MONTREAL WITNESS
AND
CANADIAN HOMESTEAD
The People's Paper

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers

FIVE CENTS, $2.00 A YEAR
Montreal and Suburbs $2.50

VOL. LXXVII. No. 51. MONTREAL, DECEMBER 20, 1922. 77th YEAR.

The Week's Outlook

Commonwealth Relations.

AN economic conference of all the states of the Empire is plannod for the coming year, also a constitutional conference. Both of these offer questions of surpassing importance, much more easily put than solved. In each case the delegates would find themselves wandering in a labyrinth of crossing paths from which there would be no visible outlet. Great Britain, under the keenest financial and economic pressure, owing to her incredible financial sacrifices and commitments during the war, and her unconquered determination to meet all her obligations, and suffering agony with those of her people who are stranded by the stagnation of her trade, would like to have the crying economic matter dealt with forthwith and uncomplicated by insoluble constitutional tangles. Canada, on the other hand, does not see her way to keep these apart, involving as it would too frequent attendance in London. She is looking forward to a very momentous, very sensitive, and very prolonged session of her own parliament, and would feel that she was excluded by any date in the fore part of the year—excluded, that is, as to her foremost and official economists, who could not leave parliament. Here, at the very beginning, the constitutional knot presents itself for undoing. The constitutional aim is to determine and put into language what really are the bonds of the Commonwealth. We do not presume that Sir Robert Borden was blind to the unprecedented nature of the problems he was uncovering when he spoke the word at Versailles that created all these equal nations, or that he even imagined a way through them. It is probable that the wise course, as it is the English way, is not to deal with any constitutional problem until it in some practical way solves itself. Here is the beginning of that process. However the fellowship between the states of the Commonwealth may be defined, most people will allow that occasional conferences are the very minimum of such relations. Stated conferences would in themselves tend to bring about a common periodicity of movement throughout the fellowship, as well as to bring the heart throbs of the nations into unison. So the first question that cannot be postponed is, how are dominions whose slack midsummer is at Christmas going to synchronize with those in which the northern winter solstice ushers in the tensest life? The dominions find it very easy to say: "You must not do this or that without our leave." But how to get "yes" or "no" to empire-wide questions does not appear. Despatches, as we have seen, would be as dilatory as Mr. Wilson's prolific notes.

Economic Relations.

WHAT about economics? The power at present behind the throne in Britain has a strong trend toward imperial protectionism. But that is not the mind of Britain, and that the government knows. That movement finds an echo in our capitalistic press, which set up a howl of indignation when somebody found that the people who were getting up an inter-imperial exhibition were actually, in accord with English custom, getting supplies for construction and catering where, in the ordinary business way, they could get them best. These papers incited the dominions to refuse co-operation unless, for the purposes of this exhibition, an embargo be put on the products of all but imperial nations. This may have been a very happy suggestion for an inter-imperial exhibition, though in some cases perhaps inconvenient and possibly costly. But for a protectionist group which penalizes British products to claim it as right was somewhat brazen. The Canadian government would not know where it was on that question. There is in its ranks a strong protectionist element; but it is not imperialist at all. Then the question of immigration is full of snags. How would Canada, which treats the Hindoo as a pariah, come to agreement with the representatives of the Indian empire? Much nearer home, and limiting our enquiry to the mother country, the puzzles seem insoluble, yet cry loud for solution. Britain is suffering from plethora of population, and Canada is starving for population. Britain is willing to spend largely from her empty coffers to facilitate migration. Canada is less willing to spend, as she finds herself a leaky vessel for the only kind of immigrant she is willing to admit. Such questions as these can ill be delegated to any but the most responsible of ministers.

The Imperial Conference.

IT would be nice if we could find some solution of the imperial question in that offered by the London Times Trade Supplement. In answer to the statement of our government that if it be held in the Spring it cannot include the prime minister or other important members of the cabinet, it says, "There is much to be said for a conference consisting largely of representative business men, trade commissioners and others, with a wide knowledge of commercial conditions." The writer of that may know all about the Canadians who visit London Clubland, but is poorly informed as to the general mind of Canada, which is in revolt against being manipulated by a group of capitalists, turning their flow of financial support, now on this side, now on that, according as they see best hopes for privilege. The people will ask to be represented in imperial councils, even more than in Parliament, by men whom they can call to account. They might trust the man of affairs a long way in non-business relations. It is in those very questions of trade policy on which the business man can be looked to as better informed than the politician, that the common man is afraid of him. "It is such as these," he says, "who manage to make laws and agreements for their own profit at our expense." We should like much to see through this imperial problem, but fear that the Times has not found the solution.

Group Government.

IN connection with the much appreciated letter of Mr. Norman Smith, the editor of U.F.A., we have read the passages to which our attention is therein called with an anxious desire to know what the difference is between the product of the group system, which is, in those passages lauded as the achievement of pure democracy, and the party system, which is denounced as having been in existence for two hundred years and to have produced a harvest of dismal failure. We have no objections to call the Progressives in parliament a group instead of calling them a political party. But, in so far as observation goes, as a rule they act as a party, though whether at the beck of a leader or as the result of intimate and united study of each matter on which a vote is taken, or under advisement of an outside parliamentary committee, does not come within our observation. The thing that has been denounced by the Winnipeg conference, to which his letter refers, as well as by a number of constituency conferences would appear to be, not co-operation within Parliament for legislative results, but co-operation in the country to influence the electors. The words that have this import, selected from a great many in the same series of resolutions that have, to us, no clear meaning, are these:

> "Resolved that, should any part of the group of farmer legislative representatives decide to organize a central committee to exercise any control over the political activities of the electorate, it is the firm belief of this convention that it would be a violation of the democratic principles on which the U. F.A. political movement is founded for any legislative member of the U.F.A. to endorse or recognize the authority of such a committee."

Does this mean that those who give special study to legislative issues should make no attempt to win the electorate to their matured and agreed views, or that those who vote for candidates who profess such matured and agreed views are subjecting themselves in an undemocratic spirit to party machinery? We presume that either of these interpretations would be indignantly denied. But what this "control of political activities" is that makes the distinction between "group democracy" and "party domination" is still elusive. In so far, however, as its purpose is to insist on the electors thinking and acting for themselves and for their country, and not waiting to be urged and herded, it is certainly noble. It would be hard to render one's country and one's countrymen a greater service than to get the electors thinking and acting for the public good. Any method that will accomplish this, as this farmers' movement has done, is to be welcomed.

THIS IS NICE

CANADIAN NATIONAL TELEGRAPHS TELEGRAM

OTTAWA, ONT. DEC. 15, 9 a.m.

THE WITNESS, MONTREAL, QUE.

GREETING AND CONGRATULATIONS. LONG LIVE THE WITNESS TO STAND BY OLD TRADITIONS OF THE RIGHTEOUSNESS, WHICH EXALTETH A NATION.

COMMISSIONER LAMB, SALVATION ARMY.
LONDON, ENG.

Our readers will share our appreciation of the above telegram. Commissioner Lamb, one of the chief executives at British head quarters, is well known throughout Canada and the Empire, through his immigration work for the Salvation Army and is much in the public eye just now on account of his project to help household and farm workers to reach the Western Provinces, instead of settling nearer their port of arrival for lack of funds to carry them further where the need for them is greater. Commissioner Lamb is a man of noble spirit and great devotion to humanity. His work is one of taking men and women out of impossible conditions and placing their feet where they will have a better chance, physically, morally, spiritually. It is one of the most effective departments of the many wonderful and enterprising ministries of the Salvation Army.

As to Minorities.

WE find ourselves in clearer sunshine in Mr. Smith's concrete statement as to the procedure in the Calgary constituencies which we read with great interest. In two constituencies, partly urban and partly rural, U.F.A. decided to leave one to Labor and to give Labor its choice. This choice being made, U.F.A. decided to support the Independent in the other and Labor fell in. To reduce that procedure to a general enunciation, it would seem to be that minorities in constituencies are not to count, that the majority group should have the choice of the candidate, and that members of other groups should support, or, at least, not oppose, that candidate. The constituency, not the elector, would thus be the unit, and what is hailed as pure democracy would exclude all not of the prevailing group from any place in the body politic. We are only trying to come at a clear understanding of what the thing is that is so strongly commended to us as achieved democracy. We strongly sympathize with any process that increases the political consciousness of the people as this Farmers' movement has evidently done, in so far as regards the majority groups in the various constituencies. But has it not the effect, in so far as its operation goes, of completely benumbing all local minorities? It looks rather like a system of barter, to which such phrases as pulling and hauling and log-rolling have been irreverently applied, than of reverence for the individual citizen's democratic right. We understand that the method of Proportional Representation has, or had, a place in the program of the Progressives. Its aim is precisely the reverse of this result, that is, to give a value to every vote—to give all sorts of mobilized opinion a fair chance of representation. Under it, groups would develop naturally and necessarily, and under it, there would be no need for any convinced class of electors to commit harikari, as seems to have been generously done by the Farmers in the Calgary constituencies.

Out of Darkness Light.

CANADIAN Liberalism, like English Liberalism, has broken in three. English Liberalism has broken into the Asquith or stalwart Liberals, the Lloyd George, or Coalition Liberals and the Chamberlain Liberal Unionists. These last are now Tories. The Coalition Liberals, deserted and spurned by the Coalition, are like ants in an ant hill turned up by a spade, somewhat blindly running hither and thither to find where they are. The real Liberals among them strongly crave Liberal fellowship, and will find it. We hailed the Farmers' program, still more, when it became the Progressive movement, as being an appeal to true Liberalism. We therefore find now as the result of the break in the farmers' ranks, which is giving so much satisfaction to the capitalistic group, three Liberal parties. The Mackenzie King traditional Liberals, the Progressives and the Morrison-Wood exclusive farmers' group. What we want to see is, of course, such a Liberal combination as can carry Liberal measures in Parliament and defeat privilege there. It looks at present as if, as in other countries, the dissensions of Liberalism—these are always to be looked for—were going to result for a time in giving privilege, which always knows its own mind, its own way for a while. We cannot say we would be sorry to see the proposed White-Gouin combination take form. It would have a great effect in dissolving the horribly mixed conditions which prevail and in revealing the various elements in the mixture in their true light. It would emancipate the Liberalism, which now calls itself such, but which is shackled by capitalistic affiliations. It would enable those Liberals who have advanced beyond the party that bears their name heartily to co-operate. It would

indeed be so obviously reactionary that many who have always counted themselves Conservatives would revolt. Even Mr. Meighen, who would then be discarded, but by no means disabled, and who, as a western man, is far from blind to the trend of events, would find his natural place among Progressives.

Live off the Country.

WHAT is the trouble with the North West? The essential trouble is that it is too far from a selling market and too far from a buying market, and has naturally nothing but maledictions for all that intervenes. All the processes between are capitalistic, and each and every one trying to make a profit—as big a profit as may be, but it must be admitted not always succeeding. What is the cure for that state of things. Speaking theoretically, one would say that, seeing that all mankind has to live off the land, then, given rich land and a fair climate and intelligent people, those people who are actually on the land ought at least to be able to get a good living. "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn." It looks, indeed, like reducing the living problem to an absurdity to have to say that of all the people who live off the land, the lot of the actual cultivator should be among the hardest. Yet so it is. The Chinese raise millions of eggs which they cannot afford to eat and which, through many expensive channels which the eggs have to pay for, they ship to peoples that are far better off than themselves. We have, therefore, naturally always been shy of enunciating, what in itself looks like a truism, that the man on the soil should be the most liberal participator in its bounty, not being able to put it to demonstration and having apparently all the facts against us. "Live off the land!" says the farmer. "You want to turn us into Galicians or Doukhobors. If we wanted to live as they do, of course we could." This rejoinder is perhaps incomplete in its cogency. The fact that these people know how to live off the land in the way their fathers did, and up to their fathers' standard of life, is no proof that those who demand a very much higher standard of living should not by the application of their more active intelligence and the superior information accumulated by educated experience and world-wide observation be able to live up to their higher standard. To any, we do not say, who would like to enquire into this pressing problem; but, to any who would like to read a fairy tale of economic adventure—especially to the ladies, who are the world's real economists—we commend Mr. Ferry's vivid account of his family's exploits in this line of living off the land. It is the sort of thing we have been longing for—something with hope in it. There is, of course, another side to the picture which we are likely to hear from every point of the compass. All eth same the excursion into Arcady is breezy, exhilarating and full of suggestion.

The Requisites.

IN one part of Mr. Ferry's letter we find the enigmatic word "brain-tanning." We gather that home tanning is not the only process mixed with brains. We find in his story two or three essentials to success. One is operative efficiency with which people are endowed in very variable degree. A hundred years ago the Yankee was proverbially an inventor. How came he by that reputation? Because, growing up under primitive conditions, he had from youth to use his inventive wits about everything he did. Living, as we do now, on card-boarded mill feed, that talent has perhaps got more or less atrophied through lack of use. It survives in full force on Mr. Ferry's farm. Another element of success is education. Only one who knows enough to put himself in touch with like conditions all the world over could do what Mr. Ferry is doing, not only for himself, but, it seems, in co-operation with his neighbors, experimenting and advising each other. A third requirement is the absence of prejudice. "What!" we hear some one say, "wear shoe packs instead of boots! wear moccasins in winter!" Yes, we answer, do on the farm, and you will want to. You need not go to church in the shoepacks, but for the daily life they are much superior to boots. If you want your children's feet to develop robustly, and if you have a tribe of Indians near you to make soft moccasins for winter, then by all means prefer them to shoes. In the North West the snow is as dry as the parlor floor. If the government wants to do real service in peopling the land, we should assume that a million dollars spent on experimental farms in the various regions to find out and to demonstrate what can be done in making each farm and each township its own market, would be worth ten millions spent on immigration.

About Sacrifice.

> "Sir, In a recent issue of your paper you remark in an editorial that the East has made great sacrifices for the West. I have heard and seen this statement before, and now, seeing it made by one for whom I have great respect, I would ask what these sacrifices are? We of the West know of a great many ways in which the East has sacrificed the West, now we would like to learn something of the other side from the Witness which is generally right—E. F. Martin."

We have not been able to trace any such remark as the above, though it might be possible to make some defence of it. It is in the nature of things that the mother country, which the east of Canada has been to the west, should put its powers into the nurture of the daughter country, and also in the course of nature that the daughter should feel under no proportionate obligation. What we do find in a recent article is this: "Eastern Canada has spent untold millions on opening the north-west and is now losing beyond her powers on those ventures." What was invested by the east in western "ventures" was not in the way of sacrifice, but of business adventure with the hope of return. The Canadian government put an initial sum of twenty-five million dollars into the Canadian Pacific Railway, equal to a hundred millions now, with no hope or intention of getting it back, except in the form of an extended country. While that money and a great deal of private money, largely raised in eastern Canada, was being spent on the construction of the line, other money rushed into the country. Cities grew up in a few months, all built by eastern money. By 1880 practically nothing had gone out of that country in return for all that had gone in. The climate had not been widely tested for wheat. The leading crop was probably oats, to supply the horses of the construction gangs. Some shrewd people doubted at that time whether there ever would be a return. But things were booming and money poured in and building went on in Winnipeg at twenty to forty below zero, at seven dollars a day, fabulous then, mostly money from the east. If some of that was sacrificed it was not done in any spirit of sacrifice. The article quoted from, which was dealing with the Hudson Bay Railway problem, went on: "It is practically the east that is asked to open a new channel to enable the west to give the east the go-by altogether." That was a simple statement of fact; but for our part, we hastened to repudiate any such narrow way of looking at the question. The country to us is not east and west but is our country from end to end. Those who at either end raise acrimonious questions between east and west are not patriotic Canadians. We are all pretty much of the same stock. Those at one end are just as good and no better than those at the other. It is for the whole country to do its utmost for every part; just as in the human body it is no matter what part suffers or prospers all the rest must suffer or prosper with it. Such was the spirit of the article in which we made bold to enquire whether, taking the country as a whole, and considering its present critical condition through over-building of railways, it could wisely risk the immense sum it might cost to experiment with the Hudson Bay route.

The Plain Truth.

IT is a comfortable fact that in Mr. Bonar Law, with whose past home politics we greatly differ, Britain has a straightforward, honest man who tells her the truth. In response to searching questions indited by a united opposition, he be making her own out of it all. Here is made the great confession, for expressing which Mr. Balfour was so angrily rated both by France and the United States—and made it more explicitly than Mr. Balfour did—that Britain cannot pay her debt to the United States unless she can collect from those nations that are indebted to her. This is a very serious change from what British writers and speakers have, in view of government utterances of the Georgian era, been warranted in boasting, namely, that Britain intended to pay her debts whatever the others did. Just before the United States came into the war the present premier had been on the point of informing dominion premiers that Britain was at the end of her financial resources. She had pledged all her means without regard to whether it was for British or allied armies. And here is a true word that we must expect to hear vociferously resented in the United States: "From the point of view of justice, it cannot be right that we alone should make payment." While the United States was under the too proud to fight obsession, she might assume to be under no obligations. But it is an interesting fact pointed out in Mr. Macaulay's letter in this paper that most of Britain's obligations to the United States were contracted after the United States had admitted her partnership in the war. It is held by Mr. Macaulay and probably few business tribunals would judge otherwise that being in the war the United States owed to the partnership all her resources. As with Britain in the days of the elder Pitt, so with the United States in the Great War. Whatever she did by subsidizing—let us call it that— the European States, she did far more cheaply than she could have done by armies of her own. But what is far more supremely important, she did it immediately, whereas it took a year to supply armies of her own, and she had to depend largely on British ships to get them over.

Business Facts.

OTHER things said by the calm Prime Minister have occurred to many. Yet they needed to be said from just that spot. Of Britain's assuming the whole of the war debt, he says, "I am convinced that it would reduce the standard of living in this country for a generation, and would aggravate the burden of unemployment." "If the central position of Britain is strong, it is only because her people are poor." If she is suffering more than almost any other country, it is because Britain is facing her enormous obligations, which others are not. Through the continued depreciation of the mark, war fortunes are still heaping up in Germany. But German commerce cannot possibly recover except through the stabilization of the mark. Yet the very process of stabilization must produce, Mr. Bonar Law says, just such collapse of industry as Britain has suffered. That is said with the premier's usual moderation. The thing to look for is a very much greater collapse. When did Britain's currency get down to eight thousand marks for a dollar? When money is more and more inflated, everything gets dearer and dearer and business becomes wondrous profitable. When money begins to return to its level, stocks tumble in nominal money value; people refuse to buy, waiting for further decline, and business flags or ceases. It may be that the Prime Minister's very quiet, matter-of-fact and candid statement as to the difficulties in which he found the country, may have had a subduing effect on the new-fledged carpers who had come to Parliament determined to let nothing be done, and not to permit adjournment unless the government took upon it the generous sustenance of all out-of-works. These, instead of maintaining their clamor against prorogation, allowed the session to depart in peace. Such would seem to be the wholesome effect of coming face to face with responsibility.

Everyone Interested.

THE peril that overhangs Germany for that reason overhangs France and Italy and Britain, but especially Britain. It even threatens the great nation that sits aloof though that nation may appear to what a leading western farmer, evidently a devout Republican and traditional protectionist, has been discovering, and, as president of the American Farm Bureau, telling his fellows:—

> If America is to be prosperous, to advance instead of go back, Europe must be healed. This is the one big problem confronting us. The delegates to the fourth annual meeting of the American Farm Bureau cannot escape it; the manufacturers cannot escape it; the statesmen cannot escape it. Europe must be made well again if we are to remain healthy.
>
> At present the American farmer is inclined to "Let Europe stew in its own juice." Such a policy, if continued, will be suicidal.
>
> It may be well to cancel the war debt, certainly we should cancel some of it. But the whole eleven billions are not worth weighing against the pure material advantage to us of a rehabilitated Europe, stabilized, productive, able to buy because it has much to sell, and a customer whose notes are worth their face value.
>
> If we ask Europe to pay her debt we must lower our tariff so that she can sell to us. Farmers are far from being free traders, but they are rapidly coming to favor a tariff which will not be greater than the difference in the production and conversion costs abroad. This difference would not be so great as to prevent the free exchange of goods which would enable debtor nations to enter our markets. The amount of the war debt owed us is only $100 per capita, or about $500 per family. There are few families but could use this amount of surplus goods to their advantage and without disadvantage to American industry. But there are other things to be done first.
>
> Take the armies from the Rhine, settle the reparations problem on a sane basis and Europe will be a long way toward recovery because there will again be an incentive to get money by working for it because there will be some assurance that it will be worth as much as it is to-day.
>
> Why are farmers concerned in this? Because one-fourth of the American wheat crop and one half the American cotton crop normally goes to Europe; because American industry can never reach its full stride until the European market is safe for its manufacturers; because there are no more economic boundary lines. The farmer is concerned more than any other class of Americans because he must sell his products at a world price.

Help for Europe.

SOME New York bankers have a scheme to raise an enormous loan, to be endorsed by the United States government, to enable Germany to meet her non-postponable obligations and also to stabilize her currency and so render commerce with her possible, which it cannot be, so long as neither the German nor his correspondent can tell how much he will have to pay in his own money when his contract or order comes paying, or what the goods will be worth then. It would indeed be a relief to the extreme tension that benumbs the world's activities and strains the endurance of the nations to see the United States, with her full coffers and her comparatively care-free health and strength, tackling the problem of which she alone at all times held the key. There is no country that would not lift its weary arms to cheer the advent of such a Christmas treasure-ship—such an emancipation. Out-of-work England would see all her chimneys beginning to smoke gaily and all her wheels beginning to turn. And the blessing would revert to the farmer of the American west, who would discover in his pocket the evidence that Europe was beginning to eat. As it is, the announcement is dubiously received, as it is coupled with the proviso that Europe must first settle her reparations difficulties. That looks to Europe like a purse on the sidewalk with a string to it. France puts it beside the promise of aid in case Germany should again assail her, made only to be repudiated after she had acted upon it. How much could be done, if instead of of-

fering rewards for good behavior like the patron of a school, she would come herself and encourage and advise—if, instead of attending the conferences by observers, like the ancient prophet who sent a servant with his walking stick to bring a dead child to life, she would take a hearty hand in the fellowship of nations, even when Standard Oil had nothing at stake.

Disarmament Again.

