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

Something to Think About

SIR ESME HOWARD said goodbye to America at New York with no lack of noble international sentiment as leaving so many dear friends for "that precious gem set in a silver sea, which many of you also love and look to with sincere affection." But he did not fail to appeal to still readier nerves when he told the business men of the business city that the foreign trade of the two nations amounts to twenty thousand million dollars a year, which would be paralyzed in case of war. The trade between the two nations is nearly twelve hundred million dollars, of which Britain takes from the United States eight hundred and fifty million. More than forty per cent of United States' exports are to British countries. Serious enough, but the very small end of the cost of war.

Anxious Hours

ARRIVING by what was once the marvellously rapid process of the sea route, Dr. Ritchie's study of the disarmament conference reached too late for our last number, but not, thereby, belated, as three more anxious weeks have brought it little further forward. There has been a government overturn in France, and in England the Parliamentary Session has crowded on it, it is unfinished still, and the world's most needed statesmen are still at it. It is startling to think that that conference has been already five weeks in session, off and on, and that, as yet, nothing has been achieved, except that Britain has, outside of all bargaining, cut down heroically her own parliament- approved naval program and practically scrapped certain costly warships partly built, and in doing so has incurred a considerable displacement of labor, a keen sacrifice, under present conditions, on the part of a non-plussed Labor government. Overagainst that, the United States has been speeding up her naval production in haste to attain the "parity" which her prestige, but not her need, demands. Less unspoken resentment will be nursed against Germany, with all the burden of her monster crime upon her record, which, as men see, she has largely expiated, when she reveals, in strict accordance with her Versailles treaty rights, a cruiser, the first of ten, so modern and so marvellously equipped as to be probably a match for any battleship henceforth to be permitted. Germany, still smarting over Scapa Flow, the grave of her monster naval suicide, and at present treated as in the naval sense a hospital casualty, hors de combat, will be sympathized with in showing what she can do under that handicap. In so doing, however, she offers a material challenge to France, which is still afraid of her and as a nation lost to anything but material guarantees. In modern newspaper English, we say France in this reveals a lack of idealism. One who looked deeper for reality said "all men have not faith."

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BUT did any one expect satisfactory results from the problem to which this conference is confined by the terms of its call? As a peace conference, it is a simple contradiction in terms. For everybody knows, without being told, that all measuring of weapons looks forward to fighting and to nothing else. These nations all so lovingly assembled in, as naval matters go, their elder sister's house, and, as we believe, so keenly anxious for the confirmation of peace, sit there face to face against each other as prospective foes. Nay, further: each has advisers whose life is devoted to this study of all powers as foes of all other, and who have long been unable to think in any other terms. Behind these, is the scoundrelism, condoned by society, of armament profiteering. Yet we own to having great hopes from this conference through bringing the powers together with so splendid a common purpose as that which lies behind this sword-measuring; for every such conference is an anxious step towards human brotherhood, and cannot but bear fruit. As for the problem that has been set, it must work itself out in the line of reasoning known to schoolboys as the reductio ad absurdum. But behind this impasse is the deep, but inarticulate need of mankind of which the negotiators should be kept conscious by surrounding spiritual pressure, adjuring the assembled nations to do something real. When the German force, moving forward in 1914 by mathematically assured calculation, suddenly broke when within a day or two of Paris, English generals were reputed as saying to each other that only a higher Power could have done that. Somebody must have been praying. Thousands certainly were then invoking that higher Power. Similarly, thousands are invoking the same Power today to bring about that for which all nations crave, but for which the stage is so badly set.

United Empire

LORD BEAVERBROOK's "United Empire" party claims to be looking up. Funds are pouring in; two hundred and fifty pounds each from two interested knights—Sir James Dunn, a Canadian-born banker and stockbroker, and Sir Harry McGowan, Lord Melchett's partner in the chemical industry. They must regard the prospect of it succeeding, or else the mischief it can do as worth that little flourish. There is reported some twenty thousand pounds in all, detail of which is dutifully recounted across the seven seas and the six continents by the reporter who has the task of doing the touting. Like Perkins, relating the number of babies Mr. Samuel Slumkey had kissed, he apparently enters into the humor of the thing in telling how this flowing stream is being supplied by the shillings of old pensioners, war widows and school-boys whose loyalty is aroused and warmed by the splendid phrase. "United Empire." If it only did mean empire free trade we should feel for our bottom dollar to help roll the chariot along. But we know too much about our imperialistic empire splitters.

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SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, if any one, should enlist under this revolt, as his father revolted from Gladstone. For this was Joseph Chamberlain's vision when, as Secretary for the Colonies, he, like Beaverbrook, today, would have been willing to put Great Britain into trade shackles, if, by so doing, he could have pulled the empire better together. Imperial unity has gone through spectacular evolution since Joseph Chamberlain's day. More disparate in formal relations, the dominions have become more consciously loyal to a common sovereign and to the spiritual bond which the King so appropriately and nobly represents. The movement Sir Austen sees to be splendid but premature. Free trade within the empire, Mr. Baldwin declares, is the Conservative ideal, but impossible at the present time with the dominions minded as they are. There is no indication or prospect that the Dominions will sign away their right to tax British goods even to exclusion. The anti-imperial imperialists in all the Dominions and, later, the nationalists of India will need to be converted or outvoted before Britain could even be asked to immolate herself on the altar of maternal affection in order to help privileged tax-takers to add imperial burdens to their local emoluments. Joseph Chamberlain greeted Laurier's British preference, though Laurier distinctly disclaimed it, as a challenge which Britain should find some way to counter. He did not find it and it has not been found. If Sir Austen, a stronger protectionist than his father, sees no prospect of the dominions ceasing to shut out British goods, he may be going too far. But what is far less likely is that Britain will tax her food and raw material for the sake of the dominions. She has made untold sacrifices for them, but that she cannot do.

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MR. BALDWIN, himself a protectionist, has shown with vivid clearness that the sadly misnamed Empire Free Trade campaign must go to pieces on these two rocks, Dominion manufacturers' unwillingness to admit British goods into competition with their products, and Britain's inability to give preferences to the Empire as a whole without taxing imported food and raw materials. He has, moreover, pierced their second line of defence, the proposal to try the medicine on the dog, in this case, the Crown Colonies. Shifting their ground, not for the first time since Beaverbrook, like a messenger from another planet swept across the political empyrean heralding his device for ousting the Socialists and, incidentally, deposing Mr. Baldwin from the Conservative leadership, the two noble lords, finding the dominions impervious to their blandishments, declared for an early application of their principles to the Crown Colonies, presumably as being less able to resist than the self-governing Dominions. All British manufactures were to go in free, and, in return, products from those colonies were to enjoy a certain amount of tariff protection in the British market. Here the crusaders have fared no better. The colonies, as Mr. Baldwin points out, have also their own legislative assemblies and impose customs duties for revenue, which, if removed, would plunge them into bankruptcy. He said nothing as to the personal motives of the two newspaper barons, in the Canadian peers' case, a hardly concealed desire to become the next occupant of No. 10 Downing Street and in Lord Rothemere's, an unworthy personal rancour against himself.

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MR. A. J. COOK'S comment that the ulterior object of the Beaverbrook campaign is the establishment of a Fascist state, is not at all unjust, if we may judge from the utterances of some of its leading supporters. Sir Charles Higham, a leading motor manufacturer, bewailing the failure of the government to give "adequate protection' to the motor industry, one of the most prosperous under existing conditions, hints that the coming of a British Mussolini may be nearer than most people imagine and says he knows where the man can be found. As for Lord Rothermere, he has all along declared .that what Britain needs is a Mussolini or a Poincaré.

East And West

AS our Alberta correspondent on farm conditions signs a feminine name, we must be careful as to reciprocating compliments about being hopelessly ignorant. Indeed, when we read about milking cows at thirty-eight below zero, sympathy for the brave and oppressed pioneers of our great, free west, never lacking, becomes acute. The Witness has at all times pleaded their cause as against the way in which the farmers are plundered by forcing them by law to buy what they absolutely need at prices which make eastern people rich while, for the most part, leaving them only the barest living. So long as new land was forever opening and the first wealth of the soil was being garnered, and so long as, through the influx of population, the farm lands were rising in price, even if going down in producing value—rising fast enough to cover losses on annual operations, the east, which had furnished most of the cost of opening up the prairies, excused itself for legislation by which it was collecting the cream of the profits, practically holding the sacrificed pioneers in servitude. The reasonable, but increasing result was a deep hatred of the east all through the west—very un-Canadian, very un-Christian, but yet, entirely human. So we, who are also human, must excuse some bitterness, even if it quarrels with the one champion that the west at all times had in the east, when that champion holds to its principles, even when the west forsakes them.

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THE Witness always foresaw the time when big municipal, provincial and private expenditures discounting a continued inflow of population and rise in the valuations of property to far above its decreasing production value, would bring about a reaction. It assumed that those who were unfairly bearing the burden would become strong enough

to refuse to stand for the spoilation by privileged manufactures. It was ill-prepared for the day when the farmers would also turn protectionists and add their weight to making theirs the dearest country in the world to live in and to produce in. For that is what the picture drawn by our correspondent gives us of surrounding opinion, which probably she fairly represents. When immigration was the life of farm property, and every quarter-section was going up and up, not only to what it was worth as a producer, but to a figure which assumed a continuous further rise, but on which the annual product would not pay interest, all calculations, and, therefore, all hopes, were based on increased population, but when the bottom fell out of that bubble and mortgages took the place of chief interest in men's minds, burdens light-heartedly undertaken became grievous, and, therefore, a grievance.

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AS to the Mennonites, although they are the occasion of Mrs. Dalton's letter, they are only a side issue in it. Concerning them, she suspects that we have been suppressing letters condemning them and printing only letters in their favor. As we are anxious for information about them we have printed all the letters we have received about them. We are even printing this one on that score, though confessedly it adds nothing to our information. If, however, we had to choose, we probably would prefer letters which took the Christian side. We assumed, on reading Mr. McLaren's letter, that this sentiment was the prevailing one in the west, as the weekly Winnipeg Free Press, which keeps its ear to the ground to know what the farmers want, was doing its best to defend it. Why some farmers feel so is evidently because that, being different from themselves, they do not like them. That being insufficient to satisfy even their own minds is supplemented by the queer reason also given by the first writer, namely, that they would add to the production of wheat of which there is already too much—a great deal much more than the country can consume.

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THE farmers generally will, one would think, take unkindly to being accused of such "hopeless ignorance." If our correspondent knows of any farmers who are building on the hope of Canada's some day consuming her own wheat or enough of it to have any effect on the price the farmer shall get for it, she had better advise them to feed their families off their own farms, as that would be a still more self-contained proposition and a sure market. The price the Canadian farmer gets for his wheat depends on the Liverpool Corn Exchange, and the cost of getting it there. It is as much affected by the Mennonite product, if grown in Ontario or Paraguay, or Manchuria, as if produced on the Prairies. The time has about come anyway, as the farmers are everywhere feeling, when those broad, fertile stretches should cease to depend on a single exportable crop whose flucuations cause prosperity to fluctuate with want, which gradually weakens the land, and which makes the question of when each year's crop shall be shipped too serious a gamble. Indeed, we see in Manitoba what is practically a demand for protection on wheat production at the expense of the country, by asking the federal government to underwrite the crop at a safety price. This is a development of protection which has been rife in the United States for some years. It is, perhaps, natural that our west should soak in the economic atmosphere of the United States, however different the origin and circumstances of a country nursed by the protectionist east in abhorrence of things foreign, particularly of things British. The United States may be within sight of consuming its own products, if the narrow life of a hermit nation is its ambition; but, whether desirable or not, that is a goal from which Canada is infinitely far. The distinguishing fact is that while our neighbors glory in their own expansive home estate, Canada's purview is the whole wide world.

An Impending Awakening

"THE world-ground is being prepared, I am persuaded, for a spiritual awakening on a very extensive scale. I do not say this lightly —it is a growing conviction, forced upon me by the facts." So says Stanley Jones. In his way of hitting instinctively on startling truths and great realities, Dr. Stanley Jones is eminently a seer; and when he says this, people, dulled by the humdrum of religious machinery, look up and listen. Five years ago he sent a flash of unlooked for light round the world under the strange name of "The Christ of the Indian Road," of whose gleam few religious people failed to catch some momentary glimpse. Later came "Christ at the Round Table," as one sometimes sees in nature, the gentler repetition of the effulgent bow in the cloud. Against his intentions, the pentecostal aspirations — let us hope, inspirations — of many Christians, who recognize in the present year a centenary of the baptism of the Church, have drawn from him a third volume which begins with the above inspiring vision. It was expectancy that resulted in the first pentecost.

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STANLEY Jones, (h edrops the "Dr.") gives reason for this expectancy, which he is eager to communicate to the Church of today. He put first the modern scientific attitude toward life —"the frank demand for facts now penetrating all realms, physical, mental, spiritual." This coordination of God's diverse self-revelations to man is to be glowingly welcomed, seeing that honesty says that any religious revolt against science is a rebellion against God. The Spirit bestowed on man is "the Spirit of Truth"—that is, of reality, a word which did not exist when the gospel was translated. In that spirit, there is a trend toward a religion of experience, rather than of accepted dogma. "Jesus based himself," says Matthew Arnold, "always on experience, never on theory." His followers: "did not speculate about God; they shared Him." They had no doubts about heaven. They had it. Mr. Jones, who, as a world-wide "round table" investigator, is in a very unusual position for such spiritual observation, sees in the soul of this age a general craving for spiritual reality. In South America, into the vacuum between dogmatic authority, dead, and spiritual experience, not yet born, is rushing every vain cult, ancient and modern.

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"CAN our Gospel stand up under this search for fact? Not if it is a system dogmatically and arbitrarily imposed on life. It must be something coming out of life, necessary to life, completing life. . . . On the soil of a return to fact the Gospel will come to its own. It is founded on fact—the fact of Christ . . . I am only afraid that men will not be scientific enough . . . My creed is Life; blessed be life the King . . . Our Gospel is founded on life, and imparts life." Science, stumbling over the obscuring accretions of centuries, is simply answered by the words of Christ: 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' If you can only get there, you will find mankind today very hungry for something real.

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Chief reason of all for expecting a new world, is that religion is becoming Christ-centric. "As long as religion was denominational-centric, God could not trust us with power. It would have run into denominational megalomania; in the east, into Western imperialism. But if to be a Christian is to be Christlike, power is safe in its hands. What was fulfilled at Pentecost was life. "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly.' "We are in the throes of a passing from the authority of tradition to the authority of experience, of facts, of truth. This whole tendency sends life to the doors of the Christian Church. There it stands, waiting for some clear note of certain experience" but finds the church unready. As in the days before Pentecost, the doors were shut for fear of the Jews; so the doors are now shut for fear of the facts of science. "If our faith can be broken, the sooner it is broken the better." There is no spiritual safety, the writer holds, behind closed doors. He had seen the beautiful harbor of Valparaiso, Vale of Paradise, full of wrecks. He had been told that, with certain storms, the only safe place was the open sea. "Something big has yet to dawn in the very structure, make up and temper of the life of the Church —Pentecost. "I can see nothing, absolutely nothing, that will get the Church of today out from behind closed doors, except it be one thing —Pentecost. But the Church has shied at Pentecost; it is afraid of it. I was afraid and went and hid my talent."

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THE Church is stopping itself by its ponderous machinery, ever adding a new wheel, whereas it is power that it needs. It goes on trying to keep the complicated machine going by hand power. An Indian chauffeur, terrified by the precipices of a Himalayan road, got out and prayed to his machine which, however, soon came to a halt because he had not put water in the radiator or petrol in the tank, and the left-over was soon exhausted. There could never have been a Church with Pentecost eliminated. Like the full-grown man in the Malay States fishing all day for minnows in the furrows of the rice fields, the disciples of authority spend their time at Lausanne in the midst of a war-torn world, solemnly sorting out orders, rituals, rites and prestiges. Jaipur, in India was once a fortified city on a hill top. It moved some three miles down into the fertile valley and there flourishes. On the hill top, ragged sentinels, with rusty swords still mount eternal guard before neglected palaces and priests sacrifice goats before deserted altars. Modernism, for its part, can dissect life but cannot give it; it discovers processes, but not power; it knows biology, but not life. Would there were room here to show what the writer finds to be the essence of Pentecost, not its exerted phenomena, nor to be sought emotionally, and what are the hindrances. But the whole subject is worked out here. These paragraphs only give an introduction to this arresting book, with the curious name: The Christ of Every Road, by E. Stanley Jones: McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto. Listed, recommended and sold by the Y. P. Missionary Education Board, 299 Queen Street West, Toronto. $1.50

Seven Lost Civilizations

BEISAN—Beth Shean—Beth Shan —"House of Security," lies in the Jordan Valley about four miles west of the river and twelve miles south of the Sea of Galilee. It is a place of stirring memories. Situated on the old caravan route and an ancient battle ground, it was a place of great strategic importance. A strong fortress, as its name indicates, it bade defiance to Israel for centuries after their conquest of Canaan. "And Mannaseh had . . . Bethshean . . . and her towns . . . yet the children of Mannaseh could not drive out the inhabitants of those cities, but the Canaanite would dwell in that land." Later on, after the rout of Saul's army and his death on Mount Gilboa, "the Philistines . . . found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa, and they cut off his head, and stripped off his armor . . . and they put his armor in the house of Ashtaroth and they fastened his body to the wall of Beth-Shan. And when the inhabitants of Jabesh-Gilead heard of that which the Philistines had done to Saul, all the valiant men arose, and went all night, and took the body of Saul and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Beth-Shan, and came to Jabesh, and buried them there, and they took their bones, and buried them under a tree at Jabesh, and fasted seven days." In the time of Solomon we find Beth-Shan and the neighborhood of the Plain of Esdraelon forming one of the twelve commissariat districts which, from month to month, "provided victual for King Solomon, and for all that came unto King Solomon's table." Later still, Beth Shan was known to the Greeks as Scythapolis, a name implying that some earlier race was still prevalent there. In early ages of the Church, there was a bishop at Beth Shan and at the time of the Crusades, an Archbishop. Beisan is a small place today but there are surprising traces of its ancient greatness. According to some authorities it must have been three miles in circumference, a considerable size for a fortified town. The archaeological expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, under the directorship of Mr. Alan Rowe, has been digging in the mounds which occupy the site of the old city. A cross section of the excavation has revealed no less than seven religious periods and eight historical epochs. Nearest the surface, were two Byzantine churches of the Christian period; under these came a Grecian temple of pre-Christian days. Below this was a temple of Sete, the First, of Egypt, then one of Amenorphis III; below these, a temple of Ashtoreth, and below this again, a temple of Dagon, the Philistine Fish God. The Hebrews were the only race which ruled there for a while and left no temple. In those days they were given to worshipping "on every high hill and under every green tree."

"Habiri" and Philistine

BEFORE the year 1000 B.C. the Egyptian Empire in Asia was breaking up. Among the Tel El Amarana tablets there is a pathetic letter from the tributary King of Jerusalem, Ebed-Hepa, to his overlord Pharaoh. "At the feet of my lord the king, seven times and seven times I prostrate myself—Thou dost not hearken to me—may the king turn his face toward mercenaries. There are no lands left to the king my lord. The Habiri plunder all the countries of the king . . . If there be no mercenaries, the countries of the king will be lost." . . . The Habiri were, of course, the Hebrews. There was also an invasion of Syro-Egyptian territories from the north, both by sea and land. "The land force" says Professor Myres, "came with its families and property in large wheeled carts; the seamen in great sailing ships, with a fighting-top on the mast head, and the decks crowded with well-armed 'heroes' as their chivalrous enemy calls them. They had clearly come to stay; and though the king of Egypt kept them out, by a hard fought battle in South Syria, and a great sea fight, he had still to dispose of the survivors and non-combatants. There were already half-foreign settlements on the Palestine coast plain, and to reenforce these with the newcomers would put a

warlike population, under obligations to Egypt, in a position to stop any further attack that might come. . . . The chief of these settlers bore the name Pulishta, perhaps akin to the obscure name Pelasgi, borrowed by Greek writers from an ancient pirate people in the Aegean." These were certainly the Philistines, who gave their name to "Palestine" which became the name of all southern Syria. The Philistines are pictured on the wall of an Egyptian temple, as tall men, wearing either a round cap or up-standing hair. In Crete, a disc has been found bearing a picture of a man with a similar head dress. Long afterwards the Israelite prophet Amos recognized that Jahveh, the God of Israel, had also led these people across the sea: "Have not I brought up Israel out of the land of Egypt? And the Philistines from Caphtor, and the Syrians from Kir?"

The National Homeland

BUT for centuries, the desert people and the sea-people wrestled for the mastery. The original inhabitants of the land must have been crushed between the upper and nether millstone, those who were left becoming hewers of wood and drawers of water for either of the more vigorous peoples. The Hebrews held the hills, the Philistines, the plains, but there were continual raids and counter-raids. For a long time, the Philistines were the more powerful, even going to the length of disarming Israel. "Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel: for the Philistines said: Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears: But all the Israelites went down to the Philistines to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter, and his axe, and his matlock." For a while, under the vigorous leadership of Saul and Jonathan, the tide turned, and Israel, at first largely armed with matlocks, axes, goads and such like tools, inflicted defeat after defeat upon these redoubtable enemies. The death of Saul and the destruction of his army at Mount Gilboa, gave the Philistines once more the control of the great northern road across Esdraelon and Jezreel, and cut Israel in two. Then came the brilliant era of David. This terrible conqueror, in the days of his outlawry, had had more or less friendly relations with the Philistines, but these relations were sharply severed when he came into the kingdom. Possession of Jerusalem gave him a valuable base for operations against the district of Beth-Shan. Finally, he "smote the Philistines and subdued them," even capturing Gath and other Philistine cities. He welded the southern and northern Hebrew tribes into a nation, and left an Empire to his splendid and luxurious successor. Excavations at Beth-Shan are continuing, and other finds may be expected, illustrating the history of the many and diverse peoples who have sought a "National Homeland" in this strip of Southern Syria which we know as Palestine, the Land of the Philistines. The brilliant period of David and Solomon, whose dominion was from the River of Egypt to the Euphrates, supervened when the Egyptian power was waning and before that of the kings of the East had gathered strength. That brief period before they were the sport of rival powers was fondly looked back to as the golden age of Israel, which was some day to return.

The Naval Conference

By Dr. D. L. Ritchie.

THE eyes of Great Britain, of the Dominions, and, surely, of the civilised world are fastened on St. James's Palace, London, where, day after day, meet the representatives of the five naval powers of the world, discussing the possibilities of decreasing armaments and so of relieving the groaning nations from the burdens of war in the days of peace; it is also hoped to do something to minimise the risks of war and give proof that treaties, pacts and bonds of peace are not a sham and a pretence—mere scraps of paper,—but realities in which beat the aspirations and wills of all right-thinking men and nations. War cannot end war; but such conferences may take a long step towards that consummation, so devoutly wished and demanded by everything that can be called sane.

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NOW, after a fortnight of conferring, it cannot be said that much progress has been made. Ramsay MacDonald, Britain's Prime Minister, idealist, and statesman, patiently pursues his course, and holds tenaciously to his hope of something great to be accomplished. He refuses to be discouraged, holds the conference to its task, and gives proof that Britain is ready to go earnestly to the long desired goal. But the difficulties are, apparently, many. The chief of them is, that the conference, many professions notwithstanding, has met still with the war-mind, and not with the mind resolved on lasting peace. Some apparently do not believe in the possibility of it. And so the climate is one of bargaining and haggling, of fear and touchiness in regard to national prestige and power. The talk is of parity and parallel power, of numbers, types, and variety of armaments. The United States must have parity with Great Britain, and Japan, her estimated proportion in regard to both. Italy must have parity with France, and both of them strive for seapower in comparison with Britain. Mayhap the chief difficulties are with Italy and France; the former has dreams of Empire and Caesardom; the latter refuses to believe that there is security in treaties, pacts and assurances. She wants real security guaranteed by force. She is the militaristic realist, and cannot put her trust in the great idealism of a world governed by reason instead of arms. She still fears Germany, and has ringed her round with a clutch of steel through the Little Entente. She is uneasy about Italy, and evidently not sure of Britain, and so clings to the submarine as one of her chief weapons, as she asserts, of defence. And so fear delays decisions, suspicion hinders progress, and prestige begets the touchy and suspicious mind.

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GERMANY, too, although not sharing in the conference, having now no navy, at least of any size, has created a stir in naval computations. By the Treaty of Versailles she can build six cruisers of ten thousand tons each. She is just completing her first, into which she has put so much scientific knowledge and technical skill that that cruiser is said to be as powerful for purposes of war as any of the great battleships. Ten such would, of course, make her again one of the great naval powers of the world, one of her ambitions that led to the Great War in 1914. That news has startled the naval nations into dreams of possibility and fear. But the fact is surely also one more proof of the madness of competition in armaments. A new cruiser of 10,000 tons not only makes obsolete all other cruisers, but also monster battle ships of thirty and forty thousand tons; if not now, where and when is this madness of turning all science and inventive skill to fashioning instruments of destruction to end?

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AND, of course, there are other forces at work. The statesmen are here, but so are also the naval experts of the nations, and it is not easy for them to think of their occupations gone. Navy Leagues are also watchful and busy, ready to make a political issue of any too ready bargaining for a large decrease. Some of the Dominions beyond the seas are also putting in their claims for protection. The devilish forces are also at work—all such as make great gain out of war and preparations for war. The world cannot soon forget the sinister and dastardly part played by Shearer, the paid agent of American armament firms, in bringing to naught the last conference; and not one of them is in prison yet. In the midst of so many clamant forces, how hard it is for the voice of reason and the claims of peace to be heard.

But let us rejoice, the voice of the women of the world—the mothers and wives and lovers of the men who are sent to the shambles of war, is also here; and they are speaking as only women can on such an issue. They are praying, pleading, and working for the success of the Conference. They are demanding it; they have a right to demand it. May they, speaking in the name of the women of civilised nations, not plead in vain.

And in a sense the churches are here, but they are strangely timid, and fear to be urgent. In the name of the expediences of patriotism they leave it to the statesmen, and the statesmen are in the hands of the experts, and professional prejudice whispers to them, and the confederate fires of evil are busily at work, and so the devils of war get their way. When are the churches going to take their marching orders from the Prince of Peace whom they profess to obey? When the churches are as eager and whole-heartedly and effectively at work as are the forces that make for war, the lasting peace of the world will be secured. It may have to be secured, to their abiding disgrace, in spite of their calculating and timid expediences. It is surely their duty to tell this conference that it dare not break up until it has done much to undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free from the horrors and insane arbitrament of war and the daily mad preparation for it.

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THERE are signs that something is to be accomplished. The United States has spoken. Battleships—those floating fortresses, those monster engines of destruction costing millions of pounds to build and millions more to keep afloat—will become a thing of the past. And yet what will it avail if nations follow Germany and build ten thousand ton cruisers more destructive than they? Surely the time has come for the nations to agree to only the force necessary to defend from pirates their several coasts and to keep clean and safe the great paths of the sea. Nothing short of that should be the aim of this conference. Does not the latest building feat of Germany demand it? Plainly, to do otherwise, is to continue in the way that leads inevitably to the destruction of civilisation. Naval forces to police the seas of the world, and give security to all voyagers are enough; nothing more is required. May it be the glory of this conference even yet to take a long step in that—the only sane policy for civilised, to say nothing of professedly Christian, nations. In short, this conference must not be permitted to fail.

Points From Letters

I do not think M. Richey Tuttle, in his letter of January 15, meant it to do so, yet his phrase "the way God treated His own Son," rather hurts the reader sensitive to sacred values.

"I and my father are one," testified that Son. Are we not to infer from this that it was God Himself taking mortal form in the nature of Christ? And who thus Himself suffered in Christ? The ground about the subject of the Trinity is holy, mystical, and beyond our comprehension. We must "loose the shoes from our feet" and tread reverently.

BARNABAS.

The "Protest" against this religious persecution is inspired mostly by those who bow down to the Great God Gold. The wire-pullers of the opposition to Russia today are certainly not guided by Christian principles. Of this the writer is sure.

The Soviet Union, controlling as it does, territories in which unknown natural resources exist, is a direct menace to the present system (the rule of the few). Therefore the Bolsheviks must be crushed! So say the worshippers of this god—Gold. So they work through the press, and the press through the legislatures, to achieve their object. So far the U.S.S.R. has had the best of the argument. The Allies' pro-war expeditions miserably collapsed. The London Daily Mail's campaign against Russian Oil Petrol (R.O.P.) eventually "went west"; for instead of decreasing the sales, it increased them.

While the Baldwin Government's absurd action in cutting off diplomatic relations has been impaired by the present administration. After ten years of economic battling with the rest of the world, Russia still stands, wounded maybe, but far from dead. They are slowly building a great national economic structure, building on American credit. If all the tales of the suffering and starvation of the peasants were true, then Ford, Morgan and other capitalists would not trust Russia so much. News from this country (like China) must be accepted with a grain of salt.

GRITH.

I was quietly going over this point (the attitude of the press toward drink), with a man connected with one of the largest wet dailies in the land. He admitted that his paper overestimated, rather, gave undue prominence to crime; that the fiction made vice a virtue and virtue a vice; that many of the cartoons were unfit for children to see; that the editorials discussed public problems involving moral factors with no direct reference to the spiritual force necessary for their right solution. He justified all this on the ground that clean paper is a financial impossibility.

An editor who is afraid of the poor-house if he prints a clean sheet would not see clearly the difference between a drunkard's hovel and a sober home. Drink deadens the moral and spiritual sensibilities of any man who buys or sells it or who votes for it. Horace Greeley said that it was to be deplored that drink should be sold anywhere, but for the state to sell it is a sin akin to that of Eve or Judas. Yet the wet dailies seem to see no difference between a nation enforcing a dry law and a nation licensing drink, and do all in their power to make law enforcement difficult.

O. ROBERTS.

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Further Contributions from Oct. 1, '29	$124.31
Carl Lehrbass, Ont.	2.00
Mrs. Grace Airriess, Ont.	.25
	126.56
Paid to Cot Fund	120.00
Total Further Contributions	$ 6.56

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	$519.18
Further Contributions	135.17
McGillivray Grant, N.B.	12.00
Total	$666.35

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES

Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer from January 1, 1930		$35.20
Further Contributions	$17.20	
Master Thos. J. Erskine, B.C.	.20	
C. C. K., Alta.	16.50	
Total Further Contributions	$33.90	33.90
Total		$69.10

DAVID CURRIE FUND

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

Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid	$ 65.10
Further Contributions	172.61
Total	$237.61

Letters

FARMING IN THE WEST

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—I see in your paper that you cannot print all letters that are sent to you, but I notice that those printed this week all take the side of the Witness.

Did you mean that all opposing opinions would be denied space, or were there no letters on the side of Mr. McLaren, who has certainly voiced the feeling of the majority of the Western people. The proof of this lies in the fact that the Western Provincial Governments, representing Western people, are all opposed to this proposed heavy Mennonite immigration. Why then, need the East worry itself? If the Eastern Provinces want to act the part of good Samaritan and take in these destitute foreigners, we have no objection—it is not our business, and we claim it no business of the East to try to force responsibilities on us against our will.

Is it fair to rescue these people from their destitution by making destitute many who are already in this country and not far from destitution right now? It seems too much like shifting trouble from the foreigners to the Canadians. C. L. Price places the farmer in the same class as manufacturers, plumbers, etc., who would likewise grumble at more of their profession being allowed in to compete with them, but C. L. Price must remember that other industries were protected against their numbers being over-enlarged, as for years, only farmers and domestics were allowed into the country. This over-balanced the population of Canada, giving too many producers of food and not enough consumers.

Personally I know little of Mennonites and they may be all that is desirable as neighbors, but I understand that their leader out West, in a Mennonite paper, made a statement something to the effect that when they, (the Mennonites), came into the country, they would soon shake the foundations of the Co-operative Government of Saskatchewan. If this statement was made, it would seem as though the Mennonites were not quite such a peaceable crowd as some would like us to think.

My point, though, is not just against the Mennonites, but against all farm immigration, until the time comes when the farmers who have toiled here for years, and many become poorer than when they came in, can get a decent living.

The Witness seems to be hopelessly ignorant of actual conditions out West. Its attitude towards the Dairy Council is a sure proof of this. I have been a Free Trader ever since I understood about such things, but I believe in Free Trade for all industries or protection for all. At present the farmer gets the rotten end of every deal. He has to buy in heavily protected markets but when he has anything to sell the keenest kind of competition is legalized against him. You quote the poor lumber-jack who works out in the winter. If he eats two pounds of butter a week, and this is more than each member can be allowed in the average farm home, it means an additional cost per week of 6 cents per man, with the 3 cent duty replaced. What a big slice out of a man's pocket, if he is getting a regular wage, in order that the farmer may get a little profit on his hard work, and don't forget the lumberjack is not the only one who works out in the cold. We were milking cows a few weeks ago, watering and feeding them when the temperature hung for days around 38 degrees below zero, and we have no woods to shelter us. This is hard work and unpleasant in cold weather, but hitherto farmers who were willing to do it could make sure of meeting their grocery bills with the proceeds from their cream. Now there is no money in dairying considering the work and expense. If Canada would be willing to pay a fair price for it, there would be no dearth of butter, but when so much is imported, the proposition is not sufficiently attractive. The lumber camps can well afford to pay the extra 3 cents per lb. of butter for the prices they charge for lumber are high enough to well cover it, so high, in fact, that most farmers in this district have not, after nearly twenty years of hard work been able to put up a decent house. Sometimes a beautiful farm residence is shown in the papers, but if a bird's eye view could be taken of the surrounding country it would look like a palace surrounded by cabins, as a very large number of farm homes are merely glorified shacks. As one man said when shown a picture of city slums, for which aid was being solicited, "Why, they're living in better houses than we are."

The 1928 crop was a bumper. The railways did well on it and all Canada in fact, except the men who grew it. Some barely paid expenses, some lowered the mortgage a little, some managed to send for a few luxuries, known in the city as necessities, such as an easy chair, maybe for an aged member of the family, a treat eyed in many successive catalogs, but only made possible by a bumper crop. Those who had just started farming and had not therefore got so deep in the hole, invested in the cheapest car listed on the instalment plan. They said goodbye to the dollars which constituted the first payment and if 1930 crop is anything like 1929, they will probably say goodbye to the car, ere long.

So the tale of woe goes on and if the Witness sent out an unprejudiced inspector to the West, he would find I have not exaggerated anything. This state of things has come about because farm lands have been settled too quickly, because farm products are the only ones Government grades, and the only ones not protected, when all others are, and because the public, if the Witness is representative of it, is not willing to pay a fair price for its food, too anxious to get something for nothing.

There is something wrong when a farmer cannot afford to eat as much farm produce as the man he sells it to, and during the last few years the syrup jug has appeared far too often on many a farm table and the butter dish not enough.

Then why bring in more farmers to make our conditions worse. Charity begins at home and lately many of us out here are getting fed-up with this cry of Christian tolerance, when it would appear that the only people who are to be tolerated are the foreigners, whilst an intolerant spirit is all that is meted out to those already here.

LUCY M. DALTON

Esther, Alberta.

ZECHARIAH

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—Under the heading "Zechariah's Writings" Mr. Westell, whose name I mentioned in the letter you published on January 1st, suggests that my 'view' is responsible for my conclusion that chapter 14 refers to the second coming of Christ, and states that the writer was thinking of times nearer his day, i.e., times that have passed (prior to the present).

It might be interesting to some readers if he were able to point to any date or circumstance in or under which the prophecy contained in verses 4, 8, 9 and 10, have been fulfilled; or that beginning at verse 16 to 19, and again, verse 20.

It is inexplicable to me how anyone, believing the Bible to be God's inspired word, can read either into it or out of it, honestly, any other than what it actually predicts, that is, the actual establishment of the Kingdom of Christ in Jerusalem, which fact must needs be preceded by the manifested coming to earth of the glorified Lord, verse 4. As to Dr. G. Adam Smith's repute as a Spirit-filled man, are not such men at times susceptible to doubt and perplexity? As to the incompatibility of the spirit evident in the earlier chapters of Zechariah, with that of the later chapters, may that alleged contrast be covered by the antithetic pronouncement of the 2nd commandment, Ex. 20:5-6, and as it refers to Zechariah as the gentle lover of peace being incapable of revelling in the blood of the heathen, may I humbly quote from 2nd Peter 1:19: "We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts.

"Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation.

"For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

For the sake of any who sincerely desire to know the mind and will of God as I trust I do, I humbly ask favor of space for this, and regretting the prominence of my name in what may seem a presumptuous contention, desire to leave to other and abler contenders for the faith the privilege of confounding the scholarly skeptics of the day. My experience of nearly 50 years of the saving grace of God, prompts me to say, with Paul, "Not that I have attained, but I press toward the mark, etc."; and to watch for the Lord from heaven.

W. A. GALLIFORD.

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—In a recent number of the Witness W. Westell makes some remarks on the Book of Zechariah which I think, are open to some criticism. He seems to advise the reading of the comments of Dr. G. Adam Smith, whom he calls a "Spirit-filled man".

But when a writer professes to discover two writers of this book because of a difference in matter and style of writing—(I think it is a mistake)—it can be explained in this way. e.g. When a writer (say in a letter) deals with two different subjects, there is likely to be a change in his style of writing in that one letter—so with the books of Zechariah, Isaiah, and others.

To deal thus with any book of the Bible is apt to shake the faith of some in the truth of the revealed Word—and I don't think any "man of the Spirit" would care to do that.

Mr. Westell appears to be troubled about the horses in this book—that can be explained thus: In chapter VI. it seems as if the various horses are sent forth for correction and judgment. (I am, for the sake of brevity, merely giving the references —look them up.)

In chapter XII., as they are used by the enemies of the Lord to thwart His purposes they are "smitten" as part of the punishment meted out to those enemies.

In chapter XIV. because of the devout thankfulness for the mighty deliverance of Israel by the Lord Himself (Obadiah 17) leading His forces to crush Anti-Christ and his forces and to set up His millennial Kingdom—this deliverance is also foretold in Jude 17 (Verse) and Rev. XIX. II., et seq.

Then holiness is gratefully rendered to Him manifested and established on the throne of His Father David Ps. II. 6, Luke I:32. Our blessed and glorious Redeemer reigning gloriously. JESUS, THE KING OF THE JEWS, and so everything is consecrated to His Service—"Holiness to the Lord shall be upon the bells of the horses and every pot and pan in Jerusalem" signifying that all life, public and private, shall be lovingly devoted to His service. Let me say just here—the peaceable nature of this millennial reign is given in Isaiah XI and XII. Micah IV. with Isaiah II. 1-5.

There is much talk and desire that the League of Nations may bring about universal peace. That cannot, and will not come by man's effort. Universal peace can only be established and maintained, by the Prince of Peace, when He comes.

Mr. Westell questions whether the second coming is found in Zech. XIV. —Well the answer is—it is full of it as the acme of the scheme—the crowning point of the whole matter—the very object for which Christ will come again.—Look at Zech. II. 10.

Let us see how this comes about. In Matt. XXIV: 3, the disciples asked Jesus three questions which He answered in the order they were asked, though many careful students of prophecy consider them not quite in chronological order, which would be ans: 2, 1, 3. (Pember, in his "Great prophecies" suggests the division of the olivet discourse thus: (1.) 9-35. (2.) 36-25, 30. (3.) 25-31, which seems to me to be the most common sense division.) But note how the blessed Lord answers the questions: first, notice, he gives a caution in verse 4 to 8; describing the run of events of this present period, and when He begins to answer the question He says (verse 9)—"Then, etc." i.e., the time you are enquiring about; this answer extends to verse 35. It is well to notice how He finishes this introductory caution: "these are the beginning of sorrows." Then, etc. "these things" the disciples asked about are found in Matt. XXIII. 35-39, in fact this whole chapter from verse 13 may be included in this denunciation and threatening.

But before we go further, let me say that Matt. XXIV. should be read with Mark XIII. and Luke XXI. They are records of the same discourse, differing somewhat apparently (but it is much like what three men would do if asked to give an account of a discourse or some startling event—some facts recorded by one, would be omitted by the other two, while all three would record some of the circumstances or expressions. This is evident by comparing the four gospels.

This answer describes the trouble coming on the Jews when settled in their own land (we are looking forward for that, expecting it in accordance with statements in Holy Scripture). This answer is really an expansion of Daniel IX: 26 27 which has a fuller expansion in Rev. VI to XIX, these having their counterpart in many places in Holy Writ. This is evidently in the future as stated in Rev. I. 9, IV. 1, (our Lord's own words.)

This period ends in fearful convulsions of nature and in the midst of it all, while the people in Jerusalem are terrified by the siege conducted by Anti-Christ—when Christ appears (Luke XXI. 26, 27, 28) for their deliverance. It is here that Zech. XIV. fits in. In fact the whole book, with the exception of a few short passages, is occupied with the description of this glorious period, the MILLENNIUM, especially chapter XIV. Now I want to say we are not reading our ideas into it in order to get ideas out of it, but simply using the plain, unvarnished words of Holy Scripture in order to get at God's plan as revealed to us in His Holy Word. Let us "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest." It is then that Matt. XXIII. 39 finds its fulfilment—wonderful to relate that the last the Jews saw of Jesus was when hanging on the Cross. There are many most interesting details which can be filled and fitted in, but owing to time and space we can't stop to examine. This could be nicely done in Bible class work.

It is at this juncture that we have the answer to question 3. (Matt. XXV, 31 et seq.)

Preceding all this we have the answer to question 2. "What shall be the sign of Thy coming" paronsta (presence), the answer begins at verse 36 and extends to Matt. XXV. 30. The parable of the talents describing the commission and conduct of the church or Christianity till the Lord comes. The parable of the ten virgins—having a parallel in verses 40 and 41 (Matt. 24) and shows the necessity of watching and waiting in preparedness. He gives the reason of the necessity of referring to Noah's time—and it is interesting to notice the difference between the two words "taken" (from two different Greek words,) re Noah's time it is eren, intimating judgment; re Christ's coming it is paralambanetai—intimating honor (caught up alongside of). Our Lord uses this same word in John XIV. 3, "receive you unto myself."

This has its parallel in "1 Thess. IV. 16, where the faithful are caught up," to be out of the way when the Great Tribulation comes, as St. Luke reports our Lord as saying. "Watch—escape—stand." Luke XXI. 36. We have types of this in the Old Testament, e.g. "Enoch walked with God, and God took him" (before the flood came) "Noah walked with God" and escaped the Flood in the Ark as the result of his faith. Lot escaped from Sodom, before the fire, as a relative of faithful Abraham—"Lot vexed his soul at Sodom's wickedness." He was a "preacher of righteousness."

