full frank communication with each other. This attitude has been modified in practice, and what Count Uchida proposed was that Japan and Britain at least should return to it. The proposition was reciprocated on the British side, and, it is declared, was communicated to the United States and other powers. The understanding is said to be no way directed against China, but rather intended to check possible exploitation of difference between foreign powers by the Chinese Government. It is declared to be in no sense an exclusive understanding and to imply only that there should be a full, frank exchange of views between the two governments whenever either engaged in diplomatic negotiations with the Chinese Government.

Birkenhead Criticized

Labor attacks on the payment of a pension to Lord Birkenhead, former Secretary for India, were made in the British House of Commons on Nov. 23. Three days ago the Attorney-General announced it was expected Lord Birkenhead would shortly relinquish the pension of \$25,000 yearly on account of commercial emoluments.

Captain Wedgewood Benn (Labor, Aberdeen North) declared it was most undesirable that a man who had sat in a high judicial position (Lord Birkenhead is a former Lord Chancellor) should desert office to engage in commerce. He considered it detracted from the dignity and authority of the courts if a man intermingled the two functions.

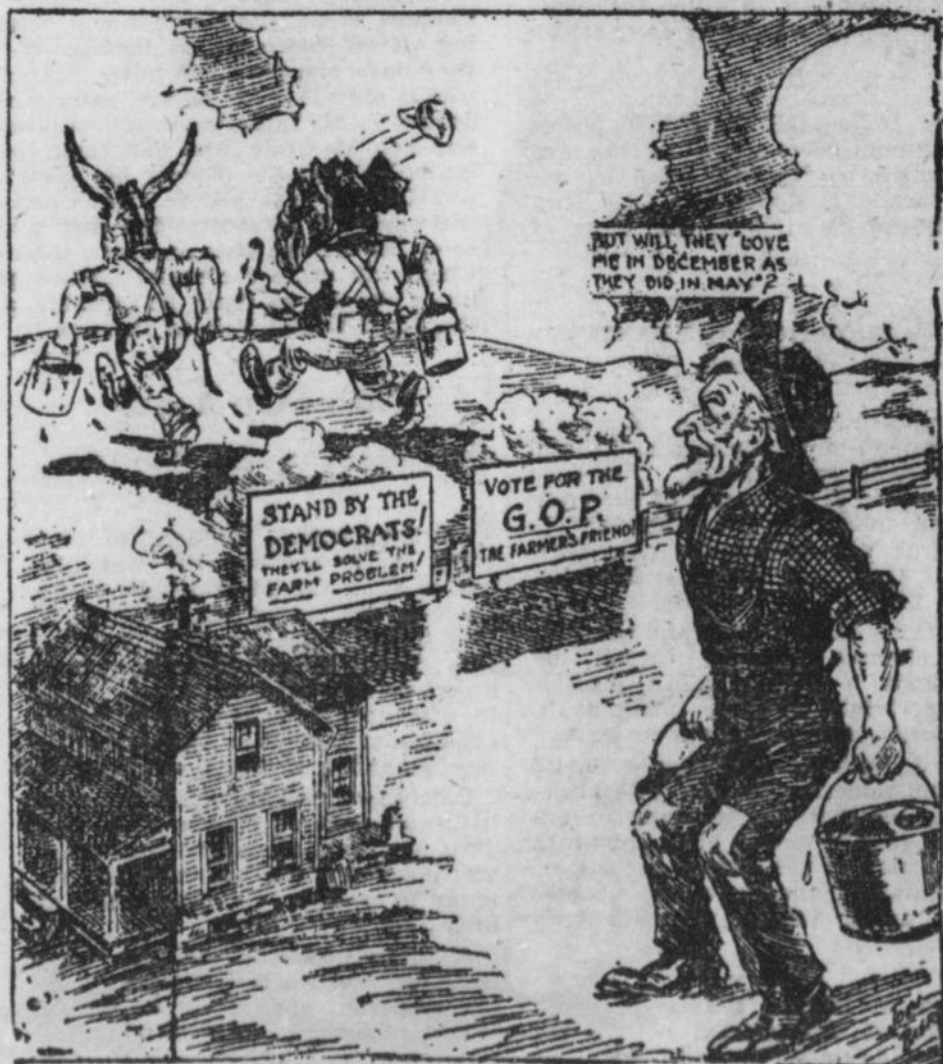
J. H. Hudson (Labor, Huddersfield) said: "We are confronted with the spectacle of an ex-appeal judge setting himself up for auction." He thought there should be no place in the Court of Appeal for such a man in the future.

Sir Thomas Inskip, Attorney-General, said, "When these events occur they make people think. But I must not be taken as criticizing Lord Birkenhead, who has taken a course to which I think he is perfectly entitled so far as constitutional practice is concerned." He believed that on the whole the best check on errors of judgment was public opinion, coupled with the high sense of duty which had always been observed by members of the Bench.

The House of Commons gave second reading to the Diplomatic Service Supersession Bill, giving to diplomats the same pensions as afforded the remainder of the civil service. Second reading was also given the bill adding two judges to the judicial committee of the Privy Council, and to the overseas bill which extends the guarantee scheme for two years.

See those two words LAST CHANCE on page 7.

Each reader who realizes the tendency of journalism to concentrate in the hands of a few cunning schemers will bestir himself to further the influence of the papers he believes to be most sincerely independent of selfish interest and most courageously devoted to the general welfare.



SPEAKING OF CAMPAIGN PLEDGES!

—Drawn for Labor by John M. Baer.

Want No Rum-Running Tips

(Toronto Globe)

In an interview at Regina, Hon. W. D. Euler stated that, on request from Washington, an exception has been made at Windsor to the rule which calls for prompt notification when shipments of liquor are cleared for American points. Under treaty arrangements Canadian Customs officials are required to give notice at once when a rum-boat is about to start for the American shore. This is usually done by telephone, and it has been carried out consistently.

The Minister did not explain why a change had been made on the Detroit frontier. It is an open secret, however, that some United States officials are not in sympathy with the prohibition law, and Detroit papers have stated that no attention was paid to the notifications given there. The Canadian authorities were not even thanked for their trouble; and rum-running continued to flourish. Now reports are made weekly in writing, and these, naturally, are of no assistance to the Preventive Service.

This indifference may or may not have been the cause of the change. It illustrates, at any event, one of the difficulties encountered in attempting to beat the bootlegger on the American side. The liquor goes from Canada in accordance with the provisions of the civil law—if not the moral law—but it is taken into the United States in defiance of all laws, and in some cases without conspicuous objection from those whose duty it is to see that it is kept out. It is for this reason that extraordinary efforts are necessary in fighting the rum crowd across the line.

Mr. Euler states that everything possible is being done to oblige the United States officials—everything except refuse clearance to vessels carrying liquor to United States ports, which is not possible under the laws. As these laws are made in Canada, the United States cannot amend them. The United States Government, however, can change its Customs officials if it wants to have its own laws enforced.

POLICE FIND HUGE STILL

Police in Manitoba seized what is believed to be one of the most modern liquor stills unearthed in the province. The still was located at Iles Des Chenes, near Winnipeg, and the officers arrested Archel Vanderkerhov, Joe Langseld and Camille Soen who were charged in police court with having in their possession a still for the manufacture of intoxicating liquors without a license.

With the still was found two big mash boilers of solid copper, a steam boiler weighing more than a ton, two tons of sugar and one and one half tons of coke. There were also 3,000 gallons of mash and 50 gallons of liquor. It is estimated that the still can turn out 100 gallons of liquor per day.

The plant was hidden in the bush.

May Frequent Blind Pigs

Latest decision of Montreal Courts is that frequenters may not be arrested without warrant.

In future, persons may frequent "blind-pigs" in Montreal without much fear of being arrested, as the result of a decision handed down on Friday by Chief Judge Perrault, declaring it to be illegal for a peace officer to arrest without a warrant persons found in an establishment where liquor is sold without a permit.

The judgment practically sounds the death knell of the law, passed at the last session of the Quebec Legislature, making it an offence for anybody to be found in a place where liquor is sold illegally. Officials of the Quebec Liquor Commission declared today that the judgment will be complied with until further instructions have been received from the Attorney-General in Quebec as to what action will be taken in the matter.

On the other hand, "speak-easies" promise to flourish once again, at least until the next sitting of the Quebec House, where the question will undoubtedly arise as to what should be done to give effect to the law which was enacted last winter.

Since last spring, the officers of the Quebec Liquor Commission have been repeatedly arresting all persons found, during a raid in "blind pigs." In future, only the operators of such establishments will be taken into custody, and the "frequenters" will, as formerly, be left unmolested, unless instructions to the contrary are received from Quebec.

DEFENDS PROHIBITION

Denial that prohibition "has degraded and debauched the youth of the country" was made by John Santoro, president of the Massachusetts Young People's Branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in an address on Nov. 14th., at a branch conference preceding the opening of the National W.C.T.U. convention in Tremont Temple, Boston.

"If prohibition has taught the young people to drink," he added, "then countries which have not prohibition ought not to have this prob-



CELEBRATES EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

On Saturday men of all political paths took cognizance of the eightieth birthday of Rt. Hon. William Stevens Fielding, former minister of finance, the maker of budgets and the father of the British preference. For many months now he has been confined to his room in his unassuming house in Charlotte St., Ottawa, weak in the body, but still keen of intellect.

lem to meet. Yet we find that such countries as Great Britain, and even our neighbor Canada, which has only recently changed to government dispensary form of prohibition, have this problem in a much more aggravated form."

Sues for Wages

Employee in Blind Pig asks for \$40 compensation for term in jail

Arrested and condemned to jail for one month on a charge of selling liquor. J. F. X. Bonin is claiming a sum of \$40 as wages during his term of confinement, in an action against his employer, A. Gendron, before Mr. Justice Boyer in the Superior Court today. The employe says that he was engaged in a club run by Gendron and was acting under instructions of the latter when he was arrested. He asks therefore that he is compensated for the time he spent in jail.

From November 28, 1927, to May 8, 1928 he worked for the club owner at wages of \$10 a week and his board and lodging, Bonin says. Of the amount of his wages, he claims that \$230 is owed to him by his employer.

Further, while working at his job he was arrested and condemned to jail for one month for selling liquor, the plaintiff further set forth. For the time he spent in jail, he asks that he be paid \$40, being his wages at \$10

a week, at the rate agreed on with his employer.

The defendant denies any liability for wages of any kind to the plaintiff and adds that the man was kept at his place and allowed to work for his board and lodgings. At no time was any wage of \$10 a week agreed upon, and the man could have left at any time, if he so desired. The case is proceeding.

It is usual in Montreal for the operators of blind pigs to pay their employees full wages while serving jail sentences.

Out of Politics

(Border Cities Star)

There will be general approval of the action of Sir Henry Drayton in ordering all employes of the Liquor Control Board of Ontario to refrain from participating in politics of any kind. In future no employe will be permitted to run for public office or even to take part in campaigns in behalf of someone else. A circular letter to this effect has already been sent out by the chairman.

"Our officials and employes have plenty of work to do without taking part in politics," Sir Henry says, "Positions held under the commission are all full time jobs. But aside from this, I want also to make certain that the whole administration of the Ontario Liquor Control Act is divorced from politics in any shape or form."

It is probable that there would be few instances where a man's position with the Control Board would effect his action as an alderman, councillor, school trustee, etc., but it is to guard against the possibility that the chairman has taken this action. That he is correct in his attitude is not to be doubted, and, as we have said, public opinion will undoubtedly support the move. It is highly improper that politics should play even the most remote part in any phase of the Liquor Control Board's activities or of any one of its employes, high or low. In St. Catherines an alderman of five years standing must retire by virtue of the new order, but reports from that city are to the effect that this man is not complaining. Nor should he nor any other person similarly affected. The order is made in the public interest.

It is appropriate to remark, at this time, that Sir Henry Drayton, in his handling of the Control Board, is showing a general breadth and wisdom of leadership quite in keeping with all that was expected of him when Premier Ferguson announced that the former minister of finance would assume the duties of this difficult post.

It is planned to commence work on the erection of the new hangar for the Moose Jaw Flying Club in Moose Jaw in the very near future. The city of Moose Jaw is contributing \$2,500.00 to the cost of the building.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL



Adventuring for the Kingdom

Royalty in Congoland

When we recall the cruelties practised on the blacks of the Belgian Congo rubber plantations some years ago—cruelties which were put a stop to largely through the efforts of Dr. Harry Guinness, father of Dr. Howard Guinness, now visiting Canada—it is pleasing to read of the recent visit of the Belgian King and Queen to the Congo Mission stations, and of the cordial reception accorded them at Leopoldville. In a newsletter from Upoto, Mrs. Davidson tells of the arrival of the royal party at that station, and says: "Their keen and kindly interest, graciously shown in all departments of our work, gave us to understand that they were heart and hand with us in the attempt to uplift our black brothers and sisters. Her Majesty has a very human interest in all that has to do with women and girls, and when she accepted from us a bouquet of flowers and a souvenir in the form of a piece of the girls' embroidery, our delight knew no bounds."

Friendly to Missions

"Their Majesties even visited the missionaries' humble homes, sat in our chairs, and talked in an unaffected, friendly way about most aspects of B.M.S. work in Congo. They then visited the dispensary, and asked about various tropical diseases, showing an acute grasp of all sides of life in their immense colony. They certainly appreciate what missions have been able to accomplish in the name of Christ in Congo. While all this was going on, our school boys and girls and a crowd of others were lined upon both sides of the road, and as the cars drove off, they all gave them a rousing send off with shouts of 'Vive le Roi, Vive la Reine'."

Seed-Time And Harvest on The Congo

A doctor, prevented at the last moment by a professional emergency from taking his place on the platform at the opening of the recent Congo Exhibition in Bristol, made reference in a letter of apology to the fact that his father was among the first Congo pioneers, and was afterwards killed in the Boxer rising in China. After expressing his sense of privilege at this personal connection with the Congo Mission, the writer indicated the joy that his father would have felt had he been spared to see the rich harvest that had resulted from the strivings and the sacrifices of the early years.

Sacrifice And A Call

The Missionary Herald (Baptist) says: "On the Congo, surely, as we remember the labors and the toils and the sacrifices of Grenfell and Comber and Bentley, and those others who have passed within the veil, to say nothing of those who still are with us, we could never think now of abandoning that work. It would not be true to say that all then would be failure, but it would be true to say that the harvest they had hoped for would not be gathered. Their sacrifice means that they were trusting us, and all the celebrations of these days will utterly fail unless there is a call to us and a response from us to carry on to fuller completion the work which they so gloriously began."

The New Day in Africa

Dr. Royal J. Dye of Bolenge, Belgian Congo, writes: "About a thousand miles up the Congo near the equator is a missionary station. There are many Sunday-Schools carried on by those missionaries and there are 500,000 natives in those Sunday-Schools. These great forces are beginning to change the dark heart of Africa into a new day. One boy told a friend of his, an old man, that he knew how to write to his teacher, and that he could make a piece of paper tell the teacher to give the old man what he wanted. The man told him to write that

he wanted an orange, so the boy wrote the message on the paper. The man would not touch the paper, but fastened it to the end of a bamboo cane, and carried it that way to the missionary. When he presented it to the missionary, and the missionary after reading the message gave the man an orange, the man was astonished and could hardly believe such a miracle had been wrought. The boy came to school again another year, and another year, and now is a teacher in his village."

Obedying Christ's Commission

On leaving Chefoo to open up work in the North-east of Kansu, where there are no missionaries or witnesses for Christ, Mr. L. R. and Mrs. Rist, of the China Inland Mission write: "We shall not see our children as often as we would have been able to had we gone to Shansi, we are having about twenty days of cart traveling from the end of the railroad. However, the needs of this district compared with the work we were going to do in Shansi are much greater, and moreover, we shall be doing the work which we originally came to China to do, and for which we are supported by Christian friends. Most likely we shall spend Christmas in Ningsia and, after that, decide where we shall make our

centre, and reside. We are trying to leave the past, and also the future, in God's hands and, in obedience to His will and Christ's commission, go forth to preach the Gospel to all creatures. The district we expect to settle in is thickly populated, and has a Moslem population as well as a Chinese one. We shall be near the Yellow River and the Gobi Desert. There is a Mohammedan rebellion going on now in Kansu and many thousands of Chinese and Mohammedans have been killed (according to the papers) in the district where we are going, and other places. We intend to go carefully and prayerfully ourselves and ask you to pray for us as we travel and begin this new work. Please remember our children also in your prayers."

The Emancipation of Manhood

After expressing "the earnest hope that the United States will ratify the general convention prepared by the League of Nations for the abolition of slavery and the prevention of forced labor in all parts of the world," the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of Churches goes on to say: "These ancient evils will never be overcome save by such frontal and determined attack upon them as can be made only by the united action of all the great nations through some such treaty as this. Carrying out in practice the ideals and principles embodied in this treaty will constitute a new high-water mark in the history of man's struggle for liberty and manhood."

God's Singers and Their Melodies

By Rev. Wm. Lawson, Vancouver.

SINCE "The morning stars sang together" at creation, God's world has been resonant with song. God's people have ever been a singing folk. The world still rings with the triumphant song of Miriam over the tyrant Pharaoh, who, with his horses, chariots and army "sank as lead in the mighty waters." "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." Listen to the song of Deborah and Israel when "The stars in their courses" fought for them to victory, as it floated over the vast plains of Esdraelon, and was echoed by the rocky sides and summits of grand old Tabor! Listen again to the long line of God's sweet singers, who charm our ears and delight our hearts with their volume of song of loftiest strain, purest thought and commanding power, expressive of every phase of human experience! Sorrow and joy, pain, pleasure; shade and sunshine; peace and battle, failure, and triumph, out of the personal experience of the singers, have blessed mankind through the ages. The Prophet-poet Isaiah was full of song in the darkest hour of his people's history and sang

heart into them when they most despaired. "My servants," he said, "shall sing for joy! The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for thee, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Their songs would continue to the end, when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads and sorrow and sighing shall flee away!"

The Angelic Choir

THE New Testament opened a new era of song by an angelic choir, a realization of every hope wrapped in prophet's and psalmist's songs. It was the music of eternity for which the world had—"waited long"—and which kissed the melodies of time with those of the hallelujah chorus of the skies.

Jesus Christ set His pain to music very likely—we do not know—by singing the psalms of Hillel, on his way to His passion, with which He and His disciples, as Jews, would be very familiar. Those psalms we know were and are still sung by the Jews at the Passover. No wonder the early Christians and martyrs were singers of the songs of Zion to the amazement of

their persecutors! The worst charge Pliny brought against them in the Roman Senate was that "They rose at early morn, to sing a hymn of praise to Christ as God."

It was well they could sing amid their sorrows and pain, in their so terrible sufferings from the most refined to the most vulgar torture, and death could not silence the bird in their hearts or their lips!

Songs in The Night

PRISON songs are not expected, especially at midnight, but listen! Whence come those songs? Surely they are too sweet to be born in that dark, damp cell at Phillipi, and in the darkness! Yes! They are from two of God's best men, witnesses of the Cross, cast into prison by their cruel persecutors. Illegally flogged, blood gushing from their backs, thrust into an "inner prison", Paul and Silas prayed. That was natural; but they did more—they "sang praises to God." Prisoners might wonder who could make a song in such a place and in chains, but it was no marvel to the singers, who knew God, Who "giveth songs in the night."

The melodies of God's people have never been hushed by men or devils, but down the centuries they rang, when Clement, Gregory, Theophanes, Stephen of Damascus, Hilary, Ambrose, Bede, St. Bernard, all proved the Word of God, "My servants shall sing for joy."

All great reformers have strengthened their hearts in the songs of the singers of God. See Cromwell leading his brave warriors to victory at Dunbar under the inspiring words of Psalm 68: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered!" See Luther strengthening his heart by martial psalms, by one of which he was inspired to sing "The Battle Song of The Reformation!" Wallace at his execution had his psalter hung before him, and it was the last object upon which he gazed with his closing eyes.

The Penitential Psalm

THE heart-psalm of the ages I call the 51st, the litany of the race—the spirit wall of the soul conscious of sin and in penitence seeking forgiveness. This psalm was read to Arnold in his dying moments at the stake. John Rogers recited its supporting words. The good Jeremy Taylor made it his constant prayer. The sad royal Lady Jane Grey was heard to repeat its cry for mercy as she ascended the scaffold, as was Sir Thomas More, as he laid his head on the block.

Augustine had written "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit," on the walls of the room where he lay sick. St. Bernard breathed this prayer to the last. It has been the favorite psalm of all I have seen die on the gallows; and of many murderers of whom I have read, reading it by the dim lamp of the cell.

That great hymn-song of the Reformation to which I have alluded I place here as a mighty inspiration to our times in our fights against the massed powers of evil:

The power of song has been displayed in all great modern revivals, from Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Caughey, Moody and Sankey, Chapman, Torrey and Alexander, Hugh Price Hughes, Thompson, Champness, to our own Hunter and Crossley triumphs in song and sermon, nor should I omit that mighty and self-consuming man of God, Billy Sunday and his army of singers.

Praise is inseparable from new-born souls into the kingdom of God. When song is absent the perpetual revival is absent, for they seem inseparable from joyous hearts in God. George Herbert was right when he sang: "A song may catch him whom a sermon files!"

The worldling asks for music of all kinds, because, according to his taste, it enchants him. So earnest souls ask music to capture wayward men, for the great Heart-Healer and Soother of the wounds of the sinner and enable him to rejoice in Christ as Saviour.

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;



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(Continued on Page 13)

Paul Goes To Rome

The International Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 9.

By Walter Albion Squires, D.D.

(Acts Chs. 27, 28; Rom. 1:8-15;
Phil. 1:12-14.)

I. Suggestions Concerning Lesson Goals. In these chapters the literary skill of Luke is clearly manifested. The narratives are intensely interesting, as interesting as Vergil's story of shipwreck in the first book of the Aeneid. It is a great advantage to the teacher to have interesting material for the consideration of the class. Such material makes it comparatively easy for the teacher to develop in pupils a keen sense of reality as regards the lesson narratives. The character of Paul ought to be not only better understood, but more real because of this lesson.

II. Lesson Topics And Teaching Points. The two chapters from the Acts which have been chosen for study in this lesson may be divided into topics as indicated in the following paragraphs.

(1) From Caesarea to Fair Havens. (Acts 27:1-8.) When it was finally decided by the authorities in Palestine that Paul should be sent to Italy, he was placed on a coasting vessel with other prisoners. A Roman centurion named Julius was in charge of the prisoners. Paul was accompanied by Aristarchus of Thessalonica and by Luke, his beloved physician and constant attendant. Roman centurions usually appear in a favorable light in the New Testament and this Julius was no exception to the rule. When the ship reached Sidon, a short way up the coast, the centurion allowed Paul to go on shore that he might visit his friends and refresh himself.

After sailing from Sidon, the party began to experience that rough weather and those adverse winds which were destined to bring them distress and disaster. Being unable to face the strong northwest winds, the ship sought the leeward side of the Island of Cyprus, and, skirting along these shores to the northeastward, it was able to round the eastern tip of the island and then to cross the more protected waters to the shores of Cilicia. By keeping close in-shore it worked its way westward to Myra in Lycia. Here the centurion found a ship bound for Italy and put his prisoners on board. Leaving Myra, the ship crept slowly along past Rhodes, but, after leaving the shelter of that island it came once more into the strong headwinds and was compelled to veer off southwestward and seek the shelter of the island of Crete. Under the shelter of this island the vessel reached a place called Fair Havens on the southern coast of Crete.

(2.) Caught in the Fury of Euraquilo. (Acts 27:9-26.) So slow had been the progress of the ship up to this time that the season was far advanced. The period of the year suitable for navigation was nearly ended. A conference was held on board the vessel. Paul was for remaining in Fair Havens until navigation should open up the following spring. The captain and the owner of the vessel thought they ought to go a little farther down the coast to a place called Phoenix, where there was a better harbor than the one at Fair Havens. The decision evidently rested with the centurion, since he was an officer in the army, and apparently had authority to take charge of the ship if occasion should warrant. The centurion decided against Paul, and the ship set sail from Fair Haven. The wind had changed to the south and was blowing softly, therefore the captain and sailors believed there would be time to reach Phoenix.

Hardly had they put out to sea, however, when there arose a fierce northeast wind called Euraquilo. Being unable to face this gale, the little ship was allowed to drift before it with close-reefed sails. Behind the ship a large boat was being towed, and, when the tempest arose, this boat became a menace to the ship. There is a small island named Cauda off the southern shore of Crete, and, drifting under the lee of this island, the ship became still enough to enable the sailors to get the boat on board. Then the sailors made ready for the desperate struggle which they

saw was before them. They were being driven into the open sea, and would soon feel the full power of the tempest. Luke says they "used helps under-girding the ship." What they did was to take a great cable and throwing a loop over the bow of the vessel they drew it back amidships. Repeating this operation they bound the vessel around and around with the great rope, as a boy might wrap a string about a piece of wood.

And so the little vessel was driven before the gale for many sunless days and many starless nights. As despair began to settle down on crew and passengers, Paul came forth with a message of cheer. He had been praying for the safety of his fellow-voyagers and God had revealed to him that no lives would be lost.

(3.) A Landfall at Midnight. Acts 27:27-44.) The ship was driven before the tempest for fourteen days, then at midnight, the sailors announced that they were drifting close to some shore. This was a serious situation, and efforts were made at once to learn whether the sailors were right in their suspicions. A sounding was made, and the depth was found to be twenty fathoms. Again they sounded, and found the depth of the sea to be fifteen fathoms. There was now no doubt about it—they were being driven on some coast. Casting out four anchors from the stern, they were able to stay the course of the vessel, and so they waited for the day.

The sailors were about to steal away in the boat in order to save themselves, but were detected in time by Paul. To prevent any further attempts of this kind, the soldiers at the command of the centurion cut the boat loose and allowed it to fall overboard.

In the morning the land became visible, and, noting a little bay, the sailors undertook to beach the ship, but it ran aground and began to break to pieces. Paul had come on board as a prisoner, but in this crisis he became almost the commander-in-chief. Under his direction, food had been prepared in the night, and now the passengers and crew were ready for

GOD'S SINGERS AND THEIR MELODIES

(Continued from Page 12)

His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal!

Did we in our strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right upon our side
The man of God's own choosing;
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle!

Lyric song seems to have had birth in the reformation, like evangelical song in the Wesleyan reformation and to both these our greatest singers owe their inspiration.

Suffering And Song

WHAT first quickened Luther's muse, it is said, was "the persecution which led to the death of two young Augustinian monks of Antwerp, July 1st, 1523, under an Edict from Charles V." It read thus: "As it appears that the aforesaid Martin Luther is not a man, but a devil, and clothed in the dress of a priest, the better to bring the human race to hell and damnation, therefore, all his converts shall be punished with death, and forfeiture of all their goods."

The first sufferers were Henry Vaes and John Hesch. Before the Inquisition they boldly replied to the minions of Charles who asked them to recant: "No! We will not recant, and we retract nothing. We will not deny the Word of God, but rather die for the faith!" When they approached the scaffold, they sang psalms. When the cruel faggots blazed around them, one of them said "I seem to be lying on a bed of roses," and the last sounds

the perilous attempt to get ashore. Those who could swim were directed to cast themselves first into the waters, then the others drifted in on planks and other pieces of wreckage. Thus they all got safe to shore.

(4.) Three Months on the Island of Malta. (Acts 28:1-10.) The island on which Paul and his companions landed was called Melita, the modern Malta. They spent the winter on the island, and before their sojourn was ended. Paul had won the esteem of well-nigh the whole population. When the company departed in the spring, the inhabitants of the island accompanied them to the ship, and gave them food for the journey.

(5.) The Completion of the Journey. (Acts 28:11-31.) After sailing from Malta the party reached Syracuse, on the island of Sicily, where the ship remained three days. The next stop was at Rhegium, on the extreme tip of the Italian peninsula. Winds now being favorable, the ship made good speed to Puteoli, not far from the city of Naples. Here Paul and his companions left the vessel, continuing their journey by land to Rome. The Christians of Rome had heard of Paul's approach, and had come as far as the Market of Appius to meet him.

Arrived in Rome, Paul called together the Jews and explained to them the Christian faith. Some believed, but others rejected the explanations of Paul, and thereafter Paul gave his efforts to work among the Gentiles of Rome. For two years while awaiting trial, he lived in his own hired house, being given every liberty, save that a Roman soldier kept guard over him continually. These were years of labor for Paul, and through his preaching the gospel message was carried throughout the world's capital, even to the place of the Caesars.