A SENATOR from Utah, presumably a Mormon, has brought a resolution into Congress that the United States once more call the nations about her footstool to discuss further disarmament. As we understand the despatch, the proposal, even though it came from a Democrat, and should have been hurled into the waste paper basket, was in some way got upon the orders of the House by a sweeping majority. The sentiment of Congress is that while of course we will not put ourselves at the bidding of any League of Nations, we have no objection to calling the nations to us and showing them what to do. An obligation entered into at Washington seems to be in some way less humiliating than one reached at Geneva. Well, we wish all success to the new disarmament, and we shall try and remember not to call it a League of Nations, at least until it has done its work.

From the Throne.

GOVERNOR General Healy's address to the Southern Irish parliament had more color and less formality than is usually characteristic of the "speech from the throne," whether in Britain or the Dominions. His hearers, and through them the people of Ireland in general, were reminded that they had now entered into the fulness of their partnership in liberty with the nations co-operating in co-equal membership in the great commonwealth of free peoples. Mr. Healy alluded to the constitution as "conforming to those modes of constitutional expression common to their partner nations," under which all the forces and ideals of Irish nationality should have free play. He alluded to the hostile operations of a small minority who had not bowed to the will of the people, and who were striking deadly blows at the economic prosperity and political unity of Ireland, and said that it must be the first and most urgent care of Parliament to bring the disorder speedily to an end. He touched on the necessity of a commission to determine the boundaries between North and South, and he outlined a legislative program dealing with the franchise, the judicial system, police, army, land and other matters. We read that the "entire assembly applauded the governor's address." Then we read that the Labor members had absented themselves from the joint session of the two Houses at which the address was read, their leader, Mr. Johnson, afterwards explaining that they had considered it more tactful to stay away lest something should have arisen to provoke a protest. The Irish Laborites seem to have taken warning from the unseemly outbreaks of some of their British brethren who consider that it helps the cause of the workers and the workless to make frequent disturbances in parliament.

The Unruly.

MR. HEALY is credited with the desire to deal as leniently with the rebels as is consistent with the welfare of the state. The British press has also been considerably exercised over the stern measures used by Mr. Cosgrave and his confreres in the enforcement of order. The Unionist "Irish Times" has expressed doubts regarding their wisdom, but the Nationalist papers, the "Freeman's Journal" and the "Independent," have accorded the government vigorous support. Their editors have, in consequence, received letters warning them to quit the country. Outrages or "guerilla operations," whichever they may be termed, still continue. National posts in the south and west are captured and recaptured. Reports from these unsettled districts give an appalling picture of anarchy—roads torn up, bridges broken down, railways destroyed, houses burned, agriculture, industry and commerce at a standstill. This ruin is perpetrated in part by common ruffians such as always take advantage of disorder for their own private ends, if only to gratify their lust for doing harm; but also in part, by young men of good families, farmers, lawyers, clerks, students, who imagine they are "fighting for Ireland" when they are tearing her to pieces. Even in Dublin the work of destruction goes on in the old familiar way. A band of young men suddenly gathers round the home of some Free State deputy, force an entrance and, finding him absent, set it on fire regardless of the fate of the inmates, and then disappear. They are unarmed as they proceed to the rendezvous but are supplied with weapons by women and girls who know that they will not be arrested and searched by the national troops. It is evident, however, that underneath the surface there are agencies working for peace. The mass of the people desire peace and all the solid interests which are left in the country are united in support of the government which represents the voice of the majority of the people of Ireland. Perhaps the pleasantest incidents in Ireland just now are those centering round the departure of the British troops and the taking over of their duties by National army. Changing guard is always a striking ceremony, but when the old guard has held its post for seven centuries and the new guard is the heir of the centuries preceding, the occasion is one of momentous symbolism. When before, except in the first week or two of the World War, did the populace of Dublin carry Union Jacks and cheer departing British soldiers? The British Tommy is a favorite wherever he goes, even among those who, for one reason or another, have sought to murder him. And the Irish people realize at last that Britain is playing fair and is heartily desirous of their welfare.

A Lingering Scott Act.

THE Canada Temperance Act has been repealed in Missisquoi County, Quebec The racial complexion of that county has changed greatly since it carried the Scott Act in days when that act raised great expectations, since which time it has held wonderfully to its insecure defence. A very brave fight was put up for temperance by the Womans' Christian Temperance Union and other organizations. Public opinion, however, was apathetic. The vote was small, but the majority against the Act was comparatively large, and the verdict of the county unmistakable. The Scott Act, in its day, did good service to Canada as expressing the mind of the people, and it emptied a number of jails, but, as everyone knows, it was lame in the matter of enforcement. It broke the way, however, for such later methods as have been within the reach of the electors. Missisquoi County, speaking as a whole, has not repealed the Scott Act for the purpose of going under a more comprehensive law. The Provincial Government and its supporters have been very active promoters of the government grog-shop said to be working beneficent wonders through the provincial treasury. They have been sounding the praises of "Government Control" in season and out of season. They have boasted of what it is doing as a creator of wealth and a promoter of "temperance." Much of rural Quebec is fortunately dry, not under Taschereau temperance, but under local option, and its people are temperate and industrious. This condition the government, under the obsession of liquor pressure is, apparently, doing its best to destroy. Temperance workers in Missisquoi must not be discouraged. They are not at their last ditch. This defeat opens the way to other and perhaps better methods of protection, certainly to continued protest. Sometimes a defeat spurs efforts. This was evident many times in the course of the Great War, Perhaps the greatest need in Missisquoi and elsewhere is a thorough sowing of the primary facts of temperance. Prohibition in the United States came after many years of such seed-sowing and only by persistent work along such lines can prohibition be renderet permanent. The government liquor system in Quebec is bad from the economic point of view. It takes millions out of the pockets of the people and gives them worse than no value in exchange. It is still worse from the social standpoint. Such a system cannot last. Prohibition is the only logical and only effective method of handling the liquor evil. Quebec and British Colnmbia will sooner or later come into line with the rest of the North American continent.

Turbulent Poland.

WHO would like to be the next president of the republic of Poland? One was elected who, whatever may have been the circumstances of his choice, certainly entered on service with the most buoyant hopes for the recovery of his very sick country. His outlook was a business one: There was but little unemployment. Exports, which three years ago were infinitesimal, to-day balance imports, and will exceed them to-morrow." The world would soon recover confidence in Poland's currency. It was his aim to work for such an understanding and stability as would be for his country's advantage and that of the Allies. This he said, and went straight to his death at the hands of, possibly, a maniac,—one of those whom present hysterical conditions of the world have multiplied, but who was thrown up in the froth of an angry movement of the class called in those countries, the Intelligentsia, too largely represented in action by irresponsible youth, male and female, of the student age. These had been so violently rioting over Mr. Narutowics's appointment (it is a parliamentary, not a popular selection) that he was advised not to venture upon public appearances. So the class that hooted and pelted the new president in the streets is morally responsible for his murder. But when were the Poles at peace among themselves? Let us be thankful that Mr. Paderewski is safely back at the piano. The wrath of these mobs was largely race hatred against the Jews whom they regarded as supporters of the new president. However they made their way there the Jews have been about as long in that country as the Poles have. They are about a seventh of the whole people of Poland, and about a third of the population of Warsaw and of other cities. For some reason they are greatly hated by the rest of the people. They keep repellently apart, dress differently and preserve a language different from that of the country. Their press sided with Russia against Polish autonomy. Hatred of them resulted in general boycotts and rose during the stress of the war to something like pogroms.

Progress of Communism.

ONE of the major effects of the Great War, which might in economics come to be recorded as the great revolution, has been the wiping out of gentry throughout Europe. Estates that have not been forcibly broken up, as in Russia, have come largely under the hammer, as in England, having become a loss to their owners instead of a support. No wonder that the junkers in Germany want to see the imperial days back. So in England the hapless, and in many cases, very degraded, gentry long looked back to the House of Stuart. Russian princes and squires serving as waiters in Bolshevik or in Swiss hotels have probably said a long farewell to all their greatness. They could not live on their estates if they had them back. In England there would appear to be profiteers in plenty to buy up the old estates, especially as they are going very cheap. But the reason for that is that they do not pay to hold. And we read of public subscriptions to save this historic monument or that venerable avenue of elms. Does it not look like a triumph for communism? Quite the reverse. The land has got practically into the hands of the people. All through eastern Europe there are a hundred proprietors, or potential proprietors, where there was one. That is the strongest bulwark against communism that could be raised. The time for communism was five years ago when everybody was throwing money about. Now that everybody has to pinch—the so-called "haves" more than the "have nots"—the sense of ownership, of no matter what, has become keener. Switzerland has a constitutional law by which any live group can claim a referendum of the whole people for any measure it may desire. Switzerland, which is a free country, has long been a safe harbor of refuge for communists and all other revolutionists, including runaway kings. It was there that Lenin turned up, at the time of Germany's need, to explode Russia. The communists in Switzerland concocted a measure which was to make a paradise of the country by taking eight percent from fortunes of sixteen thousand dollars and sixty percent from fortunes of six hundred thousand. They used the right of Initiative to get a referendum upon it. It was voted down seven to one. So it would be in England if the Labor party could test it in that uncompromising way.

KIPLING NOW AND THEN

A London bookseller is trying to find a purchaser at $4000 for a manuscript satire of Anglo-Indian society which Kipling is said to have produced in cub-reporter days in India. Kipling, we are told, thought so little of it that after giving it away he forgot about it, though a few years ago he offered to buy back the work that he could not recall.

An author does not consider himself befriended when somebody exhumes a literary indiscretion dead and buried. When he penned the manuscript such a price upon it within his lifetime would not have occurred to him as possible.

As a young man, on his way home from India, Kipling paused in Philadelphia and tried in vain to dispose of some of his fascinating tales for publication at $50 apiece. Even in 1905 the late Richard Watson Gilder expressed his consternation over Kipling's expectation of $1000 for a short story submitted to the Century Magazine. When the author's vogue became firmly established in England the editor of an undergraduate monthly at Cambridge, hearing that Kipling's price was a shilling a word, sent him that sum and asked for a word. The answer was "Thanks."

But that is not the answer to the bookseller who puts on the market a ghost that the writer fervently desires to have laid forevermore.

THE SIKHS AND THEIR RELIGION

Sikhism originated in the important plains country of Punjab in Northwestern India, not far from the great Indus river and the mountains which form the boundary between India and Afghanistan; and this has remained the region of its greatest strength. It arose toward the close of the fifteenth century. The immediate cause for the birth of Sikhism seems to have been the need for a protest against the idolatry, caste system, and cruel practices of Hinduism, the fanaticism of Mohammedanism, and the subjection of women practiced by both those dominant religions.

Nanek, the "Guru" or teacher, who founded Sikhism struck out boldly against abuses in the religions about him. He taught there is one God, though He may be called by many names. Simplicity was emphasized. Unlike Hindus, Sikhs could eat meat, though beef was excepted.

A phase of Sikhism far-reaching in its results, was its insistence on the observance of rules of health. In addition to eating what most Westerners regard as a more strengthening diet than the vegetarian fare of the Hindu, Sikhs were to ban alcoholic beverages and tobacco, were to bathe daily in cold water, and were not to make pilgrimages to Hindu holy places. The practice of making pilgrimages is considered an important factor in the spreading of disease in India.

The five great virtues stressed by the Sikh teachers were contentment, compassion, piety, patience and morality. The five deadly sins to be shunned were lust, anger, covetousness, worldly love, and pride. The Sikh faith could almost be condensed into the injunction: Love God and your fellow man; keep a pure heart; lead a temperate, wholesome, normal life. Because of these simple fundamentals it has been called the most occidental and the most pragmatic of Eastern religions.

At first Sikhism developed peacefully. After several generations the Mohammedan Mogul emperors in control of Northern India began to persecute the new sect, who were driven from the Punjab plains by the Mohammedans; but hidden away in the hills and held together by their militant religion, they prospered. When the Mogul empire collapsed the Sikhs again took possession of the plains country and by about 1800 had built up a great Sikh commonwealth under the rule of a Sikh Maharaja with his capital at Lahore.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, the Sikhs came into collision with the British. After two wars which constituted the most serious military opposition which the British encountered in India, the Sikhs were defeated and their territory was made a part of British India. The Sikhs then became adherents of the British, and thanks to military ability, their most valuable supporters among the Indian people. They remained loyal and assisted with their armies during the Indian mutiny in 1857 and are credited with having saved India to Great Britain during that trying period.

CANADIAN VIEW OF ALLIED DEBT

Mr. T. B. Macaulay Makes Valuable Suggestions in Letter to Mr. Bernard Baruch.

In view of the necessity of finding a solution to the problem of the Allied debts, the appended letter from a prominent Canadian financier has special value. Bernard Baruch in a letter to Senator Borah dissected the Balfour note, and made important constructive suggestions, which Mr. Macaulay would further develop:

"Dear Mr. Baruch: Canadians have noted with satisfaction the broadminded views expressed in your widely published letter. We in the Dominion have no direct interest in the Allied debts. We are united by strong friendship, both to the Mother Country and to our neighbor-brother, and can, we think, view the matter impartially. May I briefly discuss the case?

You frankly agree that such portions of the Allied loans as were expended for munitions and other fighting purposes, were used for the benefit of all, and that the debts may fairly be reduced to this extent.

When your country declared war you took your place beside the Allies to prosecute the struggle as a joint enterprise. You required over a year for preparation, and during that time the Allies gave to the cause one million lives, besides billions of their own money. You could not help with men, but you did help finahcially. The claim now that you were only lending while they were giving is so contrary to all ideas of cooperation and justice, that it will not stand even a moment's investigation. Were your dollars worth more than their lives?

During the whole war in actually killed, France lost 2,100,000; Britain 1,500,000; Italy 1,000,000; the United States 50,000; Canada 52,000. In lives there was no equality of sacrifice; must there also be no equality in finance?

I need not dwell further on these points, for you admit that money borrowed for military purposes should be deducted from the so-called debts. Coming from the head of the government commission which made the advances, this declaration should carry great weight with the American people. Its general acceptance would be a first step towards a fair solution.

You hold, however, that money applied to purposes not strictly military should be repaid. You also hold that the United States has counter-claims.

Among non-military items you list food for Britain's civilian population. This food, purchased at inflated prices, was sold much below cost, and the proceeds were at once applied to strictly military purposes. Was it not all therefore a war expenditure?

You also suggest that Britain should have transported American troops without charge. Why? The vessels were private property, and their owners had to be reimbursed. Why should Britain pay for their use while they were transporting American troops? American railways were likewise under government control. Should they have carried without charge the munitions purchased by the Allies? Britain of course gladly furnished the naval squadrons that convoyed the transports.

You make out a better case on another point. Any amount paid to J. P. Morgan & Co. to cover an over-draft of the British government on April 6th, 1917, is in a different category, as it represents expenditures before the United States became one of the associates.

But there is another point. Your advances were limited to covering purchases in the United States, which incidentally benefited your own people, practically the only exception being for Russia. No other nation imposed such a restriction. Was this quite in harmony with full cooperation, and with the wealth and dignity of your country? If a broader view might wisely have been taken, and the restriction had not been imposed, Britain would not have had to continue to finance the domestic requirements of her Allies, and would today owe your government nothing, for she would have paid for her own American purchases in cash. It then becomes of no importance for what purpose the money was used, and even the Morgan over-draft drops out of sight.

There is still another point. These monies did not leave the United States. They were expended in purchases these at war-time prices. An American writer estimates that apart from the wealth which this brought to individuals, the United States government itself received back in excess profits and other taxes over $2,000,000,000, reducing the actual advance by that amount. Should this be ignored?

I heartily agree that if there is to be any just settlement all points must be carefully considered, and among these points I would include the question, whether if these debts were collected the United States would have borne a reasonable share of the burdens, particularly for the first year, and also the effect of the limitations of your advances. My own impression is that the maximum amount, if any, which an impartial commission would award as due by Britain, would be the Morgan over-draft of $400,000,000.

Mr. Hoover says that the Allies can pay these sums. This has no bearing on the question whether the money is really owing. That a man can pay a claim does not prove that the claim is just.

The war record of the United States from the time of her entry was a worthy one. Though she could not at once supply men, she did at once take an effective part financially, and when her armies did arrive they won the admiration of the world. Those who now say that your advances were mere loans would pluck from the brow of your country her crown of glory, by reducing her from a splendid participant, during even the first year, to a mere money lender, making claims, the justice of which the rest of the world does not admit.

I know and admire the American people. I am sure that when they understand the facts they will insist that their financial war record shall be made worthy of their glorious military record."

T. B. MACAULAY.
President, Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada, Montreal.

LABOR WINS IN AUSTRALIAN ELECTION

The figures of the federal elections held in Australia on Friday indicated defeat of the Nationalists and Premier Hughes. Labor leading in 35 seats, out of a total of 75. The Nationalists were leading in 27 seats, the Country party in ten, and Liberals and Independents in three.

At dissolution the following was the standing of the parties: Nationalists, 38, including the Speaker; Country party, 13; Labor, 24.

Premier Hughes had therefore a majority of but one, including the Speaker, but he was kept in power by the fact that coalition between the Free Trade Country or Farmers' party and the high protectionist Laborites was impossible on almost any one question. The situation was further complicated by a split in the Labor ranks between the official Labor party and the Independent Laborites.

In 1917 Premier Hughes was in power at the head of a united Labor party. In order if possible to carry conscription—which, however, failed on a referendum—Mr. Hughes formed a coalition Government known as the Nationalists and made up of the Liberals and that section of the Labor party which favored conscription. Rather precariously, the coalition maintained itself in power until the recent dissolution. Success of the Labor party in the present election would mark, therefore, a return to the status of 1917, but with Premier Hughes eliminated as its leader. He has held office continuously for eight years and was a militant factor in bringing the full strength of Australia to bear in the war.

Latest returns respecting the vote for the House of Representatives show that the Nationalist or Hughes Party's chance of recovery from apparent defeat is almost hopeless. It is now considered probable that the Government party will not number more than 28 in the new House, and therefore, if Mr. W. M. Hughes is to continue as premier with a workable following, he will have to effect a fusion with some of the anti-Labor forces.

Announcement was made on Monday that allotment of the preference votes will probably give the parties the following strength: Nationalists, 28; Labor, 30; Country Party and Liberals, 17.

THE FIRST ONE'S THE WORST ONE

Gentlemen'— Alta., Dec. 4, 1922.

I have pleasure in forwarding herewith $3.35 in payment of my own renewal and also one new subscription.

I have frequently recommended the Witness (with whose aims I am completely in accord) to people of the neighborhood, though without result, and have lately been sending out copies by mail to acquaintances with whom I am in less frequent touch. I hope that Mr.—— may prove only the first to whom I am able favorably to introduce your paper. Faithfully,

H. S. GROVES

(Many of our readers who have rather reluctantly gone out and secured a new subscriber have experienced the zest of furthering a cause which they appreciate more than they realise and have not been content with one.)

FROM THE FAR PACIFIC

Dear Sirs:— B.C., Dec. 1, 1922.

I am enclosing M.O. for $3.35 covering my renewal and for one new subscription. I am sorry to have only the one new subscriber but I may send more later. I have been under a continued illness for some months.

Would just like to express my great appreciation of the Witness. It is certainly the most wholesome and worthwhile family paper that we know of in the Dominion and trust it may long continue its publication. Yours sincerely,

T. J. D. GRAHAM

(Expressions such as the above come to us from every part of the Dominion—which is surely proof enough that the Witness serves no party or sectional interest.)

OTTAWA LETTER

Ottawa, Dec. 16.—Everybody and everything around Parliament Hill is awaiting Mr. Fielding's return. His delay in this respect has been holding up a decision as to the date of the opening of Parliament, and a number of other things. Possibly never before has a man occupying a secondary position in the Canadian Government, been of so much importance. Mr. Fielding's opinion has always gone a long way; it was so in the days of Laurier and it is so today.

The Nestor of The House

The manufacturers and the retail merchants dislike the tax on receipts due to come into effect on January 1st, and by prearrangement have been bombarding the Prime Minister with a veritable hail of telegrams. But the word has gone forth that no action can be taken before Mr. Fielding comes home. The bankers and brokers have been eager to get information respecting the next loan, but they cannot get it until the Minister of Finance arrives on the scene. And the same remark might be made about a number of other matters, which wait on the wisdom of Mr. Fielding.

Always important, it may be said that his importance has grown during the past year. The biggest problem confronting the King Government when it entered office was finance. To this the tariff and even the Government Railways were subordinated. When Mr. Fielding entered the Finance Department things were looking very blue. Business was in the dumps, and there were few who ventured to predict that it would soon come out of them. The revenue from customs, the Sales and the Income Taxes were falling behind with no certainty of an early improvement. The government needed money and that badly, and it was up to Mr. Fielding to get it; if he could do so he would be a hero. He has solved the problem, which explains why he stands so high in the esteem of his colleagues.

There had been an impression that for Canada to borrow in the United States would be a confession of weakness. Mr. Fielding knew better, so he made a remarkably good deal with the house of Morgan for a loan of $100,000,000 at five per cent, and thus enabled Canada to claim that she was the first of the countries in the war, except the United States itself, able to borrow at 5 per cent in New York. That transaction imparted a strong boost to Canada's credit, and no doubt did something to start a stream of American capital that has been flowing into this country at the rate of about $1,000,000 a day ever since.

Observing the rapid decline in collections from Customs, the income, Sales and other taxes, Mr. Fielding decided that some of these would have to be increased, and new ones added. It required no little determination to levy heavier taxes at a time when most other countries were reducing them; but Mr. Fielding did it, with the result that revenue is coming in at a much more rapid rate than it was a year ago, and just now it looks as though he would very nearly balance his budget. In the meantime the decrease in the deficit on the Canadian National is also making things easier for Mr. Fielding. So one is warranted in saying that a great ovation awaits the little white-haired Minister of Finance when he rises to deliver his next Budget Speech.

There is no doubt that, unless sudden illness overtakes him, he will deliver another. For vigor, Mr. Fielding seems to be second only to M. Clemenceau. He has been three months in Europe, attending sessions of the League of Nations, looking after the removal of the British embargo on cattle, negotiating commercial treaties with France and Italy, and so on. His work at home during the next month will hardly be less strenuous, for many deputations are eager to meet him. The majority of those waiting for an interview are desirous of showing him why others should pay certain taxes instead of themselves. In such matters Mr. Fielding adopts a Missourian attitude, he has to be shown.