To summarize—Our Blessed Lord calls upon us to show our loyalty to Him by an attitude of eager expectancy and waiting, and this waiting period filled with loving service. May all readers be found in the condition of 1 Thess. 1: 9-10. What a happy attitude!

What a pity that this wonderful and glorious subject is not treated

more fully and frequently than it is in the pulpits. There may be ear-attention to Christian duty and church observances as a basis of hope for Heaven. But when Paul is calling for "goodness" he always associates the plea with our Lord's "coming" as a splendid and joyous expectation of seeing and meeting Him and having something worth while to offer Him.

Now, some will say, if such glorious things are anticipated and Christ is to be thus glorified and get His crown rights, why delay? St. Peter has the answer. The Lord is not slack concerning His promise as some men count slackness, but is long suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance; that is, our Lord delays in order to give each individual, man, woman and child, opportunity to repent and turn to the Lord for forgiveness and cleansing and to accept the gift of eternal life, as Dr. Torrey said: "Get right with God," and so be ready for "His coming." How long this will last we do not know. "The door of God's mercy is open," but Christ says the day is coming, "when the Master of the house will rise up and shut the door."

Trusting this may be of a little help in the study of His Holy Word.

H. A. MEEK.

333 Harbord St.,
Toronto.

THE MENNONITE EXILES

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—With the letter of F. Simpson in your last week's issue,—I was in entire agreement; his British hatred of oppression and all that expresses my own feelings.

Some time ago Professor Adolph Keller of Geneva said:—"In Dorpat (in Esthonia) I visited the murder cellar where nineteen persons, amongst them the Orthodox Bishop Platon, and the Evangelical Pastor Hahn, were shot as martyrs of their faith. One sees still to day the traces of blood and of the bullets and realizes that Christendom has again its martyrs."—Now, Sir, I am wondering if the government's attitude is changing towards the Mennonites who were able to get away from Russia in the fall and who through the good offices of Germany have wintered in what were internment camps during the war. Can we imagine the plight those poor people must be in, many of them once well to do, but now stripped of all their possessions by the Bolsheviks? They are flesh and blood as we are, with their women folk and babies. Word had gone to them from their kinsman settled here of this great free land of Canada, and they want to come. Surely we cannot be indifferent to the fate of the Mennonites—a home loving rural minded people. The Mennonites do not swell the ranks of the criminal classes, do not cling to our cities, nor hang around our immigration halls nor give employment to the deportation officials; but are at heart agriculturists who find their chief joy and reward in tilling the soil, the very class of immigrants, this country wants. Apart from that, with the cry of distressed humanity in our ears, we would plead that they be welcomed; and if given a corner on our prairies whereon to form they will make the waste places blossom as the rose.

J. M. BOYD

Winnipeg Manitoba,
February 21st, 1930.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—Does it seem visionary and impractical that as suggested in my article on "Unemployment", service should be substituted for "money" as the goal of human endeavor? If men and women can see nothing else as the aim of their living than "getting" things and "having" things, with the results as we see them working out in practice, in personal and national selfishness, wars, billions spent on armies, billions spent on navies, and in civil life millions of wealth at one end, and unemployment and starvation at the other—but, we don't believe that, when we "come right down to the fine thing" we, all of us, do admit to ourselves that there is something better, but unfortunately in practice we never call a man a saint till after he is dead and we do call a man a success while he is still alive, if only he has made money.

Almost any manufacturer or salesman, whether of goods necessary or unnecessary, will say that the object of their whole effort is service. And essentially they are right. Purchasers must believe they are getting value.

In addition to that essential serviceableness of business the principle is recognized otherwise in our social program. What is the basis of the prosecutions of brokerage firms now being conducted by several Provinces? We are not concerned here with the rights or wrongs of the particular cases, but those prosecutions are based on public statutes, passed by Legislatures in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario, which means that in those Provinces and to that extent public opinion will not stand for a business that does not give service. What is the meaning of the Income Tax? That, from those who have acquired a surplus from the profit-paying public, certain portions of that surplus are taken back by that same public, through its parliamentary representatives.

Would there be much difference in the public insisting that it shall not be obliged to pay out, in the first place an excessive profit for rolled oats for instance or bread, or coal? Maybe it is not obliged to do so now, but some think it would take some showing. Would it be much different, if the public should take back all the income except the amount now paid as tax, or should see to it that in the first place it shall not pay more than that?

The time will come when this, or something like this, will be done without compulsion, and there is enough evidence in the above to indicate that men and women of our race expect such quality of service. It is not without meaning that we instinctively honor the motto of the Prince of Wales, "I serve," and respect him for practising what he preaches. Nor is it without meaning that hundreds of thousands of Canadians went overseas not for pay, but for an ideal, nor that the greatest individual prize in that struggle was a mere badge of honor.

Men and women, youths and maidens, boys and girls, all seek approval of family, friends, public, God. We have given our approval for the possession of wealth. It is not beyond imagining that men would use their abilities to plan a merger of companies with the object of cutting, down expenses, and so reducing the price of bread,——if we would give them honor therefor.

W. T. D. LATHWELL

Calgary,
February 18th, 1930.

Note:—He whose mission was to reveal to men in His life the character and nature of God said; "I am among you as 'He that serveth'."

TOBACCO

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—In your issue of Feb. 12th Mr. Redman was inquiring if there is any material available that tells of the effects of tobacco upon the human body. I would like to direct him to the "No-Tobacco Journal" price one dollar per year published by "The No-Tobacco League of America" Lock Box 578, Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A. This is a paper that discusses tobacco and how to get rid of it. The League also publishes tracts and booklets that are very helpful. One of these is "The cigarette and race degeneracy," price five cents. Another is "The brown god, or the evils of tobacco and cigarettes" price 25 cents.

R. H. McKELVY

Glen Sandfield, Ont.

A PROHIBITION PARTY

(To the Editor of the Witness.

Sir,—Thank you for insertion of my last letter re Prohibition Party; with your permission may I add a few suggestions which convince me of the very immediate need of it.

My first is that considering the fact that every year many of our young people arrive at the age at which voting becomes their right, we as a Canadian people should have a party to which, if they wish, they can attach themselves and feel that by so doing they are in no way mixed up with the liquor interests. Further, once their political ties have been made they are not so easily broken on behalf of principle, as many of us know today.

Secondly, owing to new immigrants coming among us who are not in full accord with advanced temperance views consequently are likely to fall an easy prey to the Government Control interests, and for that reason there should be in the political field a "bone dry party" whose duty, partly at least, would be to seek to lead this new vote into right channels.

Thirdly, at present we are in many ways seeking to educate our school children as to the evils of strong drink and the need of legislation with the end in view of doing away with it and at the same time dividing our strength as temperance people among three parties in the liquor business. How must it appear to them, their elders teaching one thing and doing another? Fourthly we need a new organization upon which we can invite God's blessing, and that we surely cannot do upon any party or parties who draw from "booze" interests for campaign funds.

True, we have men in the ranks of the larger parties who are true as steel, but scattered along the wall! What we need is a consolidation of our strength and if we do not do so, where are we? As we are now, we are divided up among various forces, not one of which has the great prohibition movement at heart. Now, are we going to carry on as we are now until our opponents are stronger, or will we doff our coats, roll up our sleeves and go at it? The liquor interests, we have to admit, have made headway in our fair Dominion of late years, (though, thank God, they have lost ground in other lands). but our battle ground is Canada, fair Canada and it is not fair or just to our rising generation to allow our eyes to take on a far-away look and forget, for the time being, at least, our home interests. Since last writing I've learned of a move on in B. C. with a "Bone Dry Canada Party in view. Success to their efforts!

A. D. DEWAR.

Crystal City, Man.

Sunday School scholars and workers will be interested in the announcement on page 9.

Our Original Poem

FROST'S ELYSIUM

By William McGill

Forests of pines and hemlocks draped in snow,
O'er hanging fearful cliffs in canyons vast,
With ice-bound rocks on mountain summits massed,
Poised so a breath would hurl them far below;
Bridges where only fairy feet might go
Span glittering depths. No mortal ever passed
Adown those valleys; never paused aghast
Before these terrors, none their secrets know.

Care may not enter this enchanted land,
Nor human griefs and woes, a baleful train.
Sighs would deface it like a Vandal's hand,
Tears overwhelm it like Deucalion's rain.
O happy land! Is pain forever banned?
Alas, 'tis built on pane, a window pane.

Portland, Ont.

"Behold the Man!"

"BEHOLD the Man," was Pilate's saying, exhibiting to a frantic mob the royal figure after a sleepless night of immeasurable agony; after a foodless morning of unspeakable contumely, scourged, stripped, slapped, and spit upon—the man at His greatest just then—the man in whose being God had more place than in any other in all time—the man who was then and there revealing God to man in an aspect in which it is still almost impossible for us yet to apprehend Him. It may be, says a writer reviewing a book with this title, Behold the Man, that our generation needs, above all other things to behold the Man who was one with God, His Father. It is not the first book with this title. Sixty years ago, the very orthodox mind of Gladstone was fascinated by a book called "Ecce Homo." This one is by a German, Friedrich Rittelmeyer, who passes by all the tenets of theology from the beginning till now as being attempts of the Church to reach an understanding of Christ's salvation, and seeks once more to behold the Man who, by the admission of men outside of religion has, by the most insignificant means left a greater effect upon the world than any other who ever trod the earth. Why? He did not know more than his generation knew about the universe, since revealed by science, says the writer. Had he been supernatural in knowledge, he would not have been very man for men to emulate. He was the one man into whose being God had absolutely free access. That was the incarnation—not an automaton worked from heaven, but a man filled with God as God would have every man to be, and as through His life and death man is destined more and more to come to God. God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto Him. He is thus the Mediator between God and man. It is thus that no man cometh unto the Father but by Him. Without discussing anything believed with regard to Christ, not dealt with in this view, it is fair to say that this much is true of Him; and fair also to add that we have something of the Saviour here which brings Him very near to us; truth of which we may not have received all the benefit we might. (Behold the Man. By Friedrich Rittelmeyer, translated by George Bennet Hatfield and Erich Hofaker. The Macmillan Company.)

A manufacturing output of $350,000,000 is the 1929 achievement of the three Prairie Provinces of Canada in the field of industry, according to figures compiled by G. E. Carpenter, secretary of the prairie division of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. The figure is a record one. The Association itself has made large strides in recent years in the province in question, the membership having risen from 50 in 1914 to 600 at present.

A careful estimate indicates that there are approximately 85,000 tractors on farms in the Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan.



WANTS EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE

Hon. Joshua Hinchliffe, Minister of Education in the British Columbia Cabinet, who is endeavoring to promote an interprovincial conference to discuss the many educational problems in the Dominion of Canada.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

WORLD EVENTS

The Week in Parliament

The most brilliant opening of parliament for many years, according to the views of experienced onlookers, took place at Ottawa on Thursday, Feb. 20. Chief interest was undoubtedly focussed on the Senate, largely because of the fact that the Hon. Cairine Wilson, Canada's first woman senator, took her seat for the first time. The mild weather and the thaw made it impossible for the traditional sleigh to be used to convey His Excellency, the Governor-General, to the ceremony, but otherwise the customary pomp was displayed—a feature of the British tradition which both His Excellency and Lady Willingdon seem to enjoy exemplifying, taking their parts "as to the manner born."

Previous to the introduction of Mrs. Wilson to the Senate, Hon. Robert Forke, newly appointed Senator for Brandon, took the oath and his seat, having been introduced to the Senate by Hon. Raoul Dandurand, and Hon. J. P. Molloy. Mrs. Wilson was escorted to the bar of the house by her husband, Norman F. Wilson, of Ottawa, and thence into the Red Chamber by Senator Dandurand and Hon. George P. Graham. The ceremony went off with only two slight hitches; one, a breach of senatorial etiquette by Hon. Peter F. Martin, of Halifax, who called for three cheers for Canada's lady senator—a challenge which was ignored—the other the catching of Hon. Cairine's train on Senator Dandurand's sword, an episode which provoked smiles from the spectators.

Eight new members were introduced in the Commons, six Liberal and two Conservative.

Hon. Thomas A. Crerar, new Minister of Railways and Canals, was introduced by Premier W. L. Mackenzie King and Hon. Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice; Vincent Dupuis, new member for Laprairie-Napierville, by Premier King and Hon. P. J. A. Cardin, Minister of Marine and Fisheries; William Spankie, new member for Frontenac-Addington, by Hon. R. B. Bennett, Leader of the Opposition, and Hon. Hugh Guthrie; Elie Bertrand, new member for Prescott, by Premier King and Hon. John C. Elliott, Minister of Public Works; Dr. William Murphy, new member for Lanark, by Hon. Mr. Bennett and Hon. Mr. Guthrie: Lawrence A. Wilson, re-elected for Vaudreuil-Soulanges, by Premier King and Hon. Mr. Cardin; Cyrille Dumaine, new member for Bagot, by Premier King and Hon. Fernand Rinfret, Secretary of State; and Dennis J. O'Connor, new member for Chateauguay-Huntingdon, by Premier King and Hon. Mr. Rinfret. "Larry" Wilson drew especially loud desk-thumping and laughter as he entered the Chamber.

Eloquent tributes were paid to the memory of the late Hon. James Robb, both by Premier King and Hon. R. B. Bennett, each of them, it was noted with interest, twice made appropriate poetical quotations in honoring Canada's late finance minister. Robert Gardiner, Progressive leader, referred to his passing with greater brevity, but equal earnestness, alluding to the interest taken by Western Canada in Mr. Robb's last illness.

The Speech from the Throne contained few if any surprises, perhaps the reference to C.N.R. finances coming closest to creating a surprise. The text of the speech is here given in full:

Honorable members of the Senate:
Members of the House of Commons:

It affords me much pleasure to greet you at the commencement of another session of Parliament, and to be able to congratulate you upon the continued prosperity of the country. The year 1929 was the most productive year in the history of Canada. In industries, other than agriculture, employment reached the highest point on record; new construction was the largest known. Mining production was of unequalled value. Manufacturing production surpassed all previous records. There was vast increase in the development of hydro-electric power. The products of our fields and our herds reached higher standards of excellence and quality than at any previous time. The Dominion is already recovering from the seasonal slackness evident at the end of the year, and it is not to be forgotten that the bulk of the 1929 wheat crop still remains in Canadian hands for final disposition.



Rt. Hon. W. L. M. King the Prime Minister



Hon. R. B. Bennett, the Leader of the Opposition.

Our trade with foreign countries has shown marked increase. During the year additional trade commissioners' offices have been opened in several countries, and additional steamship services inaugurated to Australia and South America. Tenders have been called for proposed extensions of steamship services to India and British East Africa.

Our two railway systems have carried out extensive construction and development plans, and are contemplating further construction and developments. The final section of the Hudson Bay Railway has been completed. The construction of the Welland ship canal is now nearing completion. On the opening of the new canal the upper lake grain carriers will be able to reach Lake Ontario and upper St. Lawrence ports. The work of providing suitable terminals is proceeding.

Legislation will be introduced respecting the several railway properties formerly privately owned and now embraced in the Canadian National Railways system.

For some time past my ministers have been giving special attention to those problems which, for many years have been a source of controversy between the provinces of Canada and the Dominion. Among matters of concern have been certain economic and financial re-adjustments deemed by the provinces essential to their being placed in a position of equality one with the other. To a greater or lesser extent, problems have arisen with respect to all the provinces of Canada. Those of the Maritime Provinces were investigated by the Royal Commission on Maritime claims and have been in large part solved by the effect given to the recommendations of that body.

Consideration is at present being given to the final revision of the financial arrangements contemplated by the commission's report.

Natural Resources

The provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have negotiated for many years with the government of Canada for the return of their natural resources. The province of British Columbia has sought the restoration to the province of lands comprising what is known as the railway belt and Peace River block. With the provinces of Manitoba and Alberta and with the province of British Columbia agreements have been reached, which will be submitted to you for approval. An offer similar in character and terms to that accepted by Alberta has been made to Saskatchewan with respect to the transfer to that province of its natural resources.

The provinces of Ontario and Quebec have been concerned over the question of water powers in their relation to navigation. It having become apparent, through a reference to the Supreme Court, that this question cannot readily be settled by judicial determination, a solution has been sought by conference which it is hoped will lead to a satisfactory settlement of this highly controversial problem.

My ministers have also been making careful inquiry into the workings of the provisions and administration of the Pensions Act with a view to ascertaining what, in the light of past and present experiences, may be necessary to ensure full effect being given to the purpose of parliament in that enactment. As a result your attention will be invited to legislation to make more adequate provision for the needs of the veterans of the great war and their dependents.

The report of the Royal Commission, appointed to inquire into the existing situation with respect to radio broadcasting in Canada, will be presented for your consideration.

The report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the classification and remuneration of technical and professional employees of the civil service of Canada will also be presented for your consideration.

During the year a complete reorganization was effected in the personnel of the Board of Grain Commissioners. Men of outstanding business, agricultural and scientific experience have been appointed to administer the Canada Grain Act. A bill will be presented for the consolidation of the Canada Grain Act, in accordance with the recommendation of the standing committee of the House of Commons on agriculture at the last session.

At the September meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations, the optional clause of the statute of the permanent court, providing for the submission of justifiable disputes to arbitration, was signed on behalf of Canada and all the other nations of the British Commonwealth. It will be submitted for your approval.

In accordance with the recommendations of the Imperial Conference of 1926, a conference was held in London during the past autumn to consider and report on certain phases of the operation of Dominion legislation and merchant shipping. The report of this conference will be submitted.

Invitation Sent Last Year

In the summer of last year an invitation was extended by His Majesty's Government in Canada to all His Majesty's other governments to participate in an Imperial economic conference in Canada at the earliest possible date. It was found that the convenience of the majority of the governments could best be met by an arrangement to hold the Imperial economic conference along with the Imperial conference in London in the early autumn of the present year. This has accordingly been arranged.

Canada, in common with the other members of the British Commonwealth of nations, is participating in the conference on the limitation of naval armament, which was opened in London by His Majesty on January 21. It is confidently hoped that the discussions so auspiciously begun will result in a marked lessening of international rivalries and the growth of security and goodwill.



Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon

The eligibility of women for appointment to the Senate of Canada has been declared by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and I have been pleased, on the advice of my ministers, to avail myself of the earliest opportunity to summon a woman to the Senate. For the first time in Canadian history, women have been accorded an equal right with men to representation in both houses of parliament.

Among other measures to which your attention will be invited are amendments to the Elections Act, the Bankruptcy Act, the Companies Act, and the Criminal Code.

Members of the House of Commons:

The public accounts of the last fiscal year and the estimates for the coming year will be submitted for your consideration.

Honorable members of the Senate:

Members of the House of Commons:

In again inviting your careful consideration to the important matters which will engage your attention, I pray that divine providence may continue to guide and bless your deliberations.

Monday, February 24.—Adoption of the address of thanks to His Excellency was moved by Ross Gray (Lambton, West), seconded by Vincent Dupuis (Laprairie-Napierville). Hon. R. B. Bennett, leader of the opposition, characterized the speech from the Throne as "vague, empty, lacking in all the things which it should contain." His address was an all-round attack on government policies. Prime Minister Mackenzie King replied in detail, incidentally reminding Mr. Bennett that internal affairs of Canada would determine the time of the next General Election.

THE NAVAL PARLEY

Wed. Feb. 19.—At the suggestion of Secretary Stimson, of the United States delegation, the conference adjourned for one week owing to the absence of the French delegation because of the crisis resulting in the defeat of the Tardieu Cabinet. The suggestion was advanced because of a general feeling that irritation might be caused if negotiations should be continued by the other representatives. The announcement was made at 5 p.m. No meeting of the delegates, official or otherwise, would be held, said Premier MacDonald, but the experts would continue their work on some purely technical matters. Previous to the adjournment Italy had issued a statement, but it contained nothing new.

Fri. Feb. 21.—The announcement that Camille Chautemps had succeeded in forming a cabinet was made in Paris. Should he succeed in gaining the support of a majority of the delegates, Aristide Briand will return to London as the chief French delegate, accompanied by Albert Sarrant, successor of Georges Leygues as Minister of Marine, and possibly Lucien Lemoureux, new Minister of Colonies.

Monday. Feb. 24. — Ramsay MacDonald issued a statement vigorously denying that the work of the conference had turned out to be a failure. This was provoked by articles in the Sunday Express and the Daily Express which were far too pessimistic in tone.

Prime Minister MacDonald asked on Feb. 25 for a consultation of the heads of all delegations to the Naval Conference Thursday morning, the British spokesman announced.

The British spokesman said all of the delegates were still confident that they would be able to reach a five-power naval agreement.

He emphasized that a political agreement regarding the Mediterranean area, or a consultative pact as a way out of the present difficulties—caused by France's demand for either high armaments or security guarantees—had never been discussed officially by the delegates.

POOL SOUND

At a conference in Regina Saturday between Premier J. T. M. Anderson, Saskatchewan, Premier J. E. Brownlee, Alberta, and Premier John Bracken, of Manitoba, and representatives of the central selling agency of the pools, uniform legislation was drafted supplementing the guarantee given the leading banks by the provincial Governments recently, and adequately to finance the balance of the crop of 1929.

Satisfactory financial conditions of the wheat pools of Western Canada, which at present have on deposit with the banks that finance the co-operative association's advances to the 140,000 farmer-members of the prairie, "collateral valued, at current prices, at more than 15 per cent. in excess of the total of loans to the pools," was stressed in a statement issued Sunday night by provincial premiers.

A picture was sent by radio from Schenectady to Sydney, Australia, on February 18, and returned in recognizable form after travelling 20,000 miles in one-eighth of a second.

Canada

The Quebec Legislature refused to grant permission to women to become lawyers in Quebec on Feb. 19, the vote to adopt the amendment to give the bill the six months' hoist being carried by a majority of 37 to 29.

Charles Camsell, deputy Minister of Mines, was elected president of the Canadian Geographical Society at its first annual meeting at Ottawa on Feb. 19. Among directors elected were the following: Dr. Frank Adams of McGill University, Montreal; Hon. A. E. Arsenault, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; J. B. Tyrell, Toronto, and Hon. A. B. Hudson, Winnipeg.

In one of the fastest debates in Alberta legislative history, the Alberta House voted unanimously on Feb. 20 to wipe out the 40-minute limit rule on speeches, which was adopted in 1929.

British Columbia's half-century struggle to secure possession of the Peace River block and the railway belt virtually ended on Feb. 21 with the signing at Victoria of an agreement transferring these 12,500,000 acres of land to provincial control. Announcement that he had signed a pact with the federal Government closing this gigantic deal after years of detailed negotiation at last, was made in the Legislature by Premier Tolmie.

The arrival of Dr. Kleinwaechter in Ottawa last week as the first Austrian consul de carriere for Canada was an important step in the new relationship between Canada and the Austrian republic, since until now the Austrian legation in London has been charged with all the diplomatic negotiations with the Austrian Republic and the British Dominions.

Gorged with ice, many rivers in Central and Western Ontario on Friday entered a flood stage, and in their rampage caused heavy damage to property.

A riot call was issued by Toronto police Friday night during their attempts to disperse a group of Communists determined to hold a meeting on the street. Some 300 Communists and spectators milled about as police fought to break up the throng. Three men and a young woman, alleged leaders of the Reds, were arrested charged with obstructing the police and traffic.

Two persons died suddenly in a Toronto hospital Friday night while abdominal operations were being performed. Thorough investigations will be made into both deaths and autopsies and inquests held.

Efforts of drugless healers of British Columbia to establish themselves as a registered profession with their own organizations and examinations, failed on Friday when the private bills committee of the Legislature rejected their proposed legislation to that effect.

Senator the Hon. Benjamin C. Prowse died at his home in Charlottetown, P. E. I. on Saturday afternoon. He was 68 years old.

To stimulate the use of hydro in rural Ontario, Hon. J. R. Cooke, ministerial representative on the Hydro Electric Commission on Monday in the Legislature introduced a bill to set aside $2,000,000 out of consolidated revenue to be expended by the commission as loans to farmers. The fund would be operated on the lines of the rural credits.

The ashes of Hon. P. C. Larkin lay at a Toronto undertaker's parlors on Monday awaiting arrangements for the funeral, which will be held privately in accordance with the wishes of the late high commissioner to Great Britain. A memorial service will be held in St. Paul's church next Saturday.

The first samples of lignite coal to be shipped out from the recently-discovered field at Blacksmith Rapids on the Abitibi River arrived at the Ontario Department of Mines, Toronto, on Monday. Preparations are under way in the north to ship a carload to laboratories in Ottawa so that commercial tests may be made.

Attorney-General W. H. Price introduced in the Ontario Legislative Assembly Monday afternoon a bill to amend the Security Frauds Prevention Act. It was aimed, he said, at the further strengthening of the Government's control over stock brokers and their trading methods. It incorporated all the legislative recommendations contained in the report of the conference of representatives of the provincial Attorneys-General, which met recently.

Great Britain

A hundred registered letters, mostly containing money orders and bills in dollar currency, were stolen from a postal bag which left Montreal on February 9, was placed aboard the Doric at Halifax and sent by train from Queenstown to Belfast via Dublin. The theft was discovered on February 18 at Belfast. The seals of the letters were found to be broken but the bag had been retied.

"General Sir Arthur Currie had almost a fanatical hatred for unnecessary casualties," commented Major-General J. E. B. Seely, commander of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade in the world war, in his life story, "Adventure" written by himself, published in London on February 18. He paid a high tribute to the Canadian troops.

Prime Minister MacDonald told the House of Commons on February 19 that the next meeting of the Imperial Conference would be held in London this autumn. The date for the opening meeting was fixed for September 30.

Newstead Abbey, the haunted ancestral home of the poet Byron, has been presented to the British nation by Sir Julien Cahn, it was announced on February 20.

The Miners' Federation which, under the leadership of "Emperor" Arthur J. Cook, for a long time has been the most militant trade union in Britain, expelled its "red" branch at Mardy, on February 20. Mardy is the centre of Communist activity in South Wales coal fields, and for that reason earned the sobriquet of "Little Moscow." The grounds of expulsion were disloyalty to the federation, the Trades Union Congress and the Labor party.

Negotiations with the Canadian Government for the removal of the embargo on British potatoes had not proved successful, announced the Rt. Hon. Noel Buxton, Minister of Agriculture, in the House of Commons on Monday. The Minister added that, in his opinion, the Dominion had every right to take the most strict precautions against the wart disease which exists among the potatoes in certain parts of Britain.

Free trade within the Empire is the Conservative ideal. But it is impossible at the present time. This is Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin's attitude. The leader of the Conservative party, former Prime Minister, issued a statement of Conservative policy on Monday. It gave the attitude of the party to the new United Empire party of Lord Beaverbrook, formed to press the latter's appeal for free trade within the Empire and a tariff wall around it. "I hold Empire free trade as the ideal for which every Conservative should work," declared Mr. Baldwin. "As a practical policy today, however, it is impossible. No responsible statesman could go to the country and tell the electorate it would be introduced if he were returned to power. It cannot be done. The Dominions will not have it. They have said so in the clearest terms."

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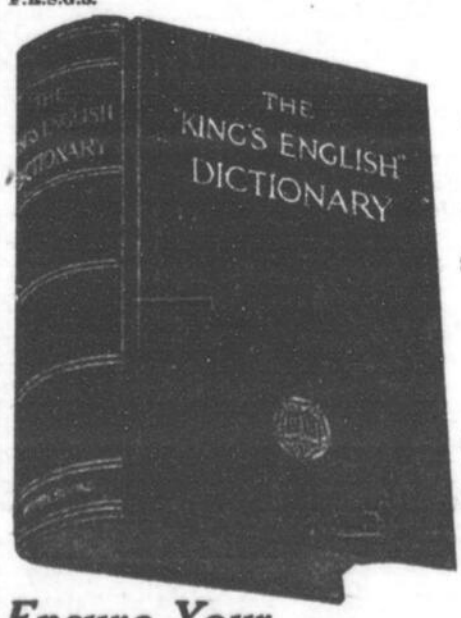
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"PERMANENT PARTNERS OF THE CONTINENT"

In Ringing Declaration President Macaulay Describes This As Effect of Sun Life Company's Investment Policy.

Its Wisdom Vindicated in Wonderful Report For Past Year.

Montreal, February 26.—A most lucid explanation of how little the fluctuations of Wall Street affect companies which buy securities, not for resale, but for investment, was given by President T. B. Macaulay at the annual meeting of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. He reduced to the plainest terms what is obscure to many, when he compared the Stock Exchange to an auction room where prices fluctuate according to the mental condition or the bank balance of the bidders, and not according to the intrinsic value of the articles on sale. Mr. Macaulay expressed comparative indifference to these things, his company being concerned primarily and chiefly with the continuance or increase of dividends on the sound securities held by his company.

Impressive Vindication of Investment Policy

And judged by that test, the head of the Sun Life Company surely had remarkable vindication of his investment policy in the report he submitted to a crowded meeting of enthusiastic policyholders. Not only was he able to report new assurances for the year of over $650,000,000 which carries his company well on to the three billion mark of assurances in force—he was able to show profit earnings which have risen close to $43,000,000. And as though in mockery of the gyrations of the Stock Market, the dividends actually being paid on Sun Life stocks are $3,374,000 in excess of those payable on these shares when purchased, while the rights and stock privileges have been worth about $7,000,000.

Great National Future Shared by Company

"Through our large stock holdings," he said, "we have become permanent partners in the great utility and other corporations which furnish such essential service that they may almost be said to be part of our national life.

"We believe in the future of our entire nations—both Canada and the United States. What will they be fifty years from now? Does anyone doubt their future?

"We have hitched our investment policy to the star of this Continent," Mr. Macaulay declared amid loud applause, "and, in particular, to our great cities, and, just as surely as they continue to grow and prosper, so surely will our investments grow and prosper."

The President's Speech

Mr. Macaulay spoke as follows:

"It is with very special pleasure that I move the adoption of this fifty-ninth annual report of the Company. We have grown accustomed to great and increasing prosperity, but the achievements of the past year surpass all previous records in even our history.

"The New Assurances paid for reached the huge total of $654,000,000. Even more impressive, however, is the fact that this is an increase of more than forty-eight per cent over last year.

"The Assurances in force now exceed $2,400,000,000, an increase of over half a billion. But a few years ago we rejoiced at reaching the one billion mark; we now have passed the second billion and are well on towards the third billion.

"The Income has reached $172,000,000, and the Assets are now $568,000,000.

"More important still, the profit earnings of the year have risen to nearly $43,000,000. We have as usual applied a considerable proportion of these earnings to further strengthening the position of the Company.

"Another $10,000,000 has been deducted from the market values shown in the report, raising that item to $30,000,000; $1,000,000 has been written off the Company's buildings, while over $2,000,000 has been added to our various special reserves.

"The sum of $22,600,000 has been distributed as profits to our policyholders and in addition to all this nearly $6,000,000 has been added to the undistributed surplus, now more than $60,000,000.

"This wonderful showing is, as always, based on a valuation of our securities enormously below the market quotations actually existing at the close of the year, so that the real strength of the Company is only partially disclosed.

Stock Exchange a Mere Auction Mart

"That such results should be achieved in the face of the Stock Exchange panic, of which we have heard so much, may at first appear strange. It is, however, not so surprising, for we are apt to over-estimate the importance of that crisis, serious though it was. What is the Stock Exchange? It is merely a place where public auctions are held. It differs from other auctions only in the articles sold, and in the volume of the transactions. It is no more true of this auction than of other auctions that the prices bid are an infallible index of the real value of the articles dealt in. The quotations fluctuate with the optimism or the pessimism of the bidders. They are frequently much better evidence as to the bank accounts and credit of the bidders than of the value of the stocks bought and sold.

Business as Usual

"That was exactly the situation during the recent price reaction. It was purely a Stock Exchange panic. It was not caused by any trouble in general business. We did not see the closing down of factories, wholesale discharges of employees, and other symptoms of business distress such as marked the great depressions to which our minds revert. Outside the ranks of the unfortunate speculators there was little to show that anything unusual was happening in the Wall Street auction rooms. On the wildest days of the reaction the business of the country went on as usual. Men continued to work, children continued to be born, the population continued to grow, the great electric companies continued to increase their output, enlarging their power houses or building new ones. The great corporations whose stocks we own continued to expand, continued to prosper and to earn even larger dividends, just as if there were no dealings in their shares at all. What happened was merely that last June, in a wild burst of enthusiasm, speculators bid up prices beyond normal levels, and this in turn produced a wave of selling which began as profit-taking ended in a panic which carried prices as much below normal levels as they had previously been forced above them. The prices of November last, of course, showed a great drop from the quotations of mid-September, but in reality that great reaction did little more than remove the temporary bulge caused by the over-enthusiastic bidding of the previous months of the year. The actual intrinsic value of the shares was, of course, not affected by the fact that the speculators had exhausted their bank accounts and had had to lower their bids.

Dividends on Securities Greatly Increased

"The investor who buys for permanent holding is but little concerned as to the prices which may be bid for his stocks by those who frequent the Exchange. What interests him is to know that his dividends will not only be paid regularly but will gradually increase with the passing years. I will apply this test to our own holdings. At the present time the dividends actually being paid on our stocks are $3,374,000 in excess of the dividends payable on those same shares when we purchased them. This is equal to one and a quarter per cent per annum on the book value of all our holdings. We have also received rights and stock privileges worth about $17,000,000. And the end is not yet. Even since the slump began on say October first, the dividends payable on our stocks have increased about $1,500,000 and we have received rights with a value even in these markets of $1,100,000.

No Losses by Permanent Investors

"To imagine that loss was caused to any except those carrying shares on margin because market prices in 1929 marched up a hill and then marched down again, is to remind me how an old friend told me mournfully some years ago that he had lost over a million dollars during the preceding twelve months. When I replied sympathetically, he added with equal mournfulness: 'Yes, I have lost over a million by not buying stocks a year ago when they were low.' The losses supposed to have been suffered by permanent investors, such as the Sun Life, are like those of my jocular friend—they are not losses at all, but merely profits which we might have made had we known just when the peak was, and had altered our practice so as to sell out at that time.

Following the Continent's "Star"

"When investing our funds, we look always to the distant future — ten, twenty, thirty years hence. Through our large stockholdings we have become permanent partners in the great utility and other corporations which furnish such essential service that they may almost be said to be part of the national life. We believe in the future of Montreal, of New York, of Chicago, and of all our great centres of population. We believe even more in the future of our entire nations—both Canada and the United States. What will they be fifty years from now? Does any one doubt their future? We have hitched our investment policy to the star of this Continent, and in particular to our great cities, and just as surely as they continue to grow and prosper, so surely will our investments grow and prosper. What need we care for the moods or pocketbooks of in-and-out speculators? Why should we reverse our policy and throw our great holdings on the market for some possible temporary gain? Could we be sure that we would ever get our shares back? We prefer to continue as permanent partners.

Sun Impregnable on Blackest Day

"We must, of course, consider market quotations when preparing our annual report, but our policy is so to undervalue our holdings that there can be a tremendous drop in prices without even reaching the figures at which our securities are carried in our accounts. Last year we announced that we had a margin of $100,000,000 to provide for just such a possible market crisis as we have experienced. We expected a reaction, but I confess that we did not expect one of such severity. Our assets have now been tested by one of the worst financial reactions in history, and you will be interested to know that the provision made by us for such a contingency proved more than ample, for even on the blackest of the black days we still had about $35,000,000 of the amount intact as a margin of excess valuation still remaining to protect our surplus. I am now able to say that even after distributing the large profits which we have announced, after making the further reserves to strengthen our position, and after adding $6,000,000 to our declared surplus, we have today the entire margin of $100,000,000 again intact. The blow has fallen, the slump has come, the values are marked down and we are in a stronger position than ever before in our history.

"This practice of undervaluing our securities is now a permanent feature of our investment policy. I look forward to the time in the not distant future when we will have an undisclosed margin so huge that even the present large figure will appear comparatively small. It is our ambition that the values placed on our securities will always be buttressed by safeguards so great that market fluctuations will affect us no more than the winds that whistle around our building.

Securities Compared

"I would not have you suppose that I am blind to the merits also of well selected bonds and mortgages as investments. There is much to be said for them. Their values, nominally at least, do not fluctuate greatly. They are particularly attractive at times when stock quotations appear unduly high, as in the latter part of last year. But while they offer greater resistance to price reactions, they have no power of growth. Personally I prefer securities that live and advance, that keep pace with national growth and development—securities with a future, rather than securities which, even if protected against deterioration (not always successfully) by gold caskets, can, at best, only remain stationary and unchanging by the side of the road while the army of progress marches past. There is a happy medium. I think that our Company should always have a large amount invested in choice bonds, but I also think that in the best interests of our policyholders a considerable proportion of our assets should always be invested in high grade progressive common stocks.

A Future that Defies Prophecy

"It is a wonderful report that we present, but I always think of the present as a mere vantage ground from which to get an ever further vision into the future which must be planned for. What is our future to be? The realities of the present are far in advance of anything that we even imagined possible but a few years ago, and the outlook now is brighter than ever. I hardly dare to make a prophecy. If any of you care to calculate what our position will be if we can maintain anything like our present rate of progress for even the next few years, the results will surprise you. We already occupy a remarkable position. We have a character and an individuality all our own. We have an enthusiastic army of policyholders, and we enjoy the confidence of the public in a very unusual degree. We can, I think, look forward to a future so glorious that even the achievements of the present will then seem small. And let us never forget that every extension of our business is an extension of service and blessing to humanity."

Referring to the organized reindeer trek from Alaska to the Mackenzie district of the Northwest Territories (to ensure an adequate meat supply to Canada's northern citizens), A. E. Porsild of the Department of the Interior, now back from the drive, reports that the herd comprises 2,890 females, 307 bucks and more than 300 steers—the last being required to haul some 50 sleds, laden with camp equipment and to supply fresh meat to the herders. A steer is hitched to each sled, travelling caravan fashion, with two unharnessed steers in the lead breaking the trail.

Building authorized by 61 Canadian cities during 1929 had an aggregate value of $234,944,549, a record since the Dominion Bureau of Statistics began compiling the figures. The 1928 amount was $210,105,715 and that of 1927, $184,613,742.

The Hamilton, Ont., Harbor Commission is reported to have in consideration the reclaiming of about 30 acres of land which, if the proposal is carried out, will be worth in the neighborhood of $6,000 an acre as industrial sites.

Sister Dominions

Most Australian state governments on February 18 approved the Federal Government's proposal for stabilizing the Australian wheat movement by setting up a marketing pool with boards in each state under one big commonwealth board. Representatives of the wheat growers, who also attended the conference today, unanimously adopted a resolution, however, in favor of a compulsory pool controlled by the growers themselves instead of by the governments.

Ralph James Totten, American Consul-General, on February 19 presented his credentials to the Governor-General of South Africa as resident Minister of the United States.

Hon. James B. Hertzog, Minister of Finance, along with Hon. N. C. Fourie, Minister of Industries, will represent the Union at the Imperial Conference convening in London on September 30, it was announced on Friday.

President William T. Cosgrave of the Irish Free State was overwhelmingly voted down Thursday night in the Dail Eireann on a private member's bill legalizing for a three-year period a sweepstake to aid in the raising of hospital funds. Mr. Cosgrave opposed the bill on the ground that it was contrary to the Lottery Act, but was supported by only five followers.

Loud cheers were evoked in the Indian Legislative Assembly on February 20 when President V. J. Patel announced that he had accepted the agreement proposed by the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, for settlement of the dispute as to where the responsibility lay for policing and protecting the Assembly.

The standing committee of the Indian Legislative Assembly, with only one dissenting vote, on Monday agreed to the Government's proposal to take over the Indian Broadcasting Company for at least two years. The state will immediately commence operation of the stations at Calcutta and Bombay, acting with the assistance of a representative advisory committee. The action is made necessary by the company's serious financial position.

United States

Formation of a Chicago taxpayers' pool to purchase sufficient of the city's tax anticipation warrants to put the city on a cash basis until July 1, was announced late on February 19 following a conference between the Strawn committee and representatives of Cook County's tax spending bodies.

Opposition was manifest on February 19 before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to the treaty with Canada for the diversion of water at Niagara Falls and once more the pact went over without a decision.

The body of Pilot Carl Ben Eielson was found last Tuesday in the wreckage of his plane 90 miles southeast of North Cape, Siberia. Pilot Joe Crosson radioed from the fur trading ship Nanuk, at North Cape to Fairbanks, Alaska, on Thursday night. Eielson and his mechanic, Earl Borland, were lost November 9, last, while flying from Teller, Alaska, to the Nanuk.

Sir Esme Howard, the retiring British Ambassador to the United States and Lady Isabella started for England and home on Friday night.

Tax certificates on the instalment plan were offered for sale by the Chicago Citizens' Rescue Committee on Monday as the "save Chicago" campaign to raise $76,000,000 for the municipal county and school governments went rapidly ahead.

Charles Evans Hughes was sworn in as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court on Monday.

A motorist who tried to beat a train to the crossing sent a speeding electric passenger train loaded with excursionists, hurtling into the wreckage of an electric freight train Sunday night and the death toll mounted to 11 with 80 injured.

Europe

Camille Chautemps, leader of the Radical and Radical Socialist party in the Chamber of Deputies, was proposed on February 19 as President Gaston Doumergue's choice to form a new Government. On Friday he endeavored to form a cabinet but was hindered somewhat by Andre Tardieu's refusal to take office under him. Assisted by a few chosen advisers, Chautemps spent Monday drawing up his Government's statement of policy for presentation to the Chamber of Deputies the next day when it was tested in the Chamber.

The German Cabinet on Friday resolved to keep the German-Polish claim liquidation agreement linked with the Young reparations plan for ratification by the Reichstag. This action frustrated efforts by the Peoples' party to induce the Government to separate one from the other.

The extraordinary session of the League of Nations on the Palestine troubles, which the mandates commission had planned for March, was postponed until early in June, on February 18.

The Spanish Cabinet on February 21 decided to keep in force the embargo against importation of wheat decreed by the de Rivera dictatorship in April, 1928. The action was taken in view of the large surplus of grain in Spain and the prospect of another large crop.

The Duke of Alba, who has been acting as Spanish Minister of Public Instruction in the Berenguer cabinet, on Saturday was appointed Minister of State, having charge of foreign affairs.

