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

To Sink the Submarine

ON the day before the ceremonial renewal and strengthening of the Franco-United States treaty of arbitration, Washington has released another surprising note to the powers, though Mr. Kellogg explains it to be a mere matter of routine. This time the Americans offer to join with all the world in the total abolition of the submarine, which is not a defensive weapon but one of treacherous assault, fit only for such "spurlos gesenkt" scoundrels as had the approval of Admiral Tirpitz. The Paris press shouted against the proposal as an insult. Naturally, it is welcomed in London. Britain's whole naval policy is based on her need for keeping open her sea communications in peace and war. To combat the submarine is the greatest of present day naval problems. One has only to read the post-war writings of such statesmen as Grey, Page, Birkenhead and Churchill to realize how dangerously close to catastrophe the submarines brought Britain. For that reason alone Britain would naturally welcome abolition of these under-sea pirates. Indeed both Mr. Balfour and Lord Lee, the British representatives, advocated such action at Washington in 1921. Mr. Briand laughingly refused. France could not consent, he said, to give up the one naval weapon, which the smaller nations would find effective in war against a stronger naval power. If this attitude is understandable it cannot be forever excused. Disarmament has got to start somewhere, and there is no better place to start than on the particular class of warcraft which can strike only a coward's blow against civilians, women and children, which is of no possible use in peace, and whose whole record is one of murder catastrophe.

The Plunkett War

HALF amused and half horrified, the English-speaking press is bandying across the ocean the folly of one Plunkett hitherto unheard of, but who chances to wear an admiral's uniform, and is indeed a shore-bound admiral in the navy of the United States. The newspapermen declare that at a recent dinner the admiral explosively prophesied war between Britain and the United States. The admiral doesn't think he did say that. He doesn't remember exactly what he did say, which may explain much. At any rate the episode was considered important enough to elicit a speedy rebuke from Mr. Coolidge, and a commendation of that rebuke from Mr. Lloyd George. It is commonly said that inmates of lunatic asylums are under the impression that it is those outside who are the insane, and they can often advance good reason for thinking so. It is plausible to imagine this to be the Plunkett view of the world in general, and in particular of the admiralties of the two nations that are putting a gag upon him, and in particular, under the circumstances, that admiralty with which he is best acquainted. There are, indeed, Plunketts in all nations who cannot imagine their governments so foolish as to continue spending hundreds and hundreds of millions yearly on armaments—unless they have reason to expect use for those armaments. It is when these Plunketts begin publicly to speculate as to the exact uses of those ships that the sparks fly. The greatest danger in trusting to explosives for security is that some idiot may always blow up the whole business before there is any real danger. The world has indeed already learned at infinite cost that the peril of mighty naval building programs is the invitation they afford to irresponsibles like Plunkett to indulge festively in der Tag speeches. The atmosphere surcharged with electric voltage, that made the greatest of world calamities inevitable, was chiefly engendered by the clinking glasses over the dinner table held by Plunketts strutting in German uniforms.

Irresponsible News Mongers

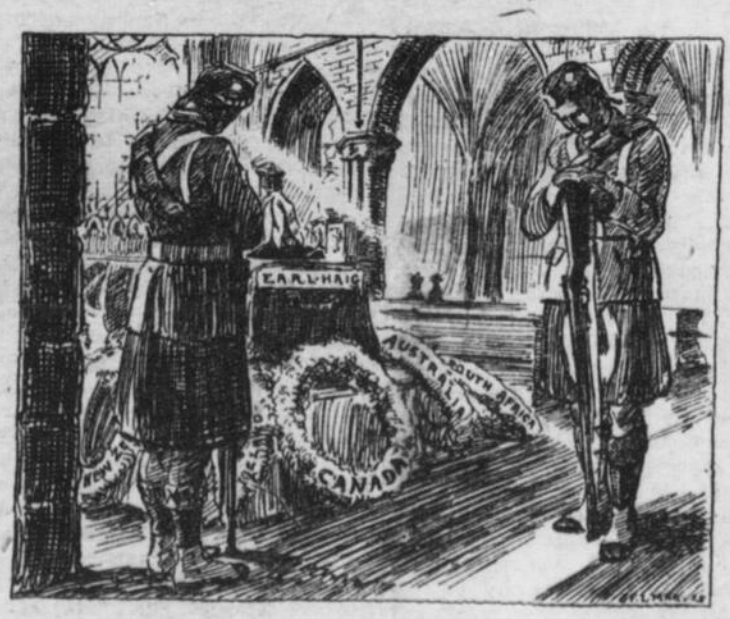
SOME infamously wicked person is to be found on the press in Boston. Strong language that! But is it not infamously wicked to put upon the wires, that is, to broadcast to a continent, a statement that a venerable clergyman had, in an international memorial sermon in a cathedral, declared war to be impending. Fortunately for Archdeacon Scott, and for international goodwill, he has the sermon written as he read it, and is able to disprove the mischief-making invention. Having himself been a zealous padre in the war, being himself a father bereaved by it, he is able also to appeal to his record as an active advocate of disarmament. Surely there should be some public protection against such licentious practices. Whatever agency was responsible for this despatch, with its preposterous assumption of "tremendous applause" in a solemn cathedral service should clear its sheets of criminal faking by making an example of the faker.

Peace Forecasts

MESSRS. Stresemann and Briand have delivered important speeches in the past week which throw new light on the international situation. The German foreign minister bluntly stated in the Reichstag that France could not indefinitely postpone withdrawal from the Rhineland without endangering the whole European peace structure. Mr. Stresemann, moreover, intimated that France was ignoring her promises, in this regard, made at Thoiry. Mr. Briand's reply was prompt and diplomatic. Let Germany, he said, make specific suggestions as to the terms on which such withdrawal might take place. That statement was hailed in Germany. But what followed was of greater interest to the rest of the world. Mr. Briand stated that he expected in this very year a general agreement whereby the whole debt and reparations system would be revised and simplified. In other words, what Mr. Briand plainly expects is that the United States will agree to a new arrangement consolidating all the German Dawes payments and allied war debts into one general plan. Economists have all along agreed that, if the burdensome payments were to go on at all, they would at least have to be simplified and consolidated. The effect on Britain would be chiefly in mental relief. The policy of the Motherland has been to collect only enough from friend and foe to pay the United States. From her standpoint the only effect would be to wipe the slate clean. France, of course, is in a different position. She owes to her allies only a fraction of what she expects to get from Germany. But she has loaned to her own devastated areas vast sums, chargeable to reparations. She cannot consent to any great reduction without causing something of a financial earthquake at home. Of course the simplification of all the international entanglements is obviously to everyone's advantage. But will Washington consent; and especially, on the eve of an election?

The Path of Glory

IT is the growing conviction, let us hope, in the United States as everywhere else, that any settlement of the war claims, to be practical, must involve a considerable reduction in the claims—claims that have already protracted for ten years the business dislocations caused by the war. All such hopes centre in the United States. Britain is no doubt a very large creditor but she has forgiven all but what she has had to borrow from the United States, so that in war debts, apart from reparations, the latter country is practically the world's creditor. Everywhere outside of the United States the moral claim of that country to these moneys is questioned, inasmuch as that claim rests almost entirely on loans contracted after the United States was in the war—loans made not in money but in goods at two or three prices—supplies which, in view of the fact that she was otherwise unready, were her proper contribution to the common cause. Casting equity aside, however, few economists will question that the United States would today be still better off than she is if she had not kept all her natural customers pinioned and trammeled with these hopeless burdens, and had she not, by her recalcitrancy toward the world's splendid gesture toward mutual understanding, kept them increasingly burdened with unnecessary armament. Were she to wipe out these tremendous obligations she would really not feel it at all, except in expanded prosperity and, of course, great national glory.



THE EMPIRE'S FAREWELL TO HER GALLANT DEAD

Not once or twice in our fair island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory;
He that follows her commands . . . .
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he; his work is done.
——Tennyson's Ode to the Duke of Wellington.

Senatorial Fencing

SENATOR McDougald's enthusiastic endorsation of the St. Lawrence waterway plan is, in view of his competent and responsible relations with the question, one of the most important contributions yet made to the discussion of that project. The opposition to the waterway has all along centred in Montreal—supposedly inspired by the shipping interests, but really by the power monopoly. Yet Senator McDougald himself is chairman of the Montreal Harbor Commission, and is held in almost unique esteem by the business men and especially the shipping magnates of this city. A few months ago he actually did retire. But so sincere and universal was the outcry that the popular Senator was speedily re-conscripted for his position. When he bluntly states, therefore, that it is his own considered opinion, based on calculations by Harbor Board technical experts, that the completion of the waterway would mean the doubling of the shipping business at Montreal, he demolishes at least one vigorously waved bugaboo in the question. Senator McDougald's speech was interesting for other reasons. It was announced in advance as a direct reply to Senator Graham's plea for delay and further investigation. Mr. Graham, of course, is one of the most trusted veterans among Liberal statesmen. He was at one time chairman of the National Advisory Board, to which Senator McDougald has always belonged. But while the former is very evidently enlisted on the side of delay under the name of further investigation, Senator McDougald is bluntly opposed to carrying that policy further than circumstances positively require. The project has already been investigated as much as it ever can be. All of those experts and national leaders who have participated in these investigations are convinced of the advantages of the scheme. It is not contested that the revenues from the power developed will pay practically the whole cost of the plan. Senator McDougald believes, therefore, that the work should proceed as rapidly as the market for the power develops.

Neither Haste Nor Sloth

PROBABLY both Senator McDougald and Senator Graham are right. There should certainly be no undue haste. Equally certainly, there should be no undue delay. As a matter of fact no government, no matter how eager, could possibly rush ahead at the present moment. There are, in the first place, certain points to be cleared up between Washington and Ottawa before there can even be talk of an actual treaty. There is, moreover, the very difficult question of relative provincial and federal rights in the water powers involved. This has already been submitted to the Supreme Court.

Doubtless it will find its way to the Privy Council in the end. That will mean delay of at least one year, and more likely two. It would therefore be very surprising if the treaty were signed, sealed and delivered, and the work ready to commence, until after the next general election—probably in 1930.

Flapdoodle

THE dernier ressort of the "interests" is to raise the "Yankee" bugbear and wave it incessantly as though it was something real. There is a sharp reminiscence of 1911 in the shout of the Montreal Star that Senator McDongald quoted figures from a California publication "which might reasonably be expected to favor the scheme for American interests." Of course it might; and it ought to comfort us to know that so much American business was interested in coming our way. That is surely all to the good. And the fact that a San Francisco paper has to admit it surely adds to the value of the evidence. But we have a newspaper among us which, whenever certain interests are affected, reveals its belief that its readers are gudgeons who will jump to the most bare-faced bait.

Now to the Highest Court

CABLED summaries of the judgment of the Privy Council in the school rights of Montreal Jews seem contradictory. Until the full text of the findings arrives details cannot be considered. Still it is apparent that the Privy Council has upheld our own Supreme Court. The Jews are held to have no constitutional right to demand entrance for their children at Protestant schools; nor to demand that any Jewish teachers be appointed; nor Jewish members to the Protestant School Commission. On the other hand the Legislature is again found to have the right of setting up an entirely separate school system for Jews if it so desires. But what is clearly brought out is that, while Protestants are not forced to grant such privileges by law, there is nothing to prevent them doing so voluntarily—as indeed they have always done. It may be remembered that it was the financial considerations which caused the recent trouble which resulted in the various law suits. In brief, Jewish taxpayers were paying to the Protestant Board a sum quite insufficient to pay the cost of the education of Jewish children. But this situation has now been rectified. The Jews are not only paying a higher school rate, but the Protestant School Board is reimbursed for Jewish education by the "neutral panel." The "neutral panel" is the fund into which all business corporations pay their school taxes. Therefore, the financial difficulties having been removed, what remains for solution can surely yield to conciliation and common sense. There is, after all, a higher court than the Privy Council. It is commonly understood that Jews as a body desire to have their children educated with the other children of the community, and not segregated in educational ghettos. The question therefore lies with the Protestants as to whether, and on what terms, they will admit the Jewish children. The religious difficulty which pervades the common school question everywhere does not exist in Montreal apart from this Jewish question. The schools are nominally Protestant, and are free to teach religion as far as they want to and the community can agree. The schools do recognize religion, and teach the Bible to an extent that at all events removes them from the category of those which, through banishing religion, and with the aid of sensational movies, are producing a generation of infidels and a crop of crime. That this is not a barrier to the Jews is proved by the present facts. On the other hand the perpetuation of the condition of segregation from which in Europe the Jews have fled, is not to be thought of. Our community is sufficiently divided without wilfully inaugurating a third nationality.

Besco

BESCO, or the British Empire Steel Company, was floated through the Nova Scotia legislature on a flood of watered stock. It has never yet succeeded in climbing up, high and dry, to safe land. Nevertheless the whole country will probably agree that the recent change in the control of the company has definitely inaugurated a more hopeful era. Mr. Wolvin and his discredited record retire and Sir Herbert Holt and Mr. Gundy step in. That change promises well for the shareholders at least after enough water has been squeezed out of the stock to let them know what they really do own. The Holt group now controls no less than sixty-three Canadian companies—the Besco group comprising thirteen. Many see danger in this growing colossus towering over the land. Nevertheless it grows because it feeds on its success. In modern business there is much of "the good old rule, that he shall take who has the power, and he shall keep who can." If that is a reminder of the tooth and claw law of the jungle it is also to be remembered that it was by the rule of "To him who hath shall be given" that governs promotion in the Kingdom. The capable investor of one pound, making it ten, was made ruler of ten cities.

South African Autonomy

ALL lovers of freedom and progress were heartily in favor of the fine act of the Campbell-Bannerman government in granting self-government to South Africa, as the sequel to its subjugation. The rightness of the Boer war itself was always open to challenge. It was rather an imperial necessity than a well warranted quarrel. What was called the Jamieson raid was what, in the western hemisphere, would probably have been profanely spoken of as filibustering. Had it not been associated with Rhodes's portentious continental designs; had it not dashed against the granite rock of Dutch stubbornness, personified in Paul Kruger; had it not synchronized with a menace from the Russian glacier, then, bumping against the Hindu Koosh, it might have met the natural fate of Walker's raid upon Nicaragua seventy years ago. It was the coincidence with the Russian advance that made it an imperial affair. Joseph Chamberlain saw, in case of a collision with Russia, a deadly rear attack in South Africa, and was determined to bring that matter to a head while yet it was possible. Howbeit the upshot was that, as later in Ireland, the breach was closed by according priceless British citizenship along with priceless local liberty. This result satisfied the independent soul of the Boer as it has since done that of the Celt, and has been greatly applauded by the conscience of mankind, in which it gave the key-note to a new government ethic.

South African Liberty

WHY recall this painful episode with its happy result? Because there was at all times a fly in the ointment of this liberty. Accounting the slavery question as settled for the empire and progressive institutions as its settled and successful policy, Queen Victoria, no doubt, "by and with the advice of her ministers," gave a native deputation her royal guarantee of the rights and liberties of her African subjects. On this they relied. And there was need. It was this condition that made those who cared for the blacks anxious about this transfer of power. There is an analogy between the Boers and the planters of the Southern States. Living in a climate in which white labor is lazy, and being in a position to use unwilling black labor, the natural assumption was that "Ham" was divinely appointed to be a servant of servants to white men. Some pious Dutch farmers held that the blacks have no souls. The fact that in South Africa the blacks greatly outnumber the whites; that under democracy the government would be wholly in their hands; also that they can be controlled by fear and force, combine to make some distinction appear necessary. In the old Cape Colony certain blacks had the franchise. The effort was to put the privilege, where it should be, on competence. Premier Hertzog, the champion of the Dutch farmers, is bringing in a new franchise bill, which, as might be expected, is a step backward, not forward, in the freedom of the blacks. In answer to the protests of the missions and of the churches Mr. Hertzog made, as reported, the unfortunate remark that the tender regard of the churches for the natives from moral and ethical standpoints, took no account of other aspects of the question. This gave those who were protesting against this slight put upon blacks, some of whom had risen to honorable positions, a ready ground for denouncing the measure. The Archbishop of Cape Town and the Bishop of Bloemfontein both made public protest through the press against this confession that the reduction of personal rights had to be defended on lines false to ethics and good morals. Though in this matter the injured have right and the corporate conscience of mankind on their side, the only argument at their command is what is termed in common parlance "unrest." That is an ominous word where the restless are three to one.

Chinese Migration

A WEEK or two ago we had stories of a terrible famine that was sweeping away millions in the province of Shantung in China. It was such a customary sort of story that no more was heard of it. It was natural too, as Shantung is the most war-lord ridden province in China, and that is saying much. Add to bad harvests an absolute lack of reserve, and what else can one expect? What we now hear is of an exodus. The people have been streaming northward into northern Manchuria. It is expected that by the end of this year this migration will have reached something like four million, though half that would be tremendous. Manchuria is the one comparatively restful part of China, being under the vigorous and powerful, and it must be owned, competent, but heavily taxing rule of Chang Tso-lin, who has for years been trying to assert himself as lord, if not emperor of China. Its valleys are well peopled already. Its climate is like our own. Just think what would happen if a couple of million starving and impecunious people were suddenly dumped upon Canada. Yet Canada's spare spaces are enormous and her industries are expanding at an unexampled rate, while the indigo and opium and millet fields of Manchuria must be comparatively stagnant. Still, so far as appears, Manchuria admits them.

Poincaré, most hard-shelled of all the world's die-hards, at last agrees that Germany's total Dawes plan payments will have to be determined—and soon. It is not a matter of principle, but of principal. No one expected Germany to keep on paying for eternity. But to fix the total amount was something on which the allies could not, hitherto, agree.

A slothful proofreader allows the Montreal Star to refer to Sir Henry Thornton as "Saint Henry." Bishop Fallon and Mr. Marcil—on guard!

A new era has arrived in England when a fishmonger hangs out his sign: H. Marment and Daughter.

Letters to the editor are always welcome whether they criticize or commend. Short letters, of course, always have a better chance of insertion than have long ones.

Politicians may continue to orate about "status," but Canadians are not worrying. They have everything they have ever asked for.

Afghanistan

THE visit of Ameer (now King) Amanullah, ruler of Afghanistan, to Europe draws attention to a remarkable people. Afghanistan (which means, the news handlers need to be informed, "the country of the Afghans") lies between Persia, the Russian Asiatic dependencies, and British India. Between Russia and Britain this mountain country has for a century been a natural buffer state. The Hindu Koosh, or Indian Caucasus, its northern parapet, a connecting link between the Caucasus and the Himalayas, has been termed the roof of the world, its peaks rising to over twenty thousand feet. With extremes of heat and cold, Afghanistan is largely desert, but for irrigated regions along the river valleys. It has considerable non-navigable rivers, none of which reaches the sea except that on which Kabul, as, as it is locally pronounced, Cawbool, is situated, which finds its difficult way to the Indus. The borders between Afghanistan and India are also natural defences. Lofty and rugged mountains, deep gorges, gloomy passes—chief of which is the Khyber—defended by "sangars," rude stone-breasted rifle bits. There are great trees, dwarfed by the overhanging precipices, rushing torrents and wild glaciers—and hardy and agile mountaineers as wild and rugged as their country.

A Warrior People

AS a race the Afghans are tall, athletic and handsome. They have the proud and arrogant bearing of a people who have lived largely by the sword. They have been freely accused of treachery—a quality of ready growth where blood feuds are frequent and lasting—but they can be loyal comrades to those who know how to appeal to their higher qualities. They are not a homogeneous people. Since the middle of the eighteenth century the Duranis have been the dominant tribe, and it is from these that the ruling class has sprung. They are of Aryan race—and are therefore our distant cousins—related to the Persians on the one hand and the Hindus on the other. Included in the Afghan population also are the Ghilzais, a Turki or Tartar tribe, farmers and herdsmen, and upon occasion, very terrible warriors. Then there are the Hazaras, of mixed descent, short in stature but of powerful physique, who supply most of the urban labor. Other tribes are the Tajiks, an aboriginal pastoral people of Afghan Turkestan, the Tartar Aimaks, the Uzbegs, and the "Kaffirs"—a non-Moslem people on the Hindu Kush mountains. There are also numerous wild tribes—Semitic, Dravidian or other—who inhabit the mountains of the Afghan-Indian border. Notable among these are the Afridis, who fought so fiercely against the British but who, when the fighting was over and peace was made, insisted on carrying the British officers down the mountains on their shoulders. Farming, raising and trading in cattle, sheep and horses are the Afghan's favorite occupations. He cultivates silk, makes carpets and camel's and goat's hair articles, but he rather looks down on these avocations and disdains shop-keeping with all the pride of a military aristocrat.

A Stirring History

SUCH a country and such a people have naturally had a stirring history. In the eleventh, and again in the thirteenth century, the Afghan empire extended over the Punjab. Indeed, the last of the Afghan dynasties of India only fell before the Mogul conquerors of the sixteenth century. For a while Afghanistan was part of the Persian Empire, but the Persian ruler, Nadir Shah, was assassinated in 1747, and Ahmad Khan, the Durani, made himself master of the country. He again conquered the Punjab and Kashmir, but these Indian provinces were lost by his less able successors. The position of Afghanistan between Russian and Indian territory has led to much intrigue and warfare. The British interfered in a dynastic quarrel in 1838. Disaster followed. In 1841 there was a revolt in Kabul. The leading British officials were murdered, and out of four thousand five hundred soldiers and twelve thousand followers who left Kabul for retreat through the passes only one survivor reached British India. An expedition under General Pollock restored British prestige, but the Afghans were soon left to settle their domestic feuds in their own efficient way.

Peace and Progress

THE wisdom of this latter course became evident during the Sepoy mutiny in 1857. For a while British rule in India trembled in the balance, and an Afghan invasion might have turned the scale. Afghanistan remained loyal to her treaties. Tragic history repeated itself in 1878-1880. Again there was interference in Afghan domestic quarrels, followed by the murder of the British Resident in Kabul. There followed a British invasion, a British defeat among the mountains, and the masterly and victorious ride of General Roberts to the relief of Kandahar. Abdur Rahman Khan, grandson of Dost Mohammed, was next recognized as Ameer. He was a shrewd statesman, who took advantage of the jealousies of Russia and Britain to strengthen the position of his own people. In 1885, when the Ameer was on a mission to India, the Russians seized Penjdeh. Even the peace and Russia loving Gladstone was stirred for an hour into war-like speech, but the matter was pacifically adjusted by an Anglo-Russian boundary commission in 1886-1887. Freed from threat of war Abdur Rhaman showed himself an able ruler. He kept his predatory tribesmen well in hand. He accepted an annual subsidy from Britain, but would give neither Britain nor Russia a foothold within his territories, and set his face against the construction of railways which might serve as thoroughfares for invading armies. For years the foreign affairs of Afghanistan were subject to control of the British government. A "little war" took place almost immediately after the great European conflict, but matters were composed by a diplomatic mission to Kabul in 1921. Afghanistan today is free from outside interfer-

ence, and is on the best of terms with Britain. Her young ruler, Amanullah, who has taken to himself the title of king, came to the throne in 1919 after a series of civil wars and dynastic plots and counter-plots. He has shown himself a progressive ruler, has abolished slavery, established liberty of worship, laid the foundation of a national education system, and horrified old-fashioned Moslems by opening several schools for girls. He and his Queen and their daughters, clad in the latest civilized styles, have produced a most favorable impression in Continental Europe. Their visit to Britain will be looked forward to as an opportunity to strengthen the links of friendship which exist between the two countries.

The Pan-American Parley

CANADA is the only nation in the American hemisphere not represented at the Pan-American conference, now concluding its sessions at Havana. A year or two ago there was an apparent disposition, in some quarters in Canada, to change that condition. But the King government quietly but firmly vetoed that suggestion. The time may come when Canada may carry the British flag to the councils of all the American nations. But that time is not yet. For Canadian statesmen are aware that the real reason for the sudden Latin-American anxiety for Canadian participation is not to fill the empty chair which Andrew Carnegie is said to have provided for Canada when originally outfitting his Pan-American palace at Washington—but that Canada, with the respectable prestige she has behind her, should enter the arena as a counterweight to Washington's overbearing dominance. Canada has enough League and other obligations for the moment without assuming that task.

IF one may judge from events at the present gathering the dominance of the United States is more real than apparent. Of course, Nicaragua, where the dominance is both very real and very apparent, is only a few hundred miles away. But at Havana the delegates at least speak as equals. If the conference listens to the words of one nation with greater attention than to those of another it is not the fault of "status." Theoretically all members of the Pan-American union are equal in rank. But there, as at Geneva, or as in the conferences of the British Commonwealth, theories count for little when it is not legal status but living, moving, acting stature that is in evidence. At any rate Washington has been wise enough to send to Havana statesmen of enough real calibre to clothe the heavy hand in the velvet glove. This does not refer to Mr. Coolidge, nor yet to Mr. Kellogg. Those functionaries were wise enough to grace the gathering with nothing but graceful, harmless speeches. They were wise enough to depart quickly and to leave affairs in the hands of Mr. Charles Evans Hughes. That statesman has achieved no spectacular stroke for world welfare like that which followed his inaugural speech at the Washington naval conference of 1922, which proved a success in happy contrast to the recent ignominious failure between the same powers. Nevertheless he has represented his country ably. The charge which he had to parry, and on which all the other members of the conference were of one mind, was that of overlordship in Nicaragua, which was actually in execution when the conference was sitting. In that republic the party that was not in treaty connection with the United States was the "rebels" to be put down by United States forces. Why should this not occur everywhere? Mr. Hughes has a disarming manner. Well aware that the Latin-American nations were chafing under the custom of "pussyfooting" on vital questions like intervention in Nicaragua, he immediately consented to open sessions. Mr. Hughes may or may not have foreseen that the Latin representatives would be no more able than himself to discuss what really mattered in open debate. The real discussions, in spite of the initial vote, have been in secret.

More astute was the next move. Mr. Hughes himself nominated for the chairmanship of various committees, those leaders who were expected to throw the biggest verbal bombs. The result has been, not that more bombs were thrown, but that the "suspects" have had to spend their energies in ordering and controlling discussion, rather than in enlivening it.

FROM the standpoint of his own countrymen Mr. Hughes's chief victory was on the question of intervention. It was generally expected that the conference would at least agree verbally that no American state should intervene in the affairs of another. Mr. Hughes, on the surface, is supposed to have expressed his willingness to agree—but to have added that the net effect of that might be not only to prohibit the United States from intervention—but because of that—to restore to European nations the right claimed everywhere else, of intervening when life or property of their nationals was endangered.

That hint was a bluff—pure and simple. The United States has no intention of weakening the Monroe Doctrine voluntarily. If it is in any danger it is that, from persistent stretching, it will burst like an over-strained elastic. But it worked. The resolution forbidding intervention was defeated. Peru and Brazil, of the independent nations, and Cuba and Nicaragua, satellites of Washington, stood by Mr. Hughes.

However much the other American nations may hate and fear intervention from Washington, they hate and fear, far more, intervention from Rome, Paris or Madrid. The little central American states may all resent the presence of United States marines in Nicaragua. But they seem to be still more afraid of a Mussolini or some other swaggerer like Louis Napoleon coming over to gobble them up. They perhaps assume that sooner or later Washington will have to implement its ceaseless protestations that "the United States will respect the national sovereignty" of those little nations. Of course the resolution that was voted down does not in any way abrogate the Monroe Doctrine, or lessen its value to the United States. But the bluff worked. After a stormy debate the anti-intervention resolution was rejected.

The Lost Chord

By Senex.

FOLLOWING the humiliating failure of the two most akin and most beneficent nations—most Christian as they account themselves—to come together on a question of comparative armament, comes the failure of two churches that counted themselves of one family to discover terms on which they could co-operate. "Behold these Christians how they love one another!" Were these ancient words uttered in enthusiasm or satire? Tertullian was capable of both. In these days they are usually quoted in satire. Yet these Christians, in as far as they are Christians, do love one another. It is because they are akin that their differences are so acute, and by the gainsayers so scorned. In both cases referred to the break-down was due to the falseness of the issue.

Inglorious Woolngs

ANTHING more unreal than the assumption that the naval forces of the United States and of Britain were each other's foes and threatened each other could hardly be. None but Plunketts could mouth such a thing in a place public enough for daws to peck at it. Yet those two powers actually did send jealous experts to attempt to agree as to a balance between their respective armaments. Of that measuring of rapiers the only possible implication was that they were liable to fight. Of course, they could not agree. Well, what of it? The comparison had in it something of the grotesqueness of comparing the fighting conditions of the totems of the two powers, the lion and the eagle. The two are destined, in case of need, to co-operate in policing the Seven Seas, not to conflict with each other, unless in rivalry of efficiency for that world service. Britannia no doubt has ruled the waves and has been mistress of the seas. She has, indeed, done some unEnglish cock-a-doodle-doo about it. Did she think thus to win the goodwill of those whom she was so greatly serving? The time for unbecoming vainglory has, at all events, ended. England no more sings "Your glorious standard launch again to match another foe"—at least not to mean that it "shall yet terrific burn," not if she can help it. Her navy is positively for police service only. So it is only gentlemanly as well as prudent, not to say economical, to share that high service with such as offer, with no covert threat. Nothing could tend more to world goodwill than such passages as co-operation, necessarily guarded against aggression.

Christian Approaches

IN a very different sphere the same is to be said about the Malines escapade of the so-called Anglo-Catholics. They sought unity where unity never was since long before Tertullian—to-wit, in matters of opinion and ritual. Even Paul and Peter did not agree there. Things of form are forever things of dispute, and as for creed, the more people think the less they think alike. The more they are alive to religion the less can they put their necks into any given halter or yoke like driven cattle. On the other hand, real Christians are more and more discovering, under varied traditions, their oneness in Christ, like Britons everywhere, varying in everything but in loyalty to their common king. With all the age long differences of form and thought, what a drawing together in the bonds of love there has been. That very Malines endeavor was a testimony to that hunger for unity. Had there ever been since Pentecost a more complete demonstration of universal fraternity than was that meeting of all Christendom at Edinburgh in 1910 over the common task of Christian missions. Its inspiration opened a new and most productive era of renewed fellowship in the Church universal. That coalescence of like spirit and purpose could not rest with foreign missions. No one could see why co-operation between Christians should be confined to regions outside of Christendom. The war interrupted ecumenical movements; but soon after it came that memorable meeting at Stockholm, not to compare creeds and customs, and ordinances and everything that keeps Christians apart, but to consult and receive inspiration as to that upon which all are agreed, the salvation of mankind, the spread of Christ's Kingdom throughout the world. That meeting was ecumenical in a way those councils called by the only church that exiled herself from it cannot pretend to be.

A Forlorn Hope

THE conference that met last August at Lausanne to consider matters of "faith and order" did not reach unity on either creed or constitution. Yet those who gathered did reach fellowship of spirit and made in that way a glorious march toward the promised land. Rome again was out of it. Still, two Roman Catholic professors were there as "observers" (happy invention), and were on the most friendly terms with participants. Other communions, hitherto as convinced as Rome is that they were the sole depositaries of the faith once delivered to the saints, were in the persons of their most eminent dignitaries in actual membership. The Eastern churches had felt the warm breath of Western charity. All took away a broader conception of brotherhood and a new sense of the dire need of the utmost permissible co-operation against the world, the flesh, and the devil. An undertone of harmony was felt booming through it all.

Results

A DECLARATION of its conclusions not having been reached by this conference, it was left to a continuing committee, worthily headed by Bishop Brent of Buffalo, who had been a leading spirit in the inception and furtherance of the ecumenical meeting, to formulate results, and set up a sort of Jegar Sahadutha—a cairn of witness to the concord reached. This committee has at length brought forth its report, which, having only the constituent churches the world over to report to, it submits to them "for such consideration as they may desire to give it." This utterance, of course, has not the imprimatur of the conference, but may fairly be assumed to summarize the most hopeful explorations of that important body in the direction sought.

Overlapping

WHILE holding on to the axiom that "unity of the Church implies unity of faith" the report adds that unity does not mean uniformity. Having thus practically surrendered the conception of a single authoritative church organization, and relieved the quest of the impasse by which the Conference found itself faced, it goes on to explore what may be attained in the way of co-operative unity. It certainly makes some fine gestures toward brotherhood between diverse denominations, not unworthy, indeed, of the radical prophet Sheppard. In the brief summary of this report, apparently a capable one, which reaches us through the daily despatches, the first recommendation is the elimination of needless overlapping. This means much. So far denominations have spread themselves as though each had to occupy the whole field—as though others were cumberers of the ground. This tendency to overlap is greatly added to by the way in which the congregational unit has very largely superseded the parochial or territorial unit. Congregations having to move, even Anglican and Methodist, as well as others with less centralized ideals, go where best suits their own group, with practically no consideration for other occupants of the locality, except as rival attractions to possible prospective adherents. Where denominational guidance enters in, its plan is how to assert itself everywhere. Even church union has in Canada resulted in bitter reduplication wherever possible, quite the reverse of the first ideal of the report, that of mutual recognition.

A kindred recommendation, that of "more effective co-operation in the foreign field," is one in which considerable progress is visible, as demonstrated in the missionary fellowship at the Edinburgh conference, which took the lead of this series of love feasts of the Church Universal; also in the coalition of mission churches in Southern India and in China. It is the effort to carry the good news of Christian love to strangers which most loudly cries out against these estranging divisions.

Unity in Diversity

AGAIN, unity of the Church demands space in it "for divers types of expression, so that nothing of the rich variety which marks Christian experience will be lost, and liberty of interpretation within the limits of the accepted faith will be preserved." This would be carrying tolerance, even indifference, a long way if it should be interpreted, under the previous rule, to forbid infringing on any sort of teaching calling itself Christian. Seeing that there is a vital difference between soul religion and that of ceremonial or mere usage, the boast of not proselytizing may only mean a lack of interest in men's souls. But after all, the power that carries conviction is the right life. "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." The church that produces men whom everybody trusts in business carries an inward conviction even to those who would not for the world forsake the communion in which they were brought up. The most powerful propaganda is the development of a high level of character; and the greatest hindrance to the Kingdom of God is an order of conduct in individuals, and equally on a broad scale, in nations which brings profession into contempt. If proselytizing means zeal for the transfer of adherence from one communion to another, it may only be a rival form of sectarian idolatry. If it means the implantation of a life-giving faith, not otherwise there, it means, according to the writer above quoted, the saving of a soul from death.

Crucial

A VERY sensitive point is touched where the report prescribes as an essential of church unity willingness on the part of all Christians to join, "without regard to denominational differences, in the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper." As to that there is no doubt that the Real Presence is wherever real Christians are. Together they are called the body of Christ inspired by His Spirit. Any outward rite that divides them is un-Christian. But no one need disown or excommunicate fellow Christians because in point of form they excommunicate themselves.

The report recommends no single method of union, but suggests that a council of churches for practical purposes might be evolved from organizations already existing. The effect of this report, as it reaches us in few words, is to relegate to the background those features of religion which the Lausanne Conference was called to consider, namely, "faith and order," meaning thereby creedal formularies, ceremonial and organization, including authorities and dignities. That is the right place for these, as they have at all times dissevered the sacred body of Christ, and have done that long enough.

Letters

WHICH IS RIGHT?

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—In the last issue of the Witness on page seventeen I read concerning injections of diphtheria toxoid or of toxin-antitoxin that "no cases or deaths will occur amongst those immunised."

In the Montreal Gazette of Jan. 30 I read: "Sydney, N.S.W., Jan. 29.—Eleven children have died and six are feared to be dying supposedly as the result of diphtheria inoculation. . . . The serum used was provided by the Commonwealth Health department, and a near panic has developed in the region."

I know of a family where two children were anti-toxined and they died as a result within twenty-four hours.

Wm. WESTELL.

Eganville, Ont., Feb. 3, 1928.

(Note: Persons with strong convictions against practices, which the medical profession, in spite of occasional mishaps, finds greatly beneficial, have a right to be heard. We must leave explanations to the experts.)

UNFAIR TAX ON CANADIANS

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—A great deal has been said of late by the papers about the law concerning the duty on the paper used by these newspapers and also by others who are taking it lying down, forgetting in their sleep that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

As the writer looks upon it, the Canadian publishers are paying duty on the paper coming from the United States, the same paper coming from the United States in the form of newspapers and magazines pays no duty at all.

That such a state of affairs has been allowed for so many years by our so-called statesmen says very little for their intelligence and still less for their loyalty.

In the opinion of the writer there are certain magazines that should be met with a closed door and the best of magazines should not be allowed to enter into competition with our own magazines who are laboring under a burden of twenty-five per cent duty.

This disgraceful law cuts two ways. By its favor the American Magazine earns a greater profit while the literary aspirants of Canada are compelled to emigrate to Boston, New York and Chicago for the employment they cannot get at home. There is a class of students who are entitled to a certain protection which a paternal government should be eager to supply. To refuse it is to dwarf the literary progress of our great Dominion. I refer to those young people who, under great difficulties are cultivating the Muse . . . . . What I claim is this:—that the true poetry of Agnes Joynes who wrote The Shepherd of The Hills, and other poetry should not be taxed twenty-five per cent while the work of a lower quality comes in free of all taxes. The Government should be asked the reason why by all the true lovers of literature in the Dominion.

A WESTERN FARMER.

Dauphin, Man., Jan. 31, '28.

(Note:—All along the anomaly referred to has been the result of the miserable materialism of our legislation, which has, for forty years been most jealous lest any material things should come to us from the United States, but has left the door wide open to a literature whose atmosphere at its best has been lurid with vaunts of American superiority and at its worst, condemns itself—letting it in in such volumes as largely to suppress our own. In like manner for the same half century we have had a complete postal reciprocity with the United States. This has worked fairly with regard to letter post. But we have carried and delivered for nothing, enormous volumes of these denationalizing periodicals, while practically no Canadian literature has been carried and delivered in return, Americans not desiring Canadian papers. This indifference to spiritual and national interests has always been a puzzle. We have never believed in protection as applied to material things and we are not asking for it here, only pointing an anomaly as between money-making interests and spiritual values. But there is a wide difference between failure to protect our own sentiments and heavily bonusing the cisatlantic atmosphere, with the result that there is a good deal of unconscious Borah-ism in the later generations. The Witness is not recommending embargoes or tariffs, but the removal of taxes on publishers' raw materials.)

A MISSIONARY'S CORRECTIONS

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—I began taking your paper a few weeks ago, having heard its good reputation. I hope, sir, that you are more accurate in your sources of information on other subjects than you are in getting your news of China, for your editorials in regard to that country are almost entirely one-sided, and are plainly based upon information from a prejudiced source. Permit me to criticize your editorial in the January 11 number, under the heading, "Missionaries Maligned."

In fairness permit me to say that I have spent several years in mission life in China.

Now just what do you mean by implying that British commercial interests use their privileges to the disadvantage of China by bootlegging opium into a prohibition country? This, sir, is not true, and that is a matter of fact, not of opinion. Are you aware that China herself is producing, according to the estimate of the International Anti-Opium Association, eight times as much as is all the rest of the world put together? It is true there is some smuggling also, butthe chief sources since 1920 are Japan, Germany, and Switzerland. This allegation that China is hampered in her anti-opium efforts by extraterritoriality is simply a piece of propaganda which has been given out by agents of the Nationalist Party in this country for the consumption of sincere but ignorant persons, and has absolutely no basis of fact. The British inflict severe penalties upon any nationals caught in the illicit traffic, and there are but few engaged in it. But the Chinese authorities are not so sincere, and in most cases force their own people to grow opium. . . .

The same thing holds about missionaries. Having lived among them and been one of them, I can assure you that it is most unwise to generalize. There are missionaries—and missionaries! Not all of them have been wise. Probably most are sincere. But it is absolutely true that some missionaries from the United States of America took definite sides with and encouraged the agitations of the Chinese schoolboys against British and Canadian missionaries in 1925. This again is not a matter of opinion, but of fact, and I was on the spot in interior China at the time, and was a personal witness of events in one interior province. It might also interest you to know that most of these agitations were incited from Russian sources, which again is not a matter of opinion. Probably a good many of the missionaries from the United States of America who thus sided with the Chinese schoolboys have since regretted their action, since the movement has taken such violent and unforseen course, and has been turned against themselves and their work quite as much as against the British. That is what one would gather from a statement issued not long ago by a number of missionaries who had been driven out of their stations by the forces of the very Nationalist Party they had so vigorously championed until recently.

It is of course impossible to adequately deal with so vast a subject in this brief letter, but let me conclude by urging that hereafter you do not generalize either about the Chinese, who are of many kinds and types, or about the missionaries to China, who are also of many kinds and types, as well as of many shades of opinion. I think you have been obtaining your information almost entirely from one type of source, and that that has been either from the United States of America or from a source influenced by the same porpaganda as has influenced many in that country and in this. In regard to that propaganda I might quote the opinion of Mr. MacMurray, the American Minister to Pekin, as given to a reporter of the Japan Chronicle last autumn. He is reported as saying: "They actually compare present events in China with 1776 in America, though on what grounds I fail to see." He was then asked: "Then you don't think there is real Nationalism in any of the Chinese parties?" The reply of the American Minister to China is illuminating, especially when it is remembered that his sources of information are vastly superior to either yours or mine. That reply was: "A little perhaps, but only a very little. Certainly not enough to warrant any movement being called a Nationalist movement. China is still in the cycle of Tuchun wars, and its leavening of Nationalism is nowhere near powerful enough to make itself efficiently felt. **America, of course, has been influenced by propaganda, and has not yet grasped the real facts. A very few missionaries have contributed to this, but Chinese students in American Universities are for the most part responsible for the American public's views of China, these students are supported by various Kuomintang organizations.**"

I believe that you are sincere, Mr. Editor, in trying to support every deserving cause, and I urge that in the interest of the truth and of the ultimate good of China, you should learn and publish for the information of your readers the other side of what is going on in China. As an educational missionary recently returned from that country said to me the other day: "A good many missionaries have been like me: they favored the Nationalist cause so long as it was a theory, and changed their minds about it only after they experienced it and saw what evils it wrought upon the Chinese people where it got control."

In conclusion, just one word about why the missionaries left their stations. There again you have quoted only one experience. It is true a number left only because their consuls ordered them to do so. But in some cases the wisdom of the consuls has been justified as, for example, the case of the Mission of the United Church of Canada in Honan Province, where the soldiers of Feng Yu Hsiang, formerly called the Christian General, but the now anti-missionary general, over-ran the country, looting the compounds of the missionaries and maltreating the Chinese people. In many cases along the Yangtze River valley the missionaries, British, Canadian or American, were forced out by the mob violence and soldiery of the Nationalist Party. The experiences of missionaries has been most varied, and there again we cannot generalize, except to say that in most cases the Chinese Christians have missed the missionaries, for whatever reason they left, and will welcome them back when the situation becomes sufficiently safe for them to go back.

Canning, N.S. K. A. BAIRD, M.D.

Note.—The Witness has no sources of information about China other than the current published news despatches. We thank our correspondent for very interesting information based on personal experience. If the phrase quoted left the impression that the British authorities are still pandering to bootlegging opium, that was surely incorrect; and there is less and less occasion for bootlegging from the concession as the native product enormously increases. But the opium war was undoubtedly, in its essence, a defence of the opium traffic, just as the slaveholders' rebellion was, in its essence, a defence of slavery. The concessions now in question are largely monuments of that triumph over China's effort to expel the drug. China did, under the old empire, totally prohibit the production, import and use of opium, and made heroic if spasmodic attempts to abolish it. In the present chaotic conditions the only avail of that prohibition, which no one thinks of repealing, is to enable war lords to collec. corrupt revenues from it.

BLAMES CHURCH UNION FOR IRRELIGION

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—I would like to say a few words regarding the religious situation as I see it at the present time.

I am what used to be called a Methodist and I have noted the changes that have been made of late years and I regret to say that I can't see that it is for a higher spiritual condition of the people. First the Methodists changed their hymn book and replaced it with an inferior one, having a chant at the end of each hymn and they did the same with hymn books belonging to the Sunday school. I was told that we had no right to hold up the standard of the Methodist Church before the people. We had many conversions under that teaching but what have we now? Where are the people drifting? Is it not into popery?

There is no place for the people called Methodists in Canada. I was converted by that sect over forty-one years ago and the way grows brighter all the time.

My advice to you ministers is to go back to the last union of the Methodists (Wesleyan and New Connection) and start there. I believe the United Church is a failure and the sooner this fact is realized the better it will be for the people.

HENRY BERRY.

Jellyby, Ont., Jan. 31, '28.

THE AGE OF THE PATRIARCHS

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—I noticed in your issue of Jan. 13, a suggestion from a B.C. reader, Eric Duncan, that the age of the patriarch might have been computed in lunar months, not in years, thus bringing their ages to something like our own.

This idea is a hardy perennial, like the question "Where did Cain get his wife?" Perhaps Mr. Duncan would consider the following facts, based on his suggested substitution of a lunar month for a year, on Genesis 5.