The Opposition Leadership

When an enterprising press correspondent recently wired from Winnipeg a story to the effect that Mr. Forke, the new Progressive Leader, would claim the right to lead the Opposition with the $10,000 a year that goes with it, he created momentary consternation in certain circles here. Then thousand dollars is a lot of money for any person to lose these days, especially by one who makes a specialty of Opposition politics. Now that Mr. Forke has stated that he has no intention of claiming the leadership with the money, it is surprising the number of Conservative journals that tell him how wise he is. Usually a man who passes up $10,000 a year is considered to be of doubtful sanity. But some profess to believe that in doing so Mr. Forke has established a secure reputation for wisdom.

Those well acquainted with Robert Forke doubted the report that he would claim the money. Being a Scot he doubtless has a due appreciation of the value of cash, but he knows full well that it is not his chief business to oppose the Government. The Progressives are after certain things, and if they are to continue to make a good showing in politics, must get them; but they also know that their chances of getting will be improved in proportion as they cooperate with the Government. So both the Opposition leadership and the money going with it will be passed up for bigger things. Because of the attitude he has taken Mr. Forke is in the unusual position of being considered wise by both old parties.

The Colossus of Roads

Sir Henry Thornton has probably discovered by this time that the making of speeches is quite as important, for the present, as issuing orders for the management of the Government Railways. There is possibly no other public in the world that demands so much in the way of public speaking from those who serve it, as the Canadian public does. No doubt the Canadian Club idea has developed this trait, so that the public now demands that it be talked to, and complains if the demand is not complied with. This demand for speeches will be rather hard on Sir Henry, who can hardly be expected to have that acquaintance with general subjects, that more bookish men may claim. After all he probably will grow tired of it, the security of his position depending much more on the number of millions he saves than on the number of speeches he makes.

So many cities have put in a claim for the headquarters of the Canadian National that it looks as though Sir Henry Thornton would have to be rather deliberate in his choice. When a place such as New Westminster advances its claims on the ground that the system holds more than a million dollars' worth of property in and around that city, one can imagine the number after the plum. And as they all think they should be respectfully heard, quick action designed to shut them off would undoubtedly be resented. The wise ones think that at present Montreal is in the lead. It is true that the atmosphere of Toronto is more congenial to public ownership; but Sir Henry wants peace and quietness as much as anything and the headquarters may be Montreal's price for keeping quiet.

Dominion Ambassadors

The announcement made by the Government of the Irish Free State that it will appoint Ambassadors to Washington, London and Paris should hasten action by Canada. Most people, including the Prime Minister, seem to be convinced that this should be done, and yet action is delayed. Very probably the explanation is to be found in deference to Mr. Fielding's opinions, he having strongly opposed the appointment when in Opposition. The old argument as to the difficulty in finding a suitable Ambassador was a libel on Canadian ability. A nation that did so well in war, can be depended on to hold its own

The recent international postal convention with the United States, resulting as it did in the decision to improve certain features of the postal service between the two countries, together with the more recent visit of Hon. Geo. P. Graham to Washington for the purpose of conferring with the United States authorities on the creation of an international railway board, are steps in the direction of developing more business with the Republic. The truth is that the two countries must trade together, no matter what certain politicians on both sides of the boundary line may do. Canada has to get business if she is to carry her heavy taxation, and despite the tariff, it is secured easier across the line than anywhere else. This country is bound to work closely with the United States on railway matters, if for no other reason than that our Government either owns or controls nearly 3,000 lines of railway over there, while the Canadian Pacific controls over 4,000.

Much is sure to be heard during the session about the high grain rates on the Lakes this Fall. It seems to be the irony of fate that the western farmers after getting a big reduction in freight rates on grain moved from prairie points to Port Arthur should see a large portion of this saving gobbled up by the shipping interests on the Lakes. It is stated on good authority that the latter haven't had as good a year for nearly half a century.

THE WITNESS INFLUENCE

Dear Sirs:— N.B., Dec. 7, 1922.

For some years I have been sending the Messenger to the few Protestant families in this locality hoping for their spiritual uplift through its influence, as we appreciate it much in our own home and find it greatly improved of late.

Enclosed you will find the list of names with the addition of another who is a patient in the incurable ward of North Battleford, General Hospital, deprived of power of speech through paralysis for 22 years. Also one new subscriber to the Witness and one renewal. The —— is in all the homes here where its stories of gunmen and crime are greedily perused even by the children and on Sabbaths.

I am enclosing express order for ten dollars and will you kindly send the remaining $4.50 to the help of Henderson's Mission to the Shantymen. Sincerely yours,

MARY KERR

(This lady is certainly performing missionary service. Many readers remark on the recent improvement in the Witness. That improvement can be continued in many directions if you "Say it with Subscriptions.")

Goodwill---Mankind's Only Hope

(By "Scrutator")

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

We owe the couplet to Thomas Tusser who lived in the middle of the sixteenth century. He being dead hundreds of years yet speaketh. May he continue to speak with a magic spell over the hearts of men, for if there be one thing that our tragic world needs more than another it is a great baptism of the Christmas spirit. We want everywhere the soul of good cheer, that eases strain, that removes suspicion, and leads us into the world of the child heart. Our hearts need release by the thawing of good-will into all the warmth of simple human joys. It is good once a year to feel the heart flow freely; better were it if it did so every day. And that in a sense is the purpose of Christmas—a glad season that all seasons may be made more joyful; a great day, that all the common days may be greatened and glorified by a new spirit of good-will.

The Home Festival

There has always been about it something more human and intimate than any other of the festivals of the Christian year. It strikes across the chords of our common humanity, and brings the music out. The heart that turns again home is always softened to kindlier thought and deed. When true to home the human heart becomes true to its other kindred point, heaven. Where true home joy is, we begin to realize the meaning of the great words: "The kingdom of heaven is in you," and, as another reading beautifully puts it, "Among you" too. No great joy wants to be solitary.

The Child Festival

That is why hearts flow so freely at its touch. A little child is always leading men to their better selves. With what power its presence can conquer pride, and its coldness, suspicion, and its restraints, worldiness, and its hard grip into a common-wealth of simple joy. A society leader the other day prescribed the placing of a child on the hearthrug as the unfailing cure for the chill of a British fashionable gathering. It at once introduces everybody to one another. It was with sure instinct too that George Eliot in her greatest book, "Silas Marner," made the touch of a little child wean the old miser's heart from the love of gold to the love of man and God. A prophet of the olden day had a vision of a kingdom in which the brutish was conquered and the humane was the law of all life, and he said that a little child was leader there. And "there came a little Child to earth long ago," and the heavens rang with songs of peace through goodwill, and these songs have been struggling to enter men's hearts ever since. But, alas! Ruskin was right. In leaving behind childhood men forget child-ness and take with them childishness. Childishness is the world's curse, child-ness is the world's cure. Except we become as a little child the larger blessed life will never be ours, or any man's. In celebrating the children's festival, if we fail to catch the child spirit, we miss everything of lasting good and real power to help the world. Christmas with all the customs and kindlinesses that have gathered round it makes children glad; to men too it should bring great joy by restoring to them child-ness. And the beating heart of child-ness is abounding good-will.

The Peace Festival

There was something fitting and fine in the adoption by the Christian church of the Roman Dec. 25th as the celebration day of the birth of Christ. According to the haunting narratives of Matthew and Luke, it could not have been then that Jesus was born. Shepherds did not watch their flocks on the Judean plateau in the month of December. But what does that matter? Here, as in other things, the church laid hold of existing institutions and feasts and transformed them to her service. That is the very purpose of Christianity: to transform and transfigure all life by the infusion into it of a new spirit. In all likelihood, Christmas is the adaptation of the old Roman festival of Saturnalia to Christian purposes. If so, it was a fine instinct that led the church to do it, for the Saturnalia was marked by many things that Christianity could only bless. The temple of Janus was shut and war could not be declared or waged during that feast. Then, too, slaves had a great time; they were treated as human beings, many of them even gained their liberty. Rank and other distinctions were laid aside, and men greeted and served one another as men. The old Roman feast stood for peace, emancipation, and the free flowing of brotherhood and joy. How well that side of it suited the purpose and aim of the Christian faith. How fitting that at that festival they should celebrate the birth of the great peace-maker and emancipator, and brother, the annointed of God. No doubt the manner of celebrating Christmas, as it has come down to us, was gathered from various quarters. The giving and receiving of gifts was Roman, the lighting of candles and tapers was Jewish, the yule-tree and the yule-log were Teutonic. No where was Christmas more merrily celebrated than in Britain of the middle ages. In England they elected a Lord of Misrule, and in Scotland an Abbot of Unreason, and during the festival he was lord of the house. To such lengths did gaiety go that in 1(55 Parliament had to interfere with a special act.

The Reformation, with its cleansing influences, brought western Christianity back to the religious significance of the day, and did much to make it the children's festival And yet the great central ideas have not been obscured: Christmas stands for peace, for the undoing of heavy burdens, for brotherhood and its abounding joy. It gives us a glimpse of the world as it should be once more.

The Festival of Good-will

All others depend on it being that. "Peace on earth among men of good-will." There is no other peace; all else is a preparation for war. Now the whole hope of the world lies here. Human society, if it is to endure, must rid itself of war as it has rid itself of the duel and the tribal feud. Are we not learning that the aftermath of war is as bad, if not worse, than war itself. Think of the pitiful plight and the abject misery of Europe today. And the worst may not be past, for the vain and wrangling spirit of war is still there. And what follies and intrigues and devilish ambitions lead us into it, and what madness of pride keeps us in it. What is the way out? Treaties, leagues of nations, disarmament; so far, so good; but all of them together will not save us from war, except we diligently cultivate the spirit of goodwill.

Goodwill is God's cement, and it binds and holds; hate is the devil's dynamite, and it blows human society to pieces. Without goodwill we can do nothing; with a little goodwill we can do much; with much goodwill nothing will be impossible to us. Let it be granted that there is in man that which leads to war; there is also in him what leads to peace. And in the long, last issue good is stronger than evil. Moreover, the former has been diligently nurtured, the latter has been largely neglected. The challenge of Christmas is to nurture the spirit of goodwill. On Flanders' fields there happened an incident that will be remembered long after much of the Great War is forgotten. At Christmas, 1915, British men and Saxon men, then locked in the death grapple of war, left their trenches and fraternized in the spirit of goodwill. It was a startling rebuke to war-lords and intriguing diplomats, and bloodthirsty civilians bent on gain. It was prophetic of the better day. It was a revelation of the better side of man challenged by the Christmas ideal. What might human society become if only goodwill was cultivated as diligently as hate has been. Such nurturing of the spirit of Christmas is the world's only hope. And then the better time

"When man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be, for a' that."

Parking cars directly under the open type of electric arc lights is not a wise plan. These lights have a habit of discharging red hot particles of partly consumed carbon which may or may not burn a hole through the tops of cars directly beneath them. It doesn't pay to run the risk.

Throughout the United States there are 135,000 suburban homes dependent chiefly on motor transportation for communication with the city.

SEVEN MEN EXECUTED IN DUBLIN

Four railwaymen and three laborers, members of the "Republican Army," were executed at Dublin on Tuesday morning for train-wrecking in County Kildare. The men were tried and sentenced by a military committee.

NEW CHIEF OF U.F.O.

W. A. Amos elected president of the United Farmers of Ontario, to succeed R. W. E. Burnaby.

Newspaper Arithmetic.

Independence + Sincerity + Broadmindedness + Devotion to the General Welfare + Courage + ENEMIES.

minus { An adequate number of FRIENDS } equals { an uphill fight against heavy odds and, through overstrain, a losing game.

or

plus { An adequate number of FRIENDS } equals { increasing power and influence for good.

Are you going to put in the **minus** or the **plus**?

That is how the **personal equation** counts in making **independent journalism** a possibility.

RUSSIAN PLAN FOR TURKISH CONTROL OF STRAITS

Foreign Minister Chitcherin of Russia proposed on Monday to the Near East conference commission studying the status of the Turkish straits a plan providing for an international board of control on which would be represented Great Britain, Germany, the United States, France, Japan, Italy and all the states bordering on the Black Sea.

M. Chitcherin did not touch upon Great Britain's failure to recognize the Russian Government, but expressed regret that the trade relations between Russia and Britain had not progressed satisfactorily under the trade agreement signed in London on March 16, 1921.

Actual control of the Straits would, under M. Chitcherin's plan, be placed in charge of Turkey, with the privilege of allowing warships to pass in special cases, and provided they do not exceed 6,000 tons.

The Russian plan also contains the provision that three months after adoption of the proposed regime, the contracting parties shall pass an act declaring the Black Sea a closed sea except to those powers whose territory fronts upon it, even in case the regulation of the Straits is modified.

"Organized impotence" was the definition which M. Chitcherin gave of the League of Nations during a heated debate between him and Lord Curzon. "The United States, Germany, Russia do not recognize the League," said Chitcherin. "The League is not even able to control a single Polish general in Vilna. It is unable to accomplish anything in the Lithuanian dispute. What good are the guarantees of such an organization?"

Chitcherin declared that the Allied proposals for the regulation of the Straits were directed against Russia, and put a premium on navalism and militarism.

"These proposals," he added, "are designed to separate Turkey and Russia. It is an Allied scheme which offers fallacious protection to Turkey, but grants passage of the Straits to warships, which would expose Russia's south coast to attack. The project forces Russia to arm and the guarantees are completely illusory for Turkey."

OLD MEASURES*

These poems, by one who already holds a high place among Canadian litterateurs, will live when many other volumes of contemporary verse have been laid aside and forgotten. Mr. Lighthall is no mere versifier, but a true poet, with the poet's insight and imagination, and the skill to weave into beautiful word-pictures the thoughts that come from a well-stored mind. His themes, whether patriotic, philosophic or imaginative, are treated with distinction, and every stanza reveals the unmistakable touch of an artist. In his love for Canadian lore and legend, Mr. Lighthall revels in such subjects as the Land of Manitou, Commandant's Isle, and Fleurant Bay, but he is equally at home in ballads and romantic verse. Numbers that will arrest the reader's attention are the River of Too-Much-Gold, Land Laurentine—a majestic composition—and the passionate Protest against Lord Salisbury's excuse for not aiding the Armenians in the days of Abdul the Damned. Some early lines on Homer are scholarly, and full of the exquisite grace which has distinguished all the author's later work. It need only be added that printer and publisher have spared neither pains nor outlay to make the casket worthy of its contents.

---

* "Old Measures." By W. D. Lighthall. Hodder and Stoughton, and the Musson Book Co., Toronto.

De Valera Narrowly Escaped Arrest in Dublin

Eamon de Valera braved the risk of arrest and narrowly escaped it when he attended a morning mass in the fashionable Catholic university church in Stephen's Green, Dublin, according to the Daily Express.

His entry into the church was not noticed, but fellow worshippers recognized him during the services. Three persons went to general headquarters and warned the commander and troops were sent to the church. They arrived just as the congregation left and Mr. de Valera vanished in the throng.

The Summing Up.

We have told you

The Purpose, Value and Cost of the Witness

Its purpose is purely altruistic, and its value is immeasurable —or, the Witness is the biggest bluff in modern journalism!

It is your prerogative to render judgment.

If it is a collosal bluff you will have nothing more to do with it.

OR

If it is the great influence for good that thousands of its readers say it is,—

AND

If you believe it is filling, for you and the Nation, a need that is not otherwise filled—

Then, we shall not have to labor the argument that

As you need it—it needs you.

That means — — Co-operation.

What will the verdict be?

Your co-operation is the very life blood of the Witness and such must be the basis of its further service.

Make that service possible and it will be rendered joyfully and without stint.

YOU ARE CALLED TO CO-OPERATE

BUT—YOU DON'T HAVE TO.

"No, Mr. Editor, I don't, but I will."

LETTERS FROM READERS.

TO DOUBLE FARM PRODUCTION

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—It is easy to see that with the increased prosperity of the farmer in this country every other industry and business will profit in proportion. It is very important that we have a government that will give all the assistance possible to stimulate agriculture, for I think if the government had done its duty in the past the country would not be in the backward condition it is in today. The press too, should be able to lend great assistance. A people enjoying such a great measure of freedom as we do must have true ideals continually upheld before them, and economy and thrift must be taught to all if the nation is to prosper and be strong. Whoever can show the farmer how he can double the production on the same amount of land will have solved the whole problem of making him prosperous and also contented with his lot.

Almost all our land has been impoverished by a wrong method of farming, and in order to increase the fertility of the soil we must return to the land all the plant food we possibly can, which necessitates the consuming of the crop on the farm in the production of milk, beef, pork, poultry products, etc. It is absolutely essential to success that the inferior stock be culled out and that there be continual improvement made along this line. The most important part of all is the care of the manure. Those of us who have wooden floors in stables, allowing nearly all the liquid manure to escape and be lost, are throwing away what means perhaps the entire profit on the farm. The Department of Agriculture has given considerable assistance to some parts of the country, but there should be a thorough investigation into the conditions that are existing on the farms, and teach proper management and give financial help to reliable farmers who are in need of it.

HUGH. A. CAMPBELL.

Graham's Road, P. E. I.,
Nov. 17, 1922.

Note:—The last suggestion above is invaluable. The part of government is to bring the acquired knowledge of the farming world within the range of the actual farmer. It is easy for newspaper paragraphs to say: "Have a kitchen garden and live off your own land." Where is the poor farmer, who is slaving to keep up with the season in his larger affairs, to find time to plant his tomatoes or weed his strawberries? The man who has to pinch to meet his payments to the bank, or his mortgage agreement, cannot put in a cement floor. But there are practical ways of meeting current needs which it is for the model farm to demonstrate or the lecturing professor to set forth. He can explain the various vitalizing values of clover. He can tell the results of winter egg production in severe climates, and at least help toward Mr. Campbell's ideal of doubling production. The process of giving financial help in such manner as not to sink the receiver into too burdensome debt is becoming a central study of banking statesmanship.

OLD TESTAMENT INFALLIBILITY

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir:—Your correspondent of Nov. 6 seems to prove the infallibility of the Old Testament by his quotation from Luke 24: 25-27, "And beginning at Moses He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." The little word "all" before Scriptures settles the matter beyond dispute.

However, in Matt. 5: 43, 44, one reads, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy, but I say unto you, love your enemies." It would seem the Pharisee believed the infallibility of Moses and the Law, but according to the Master's teaching that was not the important thing in a person's life at all.

A. STEWART.

Note: There is no such passage in the Law of Moses as that quoted. Yet it cannot well be denied that such a rule might not unnaturally be based on certain instructions therein, as for instance the command when a city is taken to slay every man in it. Some of the Psalms treat hatred of the ungodly and of the enemiss of Israel as a duty.

Live Off the Country

"Pierre Ferry" Tells Witness Readers How to "Exterminate Capitalism"

Like Themistocles the Athenian, there are many things I cannot do. I cannot throw bombs to hurl tyrants heavenwards: for the Lord spared me the talent for such high courage. Nor can I mount on soap-boxes, "and stir with accents deep and loud the hearts of all the listening crowd": for the talent for that high eloquence was also withheld by the same great Dispenser. But one small talent was lent, and when, early in 1921, it became evident that the capitalists really meant to ruin all the farmers of the West, myself among them, and to replace us with more docile Galicians. I could only set that one talent to work to do the Giver's will, and balk the fiends of capital, as far as I was able within my own sphere, by finding out how to survive the storm and impart the knowledge to others.

"Live off the country" was one of the military maxims of the great Napoleon. For two years I have endeavoured to do this, with perfectly astonishing success, which some of my neighbors have almost, if not quite, equalled. For two clear years all grain sold off Western farms has been produced at a heavy loss, averaging in the case of wheat, somewhere around one dollar or more a bushel. Every dollar spent on living expenses on every farm in Western Canada during that period has come out of savings, or more often out of depreciation of equipment, or, most often of all, out of ever mounting debt.

Raising of Garden Crops

To meet such a situation two main lines of effort are obvious. First: to cut down the production of saleable products to the point of minimum loss, wherever that point may lie: for only a superficial fool will suppose it possible suddenly to cease producing altogether. Second: to produce on the farm as far as possible, all things necessary for home consumption. These two lines of endeavor are reciprocal, but I do not propose to say aught further of the first here and now. The part of the problem first attacked was the replacement of purchased foodstuffs by garden products. Potatoes are a complete equivalent for flour, and it only needed a slight change of habits to reduce the flour consumption to one-sixth. Nor was it difficult to replace fancy foreign goods, such as rice, tomatoes, &c., with garden products such as cabbages and onions.

It is but fair to say that my own farm is in the Nut mountains in Saskatchewan; which is a sort of "super-West," having soils and a climate as much superior to those of most of Western Canada, as they are to other lands. But if people will "go to it" with a will, they can produce very fair crops of garden truck anywhere in the West, except perhaps in S. W. Saskatchewan and S. E. Alberta, which together constitute a Sahara region in which it was a crime to induce hapless folk to settle. Any reasonable person ought to be satisfied with very much less than our mountain crops.

Home Tanning

The next thing to do was to cut short the frightful loss caused by the purchase of boots, mocassins, harness, lacing, etc., at profiteering prices while throwing away our own beef-hides at the same time. The writer's success in this has been one hundred per cent. good, complete, and final. The "alum-tanned" product of my home tannery is agreed on all hands to be superior to anything that can be bought of the manufacturers. My neighbors have been nearly as successful, and all are producing good useful leather. All the chemicals necessary in tanning can come in duty free and, even with the terrific freight-rate extortion and profiteering going on, the cost of material for an average hide is only fifty cents laid down on my farm in N. E. Saskatchewan. The boots made are the kind known as shoe-packs, or larrigans: they are very popular with the farmers, or would be if they were not so inexplicably dear to buy. But they are dead easy to make. Mocassins for winter wear are even easier. Harness of all kinds is easier still. The writer has not spent one single cent for leather goods during 1921 and 1922.

Home-Made Tools and Clothing

One small thing which gets the farmers' goat pretty bad is the price of axe-handles. Why pay it? Very fair axe-handles, saw-frames, and a lot of small tools can be made out of the native poplar. I have even seen a wagon complete made by the Galicians out of poplar; though I do not recommend that wood for wheelwright work. I have much pleasure in handing the little liked Galicians this small bouquet. If kept dry, poplar is very durable, very, as I have had ample opportunity to observe during my thirty years' experience as Western forestry.

The clothing phase of the "live-off-the-country" problem has not yet been solved with entire satisfaction though much progress has been made. Wool is being produced, scoured, carded, spun, and knitted into garments in the mountain country, though not by the writer. I am told that under-garments, sweaters, tuques, mitts, and socks, are being made, but I have only seen the two latter. These mitts and socks are undyed, but very warm, and appear extremely durable. I have not heard of any weaving nor of any other textiles but woollens. But much is being done by the writer and others in converting old packing material, such as flour and cement bags, and "cheap" cloth, into serviceable and good-looking garments. Also an abundance of good leather can, in some cases, be substituted for textiles. But I regret to say that I have so far failed to produce soft buckskin for garments, nor have I had great success in the production of really soft "brain-tanned" robes to take the place of blankets.