III. Suggestions as to Lesson Procedure. It is a good plan to use variety in the conduct of a lesson. Perhaps this lesson will be most effective, if the teacher so masters the story that she can relate it dramatically and accurately, pointing out on a wall map the route travelled by Paul on this memorable journey.

heard from the fiery pile were "We praise Thee, O God!"

Luther celebrated their death in a stirring hymn, which spread all through Germany, the Netherlands and the world, and kindled enthusiasm for the faith of the brave and noble sufferers:

"No! No! Their ashes shall not die,
But borne to every land
Where'er their sainted dust shall fall,
Uprising in a holy band!
Though Satan by his might may kill
And stop their mighty voice,
They triumph over him in death,
And still in Christ rejoice!"

Recognizing the power of this song, Luther wrote 36 more, twelve of them translations from the Latin, four renderings of old German songs, the rest purely original. These songs became imperishable paeans of victory to the reformers, and one, Hans Sachs, a shoemaker of Nuremberg laid the Reformation under tribute for a number of inspiring songs which enabled many to face death in any form without fear.

The Flame of Inspiration

AS the flame of holy song swept its way among the masses of Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France, Spain, Holland and England, the age became vocal with songs of praise. Glory was in the heart and praise on the lips of those who loved Christ, lived for Him and were ready to die for Him.

After a while came another Reformation, when many of the sweet-voiced were silenced by death, others crushed in exile or prison, whose life blood flowed out for Christ, but their waves of song passed into the lives of others, and appeared conspicuously under the Wesleys and their co-adjutors. Their songs of spiritual inspiration were born in the warm glow

of their Reformation, the fires of which swept England. Then followed Watts, Montgomery, Toplady, Cowper and Newton, who made the world ring with the evangelical note of their glad music.

Filled With The Spirit

CHRISTIANS need the songs of Zion to bless, cheer and inspire them on the rough roads, when the heart would sorrow, the feet flag and faith falter and they would "fall out by the way." Paul saw men merry with wine, and cautioned the Corinthians; "Be not drunken with wine, but be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." Fulness of the Spirit will make joyous the heart, and fill the life with praise and make us God's minstrels on earth, as we expect to be in heaven.

Songs express the experience of their singers, and we do not wonder at the songs of the early Christian and martyr Church. Note the martial blasts of the triumphant movement in Germany, as if written on a field of blood, amid deadly strife! The sublime compositions of so great masters as Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, have ministered to the progress of the Christian religion, and are a heritage beyond comparison as a means of quickening, sanctifying, and ennobling its saints. Somebody has credited General Booth of the Salvation Army with saying, "The devil should not have all the good music." According to other authority that belongs to John Wesley, when chided for the use of certain music. The Church for long had the greatest music set to her finest songs, for God did not make His people a singing people by chance but by foresight, knowing the power it would play on the human heart. Shakespeare was right: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," as proved by practical illustrations. When Rev. Mr. Scott was brought out to be killed by savages, he began to sing and play on a violin with his eyes heavenward. As he proceeded with the familiar hymn

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly."
those savages listened enthralled, and walked away, and afterwards became Christians.

I knew a man who was trying hard to be a sceptic, when he heard a little girl as he passed her window singing "I want to be an angel and with the angels stand, a crown upon my forehead and a harp within my hand." It transformed a village wastrel to a useful man.

The Word of Life

They that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name.—Mal. 3:16.

It came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.—Luke 24:15.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.—Matt. 18:20.

My fellow-laborers, whose names are in the book of life.—Phil. 4:3.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.—Col. 3:16.

Exhort one another daily, while it is called to day; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.—Heb. 3:13.

Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment: for by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.—Matt. 12:36,37.

Behold, it is written before me.—Is. 65:6.

WHY NOT

use a one-act play on your Christmas program.
"MONEY AND MUD"
4 men: 3 women. 35 minutes. . . . 50 cts.
J. R. PETERS, B.A.
London, E.R. 1. Canada.

MIND
BODY

BOYS' PAGE

SOUL
SERVICE

Pigeons as Pets

By Stewart Whitman.

I wonder how many of the readers of the "Boy's Page" of the "Witness" keep pigeons as pets. My brother Jimmie and I got four common pigeons in September 1926. Unless pigeons are taken when they are very young it is necessary to keep them shut up in their pen until they become acquainted with their new surroundings, otherwise they will return to their former home. I know of one family who released their pigeons as soon as they got them. Directly, the birds rose high into the air and circling wide in order to gain their bearings—headed for their former home, twelve miles distant. They arrived there shortly after.

We shut our pigeons up for three weeks. After this they were allowed out and they did not return to their former home; except for brief visits.

During the time they were penned up we fed them oats twice daily. Fresh water was also supplied regularly every day.

Pigeons delight in having a basin

of water in which to take a bath in cold weather. I have known them even on the coldest days to stand in the water up to their feathers.

If handled with patience they will in time become quite tame. We trained ours to come when called and perching on my shoulder they would eat from my hand. On other occasions I would sprinkle corn on my cap and here they would light and feed. Sometimes as many as three would perch on my head at once and eat off my cap.

Last summer, when the days grew warmer, the pigeons would fly away; often for days at a time. When they returned they usually brought with them a number of pigeons from another flock. They hatched off a number at home and these with the neighboring birds would total anywhere from fourteen to twenty-six. Given proper care and attention they multiply very rapidly, in which case they become pests instead of pets; especially to the neighbor's grain-fields.

referring to his forthcoming departure, for Bombay, where he had been appointed Governor. Continuing, Sir Frederick said "As I shall be going to India I thought I should not have anything to do with Boy Scouts for a while, but soon as my appointment was out, I was not allowed to forget the motto of the Boy Scout Movement—'Be Prepared.' Within six hours of the announcement of my appointment I had an enquiry from the Chief Scout, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, asking me what I intended to do about Boy Scouts in Bombay. A similar message came from Lady Baden-Powell to my wife with regard to the Girl Guides."

Of the Indian tribes living on reserves in Alberta today, Cree and Blackfoot have contributed largely to the place-names in the province. A few Beaver Indian names are met with. Stoney Indian names are on record, but few, if any, are in use. Iroquois, Sarcee, and Chipewyan names are unrepresented in the province though Chipewyan names occur farther north.

Our Competitions

THE NICEST THING I EVER SAW
A TEACHER DO

Dear Sir:—Last winter, in the month of December, a terrible blizzard swept Alberta. The snow heaped up high, overcoming many people. Our teacher made a pot of soup for the children so they wouldn't notice the time or be hungry. Then she played games and read stories to them to pass the time. Supper time came and there was nothing in the school to give the children to eat, so she read them stories till it grew too dark for her to read because the electric lights were cut off by the raging storm. Then some of the children grew sleepy; others started to cry for their mothers. The teacher told the children who were crying to go to sleep, and if their mothers came for them she would waken them. Very soon the whole class was asleep and the room became quiet.—E. Askew, Alta.

THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW
A GIRL DO

Dear Sir:—One day a girl brought her dinner to school in a paper bag. She put it in the cupboard. At recess we girls were talking over a hard lesson we had just finished. We had the habit of eating some of our dinner at recess, so this girl went to the cupboard to get some apples to eat. She put her hand into the bag and, instead of bringing up an apple in her hand, she brought up a big, fat mouse, eating a piece of her cheese. All of us girls screamed, but this girl laughed, and gave it another piece of cheese. She took the mouse home at noon and named it Trixie. Trixie is now happy and has all the cheese he wants without stealing it. The girl took it to the fair and got first prize. Buster, her pup, is jealous of Trixie, as she spends most of her spare time teaching Trixie all sorts of tricks.—Marcia Cummings, Que.

THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW
A BOY DO

Dear Sir:—The pupils of the senior

room try to see who can do the funniest thing during noon hour. One of the boys was an expert at this. His chief trick was to put one of his feet up around his neck.

One day, when he was amusing himself at his old trick, he managed to get his two feet up. After having some fun this way, he decided to get his feet to their right position. But, much to his surprise he could not move them. After a good while of rolling about the floor in this position, with a face as red as fire, one of his best friends, who was able to recover himself from laughing at the remarkably funny sight, untangled his feet for him.—Beulah Dickson, Ont.

LIMERICKS

A MISS TAKE

A young man who courted a twin,
Was treading on ice rather thin,
When he tried for a kiss
From the wrong little miss,
She landed him one on the chin.

—Robert Kirkwood, N. S.

KILKENNY CATS

There once were three cats in Kilkenny,
Each thought there were two cats too many.

So one caught a rat
And they had a big spat
And now 'stead of three there's not any.

—Mrs. W. S. Hill, Cal.

THE MAN ADDICTED TO ALE

A young man addicted to ale,
Grew so thin he resembled a rail,
His "Nancy" forsook him,
The urchins they took him
And labelled him, "Spare ribs for sale."

—Mrs. D. M. Hardy, Ont.

(Note:—We print below a few other entries eliminated in this week's judging.)



1 John Speirs, Ont., 2 Jessie Cousins, P.E.I. 3 Robertha Bennett, Ont.

THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW
A GIRL DO

Dear Sir:—When I first got my camera how proud I was to pose for a picture. But my pride came before a fall. I posed just so, and my sister, when turning the camera over to take the picture lengthways snapped the picture. But! When the picture arrived it was a lovely clear one of our chimney and part of the roof of our house.

—Beryl Greaves, Sask.

PRIZE
LETTER COMPETITION

"My funniest experience on returning to school".
"The funniest thing I ever saw a boy (or girl) do".
"The nicest thing I ever saw a teacher do".
For the best three letters on any one of the above choice of subjects the publishers will award to the writers whose letters are printed each week during the competition a Messenger push-pencil. In addition to the three pencils to be awarded weekly the three best stories published during the contest will be awarded prizes as follows:

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

Tell your friends about this competition.

READ THE RULES CAREFULLY

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

Tom Dick, Sunnydale, Sask.

MY FUNNIEST EXPERIENCE ON RETURNING
TO SCHOOL

Address your letter to:
Letter Competition Editor.

LIMERICK CONTEST

The publishers will award one of the fine Messenger push-pencils to the writer of each of the three best original limericks published each week. At the end of the contest a

CASH PRIZE OF \$5.00

will be given to the writer of the best one published during the contest.

The best entries will appear in both the Witness and the Messenger, thus bringing fame to their authors in a hundred thousand homes scattered all over the Dominion. Address your limericks to:
Limerick Contest Editor.

DRAWING CONTEST

A drawing competition for young people under 18 is being conducted by the publishers of the Witness and the Messenger. Pictures must be from life—such as a pet or a member of the family, preferably in action. A prize of a Messenger push-pencil will be awarded for each of the three best drawings printed each week. A further

CASH PRIZE OF \$5.00

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 in color cannot be used.

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

Trans-Jordan Agreement

The current stamps of Trans-Jordan, which bear the portrait of the Amir Abdullah, have been overprinted with an Arabic word "Dastour," meaning "Constitution." This has been done to celebrate the signing of the agreement between Great Britain and the Amir, and the enactment of the Organic Law setting forth the Constitution of the Trans-Jordan Government. The overprinting was done in Cairo in a somewhat limited edition, which has been quickly exhausted. Messrs. Whitfield, King, and Co. report that the quantity printed was in all 143,600, divided among eleven values says Fred J. Melville, in the London Daily Telegraph.

Collecting Postage-Due

Postage-due stamps are not so popular with collectors as ordinary postage stamps. The fact that they represent a fine or double tax on insufficiently paid mail may account in part for collectors' neglect of them, but the chief reason is that most countries are content with conventional numeral designs for this class of stamp. A novel exception is the new series printed at the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing for the Philippine Islands, in a pictorial design by a Filipino artist, A. Garcia. His theme is both appropriate and amusing, representing the postal clerk refusing to give up a letter until the fine has been paid. There are seven values, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, centavos, all in carmine.

It is easy to become "hard to get along with."

75 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS

From Holland, India, Italy, Japan, Czechoslovakia, Ukraine, Germany, Austria, England, France, Belgium, Hungary, Switzerland, etc., GIVEN to those sending 10c. (coin) and 2c. postage for illustrated album holding hundreds of stamps. Profit sharing certificates.

ARGONAUT STAMP COMPANY,
Dept. 31, New Canaan, Conn.

STAMP COLLECTORS

Write for a free sample copy of "The Canadian Philatelist" and Premium List.
CANADIAN PHILATELIST PUBLISHING CO.
Box 242, Toronto, Ontario

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

New Panama Silver anniversary issue, just out, stamps 20c. each.
First day covers \$1.00 each.
First day registered with block of 4 \$2.00 each.

EMILE MIZRAHI,
Colon, Panama, A.P.S. 9858

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

500 Different Stamps 1000 Hinges and Album that will hold 2500 stamps, with free packet, \$1.00. Scott's 1929 catalogue postpaid \$2.00. Weber, 1377 Park Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

Janet Little, Scotland.—We know of no poem entitled "Cuddle Doon," other than the two you mention.

"Interested" Ont.—Sorry we cannot give the information you ask for regarding the patenting of your brush. We believe the only way to find out if you can take out this patent is to make direct application to Mr. Thos. L. Richard, Patent and Copyright Office, Parliament Bldg., Ottawa.

Mrs. D. Hays, Man.—"Broken Ships" "Bryan Mitchell" are not yet available in book form.

E. W. Dempster, Man.—No, the stories you mention have not yet appeared in book form.

"An Old Subscriber," Ont.—Ans. 1.—Not without the consent of the widow and children. Ans. 2.—The executors should first get the consent in writing of all the beneficiaries under the will.

Lawrence Larcombe, Alta.—We believe about one of the best sources of information for you would be "The Growth of Canadian National Feeling," by Wallace—published by the Macmillan Publishing Co.—price around \$1.00.

REQUESTED POEMS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We wish to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following poems kindly sent in by readers:

"Brave John Maynard," Mrs. Chas. Mearing, Ont.; "When you and I were Young, Maggie," Mrs. Chas. Mearing Ont.; "The Graves of a Household," The Author; "The Young Mouse," A Friend, Ont.; "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Children's Hour," Eva Teeter, Ont.; "The Graves of a Household," D. D. Campbell, Manitoba; "When you and I were Young, Maggie," Mrs. E. E. Lowry, Que.; "Among My Souvenirs," Reader, Ont.; "Brave John Maynard," and "Them Oxen," Mrs. F. R. MacIntosh, N. S.

(Sent by Mrs. Margaret Haywood B. C.)

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as "The Children's Hour."

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-light,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

The almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And here will I keep you forever,
Yea, for ever and a day
Till the wall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away.

—Longfellow.

(For Henry Martin, Ont.)

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG MAGGIE

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below,
The creek and the creaking old mill,
Maggie,
As we used to long ago;
The green grove is gone from the hill,
Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie
Since you and I were young.

Chorus:—

And now we are aged and grey, Maggie,
And the trials of life nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone,
Maggie,
When you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young, and the gay and the best,
In polished-white mansions of stone,
Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest,
Is built where the birds used to play,
Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung;
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then,
My face is a well-written page, Maggie,
But time was alone was the pen,
They say we are aged and grey, Maggie,
As sprays from the white breakers flung,
But to me your as fair as you were,
Maggie,
When you and I were young.

(For Wm. I. McNair, Ont.)

BRAVE JOHN MAYNARD

'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
One bright midsummer day,
The gallant steamer, Ocean Queen
Swept proudly on her way—
Bright foams clustered on her deck,
Or, leaning o'er the side,
Watched carelessly the feathery foam
That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,
That smiling bends serene,
Could dream that danger awful, vast,
Impended o'er the scene—
Could dream that o'er an hour had sped
That frame of sturdy oak
Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves,
Blackened with fire and smoke.

A seaman sought the captain's side,
A moment whispered low;
The captain's swarthy face grew pale,
He hurried down below.
Alas, too late! Though quick and sharp,
And clear his orders came,
No human effort could avail
To quench the insidious flame.

The bad news quickly reached the deck,
It sped from lip to lip,
And ghastly faces everywhere
Looked from the doomed ship.
"Is there no hope—no chance of life?"
A hundred lips implore;
"But one," the captain made reply,
"To run the ship on shore."

A sailor whose heroic soul
That hour should yet reveal,
By name John Maynard, eastern born,
Stood calmly at the wheel.

"Head her south-east!" the captain
shouts.
Above the smothered roar,
"Head her south-east without delay!
Make for the nearest shore!"

No terror pales the helmsman's cheek
Or clouds his dauntless eye,
As in a sailor's measured tone
His voice responds, "Ay, ay!"
Three hundred souls, the steamer's freight,
Crowd forward wild with fear;
While at the stern the dreadful flames
Above the deck appear.

John Maynard watched the nearing flames,
But still steady hand,
He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly
He steered the ship to land.
"John Maynard, can you still hold out?"
Faintly reponds, "Ay, ay!"
A voice from out the stifling smoke
Faintly reponds, "Ay, ay!"

But half a mile! a hundred hands
Stretch eagerly to shore,
But half a mile! That distance speil,
Perils shall all be o'er.
But half a mile! Yet stay, the flames
No longer slowly creep,
But gather round the helmsman bold
With fierce impetuous sweep.

"John Maynard," with an anxious voice
The captain cries once more,
"Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
And we'll reach the shore!"
Through flame and smoke that dauntless
heart
Responded firmly, still
Unawed, though face to face with death,
"With God's good help I will!"

The flames approach with giant strides,
They scorch his hands and brow;
One arm disabled seeks his side,
Ah he is conquered now!
But no! his teeth are firmly set,
He crushes down the pain
His knee upon the stanchion pressed,
He guides the ship again.

One moment yet! One moment yet!
Brave heart, thy task is o'er!
The pebbles grate beneath her keel,
The steamer touches shore.
Three hundred grateful voices rise
In praise to God that He
Hath saved them from the fearful fire,
And from th' engulfing sea.

But where is he, that helmsman bold?
The captain saw him reel—
His nerveless hands released their task
He sunk beside the wheel.
The waves received his lifeless corpse,
Blackened with smoke and fire.
God rest him! Hero never had
A nobler funeral pyre!

(Requested by
Mrs. W. Scott Hill, California.)

LEST WE FORGET

God our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine;
Lord God of hosts; be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart,
Lord God of hosts; be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far called our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all the pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.
Lord God of hosts; be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law,
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts its trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard;
For frantic boast and foolish word
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.
—Rudyard Kipling.

(For F. P. Ontario)

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

Your eyes once told me a story;
I built my castles on air.
Life soon was dimmed of its glory,
I loved but you ceased to care.

Chorus:

There's nothing left for me,
Of days that used to be,
I live in memory,
Among my souvenirs,
Some letters tied with blue,
A photograph or two,
I see a rose from you,
Among my souvenirs,
A few more tokens rest
Within my treasure chest,
And though they do their best
To give me consolation,
I count them all a part,
And as the teardrops start,
I find a broken heart
Among my souvenirs.

You broke the news to me kindly,
I can't say, you were not fair.
Yet, just because I loved blindly,
I have the burden to bear.

ORIGINAL POETRY

SONNET

Where do perfection and completeness
dwell?
In man or nature or the searching mind?
Where is the voice which to the heart can
tell
The secret that the heart alone can find?
Poor is the soul that loves not its own
kind,
Or is unmoved at sight of lake or fell,
And he that loves not thought's reward
is blind,
Yet may but one be called perfectible?

He that to one alone of these gives place
Is closing out from him great throbbing
lore;
He leaves his heart small-visioned, small
in store,
He gives to men few gleams of heavenly
grace,
The sum of truth, perfection's glowing
shrine,
Is found by hearts open to every sign.

—By Alan H. Monk.

ON THE RONDEL

A rondel is a slender thing,
A dainty little flower,
A song made for a gnome to sing
Within his elfin bower.

Or for a lark on joyous wing,
Some early morning hour,
A rondel is a slender thing,
A dainty woodland flower.

I shall my love a rondel bring,
To bind him in my power,
For slightest songs oft clearest ring
With music's happy dower.
Then take, my love, this rondel thing,
The little woodland flower.
—Percy H. Wright.

Practically the whole of the Canadian abrasive garnet output up to the present has been obtained from a deposit situated some 18 miles east of Bancroft, Ontario.

DID YOU?

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

By J. S. Morrison and
Maud Morrison Stone

This Canada of Ours

THE FIRST SHIP BUILT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA



JOHAN MEARES AND WILLIAM DOUGLAS HAD BEEN CAPTAINS IN THE BRITISH NAVY. THEY HAD DETERMINED TO REAP A FORTUNE FROM THE NEW EL DORADO ON THE PACIFIC, SO HAD BUILT A PALISADED FORT AT NOOTKA.



THEY ALSO BUILT A LITTLE TRADING SCHOONER OF THIRTY TONS AND NAMED IT THE "NORTH-WEST AMERICA". THIS WAS THE FIRST SHIP BUILT ON BRITISH COLUMBIA'S COAST.



IT WAS LAUNCHED AMID THUNDER OF CANNON AND CLINKING OF GLASSES. THE DAY, SEPT. 19, WAS DECLARED A HOLIDAY—THE FIRST PUBLIC HOLIDAY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

MEARES HAD BOUGHT THE LAND AROUND NOOTKA SOUND FROM CHIEF MAQUINMA FOR A COUPLE OF PISTOLS AND A HANDFUL OF COPPER, NOT A HEAVY PRICE TO BE SURE, BUT ON THE STRENGTH OF IT, ALL VANCOUVER ISLAND BELONGS TO CANADA.

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME MAKERS

Once You've Said It

By Margaret Moore.

YEARS ago, I hesitated one day over an utterly unimportant decision. Would I go to the City or stay at home? I was an utterly unimportant young person and, so far as I knew, my going or staying meant nothing to anyone else. Then the person who made home, home for me, spoke quietly—"If you said you would go, better do it. Your going or staying may be of no importance but once you've said you would do a thing, some one else may make plans that hinge upon yours."

I went, as I had said I would, and so far as I remember it made no difference to anyone; but it did make a difference in my whole life. Since that day, never have I failed to carry through what I had stated as my intention, unless it was an impossibility. Many a time, having lightly said I would do something or not do it, I wished I had not been so hasty when I found myself shut out of some pleasure but I think I never, knowingly, broke my word. Only, as the years went on I grew careful not to lightly state what I meant to do, for "once it was said", it must be carried out.

Perhaps it grew to be a rather stupid habit, but as the years have passed it has seemed to me one of the things that have simplified life for me and those with whom I came in contact. Over and over, I have found the machinery of life complicated by the opposite habit. One bumps up against it on all sorts of places. A workman says, "Why, yes", he can, "come round tomorrow and do that job." You arrange to be in and he does not come but turns up the next day when you have had to go out. A woman hears of the church fair and you have waited until noon, turns up, offers to take a table and then, at the last moment, finds she "really cannot manage it". A friend is "going shopping that day too, why can't we meet at ten—in so and so's and go to such a store together"—and, when saying she "found such a bargain, really could not pass it by, so sorry to be late, etc."

A BUSINESS associate undertakes to see to certain ends of the business, and then gets interested in other things and, without telling you, drops the work you understand he is carrying on.

The daughter remarks that she will be home for the evening and, meeting a friend, goes with her to dinner, turns up at 11 p.m. or later and "can't see why Mother worries" when she "was perfectly all right at Mary's."

Son says he is "going over to Jack's"

LIVING TOGETHER

"Unless the world learns the art of living together, it is not to get anywhere either in its thinking or in its doing. We have learned the art of fighting together, either along with each other or against each other, and we have learned the art of dying together. But the art of living together is much more difficult. We have not yet learned that art, but we must, or there is no possibility of the world's reaching any goal whatsoever. Where there is the will to dominate on the part of the individual or the nation, it is impossible for people to live together in the right way. Similarly, there is the spirit of self-determination, than which there is no more destructive agent. When each people or nation takes unto itself the power to live as an isolated self-determined unit—in that way lies madness: it is but the wedge that will split asunder and destroy the whole world."—Arch-deacon Fotheringham.

after school to help build a radio" and when you call up to ask him to do an important errand on his way home he isn't there. Just changed his mind and went to see a game instead. Perfectly all right — why, yes, if you had not felt so sure of his being there that you waited until it was too late to get the things brought out any other way.

It is not always a serious matter this changing of plans, this breaking of promises, but sometimes it is and almost always it takes from someone else's time or strength or joy.

And the moral of that is—Once it is said, stick to it. Think twice, or more than twice, before you make a promise—but, once it is made, move heaven and earth to keep it.

WHERE THEY SLEPT

By Helen M. Richardson

Wind spoke to the fading leaves,
Whispered it quite low,
"Soon I'll shake you from the trees
To the ground below."

Then the leaves sent down a call
To the flowers, and they
Nodded sadly, one and all,
"Not long can we stay."

"Jack Frost's coming and we know,
What he'll surely do
When he's ready for his show:
He'll take you—and you."

"Ah," kind Mother Nature said,
"Jack Frost surely knows
That I make a nice warm bed
For each thing that grows."

"Leaves and flowers can safely rest
Where they fall, for I
Cradle them upon my breast
When the snow flakes fly."

LITTLE HANDS

Soft little hands that stray and clutch
Like fern fronds curl and uncurl
bold,
While baby faces lie in such
Close sleep as flowers at night that
fold,
What is it you would stretch and hold,
Wandering outstretched with wilful
touch?
O fingers small of shell-tipped rose,
How should you know you hold so
much?
Two full hearts beating you inclose,
Hopes, fears, prayers, longings, joys
and woes—
All yours to hold, O little hands!
More, more than wisdom under-
stands
And love, love only knows.

—Laurence Binyon.

TEACH THE BOY

To be true to his word and work.
To face all difficulties with courage
and cheerfulness.
To form no friendship that can
bring him into degrading associations.
To respect other people's convictions.
To reverence womanhood.
To live a clean life in thought and
word, as well as in deed.
That true manliness always commands
success.
That the best things in life are not
those that can be purchased with
money.
That to command he must first
learn to obey.
That the virtues of punctuality and
politeness are excellent things to cultivate.
That a gentleman is just what the
word implies—a man who is gentle
in his dealings with the opinions, feelings,
and weaknesses of other people.
—Mother's Magazine.

Nova Scotia is the largest producer
of gypsum in Canada.

Watch Your Step

NOT only must we pay attention to that familiar warning "Watch your Step" and walk with feet in correct position but we must if we wish to be good looking and happy watch the fit of our shoes.

Claiming that the condition of the feet is indelibly stamped on the face California chiropodists advise people to take care of their feet and their faces will take care of themselves. Wrinkles on the face, they point out, are merely misplaced footprints, written by corns bunions, ingrowing toe nails etc. Pretty shoes that pinch, fallen arches and other foot troubles have expressions all their own.

Think first of how your shoes feel rather than how they look is one of the late advices of health specialists. To permit free action of the feet, shoes should be loose and flexible. Tight or short shoes press the toes together so that the muscles and bones lose their strength, and the toes deformed.

Two rules to remember are: Toe straight ahead, using the large toe as a lever; never toe out and keep the weight on the outer border of the foot.

Exercises often help out troubles. These exercises should be taken in the bare feet two or three times a day. First pull the toes in and under as if picking up something—repeat thirty or forty times; pick up marbles or pencils with the toes; walk pigeon-toed; walk slowly on the outer borders of the feet with toes turned in.

If you are one of those moderns who keep their recipes on cards and in a file, you may have trouble in keeping the cards free from finger marks and smears. If so, just give each card a coat of transparent shellac and they will remain clean for some time, and slight spots may be wiped off with a damp cloth.



FAMOUS BRITISH DIVINE

This month has been a memorable one for Most. Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson. On November 12 he retired from the primacy of all England, after having served for a quarter-century as Archbishop of Canterbury, this being the longest occupancy of the chair of St. Augustine since the days of the Reformation. On the same day he celebrated the 50th anniversary of his wedding. While he is the son of Scottish Presbyterian parents, his wife, who was formerly Miss Edith Tait, was the daughter of a former Archbishop of Canterbury and accordingly has been doubly at home during her long sojourn in Lambeth Palace. Upon his retirement, her husband was created a baron by the king and thus will retain his seat in the House of Lords. He is the first archbishop so to be honored. The above picture of Lord and Lady Davidson was taken at Lambeth Palace upon the occasion of their golden anniversary.

One Result of Too Much Praise

By Willis and Lenora Bailey.

"I CAN sing fine, Virginia! Why don't you play and let me sing?" said little Jean, aged four.

The two girls were in Aunt Mary's living-room where Virginia, a senior in high school, was entertaining the little daughter of a neighbor. Aunt Mary, working in the dining room had heard the remark and wondered how Virginia would reply.