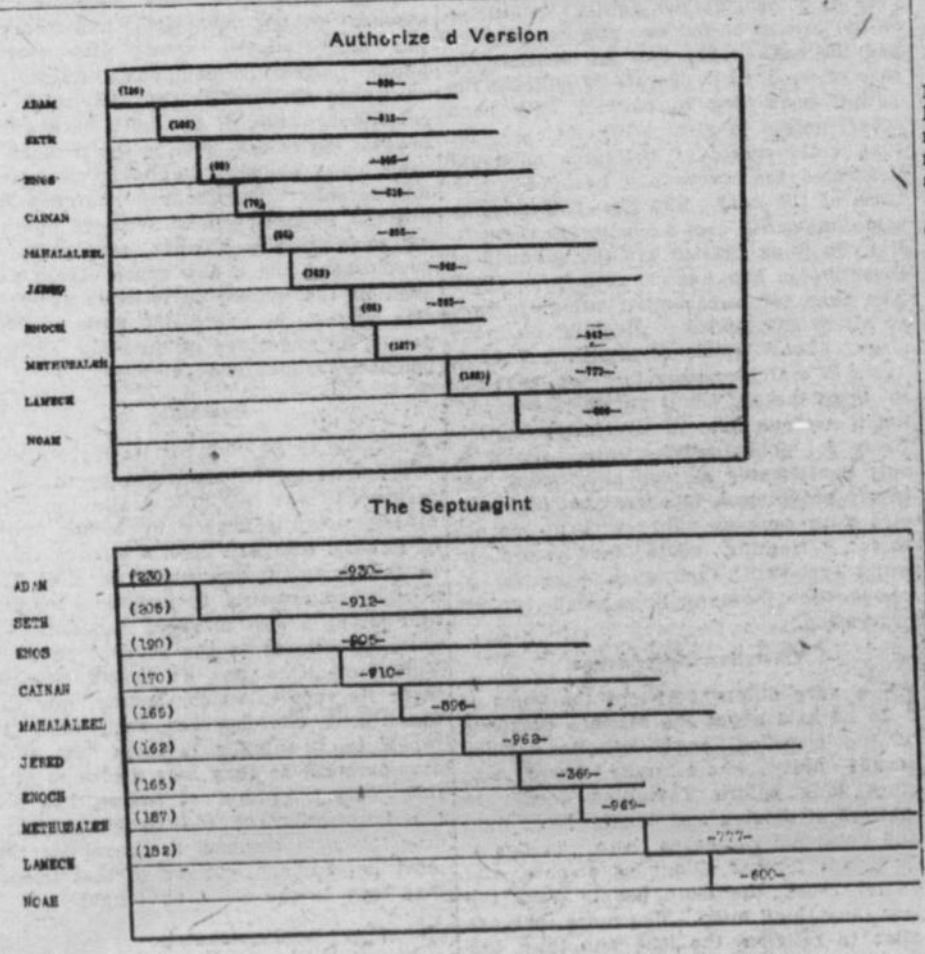
Adam would be almost 13 when Seth was born: Seth would be not quite 9 years old when his son Enos was born: and Enos would have had a son when he was seven and a half years old. The most juvenile father of the patriarchs would be Mahalaleel who begat Jared when he was about five and a half years of age.

I think, Mr. Duncan, that it is easier to believe that mankind in its infancy was much more healthy than at present and lived longer, rather than to think that a man of five and a half years should have a son.

ARTHUR C. HILL.

London, Ont., Jan 31, '28.

(Note.—The Witness does not enter into this old controversy, as it does not discover in it any moral edification. If our correspondent who questions the letter had also noticed a note appended to it; he would also have seen that the figures upon which the controversy rests had evidently been tampered with in one quarter or another, as in the total the time between the creation and the flood differs in the Jewish canon, from which ours is translated, and in the Jewish Greek translation, which New Testament writers largely used by some six hundred and six years. The Greek genealogy gives a natural succession of generations, while the Hebrew one gives the curious effect of making all these generations almost contemporary. We are not supporting the lunar theory but, taking the more natural of these two statements, the criticism above would lose force.



ILLUSTRATING THE AGE OF THE PATRIARCHS

(The above charts are drawn to exactly the same scale)

A reader supplies these charts, showing the difference in the two Biblical versions. It will be noted that the Septuagint gives the age of several of the patriarchs, at the birth of his first son, as exactly 100 years greater than does the Authorized version. Thus the total time, from the Creation to the Flood, is calculated to be 606 years greater in the Septuagint than in the Authorized version.

The figures in brackets, at the left hand side of the chart, show the age of each patriarch at the birth of his son. The other figures show the age of each at death.

A Veteran Padre Muses

COMPANIONING WITH THE STARS

Driving with a young Ontario doctor in whose town I was taking church anniversary services, he told me how he had come to know and study the stars. They were his companions and he communed with them as he journeyed alone.

What stories these old stars might tell of guidance over the uncharted deep, on the unknown prairie, and in the trackless forest. What stories, too, they might tell of humble laymen as well as learned astronomers watching their appearance and thinking out their wonders. I do think that times come when we may fittingly companion with the stars, not that we be idle star gazers, very far from this, but it is worth while to lift our vision from the restricted and confined into the infinitude of space, and particularly so when that space is jewelled in its glory.

Thinking back to my brother's place in holiday time I see little ones and others of both homes out on the veranda when with snatches of song and story we were waiting to see who would find the first star. In a moment or two Olive was heard "I see one," and Russell, "I see one, too," and the others round the circle. It was not long until the whole sky was spangled with their grandeur. We would in time turn in after our "good night," with a new sense of their wonders, and the greatness and goodness of our Father God.

I have sometimes wondered why the inspired dramatist and musician of Holy Writ did not give us the chorus of the evening as well as that of the morning stars singing together. Multitudes more I am sure would hear the evening choir than the morning one. We lie abed wrapped in sleep when the music of those stars fill the morning hours. Is it a call for us to come forth? The evening choir we can often know. And as instruments vary in a given orchestra, so in heaven's great choir one star differs from another star in glory. From one and all come their music. The Magi heard it and found the Christ. My doctor friend heard it and communed with God. The poet of my mountain sketch heard it as in the lines I quoted, and again:

"An' the stars smile down on a man an' say,
'Come higher, poor critter, cum up tew us.'
An' I reckon, pard, thar is One above
The highest old star thet a chap can see,
An' He sez, in a solid, etarnal way,
'Ye never can stop till ye get tew Me'."

—J.P.G.

RESENTS POPERY COMMENTS

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—May I humbly suggest that "The Witness" will hardly help to "make Canada a land to love" by publishing such a statement as the following: "The English people . . . are startled at the revelation of negotiations in very high quarters for handing them over en masse to 'popery'."

Th's appeared in your January 18 issue under the heading "Church Unity." It is strange that one writing on such a subject should do so without reference to the Lambeth Report on Reunion of 1920, and its famous "Appeal to All Christian People," and without reference also to the published "Documents on Church Unity" which are the remarkable outcome of that "appeal."

Anyone who did so would know how grossly untrue is the statement that there have been "negotiations in very high quarters for handing over the English people en masse to 'popery'." It would also show such a statement to be a slanderous aspersion upon great and honorable men. I am sure you would not wish to be guilty of such un-Christian charges.

A. E. COUSINS.

Dauphin, Manitoba, 30 Jan., 1928.

(Note: The sentence was written, as any reader could see, to express the aspect that the revelations of the hour would present to the ordinary English mind. The public had become suddenly aware of the prolonged negotiations at Malines, where "the primacy" of the pope had been admitted and whose object was to put the Church of England into fellowship with the Church of Rome; also of the fact that the Archbishops had been cognizant of those endeavors and had for a time prevented their publication; and that their zeal for an alternative semi-Catholic prayer book was due to their desire to keep these Anglo-Catholics in communion. This was enough to spread the scare so described.)

THE LIQUOR SITUATION IN ALBERTA

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—Prohibitionists have lost considerable ground in Canada in the past four years. In that time as in the past the Witness was an ardent supporter of prohibition. I pray that you are given faith and strength for the struggle in the future.

As I see it in Alberta, the majority are against prohibition because of the personal liberty plea. Prohibition didn't prohibit entirely. The reason, they say, is that what a man wants and what the law says he can't have, he is bound to have. Of course I see the fallacy in this, but at the same time liquor was unique in being in a class by itself among the things which man desired and which were prohibited by law. There are few if any other edibles or beverages which were prohibited.

The great majority of the people of Alberta are, however, I think, unaware of the maliciousness and power of alcohol, even in the form of beer. In that respect people are very blind indeed, and education along these lines is needed.

Now, there is no question in my mind as to whether people are drinking much now or not. They are and I have to go a very long way to find a person, young or old, who does not drink. This lets children out, but there are many of these who get their beer.

Still people are, in the majority, against the present system and were a better one offered would gladly accept it. As for the old system of prohibition, I don't think that is wanted again.

Under prohibition people drank bootleg stuff with the feeling of a small boy sneaking on a parent. Now they drink with the fear of punishment removed. Conscience alone guides them and in many cases that is weak.

This is a new country and it is not so long ago since the west floated in liquor, in fact it was brought up on it. It was the stock in trade with the Indians. Perhaps the time will yet come when people will, of their own accord, stop the drinking habit. No one can stop a flood of thought such as is against the ill use of alcohol. After many misunderstandings are cleared up and new ideas are embedded in the minds of the people this tyrant may be thrown out.

Meanwhile the people of Alberta are having their fling with liquor after several years of dryness.

W. L. THOMPSON.

Strathmore, Alta., Jan. 22, '28.

(Note:—There is no use talking of Prohibition while the people do not believe in it as, if we may judge from our correspondent's own case, the people of Alberta at present do not. Everything depends on the people's convictions. In Alberta they had the form of Prohibition without the fact and have lost faith in it if such they ever had. We have never known the time when an English-speaking Canadian-born electorate did not give large majorities for prohibition. It is the home-born vote which seems in the United States to have produced what seems to be a determinedly prohibitionist majority. Western Canada on the contrary is largely of other origin. It finds itself, moreover, in the mucky eddy of a broad and powerful stream. To analyse this figure of speech would take too long. There are two things to be said about the situation. One is that the experiment of prohibition is being tried in the United States on an enormous scale and that whatever may be the final judgment of the people there will be that of Canada. Another is that Alberta is working the experiment of government control and has not yet worked it out. Already our correspondent says they are dissatisfied with it and are craving something better.)

"WHO WANTS OUR RELIGION?"

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—Complying with Mr. C. A. Haughton's request, I wish to remark upon his quotations from Stanley Jones' book, "The Christ of the Indian Road." First, "an Indian philosopher says: 'Jesus is ideal and wonderful, but you Christians, you are not like Him.' Certainly not! Were the Apostles like Him? No. Jesus, God manifested in the flesh." Like Him, indeed! How philosophic sophistry captures some shallow thinkers!

The "Hindu licturer said: 'I see that a good many of you here are Christians. Now this is not a religious lecture, but I would like to pause long enough to say that, if you Christians would live like Christ, India would be at your feet tomorrow.'" "Live like Christ." No better evidence of the speaker's profound ignorance of Christ and His mission could have been expressed.

Real Christians do not want India, or any other country at their feet. When the cripple at Lystra was healed "the priest of Jupiter, whose temple was before the city, brought oxen and garlands, and would have done sacrifice with the multitudes. But Barnabas and Paul rent their clothes and cried out, saying, Sirs, why do ye do these things? We are men of like passions with you, and bring you good tidings, that ye should turn from these things (i. e., from religion) unto the living God." Exactly! So says every Christian. He does not want Indians at his feet, but by experience he knows that, if they will fall at the feet of the Christ of Calvary, in humble confession of their sins, they will arise therefrom in newness of life and hope.

The writer is convinced that there is no greater enemy of human souls, and of the cause of Christ, than he who goes about saying "These are Christians, look at 'em!" This is nothing less than the Adversary's cunning method of getting sinners to rest on weak humanity instead of the great Cleanser and life Giver— the Lord Jesus Christ.

ABRAM PETER.

Beauce Co., Jan. 24, '28.

AN AMERICAN ON AMERICAN CRIME

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—I read your recent article on the U. S. courts and agree with you. It is the vile U. S. press that is partly responsible for widespread crime, through its general nourishment of crime.

F. W. LUNEN.

Malden, Mass. Jan. 14, 1928.

ONE GIFT APPRECIATED

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—I do not think I ever received anything that I derived such pleasure from as the Witness. Some one unknown sent it to us as a year's subscription. We are waiting patiently for the new story. I promised to read it to the children. How we do enjoy the Temperance Talks.

A WITNESS READER.

Benton, Alta., Jan. 17, '28.

A CONDEMNATION OF CAPITAL

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—Immigration seems to be attracting a whole lot of attention these days and your editorial of Jan. 11th, touching on the place it is likely to occupy in the coming session of Parliament, prompts me to ask what is the use of trying to build up a permanent citizenship in this country by methods that have proven so futile for the past thirty years? The flow of population out of Canada has been such that the most glowing pictures that our immigration department could draw could not counter-balance it; and that this condition still prevails is proven by the last year's figures from Washington which showed that over 80 thousand of Canada's population passed over into the United States through legitimate channels to say nothing of those who "bootlegged" their way in. (We are not talking of tourists now). During the last census period—1911 to 1921 we brought in about 3 million immigrants but when the census was taken in '21 there was practically nothing but the natural increase to show. What had become of the three million extra that should have been here to add to that total? That there should be such a flow of population out of a country with such natural wealth and possibilities as Canada, is nothing more or less than a glaring indictment of the incompetence of its administration . . . Mr. Forke, the C.P.R., and the C.N.R., with all their propaganda can never build up a permanent citizenship worthy of this great land of ours so long as the greed of capital is allowed to exploit the worker and actual producer to the extent that has been, and is being, done here. The dollar bill represented in the lobby of the House has more power than any vote that went to put a member in his seat. Remedy these things and you will need no immigration agents paid by the Government—you will have one from every farm and factory—men urging their friends and relatives to join them and share in the opportunities of this our splendid country; instead of, as at present, in thousands of cases, warning them off.

I endorse your slogan, Mr. Editor,—Make Canada a Land to Love. I do love Canada, but I damn the power that seeks to control its administration to the aggrandizement of the few and the exploitation of the many.

JOHN POTTS.

Raymore, Sask., Jan. 20, '28.

(Note: The recorded immigration for the decade specified was not three millions, but 1,812,836. To make the statement correct it would be necessary to add another decade. But that would not alter the force of the argument or of the appeal to make Canada cheap to live in.)



ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED VISITOR TO CANADA

On February 6th Hon. Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State for the United States, paid an official visit to Ottawa, where he was the guest of Hon. William Phillips, United States Minister to Canada. Above is a layout showing a corner of the study and library in Mr. Phillips' home, with Hon. F. B. Kellogg (inset, left) and Hon. W. Phillips (inset, right). The photograph was taken by Harris and Ewing, Washington, D.C.



GONE TO INDIA TO STUDY EMPIRE'S STIFFEST PROBLEM

The seven men who comprise the Royal Commission on Indian Reforms, appointed by the British Government to study the progress of Indian self-government, are now in India and will immediately begin their investigations. The whole future of this great nation within the Empire is in the hands of these men and, judging by the movements of certain Indian Nationalists to boycott the Commission because Indian members are not included, they are up against a stiff proposition. A tribute to the breadth of view of the British Government is apparent by the fact that, although Conservative, it has chosen men from all political ranks. Sir John Simon (centre), chairman of the Commission, is one of the leading Liberals of the country, as is Lord Burnham (upper, right), the famous publisher of the Daily Telegraph, who sold his newspaper a few weeks ago in order to devote his entire time to this and other public work. Stephen Walsh (left), who was Minister of War in Ramsay MacDonald's Labor Cabinet, is another member of the Commission. The other four members are Edward Cadogan, Colonel G. R. Lane-Fox, Richard Attlee and Lord Strathcona, grandson of Donald Smith, who rose to fame and fortune in Canada. The two lower pictures give an excellent idea of two types of men the Commission will have to contend with when it tackles the "biggest problem in the British Empire." The men on the left are a Pathan Fakir and a Tuaki charmer, and on the right is a Mohammedan Fakir.

Great Divine Passes

Rev. Dr. William Leslie Clay, B.A., D.D., who died in Winnipeg on February 8 following a heart attack, was one of the outstanding clergymen of British Columbia, and for many years a leading figure in Canadian Presbyterianism.

Born in 1863 at Bedeque, P. E. I., he had a brilliant scholastic career. He attended Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, and was graduated with honors from McGill University and Presbyterian College, Montreal, and went to Moose Jaw direct from college in 1890 to be ordained to the ministry. Four years later he was called to the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Victoria, where he remained as pastor for the balance of his ecclesiastical career. Thus, in the course of nearly forty years, Dr. Clay served only two churches as pastor in charge.

Throughout all the negotiations concerning the union of the Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist churches in Canada, Dr. Clay consisteutly opposed the movement, and registered his objections at every opportunity, both in public addresses and in meetings of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

When church union became a fact and the minority in the general assembly decided to continue the Presbyterian Church in Canada, Dr. Clay was elected as the first moderator of the British Columbia Synod after the union took place. On June 2, 1927, by large majority vote, he was elected moderator of the general assembly.

Dr. Clay was one of the most active members of the Ministrial Association in Victoria and a leader in social and educational movements there. He was for several years a library commissioner in Victoria and he was also associated for some time with the Children's Aid Society.

In 1927 he was appointed to the board of governors of the University of British Columbia, where he devoted much of his energy to the organization of the theological courses.

In 1890 Dr. Clay married Florence N. Leitch. There are four daughters and one son.

A man of scholastic attainment and of good address in the pulpit, Dr. Clay gained and held one of the largest congregations in Western Canada. In his earlier years he took a keen interest in athletics, especially in tennis and boating.

Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; it is better to be alone than in bad company. —George Washington.

We found ourselves and each other more sensible men, and more honest men, and more truly Christian men than we had expected, and the pity is that we did not do more about it.—William E. Barton, on the Lausanne Conference, in the Living Church.

A Strong Candidate

In the Republican free-for-all which began with President Coolidge's "I do not choose" of last August, and started up in real earnest after he reiterated his position on December 6, Herbert Hoover is seen by most journalistic observers of the political course to be at present distinctly in the lead, and unless his present popularity suffers a set back before the presidential convention he is almost certain to receive the Republican nomination. Many political observers believe that Secretary Hoover and Governor Smith are almost certain to be the contenders for the presidency next fall.

However, Mr. Hoover's friends make no pretence that they believe he will have all plain sailing. Doubts have been cast upon Mr. Hoover's constitutional eligibility for the presidency. The point has been raised that Mr. Hoover has been abroad so much of his life that he might be banned under the provision that the President must have been "fourteen years a resident within the United States." Democratic papers point out that Mr. Hoover really has spent the greater part of his adult life abroad, and most of the time engaged in private business, and that during these years he became necessarily unfamiliar with public affairs in the United States. It is also pointed out that party ties have never been very binding on him.

Recently, in retaliation perhaps for the anti-catholic campaign against Governor Smith, the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Hoover were married by a Catholic priest has been used as a point against him.

"The high place held by Mr. Hoover in the estimation of the nation," says World's Work, "has been won, not by deliberate seeking of public favor but by diligent and effective work in the public service. He has lately added immensely to his availability for the presidency by his work in the Mississippi flood relief." Mr. Hoover is a strong believer in the St. Lawrence waterways and of hydro-electric development in his own country. At the present time he is by far the strongest candidate the republicans have, but it remains to be seen what his enemies are able to rake up against him between now and March when the nominating convention assembles.



HERBERT HOOVER

Strongest candidate for the republican presidential nomination.



SECRETARY KELLOGG

Is paying a good-will visit to Canada.

Guest of Canada

Frank Billings Kellogg, Secretary of State of the United States since 1925, who is visiting Ottawa this week has risen steadily to a position of importance in his native land. Born at Potsdam, N. Y., on Dec. 22, 1856, he went to Minnesota with his parents in 1865, where he lived on a farm until ten years later. His education was obtained in the common schools of New York and Minnesota. He studied law in Rochester, Minn., and was admitted to the bar in 1877. After acting as counsel for city and state in many important cases he was a member of the Senate from 1917 to 1923, when he went to England as Ambassador. Mr. Kellogg has been delegate at many conventions of an international and national character. He holds the degree of LL.D. from McGill University.

Interviewed in Montreal while enroute to Ottawa he remained noncommittal on the St. Lawrence Waterways project, which was the main question submitted to him.

Supports Deep Waterways

I give it as my considered opinion, as chairman of the Montreal Harbor Commission, who are in daily touch with the movement of various commodities in and out of that port, that the business of that port will not be diminished, but on the contrary will steadily increase from year to year; and the proposed deepening of the St. Lawrence waterways will greatly accelerate the rate of increase in the volume of business handled at Montreal."

In these terms, Hon. W. L. MacDougald, chairman of the Montreal Harbor Commission, concluded his maiden speech in the Federal Senate on February 2. Dr. MacDougald was a member of the National Advisory Board on the St. Lawrence waterways, which made its recommendations to the government in the matter of canalization and power development of that river a few days prior to the opening of parliament.

He took issue, too, with Rt. Hon. George P. Graham, former chairman of the National Advisory Council, who spoke in the Senate on Tuesday, cautioning against too great haste in the project.

Dr. MacDougald linked up the power development scheme with the problem of immigration, showing "the relation of new employment, new jobs for Canadians and additional annual wage payments to new horsepower developed." Five million h.p., in round figures, could be developed on the stretch from Prescott, Ont., to Montreal, and of this approximately 1,000,000 h.p. belonged to the United States. Expert statisticians had computed that for every 1,000 h.p. developed a total of 385 new jobs would be created, drawing annual wages totalling $517,000. On the basis of one active workman supporting an average of five souls, including himself, each 1,000 h.p. represented support to a new population of 1,925 people. Applying this calculation to the Canadian horsepower available on the St. Lawrence Senator MacDougald found that the power now running to waste would, if fully developed and utilized in Canada, employ a new population of 1,540,000 workmen, supporting a new and additional population of 7,700,000, and drawing in actual cash wages the sum of $2,324,400,000 per annum—all paid for out of the product of the development and utilization of this power.



SENATOR W. L. MACDOUGALD

Who favors St. Lawrence deep Waterways.

Reader-Writers' Club

Voluntary contributions, written by readers, including short stories, articles and SHORT poems, will be published in this department as space and merit permit. Contributions should not exceed 400 words.

DARK DAYS

(Eric Duncan)

Winter, tyrant stern and hoary,
Rules with iron sway the fields:
Over wrecks of Autumn's glory
Glittering monuments he builds,
Whistles sharp his minion, Boreas,—
Galvanized at his advance,
Dead leaves leap and whirl before us
Through the woods, in eerie dance.

Skies, gray-ribbed and frost corroded,
Smooth and thicken like a pall,
Bending low and overloaded
Down they let their burden fall.
Tumbling, scattering, flickering, flying,
Come the flakes in headlong haste,
And an aimless wind is sighing
Wearily from waste to waste.

Animated nature shivers,
Stricken through with deadly chill;
Buried are the ponds and rivers,
Shrouded every bush-topped hill;—
O for March's roaring blusters!
O for April's drizzling rain!
Yea, we hail even thee, Southeaster,
See we but green earth again.

* * * * *

Duskily the Sun is passing
O'er the glacier peak afar,
Sombre clouds, behind him massing,
Herald the approaching war,
When, like resurrected giant,
Bursts the gale Chinookian forth,
And with trumpet-blast defiant
Sweeps the routed winter north.

* * * * *

As upon the desolation
Of the dead lands, sunk in snow,
Life shoots up, a new creation,
When the great Southeasters blow,
So, when, prosperous times forsaking,
Adverse fortunes o'er us roll,
Still, through chilling glooms forth-breaking,
Hope re-vivifies the soul.

Deep in human breasts implanted
Hope, the offspring of the sky,
Bowed by loss, yet springs undaunted
Oft deferred, it cannot die—
By it still, through crime and sorrow,
Doomed unfortunates are blest,
Still, against the doubtful morrow,
Each one is an optimist.

Go, with God acknowledged near you,
While fair sunshine floods your way,
Hope perennial then will cheer you
In the dark and cloudy day;—
Till, earth's shadows thinning, rending,
Breaks upon your strengthened sight
All the summer joy unending
Of the Land of fadeless light!

Sandwick, B.C.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

(By Shrill Stacomb)

As Sheerluck the Sleuth passed down the hall, the words that oozed from Room 13 arrested his stealthy steps.

"I have done the deed," quoth the sepulchral voice.

Cautiously our hero reconnoitred the scene. Balancing his lanky form on a handy box, he peered through the sky-light. In the room a wild-looking, burly man was pacing up and down. His hair was disordered, a great smudge decorated his forehead just over the left eye. He was in his shirt sleeves and these were rolled up above the elbows; his great hairy forearms showed the muscles as he moved about crouching, stalking, clenching his fists, re-acting a scene that had been cut deeply on his mind. At the flat-topped desk, a typical atom of modern femininity was crouching before the storm of words and gestures.

". . . . Smoky flung open the door and shouted, 'It is the end! Here we are, just the five of us, away out in this lonely cabin. When my gun stops speaking there will be one shot left for the lamp and the fire will obliterate all trace of what has happened.'"

As these cold, menacing words fell from his lips the watching sleuth could have cried for joy. At last his luck had turned. When he brought in this man and cleared up an unsolvable mystery, what a reward would be his!

Cringingly, the girl had spoken. "What?" roared the desperate man.

"Do you spell 'dore' with an 'a' or an 'e', Mr. Othor?" she asked, sweetly.

As the famous author exploded, Sheerluck stole away with bitterness in his heart.

THE CUP OF WONDER

(By Thomas Cumming)

One of the most astounding features of daily living is the brazen failure to appreciate the great gift of life.

Some birthday trinket, readily duplicated tens of thousands of times and costing little more than a few minutes shopping, is hoarded and tended with love and care; while the consideration given the gift of gifts, through which alone we are able to use and enjoy everything coming into our lives, is too often less than that bestowed on an ordinary watch.

Through the deficiencies of language, the human envelope, forming the temporary lodging of this wonderful gift, is thought of as a machine. Yet intricate and involved as a watch, talking-machine, or counting machine may be, with their springs and screws, they are in no way comparable to the human envelope with its billions of microscopic living units, each having an independent activity, and yet an activity which has to be co-ordinated with the work done by neighboring units.

Watch-maker and novelty vendor will readily bear testimony to the amount of care bestowed on watch or phonograph; while the M.D. who has invested time and money in learning something of the home of this wonderful gift—love's profoundest expression—has no such record.

Wonder is much more and goes deeper than either curiosity or amazement. Science may find such a definition adequate, while faith and appreciation find it love.

It is not belittling schools or scholars to recognize their limitations. Only the other day one of the greatest of living biologists, in his latest book "Ether and Reality," confesses, "We do not know what life is; we only see what it can do."

Unlike the birthday gift, life cannot be duplicated. Only one for each, and this may be the one respect in which we are born equal. Here stocks and bonds are removed from the pedestal. Neither a Rockefeller nor a Morgan can buy a second.

All down the centuries the laboratory has been producing numberless aids to assist us in making the best possible of life; but life itself has ever evaded science.

We can all remember when it was believed that the placing of a horse hair in the soft water barrel would produce a snake; and that corrupt matter gave birth to myriad forms of life. Such stories hardly interest the intelligent today, for we have learned something of Biogenesis and know that all life comes from life.

It is impossible to see far ahead along the road of life; but in the acceptance of life as a gift, and in its considered use and care, it is possible, in a great measure, to be prepared.

We ask for long life and are promised it forever and ever,—a promise which is renewed and emphasized every returning Easter.

The most indifferent amongst us scout the idea of chance having any part in the shaping of this outfit we use in fronting life with. Christ did not create the desire for or a hope in eternal life. His actual authenticated demonstration being simply an appeal to that part of the mind endowed with power to perceive truth without the aid of experience or long-winded argument—a tool—part of our outfit named intuition.

Lovers of Robert Browning will be able to recall his beautiful exposition in Rabbi Ben Ezra of the point we are now endeavoring to make:

"Her work enough to watch the Master work: and catch hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tools true play."

North Battleford, Saskatchewan.

RED DAWN

(Percy H. Wright, Saskatoon)

Dim, silent stars, with paling light
Soon gone—
Then darkness lessened, and the night
Grown wan—
Faint, faint over the forest grey,
The promise of the new-born day!
Dawn, with thy hope-kiss'd ray,
Red dawn!

All night the moon in ghostly white
Pull shone,
But now before the sun-burst bright
'Tis gone—
Into the East warm colors stray.
Behold them through the poplar spray!
Hail, Dawn, blushed bud of day,
Red dawn!

My Treasure Trove

By Argus.

A young man had a cheque on the Dominion Bank for $41.67. He had in mind to give that amount to his mother who resided in B———, Ontario. It said on the cheque that it was negotiable without charge at any branch of the Dominion Bank in Canada. Was there a branch at B———? The young man was a day laborer and laughably unacquainted with cheques and banks; if there were a Dominion branch at B——— he would send that money; if not, she would have to wait indefinitely. He held to that peculiar idea. Mothers miss many a kindness when a government liquor store is near. To my treasure-trove I went; and in the list of bank branches throughout all Canada, I discovered that sure enough there was a Dominion branch in B———, the present manager being Mr. ———. The mother got the cheque and the money.

An elderly man ordered an unabridged dictionary for the public school. It arrived at the local custom house where the official wanted the duty. But books for educational purposes come into Canada duty free, and why did that official exact a dollar or so? "It makes a person feel bitter." I searched through my treasure-trove for a tariff list and discovered that dictionaries are specially listed among the "D's" and are not included among "Books." The amount the official charged corresponded with the percent of duty given in the tariff list. The money was no longer begrudged and the ill-feeling, like an unwelcome guest, took its leave.

A young lady school teacher had accepted a position on the staff of the school at X——, Saskatchewan. She asked me for any information about the place that I could get her; no detail, however trifling, was disinteresting to her. So out of my treasure-trove I delved up whole reams of items. They were all useful to her, she said, and explained that she would not feel so strange during the first fortnight or so after her arrival there. The school inspector for that part of the province resides at X——. The federal member at present is the Hon. Mr. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture. In my treasure-trove I have copious details about each and every place in Canada, whether it is in Cape Breton, British Columbia or the Yukon.

A woman who read her daily paper assiduously asked me to tell her about the York Club: what, when, where, who, why and how. In my treasure-trove I found that the York Club was first established in 1909, that it has now 375 members, that the entrance fee is $300 and the yearly dues $150 to residents, but non-residents only pay $50 a year dues with $100 to join, that the secretary's name is Mr. G. Campbell and that the Club House is at 135 St. George Street, Toronto.

I need to know the complete names and detailed addresses of the national secretaries of the various prohibition organizations throughout Canada because I can get timely material from them for temperance articles and speeches. All these addresses are given accurately in my treasure-trove.

These five ways in which my treasure-trove has proven by the acid test of experience extending over three or four years to be of incalculable service to myself, or any other person, are merely examples of thousands of different ways in which it has been convenient and timely. Do you think it rather bulky to carry in a trunk? I can carry it all in my pocket! It is the Canadian Almanac. Surely it contains fifty million facts about Canada! The 1928 edition is ready and may be had for three dollars and fifty cents net from the Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto 2, Ontario. Its timeliness will survive several years.

Sums Up League Year

If we had been told in 1922 that within five years the Great Powers of Europe would have reached their present degree of security and good understanding, the most sanguine among us would have scarcely believed it possible, writes Professor Gilbert Murray who contributes the following appreciation of the League in 1927 to Headway, Official organ of the League of Nations' Union. Germany is not only on the Council; she has supplied a President of the Council, and that presidency has been marked not by mistrust and friction, but by an increase of good feeling and by the settlement of two particularly irritating questions—the troops in the Saar and the schools in Upper Silesia. We begin to see the fruits of the great treaty of perpetual peace between France and Germany, Belgium and Germany, guaranteed by Great Britain and Italy.

The Preparatory Commission on Disarmament has succeeded, under Lord Cecil's guidance, in drafting a skeleton Disarmament Convention, to be re-read in March and then laid before the general Conference. The Russians, whose absence has hitherto constituted the greatest obstacle to Disarmament, have actually attended the Commission, and, while their own scheme is not practicable as it stands, have expressed their readiness to consider less drastic proposals.

Greatest of all, perhaps, the Assembly of the League has induced the Governments to summon a general conference of experts to consider the acute economic dangers which threaten the world, and the doubtful wisdom of each nation continuing to seek its own economic advantage by destroying its neighbor's trade. What is more, the experts—over a hundred and fifty of them, from the most diverse nations and all political parties—have agreed in their diagnosis and their recommendations; and, stranger still, have had their recommendations explicitly and publicly accepted by a large number of governments.

These positive advances are so striking that one is apt almost to overlook some achievements that would seem remarkable enough in the ordinary run of politics: the Slavery Convention, the two parts of the Report on the Traffic in Women and Children, the formal abolition of the so-called "state of war" between Poland and Lithuania, and last but not least in its significance for the future, the ruling of the International Court that the League is not bound by the decisions of the Council of Ambassadors.

These results show how much the world is craving for a reasonable life and how effective the League has proved as an instrument to that end in the hands of ministers like Stresemann, Briand, Chamberlain, and—we are bound to add—Mussolini. For Europe has largely been governed by that "Big Four" or Tetrarchy.

If we consider the other side of the account we must recognize that the process of "General Reduction and Limitation of Armaments by International Agreement" has so far made no practical progress; it remains in the stage of draft treaties; and that the Conference—outside the League—of Great Britain, Japan and America for the further limitation of naval forces has ended for the time being in complete and dangerous failure. It was the easiest of all the problems of international disarmament, and the one where failure would ultimately be most disastrous. Fortunately the harm done is not yet irreparable, but it will need an effort of unwonted intelligence in the peoples and Governments concerned to counteract its effects.

The troubles in China drag on, but not through any fault of the League. The League was not meant to deal with civil wars. It was, however, meant essentially to deal with conditions of friction and mutual suspicion, and circumstances which threaten to disturb international peace, such as those affecting Italy and Jugoslavia, and it has not done so. The state of tension between those countries has become dangerously inflamed and no one has appealed to the League. If we ask why, the reason is only too plain. It is the price paid for concord within the Tetrarchy. The other Great Powers think it wiser not to cross Italy. It is impossible for anyone without inner knowledge to tell whether this price is too high.

Some other disappointments have apparently the same explanation. The Mandates Commission, one of the best and wisest of the organs of the League, engaged on a vital enterprise in which it had every right to the firm support and sympathy of the Council, has been not only left in the lurch, but actually attacked and undermined by its natural protectors. Again the reason is clear. The Mandates Commission, if allowed to do its work freely, might offend one British Dominion and would offend one Great Power. "Better let things slide," thought the Council, "than mar the harmony of our meetings." Exactly the same with Minorities. The Peace Treaties laid upon the Council in the most solemn terms the duty of protecting the alien Minorities in the new nations. But to protect a Minority is to offend a government; and the Tetrarchy prefers not to offend government.

There stand the credit and the debit accounts, and the same historical cause explains both of them. When the League first came into existence, only people with a touch of idealism believed in it and in the main, were set to run it. The League passed excellent resolutions, and the governments paid little attention to them. Cabinet Ministers did not trouble to read the Covenant. Then gradually the practical convenience and effectiveness of the League as a diplomatic instrument became so obvious that the Foreign Offices threw themselves into it and annexed it. The Foreign Ministers attend it regularly, and the idealists have disappeared. Clearly this is an advantage. The great governments all want peace; none but people without any sense of reality imagine the contrary. They all want good relations among themselves. They all want the improvement of trade and the more intelligent realise that their own trade will only improve as that of their customers improves. They will work generally for the common good, except so far as it happens to conflict with some special national or electoral interest, and by constantly sitting together at the Council they do gain a better sense of the common interest than their national parliaments or constituents have.

They do the daily jobs and they tend to forget the ultimate ideals. And then, once a year, comes the Assembly and, if they have been too forgetful, pulls them up and reminds them that after all the League is something more than a diplomatic instrument; it is the statement of a new way of life for nations, a promise that human behavior will not suddenly stand still where it now is, but must continue its eternal struggle to bring about some reformation of

"this hoary atheistic murderous star."
And so the balance moves to and fro."

Alberta crude oil production for 1927 will exceed that of 1926 by 100,000 barrels, according to an estimate given in the Oil and Gas Journal of Tulsa, Okla. It is stated that in 1926 the Alberta production amounted to 217,088 barrels, approximately 60 per cent of the entire Canadian production, which was 364,603 barrels. The Turner Valley output for the year ending October 31st, 1927, is estimated at a little more than 300,000 barrels.

The Saskatoon Aero Club has made rapid strides since its formation six weeks ago. The names of 13 former pilots and 32 applicants for active membership, who have been gratuitously examined by local medical men, have been submitted to the Department of Civil Aviation for approval, and the name of the instructor recommended. The club has sixty applications for active membership and its objective is now 100 members.

This year the demand for Canadian wool from abroad has been large. One ship recently sailed from Montreal with a quarter of a million pounds of Canadian wool—11 carloads—destined for the English and Continental markets from the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers.

Canada's total trade for the year 1927 is estimated at $2,338,000,000, this being an advance of $47,000,000 over the total trade for the year 1926. Basing calculations on the estimated figures for 1927, the favorable visible balance of trade (excess of exports over imports) will be around $158,000,000.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

WORLD EVENTS

Trouble in India

Landing of Royal Commission on Indian Reforms Signal for Rioting in Bombay and Madras.

India's determination to boycott the Simon Commission on Indian affairs as a protest against the British Government's omission to appoint Indian representatives to the body took active form on Friday from the moment of the arrival of the commission in Bombay.

Heavily armed police guards had to be employed at the docks to protect the body's members from the unwelcome attention of demonstrators. Viceroy Lord Irwin, addressing the House of the Indian Legislature at Delhi earnestly appealed to those concerned in the boycott movement to refrain from a course which, he said, could have only negative results and which might entail unfortunate consequences.

This appeal, however, failed to avert serious demonstrations in Bombay, Madras and Calcutta when the "hartal" or mourning closure, was clamped down with all its force in all three places. The strike, to which the "hartal" amounted, brought with it rioting in Calcutta and Madras, and in the latter city conflict with the police in which one was killed, and as many as seventeen or more wounded. Europeans returning to their homes there in automobiles were attacked and their cars smashed. There were no injuries reported among them, however.

Sir John Simon, head of the commission inaugurated his stay in India with an attempt to create an atmosphere of conciliation. Before leaving for Delhi—indeed, almost immediately after he had left his ship in the harbor—he received delegations of Hindus and Moslems, and expressed anxiety to hear every shade of opinion. He promised them that after settling at Delhi the commission will do its best to remove misunderstandings and suspicions, and will take every opportunity to consult with Indian representatives who will be willing to meet with it.

At New Delhi the "hartal" was organized, too, but a heavy rain had dampened the spirits of the participants and the incident passed without disorders.

The protests at Bombay continued when a mass meeting was held at Chowpathi sands, while processions marched from all parts of the city to listen to lively orations against the commission from prominent Hindu leaders.

At a mass meeting of students earlier in the day effigies representing Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin, and Sir John Simon were burned.

Despatches to London newspapers on Sunday reported no further active manifestations in India against the Royal Commission on Indian Reforms, which met a hostile reception upon arriving in Bombay. The commission members are now at Delhi, and in view of the cessation of active hostility it is generally assumed in London that the attempt to organize a general "hartal" or native strike, was a fiasco.

Eighty students have been arrested in Calcutta, troops are patrolling the areas in Madras where fatal rioting occurred and there is apparent a sober reaction in that country against the demonstrations.

Whether the quiet in India proves merely a temporary lull or durable acquiescence in the peace forced by British troops and Indian police, there is a note of firm resolution in expressions of British opinion following the news of violence.

FARMERS VISIT KING

The party of touring Canadian farmers, full of pleasant memories even if a little tired, returned to London Saturday following a week in Denmark. Saturday afternoon they were received by Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary at Buckingham Palace.

Queen Mary, who was present despite a bad cold, wore in her dress a maple leaf presented to her in Canada when she visited there in 1901 as the Duchess of York. Their Majesties chatted vivaciously with all members of the party, who remained at the palace an hour, being entertained at tea. The visitors were delighted by the unaffected graciousness of the reception.

Their Majesties simultaneously received members of the Canadian Navy League who are enquiring into the possibilities of emigrating naval men to Canada.

The touring Canadian farmers who recently arrived in Denmark were guests of Sir Milne Cheetham, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Great Britain, at the British Legation. There the visitors met Th. Madsen-Mygdal, premier and minister of agriculture, and Dr. L. J. Moltesen, foreign secretary. The Canadians have visited Danish dairy farms and bacon factories, also historical and state buildings.

Hon. Charles Marcil has tendered his resignation to the Prime Minister as Chairman of the Government caucus for the present session. He desires to be free in his census of the government for their Mexican policy.

Escorted by a troop of Free State cavalry, James MacNeill, new Governor-General of the Irish Free State, went to Leinster House on February 1, where the Chief Justice administered the oath of office.

John O'Connor, chairman of the Toronto Harbor Board, Saturday voiced hearty endorsation of the speech in the Senate by Senator W. L. MacDougald, Chairman of the Montreal Harbor Commission in which the immediate start of St. Lawrence waterway development was urged. Mr. O'Connor points out that with an increase in population and revenue, such as were forecast by Senator MacDougald as a result of the development, "we could shortly wipe out the national debt."

Naval Limitation

Secretary Kellogg Declares Willingness of United States to Abolish Submarines.

The United States Government was represented Saturday by Secretary Kellogg as willing to sign a treaty with all world powers to prohibit the use of submarines for any purpose.

The head of the State Department disclosed this position in a letter to Chairman Porter, of the House Foreign Affairs committee, which Saturday discussed at some length the Frothingham resolution proposing the abolition of the undersea craft.

The secretary emphasized, however, that while the Washington Government was ready to sign such an agreement, it would be impossible for any country to abolish submarines and leave other nations free to operate and build them. The resolution, which the secretary endorsed, would provide that the United States "continue to-use efforts to bring about the discontinuance of this type of vessel."

Chairman Butler of the House naval committee was called in by the foreign affairs group for consultation and agreed that the submarine could be dispensed with only by the agreement of all powers. He touched upon the administration's $740,000,000 new warship building program saying that it proposed construction of 32 new submarines. But he added that the navy department's construction plan for a 20-year period would approximate $3,000,000,000 and Porter said that he regarded this as 'cheap" insurance for a nation as wealthy as the United States. The foreign affairs committee head contended that the United States must build submarines as long as any other country did.

Representative Frothingham, Republican, Massachusetts, author of the resolution, said the world war had demonstrated that the submarine was an inhuman weapon and that the S-4 disaster showed that its use in peace was hazardous.

Strikes Snag

Question of Intervention Causes Trouble at Pan-American Conference.

Confronted with the possibility of a deadlock on the most important principle involved in its deliberations, the sixth pan-American conference opened its fourth week in Havana on Monday, prepared to debate in special sub-committee the all-important question of the right of intervention. Since the conference opened with a good-will visit from the president of the United States and his secretary of State on January 16th and 17th, the debates of the Association of American Republics have been conspicuous for the absence of any clash of opinion. On Saturday this tranquillity was upset with dramatic suddenness when a proposal by Dr. Victor Maurtua, of Peru, seconded by Brazil and warmly supported by C. Evans Hughes, chief of the United States delegation was criticized by one after another of the Latin-American republics and finally referred to a sub-committee.

This proposal in effect was that the report of the all-American jurists which met at Rio de Janeiro last year should not be incorporated into the new convention of the pan-American Union insofar as it referred to the intervention of one American republic in the affairs of another. The Rio report, to which the United States delegation affixed their signatures, laid down as a cardinal principle in pan-American international law that no one country was justified in intervening in the affairs of another.

Dr. Maurtua submitted a lengthy substitute for the clause in the Rio report. This substitute would declare that all republics are free to govern their own affairs, only so long as their affairs do not threaten the safety of others. Speaking to his own report, Dr. Maurtua, submitted that rights implied duties and when a country was unable to carry out the duties implied in sovereignty it might be necessary for other countries to intervene. When a Brazilian delegate, who happened to be in the chair as substitute for the chairman had complimented Dr. Maurtua on his speech and implied the support of Brazil for the principles involved, Mr. Hughes rose to echo the compliment and to assure the committee that he found in the Maurtua proposal basis for the establishment of the fundamentals of international law as it applies to the American family of nations.

The former Secretary of State of the United States hoped that the committee would be in accord on the proposals. Through the rest of two sessions of the committee delegates from the Latin republics followed each other and almost without exception disagreed with the Maurtua report, either because it did not condemn intervention in any form or because it did not define intervention with sufficient clearness. The debate offered some curious differences. Nicaragua was not critical. Argentina and Mexico were bluntly opposed. Dr. Honorio Puerrydon, chief of the Argentine delegation, who is also Ambassador to Washington for the Argentine, thought the pan-American treaty should condemn intervention in any form, temporary or permanent, political or diplomatic. Protection of nationals was no excuse for intervention by armed force he submitted.

After Puerrydon had finished, Mexico, Salvador, Guatemala, San Domingo, Colombia and Honduras criticized the Maurtue report which was brought in as a symposium of submission on intervention by Maurtua as "reporter" of the committee assigned to consider it.

For the second time in twelve years a large part of the business centre of Fall River, Mass., on January 3 was a waste of smoking ruins, the result of a disastrous fire which swept the area surrounding the city hall. Taking toll of the losses before the embers were yet cool, residents estimated the property damage variously from $7,000,000 to more than $15,000,000. Insurance investigators placed the loss even higher, in some cases at $25,000,000.

United States Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg left at noon Sunday for Ottawa on an official three-day visit to the Canadian capital. He is expected to return home Friday.

Now Open Nights

League of Nations Office Has Decided Never to Close.

War against wars advanced another step last week when the League of Nations decided never to close. Henceforth secretaries will be on duty throughout the night and on Sundays, prepared to receive radios and telegrams, and instantly start in motion the League's peace machinery when any threat of war develops, or any country urgently appeals for intervention because of fear of an outbreak of hostilities.

They will give the alarm, and adopt measures for the immediate convocation of the League Council.

The secretaries on night service will have special quarters and will be armed with a specially-prepared volume of instructions outlining the nature and order of their activities, the first of which will be summoning the secretary-general. The secretaries have been invited to volunteer for night service, and they will receive extra compensation.

The plan is the outcome of Bulgaria's appeal in the Greco-Bulgarian crisis two years ago. This arrived at night, when the secretariat was closed. The Council was able to be convoked without delay—and thus prevented hostilities—because the nightwatchman took the initiative and opened the urgent Bulgarian message appealing to the League.

A bill abolishing universal suffrage in Italy and bestowing the right to vote only upon those who contribute to the progress of the nation was approved today by the grand council of the Fascist party. The project also makes Italy a one-party nation. Premier Mussolini took a leading part in the debate which preceded adoption of the plan and presided at the council meeting.



KING OF THE AFGHANS VISITS EGYPT

Above is a picture, taken during the world's cruise of the Empress of Australia, showing King Amanullah of Afghanistan (wearing the white top-hat which has caused so much religious controversy in Egypt), with his royal retinue, ascending the steps in front of the Sphinx. King Amanullah has visited many countries during his present tour, and is at present on his way to England.