Sugar From Beets

Sugar at ten cents a pound, out of which the Cuban producer got less than four cents, was a knotty problem. Many solved it simply—by going without! But that would never do for children, who need lots of sugar for proper physical development. Then one of my friends experimented, and found, sure enough, that syrup, if not sugar, could easily be extracted from beets. For many years past statements have appeared in the capitalistic press at intervals to the effect that this was impossible, and, though not usually over-credulous, they had me fair bunco-ed. It was not till I had got some beets and had extracted the syrup from them with my own hands that I could really convince myself. The process is simplicity itself and the product most delicious. It is a dark syrup, of very low in viscosity and very saccharnity somewhat resembling maple syrup in flavor. I consider it inferior to maple syrup and honey, but much superior to molasses or corn-syrup The growing of the beets has proved harder than the extraction of the syrup. Danish and Klein Wanzleben have been tried. Danish gives a big crop but is low in sugar content, and has the objectionable habit of poking itself half-way out of the ground. Klein Wanzleben grows rather small, and is extremely attractive to pestilent rodents with capitalistic tendencies to reap where they have not sown. All the same, Klein Wanzleben makes most luscious syrup, almost, if not quite, equal to maple syrup, and lots of it. There is even some talk of producing it as a commercial product after national sanity has been achieved; but I know nothing of that; I am not a commercial person.

Fruit-Growing

Few things enrage the farmers more than the cruel extortion by tariff and freight rates over fruit. I fear that on the arid prairies fruit-growing is not a very hopeful part of the live-off-the-country scheme. But in the pleasant humid climate of our mountain country, and in many districts further north, it is far otherwise. There is, indeed, only one apple tree in my district (except those the women grow in pots as window plants). It stands in my own garden, and as it is only one foot high, before the fruit from that little apple tree and its future companions can be an important factor in our lives our agrarian representatives at Ottawa ought to have the tariff smashed, protected industries ruined, and capital on the run. That is, if they don't go on acting like wooden images, as they did all last session, instead of quitting them like men, as we all hope they will at the session to come. Nevertheless, it is possible to raise a prodigal supply of fruit in these hills. Rhubarb and currants produce enormous crops. There are also every year great quantities of raspberries growing wild and often wild cherries, strawberries, gooseberries, etc., and occasionally wild saskatoons. The last saskatoon crop was in 1920, and the writer is still using the dried fruit from that year. The wife of one of my neighbors canned seventy quarts of raspberries this year. The fruit problem is not exigent in that household.

You cannot grow coffee outside the tropics. But chicory is a substitute and a good one. My first experiment failed because I got hold of the wrong kind of plant. But some "chicory" seed obtained from England last winter has this summer produced a fair crop of plants of evidently the true "Cichorium intybus," with an abundance of roots which I am now using in place of coffee. The result is equal to the lower grades of coffee. It is roasted just like coffee, except that the pan has to be greased, and ground and boiled in the same way. Chicory contains a powerful alkaloid, though not caffeine, and it is neither more nor less wholesome than coffee. Like all beverage drugs chicory soon comes to exercise a fascination over the user. The culture is very easy.

Conversion of Cereals into Food Products

The conversion of the cereals into uncapitalized food products has made but little progress yet. Where wheat can be carried to a local mill it can be ground for toll or fee. In our mountain country, too, wheat flour is being produced by putting the grain twice through an ordinary chopping mill and then through a common kitchen flour sifter. The resultant flour contains a lot of powdered bran. The residue is used for wheat granules. I myself have been experimenting with Liberty oats and Himalayan barley. The latter is a complete and final success. Perfect pot barley can be produced from it by one milling under very light pressure in any little old mill that may be handy. I used a coffee mill. I have not finished the experimenting with the Liberty oats. Both Liberty oats and Himalayan barley are new bred grains of alpine type. They yield enormous crops in the mountains here, but I suspect the yields would be much poorer on the arid prairies. In the course of my investigations many startling facts as to the enormous fertility of Western Canada have come to light and been recorded. But they are not relevant to the matter in hand; which is the extermination of capitalism, not the encouragement of agriculture.

There is much less talk of blue ruin in my district now. People feel encouraged to hope that they will yet survive the struggle and live to see Capital lying dead—

Dead! and buried at the cross-roads,
With a stake thrust through its vitals,
And a stone upon its face!

Like one of the horrid monsters of the old English fooklore.

PIERE FERRY.

Sask., Dec., 1922.

"Say it with subscriptions."

THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF AGRICULTURE

(Edmonton Journal.)

No portion of the Canadian public can be indifferent to the Western rural situation. The country can make no substantial progress with agriculture in a state of discouragement. There has been altogether too much of a disposition to sit back and let things take their course, and positive measures are called for. The psychological influence upon the Western farmer of such a conference would be far-reaching. He would see that he was mistaken in the belief that the people in the rest of the country did not care what became of him. He would take up his work, the most vital work of all, with new heart.

BRITAIN'S RECOVERY

(New York Times.)

Something of the spectacular has been imparted to the exchange movement of the past few weeks when it is considered that the rise has immediately followed the payment of $100,000,000 interest money by Great Britain to our treasury—a transaction which ordinarily would involve the sale of sterling bills on a very large scale, and is a scarcely less immediate sequel to the enactment of the Fordney tariff bill, intended to restrict our import of merchandise from Europe.

The uiderlying influence in this remarkable movement has in all probability been the return to London as the world's central market and central depository, of the balance carried for purposes of finance or trade by merchants and bankers of all countries. Remittances of that sort will never continue on the normal scale in the case of a country whose exchange is falling and the international value of whose currency has shrunk far below par. Balancing her budget, stimulating her export trade, and rejecting all proposals for compromise with depreciated currency, England has fairly fought her way back to something of her old position; a fact which the movement of international capital to London and the great advance in sterling plainly recognize."

Lady Astor was howled down on Friday by members of her own party at the annual convention of the National Unionist Association. She was speaking on the "insidious and incessant Socialist propaganda."

The British Parliament was prorogued on Friday until February 1. The program for the adjournment went through without a hitch despite the widely heralded efforts of a small body of the left wing Labor members to prevent the rising of the House of Commons until a remedy was found for the unemployment situation.

Two baby nations of the old world are to be taken into the League of Nations at a special session of the assembly. The Irish Free State and Turkey having applied for admission, the League council plans to call a meeting of all nation members the latter part of January, when these two will be admitted. The Irish Free State will ask admission on the same terms as apply to other self-governing Dominions of the British Empire.

"Say it with subscriptions."

Glucose is recommended as a preventive of automobile radiator freezing by Dr. H. LaWall, department of Theoretical pharmacy, Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science.

The percentage of unrecovered stolen automobiles in the United States has increased since 1920 from 25 per cent. to 40 per cent.

Wishing You All a Merry Christmas

IRELAND A NATION

(New York Times.)

The courageous choice of Timothy Healy as Governor-General gives Ireland a concession never offered to the other Dominions; neither Canada nor Australia has ever had a Canadian or Australian Governor-General. It is a tribute to the elder generation which fought for Irish nationalism decades before the new nationalist movement was created by Griffith and his associates—the generation of the younger Dillon, Sexton, Michael Davitt, William O'Brien, and T. P. O'Connor. Justin McCarthy characterized Healy as the cleverest man he had ever known—clever both as a parliamentary debater and in his ability to understand instantly a complex measure. "He is a 'gamin' of genius, a sprite with a gift for the details of legislation, a destructive force which can transform itself at will into a spirit of construction and reconstruction."

HOOVER ON THE EQUALITY OF MEN

Mr. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, has written a book in which he says:

"Americans are not fooled into the pretense that all men are equal in ability, character, intelligence and ambition. That was part of the claptrap of the French revolution. If democracy is to secure its authorities in morals, religion and statesmanship, it must stimulate leadership for its own masses."

Leadership, Mr. Hoover avers, "cannot, no matter how brilliant, carry progress far ahead of the average of the mass of individual units." Asserting that the economic development of the last half century has lifted the general standard of comfort far higher than the loftiest dreams of our forefathers, he says, "the only road to further advancement is greater invention, greater elimination of waste, greater production and better distribution of commodities and services, for, by increasing their ratio to our numbers and dividing them justly, we will each have more of them.

"The tragic fruit of the destruction of the impulse of the individual to production is now to be seen," he continues, "in Russia, and our American demand for equality of opportunity is a constant check upon capital becoming a thing to be feared."

LACK OF PHYSICAL EXERCISE

(The Times-Picayune, New Orleans.)

A Trinity college professor finds fault because athletics as now conducted are developing a race of pop-bottle throwers. Not one per cent. of the crowd at a baseball game or a football game take enough exercise themselves. At a baseball game they stretch once and at a football game they occasionally cheer.

Attendance at any open air game is good for the health because the fresh air is invigorating to the lungs, but it does not strengthen the muscles. A man may sit on the bleachers every afternoon during the baseball season and grow soft and fat. He can ride in an observation train and see a boat race without any effort. He can sit in a stadium wrapped up in overcoats and rugs and watch twenty-two men vigorously exert themselves at football.

It is a true criticism of football and other forms of college athletics that the hundreds of thousands of spectators get no exercise. Back-lot baseball games where the boy himself takes part do more good to the public health and development than the exertion of the professional players.

The Trinity professor asserts: "Our colleges turn out yearly 10,000 men with hollow chests, narrow shoulders, humped backs, wobbly legs and flat feet."

Development and training like that of the Boy Scouts are worth more than professional boxing matches and games, or college athletics in which only a small fraction of the college personally and physically take part. Exercise by proxy is of little benefit.

The story of the Witness is either a great big bluff—or it is unique in the annals of journalism, and the Witness a mighty force for righteousness.

In the latter case it will naturally arouse your active co-operation.

TEA DRINKERS

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Figures reported by the Customs and Excise Department for Great Britain show a decline of $35,000,000 in revenue for the sale of spirits in a fiscal year and a gain of 8 per cent. in the consumption of tea.

England uses chiefly black tea, from India and Ceylon. We procure our tea mainly from Japan. Russia depends on China. We find that tea was a novelty to Pepys as late as 1660. In that year he records: "I did send for a cup of tea, a China drink, of which I had never drunk before."

In that tentative and experimental day, which found the East India Company solemnly presenting the King with two pounds of "thea," no statesmen imagined that tea-leaves, rather than straws, would show which way the winds of America's insurrectionary opinion were blowing not much more than a century later.

But America today is a consumer of coffee in quantities far exceeding the importation of tea. For the fiscal year 1921 we used about twelve pounds of coffee per inhabitant and only a little more than half a pound of tea.

One of the reasons why we do not grow the tea we need on our own soil is that the labor of picking the tea leaves is not extremely cheap, as in the Orient. If we paid such wages to workers in America as are paid in Formosa, none with a conscience could sit down to his favorite decoction with a mind at peace.

"Say it with subscriptions."
You don't have to—but you will

JAIL FOR MOTOR SPEEDERS

(Galveston News.)

In Los Angeles 281 persons have been convicted of violating traffic ordinances. This fact alone is not noteworthy. But it derives a valid claim to notice from the attendant fact that every one of the 281 persons convicted has been sent to jail for terms varying from one to one hundred days. Another noteworthy circumstance is that apparently none of the 281 persons thus punished had killed or even maimed anyone. The crime was simply that of having driven a car contrary to the restrictions imposed to safeguard pedestrians.

In communities accustomed to the extreme degree of tolerance shown in Texas cities this may seem to be an exhibition of judicial ruthlessness. But in reality it is an exhibition of enlightenment. The circumstance that one aims at nobody and hits nobody would not be allowed to exculpate one who had fired a sixshooter down a crowded thoroughfare. By the same token it claims no tolerance for a reckless automobile driver that he had hurt no one. The fact that his recklessness exposed many to danger is a sufficient warrant for making the law's penalty painful to his person.

This Los Angeles judge who has sent 281 persons to jail within a few days subscribes to that simple idea. He has that wise myopia which makes him unable to see why a reckless automobile driver should be credited with the good luck of those whose lives he wantonly endangers. The law may not always be an ass, as it has been said to be; but assuredly the law regulating automobile drivers will be made to appear such if it is allowed to get indignant only when its violation ends in tragedy.

You don't have to
No, but I will

DUNDEE'S PROHIBITION MEMBER

(Dundee Advertiser.)

Whatever may be reserved in the history of the future for Dundee's senior M. P., he can assuredly claim to have had his purple patches. The veracious reporter estimates that the crowd which attended him to the station numbered between twenty and thirty thousand, and there can have been nothing like it since the far-off days when "Wilkes and Liberty" went to Westminster attended by the electors and non-electors of Middlesex. Whether Westminster will be equally impressed remains to be seen. Whether the imposing concourse was as much of a mind with the hero of it on the one occasion as on the other is also a subject on which, doubtless, opinions will differ. But nothing can detract from the fact that Churchill's conqueror got a send-off unique in the annals of electoral politics.

"A BLESSING TO HUMANITY"

Dear Sirs:— Ont., Nov. 29, 1922.

For sometime past have thought of writing you and telling you that I appreciate your NORTHERN MESSENGER more and more and the article in the last issue was such a help spiritually. We have been taking them in our Sunday School for a long time. Again thanking you for the help of the MESSENGER and may it prove a greater blessing still to humanity. Wishing you God's Blessing, I remain, yours in His Happy Service,

(Miss) LAURA HILBORN

(Many Witness readers are now taking the Northern Messenger but to those who do not know it, we will send sample copies for three consecutive weeks if they will send us their names. We have a very attractive offer to make to Ministers and Church Workers.)

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON

In "Our Little Life," (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.) Mr. J. G. Sime deals with the somewhat unusual theme of a woman past the age of romance falling under the spell of a young man who is snatched away by death when their acquaintanceship had ripened into the purest and closest friendship. Katie McGee the little seamstress, with a heart as big as the world, is a sweet but pathetic creation, and the story of her relations with Robert Fulton is told with naturalness and human interest.

"D'Arcy Conyers" is a thoroughly wholesome and admirably written story by the author of "Pickanock." The hero, who hails from the Gatineau Valley, is a good sample of the Canadian country youth who has strong principle, but many weaknesses, and is "going to be a man" some day. His trek citywards and his early experiences in Montreal are told with refreshing simplicity, and the chapter entitled "The Place of Springs" gives a telling description of his first visit to a city church. The parrot-like reading of the lessons, the sermon without gospel, and the high tone of everything—as high as the roof itself—naturally failed to impress him with the reality of spiritual things. "No one offered him hand or smile as he left the place. He walked out as he walked in, unnoticed, and he walked out not to return for many a long day to come. His own church meant nothing to him in the great metropolis, on the verge of life's sea. He had gone to the Place of Springs, but the springs had ceased to flow—at least for him." (Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, $1.75 net.)

A real problem in love-making is solved to the satisfaction of the reader in "The Dust Flower," by Basil King (Harper and Brothers, New York, $2.00.) It is the story of a man of means who could not make up his mind which of two women to marry, both of them being in love with him, but he is brought to decision in the end, and strangely enough, all three are made happy.

"Neighbors," by Robert Stead, is a story of pioneering in the North-west, and concerns the fortunes of Frank Hall and Jean Lane, a couple who were children together in a little Ontario town, and neighhomesteads in Saskatchewan. A fine vein of humor runs through the story, and the interest deepens until the climax is reached in the concluding chapters. (Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, $1.75 net.)

In "Tillicums of the Trail," (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, $2.00) Rev. George C. F. Pringle, an Ontario man who went overseas as chaplain to the Canadian Cameron Highlanders, has put into permanent form a number of Klondike sketches told by him to deeply interested audiences at the fighting front. Having himself in early life spent a number of years in the Klondike goldfields, he was able in the rough and ready language of the men in khaki, to give them "Some Rex Beach-Jack London stuff," and the stories have lost none of their interest and vividness by being set down in print. One of the incidents related by him, which will be particularly enjoyed by his Scotch readers (he is himself of Scotch extraction,) concerns an officer of a Canadian Kiltie battalion who was uncertain about the meaning of the words "Dinna Forget," the title of a book which found its way into his hands. "I suppose, "he said, "that it is the name of a girl, the heroine of the story, 'Dinna' maybe being a local way of spelling 'Dinah,' and 'Forget' is her surname. That's my guess." And he was in full Scottish regimental field-uniform when he spoke the words!

A novel that begins with a family tree whose roots go back nearly a couple of centuries is not promising for interest, but Mrs. Norris never disappoints her readers. In 'Certain People of Importance" (Doubleday, Page & Co., S. B. Gundy, Toronto, $2.00.) she paints a picture of American life that for realism and charm dwarfs anything else that she has hitherto attempted. Mrs. Norris excels in her descriptions of married life, motherhood and home, and knows well how to pick rich gems of romance out of the most commonplace material.

"Way of Revelation," by Wilfrid Ewart, is a war-novel of 530 pages full of society life and regimental doings, with realistic bits from Paris and the trenches, the whole woven together with threads of romance, and revealing in its sequences, thrilling situations and dialogues the art of the accomplished story-teller. (F. D. Goodchild, Toronto.)

Girls will welcome the opportunity of reading "Judy of York Hill" (Thos. Allen, Toronto, Price $1.50.) It is an amusing and interesting story of boarding-school life in Canada, told in a simple natural way that is most pleasing, and the moral tone is admirable.

WAR RHYMES

"War Rhymes," by "Wayfarer", though inspired by the great world events of 1914-18, are still readable for the sound reason and philosophy that mingle with their patriotism. The author, Mr. Abner Cosens, of Wingham, Ontario, reveals, as might be expected, a strongly militant spirit when writing about the Kaiser, but he is a peace-lover at heart, as witness the set of verses entitled "Bedlam," in which he says;

"'The world is mad, my masters,'
The poet had the facts
To prove this sweeping statement
In man's punk-headed acts;
For since the day when Adam
Partook of the wrong tree,
We've toiled and slipped, and
blundered;
'What fools these mortals be!'"

This poet's style is incisive, vigorous, and picturesque, and behind the expression there breathes nobility of mind that cannot brook cowardice, perfidy, or wrong-doing, wherever and in whomsoever these may be found. By way of variety, the book contains, in addition to war poems, a few well-written nursery rhymes.

You don't have to—but you will
"Say it with subscriptions."

THE BOOK AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT

After a good parent the child's best friend is a good book. The parent is a gift from nature and without power of control by the child, but the good book is a possibility for all if they but learn to recognize it. It might be necessary to explain that by a good book we do not wish to imply good only in the religious sense but good whether it be for entertainment, instruction or culture.

The love and proper use of such "good" books rarely comes late in life. "As the twig is bent," etc., is never better used than in regard to the appreciation of books. Give the children an early taste of the excellent and ere long they will rebel against all else. The problem before society is to demonstrate to the young clearly the difference between the fine and the meretricious and to give them draughts from the literary wells that once partaken of will leave an insatiable thirst for more.

The good parent and the cultured family will do a large share of this work, but a far wider field is reached by the public libraries. There many a child if left to his own devices will "fall among thieves," as it were, for there are books of a sort that will steal one's interest and give nothing in return. Once accustomed to reading such works—not evil books, of course, for such are not included in library collections, but works of superficial attraction—it becomes very difficult to win the young over to the something better because it is better and deeper and requires a greater amount of mental application for its enjoyment.

"Say it with subscriptions."

MORE SQUADS BEHIND
STANDING ROOM ONLY!
OFFICE
CHURCHILL
HAMAR
MONTAGU
PRIVATE SECRETARIES
PRIVATE SECRETARIES
PRIVATE SECRETARIES

MONTREAL WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD

NEWS OF THE WEEK

MONTREAL
DECEMBER 20, 1922.

LLOYD GEORGE'S MEMOIRS

New York Times Cancels Publication on Account of Alleged Breach of Contract

The New York Times announced on September 15 last that they had purchased for the United States and certain other countries in the western hemisphere, including the Dominion of Canada, the serial rights to the War Memoirs of Mr. David Lloyd George, then Prime Minister of England. The price to be paid was £40,000, of which £4,000 was paid in advance. For reasons set forth below, the contract for this purchase has now been cancelled, at the instance of the New York Times.

The contract was signed after representations had been made by the agent that the work had been begun, and was then in progress, and that, although Mr. Lloyd George might soon retire from office and thus gain more time to devote to the work, yet even if he remained in office, half of it, he hoped, would be delivered to the purchasers by January 1, 1923, and the remainder as rapidly as possible. However, to meet the contingency of Mr. Lloyd George's long continuance in office and arduous occupation with governmental labors, a period of two years was allowed for the completion of the work.

Agreement With Syndicate

With surprise, the New York Times learned on November 23 that Mr. Lloyd George, who had just retired from the office of prime minister, was about to enter into a contract with an American "syndicate" to write weekly and fortnightly articles on current topics for a period that, under a proposed option, might be extended to 108 weeks, overlapping the two-year period within which the memoirs were to be completed, and in the opinion of the purchasers, endangering their delivery and impairing their value.

The newspaper at once made energetic protest, but on the following day, November 24, Mr. Lloyd George entered into the new contract, whereupon they urged that the proper course was the cancellation of their contract for the purchase of the memoirs. Mr. Lloyd George replied that he had not violated his contract with the New York Times either in letter or in spirit, and that the memoirs would not be delayed. In a communication addressed to the managing editor of the New York Times, on 1st December, Mr. Lloyd George said;

Mr. Lloyd George's Letter

"It is with great surprise that I learn that you take exception to the contract I have signed with the United Press for a series of articles on current politics, on the ground that the value of my book on the war will be interfered with by the appearance of these articles before the book is published. I cannot take your view that a series of short articles not encroaching in the least upon the material of the book can possibly influence the arrangements you have made for the publication of the serial rights.

"Moreover, I can assure you that the date of publication of my war memoirs will not be delayed by reason of my contract with The United Press. I am already engaged, and am employing the assistance of others, in accumulating material for these volumes. As the only minister who held high office right through the war I imagine my book will be a contribution which no other person is in a position to make to the story of that tremendous event. Such a work is bound to take time, for all the facts must be carefully considered and verified, and the utmost care will be required in their compilation. It is not desirable, therefore, that the preparation should be hurried, and I intend to take ample time over it, at the same time avoiding any unnecessary delay.