The "Society of the Godless," the Russian atheist group, were reported from Moscow on Saturday as having announced that out of Russia's total of 50,000 churches, 1,370 had been closed by the Government during 1929. During the previous 11 years, the report said only 2,000 churches had been abolished. Out of the total of 1,370 closed in 1929, 1,119 were said to be Christian churches, 126 synagogues, 24 mosques, and one a Kalmyk chapel.

The three largest banks in Bulgaria merged on Feb. 19 into a new institution called the United Bulgarian Banks, the capital of which will be 100,000,000 levas.

Latin America

Delegates from 21 countries of the western world attended the sessions of the Inter-American Commission of Women in Havana for several days.

Maps showing 300 miles of hitherto unknown coast line discovered by the Wilkins expedition to the Antarctic and movie films showing acenes in the eternal ice were landed at Montevido, Uraguay, on Sunday on the Norwegian steamer Henrik Ibsen, which brought the party from the far south. Sir George Hubert Wilkins, head of the expedition, and Pilot Chessmann left the ship off the coas and flew to land by airplane Saturday.

The Orient

A treaty of arbitration and friendship was signed on Feb. 24 by two Arab Kings whose families have been blood enemies for centuries. One was King Feisul, of Iraq, the central figure in the great Arab revolt which Colonel Lawrence organized, and spokesman for Arab nationalism after the war. The other was King Ibn Saud, ruler of the warlike Wahabi tribesmen of the central deserts and conquerors of the Holy City of Mecca. They had been conferring during the week-end at the invitation of Sir Francis Humphreys, new British High Commissioner in Iraq.

The Minseito party, of Japan headed by Premier Hamaguchi, was firmly in power Monday as a result of the national elections to the lower house of the Japanese diet held on Feb. 20. Final returns gave the Minseito a majority of 80 seats over all other parties. The party standings:— Minseito, 273; Seigyukai, 174; Proletarian, five, and other groups, 14.

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March ....., 1930.

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Abraham Martin's Field

By George Gale.

WHAT a wonderful transformation has taken place in the historic acres known since the ancient days as the Plains of Abraham, originally owned and the land cultivated for thirty-two years by Abraham Martin, the first man named by the King of France to pilot vessels through the mighty St. Lawrence? The grounds became the property of the Urseline nuns in 1667, three years after the death of Martin, who was buried in Quebec's first cemetery, located on the present site of the Montmorency Park, adjoining Mountain Hill, one of the most ancient thoroughfares in Quebec. In the Jesuits Relations Abraham Martin is referred to as "dit l'Ecossais," or "called the Scot," so that in addition to being the first pilot of the King in this country he was also possibly the first known Canadian of Scotch descent. The Canadian Pacific Railway have erected an artistic memorial to Martin on the river front at Quebec. It was designed by Henri Hebert, the well known French-Canadian sculptor, is of granite and shows a pillar crowned by a globe of the world supported by thistles. Carved in low relief is the lily of France rising out of the sea. The Plains were eventually leased to the British military authorities by the Ursuline nuns for ninety-nine years. Here it was that the final destiny of New France was sealed, when some ten thousand French and English troops under the command of Generals Montcalm and Wolfe met in deadly conflict on the morning of the thirteenth of September, 1759, after the British troops had scaled the heights from the Chemin des Foulons, now known as Champlain street, followed by the deaths of the two brave leaders, General James Wolfe breathing his last in his thirty-second year on the battlefield, while the engagement was nearing its close and Louis Joseph the Marquis of Montcalm, also wounded towards the end of the battle, died of his wounds on the following day, expiring within the fortified town. History is silent as to the location of the latter's death, at his residence on the Grand Battery, at the Chateau St. Louis, which stood on the north end of the present Dufferin Terrace, or at the home of Joseph Arnoux, a druggist, situated on St. Louis street in an ancient stone building which stood until recent years on the ground at present occupied by Mr. P. Campbell, facing Parloir street.

The Plains of Abraham, known today as the National Battlefield's Park, with its innumerable plots of beautifully selected flowers and shrubbery scattered here and there, shade and ornamental trees, close cut grass, bridle paths, smooth paved winding roads together with the score of ancient time-rusted cannon and the Grey terrace, not to mention the extreme grandeur of the scenery from various points up and down the St. Lawrence, Wolfe's Sillery and other coves, and the wide and picturesque expanse of country to the south, is a favorite resort for the thousands of strangers who annually visit the city, as well as Quebecers themselves, who are charmed beyond measure with its delightful outlook. Almost from the days of the famous battle the Plains of Abraham have been utilized as a parade ground where Canadian troops were reviewed in the presence of royalty, including our present king and Queen, as well as the Prince of Wales and other notables. A review was held there in 1787 in honor of King William IV., then a junior naval officer, while on a visit to Quebec. Here also the gorgeous panoramic scenes in connection with the tercentenary celebration in 1908, in which hundreds of Quebecers participated on land and water, were witnessed by tens of thousands of people. A French Canadian volunteer corps, organized in Quebec under Governor Carleton in 1775, composed of eleven companies of artillery and one company of artillery, under the command of Colonel Noel Voyer, was reviewed on the Plains at six o'clock on the morning of the eleventh of September, of the last mentioned year, and assisted in the month of December in repelling the Montgomery-Arnold forces whose attack on the city ended so disastrously to the Americans.

In the memory of the older generations of Quebecers the heights of Abraham were the favorite grounds for exciting lacrosse, football, cricket and golf games, while old time travelling one ring circusses found this a suitable spot in which to pitch their tents. Crowds for years congregated on the Plains to witness the races held under the auspices of the Quebec Turf Club, organized in 1789. Sir James Craig, governor of Canada 1807-1811, was an enthusiastic horseman and a prominent figure at the races on numerous occasions, it is recorded. The races for the King's Plate for the Province of Quebec, which from 1837 to 1901 inclusive was known as the Queen's Plate, valued at fifty guineas, the gift of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the oldest fixed turf event in America, were closely contested before excited crowds of spectators on the Plains on numerous occasions. At the meet in 1840 a horse the property of Mr. G. H. Parke, won the coveted prize. Mr. Parke was a well known shipbuilder in his day who resided at the historic locality known as "Ringfield," in close proximity to the Charlesbourg road, where General Montcalm's troops found a temporary home during the French regime.

The ground on which the district goal is located and the surrounding propert, including the site of the Wolfe monument, was at one time owned by Widow Caldwell, and Messrs. J. Bonner, Charles Fitzpatrick, and Hammond Gowen. It was in 1832 that the first monument was erected in honor of General Wolfe. This column was badly defaced by souvenir hunters and was replaced by a more imposing one in 1849 by private subscriptions from officers of the British army serving at the time in Canada This one was replaced by a third one of similar design by the National Battlefields' Commission. Previous to the erection of the first memorial shaft a large granite boulder, four or five feet in diameter, against which the English general breathed his last in the arms of Thomas Wilkins an army surgeon, after receiving his third and final death wound, was enclosed in an iron railing by Mr. Hammond Gowen. This stone was later buried under the first monuments. The well, known for years as Wolfe's well, situated about fifty yards due north from the column, near the Grande Allee, from where the general was supplied with water in his dying moments, has long since disappeared, having unfortunately been filled up with rubbish in the early days of the past century. Near to the present main entrance to the park sixty odd years ago there stood a large building which served the purpose of an hotel which was largely patronized by followers of the race meets.

In the vicinity of the Gaol—built by Messrs. Murphy and Quigley after plans prepared by Charles Baillarge, for many years city engineer of Quebec and dating from 1867, there was a street years ago, with quite a number of small wooden buildings, the majority of them tenanted by tavern keepers, leading to Bonner's Hill, while the land was laid out in building lots.

When it was decided years ago to transform the Plains of Abraham from its former wild and unkempt appearance into a park worthy of the name, a patriotic wave struck the children not only of the Dominion of Canada, but of the British Empire, when thousands upon thousands of the younger generations contributed their pennies to assist in a small measure at least in inaugurating the long-delayed and much desired movement to convert the historic grounds into a beauty spot such as it is today, and of which Canadians in common with other people are all so proud.

It is safe to predict that no effort will be spared by the National Battlefields Commission in their laudable undertaking to extend the beautiful park right across the historic Cove Fields to the ancient fortification walls, if not to include the Citadel itself. All this will tend the Quebec's beauty and mean a further attraction for the strangers who visit the city in such numbers annually.—Quebec Chronicle Telegraph.

If I had ships a-sailing, upon the ocean blue,
'Twould be my greatest pleasure, to send some home to you.
And one should bear thee joyfulness, and one
Should bear good cheer,
And one should bear thee health and strength,
For each day in the year.
And one, the last should bear you,
A joy that never ends,
This ship should be full ladened,
With true and loving friends.

—Eleanor J. Gladstone in Zion's Herald.

The Skill of Stradivari

VERY important manuscripts discovered by chance in December last at Bergamo, in Lombardy, cast new light on the life and work of Antonio Stradivari, the greatest of violin-makers. Hitherto the most painstaking research has revealed but scanty information, exasperatingly dubious and vague. Even the familiar statement, confidently repeated in every reference book, that Stradivari was a pupil of Amati, rested on no more than tradition.

Antonio Stradivari was born on August 14, 1645, and by mere chance his birth-place was Cremona. His mother, Anna Maria Moroni, lived at Bergamo, and had gone to Cremona on a market day, when she was suddenly and unexpectedly taken ill and gave birth to the boy in the Piazza San Agostino. This is related in a biography, 48 pages of manuscript, among the documents brought to light.

It seems, according to an article by Mr. Anthony Clyne, published in the Newcastle Weekly Chronicle, that the papers in question were contained in an ancient chest belonging to a priest who had been an intimate friend of the Stradivari family. The biography is by this Jesuit, Father Theodore Bonaventura, who later moved from Cremona to Bergamo. Since his death the chest had lain unheeded in an attic. Covered with the dust of years, and thought to be empty, it was sold for a trifle to a second-hand furniture dealer in Bergamo, who opened it and found the documents. He sold them to Signor Landro Bisiach, a well-known violin-maker of Milan. In Italy such discoveries must by law be reported to the authorities. It was accordingly done when the purchase was complete, and examination by three experts has placed their authenticity beyond question.

Priest And Friend

How Father Bonaventura became acquainted with the artist he relates in a preface to his curious biography. Passing one day through the Via dei Cortellai or Street of the Cutlers in Cremona, he was attracted by "sounds as human as voices coming out of a shop." He entered, met Stradivari, and became his close friend. Antonio before his death confided to the priest his will. Not only does the biography bring assurances that Antonio was an apprentice of Niccolo Amati, most eminent of the famous family of violin makers; the box contained also several of Amati's original designs, evidently given to the pupil.

Antonio was still under Amati's instruction when, at 22, he began affixing his own label to his work. For 70 years he made violins, for there is one with the label dated "D'Anni 92," and yet another dated "D'Anni 93," but the handwriting of the second is that of his son Omobono. The old man's hand was probably tremulous, and he was afraid of spoiling the label.

Amati made violins mostly of a small pattern, and not so many of what are called "Grand Amatis." At first Stradivari followed the smaller model, strong rather than graceful and covered with thick golden varnish. About 1684 he adopted a wider model with the arch of the belly less abrupt, and a tinge of red appeared in the varnish.

After 1690 Stradivari made a number of famous instruments of the so-called "long" pattern, radically different from any previous model. Then, after returning to his former pattern for a few years, about 1700 he again made wider instruments, more beautiful also in other respects. His supreme masterpieces are generally dated from 1710 to 1720. Later ones have not quite the same delicacy of tone or quality of varnish.

Values of Genuine "Strads"

There may be something like 20,000 alleged "Strads" in the world, each bearing a facsimile of the master's label. At the very outside he made a thousand, of which at least half have vanished, The rest are forgeries. But no one can counterfeit Antonio's work to deceive the real expert.

At the beginning of the century Messrs. Hill, of Bond street, London, the best-known dealers in Cremona violins in the world, compiled a census of genuine "Strads," finding 540 existent, with 12 violas and 50 violoncellos—for some of these Antonio made as well and of superb quality. Authentic "Strads" are recorded with minute particularity — their dimensions to fractions of an inch, their condition in every respect, their most trifling defects, every mark or scratch, and, of course, every replacement or repair.

Genuine "Strads" differ immensely in value, according to the extent of the repairs and alterations and the amount of the original top varnish remaining. Very few belong to the highest class, worth anything up to 10,000 guineas, which Mischa Elman paid for one a few years ago.

Even if they have escaped accidental injury during the centuries, many of the "Strads" have been altered. The bar down the middle, inside the arch for example, has been replaced by a stronger one, because the pitch has increased since Antonio's day and the tension of the strings increased. Or the neck and finger board has been lengthened for modern use. According to the initiated, there is only one instrument in all the world, one they speak of with bated breath, which remains just as it left the master's hands, unaltered and unrepaired, having been played little and with the varnish a dark uniform red—the "Messiah," made in 1716.

An Unrevealed Secret

The first section of the monograph deals with the wood, which was to be sought in a certain district near Bergamo; the second with the varnish and the glue; and the third with the shape and bodies of violins. But, alas! the manuscript leaves the secret of Stradivari unrevealed.

What was Antonio's secret, apart from his craftsmanship? Some say the Italian makers obtained wood possessing exceptional acoustic properties from special local sources kept secret. But undoubtedly his unique varnish, so silky soft in texture, shading from orange to red was Antonio's most precious secret. The mystery of its composition has defied the research of centuries. In the ancient chest, among many letters from Antonio's pupils, was one complaining that the pupil could no longer make good violins, because he had no more of the master's varnish, which—he wrote—meant everything.

According to tradition Stradivari was tall and thin, and looked worn with much thought and incessant industry. He was never seen without a white cloth cap and his apron of white leather. "Every day was to him like every other day. His mind was always riveted upon his one pursuit, and he seemed neither to know nor to desire the least change of occupation."

However that may be, it is certain that Stradivari was a very great artist of wide fame in his own day. Rich connoisseurs and puissant princes from the first prized his handiwork. In the chest was a letter of King James II. of England, dated September 12, 1687, addressed in Italian to the "Grande del Violino, Signor Stradivari in Cremona," or to the "Great Man of the Violin."

It was known that a complete set of four instruments by Stradivari, first violin, second violin, viola, and violoncello, were presented to King James by Michele Monza, a banker of Venice. James wrote to the maker that he had received them: "I never saw such beautiful works of art. Cremona must consider itself fortunate to have you within its walls."—Otago Witness.

Haywire Farmers

By George Kingsley Reed.

TONIGHT I am contending with a "Tidal Wave." The letters in the mail, and expressions of appreciation in the columns of the good old "Witness" cause me some deep, serious thought.

There are some things you should know. I have been trying to write by spells, for the last ten years, but for the past three writing has been the means by which, and by God's help, the flour barrel has been kept full.

In the beginning of my writing period, I wrote articles for the Trade Journals closely related to the work I was doing, but I never thanked God for that, figuring in my ignorance that the credit belonged to me.

Three years ago my work began to appear in the daily papers. The grim struggle for an existence demanded that I write anything that would net me a dollar, but here is where you learn a truth.

In a writer's life, as in a minister's life, there comes a time when his resources seem to be exhausted. In the case of the minister, the best thing he can do is to get down, right down on his knees and plead his case before the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. I know of ministers who have followed such a course, just as I know of writers having done the same thing, and believe me, Brother, "Prayer Changes Things."

There came a day last year when it seemed that I must follow one theme in my writing, either give my time and talent (if I have any) to secular stuff which is easiest sold to the daily papers, or else "harness" my emotions and "make them work the works of Him that sent me while it is called today."

The stuff of mine that you have read in various other publications has ever failed to create that satisfied feeling I enjoy when touching off something about "That Better Land."

I HAVE an improvised container where my work is placed until a market is found for it, but in my spare time these winter evenings and stormy days, the majority of the work has something of a heavenly theme running through it, which is taboo in the secular press.

There are articles here that I fully intended you to have weeks ago, but some other ""wave" sweeps over me, and another article gets set back. In today's issue of the Witness some kindly body refers to me as a "real haywire farmer," and I thought it well to write something along that line.

You have read much of the experiences of this pioneer family, but this is well to know:—"Not half has ever been told." It has not been told because words have ever failed me as a means of conveyance, thus there remain in the secret recesses of our hearts many experiences that will be buried in the grave.

It will be seven years this coming fall since I filed on this lot after paying $100.00 for an equity which was supposed to include a habitable log house, a stable and two acres of cultivated land. Imagine our surprise in the spring when we discovered that the whole of that equity was four rods over the line, and belonged to the next location!

This transaction was done through a government agent, but to this day, and after writing a bushel of letters, we have not received one red cent of that $100.00 back.

THAT incident alone cost us double $100.00 because we had to move all our effects off the premises; go around to the main road (the concession line) and out a road across part of another man's lot, through thick bush, in order to reach the lot I had really located, and while so doing, "Mother" and what little folk we had then were living in "God's big outdoors." We also had the expense of cutting logs and building our first log shack; the lumber for the roof had to be drawn for miles over a poor road. A stable had to be built, and some clearing had to be done before we could say that we were as far ahead as if the equity we had paid for was ours.

Will "Mother" ever forget that first fall? Will I ever forget it? I think not. The woods came right up tight to the back end of the shack, less than two feet away, and the edge of the forest's growth in front of us was something less than twenty-five feet from our door.

It was a dark, black night—midnight, when there were fearful forebodings as to the future, and though the hurrying seasons be many, I can never forget standing on the doorstep, looking out into that blackest of all nights, and wondering "O whence for me shall my salvation come.

From whence arise?"

Only those who have been so situated can appreciate the terrible responsibility,the gossiping tongues; and although fate, despite all prearrangements has decreed that such would occur on two succeeding occasions, terror never struck me with such force as it did on that silent night when we found ourselves without a flickering gleam of hope or a neighborly woman's smile.

DOING the best we could with the means we had at hand. That has been the "saving grace" of this family times many. There is some restriction placed upon me now since Songis is on the map, and several of my good neighbors are readers of the Witness. Naturally, they think Reeds are all-right, and "she's" lucky her man can write, but they do not know—they cannot know—of the heart's yearnings, the strivings, the fears, the facts; they are most discreetly hidden "under the shadow of His wing."

"Haywire farmers!" Friend! the best and most successful settlers we know of are those who came to stay, to work, to put up with nature's every mood, to take the hard knocks and the setbacks, and to put body, soul and spirit into every forward move they made. They have not all been good, they have not all been bad, but whatever they have been, they have done the best they could with the means at hand, otherwise they would not be here "Rejoicing with them that do rejoice, or weeping with them that weep."

It is not the swift, the strong, the clever, the knowall people who are our best settlers, but those who are content to "Labor and Wait," and the sooner this generation assimilates and practises that great truth, the better for posterity.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

for there are those Pioneer settlers who helped us, and have now past on to where: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," and those we must never forget.

"Snoopers"

By Uncle Hi Hayseed.

"THAR now, Aunty, you've lost yore reck'nin' agin! You air th' mos' inconsistent critter I ever seen. When you commence runnin' down snoopers I figures you've bin readin' them wet city papers which ain't never bin fer prohibition nor agin likker-drinkin' in all thar born days."

"But, Hiram Strawstack Spinage Hayseed," retorted Aunty Prohibish, "ez sartin ez old Ringer is a growed up houn' dawg, I ain't got no use fer these hyar prohibition snoopers, whether they be individ'ls er whether them be gov'ment agints. I ain't nuthin' but a ole 'ooman but dash my shoe-string gyarters ef I kin stan' for them fellers what snoops aroun' tryin' ter find out who's got likker, or sellin' likker. I ain't sayin' that I'm agin tryin' ter find out whut's happenin' in every home in th' naberhood, an' whut scandal that be goin' on an' tellin' folks about it, but I sholy draws th' line on them likker snoopers. I tells you Hi, I'm agin' 'em f'um now till Gabr'l blows his horn!"

"Wal, Aunty Prohibish," returned Hi, "I've got some notions or my own on this snoopin' biznis, an' ef you kin keep quiet long 'nough I'll spin out a few idees ter you."

"That's all right, Hi Hayseed, I'm listenin' ter you. Jes shoot, but don't you git pussonal, min' ye, 'cause I ain't fond o' nobuddy gettin' pussonal aroun' me!"

"Now, ef you air settled, Aunty Prohibish, I'll begin. An' this is how I looks at snoopin' ez you calls it.

"Fer instance, I goes down th' road in my ole Lizzie an' th' fust thing I knows a feller with a nunuform on, er a 'fisial-lookin' cap on his head, steps out, holds up his hand, stops me right in th' middle of th' big road, an', sez he, 'Air you got any corn in thet benzine buggy o' yourn?" Then I sez, 'Whut corn you talkin' 'bout mister, an' moreover what right hev you ter come moldin' up a decent free cit'zen uv this country an' axin' ef he's got any corn in his kyar?'

" 'Oho, sez he, 'spishus like, I guess arter thet remark I'll jes hev a look into thet bus uv yourn, an', by crackie, he comes up ter th' kyar, reaches his paw into it an' turns upside down an' all aroun' ever'thing in it, an' allows he's huntin' fer corn-borers, an' not fer corn juice.

"This all happens befor' I kin git over my supprise, an' then th' feller explains thet he's a gov'ment agint workin' on th' quar'nteen agin corn-borers an' tryin' ter stop them pesky things f'm gittin' inter country what they's not gallivanted yit. Then I cools down a bit, but when he waves his hand like he owns th' hull United States, an' sez 'Drive on,' I gives ole Liz th' gas but I sez ter myself, 'Wal, ef thet ain't th' dingbustedest trick I ever seen played on a free cit'zen uv this Republick!'

"But, Aunty Prohibish, lookin' an' pawin' in people's kyars fer corn-borers like thet, ain't snoopin'. An' he ain't had no search-warrant, nuther.

"'Nother time I wuz goin' down th' big road an' jes 'bout th' time I gits ter th' State Line, 'nother feller pops out inter th' road an' stops me. This time th' feller wuz lookin' fer them shiny leetle Jap'nese beetils, an' he done pawed inter my kyar, tumblin' things aroun' an' actin' jes like th' other feller done' an' tole me to 'Drive on.' But, Prohibish, when a feller is lookin' fer Jap'nese beetils like thet, thet ain't snoopin'.

"Then, jes t'other day I seen in th' paper thet a p'liceman clum up a tallyfome pole a'watchin' a lot uv them hifalutin', rich city fellers gamblin', an' then got in through th' winder, with a search-warrant in his pocket, an' 'rested th' hull kaboodle uv 'em. But climin' a tallyfome pole an' gettin' ev'dence 'bout gamblin', thet ain't snoopin'.

"Two-three days er'go I done read in th' paper where some newspaper fellers beat th' p'lice gittin' ev'dence 'bout a murder in th' city, an' they move so fas' ter git th' story in th' paper, thet th' sidewalks ain't cooled off yit. But fer them newspaper fellers ter hunt aroun' ter try ter find out who killed thet gal', an' hotfoot it ter th' gran'-jury, thet ain't snoopin'.

"Furdermo', Aunty Prohibish, when th' p'lice gets them fellers whut b'longs ter th' gangs ter watch th' gangs an' give 'em tips ter ketch murd'rers, an' bugglers, an' gun-men, jes as p'licemens hev done from th' time befo' Heck wuz a pup, thet ain't snoopin'.

"An' 'nother thing. I 'members them days when them rev'nu agints uster come aroun', jes walkin' squar' inter 'stilleries, brew'ries, people's stores, barber-shops, liv'ry stables an' sech lookin' ter see ef they wuz runnin' strate, an' make 'em pay th' gov'ment tax, without no search-warrant nor nothin'. An' at th' same time they wuz protectin' th' int'rests uv th' s'loon fellers who wuz payin' ther license reg'lar. Now, Aunty, all thet kind uv carryin'-on wuzzent snoopin'.

"But, by crackie, when some individ'l, er off'cer uv th' law looks aroun', er climbs a tallyfome pole, er paws aroun' in sumbuddy's kyar lookin' fer likker whut is perhibit'd by th' Constitushun uv th' United States uv Ameriky, **Thet's snoopin'**! Th' only diff'unce betwix' whut air snoopin', and whut ain't snoopin', is **likker**, an' thet's all ther is to it!"

Canary College

THERE are many queer educational institutions in the world today. But Canada possesses one of the most peculiar. It is for those little yellow birds which pass their days in cages in kitchens or porches of many homes. C. H. Gibbons writing in the Vancouver Province tells about it:

British Columbia may not have a conservatoire for her budding vocalists but she has one for her birds—the only bird conservatoire in Canada and perhaps in America.

At Victoria is the most unique musical institution in Canada, a college for canaries, which trains nearly 100 birds at a time. A barber by necessity, and bird maestro by choice, is the principal of this select establishment and his professors are six feathered songsters who spend their day teaching pupils the finishing touches of their art.

There are now seventy-eight songbirds in the vocal class. German rollers form the majority of the male pupil population, for it isn't a co-educational institution.

"The rollers have the natural voice," the barber-principal explains. "Also, they have intelligence. They respond better to teaching."

When a bird pupil is received—always a fledgling or a little more—he is kept under close observation and his first tentative twitterings carefully considered. Birds, like human beings, have voices of different sorts. They are classified as soprano, contralto, tenor, etc.

As soon as the embryo feathered soloists' voice is properly "placed," lessons begin. Kindergarten classes are all with the violin lead. The teachers play scraps of melody, features simple harmonies, easy runs and trills. It isn't long before the music-conscious class takes notice and essays imitative competition or close harmonizing.

Thus was the "canary Caruso," the best paid vaudeville act of the past century, developed by his prideful owner, a New York orchestra violinist.

The greater part of the conservatoire course is with the violin. Success depends largely upon the violinist and his acquaintance with bird temperament and bird tastes in musical art—much also upon teacher and pupil being equally in thorough health and the right mood. Those long, liquid runs and trills, in which the rollers specialize, are only acquired with infinite patience on the one hand and infinite industry on the other.

When the birds have graduated as it were, each in his own cage and each having received individual instruction, the time comes for the feathered professors of the establishment to play their parts. These naturally are themselves star performers, in the different bird voices. The one whose voice and method best approximate the partially developed voice and indicate style of a particular pupil is assigned as its instructor. They are given a room to themselves, their cages hung close together.

It is not long before the instructor-bird is proudly doing his stuff. The pupil listens — ambition stirs — envy intrudes, and soon he is doing his bird best to duplicate or improve upon the performance of the professor. If the teacher-bird is inclined to loaf, ambition and industry are stimulated with a little violin competition.

Imitation and competition are the mainsprings of the system to produce the songbird artists, and some of these college-educated rollers from Victoria now are found in all parts of the world, even Germany, the fatherland of the rollers.

At the 71st annual meeting of the Province of Quebec Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, held in Montreal the other day, it was reported that the year 1929 had seen a large increase in membership, which now numbers 2,000 members, scattered over 18 branches. The work of the body is largely educational, and marked advances were said to have been made in the regional organizations whereby citizens in outlying parts were becoming increasingly interested in the province's rich assets of fish, fur and game.

Senator Wilson

Senator (Mrs. Norman F.) Wilson, the first Canadian lady to enter the Red Chamber at Ottawa officially as a member, was born in Montreal.

At that time her father, Hon. Robert Mackay, was a senator. He had been appointed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier on January 21, 1901. I recall the date and event perfectly, because I had met Mr. Mackay on Windsor Street and congratulated him. He was a good friend of the press men, and proved it in a generous way more than once. Until his reversal of the practice, in 1905, when a Montreal harbor commissioner, reporters were excluded from the deliberations of that public body.

After congratulations had been tendered on his senatorial rank our way lay up Peel Street to Sherbrooke, where westward stood Mr. Mackay's stately old square-faced mansion. "Kildonan Hall," with large trees about it, famous for its hospitalities. And as I had mentioned in our chat that January 21 was my birthday, nothing would do but I must enter and smoke a cigar among other hospitalities. We were soon joined by Angus and Hugh, two of the Senator's sons. The future Mrs. Wilson—Miss Cairine—was in and out of the room.



Hon. Cairine Wilson

Norman Wilson, her future husband, at that time ranked as a gentleman farmer, a graduate of Guelph Agricultural College, in Russell County, with headquarters at Cumberland. He was also grooming the county in a political way as the head of agricultural societies, in close touch with Hon. W. C. Edwards, a senatorial lumber baron, of the Upper Ottawa and adjacent regions. Mr. Wilson is now in lumber rather than farming.

Miss Mackay's sojourns in Ottawa, when accompanying her father there, brought about contacts between her and Mr. Wilson which resulted in their marriage. And Mr. Wilson was elected in 1904 for Russell, defeating the Conservative, J. S. Askwith, by over 1,000 majority and leaving the Independent Liberal, Shaver, with something over 50 votes.

Mrs. Wilson's mother was a daughter of George Baptist, and came of a noted Three Rivers (Que.) family. Her effective but quiet activities in Montreal in connection with the Mackay Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Women's National Immigration Society and kindred works of such a kind gave Mrs. Wilson's early womanhood a trend in the same direction.

The social side of her life was rounded out by a wide range of notable associations, both at "Kildonan Hall" and the summer home at "Clibrig," St. Andrew's, N.B., an exclusive watering place with a fashionable Montreal colony.

Mrs. Wilson's background, connection and antecedents make it apparent that Mr. King's first lady senator has not been chosen without due appreciation of the fitness of things. That she is the mother of eight children, too, will afford a talking point of aptness not to be disregarded or easily overcome in considering the new senator's appreciation of the duties of citizenship and practical usefulness.

AGRICULTURAL JOURNALIST

Charles W. Peterson, the Dean of agricultural journalists in Western Canada, has just celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as president and editor of the "Farm and Ranch Review".

A native of Denmark, Mr. Peterson was educated in England, coming to Canada at the age of nineteen. He has been associated with farming in Western Canada since early days, having homesteaded in Manitoba in the late eighties when the proposal to grow wheat west of Brandon was looked on as highly speculative. He survived the experience of growing wheat and received forty cents a bushel for it at the Hudson Bay Company's elevator in Winnipeg, after spending three days on the road with a yoke of oxen to get it to market. Farm butter in those halcyon days was ten cents per pound, eggs ten cents a dozen, and poultry twenty-five cents a head.

The shallow well-water supply of the farm was strongly alkaline, making it unfit for use. Surface water in ditches and coulees supplied the domestic needs and difficulties arose when this supply gave out before the seeding was completed, necessitating a twenty-mile haul from the nearest river, which absorbed one-third of the working time of man and team.

These early hardships naturally created a sympathetic mental attitude towards the man on the land which has remained with Mr. Peterson throughout the years.

After farming for some years he was appointed Assistant General Immigration and Colonization Agent for the Manitoba North-western Railway but shortly afterwards accepted the position of Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture for the North West Territories with the task of organizing the department. In addition to the administration of agricultural affairs this department was responsible for public health matters. One important branch of the work of the newly-formed department was the drafting of new laws and regulations in the interest of agriculture and public health, and numerous amendments to established laws necessitated by the swiftly changing agricultural and colonization conditions. Most of these acts are still on the statutes of the two provinces that were established from the Territories, and proved to be the foundation of future agricultural and health administration in the West.

In 1906 Mr. Peterson entered the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway as General Manager of Immigration and Colonization and was appointed Superintendent of Irrigation in 1910, a position he held until 1912 when he retired to devote his whole time to the editing of the paper he had founded seven years previously.

During these years he had acquired, with his associates, some 25,000 acres of ranch land in Alberta and aggressively developed and colonized it before and after the war.

During the war years Mr. Peterson acted as secretary of the "National Service Board" at Ottawa and afterwards as Deputy Fuel Controller for Canada. With the close of the war he returned to Calgary to resume actively the management and editing of his paper.

Always a great reader he has been a keen student of economic and public affairs. He is the author of three books; "Wake up Canada," published in 1919. "Fruits of the North," published in 1923, and a recent book dealing with the world wide wheat situation entitled. "Wheat—The Market Riddle."

Mr. Peterson in addition to being president and editor of the Farm and Ranch Review for twenty-five years has been president of the Western Printing and Lithographing Company and the Hicks Engraving Company for the same period. From small beginnings in 1905, these organizations have steadily grown under Mr. Peterson's guidance, untill today, a quarter of a century later, they occupy an important and influential place in their respective spheres in Western Canada.



Charles W. Peterson

Preaching Peace



Dr. F. W. Norwood

Canada is again honored by the presence of the Rev. F. W. Norwood, minister of the City Temple, London. Dr. Norwood is an Australian by birth. He spent two years during the war with the troops of his native country, addressing congregations aggregating three hundred thousand men. About twelve years ago he entered on the pastorate of the City Temple. He stood in a famous pulpit; Dr. Joseph Parker, Dr. R. J. Campbell, Dr. Fort Newton, Miss Maude Royden, had been world-famous figures. It is enough to say that Dr. Norwood has upheld, and, in some ways more than upheld, the tradition.

"Go Forward"

The message of a year-end sermon (from the text "Forgetting the things that are behind") which attracted considerable attention on being delivered before a crowded congregation at the City Temple, is characteristic of Dr. Norwood. "Let the dead past bury its dead . . . speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." His is the forward look, the confidence that if we do go forward, nothing doubting, the way will open before us. As with the people of old: "It shall come to pass, as soon as the soles of the feet of the priests that bear the ark of the Lord, the Lord of all the earth, shall rest in the waters of Jordan, that the waters of Jordan shall be cut off . . . and they shall stand upon an heap." This utter confidence, congenital, perhaps, with the adventurous, pioneering, Australian temperament, renders Dr. Norwood at times more than a little impatient with Mr. Fearing and Mr. Ready-to-Halt in the pilgrimage to a warless world. It is as a crusader for peace that Dr. Norwood is best known in Britain and on this continent. He has travelled up and down the Old Country, like a twentieth century Peter the Hermit, with a call to this "war against war." Two years ago Dr. Norwood visited Canada and the United States on this great errand. Now he comes to repeat and reiterate his message. He saw war at first hand and knows whereof he speaks. He is sure of large audiences, and enthusiastic receptions wherever he goes. But that is not what he seeks. He sees, as in a vision, a world where all the courage, all the devotion, all the patriotism and high endeavor which have been sacrificed at the altar of war will be consecrated to the service.

THE VALUE OF A DICTIONARY

Is our general knowledge keeping pace with the great strides being made today in science, machinery, invention and the like? The question is a pertinent one, since it is becoming universally recognized that in these days of acute international competition the price of progress is knowledge. The nation that remains in ignorance lags behind in the race, that's all.

Do Canadians realize to the full the value of a modern dictionary, we wonder. Such a book is practically indispensable either in home or office. The question of accuracy in spelling concerns us all, from small child to stenographer, from clerk to executive. The meaning of words and their proper uses are also of prime importance. Their correct pronunciation is a matter of moment to everyone in days when a democratic constitution makes advancement and the opportunities of leadership and public speech open to all.

But more than that, the modern dictionary is a mine of information on a variety of subjects—geography, history, the fine arts, etc. It is to some extent—to use a phrase once applied to the newspaper — the poor man's university; it surpasses the newspaper in one important respect, however, in that its facts are required by editors to be 100 per cent accurate, without any "coloring" such as sometimes creeps into newspaper columns. The day has long passed when prejudice is allowed to color definition as was practised deliberately in Dr. Johnson's case, the word "oats" providing perhaps the most famous example.

It cannot be urged too strongly that Canadians should make regular and systematic use of a good dictionary. Changing conditions in this changing world of ours demand that even the experienced among us should continue the learning process as long as we live. The encyclopaedic nature of the contents of these publications makes it imperative that whatever other book our shelves have to lack, they should on no account lack the one book which is a golden key to open the gates of knowledge.

TWO VALUABLE TEXTS

"The King's English Drill" and "Better English Games," both by Rosamund de Wolfe Archibald, M.A., will prove exceedingly useful handbooks for teachers and others who have the cause of good English at heart. The author correctly argues that correct form in mathematics is established by teaching 3x3 equals 9, not some other number; she has carried out the same principle in furnishing examples for drill in English, phrases and grammatical examples being well chosen. The value of drill is so well recognized by psychologists as to need no further comment. The drill book has been available for some years now and is deservedly well known.

As to "Better English Games," a new book not too well titled, the play factor in the encouragement of sound English is appropriately utilized. From time to time we receive enquiries regarding books on English; we are happy to commend both of these to all readers and in particular to parents and teachers.

Ten years ago the Bahamas issued a small set of stamps to celebrate Peace. That was the only commemorative issue the Colony made in the seventy years of her philatelic history.

At the close of the past year the islands marked a double event by a handsome set of five stamps just received. They are of large size, with the seal of the Colony in the centre in black. The frame, in a different color for each value, bears the inscription, "Bahamas 1629-1729-1929." The first date is that of the earliest English occupation of the islands, and 1729 marks the cession of the Bahamas to Britain as a result of the peace treaty with France and Spain.

Sunday School scholars and workers will be interested in the announcement on page 9.

MIND BODY **BOYS' PAGE** SOUL SERVICE

Our Friend the Stove

THE stove, as it is known today, says H. L. MacPherson in the Border Cities Star, is not the product of one inventor, or of one century. Electric, gas, coal, and wood stoves have had a common origin, but the idea from which they evolved dates back to prehistoric times. As happened in the case of every modern necessity, the evolution was slow, and it was only during the past 100 years that the present day conception of the stove was reached.

Stoves have a deep-rooted place in the life of everyone, regardless of whether they are used as a means of toasting one's shins during cold weather, or as an agency in the manufacture of flapjacks in a frontier shanty.

The history of the stove is colorful, and the story of its development is also the story of the advancement in civilization from the age of cave dwellers up to the present day.

To get back to the origin of the stove, it is necessary to get as closely to the discovery of fire by man. Man, history states, probably first obtained fire from trees which were ignited by lightning. On learning that his discovery could be controlled and utilized for his own convenience and comfort, the next step was to devise some means of using it to the best advantage. There the history of the stove begins.

In the earliest times it was customary for man to light a fire on the floor of the hut or cave in which he lived, and to trust to luck that the smoke would pass out through the prepared aperture in the roof. Fire was used in this way for centuries and, in a certain sense, the hut or cave was in itself a stove. The word "stove" in its original sense meant a heated room.

The first stove worthy of the name, however, was not constructed until about 200 years ago.

The ancient Greeks and Romans, as well as the cultured Egyptians of an earlier age, made few improvements to the crude "stoves" which were handed down to them by their forebears. In their times, a blaze on the floor and a hole in the roof was still the only means of harnessing fire.

About the time Greek civilization reached its height, however, an enterprising man of that race conceived the idea of heating one room of a house, and letting the warmth of its walls pass as best it could through the rest of the structure.

The ancient peoples who lived along the Mediterranean went a step farther when they producing the "brazier," or warming pan. It was nothing more than a vessel filled with burning charcoal which could be carried from room to room.

Much of the smoke of the open fire was eliminated by this improvement, and the gases which were emitted by the charcoal were made less offensive by treating the fuel with perfume.

As civilization developed in Rome, its inhabitants devised a new and improved method of heating their homes. This invention is known as a "hypocaust," or fire room. Described briefly, it was a fire in a cellar or basement. The heat and smoke were carried through the house by tile pipes, and the old smoke nuisance still prevailed, as chimneys or separate pipes to carry away the smoke were not provided.

When Rome fell in the year 476 A.D., the hypocaust passed out of existence, and was not restored for several centuries. The hypocaust worked on the principle of the later-day hot air furnace, and may be regarded as the predecessor of the furnace.

By the time the eleventh century rolled around, an Englishman designed the first chimney, and another point in the evolution of the stove was attained. This chimney was used to take care of the smoke from an open fire, but it was learned later that an application of the same principle to a covered brazier removed many of the latter's most objectionable features.

About the end of the fifteenth century fireplaces were so popular that they were found in the homes of nearly all civilized peoples. They, however, had one disadvantage. They did not distribute the heat evenly through the house; but an effort to correct that defect brought the stove still closer.

By the end of the fifteenth century a Frenchman had constructed a covered brazier which had openings at the bottom to permit a draft of air to enter, and a top on which food could be cooked. All it lacked to make it a real stove was a pipe to carry off the smoke. That, however, did not come until several hundred years later.

Two hundred years ago, another Frenchman conceived the idea of leading a pipe from a crude firebox to a chimney, and the first stove worthy of the name came into being. Improvements were made by the score in later years, but all were developments of that idea.

Incidentally, the invention and development of steam boilers was simultaneous with the evolution of the stove, and they did not come into general use until comparatively recent times.

STAMP NEWS

Famous Pioneers

The latest addition to the air mail stamps of Brazil says Fred J. Melville in the London Daily Telegraph, is the 10,000 reis olive-grey, which bears a portrait of the celebrated pioneer, M. Santos Dumont.

This series, which has been appearing one or two values at a time, promises to form one of the most interesting issues yet designed exclusively for use on air mail. The stamps serve to recall Brazil's share in the early history of aviation.

Six values have appeared, and two are still to come. The 50 reis blue shows a monument to Bartholemew de Guzman, a monk who sought the protection of the King of Portugal against anyone copying his "flying machine" in 1709.

The 200 reis carmine shows Santos Dumont's dirigible balloon N6 flying round the Eiffel Tower, Paris, on Oct. 19, 1901. The 300 reis turquoise, depicts Augusto Severo's dirigible "Pax" in flight on May 12, 1902. The 500 reis purple shows Dumont's biplane, "14 bis," in the air on November 12, 1906. The 1,000 reis orange-brown represents the seaplane "Jahu," in which Ribeiro de Barros reached Rio, July 5, 1927. The highest denomination is the 10,000 reis, with portrait of Santos Dumont.

Story lovers will be interested in the announcement on page 7.

OUR COMPETITIONS

FOR A WARLESS WORLD

This week prize pencils go with our congratulations to the following entrants in this competition:

JUNIORS: Freida McNair, N.B. (11).

INTERMEDIATES: Burton Allen, N.S., (13); Wallace McPherson, P.E.I., (14).

SENIORS: Leila J. Profit, P.E.I. (15); John D. Colven, Sask. (16).

THE MEANING OF PEACE

Dear Sir,—As a boy I hope the great men of the world will find some way to prevent future wars because you cannot have successful co-operation without an actual spirit of goodwill going out from you to other persons with whom you co-operate. Co-operation is the basis of world peace.

World peace does not mean just international co-operation; it means a co-operation of nations, groups, and individuals, each one carrying that spirit of goodwill out to every home and department of life. —John D. Colven, Sask. (16).