"How do you know you can sing so well, Jeannie?" she heard the older girl laughingly ask.

"Oh--oh--h-h, just because everybody says I can. Mother does, too. She loves to hear me sing and she just has me sing all the time when we have company." Little Jeannie smoothed down her dress in supreme self-complacency.

"Of course our mothers love to have us do all the things we like to do if they are not wrong," answered Virginia. "But before we can sing really well we have to do a lot of hard studying and practicing, you know."

The little girl was silent for a moment or two as though somewhat crestfallen but was soon telling other wonderful things that either she or Betty Jane, a younger sister, could do.

Commenting on the remarks to her aunt, Virginia explained what she thought of the matter: "I was just like that at her age, Aunt Mary, and that is the reason I have such a hard time with my music now. I grew up with the idea that I could sing beautifully, so when it came to the real work—practice and drill to learn to sing, to handle my voice as I have to in school—it was doubly hard for me

because I resented being corrected or made to sing a faulty passage over and over. I try now to control myself enough to act decently when Miss Luallin tells me I am wrong but just the same that rebellious feeling will bubble up within me.

"I think it just a shame for persons to compliment a child like Jean so extravagantly as they must be doing. She is such a sweet little thing and really has a nice voice, but she will be hurt a good many times in the future because of getting too much praise now. It is just as bad as if they made her self-conscious any other way. Just think, Aunt Mary, what a time you have had trying to get all that nonsense out of my head. It has been hard on both of us. I sure am glad you have been kind and strong enough to do it for me but it does seem too bad for people to make that sort of thing necessary."

"You are right," replied her aunt. "It seems to be a temptation on the part of friends and relatives to rave too much over children. Of course, it is a grave mistake."

As Aunt Mary put her work away she thought: "Jean's mother should know better, she is a college graduate. Surely she was taught to let children grow naturally — teaching them to sing if they have any talent just as incidentally as to eat properly and with as little self-consciousness and encouraging them in so far as they really need it and no further." —From a series of Articles Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

therefore, young, there has to be room in the shoe for that spring on the ball of the foot.—Chicago Tribune.

Color Schemes

ONE of the most serious and perplexing problems in home furnishing is that of "color schemes." While most people believe "harmony of color" is the ultimate in treatment, an interior decorator tells us it is but one means toward the end.

Of course, harmony of color gives restfulness and repose to a room. If carried throughout the room or home, however, this restfulness will grow monotonous. Therefore a contrast is necessary to obtain a "stimulus" or interest. Both the harmony and contrast should exist in proper measure, or the balance will be disturbed.

Hence a knowledge of color value is imperative. An authority sets forth this illuminating information:

The bright colors are those in their purity—what is called their 'normal hue'—and these are the 'primaries,' normal yellow, red and blue and the 'secondaries,' orange (yellow and red), green (yellow and blue) and violet (blue and red). Now of these six 'bright' colors yellow, orange and red are brighter and stand out more forc-

ibly than the others and hence they are termed advancing colors. They are also warmer in tone than the other three. Of the latter blue and green are retiring and cool while violet is neutral.

"The colors of lesser intensity are referred to as 'tones' and are recognized under the names of rose, buff, gray-blue, apple, apple-green, olive-green, slate, citron and the like and they are found more agreeable as constant companions in our homes than the pure colors.

"Still lighter and quieter are the 'tints,' comprised largely of white with but a small admixture of color and often some black (black and white, properly speaking, are not colors). These are the grays, fawns, creams, etc. Where clear in tone they are beautiful and owing to their quietness are suitable for use in large quantities.

"Shades are hues darker than normal—i. e., they contain some blackness."

While the foregoing does not cover the entire field of color, it gives one a fair idea where to start in the task of home decorating.

Cushions for Nothing

Was there ever a house where there were too many cushions? Well, yes, I do remember one, where every sofa and chair was cluttered up with very elaborately covered cushions. Satin and lace, embroidery and painted velvet; and not one you dared put your head on. I don't mean that kind, but the comfortable sort that you can prop the baby up with when she first begins to sit up on her rug on the floor. The kind the small boys can get under their heads or sit on before the fire. The variety that gets tucked into the little old Ford and carried out to the woods or into the boats. Those are cushions "as are cushions," and we never have enough, so why not do as one thrifty home maker suggests and make some of nothing, or at no cost.

The way to do it is to look in the scrap bag for any kind of goods about the size you like. Sew it up three sides, making a bag; the two sides do not need to match. Hang this bag up beside your sewing machine and tuck into it all those ends of thread and snippets of lace and silk, those fuzzy trimmings from the edge of seams; in fact, any soft clean scraps no matter of what kind. When you are looking over the socks and stockings you may want to save the legs of them for rugs, but the darned feet you can quickly snip into bits for your cushion bag. It is wonderful how quickly such scraps accumulate and once the bag is fairly full a minute will serve to stitch it across on the machine. Once made, you will easily find something suitable for an outside cover.—S. S.

A delegation representing inhabitants of Chihli province is being sent to Shansi to ask Gen. Yen Hsi-Shan for aid in ameliorating conditions caused by billeting of 200,000 Nationalist troops who have forced many out of doors and commandeered food-stuffs and fodder.

Beds and Bedrooms

MOST grown-ups spend one-third of their lives in bed, and children much more than this, so it stands to reason that the bed and the bedroom are very important to health and comfort. The best bed, for health and comfort, is a box spring, with a wool overlay, and a good blanket on top of it.

In winter time particularly the under blanket is even more important to comfort than the over-blankets for it is impossible to keep warm in a bed that is hot on top but cold underneath.

A very good plan in winter, too, is to put the blankets on the bed alternately—that is, put the first one on in the ordinary way, with the hems top and bottom, and the next one with the hems at the sides to tuck in well. This prevents the clothes from coming off if you are restless. When blankets are scarce, or getting thin, a few sheets of paper put between them will make a great difference to the warmth of the bed.

People who travel on the Continent always remark how comfortable French beds are. That is because their wool mattresses are entirely remade at the annual holiday time, and thus much softer and fresher. Also, their beds get a thorough sun bath every day, if possible, and usually our way is to make the beds early because we hate untidy bedrooms.

Once a week at least the beds should be put on the window sill to get whatever sunshine and fresh air there is. To put blankets and mattresses out to air in a sharp frost is one of the best things you can do for the frost sweetens and purifies them as nothing else can except hot sunshine.

HIS TENDEREST CARE

The sorrow that nobody mentions,
The sorrow no one may share,
Is the sorrow the dear Lord giveth
His sweetest, tenderest care.

He knows where the hurt is the deepest,
The tears of night and of day,
And whispering softly, "I love you,"
Brushes the teardrops away.

The sorrow that nobody mentions,
The sorrow no one may share,
Is the sorrow the dear Lord giveth
His sweetest, tenderest care.

—Selected

Always take the hems out of the ladies' and childrens' garments before sending them to be cleaned, or cleaning them at home, for the little boy's and girl's clothes will want to be longer and the grown-ups either shorter or longer. If one is careful to do this, there will be no fine showing where the hem was placed. Furthermore, there will be no extra expense of sending them to the cleaner's again to remove the hem line.

Even at its worst, life is amusing— if you have a sense of humor and a sound body.

Pace on Stairs is a Test of Youth

THE scene was a hotel lobby. On the second floor a convention was being held. There were many women in attendance. Friends who hadn't seen each other for years met. Rife in the minds of the women attendants was the query of how Mrs. So-and-So would look after a five years' separation. Also, how Mrs. So-and-So would find they were looking. You know how it is with women who haven't seen each other for months or years!

Well, there stood at the foot of the stairway one woman who prided herself on her youthfulness in the face of her nigh-forty years. She stood and watched those school contemporaries of hers descend that staircase. After what she deemed sufficient time for the test, she turned to a companion and said, triumphantly: "Well, I haven't aged as much as most of those women. Look at the way they cling to the banisters coming down. I can make that descent in the middle of the stairs and feel as sure-footed as I did at twenty."

The companion reported the incident to me.

That sure-footed descent of a stairway is a test of youthful sprightliness. So long as you can take the centre of the stairs and come down a flight lightly and without caution (so to speak) you're jolly well entitled to whatever youth claims you've a mind to set up.

Also, another test is the way you mount stairs. Any elevated platform is a judge's point on how young or how old is the girl mounting them. On the stage the nimble footed manner in which the ingenue goes flying up to her balcony scene is only exceeded in delightful movement by the sprightly manner in which she descends again.

All of which is not the matter of years or lack of them that one might suppose on first thought. It is purely a matter of posture and how you have preserved that straight, lithe, erect, picturesque distinction which makes a woman young at forty, fifty, sixty.

Also it is a matter of the way the feet are shod. If feet are distorted by cramped, narrow, binding shoes, try being girlish looking on a flat street surface, even. It can't be done. In order to be sure-footed, light, and,



—SPANISH ROYALTY TO VISIT CANADA

The infante Don Alfonso, cousin of the King of Spain, his wife and son, who will be in Canada soon on their tour of this continent. The royal Spanish visitors landed in New York on the S.S. Majestic and have been the guests of Americans socially prominent.

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HOME COOKING

Canning, Pickling, Smoking

By Madam.

WITH fruit and vegetables stored away, the thrifty house-keeper turns her attention to making the most of the meat supply. Whether we live on a farm or not, it is possible to get meat in quantity and can or pickle it for future use. The convenience of having a variety of meat at hand is even greater than that of having canned and preserved fruit. A glance over the prices of meats in a list of commercially canned goods will quickly impress you with the economy of doing the canning — and now, that cold weather has set in, is a good time to begin.

It is possible to put up a can or two every time meat is cooked for a meal, as you can plan to do more than is needed. Pack the surplus in glass sealers and process. This is often a good way but the greater saving is in buying a half or quarter, if not the whole carcass.

Meat should never be pickled or canned unless perfectly fresh. On the other hand, it must always be hung in a clean, cool place until the animal heat is out.

The regular methods of pickling, dry salting and smoking pork, beef and mutton have been so frequently described in this column that I will omit them, but if any of our readers desire such information a note to me will secure it.

Meat may be first roasted, fried or boiled and then canned or it may be put raw into the cans and processed. This latter method is the quickest. Cut the meat into pieces which will be easy to remove from the jars. Pack firmly but not too hard. Use straight sided jars; pints or quarts as is most suitable for your family. Add a teaspoon of salt to each quart jar. Half seal the jars and set in hot but not quite boiling water. Bring to a boil steadily for three and a half hours. Take from boiling water and complete seal.

Steak may be broiled or seared in hot fat, then cut in suitable pieces, packed in the jars and sterilized for the same length of time. Chops may be fried or oven broiled before packing and sterilizing. Corned beef, when sufficiently corned, may be cut in pieces and canned in the same way. Small pieces and bits left may be put through the meat chopper and canned ready for making hash.

Bones and trimmings may be put on and simmered, with or without vegetables, to make soup stock. When thoroughly cooked and boiled down, this stock should be let cool overnight and the fat taken off. The stock is ready then to be put in cans and sterilized for one hour in boiling water.

After you have put up a few cans you will find yourself adding to the variety, for all manner of meat dishes may be kept in this way.

One warning, do not fill the cans quite full if there is any fat with the meat as it is apt to boil out.

PACK sausage meat or meat roll mixtures in jars to within three-quarters of an inch from the top of jar. Process for three hours after water boils.

Some people prefer to make sausage meat into cakes and to brown them in hot grease in a frying pan. Pack in jars to within one-half inch of top and cover with boiling gravy. Process for three hours.

Sausages in casings are boiled for ten minutes or are browned in fat. Pack in jars and process for three hours.

Spare Ribs: Boast spare ribs as usual, season to taste and brown nicely. Remove the bones by cutting down the inside of each rib and divide meat into pieces convenient for packing. Pour over gravy made by adding hot water to grease in roasting pan. Process for three hours.

Sandwich Filling: Simmer meat scraps until tender, put through meat grinder twice and season. For every five pounds use 4 or 5 tsp. salt, 2 tsp. pepper, 3 tsp. poultry seasoning, 1 tsp. thyme, ½ tsp. allspice and onion to taste. Pack in pars, all liquor in which meat was cooked. Process for three hours. This makes nice sandwich filling for the children's lunches for school, etc.

Potted Beef, Ham, Tongue or Liver: Boil either tongue or liver in salted water until very tender, and put through the meat grinder. Boil down the liquid until there is just enough to moisten the meat nicely, being careful it is not too salty. Mix with the meat, heat, put in little jars, and when cold pour melted suet, lard or butter over the top. Potted ham can be made in the same way.

To one pound boiled, lean ham add half pound ham fat, or if preferred, butter, a little cayenne pepper and white pepper, mix all together, pound until smooth, press firmly into small jars, cover with melted butter or lard, seal and store in a cool place.

These will keep during cool weather. If wanted for all year supply pack in cans and process as for sausage filling.

Liver Canned: Hog's liver as well as beef and sheep's loin may be canned. Rinse thoroughly cut in suitable pieces, pack in cans with pepper, salt and, if liked, a little onion. Process three hours in boiling water, or cut in slices, fry brown and pack in the cans, pouring over the gravy made by adding a little water to the pan dripping.

Hog's Head Pudding: Cut the meat from hog's head, discard the skin, and also use the heart, tongue and part of the liver. Wash all thoroughly and scald the tongue to remove the coating. Cook until tender, then grind or chop fine and season with salt and pepper, after which return to the liquor in which the meat was cooked, and when it begins to boil, thicken with buckwheat flour or cornmeal, or a mixture of both. Be sure to season just right, and have the pudding stiff enough, so it can be cut in slices when cold, to fry, like mush. While it is still hot fill into straight-sided cans and process for three hours in boiling water.

CANNING is not the only method of keeping our meat supply, although it is probably the most sure. Our great grandmothers had no such cans as we but they preserved meat most successfully.

To Make Souse: Use the head of the hog and any other parts of the animal that are not too fat. Clean the head thoroughly and do not spare yourself any pains during this process, to make sure that everything is as clean as you can possibly make it. Soak in salt water for several hours, then scrape and clean again, and then soak once more in salt water for several hours, after which put in a kettle, cover with cold water, add salt and boil slowly until the meat will separate from the bones and all the gristle is perfectly soft. Next remove from the fire, drain, remove all the bones and hard gristle from the meat and pour off the liquor. Put a layer of meat and fat, distributed evenly, in a stone jar, sprinkle well with salt and pepper, and then pour over a generous allowance of hot, boiled cider vinegar. Then put in another layer of meat, seasoning, and boiled cider vinegar, and so on until the meat is all used, or the jar is full to within three or four inches of the top, toppling off with salt, pepper and vinegar. Be careful to pack the meat firmly and closely together, and to have it covered with the vinegar. Boil down liquor in which the meat was cooked until there is only a little of it left, being careful not to let it burn. Season well with salt and pepper (it should be considerably more

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salt than palatable), and when the meat in the jar is thoroughly cold pour this hot, boiled-down liquor over the meat, and when all has become cold, cover the jar well and store it in a cold place.

When wanted for use, scrape away a little of the jelly at one side of the jar, cut out slices of the souse and return the displaced jelly, spreading it over smoothly. The sliced souse can be fried in hot butter, but first drain off the liquid by allowing the souse to stand in the pan on the back of the stove a while. This will extract the vinegar, and after frying brown in butter, the souse will be deliciously crisp. Serve with hot, baked potatoes.

Picked Pigs' Feet: Soak the feet over night in cold water, remove the toes and scrape clean, boil until very tender, and salt before they are done. Pack in a stone jar or keg and cover with hot, spiced vinegar, using whole cloves, all-spice and pepper. Nice eaten just so, or heated up in boiling water, or split, rolled in flour, and fried a nice brown on both sides in hot fat. Will keep indefinitely.

Pickled Tongue: Use either beef or pork tongues. Scald, trim, scrape and boil until tender in salted water. When cold, cut in ½-inch slices and cover with cold, spiced vinegar. Another way is to put down in brine:

Allow one gallon water, three pounds salt, four ounces sugar and two ounces saltpeter. Boil and cool, then put in the trimmed and cleaned tongues, and weight down under brine. Will keep any length of time. When wanted to use, soak over night in cold water, boil until tender, skim, remove skin, slice and serve with mustard.

Keeping Ham: If you have trouble keeping ham, save out what you can use during the winter and try this method with the rest. As soon as the ham is smoked slice and fry it ready for use. Have pint cans very hot, and holding the can sidewise, pack in the pieces very closely until the can is full, then pour in the clear hot fat until it runs over, seal the can at once and invert while cooling. This will keep for years. A pint can will hold about a dozen good-sized pieces. Use two or three frying-pans at a time, and you can fill a lot of cans very quickly. Cut the fat part of each slice, and when the lean pieces are canned, cook and can the fat pieces by themselves. When you open these cans—crisp the slices on a very hot pan and use for breakfast. Most Canadians do not care for fat meat unless fried very hard, while too much cooking would spoil the lean. Each can should be wrapped in paper and kept in a cool place.

Needlework Corner

Hemless Garments

Have you heard that no really smart and up-to-date suit or coat-frock now has a hem! Instead we have a selvedge at the bottom of the skirt and another at the edge of the jacket. Some even have the tops of the pockets unstitched.

We who make our own garments cannot always contrive these selvedges, and so instead we must add just the tiniest of binds—binds so small as to be hardly detectable, and there is less chance of their going out of shape, for sometimes a home-made hem has a tendency to become clumsy-looking after constant wear.

Coats of fur are wonderfully cosy, so that all of us covet one. To put such a thing more within reach of the average pockets fur cloth is now obtainable. It looks like real fur and when warmly lined it can make a very cosy coat.

Susan Asks and Answers

A CORRECTION

The directions for knitting the 5th row of the *Stripe for Quilt* which we gave in our November 14 issue was accidentally omitted. The directions are correctly printed herewith.

The original quilt was knit of white cotton, with regular steel needles about No. 10.

1st row, Cast on 33 stitches, knit 3, purl 3.

2nd row, Knit one, purl 3, knit 3 to end, finishing in 2 purl.

3rd row, Same as second.

4th row, Knit 3, purl 3 to end.

5th row, Purl 2, knit 3, purl 3 to end.

6th row, Same as 5.

Repeat from first now.

Make strip as long as desired for quilt and make as many strips as needed for width.

By the way, talking of boys' mitts and time savers; both of which are up in this column today; one of our readers whose boys used to keep her busy knitting when they were of school age has a hint for us. She says: "I never knit wrists for mitts in those days. I cut the tops off worn out socks, picked up the stitches and knit hands on." It sounds good to me. I wonder if any of our other readers ever did it.

I have given one pretty border for a table mat, but we would like to have a choice. Will some one else send us her favorite edge for that purpose?—Susan S.

Boys' Mitts

Dear Susan S.—I am writing to ask for directions for knitting mitts for a boy of 6 years or so. My directions are all for larger sizes. I want to knit them with medium size yarn. I enjoy the *WITNESS* very much and will appreciate help. Please put corrections with number of stitches. I will thank you in anticipation.—J. D. G. Ont.

The following directions will be right for from 6 to 8 years old. If a large child, follow exactly. If you desire to reduce the size a simple way to do so is to use a set of number 14 needles, instead of the number thirteens for the larger mitt.

Monarch Down, 1 Ball Oxford, 1 Ball Cardinal or any desired color, 1 Set No. 13 Steel Needles.

With Red wool, cast on 48 sts. (16 on each needle). Knit 1, purl 1, ribbed knitting for 3 or 4 inches. With Grey wool, knit 2 rows, then start increase for thumb, as follows: 1st row—Purl 1, knit 2 sts. purl 1, knit to end of row. 2nd row—Purl 1, increase 1 st. on each of 2 knitted sts., purl 1, knit to end of row. 3rd and 4th rows—Purl 1, knit 4, purl 1, knit to end of rows. 5th row—Purl 1, increase 1 st., knit 2 sts. increase 1 st., purl 1, knit to end of row. 6th and 7th rows—Purl 1, knit 6, purl 1, knit to end of rows. Repeat these 3 last rows increasing 2 sts. every 3rd row

till you have 14 sts. between the purls. Now slip the 14 sts. on to a thread. On the next round cast on 4 sts. for the hand, join around and knit 22 rows. Then shape hand as follows: Knit 8 sts. knit 9th and 10th sts. together, repeat around row. Knit 2 rows plain. Knit 7 sts., knit 8th and 9th sts. together, repeat around row. Knit 2 rows plain. Repeat, decrease 1 st. less each time till only a few sts. remain. Draw wool through, fasten securely on wrong side.

Thumb—Take the 14 sts. on thread onto needles, also pick up the 4 sts. that were cast on for hand (18 sts. on needles). Knit 18 rows, then knit 2 sts. together all round. Knit 1 row plain. Draw wool through, fasten securely on wrong side.

Repeat for other mitt.

Time Savers—and Mat Border

Dear Susan S. Your department will make yet another interest in our most useful paper.

A time saver I have used for years (and have not seen except copied from mine) is several thicknesses of flannel wrapped round the arm of the sewing machine to hold pins when sewing.

Another time saver. When the green window shades wear out, I carefully take them off the rollers and tack on, in their place, heavy dyed sheeting, starched fairly stiff, which is much tidier and less work than curtains for the front of cupboard, etc. It can be dyed any color suitable and can be taken off the rollers and washed when necessary.

"Readers," hint for a wall pocket I intend to use this Christmas. Can you print a neat and easily worked crochet edge for table mats, etc? I would be very glad to have one. With best wishes for your department.—Mrs. R. C.

Both these timesavers are interesting, but I must confess my window shades are apt to wear out their

Our Pattern Service



6310. Ladies' House Frock with Slender Hips. Cut in 9 Sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure: A 46 inch size requires 4¾ yards of 27 inch material together with ¾ yard of contrasting material. The width of the Dress at the Lower edge with the overlapping portions extended is about 2 yards. Price 15c.

6324. Child's Rompers. Cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. A 3 year size requires 2 yards of 27 inch material together with ½ yard of contrasting material. Price 15c.

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spring and refuse to go up and down properly before the green shade gives out; and, when I tack on other material or turn the blind upside down, I'm apt to get a tack in wrong somewhere and queer the whole thing.

The only border for table mats I have at the moment is the Open Shell, which works out in even numbered multiples of twenty-two. When you have made the centre of your mat, finish round with a chain and continue round again working a treble into every stitch on the chain. Begin with three chain and, if you find the treble into each stitch is not sufficient to make your border lie flat, or if you need more stitches to give you an even number of twenty-twos, make two trebles to stitch at intervals all the way round.

3rd row. Eight tr. in 8 tr. (ch 3 for 1st.), ch 4, miss 3, 8 d.c. in 8 tr. ch 4, miss 3; repeat all around mat.

4th row. Eight tr. in 8 tr. 1 ch between, ch 4, 7 d. c. over 8 d. c. (1 between each 2 of last row), ch 4; repeat all around, join.

5th row. Nine tr. over 8 tr. 1 ch between (putting 1 tr. ch 1 and 1 tr. in the second of 8 tr.), ch 4, 6 d. c. over 7 d. c. ch 4, repeat around, join.

6th row. Ten tr. 1 ch between, over 9 tr. ch 4, 5 d. c. over 6 d. c. ch 4; repeat around, join.

7th row. Ten tr. over 10 tr. 2 ch between, ch 4, 4 d. c. over 5 d. c., ch 4, repeat, join.

8th row. Ten tr. over 10 tr. 3 ch between ch 4, 3 d. c. over 4 d. c. ch 4; repeat.

9th row. Sl st. back to 2nd of 3 d. c., turn, ch 3, tr. under 4 ch *ch 3, 3 tr. under the side of the last tr. made, tr. in next tr. of last row; repeat from * around scallop, fastening last tiny scallop of edge in 2nd of 3 d. c.; then repeat the row.

Problems of Homemakers

Use Plenty of Soap

Dear Madam:—Will you tell us in your department how to wash silk underwear and light stockings so as to keep them looking fresh. Mine get all marked with black specks and, although I rinse and rinse them, I cannot get them clear.—B. B.

You have probably had hard water and used too little soapsuds. The chemical explanation is that all water has some hardness caused by lime salts in solution. Even soft water has a certain amount. When soap combines with lime salts it forms a precipitate known as lime soap. Enough soap to make a good soapsuds will make an emulsion with the lime-soaps and they will be easily rinsed out. If, however, enough soap is not used to make and keep a good soap suds, the lime-soaps combine with the dust and dirt in the fabric which is being washed and form the dark, greasy looking deposits, which settle especially in seams, hems and other thicknesses of the silk. No amount of rinsing in clear water will dissolve this deposit. You will need to rewash the garments in lukewarm soapsuds, using all the soap necessary to dissolve the lime-soap. If you do so your garments will come out looking bright and clean once more.

Waterproofing a Coat

Dear Madam:—I have a fine tweed coat which I would like to waterproof. Could you advise me how to proceed?—R.C.S.

Take 4 oz. alum, 4 oz. sugar of lead, 1 oz. strong glue, four gallons of water. Dissolve the alum and sugar of lead in the water. Let it stand; then pour off the clear solution into a bath or tub, and add the glue, dissolved beforehand in a little water. The garments, which should be perfectly clean, are put into the liquid, and well poked and stirred about with a stick. Don't put your bare hands in any more than can be helped.

Let the garments lie overnight. Next day put them on hangers without wringing, and hang them out on a good day to dry. They can be pressed when ready. This is the process used for many well-known makes of waterproofs, and is very effective. Be very careful to wash your hands after working with this sugar of lead mixture or better still use rubber gloves while working with it.

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Little White Ear

By Edith Marion Cleaver, in the Youth's Companion

ONE day, when Paul was coming home from school, he saw a little gray squirrel in the road. It was the prettiest squirrel—all gray except one ear, which was white. He came nearer, but very softly, because he did not want to frighten it; but to his surprise, the squirrel did not move, and Paul knelt down and stroked its soft fur. The little animal shook, as if in great fright, and when it tried to walk, Paul could see why it had not run away. Its leg hung so limp that Paul was sure that it was broken, and, moreover, the squirrel made a queer little squeaky sound, which is the way a squirrel might cry.

"Father'll know what to do," thought Paul. "I'll just put the squirrel into my pocket, and carry him home."

In a very little while the squirrel's leg had been set with a splint, and then Paul had a fine time taking care of his new pet. He named him White-Ear. Perhaps it seemed a long time to the squirrel, but the leg got well too fast to please Paul.

One day his father said, "Little son, don't you think that tomorrow you had better let the squirrel go back to his own home? Maybe Mother and Father Squirrel are wondering what has become of their child."

Then Paul understood, and he took little White-Ear down to the gate, and said:

"Go home, White-Ear. I'm sorry, but maybe your folks are looking for you."

But the squirrel would not go. He liked living at Paul's house. Paul fed him nuts, and he soon became very tame. When Paul would call, "Little White-Ear, Little White-Ear!" the squirrel would come leaping to him, and climb all over him, just as if Paul were a tree.

One dreadful day Paul came home from school, threw his coat on the back porch, and ran into the house to get a drink of water. When he came out, he called:

"White-Ear, White-Ear, where are you?"

No squirrel came running to meet him. He looked into the box; nothing was there. He stared up into the old apple-tree, hoping to see two bright eyes looking down at him; but everything was quiet.

"Put your coat on, Paul," called mother, "and go round and search in the front yard!"

Paul put on his coat, although it seemed very heavy for a warm afternoon, and ran round to the front porch. There, stretched in the sun, was Rover, taking his afternoon nap. "O Rover, did you see White-Ear?" he asked. "I can't find him anywhere."

Rover snapped at a fly, as much as to say, "There's nothing here except flies to bother me."

Paul hurried down toward the gate, and looked down the long, long road, on which there was not a single little squirrel as far as he could see.

A very unhappy boy came back to the house. But he swallowed his tears, and said to himself, "There are lots of places to look yet. I'll try the chicken-yard."

Mother Hen was teaching her children to hunt for worms. Paul was sorry to interrupt such a busy person.

"I must hunt everywhere, though." He called through the wire fence, "Did you see little White-Ear anywhere round here?"

Mother Hen stood still and looked at Paul as if she were about to answer; but just then one of her little Chickens tried to squeeze through the fence, and she began to cackle very loud, as much as to say, "Don't you see I have all I can do without entertaining company, whether they are squirrels or boys?"

"I guess he's gone to his own home," Paul said; and this time it was more than he could do to keep back the tears.

It seemed a long time before fath-

er's carriage came along. Father drove up to the gate, and threw the lines to Paul. "O father," cried Paul, "I can't find White-Ear! I'm afraid he's lost, and drowned, and gone home!"