"On the other hand, I never supposed for one moment that the contract which I signed with you would preclude me from the publication of political articles. Had there been such a clause in the contract, I would never have signed it. Apart from my memoirs, I always intended to write as soon as I left office. I have my living to earn. After seventeen years in office I have retired a poor man, and it is absolutely imperative that I should turn to writing as a means of livelihood. The proceeds of the book for which you hold the serial rights are, as you know, to be given to charity.

"The terms of my contract are explicit, and I have not deviated from them. But I hate the idea of standing on the legal interpretation. I therefore set forth the above reasons for your judgment lest you should imagine that I am standing merely on the letter of my bond whilst making illegitimate profit for myself by infringing its spirit."

Mischievous Advertisements

A considerable correspondence, by cable, ensued upon Mr. Lloyd George's contracting on November 24, for the series of articles to be published before the memoirs, but without immediate result. Meanwhile his new articles were being offered to newspapers in America in such phrases as "They will be released long before the memoirs," "Our contract covers everything Lloyd George will write during the coming year; and carries with it option on another year's series," and "This new series will be much more valuable than the memoirs, being of current interest and injuring the value of the memoirs." The originals of some of these messages, as delivered to the persons addressed, are in the possession of The New York Times. Mr. Lloyd George has expressed strong disapproval of the phrases used in them in offering his new articles to American newspapers.

Honor of Ex-Premier Upheld

Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, solicitors acting for Lloyd George, wrote to Sir Chas. Russell, the British representative of the New York Times, on 14th of December to the following effect:

"Dear Sir,—I have seen Mr. Lloyd George with reference to my interview with you about his contract with regard to the serial rights of his book on the war with your clients. He wishes to state most emphatically that every shilling he has received has been paid to a separate banking account, and he has not used it in any way for his personal expenditure.

"The advertisement which you tell me was issued in America was issued without his knowledge or authority, and he disapproves of and expressly repudiates it. He has no wish to continue to remain a party to the contract, if your clients wish it dissolved, and he has instructed me to so inform you, but he thinks it due to his honor that any misunderstanding as to the use of the money paid as a deposit should be at once removed."

Sir Chas. Russell replied in a lengthy letter, at the end of which he said: "May I conclude by saying that I think your client has met a difficult position in a fair and honorable manner, a view with which I am confident my clients agree."

Cassell's Contract Cancelled

It appears that the New York Times and the Chicago Tribune were not the only publishers among those who had bought the rights to Mr. Lloyd George's war memoirs to complain that they had been damaged by his engagement to write a long series of other articles before completing the memoirs. It is understood that Sir William Berry, who, as head of the London Sunday Times and had purchased both the serial and the of Cassell & Company, book publishers, book rights for England, has now cancelled his contract, and that a general annulment of all the contracts is under way.

EMBARGO ON CANADIAN CATTLE NOW LIFTED

The bill to lift the embargo on Canadian cattle has been read a third time in the House of Lords and received the royal assent on Friday.

The bill having received royal assent it is now possible, under the new act, to ship non-breeding animals from Canada to Britain and fatten them there. The entry of such animals is, of course, subject to regulations which have been laid down to prevent the carrying of disease to cattle there.

Breeding animals from Canada will not be permitted entry at the present time, however, as a provision of the bill was that these would not be entered until the bill had been tabled for three weeks in both Houses. In view of prorogation taking place until February, breeding animals from Canada will not, it is understood, be admitted until the provisions of this particular clause have been completed.

The November external trade figures for Canada showing total exports of approximately $132,000,000, have set a record for this year, which no other country of comparable population has come near reaching.

The general impression in the British House of Commons concerning the obstruction by the Labor members is that these tactics were regarded merely as a belligerent movement against the ministerial side and that it has been badly organized and has resulted in a rather feeble exhibition.

THE NEW IRELAND

Dublin Vice-Regal Lodge Witnesses Last British Ceremonial

Absolutely the final stage of the British evacuation of Southern Ireland has now been accomplished and the Free State is left to its own military resources. Barracks and other buildings occupied by units of the British army were handed over to the Free State troops, and the routes through the city and along the quays to the North Wall were traversed by departing British troops, who reciprocated the feeling of good will and good cheer manifested by groups of citizens.

Heretofore the ceremonies of ushering in the Free State have been drab affairs —stirring only because of the historical significance. On Thursday the streets of Dublin echoed with the fanfare of bugles when the retiring British troops handed over five bases to the soldiers of the Free State, which is eight days old.

In the courtyard of the Vice-Regal lodge a British sergeant waited an hour and a half after the appointed time.

"You would think they did not want the blooming place after all," he philosophized to a comrade.

There was a tramp of feet outside the gate. That was Ireland coming in. The sergeant rapped out an order. British steel clanked inside the guard-room as the guard turned out.

Across the courtyard they faced each other—old and new. The British faces were sphinx-like. Some of the Irish smiled, then grew serious. Apart stood the British officers, conferring with the Irish officers.

"Old guard, present arms!" came from the khaki-clothed squad.

"New guard, present arms!" retorted the Irish sergeant, a former British "noncom."

A British bugle blared. A brawny sentry clad in green took his stand beside his old khaki foe. There was a moment's pause. Then the khaki line filed off through the green of Phoenix Park. That was England going out.

The scene shifted to Richmond barracks, where four regiments—the Welsh, the Royal Welsh, the King's Own and the King's Scots—awaited the new garrison. In the street a crowd watched thoughtfully and without cheers.

A small Irish squad marched with eyes right to where the British General, Maxwell, stood, who returned the salute. Then the regiment walked out, marching with the step so characteristic of British regulars. As the General limped past erect, as the regimental flags fluttered out through the stone gates, the hands of the Irish officers rose in salute.

Scenes of Goodwill

The last eighteen posts occupied by British troops were transferred on Sunday to the Irish National Army. The evacuation of the British was effected amid scenes of remarkable enthusiasm and good will, both sides evincing a desire to forget bygones. All the evacuated posts are in the Dublin area. They include British general headquarters in Parkgate street, the Royal Hospital and the Royal Irish Constabulary depot in Phoenix Park. Between 3,000 and 4,000 British troops left Dublin on Sunday.

Richard Mulcahy, Minister of Defence, and his staff, took over each British post from the British commanders.

At the Royal barracks detachments of both British and Irish troops were drawn up in the barracks square with full equipment. Mr. Mulcahy saluted the colors of the departing troops and the British soldiers returned the courtesy.

The news that Canada is going to press an intensive campaign for immigrants has stirred Australian authorities to intense activity. In almost every edition of the London press there is either a picture, a special article or an advertisement boosting the possibilities of the Antipodes for British migrants. Australia House and the other Australian offices are gay with posters advising the ambitious British farmer and laborer to go there.

President of Poland Assassinated

Fear of Revolution---Government Proclaims Martial Law in Warsaw

Many Anti-Jewish Demonstrations.

Gabriel Narutowicz, first President of Poland, was assassinated on Sunday exactly at noon, while visiting an art exhibition in Warsaw. The President died within a few moments of being shot. M. Narutowicz was killed by an artist named Niewadomski, who fired three shots. Every shot took effect.

Niewadomski, the assassin, has long been regarded by his associates as mentally deranged, and his act is looked upon as due to the motivation of his disordered mind rather than as a result of a definite plot against the life of the newly-elected President.

News of the tragedy spread like wildfire throughout the capital, evoking expressions of horror from all.

Many arrests have been made, particularly among the veterans of General Haller's army, in connection with disorders and suspected plots that have assumed a new seriousness now that Preident Narutowicz has been assassinated. General Haller himself, who entered the art gallery immediately after Narutowicz was shot wot accused by a radical deputy of being implicated in the shooting. Haller's face turned livid and he immediately left the gallery.

M. Sikerski, on taking over the premiership, ordered arrests among Haller's men and the detention of Colonel Mooliski, formerly Haller's adjutant. Haller lately has been used by the Nationalist party as a counter influence in the army to former President Pilsudski. There is general mourning through Poland owing to the assassination of Narutowicz. All entertainments have been suspended.

Since M. Narutowicz took the oath of office anti-Semitic demonstrations have been more frequent and bitter. Upon election day, December 9, he was hissed by students while women students rained his carriage with snowballs.

Narutowicz reached Parliament house to take the oath of office before an almost empty hall, only the Socialists and non-Polish deputies being present. The nationalists refused to attend. Throughout the past week, the riots against the Jews have been of serious character, while anti-Narutowicz parades assumed alarming proportions. The president called on the minister of the interior to resign on the grounds of incapacity, and at the same time dismissed the Warsaw chief of police. Among the eye witnesses of the shooting of President Narutowicz was Wm. G. Max-Muller, the British minister, who, overcome with emotion, fainted.

Martial law became effective in Warsaw on Monday by proclamation of the Polish cabinet.

With a number of Polish Nationalists under arrest suspected of having had a hand in the plot to assassinate President Narutowicz, Warsaw fairly bristled with bayonets as troops patrolled the streets. Martial law was being strictly enforced.

Reports were in circulation that political opponents of Narutowicz's party were forming a Fascisti organization and intended to seize the Government. The insane artist who killed he president was closely guarded, as it was feared he would commit suicide.

Died With a Jest on His Lips

After delivering a brief speech on the exhibition ceremonies, President Narutowicz was joined by Lady Max-Muller and her husband.

"I congratulate you on your election Thursday," she said to the executive. "This is the first opportunity I have had to do so."

The President smiled. "Perhaps," he said, "you should rather condole." . . . The sentence was never completed.

From a group of people standing behind Narutowicz a man emerged and three shots spat out of his revolver into the President's back. The smile accompanying his jest remained as he stiffened, then sank to the floor at the feet of Sir and Lady Max-Muller.

"I wished to rid Poland of a man whose existence was unfortunate to the republic," was all Niewadomski would say as he was borne to a police car.

Marshal Pilsudski, who immediately took charge of affairs in Warsaw after the assassination, called upon General Sikorski, who formed a new cabinet. Both Pilsudski and Sikorski are mentioned as probable candidates at the election to be held Wednesday for selection of a new president.

Four unknown persons were drowned Monday morning at Sorel, Que., when the Chevrolet automobile in which they were crossing the St. Lawrence river went through the ice.

You don't have to
No, but I will

Statement by British Premier on German Reparations

The Need for Better Understanding with France.—A Call to the United States for Help.

Before a House of Commons following intently every word, Premier Bonar Law made the much-promised statement upon the reparations question.

The Premier declared frankly for the policy of the Balfour note, which advocated an adjustment of inter-Allied debts by an all-round cancellation, England for her part surrendering her share of reparations to be paid by Germany. He indicated that the new Government, despite its first declaration that the Balfour note no longer existed so far as the present British Government was concerned, and that it would not consider itself bound by it, feels impelled to the same policy as the previous Government. The remainder of Mr. Bonar Law's speech was a plea for moderation in dealing with Germany, on the ground that that country is already on the verge of collapse; and a call to the United States for help and co-operation in settling the difficult problems of reparations and inter-Allied debts.

Another important phase of his speech was the dark picture drawn of England's economic and industrial future should the much-hoped for improvement in trade not materialize. The Prime Minister showed the utmost anxiety that there should be no misunderstanding of British feeling towards France and the United States, and said that it was only England's difficult position he was making clear. England was burdened with very heavy taxation, which was closing industrial enterprise, resulting in terrible unemployment —a problem that made it necessary first that there should be no military occupation of German territory, which would still further handicap European trade without producing results in cash, and, second, compelled him frankly to face the fact that England was unable to pay the American debt if she received nothing from Europe.

Direct Questions

Sir John Simon rose as representative of the united opposition, to put direct questions to Bonar Law. He had consulted, he explained, with Mr. Asquith, with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and with Mr. Lloyd George, and they had all agreed with the enquiries he desired to put. These dealt with the proposed moratorium for Germany, and how far the Allies wished to exercise actual control of Germany, and he also wanted to know the British policy if France wanted to act independently. The questions, in substance, were as follows:—

What is the Government's attitude regarding the proposals or suggestions that a moratorium granted by the Allies in respect to the reparations payments should be accompanied or conditioned by further Allied control of Germany, whether that control be of mines and forests or occupation of further German territory, and in particular occupation of the Ruhr Valley?

What is the attitude of the Government anent France's desiring to take such action on her own account?

What, in the view of the Government, is the relation between the discussion and settlement of the questions of reparations and inter-allied debts on the one hand, and in the taking of independent action by one or other of the allies on the other hand?

The View of France

Mr. Bonar Law said: "I think it is right that we should try to look at these questions from the point of view of France. What is their view? Germany undertook to pay a very large amount. Almost nothing has been paid.

"Since then we have had conference after conference, and what has been the result? The result has been in every case, in one form or another, that at the end of the period of moratorium we have found ourselves in a worse position for getting money out of Germany than we were before the discussions.

"That is the view of France. She may also very fairly say that this result is largely due to the deliberate action of Germany.

"Now what was that action? There is not the smallest doubt that the German Government did allow this tremendous depreciation to take place, and it is a fact that this depreciation does make it impossible for Germany to meet these reparations payments.

Germany's Duty

"The French go further—they say it has been deliberately done by Germany. Well, honestly, I cannot myself take that view. I cannot do it for this reason. By the method of passive resistance they could forever void paying the indemnity. But there is this to be said for the French view—the inflation has enabled the great industrial groups who exercise great power in Germany to make enormous fortunes, although it was part of the arrangement with the German Government that this should not take place and that the money should be made available for reparations.

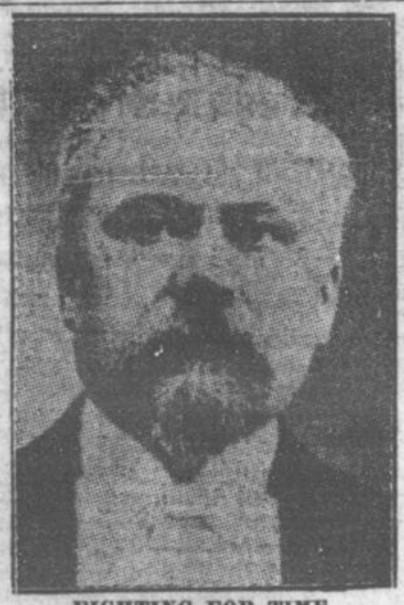
"There is no doubt whatever that if there had been a strong enough Government in Germany to face the real position, it was their clear duty and not only in their own interest that they should try to put their finances on a sound basis. They have never tried. Maybe this was not their policy, maybe they had not the power, but that is the result."

The Terrible Hour

Then he passed on to the British interest in reparations and a dead silence fell on the House as, still in his restrained way, he described how when the United States came into the war he was on the very eve of informing the dominion premiers that the British Empire was at the end of its financial resources.

"I do not say," he went on, "that we should not have got help from America, but all means of payment were gone and we did not know what the position would be. We had pledged all our securities already to secure munitions for carrying on the war without any regard as to whether it was for the British or Allied armies. From the point of view of justice it cannot be right that we alone should make payment as a result of this. Many people have been speaking as if we could get nothing from Germany and yet pay the money. They have not realized in the least what it means. I am convinced that it would reduce our standard of living in this country for a generation and would be a burden on us of which no one who talks of it now has any conception."

The Premier went on to point out how it would also tend to aggravate the problem of unemployment and said that if the central position of British finance was strong it was only because the taxpayers were poor. This led up to as clear a statement as the premier has made as to the policy the Government intended to pursue with regard to the reparations. If Germany recovered, he declared, she would be in much better position to pay.



FIGHTING FOR TIME

Premier Poincare, of France, who faces a serious political crisis as a result of the failure of the London Conference to come to a decision. He threatened to occupy the Ruhr, to satisfy French public opinion.

POINCARE'S POLICY RATIFIED BY LARGE VOTE

By 512 votes to 76, Premier Poincare was at 1.30 on Friday morning given the confidence of the Chamber of Deputies to continue the reparations negotiations begun last week in London.

In two sentences he replied to his old antagonist, Lloyd George:

"I do not wish to compare the past with the present," he said. "But I must say that those who accuse France of imperialism and publish their accusations throughout the world find no support in the circles of the present British Government."

AMERICAN LOAN FOR GERMANY IS THE RUMOR

Washington correspondents continue to assert that the administrative officials are actively, though secretly working out some plan for relieving Germany's financial distress. The Times' correspondent asserts definitely that the matter of arranging an international loan was discussed at a meeting of the Cabinet on Friday. The Tribune asserts that plans for the move America is to make in the hope of restoring normal conditions in Europe are preceeding and that United States Ambassador Harvey has been summoned home for no other purpose than to give the President and his advisers first-hand impressions of what it is possible to do.

The Christmas Dollar that has Grown

The only dollar that can buy more this Christmas than it could twenty years ago is the dollar that buys the Gillette shaving service—once a $5.00 luxury.

With a single dollar, you can now end someone's shaving troubles—save him money—enable him to shave at home with speed, comfort and safety every day of his life — multiply your Christmas wishes by the days of the year — 365 times — and then some.

Gillette Brownie Safety Razor

and 3 genuine Gillette blades $1.00

Made and guaranteed genuine by Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited

968

DRY CAMPAIGN BEING PLANNED FOR SCOTLAND

Asserting that human welfare conditions have improved remarkably in the districts in Scotland which are dry, the National Citizens Committee of Glasgow is now planning a formidable offensive against drink. The prohibition workers, says the London correspondent of the New York Herald, believe that considerable ground already has been gained, and say that they are stronger than ever for the 1923 campaign against public license.

Striking facts which compare favorably with statistics from America regarding the beneficial effects of prohibition in certain areas in Scotland will be used in the coming fight. Some districts in Scotland have been dry since 1920, and regarding this the reports of prohibitionists say:

"The island of Lewis practically has been made sober. The no license resolution has been an unmixed blessing to Stornoway. Queues waiting for the opening of drinking bars and the bands of noisy, quarrelsome young men who used to parade the streets no longer are seen. Cases of drunkenness and disorderly conduct are now very rare. The prison and police cells of the island of Lewis are empty, crime is all but unknown."

Lerwick reports: "Since the no license resolution came into force only six persons charged before the courts were the worse for drink when the offence was committed. This is as compared to seventy-four similar cases in the previous period. Instead of dirt and misery there is cleanliness, happiness and contentment." This report is from Gordon Emlie, chief constable.

Orkney reports: "There has been almost a complete absence of crime of any kind committed by persons under the influence of liquor since the no license resolution came into force in this country. The benefits derived from temperance cannot be overestimated."—Superintendent of Police Robert Wood.

James Whiteford, Provost at Stewarton, reports: "Children go about the streets looking better clad and differently and better fed under prohibition." Provost T. W. A. Gibson of Kirkintilloch says: "Crime is at the vanishing point. It is not an unusual thing to have no police court for a whole month. People seem more prosperous and are buying a greater amount of more necessary commodities."

The Scotland Prohibition League is making capital proofs of the virtue of the no license system. When confronted with the fact that whisky making is one of Scotland's chief industry's they reply with figures of California's prosperity which, though known as a wine State has improved since prohibition.

The leaders declare that America's fight against bootlegging is merely a natural stage in the transition to complete dryness.

Reminding the Government that the Canadian National Railways own land in the district of New Westminster, B. C., assessed at $1,250,000, the mayor and city council telegraphed Ottawa asking that the headquarters of the Canadian National Railways be located there.

"THE NATIONAL WAY" TO QUEBEC, VIA QUEBEC BRIDGE

"The National Way" between Montreal and Quebec is a comfortable and attractive route.

A splendid day train "THE QUEBEC" leaves Montreal (Bonaventure Depot) 4:45 p. m. daily, including Sunday, and arrives Quebec (Palais Station) 9:45 p. m. making the journey between the Metropolis and the Provincial Capital in five hours. Parlor and dining car service, also first and second class coaches.

A convenient night train "THE CITADEL" leaves Montreal (Bonaventure Depot) 11:30 p. m. daily Sunday included, arriving Quebec (Palais Station) 6.45 a. m., carrying standard sleeping cars with compartments and drawing rooms and first and second class coaches.

Several other fast and convenient trains are operated in both directions. Optional route privileges on tickets afford passengers an opportunity to select the most suitable route and convenient train service.

For further particulars apply to City Passenger Office, 230 St. James St., Bonaventure Depot, or any Ticket Agent, Canadian National-Grand Trunk Rlys.

THE NEW FRANCO-CANADIAN TRADE AGREEMENT

The new trade convention or commercial agreement between France and Canada was signed on Friday in Paris at the Quai d'Orsay.

The convention contains twenty-seven articles and six schedules, under which Canada grants France, and the French colonies, possessions and protectorates, the Canadian intermediate tariff and favored-nation treatment generally. As in the old treaty between the Canadian and French Governments, there is a special schedule granting France fixed duty rates on thirty items.

Regarding wines, the lighter wines will be admitted to Canada at the old treaty rates, but no reduction on the existing rates is being granted for stronger wines.

By another schedule Canada grants France, on ninety items, ten per cent. discount on the amount of duty payable under the intermediate tariff.

THE HERRIN MINE RIOTS

Sworn to protect the lives of their members who have testified for the prosecution at the trial of five men charged with murder in connection with the Herrin mine riots, a secret organization of farmers is reported to have been formed in Williamson and Johnson counties, according to investigators from the office of Attorney-General Edward Brundage.

"For the life of every farmer taken as result of his testimony we will exact a toll of ten lives of his attackers," is the word spread over the countryside.

The agents-general of the Canadian provinces were hosts on Thursday at a dinner given in London to Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Speaker of the Canadian Commons; Hon. P. C. Larkin, High Commissioner in London, and Mr. Ernest Pacaud, chief clerk of the High Commissioner's Office, with the wives and daughters of these guests of honor.

The Son of God and Man
Thoughts for Sunday December 31

"The first man is of the earth earthy; the Second Man is the Lord from Heaven."—1 Cor. 15: 47.

About nineteen hundred and twenty-six years ago, in the outer room of an inn in a little town of Palestine, an event took place which made no stir at all at the time, but which was in fact a new beginning for the human race. At the first beginning, God made man in His own likeness; at the second, God assumed the likeness of man. God became man that He might restore in man the likeness to Himself which man had lost through sin.

The first "Adam was made a living soul" when God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; "the last Adam was made a quickening (life-giving) spirit." "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly"—that is, if we become partakers of the life which He gives to those who love and obey Him. (1 John 3:1, 2; 1 Cor. 15:45-49.)