Reports Tabled

Reorganization of Customs Ports Urged in Customs Commission's Interim Report.

Complete reorganization of the customs ports of Vancouver, Regina and Windsor, and important changes in the customs staff at Toronto are recommended by the Royal Commission, which investigated the Customs Department, in a number of interim reports made while the commissioners were conducting their investigations.

These interim reports, ten in number, were tabled in the House of Commons on February 2 by Premier King, in addition to making recommendations with respect to the administration of the four ports mentioned, the commissioners include, in interim report number 10, their findings and recommendations with respect to about 100 specific cases. Distilleries, brewing companies, importers of shoes, hats, silks, dresses, salt and other commodities, are mentioned in the long list of special cases reported on. In some cases prosecutions are recommended, while the general recommendation is that steps be taken to collect amounts due the Government for non-payment of taxes. The specific cases, and the findings of the commission with respect to them were, generally speaking, announced during the sittings and were reported at that time.

The commissioners include in report number four recommendations for amendment to existing federal liquor legislation designed to enable the western provinces to better control the sale of intoxicating liquors within the provinces and to curtail the activities of the bootlegger and rum runners. Representations with respect to such legislation were presented to the commissioners at Victoria, and other points in the west.

The port of Toronto, the commission points out, ranks second among all the Canadian ports in point of revenue and volume of business done in connection with the Department of National Revenue Investigation into the administration of this port "revealed a very unsatisfactory condition of affairs." The commissioners say that some officials examined blamed the disorganized condition to lack of proper facilities in the form of a customs house. "But," says the report, "we are convinced that this is only a minor factor in producing the present situation. The collector does not appear to have the situation in hand, and is not sufficiently in touch with the different branches of the service."

The work of the outside appraiser at Toronto is also commented upon unfavorably in the report. "His method of examination of carload lots for the purpose of appraisal is very superficial and unsatisfactory and as this comprises a very large volume of business the present method of appraisal must necessarily result in great loss to the revenue," the commissioners declare. The training and qualifications of the outside appraiser at Toronto do not fit him for the post he now occupies, the report states.

"It also appears that the selection of packages for examination, where the same are not numbered, is left to a carter who may not have the slightest knowledge of what the packages contain. This procedure deprives the appraisers of any reasonable opportunity to make a proper examination and appraisal of the goods," the commission states.

It also finds that the chief appraiser of the port of Toronto at the date of the report, October 11, 1927, "was lacking in qualifications for his important office. The evidence of the present occupant and of the other witnesses showed that he excercised very little supervision over the other appraisers and did not, as his duty required, give them proper instructions in the performance of their work.

NAVAL DEFENCE COST

Canadian expenditures on naval defence last year totalled $1,667,896, or less than twenty cents per head of the population.

The personnel of the Royal Canadian Navy includes 70 officers and 446 men, while there are 70 officers and 430 men in the naval reserve and 70 officers and 93 men in the naval volunteer reserve.

The vessels include the Stadacona, Patriot, Festubert and Ypres at Halifax and the Naden, Patrician, Armentieres and Thiepval at Esquimalt.

The Patriot and the Patrician are going to the scrap heap. Young Canadian ratings participated in gunnery and torpedo exercises last year for the first time.

Rev. W. Leslie Clay, D.D., of Victoria, B.C., moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, died in the hospital in Winnipeg on Feb. 2 at 10.30 o'clock. Two weeks ago, Dr. Clay was taken to the hospital from a train while en route to Ottawa, suffering from a heart attack.

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.—Lord Lytton.



DECLINES LARGE SALARY

Dr. F. W. Norwood, of the City Temple, London, England, who has declined a salary of $12,000 from the American Presbyterian (United) Church in Montreal, to fill their pulpit. He will remain at the City Temple.

With but brief debate, Manitoba's new liquor bill, which provides for sale of beer by the glass in hotel parlors and clubs, and the purchase of hard liquors under a cash-and-carry system from Government Commission stores, was adopted in the Legislature late February 1. The act probably will be proclaimed February 15. Hon. W. J. Major, Attorney-General, stated that the preliminary arrangements for the measure going into effect about the middle of the month were well in hand.

English Comment

London Times, Commenting on Canadian Ambassadors, Sees Nothing New.

The Times deals editorially with the Canadian Government's policy of appointing ministers to foreign countries and the speech in the House of Commons at Ottawa by Hon. R. B. Bennett, leader of the Conservative Party in the Dominion, in which he warned the government that such a policy was useless and dangerous.

While acknowledging the usefulness of local vigilance in keeping the Canadian Government's new enthusiasm for national representation within limits. The times remarks that the beginning of the Canadian diplomatic system is already an accomplished fact. "The nations in the Empire are each, in a different way, solving the problem of keeping abreast of British policy." The Times continues. "There is no sort of reason why they should all solve it in the same way, and one of the few weaknesses of the admirable speeches made in Canada by Lieut.-Col. L. C. M. S. Amery, Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, seems to be a disposition to over-emphasize the value of uniformity."

With reference to the British Government's intention to accredit a minister to Canada, The Times says: "The work selected for an envoy to Canada clearly should be diplomatic rather than administrative. A broad grasp of international relations will matter more than special knowledge of the Dominion. Not only for this reason, but because the appointment will conclude with the ending at last of the suspicion of Downing Street interference. It is desirable, other things being equal, that his training should be that of a person in the diplomatic service rather than in the Colonial Office.

RAILWAY SOLD

Sale of the Lacombe & Northwestern Railway to the Canadian Pacific Railway was announced on February 2 by Premier Brownlee of Alberta. After considerable negotiations, President Beatty of the Canadian Pacific Railway accepted the offer of the Alberta Government for the line, and agreed to indemnify the Province against the future liability on outstanding 5 per cent bonds for $278,700, and in addition to pay the Province $1,500,000 in cash, and to construct an extension of the road to a point at or near Telfordville, the extension to be completed within three years. The length of the proposed extension is 20 miles. This extension will provide that no part of the district is more than 10 to 14 miles from the railroad.

The present terminus of the Lacombe & Northwestern Railway is at Breton. The Premier intimated that the deal with the Canadian Pacific Railway means a saving of $175 000 a year to the Province.

The physical valuation of the line had been placed at $2,100,000 by John Callaghan, Deputy Minister of Railways.

No Jews on Board

Privy Council Decides Jews Have no Legal Right to Membership on School Board.

The Privy Council on February 2 confirmed the decision of the Supreme Court of Canada, that Jews of Montreal, as Protestants, had no right to representation on the Protestant School Board in that city. It, however, amended the Supreme Court's decision by declaring there was nothing in the act, whereby Jewish children are given the right to attend the Protestant schools, to prevent a Jew from serving on the board if appointed.

At present the administration of schools in the Province of Quebec is divided between Catholics and Protestants, non-Christians being unprovided for in such administration. One of the objects of the appeal to the Privy Council, the highest court in the Empire, was to clarify constitutional obscurities relating to education in Quebec. The Council held that the division of school administration between Protestants and Catholics did not mean that the Legislature was henceforth powerless to set up new educational machinery. It held there was nothing to prevent a system of schools for non-Christians being set up.

The Council accepted the rulings of the Supreme Court of Canada on all other points.

CHICAGO LOST BY POOL

The Canadian Wheat Pool, which controls a tremendous proportion of the wheat production of the Prairie Provinces, is shaking the big stick over the American wheat market and the American farmers today. This is shown to a remarkable extent in the decrease in dealings on the more prominent United States wheat exchanges.

Trade in wheat has been decreasing since 1924 onward until now the latest monthly report issued by the Chicago Board of Trade showed only 436,484 000 bushels dealt in, compared with 819,740,000 a year ago. It has been years since the volume of transactions in wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade has been at so low an ebb.

Restriction of speculative interest has been brought about by several factors, but the influence of Canadian Wheat Pool is perhaps the greatest.

THE BURIAL OF LORD HAIG

While all Britain mourned and three sons of the King led the three-mile procession from St. Columba's to Westminster Abbey, the body of Field Marshal Earl Haig on February 3 was borne through the streets of London in one of the greatest military pageants in the history of the historic British capital.

It was a pageant of poignant memories. The casket was wrapped in a weather-worn Union Jack which had served a similar function on the Cenotaph—Britain's memorial to her hero dead. The body also was borne on the gun carriage on which had been mounted the gun which fired the British Empire's first shot in the Great War. It was the same gun carriage, too, on which the body of Britain's Unknown Soldier was taken to his last resting place.

Seven mounted men drew it slowly and men's heads everywhere were bared as the casket came into sight and passed along the thoroughfares.

Throngs of Earl Haig's fellow Scots took advantage on Monday of their last opportunity to pay him tribute as his body continued to lie in state in St. Giles Cathedral. It was estimated that 15,000 persons paid the late field marshal homage before the coffin was taken to Dryburgh Abbey, Haig's last resting place. Despite snow and sleet a long queue formed before the doors were opened today and it was announced that the cathedral would continue open until late at night.

KING OPENS PARLIAMENT

King George opened the new session of parliament in state on Tuesday morning, journeying from Buckingham palace to the House of Lords in the state coach, drawn by eight bay horses and with mounted postilions.

As the Queen is suffering from a cold she did not attend the ceremonial. The King was escorted by mounted equerries and Yeomen of the Royal Bodyguard and the Royal Horse Guards. As the King alighted from the coach, the first gun of the royal salute of 41 guns was fired in St. James Park.

The outstanding measure which the King discussed in his speech from the throne was that enfranchising women of 21. Other measures scheduled to pass both Houses of Parliament at this session, are the law courts reform, agricultural credits, and a bill dealing with slum areas.

SHOULD RETURN LANDS

Justice demands that the three and one-half million acres of land in the railway belt and the Peace River block be returned at once to British Columbia provincial control.

This is the most important feature of the interim report of Mr. Justice Martin, who was appointed a Royal Commissioner to inquire into the question of whether or not these lands ought to be returned to the province.

The lands were originally given by the province to the Dominion as a part payment for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mr. Justice Martin, in making his interim report, declares that it should furnish an ample base for legislation in the present session. He will complete his final report this month.

A new arbitration treaty with France was signed Monday morning by Robert E. Olds, Under-Secretary of State for the United States, and Ambassador Paul Claudel, for France. Revision of peace treaties between the United States and France became an accomplished fact with signature of the pact. The treaty supersedes the Root arbitration treaty, which expires February 27. It will become effective, however, only upon ratification by the legislative bodies of the two Governments and the formal exchange of ratification copies.

The possibility of a number of independent Conservative candidates appearing in the next election with protection the first plank in their platform is reputed to be visualized in London.

It appears that financial backing has been promised by some mysterious individuals to those candidates who can find $1,250 towards their own expenses and are willing to oppose any Tory candidate who is not a strong protectionist, and at the same time will back the Agricultural Bill even to the point of a subsidy.

Bitter Fight

Revised Version of Prayer Book Submitted Monday to Church Assembly.

The first round of what may be a bitter return fight over the new Church of England Prayer Book began Monday with the submission of a revised version to a Church Assembly.

Since the debate that resulted in the rejection of the original revised version by the House of Representatives, bishops of the church have been making changes in the hope of meeting objections to the book by "low" churchmen who oppose the authorization of any semblance of Roman Catholic ritualism.

The new draft is not a complete alteration of the revised version of the ancient book. Essential changes in the draft are:

1.—To make compulsory the prayers for the King at morning and evening services.

2.—To restore to the book the famous "black rubric" or rule against the doctrine of substantiation—the doctrine that communion bread and wine become, literally, the flesh and blood of Christ.

3.—To add a new rule that although communion bread and wine may be kept in a safe in a church for administration to the sick, the "sacraments" must not be served openly on the altar as holy things.

It is certain that the high church element—those who favor union with the Roman Catholic Church, and who want to use same forms of Roman Catholic ritual—will not be satisfied with the revised draft.

It seemed unlikely on Monday that the low church element would be satisfied.

When the original revised version was defeated as "a menace to Protestantism" bitter feeling was aroused on both sides. Some discouraged bishops, who had worked for years to heal the differences between high and low churchmen said that the House of Commons had shown "lack of intelligence" in defeating the measure. This is likely to be remembered when the revised draft comes before the Lower House.

The Bishop of Birmingham, a leader among opponents of the original revised measure, already has announced his opposition to the amended form.

"Little has been done to remove objectionable features, or to lessen the misgivings already expressed in Parliament," he said.

Patrick Murphy, 44, was added to the list of alcohol victims in Winnipeg, when he was found dead in a bed in a local rooming house as the result of drinking wood alcohol. He is the 13th victim within the past two months.

The completion of the addition to elevator No. 3 of Montreal Harbor, increasing it from 2,000,000 to 5,000,000 bushels will make it the largest seaport grain elevator in the world and raise the elevator capacity of Montreal Harbor to 15,162,000 bushels.

The Week on Parliament Hill

A Great Many Subjects Have Been Discussed—Premier King's Speech—New Forty Minute Rule in Action.

Parliament has done little or nothing all week but talk. Even the Senate, which usually pays such small attention to the Speech from the Throne, is still discussing that innocuous address. The forty-minute limitation on speeches in the Lower House has proven of value in shutting off Tommy Church of Toronto, and a few other long-winded Parliamentarians, but seemingly, like the field of Ares in Grecian mythology, when one warrior is cut down two more spring up in his place.

The deliberations, however, have been remarkably free from any excess of partisanship, so much so, in fact, that Mr. Meighen, who has been haunting his old stamping ground was heard to remark that the House has entered upon a Christian era.

Though members of Parliament may be limited to the length of their speeches, there certainly has been no restriction placed on the breadth, and the present discussion, though nominally on the Speech from the Throne, has embraced a great variety of subjects. There have been touched upon principles and policies and personalities, foreign and domestic, imperial and international, provincial and parochial. Coal, cotton, gasoline, trade treaties, Canadian status, external relations, Canadian ministers to foreign countries, immigration, the delinquencies of the former customs service, the St. Lawrence waterways and provincial rights. No central theme has been developed, but rather a variety. More, however, is said about the tariff and immigration than anything else. Certain members from Saskatchewan have made somewhat radical proposals, and Western members in general are active.

Mr. King's Address

Mr. King closed his address on the debate on January 31. It was a very comprehensive effort and is considered one of his best. He entered into a somewhat exhaustive analysis of the state of the country, arguing that it is getting on finely, and enjoying a normal expansion in all the fundamentals of nationhood, and in all the factors which comprise the basis of prosperity. He spoke the better part of three hours, party leaders not coming under the 40-minute rule.

The western resources question looms up this session as always, as one of the most important problems with which successive governments have been confronted and which remains unsettled still. Nothing is said about Manitoba or Saskatchewan and the belief seems rather prevalent that those provinces are not particularly anxious over the question, but Alberta has long since manifested the consuming purpose of getting back its estate of lands and minerals and water powers. The obstacles which are in the way have often been referred to and the whole thing would have been settled long ago but for the bedeviling influence of a school question.

Then as to British Columbia. For the return of railway lands and the big block-up in the Peace River District, the call of the province has been long and clamorous and insistent. From all appearances there is something doing. The lands are likely to be returned—millions of acres of them—and the provincial domain correspondingly enriched. The Prime Minister confirmed the report that the Royal Commissioner who investigated the case is finding that, while there is not a claim in law there is a claim in equity and justice. As all governments are inclined to give ear to moral claims it would seem pretty certain that the one advanced by the Commissioner, will be entertained. A source of continuous agitation will thus be effaced.

Trade and Immigration Policy.

Mr. King was curious about the trade policy of the opposition leader and asked a number of questions that neither received nor expected an answer. At extensive length he dealt with the immigration problem, perhaps the most troublesome that the government has to deal with. There are all sorts of conflicting counsel, and a good deal of trouble because this or that advice is not followed.

Generally speaking, the Prime Minister defined the government policy as being "to bring in just as many people of the proper physical standards as the country can absorb." He defended the officials. Parliament made the laws and the officials enforced it. Parliament should either back them up or amend its statutes.

Over the question of Canadian Status the Premier labored long. Constitutions, he contends, are not always made by statutory enactments and customs and usage have a large part in their make-up. It is acknowledged that the British statute known as the Colonial Laws Validity Act is repugnant to the sense of this wider freedom which is asserted for all of the Dominions and Mr. King says the conference provided for the removal of this anomaly.

External Relations

The final part of his speech—and the Premier spoke in a very serious strain—dealt with external relations. He said the British government was going to send a direct representative here, because under the new order of things the Governor-General represents the King alone. Of the proposal of sending a minister to Japan, Mr. King said much. He spoke of the evolutions which have taken place all over the world since the war, of Canada's trade with the Orient, now as large as was the trade with Great Britain thirty years ago; of trade commissioners in Japan representing themselves handicapped when there was no one there from Canada with a diplomatic status. However, he didn't stress the status argument. He says it is not because of that that a minister is to be sent there, but rather as part of a co-operative arrangement. If Britain regarded a representative there as necessary, why he asked was it not suitable for Canada to have one?

He spoke very gravely of the Oriental question as applied to this Dominion. He wants a white Canada and a white British Columbia and he was sorry that the Conservative convention at Winnipeg had used the word "exclusion," when dealing with this subject. The question, he says, ought to be lifted out of politics. Great Britain was experiencing some trouble in India and in China, and if this were duplicated in Japan, it would be bad. The point he seemed to emphasize was that a Canadian minister may be of utility in the promotion of friendly relations and in further limiting the number of Japanese in this country, where he thinks there are too many. At the end he asserted the principles of equality within the Empire, of cooperation with the Empire and of Canada assuming the responsibilities of nationhood. He was given a long ovation when he sat down.

Other Leaders' Speeches

Two other leaders afterwards contributed their ideas. Mr. Gardiner of the U.F.A. found the Speech from the Throne much less specific than last year. He commended the idea of provincial conferences but expressed the idea apropos of the western resources that the Supreme Court might well pronounce on the question if parliament ever had a right to withold them. He wants immigration directed to the lands, not to the cities, but not more than the country can absorb. Other suggestions of his were for remedial legislation for soldiers, government aid to interprovincial highways, and a sinking fund to take care of the national debt. The U.F.A. leader was the first to be checked up by the new forty minute rule. He protested that it was undemocratic considering the length of the Prime Minister's speech.

Mr. Woodsworth's voice was one of disquiet and unrest. Of many things he found fault with the Throne Speech for what it did not contain; with labor's wages; with the royalty exemptions at Flin Flon; with melon cutting by corporations. He was also suspicious of Mr. Bennett's resignation of directorships believing that such associations could not easily be submerged.

Mr. Guthrie talked mainly on the status question. He denies the assertion of equality, either under the present conditions or any other. His central point was that where the might is, there must the leadership be. He also discounted Liberal claims to taxation reduction. Others who took a try at the forty minute limit were Mr. Simpson and Mr. Bancroft.

The St. Lawrence Project

Senator Graham burst forth on the St. Lawrence project in the Senate on January 31. He warned the government to go slowly, cautiously; to inquire further in the scheme and to ponder. He wants still another investigation. They have been enquiring into the scheme for the past six years, both on economic and engineering lines but the Senator from Brockville would have still another—this time into the question of whether it will pay.

The following day Senator MacDougald, of Montreal, replied to Senator Graham, declaring his belief in the project. (See page 6.)

Wednesday's Proceedings.

On Wednesday Tommy Church made his big speech, criticizing the Government for this and that and blaming Mr. King for one thing or another, until finally his forty minutes were up before he had got more than nicely started. Mr. King was observed to yawn several times. At other times he smiled.

Peter McGibbon of Muskoka, a Conservative, spoke on the St. Lawrence, immigration and trade treaties in no very complimentary vein towards the Government.

J. F. Pouliot, a Liberal member from Quebec, made a remarkable assault on Premier Taschereau of Quebec, declaring that every time he opposed Taschereau he gained votes. He blamed the Government for the logs of Labrador.

Thursday's Debate

On Thursday Mr. Garland, of Bow River, made a very fine speech on the Alberta coal question Sir George Perley, who spent several years abroad as an overseas minister or high commissioner, declared we are stepping a bit too fast. He doesn't like the idea of sending ministers abroad. Mr. Glen, Liberal-Progressive from Marquette, spoke for the Consumers' League and lower tariffs.

Mr. Cahan, who was a serious contender for the Conservative leadership, is fond of discussing constitutional questions with his background of industrious research on the subject. He doesn't rise to make an argument but to pronounce judgment. He is always sure of his ground, and speaks with a sort of pontifical authority. He devoted his forty minutes to the status question and, brushing aside formulas and declarations and technicalities and all such things, laid down the law that there is no such thing as equality of status, regardless of what the Imperial Conference of 1926 said on the subject. He says our authority does not extend beyond the three-mile limit and we can't even bring back a delinquent citizen who escapes to another country. He was contemptuous of the claims that are asserted and insistent in the view that no argument or declaration of the Imperial Conference can bind the British parliament or derogate from its superior authority.

At night among those present and speaking were Messrs. McPhee, Bird, Peter Casgrain, the Liberal Whip, and Dr. Gershaw.

During the last session, one of the subjects wrangled over was the accuracy of the figures of debt reduction. The figures were disputed. Mr. Robb in the interval has had an audit made by the P. S. Ross firm of Montreal.

On Thursday the Prime Minister tabled the ten interim reports of the customs commission. They go into specific cases and give names and facts. These interim reports recommend a number of changes and shake-ups. (For report see Page 9, Col. 1.)

Friday in the House

In the House on Friday opinions were expressed by members as far apart as Nova Scotia and British Columbia. Alberta is not the only place where there is a coal problem. Nova Scotia has older and more highly developed mines, but the difficulties of marketing are material. It was to the eastern angle of the problem that Mr. Smith, Conservative, Cumberland, devoted himself. He had a number of suggestions to make to help out the situation both in the coal and steel industries of the province. Mr. Thorson, of Winnipeg, a very thoughtful young man, a Rhodes scholar and a student of constitutional law, has no exaggerated estimate of Canadian status until Canadian laws have extraterritorial effect, but he is hoping for further development. He discussed also the prospective mineral developments of Northern Manitoba. Mr. Brady, of Skeena, B.C., criticized the Government on general principles. Mr. Brown, of Lisgar, commended the change in the Hudson Bay terminal. Mr. Gott, of South Essex, wants a duty on tobacco to help the growers in his constituency. Mr. Bock, of Maple Creek, favors an industrious research for a remedy for rust.

At the Conservative Convention in Winnipeg, a plank in the platform was Oriental exclusion. Mr. Barber, of Fraser Valley, discussed that question Friday night. He is all for it. He quoted figures to show that the Jap population of British Columbia is increasing and that in many lines they are giving the whites a run. He says the gentleman's agreement concluded some years ago through the diplomatic genius of the present Speaker of the House did not apply to ladies. The Japanese women have come in and the fecundity of the race is rather prolific. He wants an exclusion policy and thinks it would be no worse for Canada to have one than for Australia and New Zealand. At the heel of the hunt came Mr. Bradette, a young Frenchman from up in Temiskaming where the great mining boom is on. He talked about problems of his territory, and suggested caution in an immigration policy and advised the government to go slow with the St. Lawrence scheme.

A private bill has been introduced in the House of Commons by Sir Eugene Fiset (Rimouski), providing for adoption and confirmation by the Parliament of Canada of the legislation passed by the Legislatures of Quebec and New Brunswick incorporating the St. John River Power Company, has to do with the famous Grand Falls development in New Brunswick.

Incorporation, or confirmation of the two provincial incorporations by the federal Parliament is necessary inasmuch as the project is interprovincial.

Discusses Immigration

With no word about the permit system which will be one of the subjects of enquiry by a Parliamentary committee this session, Hon. Robert Forke, Minister of Immigration and Colonization, speaking in the House Monday afternoon on the Throne speech debate, submitted statistics to prove that the figures recently given to the House by Hon. R. B. Bennett, leader of the Opposition, were misleading.

In 1922, said Mr. Forke, the number of immigrants to Canada was 89,000, of which 68,000 came from the British Isles, Scandinavia and the United States. In the 11 months of 1926 the total was 110,000 of which 87,000 came from the British Isles, Northern Europe and the United States, and last year the total was 154,000 of which 103,000 came from the British Isles, Northern Europe and the United States.

Mr. Forke commended the work of the Lands Settlement Board. Referring to his trip to Europe last summer the Minister stated that the Scandinavian countries displayed deep interest in Canada and the governments of those countries preferred to have their excess population emigrate to Canada rather than to go and swell the urban population.

Fifty buffalo carcasses out of the thousand recently slaughtered by contract at the Wainwright Park have been reserved by the Northwest Territories Branch of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa. The meat of these animals will be sliced and dried for shipment to the Eskimos in the extreme north-western part of the Dominion to help replenish their food supply which has been reduced by the diminishing of the herds of caribou in parts of their hunting grounds.

The Border Canning Co. of New Westminster has completed the erection of a canning factory on a site recently secured in the north-east portion of Edmonton, and machinery is being installed. The company has leased 800 acres of land for the growing of vegetables.



ADVISORY BOARD ON TARIFF AND TAXATION

The activities of the Tariff Board are likely to be reflected by changes in the tariff to be announced in the House when the Minister of Finance presents his Budget Speech. Many applications for revisions were heard in the last few months. The board consists of (left to right) William H. Moore, Toronto, Chairman; Hector B. McKinnon, Toronto, Secretary; Alfred Lambert, Montreal, and D. G. McKenzie, Brandon, Manitoba.

Famous Fanatics

From the Book of the Same Name by Guy Hayler, Honorary President of the World Prohibition Federation.

"THE DIVINE PLATO"

Plato, the Athenian philosopher, was born about 427 B.C. He was a companion of Socrates, Pythagoras, and other philosophers of Greece. His youth was passed amid the failure and decadence of the Grecian people. The martyrdom of Socrates, his beloved master, made him all the more determined to promulgate the principles he had espoused. After travelling through Egypt, Italy, Sicily and other places, he settled at Athens in 398 B.C. Here in the Academy, "a place of exercise planted like a grove," and in his own garden he gathered around him a band of disciples, of whom Aristotle was the greatest and mainly by conversation taught them the results of his thinking and teaching as embodied in his dialogues. Dr. F. R. Lees says Plato was "the pupil and expounder of the greatest moralist of antiquity, and who stands at the head of the literature of the ancient world." He held quite correct views as to the poisonous nature of strong drink and the obligation of abstinence from it in the performance of the most serious and sacred duties of life. So well did he understand the laws of heredity that he declared "the children of the drinker will be unstable and untrustworthy, and cannot be expected to walk straight, either in body or mind," will be "in every way inferior." "I hate a wise man," says a Greek proverb, "who is not wise unto himself." Therefore, as Plato says, "the parts of temperance are modesty, shamefacedness, abstinence, continency, sobriety." In this temperance "parents shall bring up their children," so that they may hand on "the work of life from one generation to another, worshipping the gods according to law for ever." Thus this enlightened Pagan taught the true principles of life, and it would be well for modern civilization if the same insight into the Divine Law was as well understood now as in this distant past.

Aristotle and Cicero

Aristotle was "perhaps the most scientific mind of antiquity." Born 384 B.C., when 21 years of age he became Plato's pupil. For over twenty years he lived in Athens and taught the principles of his master. His writings show a full grasp of the temperance question. On this subject he says: "Temperance is a mean state on the subject of pleasure—bodily pleasures—and not all even of these. . . . In the natural desire few err, and only on one side—that of excess, the object of our natural desire being the satisfaction of our wants . . . the intemperate man desires all things pleasant, and is led by his mere desire to choose these things. But the temperate man is in the mean on these matters, for he is not pleased, but rather annoyed at the principal pleasures of the intemperate man; nor is he pleased with any improper objects, or pained at their absence, nor does he feel desire when he ought not. But he feels moderate and proper desire for all those pleasant things which conduce to health." Cicero, born 106 B.C., considered "the greatest critic of antiquity," comparing the health of body and soul declares that "As the tempering of the body, when its parts are in harmony with one another, is called health, so it is called health of mind when its judgments are in harmony, and that is virtue of the mind. This some style temperance itself—others virtue—obeying the precepts of temperance and following it." Thus these old philosophers taught the principle of "do thyself no harm," and to do this effectually, the first duty must be to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors.

Epicurus

The great philosopher Epicurus, 340 B.C., insisted upon the principle of "entire abstinence," from intoxicating liquors. He lived out this principle, and improved the philosophy of Socrates by declaring if thou "wilt support life, have bread and water." We are told that "in his garden at Athens, Epicurus lived in a most frugal and virtuous manner"; and Seneca, an opponent of Epicurean philosophy, but himself a water drinker, declared that "those who resorted to his habitation must live soberly and behave modestly." Over his gates were inscribed these famous words: "Passenger! Here thou wilt find good entertainment; it is here that pure pleasure is esteemed the sovereign good. The master will receive thee courteously, but take note—thou must expect only a piece of cake and thy fill of water. Here hunger is not provoked, but satisfied—thirst is not excited, but quenched." Had the people of his day accepted his principles and lived the life he lived, sobriety and strength would have continued to the Grecians, and doubtless the Empire would have remained strongly united and prosperous.

Cyrus, the Persian Leader

Cyrus the Great, born 599 B.C., was the founder of the famous Persian Empire. A son of the Persian Royal household, when twelve years of age he paid a visit to his grandfather, the King of Media. Here he became astonished and disgusted at scenes of drunkenness and debauchery witnessed at the Median Court. As cup bearer to the King, it was his duty to taste the wine, but this he refused to do. He could not understand how the people could drink intoxicating liquors when it made them riotous and drunken. One day, addressing the King, he exclaimed: "You seemed to have forgotten yourself and not to know you were the King, so that when you wished to dance you could not stand!" He also declared that wine "made the King's courtiers forget they were his subjects." The little fellow grew up firmly opposed to the wine cup, and became Persia's greatest general and monarch. He conquered Media and Babylon and extended the Persian power from the Arabian desert and the Persian Gulf in the South, to the Black Sea, the Caucasus and the Caspian in the North. After his great conquests he commended his soldiers for their sobriety, and the Empire during his reign was established upon the simplest of food diet and water.



BAS-RELIEF OF CYRUS

The great Persian Leader who commanded temperance and sobriety in his Court.

Alexander the Great

After the death of Cyrus, Persia became weakened and emasculated by wine and the habits which intoxicating liquor generates, thus becoming an easy prey for the conquering armies of Alexander the Great. Alexander was the son of Philip of Macedonia, and on the death of his father was called to the throne when under twenty years of age, 336 B.C. He marched his victorious armies through Palestine, Egypt, Persia, and India. Such marvellous successes dazzled his judgment and inflamed his passions. He became a slave to debauchery, and, in a fit of drunkenness, set fire to the city of Persepolis, the capital of Persia, reducing its palaces, mosques, temples, houses and business premises to a heap of ashes. Every effort was made to save him from his folly, but in vain. Pliny tells us that Androcydes, his own physician, warned him in these words: "When you are about to drink wine, O King, remember that you are about to drink the blood of the earth; hemlock is a poison, and wine is a poison to hemlock." This is understood to mean that wine being so powerful an agent, as poison to a poison, ought to be dreaded by mankind. While at Babylon, which he had captured, he was taken ill after a debauch, and died at the early age of 32 in the year 323 B.C., a victim to intemperance. Seneca writes: "Here is this hero, invincible by all the facts of prodigious marches, by all the dangers of sieges and combats, by the most violent extremes of heat and cold; here he lies conquered by intemperance and struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules."

Buddha

Buddha ("The Wise") was the son of one of the kings of the North of India, and was born in 623 B.C. At the age of 29 he retired into the wilderness of Urawella for six years, "meditating a religious reform and disciplining his own passions." In 588 B.C. he commenced his wonderful mission, declaring the absolute equality of all men in the sight of God, combating evil in many ways, and especially proclaiming against the use of intoxicating liquors. His views of living rapidly spread and were adopted by large masses of people in Siam, Thibet, Burmah, China, and Ceylon. His general maxims are broad and beautiful: "Abstain from all sin, acquire all virtue, repress thine own heart." His fifth rule of life declares: "Obey the law and walk steadily in the path of purity and drink not liquors that intoxicate or disturb the reason." Among his sayings are found the following: "Not where others fail, or do, or leave undone, the wise should notice what himself has done, or left undone. . . . Let a man overcome anger by kindness, evil by good. Let him overcome the stingy by a gift, the liar by truth. . . . Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, 'It cannot overtake me,' as by the falling of water drops a water pot is filled, so the fool becomes full of evil though he gather it little by little." He strongly opposed the Brahminical doctrine of "castes," and devoted the remainder of his life to the dissemination of his principles. He died in the year 543 B.C., having planted his ideas in the minds and hearts of millions of people and laid the foundations of principles which have lasted through all the centuries since, and today have a firm hold in the East.

Mahomet

Mahomet was born at Mecca about 570 A.D. His parents died when he was about six years of age, and he was brought up by an uncle. For some time he obtained a scanty living by attending sheep; later he entered the service of a rich widow, whom he eventually married. When forty years of age, Mahomet felt moved to teach a new religion, which should dispense with idolatry, narrow Judaism, and a portion of Christianity. He had a deep reverence for Christ, whom he called the greatest prophet next to himself. At first he was considered a "madman or imposter," but he preached against corruption and superstition of the people, until he gradually gained converts and headway. In 622 A.D., he established himself in Media, assuming the position of Judge, Lawgiver, and Ruler of the City. The Jews refused to support him, but a great number of adventurers flocked to his standard. After some years' successful fighting he was permitted to send his missionaries all over Arabia. Owing to the evils resulting from drinking and gambling among his soldiers, Mahomet forbade the use of wine and games of chance under any circumstances, and enforced this law with all the vigor of which he was possessed. The following appears in the fifth chapter of the Koran, the Prophet's book to his followers: "Oh, true believers, surely wine and lots, and images and divining arrows are an abomination of the work of Satan, therefore avoid them that you may prosper; Satan seeketh to sow dissension and hatred amongst you by means of wine and lots, and to divert you from remembering God, and from prayer. Will you not therefore abstain from them?" To set his followers a good example Mahomet himself abstained from all intoxicating liquors and many other things which he considered detrimental to health and religion. Before the death of Mahomet all Arabia was under his rule. Omar, one of his early converts, continued the propaganda and conquest, until Jerusalem and the whole of Palestine, Persia, and other parts of the world were made to submit to the "Koran, tribute or sword." The qualities of these followers are thus described by an ancient writer: "Their minds are liberal, their hearts are cheerful, and their pedigrees are pure and genuine." Professor Max Müller has said: "What Confucius was to the Chinese, Zoroaster for the Persians, Pythagoras and the Seven Sages for the Greeks, Moses for the Hebrews, Mahomet was for the Arabians." They were all of them prophets, sages and legislators, and above all total abstainers from the use of intoxicating liquors, enjoining this principle upon their followers, until today they may be counted by the hundreds of millions.

A MESSAGE FROM THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

(By "Jerry")

In a very old book, ragged, and almost coverless, I have a collection of John Wesley's sermons. Among them there is one on "The Use of Money," and he bases his discourse on the text found in Luke 16:9, "I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness, that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." And for the benefit of those who have not a volume of his sermons on their bookshelves I should like to pass on his views of money spent in the Drink Traffic.

He says: "Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbor in his body. Therefore, we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is, eminently, all that liquid fire commonly called drams or spirituous liquors. It is true, these may have a place in medicine; they may be of use in some bodily disorder (although there would rarely be occasion for them, were it not for the unskilfulness of the practitioner). Therefore such as prepare and sell them only for this end, may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners-general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell, like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O man of blood, though thou art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day'; canst thou hope to deliver down the fields of blood, to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in Heaven: therefore, thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, 'thy memorial shall perish with thee.'"

Surely the Demon of Strong Drink had his enemies in the centuries of the past, as in this twentieth century of ours.

Vatican Cellar Goes

Cobweb crusted bottles are being parcelled out from the wine cellar of the Vatican to hospitals and homes for the aged and infirm as one of the world's greatest cellars passes out of existence.

The wine will be used for medicinal purposes and Pius XI. has decreed that gifts will be disposed of the same way so the cellar will not be replenished.

Secretaries will check off the names and addresses of donors, thank them by letter and consign the unopened cases, barrels and bottles to charitable institutions whose turn it is to receive the Papal bounty.

The Pontiff, being Milanese, finds his digestion aided by a glass of wine at meal time, but table wine of ordinary vintage suffices his simple needs. Beverages of only slightly improved quality and small quantity are served on those rare occasions when there is a collation at the Vatican in honor of distinguished guests or when the Pope's relations visit him.

His predecessors, Benedict XV. and Pius X. were equally temperate. Leo XIII., although personally abstemious, was the last Pope to try to grow wine grapes on the slopes of the Vatican gardens as an agricultural experiment. The result was an acidulous brew which obsequious courtiers pronounced delicious but could hardly avoid making wry faces when sampling.

HABITUATION TO ALCOHOL

This subject is treated in a lengthy article in a recent number of the International Review Against Alcoholism, by Dr. Klaus Hansen, of Oslo, who gives a survey of the problem and a description of some experiments contributing to its solution. The article is in English, and should be read in its entirety to be appreciated. Two conclusions may be quoted: "The habituated organism has not in an essentially higher degree acquired the faculty of using alcohol as a foodstuff, and the quantity it can utilize without any harm is very limited," and "If the poison once reaches the protoplasm it always simultaneously produces degenerative changes. Alcohol is consequently a poison also for the drunkard and a poison nearly as strong for him as for the non-habituated person."

A THOROUGHLY BAD HABIT

In "Talks on Health" in the Newcastle Weekly Chronicle, a family doctor states: "It is well known that a taste for alcohol is rapidly acquired, especially by overworked and underfed anaemic girls and young women. The longing for alcohol is engendered by taking these so-called remedies. The practice cannot be too strongly condemned. The cases I have met with are very distressing. When you find your daughter having a number of bottles of drug remedies for nervousness or depression, inquire carefully from some one who knows whether there is any alcohol in the stuff. If there is, you must not allow her to rely on it for strength. Alcoholic stimulants must not be relied on by young people for health and vigor. It is a thoroughly bad habit."

MIND BODY **BOYS' PAGE** SOUL SERVICE

"Red" Plays Hockey

By D. M. Nasmith.

In the centre of Montreal there is a large amphitheatre, used throughout the winter months for hockey matches.

Sitting far up in its sloping tiers of seats, recently, I watched a "big game." I had arrived at the Forum, as it is called, an hour before the game was scheduled to start, on the chance of getting a good "rush" seat. The term "rush" is fairly accurate too, a vigorous scramble for seats adding fillip to the expectant moments before the game commenced.

At length a scattered volley of shouts burst out, as a few of the hockey players stepped leisurely from the gate in the wooden side of the rink, and began to shoot the puck at the goal from various angles with more or less enthusiasm, while the goalie casually blocked most of them, and with evident hostility dug the better-aimed ones out of the net behind him.

Soon a sudden increase in volume of the shouts and calls heralded the arrival of the local favorites on the ice. They skated vigorously about for a few moments, basking in the warmth of greeting from their supporters. Then a bell rang, and the referee skated out on the ice. The red electric lights behind the goals blinked as they were tested to ensure their proper working when needed.

The band struck up "O Canada," and the spectators rose and removed their hats. Having apparently accomplished its mission, the band then faded dejectedly away on a tuneless chord in the middle of the verse, and the crowd sat down, donned their hats and settled themselves with an air of having dutifully disposed of the matter of patriotic sentiment.

The referee's whistle blew; he faced off the puck at centre ice, and the game was on.

We have all seen hockey games. This was a "pro" game, the players of which earned their living at it. Soon even I, unacquainted as I had been with the "stars," was on familiar terms mentally with Number Four, known by the crowd as "Red" somebody, Number Seven as "Babe" so-and-so, and the respective goalers, who were engaged in making what the paper next day called "miraculous saves."

It was about this time that I became rather bewildered. I saw this "Babe" somebody or other deliberately hook "Red's" feet from beneath him with his stick, when he was on the point of scoring. However, I concluded he must have had a momentary loss of temper for some obscure reason. A minute later, under similar circumstances, another member of the same team drove full speed into "Red," crashing him against the boards with a thud. The referee's whistle blew sharply, and the culprit, without a glance around, climbed in a matter-of-fact manner over the rail and sat down in the penalty box with the air of having done his duty.

Hardly had the play commenced again, when my eye caught the movement of the butt-end of a stick as it crunched viciously into the ribs of the much-beleaguered "Red." At this point an exclamation broke from my lips, and the man at my right, a loyal local supporter, as I was well aware by this time, looked knowingly at me and cheerfully remarked, "Yep, they're getting him 'wore' down a bit. They've got to play 'the man' tonight with 'Red' against them. He's pretty good." And with that he went on munching peanuts.

"Playing the man"! Have we not all heard our fathers admonish us, when we were buffeted as boys, to "play the man"? But surely there was some mistake, some grim irony here! A glance at my companion, however, who was then busily boo-ing the referee for having put off another man, dispelled that idea. He meant what he had said. But playing "the man" to him meant playing against the man! Because a player was too good, it called for his opponents to batter him down to their own level.

So this was what these crowds—there were twelve thousand spectators—came to see in the name of sport. So it would seem; but hold on! What of "Red," the victimized "star" of the evening? Did he have a headful of underhand tricks to counter the ability of his opponents? Perhaps he had; but he did not use them!

Time after time, taking the puck, whipped over from the left wing, "Red" tore in on the opposing defence, hopping over sticks, dodging elbows, warily avoiding being sandwiched between the two watchful defence men, occasionally giving a determined hitch to his belt between efforts. Occasionally, too, he crashed with certain effect into the rugged defence, but not once with stick upraised, or with his attention elsewhere than on the puck, the goal and the stick of his nearest opponent. He was playing hockey.

Toward the end of the third period, visibly all-in, he still kept plugging away—up the ice, pass to the left—up the ice, feint to the right—up the ice, catch the rebound—on he kept, with dogged persistence.

The final score was 1—1, and half of that was scored by "Red." As I made my way down through the milling crowd toward the exits, I could not help feeling that the game had been lifted far from a mediocre display of commercialized sport by one man at least, and I mentally altered the score to 1—nothing, in favor of "Red."

MY VALENTINE

(By C.M.L.)

(With apologies to an unknown writer)

I am sitting here in the corner with a
valentine hugged to my breast,
It's the only one I received today and
from one who loves me best.
It says I'm the handsomest, bravest boy
the sender ever saw
While my desire and wish shall be a
fixed and unmoved law.

They wonder who can have sent it, but
oh, I will not tell
It's such a lovely valentine, I'll guard
my secret well.
You say you can keep a secret? I guess
I'll try and see,
But be sure you tell nobody for this
valentine comes from me.

A Boy's Daily Dozen

By The Medicine Man.

Every fellow wants to be strong and healthy. The poor fellow who for some reason or other is not as strong as the other lads of his own age is looked down on and imposed upon. His life is one of the most miserable there is on earth and too often it isn't his fault. Boys' ideas of health and strength are often one sided and yet they form a rigid series of tests, which one must measure up to if he is to belong.

Often the biceps are taken as the muscles and the lad, whose upper arm can show no bulging knot is a weak sister. Fortunately that rule doesn't cause ostracism if the boy can play ball and go the rest of the things that matter as well, or better than the others.

This matter of strength is a broad subject and there are more ways of cultivating it than one person can study in a lifetime. All we can do is to see what the essentials are that make for health and vigor. At school you are no doubt taught hygiene, or perhaps they call it physiology in your province, although that term has been pretty well superseded, and unless you have an exceptionally good teacher or are naturally interested in the subject you likely find it rather dull. Now in the Cubs, the Scouts, and C.S.E.T. if your leader is on the job you learn the very same stuff but oh, what a difference!

One fellow studied all this at school and could tell all that was necessary to pass any examination that was likely to be set but that was all the good it did until he joined the L.S.A. Then he started in to practise the things he had learned but found his teeth in terrible shape and that he was generally run down. Actually he had to leave school but following the rules of health as part of his scout work had as much to do as the orders and tonics the doctor gave him with his recovery.

Wise folk will ask why he didn't start using his knowledge in the first place. That is just a little side-slant on human nature or psychology (for the intellectuals.)

Briefly the rules of health may be summed up as : Exercise Regularly, Breathe Deeply; Eat Wisely; Bathe Frequently; Sleep Soundly.

Exercise has a great deal to do with one's physical condition. Ordinarily if a fellow is normal he gets most of his exercise in play. Baden-Powell of Mafeking than whom there is no greater authority on boys laid down the principle of training by games and woodcraft. The danger from games is that they are liable to be specialized. If one plays a certain game all the time one is in danger of becoming lop-sided just as surely as if one only considers one side of a question all the time. When a boy plays baseball, football, tennis, lacrosse and swims all on one day he may die of exhaustion but he will not develop lop-sidedly. Farmers and laborers are impaired just as much by the tendency of their work to make for such development as the shut-in office man. To correct the bad effects of professional work the physical culturists have devised the setting up and other special exercises to offset such factors.

Just as a precaution it is advisable for a boy to take a few simple exercises immediately on rising. Wise boy leaders do not over-emphasize these for their purpose is not to produce large biceps or large leg muscles but to get the body in good shape for the day and give a proper degree of attention to muscles, that may otherwise be neglected. Anyone who is out for special development will take special exercises that will produce the desired results but regular fellows don't want to be freaks but all-round boys.