"All of that?" asked father. "It surely can't be as bad as that. What is that in your pocket, little son?"

Paul put his hand into his left-hand pocket, and felt something nice and warm and soft.

"Why," he cried, "it's little White-Ear, fast asleep! He's been there all the time."

Milk and Water Make Champions

Most boys want to grow up big and strong, and the British Medical Research Council has some interesting figures for them from a three years' diet trial.

In a training colony for boys outside London the lads were divided into groups of 30, and each group was given some small addition to the usual diet. One group was given a pint of milk a day, and it was this group which was most successful. They grew nearly an inch more than the average each year, and gained an extra three pounds. One winter, when the colony was ravaged with influenza and measles, they escaped infection completely.

It is proved, then, that milk is the best drink when you are growing and want to build up bone and muscle. Next to milk the best drink is water. It is the favorite drink of Lindbergh, the first man to fly the Atlantic alone, and of Gertrude Ederle, the first woman to swim the Channel. Suzanne Lenglen, the tennis player, Tilden and Sutcliffe and Hobbs, Liddell the great runner, and Vernon the Bisley marksman, are all water drinkers. Jack Hatfield, England's champion swimmer, declares that he has never known a first-class athlete who took alcohol during training.

Tea and coffee are pleasant, but not good for the digestion. Alcohol is bad for the digestion, the nerves, the complexion, the temper, and the reputation. Those who want to keep absolutely fit must stick to the drinks Nature gives us, and be content with fresh milk or pure water. They make champion athletes.

Canadian farmers are taking a keen interest in the "local variety" tests being conducted with wheat under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture. The ultimate object is to find out as far as possible the varieties of wheat best suited to the different types of soil and different localities in the Prairie Provinces.

Wild Elephants

A remarkable tale of how a herd of wild elephants saved a fallen burning tree and put out a terrible blaze in the forest is told in Travancore, on the southwest coast of India. It appears that during a gale a big tree was uprooted and fell right across the main trunk road in Travancore State, near Theoram custom house.

Some laborers who had been sent to clear the road set the tree on fire so as to lessen their work, and as dusk was falling they returned to the safety of the custom house instead of facing the dangers of the forest at night. The fire was spreading slowly to the adjoining woods when the leader of a herd of wild elephants smelled the fire and came to the road in order to satisfy his natural curiosity.

The moment he saw the fire spreading to the forest he called his followers by loud trumpeting and within a few moments a well disciplined band of dusky four-footed firemen were busily employed with their trunks as hose turning on forty streams of water on the blazing tree and burning woods. A running stream near by was sufficient reservoir for them to draw their supply of water, and very soon, to the amazement of the wonder-struck laborers, who had been attracted by the trumpeting to the place where they should have been working, the fire was put out and, perhaps as a matter of revenge, the elephants dragged the fallen tree into the middle of the road and left it there.—Indian News Service Travancore.

Something to Do

The Jolly Miller

Old but always jolly is this game our great grandparents played when they were little folks in the Old Country. Stand in twos behind each other in a ring—the miller is in the middle. The pairs represent the mill wheel—and as the wheel goes round they sing:

"There was a jolly miller and he lived by himself,
As the wheel went round he made his wealth,
One hand in the hopper, and the other in the bag,
As the wheel went round he made his grab."

At the word "grab," which is sung with emphasis, the outside child immediately moves forward and takes the next child for a partner. During this manoeuvre the miller tries to grab a partner, and if successful the child he displaced is miller next time. The wheel moves on again.

Alberta mountain names really date from the time of the Palliser Expedition, 1858, to which we owe many names given in honor of such eminent British scientists and naturalists as Lyell, Gould, and Forbes.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T SAY PLEASE

By M. S. P.

There was once a small child who would never say please,
I believe if you even went down on your knees;
But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease,
And call to her mother in words such as these:
"I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!"
"Lend me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese!"
So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease,
Once blew her away in a powerful breeze
Over the mountains and over the seas,
To a valley where never a dinner she sees,
But down with the ants, the wasps and the bees,
In the woods she must live till she learns to say please.

—St. Nicholas

Something to Make

Blotters for Gifts

Calendar blotters are both artistic and beautiful. A bunch of very realistic holly may be bought and is sufficient for three blotters, or pretty Christmas seals will do for decoration. Three dozen green blotters and three yards of inch-wide green satin ribbon to match and three small white and gold, or white and green calendar pads, will make three gifts. Paste a leaf of the calendar, one month, on each blotter close to one end, the twelve in a bunch and slip the holly beneath the ribbon and you will find the gift will please uncles and fathers as well as mothers and cousins. A half dozen narrow strips of blotting paper in green or scarlet may be fastened together with a brass paper fastener and with or without a calendar pasted on will make a signature blotter for the man who has many letters to sign.

One of the jolliest blotters I ever had came from a lad who had been my helper all through one of those war summers. He made the pattern by laying his right hand on the blotting paper, penciling round it and then cutting out six blotters the same. It was tied with a scarlet ribbon at the wrist, a tiny calendar pad pasted on and was labelled "From your right-hand man" and maybe I was not proud of it.

Nickel ore from the deposits near Sudbury, Ontario, is now being raised and smelted at the rate of 1¼ millions tons per year and the ore reserves are placed at over 150,000,000 tons.

There were 1,269 creameries in operation in Canada in 1926.

Puzzle Corner

Charades

I.

Every girl, both great and small,
Is my first—boys not at all.

My second is to reach, or get;
Perhaps acquire is clearer yet.

My third is just one single letter.
If your think hard you'll guess it better.

My whole is what you must not be
If you would work this out for me.

II.

Tall my first a landmark stands,
A beauty in the tropic lands.
My second makes the old look new;
It's found in all my garments, too.
The last means just ourselves—a few.
My whole gigantic vast to view.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Anagrams: I. Carest, caters, carets, traces, cartes, caster, crates, II. Wear-eth, whate'er, weather, whereat. III. Wrestle, swelter, welters.



MASKS ON APPLES

Extraordinary effects have been obtained by Mrs. Percy Calderon of Pen-ti-cton, B.C., by fastening masks to green apples. When the fruit ripens it bears a sharp, clear outline of whatever object is desired. The apples above bear representations of flags, flowers, leaves, men's faces and other pictures.



FOR LEISURE MOMENTS



"Excuse me, miss, but may I ask where you are going, as I have to go there, too."

—Gemutliche, Sachse, Leipzig.

HE DIDN'T KNOW NOTHIN'

Si Grass was considered somewhat of a character around Hickory Works. When he built his new house he declared that it was not going to be a mere place to stay in. He was going to have all the "frills." Anyway, he had a doorbell, then a new thing in the neighborhood. Soon after the new house was completed, Josh Pearsley, an old neighbor who lived on the farm just up the road, came over one Sunday afternoon for a little call. It was pleasant fall weather. The windows were all open, but the front door was shut.

Josh knocked a little timidly, for everything looked pretty fine. Si, comfortably rocking in the front room, gave no heed.

Josh knocked again—louder. Si rocked away, silent.

Josh grew restive after a moment's wait and knocked again—a good loud knock. Si rocked on.

Josh changed feet, wiped his face, puzzled and offended, for he knew folks were at home. Once more he tried it—a loud, continued knock that resounded over the entire place.

Whereupon Si, still rocking comfortably, yelled:

"Ring the doorbell! Don't you know nothin'?"

Fiske—I understand Cotterpin was killed by his auto. How did it happen? Was he speeding?

Risk—Speeding! I should say not! He died of nervous prostration trying to get the thing to start.

Mr. Knutt—Look, there's something about me in the paper. It says that in June there were 15,738,526 passengers carried on the street cars.

Mrs. Knutt—Well, what of it?
Mr. Knutt—I was one of the passengers.

Daughter—Say, pop, why do you always insist on singing when Mr. Raybold calls on me?

Pop—Well, I don't like the fellow and yet I hate to come right out and tell him.

Sybil—Oh, but that was a wonderful poem I read in the Parnassus magazine.

Dibble—What was it about?
Sybil—I couldn't tell what it was about—but it was just wonderful.

Marian—Joe, I shall never dine out with you again if you are going to be so vulgar.

Joe—Why, what did I do?

Marian—You ate as if you were actually enjoying it.

Frederick—For goodness sake, Julia, whose socks are you darning?

Julia—Henry Smith's. When I refused him I said I'd be a sister to him, and he took me at my word.

Gumm—The next great war will be in the air.

Boyle—That will boom the umbrella trade.

Gumm—How so?

Boyle—Just think of the blood that will be spilled.

Tony—I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks.

Bony—How about fortnight?

Seashore Guest—Your advertisement said you were not bothered by mosquitoes. Why, the place is full of them!

Proprietor—We aren't bothered; we're used to them.

John—Bumpus, your old enemy, informs me that he is ready to bury the hatchet. I suppose that will mean a cessation of hostilities?

Henry—Hardly. You see, he wants to bury the hatchet in me.

Little Bobby—Was that policeman ever a little baby?

Mother—Why, yes, of course.

Little Bobby—Oh, mother I should love to see a baby policeman.

Inquisitive—Do you think you've boosted your circulation by giving a year's subscription for the biggest potato raised in the county?

Editor—Maybe not, but I got four barrels of samples.

Brown—I understand that Mr. Green wanted you for his private secretary.

Simmons—He did; but I wouldn't accept the position, because I should have to sign everything "Green, per Simmons."

Mrs. Flubb—My husband has something laid aside for a rainy day.

Mrs. Dubb—I know—my husband's umbrella.

Smiff—That fellow is too slick for me. Sold me a lot that was two feet under water. I went around to demand my money back.

Bjones—Get it?

Smiff—Get nothing! He sold me a second hand gasoline launch and a copy of "Venetian Life," by C. D. Waters.

Mrs. Inquisitive (to parachute jumper)—But what would you do if your parachute refused to open

while you were falling?

Parachute Jumper (bored)—Take it back and change it.

"Yes, he's a year old now, and he's been walking since he was eight months."

"Really? He must be awfully tired!"

Flubb—Well, old Podsnap has surely made a fortune out of the chicken business.

Dubb—I didn't know he was in the chicken business.

Flubb—He wasn't; I said he made a fortune out of it.

Ge—Why do you call Mrs. Farr slow?

Whiz—Why, it has taken her 40 years to reach the age of 30.

Clerk—This chicken, ma'am?

Customer—No.

Clerk—This one?

Customer—No.

Clerk—This one?

Customer—No.

Clerk—Well, let me know when I'm getting warm.

Rube Arb—Do you think the money young Eph Hopkins made down in New York will last him long?

Gid Dap—Not much! He's going at an awful pace. I was down to the store last night, and young Eph was writing hundred-dollar checks and lightin' his cigars with 'em.

Critic—By George, when I look at one of your paintings I stand and wonder—

Artist Schram—How I do it?

Critic—No, why you do it.

Sibyl—How is it that Suzanne seems to know so much more about Europe than most of us?

Beryl—Because she stays at home and reads guidebooks instead of squandering her time in travel.

First Deaf Mute—He wasn't so very angry, was he?

Second Deaf Mute—He was so wild that the words he used almost blistered his fingers.

Mrs. Newlywed—Have you any nice slumps this morning?

Butcher—Slumps? What are they?

Mrs. Newlywed—I don't know but my husband is always talking about a slump in the market, so I thought I'd try one.

Passenger—Can I get to the City Hall without change on this car?

Car Conductor—No, ma'am; it will cost you 10 cents.

"You said you want me to give your friend literary work? Is he an optimist or a pessimist?"

"What difference does that make?"

"It makes a lot of difference. I want him to edit a seed catalogue."

Photographer: Let me take your picture now while I can get you both on the one plate.

HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN

A doctor, walking home late one night saw a fine auto parked outside a cemetery. He hid behind a tree, for he suspected that body-snatchers were at work; and, sure enough, in a few minutes he saw two body-snatchers stagger from the cemetery carrying a body. They placed it upright in the auto, as though it were alive, propping it securely in the back seat, and then they hurried back to the cemetery to fill the violated grave again.

The doctor in their absence lifted the body out of the auto, hid it under a hedge, and took its place himself. Soon the scoundrels returned. One seated himself in the back seat, beside the body, so as to support it. Then, in the darkness, they drove off.

After a while the man in the rear seat said in a rather awed tone: "This body seems mighty warm for a corpse."

The chauffeur reached back his hand and touched it. "Don't it, though!" he muttered, between perplexity and fear.

Then the corpse, in deep, sepulchral tones, exclaimed: "Warm? Of course I'm warm. And if you had been where I've been for the last two days, you'd be warm, too!"

With loud yells of horror the body-snatchers leaped from the auto and fled. The doctor took possession of the machine and drove it home. He has it, they say, still.

George—She sings nicely, doesn't she?

Tom—Oh, yes; when she sings they have to close the windows.

George—My goodness! What for?

Tom—Her voice is so sweet it draws the flies.

Lady—You believe in mustard plasters, doctor?

Doctor—Yes! I always order them for patients who call me out in the middle of the night when there's nothing the matter with them.

"Say, old man, you are a sight! Why, you are pasted with fudge and smeared with chewing-gum. Get mixed up in a candy store?"

"Worse than that. I attempted to umpire a baseball game between two girl teams."

Alden—Isn't young Brearley the image of his father?

Jacobs—Yes, but he needn't mind that so long as he has good health.

Old Lady—Ah, little boy; I am shocked to see your face so dirty. Don't you know I always kiss every boy I meet who has a clean face?

Little Boy—Yes, I know—that's why I keep my face dirty.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

No. 1122

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

Cross Word Puzzle

Horizontal

- Exclamation
- Troubles
- Queen beheaded by Elizabeth.
- American humorist
- Mythological character noted for giant size, great beauty, and skill as a hunter.
- Drunkard
- River of West Africa
- Crude metals
- Chemical symbol for tellurium
- A Southern State
- German Philosopher
- To give the grammatical parts
- Exists
- Height
- Rises and falls of the sea
- Mexican laborer
- Part of circle
- The brother of Moses
- Being in the abstract
- Heal
- The region between the Red Sea and the Sahara
- Proceed
- What poet wrote the "Ode to a Grecian Urn"?
- Australian prima donna
- Debate
- Lists, records
- Egyptian Sun god
- Authoritative standard
- Sets of workers or players
- What snake's bite is said to have caused Cleopatra's death?
- Who was the mother-in-law of Ruth (biblical)?
- Fasten
- Twelve months

- Man's name
- Greek letter

VERTICAL

- Prohibit
- Mine entrance
- German philosopher
- In what country was the Christian sect called the United Brethren founded?
- Suffix: like
- A familiar name for the capital of Brazil
- What royal English house gave its name to the largest city in the United States?
- Exists
- The wife of whom was turned into a pillar of salt for looking back.
- Who wrote "Treasure Island"?
- Ebb tide
- Away out
- A brief spell; instead of cold weather
- A type of closed car
- A woody perennial
- Who wrote "Vanity Fair"?
- Antitoxin
- Lyrle
- Actual, real
- Staid
- To stop
- Pertaining to the River Nile
- What noted English boys' school is located on the River Thames opposite Windsor.
- Capable
- Anon
- Wing
- A street car
- Struck with disaster

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12			13				14		15	
16			17	18		19		20		21
	22				23	24			25	
26		27			28		29			30
31	32		33			34		35		
36		37		38			39		40	
41			42		43			44		45
46				47		48			49	
		50			51		52			53
54	55		56			57		58		59
60		61		62			63			64
65					66					67

- Who is Peer Gynt's mother in the Ibsen play?
- Extinct New Zealand bird
- Mister (Abbr.)

KINDRED

by Alice Prescott Smith

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

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Synopsis

John Sargeant penetrates to La Baye in the far west as Auguste Le Claire, with the secret object of winning the Indians controlled for the French by Charles de Langlade over to the English in the Seven Years War. Accused of presenting forged papers, he is surprised when Madame Rupert announces that he is her kinsman. Langlade tells him that she had married a Lieutenant Godefroy, who had already contracted a legal marriage with an Indian woman. In remorse, when unexpectedly ordered back to his old post, he shot himself, but Sargeant recognizes him as a man with a mutilated face he has met in the woods. He finds that his Indian, Amalou, is a half-breed, Duncan McMerrill, a spy of Governor Dinwiddie. Charged with being a spy of Bigot by Langlade and offered safe conduct to Quebec if he will take Madame Rupert with him, Le Claire finally consents but Hortense refuses to go. Leaving her cabin he narrowly escapes a rattlesnake coiled on the step.

(Now read on)

CHAPTER XVIII

A Devil's Night

And now to work. At my cabin I found Amalou still sulking. I plucked myself to be gay, and told him with exaggerated cheer that I was not going to Quebec. But he did not light in turn.

"You wear many skins," he said moodily, and I saw it would take time to win him back.

I looked out; nearly dark. It seemed the hindering night was always crowding. I consulted our bags of provisions and munched dry venison while I made plans. Godefroy seemed my next move.

I had not thought of Godefroy — in my relation to him — all that day. Now, as I chewed at the venison, I realized I was going to the Manitou with an altered viewpoint. The night before I had been full of self-righteousness and blood. Now I was diffident of my judgment; unsure of value. Godefroy had betrayed Hortense, yes. But he had attempted to kill himself rather than wrong her further. Well, I must see him before I could make plans.

That decided, I left Amalou without further word, and pushed through the growing dark to the Manitou. It was rough traveling without a light and I missed my way. As I stumbled against tree-trunks and fought with briars, I began to wonder if those letters Amalou was to take to Boston would be written after all. I thought this at first in an absent-minded mood of irritation such as I had often brought to more or less dangerous undertakings, but as I tripped and blundered through the clammy dark, a new feeling got hold of me, and I, John Sargeant, old to men and dangers, began to shake like a dog in a graveyard.

I shook with fear. Not with any reasonable apprehension such as an adult might know, but with abject animal fear that should shame a man to remember. Yet remember it I have, and gone over it again and again. For I have never understood that hour. The night was full of hands and mutterings. Fingers touched my cheek, now tapping lightly, now scratching with tiny clawed nails. Hands fingered my ankles, and each step brought little whining moans from the rank moss. I was as shot through and riddled with horror as a figure on a gibbet.

I doubt that I went far this way, though a mind astray does not take reckonings. But it is some comfort to remember that at least I did go on; did not consider returning. I kept the Manitou in mind, and cringing and wincing tried to hold my course northeast.

I was thrown at last. Caught from above by a noose of noisome serpent stuff that circled and threw me as if I had been a bull in the pit. Daylight would probably show my captor as a wild grapevine grown in the dank shade till it was slippery with slime, but in the dark it was a loathsome thing, and I slithered to the ground, fighting to be free of it. Yet the ground was little better. I had fallen on moss and small bushes. Something

moved out from under as I fell. I touched a dead clammy substance, and could have screamed, but found it my own hand.

At this I was moved to dash on again, but some fragment of returning manhood held me, counseling me to lie there a moment, whatever happened. The fall sobered me, and though my head was far from clear, it yet served to convince me it would be better to die from wild beasts or serpents, than from lunacy. I had heard of the forest madness. Let me go on again, and I was like to be found at day-break not knowing my own tongue, and wandering in circles, as better men had done before.

So I set my teeth and grasped the ground. I expected it to hiss and slide between my fingers. That it remained solid strengthened me somewhat. Then I set myself to thinking; thinking furiously of safe, common things. I made myself go up and down Fleet Street, touching the lamp-posts as Dr. Johnson would have done, noting the buildings, and the mud at the crossings. I sent myself through my place in Sussex, watching the peaches ripen on the wall. I went through the stables, patting each horse in turn and filling my lungs with the clover scent of the hay nows. I drenched myself with memory; built a wall around my sanity of all the commonplace of a normal life. Then little by little, cautiously as one gives air to a convalescent, I let the present slip in.

And Hortense slipped in first—inconsequently, as disordered fragments come in sickness or sleep. Why did she dress so oddly? I felt a whim to see her in the caricature dress of the day; in the ruff and wig and farthingale of women I had known. And why had she worn white the day that Langlade came, and never since? The heat of that thought stirred me, and I ran from it, taking Hortense with me to walk up and down the London street. But this time home thoughts did not calm me. I had placed Hortense there, and the picture of her in remembered scenes made me restless. I was seized in the talons of a homesickness almost as prostrating as the fear had been. My boy, my home, my own kind; I ached toward them until the pain of it was nausea. The savagery of the wilderness sickened me; sickened me for myself, for Hortense. I had not strength left to wonder if I might be a coward.

But now I could get to my feet sane again. I pulled myself erect by my enemy, the grapevine, and held to it while I considered. I had been traveling for some time through boggy land, the trees too thick packed to grow to any wholesome stature. This argued hemlock. I knew of no hemlock swamp; such trees as I remembered near the Manitou had been of mixed growth. So I had probably pushed east. But how get my bearings? I had turned many times, and dared not trust instinct. I could not see the sky but prayed that it was still clear, that the stars might help me.

Yet, how to see the stars? I wormed from tree to tree, searching one with branches. But the close-packed hemlocks had sent all their strength aloft, and I found nothing but stunted twigs. I could as well have climbed the flagstaff at Hampton Court.

But with a goal to work for quietly, my heart came back, and my feet were my own again. And at last I found a tree that was sturdy enough to elbow itself into something like symmetry. There was no branch within reach, but there seemed a substantial one just over me. I took my sheath-knife and cut steps for my toes.

That was soon done. And as I mounted, my spirits rose with my feet. I felt there was some wrong to nature in the ground under me. The Indians called the Manitou 'Rivière du

Diable,' and kept away from it. I was of their ilk.

But my branch held no sky vision, and the limb above was out of reach. I must cut more steps. I went to it wryly, for it was not a pretty task as the other had been.

I was working in this fashion, cutting with one hand, and grasping at the lichened tree-trunk with the other, when something called me. It was not a voice. It was a feeling—a sense of breath in the darkness. Again cold moisture grew between my fingers. I held my breath, for my heart's hammering dulled my ears. The heavy silence lasted but a moment, then a voice, nice in cadence though somewhat blurred, called smoothly.

"So diligent!" it said. "Does the bear seek acorns in a pine tree?"

My hand fell. My veins warmed. "Nicholas Godefroy!" I cried.

There was the crack of a snapped twig. "Hush!" said the darkness. "You are careless of names. John Sargeant, shall I shout your own?"

That hit me. "What are you saying?" I fended weakly, and strained my eyeballs toward the voice. Well, if the darkness hid him, it also sheltered me. I was unprepared for this. Would the tree-top owl be the next to hoot my name?

But the voice was going on. "Who said I was Godefroy?"

"No one, Who said I was Sargeant?" There was a laugh without mirth from the abyss under me. "Chut! Drop masquerade. If I consent to be Godefroy, you are Sargeant without more to-do. Tell me. Were you sent here?"

"No."

"You have heard talk of me in the settlement. Tell me what."

"Later," I parleyed. "But first, how did you know—"

"How?" he cut in. "My wedding toasts were drunk under your portrait. I knew you, after the first, when you blundered into my camp."

"You know me for an Englishman, and spared me!"

"That, too, can be discussed later," continued the voice. I remembered its smooth insolence from the earlier time. "But why, my English friend, don't you come down? You are comic, roosting there like a ruffled chicken. I am no fox."

I said nothing. I belong to the only race that can consciously do grotesque things solemnly. And I really preferred my perch to Godefroy, and the accursed darkness. But I clambered down.

"I was searching you," I explained, as I shook myself free from twigs and lichen.

"You search in odd corners," he mocked. "But there! I need not be a churl." His voice became suddenly winning. "You have been in the Singing swamp. It is a damnable hole. There are many bones there; give thanks you did not add your own. But we cannot talk here. Come, let's go to safer ground."

He started without more words, I behind him. I could keep his track, for the forest parted before him. At the time I thought only of his woodcraft, and cursed my dull heels.

There was no speech till we found firm ground with the fair stars looking down through scattered birch and maple. Godefroy led the way down the bank of the Manitou. "Rest a moment first," he said kindly, and pushed me on a couch of bark and leaves.

"Thank you," I said warmly, and felt for my tinder. The star-shine was dim.

But he dropped a long hand over mine. "No. No. No light, Sargeant."

"No light!"

"Your face and mine are alike in the darkness," he rejoined tonelessly. "This once, I would speak man to man."

I dropped my flint with an oath at

my rudeness, and moved out of eye range.

"Who, besides you, knows I am alive?" came his voice from the shadow.

"No one—so far as I know. I swear it, Godefroy." Level as he kept his tone, I could somehow get the anguished quality of his suspense.

"Then how can you—"

"I — I had seen you. So could put things together. It's a long tale. First, how did you find me tonight?"

He breathed impatiently. "I was prowling and heard. I wander at night — fortunately for you."

I could not but agree. "You have had my life more than once in keeping. Why have you held your hand?"

His dreary laugh again. "What profit to kill you! I hated you for being a whole man, and so tormented you. But I would not hinder you. I knew you for an honest man—how-ever bigoted and cold—and you had come to help her. So I've watched over you—somewhat. You were no coward to seek her at La Baye."

Honesty might be insanity, but I would not withhold it. "I did not seek her."

He leaned nearer at that. "You did not seek her! You mean?"

I bowed, though he could not see the gesture. "All that you imply. I came for trade. I knew nothing of Hortense, or her—troubles. It was she who recognized me."

He turned on the moss like a creature on a rack. "She told you?"

"She sent me to Langlade. Come, I will tell you." And I did tell him all, save that I was a spy which he could infer for himself.

He listened so breathlessly I could get some measure of his suffering for news of his kind. When I told him Langlade had protected Hortense from gossip, and that neither of them suspected he was living, I heard him murmur, "God is good!" and marvelled that he could rise above himself to say that of anything.

"How do you live?" I challenged, to get away from my own emotion.

He shook himself back to the present. "Live? Food, you mean? Oh, I can trap. Then my Pawnees forage. No, they are not here. They stay in the Indian camp but meet me at the little island where you found the fire. They think me crazed, so make a worship of me. Tell me. What brought you tonight? What will you?"

I did not find it easy to explain. "To beg you to go away," I halted. "Hortense—she—she may see you."

He got to his feet with a curse. "She shall never see me," he cried. Then he sank down. "Have no fear, Sargeant. I wish to hide even more than you can wish to hide me. I am safe here. No Indians will get near the devil of the Manitou."

"But Amalou found you."

"You sent him. He is off type. You've bewitched him. If a white man comes, other than yourself, I can keep out of his way."

I twisted bark in my hands. "Why stay, Godefroy? It must be torture to be so near."

He gave a cackling laugh. "Torture! Is it so dark you forget what I am?"

"I beg—I beg your pardon."

"Never mind." He dropped his head in his hands, and I cannot forget the hopeless, wearied kindness of his tone. "Never mind. No, Sargeant, there is one thing left me. The two women whose lives I have destroyed are both in La Baye. There are dangers. I overhear much. I must stay by."

"You may be wise," I said, and my throat was not clear to say more. For I saw why Langlade was tender to Godefroy when he should have been hard, and why Hortense tried to purify his memory. And I repeat now what I began to feel then, that, with all he had done, there was a largeness about this man far ahead of his time. That he should couple Hortense with the Indian Ahnawa revolted me, yet I suspected he was nearer right than I. He had married this Indian girl. His morals were warped, but the strands were finer than mine.

I yearned to tell him what Hortense had said, of the work she was doing called by his name. But I did not dare. He had paid an inconceivable price for her. He had thrown aside all that makes for decency just to get this girl. Seeing what I had of him, I was appalled at what his soul must have gone through. To want a woman as much as that! No, I would not tell him Hortense thought kindly

of him. I would not lay tinder to such a flame.

But honesty on certain lines I could give. If I were made way with I was grimly glad that his capable gun would remain. So I told him of Langlade's plan for taking Hortense to Quebec, and that she had refused to go.

"But why?"
"Why should she refuse to go? I told you she was helping Langlade. She feels the work valuable."

"Then why should Langlade send her?"

I found myself shuffling the leaves. "Hortense is young, attractive. Perhaps Langlade finds her disturbing. It may be his wife's suggestion." I consequently wished to protect Langlade; was squeamish about voicing what he had implied.

"Oh," cried the voice. It was like the bark of a hurt creature. Then he took time to digest the implication. "Langlade is kind; almost quixotic—yet he's the son of a savage," he muttered. "You fear him?"
"Fear—and respect."

I saw him writhe. "You are strange—you English—so cold, so well in hand. But there is more than Langlade to fear. We must be watchful."

"I may not be here to watch," I said heavily. "Langlade suspects me. Not of being English. I think, but of being an imposter of some sort—possibly an agent of Bigot. When he learns that Hortense refuses to go with me—he may give me short shrift." I faced toward him. "You feel no duty to disclose me to Langlade?"