The crucial question which should come home to every one of us on Christmas day, and every day, is this: What does the birth of Christ mean to me personally? Have I any share in the new life which He brought into the world? Whether we will or no, each of us must answer for himself Pilate's question, "What shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?" (Mat. 27: 22.) If we do not face that question frankly, and answer it correctly, we shall answer it wrongly by the very fact of refusing to answer it; for we cannot be neutral where He is concerned, however much we may wish to be so. "He that is not with Me is against Me," He said. (Mat. 12: 30.)

The five virgins who had no oil were shut out of the wedding feast simply because they were not ready at the right time. The man with only one talent was cast "into the outer darkness, where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth," because he had been so afraid of his Lord that he dared not make any use of his talent for fear of losing it, and had hid it in the earth to keep it safe. The goats were sent away into everlasting punishment because they had not shown love to the King by kindness to His brethren when they were in trouble. (See Mat. 25.)

Not in any of these cases is there any suggestion that the rejected ones had been guilty of any active wrongdoing, they were punished because they had not done what they should have done. The boy's plea, "I didn't do nothing" will not excuse a life that has not been consecrated to the service of God.

When the Son of God came to earth to show us what a God-like human life would be, He appeared as a poor, helpless, baby born in a stable and cradled in a manger. He had to be taken to a foreign country to escape from the malice of a cruel king. In His youth He worked as a carpenter in an obscure village which had a bad reputation, and after He entered upon His ministry He lived on charity. His last act was the act of a slave, washing the feet of some poor men. And He died the death of a criminal. In all these respects His life was the very opposite of the sort of life that men naturally desire.

We would naturally have supposed that if the Son of God was to come to earth as a baby at least His ancestry would be altogether noble, but it was not so. He was not even a pure-blooded Israelite, for Thamar, the mother of Pharez, or Perez, was a Canaanite. And the names of Rahab of Jericho and Ruth the Moabitess also appear in the list of our Lord's ancestry. How many other foreign women might have been included in that list we have no means of knowing. (See Mat. 1:3-5.)

Legally, Jesus was a Jew; by descent He represented various races. He was not only the promised Son of Abraham; He was "the Son of man," the official representative of all mankind. Legally, He was the son of the poor carpenter of Nazareth; actually, He was the Son of God. "I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto Me, thou art My Son; this day have I begotten Thee." (Psalm 2:

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all the people." "Tidings of great joy to all the people": what a cheering message! And it was an authoritative message, delivered by special messengers whose glorious appearance testified to their celestial origin. And who but God could have even thought of sending such a message to a people living in sin and at the mercy of the cruel King Herod?

To whom was this great message delivered? Only to some humble shepherds, whose testimony to the fact interested the people of that neighborhood for a time, but was apparently soon forgotten, or thought of only as an incomprehensible vision.

Why were the shepherds frightened when they saw the angel? The sudden appearance of a supernatural being would excite a sense of awe in any rational mind, but awe is not fear. It is conscience that "makes cowards of us all" when we find ourselves face to face with some evidence of the presence and power of God, because in the presence of God we cannot help seeing our utter unworthiness.

The only thing that can possibly enable any man to face God with confidence is the assurance that his sins have been washed away by the blood of Christ, and that God sees him in the beauty of Christ, and not in his own deformity.

The news brought by the angel was not tidings of great joy to King Herod. He did not hear the song of the angels, but he heard the news from wise men who had come from far to worship the new-born King, and it filled him with wrath. It incited him to a deed of fiendish cruelty.

Jesus said He came "not to judge the world, but to save the world." That was the purpose of His coming, but in the necessity of things, the fact of His appearance was in itself a judgment of all those who in any way came into contact with Him or knew about Him. "He that believeth on Him is not judged," He said: he that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the judgment, that the light is come into the world, and men loved the darkness rather than the light: for their works were evil. (John 3: 18, 19.) And at another time He said, "He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My sayings hath one that judgeth him: the word that I spake, the same shall judge him in the last day." (John 12: 48.)

In this materialistic age we are too apt to ignore the teaching of the Bible in regard to the service of angels in relation to God's children on earth. The author of the epistle to the Hebrews, while teaching that we are no longer dependent upon angels for instruction in the things of God, nevertheless assures us that they are all "ministering spirits sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation." (See Heb. 1: 14—2: 5.) In what ways they perform this service now we may not know, but we can see by the records of their service in the Bible that there is a great variety of ways in which they can work out the will of God in the interest of His children on earth.

Luke mentions a number of visits of angels in his Gospel—see chap. 1: 26; 2: 9, 13, 21; 12: 8; 15: 10; 16: 22; 22: 43; 24: 4, 23. There are also a number of appearances of angels recorded in Acts, which was also written by Luke. He seems to have been strongly impressed with the importance of the ministry of angels.

Golden Text: There is born to you this day in the City of David a Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord.—Luke 2:11.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Monday, Dec. 25 — Luke 2:8-20; Tuesday—Luke 3:1-6; Wednesday—Luke 4:1-13; Thursday—Luke 6:39-49; Friday—Luke 7:36-50; Saturday—Luke 10:38-42; Sunday—Isa. 32:1-8.

LUX IN TENEBRIS

(By Marion Warner Wildman. Written upon seeing Hoffman's picture of Christ in a junk-shop window.)

I walked today along a city street
So squalid, so unclean, my whole soul shrank.
Revolted, from foul sights and odors rank.
Naught could I see in those I chanced to meet
Save hard or sodden faces, shambling feet,
Eyes bleared with vice and liquor. My soul drank
The lees of loathing. Then it was—I thank
Who willed it!—that a Face, austere and sweet
And strong and pure, had stopped me like a hand
Laid gently on me. O'er that thoroughfare
Of wretchedness and sin, they looked,
Those eyes of One who was too tender to despise
The least or of the lowest to despair.
Rebuked, I passed. The Christ must understand.

PRAYER

O God our Father, Who hast spared us until once again we stand in spirit before the cradle at Bethlehem, with the Song of the Shepherds in our ears, help us to ponder anew the truth with which Thou dost in Jesus Christ confront the human spirit. As we muse and worship, so deal with our rough hearts, that we shall begin to love the things that are pure and lovely and gentle and kind, and evermore in our hearts enthrone Him as Lord who died to make us pure. Amen.

CHRISTMAS SONG

My song shall be of Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
'Twas He who did redeem us
And bought us with His blood.
The Lord of life and glory
Came from His throne above;
Then join to sing the story
Of this redeeming love.

He saw our lost condition
And left His throne above,
To purchase our salvation,
So wondrous was His love.
The Lord of earth and heaven,
Whose glory fills the sky,
That we might be forgiven
Came down to earth to die.

What infinite compassion
That God's beloved Son
Should die for my transgressions,
For sins that I have done!
I see Him suffering, bleeding,
Expiring on the tree;
And now He's interceding
Above, for you and me.

No other name but Jesus
Can calm the troubled breast;
From sin and death He frees us,
And gives the conscience rest;
Removes all condemnation,
And fills the soul with joy,
And gives a consolation
That nothing can destroy.

Oh Jesus, precious Saviour,
Thou who hast died for me,
May I obtain Thy favor,
And live henceforth for Thee.
And when I've crossed death's river,
And joined the choir above,
With them I'll sing forever
Of Jesus and His love.

—JAMES LAWSON.

BIBLE REVIVALS IN AUSTRALIA

(By George T. B. Davis.)

During the past year remarkable Bible revival campaigns have been held in Melbourne, Sydney, and other cities in Australia. Tens of thousands of copies of God's Word have been distributed, and tens of thousands of boys and girls and young people have professed faith in Christ.

The longest and largest of the campaigns held in Australia thus far was in Melbourne. The movement extended over twelve weeks, during which 32,000 Testaments were given away to those who enlisted in the Pocket Testament League, while over 12,000 enrolled under the banner of Christ.

Prayer was the secret of the success of the work. The Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr. Harrington Lees, and the heads of the other churches, signed a call to prayer for the campaign, which was sent throughout the state.

Reaching the Schools and Colleges

The chief fields of operation were the schools of Melbourne; the state schools, high schools, and colleges. With the hearty cooperation of the ministers the schools were entered, sometimes several in the course of one day, and the Spirit of God swept over the hearts of the boys and girls like a breeze from heaven.

One of the most far-reaching events of the campaign was the visit to Scotch College. This is the largest school of the kind in the British Empire, having an enrolment of over 1300 lads and young men. In the two visits to the two sections of the college 934 were enlisted in the league and almost 500 recorded their acceptance of Christ as their Saviour. The chaplain, the Rev. F. Chisholm, declared "scenes were enacted which probably are unparalleled in the long record of its seventy-five years."

The head master of a state school in Melbourne told a friend that a week or so after the Testaments had been distributed the comic papers had disappeared, and the boys and girls were reading the Scriptures instead.

One day Mr. W. F. Woodcraft, of the Y. M. C. A. and Evangelization Society of Australasia, accompanied the writer to five schools, one of them being Scotch College. After seeing the way in which the students enlisted in the league, and openly confessed Christ, and feeling the spiritual atmosphere of the meetings, he said: "For twenty-five years I have been engaged in arranging missions of all sorts here in Australia: but consider that day's experience in the schools as the greatest single day of evangelism I have ever witnessed."

Enthusiasm of the Children

Beautiful stories were told of the devotion and enthusiasm of the children of Broken Hill. Some boys built a booth in their back yard. That evening the mother and father peeped in and saw eight boys sitting round in a circle. They read a chapter, verse about, sang the mission choruses, three of them led in prayer, and they closed with the Lord's Prayer. Five little girls met at one of their homes and held a prayer meeting while their mothers were at the races.

The Melbourne Council have now arranged a three months' Bible revival campaign to cover the State of Victoria. Plans are being made for me to make a rapid tour of fifteen to twenty of the largest cities and towns in the state, visiting the schools, distributing Testaments, and preaching Christ. Please pray for this unique campaign; and that we may also be led to just the right places for campaigns in 1923.

The victories of the past twelve months have been all the Lord's doing, in answer to believing prayer, and to Him we give all the praise and honor and glory. Will not those who read these lines pray earnestly that we may all be kept in health and strength; and filled with the Holy Spirit; and that sufficient funds may be supplied for the carrying forward of the work in Australia, and wherever the Lord may lead us?

Signs of a Coming Revival

One of the most significant signs of the times is the springing up of little prayer-groups in homes and churches to pray down the fire from heaven. It was the formation of these prayer associations, or praying bands, that helped to promote and spread the great revival in Scotland two hundred years ago.

D. L. Moody strongly advocated the formation of these praying bands. He once said: "The best way is for the pastor (or some member) to say he wants to see all who desire a revival. Don't let anyone else come. Then get down on your knees and pour out your hearts, asking God to revive yourselves. Don't be in a hurry to pray for your friends. Hold the people to themselves! You never see an anxious church without souls being saved. Don't wait for the whole church to move. Get two or three, and soon there will be six or seven. Form a Praying Band. Pray for the work, and the blessing will come. That plan never failed."

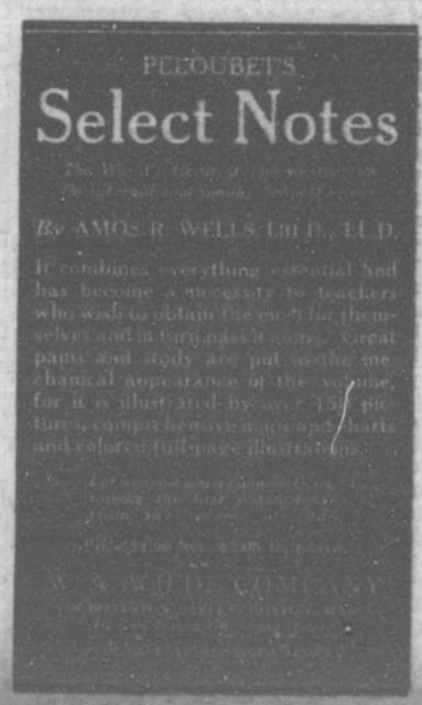
The revival is coming, and I feel sure its manifestations will be most marked and significant where there are the largest number of prayer circles. May God hasten the formation of thousands of these revival prayer circles, and may we soon see one nation after another in the grip of great revivals that shall lead multitudes into the Kingdom.

SHOWMAN PAT COLLINS

Of all the candidates in the British General Election, few can produce a more romantic record than can Councillor Patrick Collins, the well-known showman, who contested Walsall as an Independent Liberal, and contested it with success. Born in Chester, and coming of Irish stock, "Pat" has been connected with the amusements and public life of South Staffordshire for forty years, knowing pretty well the hard life connected with the "grounds."

One anecdote in particular is specially interesting. Returning from Ireland with only an old-fashioned hand-turned roundabout for stock-in-trade, soon after his marriage, he found himself possessed of a halfpenny. "I knew that wouldn't keep the wolf from the door very long," he once said, "so I threw it away for luck."

Today he owns rolling stock valued at £200,000, employs 500 men at least, and has been for sixteen years President of the Showmen's Guild of Great Britain. Anxious to improve the status of his showmen friends, his energies have led to the protection of the rights of the fair ground, to the improving of the quality of the amusements, and to the development of the mechanical and industrial side of the industry. More than that, "Pat" is a philanthropist, having benefited hospitals and charities to the tune of over £20,000.



Sunday at Home.

THE CHRISTMAS VISITORS

(By Rev. Archibald G. Brown)

"There came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is He that is born King'?"—Mat. 2:1, 2.

How strange it is that the Gentiles should come first to Christ, and that precedence should be given to this fact—that the One who has appeared flashes His light first on the Gentiles, that they may rejoice in it, and afterwards becomes the glory of His people Israel. To Christian workers I most heartily recommend these Magi as a most suggestive illustration of a true seeker. Do you observe what they are seeking for? They are seeking a Person, for the question that falls from their lips is after this order: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" So many seekers today are not seeking for a Person. They come into our vestries seeking a system or a religion, or more often seeking a certain number of theories.

Now, these mysterious ones from the veiled East have no thought but of a Person. They say, "Where is He?" The seeker that has no other object in his search than a personal Lord will very soon succeed in his search. Do you observe that they were seeking a King? There are a great many so-called inquirers, but they are not really seeking a King. They would like to find One who would deliver them from the penalty of their sins, but they do not want One to rule over them. The man who really seeks the Saviour seeks a Monarch as well; the man who genuinely desires to find the Redeemer desires equally in that Redeemer to find One who will reign over him, not with any limited monarchy, but with a heavenly despotism. You cannot but admire the faith of these Christmas seekers. Their question is, "Where is He that is born?" If these Magi had lived today, they would hardly have put it in that way. They would have said, "Is there anyone born?" "Do you think it is likely that such a One, heard of or dreamed of, may be found?" But these men had not a crevice or crack in their belief. It was simply "Where is He? We know that He has come." He is veiled to their eyes, but there is no question as to the reality of the fact of Christ.

Then the next thought is very beautiful—they were not above asking. I know they asked at the wrong place, but they asked where anyone would have suggested their asking—in Jerusalem, the capital of the Jewish people. I imagine they must have been strangely taken aback. They had come all that long journey, and reached Jerusalem, only to find that nobody knew anything about the King whom they had come to see, and, what is stranger still, nobody seems to trouble about Christ until their insistence does make trouble. Then the keen-eyed Herod enters into a compact with them in their simplicity—and good, gracious men like the Magi are always easily taken in—and tells them that when they have found the King they are to be sure to let him know, that he may go and worship likewise.

Then there is one other point. It was the Bible that ultimately led them in the right direction. God had given them a star, and it brought them all that long distance, but the star disappeared when they got near Jerusalem. You will see, if you read the account, that the scribes gathered together and turned up their Scriptures, and said, "Whenever the Messiah is born, He is bound to be born at Bethlehem, because that is prophesied in the Book of Micah." What an amazing omission on their part! They know where He is to be born, and never take the trouble to go and see whether He is born or not. It is these despised ones, these so-called heathen, these poor philosophers of the Far East, who the moment they hear the Scriptures— probably for the first time—make their way at once to Bethlehem Ephratah; and then we read that "when they were come into the house, they worshipped Him."

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

From the standpoint of the grown-ups the distance from one Christmas to another is very short. As we grow older the years fairly fly past us, and the twelve months seem a little space in the circuit of our lives. To the children the bit of the road they travel from Christmas to Christmas is very long, and they are never troubled nor dismayed, as, alas! their elders often are, when the happy time comes back.

Theoretically, we all welcome the holiday season with open arms, but practically on some of us, through our own folly, it entails a burdening tax, so that instead of being thoroughly joyful, we are worn out and worried in the effort to remember all our kindred and acquaintances with appropriate gifts. Simplicity in this direction would be wise, and for those who must thoughtfully consider ways and means, there should be a limiting of presents to what can be easily and honestly afforded. Do not leave the children out, and do not defraud them of their legitimate pleasure by bestowing upon them merely useful things, such as clothing, shoes, suspenders, and hats. These they know would be furnished them somehow, and the essence of Christmas is not in them. Toys, books, sweets, little superfluities for the day, are to be preferred for Christmas gifts; for the girl always her doll, and for the boy his drum, or his sled, or his pocket-knife. Give each child, if you can do no more, one token of love which will be a treasure, and save in some other quarter. To older people and to outside friends, be content, if your means are limited, to send a letter, or a card, or a bit of holly. Christmas cheer lies in the sentiment, not in the costliness of Christmas remembrances.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH

"I believe in Christmas, the last and holiest holiday of the year. I believe in the observance of Christmas by the exchange of tokens of affection and regard, by the giving of gifts to the needy, and by the impartation of hope to the desolate and discouraged.

"I believe in the spirit of Christmas; its exaltation of childhood and the child-like mood; its contagion of laughter and solemn meriment; its sanctification of the home and the family circle; its solidification of the bonds of friendship, and its cultivation of that finer fellowship which reveals to man life's larger relationships, and links him to his fellow men in sacrificial sympathy and service.

"I believe in the Christ of Christmas, and the Babe of Bethlehem, the Divine Son of God, whose birth is the source of the day's deepest meaning, and whose death is the disclosure of the Father's boundless love. I believe in His gospel of peace and goodwill as the balm for every bruised heart and the solution of the world's ills; and so I believe in the gift of ourselves to Him in the discipleship of perfect love as the complete observance of Christmas Day and the consummation of all life."

Mowat

A CHRISTMAS SONG

Once, when the pall of the silent night
Lay soft o'er the sleeping land,
The angels of God, with a blaze of light
Burst forth in a chorus grand:
It rolled round the world with its music sweet,
And back to the throne of heaven,
It sank to rest on the mercy-seat,
And told of our sins forgiven.
Peace on earth! Goodwill to men!

Shepherds afar in the Eastern lands
Heard floating the glory-song,
Fresh from the lips of the angel bands,
The glittering stars among;
And it gladdened their hearts with its message of love,
It woke up the slumbering earth
To welcome the Lord of the worlds above,
Who brought at His holy birth
Peace on earth! Goodwill to men!

Time may revolve and the world grow grey,
And seasons may wax and wane,
Yet ever, when dawns the Christmas Day,
Re-echo those strains again,
Bidding us cease from all earthly strife,
And the wrongs of man to man;
Calling our souls to the nobler life
That our Lord at His birth began.
Peace on earth! Goodwill to

J. O.

THE SIN OF FORGETTING

She was a shrewd, elderly lady. You could see it in her eyes. Calm, grey, far-seeing eyes they were. And she was a perfect stranger to me. Directly she spoke you knew she was Scotch. She seemed rather to glory in the accent. We were only a little company, and conversation was somewhat hard to start. But when it did begin she took her full share, and took it well.

The talk drifted on the social features of our times, and to the troubles that are vexing and darkening the world, and it touched on domestic sorrows too. And one of our number had said, "I think it one of the most dreadful things when members of families forget one another." And the sentence was followed with a sigh, "And no one likes to be forgotten." One couldn't help but wonder what personal grief lay behind the words.

And the old Scotch lady was listening. Her face was very thoughtful and her voice was low and serious. "I think," she said, "that forgetting is one of the worst of things; indeed, one of the most terrible of sins."

We all looked at her. She was so downright in earnest.

She added, "What is mostly wrong with the world today is that it is forgetting God." And without quoting the whole sentence she repeated, "The nations that forget God." And as if recalling some pain of her own heart, she went on. "It hurts to be forgotten; it must hurt God to be forgotten; the world must be a big sorrow to God."

Christmas Thoughts

By Charles L. Patterson

Christmas thoughts are thoughts of peace, for adown the ages
Rings the angels' midnight song whose echoes never cease,
And the story never grows old on the sacred pages
Of how in lowly Bethlehem was born the Prince of Peace.

Christmas thoughts are thoughts of joy, for the Wondrous Story
As great joy was heralded the troubled world to bless,
When in Bethlehem's manger lay the infant King of Glory,
And arose with healing wings the Sun of Righteousness.

Christmas thoughts are thoughts of hope as the bright star gleaming
Led the Wise Men from afar to where the Christ Child lay,
So He came, the world's great Light, in wondrous mercy beaming,
To be to all believing souls the Truth, the Life, the Way.

Christmas thoughts are thoughts of love, for the Christmas story
Tells of how our Father's gift of love Supreme was given,
And the souls who walk by faith in the King of Glory,
Find life's common highway strewn with gracious gleams of heaven.

THE POTTER'S WHEEL

(By Laird Archer.)

"And behold he wrought a work on the wheels, a vessel of clay . . . as seemed good to the potter to make it."

Twenty-six hundred years ago, Jeremiah wrote the above, which serves today as an accurate description of a phase of modern relief work.

The description fits certain war orphans in American care in the ancient city of Erivan, Transcaucasia, near Ararat, the sacred mountain on which Noah's ark is believed to have rested after the flood.

The Near East Relief is using older orphans and the potter's wheel of antiquity to turn out bowls for serving cornmeal mush to 25,000 homeless children in its orphanage centres of Transcaucasia.

The same type of double-wheel that Jeremiah knew is used. What are said to be the same clay banks which provided pitchers for Noah's descendants are supplying the pots that hold the relief rations.

Set in a mud-and-wood frame, the wheels whirl horizontally on upright spindles, the upper wheel spinning the clay in the potter's hands and the lower wheel turning the upper in answer to the treading of the potter's foot. This primitive machinery at Erivan is of a veteran age which no longer provides perfect vessels, however. In other words, the wheels wobble. But the Americans plan to add ball-bearings and devices not included in the mechanics of Jeremiah's day.

Along with the pots, the relief workers are making sixteen-year-old orphans potters, ready to set up small shops to replace the broken pitchers of Armenia, Georgia and Azerbaijan.