STAMP NEWS

Irish Stamp Curiosities

The vagaries of the Irish overprints on British stamps for use in the Irish Free State have created quite a boom in these very modern issues; and although definite designs are now in use up to the 1s. denomination, the high values are still overprinted on English stamps, writes Fred. J. Melville, in The London Daily Telegraph. The long-awaited pictorial stamps of the 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., with views of historic buildings in Dublin, are still withheld, and new printings of these three values on English stamps have taken place during the past few months. The overprinting is done at a special Government printing office in Dublin Castle, and the latest printings provide something of a curiosity in stamp printing. Messrs. Whitfield, King, and Co. report that their latest importations include sheets of these three stamps bearing two types of setting of the overprint on the same sheet. The overprint "Saorstat Eireann 1922" was first applied by the firm of Alex. Thom and Co., and the numerals of the date 1922 were set wide apart. When the printing of these stamps was undertaken at the Castle the numerals were close together. This variation in the numerals distinguished the Thom printings from the Castle printings, and now both types appear together. The 10s. in this printing was first noted about May last, and the 5s. and 2s. 6d. came out shortly afterwards. Messrs. Whitfield, King, and Co. have counted twenty-six of the wide setting and fourteen of the narrow setting to the sheet of fifty, but others make the proportion twenty-four to sixteen

The Boys' Editor Says

How about a debate on the resolution; "Resolved that rural life holds more for the youth of today than urban life"? Boys desirous of saying something on this topic should send in their names as soon as possible so that the sides may be lined up. State your preference, whether for the negative or affirmative and an effort will be made to follow it as far as possible. As soon as sufficient names are in the names of the debaters will be published. Every fellow who reads the page should have something to say on this subject.

TRY THE TRUE STORY STORY

Lots of people have a gift they never recognize and therefore never develop. And many people have an itch to write but never "write for publication." There is a good chance for our readers who have pets and hobbies, or who can speak knowingly of such, to win a prize by writing a short letter about it. Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh . . . well! See the "Pets and Hobbies" announcement on page 20 of this issue.

BARGAIN OFFER

Packet of 48 different stamps including two scarce Costa Rica (cat. 60c) Niger Coast, Gabun, etc., and large price list of bargains in sets. All for 10 cents. SHAW STAMP CO., Bear River, Nova Scotia, Canada.

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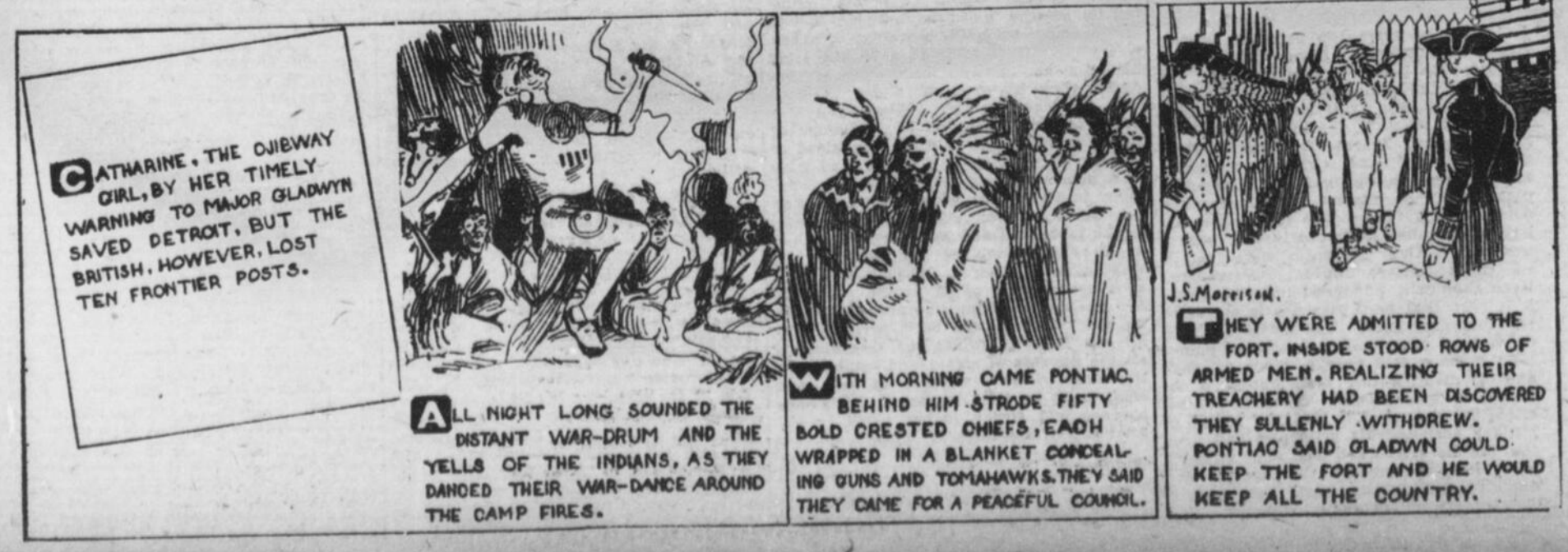
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INLAND STAMP CO., 6213 Forest, K.C. Mo.

This Canada of Ours

By J. S. Morrison and Maud Morrison Stone

PONTIAC'S FAILURE



QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

W. L. Thompson, Alta., is thanked for words of "September," Vera Price, Alta., Mrs. M. B. Keith, N.B., for "Star of The East", Mrs. P. D. Redner, Ont., for "The Tempest", and "Come, My Brethren", Reader, N.S., and Mrs. W. R. Upton, Alta., for "The Wayside Cross", Miss Ivy L. Carter, N.S., and Reader, N.S., for "Jessie of Lucknow", Miss D. Potter, Ont., for "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight", Mrs. Chas. Mearing, Ont., for "Behold a Stone in Zion Laid", and "Silent Night," J. L. F., Alta., for "Silent Night", Mrs. S. Prosser, N.B., for "Come, My Brethren," Mr. Arthur Curtis, and James T. Fields, Ont., for "The Tempest", Mr. D. Bennett, Ont., for "The Master is Coming."

LOCATION OF CITIES

Henry Campbell, Que.—(1) What is the north latitude and longitude west from Greenwich, England, of the following cities: Sherbrooke, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, Charlottetown, Fredericton, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Washington, D.C.

(2) What is the area of each of the nine provinces of the Dominion of Canada?

(3) What is the number of members in each of the Provincial Legislatures?

(4) What is the area of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales?

(5) How many members are in the British House of Lords and the British House of Commons for each country?

(6) Give the day and year of the ex-Kaiser's mother's death, and the number of her children.

(7) Give the day and year of the murder of Czar Nicholas II of Russia and his wife and family.

(8) Give the date of the birth and coronation of King Albert of the Belgians.

Ans.—Sherbrooke 45° 20′ N., 71° 45′ W., Montreal 45° 31′ N., 73° 34′ W., Quebec 46° 49′ N., 71° 13′ W., Halifax 44° 38′ N., 63° 30′ W., Charlottetown 46° 20′ N., 63° W., Fredericton 46° N., 66° 40′ W., Ottawa 45° 30′ N., 75° 50′ W., Toronto 43° 45′ N., 79° 25′ W., Winnipeg 50° N., 97° W., Washington, D.C., 39° N., 77° W. (approximate figures only).

(2) Prince Edward Island 2,184 sq. miles, Nova Scotia 21,427 sq. miles, New Brunswick, 27,985 sq. miles, Quebec 703,653 sq. miles, Ontario 365,880, Manitoba 231,926 sq. miles, Saskatchewan 251,700 sq. miles, Alberta 255,285, British Columbia 355,855.

(3) Prince Edward Island 30, Nova Scotia 38, New Brunswick 48, Quebec Legislative Council 24, Legislative Assembly 85, Ontario 111, Manitoba 55, Saskatchewan 63, Alberta 60, British Columbia 48.

(4) England 50,851 sq. miles, Ireland 32,531 sq. miles, Scotland 31,510 sq. miles, Wales 7,467.

(5) England 492, Wales 36, Scotland 74, Northern Ireland 13, in Commons. 28 Irish peers elected for life, 16 Scottish peers elected for duration of Parliament and 24 English bishops with the hereditary peers of England, make up the House of Lords.

(6) Aug. 5, 1901, 8 children. (7) July 16, 1918 (8) Born April 8, 1875, Succeeded, Dec. 17, 1909.

Miss Jean S. Rankin, Ont., kindly sends the words of "Molly Darling," and "Our Jack's Come Home," asked for by Mrs. J. L., Ont.

MOLLY DARLING

Won't you tell me, Mollie darling,
That you love none else but me?
For I love you, Mollie darling,
You are all the world to me.
O! tell me, darling that you love me,
Put your little hand in mine.
Take my heart, sweet Mollie darling,
Say that you will give me thine.

Stars are smiling, Mollie darling,
Thro' the mystic veil of night,
They seem laughing, Mollie, darling,
While fair Diana hides her light.
Oh! no one listens but the flowers,
While they hang their heads in shame,
They are modest, Mollie darling,
When they hear me call your name.
Chorus:—
Mollie, fairest, sweetest, dearest,
Look up, darling; tell me this,—
Do you love me, Mollie darling?
Let your answer be a kiss.

Roberta McElroy, Que.—I saw in the Jan. 18th edition that Mrs. M. B. P., Ont., would like the words of "Silent Night," which I am enclosing:

SILENT NIGHT! HOLY NIGHT!

Silent Night! Holy Night!
All is calm, all is bright:
Round yon virgin mother and child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent Night! Holy Night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluiah!
Christ, the Saviour, is born
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

Silent Night! Holy Night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT

(By Rosa Hartwick Thorpe.)

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring tonight!"

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper, "Curfew must not ring tonight!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—and his accents pierced her heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has tolled the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I still must do it: Curfew, girl, must ring tonight!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright,
As in an undertone she murmured, "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

With quick step she bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung too and fro:
As she climbed the dusty ladder, on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew must not ring tonight!"

Out she swung, far out: the city seemed a speck of light below;
She twixt heaven and earth suspended as the bell swung to and fro;
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell.
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and, with trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

It was o'er the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; but the brave deed she had done
Should be told long ages after—often as the setting sun
Should illumine the sky with beauty, aged sires, with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children, "Curfew did not ring that night!"

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell: Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eye with misty light:
"Go, your lover lives!" said Cromwell: "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

OUR JACK'S COME HOME TODAY

Our Jack's come home from sea today,
And brown and bronz'd is he.
For many a year he's been away
From his home, his love, and me;
Yet his heart is true, as it was of old.
His spirits light and gay.
You little know the joy we felt
When he came home today.
Chorus:—
Our Jack's come home today.
Jack's come home today.
The good ship Jane's in port again,
Our Jack came home today.

Our Jack's come home from sea today.
And a jovial tar is he,
Full many a tale of storm and gale
He recounts with careless glee,
And of sights he's seen, in lands he's been,
So strange, so far away.
All danger's past: he's safe at last;
Our Jack's come home today.

Our Jack's come home from sea today,
To make his Nell his bride;
With loving faith she ne'er despaired,
Tho' all hope within us died;
Yet her eye grew dim, her cheek grew pale,
She slowly pined away;
But the lovely bloom's on her face again,
Her Jack's come home today.

Mrs. E. A. Wheeler, Que.—I am enclosing the song "Forgotten" asked for by Mrs. M. B. P., Ont. I hope these are the ones wanted.

FORGOTTEN

(Words anonymous, music by Eugene Cowles.)

Forgotten you? Well, if forgetting
Be thinking all the day
How the long hours drag since you left me—
(Days seem years with you away—)
Or hearing thro' all the strange babble
Of voices, now grave, now gay,
Only your voice: Can this be forgetting?
Yet I have forgotten, you say;
Or counting each moment with longing,
Till the one when I'll see you again,
If this be forgetting you're right, dear,
And I have forgotten you then.

Forgotten you? Well, if forgetting
Be reading each face that I see
With eyes that mark never a feature
Save yours, as you last looked at me.
Forgotten you? Well, if forgetting
Be yearning with all my heart,
With a longing, half pain and half rapture,
For the time when we never shall part;
If the wild wish to see you and hear you,
To be held in your arms again,—
If this be forgetting, you're right, dear,
And I have forgotten you then.
Forgotten, you say!

Mrs. E. A. Cole, N.B.,—I am sending the words of the Hymn that Mrs. D. T., Ont., asked for. I have taken the Witness for a year and I like it fine.

COME, MY BRETHREN.

Come, my brethren, let us try
For a little season
Every burden to lay by,
Come and let us reason.
What is this that casts you down
What is this that grieves you?
Speak and let the worst be known:
Speaking may relieve you.

Think on what the Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden
Sweating blood at every pore
To procure our pardon.
See Him nailed upon the Tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying:
See He suffered this for thee,
Therefore be believing.

Joseph took His body down,
Shrouded it in linen,
Laid it in the silent tomb
And returned mourning;
Jesus rises from the tomb
Angels fly from glory,
See that glory shines around!
Hallelujah! Glory!

Brethren don't you feel the flame?
Sisters don't you love Him?
Let us join to praise His Name;
Let us never grieve Him.
Soon we'll meet to part no more,
Soon we'll meet in heaven;
There to join with those above,
And forever praise Him.

Ruth Barstead, Ont.—I saw in a January issue that K. Stewart asked for the poem, "Caleb's Courtship." I am sending it. Wishing your paper every success.

CALEB'S COURTSHIP

I hadn't no time for courtin,
When I was young and spry,
For what with workin' and savin',
I let the years go by;
Then I was buying and building—
An' farm work never gets done,—
Till at last I counted my birthdays
And found I was fifty-one.
"High time," says I, "to be choosing
A suitable partner for life."
So I jest sat down and considered
Where I'd better look for a wife.

I wanted her young and harnsome—
Of course, an' steady an' neat,
Smart at bakin' an' churnin',
Quick with her hands and feet,
But slow with her tongue (for talking
Jest wastes a woman's time);
An' a savin' of every penny
As if 'twas a silver dime:
And if she was good at mendin',
An' scrubbin', an' cleanin' house,
I made up my mind to take her
If she was poor as a mouse.

Wal, it cost some time and trouble
To dischiver a gal to my mind—
There was lots of them to choose from,
But the best was hard to find.
At last after looking and thinkin',
I settled on Eunice Stout,
The deacon's youngest daughter,
Nineteen, or thereabout.
Pretty, yes, as a picture,
And made the best butter, too.
That was ever sent to the market—
Sez I, "I guess she'll do.

"Whenever I've stopped to the deacon's,
She's as busy as the bee—
Allus a-workin' an' doin'—
Yes, that's the wife fer me!"
But now that I have done my choosin',
I sez to myself, "What's next?"
I didn't know much about wimmin,
An' I owned I was some perplexed.
So I asked the advice of a neighbor—
That was the biggest mistake—
Things mightn't hev gone so crooked
If I'd never said nothing to Jake.

But he was twenty years younger,
An' the gals all liked him, you see,
So I asked his advice about Eunice,
Just like the fool as I be.
Sez he, "Why, man, it's as easy—
You take her out to ride:
You must take her home from meetin',
And stick close to her beside.
You must go to her of evenings,
You must buy her some pretty things,
A book, a breast pin, mebbe,
Some ribbon, or some rings.

"Then tell her her cheeks is rosy,
Tell her her eyes is bright:
Tell her you love her dearly,
And dream of her each night.
Tell her—" But here I stopped him—
"It's easy talking," sez I,
"But I never did no courtin',
An' I'm half afraid to try.
I'll make you an offer, Jacob:
Ef you will go with me tonight,
Kinder keep up my courage,
An' see that things go right."

Many an' evenin' I noticed,
When she went for apples and cakes
Inter the pantry, 'twas allus,
'Come hold the candle, Jake.'
As if she counted him nobody;
Then she'd give me a smile,
Soon's I offered to help her,
An' say 'twarn't worth my while.
I'll own 'twas quite surprisin'
How long they'd have to stay
A'pickin' out those apples;
But Jacob told me one day
They was tryin' to find the best ones,
So's she could give them to me;
An' surely that was flatterin',
As any one could see!
Once I bought her a ribbon—
Jake said it oughter be blue,
But a brown one's far more lastin',
An' this one was cheaper, too.
An' once I took her a'ridin',
But that wasted half a day.
An' I made up my mind that walkin'
Was pleasanter, anyway.

Wal, I'd been six months a-courtin',
When I sez to Jake, sez I:
"It's time that we were married:
Here's Thanksgivin' drawin' nigh—
A first-rate day for a weddin',
An', besides, to say the least,
I can make that Thanksgivin' turkey
Do fer part of the weddin' feast."
So that night I screwed up my courage
To the very stickin' pint.
(You wouldn't never mistrusted
That I shook in every jint)
We was comin' along from meetin':
Sez I, "I'd like you to say
That ye hain't no objections, Eunice,
To be married Thanksgivin' Day"
She turned and looked at me smilin'
An' blushin', and jest as sweet
(I skursely knew fer a minnit
Ef I stood on my head or my feed):
Then,—"I hevn't the slightest objections,"
Sez she, as I opened the gate;
But she didn't ask me to stop;
She sez only, "It's ruther late."

I looked all around for Jacob,
But he'd kinder slipped out of my sight;
So I figured the cost of a weddin',
As I went along home that night.
Wal, I got my house all ready,
An' spoke to the parson besides,
And early Thanksgivin' morning
I started to have the knot tied.
But before I came to the deacon's—
I was walkin' along quite spry,—
All rigged in my Sunday best of course—
A sleigh came dashing by.

Thar was that Jacob a-drivin',
An' Eunice sat by his side.
An' he stopped and sez, "Allow me
To introduce my bride."

* * * * *

So that was the end of my courtship.
You see I started wrong,
Asking advice of Jacob,
An' takin' him along.
For a team may be better fer ploughin',
An' hayin' an' all the rest,
But when it comes to courtin'—
Why, a single hoss is best.

Miss Jean S. Rankin, Ont., kindly sends the following for M. B. P., Ont.:

IN THE GLOAMING

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
And the quiet shadows falling,
Softly come and softly go:
When the winds are sobbing faintly
With a gentle, unknown woe,
Will you think of me and love me
As you did once long ago.

In the gloaming, oh, my darling!
Think not bitterly of me!
Though I passed away in silence,
Left you lonely, set you free;
For my heart was crushed with longing.
What had been could never be.
It was best to leave you, thus, dear,
Best for you and best for me.
It was best to leave you thus;
Best for you and best for me.

MUSIC WANTED

Mrs. M. B. Keith, N.B.—Could you tell me where I could get the music of "Pass Under the Rod" and also of "Two Babes Were Born in the Very Same Town, on the Very Self-same Day"? I had a great deal of music but we were unfortunate in losing our home and its contents by fire three years ago, and of course my music went too.

WORDS WANTED

Mrs. E. L. M., Alta.—Is there a song entitled "The Elegant Bold MacIntyre". If so, please print the words in your paper.

Mrs. C. A. H., Ont.—I would very much like to get the words of a song starting like this: "In a far-off Western town." The chorus was:

"Jesus hers, Jesus mine,
If on earth that dear old face I never see,
When the angels around the throne give a welcome to God's own
Oh, I know she will be up there waiting me."

Also a piece of poetry entitled, "Nellie's Prayer." The first line is something like this: "It was just a month ago since they brought the news of my darling's death."

Reader, N.S.—I would like to get the words of an old hymn "Beyond the Sea." I think the first lines are,—

"I am weary, I am fainting
My day's work is done."

Part of the chorus is, "O let me anchor beyond the dark sea."

Mrs. G. Hyde, Que.—Would like to get the verses that were printed in Witness several years ago, two lines of it were something like this:

"He who would with the Saviour dine
Must dine on bread and fish."

A. K. MacKenzie, N.S.—Would you please send me the words of "Roamin' in the Gloamin' " by Harry Lauder.

Lillian Miller, Sask.—Would you kindly print some autograph verses through your column? I enjoy the Witness very much, and wish it every success in the future.

J. E. C., Newfoundland.—Will you please let me know, or some of your readers where I can buy a temperance cantata entitled "Lost and Found." The principle character is a young man "Harry Gray." I took this part fifty years ago and would very much like to get it.

Mrs. G. G., Swan River.—Can you or any of your readers supply me with the words of a recitation I heard many years ago entitled, "The Three Warnings." The closing verse reads thus:—

So come along, no more we'll part,
Says death, and touched him with his dart,
So farmer Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate,
So ends my tale.

Might say the more we see and hear of the Witness, it is good and better all the time.

Arthur Curtis, Ont.—Could you or your readers furnish the words of an old negro melody, the chorus of which is:

"And if ever I live to see the sunrise in the mawning,
I'm bound to go back to Alabama again."

Also the words of a poem entitled "To a Tree." Some of the couplets are:

"A tree in summertime may wear
A nest of robins in her hair."

and—

"Poems are made by folk like me
But only God can make a tree."

Another poem I would like to see in print is, I think, entitled, "God." It is something like this:

"Some folk call it autumn,
But others call it God."

The sweet face of an old lady was made that way by long years of service for others and not by expensive beauty treatments. But a lot of girls don't seem to care whether they have sweet faces when they grow old.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PERSONAL NOTES

Three cents per word per insertion; minimum cost forty-five cents; cash with order. Poetry 50 cents per count line. Notices should be accompanied by the name of the sender.

DEATHS

FAURSCHOU—On Jan. 28th, at St. Boniface hospital, Edwin H., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Faurschou, Suite 17, Vingolf Apts., in his 21st year. Service was held Sunday, 3 p.m., at Mordue Bros.' funeral home, 183 Donald St. Interment in Spy Hill, Sask.

IN MEMORIAM

MOORE—In loving memory of my darling mother, died Jan. 30th, 1927.
Still in my heart there's a picture of an angel gone to rest; in memory
Fond I shall keep it, because she was one of the best.
—Always remembered by her loving daughter, Esther.

Adventuring for the Kingdom

Christianity and Nationalism.

In his address to the Eastern Asia Central Conference held at Shanghai on January 6, Bishop Grose said:

"The livest issue which the Christian Church in China has faced during the past four years is presented by the nationalist movement. The movement is not peculiar to China, it is world wide. But here it has become all-absorbing. It has completely filled the horizon of the people. Nationalism with the Chinese people has become a crusade. Throughout her vast area, the millions of China have registered a vow to heaven which they are paying in blood and suffering untold, to achieve equal sovereign rights and privileges accorded to all other nations. The Nationalist movement in China is more than a political revolution. It is an industrial, social and religious revolution. The intellectual and social centre of gravity is being shifted. There is not only a revolt against the political domination and economic exploitation of Western countries, there is also a revolt against the cultural invasion of the West. The opposition to Western culture has become so intense that even the motives of Christian philanthropy and education have been questioned. It is of utmost importance that the Christian movement should clearly interpret its relation to this movement. There is no essential conflict between a sane nationalism, a true patriotism, and the Christian religion. The moral and social ideals of Christianity can find their fullest realization only as the citizens of every country attain full sovereign political rights and achieve real freedom."—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

Church Union in India.

The South India United Church, as now constituted, is made up of those who were formerly Presbyterians and Congregationalists, but negotiations for a more comprehensive union have been going on for some time, not only with the Wesleyans, but also with the Anglicans. The Joint Committee on Union representing all the negotiating bodies agreed upon a short series of resolutions which, it was thought, might form a basis for further conference. The gist of these resolutions was: (1) that the existing ministers of the three uniting Churches shall be accepted as ministers in the United Church; (2) that for a period of fifty years after union ministers ordained in any of the Mother Churches which planted the missions now connected with the uniting Churches may be received as ministers of the United Church; (3) at the close of the fifty-year period none shall minister in the Church unless he has received regular episcopal ordination. These resolutions were sent down to the eight Church Councils which form the South India United Church for consideration, with the result that not one of the Councils favored the proposals. The Assembly, however, decided to continue the negotiations and seek for further light upon the situation. Meanwhile there has come to the South India United Church from the United Church of Northern India a proposal for negotiations looking towards a union of these two great Free Churches of North and South India, with the suggestion that the Indian Methodist Churches might be invited to join.

Methodist Union.

At a meeting of the Executive appointed by the United Committee on Methodist Union, held at the Central Buildings, Westminster, on January 11, the Conference declared, by an almost unanimous vote, that the Union of the three Churches is now its avowed policy, and instructed the Committee to consider whether any method of approach can be devised which may lead to greater unanimity.

Christian Brotherhood.

In giving his impressions of the recent Student Volunteer Convention at Detroit, Rev. D. A. Macdonald, of Wonsan, Korea, writes: "It seemed as though the whole world were appealing to us of America, uttering one great continuous cry for justice, love, a square deal, Christian brotherhood, calling upon us to live up to our profession. The effect of this grew from day to day and was to me the greatest thing accomplished. They brought to us not only striking information about their own lands, but a telling indictment of Western civilization. For the most part with beautiful courtesy, admirable restraint, but with deadly frankness they made us see ourselves as others see us. . . . . The students of today think of the foreign missionary movement not so much as an aggressive crusade by the Western Churches to win individual converts as a co-operative enterprise in which Christians of all nations and races join together in sharing their best with each other and in trying to bring about the Kingdom of God. . . . . An up-to-date missionary map of the world today would show the great dark areas, the unoccupied mission fields, the pagan sections not as Mongolia, Afghanistan, and Central Africa, but certain great cross sections of humanity, great relationships of life, such as industrial life, commercial life, political life, international and inter-racial relationships. These are the great black areas of the world today, which call to the present generation for pioneers of the type of Carey, Morrison and Livingstone to penetrate their darkness with the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Training Young Ukranians

One Canadian institution of the United Church has trained 25 Sunday School teachers, all non-Anglo-Saxon. Eight bright young Ukranians who have grown up under the influence of such a Church have definitely pledged themselves to missionary endeavor among their own people as doctors, teachers or ministers. Instances could be multiplied in a dozen ways to show that in all the enterprises of these All Peoples Mission Churches the religious appeal is paramount—there is no distinction of race or creed—all belong to God's great family. Jesus Christ is the central figure in study, in work and in play, as well as in worship.

Church Extension

The total involved in building, repairing and equipping churches, Sunday Schools and ministers' residences since the Union of the churches in Canada represents a total very little short of eight million dollars. In Greater Toronto alone since the consummation of Union new churches and extensions to former buildings have been undertaken in 43 centres, including 23 new churches, one church for All Nations, one church for the deaf, an extension to the Italian Mission, extensive repairs and alterations to eleven churches, and three new large Sunday Schools. Sites have also been secured in growing suburbs and four new causes have been recently established.

Why Ratan Was Excused

Here is the story of Ratan, the student who was a day late getting back to the Indore Christian College, and the excuse the missionary wrote to the principal. The principal does not seem to have been greatly displeased, though he says that his fellow-missionary who sent the excuse is "old enough to know better." This was the missionary's note:

"If Ratan is in fault on account of being one day late, just put the blame on me, and also the fine, if necessary. Our Christian hockey team played a draw game on Saturday in the finals for a silver cup given by the state. They had to play off this morning, and, as you know, we have very few boys to choose from. They defeated the Moslems, the State Schools and the Panjabi School, and won the cup, so we are feeling rather big, as they had to defeat the team, the referee and the public."

World's Sunday School Convention

The tenth quadrennial convention of the World's Sunday School Association will be held at Los Angeles, California, on July 11th to 18th. At the last World's Sunday School Convention held in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1924, the World's Sunday School Association was reorganized to become "a federation on a world basis of national or international, interdenominational Sunday School associations, or councils, wherever such natural groups may be found or formed." The Los Angeles Convention will be the first meeting of this new league of Sunday School forces. Realizing the deep interest there is today on the part of nationals in all lands, and particularly in mission lands, to give expression in their own way to their longings for Christianity, the committee is providing for the participation of nationals with every possible prominence and freedom.

What, After All, is a Christian?

Sermon by Rev. Edwin Smith, Carleton Place, Ontario.

(Continued from last week.)

What attitude, let us ask, did Christ take toward theological orthodoxy in His work in the days when He was here upon earth? Surely He exhibited a broad charity and found room in His church for men of vastly different schools of thought and opinion as well as of mental and spiritual qualifications.

Matthew was sitting at the receipt of customs. Jesus approached him. He wanted to use him in His organization. He did not first put him through a series of test questions as to his theological orthodoxy, but simply said, "Follow me." Matthew followed Jesus, and later wrote a book about Him that will live as long as there are human beings on the earth that can read. Of a certain Roman soldier, Jesus said on one occasion, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." What a shock that must have given some of the churchmen of that day! Jesus said that that poor unnamed Roman soldier showed more faith than all the orthodox theologians in Israel.

Coming back now to our three men. How far apart in creed were our three brethren? There was really no theological unity among them. They differed very widely on many points; but they all stood close together in their spiritual attitude to Jesus Christ, in reverent obedience and in personal love and devotion to Him—and, that is what it means to be a Christian, just reverent loyalty to Jesus Christ, being at one with Him in spirit, walking in His footsteps, living His life again as The Son of Man upon earth. Judged by these standards, Cardinal Mercier, J. G. Paton and William Booth were all in the same denomination as men who loved and served Jesus Christ, according to their light, and as God gave them opportunity.

"That life which I now live I live in faith," said the Apostle Paul. His new relation to Jesus Christ, that is what in Paul's opinion it meant to be a Christian —possessing the spirit of Christ. If Christ's spirit is not in a man then the church to which he belongs avails nothing. If the spirit of Christ is in a man it matters not what church refuses him, He is still a Christian by reason of his personal relationship to Jesus Christ. And that is something that no man other than himself can change or destroy. "No man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." It is dependence upon Jesus Christ for that which none other can do for us that makes us a Christian. When we surrender our lives into His keeping for time and for eternity, and when we ourselves are imbued with His spirit, then, and then only, are we Christian. When our personal attitude to Jesus Christ is settled and settled right, then, other things, like fine points of theology, will soon right themselves. When we have His Spirit we will have broad charity towards all other Christians, both Catholic and Protestant.

I wonder how many of you know anything about the life of Francis of Assisi who lived away back in the 13th century, in what has often been called the Dark Ages? Let me tell you something about him, because he illustrates better than any other man I know just what it means to be a Christian. Francis was the son of wealthy parents. He grew up to be a very handsome young man and full of spirits and good-fellowship. He spent money in a most extravagant fashion, and, for a time, lived a pretty fast life. He was a great favorite, not only with his boon companions but also with the young ladies. He was looked upon as a great catch, and there was much rivalry between the mothers of desirable and eligible daughters as to which could have the most of his company. In a word, he was the stir of the town. One day he took ill, and while in this condition he had time to think, and he did think a good deal about the vanity of the life he had been living, and almost made up his mind to change it all. But, upon recovery, he gradually fell into his former habits, and was as gay and thoughtless as before. But a second illness overtook him, and this time he made up his mind fully that he would change his manner of living. And he did. Francis gave up his mad ways and set himself to serve Christ. He resigned his inheritance, laid aside all his rich clothes, and lived like a beggar. Nearly everyone thought he was mad. His father was furious. His old companions threw mud at him and called him uncomplimentary names; but Francis did not reply in kind. He was still the same cheerful, bright-eyed, happy-minded young man, but with this difference that all his cheerfulness came from love of God. He adored poverty. He called poverty his bride. He wore a rough brown dress, eating only simple food, and spent all his time in preaching and teaching people not to desire riches and greatness, but to love God so much that everything rich and grand and magnificent appeared silly and trivial and unworthy. His love for God included all things that God had made: he loved his fellowmen; he had no unkind word for any one. He called the birds his little brothers and the winds his sisters. He built a church and preached in it until he made a very deep impression on the life of his time. He founded an order of monks known as the Franciscans. Perhaps since the days of Christ upon earth no one has followed the Master's path more conscientiously and represented Him more faithfully than did Francis of Assisi. He died in the year 1228, seven hundred years ago—at the age of 44.

So now, at last, I think we have answered the question, "What is a Christian?" It is to be like Christ in thought and character. A Christian is a man or woman, boy or girl, who is thoroughly loyal to Jesus Christ in all their thinking, speaking and acting. It is out of such men and women, boys and girls, that saints are made.

IN COVENANTING DAYS

(By B. H. Carstairs.)

It was during the "Killing Time" in Scotland. The dragoons were abroad in the hills of Galloway, hunting to their death those Covenanters who dared to worship God according to their conscience —not according to the King's order.

From the little village of Carsphair two men fled for their lives, with the horsemen hot on their tracks. It was a long chase. Panting and exhausted, they reached the Nith near Sanquhar. Fording the river, they came out through the trees near the manse of the Episcopalian curate. For the moment they were out of sight of their pursuers, but they were at the end of their tether.

On a green near the manse the curate, James Kirkwood by name, was playing quoits with some friends. One cannot tell whether or not the refugees knew that Kirkwood belonged to the party of their enemies. In their desperation they cried to him. "Where can we hide? The dragoons are on us."

Now even those who harbored, or in any way assisted, the men of the Covenant made themselves liable to the severest punishment. What was Kirkwood to do? This, at least, is what he did.

"Doff your coats," he cried, "and play a game with me!"

A few moments later the dragoons trotted past. Glancing over, they saw only the curate and a few friends in their shirt sleeves quietly playing quoits. They fancied their quarry was still ahead, and rode on.

And so their lives were saved.—United Free Church Record.

Y.M.C.A. BUILDING IN JERUSALEM

A detailed description of the plan of the new Y.M.C.A. building in Jerusalem has been received from Dr. A. C. Harte, secretary for Bible Lands. A gift of $575,000 from an unnamed donor, together with other sums provided by friends of the Association have made possible this unique building in its hallowed location outside the Jaffa gates of the Holy City.

Just inside the vestibule will be the entrance to a small rock-hewn chapel for meditation and prayer, with an altar either rock-hewn or built with twelve unhewn stones. The light will come from the five-pointed star of Bethlehem made of glass set in bronze. In the centre of the vestibule there will be an exact reproduction in mosaic of the Jerusalem part of the mosaic map at Madeba, reputed to be the oldest map of Palestine in existence. A room on the first floor of the tower above the vestibule will be the Bible study room and Bible study museum. As far as possible it will be after the manner of oriental upper rooms in the days of our Lord except that above the wainscoting will be cut in stone the story of the upper room. The second and third floors will be for the hostesses, who will give vocational and Christian guidance to the young men in the hostel. Above this is the carillon chamber and observation balcony. A relief map of the view from the building will be on the top of the balustrade, and the inscription will be "Where the feet of Jesus have trod is the Holy Land."

Inside the dome, shaped like a Greek cross, will be the "Hall of Silence." The idea for this room grew out of the story of the tower in which Habakkuk waited in silence for a message from the Lord. On entering, one will face a mural painting of the Pharisee and the Publican. In the ceiling, which will be azure, shading in the east to saffron and daffodil tints, there will be one star—the morning star ushering in the day.

Three Splendid Scotch Tales

By R. W. Mackenna.

Flower of the Heather.

Bracken and Thistledown.

Through Flood and Fire.

Stirring romances of Covenanting times.

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Peace, Be Still!

Thoughts For February 19th.

By "Delta".

With all his wonderful scientific achievements man has never been able to control the elements. To still a storm is beyond man's power; only God can say to the deep: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed" (Job 38:11). Hundreds of years before the birth of Christ there was a man of incomparable comeliness and stature called Xerxes. He was ruler of the great empire of Persia, and led an army of several million warriors against Greece. After crossing the Hellespont (Dardanelles) on a bridge of boats, he invaded Greece, but had his power broken by the resistance of 300 Spartans at Thermopylae. In his inglorious retreat he was compelled to re-cross the Hellespont in a small fishing vessel, a storm having destroyed his bridge of boats. So incensed was he that he ordered chains to be thrown into the sea and the waters to receive 300 lashes for the insult offered to his majesty! It is told also of Akbar, the Saracen, that he spurred his horse into the sea, calling out defiance to Neptune; but when the waters of the rising tide reached to the saddle girth, the horse, wiser than his rider, turned and fled shoreward. Man may propose, but God disposes. To empty a few barrels of oil into the sea when storm-swept is about as far as man can go today toward staying the proud waves; and all the resources of science cannot change the tides, or stop a cyclone, or master an earthquake, or shut up the windows of heaven when it rains.

The stilling of the storm on Galilee and the stilling of the tempest in the soul of the Gadarene maniac were miracles that clearly revealed our Lord's Deity. It was the close of a busy and eventful day in the neighborhood of Capernaum, and Jesus said to His disciples, "Let us pass over unto the other side." Being perfectly human, as He was perfectly divine, He needed rest, and sought to escape the multitudes by crossing the sea to the sparsely populated country of the Gadarenes, or Gergesenes, on the eastern shore of Galilee. Gergesa was a small fortified town in Peraea, nearly opposite Capernaum, the ruined site of which is still called Gerga or Kerza. It is an interesting coincidence that tombs still abound in the cliffs near the city, excavated in the limestone rocks, some as large as 20 feet square, and people are still found making their dwellings there.

The boat that bore our Lord and His disciples across the waters of Galilee was the same as that from which He had preached to the crowd on shore, and when they had launched out into the deep He fell asleep, with His head upon a pillow or cushion in the stern. Nowhere else in the gospels do we read of Christ sleeping. Yet He was subject, like ourselves, to human weariness and needed recuperation as we do. "Some people," says R. C. Gillie, "break down because they have never learned to relax. Their work done, they cannot rest. Their minds are still busy. If we are to work to the full, we must learn to drop the yoke swiftly and to rest with both mind and body." It was while He slept that one of the terrific storms that are common on Galilee burst upon them, and the boat was buffeted by the waves and began to fill with water. In their desperation the disciples awoke Him, with the alarmed cry, "Master, Master, we perish!" (Luke 8:24). Mark's version suggests that they reproached Him for neglecting them in their hour of need —"Carest Thou not that we perish?" Instantly Jesus arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, "Peace, be still!" It is interesting to note that the word of command spoken by Jesus on this occasion was the same as that which He addressed to the demon in the synagogue of Capernaum (Mark 1:25), and means literally, "Be muzzled!" It may thus be implied, perhaps, that the storm was the work of Satan, the prince of the power of the air, who had hoped to swamp the boat and drown the passengers. But we must not suppose that Satan has absolute control over the forces of nature. "They that go down to the sea in ships," says the Psalmist, "see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. . . . He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still" (Psalm 107:23-25, 29). When the Master of winds and waves spoke, "the wind ceased, and there was a great calm"—literally, "the wind grew tired." It went to sleep like a weary child.

The disciples, Mark tells us, "feared exceedingly." They seemed to realize, as never before, what manner of Man this was, and trembled in the presence of Deity. Hitherto their faith in Him had been weak, notwithstanding His mighty works, which they had seen, and He taxes them with unbelief. Surely they might have trusted Him. Let us learn the lesson, and be strong in faith, knowing that His Word cannot be broken. If He says, "Let us pass over unto the other side," He will take us there. "The disciples might have known," said John McNeill, "that to the other side they would come if they had to foot it at the bottom of the sea." "And they came over unto the other side" (Mark 5:1).

When they reached the further shore, there met Jesus immediately —as soon as He stepped out of the boat—a wretched maniac who was the terror of that wild countryside. A legion of evil spirits had taken possession of this poor sufferer, and he could not be controlled. He had broken chains in pieces, and lived night and day among the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones; but when he saw Jesus afar off he ran to worship Him. The demons in this storm-tossed soul, knowing the power of Christ, and seeing themselves about to be expelled from the man, besought Jesus that He would send them into a herd of swine that was feeding near by on the hillside. This Jesus permitted, with the result that the whole herd, numbering about 2,000, ran violently down a steep place into the sea and were drowned. The swine-herds in a panic fled to the city with the news; and the Gadarenes, convinced that the Miracle-worker of Nazareth had come over the sea to ruin them, "began to pray Him to depart out of their coasts." It is always so when something is being done for God, and demon-possessed men delivered. Gracious work of that kind is very apt to spoil somebody's business—more especially if it is a bad business, as the keeping of swine was regarded among the Jews We have a parallel in our own time in the loud outcry made by the liquor interests when compassionate people try to rescue men from the thraldom of intemperance. Save the business because of the good money invested in it—preserve the property—give the liquor-man his rights—protect him and help him, if need be, by Act of Parliament and "Government Control"—take care of the precious profits—but let the drunkard perish—good enough for him! Thank God, there are millions of Christian men and women today who are enlisted in the war against intoxicating liquor and all its attendant infamies, against the accursed drug traffic, against prostitution, and other social vices born from the abyss—men and women who will not be very much concerned about the loss of somebody's capital or the confiscation of somebody's property (without compensation), if only God, in answer to the prayers and earnest efforts of His own people, will deliver souls that are perishing, and bring some degree of comfort into darkened hearts and homes. Christ Jesus came into the world, not to save swine, but men!

"The central figure in this miracle of Gadara," says Dr. D. J. Burrell, "is just the sort of derelict we meet with every day, a victim of evil habits, 'down and out.' Jesus said to him, 'Thou unclean spirit, come out of him.' At that word of command the furies fled, and the man lay sobbing at His feet. . . . The man is a new creature in Christ Jesus; new will, new heart, new conscience, new life. Old things are passed away; behold all things are become new. It is a moral revolution, wrought in a moment by the power of God."



TRADITIONAL HILL OF THE SWINE

QUESTIONS ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(Mark 4:35-41; 5:15-19)

What lesson should the stilling of the storm on Galilee teach us?

Did our Lord ever guarantee that His followers would be free from troubles and dangers common to other men?

On what other occasion was Jesus reproached for not caring for His friends?

What should a Christian in distress do when God does not seem to hear his prayer?

What was the Levitical law concerning swine?

How was the apostle Peter instructed concerning things clean and unclean?

The man out of whom the devils were cast was found "clothed" and "in his right mind." What connection is there between proper clothing and righteous living?

What command was given by Jesus to the healed demoniac, and how was it obeyed?

Are there any demon-possessed people today?

What is the best protection against demon control?

Is it right for Christians to consult necromancers and fortune-tellers, or to seek to communicate with the dead?

What is the special danger attaching to spiritualistic seances?

Golden Text: What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?—Mark 4:41.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Monday, February 12—Mark 4:35-41; Tuesday, February 14—Mark 5:15-20; Wednesday, February 15—Luke 7:11-17; Thursday, February 16—John 9:1-12; Friday, February 17—Matthew 14:22-33; Saturday, February 18—John 5:1-9; Sunday, February 19—Psalm 104:1-8.

The Word of Life

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.—Is. 26:3.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.—Ps. 55:22.

I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.—Is. 12:2.

Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?—Matt. 8:26.

Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—Phil. 4:6, 7.

In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.—Is. 30:15.

The effect of righteousness (shall be) quietness and assurance for ever.—Is. 32:17.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—John 14:27.

Peace, from him which is, and which was, and which is to come.—Rev. 1:4.

INTERCESSION FOR AIRMEN

Lord of the heavens, the earth, and air,
Bow down Thine ear to hear our prayer;
While we are far from friends and home,
Guide and protect us as we roam;
Listen, we pray, for Thou canst hear
Our every cry, for Thou art near.

Through the vast universe we see
Thy wondrous works, the mystery
Of all the oceans and the lands,
Formed and upheld by Thine own hands.
Lightnings may flash, and thunders roll,
But all are under Thy control.

Thy word shall make the tumult cease,
Maintain our souls in perfect peace,
For He who calms the ocean wave
Has power to aid, and bless, and save;
Secure within His sheltering care,
Who hearkens to each whispered prayer.

Strengthen and comfort, shield from harm,
Encircled by Thy loving arm,
In steadfast faith and confidence,
In Him who is our sure defence;
The raging tempest Thou canst still
The winds obedient to Thy will.

For He who slumbers not nor sleeps
Preserves, supports, sustains and keeps;
Above, beneath, His watchful eye,
Can view the pathway up on high.
Lead and direct us on our way;
From death and danger, guard, we pray.

For bounteous gifts with grateful praise,
For mercies past, our voices raise;
Through life we gladly shall proclaim
Honor and glory to Thy name;
And if Thy wisdom calls us hence,
We still shall trust Omnipotence.

Thy Presence with us everywhere,
Upholds in perils of the air,
Life's course, unseen by mortal eye,
Is traced by footprints from the sky;
And led by Thine unerring Hand,
At last we'll reach the Glory Land.

Beebe, Que. (Mrs.) H. E. QUINN.

Favorite Hymns and Hymn Writers

By The Rev. Archer Wallace

"WHERE CROSS THE CROWDED WAYS OF LIFE"

This hymn ranks as one of the newest of outstanding hymns. It was written in 1905 by Rev. Frank Mason North, and it has already made a place for itself in many hymnals. Modern in spirit, chaste and tender in literary conceptions, it seems destined to grow in favor with all branches of the Christian Church.

Like the Apostle Paul, Dr. North is a man of the city. He was born in New York in 1850

He entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church and graduated in 1872. He held several pastorates in and around New York and in 1892 he was made Corresponding Secretary of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society. He held that important position for twenty years, and during those two decades, when his church was constantly confronted by great and pressing problems, his wise administration and statesmanlike policy caused him to be very widely known.

Out of a very busy life Dr. North has found it possible, not only to take a deep interest in hymnology, but to make some very valuable contributions of his own. In 1884 he wrote a very beautiful hymn of trust, which is not as widely known as it deserves to be. The opening stanza is:

"Jesus, the calm that fills my breast,
No other heart than Thine can give;
This peace unstirred, this joy of rest,
None but thy loved ones can receive."

Dr. North's best-known hymn "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life" is essentially a hymn of the city. It expresses the Master's deep longing and tender compassion for the multitude as perhaps no other hymn does. The passion of social service, so marked in the modern church, animates the hymn throughout.

In these words Dr. North tells how he came to write the hymn; "My life was for long years, both by personal choice and official duty, given to the people in all phases of their community life. New York was to me an open book. I spent days, and weeks, and years in close contact with every phase of the life of the multitudes, and every morn, noon and evening was familiar with the tragedy of the morning currents of the life of the people at the great crossings of the avenues. I have watched them by the hour as they passed, by tens of thousands . . . I wrote this hymn because the theme was constantly in my thought and feeling . . . That it has found its way to so many modern hymnals is significant of the fact that it is an expression of that tremendous movement of the soul of the Gospel in our times which demands that every follower of Christ must make the interest of the people his own, and must find the heart of the world's need if he is in any real way to represent his Master among men."

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME MAKERS

No, You Tell Me a Story

By Nora Trew.

"O, see how it is snowing! Mother, tell me a story about little Mr. Ground Squirrel who lives in the mountains and hides away lots and lots of nuts for the time when snow comes," began Angela aged four, looking out of the nursery windows at the falling flakes amid whose maze the great pine trees of our glorious West lifted dark boughs to the sullen sky. "Tell me about the little Ground Squirrel family and the babies with stripes down their backs and their dear little cheeks full of pinion nuts," wheedled Angela to whom the story of the little ground squirrels, as well as stories of many other animals abounding in our locality had been told and re told from her babyhood, when her brown eyes had grown wide at the "Doings of Doctor Jack Rabbit," compiled for her special benefit, up to the time of which I write when the demand for stories about other animals also had become almost continuous.