The shadow of his head moved in negative. "Duty is a privilege"; he spoke slowly—"I have forfeited that right. Yet I might kill you—for the sake of France—if it were not for Hortense." He stopped to curse. "It is little to be false to my country," he went on, "when you know where else I have played traitor. And yet—"

"Yet what? You are large to give me free rein, Godefroy?"

He bowed. "It is the matter of the Menominees. There is danger there!"

"Danger? To you?"

"No, no; to the settlement. You've been stirring Old King's people till they're ripe for trouble."

The shock of that brought me to my feet. "Impossible! I've not poisoned the Menominees against the French. I've talked only of English trade; beads, rum!"

"Yes, yes," he agreed. "Nevertheless there are mutterings against Langlade. If they revolt, and fall on the settlement—Can you hold them? Can you play fair in both camps?"

I shook my head, and dropped to my seat without answering, for I was hard hit; shaken. I had not reckoned with this danger. It was the devil's mess. I sat in heavy thought, crumbling moss in my fingers. How long. I do not know, but Godefroy roused me.

"It will soon be growing light. I ask you to leave—before we can see."

I was on my feet. I had a few last phrases, which I stumbled over. I arranged, if I needed Godefroy, to leave a note in the cleft of a tree we both remembered.

As I would have gone, he stopped me. "The wrong I did your wife's sister," he brought out the words like an automaton. "You have said nothing."

I paced a moment before I could still the anger that rose. "You spoke of killing," I said at last. "When I first heard, I came out here to kill you. But when I see you—Do I need to add punishment, Godefroy?"

I have always wished I had not said that. It was stupid, cruel. I was a prating ass. But when I held out my hand, he took it, and we said good-bye.

I had strange feelings as I walked back through the growing light. I had been through the most incomprehensible devil's night of my life, but with it all, even with all the horror of that face that I had talked with in the darkness, and that I was conscious of, even when I did not see, I was yet curiously exalted. It is not given to many to talk with one whose self has been crucified, and something purifying stayed with me from the contact. I took more than I gave that night.

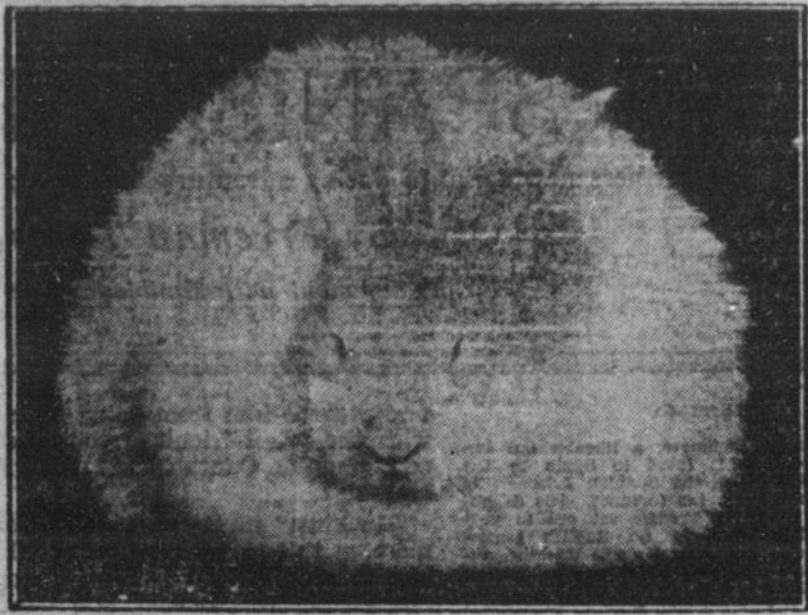
(To be Continued)

BEST FARMING COUNTRY.

"I can say, without any hesitation, that Canada is the best country in the world for farming at the present time. It has greater possibilities, and there are indications that there is greater stability and prosperity than can be found in any other country," said Dr. E. S. Archibald, director in charge of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa, addressing the Young Men's Canadian Club in Montreal. Dr. Archibald said the crops in Canada are worth \$1,167,000,000, which alone was equal to the fisheries, mines and forests all put together; dairy produce reached \$300,000,000 which was equal to the total of the fisheries and mines; wheat exports \$422,000,000, or a third of the country's total exports, and that there were over 225,000,000 acres capable of producing, but not occupied. He estimated the Dominion's agricultural wealth at \$7,320,000,000, and that at least \$3,800,000,000 of capital was invested in agriculture.

See those two words LAST CHANCE on page 7.

Each reader who realizes the tendency of journalism to concentrate in the hands of a few cunning schemers will bestir himself to further the influence of the papers he believes to be most sincerely independent of selfish interest and most courageously devoted to the general welfare.



A PRIZEWINNER

The beautiful Angora rabbit, shown above, which bears the name "Flame of Rocklyn," won first prize and special for best rabbit against nearly 600 competitors at the Royal Winter Fair. The animal was bred and is owned by Mrs. T. A. Neely, Toronto.

CROWS LOSE MILLION IN 1925 CAMPAIGN

Saskatchewan's crow and magpie population suffered tremendous depletion as result of the activities of the 4,230 contestants who waged a spirited tussle during the summer months, for the 1,500 prizes offered by the Provincial Department of Railways, Labor and Industries in connection with its 1925 Crow Campaign.

Tabulation of the casualties suffered by the black, and black and white marauders as noted in the multitude of certificates received by the Department, indicates that approximately one million fewer crows and magpies will play havoc with Saskatchewan crops, next year, or ravish the nests of useful birds.

The success of the competition may be gauged by the results which show that 465,953 legs, representing 232,976 crows and magpies (not to mention the "half"), 631,716 eggs, representing, potentially, a like number of birds, were collected by the contestants and duly certified, in the course of the season's campaign. Actually, therefore, the enemy suffered a total loss of 914,692 before hostilities closed, September 1.

Individual returns, scored on a basis of two points for each crow's or magpie's egg, and five points for each leg, reach, in some cases, astonishing figures. Several of the contestants aggregated between 20,000 and 30,000 points, while top score is only thirty points short of 29,000 representing more than 4,600 birds as the "bag" of a single competitor.

Departmental officials have completed the first check-up of the individual scores, but no announcement yet has been made as to the identity of the prize winners. Allocation

of the prizes will be made by independent judges who will scrutinize and examine the certificates and figures, before the official awards are published.

Curiosity was aroused when the official revealed an odd number of legs. The explanation, however, is simple. According to departmental officials, a little girl appeared at the office one day during the summer and deposited 35 legs on a desk. "Where's the other one?" she was asked. "Oh, I lost it!" was the answer. One little fellow, keenly interested in the competition, also made a special trip to the Legislative Building, bearing one lone egg. He was very proud of his trophy, too, and thought it a sure prize-money winner. Another youngster of a practical bent, considered himself entitled to some of the prize-money because he had torn his pants in climbing to a nest. These, and a hundred similar incidents, testify to the keen interest the "Competition for the Control of Crows and Magpies, 1925" aroused throughout the province.

VACUUM CLEANERS FOR DAIRY COWS

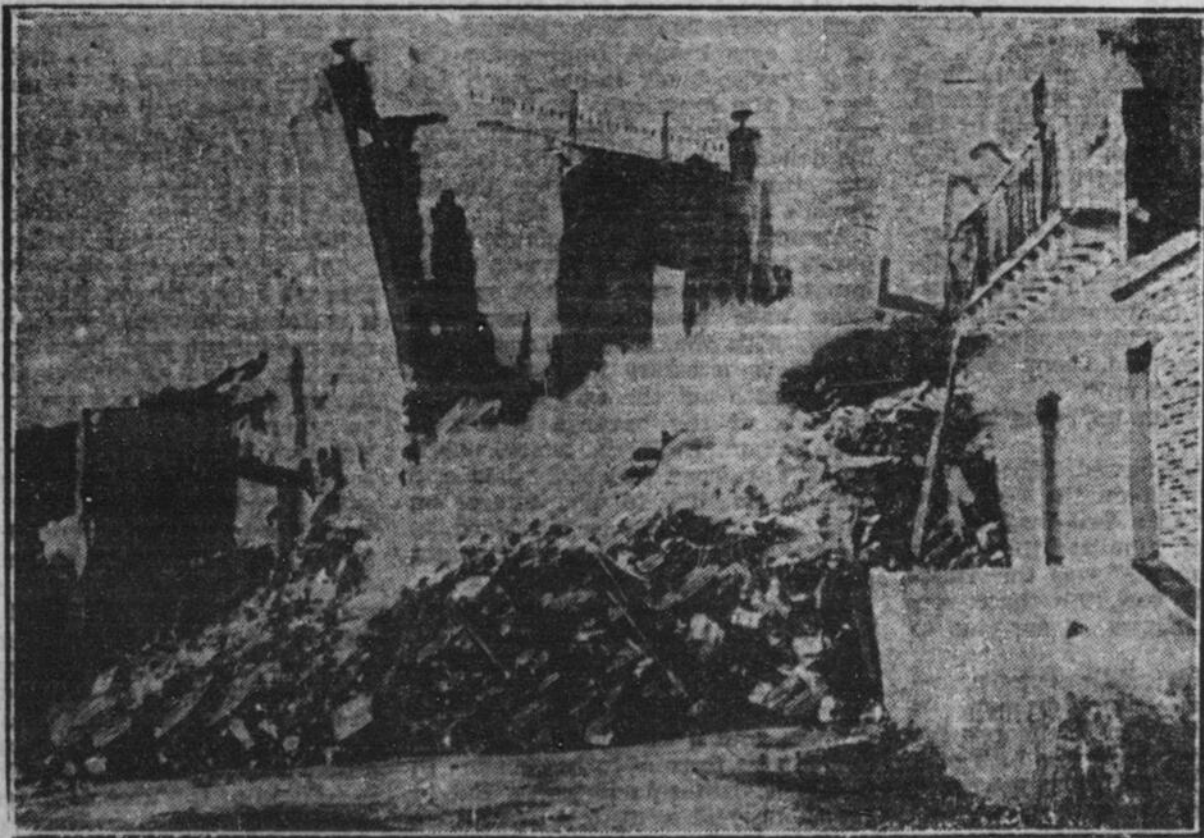
A new electric clipper and groomer, operated somewhat on the principle of a vacuum cleaner, has been invented for the use of the dairyman who wishes to produce the cleanest milk possible with the least effort and expense. This device attaches to the milking machine vacuum pipe line and removes dirt, dust, germs, hair and filth which might get into the milk and injure its quality and purity. A similar device, but operated independently by an electric motor instead of the milking machine system, is another recent development that has proved its ability to keep dairy cows clean economically.

SHOP WINDOWS

Making a purchase to your advantage is one of the arts. For an expenditure of the minimum amount of money you desire as a return the very highest quality of material it is possible to get. It is more difficult than it sounds. You must have a feeling of confidence in those with whom you are dealing.

That is why we desire to bring to your notice the excellent service being rendered by the advertising columns of the Witness. When you think of it, these columns are really shop windows. Look into them, study them carefully as you would the windows of your home-town stores. You will be agreeably surprised at the variety, splendid quality and efficiency of commodities offered to the public through our windows. You will find there many things that you were just wanting, perhaps. Sometimes it is necessary to write to the advertiser for the article you wish. You are sure of satisfaction and prompt attention if you mention that you saw his advertisement in the Witness.

Make use of the seller who makes use of your paper, the Witness, and more of these so-called "Shop Windows" will appear to the advantage of yourself and your paper.



THE ERUPTION OF MT. ETNA

One of the most remarkable photos ever taken following the eruption of a volcano, shows the wall of what was once a fine building at Mascall, Sicily, crashing to the earth after the molten lava from Mount Etna pressed against it. The entire town of Mascall was left in ruins by slow but destructive flow of the volcano.

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

Colonel Erskine Fenimore, a likeable but impractical American, is lured to Spain by the old swindle known as the Spanish Prisoner, in the hope of retrieving his fortunes. His daughter Glorietta and his Freddie set out in pursuit with Major Poulson, an English gentleman. In France the Colonel meets Huckins, another American on the same errand as himself and in an effort to put his rival on the wrong train, makes a mistake and only after a great deal of delay does he get to Barcelona. Meanwhile, Glorietta and her party reach Barcelona and, on calling on the police whom they wired to hold the Colonel, find that they have arrested Huckins instead.

(Now read on.)

CHAPTER VIII

THE Colonel had a number of motor buses, at the station, to choose from. He finally selected that of the *Hôtel Colón*, because the word was easy to pronounce. He registered on a slip of paper, with a round, flowing hand, and the clerk obligingly filled out the rest of the document, giving the requisite details concerning age, birthplace, sex, occupation, and probable next place of residence. Ah, yes, and nationality, of course. When the clerk asked the Colonel for his nationality, the latter replied that he was an American—but he stated the fact in a more subdued tone than usual. In truth, the Colonel was beginning to feel that the natives of Europe were not so impressed by the Fenimore Americanism as he himself was.

These registration slips, of the hotels, are collected every night by a police representative. Perhaps that explained why the advent of Colonel Fenimore, at the *Colón*, was so soon known to several persons who were expecting his arrival. At ten o'clock that night, the traveller was having a late supper, with a cold bottle of *cerveza*, in his room. He was comfortable for the first time since leaving Paris. He sat in his shirt sleeves and in his stockinged feet, eating soberly and thoughtfully, and viewing the clean excellence of the room furniture with approval. Suddenly there was a little rustling sound—so little as to be one of those noises that quickly arrest the attention. The Colonel looked toward the door and saw, very gently slipping in beneath it, an envelope.

"Huh! I'll bet it's an advertisement for some bank or department store!" chuckled the Colonel, recalling that in Los Angeles every visitor to the city is bombarded with such business missives within a few hours after his arrival. He rose and opened the door. The hallway was vacant. Then he stooped and picked up the envelope. It was addressed to "Don Erskine Fenimore."

"Don!" said the Colonel, to himself. "Where'd they get that?" He opened it and read:

Respected sir, I address you as a friend. I cannot make my name known to you, but I mean you well. For your good you should return to the United States, having nothing to do with the Spanish Prisoner. It is a plan to attract you and wrest your money. You will be visited tonight or tomorrow by a man who assumes to be a priest, but who is a malefactor. Disincline to have business with him. If you doubt me, then please pay your respect to the police, who will correctly inform you upon this affairs. I can sign only Your Good Wisher.

"Now, what do you think of that?" gasped the Colonel. He darted to the door again, rushed out into the corridor, went to the end of the passage, and stared around. There was nobody in sight. He went slowly back and perused the note again.

The Colonel was undeniably upset by this missive. But, having nobody in Barcelona, to his knowledge, who should wish him well, it seemed rather that somebody was trying to mislead him upon the instant of his arrival. Who would wish to mislead him

and prevent him from doing business with the priest-friend of the deceased Ramon de Santa Clara? Who but Huckins?

"Huckins!" muttered Colonel Fenimore, as this idea came to him. "Huckins is behind this. He's already doing business in this matter and doesn't want me butting in. Of course, that's it! The letter looks like it was written by a foreigner—that's true—but Huckins could easy enough get somebody to write it for him."

The more the Colonel thought it over, the more apparent it became. Huckins had beat him to Barcelona, owing to that unlucky mistake at Narbonne, and had immediately begun negotiations with the priest. No doubt he was haggling over the percentage that he should receive, out of the Santa Clara estate. He needed time to drive a good bargain. Consequently, he had been on the watch for Colonel Fenimore's arrival and was trying to frighten him off the trail.

Really, it looked like the only explanation. And, as he considered this phase of the adventure, the Colonel's mouth almost watered. If Huckins had sent this note for such a purpose, then the Santa Clara estate was all that it was represented to be. It was big game. Huckins wouldn't take this trouble if he had found the thing to be a false scent. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and the guardianship of an heiress! It was a gold mine. But—

Even the sanguine nature of the Colonel drooped a little at the next consideration that came to him. Huckins probably had a pocketful of ready money. He had looked like it, anyway. Whereas, the Colonel—well, the Colonel had to confess that he had come a long distance on a bluff. Not exactly a bluff; no, not that—but on optimism, say. When the Colonel had received the first letter from the Spanish Prisoner, he had hopefully conceived the idea that, though he lacked cash, he could convince the Spaniards that he had something better to offer than cash—namely, stock in the Bellemary Development. The stock, truly, had no market value at the moment. But Bellemary was destined to become the fastest growing garden city of the Pacific Coast. They ought to see that. The Colonel trusted to his power of argument—his salesmanship. Also, he had imagined, at that time, that the Spanish Prisoner's appeal had been sent only to him. He could not know that Huckins had received the same letter.

It began to look problematical. "But," concluded Colonel Fenimore, "Huckins won't freeze me out of the game with this sort of bunk! He may beat me, but he can't frighten me. No, sir!"

Even as the Colonel was considering, the telephone jingled. To the delight of the guest, it was a manageable telephone instrument, and the voice was dimly understandable. "A gentleman to see you, senor. Do you wish him to come up?"

"Sure, Send him up," was the reply.

A few minutes passed. Then there was a light knock on the door, and the Colonel, with a fast-beating and expectant heart, admitted the visitor.

"Senor Fenimore?" was the greeting, with a little bow. "Ah, thank you, I am Urbano Balmes. I am glad to meet you."

"Sit down," invited the Colonel, and sat gazing upon the other man. It was the first time in Fenimore's life that he had ever been the host of a priest—for a priest this man seemed to be. He wore the garb of a Franciscan friar; though that meant nothing to the Colonel. He was olive-skinned, with flashing eyes, rather heavy and slow footed, and apparently a hearty feeder, for when he sat down, his *botana* folded itself neatly over a plump, rounded hillock of flesh un-

derneath. In the presence of this man of piety, Colonel Fenimore felt greatly impressed. He had not been much used to dealing with the Protestant clergy, except as prospects for real-estate lots. He waited for the visitor to conduct the conversation.

"You did not arrive when we expected you, Senor Fenimore," were the first words of the priest.

"I got off the train at Narbonne and got back on the wrong train," was the explanation.

"Ah, that is well accounted for. It must have been a disagreeable experience for you. You do not speak French—or Spanish, sir?"

"Not a d—" the Colonel saved himself just in time from offending the religious sensibilities of his visitor. He added, softly, "Not a d-definite word!"

"Ah, well, you are here. And a great errand of mercy remains to be done. Poor Don Ramon! I am sorry you should not have seen him, sir. He was a very good man. It was such a shamefulness that he reclined in prison. But that is over now—and he is beyond material—beyond material—pardon me. I speak English not so well. Some words I do not know."

"You speak it great!" said the Colonel.

"Ah, do not flatter me," said the priest, with a sultry smile. "But, to speak of Don Ramon. Nothing can be done for him, but yet much remains to be done. There is the beautiful Rosa."

"His daughter?" interrupted the Colonel eagerly.

"Yes, sir. Such a beautiful young woman. And so modest and helpless. You see, she was much sheltered—if that is the word—I mean the roof was much over her head—"

"I understand you, all right. You mean she wasn't allowed to run around flapping—"

The priest looked surprised, but nodded. "That is it. By consequence, she is unused to the world. She needs a kind, wise guardian. Ah, senor, it does me well to see that you are a respectable gentleman, of *madura* age, to whom such a helpless creature may cling for support. She is so innocent, senor. Ah, yes. The sort of young woman who bad men fix their eyes upon; for, though it is not for me to say such things—here the visitor rolled his eyes piously—"I report only what is common speech when I say that her form is the likeness of perfection." Senor Balmes fixed his eyes keenly, from under the long grayish-black lashes, upon the face of the American. But the Colonel was guileless of the evil thoughts his delight might have indicated. He was thinking: "With her money, Freddie is a lucky young dog!"

Abruptly, the priest clapped his hands together, almost with an air of impatience, and said, in quick speech: "You have brought the necessary money with you, senor? Money, cash money, is necessary to pay the fees and smooth out the way for the recovering of the baggage effects of Don Ramon. In Spain, senor, public officials are poor, very badly paid, and they do not like to dine forever on potatoes. Much money is needed, to smooth the road. You have brought cash with you, as was expected?"

This was a facer for the Colonel. He had brought no money with him. He had brought certificates of stock in the Bellemary development, and he had brought hopes, and a persuasive manner, and a declamatory description of the fortune to be made in Southern California property. But of money he had a distinct need. He could sympathize with the Spanish officials who did not like "to dine forever on potatoes."

But Colonel Fenimore was not disposed to show his hand so early. He countered with a prompt and proud elevation of the head, and replied,

with dignity, "I have something as good as money, Mr. Balmes. I mean, your reverence I mean—I don't know what to call you."

"Mr. Balmes, or Senor Balmes, or Father Balmes—anything you like." The priest was smiling again—that mysterious smile of his. A look of greedy satisfaction had come upon his face. "I understand you, senor. You have travelling checks, or perhaps a letter of credit. Of course, that is as good as money, when negotiated I do not inquire into your business. I see that you are a man of property. Merely, I must safeguard the fortune of the beautiful Rosa de Santa Clara."

"Sure thing, Mr. Balmes. I know that. Er—can I ask you a question?"

"A thousand, respected sir."

"Have you happened to see anything of a man named Huckins?"

"Huckins? Huckins?" The visitor's eyes became as orientally unreadable as those of a Chinaman. "It is a strange name. I have never heard of him."

"Oh, that's all right, then," said the Colonel, relieved. "I just thought you might know of him. No matter."

"In the matter of the money," went on Urbano Balmes, always steering the discourse back to the main point, "you must have cash before anything can be done. It will be necessary to have thirty thousand dollars of American money—as agreed. That should be either in American notes, or in pesetas. If you have the American money, the pesetas can be obtained. One third of the three hundred and sixty thousand dollars gold shall be yours, senor, according to agreement. That will leave not less than two hundred and forty thousand for the Senorita—a snug fortune. It is fair that she should also pay to you one half of the thirty thousand you shall spend to redeem her father's baggage: leaving you a handsome profit, no?"

"I suppose you get a commission on this," remarked the practical minded Colonel.

Father Balmes drew back from the suggestion as though it tainted him. "I, senor? Ah, you must not say such things. What use have I for money? I am the spiritual adviser of the beautiful lady. I have known her ever since she was a *chiquita*—a little girl dressed all in white, like the snow which rests upon the Pyrenees, to take her first communion. Oh, so beautiful then, senor, and much more beautiful now. Her eyes are like those of the fawn, and in her fair cheeks there is a blush that rivals the sunrise over the hills of her native mountains. It is no wonder they call her 'The Rose of Aragon.'"

"The Rose of Aragon!" repeated Colonel Fenimore, with a relish. "That's a smacking pretty name! The Rose of Aragon. I shall be glad to make the lady's acquaintance." He bowed in his most gallant manner.

"Come, then!" said the priest, rising as briskly as his corpulence would permit. "You are a good man, senor, and you are fit to be the guardian of this angel. We must make haste then, for she is penniless today. She, an heiress, is penniless. You understand! No time must be lost. We must go to Teruel at once, you and I."

"Teruel?" repeated the Colonel. "Where is Teruel? I never heard of that place. I thought Mr. Santa Clara lived in a place called—what was it?—Ribas, or something similar."

"Ah, no!" was the reply. "The letters were sent to you from Ribas, of a certainty. But that was because it was not safe to send them from Teruel. The letters were smuggled from the prison, and sent by me from Ribas, where I happened to be located. But Don Ramon died in Teruel, and there lives his poor Rosita, in poverty, with friends no richer than herself. Teruel is in Aragon, senor! It is not far. One takes the train to Murviedro, and there is another train at that point which stops at Teruel, on its way to Calatayud. We must go there at once. If you bring the cash, you will be rich in a few days—at least, in a few weeks, for the actual money of Don Ramon is in America. Yes, senor, rich in money, and rich in the possession of the Rose of Aragon." He uttered the word "possession" with almost a leer. "Can you go at once—in the morning? There is a train for Murviedro at eleven."

For an instant the Colonel hesitated. Somehow, now that he was face to face with the problem, his Bellemary stock did not seem so valuable.

Nor did he feel so confident of his powers of salesmanship. Cash, hard cash, was the substance mentioned by the priest, who, when he uttered the word, and followed it with the Spanish *dinero*, tickled the palm of his hand, and wriggled his fingers meaningly. For that short instant the Colonel's better judgment told him to quit the affair and return to the United States as soon as he could. He felt homesick, and he felt uncertain.

But the gold that was glittering just beyond his reach, and the infinite charm that his imagination associated with the picture of the Rose of Aragon, together with his unquenchable optimism, turned the tide. "Who knows?" he told himself. "If I could have a chance to talk with these officials, in the American way of doing business, I could probably get them to let us have those trunks. As it stands, the trunks are no good to them; and I can make it mighty well worth their while. If they can see where their best interest lies, they'll do business with me."

"I'll be ready, all right," said the Colonel suddenly. "You'll come here to the hotel for me?"

"That is certain."

"All right! That's a bet, mister!—By the way, friend, I haven't had a chance to change any money into this Spanish currency yet. Could you —"

"Gladly, señor. I understand. It is fortunate that I happen to have a little money with me. Would a hundred pesetas accommodate you?" He took a wallet from beneath his *sotana* and extracted a banknote of that denomination.

"Thanks!" beamed the Colonel. "I'll get this back to you right away."

The priest waved a reassuring hand and bowed himself softly into the corridor, without realizing that he had joined the growing regiment of those to whom Colonel Erskine Fenimore was going to get back a small loan right away.

CHAPTER IX

When the good Father Balmes left the Colon Hotel, he did not return to a religious house, but instead made his way down the Ramblas to a certain narrow street, where there was a coffee shop sandwiched in between two shuttered stores. Inside, in an obscure corner, a man still more corpulent than Señor Balmes, with grosser lips, and greedier eyes, and with far more spirit of initiative in his voice, was waiting. When he was Balmes enter, he raised a fat forefinger and beckoned.

"Well, well!" was the impatient greeting. "Has he got the money? Did you see it?"

"I didn't see it, Don Juan," was the reply, "but it is certain he has it. He is undoubtedly a man of property, very imposing, very reasonable."

"Did he have a cat locked up?"

To have a cat locked up, in Juan Corcega's idiom, meant, "Did he smell a rat?"

"He is as innocent as a lamb," replied Balmes. "I think he is a great egotist. He puffs out his cheeks, thus, when he speaks."

"We shall puff his cheeks for him," said Corcega, with a mirthless laugh. "And will the gentleman go to Teruel?"

"He says he will go in the morning. —But what in the life of the devil, Don Juan, do we want in Teruel? Teruel, of all places! I have no love for that wilderness, where the wine is sour and the face is lean. If you do not like Ribas, why not San Cugat, or some near-by place?"

The bigger man's eyes became like two black beads. "Listen, Urbano," he said in a low tone. "Bend your head this way. We are being betrayed!"

"Betrayed!" instinctively, the other man's right hand went toward his belt. "Who betrays us?"

"Aye, who? You have asked. Answer. You do not know that the Chief of Police of Barcelona—the idiot—has made his boast that he will stop our business?"

"It cannot be," breathed Urbano, with the injured air of a virtuous man whose little property has been illegally invaded.

"As for the Jefe, he is a fool and I do not fear him," went on Juan. "I know every word he speaks and every move he makes. This man Huckins, the other American, spent two days

at the police station. That, I can understand. The daughter of the man Fenimore, with her brother and an Englishman, telegraphed from Paris that her father should be held, to keep him out of our clutches. The daughter did not know that the man Huckins also was coming, nor that her father would get his crazy carcass on the wrong train. Then, this ass of a Jefe seized Huckins, thinking he was Fenimore, before we have a chance to interview him. I understand that, also. We already have Huckins in tow. He will be the easiest goose we ever plucked, for he thinks he is the smartest man in the world. They make the fat roasts, Urbano, these wise-acres! Already, we have seen him, and told him that the Jefe is trying to get the Spanish Prisoner's money himself—and therefore warned to clear out of the country. Ah, Urbano, there is nothing like greed to blind the eyes! If everything goes well, I shall make you rich, Urbano. But you are a silly-looking priest. You look more like a prosperous drayman. Did Fenimore suspect you?"

"He called me 'your reverence,'" chuckled Balmes.

"Well, he is a fool. Doubtless he is a heretic, who has never observed priests. Yet I wish you looked like a certain young man I had hoped to take into the business, Urbano. Ah, what a fellow! Handsome as Gutierrez, the Toledan bullfighter, but of a different sort, very gentle and refined! Dressed in a cassock, he would have been able to turn black into white. That youth, with his innocent eyes and a certain sadness about his mouth—he could make a fortune. And he is honest, Urbano! Hang it, you can't trust people nowadays. Sometimes I don't trust you!"