There always is a demand for water jars in this land where the household supply is carried from springs that have been running since the days of Rebekah. Moreover, practically all of the clay vessels of the country were abandoned in ruined villages during repeated invasions which made this a famine area in the last five years. In 300 villages, there could not be found "a shred to take fire from the hearth or to take water out of the pit."

Clay modeling with wheel and hands is a heritage among the orphans, according to the relief workers. They have observed a skill at the earliest instruction which is said to be uncanny. There is promise of sculpture. Fashioning of flowers and things under artistic guidance has been given a place in the prosaic routine.

CHRISTIAN HISTORY IN COINS AND MEDALS

It is hard to disprove to everyone's satisfaction a thing that people are eager to believe. That, we learn from Mr. George F. Hill, who writes in the Illustrated London News, is the case with a certain sixteenth-century medal showing a head of Christ on one side, and a Hebrew inscription on the other side. People want to believe that the medal dates from the time of Christ.

The inscription, says Mr. Hill, probably is correctly translated: Jesus Christ, the King, came in peace, and God became man." Under the false impression that the medal is a very early, if not a contemporary, portrait of Christ it has been reproduced in immense numbers down to the present day. But quite apart from its workmanship the modern Hebrew lettering is enough to disprove its early origin.

The subject of Christian history in coins and medals is intensely interesting. In the year 314 A.D. a Christian mint official introduced the first faint sign of Christianity into the coinage by engraving a small cross in the field of the dies with which his own coins were struck at the mint of Ticinum, which now is the modern Pavia. By degrees Christian symbols became common on the coins. Particularly interesting is a coin that was issued immediately after the Council of Nicaea, in the year 325 A.D.; it shows a standard, surmounted by the Christian monogram, transfixing the serpent of heresy. The simple cross did not appear as an independent type until the reign of Tiberius II.—578-582 A.D.,—and the bust of Christ is first seen on coins of Justinian II.—685-695 A.D. Leo VI. first introduced the figure of the Virgin into the coinage, but saints did not appear on Byzantine coins before the twelfth century. Generally speaking, during the Middle Ages, when the design of the coins was not the head of a ruler or a decorative design based on the cross, it was most commonly a saint.

RELIGION AND ART

I am a passionate admirer of whatever is beautiful in nature or exquisite in art. These are the gifts of God, but no part of his essence; they proceed from God's goodness, and should kindle our gratitude to Him; but I cannot conceive that the most splendid productions of the fine arts have any necessary connection with religion. Adam sinned in a garden too beautiful for us to have any conception of it. The Israelites selected fair groves and pleasant mountains for the peculiar scenes of their idolatry. The most exquisite pictures and statues have been produced in those parts of Europe where pure religion has made the least progress. These decorate religion, but they neither produce nor advance it. They are the enjoyments and refreshments of life, and very compatible with true religion, but they make no part of it. Athens was at once the most learned and the most polished city in the world, so devoted to the fine arts, that is said to have contained more statues than men; yet, in this eloquent city the eloquent apostle's preaching made but one proselyte in the whole areopagus.

Nothing, it appears me, can essentially improve the character, and benefit society, but a saving knowledge of the distinctive doctrines of Christianity. I mean a deep and abiding sense in the heart of our fallen nature; of our actual and personal sinfulness; of our lost state, but for the redemption wrought for us by Jesus Christ: and of our universal necessity, and the conviction that this change alone can be affected by the influence of the Holy Spirit. This is not a splendid, but it is a saving religion; it is humbling now, that it may be elevating hereafter. It appears to me also, that the requisition which the Christian religion makes of the most highly gifted, as well as of the most meanly endowed, is, that after the loftiest and most successful exercise of the most brilliant talents, the favored possessor could lay his talents and himself at the foot of the cross, with the same deep self-abasement and self-renunciation as his more illiterate neighbor, and this from a conviction of Who it is that hath made them to differ.—Hannah More.

You don't have to—but you will
"Say it with subscriptions."

The Jewish "national fund" has planted 751,527 trees on the land which it has purchased in Palestine. Ninety-three thousand two hundred trees have been planted in three new settlements in the Valley of Jezreel.

Highland Park, Detroit, is to lose its mosque, the only shrine of the Islamic faith in North America. Dissention in the ranks of the followers and lack of interest in the mosque services are the reasons assigned for the failure.

In the cottage at Moulton, Northamptonshire, England, where William Carey developed the great missionary idea that has changed India, a memorial tablet has been set up.

Ladies' Aid and Sewing Circles

would hear something of interest and of practical helpfulness if the Secretary or any member would simply send a postcard with her name and address and designating the Denomination to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON
PUBLISHERS
MONTREAL

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A GRATEFUL READER

Mrs. R. M., Ont., wishes to thank the Witness for the copy of "David Kennedy" so promptly procured for her; also Mr. C. Crossman of Mawer, Sask., through whose information she was enabled to procure a copy of "Choice Readings" from A. C. McClung & Co., of Chicago. She thanks the Witness for space already given, and for the promptness with which her request has been answered. She regrets that owing to illness she was not able to get any subscribers at Thanksgiving, but is going to send some next week with her own renewal, and concludes "with best wishes for your staunch and reliable paper, the Witness."

APPRECIATION FROM ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND

"Scotch Reader" thanks editor of Witness and ladies who kindly supplied words of songs asked for.—4th Dec. 1922.

TWO RECITATIONS

S. F. R. Meyer, St. John, N. B., has kindly sent us two recitations asked for in a previous issue by Mrs. R. H., Medicine Hat, Alta., which we are pleased to print below:—

THE BIRDIES' BALL

Spring once said to the nightingale,
"I mean to give the birds a ball,
Pray, ma'am, ask the birdies all,
The birds and the birdies, great and small."

Soon they came from bush and tree,
Looking sweet, as sweet could be,
Each one fresh from his cosy nest,
Each one dressed in his Sunday best.

The woodpecker came from his hole in the tree,
And brought his bill to the company,
For the berries ripe and the cherries red,
'Twas a very long bill, so the birdies said.

They danced all day till the sun was low,
Till the mother birds prepared to go,
Then one and all, both great and small,
Flew home to their nests from the birdies ball.

WELCOME, LITTLE ROBIN

Welcome, little robin, with the scarlet breast,
In this winter weather, cold must be your nest,
Hopping o'er the carpet, picking up the crumbs,
Robin knows the children love him when he comes.

Is the story true, robin, you were once so good,
To the little orphans, sleeping in the wood,
Did you see them crying, pale and cold and still,
And strew leaves above them, with your bill?

Whether true or not, robin, we are glad to see,
How you trust us children, hopping in so free,
Hopping o'er the carpet, picking up the crumbs,
Robin knows the children love him when he comes.

POEMS WANTED

J. A. C., Simcoe, Ont.:—Please let me know through the columns of the Witness where I can find a poem, some of the words of which are as follows
"I hear the tread of William
Of nations yet to be
— — — — — — — —
Shall roll a human sea."
Also the words:
"Water, water everywhere
But not a drop to drink."
And what do they mean?

Ans.:—The first quotation is from the "Light of Asia" by Sir Edwin Arnold; the second from "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge. The first is prophetic, and refers to the evolution of the human race; the second describes a calm at sea, when the fresh supplies of water on board had given out.

ORIGIN OF FASCISTI

A. R., Que.:—So much talk is there just now of the Fascisti, that I would like to know how the name originated?

Ans.:—The word Fascisti is derived from the Latin Fascis, meaning a bundle. It was the custom of the consuls, dictators, and magistrates during the time of the Roman Republic, and later during the days of the Empire, to be preceded by lictors—slaves bearing a bundle of rods, with an axe embedded in the bundle, tied with a red strap, the face of the axe looking outwards. These were a symbol of the power of life and limb possessed by the Kings, and when the Monarchy had passed, by the Consuls, who obtained the dignity of being preceded by the lictors, each bearing a fascis (plural, fasces) or bundle of elm or birch rods over the left shoulder. The application to this in the name of the newly-formed body Fascisti in Italy is that this party took the fasces for its symbol of their power over life and limb. It is interesting to note, as an obiter scriptum that the Americans, who claim that they borrow no ideas from older civilizations, have representations of lictors bearing fasces on 10 cent pieces of a certain coinage.

You don't have to
No, but I will

WORDS OF POEMS SUPPLIED

R. W. Fleming, Watford, Ont.; Mrs. John Thomas, Watford, Ont.; Miss Jessie E. Younger, 13 Le Breson Street, Ottawa, have kindly sent in words of the song "The last to Cuddle Doon" required by H. M. T., Ont. Miss Jean McBain, Toronto, Ont., has also kindly sent copy of poem "Patchwork" asked for in a recent previous issue. We print the words of these below:

THE LAST TO CUDDLE DOON.

I sit afore a half oot fire,
An' I am a' my lane,
Nae frien' nor fremit dauners in,
For a' my fowk are gane.
An' John, that was my ain gude man
He sleeps the mools amang—
An' auld frail body like mysel'—
It's time that I should gang.

The win' moans roun' the auld hoose en'
An' shakes the ae fir tree,
An' as it soughs it waukens up
Auld things fu' dear to me.
If I could only greet, my heart
It wadna be sae sair:
But tears are gane an' bairns are gane
An' baith come back nae muir.

Ay, Tam, puir Tam, sae fu' o' fun,
He faun' this warld a fecht,
An' sair, sair he was hauden doon
Wi' mony a weary wecht.
He bore it a' until the en',
But when we laid him doon,
The gray hairs there afore their time,
Were thick amang the broon.

An' Jamie wi' the curly heid,
Sae buirdly, big and braw,
Was cut doon in the pride o' youth
The first amang them a',
If I had tears for thae auld een,
Then could I greet fu' weel,
To think o' Jamie lyin' deid
Aneath the engine wheel.

We Rab—what can I say o' him?
He's waur than deid to me,
Nae word frae him thae weary years
Has come across the sea.
Could I but ken that he was weel,
As here I sit this nicht,
This warld wi' a' its faucht an' care
Wad look a wee thing richt.

I sit afore a half oot fire,
An' I am a' my lane,
Nae frien' hae I to dauner in,
For a' my fowk are gane,
I wuss that He who rules us a'
Frae where He dwells aboon,
Wad touch my auld gray heid, an' say—
'It's time to cuddle doon.'

PATCHWORK

In an ancient Eastern city dwelt a king
of wondrous power,
Whose domain was far extending and
whose wealth grew hour by hour,
Till he planned to build a temple, like
the wise old king of yore,
That his fame should be eternal, and
might sound from shore to shore.

So with gold and gems and earrings they
built up the arches high;
But could find no painted window that
could please the monarch's eye.
And a solemn proclamation was re-echoed
far and wide
By his own right royal heralds, and by
prince and lord beside.

"Know ye," said the solemn message,
"'tis the King's most gracious will
That a great reward be offered for the
painter of most skill;
And whoever makes a window most artistic in design,
Shall receive a crown and kingdom which
shall second be to mine."

So from all those wide dominions came
the artists, one by one,
And they worked with care unceasing till
the windows were all done
And were lifted to their places in among
the arches tall,
For the king to give his judgment which
was grandest of them all.

But they had not counted rightly, there
was still one empty space,
And there was no time to purchase a new
window for the place,
When some one of them remembered a
poor workman who in fear
Had begged the colored pieces of the
crystals lying near;

And by patient cutting, fitting, using up
each fragment small,
He had made a patchwork window that
was plainest of them all;
And its many colored figures, every shape
and size and style,
Made the workmen jeer and cavail and
the skillful artists smile.

But it must be used one evening, and,
amid so much beside,
It would simply pass unnoticed till its
place could be supplied.
So they set it like the others, in its
frame of carvings rare,
For the king was then approaching, and
the shouts rang through the air.

On he came, in all his glory, gazing up
on every hand
At the saints and martyrs holy, at the
old apostle's band,
At the calm, sweet-faced Madonna, with
her wondrous child and Lord,
And at angels bringing tidings, with their
white wings spread abroad.
But before the patchwork window paused the king in great amaze,

For the setting sun was shining with a
rare and ruddy blaze
Through the scarred and criss-crossed
tracing, and he watched the sunbeams
pour
A hundred brilliant rainbows on the tessellated floor.
When the nave was filled with glory with
a splendor from on high,
And the people bowed in silence, for the
Lord seemed passing by.
'Bring the artist," cried the monarch, "his
shall be the crown of gold."
And the workman, humbly kneeling, gained a wealth and power untold.

From the legend, full of meaning, shall
we not take courage now,
That our work will be accepted, though
it seems but poor to view?
In our weakness bring we offerings, prayer and labor, money, time,
But at best we make but patchwork when
we aim at deeds sublime.
But we know that in God's temple all our
work shall find a place,
Though we mourn because our neighbors
build with greater power and grace;
But when through our patient life-work
shines our Heavenly Father's love,
It will glow with matchless beauty, and
be fit for heaven above.
—Life and Light for Woman

POEMS REQUESTED

H. E. F., Carnarvon, Ont. — Would you kindly through your question column give or refer to readers the words of the following poem which begins like this :—
"We've put a final addition to the good old
church at home,
It's just the latest hitter with a gallery
and dome." etc.

I should also very much like the words of a bit of poetry. I am unable to give a line. It was like this: An old Elder or Deacon called on a family in dire straits and prayed, while at the same time the poor old father meekly groaned "Potatoes." I should be so very pleased to get them.

Ans.—Referred to readers.

"Say it with subscriptions,"
You don't have to—but you will

Turkey Wants Western Culture

From the beginning of the Near East Conference the Turkish leaders have stressed their desire to westernize their country; and the European statesmen who have faith in the League as a substantial machine contributing effectively to world peace are convinced that whole-hearted co-operation by Turkey in the League's affairs would prove an important step in the maintenance of a general peace.

The thoroughly occidental aspect of the majority of the Turkish delegates has impressed everyone attending the conference. Some members of the delegation remain loyal to the fez, but generally speaking the men from Angora and Constantinople present an appearance as smartly western as that of any of the European diplomats. Several of the Turkish delegates are in Lausanne with their wives, who are fashionably gowned in the latest Parisian modes and are the centre of interest at the afternoon teas in the hotels.

A foreigner who engages a Turk in conversation will learn sooner or later in the course of their chat that Turkey first of all wants complete sovereignty over the Ottoman territory and that secondly she seeks western culture. In short, Turkey desires to become a real member of the comity of nations. If she joins the League, which Ismet Pasha has said she will seek to do if peace is signed at Lausanne, Turkey can walk into Europe by the front door and make herself at home.

It has long been a saying that the Greek islands are more Greek than Greece. The Dodecanese are among the most Greek of all the islands. Homer knew them all and mentions the leaders under which their armies took part in the expedition against Troy. Geologically the islands are fragments of Asia Minor, torn away by some remote volcanic upheaval.

PROVISIONS OF STAMP TAX NOT LIKELY TO BE REPEALED

There is very little likelihood that the Stamp Tax on receipts which becomes operative on January 1, 1923, will be suspended although almost three thousand retail merchants have responded to an invitation to collectively protest against it.

The Government, it is pointed out, has no authority to alter the act which is a statute. According to advices received at Ottawa the vital objection is not so much to the tax as to its possible incidence. In consequence the rulings as to what it will apply to are awaited with much interest.

The provisions of the tax are, upon all receipts of ten dollars and upwards there must be affixed thereto an adhesive tax of two cents, or unless there is impressed thereon by means of a die, a stamp of the value of two cents, which is to be cancelled by the person by whom the receipt is given before he delivers it out of his hands. Cancellation shall be effected by the person who cancels the stamp, writing or impressing his name or initials on or across the stamp, together with the true date of such writing or impressing.

The bill does not suit the Canadian Tetail Merchants' Association at all. Accordingly they issue a manifesto in the following words: "We want every retail merchant in Canada to take a deep personal interest in this matter. We must stand united; it is the concern of all. No single line of trade alone an defeat a measure of such importance; we must all work together and act together under one common direction, as it affects us all alike."

TUBERCULOSIS IN CANADA

The care of the tubercular in Canada is a piece of sociological work that has passed from the individual and enthusiastic form to the community stage, methodical and established. Centralized bodies are now seeing the importance of this work in a young nation, where health is of far more importance than capital.

The ravages of the various forms of tuberculosis in all its forms, but more especially in its most common and insidious form of pulmonary consumption, have depressed and excited alternately the fears of all local authorities; and municipalities, provincial governments, aided by their pathological experts, have found means to treat and, still better, to prevent, to a certain extent, the onslaughts of this fell disease. But until legislation comparable to the European method is established dealing with the reporting of cases, periodic inspection by competent medical officers of health, the elimination of bovine tuberculosis,—transferred in the milk and tissues of meat,—the disinfection of public factories, where sputum laden with tubercle baccilli swarm, nothing can prevent its spread. Preventive measures are the only staple in this disease, for cure after a certain stage is hopeless, and treatment in the earlier stages is only ameliorative.

The report of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association for December has now been published and contains some interesting facts dealing with the spread of knowledge in communities regarding disease prevention and more especially with Hospital and Sanitarium accommodation.

A very illuminative report too is the Royal Tuberculosis Commission of Saskatchewan. Their most urgent requirements set forth by them are five in number:

(1.) Hospital and Sanatorium accommodation to care for those who are spreaders of the disease.

(2.) Provision for the care of children from those homes where tuberculosis is found.

(3.) Improvement of present system of financing the cost of treatment so as to enable all sufferers who need treatment to obtain it with the least delay.

(4.) Improvement of present diagnostic facilities and extension of them to all parts of the Province.

(5.) Extension of a nursing service and follow-up work to all ex-tubercular patients.

That farmers from Western Canada are streaming across the border into the United States and that the present immigration policy of the Government is based on "confusion, political exigencies and promises, and upon good-intentioned, breezy ignorance" was the assertion made by Rabbi B. R. Brickner, in an address delivered before the Workers' Educational League at Toronto.

Adherence to the principles of diversified farming and increased production, coupled with the elimination of unnecessary overhead expenses, will go a long way in banishing agricultural depression and setting the farmers of the West firmly on their feet, declared Robert Forke, leader of the Progressive party, in an address to the local branch of the Canadian Club at Winnipeg.

Stevenson once wrote: "You cannot run away from a weakness; you must some time fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand?"

MONTBRETIAS

Like some other genera of plants the Tritonias or, as the more familiar kinds are generally called, Montbretias, are over-burdened with a rather troublesome synonym. They belong, says a writer in the Scotsman, to the Iris or "Flag" family, "Iridaceae," and they are so closely related to some of the other members of that family that betimes they have been, so to speak, pitchforked from one genus to another, some of them having been relegated to "Montbretia" and "Crocosmia" (the latter is still kept up by some botanists as a separate genus), while others have found a haven in such genera as "Ixia" and "Gladiolus."

The genus "Tritonia" contains some thirty or so species of cool greenhouse or hardy bulbous plants, all of which are indigenous to South Africa, but many of the species are merely of botanical interest. It is with those belonging to the "Montbretia" and "Crocosmia" group that we have to deal with here, however, for it is in this group that we find the numerous hardy hybrids which have done so much for the adornment of our gardens.

The Race

The forerunner of these beautiful border subjects is a fine hardy plant of hybrid origin, with which we have been familiar as a border subject in our gardens for many years, called "Tritonia crocosmiaeflora," the parents of which are the species "Tritonia" (or "Montbretia") "Pottsi,' introduced in 1877, and "Tritonia" (or "Crocosmia") "aurea," introduced in 1846, and which is still regarded by some as a bigeneric hybrid, that is, a hybrid between species belonging to two distinct genera.

It was raised by the well-known French nurseryman, M. Lemoine, of Nancy, and was sent out by him in 1882. Lemoine believed that he was dealing with a bigeneric hybrid, and he records the curious fact that when seeds of the hybrid, which were produced freely as the result of self-fertilization, were sown the resulting plants were almost identical with the parent. He found, however, that when the hybrid was artificially fertilized by pollen from either of its parents, "T. Pottsii" or "T. Aurea," new forms were produced, and during the next ten years he raised a number of these; but later a new series of varieties was originated by introducing into the parentage two other plants, namely, "Crocosmia aurea" var. "maculata," a form with larger and finer flowers than the type, with brown spots at the bases of the petals, which was introduced from South Africa in 1888, and "C. aurea" var "imperialis," a form with spikes twice as long as those of the type, obtained by selection by the celebrated raiser Herr Max Leichtlin, of Baden Baden, about the same time.

By crossing "Tritonia crocusmiaeflora" with these new varieties, forms of extraordinary beauty and size, and with more symmetrical flowers than the older types, were obtained. The raising of new varieties was soon taken up by England and other hybridists, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Davison of Westwick House Gardens, Torfolk, whose productions, such as Prometheus, King Edmund, and Ernest Davison, still rank among the leading kinds, and Herr Pfitzer, of Stuttgart, the raiser of Germania. Since then other fine varieties have been raised, including Star of the East, which is probably the largest flowered variety in existence.

Cultivation

The soil for the Montbretias should be a rich loam of a light sandy nature, but not over much so as in a very dry season the plants are apt to suffer if it is too sandy.

Where very light sandy soils have to be dealt with, rotted manure or leaf mould should be liberally incorporated with them in the digging or trenching of the ground. Clay soils must be well broken up, and well supplied with gritty matter and liberal doses of leaf mould and rotted horse manure, but a successful cultivator of these plants recommends that on very stiff clays a raised bed should be formed on top of the clay, by introducing fresh soil of the right kind.

Although, for practical purposes, the Montbretias are classified as "bulbous" plants, their underground stems are really corms like those of the gladiolas, which they much resemble in their general appearance, the "bulbous" Iris, &c. One of the original parents, "T. Pottsii," and the first hybrid. "T. crocosmiaeflora," are quite hardy under normal conditions, and may be treated like other ordinary herbaceous plants.

Storing of Tender Varieties

No doubt owing to a slight tenderness on the part of the other original parent, "Crocosmia aurea," some of the finer varieties are liable to injury by frost in severe winters, and in such cases, unless the situation be a warm one, and the soil light and thoroughly drained, it is necessary to lift the corms in autumn, about the beginning of November, and store them in a cellar or other cool, but not too dry, place over winter, much in the same way as the corms of gladioli are treated, but great care must be taken not to allow them to become over dry. A good plan is to store them in sand, or they may be placed one layer deep in shallow boxes, in light, sandy soil, and kept fairly dry until planting out time in spring.

But it is only those that are apt to succumb in winter that require this treatment, and of course only in cold localities, or where the soil is too wet or too heavy for them to survive the ordeal of severe frost.