"O, Angela," I protested, "that same old tale! I've told it at least three times today, do let's have something different."

"But I like the tiny brown ground squirrels," insisted the child, "the cunning babies that live under the rocks."

"Listen, Angela," I said, "let's play a new game. Come, sit here on Mother's lap where you can see the snowflakes and the big pine trees and the dark mountains over there where the tiny ground squirrels hide, and you tell me a story."

If I expected a protest, I was mistaken. The joy of creative power seized the child. She was to make the story herself. Her eyes shone. All the abundant material she had at her tongue's end regarding the life and habits of the dear little animals so beloved by her baby heart she wove into a little narrative about Mamma and Daddy Ground Squirrel and Billy Blinkers, their son, favorite characters in our household tales.

The story was a curious intermingling of what we had told her with several surprising touches of her own, which I am bound to call original. Characters familiar in other stories were brought in also, notably "Gray Eagle" and "Old Coy-o-te" pronounced deliciously by the young narrator with the original Spanish accent. The introduction of these characters was a departure from the various forms in which our ground squirrel folk had yet appeared. Angela's romance made a decided "hit" with her family and from that time on we often called upon her to be the story teller.

Within the last two years I have noticed a decided improvement in her language as she lets her imagination wander into these delightful fields. Frequent questions regarding her story as she tells it help her continually and awaken new ideas.

The plan, happened upon as I have told you, has certainly proved worth while.—From a series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

Miracles With Mirrors

Mirrors add life to a room as water adds life to a landscape. Too many mirrors in one room would make it unrestful, but a mirror rightly placed is a joy as a writer in the London Daily Telegraph explains.

A mirror is a light-giver, and the plainest of its kind can be a thing of reflected beauty. If you have a room with windows at right angles to one another place a mirror so that it harmonises with the various pieces of furniture on the walls where the windows are, and notice the added light. It crosses and recrosses in interesting and delightful play. In rooms with a northern outlook or shaded with trees the mirror can play an important part.

In a small house mirrors can be used as a decorative substitute for pieces of furniture, thus not only saving space but a great deal of money. Performing these miracles gives endless joy. Very often an unusual or even distinguished effect is achieved in one of the rooms with perhaps a tapestry, a picture, or an arrangement of bookcases. Could anything be nicer than to repeat the effect with the aid of a glass hung just in the right position? The possibilities are infinite.

And all this can be brought about with mirrors hung at the right angle in sufficient but not too much light. Not another article of furniture in the house can make itself so felt. In the formal room with a dignified fireplace a mirror built in over the mantelshelf will help to complete a focal scheme for that side of the room. Such mirrors are best in proportion when they cover the entire chimney breast above the fireplace. For this mirror, place an object whose reflection will be worthy of it—a fine tapestry, a valued painting, a rare old print.

A full-length mirror between two windows will often, owing to the architecture of the house, reflect the doorway leading into the room. If the hall is lovely then a mirror so placed downstairs will not have been hung in vain. Not only will it portray the hall furniture, the stair-rail, and the rugs, but the lights that are included by the door and windows will show in this hall picture. A full-length mirror is better than a small one in order to achieve this effect. Two mirrors can be used with delightful result in the space on either side of a tapestry or hanging. Twin mirrors four or five feet long, with a fine old sconce hung beneath, will play more than their part in this decorative scheme, which appeals long after many a picture becomes wearisome to the eye. And at dusk, when the candles of the sconces are lighted, they and the mirror will perform such tricks with the figure and colors of the hanging as only the fairies themselves might dare to attempt! Next to lighted candles, flowers are the most effective objects to be placed immediately in front of a mirror. Could anything be more decorative and lovely than a single tall pink-rose reflected in the face of a glass? Its grace of green leaves, its perfection of pink petals, are almost startling in their purity.

There are plain mirrors, decorated mirrors, old mirrors, shining new mirrors, large mirrors, tiny mirrors, oval ones, long ones, slim ones, round and square ones. If it is a matter of choice no one need be unsatisfied. Every house, room, and individual may be fitted. In halls the mirror used over a console table may have a frame rounded at the top to "pick up" the curve of the table.

THE OLD STORY

(By Carolyn Wells)

My wife submits to my decrees,
Yet sometimes she will murmur,
"Honey,
I'd like—to have—a dollar—please."
I don't see what she wants of money!

I pay the weekly household bills;
I must confess I think it's funny,
As I buy all her frocks and frills,
I don't see what she wants of money!

I give her car-fare if it rains
(She likes to walk if it is sunny);
I pay her way on railroad trains—
I don't see what she wants of money!

And yet she'll ask me for a dime,
With quivering lips and eyes all runny;
I give it—but, at the same time,
I don't see what she wants of money!
—Presbyterian Banner.

THE HELPING HAND

Courtesy demands that a man offer to carry bundles for a woman acquaintance. If she is elderly, she obliges. But if she is young and the bundle or bundles are not heavy, she thanks him but continues to carry them.

Today a man is not supposed to offer a woman his arm except at formal indoor functions. He does not take the arm of the woman with whom he is walking. He can offer his hand to help her into or out of a vehicle etc. and may even lightly take her elbow in piloting her across a crowded street, but unless she is elderly the woman does not need such help. This is in accordance with the new idea that young women are perfectly able to take care of themselves.

If the woman with whom a man is walking is annoyed by another man the escort's natural instinct is to take drastic action. It is not cowardice to try to ward off public brawl in the presence of a woman, but if quietly spoken words will not avoid a scene the escort should first accompany the woman to a place of safety before coming back to settle the matter.

Please Let Me Light the Fire

Was there ever a child who did not ask it, when the picnic bonfire or the hearth fire was to be lit. Often the answer is, "no, you would burn yourself," and I have wondered sometimes whether it was a quite honest answer or whether may be mother or dad enjoyed doing it. Perhaps not, but I've found few people who could resist poking and building it up and fewer still who did not "feel in their bones" it would have burned up quicker if they had been allowed to lay the kindling and logs or coal.

Think a bit before you refuse the children and perhaps you will not say "no." Better to teach them to do the thing safely and carefully, giving points to the one who can manage with a single match and build so skilfully that the fire burns up with no smoking. Taught to handle the fire and realize the danger of letting it get out of bounds a child is much safer than when tempted by the excitement of lighting matches aimlessly.

Tell them stories of the days when, if by ill-fortune the pioneer's fire went out or was put out he had to go away to the next settler to borrow a few coals in an iron pot. Get the boys to hunt up all the information they can of all the different ways there were of lighting a fire before the first match was made. It will make an interesting twilight or bed time chat before the fire, and here is a beautiful bit of one of John Oxenham's poems to learn by heart. It will take only a few readings over to teach it to even the tiny ones who love the rhythm of poetry long before they can understand it all.

THE SACRAMENT OF FIRE

Kneel always when you light a fire!
Kneel reverently and thankful be
For God's unfailing charity.
And on the ascending flame inspire
A little prayer, that shall upbear
The incense of your thankfulness
For this sweet grace of warmth and light.
For here again is sacrifice
For your delight.



TAKES THREE TO PRODUCE JUST ONE

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The slenderizing, youthful line plays an important part in the success of this sports dress that gives the effect of a two-piece costume. The bands appliqued in geometrical designs are of three shades of blue, and the belt slips under a tiny group of tucks that are a repetition of the tucks used on the cuffs. The skirt is finely plaited and has the darker bands around the hem.
(No Pattern)

Filling a Vacancy

"Lucy Mellish has had to resign, as you all know," announced Peggy, the chairman of the committee, "and the next thing is to fill the vacancy. I am ready to receive nominations."

"There's Barbara Grey," suggested Marjorliane.

"She's efficient," said Glenda dryly. "Too efficient! She cherishes her reputation for efficiency to such a degree that she works with on eye on her job and the other on the lookout for every omission and mistake; and she goes about proclaiming who's responsible whenever anything goes wrong and implying that the credit is pretty much all hers for everything that goes right!"

"Horrors!" protested Cecily. "Complaining outside is the limit! A committee that isn't loyal to its own members—How about Betty Raine?"

"Betty's a dear," Emily said slowly, "and she's a good worker too up to a certain point; but—well, you can't count on her ever for one iota more than she thinks is her fair share of work, no matter what happens. Of course that's all we can ask of people with imperative home or professional duties who can spare precisely so much time and effort and no more, like Jessie there with those blessed babies of hers or Grace with her music. All the same, emergencies do happen, and we need some members who can and will think of the job as a whole rather than of their special share, and who will pitch in hard to put it through at a pinch. Lucy Mellish was that kind. Betty could be,—the demands on her time are purely social,—but she isn't; and she'd just rattle round in Lucy's place! She isn't big enough."

"I've thought of somebody who is big enough, though," declared Glenda eagerly. "But you never would guess who—never! How I came to think of her myself I don't know, but I'm patting myself on the back because I did."

"Somebody who's really as good as Lucy, Glen?" Peggy asked incredulously. "Indeed I can't guess who; I've been racking my brain for such a person ever since I got Lucy's note."

"Have you looked outside our own set, Peg?" inquired Glenda. "There are others, you know."

"Why, no, I haven't," admitted Peggy, rather startled. "We're not a large committee, and, meeting at one another's house as we do and serving tea and all, I—well, I never thought to."

"It's pleasant, being congenial and sociable and all knowing one another intimately," said Glenda soberly, "and I should say it helped our object rather than hindered it, as long as it doesn't shut out anyone really needed for the work. If it should ever do that, it would be horridly petty, wouldn't it?"

"And unworthy of everything we're trying to do," Peggy agreed promptly.

"Well, whoever your paragon is, Glen, and whatever set she's hitherto adorned," said Marjolaine drolly, "I hope she's at least fairly likeable, for I foresee we've got to elect her now just to prove we aren't snobs. My vote for the unknown worker! Who is she?"

"She's more than fairly likeable, and you all liked her once," Glenda reassured them. "Don't you remember Rose Martinot, the girl who was such a wonder in our junior aid during the war?"

"Why, of course we do! She'll be grand!" cried Cecily. "Why on earth did nobody ever think of her before?"

"I'm afraid," said Peggy, "that now that it isn't war time the teacups frequently monopolize the task, sometimes without our quite knowing it."—Youth's Companion.

Do We Think?

By the Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy Stewart, in the Daily Chronicle.

At a recent public dinner a distinguished Australian expressed his belief that one of the greatest troubles from which all countries of the Empire were suffering is that their men in high positions had no time to think.

But have any of us time to think? "And, friend, when dost thou think?" was the reply made by a Quaker lady to whom Southey had explained with no little satisfaction how he spent his day. He probably thought but little. Life is now a strenuous affair, but men and women of all-round activities might do worse that set apart a time to think—sort their thoughts and label them.

The world of today is, however, against all thought. Thinking for thinking's sake has become to many of us positively repellent. Some of us have an objection to any time not passed on our business, or in eating, sleeping, talking, dancing, or reading. We rely only on our moments of bodily and mental activity.

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Is this the effect of modern education or—much more likely—is it the result of unending competition? For each one of us, whether we be singer, actress, a girl in a shop, a waitress in a tea room, or a child in a board school, has to compete all day and every day with her companions and her conscious or unconscious rivals.

Indeed, the social celebrity may suffer the most, as her rivalries are far harder and more comprehensive. Not only has she her place in her world to maintain, but there is her beauty, her dress, her house, servants, and general entourage. And in these times she most likely works hard at some business. All this requires many irons in the fire and incessant attention. An hour for quiet thought can have no place in her program.

How can we gain time to think? Rest will give the much-needed moment. Many well-known women take a rest and a short sleep after luncheon, between about 3 and 4.30. And a few minutes before sleep will leave time for quiet thought. We can think over things, take stock of ourselves, and—perhaps—hope that we are rising higher in our life's history.

Marriage—A Partnership

By Nora MacLeod, in the Glasgow Weekly Herald.

"I wonder," said Mr. Brown the other day, "if our case is unusual. My wife and I seem to have so few interests in common. She complains that in the evenings I read the papers and then get fidgety. But if I sit still and fall asleep it makes her wild.

"When I do try to talk to her, what on earth is there to say? There's no use telling her anything about my affairs. She is not interested in how I make money, only in how she spends it.

"As to her conversation, what is the good of listening to it. Complaints about the butcher's bill being higher this month than last. Or that she has just heard from our neighbor of a laundry that does the washing cheaper than the one we send to. Really, when it comes to that I have to be excused."

Now, Mr. Brown is a partner in a drapery business. Would he "have to be excused" if the other partner wanted to talk to him about the falling off in the small goods sales or the faults and failings of the new typist!

Well, what is marriage but a partnership, and the commonest partnership of all?

• • •

Long ago when conditions of life were simpler, one realised better the terms of the partnership. Each partner of the firm knew all about what the other one was doing to make the union a success. The men worked in the fields round their homes or in the workshops near by. Their wives were familiar with their work, and with the efforts they were making, the hopes they cherished, and the set-backs they had to put up with.

The men, too, knew all about the work of the women. The man who tended the sheep and sheared them was the real partner of the woman who combed and spun and dyed the wool and wove it into cloth and made it into garments. Their interests were in common, and they could talk about things of the same sort.

• • •

But the man who balances books for a living, drives a motor car, or sells groceries, does not always find it easy to regard as his working partner the woman whose business it is to look after the house.

"I'm nothing in my house but a payer of bills," Mr. Brown complains. "They come to me for money, and when they get that they've finished with me."

"I'm nothing but a working housekeeper, and an unpaid one at that," Mrs. Brown grumbles. "When I get the work done, if I have time to go anywhere, I must go alone. My husband won't go with me to see my family, my friends, or to the pictures, and won't even talk to me when I stay at home."

It is such feelings that drive husbands and wives far apart, and lead to bitter unhappiness, if not to the actual breaking of the marriage tie.

A wife should be interested in all that concerns her husband, from his business to his cross-word puzzles. A husband should be interested in all that concerns his wife, from the church work party to the kitchen fire which won't draw properly.

Don't imagine, however, that gives a wife an excuse for rushing at him before he has had time to take off his coat to find out what he has been doing during the day, and whether business was good or bad. Nor that before he has had time to swallow his tea he is expected to inquire solicitously if the kitchen range has ceased to smoke, or if the charlady has broken any of the best china.

• • •

No, it only means that what affects the happiness and peace of mind of one should matter tremendously to the other, and that the worries, joys, and sorrows they meet with as they journey along the great highway together are, after all, the small and trifling and intimate things of daily life, and must be shared together in the true partnership of marriage.

HEBE AUTUMN

What visionary tints the year puts on,
When falling leaves falter through motionless air
Or nimbly cling and shiver to be gone!
How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare,
As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills
The bowl between me and those distant hills,
And smiles and shakes abroad her misty tremulous hair!
—Lowell, in "An Indian-Summer Reverie."



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Problems of Homemakers

Painting Over Paper

Dear Madam.—We would like to paint the walls of our dining room but it is papered with oatmeal paper. We might take the paper off, but the plastering was not well done and is soft and easily broken, and we thought if we could, it would be better to leave the paper on to hold the plaster. Could you tell us whether we should put size on first and how to go about it, and oblige.—Mrs. S.M.

You can get a very good effect by painting over the paper and you are wise to leave it on under the circumstances. Do not put glue size on the paper as it may loosen it and cause it to blister. Sandpaper lightly where the seams of the paper are lapped to make them even with the rest of the wall. Then give a coat of white lead, solid color thinned with equal quantities of linseed oil and turpentine. Over this you can apply finishing coats either glossy or flat as desired and in what ever color you wish.

Incense on scented paper burned in the house will keep it free from midges and mosquitoes.



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HOME COOKING

Hot Doughnuts for Cold Days

By "Madam".

Now, if ever, is the time for doughnuts and fritters, and well made things of this kind supply the food that many young and some older folks have not learned to enjoy as plain fat with their meat.

Of course there are tiny children and delicate people who need to be fed with great care, and for them we must plan other diet, but I've never yet found either doughnuts or fritters hurt the growing boys and girls or any ordinarily healthy grown-ups. And how they do enjoy them in this cold weather. There may be times when it is a bit tiring to stand and fry, but most of us get real pleasure out of it when we see the cheerful grins of our boys and hear the "Oh, Mother! Doughnuts, goody, goody!" of the girls, as they come in from the snowy outdoors, and with noses up sniff the warm pleasant smell.

Some Pointers

There are one or two pointers that solve some of the difficulties. First of all, there is that frantic rushing from bake-board to frying kettle, with dough, sticking to the board and doughnuts sticking to the pot. Now don't say, "How absurd!" Of course if you are a clever, experienced cook you don't do it, but I've seen it done that way, and it surely did take all the little woman's strength and patience. Before she got through she had none of either left and a very poor batch of doughnuts to show for it all.

I need not have said, first of all, for all the difficulties were there at once, and we might as well sort them out and see what they were. A less nervous cook would have quietly mixed, rolled and cut all her doughnuts before trying to fry them, and so got rid of that rushed feeling and saved time as well as strength. The doughnuts would have been all the better for being left with a light cloth over them for a little while. They would have had time to become light, so they would quickly rise in the fat, and also to form a slight crust which would help keep the fat from sinking in and making them greasy. If for any reason the cakes must be cut and fried at once, when one person can cut and another fry, be sure to entirely cover the dough with flour to keep out the fat; do not leave the cut edge unfloured and do not have the fat quite so hot, as the cakes must have time to rise before the outside crust is formed.

Heat of the Fat

This matter of the heat of the fat is one more point on which some cooks fail. Be the dough ever so good, it must be carefully cooked, the material is raw and therefore will take longer than, for instance, croquettes, for which all the ingredients are first cooked and need only to be heated through and browned. Here too the difficulty is easily overcome if, all the cakes having been cut and laid ready, the worker's whole attention can be given to the frying and the fat lifted back or more added when it threatens to become too hot. A good test is to drop in a bit of bread. If it becomes a delicate nut brown in just one minute by the clock your fat is exactly right. "But the doughnuts cool it," some one objects. That is quite true, and if you want to put in seven or eight doughnuts at once you must let it get a little hotter. But be careful, better add the doughnuts one or two at a time, and keep the fat at an even temperature, than risk having cakes scorched on the outside and heavy or raw in the middle. On the other hand, if the fat is not hot enough at first or cooled by putting in too many cakes at once the grease will soak in and they will be sodden and heavy.

The Correct Utensil

If you can get hold of a rather shallow flat-bottomed iron pot you will have my ideal frying utensil. In it the fat will be easier to keep at an even temperature, and once hot it will stay so. But if you have not an iron pot use any shallow, wide-bottomed pot. It will not tip so easily, and will give you more surface to cook on than a deeper narrow one. There must, of course, be depth enough for the fat to come well over the raw doughnuts. Keep a pan or lard pail of reserve melted fat on the back of the stove to add from time to time, instead of filling your pan dangerously full. It is not only safer but more economical.

Now as to the kind of fat for frying: This is a matter of choice and personal experience. Many of the best country cooks use only lard; others use the new vegetable oils; I myself prefer a mixed fat. A good mixed dripping in which the fat of roast pork and beef have been added to a little lard makes, in my experience, a less penetrating fat than all lard, and beef suet mixed with chicken fat is fine, although the latter is so good for other things it seldom reaches the dripping jars. Of course if you use a mixed dripping it must be well clarified or thoroughly melted and then cooled, and all the bottom which contains the brown settlings cut off. Only the perfectly clear fat should be used. Otherwise the brown will scorch on the bottom of your pan and the last fried doughnuts will stick to it and scorch.

Methods and Recipes

As to the recipes themselves, they are not so very different one from another, the main thing an old cook will tell you is the way you cook your cakes and the way you handle your dough. Always have it as soft as can be and shape easily.

Many people put their doughnuts together as they do their cakes, first creaming butter and adding sugar and creaming both together, then beating the egg and adding that and the liquid and lastly the flour and baking powder, and they make delicious cakes, but I, as you know, who have read this department for many years, am a lazy person and apt to take the least difficult way to an end, so I do not often follow that method. Instead I mix together all the dry ingredients, saving out a half cup or so of flour; then I combine the well beaten egg with the milk or water, add the shortening melted, and mix all together. The flour I save out is added a little at a time until the dough is right for handling, as flour varies and it is better to add a little than have too much in at first. Everyone must choose their own way of doing things, however, and a little experimenting will show you which method you like best.

Doughnuts:—Cream half a cup of sugar with two and a half table-spoons butter. Beat three eggs until light, add half a cup sugar, and combine with the creamed butter and sugar. Add three and a half cups of flour sifted with four tea-spoons of baking powder, quarter of a tea-spoon of grated nutmeg, and quarter of a tea-spoon of cinnamon. Add more flour a little at a time until dough can be rolled. Knead the dough slightly, roll out on well floured board to about quarter of an inch in thickness. Cut and fry.

If only about one-third of the dough is rolled at once it will be easier handled. The trimmings of the first lot can then be kneaded into the second, and you will avoid having a lot at the end with too much flour.

Doughnuts should come quickly to the top of the fat, brown on one side, then be turned to brown on the other; avoid turning more than once. Keep the fat at an even temperature as suggested above.

Country Doughnuts:—Cream one table-spoon of butter with one cup sugar, add one egg well beaten and half a tea-spoon of vanilla. Sift together three cups of flour, three tea-spoons of baking powder, half a tea-spoon of salt, and quarter of a tea-spoon of cinnamon or nutmeg. Add this to first mixture alternately with milk using about one cup of milk, more if necessary, as dough must be soft. Knead slightly, roll out on well floured board, cut with doughnut cutter, and fry.

Sour Milk Doughnuts:—Sift together 4 cups of flour, one and a half tea-spoons salt, one and three-quarters tea-spoons soda, and one and three-quarters tea-spoons cream of tartar. Mix in one cup of sugar, quarter of a tea-spoon grated nutmeg, and quarter tea-spoon cinnamon. Beat well one egg, add to it one cup of sour milk and one table-spoon of melted butter. Stir the liquid into the dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly, toss on board thickly dredged with flour; knead slightly, adding more flour if necessary. Pat and roll out to quarter of an nich thickness, and cut out. Fry and drain. Sour milk doughnuts may be turned as soon as they come to the top and frequently afterwards.

Crullers:—Into one cup of sour cream or rich sour milk stir the yolks of two eggs and one whole egg beaten light. Sift four and a half cups of flour with one tea-spoon of soda, one tea-spoon of cream of tartar, half a tea-spoon of salt and quarter of a tea-spoon of ground mace or grated nutmeg. Stir gradually into the liquid. If necessary add half a cup more of sifted flour, but keep the dough soft. Knead lightly, roll out, cut in four inch strips, roll these in flour, twist together and fry.

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Nut Doughnuts:—Two cups flour, pinch salt, one tea-spoon baking powder, two table-spoons butter, one cup coarsely chopped nuts, one-half cup sugar, one egg, one-half cup milk. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder into a bowl, rub in the butter, and add the nuts and sugar. Mix to a rather stiff dough with the egg and milk, turn onto a floured board, and roll out two-thirds of an inch thick. Cut and fry in fat until golden brown, then roll in powdered sugar while warm.

Potato Doughnuts:—4 medium-sized potatoes, 2 table-spoons butter, 4 eggs, flour, 2 cupfuls sugar, 1 tea-spoon salt, 4 tea-spoonfuls baking powder. Boil and mash potatoes. Add butter, beaten eggs, sugar, and salt. Mix the baking powder with two cupfuls of flour and add to the mixture. Add enough more flour to make a dough stiff enough to roll a half-inch thick. Cut and fry and roll in sugar.

Chocolate Doughnuts:—Sift together three cupfuls of sifted pastry flour, two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, one-half a tea-spoonful of salt, one-fourth tea-spoonful of mace and one-fourth tea-spoonful of soda. To one egg and the yolk of another egg, beaten light, add one-half a cupful of sugar, one table-spoonful of melted butter, one-half a cupful of freshly mashed potato and three-eighths cupful of rich, sour milk. Mix all together, then stir into the dry ingredients. When thoroughly mixed, stir in two table-spoonfuls of melted chocolate. Take a little of the dough on a floured board, knead slightly, pat, and roll into a sheet of one-fourth of an inch thick and cut out the dough with a very small cutter. Fry in hot fat and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Raised Doughnuts:—Scald and cool one cup of milk; when lukewarm add quarter of a yeast cake dissolved in water, one tea-spoon of salt and flour enough to make a stiff batter; let rise overnight. In morning mix in a third of a cup of lard and butter melted, one cup light brown sugar, half a nutmeg grated, and two eggs well beaten. Add enough flour to make a stiff dough; let rise again, and if too soft to handle, add more flour. Toss on floured board, pat to three-quarters of an inch thick, cut with small cookie cutter, work in hands until round. Place on floured board, let rise one hour, turn, and let rise again; fry in deep fat, drain on brown paper. When cool roll in powdered sugar.

Jelly Doughnuts:—Roll raised nut dough rather thin. Cut rounds, roll to oval, place a spoonful of jelly in centre, moisten edge and press very firmly together. Let rise as above and fry. Roll in granulated sugar. Jam may be substituted for jelly.

Scots Broth is one of the old and nourishing soups which is seen on nearly every Scottish dinner table. Ingredients are 2lb. neck of mutton, 1 young, but good-sized rabbit, 1 teacupful of pot barley, I large Spanish onion, 1 carrot, and part of swede turnip. Wash the rabbit, remove the head and take the gall bag from the liver. Put as much water in your saucepan as is required for the broth, and a little over, to make up for evaporation. The probable quantity of broth required will be for eight or ten persons. When the water is just warm, put in the mutton, and the (soaked) barley: then, when the water boils, add the vegetables, cut small. Boil slowly for an hour, and add the rabbit and also a small handful of chopped parsley and a small handful of medium oatmeal; this must be slowly sprinkled in, and the broth stirred all the time. Boil for 3 hours, and as a young rabbit will cook in one hour, this should be taken out, and replaced about 10 minutes before the broth is done. Add seasoning of salt and pepper, and serve barley bannocks with the broth. The meat may be cut into convenient pieces and also the rabbit. Many people take the broth only, reserving the mutton and rabbit for a future meal.

Beet Soup:—Grate four medium-sized beets that have been boiled until tender. Add a pint of hot stock and a pint of scalded milk. Season with salt and pepper. Thicken the soup slightly by adding a tablespoonful of flour made into a smooth paste by mixing well with a tablespoonful of butter.

Cream of Onion Soup:—2 cups sliced onions, 3 cups boiling water, 1 strip bacon or pork. Cook onions in boiling water uncovered until they are tender. Drain onions and chop, being careful to save the liquid in which they were cooked. Add the chopped onions and onion liquid to three cups of medium white sauce.

Cheese Soup:—Fry half an onion chopped in a little butter till brown. Drain off the fat, and add 1 pint stock, half a slice of bread cut in small squares. Flavor with pepper and salt, and bring to the boil. Add 3 tablespoons grated cheese two minutes before serving.

Leek And Potato Soup:—2lb. potatoes, 6 leeks, 3 pints stock, 1 gill milk or cream, ½ oz. butter, salt, pepper. Peel and wash the potatoes and cut them up into small pieces; thoroughly wash the leeks, cut them up. Put them in the pan together, add stock or water, and cook gently two or three hours. Season well, rub through a sieve, and return to the pan. Add the butter and bring to the boil. Just before serving add a gill of hot milk or cream.

When shredded cocoanut becomes dry, put in a small sieve and steam. Cool before using.

One part of beef dripping to three parts of lard makes a perfect frying mixture.

HOW MUCH?

Appetites vary, but a little thought will make left-overs few. If you find it difficult to remember, make little notes in your cook book of such things as these for quick reference:

In biscuit-making allow one cupful of flour to each person if the biscuits are to be the main item for luncheon, and the family are hearty eaters; two cupfuls of flour for three persons is ample measure for smaller appetites, while half a cupful of flour a person is sufficient if the biscuits are to be supplemented by other hearty foods.

One cupful of milk forms the foundation for a corn bread sufficient to serve four or five.

One cupful of uncooked macaroni is the correct amount to serve four persons, if this is to be the main dish served, otherwise it will suffice for six.

One cupful of dry beans will make baked beans for four.

Keep three sizes of pie tins and bake pies according to the size of the family. From the small tin four generous pieces may be cut and it requires one cupful of flour for the crust. The next-size tin requires one and one-half cupfuls of flour. The largest size, from which seven servings may be cut, requires two cupfuls of flour in the making of a crust.

In making tea and coffee, it requires but an instant longer to measure the water with a quart cup, figuring four cupfuls to the quart. And there will be little to throw away when the meal is finished.



NEEDLEWORK DEPARTMENT

Mending Torn Clothes

By Margaret Moore.

Was there ever a house-mother whose mending basket was not full. There are always stitches to take and many times it is difficult to get at the making of new things so busy are we kept mending old ones.

Perhaps the most difficult are the sudden tears. Why do those triangles always happen in the very place that is most visible I wonder?

Darning is a less conspicuous method of repairing tears than patching although on garments which are subjected to very hard wear or to much laundering it is not so satisfactory. In woollen garments or woollen cloth darning is preferable since it is less bulky.

To make the darn as inconspicuous as possible, a raveling of the material is used, or if this is not strong enough a silk thread is split in thirds and one strand used. When only one set of threads has been severed as in a straight slit, whether it be warp or woof, this set alone needs to be supplied. If both warp and woof are broken they must both be woven in. The stitch which is used is a short loose running stitch, and as far as possible the darning is done on the wrong side. The edges of the tear must be neatly joined together by passing over and under them in alternate rows of sewing. The distance which the stitches are carried depends on the strength of the surrounding material. If it is much worn, the darning must be made to cover the thin places. To form a guide for the darning, a basting thread should be run just outside the area to be darned.

The three forms of tears which most often occur are straight, diagonal, and three cornered, or hedge. Sometimes there is a hole too large for ordinary darning, and it can be repaired best by placing a patch of the same material underneath and darning the edges down over it. There is almost always some place in even a ready made garment from which you can cut a piece to use in this way. A bit from the facing of a coat or the V shaped opening of a dress may be replaced by a piece of other goods as it will not show or a wide seam may give you a long narrow piece which you can make do.

A straight tear may be across either warp or woof threads, so the missing ones should be woven in. Start the running stitches as far above the cut, and carry them as far beyond, as it is necessary, in order to reinforce the worn part. When the tear is reached pass over and under the two edges in alternating rows, so that they are firmly held together. Be careful not to draw the threads too tightly as this will cause a puckered appearance.

In a bias or diagonal tear both the warp and the woof threads are severed and must be supplied. The running stitches should follow the warp and woof threads of the cloth, not placed at right-angles to the cut. The warp threads should be put in first, as far beyond the tear as necessary, and the woof threads then woven in. The woof threads may be laid farther apart than the warp. As this tear is on the bias care should be taken not to stretch it crooked.

Where especially fine work is needed it sometimes helps to paste the cloth to a piece of kitchen oilcloth or architect's tracing linen or any glazed cloth which will not catch the needle as you darn over it.

In the three cornered tear, also, both warp and woof are severed, but not often on the bias. It is wise to run a few threads of basting thread to hold the cloth with this kind of tear, in place, even if you do not paste it onto a glazed backing. The darning is first done following the warp threads from one end to the corner, then the woof threads are replaced in the same manner. At the corner there will be a square darn when the supplied warp and woof threads will interlace.

When you have to put a patch under a large torn or worn place cut a piece of the cloth large enough to cover the hole or worn spot, and to extend far enough beyond to reinforce it. If the material is figured or has a nap it should be matched. Baste the right side of this patch to the wrong side of the garment with the warp and woof threads matching. On the right side darn down the raw edges without turning them under. If the irregular edges are not entirely trimmed away, the unevenness of them will make the darned place less conspicuous. Do not carry the running stitches across the patch if it is a large one. The edges of the patch on the wrong side may be caught down with a long hemming stitch.

When the holes are mended trim off all ends and frayed edges that brush out then press the mended place carefully. Never put your iron on the material but use a damp cloth between. Never lay the iron down lest it make a mark but move it gently over the place. Hard rubbing will make the cloth shiny and the patch conspicuous.

For use for tears in men's clothes or cloth dresses it is well to have on hand a strip of tailors' tissue. At times a tear is made in the front panel of a dress or the leg of a pair of trousers where there is no great strain on the cloth. In such a case the cloth may be caught together with ravelings of warp and woof or both but it need not be finely darned. When caught together on the right side the garment should be turned and pieces of the tissue laid over the darn so as to cover it all. A piece of thin strong lining or silk should then be cut and laid over the tissue, and ironed gently with a warm, not hot iron. The tissue will stick the lining to the cloth and while it stiffens the fabric a little will make a neater and less visible mend than careful darning.—M.G.

Our Pattern Service



6038. Wool crepe or wool georgette with facings of contrasting material would be suitable for this style. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. To make the Dress for an 8 year size will require 2⅛ yards of 36 inch material together with yard of contrasting material, cut lengthwise, for plait panels and facing on collar, cuffs, belt and pocket flaps. Price 15c.

6024. Velvet, canton crepe, tweed or cashmere could be employed in the making of this pleasing model. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 3¾ yards of 39 inch material together with ⅜ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and belt. Also ⅞ yard of lining 36 inches wide for the underbody. The width at the lower edge of the skirt with plaits extended is 1¾ yard. Price 15c.

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For Blouses, etc., give BUST MEASURE in inches. .....

For Misses and Children give age only in years .....

Shamrock Motif

Abbreviations—St, stitch; tr, treNe; ch, chain; dc, double crochet, pt, picot. A picot is 1 dc in the 5th of any number of ch.

Irish lace thread No. 36, and fine steel hook.

1st row—Begin with 6 ch, pt, 6 ch, pt, 6 ch, pt, slip st, sl st to first ch.

2nd row—* 7 ch, 1 dc between first 2 pt. Repeat from * between each picot, making 3 loops of 7 ch.

3rd row—1 dc, 1 short tr, 7 tr, 1 short tr, 1 dc in each loop, 18 ch, pt, 6 ch, pt, 6 ch, pt, sl st to the ch before first pt, then work 2nd and 3rd rows again to make another shamrock, do 9 dc, **, 5 ch, 9 dc over the chain between shamrocks. Fasten off neatly.

Make another pair of shamrocks, working to **, 2 ch. catch to 5 ch loop on first pair, 2 ch, 9 dc over remainder of ch. Fasten off.

Now work round.

1st row—1 dc in middle st of last petal on a shamrock, * 6 ch, pt, 6 ch, 1 dc on the joining over the 6 ch, work 6 dc, 6 ch, pt, 1 ch, 1 dc in middle st on first petal on next shamrock, 7 ch, pt, 7 ch, pt, 2 ch, 1 dc on 4th st of next petal, 7 ch, pt, 7 ch, pt, 2 ch, miss 3 st, 1 dc on next on same petal, 7 ch, pt, 7 ch, pt, 2 ch, 1 dc in middle st of last petal. Repeat from * three times more.

2nd row—Sl st back to 2 ch between last 2 pt made, * 7 ch, pt, 7 ch, pt, 2 ch, 1 dc between first 2 pt on next shamrock, 7 ch, pt, 8 ch, pt, 2 ch, 1 dc between next 2 pt, 7 ch, 1 dc in same place, 7 ch, pt, 8 ch, pt, 2 ch, 1 dc between next 2 pt. Repeat from * three times more. Fasten off.

3rd row—Begin with 1 tr in 7 ch loop at corner, 4 ch, 1 tr on first dc, * 4 ch, 1 tr between 2 picots, 4 ch, 1 tr on next dc. Repeat from * alongside, then work from the corner loop on each side after the last 4 ch.

4th row—6 dc in each loop.

Make a small thick ring as follows:—Wind the cotton 18 times round a not very thick pencil, slip off, and over the ring work dc very closely. Stitch firmly to the centre of motif.

SIRENS

"Out of the fog—the veiling fog—the
sirens swell,
Some sounding deeply, a low, mighty
growl
Gruffly complaining;
Others more tiny—thin, piping and high,
Shrilly explaining.
Distantly there comes the clang of the
harbor bell."

—Alan B. Creighton, in the Canadian Bookman.

If some persons are jailed for talking peace in time of war, why should not others be jailed for talking war in time of peace?—Rev. S. Parks Cadman, President of the Federal Council of Churches, in an address.

Ceylon and Indian Teas—grown 4,000 to 7,000 feet above sea level—blended to perfection—packed in air-tight aluminum—guaranteed for quality and goodness in every way—this is "SALADA" Green Tea. Sells for 38c per ½-lb. at all stores. - Try it.

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We will gladly mail, upon request, a recipe book of dainty ways to serve orange dishes.

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FATE

"How shall I spend the years?" I cried
And planned and dreamed in a fool's
content.
Then I woke to gaze o'er an ebbing tide,
Aghast! for the years are spent.

Spoil and waste of the winds that trod
Ever a wider, wilder sea.
"How shall I spend the years?" Ah God,
How have the years spent me?

—J. Holloway, Queensland.

Our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.—Shakespeare.

Without friends no one would choose to live, even with all other good things.—Aristotle.

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Things of Most Worth

From "Stories for Sunday Telling."

Once there was a very important king who was growing quite old and grey. He had three sons, Prince Proud, and Prince Charming and Prince Great Heart, all fine, good boys and for that reason it was hard to decide which should wear the crown when the king should not need it any longer.

Prince Proud was very important and he stood up very straight as he held a standard beside his father's throne on days of the council. His eyes were blue and his golden hair was bright and shining in the sunlight. Prince Proud would make a very good king indeed, the court thought.

Prince Charming was very kind and thoughtful of the happiness and comfort of every one. Dressed in a red velvet suit and with his brown head held high, he went about the throne room upon the days of the council saying pleasant words to all the lords and ladies. It seemed to every one that Prince Charming would make a very gracious king.

Prince Great Heart was the youngest and smallest of the three princes and sometimes it seemed to his father, the king, that he was strangely different from his brothers. Prince Great Heart once changed his beautiful blue silk suit for the brown cotton smock of a little plough boy because, as he explained, he wanted to see if the plough boy's clothes would fit him. On the days of the king's council which, every one knew, were the most important days of all, it was often hard to find Prince Great Heart. He would be off with the little court pages, or talking to the plough boy, or watching the ways of the brown squirrels and red foxes in the forest about the palace. "Little wandering Great Heart will not make a king at all," said certain of the court, and at times his father wondered if after all, they were not right.

One morning at sunrise when the dew was like diamonds on the roses in the palace garden and the towers and battlements glistened with sunshine gold, the king called his sons into his bed chamber.

"I am growing older each day, my princes," he said, "and less able to rule over my kingdom. I must choose which of you will take my place. To do this I will test you. Do you start out at once, Prince Proud and Prince Charming and Prince Great Heart and, taking with you only your day's food, search the kingdom for the Thing of Most Worth. What this is you must discover, but whichever of you finds it and brings it to me shall wear my crown and rule in my stead."

So the three princes started out to find the Thing of Most Worth. They were all greatly puzzled, for they had not the slightest idea what it would be. Prince Proud searched in the great city which was the capital of the kingdom, for he thought that everything of importance must be stored there.

Prince Charming went to the neighboring castles, for he thought that his friends would tell him how to find the Thing of Most Worth.

But Prince Great Heart went away from the city and away from the court and down to the fields where the little plough boy lived and no one could tell what he was thinking, for Great Heart's thoughts were very strange.

It was a long and busy day for the three princes. When night came they hurried back to the palace where the king waited for them on his great shining throne. They knelt down at his feet, first and then he bade them rise.

"Who has brought me the Thing of Most Worth?" the king asked of the three.

"I have," shouted Prince Proud.

"No, I have," smiled Prince Charming.

But little Prince Great Heart did not say a word.

"We shall see," said the king. "Show me." He pointed to Prince Proud who drew from beneath his cloak a gold casket. Opened, the light of a hundred precious stones flashed red and white and violet.

"It is the treasure of the oldest miser in your kingdom," explained Prince Proud. "He instructed me to bring it to you."

The king took the casket of jewels and laid it aside, shaking his head sorrowfully. Then he motioned to Prince Charming.

The prince came forward and held up a precious bit of filmy lace. It was as soft as a cloud and as fine as a spider's web and as beautiful in pattern as a snowflake.

"One of the princesses made it with her own hands," Prince Charming said. "She will wear it when she is presented to you. I could find nothing more valuable."

The king touched the lace gently, but he shook his head again. "What has my little Great Heart brought?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Prince Great Heart, holding out two empty hands. "I had no time to search. I stopped at the plough boy's farm and helped him all day with the ploughing, for his father is sick and furrows must be dug for the wheat." Two tears welled up in Great Heart's eyes.

"Come nearer, Great Heart," said the king. He took Great Heart's little hand in his. In the palm was a hard, rough spot where he had held the plough handle all day.

"Prince Great Heart has brought me the Thing of Most Worth," said the king as he touched the spot tenderly. "He brings to the kingdom the marks of unselfish work."

So Great Heart wore the king's crown and although, at first, it was very large for him, every one said that this did not matter in the least for he would soon grow to it.

A Bechuanaland Fable

By J. A. Woodey, in "News From Afar."

A long time ago, in the days when all the animals could still talk, a baboon went off in the morning to look for something for breakfast. He came all along the side of a hill, turning over the flat stones, seeking scorpions, and beetles, and grubs, or anything else to eat. He came on and on, and at last found a large python (snake) under a big flat stone, in a crevice in a rock, and unable to get out. The snake saw the baboon and cried out to him:

"Help me, O child of my father; take away the stone that I may get out."

And the baboon moved away the stone, and the big snake came out.

When the snake was safely out, he suddenly stood straight up, ready to spring on the baboon, to entwine himself round the baboon and crush him, and swallow him. The baboon begged and prayed the snake not to do so, especially as he had been so good as to help him to get out from under the stone. But the big snake refused to listen, and was just ready to spring.

Just then the hare came along and was passing on his way, and the baboon called to him to come and settle their dispute.

The hare asked the baboon to tell his story. He told how he was passing on his way just looking for his breakfast when he came upon the python in a terrible fix and helped him out of it, and for that the python was ready to kill him and swallow him.

The python then told his story: that he was also very hungry, for he had been a long time under the stone without food; and just then the baboon came along, just a nice breakfast for a big hungry snake; and if he was so silly as to let him out, why what could he expect but to be eaten?

Said the hare: "I don't catch the meaning of it all. You, baboon, tell it over again."

He told it over again. "Snake, you tell your story over again." And he did so.

Then said the hare, "I don't yet understand. The best thing will be for the snake to get back again under the stone, that I may see exactly what took place." The python went back into the opening in the rock where he was when the baboon found him, and the flat stone was put over him just as it was before.

When it was all ready, and the hare was looking at the snake in his old-fashioned way, his head on one side, with one ear down and the other standing up, he suddenly turned to the baboon and said, "Ngwega!" that is to say, "Off you go—run away!"

And the baboon ran off as hard as he could go; and they left the snake there under the stone, and he was never able to get out again.

"Ngwega" is an imitation of the bark or shout of a baboon when he is a bit excited or sees anybody about. The natives tell me that a baboon can count three, but can't count four.

Something to Make

A Weather Prophet

Do you know that you can make a fairly correct weather prophet from gum camphor? Put into a clear glass bottle of alcohol more camphor than the alcohol will absorb. Cork the bottle tightly. Watch the bottle. Sometimes the camphor will all be at the bottom of the alcohol; fair weather is ahead. Sometimes the crystals will be like feathers rising; unsettled weather is coming. On another day the bottle will be so filled with crystals that the liquid can scarcely be seen; when this happens make no plans that need good weather for their carrying out, as continued bad weather may be expected. The atmosphere of the house will affect the camphor considerably, so the bottle should always be kept out of doors. Keep a record of the prophecies and how they are fulfilled. It is very interesting.

A GOOD GAME

Lassooing Corks

Lassooing corks is quite a lot of fun. It can be played out of doors or on the table at home.

Get as many large corks as ever you can. On one end of the cork mark with colored crayon numbers—any number will do, but 5, 10, 15, 20, and so on are handiest, because they are easily counted. Then give each player a piece of string with a loop on the end.

Draw a line fairly near the corks where the player puts his toes when he is taking his turn.

Each player must try to put the loop of his own string over a cork. For each one he lassoes he counts the number on the cork.

The numbers are added up at the end of the game and the player with the biggest score has won. Spools may take the place of corks.

A Simple Trick

Lay two pennies on a table about 12 inches apart. Now ask your chum if he can pick up the right-hand coin with his left hand and the left-hand coin with his right hand at the same time without crossing his hands.

It will be funny to watch him try, and perhaps just as funny to see his face when you turn your back to the table and pick up the coins in the required way.

THE LARGEST ANIMAL

(L. E. Eubanks)

Many people are under the impression that some prehistoric animals were larger than any creature known to modern times. But there is no proof that ocean or land ever contained any living thing bigger than a blue or sulphur-bottom whale—many of which are still to be found.

The blue whale frequently grows to a length of 90 feet, and do you realize what this means? If the creature stood upright on his tail, his head would be as high as a seven-storey building!

So much for "height"; but we have to be less definite about weight, for the simple reason that there are no scales large enough to weigh the blue whale. It has been scientifically estimated, however, that Mr. Sulphur-bottom would tip the beam at about 72,000 pounds! This equals the weight of nearly 500 men of average size!

LIKE MOST QUARRELS

Ina came in from the country on her fifth birthday to visit her Cousin May. At night they were put to bed early. An hour passed, when heart-breaking sobs were heard from the children's room.

"What is the matter, children?" asked May's mother, entering the dark room.

From under the bedclothes Ina sobbed out, "May won't give me any of her peanuts."

"But May has no peanuts," replied her aunt.

"I know that," sobbed Ina, "but she said if she did have peanuts she wouldn't give me any."

DROWSY TIME

(By Olivette Morris)

Drowsy time in Bear Town,
Drowsy time for all,
Father drops the honey spoon
And lets his paper fall.

Mother and the baby
In the easy-chair
Settle down in sweet content
And sink to slumber there.