THE LOVE OF PEACE

Dear Sir,—As a girl, I hope the great men of the world will find some way to prevent future wars because: Firstly, who does not love peace? I do, and I think we all do. Secondly, if all the great nations of the world become engaged in war, with all the modern devices for war, the country will be nothing but a scene of desolate ruin. While even the winning country will win nothing but a ruined and devastated country in place of the fresh, peaceful place they attacked. Thus the whole world would be but a ruined place. And last, but not least, should not the words, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men" have a very urgent meaning to us? Should we not strive to keep peace on earth for the short while we are here, that we may hasten the Kingdom of God? I think we should.

The League of Nations is certainly a great step towards peace, because when things are discussed and delayed a while, the first excited passions died down, and common sense sees a peaceable way out. Also when all or most of the powers of the world hold council the result should be great.

The Pact of Locarno is, I think, also very powerful, for when even two such great countries resolve to discuss matters before going to war or in other words, "Look before they leap" it is another step toward our standard, Peace.

As for the "Briand-Kellogg Treaty," it is supreme in its power, for war can sometimes be started with so little excuse, but when it is a criminal act to start war except in defence, a lot of trouble is sure to be disposed of.

We now have these three explained, and their differences can be seen. The first delays war for a time, and generally prevents it. The second only suggests war as a last resort, while the third condemns it altogether. Therefore it would seem the most powerful. But we all feel that the League is doing great work.—Leila J. Profit, P.E.I., (16).

"BETTERING MY CLASS"

The work of the judges throughout this competition was rendered more difficult than usual by the fact that heavy handicaps had to be deducted from letters because of excesses over the preferred word length. In the final judgment, however, there was remarkable unanimity and agreement that the cash prizes were properly awarded.

Congratulations are extended not only to the winners whose prizes have gone forward but to the entrants whose fine efforts, even when not so successful as others, enhanced the value of the contest.

The cash prizes were awarded as follows:

PARENTS

First prize of Three Dollars to Mrs. Sydney A. Murray, N.B.

Second prize of Two Dollars to Mrs. E Fisher, Ont.

TEACHERS

First prize of Three Dollars to Miss M. Taylor, Man.

Second prize of Two Dollars to Mrs. D. Haliburton, Alta.

SCHOLARS

First prize of Three Dollars to "A Scholar".

Second prize of Two Dollars to Alan Fisher, Ont.

The Special Cash Prize of Five Dollars was awarded to Miss M. Taylor.

A TEACHER ON BETTERING MY CLASS

Dear Sir,—As a Sunday School teacher for many years, I have tried the following

To arouse interest in Bible study avoid routine methods; novelty appeals. If the lesson is read in class, have one read till told to stop, and sometimes stop in the middle of a sentence, calling on another. This will keep all at attention. Or if persons are mentioned in the lesson, let different pupils take characters, and read the parts belonging to the one each represents. Sometimes begin the lesson with an abrupt question, sometimes with a striking illustration. Appeal to eyegate, as well as eargate, by objects, blackboard work, and pictures. Gratify the impulse in children to find out, and the desire to talk, by giving an assignment for next lesson, a location on the map to find, a question to answer, a reference to look up. Older classes enjoy homework in the form of written answers to questions, for which marks are giveu.

Awaken interest in missions, home and foreign, by reading letters from missionaries, telling missionary stories, and giving the class something to do for missions, such as: Collecting and selling tinfoil and used stamps, the money to go to missions; collecting and sending to missionaries old Christmas cards, primary picture cards, and lesson rolls; saving and mailing to rural districts used Sunday School papers.

To build up the attendance, divide the class into five groups, (less if a small class) naming them India, Africa, China South America and Canada. A child present counts one each Sunday for the country he or she belongs to; a new scholar counts five. The country having the largest attendance at the end of the quarter wins. This causes competition between the "countries" to see which is "largest," and gives an incentive other than individual, to be present.—M. Taylor, Man.

THE PARENTS' PART

Dear Sir,—The Sunday School teacher's task is certainly a great one, but what of the parents? The teacher can not accomplish very much in the one or two hours a week when he has the pupil, if he has not the co-operation of the parent. By this I do not mean passive, but active co-operation. The parent is much more responsible than the teacher for his child's knowledge of the Bible. If this were given first place in the home, it would not be so difficult to persuade children to study it at Sunday School. No child, who can read at all well, should be without a Bible, or at least a Testament and when a child is urged by parent and teacher to use the Bible in conjunction with his lesson help, the teaching of Bible study becomes an easy matter, for no stories are more interesting than those of the Bible. Of course, the pupils must be encouraged to discuss the lesson, for no good teacher does all the talking. Christian adventure naturally follows Bible study, and young people when rightly approached are always ready to work for anything that is good. A class of girls I have in mind are much interested in making articles for the foreign mission stations, as well as our provincial orphanage. Boys, too, may be interested in various undertakings for the relief of the poor. All may save their papers and magazines for people in isolated places. The junior choir, under good leadership is a great factor in keeping children interested. An occasional Sunday service with the young people in full charge, is a good idea, too.

Sunday School classes, conducted along these lines, will have little difficulty in getting members and holding them. There is just one more essential, the attendance of the parent at the Sunday School. Little ones may be sent to Sunday School, but the growing young person soon decides that if father and mother are too old for Sunday School, so is he, hence the slump in the 'teen-age classes. A successful Sunday School must have large, enthusiastic, well-conducted, efficient adult classes, and "His cause will go marching on."—Mrs. Sydney A. Murray, N.B.

A SCHOLAR ON BETTERING MY CLASS

Dear Sir,—We often hear teachers say that 'teen age girls are hard to hold in Sunday School. I admit that, and also, that we are more critical of people and surroundings at this age than at any other.

A teacher for the girls' 'teen age class should live a consistent Christian life, that is, she should not tell us where to go, and what to do, if during the week she does the forbidden things herself. This is one reason why we lose interest.

The ideal teacher should make a friend of each girl, not preach at us, then we will confide in her. The teacher who says, I am sorry you did such and such a thing makes us think, and it is not likely we will do the same thing again, if we feel we are disappointing someone who has faith in us. A teacher like this has no difficulty in having the girls study the lesson, for they love it. An open discussion does much to hold us. If there is some particular point under discussion it is fine for the teacher to ask the girls to look up all they can find on the subject in the Bible and then tell all they have found.

A class social evening held at the teacher's home each month is splendid. At this time let the teacher take up the study of some of the Bible heroines, like Ruth and Esther. After this have some unexpected surprise. Perhaps a contest or puzzle on the lesson studied the previous Sunday or musical evening or a valentine party. Let the girls tell what they have been doing during the month, then discuss it from the point of view, "Have I used my time profitably?" This is a great incentive to the girls to launch out on useful work for others.

In every 'teen age class in the city, there are girls of thirteen who cannot attend these evenings because they are never allowed to go unchaperoned. A wide-awake teacher will make arrangements with these parents to call for the child and take her home. This makes the girl feel as if she were necessary to the class. I belonged to a class where this was done.

A class with a teacher like this increases rapidly, for the girls know that their chums will enjoy it, and that all are made to feel as if they were very necessary to the class. —A Scholar.

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The Mutual Relations of Home and School

An Address by E. C. Woodley, M.A., of Westmount, Broadcast Over Station CFCF, Montreal.

I AM going to speak to you on the subject of the mutual relations of home and school and have consented to do so because I feel that much advantage may accrue from the simple statement of how a teacher and lover of little children views the possible contribution which the home and the school may make to the education of the child for life as it must be lived today. I want you to regard what I have to say simply as the statement of how one educationist regards some of the problems of education and the institutions with which their solution mainly rests.

It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the generally recognized fact that home and school are two of the great pillars of the state. The state depends upon its citizens, and good citizenship is only possible when home and school are true to their high functions.

To accomplish adequately their great and kindred purpose it is necessary that there should be a large measure of co-operation between home and school. Unfortunately this has not always existed and even yet is far from perfect. But there is an increasingly strong desire to make co-operation real which augurs well for the future.

Viewed from the educationist's standpoint there are certain misconceptions regarding the situation which ought to be corrected as a first step to full co-operation

It is impossible to regard the spheres of home and school as absolutely distinct. Their contributions to the education of the child react on one another and finally merge into one. We cannot say with conviction that certain traits in the child may be traced to the home and others to the school, nor can either institution lay at the door of the other the blame for the unsuccessful issue, sometimes, of the educational process.

Again, it is a mistake too commonly made to assume that the home and the school are hostile camps. They are too often regarded in this light and children are thus given the impression that they will have the support of their parents if they challenge school authority. Nothing is really farther from the truth. Home and school face exactly the same problem, the preparation of the child for the best life within his reach, and they face it together from the same angle and moved by the same deep interest. No institutions are really more closely related than home and school. A third misconception has relation to the teacher. It is safe to say that there are few characters who get publicity more effectively and with so little expense as school teachers. They form the principal figures on the stage of a world of little people who have not yet learned the fine art of hiding their feelings or the use of any of those guarded forms of speech by which their elders suggest rather than express their opinions. Further the teacher is often seen by youthful eyes in the lurid light of a spoil-sport, a kind of "deus ex machina" with an uncanny gift of arriving on the scene of some wonderful enterprise or adventure just when least desired. The healthy child is not a student by choice but by reason of the demands of civilized life, and the teacher is the person who has the supremely difficult task of making a natural rebel into a respectable and worthy citizen. I want you to realize that the teacher's position is not that of the good fairy who, by a wave of her wand, brings out of nowhere all that the child desires. His task is quite the reverse of this if he is a good teacher. It is really the very difficult duty, not only of making the child do what he naturally has no taste for, in surroundings which compel restraint when he least desires it, but of making him love that task so deeply that he forgets all the inroads on his liberty which it demands.

I HAVE stressed the difficulty of the teacher's task because it is not always realized by the home. Children are apt to criticize their teachers to their parents when in the difficult process of fitting them for life there has been a little friction and for a time even a shower of sparks. But I would remind you that it is impossible to fashion a Damascus blade without long grinding and many sparks. If the child's criticism is heeded and sympathy expressed with it, a mere incident may assume large proportions and cast a shadow over the relations of home and school. If, on the other hand, the child is quietly reminded that in the wonderful process of training to which it is being subjected by those who really care for it, a little friction is inevitable and that one of the greatest things which an education can do for those who have to face a world in which blows are more frequent than honeyed words, is to teach that self-control which can take buffeting as part of the game of life, then the parent has done no small service to the child and the teacher.

The teacher's task is far from an easy one. There is an idea that teachers are a class of community who perform a kind of menial duty and that if this duty is not performed in just the way that interested parties desire, even though it may be the best way, they may be made the butt of unkindly criticism or even sharp rebuke. This is hardly fair and should cease when the magnitude of the teacher's task is realized, and also the fact that all good teachers—and they are many—gladly assume their strenuous and exacting work because they honestly believe that they are rendering a lasting service to their day and generation.

Coming to the more positive aspects of our subject I am going to venture to suggest a few ways in which co-operation between home and school may be definitely furthered. Naturally I shall deal with the problem from the viewpoint of the school.

First, it might be well for the home to realize that the teacher is interested in the child not only as a subject but as a person. The mistake is often made of thinking that the teacher is only a means whereby the child is furnished with an equipment of knowledge which may be of service in the strenuous days of after life. But education, which is the teacher's interest, is a much greater and more far-reaching thing than that.

"Education," said John Ruskin, "is leading human souls to what is best and making what is best of them." The teacher is concerned with the discovery of the best method of fitting his charges for life and this leads to a deep personal interest in the pupils. Each one becomes a living, individual and personal problem, to be studied sympathetically in order that right ways of approach may be discovered, and hidden, unsuspected gifts called into exercise. But when this attitude, with its accompanying action, has been maintained for years with classes of 30 to 40 children, it should be realized that the conscientious teacher becomes an expert in the knowledge of children, able oft-times to deal wisely with young people who have proved baffling and perplexing problems to their parents. Further, from intimate knowledge the teacher may also become aware of strong natural inclinations which the parent has not observed. Also, strange as it may seem, a child will sometimes confide to a sympathetic teacher matters which it will not mention at home and which may have a very vital bearing on its life.

MY purpose in mentioning this is to suggest that parents may find the teacher able to afford great assistance in helping them solve the all-important problems of child life and youth. The teacher is a specialist in children and as capable of offering wise counsel in regard to them as any specialist in the matters of his particular sphere. Further, in the mutual confidence thus engendered by facing a common problem, teacher and parent will be drawn together to the mutual advantage of all concerned. This is one very practical way in which the school may help the home.

The home may also aid the teacher by supporting the methods of training and discipline which experience has shown to be most effective. No one realizes more than the teacher that the ideal is still far ahead. But we will gradually approach it as we make use of the best methods yet discovered and those which suit best our present environment, ever keeping open minds as we travel on.

At this point I am going to become very practical by mentioning a few definite ways in which parents may support the efforts of the school for the good of the children.

(a) Realize that occasionally it may be necessary for the pupil to be detained after the regular school hours not as punishment but because a self-sacrificing teacher is attempting to give a pupil who has fallen behind the class standard an opportunity, through individual assistance, to attain that standard.

(b) Support the school in the matter of home-study. It is a mistake to think that a reasonable amount of private and individual study on the part of a pupil is an evil thing. The assigned work has been carefully planned and any serious difficulties explained. The child's powers of thought and memory are developed by such study. Initiative is also often stimulated. Encourage the child to read books in which matters related to the school work are presented. This will deepen interest in the subject.

(c) See that the child studies the requisite time in fitting surroundings but do not give him special help. He does not need it if he has been reasonably attentive while in school.

(d) Create an environment of interest in the home. While not allowing the child to become a nuisance by always talking about school, show some interest in the things which loom large in his world.

(e) Encourage children when good work is done. Much more will be gained by encouragement than by compulsion.

(f) Arrange the home routine in such a way that the child will reach the school punctually and in an unhurried frame of mind.

I WONDER if you realize what a difficult and at times perplexing problem school discipline is. The one thing that mitigates it somewhat is the knowledge that the subjects of the treatment are those who in the end will feel the deepest gratitude for it. But the Scriptural statement is eminently true that while "no chastisement for the present seemeth joyous but grievous, yet afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby." As teachers we ask parents not to grow impatient when we have to use many and diverse means to keep wandering feet in the paths which lead to the goal of efficiency for life's service.

There is a fine passage in a book by Major John Hay Beith, better known simply as Ian Hay, who was himself for years a master at Fettes College. "The schoolmaster realizes early in his career that he is not a universally popular person. If he keeps his boys in order and compels them to work, they dislike him heartily; if he allows them to do as they please, they despise him; if he is cheerful and jocose in his demeanor they consider him a 'funny ass'; if he is austere and academic, they call him a 'gloomy swine'; if he endeavors by strong measures to call sinners to repentance, he is said to have done so from personal spite; and if he shows kindness to the few righteous persons whom he may encounter in his form, he is accused of favoritism. . . . But as he grows older comes that continuous calm which marks his elder colleagues, for he knows now that Jinks Minor and Muggins Tertius who sit in the back row, with lowering brows and grinding teeth, chafing under his tyranny and preaching sedition at intervals, will one day come and sit in his armchair, with their feet on his mantelpiece, bearded or sun-browned or distinguished, and will convey to him, if not in words, at any rate by their demeanor, their heartfelt thanks for the benefits which he lavished with so unsparing a hand in the grand old days. That is his reward. Men have died for less."

The home again may help the school by giving close attention to the child's physical condition. We realize now that there is a very intimate relation between the physical, mental and spiritual spheres of life. Each reacts on the other and a defect in one may seriously influence the whole range of behavior and usefulness. When a child is unusually backward in his studies we always suspect a physical cause. Often a little medical attention at the right stage will correct what may otherwise prove a serious handicap throughout life. Parents will act wisely if they observe their growing children carefully and keep in reasonably close touch with the doctor and dentist during these important years. Life will make great demands of our children and it behooves us to give them every chance.

At this point I am going to mention a matter on which I feel very keenly. We are living today in a very artificial and unnatural environment. To use a metaphor borrowed from the typical twentieth century means of locomotion, life has been "speeded up" and we are all running on high gear. I am not going to venture to prophesy the end of the process, although I fear, if we persist, that it will be the usual one which follows reckless driving. In the end nature will come to her own and we are likely to find our social order in the ditch or on the junk-heap. But I am dealing with children, who are the only hope of the future. May I plead with you to shield them as far as you can from the artificialities of life, and not to allow them, at an early age, to become the victims of the speeding-up process? Keep them children as long as you can. You recall those words of Wordsworth in his great ode; with

"trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Let us not be in too great haste to scatter those clouds or erase the memory of that glorious time which we ourselves have left so far behind that we sometimes doubt our own experience of it.

It will also be well for us at times to take our children into our confidence regarding the end of the whole educational process. We know what this is, but they do not. The school is their world and there is a danger that they may make the mistake of viewing education as an end in itself. On the contrary it is simply a means whereby the soul "gets soberness, righteousness and wisdom," to use the language of Plato. We will do our children a great service if we occasionally take a few moments to explain to them why certain studies have long been known as the "humanities" and what is the value in terms of life of those subjects which seem to have been devised only to torment those who have to deal with them.

(Continued on page 15)

The Publishing Game

The publishers of **The Witness, World Wide** and **Northern Messenger** have turned work into absorbing play. Each of the papers opens doors for new adventures.

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The Parable of the Sower

By Walter Albion Squires, D.D.

WITH the chapter recording the parable of the Sower (Matt. 13: 1-9) there is discernible a marked change in the teaching methods of Jesus. Going forth beside the Sea of Galilee, he entered Simon's fishing boat and putting a little off from shore sat there in the boat and taught the multitudes gathered on the shore.

No longer did Jesus speak as he had spoken to the multitudes on the Mount of Beatitudes. Then he had spoken directly concerning the nature of the kingdom he had come to establish and the qualifications necessary for citizenship therein. Now he spoke in parables without any comments whatever on the spiritual significance of the stories he thus used. The change was so marked that it was noted by his disciples and as we shall see they inquired as to the cause of it.

The Parable of the Sower was a simple tale dealing with facts known to all his hearers. Perhaps as Jesus spoke the words, a farmer may have been within sight sowing his grain on the level plains of Gennesaret. He told about how some of the seed which the former sowed fell on the pathway running through the field. Being entirely exposed this seed was quickly eaten by the birds and never even found lodgment in the soil. Some of the seed fell on rocky places, that is on land with a layer of rock not far beneath the surface of the soil. Having no depth of earth above, the seed in this shallow-ground soil sprang up very quickly, but when the days grew warm and the moisture disappeared from the top layer of the soil, the young plants withered and died. They had no deepness of rootage. Some of the seed fell on ground pre-occupied by thorns. Wheat and thorns sprang up together, but the thorns being of vigorous and weedy growth crowded out the wheat until it perished, or at least failed to come to fruitage. But a part of the seed did fall into good soil and springing up brought forth a harvest of varying degrees of abundance; some yielded a hundredfold harvest, some sixty, some thirty.

Why Jesus Used Parables

IT was after the multitudes had gone that the disciples came to Jesus saying, "Why speakest thou to them in parables?" The answer of Jesus has sometimes been misunderstood. We can hardly believe that Jesus used parables to merely hide his meaning from those in the multitude who had taken a position of opposition to him. It is quite true that he was now speaking to a mixed audience. Some to whom he spoke were open-minded and sincere seekers after truth. Some had already developed such an attitude of prejudice toward Jesus that they were sure to reject anything he tried to teach them. Facing this situation, Jesus decided to speak to the multitudes in parables. If we consider the circumstances we shall see that his action was one of highest wisdom. The eager seekers after truth, the fair-minded individuals in the throng would ponder on his words and try to discover their hidden meaning. Some would come seeking further light in a private interview as the disciples did.

The people whose minds were darkened by prejudice, however, would not take pains to uncover the truths Jesus was suggesting. Through prejudice they had stopped their ears and closed their eyes. To labor diligently in an effort to make truth plain to them was a futile task. In fact, the situation was such that Jesus could not make the truth plain to these critics without at the same time making plain his claims to Messianic power and wisdom and to do that was to alienate these people all the more from him and from the truths he would teach them. The best that Jesus could do, therefore was to teach in parables trusting that those who had ears to hear would hear, and that in the course of time, his gracious personality would at last disarm his critics and open their hearts to the light of truth.

The Parable Explained

JESUS was keenly alive to the situation which he was facing. He was evidently deeply touched with sadness because of the fact that many of those high in authority and of reputed wisdom were rejecting him and his teaching, but he was likewise moved with joyful gratitude because some of the less-prejudiced common people were coming to have confidence in him as Teacher and Guide. "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears for they hear;" said he to His disciples when they came to ask an explanation of the Parable of the Sower. Possibly he realized that even these disciples of his had only a faint appreciation of the opportunity they were enjoying, for he told them that many prophets and righteous men had longed to see the things they were seeing and had not seen them, had longed to hear the things they were hearing and had not heard them.

Then in simple words Jesus explained to them the Parable of the Sower. The seed which fell on the hawayside represented what happens in the case of people who neither understand the gospel message nor care to do so; the utterly indifferent people. The evil one is quick to snatch away such seed from the hearts of the indifferent and ungodly. The seed on the shallow rocky ground represented the volatile folks who receive the gospel message with enthusiasm, but who soon fall away from their professions of loyalty and devotion. The seed among the thorns is a picture of the pre-occupied people who are too busy to attend to that which is most vital importance to themselves and all they hold dear. The thorns which choke their spirits are the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches. The seed on the good ground represents those who on hearing the word of truth accept it and hold it fast, thus bringing forth a spiritual harvest, some a hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty.

Our Corner for the Shut-Ins

By Rev. A. W. Hone

HYMN

Light of the world, faint was our weary feet
With wandering far;
But Thou didst come our lonely souls to greet,
O Morning Star;
And Thou didst bid us lift our gaze on high,
To see the glory of the glowing sky.

PRAYER

"O God, Thou who dwellest in the light that no man can approach unto, lighten our darkness we pray Thee this day. Turn upon our hearts the searchlight of Thy Word, that there may be revealed to us all that may be contrary to Thy will. Help us to be more diligent in the study of Thy Holy Scriptures, that they may become a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path. May each passing day find us more fixed in our resolve to become Christlike in word and deed.—Amen.

SCRIPTURE

2 Tim. 1.

MEDITATION

2 Tim. 1: 10. "Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. "Some time ago we saw the picture of Edison, and underneath it were the words: "The man who abolished night." These words are true in that, while night still exists, the invention of the electric lamp has made it possible to overcome night's disabilities. Paul ascribed to Jesus the abolition of death in somewhat the same way. For the Christian, Jesus has removed from death the darkness and the fear. Until Jesus came, amidst the gloom of death, life and immortality were but dimly seen. Now we may turn the searchlight of the gospel of Jesus Christ upon the night of death, and life and immortality are plainly brought to view. How wonderfully Jesus has lighted the shadowy places for us!

HYMN

Come to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost the Infinite,
Comforter divine.

THE MUTUAL RELATIONS OF HOME AND SCHOOL

(Continued from page 14)

The average child will view his school studies very differently if he even dimly perceives their value. What story could equal the tale well told by a father to his son of how much study which he found rather dreary and forbidding in his childhood, has proved the very warp on the loom of his life? Children are capable of understanding and appreciating much more than we often give them credit for.

FINALLY, but by no means least important, is the place of the home in the sphere of social education. We are trying to emphasize this in the school, and the home can materially help in developing in the child the right social outlook.

This is an aspect of education which is given no place in the official curriculum. Yet unless the child is trained so that he may adequately assume the social obligations of his day and generation, he may find himself in a world which will offer little scope for the use of the other things which have entered into his education. May I be a little more explicit?

Our social environment today is highly complicated and has in it many elements with dangerous explosive possibilities. Occasionally something happens which reveals the seething unrest and dissatisfaction with things as they are, the depths of poverty and the many impulses to crime which move in the hearts of men. Into this troubled world our children are going. On their shoulders must rest its heavy weight. Education ought to fit them not only to bear that burden but in some measure to lighten it. If so, it is manifest that the feeling of social responsibility must be developed in the child during school years, when the character is forming. If it is not a strong influence in the child's life by the time that school-days are over, education has fallen far short of its goal. In this matter home and school should co-operate. By example as well as by precept we should stress the fundamental importance of truthfulness, moral integrity and honesty; loyalty to our flag, our law and governmental institutions; a recognition of the eternal fact that "righteousness exalteth a nation while sin is a reproach to any people."

Further we cannot emphasize too early the co-operative nature of society. Our children should early realize that much of the world's evil is due to the negative answer to the age-old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We must send them out of our schools and homes to meet their fellows in the spirit of service, not ignorant of human need, sensitive to the suffering and want of those less happily placed than themselves, and ready to help—not hinder—that already too slow movement of the race toward the better time

"When all men's good will be
Each man's rule and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sun,
Through all the circle of the golden year."

In the cultivation of this social outlook which is infinitely important for the future, home and school must labor side by side.

OUR THOUGHTS

An artist had a vision of the Christ. He resolved to paint the Christ as he saw Him illumined and glorified in the vision. He thought long, long thoughts of that experience, and that One Face, but somehow he could not bring himself to the point of starting what he had hoped to be his greatest work. On his death-bed he confided to those near him the disappointment of his life—his failure to undertake and accomplish the reproduction and artistic re-creation of his vision. Afterwards it dawned upon his friends that he had, after all, fulfilled his purpose, for in his own face and in his own life they had seen the image of the Christ. What he failed to execute in art, he achieved in life. So great is the transforming power of thought!

A CHINESE PAGODA

Pagoda is a word of Persian origin, and was originally applied to Hindu Temples, as also to monumental edifices of a peculiar order of architecture. In China, at Pekin, is one of massive masonry, and another, a superb tower of bricks coated with porcelain enamel. In Japan, they are of wood painted red, and are from five to nine stories high.

The Word of Life

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. —Deut. 33: 25.

When they shall lead you, and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate: but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye; for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost.—Mark 13: 11.

Take no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.—Matt. 6: 34.

The God of Isarel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Blessed be God.—Ps. 68: 35.

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.—Is. 40: 29.

My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong.—2 Cor. 12: 9, 10.

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—Phil. 4: 13.

O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength.—Jude 5: 21.

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A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME MAKERS

Green, Purple and Gold

Problems of Shopping.

HONESTLY now, which do you think is most difficult, to find what you want when you don't know just what you want—or to find what you want when you know exactly what you want?

* * *

It is sale-time, as every woman knows. My friend Florence, as usual, has been on the outlook for bargains, the fact that they are a few shillings or even a few pence below the usual price being ever considered a sufficient excuse for acquiring things for which we have no immediate need. However, in her case the need was urgent.

The nights are chilly at present, the frost stealing like a strange, unwanted visitor into the seclusion of our bedrooms. Of its presence we are made only too well aware when a chilly feeling compels us to open our eyes in the dreary night watches. What could then be more practicable than to acquire an elderdown quilt at the sales?

* * *

And what could be easier? You see them in every other window, flaunting down upon you their satiny or silken beauties, mostly in alluring shades of rose or gold. Only Florence—you know her preconceived notions, from which she refuses to depart except under direct necessity?—had made up her mind to have a green one. And, to complicate the problem still further, it was to be sprayed about with Michaelmas daisies and golden chrysanthemums.

You see there was some kind of color scheme with which it had to be fitted in—a purple and gold floral freize, with green represented, perhaps, only in the leaves—anyhow, it must have come in somewhere. Florence's ideas, however, are vague only to those who refuse to be sufficiently interested. Other people might have chosen the rose quilt and had the room repapered to match; that way is not Florence's.

* * *

So, armed with resolution, she went to the shops. And everybody was very nice, though they didn't just see eye to eye with her about the green quilt and the daisies.

From their point of view a pink quilt or a gold one would have done better, seeing that their shops were filled with these. It was in vain that Florence mentioned that bugbear of the hour, color schemes. Immediately they were flouted at. "Most people," they told her, "start with some idea of having a color scheme in their rooms, but it isn't long before they have to depart from it." (Alas for all the articles on artistic furnishing that fill our magazines!). However, Florence saw fit to resemble him who never turned his back but marched straight forward—to that quilt of her desire.

They showed her one of green satin with a centre of golden flowers, and —yes—the man pointed out that there was pink in it; if you peered closely enough and long enough you might descry its half-hearted attempt to put in an appearance. But that green was, in Florence's perhaps perverted view, too closely related to blue.

So they showed her another that was of a luxurious grassy greenness, with a black border that raised it to the status of dignity, and she looked at it rather longingly. It was green enough. Would it do? Then, like a child remembering her daisy chains, she turned from its allure. They showed her one in which pink predominated, but in which heliotrope and yellow were also sufficiently well represented. From it, too, she turned aside. Wasn't it too pink, and hadn't she long been convinced that green was better suited than pink to the demands of her complexion? Only, of course, the young man might not have understood this, so she refrained from explanation.

At one unfortunate moment she caught sight of the ideal quilt in sateen, but, no, the shopman could not, with one masterly sweep of his wand, transform it into the richer material; and this quilt, albeit that its colors and its purple flowers were bright and glowing, looked somewhat like a dressed-up country wench in the presence of sophisticated ladies of the court.

The man—sorely tried, like many other shop assistants—directed her attention to the quilts in artificial silk, in self colors, or in artistic combinations of two colors. But these either possessed too much greenness or too little. So, at last, in desperation, he told her that she could have one made up in two colors to suit her color scheme. He presented her with a book of patterns, and I can well imagine her, perched on the top of a flight of steps, trying the effect of these against the floral frieze.

* * *

But a quilt in the hand being worth more than one in the bush—in other words, Florence, being anxious to see the article already completed before she named it as hers—she sallied forth to another shop. And here, despite the exquisite samples that she had already examined, she was told that noody used satin quilts nowadays, and that they would wear through in six months' time. Meanwhile there was displayed for her admiration a bewildering array of artificial silks in all manner of delicate and fascinating colorings. And there was one that would almost have done—green and purple and gold, only the flowers were printed on a pale grey ground, and that does soil so easily, doesn't it? However, although the prices were attractive, Florence left, saying that she would probably call again; and the man, having heard that tale before, looked after her, perfectly certain that she wouldn't!

And then, one day, when she was looking round quite casually she came upon it, the perfect quilt—at least, almost perfect. It was green, not too much so or too little so, but just a sufficient greenness. True, its Michaelmas daisies had turned into rhododendrons and its chrysanthemums had shrunk to the size of buttercups, but after all, it was a quilt that Florence was wanting, not an autumn flower pot. And, congratulating herself on the reward that comes to her who perseveres, she ordered it to be sent home, after the shopman had told her that satin quilts were fashionable nowadays and that nobody wanted those of artificial silk. On



A Spring coat will bring forth the exclamation "It's a honey" for more reasons than one. It lines up with the new mode with detailed precision, and—it is fashioned of honey-beige suede cloth. Bands of black galyak are used to suit the most fastidious taste. They trim the neckline and the sleeves above the wrist in the latest approved manner. In the narrow ruffled banding of fur on the skirt there is even an indication of the peplum that all new models are considering important. It is belted and buttoned so cleverly at the waist that it gives the appearance of a dress, which gives a double reason for enthusiasm.

that statement he may congratulate himself!

* * *

It was Cousin Martha who said the last word. It ran something like this: "I can't understand why you are always wasting your energy on little things while you might be doing something worth while. There are the oranges waiting for the marmalade, while you go round hunting after color schemes and such rubbish. Green or magenta—it will keep you warm all the same!"

Florence thinks that Cousin Martha has something in common with the shopman.—Weekly Scotsman.

Wire screens covered with cheesecloth are excellent for pantries and storerooms with windows near the ground, for they keep out dust,

Teaching Generosity

By Marion Brownfield.

SOME children do not have to be taught to be generous. They are as impartial in giving as sunshine itself! But many children are, if not actually stingy, inclined to be selfish. In a family where there are several children, it will often be noticed that either generosity or stinginess is a marked trait in each child.

The "only" child is often little to blame if he grows up selfish, for he hasn't the opportunity for sharing that one of several children in a family has, and his parents often unconsciously encourage him to be selfish. But unfortunately, adults may also teach children, blessed with brothers and sisters, to be selfish, both by example and by speech. The "holding-on" habit is easy to learn. It grows, and it is hard to break! The mother who hoards, unnecessarily, in her household, the father whose garage is a junk pile from which he won't spare a scrap or the aunt who can't bear to pick a flower in her garden because "they look so much prettier growing," all teach children to be the opposite of generous.

CONTRAST, with these, the mother who encourages Johnnie to collect newspapers in his own home and neighborhood to salvage for charity or, better still, the parents who from the child's babyhood by suggestion and example made him eager to share his seat, his playthings, his candy, with brother or sister or even the forlorn little child of the laundress playing at the back door. "Not what ye give, but what ye share." Children are like putty at the beginning, and those first impulses, educated in the right way, may become the cornerstone of generosity.

When a little girl sees Mother share her "company" dessert with a neighbor, remember those at Christmas who can't "exchange gifts," lend magazines and books, and give willingly to various benevolences instead of spending all her spare change on trifles for herself, the child learns the real joy of generosity. The spiritual doesn't need to be voiced. It will be felt.

But how carefully must the opposite teaching be avoided. The mother who says, "Go and borrow that magazine back from Mrs. Brown. She's had it all day; that's long enough! I want it myself this evening," is unaware, doubtless, that she is grafting an unlovely bit from her own character onto her child's! By this act she is likely to impede even the child's material success in life.

AS unselfishness is a fundamental of generosity it can be impressed on children that sharing does not always refer to material things. They can easily understand that to share a friend, to show others a pleasant walk or a beautiful sunset is often a most delightful kind of generosity. It is worth while to help them to cultivate it.—From an article issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York.

Play Equipment for Baby

FROM the time that a child begins to walk he needs every possible opportunity to practise balancing and also to exercise his leg and arm muscles. Climbing, and before that, walking up inclines, aids this development. The child who has experimented long enough to determine for himself what he can safely accomplish, rarely overestimates his abilities, says a contributor to "Successful Farming." Playing with much older children or being exposed to an anxious adult audience will sometimes tempt him to "show off" to his later sorrow. To a child it seems worth taking a big risk to obtain adult attention.

Often two old table leaves can be found around the house, or perhaps at grandmother's. If these are fastened together by means of ordinary screen door hooks and a 2 x 4 placed under these joined ends, a gentle incline is ready for the toddler to play on. Two 2 x 4's placed upon each other make a little higher incline. Either is enjoyed by the 2-year-old as a fine hill for toy trains and autos to ascend and descend many times. If these 2 x 4's are wrapped with brown paper which is securely fastened with glue-paper strips they will look better, will not scar the floors, and will not be the source of splinters for small fingers. An added feature of this equipment is that it can be folded up and put away in a corner after the children are through playing.

If another 2 x 4 is placed under the other end of the board, the child has a fine bridge for boats to go under and trains and autos to go over. With both ends placed securely upon two straight chairs, a child will get an added thrill. At this point the uneasy mother had better busy herself elsewhere or son may be tempted to overstep his abilities if he is conscious of excited "Oh's" and "Ah's" or cross warnings.

Two packing boxes which are large enough for a child to climb in and out of are splendid additions to the outdoor playground. One or two 1 x 10 or 14 planks add much to the play possibilities. Such a plank may serve as bridge or house roof or innumerable other things, created by a small child's imagination. A smaller plank may be placed so that one end resting upon the side of the sandbox makes an out-of-door incline. The lifting of even heavy boards is not likely to harm the child unless the boards are too long.

Such equipment has two splendid qualities. It is reasonable in price and has many play possibilities for the imaginative and ingenious child or children. It is surprising how long such equipment will serve to entertain them.

A thread of yarn that has started to pull out from the carpet should never be pulled all the way out but should be cut the same length as the rest of the nap with a pair of scissors. If the thread is long stick a wool needle down through the carpet close to it and threading in the yarn pull it back in place.

AROUND THE CORNER

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year is gone,
And I never see my old friend's face;
For life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger then;
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired with playing a foolish game;
Tired with trying to make a name.
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I am thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes—and tomorrow goes;
And the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner!—yet miles away.
"Here's a telegram, sir." "Jim died today!"
And that's what we get—and deserve in the end—
Around the corner, a vanished friend.
—Charles Hanson Towne.

HOME COMPETITIONS

We all know how interesting a contest is even for grown-ups. But did you ever try holding a contest at home, a work contest? Just try it and you will be surprised how many things can be accomplished in a few days.

Last spring there seemed to be so much to be done— little things connected with housecleaning, gardening, and the like.

I was wondering, writes a correspondent of "The Country Gentleman," how I could ever get them all done, when an idea occurred to me. I made a long list of different odd jobs to be done, and tacked it up in a conspicuous place in the kitchen. I explained to the family that the contest would last until Saturday night and that the one doing the greatest number of tasks would receive the prize.

The regular work was not to be neglected, but these could be done at any convenient time, and when one was done, the doer was to draw a line through and then write his name after it.

The children fairly flew around to help, and there was no quarreling over the work as there sometimes is. They were all anxious to write their names as many times as possible, and by Saturday noon everything was done and marked off, and all anxious to hear about the prize.

In this case the prize was $1.00 and a trip to the movies. Everyone was satisfied, but all were wanting to know when we could hold another contest.

We have had others since, some lasting only for the day and others longer, the prize always being according to the amount of work done. All the contests have been enjoyed immensly.

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6740. Ladies' Dress. Cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4 7-8 yards of 39 inch material. To face revers with contrasting material requires 1-2 yard 18 inches wide cut crosswise. To underface the flounce requires 1 1-2 yard of 39 inch material. Price 15c.

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WASH YOUR HAT LINING

You wouldn't put on soiled underwear after a bath, would you? Then why wear a dirty hat lining after a shampoo? It is an easy matter to remove the lining of a hat, wash it in soap and water and sew it back into place again. Many fastidious women always keep an extra hat lining on hand for just that purpose.

Persons who suffer from dandruff should be especially careful to keep the lining of their hats free from the oils and particles of dust absorbed from the hair so as to discourage the breeding of the germs that cause this unpleasant condition. If you want to keep a new or freshly washed hat lining from becoming soiled, tack a strip of inch wide bandage gauze inside the brim of the hat and replace it frequently with a fresh strip.

KEEP THE MEDICINE TRAY CLEAN

A neighbor who has in the house a confirmed invalid has worked out a neat and sanitary method of keeping the bedside table. She puts medicines, silver, napkin, water glass, water and medicine glasses under a big round glass cheese cover, such as one sees in the grocery. Also, the alarm clock is under the glass, so that the sick one may know the time and yet not be annoyed by the ticking. This cover keeps out dust and germs from the medicines and is a wise idea. Of course it can be used for temporary illness, just as well as for the shut-in who must be abed constantly.—Transcript.

CONTROL DAYLIGHT BY SHADES

Too much daylight is as trying on the eyes as the glare of artificial lights. Not only for beauty and restfulness in a room but for actual and practical use daylight should be local ized. Rather it should be controlled and directed by shades to secure the most light where light is needed and to exclude the glare and shine of light coming from above the eyes.

Most people crave barren glaring windows, then wonder why, after an hour of reading in a room flooded with white light, their eyes are heavy and their nerves irritated.

One of the bitterest mistakes of modern builders is the use of a strong inverted light against the ceiling which attracts the eye upward. The gaze is "pulled" up when naturally it should rest upon and be attracted on the eye level or below, as in the case of reading.

This pulling results unconsciously in a feeling of instability and finally in nervousness and irritability. Daylight pouring through full length windows has the same ultimate effect. The half-drawn shade is physically as well as artistically to be desired.

Eliminating the glare and producing a soft mellow light is one of the greatest merits of tinted cambric cloth.

DAINTY NIGHTLIGHTS

Although many modern children are brought up so free from childish fears that they drop off to sleep happily in total darkness, it is wise, for the child's own sake, to give a little one with a nervous temperament some comforting glimmer of light in the night nursery (writes P. H. E. in the Daily Chronicle).

The new nightlights are electric ones, of course. Wee globes in all colors are now obtainable, with simple fitments and flex wiring which can be attached to any wall plug. Some are modelled and colored to represent birds, animals, amusing figures, fruits, and flower-buds.

There are also delightful figures made of opaque china, which conceal the battery, etc., of an electric torch, for the same purpose. A wise old brown owl and a cross-legged Chinaman are two in this class of nightlight.

The mother with ideas and clever fingers would probably manufacture some pretty shade with a special appeal to a small child. Cinderella's fairy godmother, with a spreading transparent skirt to cover the little globe; a cardboard "Wendy House," with red windows; or a small ship with shining portholes and gay sails, are a few suggestions.

One of the best remedies for burns is equal parts of linseed oil and lime water applied with a soft cloth and then covered with a soft cloth to keep out the air. It is well to keep a bottle of this solution on hand for emergencies.

Just try using a long-handled shoe buttoner to pull pans forward in the hot oven. You will find this way of protecting the hands more convenient than anything else you have ever tried.

If you will sprinkle a handful of coarse salt on the bottom of the garbage can after it is emptied this winter, it will prevent the garbage from freezing to the bottom. When the can is emptied no one will bang it to pieces trying to empty it, and the life of the can will be prolonged.

By taking a minute longer and making the starch in the morning when the teakettle is boiling, the starch could be covered immediately with a close-fitting lid and be as smooth as if just off the stove.

To make woolen blankets softer and hold their shape, hang them on a line dripping wet instead of wringing them

Sewing Room Hints

Don't imagine that because we are threatened with petticoats, flounced petticoats, we are to be weighed down with the old bunchy kind. With dresses that fit closely over the hips and flare below all undies must be carefully cut and of soft materials. Princess chemises, and slips cut to the waist-line in the back if they are worn with low decolletage are made in the manner of an overall but are many of them half lace and as dainty as possible. Petticoats must be set on a long yoke and are lace practically their whole length. Panties have flat yokes and then flares or they have no yokes but button down the side, or they are cut circular but all undies are cut much more protectively than they have been, one fashion expert from Paris is quoted as saying "You may stand on your head with perfect propriety so far as your underwear goes." But all must follow the molded line.

Women are buying black stockings again, but of so filmy a sort that the effect is not yet that of the solid looking black stocking of the days of long skirts and petticoat frills. The pinky stocking, I am told, is "dead" to the rich and elegant woman, but will continue to prevail because the darker shades have a tendency to turn pink in the cheaper makes when washed, and not every person can afford new ones every time.