"And sometimes I don't trust you, Don Juan. I was going to speak of that last time when you said you would give me ten thousand pesetas—the time we fleeced the rich Swede—and instead—"

"No more of that!" muttered Corcega, between his teeth; as the same time, by some effort of sheer telepathic will, cowering the other man into a humble heap before him. "I have done better by you than you deserve!"

"By the life of the devil, you don't need to get so fierce," gulped Balmes humbly. "The matter is, Don Juan, you said we were being betrayed. What do you mean by that?"

"I am not certain, and yet—it must be so. The truth is, Urbano, we shall have to quit Barcelona for a while. This police chief, the simpleton, is honest. My man higher up can do nothing with him. He is going to make it hot for us here. I know this: that he has been in consultation with somebody, concerning us. He has twice driven to a certain house and spent several hours there. The worst of it is that I can't find out who it is that he talks with. But on the strength of these visits, he brags he will spoil our business, and even land us in prison ourselves. And times have changed, Urbano, we can't deny that. Hang it, these dainty moralists are ruining everything. So we must go to Teruel. Once we are in that province, I have friends there who will look out for me. You must get Fenimore up there tomorrow; and I will attend to the man Huckins.—Ah, if I could only get that fine young man Cervello to join us, for this once! I would pay him—I would pay him—"

But Juan Corcega suddenly snapped his mouth shut. In the light of Urbano's humble protestation that his employer hadn't paid him, it seemed unwise to indulge in such a topic.

Many times Corcega had lavished these praises upon the fine young Cervello, in Urbano's hearing, and Balmes was getting exceedingly tired of it. He now murmured sullenly: "May the dogs eat your fine young man, Don Juan! If he is too proud to join us, let him starve! Besides, we are able to handle these matters well enough without him."

"Vaya, vaya! With Cervello, I could charm dollars from the pocket of the tax collector! You don't understand, Urbano. You are a rude fellow. So am I a rude fellow. But I am clever and you are a fool."

Balmes did not protest against the designation, but called for a cup of coffee and looked sleepy and resigned.

"I am going to look Cervello up in the morning," announced Corcega. "We may need him. I will make it

worth his while. He may have changed his mind by this time. He came to me, starving, and was in the mood to join us. But that very afternoon somebody gave him a miserable job, enough to keep his soul near his body, and he turned me down. This time, I shall have him!"

"Curse him!" muttered Balmes in a very unpriestly way.

CHAPTER X.

Glorietta Fenimore was sitting at the window in the third storey of the Colon, looking out upon the clouds of dust that were blowing down the Paseo de Gracia, and comparing them with that desert wind which is known in Los Angeles under the name of the "Santa Ana"—because it does not come from Santa Ana, and does not stop there, and is no worse there than it is elsewhere. "Windy Spain," she thought—and she correctly described it. Windy and dusty is Spain; windy and dusty, bare and stern, except where irrigation, or flowing streams, moisten the soil, and then it is brilliant and lush with verdure. But the moving picture below, in the Paseo, thrilled the American woman. Never had she seen such color; never so many brilliant uniforms, from the crimson coats of the traffic policemen to the gorgeously parrotlike dress of the scores of officers and men who represented the branches of the army and navy. So many soldiers! It seemed that every other passer-by was either a soldier, a sailor, or a priest. And yet it appeared as natural and logical—this array of force—as the yellow-ochre tint of the houses which blended them softly into the background of the dusty hills.

Major Poulson and Freddie had gone to the American consulate, in the Fontanella, to see if Colonel Fenimore had been there. The Major and Glorietta's brother had been on better terms for the past few hours. Glorietta wondered whether it might be, by chance, because she had resolutely refused to issue any more money to Freddie without knowing to a peseta just where it was bound for. At any rate, Freddie had become wonderfully polite to the Major, for some reason.

The telephone rang, and the operator, below, who could speak all languages with equally fluent rankness, announced Señor Arturo Cervello.

"Oh, I think you've made a mistake," said Glorietta to the operator. "I'm sure the call must be for somebody else."

"You are Señorita Fenimore?" came the answer.

"Yes, that is my name."

"Then the gentleman wishes it is you which he sees, please."

"Very well, I will come down to the parlor," said Glorietta, wondering greatly.

Don Arturo was seated in the parlor when Glorietta entered. He rose, as though he knew her at sight, and in the bad light of the room she could not make out his face at once. Then he stepped out into the ray which came through a window, and she caught her breath. Don Arturo was the very man who had sat opposite their little party in the *luz* which brought them from Port-Bou.

"I beg your pardon, please, Miss Fenimore," began the visitor, "I have not interrupt you, I hope. You perhaps remember me? I hope you are very well."

"I am quite well, thank you," said Glorietta, and put out her hand frankly. Instead of shaking her hand, the young man let it rest on the tips of his fingers, and leaned over to press his lips upon it, very lightly.

"I—I am glad to see you. I—I hope you are well, too." It sounded exceedingly stupid in her own ears; but unconsciously she was merely saying the politely formal thing that any Spaniard would expect.

If Don Arturo had not studied English to some effect, and learned that the Anglo-Saxons do not do such things, he would have inquired fervently for the health of her father, her brother, and might have said, "live you many years," and so steered the conversation that it would be at least fifteen minutes before anything to the point could be said. But instead, he stood expectantly waiting to be asked to be seated. "Oh, please sit down, Mr.—er—"

"Cervello, please."

"Mr. Cervello. I like that name," said the American bluntly.

One compliment deserves another—or gets it whether it deserves it or not—in Spain. "I think the name Fenimore is very nice," replied Arturo. Meanwhile, Glorietta had a chance to "size up" the visitor, as she would have said. Without an impolite inspection she saw, with some astonishment, that while at first glance he seemed to be the very essence of good tailoring, a better view revealed the fact that he was merely well pressed and brushed. She wondered whether she had somehow missed that fact when she saw him on the train. Then she nearly blushed, as she recalled that she must have dedicated most of her attention, at that time, to his face. "He's really quite poor!" she told herself. "But he knows how to make the best of his shabbiness."

"You will excuse me if I do not speak English so well? I have spoken it not long."

"You speak well enough for anybody."

"Gracias. Then you will forgive me if I come to brass nails at once—is that not your expression? Yes. Then I wish to speak to you about your father."

"My father!" gasped Glorietta excitedly. "Do you know where he is? Yes, yes, please tell me anything you know about him."

"Your father has been in Barcelona but has gone to Teruel, señorita."

"To Teruel. Where is that? When was he here? Did you see him? Has he— Oh, forgive me, Mr. Cervello. I didn't mean to ask so many questions at once. But I am worried about him. Just tell me anything you know, please, and I shall be grateful."

"I have not seen your father, but I know that he has been here. Teruel, señorita, is a province many leagues from here. It is not easy to reach. The trains are not many, and very slow. Our trains in Spain do not run so fast as yours, I think."

"Would you think it very rude if I should ask you how you know these things?" asked Glorietta, suddenly.

"Rude?" Cervello repeated the word. It was a word he did not know. He looked puzzled. Then his eyes lighted up and he smiled. "I understand, I think. It is natural question, señorita, but will you forgive me if I answer that I do not like to say. That is not like a Spaniard to make such answer, señorita. It comes very hard for me to say such. We Spaniards would rather say what is not so—make up a story, I could say—rather than to be—what you say?—rude?"

"Mr. Cervello," said Glorietta very firmly and explicitly—because, somehow, in the presence of this young man she found need to be firm and explicit—"I don't want to be rude, but I can't help thinking that it wasn't an accident that you were on the train with us the other day. I do thank you for taking an interest in my father, but I do think I ought to know just why you should be interested in him."

A crimson flame shot across the dark cheeks and the forehead. Cervello's mouth compressed tightly, and she saw his hands tremble a little. But he mastered himself with an effort and stammered:

"It—it—it is a matter for—for—I do not remember the word—yes, for trust! Señorita, I cannot tell you. But—do you think I—I am honorable? Can you not trust me? I promise you I mean you no harm."

Glorietta gazed full into his face. Then she nodded definitely. "I do trust you. Yes, you are a man of honor. At least, I think so. But—it is so strange. You have not seen my father, and yet you know he has been here. Do you know why he came to Barcelona?"

"Yes, señorita, I think so."

"Do you know anything about this silly Spanish Prisoner which my father came here about?"

"Don Arturo swallowed hard. "Yes, señorita, I think I do."

It seemed useless to press the visitor further. Something about him inspired confidence in Glorietta, and yet there was a good deal of doubt in her mind. She tried another aspect: "If my father has gone to Teruel, then of course we must go there. He knows nothing about the country and doesn't speak the language. Tell me, truly, Mr. Cervello, is it the sort of place where—where—"

"Pardon me, I know what you are thinking, señorita. Spain is a very

peaceful country. I assure you of it. You will see for yourself. We try to be courteous and kind to strangers. It is true, we are not always so kind to each other. There are bad men in Spain, senorita, as it is everywhere so, but you need not be afraid for your father. And ladies are safe everywhere. Still, in places like Teruel, travel for ladies is not comfortable, and I make you advice that you should stay in Barcelona, which is very modern, and you cannot have any fear that your father will come back here, very safe. I come only to see you to say that your father had gone to Teruel, so that you cannot worry."

"I shall go to Teruel," objected Glorietta promptly.

Don Arturo shook his head but did not argue the point. He rose and bowed deeply over her hand, and then walked away erect and with a swinging, youthful stride. He left Glorietta with a curious thwarted feeling, tinged with an apprehension she did not like to confess. Also, she had to admit that, though Don Arturo was far from aggressive, he had managed to dominate the situation with his refined composure and his old-world grace.

"What in the world is he up to, I'd like to know?" Glorietta asked herself. "It doesn't seem possible that he is anything but straight; but why shouldn't he be able to say how he comes to be concerned in this?" And then, straightway, she re-created the little interview, in her mind's eye, and gave up herself to the drowsy, almost narcotic pleasure of imagining his presence. About him there were no angularities, none of those unintentional jarring qualities of the men she had known. He was not effeminate in the least, yet there was something about Cervello that reminded her of the understanding, soothing companionship of a rare woman friend. He had not uttered a word that could be construed as devotion to her; yet whenever he had looked at her, she felt that she was being adored. "Drat 'em, I suppose all these Spaniards and Italians are that way!" mused Glorietta. "They have nothing else in the world to do but try to make love!" Yet, in another instant, she replied to herself: "No, that's not fair to Arturo. There's something about him which is really splendid and even noble.—But I don't see why he couldn't tell me how he knows about Father. At any rate—he'll come back!"

The Major and Freddie came in, both looking frustrated and rather gloomy. The Major shook his head before Glorietta had a chance to ask the expected question.

"No trace of him at the consulate," he announced. "I went to the British consulate, too, on a chance—but they haven't seen him."

"He has left Barcelona. He has gone to a place called—what was it?—Teruel."

"Teruel? Oh, no! Are you sure it is Teruel? Why, Teruel—let's see, that's some awful, dismal backwash place up in the mountains where the Tagus rises, I think. Yes, I remember being in Cuenca, once, with another chap, riding through that part of Spain. There are places where there aren't even cart roads! How do you know he has gone away from here?"

Glorietta recounted the interview with Arturo Cervello—as much as she chose to tell of it.

"I don't like that youth!" was the Major's first comment.

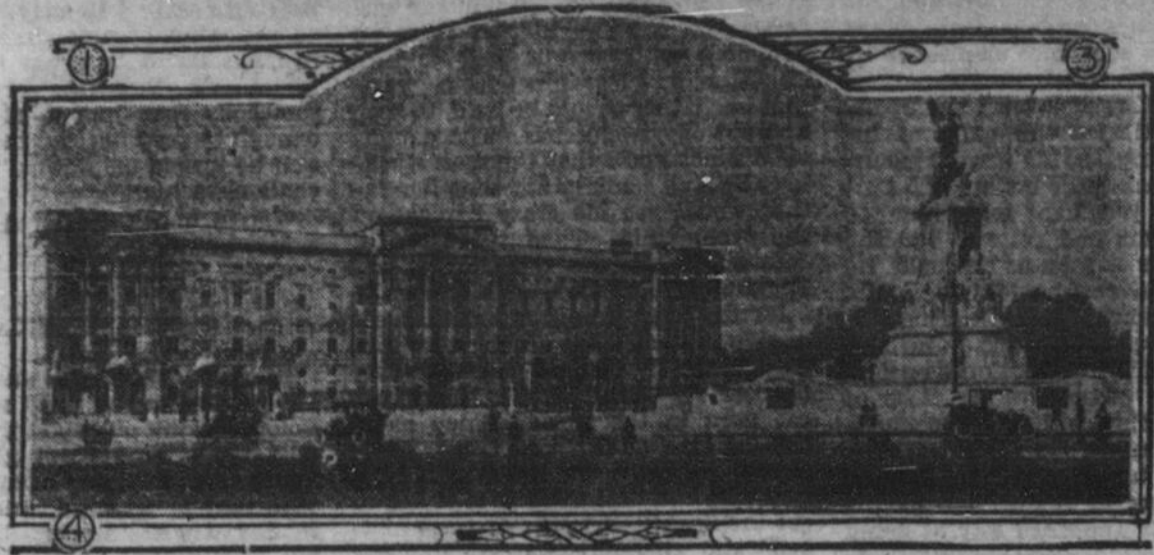
She found herself defending him at once. "Oh, I'm sure he is perfectly sincere and decent. Of course—"

"Why didn't he say how he happened to know about Dad, then?" asked Freddie.

"That's the point," nodded the Major.

"I don't know." Then Glorietta added: "I don't know why in the world I let him get away before you came back. You might have been able to get more information from him, Major."

"Glorietta," said the Major, after a pause, "I wish you had held him here. That chap isn't spending his time running after you and your father, for no reason. He couldn't know about your father unless he was connected with the Spanish Prisoner gang in some way. And why should we believe that he is telling the truth when he says your father has gone to Teruel? It's decidedly more likely that we're being



CENTRE OF EMPIRE'S THOUGHTS

Buckingham Palace, towards which the thoughts of millions throuth the Empire are turning as the King lies ill with pleurisy.

thrown off the scent again, isn't it? I'd rather trust to the Chief of Police. He was a terrible dud to begin with, but I think he's absolutely honest. He's going to ring me if he finds out any news of your father."

At dinner, a page called Major Poulson to the telephone. When he returned to the table, he looked more than usually animated, and

"It was the Jefe," he said "Glorietta, that young chap told you the truth! Your father has been here and has gone to Teruel."

(To be Continued)

Aerial photography for map making purposes by Government fliers has been practically completed for the year, according to Wing Commander J. L. Gordon, R.C.A.F. Eight detachments of two planes each have been operating throughout the Dominion for several months. Three machines operating at St. Donat, Quebec, have already returned to Ottawa, while the remainder are expected within the next few weeks. Aerial surveys have been made throughout the Maritimes, in Northern Ontario and as far north as Fort Smith in the Northwest Territories. Preliminary maps of the various localities covered will be completed with data gathered this year.

"The outlook of the dairy industry in Canada never appeared brighter," says Dr. J. A. Ruddick, commissioner of the dairy and cold storage branch of the Department of Agriculture. "The value of our dairy production this year will be around \$265,000,000. We have approximately 3,800,000 milch cows in Canada. They are in every province although Ontario and

Quebec have the most. While the cheese production is not a record one this year, it is very high. About 100,000 boxes more will be exported in 1928 than in 1927. Canada produced the most milk in its history this year.

Each reader who realizes the tendency of journalism to concentrate in the hands of a few cunning schemers will bestir himself to further the influence of the papers he believes to be most sincerely independent of selfish interest and most courageously devoted to the general welfare.

LIFE'S WAY

I do not ask for fame and wealth
Along life's way,
Not even for unbroken health
Or death's delay,
But for the satisfaction due
To followers in Truth's retinue.

I do not ask for restful ease
Along life's way,
To do exactly as I please—
To toil or play;
But rather to pursue with zest
The path to high achievement's crest.

I do not ask applause and praise
Along life's way,
For such as walk in fortune's rays
Oft go astray;
But rather for that love untold
Which turns the dross of life to gold.—Ex.

See those two words LAST CHANCE on page 7.

THE WAY OF THE FAIRIES

When little folks shed naughty tears,
The fairies are afraid,
Because their path is made so wet,
To wander down the glade.
They trip—
They slip—
They scarce can move along,
And fairies all
Begin to fall,
And cannot sing their song;
The little sprites
And fairy mites
All wonder what is wrong!

When little folks are full of smiles,
And ev'ry one is good,
You then will see the fairies wee
Come dancing through the wood.
They trip—
They skip—
They sing along their way:
"Let sunbeams all,
Both great and small,
Come out this lovely day;
Let gnomes and elves
Enjoy themselves
In hours of happy play!"

—Otago Witness.

GRANNY

When Granny comes to stop with us
she always loves to play;
She talks to every single doll and
knows just what to say.
You haven't got to tell her why and
lots of things explain:
She's been a little girl like me and
wants to be again!

She knows Eliza's got a cough and
only has one lung;
She knows Matilda's very bad and
says, "Put out your tongue."
She always has a penny for the
sweetshop in the lane:
She's been a little girl like me and
wants to be again!

She knows a lot of lovely songs and
every nursery rhyme;
She always knows that three o'clock
is such a hungry time;
She lets me hold all by myself the
'brella in the rain,
I'm glad she's been a little girl and
wants to be again!

Otago Witness.

TO A CERTAIN GREAT LADY

She thinks she's plain. She does
not know
How in her eyes the rich fires glow!
She does not see her speaking face
When we are talking, nor her grace.
She does not realise that she
Has strength and personality
And she looks beautiful to me!

She thinks she's plain. She does not
guess
When she is near there's happiness.
We follow her down sunny ways
Led by her words, held by her gaze.
She's just as shy as she can be,
She doesn't know her witchery!
Oh she looks beautiful to me!

She thinks she's plain, yet beauty
lies
In the brown depths of her fine eyes.
The splendor of her soul shines out
And in its spell we're wound about.
She thinks she's plain and all who
see
Her lovely self will soon agree—
Why she looks beautiful to me!—Ex.



WINS PEA GROWER'S CHAMPIONSHIP

Herman Trelle, who has gained world-wide recognition as a grain grower, added another success to his impressive record when he won the pea-growers grand championship class at the Winter Fair, Toronto. Mr. Trelle is photographed above with his prize peas.

Missionary Hymn Contest

Dr. Milton S. Littlefield, president of the Hymn Society, announces the offer of a prize of \$100 for the best hymn "written in the spirit and voicing the purpose of the missionary enterprise of today," submitted to the Society by February 1, 1929. When the winning hymn words have been selected a similar prize will be offered for the best musical setting.

The judges of the contest are Dr. A. L. Warnshuis, secretary of the International Missionary Council, secretary of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America; Dr. Henry H. Meyer, editor of the Sunday school publications of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and Dr. Benjamin L. Winchester, head of the Department of Religious Education of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. All manuscripts are to be submitted to Dr. Franklin A. Gaylord, 47 Englewood Avenue, Englewood, New Jersey.

Dr. Littlefield announces that authors may submit more than one manuscript; that each manuscript must be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the author, but the name must not appear on the manuscript; that no manuscript will be returned but that none will be used in any way without the consent of the author; and that the Society reserves the right to withdraw the award if no manuscript deemed worthy is received.

The Hymn Society is a national organization of hymn writers, composers, and hymn book editors. Recently it conducted contest for words and tune for a "Hymn for Airmen," manuscripts numbering more than 1,800 being submitted from every state in the Union and from most countries of Europe and their colonies.

PLACE NAMES

In the course of my sublunary adventures I have encountered a great number of peculiar and offensive place names. Revolutionary writers in France referred to a part of Paris as the "cloaca du monde," which is pretty rank, and even our own fair town has been called by an eminent divine a sink of iniquity.

But these and all other opprobrious epithets become sweet scented and tolerable before a contemplation of the name of a place—hitherto unknown to fame—in Ontario where it was recently announced that a famous bandit had been captured by excellent police work.

The name of the place is "Skunk's Misery." It will never be surpassed as a description of what must be some foul and festering blot upon the fair face of nature, some lost land cursed forever and blasted for some unnameable crime done against creation in the very beginning.

Browning's description of such a blasted country in his "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came" evokes a horror and a shuddering akin to a nightmare. But it took Browning many stanzas to accomplish what the two words, "Skunk's Misery," achieve by themselves. Woolf!—J. Butterfield, in Vancouver Sun.

WHAT A LITTLE BIRD KNEW

(Hamilton Herald)

One of the things that makes the world go round is the faculty of keeping one's eyes open. This is well illustrated by the new element in the cotton trade of Britain. A little bird was seen building its nest in British Guiana with material which appeared to be cotton. It was watched and found to be picking a certain plant and stripping and treating it. The seed and roots of the plant were taken to England and grown in Essex and Sussex on soil that was of little use for anything else. The plant grows seven feet high. Lancashire and Yorkshire mill owners, when shown the new material, agreed to accept it, and it is stated that in a few years it will be grown in sufficient quantity and quality to meet the demand for "coarse count" for the whole British cotton industry. This may not be very welcome news to our American

cotton growers, but it may affect Egypt, India and other parts of the Empire as well. This new cotton, it is stated, will require no change in the present cotton machinery, and it will blend with silk or artificial silk or wool, and take the most delicate dyes.

A DAINTY TORTOISE

Nobody claims that tortoises eat slugs—despite the protestations of street hawkers, says a Morning Post writer, but a Westgate-on-Sea reader has had one of them animals for about 20 years, and declares that it is not a vegetarian.

"On cold days," he says, "it will not eat anything and always prefers being fed with a fork to feeding itself. It is very fond of suet puddings, with or without fruit or jam; a small thin bone; cakes, particularly rich ones, and bread and milk puddings and custard. It cares little for lettuce."

In fact, I doubt if you would find a more thoroughly pampered and spoilt tortoise anywhere in this country. I am sure that Gilbert White's tortoise, Timothy, was never treated to such fare, though he was a distinguished personage in his way, and has attained something like immortality.

JOINS IN PURCHASE

C. N. R. To Become Part Owner Of Alberta Lines

The Canadian National Railway is going in with the Canadian Pacific in the purchase and joint operation of the Edmonton, Dunvegan and B. C. and the Alberta Great Waterways Railways in Alberta. This was the principal decision made by the directors of the National system at their usual monthly meeting held Nov. 26.

When the Canadian Pacific purchased the Edmonton and Dunvegan and the A. and G. W. from the Alberta Government last summer, the Government sold with the provision that if the Canadian National wished to participate in the deal an equal terms, it should be allowed to do so. E. W. Beatty announced that this option would hold good until the first of the year.

The Edmonton and Dunvegan line leads to the fertile valley of the Peace River which is capable of supporting at least 10 million people. With both railways involved, a large development is foreseen, and it is felt that this can be accomplished better by joint, rather than by competitive effort.

PREVENTING A BRUISE

When you bump against something hard there is usually some pain and, later on, there may be a discolored bruise.

At such times it is a good plan to rub the place vigorously with the hand, and keep on doing this for several minutes. Not only will this relieve the pain, but it will also largely prevent the discoloration. This is because the rubbing stimulates the flow of the blood over the damaged part and congestion is prevented.

There was a young man of Coblenz, Whose clothes were all tatters and rent;

When I said, "You need stitches In coat, vest, and breeches," He replied, "Can't afford the expentz." For he said, that young man of Cob-

lenz, As he balanced himself on a fentz, "With some tin-tacks and glue All repairs I can do; It's cheap and, besides, looks im-

—Langford Reed.

YOUR GREAT GREAT GRAND-FATHER

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.

Montreal Health Survey

Becoming seriously concerned about health conditions in this city the Montreal Anti-Tuberculosis and General Health League sponsored a survey of the situation throughout the municipality. The assistance of the American Public Health Association and the results justify the action and the misgivings of the League.

The cities ranging in size from New York to Rochester were taken as means of comparisons and it was found that the City of Montreal has a higher general death rate than any of them. During the year 1927 the death rate in this municipality was 14.9 per thousand of population compared with Baltimore, 14.1; Boston, 14.0; Pittsburg 13.4; St. Louis, 12.9; Buffalo, 12.7; Philadelphia, 12.1; New York, 11.8; Chicago, 11.5; Rochester, 11.1; Newark, 10.9; Detroit, 10.8; Cleveland, 9.6. For the same period the City of Toronto had a general death rate of 11.0 per thousand of population. This figure is better than any of the other examples cited with the exception of Newark, Detroit and Cleveland.

Coming to particulars the survey shows that the City of Montreal had an abnormally high death rate from tuberculosis with a percentage of 126 per thousand of population. This was almost double that of some of the cities of the United States and fifty per cent more than most of them. During the year 1927 the City of Toronto had a death rate from tuberculosis of 61.6 per thousand of population. This figure is less than half of that of the City of Montreal and was also less than the rate of any of the American cities used as a basis of comparison in the survey. St. Louis came next with a rate of 62.0.

In Montreal it was also found that the infant mortality was extremely high, the rate being 113 per thousand live births. This was more than double some of the other cities the next being Baltimore with 81 while New York, Cleveland and St. Louis were lowest with 56 each.

The reason for this fact as assigned by the survey is the small expenditure on public health services. In 1927 the average amount expended per head was 39 cents as com-

pared with an average of 78 cents for the other twelve cities. The lowest rate of expenditure in these centres was 50 cents in Philadelphia and it was a small portion over the dollar mark in Detroit, Cleveland, Newark and Boston. In Pittsburg it was \$1.18 per head of population and in the City of Toronto it was \$1.53, which is apparently the highest on the continent.

The recommendation contained in the report is to the effect that the Montreal health service be organized along the same lines as the service in the City of Toronto, and that the expenditure be raised from 36 cents per head of population to a figure that would equal 91 cents per head.

Honey products on exhibition at the London Dairy Exhibition, England, won first, second and third prizes in competition with honey from all parts of the world. The prize-winning exhibits were those of the Ontario Honey Producers Co-operative Limited.



Alonson B. Houghton, U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St James, who was defeated by Senator Royal S. Copeland, Senator from New York, in the recent U.S. elections.

A Golden Rule Christmas

Many of our readers have in the past been interested in helping the vast army of refugees in the Near East, who were the innocent victims of Turkish cruelty and war conditions. Canada's contribution no doubt helped to save thousands of lives of women and children, who were fed from several refugee kitchens in Greece and other countries. This gift also contributed to the stabilization of these countries, thus aiding in bringing about the present peace conditions.

There are, however, Armenian refugees still needing help in Greece and Syria, and for whom there is no room in the Armenian Republic of Erivan in Caucasus district. All the English speaking countries are uniting in settling this remnant of a unfortunate race on the land in Syria under a plan set up by the League of Nations. Two Canadian organizations interested in refugee work. The Armenian Relief Association of Canada and the Save the Children Fund have joined in making a Golden Rule Christmas Appeal on behalf of the needy women and children. The proposal is that Sunday Schools and other Church organization Service Clubs, Womens' Institutes, etc, should make a Christmas holiday donation in the spirit of the Golden Rule as done in scores of other countries. The plan has the endorsement of many International philanthropic bodies and Canada will not be lacking in doing her part.

Dr. Geo. T. Webb is chairman, Frank Yeigh Secretary of the Joint Board and Harry L. Stark and R. J. Dilworth are Joint Treasurers, with offices at 99 Dundas St. West, Toronto to whom cheques may be sent. This Armenian Settlement Plan is in process of being carried out in Northern Syria under the French mandated Government, and an International Commission formed by the League is in charge of the work, which promises, when complet-

ed, to end the long standing Armenian tragedy, and also to fulfil the pledges made to them by the Allies during the war.

The Secretary of the Joint Committee will be glad to send further information to any who so desire.

Annual Subscription Facts

The Montreal Witness and Canadian Homestead—\$2.00 per Year.

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.

The Partnership Policy of Publication

The Witness is truly "The People's Paper." Each reader is recognized as responsible for the extension of the Witness circulation in his own environment. \$2 per annum. ON TRIAL to NEW subscribers, as announced from time to time.

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No subscription may be paid by cheque unless the cheque has written clearly across it the words "Payable at Par Montreal." Money orders or postal notes are the best way to send money. Only small amounts may be sent in stamps, and then only in the 1, 2, and 5c denominations. Stamps of larger denominations cannot be accepted.