All the beary children,
Eating or at play,
Close their heavy eyes and drift
To Slumberland away.

So through all the winter
Till the merry spring
They will have no coal to buy
Or have to eat a thing.

And the bunnies whisper,
Pausing just to peer,
"Oh, those happy, happy bears,
When drowsy time is here!"

—The Youth's Companion.

Puzzle Corner

Enigmas

My first conveys the Irish lass
To Ballyshannon fair;
My second oft contains a mass
Of gold and diamonds rare;
My whole is worn by those I wot
Who gold and diamonds wear;
The Irish lass she needs it not
At Ballyshannon fair.

Answer To Last Week's Puzzle

A collection of plants: 1. Geraniums, 2. Heartsease, 3. Belladonna, 4. Marygold, 5. Belvidere, 6. Coriander, 7. Tamarind, 8. Oleander, 9. Nightshade, 10. Petunia, 11. Balsam, 12. Violet, 13. Carnation, 14. Hydrangea, 15. Dandelion, 16. Valerian, 17. Spiderwort, 18. Southernwood, 19. Spearmint, 20. Anemone.

Pets and Hobbies

A Competition for Boy and Girl Readers of The Messenger.

Every boy and girl should have a hobby, every child should have a pet. Indeed, interest in hobbies and pets should remain with us all through life.

By way of cultivating an interest in pets and hobbies the publishers of the Northern Messenger will. . . . .

(1) Send ten copies of the paper to each competitor whose letter is accepted for publication—these ten copies for distribution among writer's friends.

(2) Award a push-pencil (50 cents retail) to the writer of each of the three best letters published each week during the competition. These pencils take the standard size sharp leads available at all stationery counters throughout Canada.

We prefer that these letters do not exceed one hundred words.

Besides the above reward the following cash prizes are offered to boys and girls for the BEST THREE such letters:

SIX CASH PRIZES

Thirteen Years or under	$20.00 IN PRIZES	Fourteen Years or over
$5.00 ..	FIRST ..	$7.00
2.00 ..	SECOND ..	3.00
1.00 ..	THIRD ..	2.00

These general prizes are over and above the week by week prizes.

The letters will be adjudged by the Editor of the Messenger, who may call to his aid two other impartial and well qualified judges.

The letters should be about some pet or hobby in which the writer is personally interested and of which he writes with personal knowledge.

If the letter is about some animal a photograph or drawing may accompany it. But this is in no way essential to the competition. The use of such illustration is entirely at the discretion of the Editor. The letter, not the picture, will be the basis of the prize awards.

If to tell the story really well more than a hundred words is deemed necessary the letter may exceed such number, on the condition that for prize purposes the writer's marks will be subject to a 2 per cent handicap for each ten words in excess of the 100 word limitation, in favor of those whose letters do not exceed one hundred words. The competitor would need to feel that the additional interest possible through the excess words would more than take care of the penalty involved. There is neither harm nor advantage in the letter having less than a hundred words.

The writing must be clear and neat, and on only one side of the paper, preferably on "foolscap" such as is used for school examinations.

The name and address of the writer, age, and post office, should appear at the head of the story sheet.

As the competition proceeds we will probably have more letters than we will be able to publish. Therefore the earlier letters will have a better chance of being accepted, and no less a chance for a prize. There is nothing to prevent one from writing more than one letter, but each letter must be a separate and complete story by itself.

The closing time of the competition for the Cash Prizes will be announced in due course.

Address all such letters to

EDITOR: PETS AND HOBBIES
NORTHERN MESSENGER
WITNESS BLDG., MONTREAL

The Editor cannot undertake to return letters. Copies should be made, and retained by senders if they wish to preserve the story.

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

Tom: "Are Paul and Alice as inseparable as ever?"
Jerry: "No; they're married now."

"Don't you think it's rather conceited to say George has a tender spot for you?"
"Not at all. You see, father kicked him down the front steps last night."

Judge: "How many times have you been here before?"
Jones: "Keep your own records, Judge."

Simp: "What? You flunked that course again?"
Sap: "What do you expect? They gave me the very same exam."

Sandy bought two tickets for a raffle and won a $1,500 car. His friends rushed up to his home to congratulate him, but found him looking miserable as could be. "Why, mon, what's the matter wi' ye?" they asked.
"It's the second ticket. Why I ever bought it I canna imagine."



Cabman: "Stand steady, yer moth-eaten old baggage, can't yer! (Aside, to prospective fare): "It was the 'orse I was speakin' to, ma'am."
—Happy Magazine, London, Eng.

'I knew my wife lied to me when we were engaged."
"What do you mean?"
"When I asked her to marry me she said she was agreeable."

Lee: "Have any of your childhood hopes been realized?"
Joe: "Yes. When mother used to comb my hair I wished I didn't have any."



Man: "Hello, give me Central 1234."
Operator: "Br-r-r-ng. Heres' your party."
Man: "Is this Main 5678?"
Voice: "Yes."

Caller: "Are you sure the manager is not in?"
Dignified Office Boy: "Do you doubt his word, sir?"

"There's one thing I can never do without putting my foot in it."
"What's that?"
"Put on my shoe."

"My plate is damp," complained a traveller who was dining in a London hotel.
"Hush," whispered the wife, "that's your soup."

Joe: "Is Paul a good driver?"
Jim: "Well, when the road turns the same time he does, it's just a coincidence."

Wife: "Oh, you needn't think you're so wonderful. The night you proposed to me you looked absolutely silly!"
Husband: "A coincidence. The fact is, I was absolutely silly!"

Lee: "Did your wife accept you the first time you proposed?"
Joe: "Alas, no; I have only myself to blame."

Patient: "Doctor, why does so small a cavity feel so large to the tongue?"
Dentist: "Just the natural tendency of your tongue to exaggerate, I suppose."

Kindly Disposed Lady: "It must be very hard to be poor."
Needy Individual: "Hard? I've always found it easy enough, ma'am."

They were sitting together in the moonlight. "And," said the girl, gravely, "if poverty comes, we will face it together"
"Ah, dearest!" he replied, "the mere sight of your face would scare the wolf away!"
And ever since he has been wondering why she returned his ring.

Diner: "This is a very small piece of chicken you have given me, waiter."
Waiter: "Yes, sir but you'll find it will take you a long time to eat it."

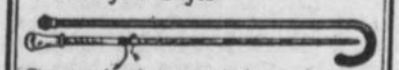
"Are you a native of this place?" the visitor to the sleepy little village asked a boy.
"Be I what?"
"I want to know if you are a native of this place?"
At that moment the boy's father appeared at the open door of a cottage and cried: "Ain't you got no sense, Jim? He means wuz ye livin' here when you wuz born, or wuz you born before you began liv'n' here. Understand? Now answer the gentleman."



Motorist: "Why don't you get out of the way?"
Victim: "What! Are you coming back?"

"Did that fellow keep going after he hit you?" the bystander asked the pedestrian, a-sprawl in the road.
"No," dazedly replied the victim, "he kept coming."

Canes for Gifts



Give your friend a cane—it's the gift that never wears out. It costs you nothing to see these canes, as I will. If they are not satisfactory, refund the money, including postage charge.

Straight canes—30 cts. 40 cts. and 50 cts
Bent canes—50 cts. 75 cts. and $1.00
(a slight additional cost for rubber tips and ice ferrules)

Sent postpaid to all parts of Canada. When ordering, give height and description of the person who is to have the cane.

Please state where you saw our advertisement

J. W. Murphy Sutton, P.Q.

Bobby (to his sister's beau): "Say, Mr. Hangoff, ain't you afraid o' Lil?"
Mr. Hangoff: "Why, no. What ever put such an idea in your head?"
Bobby: "Pa did. I heard him say to Ma a little while ago, 'I guess Lil'll get his scalp tonight. She's gone up t' put her war paint on.'"

"If Edith imagines Jack is marrying her for her money, why doesn't she pretend she's lost it all?"
"She's afraid he might believe it."

Letter Golf

Here is one of the solutions of the LETTER GOLF puzzle appearing last week. There may be others. This solution represents par golf, but players who show an aptitude at the game should succeed in occasionally making the hole in a fewer number of strokes than allowed for here.

P	L	A	N	T
P	L	A	N	E
P	L	A	C	E
P	E	A	C	E
P	E	A	C	H

THE RULES

1—The idea of letter golf is to change one word to another and do it in par, that is, a given number of strokes. Thus to change COW TO HEN, in three strokes, COW, HOW, HEW, HEN.

2—You can change only one letter at a time.

3—You must have a complete word, of common usage, for each jump. Slang words and abbreviations don't count.

4—The order of letters cannot be changed.

W	I	F	E
S	A	L	T

16-6

"Why such a long face, my dear?" asked the sympathetic lady.
"I love and am loved," sighed the maiden.
"Then you ought to be very happy."
"Perhaps I would if it were the same man."

Bob: "He cant' fight!"
Pete: "Can't he? Say, when he swings and misses the other fellow gets pneumonia."

Indifference is sometimes acquired at a very young age, and we have as an example the little boy who said to his father, "Say, Dad, that apple I just ate had a worm in it, and I ate that, too."
"What?" said his startled parent. "Here, drink this water and wash it down."
But Junior shook his head. "Aw, let 'im walk down."

"Justine, did you tell my dressmaker that I wasn't at home?"
"I had someone tell her that we were both out, madam. I owe her a little bill myself."

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BROKEN SHIPS

...By ALICE McKAY...

Author of "Red Letters"

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SYNOPSIS

At a party given by Eleanor, daughter of Judge Reid of Westmere on her return from college signs of storm begin to loom over the village. When Leo, the careless wild-living son of the Judge, invites the guests to drink his sister's health before leaving, it is well-known that Laura McLaine, daughter of the minister, and moving spirit of the Little Ships, an organization of village young people opposed to liquor traffic will remain out. Handsome David McKinnon, president of the league, also refuses wine, but his fair, young brother Ewan, drains his glass. At the next meeting of the Little Ships, Ewan resigns with cutting remarks to his brother and on Eleanor's election to membership, sponsored by David, Laura also leaves. A storm strikes the coast, and although David saves Eleanor from a falling tree, it is impossible for her to get home and Mrs. McKinnon takes her in. Finding a bottle of liquor in Ewan's pocket David takes it away. The following morning while helping Thomas Matheson put his wrecked cabin to rights, David finds another bottle and in wrath breaks it, while the irascible old man vows vengeance. Eleanor urges him to go to the city to seek fame and success and scorns his simple ideals. Aroused by a slight to his mother, he declares she will regret her pursuit of pleasure and she strikes him in the face with her pocket-book, fleeing to leave him torn by inward tumult. Judge Reid has pampered his wife and daughter, but Eleanor was the only one who gave him even a grain of consideration in return. His wife demands to outfit Eleanor for a trip to Boston, taking his last dollar. To pay for his wife's extravagance he has become enmeshed in bootlegging and his agent demands additional funds to carry on their trade while Leo, who has joined the enterprise, also makes demands on his exhausted credit.

(Now read on.)

CHAPTER VII.

It was "Rally Day" in Westmere. So the notice in the Westmere Bulletin read, and that worthy publication was never known to print anything that was not proven and reliable. It announced boldly and very conspicuously on the front page that a Rally Day meeting would be held in Westmere Hall on Friday, and it was to be "No Children's Sunday School rally either," although that organization is very essential and worthy in its own place. This was to be a rally for the benefit of all the grown up people of Westmere as well as the youth, and all were urged to help with their presence.

As a further inducement the names of the chief speakers were made public—Rev. Peter McLaine and Mr. Daniel McKinnon, Liquor Inspector. The meeting was to be at three o'clock in the afternoon. It was an ideal day, one of those soft, still days when nature holds silent requiem mass for the departed summer, yet keeps the bright smile of her sunshine in ever ready welcome to colorful Autumn. The Bay lay like a polished shield, rimmed with garnet and rose and shell-pink where the mirror-like waters reflected the glory of autumn displayed by birch and maple trees along its banks. Far out in the centre of the bay a tiny island rested lightly, like a rare gem in a silver setting. It was a blaze of red and gold, and the sun, assisted by a truant cloud, played loving pranks over it, shading and lighting it by turns. A wild duck rose from a cunning little nook beside this island paradise and sped away over the hills. He was guided aright for the next moment a boat shot around a point her white bow splitting the lovely expanse, and the hunter sent a shot speeding after the fleeing bird. It was of no effect, however, save to arouse thundering echoes along the still shore. Chagrined, the man resumed his rowing and passed on, ever on the watch for another victim.

The hills were slow in catching up the reverberating echoes of the stray shot, but they finally did so, flinging them playfully from one flame-colored crest to another.

The noon-day meal was partaken of hurriedly by most of Westmere's citizens on this particular day as all were anxious to attend the meeting. It was always a treat to be lectured by Daniel McKinnon, even if what he said to them was not always complimentary. He was one of those men who could admonish people for their shortcomings and still retain their affection.

Three o'clock found the hall crowded and every one seated with an air of expectancy.

When David McKinnon drove their car up to the door an audible stir and muffled whispers passed among the congregation.

Smiles of welcome greeted Daniel McKinnon as he passed up to the platform, and his pleasant face was alight with recognition of each dear familiar figure. No matter how long McKinnon's duties kept him away he was always glad to be back among the "home folk", for he was a home-loving man, and withal a firm believer in the worthy lines:

"New forms appear, new scenes unfold,
Yet the dearest friends are still the old."

Because of his years as well as his profession, Rev. Peter McLaine was called upon to deliver his address first. His words would be few, he said, and the subject would be patriotism, mostly. This was a temperance rally, but there were other things we must be temperate in as well as strong drink and narcotics, although these caused most of the other forms of intemperance. He chose as his text the thirty-seventh verse of the twentieth chapter of II. Chronicles: "The ships were broken so that they were not able to go to Tarshish." And from those words he expounded unto them, in so far as he was able, the other great problem of Canada, which, though less than the problem of intemperance, is of very great importance, namely, the exodus into other countries, of which that to the United States is chief. He made clear to them the golden opportunities here in Canada if they would only open their eyes to them.

"We are all rushing blindly on towards the bare and glare of the cities," he went on, "like moths that gather around a bright light, only to have their wings burned and their bodies seared by the destroying fire they sought so rashly. Humanity is ever eager to come to the unseen page of life, passing by meanwhile all the glorious gems that lie at its feet. We go to the city's galleries and stand rapt before the picture of a sunset, while here in the country we have the original, the real picture, hanging in wreaths of flame in the western sky. There we see a painted waterfall, silent, on canvas, in the country we may stand so near a real one that the fine spray will fall over us like a baptism. We may be shut out from the work of the Masters, but have we not free access to the royal gallery of the noonday heavens and the indescribable splendor of the midnight sky. Right here in this quiet, beautiful land we can get next to God, for He is to be found in the solitary place, apart, in the still small voice, more easily than in the maddening rush and grind of the city.

"Many of us seek fame and worldly honors, forgetting that all those things vanish as mist before the sun. Think of the great Egyptian monarchs who in their day warred and struggled for honor and high estate and won it. They died and were buried in great sepulchres with hosts of mourners following their bodies to their resting place. Today their dust is Egyptian guano, spread on the lands as fertilizer. Where now are the glories for which they sold their right to life eternal? It is so easy, particularly for the young, to lose their grip on the worth while things of life. This is a restless era. Science is rushing us on to new and unexpected discoveries. Messages are sent whirling through space, the air is full of peculiar noises as great ships fly on wings of speed over sea and land. We must be ever on guard lest in the midst of it all we fail to hear the still small voice that is ever pleading, calling, gently and patiently, for us to turn from those things that are corruptible unto things incorruptible. Christianity has become adulterated with worldly policies and polluted with self-seeking worldly fame and hypocrisy. We think only of advancement and honors of the world, never of those of the Kingdom of Heaven. The youth of our land flock away to work in the factories of great cities. Long hours they toil, closed in from the pure air and sunshine, yet so blinded are they in their seeking after elusive pleasure and transient gain that they fail to realize how they are cheating themselves out of their birthright.

"Some writers try to persuade us that the young people of today are looser in morals, more subject to be tempted, more careless about religion than the generations gone past. This is not so—far from it! On the contrary there is a finer, nobler grade of youth in our Canada today than the world has ever known. They have much harder battles to fight than we had when we were young. Science has taught so many new things that will, if we are not always clad in the gospel armor, shake the foundations of our faith. Enemies of all kinds assail our beliefs with false doctrines and perverted truths, veritable wolves in sheep's clothing, seeking whom they may destroy.

"Young men and young women of Canada! stay at home in your own beautiful land! Make use of the talents and blessings with which a loving Father has provided us all and make the glorious heritage of ours a land to love and be proud of. Think how our forefathers faced dangers, exposure and suffered unbelievable hardships to make this Dominion inhabitable for us—blazing trails through unexplored forests, subject to indignities from hostile tribes, yet praying always, they struggled on, until at last we have a land of law and order and plenty—yet we would leave it in great numbers and go into the United States where there is already an overabundance. I wonder if that is keeping faith with those who have gone before, or bearing the standards they have won and raised under such trying circumstances? Broad fields we have to till; illimitable forests to be conquered, great expanses of water teeming with food to be sailed, yet we join ourselves with those who do wickedly and build great ships so that we may sail to Tarshish. Because of this we will some day find our ships broken so that we cannot sail. Then we will realize fully our opportunities lost."

No gesture or needless exertion marked Peter McLaine's address. He spoke in plain English that the youngest member of his audience could understand, and by so doing was always rewarded by the undivided attention of all present. After a brief word of prayer in which he petitioned an Almighty Father to pour down from His abundant supply great blessings on the young as well as the old in Canada and to open their eyes so that they might be faithful stewards of His cause in this great land, he presented Daniel McKinnon to the people and retired to his seat.

Daniel McKinnon stood before the congregation of Westmere tall and straight, the example of unspoiled manhood.

The steady look in his clear eye bespoke a firm and indomitable will once it was resolved on what he thought was the path of duty, and it was not often that Daniel McKinnon went astray in his decisions. With a nod and smile he acknowledged the burst of applause that greeted him. His was the inclusive smile that seemed to be directed at the whole audience as an individual object. Well the people knew how quickly that smiling brow would be set in stern indignation at any suggestion of wrong doing.

There was a slight pause in Daniel McKinnon's opening address, and several present turned to follow his surprised gaze toward the door. Judge Reid had slipped unobtrusively into a seat near the rear of the building. It was seldom, if ever, that he appeared at any religious gathering, while he strictly avoided anything savoring of a temperance campaign. McKinnon was too well bred to make any display of his feelings, so he quickly regained his former poise. He did not say many words before his audience knew there was something troubling him, and if any had fallen short in their fight against that deadly poison, strong drink, they would be called to an account before he got through.

Distinct and forcible were the words he used, with no mumbling or hesitating over the next sentence, for Daniel McKinnon was a man used to public speaking from boyhood. He spoke briefly at first of his work in the nearby city where the headquarters of their operations were located. They were having not a few difficulties with sly bootleggers and cunning, practised smugglers.

"But what troubles me most," he said, "is the reports straying out from Westmere. Surely in such a place as this, where young and old are leagued, or are supposed to be leagued against intemperance, these things will not be allowed to go on. One particularly vicious bootlegger cast into my face during an examination that I should be home looking after the "Moonshiners", as he called them, in my own home town. He even hinted at a bootlegger's den that was supposed to be situated in this vicinity. All these things, of course, may not be true. I hope and pray they are not, but we find a little truth in most tales, it matters not who bears them. I mean to sift this matter to the bottom, and if one be found guilty, were he flesh of my flesh, he will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law, for anyone who engages in such a miserable business as bootlegging is the worst kind of a criminal.

"A man was overheard boasting that he made a great many dollars dealing in contraband goods. He made more than dollars. He made wretched homes, women and children poor and sick and weary of life; he made drunkards of young boys, and broken hearted women of their mothers. Oh, yes! he certainly has accomplished a lot.

"What is strong drink in any of its forms?" went on McKinnon, warming to his theme. "It is the deep damnation that curses and impoverishes millions, yet poor, foolish mortals continue to pour this vitriolic liquid down their throats. We hear men say that a few drinks are safe enough. This is a grave mistake. Our leading physicians warn us that even moderate drinking is injurious. It is inexcusable to drink one glass, for by so doing we help to foster the business that makes drunkards and set an example to someone else who may not have will power enough to stop at one glass. What we are striving for is to give our beloved Canada the victory over intemperance and all its attendant evils that are ruining so many. We are not fighting a losing battle at all. There is a decided fall off of the amount of liquor consumed in Canada, but there is far too much used yet. A few oily-tongued grafters try to persuade us that prohibition is a failure. These are Satan's agents going about doing their master's bidding. Where saloons once stood tempting with games and gambling, and with "soft drinks" dosed with alcohol to cultivate the deadly appetite, there now stand respectable homes, shops and churches. Where prohibition is passed the man who deals in liquors has to hide in the dark places of the earth, or sneak away with his vile trade into some secluded corner. It is our work to ferret them out and hold them up as an example of all that is wretched and corrupt and worthless.

"The devastating power of the drink monster is almost unbelievable. Like a plague it swoops down upon happy homes and reduces them to hovels of sorrow and misery. It destroys our fine young manhood and corrupts our fair daughters. Who with one spark of Christianity in his or her being would not fight this vicious destroyer with unflagging energy until it is destroyed and cast into the fiery pit of torment from whence it came.

"But let us not be so occupied with endeavoring to overcome the liquor traffic that we will overlook its companion evil, the cigarette. That the cigarette habit is increasing is only too evident when we look at our young boys coming out of their various places of employment and going about their duties on the farm; while sadder still, our young girls and women are now consuming millions of cigarettes annually. Let us all array ourselves on the side of the temperance army and see which one can drive the longest nail in the coffin of the drink curse. I myself am going to start big, unearthing this wily schemer who is carrying on his business in Westmere, and I will not spare labor or life itself to accomplish that end."

This and much more did Daniel McKinnon say, and many a one in his audience buckled on their armor anew and resolved there and then to fight this great curse of mankind to the end. There were those present also who, looking down into their blackened souls saw, as it were for the

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first time, the hotbed of evil and corruption that had lingered there so long, and saw themselves as worse than criminals. Chief among these was Judge Reid, and that day the seed of regeneration started to struggle for life away back in those dark recesses of his soul.

CHAPTER VIII.

Even One.

Laura McLaine was one of the number who formed fresh resolutions and rallied her reserve forces at Daniel McKinnon's impassioned plea for renewed efforts to further the cause of temperance. She was not one to lose heart on account of a set back, on the contrary, such occurrences as Ewan McKinnon's voluntary resignation from their fighting forces merely urged her on to harder battles. Rather than remain in the ranks of their sadly depleted "Little ships" she had resolved to break anchor also and sail a course of her own for a while. She was well read enough to know that far-reaching changes in governmental policies as well as in matters of social import were brought about by personal and individual forces, so why not in the cause for Temperance. Standing alone, she could accomplish much, as long as she had an absolute belief in her cause, and faith in her own ability, yet, not her own, but Christ, who, in answer to constant prayer, gives strength.

Laura's heart ached for the look in Ewan's boyish blue eyes. She saw them grow cold and mocking and knew that the boy hated himself at times for his weakness in drinking the poisonous liquid, and she greatly feared that it had taken such a hold on him that he had not the will power to stop. In her heart she criticized David for not making a greater effort to save his brother. She did not know that all his energies were directed towards concealing the whole miserable business from his mother. She blamed Leo Reid and his proud sister, Eleanor, for Ewan's degeneracy, and justly so, for it was they who had urged him to take the first glass that had paved the way to his craving for the poison.

A whole week had elapsed since the day of their Rally meeting, but Daniel McKinnon, although he was ever watchful and searching, had not succeeded in verifying any of the statements that were rumored abroad concerning Westmere.

Laura was in constant terror lest Daniel McKinnon discover that Ewan was drinking. She felt an involuntary instinct to shelter him from his father's wrath. In the simplicity of her nature she did not stop to question why she should have such a feeling for Ewan McKinnon. Some day, when that feeling was fully matured, she would understand, but now she was content to try and shield him, and save him, if possible, from the terrible quicksand toward which he was surely travelling.

This day, having finished her home tasks for the afternoon, she was strolling along the bank of the Bay. Her path led through a veritable fairyland of colored leaves and singing birds, yet she saw them not, for her brain was busy with her many problems. It was not often that Laura McLaine was blind to the beauties of nature, so, grave indeed, were the thoughts that would divert her attention.

A brown squirrel ran across her path carrying a chestnut; he cocked his head saucily, then, dropping the nut, he poured forth a volley of insolence. The girl's grave face was lighted quickly with a smile as she shook a finger at the little furred rascal. He whisked his brush saucily and sped away with his burden.

The crackling of branches caused her to stop, and as footsteps sounded coming toward her on the path, she stepped silently into a place of concealment. Presently Judge Reid came up the path and passed on in the direction of the Bay. She had caught but a fleeting glimpse of his face, but it sufficed to tell her that something was sadly amiss. He was white and haggard and a peculiar light shone in his eyes. Her first impulse was to retrace her steps homeward as swiftly as possible, but on second thought she hesitated. It was strange that he should be down here alone. As a rule he never went outdoors much. Curiosity conquered her fears, and, emerging from her hiding place, she followed him, walking carefully lest a breaking twig reveal her presence. A rift in the dense underbrush gave her a view of the cliff where it bordered on the bay. A small cleared area was carpeted with moss, and a few stray autumn leaves lay here and there, tiny splashes of flame against the green bed. Judge Reid stood on the brink looking down into the tranquil waters that lay far below. Wondering, the girl crept nearer.

She could see his face now, and its expression smote terror to her heart. She divined his intention even before he threw his arms up above his head and stepped to the very brink of the precipice. Quick as a flash, Laura sprang into the opening and with an almost superhuman effort seized the desperate man's arms from behind and pulled him back. Judge Reid whirled upon her with an inarticulate cry, and she thought at first that he would strike her. She was fearless now in the face of this man's great necessity. She knew instinctively that a soul was hovering on the brink of despair and here was her opportunity. All thoughts of self were banished from her mind for here was her chance to save even one soul, or at least to try. "Please, please, don't do that!" she implored, still holding Reid's arm. "Don't you know what a fearful thing that would mean? It would mean eternal punishment, and no matter how unhappy you may be in this life, it can only last a little while and is not to be compared to what you would suffer forever and ever if you did that."

She stopped, breathless and in alarm. Judge Reid had fallen at her feet. He lay white and motionless and his hand falling limp and useless, opened, disclosing a crumpled note. Laura picked it up and slipped it in her pocket, then, kneeling, she placed her hand over the man's heart. It was beating faintly and at irregular intervals. She dared not leave him to go for assistance lest he revive and finish the desperate deed she had already thwarted. She rubbed his hands vigorously and fanned him with her hat. Her efforts were rewarded finally by a flickering of his eyelashes, and with a moan he opened them wide to gaze in wonderment at the girl who was bending over him. Then came recognition, and with it, memory. The old misery crept back into his white face and he made futile efforts to rise.

"Lie still," said Laura gently. "You are not able to move yet."

He opened his mouth but not a word could he utter. Great drops of sweat beaded his forehead, and pitiful were his attempts to say something articulate. Laura thought of the men of old who had been struck dumb for evil thoughts and actions and feared that this was another such case.

She did not think of the paralytic strokes that had become so plentiful of late.

"Never mind," she soothed, "You will be all right soon. If you will stay here I will go for help. It will take me but a few minutes."

The man's eyes rested on her face in a look of acquiescence.

"And if you do recover, you promise me not to attempt that again," she motioned to the bank. "We are bought with a price, you must remember. Our lives are not our own. No matter how far down in the mire of sin we are, our Saviour can pick us up and make us whiter than snow."

She laid her hand on his white, furrowed brow as she spoke, and at the unaccustomed kindness his tired eyes filled with tears.

"I don't know what is troubling you," she went on, "but whatever it is prayer can remove it. He is great and merciful and quick to understand our sorrows who Himself has borne our iniquities and suffered the accursed death on the cross for us. You can pray, can't you?"

He nodded with an effort.

Making him as comfortable as possible Laura sped away swiftly toward home. She found her father and Daniel McKinnon in deep consultation in the former's study and roused them out with little ceremony. Little Gertie McKinnon was despatched in haste for David and Ewan.

Laura neglected to tell all the facts of her discovery. She merely stated that Judge Reid was lying prostrate on the cliff road unable, when she left him, to speak or move. David McKinnon brought his motor truck, and they lifted him tenderly and laid him on rugs in the back.

Mrs. McKinnon called Edith Reid and prepared her for her husband's home coming. Eleanor had taken her departure for the city early that morning, and Mrs. Reid was not aware of her husband's absence. She thought he was in the library where he usually spent his afternoons.

So they brought him home to his luxurious residence, the residence for which he had paid such a fearful price, and laid him on his comfortable, richly-furnished bed. His wife showed very little sympathy for his condition, merely upbraiding the prostrate man for his carelessness in straying away from home without notifying her. She wired to Halifax for a physician, and dismissed the men who had brought her husband home with a few cool words of thanks. She chose to ignore David McKinnon entirely, an act that was not lost to the boy's sensitive feelings.

Judge Reid made no sign that he heard aught of his wife's remarks. His weary eyes followed Laura McLaine as she gave a few finishing pats to his pillow and laid her cool hand in a comforting touch on his aching brow. When she passed out beyond his sight he closed his eyes and turned his face toward the wall.

Laura McLaine was deep in the intricacies of her own problems as they returned homeward, and although David McKinnon longed to speak to her, he dared not venture through the cloak of abstraction with which she shrouded herself. She wondered what could be the trouble in Judge Reid's life that he should want to terminate it in such a manner. A great many people envied the Judge his lovely home and manifold comforts. There was not perfect harmony between himself and his wife, and his son was a difficult proposition. The majority of Westmere's inhabitants were aware of these flaws in the setting of his life, but they counted on his other comforts as counterbalancing such trifling unpleasantness. "Better is a crust where love abides than much wine and fine raiment in the midst of strife and dissension," muttered Laura, sotto voce.

She thought of how often her father had offered up prayers for those in far off lands who were suffering and in want, and of how they had worked to gather money to send to the foreign mission fields. She remembered hearing many of the young folk in Christian Endeavour speaking of what they could do if they were in places where people were poor and suffering and starving for gospel comfort. While they prayed and dreamed, here was a soul going down to despair at their feet, a heart breaking on the brink of self-destruction just for the want of a helping hand and a few kind words of sympathy. She upbraided them all, herself included, for a bunch of idle dreamers, and thanked God that she was given this opportunity to be of use to "even one" of his suffering children.

As they neared home she thought of the crumpled bit of paper and was surprised and disappointed to discover that she had dropped it some place, either on the road or in the Reid residence. She did not see her father pick the bit of paper from the roadside where it had fallen when he removed her handkerchief from her pocket.

(To be continued.)



NEW BRUNSWICK STARTS FISHERIES INVESTIGATION

The sessions of the Fisheries Investigation of the Province of New Brunswick opened at Campbellton this week. Fisheries are of immense importance in the economic life of the Maritime Provinces, where two biological stations are operated by the Biological Board of Canada under the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. There are two other biological stations on the Pacific Coast. Our picture shows the salt water tank of the biological station at St. Andrews, N.B., and inset is Mr. W. A. Found, Director-General of Fisheries for Canada.

ORIGIN OF TERM "ORANGE PEKOE"

Thousands of people every day read of and ask for "Orange Pekoe" tea, yet rarely know what this term means. Mr. Spalding Black, of the Salada Tea Co., gives the following information on the subject:

"At one time China produced practically all the tea used in the world. There the tip leaves of the tea bush looked silvery in color and when cured were wiry in shape. These tip leaves were called by the Chinese "pak-ho" (meaning silver hair). In the latter part of the nineteenth century, when tea growing had spread extensively to Ceylon and India, tea growers discovered that the color of the tip leaves on the Ceylon and Indian tea bushes was changed by the climate to a slightly more orange shade, so the Ceylon and Indian tip leaves came to be called "Orange Pak-ho." This was soon Anglicized to the term we now have—"Orange Pekoe," which should be pronounced "Peck-o."

The ordinary buyer of tea, when asking for "Orange Pekoe" expects to rereceive a Ceylon or Indian Black Tea. However, there are so many qualities and frequently at bargain prices, that a word of warning is necessary.

Everyone is familiar with the merchant who has perishable fruit and who sells for very low prices the last of the shipment which has lost its freshness, which the merchant wants to be rid of to avoid loss. The same thing applies to tea, which also is very perishable if exposed to the air. When you see cheap tea, it is either very poor quality or else it has lost its freshness and most of its strength, whether this tea is called "Orange Pekoe" or not.

In this age of well-edited newspapers, radios, automobiles and fast trains, accurate knowledeg on a great host of subjects is transmitted rapidly. The advance of science has nowhere been more valuable to mankind, except perhaps in preventive medicine, than in the means of protecting the purity and goodness of food stuffs.

Today, in accord with enlightened knowledge, the best tea is always sold in sealed air-tight packages, preserving it from deterioration in flavor and contamination from any outside source. Canadian tea-drinkers are today getting better and purer tea than ever before. The sales of well-blended and carefully packed package teas are constantly increasing as a result of the purity and superiority of these teas being advertised to the public.

Sixteen National and State Fairs in the United States and Canada have an investment in grounds and buildings amounting to more than $1,000,000 each, according to statistics collected by the International Association of Fairs and Expositions. The largest investment is that of the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto which owns grounds and buildings valued at $13,500,000. The next largest on the list is the Ohio State Fair at Columbus with a valuation of $5,000,000. The Toronto grounds and buildings exceed the combined value of any other four fairs on the continent.

There is a good reason why many men lose their temper when they shave. The nerves on the side of the face are linked closely to the anger centres of the brain, and disturbing them causes trouble. This is one fact brought out in a recent scientific study of shaving.

One Box Relieved Her Kidney Trouble

So Says Quebec Lady After Using Dodd's Kidney Pills

Mde. A. Picher Suffered Greatly With Her Kidneys

Bulstrode, P.Q., Feb. 8th (Special) "I have only taken one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and found an agreeable relief from pain," writes Mrs. A. Picher, who resides at this place. "I had bad pains in my kidneys and am now relieved. I always keep a box in the house."

What Madame Picher states is all that has ever been claimed for Dodd's Kidney Pills—that they are good for sick kidneys. The road to good health lies through the kidneys. If they are kept strong and well, all the impurities are strained out of the blood. If they are weak and out of order the impurities stay in the blood and disease is the sure result.

Dodd's Kidney Pills keep the kidneys in good condition to do their work of cleaning and purifying the blood.

Weak, nervous, run-down women should give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial at once.

MACLEOD'S WIFE

By Annie S. Swan.

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SYNOPSIS

Margaret Macleod finds that their beautiful romance is being spoiled by her husband's devotion to his medical practice. While visiting friends for the summer she is visited by her mother, Lady Mackinnon, her sister Patricia and Geoffrey Fielders on the latter's yacht. Fielders confesses that he cannot forget Margaret and Pat refuses his proposal of marriage. When Macleod's work prevents him spending the holiday planned by his wife at the cottage at Colinclach she accepts Fielders offer to take her to Skye on his yacht. Storm and accident to the yacht prevent their return and Margaret seeks refuge with Peter, the Portree doctor an old friend of Angus. He hears her story but finds, while visiting Angus to arrange for an operation on Mrs. Ross, that the doubts troubling Macleod and his fierce pride, will prevent reconciling the two. Visiting an aunt to secure her father's address in Spain she has a heart-to-heart talk with Pat and they reach real understanding.

(Now read on.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

In the Warm South.

Greatly comforted by the brief interlude which had effectively and for ever dispelled the clouds of suspicion and coolness between them, the sisters parted next day, Margaret to proceed to London en route for Spain, Pat to remain where she was, and await the next turn of fortune's wheel.

Margaret reached London in the morning, and rang up her mother at her club, only to learn that she had not yet arrived.

No doubt she was paying some belated visit on the way South. Anyhow, Margaret could not wait. She crossed by the night boat to Calais, and proceeded straight to the Pyrenees. She was an accomplished and clever traveller, at home in all countries, owing to her decided gift of languages. Poor Angus had often envied her in Vienna, he stumbling with an elementary knowledge of German over scientific subjects and terms. Quite often he had threatened to take her as interpreter to the cliniques.

Instead, she had industriously coached him at nights, and by the time they had sojourned six months in Vienna he had a good working knowledge of the language, and could read the heaviest literature without a dictionary.

A fluent Italian scholar, Margaret found Spanish easy, and, anyhow, she had the born traveller's instinct for doing the right thing and getting the best out of everybody.

By the time she reached Seville she felt quite at home in the warm, pleasant, picturesque land of Spain, and could understand how it had charmed her father. She felt excited at the prospect of seeing him again, and refused to entertain the whispering fear which sometimes thrust itself upon her, that she might arrive only to find that he had left the Catanja Palace.

She drove in a funny little fiacre which reminded her of early Paris days from the station to the palace, which she found to be an immense white building running round a square courtyard, which completely shut it in.

Wonderful gates of wrought-iron gave admission, and it looked like the private hotel of some grandee rather than a place of public entertainment. A dark-eyed serving woman with a picturesque headdress came out to welcome the stranger lady, evidently surprised to behold her. English visitors did not come in any number to Seville—this was only the second Pequita had seen.

In her best Spanish Margaret enquired for the Señor Mackinnon. The name was, however, the only part of the query Pequita grasped, nodding violently, clasping her hands, then casting her eyes in a very odd fashion to heaven, she poured forth a volume which Margaret did not in the least understand.

After having settled with the driver, who politely carried in her modest suitcases, she followed Pequita into the wide cool hall, which had a floor of black and white marble, and was bare and very stately.

She pointed the signora to a carved chair which stood just inside the vestibule, and disappeared. She was gone some considerable time, for the hour of siesta was scarcely yet over. After the heat and dust of the journey Margaret found the cool spaciousness of the Catanja Palace most refreshing. She did not mind how long she had to sit and enjoy it, though she did long with unutterable longing for a cup of English tea, and wondered whether her father and aunt had managed to make arrangements for getting it during their stay.

She could not imagine her father going without his tea. He had frequently said it was the meal he would most care to miss.

Presently she heard the continuous flow of Pequita's rather shrill voice and the sound of approaching footsteps, and then she saw him.

He gave a great start when he saw her. She sprang up and ran across the cool marble floor, and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, daddy, darling, darling daddy, here I am! I had to come! I couldn't live another minute without seeing you!"

Sir Donald seemed dazed, holding her almost as if he thought her a chimera of the imagination which would presently fade away.

"Margaret! Why, my dear, what is the meaning of this?" he stammered at length. "Where have you come from? You can't have come in reply to my telegrams, for they were sent only this morning, and you must have been at least two days on the road."

"Three, darling. But how tired you look. Is anything wrong, father? I wonder whether that is the meaning of the feeling I had that I must simply come to you at all costs."

"Your Aunt Elspeth died this morning."

Margaret withdrew herself, looking startled, and half scared.

"Oh, father, then I am glad I came. How glad I just can't tell you. You are pleased to see me, aren't you?"

To Margaret's astonishment and pain he made no answer except by a great sob which shook him from head to foot.

She put her hand through his arm, all her own troubles and perplexities forgotten, only aware that somebody needed her, and that she was there ready to help.

"Isn't there somewhere we can go to talk, daddy? This seems a very public place, and I'm sure Pequita is waiting round that pillar. I feel it in my bones."

"Yes, of course she is; it's what they all do. Come up to our sitting-room. I can't believe it, my little Peggy. Oh, my dear, but it's good to see you! I'm not a praying man, but I believe I must have been praying for you, and that you are the answer."

He carried her off up the wide, beautiful staircase, along interminable corridors, until through folding white doors he introduced her to a large sitting-room which looked somewhat like a ballroom, only it had some comfortable chairs. The floor was parqueterie of a very rare and beautiful wood, and the furniture was evidently a family treasure-house.

"What kind of a place is this, father? Is it an hotel?"

"Not in the ordinary sense. It belongs to some relatives of the man who married your cousin Audrey. They've grown very poor, their fortunes declining with the fortunes of their country, but grandees to the last. Elspeth came here to see the old man, and persuaded him to let us have some rooms here. He is not here himself—he lives right out in the country—but he has to keep this great palace up until he dies, and then it passes to the next-of-kin. The law of entail seems to be very strict here. There is no such thing as breaking it."

"How wonderful! And how long have you and Aunt Elspeth been here?"

"She has been here over a year. She seemed to find health for both her body and her soul here. We've been in Andalusia for the hottest part of the season, and came back before ordinary people usually return to the city, but in this house it is never too hot. The walls are twelve feet thick, and that keeps out both heat and cold. So you are here! I can't get over the wonder of it. I wired to you at your home in Glasgow to come and bring your husband. Directly your aunt got ill she asked that you might be sent for, but there was no doctor here who understood her case, and she died this morning after a three days' illness."

"Oh, poor Aunt Elspeth! I should like to have seen her again," said Margaret, and her eyes filled with tears. "You wired me at Glasgow—when was that?"

"Yesterday morning, but everything takes a long time in Spain. It is even quite possible that the message might arrive so mutilated that you would not have understood it. Have you come from Glasgow direct here?"

Margaret shook her head.

"Torridon was my last place of call. I saw Pat there and Aunt Caroline."

"And your mother?"

"No; I don't know where mother is. She was supposed to be at her club in London, but I didn't find that she had arrived, so I spent only a few hours there and came on at once. I am so glad I came, so very glad. Dear father, isn't it wonderful that we should be together again in this queer place, out of the world?"

"It is. I had no intention of staying out of England so long when Elspeth asked me to come out and see her, but I found the life very pleasant and the country interesting. It is the one European country, I do believe, that is unspoiled. I've been rubbing up my Spanish again. Of course, your aunt was a great linguist and a delightful companion in any foreign country. She could always tell you things. It's part of the diplomatic life, and I think she was pleased to be here, because Audrey spent part of her married life in this very house."

"Did she?" Margaret looked round the noble room with an odd feeling of nearness to the young bride who had had only a year of married happiness. But it had been very perfect while it lasted, so Aunt Elspeth had told Margaret once when they talked of her at Corryvreck. But how far Margaret was from guessing the real meaning of that strange feeling of nearness to Audrey Ludlow whom she had never seen.

"The world is very small, isn't it, daddy?" she said wistfully. "Why did Aunt Elspeth want to see Angus, I wonder?"

"Well, you see, partly because he's your husband, and partly because she's always been interested in him."

"But why?" asked Margaret wonderingly. "She knew nothing of him until that night she met him in the library at Corryvreck, when he was asked to make his choice between his career and me."

"Was he asked to do that?"

"Well, it practically amounted to it. He was asked to change his name and he refused."

A curious change passed over Mackinnon's face.

"There is a great story behind all that, and it will have to be told, but not, I think, till Angus comes."

"A story behind it! But why should Angus come? How can the story affect him?" asked Margaret with an odd feeling of apprehension mingling with her surprise.

"There are papers for him all in order in case he should not arrive in time. But we shall have to wait, Margaret. I do assure you nothing can be done till Angus comes."

"Oh, but, father, I don't believe he will come."

"Why wouldn't he come, and you here?"

Margaret shrank into herself before her father's compelling gaze.

"Well, I just think he won't," she said faintly. "His work, you know—it is very engrossing. It would have to be made very clear to him that it was absolutely necessary for him to come before he would leave it."

"The telegram was urgent enough. Your aunt was not then dead, and she wished to see him. It was stated specifically, unless, of course, some idiot has muddled it up."

Margaret sat still, staring in front. In the face of this strange new development, the meaning of which she could not possibly grasp, she could not trouble her father with the wrangling and the differences between her and Angus. Beside some hidden tragedy which as yet she could not sense, somehow they seemed puny and of little account.

"What are you going to do with poor Aunt Elspeth? Can you take her home to England or Scotland rather?"

"It's what I'd like to do, but she begged me not to."

"Did she want to be buried in Spain? How strange!"

"Your aunt was a citizen of the world. She loved Corryvreck, but she had not its spell in her veins as you and I have got it. Her last visit seemed to satisfy the hunger she had, and she quite frequently said she'd never see it again. We must bury her here tomorrow or next day. We can wait just a few hours to see whether Angus arrives."

Margaret sat in silence for a moment, overwhelmed by the progress of events. At one fell swoop the whole fabric of her life seemed to have been transformed into something bigger, wider, more completely impersonal.

She was a little dazed by it, and had the sense of being a mere puppet, with very little jurisdiction over her own affairs. Why had Aunt Elspeth come to Spain? Why had she summoned her brother to her side? Whence this extraordinary interest in Angus Macleod, which was certainly far beyond what even the most generous and benevolent aunt might have cherished? A sense of mystery was in the air, a pre-vision of some great unfolding. Her father, able to read her thoughts like an open book, said abruptly:

"Margaret, you may as well prepare your mind for great revelations. I wonder has it ever struck you that there was some mystery about your husband?"

"Well, of course, I knew he was not the son of Hamish and Mary Macleod, father. He told me that long since in London. Do you remember that afternoon I spent with him on the river while we were living at the Gate House and I had gone out with the idea of offering myself as a probationer to St. Thomas's Hospital?"

"I remember perfectly," answered Mackinnon in surprise. "But you never mentioned that you knew of the mystery."

"What was the use? Angus and I agreed that it should make no difference. Mrs. Macleod on her deathbed told him she was only his foster-mother, but beyond the mere fact gave no information."

"Then you must have sensed something behind your Aunt Elspeth's deep interest in him that night at Corryvreck."

"I was confused, father," Margaret admitted. "But, then, my one fear was that I should lose Angus. Have you anything to tell me now? What did Aunt Elspeth know about Angus's birth?"

"A good deal, my dear," answered Mackinnon in a queer voice. "She was present at it."

Margaret sprang to her feet, and something like terror was born in her eyes.

"Father, father, what are you saying?"

"The truth, my dear. Angus was born at Corryvreck, and his mother was your half-cousin Audrey."

Margaret's eyes nearly started out of her head.

"Father!" she repeated. "How extraordinary! How-how awful! Then Angus and I are cousins! I suppose he was born

Two Letters and One Reply

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—You ask for the best serial stories . . . one of these is "McLeod's Wife," now running.