When making cretonne curtains for your home, stitch a piece of wide white braid over the shirring of the heading, and on the wrong side. Through this run the rod. It will last longer than rings.

Problems of Homemakers

Film on Furniture

Dear Madam,—My kitchen has no door and as a result every time I make fried cakes or French fried potatoes, the grease goes into the rest of the house and films the furniture. What should I use to polish the furniture (natural finish) to remove this film and keep the polish?—Mrs. B.

The very first thing I would do would be to make a curtain for that doorway, if a light door is not feasible. A washable curtain of pretty cretonne or material to match the curtains in the living room lined, perhaps with gingham or something to match on the kitchen side as well, could be hung so as to look well and shut out most of the smoke. If I could not manage that, I would make a curtain of flour sacks or close cotton with a couple or three rings on it and put up some hooks or nails to hook the rings on so that the curtain would hang close and flat. I surely would do that for if the grease films the wood of your furniture it must soil ceiling and upholstering as well.

To freshen the polish rub well with a mixture of lime water, raw linseed oil and turpentine in equal quantities. The first two are first well shaken till thoroughly incorporated. The mixture is then thinned with turpentine. Apply rather liberally to the article with a pad of wadding; rub well to clean away any dirt or film, then wipe off with a rag. Make a pad of cheesecloth or soft rag, folding it up firmly till it presents a face free from creases. Sprinkle this with methylated spirits, and press well in until the surface is fairly moist (not wet). With this give the article a good polishing; apply lightly at first and exert a little pressure as the spirit evaporates.

Filling Worm Holes in Wood

Dear Madam,—Can you tell me what would be best to use for filling some wormholes in a piece of old furniture I want to polish?—L. D. B.

Mix finely crushed whiting to a paste with linseed oil, adding Venetian red or brown umber or Vandyke brown to get color of wood. Just before using pour in a little French polish or spirits varnish and mix well; this hardens the mass.

Grease On Rug

Dear Madam,—Kindly give directions for cleaning grease off a rug. A quantity was spilt on my dining room rug and I am afraid of spoiling it by simply washing it.—H. S.

Grease spilled on a rug may be cleaned by absorption with fuller's earth or French chalk put on the spot or a blotter and warm iron; scrubbing with luke warm soap suds or soap bark if you are sure the colors will not run. Or carbon tetrachloride, a non-inflammable fluid that can be obtained from any drug store.

Benzine or pure gasoline are equally good, but the danger of fire is so great that one hesitates to advise their use except out of doors. If they are used indoors, it must be only when there is absolutely no fire in the house. Such grease as candle wax may be best removed by scraping with a knife and then pressing with a warm iron over a blotter.

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Whig and Democrat Roses



Another Whig Rose



The Democrat Rose

A beautiful quilt, the original of which was made 60 years ago, is known as the Democrat Rose. The block measures 25 inches square, and only a few blocks are needed for a quilt. Three plain colors are used, a dark green, a dark red and a rich orange yellow, on a white background. The parts heavily dotted in the illustration are of red, the lighter dots yellow, and the lines green. Following this plan the centre of the large rose is red surrounded by yellow, then another line of red and an outer edge of green. The centre of each small rose is yellow, the rest red. The leaves and stems are green, the rose buds red. Although dark shades were used in the original, lighter colors make a beautiful combination. This quilt pattern was traced by Ollie Mae Hisey of Corydon, Ind.

This Whig Rose quilt is of green and red on a white background. The centre and outer edge of the rose are red, the intervening space white. The stems and leaves are green, and the buds red. In the very centre of the rose, for a space of an inch across, the red is dotted with French knots of brown, representing the stamens of the rose. The block is 17 inches square. The block was taken off by Lillie McGee of Lake City, Miss., whose grandmother in 1852 pieced and quilted the quilt from which the illustration is made. In both the rose quilts the design is appliqued into the background.

ANOTHER PRETTY CROCHET EDGE

This is a pretty and quickly made edge for curtains; also is good for doily edging, and in fine thread for handkerchiefs. Good also for dresser scarfs and towel ends.

Make a row of buttonhole effect with dc around the article.

First Row—Chain 2, 1 tr in every second buttonhole loop. At the corners make (2 ch and 1 tr) three times in the loop at the extreme corner.

Second Row.—Ch 12, dc 1 in every fourth loop. At the corners dc 1 in each corner loop. Make loop of 11 ch at the corners.

Third row—Dc 14 in first loop, 7 dc in next loop, 12 ch; turn and fasten in middle of first loop with 1 dc. Turn work again, and make 14 dc in loop thus formed, then 7 dc to finish loop already containing 7dc. Then make 14 dc in next loop, 7 dc for half of next loop. Continue as previously directed to the end of the row, making a loop of 14 ch at the corners.

Fourth Row—Ch 2. 1 tr in every third stitch.

Fifth Row.—Dc 1, 4 ch, dc 1 in each loop.

Abbreviations — Ch means chain stitch (pull loop through the one on hook); sc, single crochet (with one loop on hook, pull loop through both the designated stitch of preceding row and the loop on the hook); dc, double crochet (pull loop through stitch, then thread over hook and pull through both loops on hook); tr, treble crochet (thread over hook, put hook through stitch below and pull loop through the stitch, thread over hook and through two loops on hook; thread over hook and through the remaining two loops); dtr, long or double treble crochet (thread twice over hook, put hook through designated stitch and pull loop through, which gives four loops on hook, thread over hook and through two loops, thread over hook and through remaining two loops).

MAN'S KNITTED TIE DROP STITCH DESIGN

Use a fine firm make of silk, and have as few joins as possible, care being taken not to split any stitches, otherwise it will not pull. Cast on 60 stitches on three needles, and knit in stocking web stitch for 20 inches, or half length required.

Last Row—Knit 1, drop 1, knit 1, drop 1, to the end of the round. Put stitches on two needles, and cast off, as for toe of stocking, and fasten securely. Now get some one to hold end of tie, and pull dropped stitches to first row. Press, and sew up other end.

If a three-minute hourglass is placed by the telephone, long distance toll calls can be timed.

SEWING ROOM HINTS

When the thread with which you are sewing becomes knotted, pull it toward the needle and it will frequently unravel without any further trouble. Then to avoid further trouble fasten and break off your thread and, pulling it through your needle, make a knot at the other end and begin again. The trouble was probably caused by your threading in with the end next the spool. One old lady always threaded her needle, then broke or cut off her thread and she said it had saved her much time and fussing over snarled thread.

Pull off several yards of sewing cotton or silk from the new spool and rewind it before using on the sewing machine. This will prevent the silk from falling down in loops and snapping.

White frocks are always made in very simple styles, and moire is a good material to choose. In the recent dress shows I saw a model of white satin with a very thin overdress of black silk net. The greyish effect was lovely. Any girl in her 'teens or early twenties might choose such a frock.

Yellowed handkerchiefs can be whitened by soaking them over night in a solution of pipeclay and warm water. Then wash and boil.

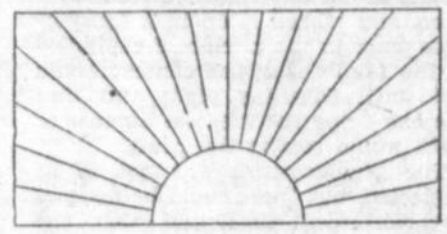
Susan Asks and Answers

Bear's Paw or Tracks?

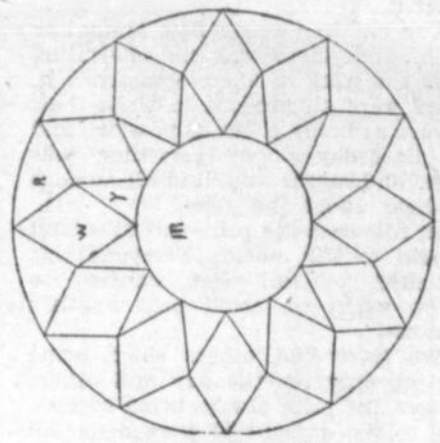
We seem to be getting more interested in quilts, not less so, and as to patterns, they keep coming faster than I can find space for them. Some one writes to say that she thinks the pattern Mrs. W. W. K. wants is the block Mrs. Philip Beck calls "The Bear's Track," published Aug. 21, 1929 in the Witness. What do you think? Is there another "Bear's Paw"?

More Rising Suns

Oh, so many letters enclosing stamped envelopes from readers who want to see that Rising Sun or Star pattern of Mrs. Colin Campbell's. The first ones that reached me were from points in Ontario, so started it on its journey at once and hope everyone will look at it well and send it right back. Please don't keep it to show someone at the sewing meeting next week, or we will never get it to all those who want it. From Miss Annie Hall come two more "Rising Sun" patterns. No. 1 is a circle with rays filling the block. It might be used in any size desired, a complete square or half a square as represented, or if wanted for the corners, a quarter block.



Rising Sun I



Rising Sun II

Rising Sun No. II was sent by both Miss Hill and Mrs. D. J. M. The only difference being in coloring. One pattern was colored as indicated by the lettering red centre, small triangles, light yellow, diamonds white, outer wide triangles red on a fifteen inch background of white surounded by a two-inch band of red. No directions are given but I presume the sun might be appliqued in the centre of a 15 inch square of white, or pieced round with the white. Miss Hill's colors are orange for the centre circle, white for the small triangles, light yellow for the diamonds, white for the wide triangles and orange to fill in around for the square block. She mentions no band and the sun fills the square leaving only the corners. No indication of size is given with this last, but in the other case the large circle is 11 1-4 inches in diameter and the smaller one 4 1-2, centred in the 15-inch block.

These look difficult to cut but if you draw your circle with compasses or a pencil tied to a string you will be able to mark your circle accurately. Then if you divide the line marking the small circle into the right number of parts and place your ruler across from the centre to the marks you can draw the lines to the outer edge; this will give you the width of your small triangles and the points of your diamonds. Lines from the centre to points dividing the base marked for the small triangles in half will, if continued, give you the points of the small and wide triangles. In the same way dividing the circle of the Rising Sun I first into quarters, then in 9 parts for each quarter, you can by placing your ruler from the centre to those marks, be able to rule the rays evenly. Don't forget in cutting that none of the rays or triangles are exactly straight; where they touch the circles they curve slightly. I have seen the rays made alternately white, orange and yellow, with an orange sun, but no colors were given for this.

Star-like Peony

Dear Susan S.—You will be surprised to hear from me again so soon, but I was looking at a scrap book I have with quilt patterns pasted in and came across one called "Peony Quilt" —not "Peony Rose"—still it might be the one your correspondent asked for, as quilt names differ so much, so I thought I would send it. There are no directions with it for size or color. I have had it a very long time. The little diamonds should, of course be all the same size.

How do you think this pattern would do to make a pieced rose? Make two more large diamonds like the six already made and leave off the little diamond that makes the point of the large diamond and make it of two shades of red, light and dark or pink and white.

I enclose several more patterns. The "Democrat Rose" is too fussy for me and I guess the others are, too, but they'll help swell the number I have in my book. I have over a hundred patterns, though not all in my book yet. I do not want to be selfish and take more "turns" than belong to me, but perhaps you will tuck them away in your pigeon hole until later on. Thanks for printing the little verse and so many patterns.—Mrs. A. E. Brett.

The Democrat Rose is such a charming pattern that I am putting it in today with the description given in the old paper from which you clipped it. The Whig Rose is a variation of the one we have had. Both are easily copied as I have before described by ruling across the illustration and dividing the full-sized square in the same way into halves, quarters, eighths.

The "Peony Quilt" block is curiously unlike a peony, being 6 diamonds, each made up of 9 small diamonds and in the space left by the absence of the two large extra diamonds a vase put in. With two more diamonds it would be exactly like a small edition or the centre of the 8-pointed "Rising Sun" or "Star" (See Feb. 5) the colors being arranged in circles in the same way. The vase might be pieced in or appliqued on. With the points of the star left out making only 8 small diamonds in each large section and made with two colors on say a pale green ground it would be flower-like but more like, say, a cornflower or cosmos than a rose, I would think. Thank you for the extra patterns; I will lay them by for future reference.

Joining Carpet Rags

Dear Susan S.—A long time ago I saw a description of a way to join carpet rags without sewing them. Do you know it? I think you cut slits in the ends of the rags, but I can't remember any more. I am planning to crochet some mats and it seemed to me it would be quicker. I would be grateful if you would tell me how to do it and whether you think it a good way.—G. E. C.

Yes, I have heard of joining rags.



Joining the Carpet Rags

Lay the ends of two pieces together and cut a slot through the two, then turn back the end of one and push it through the slot. (See illustration.) Pull tight and repeat with the end of the piece you put through the slot and another. Whether this is practical or not, I do not know. It might prevent smooth folding of the rags but I would think it might do well for crocheting. What do our other readers think? Has any one joined rags this way?

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.

HOME COOKING

Puddings for Cold Days

By Madam.

JELLIES and cold desserts are perfect for spring and summer days, but at this season, nothing is so good as a hot pudding. It may be boiled, or steamed, or baked. It may be "hearty" to follow a soup or fish dinner, or it may be light and airy to give the final touch to a meal where rich meats and vegetables have provided all the food really necessary, but we do want it. Perhaps you may be having mild weather when you read this, but at this moment, twenty-six below zero and bright sunshine together are making my verandahs and porches crack like pistols and hot desserts seem most alluring.

Really, truly old-fashioned puddings, as the children call them, are boiled or steamed. Baked puddings became popular when stoves and easily managed ovens came into vogue.

The boiled pudding should be put into a well greased mold or basin and closely covered, immersed in rapidly boiling water, which must be kept boiling and up to the top of the mold. Never fill the mold quite full; leave a little room for the pudding to swell. When the roly-poly pudding is made put it into a floured cloth or bag, filling the bag three-quarters full and tie it securely. Drop into the fast boiling water and boil steadily the given number of hours. When lifted let it steam off and get firm for a few minutes before removing the bag to dish the pudding. As water is added it must be boiling or it will make the pudding heavy. Never let the water under boiled or steamed pudding go off the boil.

Sauces made for the boiled or steamed pudding must be of the best ingredients and plentiful in amount, as these puddings require to be well sauced.

Puddings should always be steamed in well-greased molds, so they will not break in turning out, being very sure to grease the covers as well as the molds. Pans with a tube through the centre are better for larger puddings, while pound and half pound baking powder cans and cocoa tins are excellent containers for the smaller ones. Smaller tins often give better results. If the container has no lid cover tightly with a piece of well-greased paper securely tied about the tin. The time of steaming depends upon the size of the molds, but should be sufficient always for a well done product; thus one should preferably steam them for too long, rather than for slightly too short a time. Be careful to keep the water boiling under the steamer to maintain an even cooking temperature, and be sure not to lift the lid off the pan during the first half hour at least. Add more boiling water to the kettle if necessary.

To cut the hot pudding with a knife is very apt to make it heavy. It is better instead to use two forks, cutting the pudding with the tines of one fork and pulling it apart carefully at the same time with the other. When mixed a little softer most steamed puddings are excellent baked, or they may be steamed without alteration in the pressure cooker.

Michigan Brown Betty:—1½ cups bread crumbs, ¼ cup melted butter, 2 cups chopped apple, 2½ cups milk, 2 eggs, ⅛ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup brown sugar, ¼ tsp. nutmeg or cinnamon. Pour melted butter over the crumbs, and arrange alternate layers of the crumbs and chopped apple in a buttered baking dish. Scald the milk and combine it with beaten eggs, sugar, and other seasonings. Pour this mixture over the layers of crumbs and apple. Bake in a moderate oven from 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with cream.

Graham Pudding:—Beat two fresh eggs and add a half cup of milk, a half cup of molasses, in which dissolve a half teaspoon of soda, a lump of butter the size of an egg, a level teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon of nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves mixed, one cup of graham flour unsifted, two cups of sifted white flour in which a cup of stoned raisins have been well rubbed. Mix and put in a well greased mold and steam two hours. Serve with a hard sauce made of a half cup of butter, a cup of sugar, a beaten egg and saltspoon of grated nutmeg.

Date Pudding:—Melt 3 tablespoons shortening, add ½ cup molasses, ½ cup milk, 1 2-3 cups flour mixed with ½ teaspoon soda, ¼ teaspoon each cloves, allspice and nutmeg, then ½ lb. cut dates or raisins. Steam 2½ hours and serve with foamy sauce.

Apple Pudding:—Using two cups of flour, make a light biscuit dough. Pat and roll out. Place in the centre of the dough four apples which have been cut in eighths, sprinkled with one tablespoon sugar mixed with one-fourth teaspoon each of salt and nutmeg. Bring dough around the apples and carefully lift into a buttered mold or a 5 lb. lard pail. Cover mold. Set on small support in kettle with boiling water coming half way up on the mold. Steam one hour and 25 minutes, or cook for 30 minutes at 10 lbs. pressure in pressure cooker.

Cranberry Pudding:—Four tablespoons fat, ½ cup sugar, 1 1-3 cups flour (or one cup flour and ½ cup bread crumbs), four teaspoons baking powder, 2-3 cup sour milk, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 2-3 cup chopped (coarsely) cranberries. Almond flavoring. Sift dry ingredients, mix all thoroughly. Turn into well-greased mold. Cover and steam two hours. Or cook for 30 minutes at 10 lbs. pressure in pressure cooker.

Fig Bread Pudding:—One cup finely chopped suet, two eggs, 2½ cups crumbs soaked in ½ cup milk, one cup brown sugar (less if desired) 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ lb. finely chopped figs. If figs are plentiful double this amount. Flavor with lemon or sometimes with one teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Steam three hours in buttered mold, or cook 30 minutes at 10 lbs. pressure.

Apple Cornmeal Pudding:—Have a dozen apples pared, cored and sliced very thin. Combine with the following: one quart sweet milk, one quart cornmeal, one teaspoon salt, ¼ cup chopped suet and one cup molasses in which one teaspoon soda has been dissolved. Stir well, pour in two or more greased molds and steam about four hours. Serve hot with cream or sauce. May be cooked 30 minutes at 10lbs. pressure.

Plum Pudding Sauce:—Heat together one cup syrupy juice from canned plums and three tablespoons (or less) of sugar. Moisten one tablespoon cornstarch in twice as much water; stir into the hot juice and boil Serve warm.

Lemon Dumplings:—Mix two cupfuls of bread crumbs with ½ cupful of butter substitute, ½ cupful of maple syrup or honey, a pinch of salt and the grated rind of one lemon. Moisten with two well beaten eggs and the strained juice of one lemon; mix well, and put the mixture into small well greased molds, cover with greased papers and steam steadily for one hour. Turn them out on to a hot dish and serve with the following jam sauce: Put into a saucepan four tablespoonfuls of water, two tablespoonfuls of maple or corn syrup, two tablespoonfuls of jam and two yolks of eggs; stand the pan in another containing boiling water, whisk the sauce until it becomes frothy and thickens, then use.

Chocolate Puff Balls:—One tablespoon of butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons cocoa, ½ cup sweet milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 heaping cup flour and 1 teaspoon baking powder. Mix well, put into 6 well buttered cups and steam ½ hour. Serve with whipped cream or the following sauce. **Sauce:**—½ cup sugar, butter size of egg, 1 heaping tablespoon flour. Melt butter, add flour and sugar, mix and then add 1 cup of milk or water. Cook until it thickens then flavor with vanilla.

Oatmeal Fruit Pudding:—There is often a little oatmeal left over from breakfast. This can be used in a mixed fruit pudding according to the following directions:—1 cup cooked oatmeal, 2 apples, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup raisins, ¼ cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Dice the apple fine and toss into a frying pan in which the butter has been melted. Stir and cook until the apple is lightly browned on all sides. Add the sugar, turn the fire low and heat and stir until the apple is well coated with the sugar, and the sugar is beginning to melt. This gives the pudding a nice caramel flavor. Butter a baking dish and fill it with alternate layers of the seasoned oatmeal, raisins and the apples. Sprinkle each layer with a little cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes and cover, if you like, with an egg-white meringue. Figs or dates may be used instead of the raisins.

Rich in body and delicate as blossoms in its flavour

"SALADA"

(GREEN)

JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

"So New and Charming"



women say of the beautiful English ware now packed in Quick Quaker Oats marked "Chinaware"

There's a thrill in buying Quick Quaker in the package marked "chinaware." For each contains one of our new pieces of English chinaware in the old ivory tint.

This new, higher quality of tableware is made in the finest English potteries—distinctively shaped and bordered with an exquisite floral design in English colourings.

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Large family size packages. Never in bulk.



QUICK QUAKER OATS

Cooks in 2½ minutes

864

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Verney Ancestor

By Paul Fort.

(Continued from last week)

"But he didn't have to put on his iron clothes to be kind," said Fitz. "It was only when he had them on that he was a coward." And the boy made another crack at the figure's head.

"I don't believe he was ever anything of the kind," said Rowena, taking the great mailed hand affectionately in her own, while the little dog Tip sniffed around the knight's feet in a way he had never done before.

"This glove feels exactly as if it had fingers in it," said Rowena.

At this moment the figure spoke.

"If I am a coward, young man," it said, "I should like to know what you are."

At these words Fitz Eustace dropped into the chair as if he had been shot, while Rowena stood as if petrified by fear.

"Here is a boy," continued the figure, "who comes and strikes a person who can not strike him back, and then begins to call people cowards."

"I didn't know you were alive," said Fitz, almost beginning to cry, while Rowena ran and threw her arms around her brother.

"I suppose not," said the figure, "or you would not have struck me. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, you are our 'cestor," said Fitz, preparing to slip out of the chair.

"Well, then, you need n't run away," said the figure. "You have seen me all your lives, and you ought to know by this time that I will not hurt you. Would you like to hear a story?"

THE idea of hearing a story from anybody was delightful to Rowena, and a story from the old ancestor was something she could not resist, frightened as she was; so she whispered to her brother:

"Let's listen to his story. He can't move. He can't hurt us."

Rowena now clambered into the chair beside her brother, and the figure proceeded.

"You think it is a fine thing, do you not," he said, "to have an ancestor who has been very grand and has done great deeds?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Rowena, speaking for herself and Fitz, who had not yet recovered.

"Well, then," said the 'cestor, "I want you to pay particular attention to my story. Once there was a fairy godmother. She had been godmother to a great many children, but at the time I am speaking of, she was godmother to only one boy and a girl. Their names were Ramp and Bramette. They were not brother and sister, but they were acquainted with each other. At a certain time of the year, the fairies used to preserve and pickle a great quantity of chipply-berries."

"What are they, sir?" asked Rowena.

"They were a kind of berries the fairies were very fond of. There are none of them now, so there is no use telling you what they were like. They were the fairies' principal food during the winter, and so they needed a great many of them at preserving and pickling time. Therefore, on a certain day of every year, the people of the country round about used to give up everything else, and go to work gathering chipply-berries for the fairies, for it was considered a great thing to be on good terms with these little folk. When the day for gathering chipply-berries came, at the time I tell you of, the fairy godmother called Ramp and Bramette to her. 'I am very anxious,' she said, 'that my two godchildren should distinguish themselves on this day; and, therefore, I am going to offer a prize for you to work for. Whichever of you succeeds the better in the labors of today shall have this diamond, which you see is as big as the largest chipply-berry.' The children were delighted with this offer, and ran away to the chipply-fields. In the evening the fairy godmother came to see what they had done. Bramette had a bushel-basket full of berries. 'Did you gather all these?' asked the fairy. 'Oh, no,' said Bramette, 'they were nearly all gathered by my father and mother, my grandfather and grandmother, who are the best chipply-berry gatherers in this district.' 'But did you not gather any of them?' asked the fairy. 'I believe I did pick a few at first,' said Bramette, ' but I liked best to measure them as they were brought in, to see how many we were getting.' 'Then they are not really yours,' said her godmother. 'Oh, yes, they are,' answered Bramette. 'Father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother said that I could sall them all my own, so that I might try for the prize.'

"'And what have you done?' said the fairy turning to Ramp. 'I have only gathered these" said the boy, producing a quart-pot full of chipply-berries, 'but I think they are all good ones.' 'Yes,' said the fairy, turning them out, 'they are fine, sound berries, but are these all you could get?' 'Yes, ma'am,' answered Ramp, 'I would n't pick the little withered ones, and it was hard work finding these big fellows. I had to climb all day upon the hill-sides and among the rocks.' 'The diamond is yours,' said the fairy godmother. 'What you have brought, you have gathered yourself, and all the credit is your own. Bramette owes her berries entirely to her parents and grandparents. She has a great many more berries than you have, but she gathered none of them herself. Let this be a lesson to you, Bramette,' she continued. 'It is very well that your father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother, are the best chipply-berry gatherers in the district; but that makes you no better, and gives you no reason to think well of yourself. If you wish to be justly proud, you must do something to be proud of, and not rely on what your ancestors have done.'

"That is my story," said the figure, "and I wish you to remember it, and to tell it to your older brother and sister. Don't I hear them now, coming in at the front door?"

"Yes, sir," cried Fitz and Rowena. And they instantly jumped down from the chair and ran to tell the wonderful news to Leopold and Edgarda, while, the moment they were out of the room, Tom Green made haste to take off his hot and heavy armour, which had begun to be very uncomfortable and to set it up as it was before.

AS soon as the two children met their brother and sister in the hall, they began to talk together.

"What do you think!" cried Fitz. "The 'cestor has been telling us a story!"

"He talked just like a real man!" said Rowena.

"What!" exclaimed Leopold.

"He said he was not a coward!" cried Rowena.

"And they gathered chipply-berries," cried Fitz.

"What!" exclaimed their sister Edgarda.

"And he said if you want to do a thing you must do it yourself," said Rowena.

"And Ramp only got a quart-pot full," cried Fitz.

"What!" exclaimed Leopold.

"And it don't do for your grandfathers to work for you," said Rowena.

"And they must have been awful good, and Bramette had a whole bushel of them," said Fitz.

"What do you mean?" cried Leopold.

"But Ramp did his own work," said Rowena.

"I wish I had been Bramette!" cried Fitz. "She must have had chipply-berries enough for all the fairies and herself, too."

"What are you talking about?" asked Edgarda.

"But, then, Ramp got the diamond," said Rowena.

"But he couldn't eat that," said Fitz.

At this moment Tom Green walked into the hall from the library.

"Why, Tom!" cried Leopold. "Where did you come from?"

"I have been here some little time, and I just waited in the library for you to come home."

"Oh, I know now!" exclaimed Edgarda. "I know all about it. You have been putting on that armour in the library, and playing a trick on these children."

"Well," said Tom, laughing, "it was n't exactly a trick. I was only trying to tell them a story."

"Had it a moral?" asked Leopold.

"Well—yes," answered Tom, hesitatingly, "it did have a kind of moral."

"What was it?" asked Edgarda.

"I can't put it into exactly the right words," said Tom, "but I meant it to carry out my idea, that I would rather the people I know should be proud of me, than to be proud myself of anybody who is dead. But I did not come here to say all this. I came to talk about the Archery Club."—St. Nicholas.

The Four-Legged Photographer

By Margaret Hudson

OF all the animals on his father's ranch Mark cared most for Rush and Ranger, the twin baby antelopes that one of the sheep herders had captured and given him for pets. But the twins were as shy as rabbits.

He found it hard to get well acquainted with them, for whenever anyone approached them they kicked up their slim little heels and scampered away. He had never been able to lay a finger on either one. Still, he expected to tame them some day.

When Mark's uncle came to visit the ranch he brought his big camera with him. "We'll photograph the antelopes, anyway," he promised Mark.

But that, too, proved a difficult job. The little rascals ran at sight of the camera.

"Never mind," said Mark, trying to make the best of it. "When I go back to New York with Uncle Rolfe I'll tell all the boys I meet how quick the clever they are."

His brother Robert looked doubtful. "You'll have a hard time getting city boys in the East to believe that you have a pair of pet antelopes," he said.

Uncle Rolfe saw the disappointment in Mark's face.

"Don't worry," he said. "I'm going to photograph those chaps one way or another."

So he kept on trying, but it was a discouraging task. Rush and Ranger would let him come within a few feet of them if he came empty-handed, but the moment he set up the tripod or his camera they would go tearing away.

"It's no use, I suppose," Mark decided at last.

But one morning Uncle Ralph nearly got them; he had the camera all ready before they noticed him. When he tried to put the curtain over his head, however, they looked up and went flying. At that moment some one called him to the house; but Mark, who had been looking on from behind the fence, stayed where he was and kept an eye on things. "Maybe they won't be afraid of the camera after they are used to it," he said to himself.

Uncle Rolfe was gone a long time, and Mark sat perfectly still and waited. After about ten minutes his patience was rewarded. Rush and Ranger drew nearer and nearer in their grazing. They did not appear to notice the camera, but after a while Ranger, the bolder of the two, went up to the strange object and began to nose it gently. Rush stopped to watch his brother, but remained at a safe distance. He did not trust the three-legged thing.

Mark did not take his eyes off Ranger. "That shows he's not so much afraid as he tries to make us think," he whispered to himself. Round and round the camera moved the little antelope. Then at last, becoming very bold, he reached out and took the bulb in his mouth. Mark was so amused that he laughed out loud, and like a flash Rush and Ranger were gone.

When Uncle Rolfe came back, he hurried to the camera. "I went off in such a hurry that I forgot to close the plate holder," he said. Mark told him what Ranger had done, and a funny look came over Uncle Rolfe's face. "Bit the bulb, did he?" was his comment. "Oho!"

Mark wondered why his uncle chuckled and he could not help feeling disappointed when the camera was taken down and carried home without any further efforts to get a picture.

The next day Uncle Rolfe came downstairs with a new lot of pictures that he had just developed. He handed the lot to Mark. "Maybe they will interest you," he said.

Mark began to look through the pictures, which showed scenes from nearly the whole ranch. "If only we could have taken the antelopes!" he could not help saying.

Uncle Rolfe smiled. "Well, those fellows were too clever for us," he said. He started to say something else, but Mark interrupted him.

"Why, here's Rush!" he cried. "How did you do it? When did you get it, Uncle Rolfe?"

"I didn't get it," replied Uncle Rolfe, laughing.

Mark looked bewildered. "I don't understand," he said. "Who was smart enough to take this picture of Rush?"

"Ranger," his uncle said, still laughing.

"Ranger?" echoed Mark. He was completely puzzled for a while. Then all at once his face brightened. He remembered. "When he bit the bulb!" he cried.

They all thought it was a fine joke on the antelopes, but they never could persuade Ranger to pose for Rush to take his picture.—The Youth's Companion.

CANARY ISLANDS AND CANARY BIRDS

Have you a canary singing and making music in your house? Did you ever wonder where he came from? Have you learned where the Canary Islands are, and wondered about them too? There was a time, too, when I used to wonder whether the birds gave their name to the islands, or the islands to the birds. Neither is true. It was from another of our favorite pets they got their name. The word Canary (from the Latin Canaria) signifies 'doggy', and that name was given them because on one of the islands, when it was visited in the days of the Romans, a great number of large dogs were found, some of which were carried away, and given to one of the African kings. This breed of dogs has long ago disappeared, and only skeletons of them are occasionally found.

But there are plenty of canary birds in all the Canary Islands, as well as in the other groups off the African coast. Not yellow ones, such as we have, but of an olive-green color, dappled with black, or yellow, or both. About three hundred and seventy-five years ago, a small vessel from Leghorn came to these islands, and carried away as many of the little green singing birds as it could well accommodate,—the captain thinking, no doubt, that the people of Italy would be willing to pay a good price for such sweet musicians. But on his way up the Mediterranean the ship was blown ashore upon the Island of Elba, where it went to pieces, and many of the birds escaped to the land. They found Elba a pleasant abode, reared large families there, and thus the canary was introduced into Europe.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

Arithmetical Problem

I saw a gallant army,
Upon the tented plain;
Their coats of blue were smart and new,
Their arms without a stain.

Once more I saw the army,
The tented plain ran red,
Those men of might had fought their fight
And thousands twelve lay dead!

Again I saw that army
March; tired and travel-stained,
Great wastes were crossed, and there they lost
A sixth of what remained!

Next day that noble army
I saw with pride again,
And heard the drum and murmuring hum
Of sixty thousand men!

Peace-lovers can you tell me
How many men I saw
When first they went, on duty bent,
To try the tug of war?

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

English Towns: 1.—Woodham, 2.—Whitehaven, 3.—Orton, 4.—Hull, 5.—Wigan, 6.—Warrington, 7.—Edale, 8.—Leek, 9.—Newton, 10.—Huntingdon, 11.—Leominster.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGES

By DAVID LYALL

By Special Arrangement

CHAPTER I

MARY FREELAND looked round the little low raftered schoolroom with a sigh, and the expression on her face was wistful.

She had been very happy in her work in Mardocks school, and realized with a sharper pang than usual how she was going to miss its happy and congenial routine, and the bright faces of the children when they brought their morning greetings often accompanied by little posies picked from garden or hedgerow, the outward and visible signs of the love they were too shy to utter.

Even the bicycle ride to and from her home at Basingfold had been a pleasure.

In three weeks' time, unless something unforeseen should happen to prevent it, she would have to say good-bye to his epoch in her life, and remove herself to a very different environment. Mardocks was a typically English village, sleepy, remote, and almost feudal in its social conditions, having nothing whatever in common with its industrial neighbor three miles distant. Basingfold had waxed large and fat in the space of a few years, spreading itself on both banks of the Folder and shooting innumerable chimney stacks up towards the sky. Mary's people lived at Basingfold, where her father owned and worked a woollen mill. It had been a very small, unlucrative concern in pre-war days, and no objection had been taken to Mary, the eldest of the family, going forth to earn her own living.

Mardocks had been her first and only post, and was likely to be her last.

Although nominally appointed by the Board of Managers she was under the complete sway of the Hon. Mrs. Manning, Lady of the Manor of Mardocks, who, early widowed and bereft of both her sons in the war, was a solitary and rather tragic figure at the Mardocks Hall, waiting the arrival of the new Squire, a distant kinsman, from South Africa.

Many generations of Egerton Mannings slept in the vaults under the pretty church, and some few who had loved the open and left specific directions had their graves on the grassy slopes of the churchyard, which was so exquisitely kept, with clipped hedges and shady walks, that many travellers on the road made pause to admire it.

All the crosses were uniform, for Mrs. Manning exercised the strictest surveillance over the buryings, and no one was allowed to erect a memorial which had not passed the bar of her judgment. The school was only separated from the church by a tall yew hedge, a small school-house adjoined, but not being required by Miss Freeland, was in occupation of William Miles, a retired butler from the manor house. Miss Freeland ate her midday meal, by arrangement with the Mileses, and found them very competent, obliging people.

There had been very few applicants for the post when it was vacant or Mary Freeland would not have stood much chance, chiefly because there was a slight suspicion of Dissent about her. Her father, a Scotchman, and originally a Presbyterian, attended St. Barnabas Church with his English wife, but that did not quite clear him of suspicion. Though appointed reluctantly Mary Freeland had been a great success at Mardocks, pleasing even the Hon. Mrs. Manning. She had a wonderfully adaptive nature, and a strong sense of humor which enabled her to see the funny side of things in the feudal conditions among which she had to work.

Although respectful and courteous to Mrs. Manning there was nothing cringing about her; in fact, on occasion, a certain sturdy quality of independence in her had somewhat unpleasantly surprised Mrs. Manning. She did not always respond to invitations to tea when she received them, and when she did accept comported herself with an entire absence of nervousness, which seemed to suggest more equality than Mrs. Manning was prepared to admit. On the whole, however, the relations between them were quite amicable, and Mrs. Manning, in common with the whole village, deplored the fact of her resignation. Why, then, must this admirable arrangement which pleased every one come to an end? The war was responsible for it. The Freelands had made money through it, and were taking an upward step in the social scale. They were removing in two months' time to another neighborhood to take up their abode in a dignified country house, more in keeping, presumably, with their ambitions. Mary was thinking with even greater distaste than usual of the proposed change as she locked up her registers and prepared to take her departure. As she rose from her desk the door opened rather quickly and Canon Severne, the rector of the adjoining parish of Little Heath, also in the Manor of Mardocks, presented himself. His keen, high-bred, ascetic face brightened at sight of her.

"I was afraid you might have gone, Miss Freeland," he observed, as he closed the door and advanced towards her, holding out his hand. Only indifferent health had buried a man of Edward Severne's gifts in the country. He had had a great parish in a busy northern town, where the strain had caused a breakdown and he had been warned by his medical advisers that his only chance of recovery was to bury himself in the depths of the country for a few years. The prescription had acted marvellously; his health was completely restored, and he had enjoyed the retirement which had enabled him to write a book he had had long in contemplation. Mary liked him very much and he had been a good friend to her in school affairs standing by her when she wanted to oppose Mrs. Manning's ordination concerning school work, but she had no idea how he regarded her. A bachelor by choice, and a celibate from conviction, Canon Severne had, since coming to the neighborhood, been visited for the first time by doubts as to the wisdom of his choice. There was something very human, womanly and attractive about the schoolmistress, and her sense of humor was like a gleam of sunshine in a sad world. He had never come into the school without being cheered and uplifted. As he saw her face that afternoon with its winsome smile, the prospect of seeing it no more suddenly smote him with a sense of personal loss equal to a blow.

He observed the dainty neatness of her attire, the feet shod in grey suede corresponding to the colour of her gown, the mauve ribbon on her shady hat, even the sheen of the hair under its brim. And he found the vision good; Mary, though wondering a little at the intentness of his gaze, continued to smile.

"I was just going; I never am in a hurry these days. There are not so many now until I see this dear place no more."

The Canon did not seek to hide his dismay.

"Oh, come, Miss Freeland, never is a long while! Even if you persist in your determination to leave us, surely you will sometimes return to the scene of your happy endeavors."

It was a formal speech, but it rang true, and brought a stinging moisture to the eyes of the schoolmistress.

"I am sure revisiting is a mistake, and it would fill me with unholy rage to see anybody else in my place here, so I won't come, thank you very much."

"If you feel it so keenly, why leave us?" asked the Canon bluntly. "It will be bad news for the entire village. Have you told the children?"

"No, and I'm not going to. I couldn't bear it at all, not that, and as the holidays intervene they will have had time to forget me."

"Impossible!" murmured the Canon emphatically.

"I wish I could think so; but there are no very long memories, even in Mardocks."

"Your decision is quite irrevocable, then? I am on my way to take tea with Mrs. Manning now. Can't I carry a gleam of hope with me to her? It would make her happy, I'm sure."

Mary shook her head.

"If it were only my decision it would never have been taken. But, you see, my people are leaving Basingfold. I think I told you that——"

"You did, without mentioning their destination."

"It is a place called Gorham, about eleven miles on the other side of Basingfold. Do you know it?"

The Canon shook his head.

"I am comparatively a stranger in these parts—I'm a north countryman."

"But you love dear Mardocks, too?" asked Mary suddenly.

A queer twisted smile revealed more than the Canon intended, to a very observant watcher.

"It has served its purpose, which was the restoration of my health. I ought to be girding my loins, too. No doubt you are pointing the way."

"But how sad for poor Mardocks, and for the new Squire! Oh, I think you must stay to help him, and in vulgar parlance show him the ropes, Canon Severne."

He shugged his shoulders. "Mr. Disney will do that, but I think our good friend Mrs. Manning will be adequate to the task."

"No, no." cried Mary, protesting. "She will give him wrong or, at least, partial views of the situation, and the people! She sees them through quite the most limited spectacles. They are human beings, Canon, same as you and I and other people."

She spoke with a kind of impassioned, though quiet earnestness. Once more the Canon was struck by the shrewdness and fearlessness of her judgment.

"If he is not able to see beyond the limited vision presented by others, dear Miss Freeland, then the last state of Mardocks will be worse than its first."

This speech delighted Mary. She could have danced over it. "I made sure you saw things. How proper and guarded we have always been here. How I wish I'd known you saw things like that. But I suppose I ought to have known! I have lived in a state of revolt for five years, absolute raging revolt, and have managed to camouflage it. Think of the effort required. I am exhausted by it!"

"There is no sign of exhaustion visible."

"It is there all the same."

"Have you no interest, or even curiosity, to see Mardocks under a new rule? It will be a different rule—I am sure."

"Oh, of course, that is inevitable; there could not be two Mrs. Mannings Don't think I am unconscious of her beneficence and all that, but it is bondage all the same. Mardocks is in bondage—I pray for its emancipation, for they are dear people, and in spite of the assumption of their 'betters' some of them are quite intelligent."

There was more than raillery; there was deep-seated resentment underlying her words.

"They have had to sit tight and suffer various kinds of small tyranny because they belong here, and have no wish to transfer themselves to strange areas."

"That is true, but this discussion—though immensely interesting——"

"It isn't a discussion," said Mary quickly. "Only the schoolmarm airing her views. You haven't contributed anything. You are far too wise. I am sure it is time I retired from Mardocks. I might possibly complicate life for the new Squire."

"That, indeed, is quite possible," the Canon conceded, though Mary was not aware that his words had quite another significance. "If you will permit me to dwell a minute longer on the personal note—Why are your people leaving Basingfold? Is your father retiring from business?"

"No, extending it. We've waxed fat in the war," said Mary, with a curious inner note of bitterness in her voice. "If you knew my father you would acquit him of deliberate profiteering. He simply hasn't been able to help himself. Do you happen to know Coppetts Mill, where we live?"

"I have never seen it, but if I have your permission it would give me great pleasure to make its acquaintance before I leave Little Heath."

Mary nodded in her most friendly fashion. "It would be very nice to see you, and to hear Mardocks news. I shan't dare to cycle out here for ever so long after I really go—it would hurt too much. Will you really come, Canon Severne?"

"I will indeed, it will give me the greatest pleasure," he responded with the utmost readiness, a slight flush rising to his lean face.

But for Mary Freeland, the least vain and selfconscious of women, it had no significance at all.

"You'll rather like Coppetts. It's very old and quaint, the house is hopelessly ugly, but we've always lived there. We were all born there."

"How many?" asked the Canon interestedly.

"Four; we are only three now; my brother George was killed, you know, at Ypres. There is only Tom now, and my youngest sister, Bee. I am the eldest of the family."

The Canon inclined a sympathetic head. He had heard of that deep sorrow in the first weeks he had come to Mardocks, a broken man himself, fearful that he had lost his grip on life.

"Tell me, where will you live at Gorham? Is it a village, or what?"

"Yes, something like Mardocks; and Gorham Lacy, which my father has bought, is a small replica of Mardocks. So, you see, we are getting on in the world."

She smiled across the space, at him, a friendly, delicious, challenging smile.