Address all communications regarding subscriptions to John Dougall & Son, and not to the editor or individuals by name. This avoids annoying delays. The Business Departments are specially organized to give prompt care to money letters.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, "Witness" Bldg., Montreal.

FARM GARDEN AND HOME

Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

Do You Really Understand?

By George Kingsley Reed, J.P.

FOR the past few years, we have been compelled to experience the inconvenience of a log stable without a hay loft, the hay being put into stacks. At all times it was a source of extra labor, and at times hardship. This was especially true in winter. Imagine having to cut into a stack, pitch it over the fence surrounding the stack, then carry enough of the hay fifty yards up a hill to feed several cows and a horse, during a blinding snow storm. Or turning the stock out to water at a creek, where I had chopped a hole through the ice, shoveled snow from around about it until I could not see over the top. That, dear reader, was the situation here last winter. While I was trying to "regale" you with something good to read, I was at the same time chopping steps in the ice at the creek, in order to get the water up, in pails sheeted in ice, to the shivering animals up on top.

Honestly! I used to feel sorry for them especially for the yearlings, but we were so snow bound that nothing could be done to remedy the situation. The cattle came through in good shape, but the horse did not fare so well.

I had been watering them once a day until one fine Sunday in January. On that day I let the whole animal kingdom out for exercise. There was only one place where they could exercise, that was on the travelled "ribbon" between the stable, the house, and the creek. Naturally, they went to the creek. I watered them when they went out, and again as they went in. About supper time, I noticed that the horse was restless, stamped his feet, took an occasional glance back towards his hind quarters, and became warm. It seemed to me like Colic. Going down to the house, I told "mother," who soon "dug" up some medicine, put on some cats and ginger to boil, then came up to the stable with me. At this hour, it was quite dark. We had left the children's supper on the table, so that they could help themselves as best they could, brought the lantern with us, and hung it up on a nail so that we could see the horse. By this time the poor beast had got down in the stall. It was hot and suffering agony, and despite what we were able to do for it, it smashed the stall to splinters, dying about midnight.

That was quite a loss. He was a big horse, weighing around fifteen hundred pounds. We had only purchased him two weeks before, and had never put a collar on him. That left us in a bad fix, still I must keep on writing, and it was about this time that I wrote "Prayers, Rabbits, and Pioneers" regarding which, an Editor wrote me, saying that it was the best article he had ever received from me. Fortunately, perhaps, he did not know the circumstances under which it was written or how heavy my heart was while I way trying to send joy to you.

WE were on the "Horns of a dilemma." It means that all the wood needed for fuel, for the rest of the winter, had to be sawed into blocks in the bush, knee deep, yes, hip deep in snow. Then carried on my back to the house, or drawn on a child's hand sled. The sled did not work very well, it sank under the weight of those blocks, into the snow. We kept that up (I said we, because "mother" carried, and lugged at the blocks, just the same as I did) until the first week in May. But that was not all. Everything we needed (not wanted) from the store, four miles distant, had to be carried in a packsack on my back. Fifty pounds was about all I could "dangle" along with over the snow bound roads. If it was more than that it meant another trip. On top of that, we had to pay an exorbitant price for whatever we bought, even when paying cash, which we always did. That, I suppose, is on one of the evils of a country store, without competition. It used to vex my sad heart, when pay-

ing cost, plus profit, plus twice the freight charges. There was nothing I could do about it, we were in the "fell clutch of circumstance."

An indomitable spirit, fighting with the scabbard when the sword was broken, was the only thing that "saved" us. I tried to write, and work. "Mother" worked, and hard too. We both prayed, struggled, looking backward never, always forward. "Forward be our watchword," we used to say. "Steps and voices join, until the 'day' breaks, and the 'shadows' flee away." In the spring, towards the middle of May, the cows freshened, giving us four nice calves. My literary aspirations were almost doubling each month. We were able to buy another horse, and make another gallant attempt to win. The past summer has been the worst in our experience. The cream cheeses, butter, money, eggs, and the hogs were the only "money makers" during the season. Whatever I have realized from my sideline, has been put into the "pot" in order that we may win. I often think of what Joe Rennov said, when being congratulated upon his farm:—"Yes, yes!, but it represents my life's work. All I have been able to earn, with the help of a good wife, has gone into this farm. Do you really understand what that means?"

I will say the same about our holdings here. "Mother" and I, have put practically our life's best into this farm. Personally, I have worked for a dollar where ever I could earn one. Have worked for a hard man, logging in the bush. Walked home at night to a frugal meal, then propped the stable lantern up so that I could see, and tried to write. Tired! well yes. I have sat there, trying to coax a pleasant thought from a tired mind, and a very tired body. They came very slow under such conditions, but thank God, they came, "Mother" would get sleepy and go to bed, the fire would go out, (my thoughts were not on the stove) my fingers would get stiff and numb, my body cold, but the story must be finished before I could sleep. It often brought us a sack of flour, when a smiling face was refused credit. If I write in this strain much longer, my emotion will impell to relate how I walked to work at the present Red-bridge Baptist Church with my boot soles tied on with bag strings, or some other "heart scald." But Shucks! what of it?. Except to you. Brother. To you who are nestling on the bosom of civilization, do you really understand what that means?

(Our readers, we are sure, will be glad to know that, in a little note to his letter this week. "The Pioneer" tells us that he has just finished erecting a new frame barn. It is not yet complete but will be before the real cold weather sets in and snow gets deep.—Ed)

Roses in Pots

By Donald McDonald, F.L.S. In The London Telegraph

MANY amateurs fail in the attempt to grow roses in pots or planted in a glass house because of a confined atmosphere which combined with the lack of proper food at the roots, causes the foliage to become unhealthy.

The bane of town garden roses is the soil. This, more than the smoke-dried atmosphere, the dust and grime, mars their beauty, checks their growth, and undermines and destroys their health. The rose will bear with comparative impunity much rough treatment above, as long as its roots are all right below. But cripple the latter in regard to space or material, and it droops, withers, fades. It needs but little soil to grow to perfection, but that little should be fertile.

Generally, roses are not gross-rooting plants. They form, in fact, comparatively few roots, and for this very reason they ought to have something good to feed upon. When they are transplanted out of the rich and fat lands of nurseries into loose, poor soils they starve and die of necessity. Place them in suitable soil in pots, and they immediately form more and better roots, and nothing is easier than the feeding of these within the limited areas of pots.

Neither is it needful to have large pots for roses. Eight to twelve inch pots are large enough for rose trees or bushes of almost any size. Such pots hold a great many roots, and given a sufficiency of healthy roots the feeding of them afterwards is a very simple matter.

A stiffish loam, rendered sufficiently porous by a liberal intermixing of crushed bones, is a suitable soil for roses in pots. Whatever is used should have long-staying properties to keep the mechanical texture of the soil free and open. Given a healthy mechanical condition of soil, its enrichment is simply a matter of less or more strong manure water. Each time the plants are watered the water, passing through the rich surface, becomes a manurial stream before it reaches the feeding roots. Sprinklings of soots and a little guano over the surface are also of great use to roses in pots, and stimulate growth of leaf and bud in a very marked manner. Soot, especially, gives a dark verdure to the leaves which is hardly ever imparted by any other dressing. When it is applied in moderation each plant, flower, fruit, or vegetable, delights in soot,

which is one of the most powerful and useful of fertilisers.

Plant in November

AS to the time for potting roses, November is pre-eminently the rooting time of all such plants; potted up then, the plants speedily re-establish themselves. In potting, the chief points are sufficient drainage, the equal distribution of the roots, and the proper degree of consolidation. A preliminary examination of the roots should also take place; all wounded or bruised portions should be carefully removed, and any very strong roots cut back. The latter process causes one strong root to break into many weaker ones. This is important, for the one large root feeds the plant less than a number of smaller ones. Consolidation also promotes free rooting, and enables the roots made the sooner to lay hold of the fresh earth. Roots unattached are useless.

Not only should the roots be so placed as to enable them to provide food for the plants, but that food should be placed within easy reach. By regular and equal distribution, the whole mass of soil is made available for supplying the wants of the plants. Some also add a little leaf-mould to the mixture of loam and bones, or charcoal to induce the roots to run and multiply more freely.

The drainage should be sufficient, but not overdone. With a soil that is sufficiently porous there is little fear of stagnation. As to the form and size of pot roses, these are matters of taste, space, and convenience. Brushes, dwarfs, standards, weepers, pyramids, all admit of pot culture. Perhaps the bush form is the most useful and also the most beautiful. Established plants in pots should be placed out in the open during summer so that the wood may become hardened.

Precautions Against Mildew

AFTER a spell of cold winds, mildew is certain to show itself on roses. Under glass we have its principal causes under control, and can fight against it with some success. Plants are growing in a healthy way, and look quite promising when suddenly mildew appears upon the foliage in all directions. If we give a little thought and observation to the matter, we shall find that those we had in pots were either dry at the roots for a short time, or experienced a sudden rise and

fall in the temperature or a cold draught through unwise ventilation. Any of these will bring about a check, but the last two are the most frequent cause of mildew.

When the growth of roses in pots is particularly tender and susceptible to attacks, we frequently get a lengthy spell of excessively bright sunshine. The temperature in the house rises with astonishing rapidity; the plants get dry, so does the atmosphere. To reduce the high temperature the ventilators are probably opened rather freely, and the consequence is a sudden current of cold air. This chills the plants, and the mischief is already begun. A good plan is to shade very slightly the top of the glass in May; this, while not depriving the house of full sunlight, is a great safeguard against a too rapid rise in the temperature. Air should be admitted with caution, and limited entirely to the sheltered side of the house. Water thrown down freely will also help to reduce the temperature more gradually.

As a remedy for mildew, sprinkle a little sulphur dust over the affected leaves. Smoke is not of the slightest use; but sulphur is recognised as a deadly enemy to the germs of mildew. Some gardeners prefer to use it in solution, through a spraying syringe, but this is a rather troublesome operation for an amateur who has not the conveniences at hand.

The following is a list of roses for pot culture:

Betty Uprichard, Cecil Brunner, Captain Hayward, Golden Emblem, Mrs. Foley Hobbs, Lady Hillingdon, Lady Pirrie, Madame Abel Chateray, Madame Butterfly, Mrs. Henry Rowles, Melody, Mrs. Henry Morse, Orleans, Sunstar, Maréchal Neil, Richmond, Ophelia, Mrs. John Laing, Mrs. Herbert Stevens, Niphetes, Devoniensis, Gloire de Dijon, Alfred Colomb, Charles Lefebvre, General Jacquinetot, La France, Celine Forestier, Fortunes Yellow.

WE LIKE OUR VITAMINS!

The fruit and vegetable industry has undergone a remarkable expansion in the last few years. As proof, statistics showing the increase in car lot shipments of these products inform us that 12,000 more carloads of lettuce were shipped to the principal markets of the country in 1927 than in 1924. Peaches showed an increase of nearly 20,000 apples 16,000 and watermelons 10,000 cars.

Production methods have also improved. Sound, worm and blight-free fruit is produced with sprays applied to the trees and growing fruit by means of high pressure sprayers, while tractors, cultivators, and similar tillage tools enable the vegetable grower to produce better vegetables with less labor.

SELDOM SEE
a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his ankle, hock, stiffl, knee or throat.

A BSORBINE
will clean it off without laying up the horse. No blister, no hair gone. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions, and send \$1.00.

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Great Big **RED GOLD** Sugar Saver Strawberries

Sweet, luscious, taste like wild berries; grow up to 2 1/2 lbs. weight. Use only half as much sugar. Amazingly rapid in growth. Each plant—this week, save hock, keeps melons, increases yield.

22 Red Gold plants, 27 ea. \$6.00
100 Red Gold plants, 112 ea. \$12.00
200 Red Gold plants, 224 ea. \$24.00
with Special Strawberry Saving Tool, 10.00

2 Plants free with catalog—send 10c. or not, as you please.

Gardner Nursery Co., Box 927
Orange, Iowa **FREE PLANTS**

FOR SALE

Canadian National Registered Pedigreed **SILVER BLACK FOXES**. Ancestors from some of the best P.E. Island strains. Prolific breeders. Full-furred with plenty of guard hair. \$400 a pair.

WILLIAM BATES, Ridgetown, Ont.



BOY IMMIGRANT WINS HIGHEST PLACE

S. Wrightson, 18 years old, an unemployed miner with a mother and two brothers to aid in supporting in Durham County, England, was brought to Canada in 1927 by the Canadian National Railways Colonization Department, and placed on the farm of James Bell, near Kingston, by the British Immigration and Colonization Association. Never having seen a farm before he set to work in earnest to "learn the game," with such success that this year he stood highest in the agricultural judging contest in the county of Frontenac among 55 competitors, in the Royal Winter Fair.—Canadian National Railways photograph.

Garden Volunteers

VOLUNTARY service has always a greater value than that which has to be bought. The best-loved friend is the one who has the faculty of discerning one's need and performing the necessary service before one has time to ask it. Thus it is writes "Jason" in the "Scotsman", that when I look at the "volunteers" in my garden I derive more pleasure from their humble efforts than I do from the plants which have my own care and labor to thank for much of their imposing appearance. These volunteers come up year after year, cheerfully struggling against the disadvantages of inattention and unsuitable situations. They unexpectedly brighten places where carefully fostered plants have formerly failed to respond to cultivation. They do not pine and die when neglected, like some of their pampered cousins, but take firm root and bravely push for the light. I have a bed of blue-eyed nemophila which has sown itself for several years, providing for my bees a much appreciated source of forage quite near the hives. White and purple candytufts, originally sown six years ago, still make their appearance here and there. The graceful columbines scatter their shiny black seeds every year, providing me with scores of dainty little plants. In the early spring wallflower volunteers, which have escaped notice in some odd corner, suddenly burst forth in rich yellow and crimson, shedding around their matchless perfume. Earlier still the tiny emerald spears of the seedling crocuses pierce the brown earth, having a peep at the world, and making up their minds to add to its beauty with a blossom in their second year. The lovely little heartsease pansy peeps from the most unexpected places. Self-sown nasturtiums annually climb the railings, and transform them into wall of succulent greenery, spangled with vivid blossoms. Marigolds and cornflowers add their quota to the bright display. Even the vegetables are not to be denied a share in the delight of voluntary service. Potatoes are quite enthusiastic in this way, and so are artichokes, which are always welcome if only for their palm-like grace and height. Most gardeners, unappreciative of these voluntary efforts, would hoe them all out. But I love the "volunteers" and allow them to accomplish their end undisturbed. They are not marshalled in orderly array like the "regular" crops in the garden, but they are doing their best under difficult circumstances, and deserve to be given a chance to display their beauty, or show what they can produce for the pot.

Sansevieria or Snake Plant

This rather peculiar plant is always striking in appearance and being one of the easiest plants to grow will always be appreciated as a good house plant. The leaves grow upright generally two inches or more wide, have cross markings and mottles that slightly resemble a snake-skin—hence its common name.

It is an introduction from Australia—that land of peculiar plants and animals and has been known for some years. A new variety, however, introduced lately has given a renewed popularity to this plant and while the old variety Zelanica is very odd as well as good the new variation of this called "Laurenti" is extremely handsome, as in addition to the snake markings the leaves have a broad edge or border of creamy white which makes it extremely striking. It is easily grown almost everywhere and its principal requisite is fairly good soil, not too rich, and not too much water. Given these requirements there are few plants more easily grown or that look more striking or ornamental in the living room or green-house as they seem to thrive well almost everywhere.

ANSWERS to Garden Questions

Violet Leaves Eaten

Dear Sir: Can you, through your garden department, tell me what to put on the leaves of my violet to destroy whatever is eating the leaves. I do not see anything but found leaves of another plant where I throw old flowers also cut. With thanks.—Mrs. R. S.

The enclosed leaves which are eaten in irregular holes do not give any clue to what insect has attacked them. The unusually mild weather this month has kept many caterpillars active, noticeably so the big hairy brown ones the children call "woolly bears." They may be the culprits, or it may be cut-worms are to blame. More probably the latter, as you have not found them. Sift up the violet leaves in the early morning and look, turning over the top of the soil round the plant, and if it is a cut-worm you will find it there. In any case, dust the leaves lightly with lime or soot.

See those two words LAST CHANCE on page 7.

Enonymus Alatus

Dear Sir: Can you tell me through your department whether the Enonymus is a climber and whether it is hardy.—F. T. B.

Looking up, I find the corky barked Enonymus is a very distinct shrub. It is a native of Japan and China, and is perfectly hardy in north eastern America. It is of spreading, but rather stiff habit, up to eight feet high. The branches in the young state are green and four-angled. Two or all four of these angles later develop curious and conspicuous, thin, corky wings, each from one-quarter to one-half-of-an-inch in width and of a light brown hue. The leaves are elliptic or obovate, acute at both ends and finely toothed. They are dark green in color, turning in the autumn to a bright crimson. The fruit is small, purplish in color and normally composed of four lobes, but at times only one or two of the lobes develop. The scarlet seed coats which are exposed when the fruit opens, are quite conspicuous at that time.

Prune Pine Now

Dear Sir: Can you give me some information about white pine. Should they be pruned and, if so, should it be done in the fall or spring? How high should the branches be trimmed off to make good lumber trees.—A. F.

The autumn is the best time for trimming white pine, is the statement of a forestry expert. Correct pruning, he says, will return a profit of from \$15. to \$35. a 1,000 board feet; and, he adds, one man should easily prune 100 to 200 linear feet an hour.

Only 150 to 300 well formed, straight, young trees to each acre, ranging in size from 2 to 6 inches and of indicated dominance over their neighbors, should be pruned. The object of pruning is to secure 12, 14 or 16 ft. butt logs free from knots and with a minimum amount of taper from tip to tip.

The trees should be pruned every two or three years until the desired butt length is obtained.

"The popular belief that pure white pine stands can be left to prune themselves is false," says Mr. Barraclough. "The rubbing of heavily snow laden branches of hemlock on white tree trunks does a great amount of pruning; and hardwoods perform a similar service to a less extent."

Use saws in pruning, not axes; those with curved blades to which a pole may be attached for the higher branches are the best. Do not prune green branches more than one half the height of the tree.

Sandy Soil

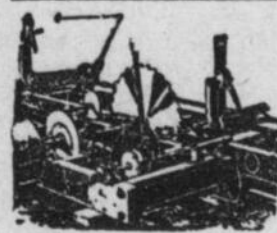
Dear Sir:—Is there any possible way by which I can make a garden, or rather a couple of flower beds, in what seems to be almost pure sand. The fertilizer seems to just drain through and leave my plants starving. Would it be worth while going to some expense to get a few loads of clay to mix with the sand? Or what would you advise?—Discouraged.

It certainly is discouraging for you unless you have an unlimited supply of well-rolled manure and can work over your beds every year; it all drains out, as you say. The clay mixed in would help a little, but if you can secure clay, why not try using it to make a moisture retaining foundation for one bed. This scheme has proved successful down on the Maine Coast, I am told, and in places where the soil was almost pure beach sand. There they dig out trenches where the garden bed is to go and put in a good layer of clay, wetting it down well, and then filling in with soil and fertilizer. It would be worth a trial on—say a bed 10 ft. by 3 ft.; and, if successful, continue.

Each reader who realizes the tendency of journalism to concentrate in the hands of a few cunning schemers will bestir himself to further the influence of the papers he believes to be most sincerely independent of selfish interest and most courageously devoted to the general welfare.

Probably the most important developments in the gypsum industry in Canada have taken in the products manufactured from gypsum. A number of years ago only a small proportion of the gypsum mined in Canada was calcined in this country. In 1927 approximately 192,000 tons were calcined and made into wall plaster gypsum wall board, gypsum blocks, and insulating material.

Seven hundred choice ewe lambs have been selected by the Federal and Provincial Departments of Agriculture and sold to the farmers in the Province of Quebec this fall. The lambs are the offspring of improved sires and have been distributed at the rate of 1,000 to 1,500 a year for several seasons for the improvement of stock.



CHEAP

Saw Mills, Variable Friction Mill Supplies

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POULTRY TOPICS

Why Pullets Molt

FEBRUARY and March hatched Rocks or March hatched Leg-horns are likely to molt if they lay throughout the summer and fall. Molting is nature's method of resting the bird, and pullets that have passed through a long period of production are in the same condition as old hens. The pullets have had less time to develop a solid pad of fat and are more easily run down in weight than hens which have reached their full maturity before enduring the strain of steady laying.

Heavy feeding of yellow corn is the best method of keeping pullets from molting. When they eat heavily of corn, they use less laying mash and are not so likely to become light in weight due to heavy production. The yellow corn gives the pullets the pad of fat which helps to keep them warm and retain their vigor for a long period in spite of heavy laying.

Many poultrymen who sell chicks are finding that pullets that lay through the summer and fall are not by any means a loss even if they molt like old hens. These pullets produce eggs when eggs are scarce and high and the income from the old hens is diminishing. Then they molt and produce spring eggs which will develop into chicks of considerable size and vigor. In fact the chicks from pullets that have molted seem very close in quality to the chicks from old hens. By controlling the age and weight of the pullets it is possible to prevent a molting period or produce summer eggs and have the pullets molt like hens. Of course there may be a few exceptions in large flocks in spite of the management.

With a large volume of eggs being produced, it is a good plan to encourage an increased consumption. To get people to eat more eggs, see that the consumer gets good quality. A high grade egg has a strong, clean shell; full contents, not shrunken; a clear firm white, which shows good density; a yolk of bright, attractive color which stands up well and a good flavor. Clean nests, good hens which are properly fed, and frequent marketing help to keep eggs in prime condition.

Time Saving Delousing Method

WE have been saving time in delousing our hens and pullets by using nicotine sulphate. To try out the experiment I placed three lousy hens in a colony house containing one perch. Just at sundown I pounded two shingle-nail holes in a can of nicotine sulphate and ran a thin line of the liquid along the perch.

Soon after applying the material the hens went to roost and apparently the fumes of the nicotine sulphate killed all the lice as the birds were entirely free from the pests the next morning. The next night I applied nicotine sulphate to all the roosts in the laying houses and colony houses. It took less than one hour to delouse more than 1,000 birds.

At the time of the experiment with the first three hens, I also took one hen and placed a couple drops of nicotine sulphate in the feathers not far from the vent. This hen was also completely deloused. But the great advantage in the method is in treating the perches as it permits the delousing of several hundred birds in a few minutes and eliminates the individual handling of the poultry.

At the Michigan experiment station very good results were obtained in delousing the birds in this way at the laying contest. When newspapers were placed under the roosts the dead lice were plainly visible. In a recent talk with Roy Waite in charge of poultry work at the Maryland station, he also reported good results with the nicotine sulphate. It is the same material commonly used to control plant lice and aphids.

See those two words **LAST CHANCE** on page 7.

Pullets Need Green Feed

WHEN the pullets are housed and set to their winter task of egg laying, their need for succulent green feed must be met. Succulent green feed provided for the pullets for the first few weeks after they are housed, will keep them in good physical condition. Rape, green clover, and alfalfa are satisfactory for this purpose.

If no succulent green feed is available, poultry specialists recommend a dose of Epsom salts for the birds soon after housing. One pound of the salts for each 100 birds should be dissolved in their drinking water, and no other water should be given until that containing the salts has been consumed.

When succulent green feed is no longer available, legume hays offer the best substitute, according to experiments. These include alfalfa, clover, and soybean hay. The second or third cutting of alfalfa or clover is more satisfactory for poultry than the first cutting. Soybeans for poultry feeds should be cut just as the beans are beginning to form in the pods.

Laying on Floor

WHEN turkeys droop and become weak and off feed, it is often due to blackhead. A postmortem examination is usually necessary to determine the presence of the disease. If the liver is covered with diseased areas it is apt to be blackhead. The head may or may not turn dark.

Turkey troubles have to be largely controlled by prevention which consists in avoiding inbreeding and furnishing the type of range and feed that makes them grow rapidly and become resistant to disease. Turkeys should not range with chickens as they are more subject to blackhead. Chickens have a great deal of natural resistance to blackhead but may carry the disease to the turkeys through the medium of the droppings.

Feeding turkeys plenty of sour milk helps to keep them free from blackhead as well as other digestive troubles.

The following particulars of the requirement of a large poultry plant may interest readers. Visitors to a farm owned by Mr. Charles J. Ashton, at Hathern, Leicestershire, were shown, amongst other things, that the birds were served up meals to the tune of one ton a day. At one location where rearing is carried out by Mr. Ashton the visitors were shown 20 span-roof brooder houses 25ft by 15ft. The chicks were reared under anthracite stoves, about 600 to 700 in each house. There were about 250 white Leghorn pullets in each of these houses, and they would be removed to large laying houses later on. At the time of the visit there were over 6,000 pullets on the farm. The present laying stock consisted of about 5,000 white Leghorns and 1,000 Rhode Island Reds.

SAVES BY CULLING

A SAVING of \$81 was made by one farmer, through culling his flock of hens. Before culling, he was receiving 100 eggs daily in July from his 226 hens. Upon examining the flock he found 90 hens that had ceased to lay. After hauling the 90 non-layers to town he continued to gather the same number of eggs as before.

He figures that he saved 45 cents a day on the feed bill of the hens from the time he culled until the date on which the hens might have started laying. The total feed bill would have amounted to an least \$81, he estimates.

He fed his hens a laying mash and expected them to lay. The ones that did not lay, he sold. If he had not been feeding an egg-producing ration, some of his good hens might have been taken out of the flock as culls.

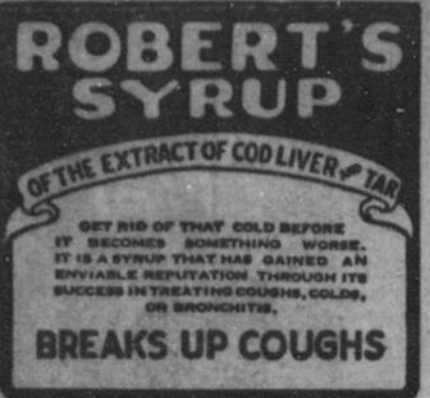
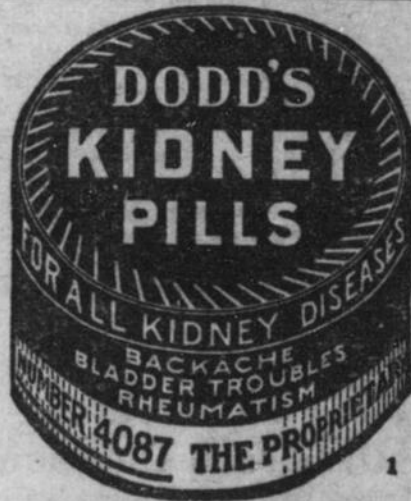
Mr. Will Hooley (Poultry World contributor) on being asked, "Do you think there will be any new systems of poultry farming in the near future, and will it be necessary to have so many broad acres as at present?" says: "It is really rather early to predict things, but there is a decided tendency towards the intensive method for adult stock; it enables much larger numbers to be kept to the acre. What I think will happen will be a large number of intensive egg production farms, and another set of specialist breeders who will do nothing but rear pullets to supply these egg farms. This would make things better for everyone. There is a large wastage of energy when everyone tries to do everything; in other words, poultry farming of the future will be in the hands of specialists. Stock breeders will do all the trap-nesting and supply eggs to the incubatories, and they will supply eggs to the breeder-rearer people, who will in turn supply the egg farms. Everything could be much more easily managed on these lines."

Catch 'em Napping

LITERALLY catching the loafers napping, is an excellent method of culling the poultry flock, if the culling process is carried on from week to week. Extension specialists in poultry at the Ohio State University suggest that the weekly culling may be done very conveniently with a flashlight when the birds are on the roost at night.

Birds showing shriveled combs or molt, or having empty crops, should be culled. Absence of yellow pigment is one of the indications of a good producer, and it may be difficult, under a flashlight, to determine the coloring of the everings, earlobes, vent, beak and shanks. If there is doubt, the birds can be isolated and examined again by daylight. The heavy egg producers will have lost yellow color from the body parts mentioned. However, the color will return should the birds cease to lay.

In the low producer, the comb is pale, small, and shriveled, the vent is yellow, shrunken, and dry. Eyes are small and shrunken, turning in toward the beak. Shanks are yellow, round, and full, the pelvic bones close together, hard and rigid. Space between the pelvic bones and the breast bone is shallow or full of hard fat. The skin is thick and underlaid with fat. The bird is generally narrow across the ribs and hips, and the body is shallow and round.



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We have a method for the control of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as Chronic Asthma or Hay Fever, you should send for a free Trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with Asthma or Hay Fever, our method should relieve you promptly.