(Mrs.) AGNES WEAVER.

Sandwick, B.C., Jan. 19, '28.

Another View

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—I have been a reader of the Witness over sixty years, and have held it to be the best influence for good that we have in our country. Recently have concluded that you reached the stage of moral decline in publishing that ultra-modern story "McLeod's Wife,"—a wife, selfish, discontented, deceitful and without discretion. Surely the readers of the Witness have the right to something better than triangle stuff like that.

C. C. PARKER.

Ermine, Sask., Jan. 4, '28.

Note

"McLeod's Wife" was published, as a sequel to "Maid of the Isles" in response to a large number of requests. Does it not show, to farm homes or doctors' residences, that, however beautiful the courtship, marriages may nearly be wrecked unless petty selfishness and mutual neglect is guarded against?

Don't Be Skinny

Gain Pounds of Weight in 3 Weeks with Yeast and Iron—*or pay nothing*



It seems incredible how fast IRONIZED YEAST adds pounds of good firm flesh—on women and men, children and old people. Doctors know the value of vegetable iron and yeast in building up and improving the body. IRONIZED YEAST, in a highly concentrated form, contains all the blood building properties of vegetable iron with yeast. It will give results in *half the time required by yeast and iron taken separately.*

IRONIZED YEAST gives you all the weight-building benefits contained in various sickening oils without upsetting the stomach.

New Complexion for You

People ask—what is the magic in IRONIZED YEAST that transforms sallow, lifeless, faded complexions into the fresh, smooth, lovely skin of early girlhood? Wrinkles disappear. Hollows fill out. No wonder thousands of women pour in letters to us in praise of the marvelous, youthifying effects of IRONIZED YEAST!

Yet the answer is simple. Vegetable iron and yeast have been used for years to vitalize the body; to make rich, healthy blood; to improve digestion and bowel action and add weight. In IRONIZED YEAST these two valuable elements are combined in a special formula that is nine times stronger than yeast and iron used separately. That's why IRONIZED YEAST works so quickly. No nasty, pasty taste. Safe to take—pleasant-tasting tablets in a handy bottle.

Try It on "Money-Back" Offer

Go to any drug store and get a full size treatment. If, after this generous trial, you are not delighted with effect, *ask for your money back.* It will be refunded immediately. If inconvenient to buy from druggist, send $1.25 direct to CANADIAN IRONIZED YEAST CO., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont., DESK 272-DD

PILES

Do you suffer with this complaint? If so, send me your name and address and let me tell you, free, how I rid myself of Piles by an old family remedy.

LEWIS E. RODNEY,

Box 250-B, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.



"BIG BILL" THOMPSON WELCOMES COSGRAVE

William T. Cosgrave, president of the executive council of the Irish Free State, being officially welcomed to Chicago by Mayor William H. Thompson at a reception given in honor of the distinguished visitor.

out of wedlock. Then who was his father?"

Mackinnon shook his head.

"That has never been divulged. Your Aunt Elspeth offered to tell me when she put me in possession of part of the sad story."

"But I still don't understand. I always understood that Audrey married someone out here, someone very well off at the Embassy in Spain."

"She did afterwards. One of his uncles was a grandee of Spain. He owned this palace. She lived here a good deal, and she died at his place up in Andalusia, where her child was born."

"Her child!"

"The second one—the one she bore to her husband."

"He, of course, knowing nothing about —about the other thing."

"Of course, knowing nothing. Your Aunt Elspeth kept the secret for over thirty years, as it had been buried in the grave. Audrey's father never knew or suspected."

"But I don't understand how she ever came to Corryvreck. What had happened?" said Margaret faintly. "Surely that was the very last place she should have come to."

"There are things that can't be explained. The Ludlows were living at Southsea at the time. I should have thought that a trip to one of the Belgian or French coast villages would have been better, but I expect that Corryvreck provided your aunt with a necessary cover. No explanation or cloak would be needed for that, you see."

"Corryvreck!" repeated Margaret in a whisper. "Angus born at Corryvreck! Does he know?"

Mackinnon's lips parted in a queer, twisted smile.

"A futile question, my dear. Angus knows no more than he told you, but he is going to know now when he arrives here at the Catanja Palace—God willing —tonight or tomorrow."

"Father," said Margaret, sitting forward then, her whole body tense and eager, her eyes full of fathomless fires, "if Angus was born at Corryvreck there must have been a doctor."

"Yes, of course—Mathieson, of Portree. Your intelligence might have told you that much."

"Oh, oh! Peter! And Peter has always known," she said, and sank back in her chair again, partly overcome. In a moment how plain were things made, standing out clear as Blaaven on a fine autumn evening when the mists have hidden diminished heads. Of course that was it. Peter had always known. He had brought Angus into the world, loved him as one of his "ain bairns." Only the other day he had pointed to urchins on the road, telling her that such and such an one was one of his "ain bairns." Why had she been kept in the dark? It would have made all the difference. It explained some things about Angus, too, some queer little personal traits that had sometimes puzzled her with their very familiarity since she had come to live with him in the bonds of matrimony. How extraordinary it was how rather terrible! What would Angus say?

"Daddy, I rather think I'm a little afraid," she said with a queer, wistful air. "Life is so terrible. Sometimes I can hardly bear it. Tell me, did Aunt Elspeth tell you more after she made up her mind to send for Angus?"

He shook his head. "She was very ill, though she did not know exactly how ill she was. But there was no doubt that she was determined to see Angus. She worded the telegram herself, and until she lost consciousness seemed to be watching the door."

"What did it say?"

"Simply this, 'Come at once to Catanja Palace, Seville. Most urgent. Do not delay an hour'."

"Oh, poor Angus, perhaps he'll think something has happened to me," said Margaret.

"That is as it may be. Just then, of course, we didn't know that you were travelling, and concluded you would read and judge the summons together. In fact, I expected you would both come."

A great sigh parted Margaret's lips.

"And nothing can be done till Angus comes. We have just to wait."

"That's it."

"And if by any chance he shouldn't come, what will happen then?"

"We shall bury Aunt Elspeth tomorrow in any case, and then take everything back to England. It will take some little time for the Spanish formalities, and their queer laws don't make it too easy for any of the foreign public. However, if the Comte de Catanja comes down from Andalusia, things will be made easier for us."

Margaret rose, feeling as if she were taking part in some quite unreal drama that had naught to do with actual life.

Glasgow, Oban, even Skye faded away into the background like ant-heaps on the horizon of the world. The mystery of life and death had dwarfed the puny concerns with which men and women occupy their minds and torment their days. A few minutes later she stood beside the great canopied bed with its coverings of faded satin, and looked upon the face of the woman who all these years had kept her hands locked upon the key to the door.

She looked very beautiful, her noble features set with the majesty which death alone can bestow, and does bestow even on the most insignificant.

Awe, wonder, a strange sense of littleness swept over the girl's spirit like a great flood, wiping out all other and lesser considerations. The tumult, the petty differences, and problems of her own life, which had loomed so vast as to shut out all else, simply faded away into nothingness.

A force greater than any she had yet encountered had swept into the arena of her life and bidden her stand aside.

She could only so stand and wait for the answer to the great, the only question—Would Angus come, and if he came, what was going to happen next?

Margaret in awe and hope and sorrow sank weeping to her knees.

(To be continued)

GIVE CONFIDENCE TO YOUNG MOTHERS

By Always Keeping Baby's Own Tablets in the Home

A simple and safe remedy for the common ills of babyhood and childhood should be kept in every home where there is either a baby or a young child. Often it is necessary to give the little ones something to break up a cold, allay fever, correct sour stomach and banish the irritability that accompanies the cutting of teeth.

Experienced mothers always keep Baby's Own Tablets in the home as a safeguard against the troubles that seize their little ones so suddenly, and the young mother can feel reasonably safe with a box of these Tablets at hand and ready for emergencies.

Baby's Own Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative that act without griping, and they are absolutely guaranteed free from opiates or other harmful drugs. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HAVE THE SUN IN YOUR HEART

Have the sun in your heart
Though it storm, though it snow.
Though the sky's full of cloud
And the world full of woe
Have sun in your heart.
Then, happen what may,
It will brighten to gladness
The gloomiest day.

Have a song on your lips
With a jolly refrain,
Then worry's dark goblins
Attack you in vain.
Have a song on your lips
And, happen what may,
It will help you to win through
The weariest day.

Have a word for all comrades
In need or in grief,
And see if what helps you
Can bring them relief.
Have a song on your lips
And you'll be of good cheer.
Have sun in your heart
And you've nothing to fear.

REMARK THAT BROKE A RECORD

Exchange (British)

Gramophone records made during the Three Choirs Festival at Hereford will be issued, but Cesar Franck's Symphony will not be among them. A casual remark by a woman has robbed posterity of the performance.

The work of reproducing the Festival music was carried out by means of the recording van which proved so effective with the Oxted nightingales, but though some good results were obtained, the Cesar Franck is lost for ever. All went well apparently till the end of the first movement of the Symphony, when the music ended in an impressive pause. At that moment a whisper travelled from the Cathedral via the microphone, and broke the silence in the recording van: "Tell me, my dear, where do you buy your stockings?"

It was a simple womanly question, but it had an exasperating effect on the men, who had spent days preparing to record the performance. By an acoustic accident the woman's voice—probably inaudible to any one more than a few inches from the speaker—had been picked up by the sensitive microphone.

There remained just a chance that the gramophone wax had not received the impression, but the acid baths at Hayes have shown the delicate apparatus had faithfully reproduced the words. The music works up to one overwhelming climax: "Tell me, my dear, where do you buy your stockings?" At Hayes the work is now known as "The Stocking Symphony."

With the object of enabling farmers of Manitoba to realize the advantages that accrue from the use of electricity on farms, a movement for the electrification of farm homes for demonstration purposes has been initiated by Hon. W. R. Clubb, Minister of Public Works. The work will be started shortly.

An air mail service between Winnipeg and Calgary may be established this coming summer, judging by persistent reports to that effect. Last summer the flight was made between those two points by Flying Officer T. M. Shields, of the Royal Canadian Air Force, in eight hours—the distance being 900 miles.

The number of men employed in Manitoba's mining industry more than doubled during the last year, according to figures recently issued. There are now more than 600 men employed continuously in the various mines of Central and Northern Manitoba, as compared with 250 at this time last year. This does not include the large number on railway or other construction work.

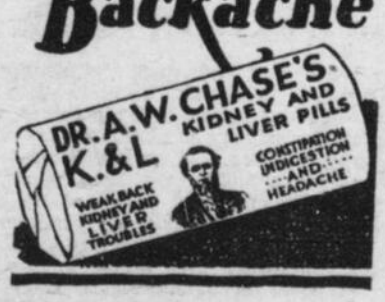
More than 500,000 pounds of wool were shipped last year by Saskatchewan members of the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Limited, according to W. W. Thompson of Regina, manager of the Saskatchewan and Manitoba area. There were also notable improvements in price and quality. The Saskatchewan farmers netted about $100,000.

A group of clay experts from Estevan, Sask., have acquired a valuable clay property three and a half miles from Readlyn station and have had a spur track built out to the property from the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Enquiries have been received by the Department of Agriculture from an importing firm in Kobe, Japan, for quotation on shipments of large quantities of Alberta wool. Tribute is paid to the high quality of wool from Western Canada, and the hope is expressed that this product may be utilized in supplying large contracts for the Japanese Government. Recently Captain Kawakami of Japan, visited Alberta investigating into the possibility of shipping dairy and beef cattle, horses and swine, from this province to meet the steadily growing demand from the Orient.

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FARM GARDEN AND HOME

Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

Pooling Wheat in Canada

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By Walter P. Davisson.

MEMORIES!

Thousands of our young men have had dual experiences—In "No Man's Land" on the Western Front, and as homesteaders in Western Canada. Those two activities are a world apart; the one an eerie blend of comradeship, death, hate, glory—the other as queer but a brighter mixture of work, life, hardship, hope!

No one can spend much time on the homestead frontier, without getting an intimate glimpse into the farm soul. Then, too, there is the creative thrill in the opening up of a new country, and a pioneer brand of brotherhood which grows nowhere else to such maturity.

In a general sense, you will find little peasantry in the West of Canada, and dominant social forces are seeing to it that there will be less. Today, the empty acres of virgin prairie stretch to the rim of vision. Tomorrow, the rigs of the land locators, lining up the informative iron records and the quarter-section of the surveyors. The day after, the coming of the first settlers.

Later on, that same summer I have in mind, the steel-gang nosed their way across the district, along the empty railway grade. The approaching smoke of the construction trains has been the chief topic of pioneer talk, ever since it was first discovered on the eastern horizon. It comes forward better than a mile a day. At last, the railhead is here! Two days later the first train comes unsteadily up the line at "construction schedule" of twelve miles per hour. Sixteen carloads of settlers' effects. Into the uneven spur-track they go, warily. Then commences the great unload. Every imaginable thing comes out of those settler cars—from pigs to binders—oxen, pianos, lumber, even women and children.

The first thing is to water the stock; and the next, to go across to the four store buildings and three tents which comprise the town that is to be.

That was in 1909!

If you move back into that district today, you will find it served by daily freight and passenger trains, and dotted with thriving towns and villages half a dozen miles apart. The familiar forms of grain elevators show up against the skyline in three directions. Trails have grown into roads; the oxen have long since disappeared—horses and mechanical power replacing those patient pioneers. The district is tied together by rural 'phones, and pressed apart by the wires of its fence-lines. The spirit of progress awakens down that earlier note of brotherhood. The sense of ownership is developed; but less understandingly than by the poetess Mary Gates:

"We till a corner of this earth today,
And call it ours—because we do not see
That it belongs to those who led the way,
And to the men and women yet to be!"

In those first rich days, in meeting a stranger on the trail, instinctively you both reined-in, introduced yourselves, and chatted for a few minutes. There were so many minutes, and so few people!

But now, a nod of the head must suffice; and tomorrow it may not be even that—for your friend sits on the Municipal Council, and omits doing some of the things you would have him do.

It is some seventeen years since our homestead days, out in "The Goose Lake District" in Saskatchewan. The little town of A———, located astride the Saskatchewan-Alberta border, holds many memories that come up out of those days, when we pioneered in that land, some 45 miles west of the railhead.

I remember the ranchers backing-up in front of the incoming settlers; but not before they said: "You're in the wrong country, boys—too dry, too dry for grain!"

I remember the exuberant energy of those first years; the oxen six-abreast on the gang ploughs, "in action," as the sun came up; and I can see them still, throwing the long shadows of the setting sun over the fresh furrows at both sides of an increasing field. Up they come, in the semi-light, on the final round—into the yard—the rattle of the unhitched chains; then the stampede over to the water-trough, where the six heads go down, and stay down while three barrels of water vanish! They loiter around the yard a bit, yawning, pole-scratching. Then, as though the leader had said, "Come on, let's go!" they file off singly down the fenced lane leading to sloughy pastures, and soon are lost in the shadows.

I remember, too, one year towards the end of June. Hardly a drop of rain had fallen during the month—June, the rain-month of the prairies—and the grain on the light soil had wilted sadly, but that on the heavy land was looking still fresh, just about three inches high, like strings of emeralds. Rain was the chief discussion, or, rather, the want of it. Men talked rain, and the women doubtless prayed for it; and each night we saw the clouds come up on the horizon, gather, and pass us by. I remember one night, things looked black and wild, with the fork-lightning flashing across the darkness, and showing up the rain-clouds which would not come our way. Before closing the hasp on the outer door, I went out for my customary inspection of the night sky. I am afraid that, in those days, the less stars I saw, the more pleased we were. Well, I came in and reported the moisture possibilities. It was the old story of hope—which we had lived on for a full month. We went to bed! We slept well in those days. In a few minutes, silence! Only the wind grew articulate . . .

Three hours later—1 a.m.—I felt someone nudging at my shoulder. It was my young brother. He had not lit the lamp. "What is it?" I asked. He said: "Listen!"

I heard the patter of the rain upon the roof; heard it pouring into our parched soft-water tanks; lit the lamp and saw it splashing in a flood against the windows. "Thank God! Let her rain!"

Even now, years after, I record the melody of that night—the symphony of the rain in a dry land.

I have seen these free-born men and women of the prairies work harder and more incessantly than men can be driven in penal settlements. I have seen their lanterns glimmer around the barns before daylight, and after it. I have seen their season's effort withered by drought; have heard the machine-gun rattle of the hail; and felt the keen chill of the frost at the very threshold of harvest. I have seen the light go out of those growers' eyes, as their hopes faded. It is out of such memories as these that I draw whatever there may be of merit, in the following esasys on "The Pool Way."

THE SEED-BED!

Someone has written: "If you will look over the wise and the great and the useful, you will find them down close to the ground." I don't know what the farmers would think of this sentiment. They should appreciate it; they've been so intimate with the soil with their lean brown faces and their iron hands.

Yet they know—and so do most of us—that there had been something very wrong with rural life. On the prairies of Canada, it took a man from Chicago to teach us our latest lesson—that production was only half of farming, and that the other half was marketing.

The drift from farm to city, going on throughout North America, is no aimless migration. There is a real urge behind it. It will probably continue until a way is found to strike a better balance between rural and urban standards of comfort, culture and leisure. The color and vitality in city life magnetizes the imagination of rural youth. It has been more than a match for the merits of country life, as the sun blots out the stars.

It is here that I sense the nation's concern in the successful development of organized rural marketing. It is in the wider distribution of the pleasant superfluities of life—radios, power, running water, mechanical heat and light, autos, 'phones, movies—out across the farms of North America, that I see the grandeur of a better and brighter day. From rural to urban prosperity is a brief step!

Looking back to the first years of the twentieth century in Western Canada, it will be seen that each organization effort of the farmers has held public favor for a time, waned, and given place to its oncoming successor.

A lot of water has flowed to the sea since that group of seventy-five settlers gathered at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, in 1901—under the leadership of Dayman and Motherwell, and fathered the movement of the organized farmers in the West of Canada. Just a quarter of a century links those pioneer "Grain Growers" to the giant Pool structures of today. The road between has witnessed an unending effort. Men and women have grown old in that rural service. The organization seed was sown deep. Its growth has been spread across the years—depression and prosperity, war and peace—but the direction seldom has been in doubt. That seed-bed has been too generously watered with rural tears to be sterile. Here and there the successful organization waves deployed somewhat to the right or to the left; took new objectives and called out fresh leadership; reminding me of the following paragraph from the pen of a famous historian, covering a period from the rise of Greece to the Christian era:

"The upward movement has been baffled by so many struggles and so many stumbles, that critics have not been lacking, to suggest that we do not advance at all, but only swing in circles—like a squirrel in its cage. Certain it is, that each ancient civilization seemed to bear in itself the seeds of its own destruction. Yet it may be held with equal truth, that each new power, rising above the ruins of the last, held something nobler, was borne upward by some truth its forerunner could not reach."

Any man or woman who has travelled the road in the West of Canada since 1901—or half of that road—will recognize the operation of these principles. Each of the major efforts which, from time to time, has held the centre of the farm stage, played-out its allotted part and moved off into the pages of our history.

Although Western Canada was literally a "No Man's Land" as late as 1874, it has already become a prime factor on the wheat map of the world.

On the surface, one would expect this to mean unprecedented prosperity; but the inescapable capital expenditures consequent to the opening-up of a new country—building railways, roads, homes, schools, hospitals, and the democratic framework of government in rural, urban and provincial life, have had to be largely borne by the pioneers. Moreover, as the bushelage has grown to vast proportions it has not been always possible to turn back to the growers an adequate net revenue. Some hectic profit-years there have been—the war years with their $2 and $3 grain, and may they never return! Those abnormal times have left some ugly scars on the economic body; the result of luxurious indulgence and over-expansion. The swing-back has been difficult, and more wholesome than pleasant.

Out of that seed-bed came the Canadian Wheat Pools, with their organized bargaining power.

Today, if you travel the same route across these plains, you will find still much to be desired, plenty of room for improvement, many economic entanglements; but you will also find a new spirit, and that in scores of thousands of the growers' homes, despair has been replaced by hope. Yet, as these words are written, the mightiest battle in the history of rural Canada is joined. The rival camps may be labeled "Pool" and "Non-Pool"—the organized farmers on the one hand, and the organized grain trade on the other.

(To be continued)

EARLY BEARING TREES

The principal factors which influence early bearing are the following: Setting precocious varieties, summer-pruning the trees while young, setting the orchard on soils which are not overfertile, and being conservative in our use of cultivation and fertilizers which promote growth.

Now, any one of these is legitimate if kept within bounds. We might easily justify setting McIntosh, which comes into bearing in five or six years, in preference to Northern Spy, which takes ten to fifteen years; and we might well be cautious enough in our use of nitrogenous fertilizers so that our trees do not overgrow.

But on the other hand, we ought always to keep in mind the fact that for the first ten years at least we are building up our manufacturing plant which will yield us returns for many years; to build a good one should be our first concern.

In an experimental orchard in which part of the trees had been summer-pruned and part had been pruned during the dormant season, the former, at eight years of age, had produced several times as many apples as the latter. But they showed it, and, says F. C. Sears, head of the Pomology Department of Massachusetts Agricultural College, I would far rather have an orchard of trees like the dormant-pruned.

Do not be afraid of making the tree grow vigorously for the first four or five years. Get eighteen inches to two feet on the leaders if you can, for it requires a big tree to carry a big crop.

Quack grass is one of the worst weeds in the West. For methods of control for this and other weeds, write to South Dakota State College for Bulletin 211. It will be mailed to you free of charge.

Crop rotations and growing of legumes help to bring more profit from wheat growing. These practices help to rid the land of volunteer rye, wild oats and many other weeds, and help to produce better quality wheat.

Exercise taken in a leisurely quest for feed is very beneficial to breeding ewes. In order to induce mild exercise it is a good practice to scatter such feed as corn stover or hay thinly on the ground over a considerable distance.

Research work by a number of experiment stations has indicated that the only minerals required for livestock are calcium, phosphorus, common salt, and iodine. Don't buy tonics and condition powders for feeding dairy cows. If minerals are needed in the ration, other than those found in the common feeds such as alfalfa hay, oilmeal, bran, corn, oats, corn silage and roots, they can be provided by feeding bone meal, ground limestone, air-slaked lime or wood ashes.

A mixture of oats and rape for early spring hog pasture is excellent. If not pastured too closely, this mixture will furnish pasture until mid-summer or until dry weather stops the growth of the rape.

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The Homesteader Has a Runaway

By George Kingsley Reed, J.P.

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It was early in the summer and we were "low" in pocket and lower in the larder. The long winter with little or no work had almost exhausted our means, it had been a case of buying everything except potatoes of which we had about enough.

We were needing flour and tea as well as a few other small things, but the flour was our greatest worry—five dollars for a sack of flour was quite an item. However! we decided to cut a double cord of green birch and take a single cord in to the village store seven miles away over the hills and a muddy road.

Some birch trees were sawed down, then cut up into blocks of twenty inches, these were split up into convenient size for a stove and piled eight feet long, four feet high, when I had the double cord cut and piled there came a heavy rain making the roads very bad, but still the flour was done and I had to go.

Our harness had got wet in the rain so I took the lines off and greased them, then hung them up behind the kitchen stove so that the grease would soak in. I left them there while I hitched up "Jim" in the waggon, led him over to where the wood was piled and loaded a single cord on, then led him over in front of the house which was then situated on a side hill.

As I was leaving him I said, now "Jim" just you stand there for a minute while I go and get the lines. I had just put my hand upon the kitchen door when he started off as if bitten by a fly. He wheeled around and went down the hill, the waggon hitting stumps and pieces of "slash" and finally overturning and throwing the horse into a heap.

Talk about a mess, wood scattered in all directions, shafts broken—cross bar broken—harness broken and goodness knows what, I was so "het" up that I did not know what to do. One thing was sure, I had to make the trip or we would go hungry until I did, so after a good deal of the usual provocation I managed to get the harness off and the horse up, and turned out to pasture (if he could find any) then I got my tools out and righted the waggon, hewed a new cross piece out of some yellow birch and got it fitted in, then spliced the shaft and repaired the harness. Fortunately I had a stock of copper rivets and odd pieces of strap which came in very useful for that occasion.

Usually one trip to Feronia (the store) is enough for one day even if one starts away in the forenoon, but now it was dinner-time and I had not left, I fed the horse a few oats and some hay, we had pancakes as there was not enough flour to bake, then I loaded the waggon and started off.

Whatever happened to old Jim that day I do not know but he was as contrary as a mule all day, it was very stiff pulling and it was late in the afternoon when I finally reached the store. "Hello!" the man said, "you got wood, I give tree dollar single cord, you pile off here then I pay."

While I was piling off I let "Jim" eat, then I went in and asked for a sack of flour—"Oh no!" he said, "tree dollar, you stranger—me not know you, go get single cord more then I give," finally I persuaded him to let me have the flour promising faithfully that I would return the next day with another single cord.

True to my promise I fully intended to be, but "Jim" was so played out by the time we reached home that I had some doubts as to whether I would be able to go or not, it had been a very trying day for me too, but after a good night's sleep and a bowl of porridge and milk (we had a cow) I delivered the other cord without much trouble.

When I figured out the hours spent and the value of the wood—horse—feed and breakages I was a couple of dollars in debt, but I had the flour and the tea and that was a "life saver" those days.

That was the last time I attempted a job like that, I have walked two, three yes four miles to work for a neighbor for a dollar and fifty cents a day and board, but it was net, no breakages, no "leaness of soul" this was pioneering, from one day to another, from one dollar to another, but it was a great test for stability of purpose and we won, yes we won because we refused to quit.

Where we could not run we walked and when we could not walk we stood awaiting God's guidance. He has never, no never failed us, although I am afraid we provoked Him at times as most people do, but today after many varied experiences we can truthfully say that His is a bountiful Providence.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn,
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

The Farmer Wants Some Shade

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—It was with considerable interest, not to say amusement, that I read Mr. D. M. Nasmith's letter in the last issue of the Witness. It is evident from the picture of farm life that he draws that Mr. Nasmith has seen no more of farm life than the glimpses he catches as he drives along the country roads in the evening, taking his leisure while the farmer and his wife, as Dr. Ormerod says, are milking the cows and the farmer's son is weeding the garden, or else he is one of those super-optimists who, like the ostrich, refuse to look at what they do not want to see.

The Farmer's Place in the Sun! Let me tell Mr. Nasmith that this farmer would like a chance to take a rest in the shade some time. It is true that the stage comedian, Farmer Corntassel type of farmer is seen no more, if he even existed, but to picture the new farmer as enjoying all the pleasures and luxuries of city life, a sort of cheap imitation of his city relations, is to err just as much in the opposite direction. Country life, in spite of radios and electric washing machines and telephones and autos is still vastly different from city life. We have all modern conveniences, perhaps, but one sometimes gets tired of the cold impersonality of the radio, and longs to see the men who are making the music. The farmer's wife, sometimes, just like the city man's wife, gets tired of cooking and longs to eat some meal that she has not prepared herself, but there is no restaurant conveniently around the corner, nor can she send one of the kids down to the corner grocery for supplies when company drops in unexpectedly.

From his comfortable armchair in the city, an armchair which he can leave any minute for one just as comfortable in a theatre, concert hall, hockey arena or club, the city man is accustomed to survey in his mind's eye what he considers the typical farm home, "the almanac and telephone book suspended from a hook," with which the farmer can while away his leisure moments, both of them, "the department store annual catalogue on the window ledge," poor substitute for the real thing, as anyone who has tried to get good-fitting clothes from a catalogue can certify, and the radio, that banisher of loneliness and care, that 'open sesame' to all the world's music and entertainment, the 'world's voice" with its static breaking in on the midst of the orchestral selections, selections which the city man is hearing first hand from his comfortable seat in the auditorium. The radio is a wonderful invention, and has done much towards banishing the loneliness of farm life, but it is after all, but a poor substitute for the real thing. So no more of "the landed aristocracy" and the luxuries of the farm.

But in spite of all the crabbing I have been doing, I like the farm, and to paraphrase Sir John A. MacDonald, "A farmer I was born, a farmer I will die." Not for worlds would I give up my independence for the sake of sleeping in an hour longer in the morning. Not for worlds would I take my children from the fresh air and the roominess of the country to coop them up in a city flat. Not for worlds would I change my commodious house for the most comfortable of city apartments, for, though it is not electrically lighted at night, (I am not one of those farmers situated close to a power line, nor wealthy enough to put in my own plant) it gets plenty of nature's light in the day time, and though the plumbing is all outside, so too are flowers and trees and a garden.

Yes; though farm life is not the idyllic condition Mr. Nasmith pictures, neither is it the gloomy workhouse of Dr. Ormerod's painting. The farmer works hard and, though he is not paid much in money, his recompense is large in health and happiness, and in the health and happiness of his children.

C. C. D.
Huntingdon, Quebec, February 2, '28.

Says Farmers Overpaid

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—Perhaps you could find room in your paper to tell why I am leaving the farm. There is a great deal of talk about the farmers getting downtrodden and not making enough money for their labor. Also the papers are always complaining about the young people leaving the farms. Well the reason I am leaving, being only a young man, may be the real reason why so many more are leaving too. That is because I think there is no real future in farming. I mean that I think the owner of the farm can never expect to make much more money because the real truth is, he is not earning any more, or worth any more.

The trouble is that the farmer imagines himself far more important than he is. I was reading a piece in the paper about a big farmer in Montana who farms about 100,000 acres. His name is Campbell and he is a Canadian. He runs his farm like a business. All the real manual labor is done by hired men who get more money than the small owner can afford to pay. The best machinery and methods are used. The result is that that big farm makes money.

What I mean is that one boss with a few expert assistants do what about 100 small farmers do by themselves. Also that big farm is run better than any 100 farms put together. Therefore I think that the day of the small farmer is over. I really think my uncle, with whom I have lived since my parents died, is getting more money than he would get in a city job, especially as myself and the hired men we had from time to time, did nearly all the work. I would not tell him this so as not to hurt his feelings. But I think it really is true.

"JOHN J."
Ontario, Jan. 31, '28.

(Note: What have our farm readers to say to this?)



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POULTRY TOPICS

Feeding the Babies

By Caric Harding.

We have but recently pointed out that the enormous loss that has been considered to be uncontrollable in the artificial brooding of the day old chicks may be eliminated by brooding in smaller numbers and giving the most scrupulous care to sanitation, but all such care will be lost unless we give an equal amount of consideration to the feed with which we hope to build up strong, healthy vigorous chicks that will develop into strong, healthy vigorous pullets that will be a credit to us as well as a help to the credit side of our accounting during the laying season.

Hard and fast rules for feeding cannot be laid down. Feeding the flock is not, and cannot be made, a mechanical matter. The closest observation is necessary to note how the birds respond to the treatment they receive and the best of judgment is required in making any change in the diet. The Germans have a proverb: "The eye of the master fattens his cattle." In other words, the feeder who keeps in close personal touch with his animals, watching their feeding, studying their needs and their conduct, and noting carefully the way they respond to his care, is able to get results which could not possibly be secured in any other way.

When we remember that Leghorn chicks are fully matured at five months of age and that the pullets should be in full lay at six months of age we can easily understand that heavy food consumption with rapid assimilation is necessary and in order to induce the birds to eat well and heartily it is desirable to give them as much variety as possible. Very simple rations will be sufficient to make growth but we must aim to make rapid growth so that the pullets may be fully grown as to size and have a few weeks in which they may mature before they begin their life's work of egg production. Birds of all ages do better when fed a variety of feed stuffs than when only two or three articles are included in their dietary—the chick will make more rapid growth; the pullet and the hen will make greater production of eggs.

Some amount of judgment is required in determining the amount of bulk feed that will be required. Some bulk feed is necessary and is best supplied in the form of green feed, and under the term green feed we include roots such as marigolds and beets as well as cabbage, lettuce, sprouted oats, chard, lawn cuttings and some weeds; and when this cannot be supplied the bulk feed can be given in the form of bran.

The month in which the chicks are hatched as well as the weather conditions in that month may cause some changes to be necessary in the diet of the birds, for with the early hatchings the sun is not liberal enough in shining on the babies to do its good work in strengthening their bones to avoid rickets and at such times codliver oil (bottled sunshine) must be added to the ration. Again we find the opportunity of using sound judgment when milk is used for the chicks—as protein feed in the form of meat scraps must be fed very sparingly in that case, since both skim milk and buttermilk are very high in protein content.

There is yet one other point which the poultryman must decide when he begins to care for day-old chicks. From the results of experiments that have been made public we believe that those who are running an egg factory, who raise their day-old chicks to mature pullets, force them for egg production and then when laying falls off send them to the butcher for sale as meat, will find it to their advantage to feed the birds in the egg factory an all-meal ration; and if it is intended so to do, the young chicks should start on an all-meal diet. It would not be wise to raise the chicks on a mixed ration of grain and meal and change the ration on the birds getting ready to lay. The experiments that have been conducted so far in the use of an all-meal ration point to very favorable results in egg-production. We have yet to learn whether birds that are destined for the breeding pens would do as well if fed an all-meal ration.

Artificial Lighting

There are those who argue for and those who argue against lengthening the day for laying hens, and both sides have had a hearing in these notes. The following particulars of an experiment related by one Mr. Dobbin in a paper read at a recently held Midland College Conference is interesting. He chose white Leghorns for his experiment because, being fine summer layers, they (he said) would normally lay few eggs in winter. He procured two acetylene gas lamps of the four-sided frame pattern, with double burner, at a cost of 30s. each. The cost of carbide, burning three hours per night, was 1d. per lamp per night and he gave the following figures for one year, which were roughly borne out by the others. A laying house was divided in two and 120 pullets were divided into two flocks, 60 being placed in each half of the house. In one half the birds had no light, having dry mash and a grain feed in the litter about 3 p.m. The other flock had dry mash and grain in the litter put down between 5 and 6 p.m., when the lamps were lighted, each lamp containing three hours' supply of carbide. The results were:

	Lit. No. of Eggs.	Unlit. No. of Eggs.	Increase of Lit over Unlit.
October	323	231	92
November	1695	1471	224
December	1831	1313	518
January	1953	1669	284
Total (4 m'ths)	5802	4684	1118

After allowing 20 per cent depreciation on lamps, this showed 1s. 9d. extra profit per bird in favor of the lighted pen. The lighted flock kept in advance of the other flock right on till June, month by month, and finished 2,227 eggs ahead of the unlit flock. Having been challenged to breed from the birds, Mr. Dobbin mated them and also the unlit flock, and filled an incubator with eggs. He hatched one chick more from one flock than the other, but could not recollect which. The chicks were quite strong, but he was emphatically against lighting adult stock intended to be bred from. In the above experiments both flocks received exactly the same quantity of food, composed of exactly the same ingredients, the only difference being that the lighted flock got their grain two or three hours later than the unlit. Mr. Dobbin had no personal experience of electric lighting, but a Lancashire poultry farmer, getting electric light from a public supply, told him he could light 16 houses, holding 100 pullets each, for three hours per night at a cost of 6d. per night.—Otago Witness.

The wart-like growths on the face and combs of fowls are of cankerous nature, and are apt to spread. There are several remedies recommended for the cure of this complaint, but the best is said to be the painting of the growths with a solution made from 1 dr. carbolic acid, 3 dr. sulphuric acid, and 4 dr. each of glycerine and tincture perchloride of iron. A little sulphur and bicarbonate of soda in equal parts could with advantage be added to the food.

It is interesting to note that every bird may have, unless inbreeding has been adopted, upwards of 2000 ancestors within 10 generations, and more than 65,000 progenitors in 15 generations, each of which has its own "individuality." As a matter of fact, however, by reason of the interchange among breeders, between many of these ancestors there must be a measure of relationship, so that the numbers stated are excessive. At the same time, that in itself adds to the breeder's difficulties, as any special character or quality found in a number of these progenitors will mean that the inheritance is stronger in that direction. On the other hand, there may be forces struggling for mastery making their appearance from time to time.

Water Supply

Since the egg is more than 70 per cent water, it is readily apparent how important a matter this question of drinking water really is. One need only to withhold the drinking water from a heavy producing flock for two or three days to discover how important a role water plays in the diet of the hen. When all other feeds necessary in the laying ration are present, a lack of drinking water may directly reduce egg production.

Recognizing the importance of supplying plenty of pure, fresh water to laying hens, the next important item is the assurance that water will always be available on the coldest winter days. This point intensifies the drinking water problem still more.

Poultry equipment manufacturers during the last few years have made important steps toward solving this problem. At the present time, it is handled from two different viewpoints. The thermos-type waterer may be used. In this case, boiling hot water is poured into the fountain, in the evening. By morning it reaches a temperature low enough so that the hens can drink it.

Other manufacturers have solved the problem by applying a steady heat underneath the drinking fountain. The source of this heat may be either kerosene, gas or electricity. Since gas and electricity are available on only a small percentage of the farms, the kerosene type heater can be utilized by most poultrymen. There are several good heaters of this type on the market. They are both inexpensive and economical of operation.

If the drinking water is kept just luke warm, the birds will consume a large quantity of water, and egg production will never suffer because of a deficiency of this quantity. Warm water is almost a necessity.

It is good business to hatch chicks early. Pullets must be hatched early if they are to lay high-priced fall and winter eggs.

Good alfalfa hay is nearly equal to wheat bran as a livestock feed.

PLUMS FOR HOME GARDENS

Where the size of the garden will permit of tree fruits the growing of plums is an interesting and profitable undertaking for the amateur. With the advent of a large number of new hybrids there are now available several superior sorts for parts of Canada hitherto forced to grow the poorer Nigra or Americana varieties.

Among these newer sorts we have hybrids between the Americana group and the Japanese plums, which are equal to the best Japanese sorts like Burbank. Then we have hybrids between the little sand cherry and the Japanese. These have a special place in the very small garden and for culinary use, and are especially suitable for severe climates because they fruit on one-year wood and grow like bushes, which ensures snow protection.

Among the first group (the Japanese-Americana crosses) we have two varieties that are very similar, namely Kahinta and Waneta. These two are very good in quality, large in size, dark red in color, with a firm, yellow flesh and a comparatively thin and tender skin. Of these two the Kahinta is probably preferable on account of its better tree. Two other members of this group are worthy of attention, namely Omaha, a much earlier plum than Kahinta, and Emerald, a much later sort. All these are of good quality and worthy of a place in the small garden.

In the second group (Japanese and sand cherry hybrids) the Tom Thumb cherry is outstanding. While this little fruit, growing on a low bush, is very suitable for prairie conditions, it should not be despised even in the East for the small garden. It is not really a cherry, but simply a small plum growing on a bush, closely resembling in appearance and habit the sand cherry, with fruit somewhat larger and much superior in quality, especially suitable for culinary use.

Another hybrid plum which is perhaps as fine in quality as any is the Tokata, a hybrid between the Chinese (Prunus simonii) and DeSoto, one of our native plums. The fruit is free-stone, good size, with orange-red skin, and flesh, resembling in many respects its fragrant parent, the Chinese plum.

None of the plums mentioned so far include the old standbys, such as members of the European or Domestica group or the Americana group. As for the Domestica plums, they still constitute the main class for culinary purposes and varieties like Greengage, Coe's Golden Drop, and the Damsons should have a place in any garden where the climate is not too severe. The Americana group provides us with some of our earliest plums, which, while not useful for dessert purposes, do provide excellent material for jelly-making. Of this group, with which may be linked our native plum, (Prunus nigra), Bixby, Cheney, Terry, and Mammoth offer about the best selection.

In selecting plums for the home garden, one should select at least two varieties, because most plums are self-sterile and the pollen of another variety is necessary for proper pollination The Japanese and American groups are particularly self-sterile and in planting these it is well to plant two varieties from each group to act as pollenizers.

As plums bear at an early age it is advisable to plant young trees, preferably trees not over two years of age. They grow rapidly and fruit early. They require careful pruning as it is easily possible to overdo cutting back, plums not recovering from such cutting as readily as apples. With the exception of a few strong growers little heading back is required, but frequently thinning is essential.

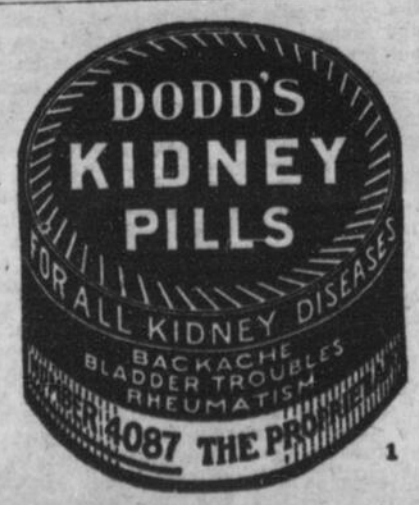
Spraying for the control of curculio and plum pocket (Bladder plums) is necessary and those interested should apply for Bulletin 45 (New Series), "Plum Culture", from the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.—M. B. Davis, Horticultural Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

Sprouted oats or wheat make an excellent food for poultry. Place the grains in a shallow bin, and sprinkle slightly with water. A litte heat only is necessary to make them sprout.



CANADIAN FARMERS WELCOMED AT PLYMOUTH

Above is a picture of a group of the Canadian farmers, shortly after landing at Plymouth, England, being welcomed by the mayor of that city, Mr. W. H. J. Priest (wearing chain), who is here seen shaking hands with Mr. H. S. Arkell, Dominion Livestock Commissioner for Canada. These farmers, who have gone to Europe to study marketing conditions, were received by King George at Buckingham Palace.





Maid: "There's a policeman downstairs, ma'am, says the dog bit him."

Mistress: "Tell him we're sending it to bed without any supper."

—Happy Magazine, London, Eng.

The Best Paying Crops

Have you ever counted up the actual cash value of your vegetable garden whether it is a small plot in a back yard or a good-sized acre or more, on the farm we all have a way of running out and bringing in vegetables for dinner salads for supper, radishes, cress etc., for hot morning breakfasts and thinking no more of it. Even when we do up can after can of tomatoes or put up jars of salted beans and make endless pickles, we think of it as "Only what was going to waste in the garden." Perhaps vegetables are cheap in our neighborhood, but even so, they all count up and it would open our eyes if we would use that Garden diary to note down what was brought in every day. We may not have time to stop and weigh or measure exactly, but we can estimate roughly the amount and value.

If there is someone, small son or grandmother who has time to keep a real account and note down as if it was being sold the amount and cost at market or store prices the whole family will soon be so much interested they will vie with each other in making sure no one takes anything out of that garden without reporting and having it marked down. Before you have fairly started the summer your $3 or $4 spent for seeds or plants will be more than balanced by $25 worth of vegetables. If to this you add the value of rhubarb and asparagus, you will find that long ago those beds paid for themselves and are giving you now many dollars of pure profit.

"The most profitable acres on the farm," many a man now says, who in the old days counted work put in on the garden as pure loss.

Apart from the money there is a return in health to the family the value of which is hard to estimate. It is easy to say "Oh, we can buy all we want," but as a matter of fact we do not. At the last moment we have no time to go for more. When we do buy, we buy in quantity and some spoil or are not so appetizing and are not eaten. Peas are not sweet picked hours before they are cooked, and the family get to thinking they "do not like peas"; asparagus is dear, "such a small bunch for fifty cents we can do with something else;" beans are stringy and "such a nuisance to get ready when they are wilted;" lettuce is tough, or bitter; no one keeps curly cress to sell, it grows too fast; radishes are not so good a day old and as for parsley, "it smells horribly if you keep it in water."

With a garden close at hand, even a small one half or more of the house mothers worries are over. True, vegetables take time to prepare, but not more than worrying over what you can get to tempt appetites that flag and turn listless, tired children and older folks into a rosy energetic all alive family. Try it and see. Make sure that at every meal you have some something fresh from the garden and see what splendid results it will give you.

Don't economize on seeds. Now that does not mean buy more seed than you can plant, or higher priced, untried novelties, but it does mean buy from reliable seedsmen whose long experience enables them to give you the best.

Choose varieties that have given you good results in the past and kinds your family like best but put in also other varieties and new kinds. Too many of us go on growing and eating only beans, and cabbage, beets and carrots, and onions until we are heartily tired of them. We cannot do without these staple vegetables but let us add to them as many others as we conveniently can.

A good seedsman in your own locality will tell you what you can grow and advise you as to varieties. If you go to him now and say "I've sandy, warm loam and I want some really early stuff of good quality," or "I've clay soil, what will do best on it," he will give you his best and you will have good success with the seed if you follow his advice.

If, however, you go to him about the end of April or in planting time and, say, ask for such and such extra early or extra good, he will say "sorry, but I can let you have such and such almost as good."—M.G.

BABY CHICKS and HATCHING EGGS

FROM THE BRED-TO-LAY STRAIN OF

S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS

a lot of them having OFFICIAL R. O. P. Records.

Send for Free Folder,

telling all about these wonderful egg machines.

MOUNT PLEASANT HATCHERY

42 East 24th. Mount Hamilton, Ont.

POULTRY

BABY CHICKS

Don't Be Misled!—Investigate Before You Buy! Send for our free catalogue on bred to lay baby chicks from blood tested stock. $14.00 to $30.00 per 100. 100% live arrival guaranteed. THE BRAY CHICK HATCHERY, 2 Clayburn Avenue, St. Catharines. Member Canadian Baby Chick Association.

GIANTS

Jersey Black Giant Cockerels, Pullets and Hens: prize stock; prices reasonable. WOODYCREST FARM, Perth, Ont. 2-6

MISCELLANEOUS

Make Poultry Pay Profits. SHAW'S Home Study Course insures success. Fully illustrated. Highly endorsed. Booklet free. Write SHAW SCHOOLS, Department W, Bay-Charles Building, Toronto. tf.