"I should love to stop at Mardocks, and go in to Gorham Lacy at week ends. Daddy might agree to it, for he is Scotch, and never refuses anybody anything for their good. But mother never would! She has disapproved of Mardocks all along. She was far prouder of Bee's V.A.D. uniform than of my uninteresting schoolmarm's frock."

"It is a charming frock," murmured the Canon.

"It cost very little; I made it myself," she answered unexpectedly. "But, won't you be late for Mrs. Manning, Canon? She likes her tea punctually at halfpast four; it is quite that now."

The Canon started, thrust out a somewhat awkward hand, and looked as if he wanted to say something, then refrained and made a somewhat undignified exit.

"Poor old dear!" murmured Mary with a somewhat mothering smile, usually reserved for her young charges. "He must have been quite good looking once. Wonder how he can stick Little Health. Perhaps, like me, he has got to the heart of the people."

It was twenty minutes to five, and the mention of tea made her long for a refreshing cup before she started on her dusty ride. They did not have afternoon tea at Coppetts Mill, but the popular high tea about six-thirty, when all the members of the family were supposed to be freed from the engagements of the day. Mrs. Freeland, however, had visions of altering

all that when the new life at Gorham Lacy should begin. Mary knew that there was nobody in the Miles's house, for Mrs. Miles had informed her at dinner-time that she and Miles were to spend the afternoon at Basingfold. But the "White Horse" was left, where Mrs. Quigley would be delighted to give her a fragrant cup and morsel of home-made bread and butter for the most modest consideration. She decided on the "White Horse" and was just fitting the key in the schoolroom door when she saw a tall figure in khaki crossing the road. As he approached her his hand went to the salute. Mary was immediately conscious of a little flutter of expectation and excitement. Could he by any chance be the new Squire, and was she the first to welcome him to Mardocks? He was a very lean, brown person, with rather strongly marked features and a pair of very keen blue eyes—the bluest Mary had ever seen in her life; they reminded her of pictures she had seen representing the color of eastern seas.

As he quite evidently wished to speak to her she walked down the path to meet him. He saluted, and said in a crisp, pleasant voice: "Will you be so good as to tell me whether I am right for the Manor House of Mardocks?"

Mary nodded.

"You are—the gates are a little way further down, just opposite the White Horse Inn. But you can go through the churchyard if you like. There is a wicket at the far side, and it is a short cut to the house."

"Thanks, I'll take that. What a sweet old-world spot it is! I've never seen anything like it in my life."

His voice was so friendly that Mary, on the spur of the moment, said: "Are you by any chance Major Manning?"

He smiled.

" How has my fame preceded me?" he asked, leaning slightly on the gate-post and contemplating with quite evident pleasure Mary Freeland's fresh face and winning smile.

"Why, we've all been waiting for you for ages. The whole village is agog with expectation. You ought to have had triumphal arches and all that instead of coming in so humbly on foot. It looks as if you had walked all the way from Basingfold."

"I have; is there anything wonderful about that? It is a very short distance."

"You found it so? Why, even I sometimes think it long on my bicycle."

"Do you often cycle there them?"

"Every day. I live at Baasingfold, but I work here. I am Mary Freeland, the school teacher."

"So you lead the young idea how to shoot in Mardocks village?"

"Oh, no; I simply lead them through the various standards set by the education authorities. It isn't very interesting; there is no scope for individuality in it."

"Ah, I am sure you would invest it with individuality."

"No, I don't. I do what I'm paid for, nothing more and no less, Major Manning," said Mary, smiling in the same friendly fashion. "What a pity you were not a few minutes earlier, then you would have had company across the park; the Rector of Little Heath, Canon Severne, has gone up to tea with Mrs. Manning."

"Tell me about her, I have never seen her. Have I an ordeal in front of me?"

Mary pondered a moment and then shook her head.

"What might be an ordeal to some, would not be anything of that sort to you," she answered on the spur of the moment, and then regretted her own temerity.

"Supposing you explain that," he suggested, showing very white even teeth in a happy smile.

But Mary drew back a little suddenly, made aware that she was being very unconventional and unorthodox, and that Mrs. Manning would be very angry if she could have overheard her.

"I am being very rude, Major Manning, and if you knew how anxiously your arrival is expected at the Hall you would hurry up there now."

"Would I? But it is very pleasant here talking to you. Shall I find you here to-morrow?"

"I am in the school in school hours," Mary answered guardedly, and with a little nod passed through the gate wheeling her bicycle. She changed her mind about going to the Vicarage for tea, and mounting her machine before Manning's admiring eyes, rode off without once looking back.

CHAPTER II

Mardocks was a great and gracious house, typical of much that is fine in English architecture and of some things hitherto regarded as solid in English life. Severne never approached it without an inward and admiring acknowledgment of this, and that afternoon when the stately front broke on his vision he was more than usually conscious of it, indeed there was a poignancy suggestive of fear lest its day were numbered, coupled with something which might have been construed into the desire to protect. He shot one keen glance upward to the sky, as if demanding the secrets of human destiny, veiled by its beneficent but inscrutable mystery. Why had the two fine sons in whom were vested the only hopes of an old and honourable family been taken while he of riper years and less importance had been left? He had not been less willing to give his life for freedom, but had been bidden abide by the stuff to carry on small and unimportant work in a small village among elemental folks.

And what had been the net result of the stupendous struggle—the vast and appalling sacrifice? Signs and portents were not lacking that the thing masquerading as freedom would need to be renamed. Severne was no shirker of issues, and he realized that the time had come for him to go forth and do battle with the hostile forces menacing the peace of the world. In his forced retirement strength had returned to him, and never, surely, had sane views, inviolate principles, and holy living been more needed.

All these he could give to his country now in an hour of peril as dire as any which the war had thrust upon it. But into his life there had crept of late, or rather he had only awakened to it, a new element which was likely to affect his future profoundly. He had not faced that issue yet, but the day was at hand. He had not yet informed Mrs. Manning of his desire and intention to leave Little Heath directly a new and more active sphere could be found for him. But he would tell her, possibly that very afternoon. He was struck by her youthful appearance when he greeted her presently in the boudoir where she received only special friends. She was tall and slim, preserving in middle life the lissom grace of figure for which her house was famed. Her face, though not plump was unlined, and had the smooth carefully-groomed look achieved by much personal care. There was no grey thread in her hair, and though the unrelieved black of her gown did not particularly suit her somewhat dark colouring, she was a handsome, attractive woman. She had beautiful hands on which sparkled the only jewellery she wore, but her mouth had a hard line, and when she spoke there was no music in her voice. It had rather a shrill treble, and when agitated or angry or unpleasantly raised, sounded metallic. She received the Canon with a rare mixture of dignity and cordiality, meant to impress him. He was her best and closest friend in Mardocks; frequently she had embarrassed him by assuring him he was her greatest earthly comfort. Severne was a humble man in his estimate of himself, his high gifts had neither uplifted him nor set him apart. His pride in his priestly office was high enough to reach the heavens, and for one so singularly human and lovable, had little toleration for those outside what he believed to be the true fold. He was also ignorant about the true nature of Dissenters; they had come very little within his personal ken.

Many women make foolish personal speeches to their spiritual advisers. When he is a wise mtn, he discounts and appraises them at their true value.

Always a faithful churchwoman, Mrs. Manning had become since the Canon's settlement at Little Heath a devout one. Every Sunday morning, wet or fine, she walked across the park to early celebration, thus setting an example to the parishioners. She was generous in money contributions, and had got into the habit of appealing to the Canon for advice in temporal as well as spiritual matters. Sometimes he had felt embarrassed by the personal note, and that very afternoon he was astounded to discover at the back of his mind a sense of relief over her coming abdication from Mardocks, companioned by the hope that something more virile would take its place.

But no hint of such disloyalty to his kindest friend showed itself in his cordial greeting.

"You are a little late, Canon. I expect some tiresome parishioner detained you."

The Canon looked slightly convicted.

"No; as a matter of fact I dropped in at the school for a moment. I am indeed sorry if I have kept you waiting."

"The school? Ah, yes, and has Miss Freeland by any chance enlightened you as to her real reason for leaving Mardocks?"

"She told me that her people were leaving Basingfold."

"Did she tell you where they were going?"

"She did."

"To Gorham Lacy! He has bought it; a most flagrant case of profiteering, nobody can deny it—I hope Miss Freeland will be too sensible to attempt it."

"She did not say anything about Gorham Lacy—is it a house or a place?"

"It is an estate not as big as this, but the house is beautiful: I know it well. Camilla Lacy was my bridesmaid thirty odd years ago."

"It sounds impossible!" said the Canon on the spur of the moment. That the compliment pleased her was evidenced by the slight blush which rose to her cheek.

"Flatterer! I am only too conscious of the passage of the years! I have not seen Miss Freeland since my maid Ansell told me all this—I felt I could not. How does one talk to the new rich? Please enlighten me."

The Canon shook his head as he took his teacup from her hand.

"There is no suggestion of the new rich about Miss Freeland. She appears to be heartily and genuinely sorry to leave Mardocks. Anyone can see that——"

"Well, personally, I shall not be so very sorry. She isn't quite the best type for a village school. I don't know what it is about her which repels one! She gives one the impression of asserting herself. She certainly has a very good opinion of her own importance."

"She is a thoroughly capable teacher and a great favorite in the village," the Canon ventured to assert. But it did not please Mrs. Manning.

"Do not let us talk any more about that uninteresting young woman, who will soon be forgotten in the place. It is distressing how the old order is changing. Have you realized that in a few weeks I shall have to convey myself and my belongings to Normanton."

"You have decided on Normanton then? I wonder whether you are wise."

"I haven't any choice. I can't afford a house in town, and flats are impossible to obtain. How can I help myself? I can live better on my income at Normanton than anywhere else."

"But you will not make the change till Major Manning arrives?"

"Of course not. I gave Mrs. Linacre six months' notice immediately after news of Henry's death came through. Five of these months have passed; surely before the end of the last one, either my nephew will have turned up himself, or we shall have some definite news of him."

"Much will depend on his personality and status. If he happens to be a bachelor perhaps you need not leave Mardocks," suggested the Canon.

"Ah, that could never happen. More than likely he will arrive accompanied by an impossible Colonial wife, perhaps several children and other appendages."

"You have not heard from, or of him since the news of his succession was cabled to Rhodesia?"

She shook her head.

"Not a thing. All I know about him is that he was alive a year ago and serving with the Forces in British East Africa. Cables were sent there as well as to his home in Rhodesia. Did I tell you he was the son of Edward Manning, my husband's cousin twice removed? He can never have expected to succeed, and probably is a most unsuitable person. He was not even born in England, and nobody knows who his mother was."

The snap in her voice indicated the bitter trend of her thoughts.

"We must hope he will carry on the best traditions of Mardocks," he observed rather lamely, taking refuge in the obvious.

She leaned back in her chair regarding him with deep intentness. "I wonder if you have any idea what a comfort and stay you have been to me, Canon Severne? I am sure God sent you to Mardocks in my hour of need."

Somehow these pleasant words rendered the Canon intensely uncomfortable.

"I have done very little," he said awkwardly. "I shall hope that you will find comfort and companionship in your kinsman who is coming to you here. Did I tell you I had written to the Bishop informing him I was ready to return to active service?"

Her blank dismay was written on her face.

"No; oh, how dreadful. I had no idea you even had it in contemplation. I though you were quite happy here, and that we should keep you for many years."

"It has served its purpose; it has restored my health, Mrs. Manning, but it is not a place for a virile man who hopes to have some years of work in front of him yet."

"Oh, come; there is plenty to do if you care to do it. You could even extend your borders into Basingfold. They need all the inspiration you can give—I hear the spiritual level is very low. You are only seeking excuses. Isn't the real reason that you are bored with us?"

He shook a rather emphatic head.

"Not at all, but there is much work to do outside. Never, perhaps, was the call to service more insistent."

"But you have such a splendid past record you are entitled to a long rest now. And you have told me that it is not a question of means. Otherwise I might have understood your restlessness."

"It is not a question of means," he admitted. "But I am tired of inactivity. I have asked the Bishop to find me something right in the heart of things again."

Mrs. Manning's expression was ex-

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actly that of a spoiled child who suddenly faces deprivation of some cherished possession.

"I am disappointed. There is no use saying one thing and thinking another. I counted on you! All the props seem to leave one at once. I wonder what I have done to be so mercilessly strafed? Please tell me how am I to face a future without you?"

Canon Severne was spared the painful necessity of finding an answer to this question by a knock at the door and the well-trained voice of William Miles announcing Major Manning.

They both sprang simultaneously to their feet.

It was undoubtedly a moment of tense and rather poignant interest for all three. An immense relief slightly mingled with chagrin followed on Mrs. Manning's first impression of Geoffrey Manning.

His looks at least did not shame his lineage; no Manning had ever carried himself with a manlier grace. But there was strength, power, determination in the lean brown face which bore traces of the ardous campaigns through which he had fought his victorious way.

He was not one who would need guiding, but would rather command. But there was a singular sweetness and softness in his manner as he bent over her outstretched hand and then received her kiss.

"I welcome you to Mardocks, dear boy," she said in the effective manner she had rehearsed several times.

"Thank you, Aunt Cecilia, though for your sake I am sorry I have had to come."

"But why do you arrive like this? Why no telegram or letter, so that you could be properly met?"

"Does it mattter so very much? I am sorry if it vexes you," he said gravely.

"I'm not vexed, only disappointed on your account, dear Geoffrey. Let me introduce Canon Severne, the Rector of Little Heath, and my very dear friend. We were talking of you before you were announced. There has been no other topic for thought or conversation for weeks, yet you walk in as casually as if you were a person of no importance at all. Did anyone see you in Mardocks or guess who you were?"

"I found one to welcome me, a most pleasant young lady at the school. She directed me to the short cut."

"I suppose you mean Miss Freeland?" said Mrs. Manning, and her voice took a little edge which both men noticed.

"That was the name, I think."

"She is always in evidence—well, never mind, you have got here at last, and without catastrophe. You will have some tea, I expect? I have heard that Colonials are great tea drinkers. Must you go, Canon? Ah, well, we shall be seeing you again soon. Goodbye."

Severne made his adieux and hurried away. The brief opportunity he had had of observing the new squire had given a rather fine impression. Geoffrey Manning was no weakling, neither was he of the type usually associated with the conditions of English country life. Colonial suns had tanned his face, and the free Colonial ways had given him an entirely different outlook on life from that of his kinswoman.

Severne smiled a trifle grimly as his long legs took him across the green sward of the park towards the wicket in the churchyard.

It might be a very pretty comedy to watch the development of Mardocks' affairs under the new regime. Severne recalled various men of his own age and time who had migrated to the colonies and returned after some years greatly changed. He remembered that very few of them could endure English life afterwards. They seemed to feel its restrictions irksome. When he came against the schoolhouse wall he tried the door again, perhaps with the vague hope that Miss Freeland might be within still, and that they might exchange impressions of the new squire.

But the door was locked and she departed. She remained in his mind, however, pursuing him with an odd persistence on his cycle to Little Heath Rectory, and even within, to the sacred precincts of his own study.

As he sat down there before the open casement, through which came the smell of June roses and sweet briar, he suddenly began to visualize her presence there. What a difference it would make! Life immediately became, through that very imagination, a fuller, sweeter, warmer thing.

He rose anxiously and peered into a small antique Florentine mirror which hung low in the space between the windows.

He was forty-five years old, and looked his age. Unremitting study and work, the care of a vast parish and much public burden for a period of fifteen years, with hardly a break had aged him before his time.

His hair was not yet very grey, however; he felt glad of that. He wondered whether Mary Freeland would think him a very old man. Some day he would propound the question to her, and abide by her answer.

How his pulses quickened at the thought! While the Canon was indulging in these futile dreams, Mrs. Manning was industriously putting her kinsman through his facings regarding his journey, antecedents and present condition. Her gratification at discovering that he was an unattached man was unbounded.

"I don't mind confessing to you, dear boy, that I have been the prey of very gloomy forebodings," she said, with an odd mixture of naïveté and satisfaction. "I have tried to picture you arriving perhaps in a station fly with mountains of baggage on top, surmounted by a perambulator or a baby's cot, and Heaven knows how many children inside!"

Manning smiled.

"I haven't given any hostages to fortune yet, Aunt Cecilia. I've been too busy solving the mere problem of existence."

"Is it so bad as that? I thought everybody in the Colonies made money, in South Africa particularly. Hadn't you any shares in diamond mines or anything of that sort?" she asked vaguely.

"No, that sort of thing didn't interest me in the least. I was a native Commissioner, Aunt Cecelia, with a small salary and a wide district to administer."

"Some day you shall explain it all to me. It was honourable Government service, anyhow, and you have won rank in the war, too. Will you stay in the Army, Geocrey?"

"No. I am only in uniform because I had no other clothes. I did not wait in London long enough to get any."

"Ah, that can soon be remedied; but I like you in khaki. Now, who are you like? I have been puzzling myself. You are every inch a Manning. I don't remember hearing who your mother was?"

'She was the best and dearest, and she loved England," said Manning, with a quick emotion. "I only wish she had lived to come back with me."

'Who was she?" asked MMrs. Manning, and the hard, jealous note crept into her voice.

"My father married her in Port Elizabeth, where she was a nursery governess to an English family."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Manning, and her interest immediately waned. "Now I have discovered who you resemble—it is your uncle, Sir Fulke Manning."

"Who is Sir Fulke? Is he alive?"

"Good heavens, no! He was a Minister of the Crown in the Georges' period. You will see his portrait by and by in the long gallery. You are the last of your race, the very last, do you hear, Geoffrey?" she asked passionately, "and a great responsibility rests on you."

"What kind of an England have I come back to, Aunt Cecilia? There were some gloomy pessimists on the boat who urged that England's day is over."

"They were traitors to their country," she cried, with quickly flushing face. Suddenly she leaned forward, regarding him intently. "There are axes being laid, and others prepared to be laid, at the very foundations of England's greatness. You will have to fight here, Geoffrey, just as truly as you fought in the war, and it will be a more bitter fight. Not only are the issues greater and further-reaching, but it is traitors of your own blood and kind you will have to fight—those who would rend England to pieces, and part her substance among those who have no right to it. I am building my hopes on you, Geoffrey; I pray you won't disappoint them."

Astonished at the passion with which she spoke, but not ready at such an early stage in their acquaintance to join issues with her, Manning allowed her challenge to pass.

"Almost you make me afraid," he said, with his grave, kind smile. "But now tell me about yourself and your family. That is what interests me more at the moment than anything else. Have you no daughter?

"None. I had only two sons, and these died for England, so you see I have some rights in her; every mother has who gave her all. I have been alone in this great house through nearly all the war years."

"It seems a very great house," Manning interpolated. "No family could ever inhabit it all."

"That was not the idea, though I have seen Mardocks full, Geoffrey, in the old splendid days when I was a young wife here, and my husband entertained for the county. We have forty-two bedrooms."

"Heavens! What a fine hotel it would make!"

"It has been used in that way, too, for the entertainment of friends and kinsmen; and I hope that in good time, when all this unrest is over, you will restore the ancient glory of Mardocks. We shall have to find you a suitable wife first. Are you not pleased with the change in your position, Geoffrey?"

"I hardly know yet. I wanted rather desperately to get back to my work in Rhodesia. I had enough of the fighting."

"What kind of work was it, really?"

"Administering justice among the Kaffir population and, generally speaking, upholding the best traditions of British rule."

"Wasn't it a rather limited and sordid job?"

"I did not find it so. It was a queer, detached, solitary life, but I liked the people and understood them. They need understanding, Aunt Cecilia, and sympathetic handling, for, of course, we've done a lot of queer things in our colonizing."

"But we are the best colonizers in the world all the same!" she maintained with spirit. "Even our enemies concede that."

"I foresee many interesting discussions," she added, her whole personality alive with vivid interest. "And when I leave Mardocks——"

"But why should you leave Mardocks, Aunt Cecilia?"

"Well, it is usual. 'The king is dead; long live the king!' don't you know. And I shall not be far away—only to a small jointure house at the head of the village. We could meet often, every day if necessary——"

"I shall never be a party to that, Aunt Cecilia. What would I do in a house with forty-two bedrooms? I shall need you to keep me from getting lost in them. Don't forget, I have been used only to a shack or a hammock slung in a veranda. My education is therefore incomplete. Won't you undertake it?'

Her face flushed with genuine excitement and pleasure.

"You are very kind, dear Geoffrey, and perhaps I may wait a litle, at least until you have got properly settled in——"

There was a moment's silenee. Her eyes filled with tears, and she looked a most pathetic and womanly figure.

"I am thanking God for you, Geoffrey. It might have been so different, and you have no idea how much I was afraid!"

Manning did not ask of what she was agraid, and presently when she suggested a walk through the house, he was ready. But all the way through the interview, and later, there was about him a singular air of detachment, even of protest, which, had she been a more observant woman, might have warned her that all was not so well as she imagined.

CHAPTER III o

Her brief encounter with the new Squire of Mardocks had changed in some odd, perplexing fashion Mary Freeland's outlook on life. Her attempt and determination to detach herself from the place had suffered a distinct set-back, and she found herself passionately desiring to stop on and see what changes that nice man would make in a village dedicated to immemorial tradition.

That he would make drastic changes she had no manner of doubt at all. Something in his virile personality assured her of it.

As she cycled steadily down the other side of the hill towards the grouped houses and tall chimney stasks of Basingfold she had no feeling of kinship with it, though her home was there.

The July sunshine lay on it tenderly, softly veiling rather than accentuating its ugliness, and giving a golden magic touch to the meandering stream to which it owned much of its original prosperity.

Suddenly the air was rent by the shrill chorus of a dozen whistles, proclaiming the close of another day's work, and by the time Mary reached the fringe of the streets, she was engulfed by the living streams pouring from the factory gates. Basingfold had had its full share of war prosperity; the garishness of the new factories proclaimed recent and rapid increase.

Far removed from the heart of things, more than a hundred miles from the sea, it had not had the intimate horror of war forced upon it, though it had given its full quota of gallant sons. It had, however, never felt the pinch of food scarcity, and though prices ruled high, wages corresponded and the inhabitants had a happy, satisfied air. Undying sorrow lived in many a Basingfold home, because of those who were not and would never come again, but the immediate and visible pall of war had lifted, and a bustling prosperity was the order of the day. If industrial unrest existed, it was not permitted to depress unduly the spirits of the workers; nay, there was present to the interested observer an odd, but quite palpable sense of exaltation, born doubtless of power and expectation. Things were going to be better for working folks; their day had come, or was coming soon! The young people of both sexes, with full pockets and unlimited capacity for spending, crowded the picture houses and the sweetstuff shops. Mary Freeland, who worked three evenings a week at a Girls' Club in the town, was quite aware of the fluctuations in public opinion and of very great impending changes. She knew a great many of the young folks in the town, being one of them, and consequently had to give and receive continuous greetings as she rode through the throng.

She loved Mardocks and its sweet repose, but she also had a strong human sympathy, curiously shot with compassion, for the teeming life of Basingfold. It was so largely an elemental kind of life; and when she had listened to odd scraps of talk which, like straws in the wind, indicated the trend of expectation concerning the future government of the country, she

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was filled with a mingled apprehension and awe. A student of history, she was familiar with the records of all the great revolutions in the world. In what way would the English revolution differ? she sometimes asked herself. Would it ever come, or would all the unrest born of war and abnormal conditions gradually settle down and become only a memory? There was nothing in the world Mary Freeland desired less than to withdraw herself from the wage-earning ranks. Her position as a school teacher had given her a certain standing among wage earners, and she had never been afraid to talk as intelligently as she knew how about labor problems. Reflecting that soon she would be cut off, not only from Mardocks but from all her pleasant associations and interests in Basingfold, she felt inwardly more and more rebellious. By the time she came in sight of the queer huddled roofs of Coppetts Mill down by the river bank, she had very nearly decided that she would stick to her post at Mardocks, and go home to Gorham Lacy at the week-ends. She had a grandmother in Basingfold, a dear grandmother, the most understanding creature in the whole range of Mary's acquaintance, and she could live the five working days at her house. The mere idea of it quickened her pulses, but when she saw her father's house in front of her she was conscious of a deep tenderness—a vivid reluctance to leave it.

Mary was one who attached herself very readily to places, to whom familiar things quickly became dear and necessary. It was the one conservative streak in her which helped to sympathize up to a point with Mrs. Manning's passion for Mardocks, also the meek willingness of the Mardocks cottagers to put up with any indignity or injustice rather than leave their homes.

It was Mary's mother who was mainly responisble for the impending change. Left to himself Robert Freeland would have lived and died content at Coppetts Mill. He was a quiet steady plodder, a very conscientious, good man who had become rich through no fault of his own, to use a trite phrase. Like many quiet men he was under petticoat rule up to a point. There are undoubtedly a large number of men who are forced into social positions, which they would not voluntarily seek, because their home influences are too strong for them.

(To Be Continued.)

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SERFS NO LONGER

or "KINSMEN"

A Tale of Stirring Days in Old Ontario

by Percival J. Cooney

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CHAPTER XXXIII

"Serfs No Longer"

NOW, don't be worryin', Collen," said Murty McGonigal to Flora McIntyre. "I have big hopes meself of that paper the surveyor is carryin' to Kingston. I belave 'tis genuine."

The two were standing in the moon-cast shadow of the newly erected McIntyre home. Generous and unanimous had been the response of the clansmen to the call for a "Raisin' Bee." For the last three days the clearing had echoed with the sound of the axe and the adze, the tattoo of hammers, and the steady song of the cross-cut saw. That afternonn had seen the building completed and the McIntyres duly installed in their new home. From the open door behind Murty and Flora floated the rhythm of Charbonneau's fiddle and the thunder of pounding feet.. The success of the "Raisin' Bee" was being celebrated by a dance.

The girl made no reply to the Irishman's cheerful assurance. She stood gazing pensively at the mist-robed, moonlit woods, her face troubled and anxious.

From Peter she had learned the story of the recovery of the document and from Murty himself the incidents following Craig's return. A dozen of the clansmen at the smith's hurried summons had gathered at the smithy and listened to the reading of the paper. Though opinions were divided as to its value, all had agreed that no time must be lost. McGonigal, James McKay, Fergus McPherson and Donald McNaughten had between them donated a fund to defray the expenses of the journey, and Craig had left at once for Kingston and York, where the surveyor had been summoned to appear as a witness at the trial of the libel suit against the Examiner.

Flora had looked forward eagerly to Craig's return from the river trip, and now the thought that he had come and gone without the slightest recognition of her existence worried her greatly. She did not know that as soon as he had learned of the destruction of her home he had determined, in spite of the need of haste, to ride out of his way to find her at the home of James McKay, when the arrival of Narcisse with two letters, one the imperative summons to attend the Hincks' trial at York and the other her letter containing nothing but the sum of money he had loaned her, had sent him forth on his errand, hopeless and despairing. The knowledge that, though homeless, Flora had insisted on immediately repaying him had been to Barclay Craig like a blow in the face.

The girl's lips parted; she seemed about to speak; then hesitated.

"What is it, Flora?" asked Murty.

"Did—did—Mr. Craig—say—when—he would be back?" Mentally she gave thanks for the kindly night that hid her reddening brow.

McGonigal blew several smoke rings. His answer was very deliberate.

"No, sure and he didn't—not that I raymember. The bye isn't overburdened with riches, and he has his own way to make. I dunno now is there any rayson why he should come back." Her glance fell before his smiling scrutiny.

The music had ceased and the voice of Alec Stewart called:

"Get your partners for the next dance."

A dozen young men, wiping their perspiring brows with their coat-sleeves, swarmed out the door. One of them claimed Flora as his promised partner. Again the song of the violin mingled with the patter of feet and the voice of the "caller off."

On the stoop in front of the house the row of elderly men were discussing Craig's mission and the problematical value of the document.

"Tuts, lads," remarked James McKay, "the laird's too sly an auld fox to be taken so easy. Dinna pin yer faith to that bit of paper. Legal papers be like the Scriptures, capable o' various interpretations. There will no be much o' it left when the lawyers at the capital get through explainin' it away."

A low murmur of assent followed McKay's sarcasm.

"I saw Magistrate McVicar himsel' in the village the day," said Donald McNaughten, "and the mon telit me that MacTavish brought paper to his court showing beyond a doubt that the land and house o' McIntyre belonged to the Laird. McVicar says he could no do otherwise than issue the writ o' ejectment. Noo, if the grant is no the Lairds, how the De'il could that be?"

"Beats all," sighed McFarlane. "It looks as if we hae been toilin' and sweatin' oursal's for three days to make a gift o' a fine four-room house to the Laird."

A slim youthful figure came striding up the moonlit path from the roadway. It was Malcolm McPherson, a newspaper in his hand.

"A post has arrived, just noo," he announced, "and it's no good news it brings."

"Come in the house, Laddie," suggested his father. "The folk will be wanting to hear."

At their entrance the dancing slowed down, Murty waved his hand to Narcisse and the Frenchman laid his violin aside.

All stood listening attentively as Malcolm, bending close to the candle light on the table, read from a copy of the Kingston Whig, already a week old, a short news item stating that information had been received from York that the jury in the case of the Laird of McNab against the Daily Examiner had found for the plaintiff. The article concluded:

"While our informant was not able to learn the amount of damages, it is generally believed that the verdict will be for the full amount of the £10,000 asked by the Laird of McNab."

For some moments the room held a depressing silence. "Noo think of that," sighed McKay, "and in the piece Hincks writ about the grant there was no one word o' lie."

Duncan Cameron, cane in hand and his head still bandaged, appeared in the doorway.

"I was o'er at McPherson's crackin' wi' Peter and Ellen," he explained, "and when I saw Malcolm hurryin' from the village wi' a paper in his hand, I kenned 'twould mean a bit news.

"I dinna doubt it, folk," he said sadly, as he laid down the copy of the Whig. "I am beginning to think that paper has given Mr. Craig and Peter naught but a wild-goose chase. I hae a wee bit news masel," he added.

"Hae ye noted the big Englishman," he asked, "him wi' the unco' red face and the city clothes? He's been stoppin' at Kennell."

"Aye," assented a voice. "He's been about the mills and the dam wi' McTavish and the Chief."

"Weel," continued Cameron, "in the village the day I came up wi' the auld warlock MacTavish, and the man would no let me pass wi'out tellin' me this. 'Tell them fools,' sez he, 'they that be makin' a new house for John Mohr McIntyre, that they be losin' their time. The Laird has sellt the grant to Mr. Middleton and wi'in a month ye'll all be put off'."

The silence that followed was broken by the cutting voice of James McFarlane:

"Your tidings, Duncan, calls to my mind a passage o' the Scripture, the time Elijah spoke wi' the prophets o' Baal: 'Your God must be on a journey, or peradventure, he sleepeth."

McFarlane was a bit of an agnostic and there was amusement in the dry smile with which he noted their horrified faces.

For a time silence held. McIntyre's land belonged to the Laird. Then the hopes held out by the positive wording of the document were deceptive. Even Duncan Cameron himself now admitted as much. If McIntyre could be so served, so might they all. And the courageous editor, who had taken up their fight, had met with crushing defeat. Their two days' united toil in which they had gloried as a supreme defiance of the Laird, had been worse than wasted, for the very building in which they sat, with its white puncheon floors and well-chinked walls, that, too, was the Laird's.

Donald McNaughton rose to his feet with a heavy sigh.

"Men, I'm thinkin' we canna do beter than send a messenger to Mr. Barr o' Horton, and hearken to what he has to say. Ye mind Barr, the man who two months agone was amongst us, speirin' for settlers for his new lands by the Bonnechere. I ken the land weel, 'tis good land, I hae been o'er it masel two years agone."

"Aye, Donald," assented James McKay, "ye're right. But we should no be interferin' wi' the young folks' fun. Come over to my house and we'ull crack a bit about it."

As the last of the older men stepped out the door, the music struck up and the dance swung on. For, bring the future what it might, the bounding pulse and joyous surge of youth was theirs.

But among the swaying figures was no Flora McIntyre. She had stepped out the rear door and was standing beneath the star-filled sky, her fists clenched, her eyes aching with the tears that would not come.

The utter hopelessness in the words and manner of the elder clansmen had filled her with despair. Even Murty McGonigal had left the scene of festivity to join in the council.

Was this to be the end? After all the months of worry, of alternating hopes and fears, must this new home be abandoned? Must she and hers, as well as all the clansmen, face once more the long years of struggle with the wilderness?

And the fonder, sweeter hope so long interwoven with her anxieties, the single golden strand that had intertwined itself with her sorrows, that too was fading. And it was her own fiery, untamed temper, her hasty, bitter tongue that had sent Barclay Craig from her, perhaps forever.

With a rush the tears came to her eyes. About her was the night, but in the girl's soul, as she sobbed alone her head bent on the top rail of the log fence, was the blacker night of foreboding fears and unavailing remorse.

Two hundred yards away a horseman was plodding along the cross-road. As he turned the corner and suddenly drew rein he uttered an exclamation of bewilderment.

"Am I bewitched?" muttered John Mohr McIntyre, as he rubbed his eyes.

Where once had stood his house and barns was only empty space. A short distance away loomed a strange and unfamiliar structure from whose open door and windows, blazing with yellow light, came the throb of music, the rush of feet, and the ripple of laughter.

Could he have missed his road. Impossible—there was the familiar line of the tree tops, clear cut against the stars; there the home of his neighbor, James McKay.

The goad fell with a sudden slash and the tired steed bounded forward. McIntyre threw himself off and strode to the light-filled doorway.

"What—what means this?—Where's my lass and my wife? — and my house?—What house—"

"Your good wife is asleep in yon room, John Mohr," interrupted Stewart, who was wringing his hand. "Flora is fine. She's somewhere about. This house is your own. 'Tis a free gift from the people o' the grant. The Laird burnt the other one. We've stood by ye, man, as ye hae stood by us."

"Burnt my house — the Laird," gasped McIntyre incredulously.

Flora stepped in the door behind him and with a little cry of welcome drew his face down to hers. Mrs. McIntyre, at the sound of the familiar

voice, emerged from her room and greeted him in her quiet way.

"Monsieur McIntyre have him some news?" enquired Narcisse. "De editor man, de papaire say he'es got him de worse of it."

"Aye, he did that." A sudden smile lightened McIntyre's face. Somehow he did not have the air of a bearer of evil tidings.

"Hold a bit!" exclaimed Stewart. He turned to a barefooted lad at his elbow. "Bobbie, take yersel wi' all haste o'er to McKay's and tell them John Mohr's back from York wi' news."

The older men came crowding into the room.

"Aye," said McIntyre, in response to several simultaneous questions. "The jury found agin him."

"How much were the damages?" asked McNaughten.

For a moment McIntyre made no answer, there was a glint of fun in his eyes, as they swept the eager faces.

"Hincks," he said, with a chuckle, wull hae to pay the Laird," again he paused his eyes twinkling, "the enormous sum of one pound six for the loss of his character."

"'Twas one of Bond Head's auld Judges—Jonas Jones by name, that tried the case. He charged heavily agin the editor. If 'twas no for that, 'twould hae gone the other way."

"There was no word in Kingston when ye passed through o' Commissioner Allen's report?" queried McFarlane, when the laughter had subsided.

McIntyre ran the fingers of one hand through his bushy hair, the other resting on his knee was trembling slightly.

Slowly he rose to his feet.

"Kinsmen and Brothers," his voice rang out with startling clearness. "We hae won. Mr. Allen's report upholds us at every point, and condemns the Chief's management o' the grant. It has been accepted and approved by the government."

"How about that paper?" cried Cameron. "Noo, ye coofs, was auld Duncan daft?"

"Your paper tellt the truth, Duncan," went on McIntyre. "The McNab was never the owner o' the grant in fee simple. He was naught but an agent. Only the lands about Kennell are his own. The grant has been taken from him and I dinna doubt he kens about it himsal by this time. The special messenger wi' the copy o' the Order-in-Council left York two days before masel."

"Clansmen o' McNab," the voice caught, then rose exultantly, "we be serfs no longer."

Called from a council where they had been discussing the question of leaving the grant forever, the tidings of their complete and overwhelming victory left them speechless.

Silent and still they sat, their wide eyes on McIntyre. Through the door came the rumbling chorus of frogs and the lonely hoot of an owl. The chirping of a cricket close at hand seemed magnified a thousand times.

A delirious, triumphant whoop filled the room.

"Wo-o-w!" Murty McGonigal sprang to the middle of the floor, leaped straight up in the air, and rought his heavy boots together with a resounding whack.

"Cheer," he yelled. "Cheer, ye wooden faces. Yell, ye stoten-bottles. Yell!"

He jumped on a chair and swung his hands aloft.

"Hip-hip-hooray!"

Over the dark woods and moonlit meadows rolled the volleying cheers.

"Now," ordered Murty, "wan for John Mohr McIntyre."

"Hip-hip-hooray!"

"And for Duncan Cameron, the man that stole the paper."

"Hip-hip-hooray!"

"And now wan—a good wan for the bye that took the petition to the governor—Barclay Craig."

The shout that went up shook the rafters.

"By Garrah, John Mohr," said Murty, when the cheering had ceased, "'tis a celebration, we must be havin'. Let's send out the fiery cross, for a picnic in the commons by Inch Bhui. When will it betther be?"

"Commissioner Allen wull be here," responded the smiling McIntyre, "the day after tomorrow. We'll hae it then and he wull tell us all about it."

"We'll start out the cross in the mornin'. 'Tis no Scotchman I am but be Garrah, it's mesilf will be carryin' it the last lap from me shop to the picnic grounds."

The guests had departed; Mrs. McIntyre had retired. John Mohr McIntyre, walking about the room, was curiously examining the interior of his new home.

His daughter sat at the table, her head leaning on her hand. As she related the details of the destruction of the buildings and the narrow escape of the McNab children, McIntyre's face hardened.

(To be Continued)

The Keeper of the Vineyard

By Alice McKay

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

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CHAPTER XX

(Continued)

The girl was working at the table where his medicine stood. Cameron could hear the click of a spoon against glass, and knew that she was mixing the next dose. He tried to quiet his beating heart as she approached the bed and he breathed deeply feigning sleep. Barbara stood beside him in silence; then he felt her soft touch upon his hair. He did not stir and soon her breath fanned his cheek where she had bent over him. Then he thrilled; a mad, sweet flood of joy that was akin to pain, for Barbara had touched his with lips that were like velvet fire.

She went away hurriedly, but Cameron opening glad eyes stopped her exit.

"Oh Babs!' he called.

With her face aflame the girl turned, not towards him but to the table. A fear that he might not have been asleep after all seized her. She waited, dawdling with the glass until her trembling hands would behave.

"Yes?" she made answer, finally. "I thought you were asleep and did not want to disturb you."

"I see." he said, searching her face as she approached the bed, glass in hand. "'I was asleep. Just woke up. Must I take more medicine?"

"I'm afraid so—a little more."

Then she lifted his head—he did not tell her that he could do it himself—and held the glass to his lips. He drank the mixture leisurely watching the sweet face that was bent so near his own. Barbara kept her eyes averted and was glad when the last drop was drained.

Smiling to himself Cameron watched her go from the room. She seemed very anxious to go, and knowing why, he was satisfied.

"A fresh, new page." he muttered to himself, closing his eyes contentedly. Then again, drowsily; "A — fresh — new — page."

Epilogue

Frankincense and Myrrh

Indian Summer came at last into Bradore. It floated in a winsome thing of golden days and soft caressing western breezes. Like a messenger of love it came, wooing one more handful of mellow days from out the train of waning Autumn. The Bras d'Or Lake responded right gallantly to the appeal and spread it's beauteous expanse in scintillating rapture to the cloudless vault of Heaven. In fitting ornamental array of scarlet foliage it's gem-like islands rested lightly on the silver water from which their mirrored doubles smiled back, or trembled as a truant breeze fled by on eager wings. The circling hills beneath the searching sun were all a flame of varied Autumn hues. A remnant of summer were those gladsome hours.

Alan Cameron stood alone on the border-line of Forest Hill and looked at all the beauty before him with his soul in his eyes. He was a goodly sight to behold in this the blush of fair, young manhood. He had come through trying days; had stood the test; had braved the heights, and now was about to come into his own. A surge of thankfulness to God swept through his being for all the glories of this vineyard that stretched to right and left before him. A goodly heritage, though Alan, just far enough from wordly civilisation to be safe.

Down the road a car came swiftly on it's way. Alan frowned, for it seemed to be a discord in the sanctity of the hour and he wished that it had not appeared just then. He watched the machine impatiently until it stopped beside the Jericho House. It was Wilsons' car he knew and that day they were leaving Bradore. Tom Vane was going, too, as fiancee to Doris Wilson. They were going away out to that other world where men are money-mad, and where greed and pleasure—seeking drowned the real object of their creation; but they carried with them a new vision found in the splendor of Bradore.

Cameron looked again upon the panorama before him, feasting his eyes upon it's loveliness; for well he knew that his great love for Bradore must from that hour take a second place in his heart. The primitive within him called in aching silence for his mate; and now he was about to go to her in whose eyes the light of answering love was shining during those days of promise.

So now Cameron held love-tryst with all his vineyard; with Jimsy Austin who had called him "My Alan" and with stolid Injun Andy who had given full testimony of that 'greater love' which for the loved one gives life itself. With clenched hands he stood with face upraised to the mysterious space above. His feet were upon the soft earth, but his thoughts away beyond the hills; beyond the clouds, in communion with those invisible things among which man's thought may not often wander.

As minutes sped he stood thus, his face illumined as though by an inner light. With a sigh he broke the spell and strode down to the Jericho House.

Charity Hall was nearing completion again and from it's second story Dave Kyne waved his hammer cheerily to Cameron as he passed. Dave was writing his first sentences on the fresh, clean page in letters of gold.

When Cameron entered the yard Wilson was strapping some of his luggage on the running board of his car. A small group had gathered to bid them farewell. Vane was to go back with them in the car, as Santa had consented to keep her station in the Jericho House.

It was a tearful Doris who clung to Barbara and Lois in parting. She had made life-long friends and true here in the sun-kissed loveliness of Bradore.

"Be ready for us next year," said Wilson. Then, the car rolled away with a soft hum of it's engine.

Doris leaned out and waved a white hand to Dave Kyne, who answered with a flourish of his hammer; then back again to his task with renewed ardor.