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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.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that EDNA LOUISE BROWN, of the City of Verdun, in the County of Hochelaga, in the Province of Quebec, married woman, will apply to Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, WILLIAM GODWIN BROWN, of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, Salesman, on the ground of adultery, desertion and non-support.

DATED at Montreal, this 27th day of November, Nineteen hundred and twenty-eight (1928).

W. M. COUPER,
Solicitor for Applicant.

486 St. John Street,
Montreal.



THREE LARGEST BREEDERS

At the 1923 National Dairy Exposition, Memphis, Tenn., three of the world's largest breeders of jerseys met for the first time. They are shown Above, Left to Right: Ed. C. Lasater of Texas, owner of the largest jersey herd in the world; D. O. Bull of Brampton, Ont., largest jersey breeder in the British empire, and Eugene Perrecois, Island of Jersey, largest breeder on the Island.

Fattening Geese

GEESE can be fattened by keeping them in a cornfield where there is plenty of roughage and feeding ear corn along with plenty of water. Better results can be obtained by pen fattening. Confine about 25 geese in each flock. Give one feed a day consisting of a moist mash made of two parts corn meal and one part middlings. In addition, give two feeds a day of corn. Provide roughage such as cull vegetables or hay. Oat straw makes a good bedding for the fattening pen and also furnishes some roughage. In four or five weeks, the geese will sometimes gain five or six pounds by this method.

Some buyers collect the surplus geese in their locality and fatten them for market. There is no definite source of supply I can recommend but buyers have to locate the supply through advertising or travelling through the country.

The Christmas market and the foreign sections in large cities offer a good market for geese.

C. Scandens, being our native wild vine, is absolutely hardy. The grafting of the two types would give fruit.

There is another species, a Japanese, one known both as C. articulatus and C. orbiculatus, which is of more rampant growth, running up at times to forty feet. The fruits of this species are borne in great profusion. They are globular and orange yellow in color, opening to expose the scarlet seeds but, as the fruits are hidden under the foliage, they are not so conspicuous as those of C. Scandens (which are borne above the leaves) until after the leave fall. "For milder localities," says an authority, "this is the most striking of all hardy climbers during November, December and January. At that season each branch is furnished from end to end with hundreds of the brilliantly colored fruits, which remain in full beauty for, at least, two months, each branch a wealth of scarlet and gold." A specimen carrying a good crop of fruit only requires to be seen to be admired and appreciated. It is said that birds do not take this fruit.

BITTERSWEET FOR HOME GROUNDS

WE all know the Bittersweet with its orange covered clusters, opening to show the scarlet fruit inside. We may not know it by its catalogue name, *Celastrus scandens*, but we know it by sight in our wood edges and hedge rows. At this time of year, many people have bunches hung to dry which will be full of color all through the winter. Most of us have gathered ours from the wild vines and admired them as we did so. Why not get a couple of roots now and plant them by a fence, or at the foot of a 10-ft. pole. Bittersweet vines are apt to be untidy looking on pergola or porch, but set where they can go up and then whirl round on a pole or under some old shrubbery through which they can grow up through the branches, getting the support they need to show off their fruit clusters.

Care must be taken to get two plants, one on which you find the bright fruit and another nearby on which you will find no fruit. The vines are not self-fertilizing, but unisexual and both parent plants are needed if you wish to be sure of fruit. They should be planted close together. Many disappointments have resulted from lack of this knowledge.



Here is the man who took the remarkable pictures of the steamer *Vestris* shown last week. Fred Hanson, a pantryman on the foundered steamer, kept cool enough amidst the general panic to take a number of pictures unique in their vividness. Hanson had only a \$5.00 camera and with it took pictures for which he received thousands of dollars.

ALFALFA HAY FOR WINTER EGGS

Leafy alfalfa hay makes an excellent substitute for grass and other green poultry feeds during cold winter weather. Laying hens need some sort of green stuff in their ration, poultrymen find, and alfalfa is often the cheapest, most practical succulent feed for winter use.

Hay may be self fed to hens in racks made of poultry netting or it can be drenched in boiling water and fed hot. If it is chopped or ground before feeding there will be less waste and the hens will eat more. Hay can be economically chopped on the farm by running it through a roughage mill or an ensilage cutter.

Advice from the Department of Agriculture from Manchester, England, indicates that this year's Canadian Fruit Exhibit is the best and most successful shown since the inauguration of these fruit exhibitions in 1921. In the list of prize winners John Slayter of Gaspereau, N.S., was awarded second prize for Cox's Orange Pippins.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 360 Craig St. W., in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of the City of Montreal. Subscription rate \$2.00 a year.

MACHINERY

A Fairbank-Morse Lighting Plant, 32-volt batteries, nearly new. Cheap for quick sale. Geo. Wadell, R. S. St. Mary's, Ont.

POULTRY

LEGHOENS
Bartons Yearling White Leghorns 295. Egg Strain also Blue Andalusian splendid layers of large white eggs. Prices \$1.50 ea. H. Mullin, Fergus, Ont.
S.G. White Leghorns. Registered and Prize Winning Stock. Cockerels Three Dollars each. Mount Pleasant Poultry, 63 Parks Street, Saint John, N. B. 47.6

For 10 days only

High bred pedigree cockerels from a University of British Columbia bred daughter of the World's high registered hen F319, 335 eggs, \$3, \$4, and \$5 each. M. B. Harper, Fine Shado White Leghorns, Hillsburgh, Ontario.



ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-order rate of three cents per word per insertion (minimum charge 45c per insertion). SIX consecutive insertion will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions \$1.50). A number or a single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made. Copy for insertion in these columns should be in the "Witness" Office not later than Friday morning to secure proper classification in following Weekly Edition.

POULTRY

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

Barred Rock Cockerels, from heavy laying trap-nested flock. Select birds, \$3.00 each. Satisfaction guaranteed. Clarence Metcalfe, Hanover, Ont. 47.6

MISCELLANEOUS

12 Pure Bred large white pekin ducks and drakes \$3. each; also 10, pure bred to lay, Barred Rock Roosters from high laying strain \$3.00, each. John Ganett, Lonsdale, Ont. 44.6

Rouen Drakes and Ducks \$2.00 each. White Wyandotte and Barred Rock Cockerels \$2.50. Barred Rock Pullets \$1.50 each. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Russell Burr Elora R. 2. Ont. 47.2

LIVESTOCK

DOGS

St. Bernard Dogs and Puppies, reasonable!!! Information with photos free. BROOKINGTON, 181-R McKenna Avenue, Montreal. t.f.

FOR SALE—Registered white Scotch Collies, \$25 up. R. P. McNeice, Reay, Ont. 46.6

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, English, Irish Gordon Setters, Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups and trained dogs. Describe kind wanted. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. 47-6

White Collies—Pedigreed, Spayed females, \$15.00 up. one male \$25. Satisfaction guaranteed. N. W. BARRETT, Clayton, New York. 47.6

Wire, Fox Terrier, Puppies several lovely males. Soon ready for delivery, registered pedigree stock. The best imported English Blood. Pedigree with each puppy, Thirty-five dollars. Reference, Canadian Kennel Club, Canada's leading terrier kennels. Geo. W. Bailey, Gatineau Hills, Kennels, 33 Third Ave., Ottawa, Ont.

For sale, Reg. Newfoundland Puppies, W. J. Whible, Dobs Ferry, N. Y. U.S.A. 48.2

DUCKS

For Sale—Mammoth Pekin (white) Ducks and Drakes, \$3. and \$5. each, R. Yungblut, R.R. No. 1, Fonthill, Ont. 47.6

Pure Bred—Mammoth Pekin Ducks \$4. Drakes \$4.50. Mrs. Archie MacAllister, Duntroon, Ont. 47.3

RAW FURS

Finest Furred, Mink and Marten. Badhams Fur Farm, Mission City, B. C. 48.6

Trappers. Book on snaring coyotes etc., with sample snare \$1.00, Snare \$4.00 dozen postpaid RAYMOND THOMPSON, Dept. 4, McFarland Bldg., Edmonton, Alberta.

Trappers send in a Mink, Coon or Fox as Trial Shipment, Mink high as \$30.00, Greenfield Fur Traders, Greenfield, N. B. 48.2

LIVESTOCK (Cont'd)

GUINEA FIGS

Guinea Figs.—for sale,—for breeding, Exhibition or Research work. Guaranteed, clean, healthy stock, that are real money makers, write, E. Lookyer, 72 Arlington, Ave. Toronto. 45.6

RABBITS

Pedigreed and Registered Angora and Chinchilla Giganta rabbits for sale. Write VILLA NOVA FUR FARM, Waterford, Ont. R.R. No. 8. 43.6

Pedigreed and Registered Chinchilla Rabbits. Healthy, vigorous animals from prize winning strain. We won prizes at Canadian National Exhibition. Write for prices. Kay's Fur Farm, Tragana South, Hamilton, Ont. 44.6

RABBITS—King of the Fur-Bearers. A general utility animal producing Fur, Meat and Wool. Furs bring as high as \$3.00 each, meat from 25c. to 50c. per pound and wool from \$8.50 to \$10.00 per pound. Raising Rabbits is an established business with an established market for products. Let us tell you all about them. The Great Northern Fur Farms, Waterford, Ont. 44.6

Chinchillas from registered stock (Sunset Strain) A-1 Stock, F. B. Davidson, Box 52, Preston, Ont.

Pedigreed and Registered Angora and Chinchilla Giganta rabbits for sale. Write VILLA NOVA FUR FARM, Waterford, Ont. R.R. No. 5. 48.8

Choice Registered Chinchilla does of high scoring—\$8.00 each, pedigree bucks 8 months \$4.00 each, pedigree does 5 months \$5.00 each, Albert Rogers, Elora, Ontario. 48.2

Trappers Supplies

GOES' LIQUID POISON CAPSULES kill fur animals on spot. Twenty-third season on market. Free circular when this paper is mentioned. Excellent results. EDMUND GOES, 1809, 6th. Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

SWINE

Berkshire, bacon type with length. Herefords, bulls, cows heifers. Lawrence Wyatt, Strathroy, Ont. 44.6

WILD ANIMALS

FOX—Best and easiest Fox, Coyote mink set ever used, make trapping pleasure instead hardship and get them when all other systems fail. Method fifty cents postpaid, Cecil Atkinson, Box 446G Mandan, North Dakota. 44.8

FARMS FOR SALE

Improved farms in the center of the best wheat land in Western Canada, on easy terms. A. J. MacDonald, Densine, Saskatchewan. 44.6

DAIRY FARM FOR SALE.—Four hundred acres valley lands. Good buildings, excellent water: five miles to market. Big demand for products. Exceptional opportunity. G. R. Duncan, Fort William, Ont. 45.6

640 Acres Improved—with house and barn—near Ekhorn, on C.P.R. and quarter section near Strabourg, Saskatchewan. Easy terms. A. McPherson, Box 198, Orillia, Ontario. 48.6

FARM WANTED

Cash for your property, farm, business or residence. No matter where located. Free information. International Realty Co., 643 Pelissier, Windsor, Ont. 44.6

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE

CHURCH PLAYS

"Wanted A wife", "The Joggsville convention", "Martha made over", "Aunt Susan's visit", "The Young Village Doctor", "The Minister's Bride", "Aunt Mary's Family Album", humorous, wholesome, easy to present for particulars apply, Clara Rothwell Anderson, 235 Mackay Street, Ottawa, Canada. 46.6

Church Plays, "Wanted a Chauffeur," a new bright entertaining, one-act temperance play for young people—sample copy 50c. Write for particulars of my popular church plays. Ida E. Potter, Portage la Prairie, Man. 46.2

David Livingstone, the greatest son of Britain, A Pageant Play, 5 Acts, 18 characters, 2 hours, by DR. G. WATT SMITH, Vars, Ont. 25 cents. 43.6

Handkerchiefs, Men's and Ladies', also Men's L-2 hose. Make nice Christmas present. Catalogue on request. J. A. T. Thom, 959 Bleury St., Montreal. 48.2

Twelve Steel Engraved Personal different Christmas Cards, \$1.00 prepaid. Stores charge \$3.00. W. S. Stanley, Box 149, Thorold, Ontario. 48.2

A 15 Jewel Swiss Watch for Only \$6.00

A most sensational offer—a 15 jewel, 5 year guaranteed watch for only \$6.00 (regular \$10.00). Three models:—Men's pocket watch, engraved chromium finish case, with artistic gold raised figures; Men's strap watch, cushion, square or rectangular shape case with luminous night and day dial; Ladies' wrist watch, latest models, on silk ribbon, gold filled cases, white or green. Every one is fitted with a fully adjusted 15 jewel movement and is accompanied by our 5 year guarantee. You needn't send money. Pay only \$6.00 upon delivery and have your money, plus your returning expenses, refunded immediately if unsatisfactory. Order from above descriptions or send AT ONCE for our illustrated catalogue. Quality Shops, Watch Division, 189 McGill Street, Montreal.

HONEY

68 lbs. finest clover \$6.50, Light Amber \$5.70, Dark \$4.75, also sections, McTaggart Apiaries, New Sarum, Ontario. 47.6

STAMPS AND COINS

Stamps—108 varieties 12c. Coins—25 varieties, 50c. Free premium and list; 25,000 varieties in stock. Buying List 12c post free. CHAS. BAILEY, 2850 Dundas Street west, Toronto, 9 Ontario. t.f.

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Shop by means of the Witness advertising columns. If you do not see what you require, write us. We will put you in communication with the right people.

RADIO

SUBMARINER, the original shortwave adapter, now available in Canada, can switch your own set onto shortwaves in a few seconds, and if your set is O.K., can quite frequently get London, England, etc., and every day without static U.S. Stations, K.D.K.A., W.G.T.Y., etc including Church services every Sunday. Standard for Battery or Eliminator sets only, using 201 Tube for detector, covering wavelength 20/65 Meters \$22.50. ICS Wavelength 10/160, 33.75. Prices A C. and Superhets on request. Net cash with order, Express or Mail Prepaid of \$1.00 with order to cover expressage both ways. Balance C.O.D. Express or Mail collect. Dept. RW. BEVERRIDGE SUPPLY COMPANY, Ltd., 702 St. Paul St. West, Montreal. Phone MAIN 2715. Advise make set and Number of tubes, etc.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—If you like trees and shrubs, why not sell them? Make a business of it. Part time or full time, 900 varieties of proven Red Tag Nursery Products. Cash every week. Equipment and instructions free. Write DOMINION NURSERIES, Montreal. e.o.w.

District Managers — Agents — \$100 Weekly easy. Amazing New Product. Nothing like it. Removes in one operation, dirt, grease, tar, mud, from any surface quickly, easily. Guaranteed harmless. Makes any car look like new. Wonderful for cleaning car in cold weather, inexpensive. Every autoist, home, office, garage, your prospects. Exclusive territory. Inexpensive. NUWAY, Alexandria, Ont.

One Man Wanted in each county to appoint agents either sex to sell WASHO. Cleans everything like magic. Washes clothes without rubbing. Best seller. Great repeater. Nothing like it: \$100 weekly easy. Sample free. P. A. Lefebvre & Co. Limited, Alexandria, Ont.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Position desired on farm by Scotchman. Considerable experience with cattle and poultry, address George Rae, Port Hope, Ont.

BUSINESS CARDS

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

Artists' Brushes, Colors, Paper, Pastels and Canvas, also everything that an artist would require. Send for catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LIMITED, 1429 McGill College Ave., Montreal. 49-53

RAW FURS

Wanted Raw Fur. Any kind satisfaction guaranteed. Shipments held separate, also Jack and Chinchilla rabbits, baby lambskins and ginseng. W. Heller 237 Shaw St., Toronto. 48.6

EDUCATIONAL

The De Brisy Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Correspondence courses. ACADEMIE DE BRISY, Ottawa. 9-53

NURSING

Women between the ages of 18 and 35 to take nurse's training course. Four years' high school or its equivalent required, apply to the Litchfield County Hospital, Winsted, Conn. U.S.A. 46.6

FARMERS' MARKETS

Prices for week ended November 24, 1928.

LIVE STOCK PRICES

Toronto—Most handyweight butchers \$7.50 to \$9.00, odd choice steers \$9.75, canners and cutters \$4.00 to \$5.00, fat butcher cows \$7.50 to \$8.25, fair \$5.25 to \$7.25, baby heaves \$10.00 to \$13.00, stockers \$6.50 to \$8.75, feeders \$7.00 to \$9.00, milkers and springers \$110.00 to \$135.00 with an odd sale \$150. Calves, choice vealers \$15.00 to \$16.00, inferior \$8.00 to \$14.00, grass calves \$6.00 to \$7.00. Hogs, selects \$10.00 off cars or \$9.00 F.O.B. Good ewes and wethers \$12.00, culls \$9.00 to \$10.00, bucks \$9.00, sheep \$2.50 to \$6.50 for killers, breeding ewes \$6.50 to \$7.00.

Montreal—Best steers \$9.75, good butchers \$9.00 to \$9.50, plain and medium \$8.25 to \$8.50, thin steers \$7.00, cows \$5.00 to \$8.00, canners and cutters \$3.50 to \$4.75, bologna bulls \$5.25 to \$6.00. Calves, grassers \$6.00 to \$6.50, veal \$11.00 to \$14.00. Hogs, good weights \$10.00 to \$10.25 fed and watered, corn fed \$2.00, sows \$7.50 to \$8.25. Lambs \$10.50 to \$10.75 with \$2.00 cut on bucks, tops, \$11.00, culls \$8.50, sheep \$3.00 to \$6.00.

Winnipeg—Few steers \$6.00 to \$8.00, best cows \$6.75 to \$7.00, bulk of useful kinds \$6.00 to \$6.50, plain grades \$4.75 to \$5.75, top heifers \$8.00, bulk \$6.50 to \$7.50, few good feeders \$7.00, most \$6.75, other grades \$5.00 to \$6.00, light stockers, \$5.50 to \$7.00. Good veal \$9.00 to \$11.00, common to medium \$5.00 to \$8.00. Hogs, selects \$9.00 to \$9.15, thick smooths \$8.50 to \$8.65, shops \$8.75 to \$9.00. Best lambs \$11.00 to \$11.25, sheep \$4.00 to \$7.00.

Calgary—Good to choice steers \$8.00 to \$8.50, common to medium \$6.50 to \$7.50, good to choice heifers \$7.50 to \$8.00, tops \$8.25, common and medium \$6.00 to \$7.25, good to choice cows \$6.25 to \$7.00, tops \$7.10, common to medium \$5.25 to \$6.00, best feeders \$8.00 to \$8.35, good stockers \$7.50 to \$8.00, common \$6.50, stock heifers \$6.50 to \$7.25. Light veal \$8.50 to \$10.00, heavies \$6.00 to \$8.00. Hogs, selects \$9.10 off cars. Best lambs \$10.00 to \$10.50, yearlings \$9.00 to \$9.50, ewes \$6.00 to \$6.50.

Edmonton—Good to choice steers \$8.00 to \$8.50, medium \$7.50 down, good heifers \$7.00 to \$7.50, plain \$6.50 down, odd cows \$6.75, good quality \$6.00 to \$6.50, medium \$5.50 down, stores \$7.50. Calves, few fancy

\$12.00, good quality \$10.00 to \$11.00, common \$8.00 down. Hogs, selects \$8.75. Lambs \$9.00 to \$10.00, good yearlings \$8.00 to \$8.50, ewes \$5.50 to \$6.50.

Prince Albert—Top Steers \$8.00, good \$7.00 to \$7.50, baby heaves \$9.00, top heifers \$8.00, good \$7.00 to \$7.50, top cows \$6.25, good to choice \$5.00 to \$6.00, best feeders \$7.00, stockers \$6.75. Good veal \$7.00 to \$9.00. Hogs, selects \$9.15. Lambs \$10.00, yearlings \$7.00 to \$8.00, ewes \$6.00 to \$7.00.

Moose Jaw—Tops \$8.00, good quality \$7.50, baby heaves \$9.00, top heifers \$8.00, good \$7.00 to \$7.50, top cows \$6.25, good to choice \$5.50 to \$6.00, best feeders \$7.00, stockers \$6.75. Calves, tops \$10.00, good heavies \$8.00 to \$9.00. Hogs, selects \$9.05. Choice butcher lambs \$10.50 to \$11.00, good feeders \$10.00, good yearlings \$6.00 to \$7.00, common ewes down to \$3.00.

Saskatoon—Steers \$5.50 to \$7.50, few \$8.00, cows \$4.25 to \$6.50, stockers \$6.00 to \$7.00. Calves \$5.00 to \$10.50. Hogs, selects \$9.00. Lambs \$8.50 to \$10.50, sheep \$1.00 to \$6.00.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

Montreal—Strictly fresh eggs from British Columbia were offered at 55c for strictly fresh extras, 51c for fresh firsts, and 42c for pullet extras, f.o.b. Vancouver, which is 2c a dozen cheaper than a week previous. Local prices for strictly fresh eggs remaining firm, for strictly fresh extras there is quite a price range, extending from 65c a dozen to 72c a dozen, the higher price being paid for the newest of the strictly fresh brand. Fresh firsts are selling at 60c, and pullet extras at 55c.

Storage eggs sold freely during the week with extras at 45c. Storage seconds went down 1c a dozen at the closing of the week. Ontario regraded storage firsts were being offered, in new cases, at 26c f.o.b. Ontario Western regraded firsts were offered at 37 1-2c delivered.

Top prices for turkeys 10 lbs. and over were 45c to 48c. Other grades were firm at 40c to 42c for 9 lbs. and under; 35c to 38c for old tom turkeys, and 30c to 33c for culls. The receipts of turkeys were light, the tendency being to hold stock until nearer the Christmas season. Geese brought 20c to 22c, and ducks 24c to 26c. Receipts and demands were heaviest in chickens and fowl, and a good business was done, with milk-fed chickens, 5 to 6 lbs., selling at 33c to 35c; corn-fed chickens, 28c to 32c; heavy fowl, 22c to 24c, and light fowl, 16c to 18c, these prices being unchanged for the week.

New Brunswick Green Mountain potatoes per 90 lbs. in bulk, which opened the week at 65c, closed at 50c to 55c. Prince Edward Island cobbles, per 90 lbs. in bags, which were 78c at the beginning of the week, closed at 70c. Prince Edward Island Green Mountains, which were 83c at the beginning of the week, closed at 80c.

Canadian beans sold at \$4.85 to \$4.99 per bushel, ex-store, and white hand-picked imported beans at \$5.25 per bushel, ex-store.

The honey market remained firm during the week, clover leaf in barrels being 11c per lb., in 60 lb. tins, 11 1-2c, in 30 lb. tins, 12c, in 10 lbs. tins, 12 1-2c, in 5 lb. tins, 13c, and in 2 1-2 lb. tins, 14c.

DAIRY MARKETS

The butter market has been moderately active, with final sales of Eastern Townships No. 1 pasteurized creamery butter in car lots at 39 3-4c to 39 7-8c per lb., and in smaller quantities at 40c to 40 1-4c per lb.

Some business was done in western No. 1 white August cheese on spot at 22 1-2c

per lb., while western No. 1 white September cheese sold at 23c per lb., and first-half October make at 21 1-2c per lb., while western current receipts No. 1 colored changed hands at 20 3-8c to 20 1-2c per lb., and eastern No. 1 grades were quoted at 20c to 20 1-2c per lb.

Cellar Forcing of Rhubarb

To successfully force rhubarb in the cellar during the winter months is one of the easiest and simplest of undertakings. Strong, healthy roots that are at least two years old from seed, or old crowns will give very satisfactory results. These should be dug up late in the autumn or just before the ground freezes up for winter. Allow as much earth to adhere to the roots as possible, allowing them to remain on the surface of the ground until the soil and roots have been frozen through. Freezing is essential to good forcing as it has been found by experiment that roots that were not frozen before being placed in the cellar did not do so well as those that had been frozen.

A dark cellar where the temperature can be maintained around 55 deg. F., to 65 deg. F. will be quite satisfactory. The frozen roots and soil should be brought in and placed on the cellar floor adjacent to the furnace. Sand, earth or cinders should be piled around the roots to maintain

an even moisture supply. At intervals of a week or ten days, it may be found necessary to apply water to the soil mulch. It is unnecessary to apply fertilizer of any kind since the fleshy root-stalks have sufficient plant food stored up in them to produce at least four good pullings.

Under proper conditions, the first pullings should be ready in about four weeks from the time that the roots have been placed in the cellar. To maintain the supply throughout the winter, a second lot of roots should be brought in when the first pulling has been removed from the previous roots. Five roots properly handled should produce about sixty pounds of marketable product.

When the fourth pulling has been removed, it is a good plan to place the roots out-of-doors again and allow them to freeze. These roots can be planted out in the spring in good soil to recuperate.—T. F. Ritchie, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

The hen that will not eat cannot lay. The hen that eats food that is not "egg-making" cannot lay. The hen that cannot get water and plenty of it cannot lay. The hen that has no dust bath, enabling her to free herself of vermin, cannot lay. The hen that cannot get green food, grit, and plenty of fresh air cannot lay. Well, yes, they can lay, but not profitably. This last statement is a fact proved over and over again.

The Obligations of an Honourable Man

Why do you give your wife a weekly allowance?

Is it not to provide for the present needs of the household?

Life assurance is simply a provision to make the comfort and security of the home permanent in the future.

The assurance premium is merely an allotment from present income to make that condition possible.

The weekly household allowance and the annual assurance premium are equally the prudent provision of the honourable man to meet responsibilities that he has created or assumed.

How have you provided for yours?



SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Previous contributions acknowledged and Paid to Official Treasurer from Oct 1st ..	\$19.00
Further Contributions	\$14.00
A Friend, Carleton Place, Ont	30.00
Miss A. A. Jeffrey, Midland, Ont.	1.00
Total Further Contributions	\$45.00
Total	\$64.00

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES

Previous Contributions acknowledged and Paid to Official Treasurer * (from Jan. 1st)	\$447.77
Further Contributions	\$ 7.00
A Friend, Carleton Place, Ont	15.00
Total Further Contributions	\$22.00
Total	\$469.77

FOR IMMIGRANT BOYS

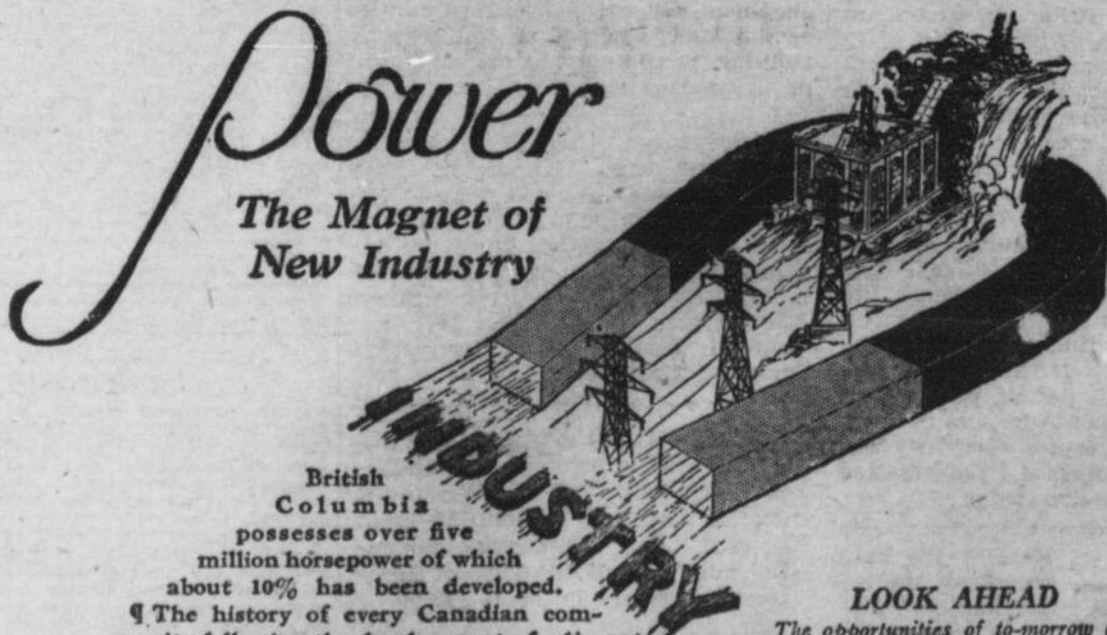
Fund to implement Subscriptions to send the Witness and Canadian Homestead to S. A. Immigrant Boys, to help them in the direction of Christian Canadian Citizenship.

Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid	\$327.63
Further Contributions	304.62
Bank Interest	2.33
M. J. L. N. S.	3.00
Total	\$637.63

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