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED

Old Hens Wanted—all Weights—Crates loaned free. WALLER'S Spadina Avenue, Toronto. 43-18

Eggs Wanted—Graded or Not, Small or Large shipments. Very top prices, quick returns, P.O. Box 3, Verdun, Montreal. 1-6

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Bounyview Record of Performance Barred Rocks, cockerels weighing 8 1-2 to 9 1-2 lbs. from registered hens. Records, 226, 251, 262, 265 eggs. JACOB DILLON, Lyndhurst, Ont. 2-6

Barred Rock Cockerels, Sired by Sons of 256-Egg hen. Healthy, vigorous, beautiful: easily worth $10.00. Special, to make room, $4.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. WILFRED G. LAWRENCE, Box 1007, Orillia, Ontario. 3-6

High Grade Barred Rock Pullets, Laying. May hatched $1.50 each. 10 for $14.00. M. C. ALLEN, Whitby, Ont. 5-2

SUSSEX

Speckled Sussex Stock From Show Winners. Old and young stock. Eggs in season. MRS. CHAS. BRANTNER, R. 5, Polo, Illinois. 5-6

POULTRY BOOKS

A New Book of Poultry Lessons Free. L. R. GUILD & SONS, Box 4, Rockwood, Ont. 6-13

POULTRY SUPPLIES

KEEP YOUR ENTIRE POULTRY FLOCK

in a healthy and vigorous condition by feeding "LAYMORE" Meat Scraps in their ration. "LAYMORE" supplies the protein necessary to bring about this condition in a palatable and digestible form, and assures you of fertile eggs and strong, sturdy baby chicks. Write for our free booklet

"More Meat Means More Eggs."

SWIFT CANADIAN COMPANY, LIMITED.

Dept. W-14, Toronto, Ont.

LIVESTOCK

By Reading the Advertisements Carefully Each week, you will find many an opportunity of purchasing to good advantage. The mention of the Witness when answering such advertisements will be to our mutual advantage.

DOGS

Clearing Sale—Grand English Bull, Female: Cocker Spaniel, female: Fox Terrier, female: Foxhound dogs. Also Goats, Guinea Fowl and Chinchilla Rabbits. PEARSON, Exhibition St., Guelph, Ont. 5-3

St. Bernards.—Champion-Bred Puppies. $40 Up, delivery insured, photos free. BROCKINGTON, 181-R McKenna, Montreal. e.o.w.

FOXES

I Have Best Fox Trapping Methods in America. 57 Years experience. Send for particulars. JOHN FRANTZ, Earlville, N.Y., U.S.A. 1-6

GOATS

High Grade Saanen Doe Kids $15 Pair, Saanen Milker $20: Toggenburg milker $25. Freshen soon. Box 530 Aylmer West, Ontario.

LIVESTOCK

HORSES

Clearing Sale—Ponies, Registered Hackney Yearling stud. Imported registered Shetlands, two classy Saddle Ponies, one nice Pinto Pony. Pony buggy. All must be sold. PEARSON, Exhibition St., Guelph, Ont. 5-3

RABBITS

Pedigreed Chinchilla Rabbits, Five Months Old, Six Dollars pair. PETER DALEY, Seaforth, Ont. 1-6

Chinchillas For Sale—All Ages, Cheap. Order Now. W. DEANS, Kenilworth, Ontario. 2-6

Pedigreed Chinchillas, French Silvers, Eight weeks old, $4.00 pair: Angoras, $3.00 pair. Fancy pigeons. FLEMISH & ANGORA RABBITRY, Ottawa.

Muskrats, Minks, Raccoons, Chinchilla Rabbits for sale. Enter fur farming now, and grow with an industry that offers bigger money-making opportunities. Write FUR FARMS BUREAU, London, Ontario.

Rabbits—Champion Flemish Giants, New Zealands, Chinchillas. Stamp for circular. JOHN ROBERT HEMEYER, Snow Rd., Cleveland, Ohio. 6-6

Chinchillas From Registered Prize Stock. Breeding age, also young stock. OAKLAND RABBITRY, Ostrander, Ont. 6-6

Pedigreed Chinchillas All Ages, and English Wool Angoras. Price reasonable. THOMAS AUGHTON, Box 251, Collingwood, Ontario. 5-6

SHEEP

Horned Dorset Ewes with Lambs by Side For Sale. Ram and ewe lambs bred from champions. 500 feet seasoned black walnut two-inch lumber. HAROLD G. BLACKWILL, R. 1, Kingsville, Ont. 3-6

Bred Ewes, Kurakules, Tunis, Lincolns, Cotswolds. Sent on approval. LeROY KUNEY, Adrian, Mich.

270 Choice Two-Year-Old Delaine Breeding Ewes for sale. Due to lamb April first. $14 each. 8 Registered Rambouillet, two-year-old rams $30 each. 8 Grade Rambouillet ram lambs $15 each. GLENN WHIDBY, Mio, Michigan.

Bred Karakul Ewes—Line Bred Descendants From the first Karakules ever brought to America from Bokhara. ANGUS HOME STOCK FARM, Davison, Mich. 6-6

SWINE

Bacon Type Yorkshire Weanlings, Registered $8, Yearling Bourbon Red Gobbler, $10. ANGUS McLEAN, Kerwood, Ontario.

WILD ANIMALS

Tested and Almost Invisible Gnaw-Proof Coyote Snares. How to Set, $5.00 per dozen. Timber Wolf, $6.50 per dozen. CLIFFORD HIRON, Gilbert Plains, Manitoba. 4-6

Perfect Live Animal Traps For Mink and Muskrat, three kinds. Blue-prints of all three $1.00. J. L. FOX, Billings, Mont., U.S.A. 5-2

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE

Auto Knitter, New, Three Cylinders and Yarn: fifty dollars. WILLIAM ROSS, Berwick, Kings Co., N.S. 6-2

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A Three Cylinder Auto-Knitter, Good as New, Priced low for quick sale. JOHN LAWSON, R. R. 3, Markdale, Ontario.

Sufferers From Bronchial Asthma Communicate with Box 503, Moosomin, Sask., with stamped envelope for reply. No drug-forming habit. Genuine relief—never fails. 4-6

Cloth Remnants—We are offering a wonderful trial assortment arranged in remnant lengths, suitable for useful and necessary purposes, such as ladies and Misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt and dress lengths. Also men's shirt lengths. Also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds. Money cheerfully refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Big value bundles at $1.00, $2, $3 and $5 postpaid. THE REMNANT STORE, New Glasgow, Que. t.f.

Real Harris Tweed—Direct from Makers, $2.60 per yd. Patterns free. Suit-lengths by post. Carriage paid. NEWALL, 380 Stornoway, Scotland. 21-20

Repair Your Own Rubber Boots, Hot Water Bottles, rubbers, etc., with our guaranteed Rubber Repair Outfit. Sent postpaid for 50c to any address in Canada. Money back guarantee. LEIGHTON & BARFIELD, 4 Hospital Street, Montreal. 50-12

Read My Book Showing the Characteristics of farmers and the struggles of hired men. The same can be purchased for the modest sum of one dollar. Box 2, Witness and Canadian Homestead, Montreal. 2-6

FRESH FISH FREE ! ! !

Buy Your Fish Right From the Fishermen and get a big part free. 40 lbs. big Whitefish, 40 lbs. Pike, 20 lbs. Pickerel, $7.00; and FREE 25 lbs. Mullets. 75 lbs. big Whitefish, 100 lbs. Pike 50 lbs. Pickerel, all for $18.00, and FREE 75 lbs. Mullets. 1 pair of dandy Indian-made moccasins free with every big order. Small Whites, Pike and Mullets in even parts, 100 lbs., $5.00. State size of moccasins. Cash with order. G. GOLTZ, Homesteader and Fisherman, St. Martin, Man. 1-6

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Artists' Brushes, Colors, Paper, Pastels and Canvas, also everything that an artist would require. Send for catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LIMITED, 1429 McGill College Ave., Montreal. 49-52

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Dahlias, Rose Bushes, Gladioli, Peonies, Irises, cut flower plants. High quality, lowest delivered prices. List free. LORANGER, 104 Main, Aylmer East, Que. 3-6

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First Quality Clover Honey—Six Ten-lb. Pails $7.50, freight paid in Ontario. HERMAN DICKONT, Lowbank, Ont. 5-6

Finest White, 11c: Light Amber 9 1-2c. Dark 8c lb. here. Satisfaction guaranteed. McTAGGART APIARIES, New Sarum, Ont. 1-6

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Pure Clover Honey 11c: Clover and Buckwheat 8 1-2c in five and ten lb. lithograph pails. Satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. BIRKETT APIARIES, Claremont, Ont. 3-6

Clover Honey in 5 & 10 lb. Pails, 11c per lb. Light Amber 9c. 60 lb. crates. JOSEPH CONDY, Walkerton, Ont. 3-6

RAW FURS

Wanted—Raw Furs, Weasels $1.75, Red Foxes $20.00, Minks $20.00 Free Bait for names of trappers. STERNS FUR CO., New Brunswick, N.J.

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Copy for insertion in these columns should be in the "Witness" Office not later than Friday morning to secure proper classification in following Weekly Edition.

MISCELLANEOUS

SEED

Amber Durum Wheat Sweet Clover Has Brought Delorain District in four years from bankruptcy through drought and rust to an excellent financial position. Ask us for information. Sample government certified seed Mindum (Amber Durum) wheat: Yellow Blossom or Arctic Sweet Clover or Giant Argentine Flax, 10c. MONTGOMERY BROS., Delorain, Man. 1-6

Seeds—New Colossea Verbena, Odoriess Onion, Cacardeau Aster. Catalogue free. PRODUCERS SEED CO., Ottawa, Ont. 1-10

Yellow Globe Danvers Onion Seed. 1926 Crop 95 in ten days, One Dollar lb.: 1927 crop, 97 in ten days, $1.25 lb., F.O.B. Box 453, Kelowna, British Columbia. 5-2

GOVERNMENT STANDARD SEEDS

Grimm Alfalfa, $25 bushel: Variegated, $22: Alsike, $15: Red Clover, $22: Mammoth Red $25: White Sweet Clover, $5. All hardy home-grown recleaned No. 1 Government Standard seeds. Timothy, No. 1 Purity, $4.50 bushel: Canadian Beauty (large) peas, $2.75: O.A.C. 144 Oats, $1.15: Unhulled White Sweet Clover, $2.50. Special prices on large orders. Cotton bags included. Satisfaction or money refunded. A. C. MUIR, Ceylon, Ont. 6-6

PERSONAL

Pleasant Root—Easily, Inexpensively Overcomes any tobacco habit. Send address. K. A. STOKES, Mohawk, Florida.

FARMS FOR SALE

200 Acres—Dairy, Fruit or Potato Farm. Near Ottawa, must be sold. Can be purchased cheap. Box P-131, Ottawa Farm Journal. 48-12

For Sale or Rent—Twenty-Acre Poultry Farm on beautiful Mobjack Bay, Mathews, Virginia. Buildings modern. Owner, M. BURR, 506 Hudson Street, Hoboken, New Jersey. 1-6

Dairy Farm For Sale—365 Acres, Fully Equipped, 70 head of cattle, 24-room boarding house and 10 room house, electric lights: in Delaware County, New York. Box 1, Witness & Canadian Homestead, Montreal. 2-6

Farm of 100 Acres, Tillable, Situated One and a half miles from Kinburn, on gravel road, close to cheese factory, high school and church. Good brick house, city conveniences, good serviceable outbuildings: also 50 acres of tillable land close to home, farm with good barn and 90 acres bush and pasture, 1 mile distant. Will sell separate or all together. Priced right. For particulars apply to GEORGE J. McBRIDE, Kinburn, Ont.

Farm Home, 35 Acres, On Good Harbor: Fruit trees bearing: large house: going concern. CHAS. ALLEN, Whaletown, B.C. 6-6

108 Acres—Extra Water, Level, Good Buildings, new silo 12 x 36, four acres corn filled it. Owner not able to work it: will sell at a sacrifice; no agents: will bear closest inspection. WM. SMITH, Route 2, Hammondsport, N.Y.

FARMS WANTED

We Sell and Trade Property Anywhere in Canada. We ask for no advance fee or advertising fee of any kind. Straight commission only. STERLING EXCHANGE CO., Box 94, Galt, Ont. 2-6

PROPERTY FOR SALE

Choice Country Home—"Beechwood," with helper's house: fully plumbed, private electric water system, hardwood floors, sixty acres, dairy, poultry, bees: adjoins city limits, golf links, buses: near churches, schools, canal and river: going concern. HEBER ROGERS, R. 9, Peterboro, Ont. 6-2

6-Roomed Brick Veneer, 3 Bed-rooms, Double Parlor, dining room, kitchen, electric stove, built-in cupboards, hardwood floors down. Garage. What offers? Moving to England. A. B. EASTES, 21 Centre street, Westboro, Ottawa. 6-2

MISSING RELATIVES

Sorenson—Anders Christian Mathias, served overseas during war as corporal. Regimental number 01.010.118, Canadian Troops B.C. and B.E.F. Demobilized at Regina, Sask., 1919. JOHAN SORENSON, Dania Hotel, Standard, Alta., enquires. 2-6

SITUATIONS WANTED

Missionary Building Superintendent, Ten Years in the Orient, seeks position; urgent. Apply Box 3, Witness Office, Montreal. 3-6

BUSINESS CARDS

INVESTMENTS

First Mortgages—Funds Desired for Investment in first mortgages upon improved farm and city property: minimum fund placed $200. Interest eight and nine per cent. Correspondence invited. NELLES V. BUCHANAN, Barrister, Edmonton, Alta. 23-26

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mail Us Your Films—Glossy Prints 4c Each, including 2 7-8 x 4 7-8. Developing 6-exposure roll 10c. P. H. SARGEANT, 462 Yonge St., Toronto. 6-6

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100 Cards, Envelopes, Note-paper or Tags 60c. **Name and Address Stickers 25c. 500, 75c.** PICKERING'S PRINT SHOP, Harrisburg, Ont. 6-6

EDUCATIONAL

The De Brisay Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Thorough mail courses. ACADEMIE DE BRISAY, Ottawa. 9-52

Barber Trade. Expert Tuition On Most Modern System. Success assured. "Earn while you learn." MOLER BARBER COLLEGE, Established 44 years, 914 St. Lawrence, Montreal. 30-52

NURSING

Private Nurses Frequently Earn $30 a Week. Learn by personal correspondence. Catalogue No. 14 free. ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, Toronto 4, Canada. t.f.

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ADVISORY SERVICE **FREE**

W. IRWIN-HASKETT,
18 ELGIN ST., OTTAWA, CANADA.
Prompt, Professional, Personal Service

Please send me FREE (1) "Record of Inventions." (2) Booklet of "Wanted Inventions." (3) "Newest Leaflets on Patents," and (4) "Full Information."

Name .....

Address .....

—MAIL COUPON TO-DAY— W.

How and When to Prune

Winter is a good time to prune trees. This bit of information is quite generally published and is universally understood, in a general way. When the subject is considered the questions immediately arise as to what trees to prune; what time in the winter is best to prune them; how shall the trees be pruned and to what extent?

To begin with, in order to insure good work, those who prune trees should understand one of the simple laws of plant life.

The sap of trees has a double movement. Water is taken up from the earth by the root hairs, mounting to the leaves.

"The rising movement of the water is due to the tendency of liquids of different densities to equalize, the weaker moving toward and diluting the stronger and vise versa. The root hairs contain cell sap which, besides protoplasm, contains also a stronger solution of salts than the soil water. Hence the flow of water is from the soil, through the root hair wall and from the root hairs to other cells more remote, the interior cells of the roots, the stems, the leaves."

Much of the water passes into the air, through the leaves. It has been estimated that a mature apple tree transpires about 250 pounds of water a day, or about twenty tons during the growing season.

Some of the water in the form of sap, returns again in elaborated condition to the roots.

Water from the earth contains various salts in solution. The leaves absorb from the air and decompose, carbonic acid gas, the basis of which is carbon; this combined with water constitutes the elements of wood.

The ascending sap also comes associated with organized compounds, such as sugar and starch. These are used in the repair of the injured portions and in the growth of the tree.

The sap thus prepared through the aid of the leaves flows down again and is deposited in successive concentric layers of wood, which form the trunks of trees. It is these successive layers that constitute the rings, which indicate the age, on the stump or log of a fallen tree.

In severing a branch the wound must, in order to heal properly, be made perfectly even with the trunk so the descending sap may cause the bark to begin to grow at the top and sides, gradually completely covering the wound. This prevents decay and keeps the wood under the wound in perfectly sound condition.

If this simple rule is neglected and a portion of the branch allowed to remain, extending even a short distance from the tree trunk, the wood will eventually decay through the trunk; the hollow holding water will make decay still more rapid and the result will be fatal.

Ornamental trees, as well as fruit trees may be pruned with benefit to the appearance of the tree, and to make them yield more and better timber when felled.

There is a struggle for existence among the branches of a tree, and even trees that are left to themselves do not begin to develop all the branches that start: not nearly all the buds that form on a tree develop into twigs or branches, but many buds remain dormant or the branches shrivel up and die, which horticulturists style "self pruning."

Dean Bailey of Cornell places an estimate of less than a fifth of the buds upon any tree that ever make branches and that less than a fifth of the branches persist.

When nature prunes it is the smaller and inferior branches that are sacrificed and in this man should follow the example nature sets for him.

The object in pruning fruit trees and vines is to force the plants to produce fewer but larger and finer fruits.

Winter pruning is common in the East and is good practice. On the Western plains pruning is done very lightly, only sufficiently to keep the trees in form.

In the East pruning should result in low, spreading, well rounded heads, so sunlight and air will be admitted to the trees and the fruit will be borne where it can be easily gathered. Low headed trees are desirable also on account of the ease with which they can be sprayed.

The ideal way to prune is by beginning early in the life of the tree, pruning lightly every year to keep the tree in good form without removing large branches.

The growth of the wood under the bark and the expansion of the bark is an interesting subject that is seldom thought of even by those who admire trees.

The increase in the size of a stem or branch is by the formation of new wood upon the inside of the cylinder and not on its outer surface. It is the growth of cells from the cambium, which is a tissue lying between the woody central cylinder and under the woody bark. It is from the inside that the cambium layer produces wood and from its outer surface is produced the soft inner surface of the bark.

The expansion of the stem must be met by the bark, the tissues of which are under constant and heavy pressure. The outer bark is ruptured by the expansion which causes the rough and cracked surface of the bark on old limbs.

Sometimes the trunk or old limbs of trees, in orchards where they have not had good cultivation, become bark bound and are outgrown by the younger limbs above them, with thinner bark. In some cases, says Edward C Vick, good cultivation alone will correct this trouble and in others the bark must be softened with washes of soap or lye, or by splitting the bark in the spring. This is done with a heavy knife, making a clean cut through the bark to the wood, the whole length of the bark bound portion. The slit will gradually open and spread apart, filling up with newly formed tissue.

A wound that exposes the wood is healed by the growth from the cambium, which gradually forms tissue over the wound until it is completely covered, as previously explained. This can only take place, however, when the wounds are made close to the stem.

Wounds made late in the winter heal better than those made in the late autumn or early winter. Late February or early March is the best time to prune trees with reference to the wounds healing early.

Where good sized branches are removed the wounds should be covered with some protecting material to keep out bacteria and fungi. Every would large enough should be covered in this manner. Otherwise a wound may seemingly heal perfectly on the surface, but disease which has entered through the wound will cause the heart wood to decay and finally destroy the limb or cause the early death of the tree. Lead paint gives good results, is economical and easily applied. Paint the wounds as soon as the tree has been pruned.

In cutting large limbs to prevent tearing and splitting first make the cut on the underside of the limb a short distance from the tree, about half way through the branch. Then a little farther from the main stem make the same kind of a cut on the upper side.

When the branch has fallen the stub is then cut off.

Heavy pruning of the top of a plant increases the production of wood and on fruit trees is likely to cause suckers and water sprouts, because the roots will supply more food than the remaining branches require. It is for this reason that weak varieties of roses are heavily pruned and strong varieties only lightly, and that weak plants are heavily pruned to strengthen them.

A rule laid down by one of our first horticultural writers, Andrew J Downing, has never been improved upon:

"Every fruit tree grown in the orchard or garden should be allowed to take its natural form, the efforts of the pruner going no further than to take out weak and crowded branches."

All suckers and water sprouts should be removed as fast as they appear, regardless of the season.

An important rule in pruning is once the trees are in shape, to prune lightly every year and thus keep the trees in perfect form.

Fruit growers have different ideas regarding the method of pruning. Apple trees in large orchards that were cultivated with horses or low tractors must be headed high enough to permit this work to be done. For the home orchard low headed trees are considered desirable, about three feet being the customary height. The framework branches should be disposed at different heights, about six inches apart and evenly distributed around the body. Three branches form a good tree.

Pears are subject to the same treatment as apples. More branches may be used to form the heads of pear trees than is customary with apples. Four or five branches are not too many for pears.

Dwarf pears are usually pruned as pyramids and branches are allowed to grow close to the ground around the central axis.

Dwarf pears must be kept well headed back or the roots will not support the top growth.

Ordinarily the peach is pruned to make a round, broad head, with the head quite low. Peaches should not be pruned until all danger of winter killing is past.

One of the best and simplest forms of training the grape is by what is called the high renewal system, to a trellis of three or more wires. The lowest wire should be about two feet or a little less from the ground. The second wire is eighteen inches higher and the third, and if there is a fourth, each two feet higher.

The main trunk is carried up to the bottom wire and from it, in opposite directions, are trained canes with about eight buds. From each of these buds a shoot is run up to the top trellis wire and on these shoots the crop is borne.

L. C. Corbett, horticulturist of the United States Agricultural Department, says that the ideal street tree is one having a straight, well-defined central stem throughout its entire length, with side branches regularly disposed around it, and subordinate to it. Trees grown in this shape will withstand fierce storms without injury. Not many deciduous trees naturally assume this form, but by timely pruning when young they can be greatly helped to approach it.

Mr. Corbett further says that the worst treatment street trees can receive is to cut off their tops, "heading down," as it is termed.

Miles of beautiful trees along streets in towns and cities have been ruined by this "heading down" system, practised by ignoramuses, appointed to office through political pull, who are wholly unfit for the duties of the office, or ignorant line men working for telephone, telegraph or power lines, who have destroyed valuable property belonging to the citizens which has taken years to produce. In some cases no amount of pleading was able to check the devastation. The heads of large trees have been systematically and ruthlessly cut out and the fine shape forever ruined. Where only branches are cut stubs are left which decaying into the heart of the tree bring down the top eventually endangering life and property.

CARE OF FREESIAS

The freesias are rapidly coming into flower now. Some are already opening their blooms, and these should be placed close to the glass, the temperature meanwhile being maintained at 55 deg. They will require more liberal watering, and it is a good plan directly the flower stems show to give the plants an occasional dose of weak liquid fertilizer. Stake them by means of a circle of small sticks round the edges of the pots and lengths of green raffia neatly wound round

ANSWERS to Garden Questions

Grafting Wax For Cold Weather, Zinc Labels

Dear Sir:—I understand there is a wax that is better for cold weather than the common wax, resin and tallow, mixture. Will you kindly give the formula for making it. Can I use ordinary zinc for labels and what is used to mark them with. Thanking you.—O.S.F.

Alcoholic wax is made as follows: White resin, one pound; beef tallow, one ounce; alcohol eight ounces (liquid measure). Melt resin slowly, add tallow, melt slowly. Then remove from the stove, (this last is important). Cool for a few moments and add the alcohol. Stir slowly until well mixed and as soon as made, place in closed jars.

Another method used for thirty-five years by the Orchardist of the Seabrook Farms, N. J., to make a wax for protecting trees from vermin and covering wounds and grafts is the following: 10 lbs. resin, 5 qts. alcohol; cook the resin until liquid. Remove from the fire and let stand for 20 minutes, or until it will "take" the alcohol. If it spits and foams when alcohol is dropped on it, it is too hot. When it does not spit, pour the alcohol in and stir quickly and thoroughly. When the stick is lifted from the mass it should drop clean, like water. If it drops stringy, there is not enough alcohol in it. For vermin it is applied with a brush about a foot up the tree. It is suitable for grafting, and painting wounds.

Zinc labels may be cut long enough to be bent round a small branch or sprout of the tree and hang down far enough for the name. The zinc will uncurl or expand as the branch grows. Write on them with a lead pencil which the fresh zinc takes easily, the writing often becomes more legible as it becomes older and it will usually remain for three or four years.

What is a Hybrid?

Dear Sir:—Will you, in your garden column, tell me what a hybrid is and what is cross-fertilization?—A Reader.

A hybrid is a cross between two species. In rare cases (e.g., amongst a few kinds of orchids) genera have been crossed, and the offspring are called bigeneric hybrids. When hybrids are crossed between themselves the offspring are called varieties. When species are crossed the work is described as hybridization; when varieties are crossed it is spoken of as cross-fertilization. In both cases it consists of taking pollen from the anthers of one flower and placing it on the stigma of another. This process would be innocuous if the stigma had been already fertilized, either by pollen from the same flower (self-fertilization or selfing), or had been transferred by wind or insects from another flower; therefore the anthers must be removed from the flower to be crossed before the pollen is ripe and the blossom enclosed in a muslin bag.

Japanese Anemone

Dear Sir:—Can you tell me if the Japanese anemones can be grown in Quebec and how they are propagated?—J. McQ.

Yes. I have seen beautiful beds of Japanese anemones growing here on Montreal island, perfectly hardy with a mulch of leaves or strawy manure, through the severe winter weather. The Japanese anemone is a wholly different plant from the spring flowering. A coronaria, fulgens, and hortensis forms. The Japonicas bloom in late summer and autumn and are invaluable. There are pink, rosy and pure white sorts. The best known is A. Japonica var alba, or Honorine Jobert. This species blooms from August to November, and is at that season the finest of border plants. The pure white flowers, with lemon-colored stamens, are held well up on stalks two to three feet high. The flower stems are long and excellent for cutting. This species may be propagated by seed or division of the plants; division in the spring and seeds sown in the fall as soon as they are ripe. Sow the seed in boxes in a warm, sheltered situation in the border or under glass.

The seed should be covered lightly with soil containing a quantity of sand and not allowed to become dry. The Japanese anemones all prefer a light, loamy soil, well enriched in a sheltered position. In such a situation they will grow and thrive if not too frequently moved.

Lime For Vegetables

Dear Sir.—Is lime good for a vegetable garden? Some people say it is bad for beets and others, and some tell me my garden needs it. My peas and beans do not do well.—W. S.

There are some vegetables that do not like fresh limed soil, beets and potatoes are apt to be scabby. The better way to apply the lime is to put it on half the garden one year and in that half grow cabbage, cauliflower, peas, beans, tomatoes, etc. On the unlimed part grow your beets, potatoes, carrots, salsify, etc. Then the next year reverse it, growing the root crops on the land that was limed the year before and put lime on the land that got none.

The unexplored regions of Canada's national parks are now more and more proving a loadstone to out-of-doors adventurers, explorers, and nature lovers. Every season brings news of some newly-explored area, attendant on the journeyings of individuals, or parties seeking access to the hidden wonders of remote districts.



Beautify Your Garden This Easy Way

Let us send you Three Bulbs Each of Red, Pink, Mauve, Yellow, White Gladiolus for One Dollar; or, better still, make your own selection from our descriptive catalogue of over 200 varieties. Free for the asking.

WILLIAM HARRIS

Valleyview Gardens, Rockwood, Ontario.

NOTICE is hereby given that The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, for an Act amending its Act of Incorporation, 28 Victoria, Chapter 43, of the late Province of Canada and certain amending Acts thereof, by increasing the amount of its capital stock, changing the par value of its shares and making the necessary registrations in consequence thereof, altering the stock qualification of its directors and certain restrictions as to signing policies, cheques and other instruments, altering or repealing certain sections regarding meetings of directors, making certain provisions as to investments more in accord with The Insurance Act, 1917, permitting and legalizing donations and contributions for health and welfare purposes, providing for the division of its stock into different classes with certain restrictions and privileges attaching thereto, and for other purposes.

Dated at Montreal this 17th day of January, A.D. 1928.

J. A. EWING,
205 St. James Street, Montreal, P.Q.
Solicitor for the Applicant.

The sum of $2,000,000 has been subscribed by the group of British capitalists headed by Lord Gainford for development in the north of Quebec, according to a cable received from Sir George Courthope, vice-president of the British syndicate, by Hon. Adelard Turgeon, Speaker of the Legislative Council and one of the Quebec representatives of the syndicate. Henri Bray, who has been in England arranging the financing, is returning at once to go ahead with plans for a big smelter in the Lake St. John and Chicougamou region.

Investing their money in a fur farming enterprise eastern capitalists have purchased 980 acres of land and swamp in the Oak Lake district of Manitoba, for development into a muskrat farm. The fencing of the land alone will cost $20,000. This section is well stocked with muskrats and well supplied with natural feed. The Oak Lake muskrat has a reputation of its own, being regarded as one of the finest specimens and its pelt is in great demand in other markets.

Boys' and Girls' Swine Clubs are now well established in Nova Scotia. Calf Feeding Clubs are also on the increase and it is expected that in 1928 these will attain the same number in the province as the former. Egg marketing circles are also being organized and much good work is already reported. These should prove a valuable aid to the poultry industry.

Free tree distribution from the Government nurseries to farmers in the Prairie Provinces reached a new record in 1927 when 7,430,000 broadleaf seedlings and settings were despatched to over 11,000 farmers. To date, the number of trees shipped from the nurseries at Indian Head and Sutherland has been 93,131,000 broadleaf seedlings and 1,645,145 evergreens. Inspections have been made of 12,528 proposed new plantations in 1928.

By a vote of 8,588 against 12, the citizens of Bagotville, Quebec, have decided to ask the provincial Government at the present session of the Legislature to grant the town authorities the necessary powers to close their theatres on Sunday.

Whiskey consumption in Great Britain has been reduced nearly two-thirds, representatives of the distillers declare, and the trade is being ruined by high taxation. The distillers are taking advantage of Right Hon. Winston Churchill's preparation of his next budget to begin a big campaign for the reduction of the excise tax. The cost of Scotch and Irish whiskey per bottle is approximately 12 shillings and six pence (about $3.00) including the tax, which is eight shillings five and a half pence or nearly five times the pre-war rate. It is asserted that 42 distillers have been forced to close their plants and that barley-growing farmers are losing heavily, while the use of cheap foreign stimulants is encouraged.

Tenders are being called for by advertisement in the British newspapers for machinery in connection with the briquetting plant at Bienfait, Sask. Ernest Bury, well-known English engineer and manager during the reconstruction of the plant for the Western Dominion collieries, a syndicate of British capitalists, proposes coming out early in this year, according to information received by Commissioner T. M. Molloy, of the Saskatchewan Bureau of Labor and Industries. It is understood that Mr. Bury will be in the province for a period of from five to six weeks to supervise matters in order that the new plant may be successfully coupled up to the existing system at Beinfait.

Canada Taxes Only Its Own Periodicals

The only taxed magazines and periodicals read by Canadians are those which are published in Canada. Thus the way is paved for foreign periodicals.

1. Why does the government not give Canadian periodicals an even chance to compete with foreign periodicals?

We do not know. For years all classes of Canadian citizens—public bodies, labor and industrial organizations and patriotic individuals—have been urging the government to take action. Nothing has been done.

2. How does the government of Canada tax Canadian periodicals?

By imposing duties and sales tax on raw materials and equipment as follows:

(1) Duties ranging from 10% to 27½% on 90 to 100 items of plant equipment, (newspaper presses and typesetting machines are duty free). These duties add very materially to the cost of necessary machinery and equipment.

(2) Sales tax of 4% on all plant equipment.

(3) Duties:— 25% to 35% on paper; 20% on ink; 30% on engravings; and 22½% on art work—to which are added sales taxes of 2% on paper and 4% on all other materials.

(4) Duty of 15c per pound, plus sales tax, on inserts imported into Canada to be inserted into Canadian publications, the same inserts entering Canada duty free when bound in United States publications.

3. What does a 25% duty mean in increased cost of raw materials?

As an illustration let us consider the principal raw material, paper. It means that Canadian publishers pay $1.25 where foreign publishers pay $1.00 for paper. On coated paper it means $1.35 as against $1.00 in foreign countries.

As compared with a Canadian publication using $100,000 worth of paper per year, the foreign publisher would pay $75,000—a saving of $25,000. Paper is only one item. Foreign publishers enjoy great advantages in regard to the cost of other raw materials, machinery and equipment—money Canadian publishers should have to pay to Canadian authors, artists and labor. How, in fairness, can this condition be justified or continued?

4. Cannot Canadians buy equipment and raw materials in Canada?

Equipment, no. Raw materials, yes.

5. Then why are these duties a burden on Canadian periodicals?

Because the wealthy industries making raw materials are charging Canadians more for these materials than the prices at which they are bought by foreign competitors. This has been proven by the publishers and has been admitted by the manufacturers.

6. How does this give foreign periodicals an advantage over Canadian periodicals?

Periodicals are composed of reading matter, illustrations, ink and paper transformed into publications through the use of type, plates and equipment. Foreign publishers buy these raw materials and equipment at much less than they are purchased by Canadian publishers. From these they produce foreign periodicals which come into Canada free to compete with Canadian periodicals which are heavily taxed through the increased cost of materials — plus sales tax.

7. What has this to do with the happiness and prosperity of Canadian citizens?

The happiness and prosperity of Canadians is based upon good government, a proper appreciation of our national problems, and the translation of our natural resources into commercial products through the intelligent application of science and labor.

Canadian periodicals aid in the maintenance of good government by keeping Canadians informed regarding our national problems. They encourage the development of our natural resources by portraying the possibilities of forests, mines and fields. They aid greatly in the application of science and labor to production and business problems by keeping us abreast of new discoveries and developments. Every Canadian, directly or indirectly, benefits from the work and influence of Canadian periodicals.

8. What should be done?

The government should permit Canadian publishers to use the money now paid, because of taxation, to develop and extend the influence of Canadian periodicals. This taxation is not imposed on foreign publishers—it should not handicap Canadians.

9. How can a remedy be applied?

By granting a drawback of 99% of the duty applying on the equipment and raw materials used in the production of Canadian periodicals. The principle of drawback of duty, under conditions parallel to those affecting Canadian publishers, has been accepted by all Canadian governments and by Canadian industry generally. If the drawback of duty is granted the requirements of publishers for raw materials will be almost doubled.

10. When should action be taken?

At the present session of parliament.

In October, 1926, application was made to the Advisory Board on Tariff and Taxation for a duty upon the ADVERTISING PAGES ONLY of foreign periodicals. Labor, industry and public organizations generally joined in hearty support of this request. Every Canadian is anxious to see our periodical literature develop as it should. But certain public and parliamentary opinion seemed opposed to any adjustment which might mean an increase in the price of foreign periodicals. Other remedies were proposed.

Canadian publishers only want a square deal—an even chance in their own country to compete with foreign publications. They are ready to accept any reasonable solution of this problem. They have said to the Advisory Board on Tariff and Taxation that, if they cannot be protected, the minimum measure of relief which should be granted is the removal of their handicaps by the granting of a 99% drawback of duties and the removal of sales tax from their plant equipment and raw materials. This would place them in the same position as foreign competitors.

11. Is delay serious?

Most serious. The migration of Canadians continues because of the attraction of green fields pictured in foreign periodicals. Sixty million surplus copies of foreign publications with their misinterpretation, and often misrepresentation, of Canada and the Empire are read annually in Canada. Canadian periodicals can and will offset the effect of this foreign literature if given an even chance. They should be enabled, at once, to greatly increase their constructive work. Delay works only for foreign competitors and increases the handicaps of Canadians. The time for action is NOW.

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FARMERS MARKETS

GRAIN PRICES

During the past week the market was alternately dull and firmer. Liverpool orders were low and affected the offerings as did Argentine shipments. After steadying following a general decline, the close was weak. Coarse grains were dull, following much the same trend as wheat.

Winnipeg Wheat	Open	High	Low	Close
No. 1	$1.41⅝	$1.41⅝	$1.40¼	$1.40¼
No. 2	1.35⅝	1.35⅝	1.34¼	1.34¼
No. 3	1.22⅝	1.22⅝	1.21⅝	1.21⅝
No. 4	1.10⅝	1.10⅝	1.09¼	1.09¼
Track	1.35⅝	1.35⅝	1.34¼	1.34¼
Oats				
2 C.W. ...	.63¼	.65⅛	.63⅛	.63⅛
3 C.W. ...	.58¼	.58⅝	.57⅝	.57⅝
Feed	.55½	.55⅞	.54⅞	.54⅞
Track	.62¼	.63⅛	.62⅛	.62¼
Barley				
3 C.W. ...	.84⅜	.84⅛	.82⅝	.82⅝
4 C.W. ...	.81⅛	.80⅞	.78½	.78½
Feed	.78⅜	.78⅛	.75½	.75½
Track	.84⅝	.84⅜	.82½	.82½
Flax No. 1	1.83¼	1.83⅛	1.82⅝	1.82¾
Rye 2 C.W.	1.03⅞	1.03½	1.01⅝	1.01⅝

COUNTRY PRODUCE

Montreal.—The egg market was fairly active with final sales of fresh extras at 50c, firsts at 45c, pullet extras at 40c, and seconds at 37c per dozen. Storage eggs were in fair demand with extras selling at 41c to 42c, firsts at 37c to 38c, and seconds at 28c per dozen. Sales of fresh-killed turkeys weighing 12 to 15 lbs. each were made at 39c to 42c per lb.; 8 to 10 lbs. at 35c to 38c per lb.; 6 to 8 lbs. at 30c to 32c per lb., and good quality frozen turkeys at 30c per lb., while fresh-killed chickens weighing 5 to 7 lbs. each sold at 33c ot 36c per lb.; frozen chickens at 30c to 33c per lb.; medium weights at 25c to 28c per lb. and light weigths at 18c to 20c per lb.; heavy fresh-killed fowl at 25c to 28c per lb. and frozen stock at 23c to 25c per lb. The trade in ducks was slow at 20c to 22c per lb. and in geese at 18c to 20c per lb. A fair trade was done in car lots of Prince Edward Island Green Mountains at $1.20 per bag of 90 lbs.; Prince Edward Island white potatoes at $1.15 per bag of 90 lbs.; New Brunswick Green Mountains at $1.10 per bag of 90 lbs. in bulk; New Brunswick white potatoes at $1.05 per bag of 90 lbs. in bulk, and Quebec varieties at 95c to $1 per bag of 90 lbs. in bulk, ex-track.

The market for beans remains very firm under a steady demand and small offerings. Car lots of choice white hand-picked were quoted at $2.90 per bushel, ex-track, and smaller quantities sold at $3 per bushel, ex-store.

Sales of white clover strained honey in 60-lb. tins were made at 11 1-2c per lb.; in 30-lb. tins at 12c per lb.; in 10-lb. tins at 12 1-2c per lb.; in 5-lb. tins at 13c per lb., and in 2 1-2 lb. tins at 14c per lb.

Prices were unchanged for car lots of No. 2 timothy hay at $13 to $13.50 per ton, No. 3 timothy and clover mixed hay at $12 to $12.50 per ton, f.o.b. cars here.

THE DAIRY MARKET

Final sales of Eastern Townships No. 1 pasteurized creamery butter were made at 35c to 35 1-2c per lb., and No. 2 grades at 34 1-2c per lb. as to quantity.

Western November-December made No. 1 white and colored cheese quoted at 18 1-2c per lb. and No. 2 grades at 18c per lb.

Eden and Bond, Limited, review futures on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange as follows: "Trading in future butter was at a standstill this morning, only one sale of February was made at 42 7-8c, March butter was not traded in.

LIVE STOCK PRICES

Montreal.—Good quality steers $11.00, light weights $10.00 to $10.75, medium quality $9.25 to $9.75, common $8.00 to $9.00, good heifers $9.00, medium $8.00 to $8.50, common $6.50 to $7.50, good quality cows $7.50 to $8.00, fair $6.25 to $6.75, common $4.75 to $5.50, good quality, bulls $7.00 to $8.00, lower grades down to $5.50, canners $3.25 to $3.75, cutters $4.00 to $4.75. Calves, good quality $13.50 to $14.00, medium $12.00 to $13.00, common $10.50 to $11.50, grassers $5.50 to $6.50. Lambs common $10.50 to $11.00. Sheep $4.50 to $7.00. Hogs, $9.50, sows $7.75 to $8.00.

Toronto.—Heavy beef steers $10.00 to $11.25. Butcher steers, good to choice $10.00 to $11.00, fair to good, $9.00 to $10.00. Common to fair, $7.50 to $9.00. Butcher heifers, good to choice $9.25 to $10.25, fair to good, $8.50 to $9.50, common $7.00 to $8.50. Butchers cows, good to choice $7.00 to $8.00, fair to good, $5.50 to $7.00, canners and cutters, $3.25 to $4.50. Butcher bulls, good $6.50 to $7.50, fair $6.00 to $6.50, bolognas $5.00 to $5.75. Feeding Steers, good, $7.50 to $8.00, fair, $7.00 to $7.50. Stockers, good, $7.00 to $7.75, fair, $6.25 to $7.25. Calves, good to choice $12.50 to $15.00, medium and heavy $8.00 to $12.00, grassers, $6.50 to $7.50. Milch cows, choice, $110 to $120, springers, choice, $115 to $125. Hogs, (off car basis): Select bacon, $9.40 to $9.65, thick-smooths $8.90 to $9.15, lights $7.90 to $8.15, heavies, $7.40 to $8.80. Sows $5.40 to $6.65. Sheep: good light sheep, $6.00 to $7.00, heavies and bucks, $5.00 to $5.75, culls, $3.00 to $4.50, good ewe lambs $13.00 to $14.50 bucks, $10.00 to $11.50, medium $12.00 to $13.50, culls, $10.00 to $11.00.

According to preliminary reports the year 1927 will be one of the biggest in the history of hail insurance, which has increased enormously during the past ten years. It is now being written by 52 stock companies, by municipal hail insurance associations in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and by several mutual companies in Saskatchewan. Premiums of the three Prairie Provinces will likely run to $15,000,000 this year.

Exhibits of Saskatchewan livestock at the recent International Fat Stock Show in Chicago took 58 prizes in competition with the best animals from other provinces of Canada and various States of the Union. Clydesdale horses numbering 25 won 44 prizes, this being the best showing made by any division at the Fair. Saskatchewan also produced the best groom of the show and the best decorated stable.

Many farmers are keen to try out Reward wheat, according to the Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture, who sums up the distinguishing points of this new variety of wheat—already a prize winner—as: Its flour being without spot or blemish, its straw strong to resist wind and storm, comparative immunity to rust and early ripening, though not so early as Garnet wheat, whose flour is somewhat creamy in color.

Word comes from A. E. Hugh, of Bismark, North Dakota, that a power plant operated by lignite coal and costing $5,000,000, is planned for Estevan. According to Mr. Hugh, it will be a project of the Northern Light and Power Corporation, a Canadian organization, the stock of which is held entirely in the United States. It is stated that the plant will supply current to 10,000 square miles in Southern Saskatchewan.

Reports which have reached the Manitoba Cordage Co. from farmers who made use of binder twine manufactured at its plant at Portage la Prairie are entirely favorable, leading to the confident belief that Canadian-grown hemp is capable of manufacturing a very high grade of binder twine. A few tons of 700 ins. per pound and 650 ins. per pound twine was manufactured by the company from Manitoba hemp this summer and about 5 tons distributed in 50 lb. and 100 lb. lots among Manitoba farmers so as to test it out as widely as possible.

An average of 76 railway trains per day have registered in or out of Calgary each week day during the late fall and early winter, a new record for increasing railway traffic of the Canadian West. Twenty passenger trains in all directions register in and out of Calgary daily.

The Manitoba Government will erect a radio broadcasting station in Brandon—the most powerful and up-to-date station in Canada, according to Premier Bracken. The new equipment for it will be ready in about six months.

The Rosedale Dairy Company of New York is invading Canadian territory and buying up cheese factories here with the purpose of making soft cheese for the Jewish trade of New York and its environs. The firm started with a factory on Wolfe Island and has recently bought two more cheese plants at Pine Hill and Woodburn, in the township of Pittsburg just east of Kingston, Ontario. The combined capacity will be 1,000 pounds of cheese per day.

An increase of 1,310,000 bushels of grain handled through the Port of Quebec is shown in the annual report of the Harbor Commissioners of Quebec, the 1927 total being 9,440,000 bushels, against 8,130,000 bushels in 1926.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 222 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.

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Previous Contributions Acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer.....	$951.90
Paid to Cot Fund	240.00
Reader, Ont.	10.00
John Alex, Ont.	12.00
Total	$1,213.90

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	$221.18
Further Contributions	377.57
Total	$598.75

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES

Previous Contributions Acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer ..		$661.40
Further Contributions	$36.50	
Less Exchange	.10	
	$36.40	36.40
		40.15
Reader, Ont.		
Total		$737.95

For a Fund Previously Closed

Further Contributions	$ 17.00
Fairfield Mission Circle, Alta.	5.00
Total	$22.00

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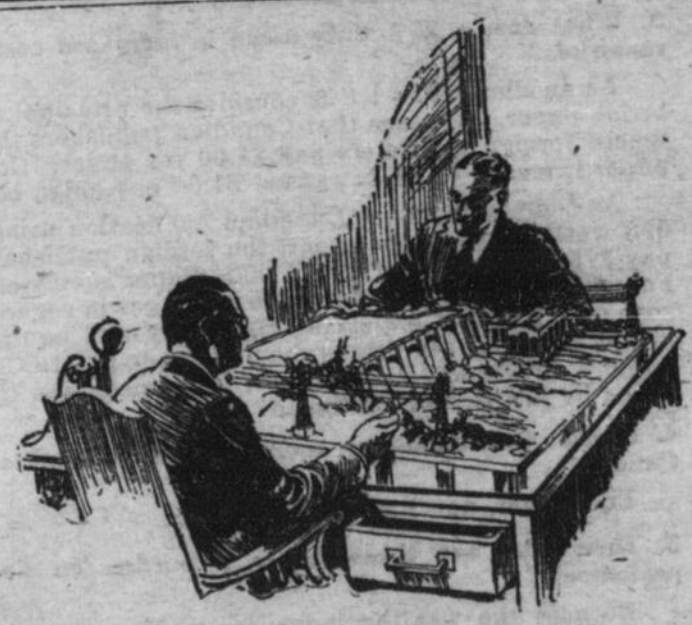
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