The little group dispersed, wandering off in pairs or singly as suited each until Barbara and Alan stood alone in the Jericho Garden. Barbara turned without speaking and entered the library with Alan by her side. The girl went to a shelf where some books were tumbled about and with trembling hands she tried to put them in order. A shaft of sunlight entering through the high window fell across her where she stood; turning her hair into a gleaming mass of burnished bronze. The man stood watching her while in his heart the first and real passion of a good man's love for the one woman called for utterance with an insistence that would not be restrained.

Cameron came to the girl's side and waited.

When she could stand the tension no longer Barbara turned to face him. Her eyes that were like submerged amber fell before the light in the blue ones bent upon her.

"Barbara!" Alan was speaking in the tender accents that she loved. "Haven't I waited — suffered — long enough Little comrade? You and I; we will be keepers of the Vineyard."

He bent his head close to hers knowing that his time of waiting was to be brief. With a glorious flash of love-filled eyes she came to him, burying her face in the dear protection of his shoulder.

"Together, dear," he breathed in a voice that vibrated with gladness. "We will keep the gates, so that no unclean thing shall ever again dare to enter into Bradore."

With his scarred hand he lifted her face and bent his proud head for the nectar of her lips which through all the happy years ahead was to be his alone.

And as they wandered lost upon the heights of love the sun rode, smiling, above the western hills, and evening fell across Bradore. Gentle, benedictive breezes perfumed as though with myrrh and frankincense. blew softly kissing the little mound beneath which Jimsy Austin lay, and touching the woodland groves where Injun Andy loved to roam. They encircled Julian Austin as hand in hand with Lois Cameron he wandered toward the cemetery, and whispered about the eaves of the Jericho House where Alan Cameron who had not failed to keep the faith, had come by prayer, and pain, into his own at last.

— The End —

CHOOSING YOUR RADIO

WHAT to look for when endeavoring to pick out the type and make of radio broadcast receiver that would give the best results in your home is pointed out by J. A. Dowie, an official of the National Radio Institute. He lays down the following schedule of things to look for, one by one, as a guide to the chooser in actual demonstration.

The first thing to look for is "selectivity"—the ability of a set to receive signals from a broadcast station of a certain wavelength or frequency to the exclusion of other stations broadcasting on practically the same wavelength or frequency.

Second, "tone quality"—the fidelity or naturalness of musical reproduction obtained by a receiving set, based on comparing the likeness of reproduction with the music originally rendered by instruments and artists at the broadcast station.

Third "volume"—the loudness of reproduction obtainable without sacrifice of quality.

Fourth, "sensitivity"—the ability to receive and reproduce signals from distant broadcast stations.

Fifth, "appearance"—the outward design and finish of the receiver and its fitness to lend itself harmoniously to the surroundings in which it will be used.

And last, "ease of tuning"—the ease with which different broadcast stations may be tuned in as determined by the number of controls which must be manipulated in actual operation.

By seeking these qualities, one by one, and the method of determining their existence in a receiving set under demonstration, one may qualify as a good buyer of receiving sets.—New York Herald Tribune.

SORE THROAT
IS A COMMON AILMENT WHICH UNLESS CHECKED IN TIME MAY LEAD TO A SERIOUS CONDITION. SIMILARLY A COUGH OR COLD MAY DEVELOP AND REQUIRE SUSTAINED TREATMENT BEFORE IT IS OVERCOME BUT IF TREATED AT ONCE MUCH INCONVENIENCE AND SUFFERING MAY BE AVOIDED. AN OLD AND RELIABLE REMEDY IS FOUND IN
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REQUESTED POEMS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Witness wishes to thank the following for pieces sent: "Three Gates"; Mrs. A. C. Faulkner, Sask., Mrs. W. J. King, N. B., Mrs. D. A. Cowan, Ont., K. C. Murray, N. B., "Three Bugs" Ruth Hall, Ont., Mildred MacLeod, P. E. I., Adrene Baker, Ont., Clara Robinson, Ont.; "Drifting With the Tide," A. H. Nobes, Ont.; "I Motored to Bolton," Florence Curling, Ont.; "Columbus," Paul L. Hanna, Fla., C. E. Benson, Ont.; "Two Little Girls in Blue," Mrs. N. A. Morrison, Ont.; "The Four Marys," I. A. Eaton, Minn.; "Can I sleep in Your Barn Tonight, Mister," Viola Cox, N. S.; "Each in His Own Tongue," Mrs. H. M. Jones, N. S., Mrs. Eddy Tupper, N. S., M. Jean McRae, Ont., Jean S. Rankin, Ont.; "Love's Old Sweet Song," Marion Frizzell, P. E. I.; "Face on the Bar Room Floor," Jean S. Rankin, Ont., Mrs. W. E. Allan, Ont., Mrs. L. Higgins, N. S.; "The End of the Road," K. D., Ont.; "Sally Ann's Experience," Mrs. Edith Ratcliffe, Ont., "Farmer John," Elma Ayer, N. B., Mrs. Chas. Byers, Ont., Margaret Oliver, Ont.; "Opportunity," A. Lewthwaite, B. C.; "White Caps," "One Hoss Shay," and other selections, Mrs. W. E. Allan, Ont.; "Gay Cabalero," Viola Cox, N. S.; "Sir John Moore," "Jacques Cartier," "Harry Dunn," "Young Munroe," B. A. MacLennan, N. S.; "Envy," "Little Willie's Hearing," "A Besetting Sin," "Objections Replied To," "Mills of God," "A Long Wait," Jean S. Rankin, Ont.

(Supplied by Mrs. J. D. Beach, Que.)

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE

It's easy to talk of the patience of Job!
Humph! Job had nothin' to try him:
Ef he's been married to 'Bijah Brawn,
folks wouldn't have dared come nigh him.
Trials indeed! Now, I'll tell you what
——if you want to be sick of your life,
Jest come and change places with me a spell, for I'm an inventor's wife.

And sich inventions! I'm never sure,
when I take up my coffee-pot,
That 'Bijah hain't been improvin' it,
and it mayn't go off like a shot.
Why, didn't he make a cradle once,
that would keep itself a-rockin';
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head bruised shockin'?

And there was his 'Patent Peeler,' too,
a wonderful thing, I'll say;
But it had one fault—it never stopped
'till the apple was peeled away.
As for locks and clocks, and mowin' machines, and reapers and all sech trash,
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of 'em,
but they don't bring in no cash.
Law! that don't worry him—not at all, he's the aggravatinest man—
He'll sit in the little workshop there,
and whistle and think and plan.
Inventin' a jew's harp to go by steam,
or a new-fangled powder-horn,
While the children's goin' barefoot to school, and the weeds is chokin' our corn.

When I've been forced to chop the wood, and tend to the farm beside,
And look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've jest dropped down and cried.
We lost the hull of our turnip crop,
while he was inventin' a gun,
But I counted it one of my mercies
when it busted before 't was done.

So he turned it into a 'burglar alarm,'
It ought to give thieves a fright—
'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits, if he sot it off at night.
Sometimes I wonder if 'Bijah's crazy,
he does such curious things,
Hev I told you about his bedstead yet?
—'twas full of wheels and springs.
It bed a key to wind it up and a clock face at the head:
All you did was to turn them hands,
and at any hour you said
That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced you on the floor,
And then shet up, just like a box, so you couldn't sleep any more.

Well, Bijah he fixed it all complete,
and sot it at half-past five,
But he hadn't more'n got into it, when
—dear me, sakes alive!
Them wheels began to whizz and whirr! I heer'd a fearful snap!
And there was that bedstead with Bijah inside, shet up just like a trap.

I screamed, of course, but it was no use, and I worked that hull long night,
Tryin' to open the pesky thing—at last I got in a fright.
I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought he might be dyin'—
So I took a crowbar and smashed it in,
there was 'Bijah peacefully lyin.'

Inventin' a way to get out again. That was all very well to say,
But I don't believe he'd hev found it out, if I'd left him in all day.
Now, sence I've told you my story, do you wonder I'm tired of life?
Or think it strange, I sometimes wish I wasn't an inventor's wife?

—Mrs. E. P. Corbett.

(Sent by Mrs. N. A. Morrison, Ont.)

SOME DAY I'LL WANDER BACK AGAIN

Some day, I'll wander back again, to where the old home stands
Beneath the old tree down the lane afar in other lands;
Its humble cot will shelter me from every care and pain,
And life be sweet as sweet can be when I am home again.

Chorus:
I'll wander back, yes back again
Where childhood's home may be,
For memory, in sweet refrain,
Still sings its praise to me.

Some day, I'll wander back again to scenes so dear to me,
Where life's sweet infancies refrain beside a mother's knee;
To live once more the golden hour of joyous merry play,
No thorns, but only scented flowers, there in life's merry way.

Some day, I'll wander back again to hearts so kind and true,
Whose gentle faces still remain in memory's cherished view;
No more my wayward feet shall roam life's troubled pathway o'er,
But in the life and love of home, I'll rest me evermore.

(Sent by G. A. Eaton, Minn.)

THE FOUR MARIES

Last nicht there were four Maries,
This nicht there'll be but three:
There was Mary Beaton, an' Mary Seaton,
An' Mary Carmichael, an' me.

Oh, little did my mither think
When first she cradled me,
That I would dee, sae far frae hame,
Or hang, on a gallows tree.

They'll tie a napkin round my e'en,
An' they'll no' let me see to dee.
An' they'll ne'er let on to me Father and Mither
But I am awa' o'er the sea.

I wish I could lie in our ain kirkyard,
A 'neath the old yew tree,
Where we pu'd the gowans, an' thread the rowans,
My brothers, my sisters, an' me.

But little care I for a nameless grave
If I've hope for eternity;
So I'll pray that the faith of the deein' thief
May be granted through grace unto me.

The four Maries is founded on the old ballad entitled "Mary Hamilton," which has been edited with variations by Sir Walter Scott in his Border Minstrelsy, by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe in his Ballad Book, and by Dr. McKay in his "Legendary and Romantic Ballads of Scotland," and others. It undoubtedly refers to the period of Queen Mary, and especially to her Maids of Honour, known familiarly as the four Maries, who were surnamed respectively, Beaton, Seaton, Carmichael and Hamilton. The subject of the ballad is the tragic fate of the last named of these, and the verses are supposed to be chanted by her on the morning of her execution. Whether authentic or not it is difficult to decide, but an incident in connection wth the Queen's Court, mentioned by Knox in his History of the Reformation, seems to give warrant to it.—G. A. Eaton.

(Sent by Mrs. N. A. Morrison, Ont.)

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE

An old man gazed on a photograph
in a locket he wore for years,
His nephew then asked him the reason
that picture had caused him tears:
"Come, listen," he said, "And I'll tell you, lad, a story that's strange but true,
Your father and I at the school one day, met two little girls in blue.

Chorus:
Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue;
They were sisters, we were brothers and learned to love the two;
And one little girl in blue, lad, who won your father's heart,
Became your mother, I married the other, but we have drifted apart.

That picture is one of those girls," he said, "and to me she was once a wife;
I tho't her unfaithful, we quarreled, my lad, and parted that night for life.
My fancy of jealousy wronged a heart, a heart that was good and true,
For two better girls never lived than they, those two little girls in blue.

(Sent by Mrs. A. C. Faulkner, Sask.)

THREE GATES

"If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

"Three narrow gates; First, 'Is it true?'
Then 'Is it needful?' In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest—'Is it kind?'

"And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be."

(Sent in by Mrs. W. E. Allan, Ont.)

WHITE CAPS

Once I got into a boat, such a pretty, pretty boat,
Just as the day was dawning;
And I took a little oar, and pushed away from shore,
So very, very early in the morning.

Chorus:
And every little wave had its nightcap on,
Its night-cap, white-cap, night-cap on,
And every little wave had its night-cap on,
So very, very early in the morning.

In their waves so cool and deep
All the fishes were asleep,
Save when the ripples gave them warning;
Said the minnow to the skate
'We must certainly be late,
Tho' I thought 'twas very early in the morning.

Then the lobster, darkly green,
Appeared upon the scene,
Pearly drops his claws adorning;
Quoth he, may I be boiled,
If I'll have my slumber spoiled
So very, very early in the morning.

Said the sturgeon to the eel,
Just imagine how I feel!
Pray excuse me for yawning;
People ought to let us know
When a-sailing they would go
So very, very early in the morning.

Just then, up jumped the sun,
And the fishes every one
For their laziness were mourning;
But I stayed to hear no more,
For my boat had reached the shore
So very, very early in the morning.

Chorus for last verse:

And every little wave took its night-cap off,
Its night-cap, white-cap, night-cap off,
And every little wave took its night-cap off,
So very, very early in the morning.

(Sent by Mrs. H. M. Jones, N. S.)

EACH IN ITS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet,—
A crystal and a cell,—
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And the caves where cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe rich tint of cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high,—
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,.
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty—
A mother starved for her brood,—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

—William Herbert Carruth.

WORDS WANTED

A. G. M'Lean, N. S.—A poem beginning:
"Pray tell me what's a Puseyite (?)
'Tis puzzling to describe
This Ecclesiatic Jesuit
Of a curious hybrid tribe."

A Reader, Sask.—"Springtime in the Rockies," "Utah Trail," "A High Silk Hat and a Gold Topped Walking Cane."

Mrs. Alice Lett, Alta.—The words of two hymns: (1) "O! Won't You be a Christian While You're Young," and (2) "A Long Time I Wandered in Darkness and Sin."

Howard Montgomery, Ont.—"The True Lover's Discussion," and "I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover."

K. D., Ont.—Words of the songs: "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," and "The Rose of All Thy Praising is not the Rose for Me."

Mary Patton, Man.—"The Picture From Life's Other Side," "The Wondrous Warning," and "Painting the Clouds With Sunshine."

Annie E. Kear, B. C.—The words of an old recitation: "Our Minister's Sermon," beginning: "Our minister says, last night, says he, etc."

Mrs. Eddy Tupper, N. S.—A poem on the taking of Quebec:
"Nightfall on the St. Lawrence,
With the silvery moon and stars,
And the rippling waves of the river, etc."

W. H. Nobes, Ont.—"Down on Misery Farm," "My Old Missouri Home," "Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean Blue to Gold."

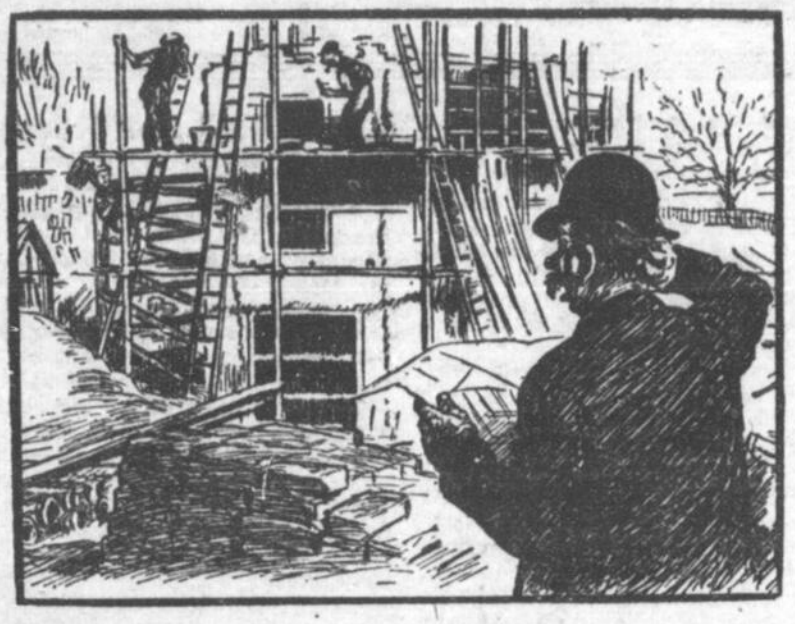
E. M. S., Ont.—Who is the author and what are the words of the song:
"Land of Hope and Glory,
Mother of the free, etc."?

Viola Cox, N. S.—"Johnnie Southerland," and "Charlie Brooks and Nellie Daire."

Mildred H. MacLeod, Ont.—"The Home Over There," "Dreaming of you, old pal, tonight, and wishing that you were here."

Sunday School scholars and workers will be interested in the announcement on page 9.

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS



Foreman (superintending the erection of bungalow): "O boys, stop a minute. We'll 'ave to start all over again. I've been reading this 'ere plan sideways." —London Opinion.

Two men sat opposite to one another in a train. One pulled out a pad and began to sketch the other.

The victim, gratified by this attention, said: "You are an artist, then, sir?"

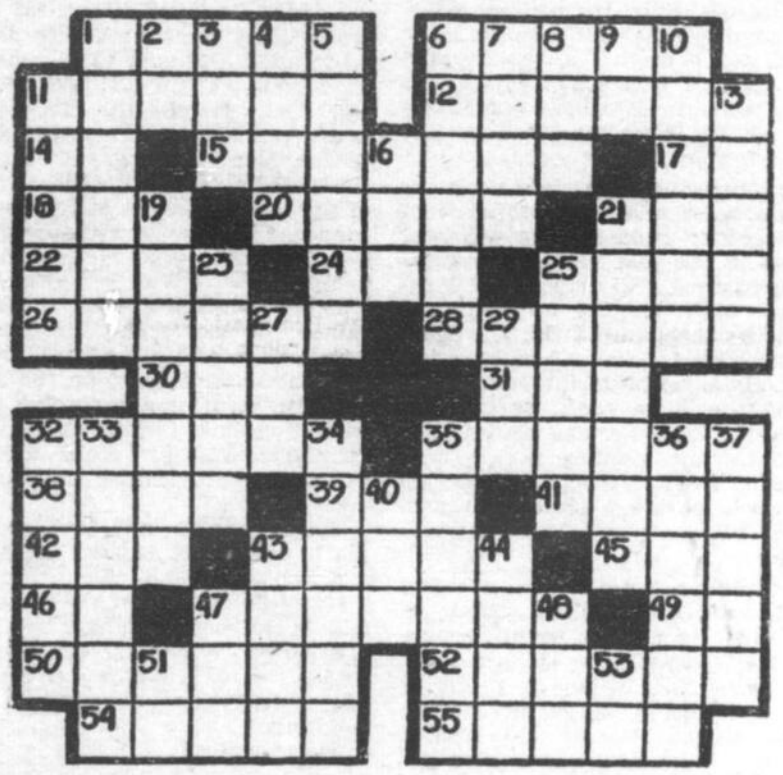
"No," replied the other. "I'm a designer of door knockers."

"Did that crate of chickens reach you safely?" asked the farmer.

"Well, yes," replied the customer, "but you didn't pack 'em properly, and after searching the neighborhood I only found twelve."

"Umph, you did all right; I only sent eight."

The Week's Cross Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1.—Seashore.
6.—Dams.
11.—A shrub.
12.—Addressed devoutly.
14.—Part of "to be".
15.—Sooner.
17.—Thus.
18.—Man's name.
20.—Lying flat on face.
21.—Chart.
22.—Pen points.
24.—To be indebted.
25.—Woman of high social position.
26.—One who climbs a ladder.
28.—Rocks.
30.—Modern.
31.—A high priest in the Book of Samuel.
32.—One who makes an offer.
35.—More submissive.
38.—Greek Cupid.
39.—Star aviator.
41.—Fodder storage place
42.—To put on.
43.—Condition.
45.—To pinch.
46.—Within.
47.—Benefactors.
49.—Prefix: down.
50.—Household management.
52.—Flowed forth.
54.—Poetic: sorrow.
55.—Pitchers.

VERTICAL

1.—Pertaining to the Welsh.
2.—Conjunction.
3.—Consumed.
4.—To strike with open hand.
5.—Extreme fright.
6.—Backbones.
7.—Woody plant.
8.—Organ of head.
9.—Possessive pronoun.
10.—Word that opened Ali Baba's cave.
11.—Chief conduit-pipes.
13.—Slang: narcotics.
16.—Not high.
19.—To desert.
21.—Model for clothes.
23.—Wheelless land vehicles.
25.—Apportions sparingly.
27.—Female sheep.
29.—Golfer's mound.
32.—To obscure.
33.—Pressed.
34.—Catcher of rodents.
35.—Hole in frieze between beam ends, (arch)
36.—Omits in pronouncing.
37.—Lassoed.
40.—Vehicle.
43.—Food prepared from palm.
44.—Poetic for enough.
47.—Crony.
48.—To take court action.
51.—Opposite of yes.
53.—Railroad (abbr.).

This puzzle took fourteen minutes to solve. See how long it will take you to solve it.

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Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

HORIZONTAL

1.—Tiger.
6.—Thews.
11.—Atoned.
13.—Primal.
14.—Pa.
15.—Dairies.
17.—Do.
18.—Elm.
20.—Drone.
21.—Nip
22.—Riot.
24.—Eve.
25.—Fane.
26.—Coarse.
28.—Ring.
29.—Diet.
30.—Bank.
31.—Gild.
32.—Sonnet.
34.—Toes.
35.—Set.
36.—Serf.
38.—Air.
39.—Seats.
41.—Nil.
42.—It.
43.—Speller.
45.—Be.
46.—Nereid.
48.—Elopes.
50.—Treat.
51.—Leash.

At your death you create debt

Death, in many instances, creates a new debt, immediately payable—succession duties.

It is inescapable, inexorable.

Wise men now provide a special policy so that the event which creates the debt shall automatically extinguish it.

The cost is thus defrayed out of income instead of out of capital.

A life assurance policy is the only means by which succession duties can be discounted.

Write for particulars of this plan to

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL

That wool stock I bought must have have been the real thing.'

"Why? Didn't it drop during the slump?"

"Certainly. It ran true to form and shrunk on the first wash."

Roadside Gypsy—I am a seer. I can see far ahead.

Motorist—Do you see any parking space——?

Teacher-Willie, where's Toronto?

Willie-Right between Davenport and Pittsburgh.

Teacher-Where did you get that answer?

Willie—On our radio set.

The Captain-I hear you arrested Buffalo Mike and then let him go.

The Patrolman-That's not so. I had the wrong man. He showed me conclusively that he wasn't from Buffalo. He'd just come from Troy.

Mrs. Blank used to take great interest in visiting hospitals and asylums. During her visit to one of the latter, a certain old man aroused her special compassion. She asked him.

"How long have you been here?"

"Twelve years," was his reply.

After asking a few more questions she passed on.

Turning to her guide, she noticed a smile on his face. On asking the reason, she heard, to her consternation, that the old man was no less than the medical superintendent. In great haste, she rushed back to make her apologies.

"I am so sorry, doctor," she said. "This has taught me a lesson. I'll never judge by appearances again."

A bishop interviewed a vicar, and requested that he would abandon the use of incense, to which the vicar attached importance.

"You see, my lord," he said, "I have the cure of ten thousand souls to minister to."

"Quite so," rejoined the bishop, "but you don't need to cure them with smoke, like so many kippers."

Nurse (announcing the happy event): "It's a little boy, professor."

Professor (absorbed in study:) "Ask him what he wants."

A man asked an actor friend, who was an excruciatingly bad writer, for a free pass for the stalls.

The actor wrote out a slip, not one word of which was decipherable. The friend showed the pass to an acquaintance, who said if it looked like anything on earth it looked like a doctor's prescription. This suggested a piece of fun. The two took the paper to a chemist and asked him to make it up. Without a moment's hesitation the chemist took down a number of bottles, poured out some of the contents, put it into a bottle, wrote a label saying "Two teaspoonfuls after meals," and charged a dollar.

Old Lady (digging 'bus conductor in ribs with umbrella): "Is that the Bank of England, my good man?"

Conductor: "No, ma'am, it's me."

Paddy had ambitions as a sprinter, but luck was never with him, and he invariably finished last. One day there came a change, and Paddy came in first. "Begorra, boys," he panted while recovering his wind, "I'm first at last; I was always behind before."

A soldier asked for exemption from church parade on the ground that he was an agnostic.

The sergeant-major assumed an expression of innocent interest.

"Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments?" he asked, mildly.

"Not one, sir," was the reply.

"Not the rule about keeping the Sabbath?"

"No, sir."

The sergeant-major smiled and said: "Ah, well, you're the very man I've been looking for to scrub out the canteen."

Newly Promoted Police Sergeant: "We don't get these stripes for hanging about street corners, you know."

Old Offender: "No, you'd look like a zebra by now if you did."

Friend: "If you spend so much time at golf you won't have anything laid aside for a rainy day."

Golf Fiend: "Won't I? My desk is loaded up with work that I've put aside for a rainy day."

He: "I went to a palmist last week to have my character read."

She: "Yes, what did he say,"

He: "He didn't say anything. He looked at my hand, coughed a bit, and then gave me my money back."

Two men were seated in a crowded tramcar. One noticed that the other had his eyes closed.

"Say, Bill ain't you well?" he said.

"I'm all right," replied Bill, "but I do 'ate to see ladies standin'!"

An Irishman and an American were discussing their acting. The American had told one or two tall stories, when he finally capped them with the following: "Of course," he said, "the first time I appeared on the stage I was presented with enough flowers to stock a shop."

"That's nothing," said Pat, not to be outdone, "the very first time I appeared on the stage I was presented with a house."

"A house," laughed the American, "why man, that's impossible."

"Nay, nay," returned Pat. "It's true enough, begorra, 'twas a brick at a time."

Wife: "You don't seem to take any interest in anything I do now, George."

Husband: "How can you say such a thing? Why, I lay awake all last night wondering what on earth you put in the pudding you made yesterday."

FARM GARDEN AND HOME

Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

The Farmer Drives to Market

By W. G. Kaiser.

WE'VE all heard the old story about the farmer who kept a patch of road under water most of the time so that he could get jobs hauling stranded motorists out of the mudhole with his team. The story may be true, for all I know, because there are plenty of country roads that seem to stay muddy most of the time in spite of the season.

Right now, with spring about to make its appearance—according to the calendar—the road problem in farming communities is more or less of a hot subject. Where the community has good paved roads, agitation is for more paving, and in communities which don't have paved roads agitation is for the rapid repair of whatever roads there may be or for the replacement of these roads with permanent pavement. Spring seems to sprout arguments as well as plants.

More roads are needed wherever traffic demands warrant, and here we come to somewhat of a problem. Which roads shall we improve first and which shall we improve later? That question is somewhat involved, but it all goes back to finance management and engineering. Counties often wonder why their roads don't seem to get better when large sums of money are expended for this item each year. Many times the fault is due to the fact that the county makes the mistake of trying to spread out its road funds all over the highways in the county at one time. The result is that there is nothing left at the end of the year to show for the expenditure, and next year the county spends some more money doing the the same old thing all over again.

The older provincial governments have seen the error in this procedure, and as a result now improve and pave only such sections of road as may be fully completed in a reasonably short space of time. Then, as more money is available, more road is paved and eventually a complete permanent system is developed.

According to T. H. MacDonald, Chief of the Bureau of Public Roads in the United States, nearly half of the 3,000-odd counties there are trying to build roads without any engineering direction whatever, and with none but the most primitive road building equipment! Is it any wonder then, that some counties aren't getting much for their road money?

IN order to obtain the greatest lasting value for road money expended, some roads should be permanently improved first, then later the improvements should extend and finally the whole system be worked in. This developes some old thought about an old catch phrase that has come to be somewhat of a stuffed shirt—the farm-to-market road. Farm-to-market roads should be improved but what is a farm-to-market road? Obviously, it is a road that takes the farmer from his farm to the market in the city. If the market is large, the road is heavily traveled—it is a main highway, it must be such a road because the farmer's markets, both for selling and buying, are in the cities.

It is no more than fair to assume that those roads which bear the heaviest traffic must be the first to receive improvement in the farm-to-market system. The system of federal grants contemplated trunk highways first, but the provinces, now federal aid is withdrawn, are gradually bringing an expanding system of construction into being—first the major highways, where traffic conditions demand road permanence; then the secondary systems; last the district roads where traffic is lighter. As district roads are gradually taken into the provincial systems, these roads, which have required the largest expenditure, will no longer burden the small communities, and this unit will be able to expend a larger sum per mile on the remaining mileage and so effect a more lasting improvement.

In regard to the farm-to-market problem, Mr. MacDonald, chief of the United States public roads bureau, recently stated that the future of these "market" roads has never been brighter. "But in order that the results of future expenditures on those which remain under the control of county and local authorities may be as effective as possible, it is desirable that there be a marked improvement in the organization and equipment of the local governing bodies," he states.

"Particularly it is desirable that all local road work be carried on under engineering supervision. There may still linger in the minds of some people the feeling that roads can be built without technical direction. There was a time not so long ago when that opinion was entertained by many people. But I hope by this time that the demonstration of the effectiveness of such control which has been made in the improvement of the Federal Aid and State highway systems has convinced most of these doubters."

Many progressive counties, convinced of the wisdom of this policy of road improvement, have gone ahead with road programs to the great benefit of every farming community in the country,

There are several ways of improving the more important county roads and one of these, which can be accomplished with an eye to future improvement, is to pave the roads with nine foot concrete which later may be widened as traffic requires and as money is available; Western Canada may have difficulty in doing this as yet, because of enormous conditions and comparatively sparse settlement.

Depending on the locality, average prices for a nine foot concrete road, complete with ditching and grading, will range from about $12,000 to $15,000 per mile. Such an improvement is permanent and its upkeep is so low that a slightly higher original cost is more than offset in a few years as compared with a total period cost for other types of country roadway. In addition to this, there is the fact that car costs for travelling over smooth concrete country roads are less than the cost of travelling over other road types, according to studies completed by the Bureau of Business Research of the State University of Iowa. The report of this study states that the saving for concrete is 3.8 cents per mile over ordinary dirt roads when cars travel at 25 to 35 miles an hour; 2.7 cents per mile saving for concrete as compared with best dirt roads, and 2.5 cents per mile saving as compared with gravel roads.

Improvement of country roads with concrete should be done by an orderly process, extending the work finally in a logical and economical way to include all the roads which merit improvement.

In time, conditions may indicate that another nine foot strip should be constructed on the grade alongside the first strip or, as in the case in Vermilion County, Ill., the original stretch may be right on the centre of the grade and future widening can be in the form of concrete strips on both sides.

At all events, once the concrete is in place the farm-to-market is up out of the mud, and the motor vehicle with which the modern farmer transports his produce and purchases is given a chance to function as the manufacturer intended that it should. Furthermore, with the right kind of engineering supervision the job doesn't have to be done over again, and with the release from excessive maintenance expenses the county has money to increase its permanent road system further. Then, too, there is the additional fact that every single farming community in the nation has prospered where high type paved roads have come to take the place of the muddy ruts of yesteryear.

Wouldn't Saskatchewan farmers be delighted if there were any near prospect of such an ideal system being put into effect? Roads would be one of that province's biggest problems because of its lack of suitable material for construction.

Milk Production Costs

THE Dominion Experimental Farm at Nappan, Nova Scotia, writes S. A. Hilton, has been keeping records on the feed cost of milk production for each week since 1924. In this way it has been possible to obtain data on the cost at different seasons of the year and under different feeding conditions. The feasibility of winter dairying is a problem for each individual to solve, as it is governed by many factors, too numerous to be dealt with in a short article such as this.

Data collected at this Farm show that the profit over feed cost at the present time is greater during the pasture season than it was a few years ago. This is due chiefly to the stabilizing of prices of butter and butterfat. For example, in 1924 the spread between summer and winter prices received by this farm for butter-fat was 12 cents, while the average yearly price was 37.4 cents. In 1929 the spread was 6 cents and the average price received was 42.75 cents. The spread has, therefore, been reduced by half and the price increased by 5.35 cents per pound in six years.

The six-year average feed costs per 100 pounds of milk as recorded from the Guernsey herd for the different seasons of the year are as follows:—Stabling period, (November to May inclusive), $1.84; pasture period, (June to October inclusive), $1.30. The average per cent fat was 5.3 making the cost per pound butterfat 34.7 cents and 24.5 cents for each period respectively. The average returns per pound for the stabling period were 41.4 cents and for the pasture period 38.3 cents, leaving a profit over feed cost of 6.7 cents and 13.8 cents respectively.

In 1929 the cost for the stabling period was $1.87 per 100 pounds of milk and 36 cents per pound butterfat. The returns were 43.7 cents per pound butterfat, leaving a profit of 7.7 cents. During the pasture period, the cost of milk was 97 cents and of butterfat 18.7 cents. The price received was 41.4 cents, leaving a profit over feed cost of 22.7 cents.

This indicates the value of good pasturage in reducing the feed cost of milk production and enabling the dairyman to realize a profit over and above his labor, overhead and feed charges. The three factors that will have the greatest influence in reducing the feed cost of milk production to a minimum are:-

First: The development of high producing herds, which is possible only through the use of purebred sires from high producing ancestry.

Second: A pasture improvement program, properly conducted, that will ensure a plentiful supply of succulent feed throughout the entire pasture period, the opportune period for cheap production due to low cost of feeds.

Third: The production of a greater amount of suitable home grown roughages and grains in Eastern Canada to reduce the feed account and lower the cost of milk production during the winter months.

Dr. C. P. Marker, dairy commissioner for Alberta, in addressing the Saskatchewan Dairy Conference recently, said that Saskatchewan is doing its share to meet the Canadian demand for Canadian creamery products having increased its output in the year 1929 by 33 per cent. He added that the industry is also rising in Alberta where the year's gain in creamery output was 11 1-2 per cent, while that of cheese was 35 per cent.

New Red-Poll Record

MERRY Sunshine regains milk production Championship and now heads the list for highest Butter-fat producer in the Dominion of Canada for Messrs. Gowans Bros. Bestwick, B.C., this cow, number 3275—bred and owned by Gowans Bros. finishing her 365 day record as a ten-year old beat all former Red-Poll records.

The Canadian record for highest milk production for the breed was gained by "Merry Sunshine" about three years ago with a production of 13,517 lbs. of milk and 567 lbs. of fat and since then there has been keen rivalry between different Red-Polls in Canada.

About two years ago the honor was wrested from Merry Sunshine by Rosedale Mary—5279—owned by Messrs. Muir Bros. Barnhart Vale, also in the Kamloops district, who produced 14,635 lbs. of milk and 658 lbs. of fat.

The ink was scarcely dry on this record when it was beaten by Dorothy—3257—an eleven year old cow, owned by C. E. Lewis then of Kelowna, now of Chilliwack, B.C. Dorothy's production which was made entirely on twice-a day milking was 15,297 lbs. of milk and 675 lbs. of fat held good until the present time.

Merry Sunshine's latest record has beaten it by 175 lbs. of milk and 8 lbs. of fat. The corrected figures being 15,472 lbs. of milk and 683 lbs. of fat. Merry Sunshine's records were made under ordinary farm conditions on a ranch at an altitude well over 3,000 feet. Despite the fact that the weather is somewhat severe in the winter, Merry Sunshine is outside all the time, a tribute to the hardiness of the breed. Besides Merry Sunshine carried a calf six months before she finished and is due to freshen early in April.

Merry Sunshine's latest record also gained for the second highest long distance record for the Breed in Canada, the third highest on the American Continent and according to information now in the hands of the secretary a World's Record. Her Long Distance record for five lactations being:-

58,469 lbs. milk, and 2545 lbs. fat, a yearly average of 11,693 4-5 lbs. milk, and 509 lbs. fat.

Merry Sunshine's yearly average for milk is the second highest for Canada and her yearly average Butter-fat record is the highest of any cow in Canada in two, three, four, five and six lactations.

Her long distance record is exceeded only by the wonderful performing cow Pear (American) and Mr. H. E. Waby's grand old cow Princess Rose—3276.

The growth of the Boy's Colt Competition of the Manitoba Winter Fair gives indication that the affair will soon rank with the boys and girls fat calf competition as a leading feature of the exhibition. On account of the rapid strides made the Federal Department of Agriculture announces that an extra $400 will be added to the $500 already in effect for prizes.

One of the largest terminal grain elevators in the world has recently been put into operation at Vancouver by the Alberta Wheat Pool. It has a capacity of 5,150,000 bushels and is known as Vancouver Pool Elevator No. 1.

An additional $1,000,000 for the assistance of agriculture in the Province of Quebec has been announced by the Provincial Department of Agriculture. This amount is over and above the $2,675,500 contained in the estimates recently brought down by Hon. A. R. McMaster, provincial treasurer.

The records of the Forestry Department indicate that the cut of poles and piles from the British Columbia forests during 1929 totalled 39,453,489 lineal feet or an increase of 8,000,000 feet over the 1928 output.

Story lovers will be interested in the announcement on page 7.

Acid Soils, Fine Lawns

WEEDLESS lawns can be grown by "pickling" the soil with acid fertilizers, experts of the New York Botanical Garden report.

Some of the best grasses for lawns, they say, thrive on soil acid enough to prevent the growth of the hardiest weed. By using only such fertilizers as ammonium sulphate, superphosphate and muriate of potash, the ground can be "pickled" into a condition favorable to grass and deadly to weeds.

"By properly manipulating the acidity of the soil it is possible to do some surprising things," Dr. Forman T. McLean, supervisor of public education at the garden, explains. "If the soil is too acid; it poisons plants by releasing alum from the clay in the soil. Clay is made of aluminum, which is useful as long as it remains in clay or in the metallic form we are familiar with in kitchenware, but when it dissolves with acid as aluminum salts it is a dangerous poison to both plants and animals.

"In the soil its effects can be counteracted by adding lime or phosphates. Lime is most commonly used but it is quite possible to use too much of it. If we lime the soil until it is too sweet we get into another difficulty, because the sweet soil not only ties up the harmful aluminum, but also the small amounts of iron and manganese which are necessary to plants.

"Some of our best grasses, though, thrive in an acid soil. They can withstand an acid condition in which weeds cannot grow. Even bluegrass will withstand more acidity than most weeds. By using only acid fertilizers we can feed the grass well and at the same time "pickle" the soil, making it so acid that weeds cannot grow.

Sweet Soil For Many Plants

"On the other hand, some of our garden vegetables and plants like a sweet soil, and accordingly are benefited by such sweetening fertilizers as nitrate of soda, bone meal, lime and stable manure. Roses, beets, lettuce, spinach and Japanese cherries are included in this group."

Dr. McLean warns that caution is essential in the use of the concentrated chemical fertilizers sold today. Over-feeding with concentrated food, he says, is as fatal to plants as it is to children. "Plants are growing things like young children and, like children, they are constantly hungry, except when they are asleep, but the plants' sleep is not every night. It is a resting period of weeks or months.

"Likewise, just as we can give children too much concentrated food in candy, cakes and sweets, so we easily can overfeed our plants if we use concentrated chemical fertilizers as freely as the older type of manures. Most of the older kinds of fertilizers, such as manure, bone meal and dried blood, contain rather small amounts of the fertilizing elements.

"Nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium are needed in such large amounts by plants that they have come to be considered the only important elements in fertilizers. Most states require that all fertilizers sold must have their analysis in these three items stated on the packages. Nitrogen is stated as a percentage of ammonia, phosphorus as a percentage of phosphoric acid or phosphorous pentoxide and potassium as potash, potassium oxide.

"The average chemical fertilizer contains about 4 to 6 per cent. of ammonia, 10 to 12 per cent. of phosphoric acid and 4 to 8 per cent. of potash. This material may be used at the rate of one ton to the acre or one pound to 1,000 square feet. This is a moderate application such as farmers use.

"On the average garden three to five times this much may be satisfactorily employed; that is, a pound to possibly 200 square feet. For pot plants a level teaspoonful to a six-inch pot, either mixed in with the soil or stirred in around the plant not closer than an inch away from its stem, is a good, liberal application.

Fertilize for Results

"It is important that gardeners know the characteristics of their fertilizers. Nitrate of soda, superphosphate and sulphate of phosphate produce immediate effects. Organic manures, dried blood, bone meal and wood ashes work more slowly, and their effect upon plants continues for longer periods. Nitrogen and ammonia stimulate rapid growth and make abundant dark green foliage.

Phosphorus increases flower and seed production, while potash facilitates the storage of food and has a tendency to make plants stiffer and stronger.

"Despite the importance of chemicals that plants get from the soil, the most important food materials still come from the air and water. Water constitutes more than nine-tenths of most plants, and carbon oxide absorbed from the air enters into more than 25 per cent. of the remaining dry tissue.

"Plants need air around their roots as well as around their leaves. It is wise to use loose soil through which the air can pass readily and regulate the water, so that the soil can become partly dry and aerated between waterings."

PRIZES FOR NUTS

The Northern Nut Growers Association is offering prizes totalling over $500 for the best nuts of several kinds sent in for competition in the contest now being conducted by the association.

Details with regard to the contest may be had from Dr. W. C. Deming, Contest Manager, 31 Owens Street, Hartford, Connecticut.

GARDEN NOTES

Examine the bases of unprotected trunks when the snow leaves, for damage by mice. Any serious damage should be repaired at once by bridge-grafting.

Fruit trees may be pruned at any time now, when the weather suits the operator. It is one of the operations that may be done early and finished before the rush of spring work starts.

If fruits and vegetables show signs of withering in storage you may know that the air is too dry. Sprinkle water on the floor and walls at frequent intervals. Keep the air moist.

It is a good plan to secure at this season a bag or so of one of the quickly available nitrogenous fertilizers, like Nitrate of Soda or Sulphate of Ammonia, to keep on hand during the growing season to stimulate backward plants. The best time to use it on woody plants and apple trees is just as growth is starting in Spring.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers will be held in Regina on Wednesday, March 26th, it is officially reported. This date follows the annual meeting of the Canadian Sheep Breeders' Association in the same city.

ANSWERS to Garden Questions

Growing Cacti From Seed

Dear Sir:—Please inform me if there is any difficulty in growing cacti from seeds. I have tried two or three times without success. Could you inform me where I could get reliable seeds of these interesting plants—Cacti?

The seeds of cacti are usually fertile and when planted under proper conditions, a large percentage of them will produce mature plants. The best soil for growing cacti from seed has proved to be a thoroughly decomposed sod, mixed with at least its own volume of sand. After these ingredients have been carefully mixed, they are run through a sieve of about quarter-inch mesh, which removes any large particles and all superfluous root fibres, making a loose soil which drains readily. It is not necessary that the soil be rich in humus, and manured soils should always be avoided because of their undue tendency to hold moisture. They are also a medium for producing germs of decay. An open drainable soil is the chief requisite for cultivating cacti. For germinating the seeds an ordinary 4-inch pot is very convenient. New pots are preferable, but old pots may be used if thoroughly sterilized. Porous pots are soon covered with green algae when left in a moist place for any considerable time. This growth will spread over the surface of the soil in a close blanket which precludes the free access of air and seriously retards the drainage of superfluous water. These algae will, in time, grow over the little seedlings, smothering them. It is wise, therefore, to bake or burn old pots before using them. Enlarge the hole in the pots which is, as a rule, too small and easily clogged, and fill the pot to a quarter of its depth with broken pots. On these, the prepared soil should be placed and pressed or shaken together firmly, but not packed hard. Level the surface soil with a round, flat-faced tamper of a diameter to barely fill the pot, tamping the soil down lightly, not packing it, but making a smooth, level surface. This surface should be about half an inch below the top of the pot. Over it the seeds are evenly distributed and then covered with a very thin layer of the soil, upon which is spread a layer of fine gravel to the depth of quarter of an inch. This layer of gravel is important in many ways. As the pots are later watered with a fine spray, it prevents the surface of the soil from washing and consequently keeps the seeds from being disarranged. It also promotes the free passage of moist air through the spaces between the bits of gravel, which, together with the shading by the gravel, prevents the surface of the soil from becoming dry and baked. It also checks the growth of algae.

As the seedlings grow they easily force their way through the gravel to the sunlight. For the first few months they are only small, globular, balloon-shaped, or cylindrical bodies, composed of very thin-walled cells filled to turgidity with water. They are so tender and delicate, they readily "damp-off" if subjected to a sudden change from high to low temperature, but the death rate of seedlings from this cause has been almost wholly checked by the use of gravel over the soil. By the time they have grown large enough to project beyond the gravel they have become hardier and more robust in structure. Again the gravel layer is of great value in that it keeps the surface of the soil moist. If this surface is allowed to dry out to the depth of one-eighth of an inch the exceedingly fine and delicate roots which spread out near the surface will be destroyed and the seedlings damaged or killed. In most instances the diminutive plant has not enough food stored up in its body to keep it alive until another set of seedling roots can be formed, and it starves. For watering, a vessel should be used which gives a fine, gentle spray, in order to avoid the danger of washing the seeds from their position or injuring the young plants. Watering should be done at least once a day. The temperature of the propagating house or frame should be kept as uniform as possible and should not vary much from 70 deg. F.

The proper time for transplanting differs for different genera and species, but they should usually be left in the germination pot until the plant shows at least three or four clusters of spines, except the prickly pear which can usually be moved as soon as the seed leaves have expanded. By that time the tissues will have become considerably hardened and a very good root system formed. The taller growing species, such as Cereus and Opuntia will be the first ones ready for transplanting. Mammillaria and kindred genera and plants of similar growth the last.

The seedlings should be transplanted into a flat, small enough to be easily handled and provided with drainage openings in the bottom. It should be filled with the same material and soil as the germination pot and leveled in the same way. The rows should be about an inch apart and the seedlings an inch apart in the rows. After the seedlings are all in, a thin layer of fine, clean gravel should be placed all over the soil and close up around all the plants. The flats should then be set perfectly level so the soil will not shift when watered. With the exception of Opuntia, cactus plants are mostly of slow growth and may remain in the flat for several months before being potted. When the plants begin to crowd each other, or the roots to intermingle, pot them up following the same method, but coarse soil may be used to advantage. It is not advisable to begin with pots smaller than two and a half inches, as they dry out too rapidly.

Any reliable seedsman will give you seed. As to why the seed failed, it may be you will find the reason in the warnings given in the above directions which are taken from a new bulletin on the subject just issued by the Horticultural Department of the United States.

Porch Boxes

Dear Sir:—Would you kindly suggest some filling you would use pretty for porch boxes? I have used scarlet geraniums until I'm tired of them and would like a change.—G.C.S.

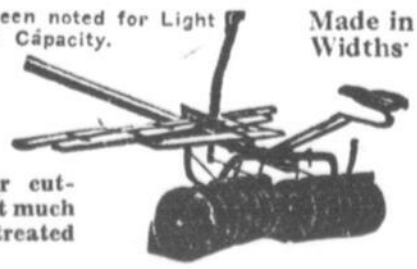
How would one of these combinations do? Giant Wandering Jew alternated with green and white vinca for trailing vines in front; then several fuchsias with very dark foliage plants behind; or, trailing asparagus ferns in front with low growing blue lobelia and pink geraniums. Or petunias, shades of purple, or Rosy Morn alone.

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POULTRY TOPICS

More Poultry Notes

By R. G. Kirby.

A THERMOMETER for the poultry house is a rather interesting instrument for the poultryman to own. Hang it just about the level of the birds' heads and protect it from pecking if possible. Watch the temperature of the house both on cold, windy, winter days and on scorching hot summer days. It may help to teach you why hens become uncomfortable and egg production goes down. It may lead to a more careful operation of the poultry house ventilation and result in the purchase of insulation and possibly the construction of a straw loft.

An oil can is useful poultry equipment. Try using it on the door hinges and the padlocks. It will help to keep the locks from freezing up during ice storms and damp weather and will take the squeaks out of the hingest and the door handles.

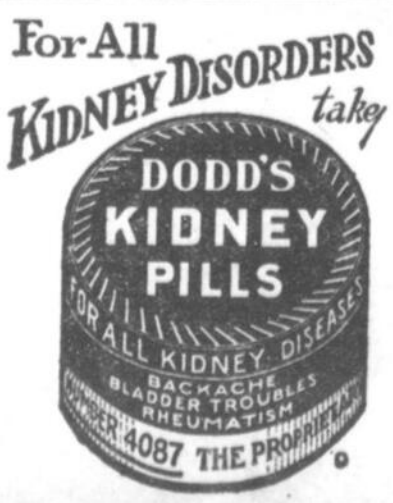
WHEN ordering the spring nursery stock and garden seed, don't forget that the summer poultry conditions can be improved if proper shade is provided both for the layers and the growing stock. Plum trees grow rapidly and soon make considerable shade near poultry buildings.

Apple trees are slower to develop but may produce a crop of considerable market value and also provide high limbs which make fine roosts during the summer for the pullets on range. If you have a fenced acreage near a poultry range, it can be used to grow asparagus or corn and Russian sunflowers. When the asparagus plants are small the hens must be excluded. During the harvest they must be fenced away from the patch. Later the thick fern-like plants grow high and provide a dense shade.

Raise the fence and the poultry will range among the high asparagus plants and keep down the grass and add considerable fertility near the roots. Corn and sunflowers can be used as a range for young poultry when the plants are only six or eight inches high. The plants will grow much faster than the chicks can peck them down and soon a dense shade is provided. This helps the pullets to keep comfortable on hot windy days. The cultivation brings up bugs and worms and turns under at least some of the poultry manure. The corn and sunflower seed that can be produced on such a range are useful in the poultry ration.

FOLLOWERS of the radio are sometimes surprised to find the poultry industry is receiving more attention on the air. A good practical chick talk may appear from some distant station. The ideas advanced help to keep a man thinking even though they cannot all be used on his own farm. The radio weather reports are of real value in following storms and regulating the ventilation of the houses. Poultrymen who had plenty of mash and grain on hand during the big December blizzard saved a lot of worry and some hard drives through the drifts.

The poultry business is very confining and men who act as butler and valet to a thousand hens or more must take most of their pleasure near home. They certainly deserve a good radio. When you can rest in your work clothes and listen to the same songs and music that the millionaires in city mansions are enjoying, it does much to make the poultry business enjoyable and the necessity of being at home most of the time less irksome. Poultrymen away from power lines can now buy discarded battery sets from city homes for almost nothing. It seems that those who are on power lines can now obtain more radio value for their money than ever before. From experience, I believe it is a real business asset on the poultry farm and worth many times its cost. —Michigan Farmer.



The Situation

THE flush of fresh egg production in Canada is, apparently, still just around the corner. Egg dealers in the majority of consuming centres have been expecting heavier local receipts for some time past but outside of the Atlantic and Pacific Coast Provinces, the increase has, thus far, failed to materialize. The Maritime Provinces particularly New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, experienced rather heavy egg production some few weeks ago. Prices were lowered and the demand picked up to an extent where it was taking care of all receipts and for a time the Maritime markets were also short of supplies. This condition still prevails in part but production in the Maritimes appears again to be increasing. British Columbia, which has been experiencing extremely severe weather for that Province, now reports springlike conditions prevailing and production is commencing to show a corresponding increase. The carlot shipments of eggs from British Columbia to the East are still quite light, only four cars being shipped out last week. It may be expected, however, that this volume will be increasing steadily from now on. It is unlikely that the Coast region of British Columbia will experience a turn of cold weather at this season. The hatching season is well under way in British Columbia and while the coming month will probably see a still greater quantity of eggs diverted from market channels the first heavy effects of this movement have already been felt.

Outside of British Columbia and the Maritime Provinces fresh egg production is at a very low ebb. Edmonton is the only Prairie centre of importance to report an increase in local receipts during the week and even at that point the increase was only minor in nature and local supplies were not sufficient to take care of requirements. At present prices it is estimated that Edmonton requires approximately one car of eggs per week. Receipts during last week were only 294 cases. Other Prairie markets are depending on United States shipments for supplies or else are getting along with insufficient eggs to take care of the demand. Country points throughout Saskatchewan are receiving hardly enough eggs for their own local use, only North Battleford reports a slight surplus for shipment to outside points.

The present conditions of shortage over the Prairies may be attributed in a large measure to the return to cold weather. This came just at the time when it was thought that mild conditions would prevail and that an increase in fresh production would result.

In Ontario there are yet no signs of a substantial increase in local production. Road conditions in the Western part of the Province appear to be bad. This is holding up deliveries and production on the whole is also short. Ottawa, which a short while back was receiving ample local supplies, has now had to turn to the United States. Toronto is bringing in United States eggs very heavily and United States prices are the chief governing factor on that market. A considerable volume of Ontario receipts are reaching Toronto of course but they are far from sufficient to take care of the needs of that City.

Montreal is in practically the same condition as Toronto. An occasional car of British Columbia's is arriving at both points but the bulk of requirements is being filled by imported supplies. Montreal does not report any increase in local receipts but Quebec City is experiencing an unusually heavy production for this season of the year.

Importations of eggs have been extremely heavy during the present year. Figures of the Egg Inspection Service for the month of January have been compiled and show that over 20,000 cases were admitted into Canada by the Egg Inspection Service during the month. Allowing 400 cases to a car this would mean that practically 50 cars were imported. The volume can, perhaps, be well appreciated by comparison with 1929 when total importations for the entire year were slightly under 24,000 cases. The volume of imports during the month of February appears to have been at least equal, thus far, to January.

At the close of the first national poultry show in Montreal, on February 8th, George Bouchard, M.P., president of the exhibition, declared that it has been successful far beyond what the promoters anticipated, and that, with the experience gained, next year's exhibition should be yet more successful.

"Apart from the increase in grain exports through the Port of Saint John during January, over December, which amounted to 23,820 tons, there has been a notable increase in export of general cargo during the same period," said J. M. Woodman, general superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the New Brunswick district. "In December, 1929, the company handled 39,511 tons of general cargo for export through West Saint John and in January 42,412, or an increase of 2,901," he said.

World Poultry Congress

The General Public

The World Poultry Congress to be held at the Crystal Palace in July is open to the world at large; it is not reserved for the delegates and members who have a part to play and a rôle assigned to them. The general public will be able to see the great display revealing the world's poultry (and small livestock) industry in its many branches, on paying the price of admission to the Crystal Palace; they will not take, and will not be expected to take an interest in the official proceedings of the Congress, the reading of papers, the subsequent debates. But they will undoubtedly respond to a special programme of entertainment to which the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Air Force have been invited to contribute, and there will be special concerts and illuminations, all of which will serve to make the days and nights between July 22nd and July 30th pleasantly memorable.

Membership....

Application forms for membership of the World Poultry Congress to be held at the Crystal Palace from July 22nd to July 30th are now available. Those who write from Great Britain and Northern Ireland can apply direct to the Ministry of Agriculture, London, S.W.1. Citizens of the Irish Free State have their own National Committee in Dublin. The classification covering those who attend the Congress is of the simplest kind. Visitors will be either representative delegates or private members. Delegates are representatives of properly constituted bodies; local government boards, teaching or research institutes, educational or poultry associations and commercial organizations. All the other members of Congress attend in private capacity. Membership, official or private, costs two guineas and brings many privileges and much entertainment in its train. Delegates and members may participate in all activities, attend lectures, receive a copy of all Congress papers, a portfolio, a badge and a copy of the final Report of Congress proceedings. Moreover, they will have free admission to the Crystal Palace, where a remarkable series of entertainments is being arranged, and they will be the guests of the Government, the Lord Mayor of London and the Poultry Industry in turn. Wives and relatives may accompany delegates and members on payment of a fee of one guinea per person, and will be invited to the Congress entertainments.

Associate Members

It is recognized by those responsible for the conduct of the Congress that there are many people who, although they are unable to attend the Congress, desire to be associated with it. They may live too far from London, they may have too many calls upon their time or resources, and yet their interest in the work, and the industry it seeks to help, may be deep and long-standing. For these there is an Associate Membership. It costs one guinea and Associates will receive copies of Congress literature and papers, together with the Report and Proceedings issued after the Congress.

Bands as Insect Traps

BANDAGES on apple trees are not necessarily a sign that they are suffering from injuries. The chances are that the orchardist has bandaged the trees to set a trap for an old enemy, the codling moth, an insect which causes $20,000,000 loss to apple growers annually. When the larvae of this insect are ready to make their cocoons they look for a sheltered spot on the tree, and if there is a band around the trunk, that makes an ideal place.

This method of trapping larvae of the codling moth was generally used before arsenical sprays were developed, and is still used as a supplementary control measure. Recent work of the United States Department of Agriculture sheds new light on this practice.

With the ordinary paper or burlap bands commonly used it is necessary to send men through the orchard at intervals to destroy the larvae collected in the bands. In an effort to eliminate this job, specialists of the department have been experimenting with bands treated with various chemicals which will kill the larvae. They report that a combination of beta-naphthol and lubricating oil gives satisfactory results and causes no apparent injury to the trees.

Further experiments will be necessary before the department can state conclusively that no injury to the tree will result from the use of these treated bands. For this reason it is recommended that all tests with such bands be made on a small scale and only on trees of full-bearing capacity.

In a test comparing various materials for bands it was found that those made of paper burlap were equal or superior to those of 3-ply cloth burlap, the kind commonly used in commercial orchards. The paper-burlap band is much less expensive than the one made of burlap, which means a substantial saving to fruit growers. Heavy roofing paper and light crepe paper were the least effective materials tried.

Deutzia gracilis, a small, hardy shrub that has been stored away in a cool place for forcing, may now be brought into a cool greenhouse and slowly started. Low temperature must be obtained for a month, 35 degrees Fahrenheit at night and 45 degrees during the day. At the end of a month move them to warmer quarters. They can stand a warm house, but they are better off if not forced too hard.

They Proved To Be The Very Thing I Needed

Says Nova Scotia Lady Of Dodd's Kidney Pills

Mrs. A. Surette Suffered With a Very Painful Backache

Surette Island, N.S., Feb. 25 (Special)

Every year, thousands of grateful people publicly testify to Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have used them and found them to be a good kidney remedy. Mrs. A. Surette, of this place is one of them. She writes:—

"I had an awful pain across my back which I was told was kidney trouble. I could hardly walk and when I laid down it was no better. At this time I received your Almanac telling about Dodd's Kidney Pills. I bought three boxes and they proved to be just the thing I needed. I will recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who suffer with Backache."

Singleness of purpose explains successes like this. Dodd's Kidney Pills do not affect the liver or stomach, they are just a special kidney medicine, solely affecting the kidneys. They do one thing, but they do that one thing well.

Good Vegetables

TO get the highest quality in any vegetable, it must be grown early. Where there is a check during any time of growth, toughness and stringiness will usually result. Crisp, tender vegetables are those that are grown quickly, given plenty of fertilizer, continuous cultivation and water, if possible, during dry spells. There are, of course, scores of different varieties, although seedsmen are narrowing these down, and are pushing only those which years of experience have shown themselves most suitable to the Canadian climate. In the case of the earlier vegetables, particularly, which mature long before the end of the growing season, it is advisable to secure two or three varieties of the same sort. Get an early, medium and late sort so that the harvesting season will be spread over weeks instead of days. In those districts where Fall frosts are liable to come early, select the very earliest varieties. To help the new gardener, the following list of approved vegetables is offered: Asparagus—Mary Washington, satisfactory from the standpoint of disease resistance and a good cropper; Beans—Pencil Pod Black Wax—Round Pod Kidney Wax, Stringless Green Pod with Kentucky wonder Wax and Kentucky Green Pod as pole sorts; Beets—Early Wonder, Flat Egyptian Early and Detroit Dark Red, later; Cabbage—Golden Acre, as a round-headed first early, followed by Copenhagen Market and Enkhuizen Glory as midseason with short stem Danish Ballhead for winter storage; Cauliflower—Snowball and Earliest Dwarf Erfurt; Carrots—Chantenay and Danvers; Corn—of the early varieties Golden Sunshine, Pickaninny, Early Mayflower, Early Market and Golden Bantam are recommended, with Stowell's Evergreen for later use; Cucumbers—Improved White Spine and Davis Perfect; Celery—for first early Golden Plume or Wonderful, and white Plume, —for second early, Paris Golden Yellow or Easy Blanching, — for winter keeping Giant Pascal or Winter Queen; Lettuce—Grand Rapids is one of the most popular leaf varieties with New York and Non-Pareil where a head sort is wanted; Muskmelons—Improved Montreal and Extra Early Knight are good varieties, as well as Golden Champlain, Miller's Cream or Osage; Onions—Yellow Globe Danvers, Red Wethersfield, Prize Taker Yellow Globe and Prize Taker Red Globe; Peas—Thomas Laxton, Laxtonian, Gradus, Little Marvel, Laxton Progress and, of course, American wonder; Parsnips — Hollow Crown; Radish — Scarlet Turnip White Tip, French Breakfast and Scarlet Globe; Spinach — Bloomsdale and King of Denmark; Swiss Chard—Lucullus, the leafy part of this vegetable is used as a spinach while the fleshy stem may be cooked as asparagus and is delicious served with cream sauce; Tomatoes—Earliana, John Baer, Bonny Best, Chalk's Early Jewel, Livingstone's Globe. Grand Rapids and Sunrise are two of the best forcing sorts.

INSECT PEST SURVEY

A COMPLETE and accurate record of insect pests in Canada is being built up by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa under the direction of the Dominion Entomologist. This survey of insect pests was placed on a systematic basis in 1922 and has resulted in the bringing together of thousands of records dealing with a large number of species of injurious insects.

The Minister of Agriculture in his report for the fiscal year ending with March, 1929, shows that records of more than 3,000 species of economic importance were on file at Ottawa, and these are being increased. The survey, it is pointed out, has as its principal object the establishment of a complete and accurate record of the distribution, prevalence, food plants, etc., and natural enemies of the insect species of economic importance in Canada. As the Entomological Branch gathers information from this division of its work its current observations are issued in monthly reviews during the growing season to entomologists throughout Canada. In a general paper indicating the progress in economic entomology in North America, presented during the recent meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Des Moines, Iowa, the Dominion Entomologist made the following statement regarding insect pest surveys: "Much progress has been made in assembling data regarding insect pests since the establishment of Insect Pest Surveys in the United States, in 1921, and in Canada, in 1922. The monthly summaries of insect conditions published in both countries have undoubtedly served a very useful purpose."

Dr. Hyslop of Washington has said, "The data obtained as a result of insect pest surveys should be of far reaching value in connection with entomological forecasting."

That grand old mediaeval gardener Gerard wrote of flowers: " . . . the recreation of the minde which is taken thereby cannot but be very good and honest; for they admonish and stir up a man to that which is comlie and honest, for flowers through their beautie, variety of color and exquisite forme, do bring to a liberall and gentlemanly minde the resemblance of honestie comelinesse, and all kindes of vertues."

Apple exports from Nova Scotia to Europe for the present season to date passed the million barrel mark on February 10th, for the first time in five years, when the figure stood at 1,042,478 barrels, as compared with 645,000 barrels for the entire previous season.

The Nova Scotia Sheep Breeders Association has been formed with Ranold Chisholm as president and Barry Baker as secretary-treasurer, the former being from Antigonish and the latter from River Hebert.

Addressing the annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Farmers, Dr. J. M. Trueman, superintendent of agricultural associations, said that 184 societies had reported during 1929 with a membership gain of 283.



PATENTS

A LIST OF "WANTED INVENTIONS" AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

The RAMSAY Co. Dept. 167 273 BANK ST. OTTAWA, ONT

Public Notice is given that Ruth Lyford Smith, of the City and District of Montreal, married woman, will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the present Session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, Norman H. Smith, of the City and District of Montreal, Automobile Salesman, on the grounds of Adultery and Desertion.

Dated at Montreal, in the Province of Quebec; this Twenty-first day of February, 1930.

WELLS & LYNCH,
Solicitors for the Applicant.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR DIVORCE

Notice is hereby given that Janet Ella Pettigrew, of the Town of Lakeside, District of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, wife of Cameron Augusta Thomson presently residing at Pointe Claire in the Province of Quebec, said District of Montreal, will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, Cameron Augusta Thomson, Clerk, of Pointe Claire, as aforesaid on the grounds of adultery and desertion.

Dated at Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, this seventeenth day of December, 1929.

ROYAL E. C. WERRY,
Attorney for Petitioner.



FARMERS' BUSINESS BRIEFS



ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-order rate of three cents per word per insertion (minimum charge 45c per insertion). SIX consecutive insertions will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions $1.50). A number or single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made.

Copy for insertion in these columns should be in the "Witness" Office not later than Friday morning to secure proper classification in following Weekly Edition.

POULTRY

BABY CHICKS

High Quality Baby Chicks—O.A.C. Barred Rocks, S. C. White Leghorns. Our flocks are bred for size of bird and production of eggs. All have been culled and blood tested and headed with cockerels of R.O.P. breeding from high record hens. You are assured of first class chicks, the kind that lay and pay. Prices: March and April Rocks, 20 cents; Leghorns 18 cents each; May Rocks 18 cents; Leghorns 16 cents each. 500 and over, $2.00 per hundred less. Express paid; 100 per cent. live arrival guaranteed. Terms: 25 per cent. with order, balance C.O.D. FERGUS CHICK HATCHERY, Fergus, Ont. t.f.

Bred-to-Pay Baby Chicks—White Leghorns, Barred Rocks, from large eggs. Government registered, R.O.P. Pedigreed. Breeders culled. Rocks 20c; Leghorns 18c until May 10. Express paid, 100 per cent. alive. Order from this ad. PRINCE EDWARD POULTRY FARM, Consecon, Ont. 9-6

Switzer's Blood-Tested Baby Chicks. Barred Rocks March, 20c; April 19c. Barron strain S.C. White Leghorns, March 18c; April 17c. Cockerels from the very best laying strains available. We pay express on 200 and over and guarantee 100 per cent. safe delivery. 10 per cent. books your order, balance C.O.D. ALVIN P. SWITZER, Granton, Ontario. 8-6

PIGEONS

Big White Runts: Also Kings, Mondaines, Homers, $3 pair; worth six. POULTRY YARDS, Mt. Forest, Ont. 9-6

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Buff Plymouth Rocks—"Bonnick's Beauties". Send for mating list.—CHAS. BONNICK, Blythwood Road, Toronto, Ontario. 9-6

TURKEYS

Pure-Bred Mammoth Bronze Toms, $6.00; Hens, $4.00, from 40-pound stock. MRS. W. S. LOTTIN, Neepawa, Man. 4-6

LIVESTOCK

"DR. MOFFATT'S REMEDY FOR HEAVES" gives quick relief and lasting cure. The guarantee with every treatment makes it certain you get satisfaction or your money back. Complete treatment, five dollars with order of C.O.D. V. V. M. LABORATORIES, 867 King West, Toronto, Ont.

FOXES

Blue and Silver Foxes, All Registered. Insured delivery and sixty days thereafter. Feed, supplies at cost. Illustrated booklet. Agents wanted. Bank references 25 years. CLEARY BROS., Seattle, Wash. 8-6

HORSES

75 Head Percheron, Belgian, Clydesdale, Canadian, Standard-bred and Hackney Stallions and Mares. Prices reasonable, suitable terms of payment arranged. ARNOLDWOLD FARMS, Grenville, Que. 7-6

MINK

Mink—Super-Alaskan Strain, Very High Quality. Mink-raising most profitable industry; wonderful possibilities. Write today for particulars, HERCULEAN FUR FARMS, Forest Lake, Minn. 5-6

LIVESTOCK

RABBITS

For Sale—Outdoor Raised, Healthy, Prolific Large Ermines. White, Flemish, Silver Black Fox, Rabbits. Guaranteed live, healthy delivery. Chrome tanned soft, pliable Chinchilla rabbit pelts. Sample pelt $1.25. NORTHLANDS FUR & PACKING CO., Rhinelander, Wisconsin. 5-6

FARMS FOR SALE

Good Fertile Farm—Stone Road: Milk Route: close to school. Flax seed, $3.50 bushel. EDWARD WAINES, Dunnville, R. R. 2, Ont. 4-6

100 Acres Ten Miles From Ottawa. All Improvements, on a highway. Well located. Apply H. W. ORR, 1479 Dean St. Brooklyn, New New York. 5-6

Village Farm, 117 Acres, Electric Lights, 1 Block schools and church 2 blocks, 2 milk stations, $7,350. E. Y. STONE, owner, 1200 State St., Ogdensburg, N.Y. Also 50-cow farm. 7-6

165 Acre Farm For Sale—Beautifully Situated on the St. Lawrence river in Morrisburg Town lighting and waterworks. Also near Collegiate Institute. GEORGE H. MERKLEY, Morrisburg, Ont. 9-6.

Stock Ranch For Sale, 400 Acres. Apply E. R. BOBB, Soda Creek, B.C. 8-6

For Quick Sale: Reasonable Price, Al Half Section, 2 miles from town. Cultivated; good buildings; best stock and creamery implements. Purchaser can take everything on reasonable cash payment. Apply to Box 5, Russel, Man. 8-2

Fox Farm For Sale — Containing 60 Breeding pens and 13 smaller pens, no foxes. Six roomed bungalow, modern, basement garage. On the shore of the beautiful Nicola Lake. An ideal place for fishing and shooting. Good climate for raising foxes. For particulars and price write W. CROMPTON, QUILCHENA, B.C. 9-2

Vista, California, The Most Rapidly-Developing and selling subtropical orchard land district in the state. Grow avocados, citrus, out-of-season vegetables, berries, bulbs and flowers. Low prices; easy terms. Illustrated descriptive folder on request. EDWIN G. HART, INC., 724 Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California. 9-6

$3,000 Buys 275 Acres; $500 Down. Situated On C.N.R. eleven miles to Smith's Falls, thirty to Ottawa. Convenient to church, school, station, store; telephone installed. Good buildings. Snap on request. Winters 30 cattle, 30 sheep. HAROLD SIMPSON, Smith's Falls, R. 5.

Farms For Sale—1-2 or 3-4 Sec., Equipped or unequipped, 1 or 2 miles from town on trans-Canada auto highway; no crop failures; well cultivated, fenced, buildings, good well, good town, school, churches; no better mixed farm district in Saskatchewan; sacrifice price; terms easy. Write for full particulars. J. L. LAMONT, Whitewood, Sask. 9-2

Peace River Farm Lands For Sale. Write L. A. SHEARER, Fairview, Alberta. 9-6

FARMS WANTED

Wanted—To Hear From Owner Having Good farm for sale. Cash price; particulars. JOHN BLACK, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 2-12

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE

Five Thousand Facts About Canada. 1930 Edition. Quick seller. Send 35 cents for copy or $1.00 for 3, and terms. 588 Huron street, Toronto. 5-6

CHURCH PLAYS

"Marrying Anne?"—New, Modern, Great De-mand; everyone delighted. (Only three men.) "Wanted—A Wife"—Special favorite; ask to see it. "Aunt Susan's Visit"—New edition; very humorous and wholesome. "The Joggsville Convention," "The Mohawk Ladies' Aid"—10 mirth-provoking, elevating plays. Free descriptive circular sent. Apply CLARA ROTHWELL ANDERSON, 255 Mackay St., Ottawa. 7-6

BULBS AND PLANTS

Sweet Pea, Flower, Vegetable Seeds. Our Bar-gain collections will interest you. Ask for catalogue. Agents wanted. MICHAUD COMPANY, Growers, New Westminster, British Columbia. 6-6

We Are Headquarters For All Sizes in Many of the finest varieties. Exhibition and planting stock and bulblets. Price list on request. Order now and avoid disappointment. Don't miss the pleasure of growing some beautiful gladioli this summer. J. E. BATTRAM & SON, Kingsville Gladioli Farms, Kingsville, Ont. 9-6

HONEY

Clover Honey $5.40: Clover and Buckwheat Mixed $4.20 for 60 lbs. BIRKETT APIARIES, Claremont, Ont. 9-2

5 Ten-Lb. Pails Mixed Honey Clover and Buck-wheat, $4.50. WILBER SWAYZE, Dunnville, Ont. 9-6

RAW FURS WANTED

Wanted—Raw Furs: Fox, Lynx, Wolf, Mink, Coon, Muskrats, etc. Also Ginseng. For best result ship to W. HELLER, 147 Harrison St., Toronto. 9-6

Superior Court,
District of Montreal,
Province of Quebec,
No. A 60329.

Dame Nettie Kolker of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Joseph Rother, of the same place, Merchant, duly authorized to ester en justice by judgment of the Superior Court on February 7th, 1930, Plaintiff, vs. Joseph Rother, of the City and District of Montreal, Merchant, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has this day been instituted by Plaintiff against the Defendant herein.

A. W. MUHLSTOCK,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Montreal, February 7th, 1930.

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.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

New Phonograph Records, 15c Per Selection. Choose from 500 10-inch latest popular pieces. Catalogue free. FACTORY SURPLUS SALES CO., Dept. 17, Windsor, Ontario. 50-9

Phonograph—Beautiful, High-Class, Up-to-date, large, floor cabinet style; perfect condition; sweet, clear tone; attractive piece furniture. Cost $158; Price $30, all complete with 30 good records. Crated, packed, shipped on receipt of Money Order to FRANK BULMER'S STORAGE WAREHOUSE, 108 Robert St., Toronto, Ont. Guaranteed as advertised.

SEED

Delphinium Seed—Choice, Old English, Massive flowers, strong, vigorous growth, five to six feet high. Try this seed; packet twenty-five cents. F. YOUNG, Colborne, Ontario.

Grimm Alfalfa, Red Clover, Alsike, Sweet Clover, Timothy, Mixed Seed, and Seed Grains. Write stating quantity required for prices delivered your station. Highest quality Government Standard seeds at lowest prices. A. C. MUIR, Ceylon, Ont. 9-6

STAMPS AND COINS

210 Different Stamps, With Premium 25 cts. KERRINPRO MAIL ORDER CO., Regd., Box 1292, Montreal, Canada. 9-6

EDUCATIONAL

With My Special Rapid Course You Can Learn Practical Bookkeeping in three weeks, by correspondence. H. O. GIBSON, 891 Bay Street, Toronto. 4-6

The De Brisay Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Correspondence courses. ACADEMIE DE BRISAY, Ottawa. 12-52

BUSINESS CARDS

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

Artists' Brushes, Colors, Paper, Pastels and Canvas, also everything that an artist would require. Send for catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LIMITED, 1428 McGill College Ave., Montreal. 52-52

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR DIVORCE

Notice is hereby given that Isidore Sabbath of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, Commercial Traveler, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next Session thereof for a Bill of Divorce from his wife Netta Sabbath, of the City of Los Angeles, in the State of California, U.S.A., on the ground of adultery and desertion.

Dated at Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, this 27th day of November, A.D., 1929.

WILLIAM J. GREEN,
Solicitor for the Applicant,
Fraser Building, 53 Queen Street,
Ottawa, Ontario.

FARMERS' MARKETS

Current Farm Values

THE Dominion Bureau of Statistics on February 21 published its annual report of farm values for the year 1929, comprising estimates of the values of (1) farm land; (2) farm help; (3) farm live stock and wool; (4) poultry, all compiled from the returns of crop correspondents.

Average Values of Farm Lands

The average value of the occupied farm lands of Canada as a whole, including both improved and unimproved land, as well as dwelling houses, barns, stables and other farm buildings, is returned as $37 per acre, as compared with $38 in 1928. By provinces the averages are as follows, with the previous year's values given within brackets: Prince Edwards Island $43 ($44); Nova Scotia $36 ($34); New Brunswick $35 ($31); Quebec $55 ($54); Ontario $60 ($62); Manitoba $26 ($27); Saskatchewan $25 ($27); Alberta $28 ($28); British Columbia $90 ($90);. The average values in 1929 of orchard and fruit lands, including buildings, etc., in the fruit-growing districts, are estimated to be as follows, the figures for 1928 being given within brackets: Nova Scotia $118 ($116); Ontario $147 ($151); British Columbia $314 ($315).

Average Wages of Farm Help

For the whole of Canada, the average wages per month of farm help during the summer season of 1929 were for men $40 as against $40 in 1928 and for women $23 as against $24. In addition, the values of the board is placed at $23 for men, as compared with $23 in 1928 and $20 for women, as compared with $20. The total wages and board thus amounted for men to $63 as against $63 and for women $43 as against $44. By the year, the average, including value of board was $627 as compared with $634 in 1928 for men and $465, as compared with $476 for women. The value of the yearly board is given for men as $254 ($252 in 1928) and for women as $223 ($225 in 1928). By provinces, the average monthly wages for men and women respectively in the summer season, including the value of board, were in 1929 as follows, with the averages for 1928 within brackets: Prince Edward Island $52; $32 ($49; $31); Nova Scotia $57; $34 ($53 $32); New Brunswick $60; $33 ($59; $33); Quebec $61; $33 ($58; $33); Ontario $57; $41 ($58; $41); Manitoba $61; $40 ($61; $41); Saskatchewan $69; $46 ($69; $47); Alberta $68; $46 ($72; $49); British Columbia $76; $51 ($77; $52).

Values of Live Stock and Wool

For all Canada, the average value of horses in 1929 shows a decrease as compared with 1928. Milch cows, other cattle and swine show slight increase, while sheep values remain unchanged. The average value of horses under one year was $31, as compared with $34 in 1928 and $34 in 1927; horses one year to under three years old were $61, as against $67 and $67; and horses 3 years old and over were $93, as against $101 and $101. Cattle under one year averaged $21 as against $21 and $17; cattle 1 year to under three years $45 as against $45 and $38; and cattle three years old and over $65 as against $64 and $54. For all descriptions, the average value per head for Canada is estimated as follows, with the averages for 1928 and 1927 within brackets: Horses $70 ($76; $76); milch cows $74 ($72; $61); other cattle $47 ($46; $39); total cattle $58 ($57; $48); sheep $10 ($10; $10); swine $16 ($15; $14). For swine per 100 lb. live weight, the average is $11, as compared with $10 in 1928 and $9 in 1927. The average price of wool per lb. is returned as 21 cents for unwashed and 27 cents for washed, as against 26 cents and 31 cents, the corresponding averages for 1928.

By application of the average values per head to the numbers as returned in June last, it is possible to estimate approximately the total value of farm live stock in Canada for the year 1929. The numbers and values are as follows, with the comparative figures for 1928 within brackets: Horses: No. 3,376,487; value $235,971,000 (3,376,394; $255,459,000); milch cows: No. 3,778,277; $279,898,000 (3,792,522; $272,109,000); other cattle: No. 5,152,711; $240,158,000 (5,000,750; $231,700,000); total cattle: No. 8,930,988; $520,056,000 (8,793,272; $503,809,000); sheep: No. 3,728,309; $37,029,000 (3,415,788; $35,530,000); swine: No. 4,381,725; $71,111,000 (4,497,367; $66,595,000).

The estimated total value of these descriptions of farm live stock in 1929 amounts to $864,167,000, as compared with $861,403,000 in 1928. By provinces, the total values are as follows, the figures for 1928 being given within brackets: Prince Edward Island $10,732,000 ($10,857,000); Nova Scotia $22,076,000 ($21, 891,000); New Brunswick $17,975,090 ($18,353,000); Quebec $178,745,000 ($161,767,000); Ontario $277,720,000 ($280,743,000); Manitoba $66,472,000 ($70,578,000); Saskatchewan $134,950,000 ($146,386,000); Alberta $123,133,000 ($120,862,000); British Columbia $32,364,000 ($29,966,000).

Values of Farm Poultry

The average values per head for Canada for each description of farm poultry in 1929 are estimated as follows, the averages for 1928 being given within brackets: Turkeys $2.71 ($3.16); geese $2.11 ($2.26); ducks $1.15 ($1.23); other fowls 95 cents (97 cents.) These averages, applied to the numbers as returned in June last, give approximately the total values. For the whole of Canada, the numbers and values of farm poultry in 1929 are estimated as follows, with the figures for 1928 within brackets: Turkeys: No. 2,479,184 (2,065,797); $6,714,000 ($6,526,000); geese: No. 1.175,764 (1,125,047): $2,482,000 ($2,545,000); ducks: No. 1,112,369 (995,840); $1,275,000 ($1,228,000); other fowls: No. 56,132,465 (49,592,855); $53,383,000 ($47,913,000); total poultry: No. 60,899,782 (53,779,539); $63,854,000 ($58,212,000).

By provinces, the total values of all descriptions of poultry are as follows, the estimates for 1928 being within brackets: Prince Edward Island $1,015,000 ($997,000); Nova Scotia $1,168,000 ($978,000); New Brunswick $1,162,000 ($1,192,000); Quebec $11,282,000 ($9,835,000); Ontario $25,380,000 ($23,253,000); Manitoba $5,357,000 ($4,465,000); Saskatchewan $7,240,000 ($7,178,000); Alberta $6,785,000 ($5,953,000); British Columbia $4,465,000 ($4,361,000).

GENERAL CONDITIONS AT THE BEGINNING OF FEBRUARY 1930

Atlantic Provinces.—Live stock are reported to be in good condition, but there is considerable variation in prices, especially of milk cows. The markets appear to be somewhat slow, particularly for poultry although cattle of all kinds are in brisk demand. There is a fair supply of rough feed but mill feeds are high priced.

Quebec.—With plenty of feed, stock are wintering well. There is a good market demand for some classes of stock, milk cows commanding good prices. Poultry prices are low. There appears to be a good milk supply.

Ontario.—Because of the abundance and diversity of feed, live stock are standing the winter well. Milk cows and young cattle are in good demand, the former selling from $80. to $160. for pure-bred stock. Poultry prices are rather disappointing. Shipments of horses from the West have affected the market for this class of stock.

Manitoba.—The winter has been quite severe on all stock and there is a scarcity of feed in many districts, with the result that few cattle are being kept over. However, their condition is fair. As is usual at this time of year, feed grains are high in price. There appears to be a good demand for all classes of cattle. Horses are little in demand with prices low. Poultry has dropped in prices. Land prices seem in many instances, to be at a low level.

Saskatchewan.—Winter set in early, resulting in heavy demands on feed which is scarce in many districts, particularly in the southern part of the province and it has been necessary to ship large quantities of hay into some districts. The horse market is generally reported dull, but prices, of other classes of animals, have been satisfactory. Poultry prices, in general are below those of last year.

Alberta.—The condition of live stock varies according to the amount of feed available, but generally speaking, their condition is quite satisfactory in spite of a severe winter. Few feeders have been kept over owing to the scarcity of fodder. Milk cows are scarce and command a good price. Horses seem hard to sell at any price.

British Columbia.—There is a good demand for milk cows, with little trade in horses. The price for apples is better than average as well as for poultry products. Wool is not moving.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics on Feb. 17 reported the receipt of a cablegram from the Commonwealth Statistician at Canberra communicating the second forecast of the yield of wheat in Australia for the season 1929-30, which is as follows: 125,000,000 bushels from 14,063,000 acres as compared with 159,497,000 bushels from 14,171,000 acres in 1928-29 and 136,604,000 bushels from 10,839,000 acres, the average for the five years 1923-24 to 1927-28.

The population of Greater Winnipeg as shown by the new 1930 city directory increased by 6,727 in 1929, reaching a total of 342,999. In common with nearly all the western centres, and most of the eastern centres of the Dominion, Winnipeg's growth has been steady, rising from a population of 285,490 in 1926 to the present figure.

EARLY SPRING
INVESTMENTS

For the investment of early spring funds we recommend the following Bonds and Preferred Stocks which are well secured, and at current levels pay attractive interest returns.

Public Utility

	Maturity	Price	Approx. Yield
Canada Northern Power Corp....5%	1953	93.00	5.55%
Canadian Pacific Railway.....5%	1954	102.00	4.87%
Foreign Power Securities Corp....6%	1949	100.00	6.00%
Convertible on or before June 1st, 1934, on basis of 10 Shares of Common for each $500 Bond.			
Manitoba Power Co., Limited....5½%	1951	100.00	5.50%
Northwestern Utilities, Limited...7%	1938	105.00	6.25%
Winnipeg Electric Company.....6%	1954	101.50	5.88%

Industrial

Dryden Paper Company.....6%	1949	98.50	6.13%
J. R. Moodie Company Limited..6%	1948	99.00	6.08%
McColl-Frontenac Oil Co., Ltd....6%	1949	100.00	6.00%
Convertible on or before October 1st, 1934, on basis of 10 Common Shares for each $500 Bond.			
Queen's Hotel Company.....6%	1947	98.00	6.13%

Preferred Stocks

East Kootenay Power Corp.....7%	Pref.	99.00	7.07%
Eastern Dairies Limited.....7%	Pref.	100.00	7.00%
Power Corporation of Canada....6%	Pref.	100.00	6.00%

NESBITT, THOMSON & COMPANY
LIMITED
355 St. James Street, MONTREAL
Toronto Ottawa Quebec Hamilton London, Ont.
Winnipeg Saskatoon Victoria Vancouver
506

Investment Offerings

We recommend the following selections from our current investment offerings for safety of principal, good income yield and diversity.

	Price	Yield
City of Vancouver, 5%..... Due June 1, 1944.	99.75	5.03%
City of Montreal, 4½%..... Due Jan. 1, 1950	94.50	4.93%
Investors Equity Corp., 5½%....Due April 1, 1949	100	5.50%
Balfour Bldg., 6%..... Due Oct. 1, 1943	97	6.30%
A. J. Freiman, Limited, 6% Convertible Preferred Stock	90	6.66%
P. T. Legaré Co. 7% Convertible Preferred Stock	96	7.29%

The complete list containing pertinent information about each security will gladly be mailed on request

McLeod, Young, Weir & Co.
Limited
Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto
Montreal - Ottawa - Hamilton - London - Winnipeg