The Hardy Specimens

The corms should be planted out in spring in the same way as Gladioli—that is, they may be planted in the open ground about the beginning of April, or, if facilities for it are available, they may be started into growth at the beginning of March by being placed in a gentle heat, such as that of a mild hot-bed, and afterwards hardened off and planted out in April.

In the case of those that are not liable to injury by frost, or in mild localities where the soil is of a light, loamy nature, annual lifting of the corms may be dispensed with, and permanent planting of them may be done in November. The clumps must not, however, be allowed to increase much in size. After two or three years at most they should be lifted and broken up, and the sections replanted. Otherwise they become exhausted and produce poor spikes of flowers.

These plants, including the original parents, are excellent subjects for the herbaceous border, and they are also useful for planting among low shrubs. Like the Gladioli, they are autumn flowers, and they continue in bloom for a considerable time. They are also excellent for forming groups by themselves on lawns, or in other suitable positions, and they are equally suitable for conservatory or room decoration. For this purpose they may be grown in six or seven inch pots, the corms being planted, in good loam, in autumn.

Varieties

As in many other groups of plants, the choice of varieties is very largely a matter of taste. The following may, however, be relied upon to give satisfaction:

For outdoor use—Prometheus, orange red; Vulcan, vermilion; Brilliant, almost scarlet; Germania, orange-scarlet; Feu d'Artifice, orange-yellow with vermilion edge; Croesus, deep yellow; King Edmund, orange-yellow; Messidor, pale yellow; Ernest Davison, orange suffused with apricot; Norvie, yellow suffused with red; George Davison, golden yellow; Star of the East, golden orange.

For indoor use—Aureole, orange; Lothair orange-yellow; Tete Couronne, orange-red; Tragedie, orange-yellow; Anneau d'Or, orange with brown markings; Incandescent, orange and vermilion.

You don't have to—but you will
"Say it with subscriptions."

ORCHARD MANAGEMENT

There are a number of points in regard to orchard management which come up for discussion or question practically every year. To plant one, two, or three year old trees; to cultivate or grow in sod; to prune heavily or lightly; to spray when, and how often; and how best to pack, are a few of these. While theories are interesting to discuss, practical demonstrations are more generally helpful. No better answer can be made to many of these questions than the following description of the successful trying out of certain methods:

Writing in the Country Gentleman a few years ago, F. C. Sears described as "The Finest Apple Orchard" that of the Marshalls of Fitchburg, Massachusetts. While we may or may not agree with his title, we cannot but be interested in the results of their work

To begin with the least important aspects of the case, writes Mr. Sears, the orchards—for there are several of them—are ideally located on gently rolling lands; they are beautifully laid out and are kept in splendid condition. There is none of the disorder which is too often in evidence about the average farm. Neatness is not the most important thing in growing apples; but it gives a finish to this efficient producing plant that is satisfying to one who believes that order and system and beauty can be had on the farm as well as, and often better than, in any other business.

There are one hundred and twenty acres of orchard on this farm out of a total of one hundred and fifty acres, so it is truly an orchard farm. The varieties and ages of the different blocks are as follows:

	Trees
McIntosh, from 2 to 15 years	4500
Baldwin, from 6 to 14 years	1200
Delicious, from 2 to 5 years	900
Sutton, from 10 to 14 years	600
Wealthy, from 8 to 13 years	600
Gravenstein, 7 years	150

This is a mighty interesting list of varieties. To begin with, they are all red apples, a point which the Marshalls have always emphasized. But the varieties are also high in quality. There isn't one among them that won't bear acquaintance.

The soil of the finest orchard is what would be technically known as heavy, sandy loam or a light silty loam, and many of the fields that have been set out to orchard were originally rather oversupplied with stones and boulders. These have been blasted to pieces with dynamite and hauled to dumps in adjacent low spots where they could be most easily gotten rid of.

The orchard is carried on under the sod-culture method, and it may be said that a method which will develop the Marshall orchard is worthy of most respectful consideration. The blocks of bearing orchard are kept under sod, and any block of land which it is intended to set out is first gotten in shape and seeded down to grass.

In a letter to the writer, Mr. Marshall says this of his plan of seeding down: "For many years I have seeded my orchard land with a half bushel—twenty-two and a half pounds—of timothy and three pounds of redtop per acre. I have always seeded about the middle of August, instead of in the spring, and never fail to get a good catch. In that way you get rid of the whole weed proposition."

The grass in the orchard is cut twice each season, a mowing machine being used on all it can reach and a scythe to finish between the trees. The first cutting is done about three weeks before haying begins, as the grass is then considered to be in better condition for mulch material. This is a "wet-weather" job, the teams and men being put at it on rainy days or wet mornings when other work cannot be handled so well. The grass lies where it falls without any raking whatever, and the second cutting is done when the rowen has made a good growth, usually about the last of August. This treatment has produced a fine mulch of dead grass in various stages of decay, underneath which is a moist and mellow soil which can easily be dug up with the toe of one's shoe.

(To be continued)

"Say it with subscriptions."
You don't have to—but you will

INTENSIVE FARMING

Rider Haggard, a year or so before the world war, made a tour of inspection of the counties of England and the Channel Islands. He published his observations in two bulky volumes entitled "Rural England." There is some very interesting matter in these books. The peculiar farming conditions in many parts of England often seem amusing to us here, who have to economize more in human labor. But the intensive farming on the Channel Islands seems wonderful. He describes one place as an average. The owner has 30 acres of land, three of which are covered with greenhouses, heated with steam and hot water, and using anthracite (imported). This man uses 100 tons annually. But the real wonder is that on the remaining 27 acres he keeps 80 head of the famous Guernsey cattle. He buys some feed, but he actually pastures on land worth over $1,000 an acre. But every animal is tethered to a fresh spot daily, and not allowed to trample down and spoil the grass. He is a breeder, and gets fancy prices for cows from rich Americans.

It is stated that of the 15,000 acres in the island there are several hundred acres under glass, growing flowers and vegetables for the London market. One of the leading flowers grown is the calla. It would be interesting to know just what effect the war has had on these intensive farmers.

Mushrooms at Versailles

Because huge mushrooms of the poisonous type known as Phellium cryptarium have elected to grow on the large wooden beams of the Versailles Chateau it is reported that the building is in danger and immediate repairs must be made if one wing is to be saved (according to a Paris message to the New York Herald). Henceforth all windows are to be kept open for three hours daily in an attempt to exterminate the mushrooms, which it is said spread with great rapidity and eat their way right through the woodwork.

Phellium cryptarium mushrooms, which hate fresh air and sunlight, were recently discovered in an abandoned school house in Etampes where they caused the building to collapse.

ANSWERS TO GARDEN QUESTIONS

A Fine Old Peony

M. H.—Both the double and single varieties of the fine cut leaved peony are hardy. The flowers are a very bright crimson red and the bright green feathery foliage is in itself ornamental after the flowering season is over. This plant (Paeonia tennifolia flore plena) is described as a native of Russia from the Caucasus region. It is not commonly grown in Canadian gardens but is well worth a place in any perennial border.

Geraniums Not Flowering

M. B.—Your geraniums are suffering from too much riches and are growing leaves as a consequence instead of flowering. They would have done better in smaller pots. A good sized geranium will thrive and flower in a quart tin, and in pots the size you have three could be put. Why not try this last; it would save space and enable you to get all your plants into the sunny window. Once they are established, and if you move them carefully they will receive no check, do not give any more liquid manure, and keep them always rather dry. Never let water stand in the saucers.

Peach Yellows

H. F.—One of the first indications on bearing trees of the yellows is the premature ripening of the fruit, the following year it is shown by the brush or bunches of very small leaves on twigs six inches or a foot in length growing out of the main branches. It is extremely contagious, and the trees should be cut and burned. In taking them out be very careful not to spread leaves or twigs from the diseased trees. J. H. Hale told of hauling a tree that had yellows down through a row of trees in taking it out of his orchard, and every tree in the two rows that the branches of the yellow tree touched had the yellows later on.

Bulbs Received Late

H. M.—So long as you can shovel away the snow and find enough ground to get your late shipped bulbs into, it will be better to put them in rather than attempt to keep them over winter for planting in the spring. In the house you will probably lose them all. Out of doors even now you stand a good chance of getting spring bloom from them. Scrape away the snow and if possible set them in, but if the ground is hard frozen put them on top of it, covering them with loam from some sheltered place in woods or garden, then mulch well with strawy manure and evergreen boughs and leave them. Long before you can touch your garden they will be sending white threadlike roots into the cold moist ground and may even beat your properly planted bulbs, in bloom.

Earth Worms

Reader.—Set the pots in a pail of water in which a handful of lime has been slaked or water with the lime water. The worms will be brought to the surface of the soil and can then be removed.

You don't have to
No, but I will

The Magic Garden

"I have learned a precious truth, and I
want the world to know it;
If you haven't what you want, you can
start right now and grow it;
For you have a magic garden, where
thoughts, like seeds, are planted,
And not a thing that you desire but shall
some sweet day be granted.
Yes, I've learned a precious truth, and I
want the world to know it;
If you haven't what you want, you can
start right now and grow it."

Ontario Business College, Limited.
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.
(55th YEAR)
This College has an international reputation for reliability and efficiency. Students have come from all over Canada, the United States, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the West Indies and South America. They are attracted by our high standards and the success of our graduates.
Write for free prospectus. I. L. MOORE, Principal.

OTTAWA LADIES' COLLEGE RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Founded 1870.
Matriculation Course, Music, Art, Household Science, Games, Gymnastics and Riding.
For particulars apply to the Principal New Fireproof Building.
MISS I. J. GALLAHER, Ottawa Ladies' College.
Re-opens January 9. OTTAWA.

Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

HANDLING THE CALVES

(By P. P. Pope.)

In raising any kind of live stock it is desirable that they very early in life become accustomed to the presence of man. They should learn to regard him as a purely beneficent being, which means that he must act the part.

Success in stock raising requires that the animals be kept comfortable and free from excitement and worry. This is out of the question when they are allowed to become wild and race all over the yards when any one appears. Gentleness with live stock has been well termed the "sine qua non" of thrift. How much better it is to have heifers or the pigs crowd each other out of the way for the satisfying scratch on the back than to have a "battle royal" whenever it is necessary to handle one of them.

The calves, especially those intended for breeding purposes, should be familiarly handled from birth, always with gentleness, but also with firmness. They should be broken to halter early, before they are strong enough to make serious resistance. They will very soon learn the lesson of submission and as an old friend puts it, "when once they learn that man and the halter is stronger than they are, they never know no better."

We who have small herds and care for them in addition to doing the regular work of the farm, often find it difficult to spare the time necessary to carry the training to the point most desirable, and so during the busy season when the cattle all together have the run of the pastures, the matter of personal attention is apt to be neglected.

Now that winter is here and the fields locked up to the plough, we make it a part of our winter's job to see that the calves get their share of attention. If they have not as yet had their lesson at the halter, their time has now come and they are groomed and fondled until they are not afraid, then taught to stand tied to the mangers and to lead. Only the gentlest of treatment is permitted at this time, coupled with insistence on doing what we attempt. That the calf objects and makes blind efforts to escape does not mean that he is stubborn and unruly, but only that he doesn't understand what is wanted, and is afraid. His education is best accomplished by the exercise of kindness, patience and perseverance oft repeated.

At feeding time the calves are sorted according to age and sex and placed in separate boxes, where they may learn to eat grain and a variety of other foods without being moltested by the older stock.

At first they are kept in the boxes only at feeding time and are allowed to run loose with their dams the rest of the time. But within a few days they will show signs of enjoying the seclusion and comfort of the box stalls so are kept in over night. They are let out the first thing in the morning to nurse then, after the morning feed, are given the freedom of the yards for the day. They thus learn to depend more and more upon the feed box and less and less upon the dam until they are weaned almost without knowing it, and with no setback whatever.

We like to give a variety of feeds, starting with ground oats and barley and bran, to which we soon add broken or crushed ear corn. This ration is gradually increased until within thirty days they are getting about all they care for. As they grow older, of course, the heavy grain feeding is not necessary, nor desirable, but there is little danger of getting a calf too fat. For roughage we also give a variety and to the baby calves the choicest bits available.—Michigan Farmer.

GRINDING COW FEED

When grain prices are low, the advantages gained by grinding are considerably less than when the price is high and grain is scarce. No doubt there is a big question in the minds of many farmers this winter as to whether it will pay to grind their cow feed.

Cows that are producing heavily are working just the same as the horse that is pulling a heavy load every day. It takes food to produce the energy to digest food, therefore, if we can, by mechanical process, grind the cow's feed cheaper than she can we will save money for the energy saved the cow will be converted into milk and butterfat. It is not a general practice to grind feed for the hard working horse because his digestive system is on an entirely different plan than that of the dairy cow.

It has been found, through very careful study, that in the case of corn an increase of seven percent of milk and fourteen per cent. of butterfat is possible when ear corn is reduced to either corn meal or corn and cobmeal. Compared on the basis of weight, 100 pounds of cornmeal is worth 125 pounds of corn and cobmeal or 140 pounds of ear corn.

No study has been made as to the value of grading oats for cows. When whole oats are fed in any quantity, it is certain that many of them pass through the digestive system without being digested.

Barley makes better cow feed when rolled than when ground because in a finely ground state it forms a pasty mass in the cow's stomach that is hard to digest and may cause trouble.

Kafir corn, wheat and all other grains which have a small hard seed must always be ground in order to get the best results.

HOW TO FEED FRESH COWS

Careful feeding of the fresh cow has a marked influence on her entire lactation period. Fred Kasserman, tester for the Effingham county, Illinois, cow testing association, has studied the practices of his patrons until he has a method figured out which works very well.

The first twenty-four to forty-eight hours after freshening the cow is given very little feed. If any is given it is a light bran mash. If her condition after two days indicates that she needs grain, three or four pounds of the ration used before freshening are fed. This is gradually changed to the regular ration by substituting one-half pound and adding one-half pound of the new ration each day. The amount is increased as long as an increased milk flow follows. As a rule about one pound of feed to each three or four pounds of milk produced is allowed. Legume hay and silage are given in quantities the cow will consume.

A ration high in protein is important at this time because it encourages the cow to put her body fat stored during the dry period, into the milk. From sixteen to eighteen per cent digestible protein is recommended. By such feeding the cow starts at a higher level of production.

Canned Milk in England

The use of foreign canned and dried milk in England has increased to the extent that it is threatening the dairy industry of that country. The daily consumption has dropped to less than one-quarter of a pint per person. The National Farmers' Union has issued an appeal to its dairy members for a subscription of one-twelfth of a penny per gallon to a publicity fund to combat the extensinve advertizing of foreign condensed and dried milk manufacturers.

Solids in Cows' Milk

"Henry's Feeds and Feeding" which is recognized as a standard text book by all agricultural colleges in Canada gives the following table on the composition of the milk of various breeds of cattle:

Breed	Solids.	Fat.
Jersey	14.70	5.35
Guernsey	14.71	5.16
Devon	14.50	4.60
Shorthorn	13.38	4.05
Brown Swiss	13.27	4.24
Ayrshire	12.61	3.66
Holstein-Friesian	11.85	3.42

PERSHING SEES VALUE OF HORSE

General John J. Pershing, in an address given at the annual dinner of the Horse Association of America in the Drake hotel, Chicago, during the International Live Stock Exposition, praised the service of the horse in the army and emphasized the value of the horse on the farm and in the city.

"There will never be anything," he declared, "that can take the place of the horse and the army mule in warfare. If we had had more horses in the world war, we might have done a great deal better than we did. There were occasions when the cavalry had opportunities that we knew how to take advantage of, but could not because we did not have horses.

"I believe the horse is coming back into his own. The time has not come when the horse is seen only in museums and I don't think it is ever going to come. I believe there is a definite place for the horse and for his economical use in many practical ways on the farms and in the cities.

"It's the old mule that is the most reliable thing in the army. You can pack him, drive him, ride him, starve him, beat him, and neglect him—do all sorts of things to him that you can't do to an automobile—and he is always there as long as he has four legs to stand on."

"Say it with subscriptions."

Alfalfa is finding a new demand among turkey growers who state that the birds grow more rapidly on alfalfa range than on any other forage crop of the farm.

TYPE IN THE IRISH HOG

Irish-bacon, for the last fifteen years, has consistently obtained the highest prices on the English import markets. The actual quantity yearly is not very great compared with the Danish supply but the fact is worth noting that the general price level of Irish Wiltshires has been, through a series of years, as much above Danish prices as these have been above Canadian prices.

What are the types and standards for Irish hogs? The following points from a leaflet issued by the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction in Ireland will interest hog raisers in Canada:—

"One of the chief factors upon which the success of the business depends is the type of pig which is raised and fattened, and it is in this direction that the need for co-operation amongst the interests concerned is greatest. An animal of the Large York breed possessing the following points may be expected to give the greatest satisfaction:

(1)—Neat head. The pig that is very long in the head is usually narrow between the eyes, has seldom a very strong constitution, and has frequently rather more bone than is required. On the other hand, the pig that is very short in the head is usually too fat, too heavy in the fore end, thick in the neck, and heavy in the shoulders.

(2)—Light neck and shoulder. The coarser parts of a side of bacon and those which fetch the lowest price are the neck and shoulder. The lighter these parts the better the side and the higher the price it will make.

(3)—Deep heart and well sprung ribs. Pigs are usually deficient in these points, which are, perhaps, the most valuable of those here enumerated. For stock purposes, breeders should, therefore, select only those animals which have these characteristics strongly developed.

(4)—Thick loins. A pig with a good loin is almost invariably well ribbed, and has a strong constitution. From a breeder's and feeder's point of view, a good loin is most essential.

(5)—Stout thighs. This means a pig thoroughly well developed in the hams. The hams are the most important parts of the animal, and, in the case of pigs killed for the ham and middle trade, the most valuable of all, provided they are not too fat.

(6)—Short legs. A pig that is long in the leg is nearly always flat in the ham and lacking in plumpness.

(7)—Long and silky hair. Good hair is an indication of strength of constitution as well as lean meat. The absence of hair generally proceeds from close breeding, and indicates a tendency to excessive fatness.

(8)—A long side of moderate depth, with thick flank.

SILAGE AS HORSE FEED

It is good practice never to feed silage that is in any way damaged or that shows a trace of mould and that includes silage fresh from the silo or exposed to the air.

Sound corn silage, from the corn that was dented when cut, is an excellent adjunct feed for idle horses when fed along with good hay and bright corn stover. Sour silage irritates the bowels and kidneys and is especially injurious to pregnant mares and work horses. Silage may be considered unsuitable for stallions during the breeding season but may be allowed as a part of the ration during idleness. It is also excellent for growing colts, combined with legume hay, oats and wheat bran. Acid silage may injure the teeth. Sound, well-made silage has no such effect.

A most important matter in the feeding of silage to horses is gradually to accustom them to the feed. Too much of it fed suddenly causes scouring, or less severe forms of indigestion. Colic has also followed sudden free feeding of silage. It is too bulky to make an ideal feed for a horse at hard work. He needs concentrated feed, in small quantities, frequently. Silage is therefore most suitable for idle, growing and fattening horses as a part ration along with legume hays and grain.—A. A.

A Champion Steer

Chenoweth Jock, a shorthorn yearling, the grand champion steer of the International which just closed in Chicago, was 68.6 per cent carcass. At the time of purchase, Chenoweth Jock weighed 1,010 pounds and he dressed out 704.1 pounds beef. That is said to be the highest dress out on record, and was especially remarkable as a further evidence of the greater returns which the producer obtains for his investment in well bred beef cattle which put on weight rapidly enough to permit marketing in the yearling class.

The grand champion was not quite fourteen months old on the day he competed for the big prize. In fact, he was exactly four hundred fifteen days old when Armour and Company bought him for $1.25 a pound for the account of the Congress Hotel after he had demonstrated his worth in the prize ring.

SAVING FARM MANURE

The waste of manure on our farms reaches an enormous figure. The farmer who has ten or twelve cows, four or five horses and some young stock will produce four or five hundred dollars' worth of manure each year. This is a by-product of the farm that does not receive the attention it should, and under average conditions there is a loss of forty per cent. or more of its fertility value due to drainage, leaching and rotting. This loss could be cut at least in half by proper handling and protection.

On many farms the manure is simply piled out in the barnyard, where rotting, leaching and drainage all get in their evil effects. It is the natural rotting of the manure that causes it to heat and ferment. The manure pile that is uncovered, not protected from the rains or sun, and the air has free circulation around it, is ideally located for rotting or for breaking down the organic matter, and when combined with leaching and drainage the loss reaches its maximum.

Whenever it rains the water seeps through the manure pile, removes the most valuable fertilizing elements and carries them off through ditches provided for the purpose. While drainage is essential to remove the surface water, there are too many ditches that are taking away much of the farmer's wealth in the form of fertility and soil.

A concrete manure pit has satisfactorily solved the problem of taking care of the manure on many farms. These pits are made water tight so they will hold the liquid manure as well as the solid; being tight they also prevent leaching and drainage loss to the solid part of the manure.

Manure pits are built in different forms depending on the location and the ease of handling the manure in getting it into the pit and also in getting it out. Some are built so the floor is level with the ground with side walls two or three feet high, others are excavated with the walls extending only a little above the ground. When the liquid manure is caught in a gutter and conducted to the manure pit by means of a sewer tile, it is well to provide a tank or cistern into which the excess liquid may flow. It can then be pumped to a tank wagon for distribution or pumped over the manure pile to keep it moist.

Hand-Hole in Barn Doors

By having a hand-hole in barn doors where stock is apt to rub the doors open, I can be assured that the doors are securely hooked on the inside. This also makes it easy to open the doors from either side. This often saves many steps as one is frequently required to go around the barn in order to get through a door.

I mark out on the door where the hand-hole is to be inserted. I then cut across the top of this hand-hole, put on the hinge and then saw out the remaining portion. On the bottom the cut is beveled to keep storms from beating in. A knob is bolted on the bottom of the outside to make opening more convenient.—E. Glen Fuller.

You don't have to—but you will
"Say it with subscriptions."

Now comes a report from Texas of a hen's egg which hatched in an open nest where no hen could go. It was just "hot air," and nothing else which hatched the egg. Another report from Kansas tells how a hen left her eggs and the weather was so hot that several of these eggs hatched by themselves!

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS
that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down can be reduced with

ABSORBINE
also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. $2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 A free.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 494 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

PEOPLE EATING MORE WHEAT

Wheat production has been increasing less rapidly than population, and this tendency will probably continue, at least until we reach the point where we consume practically all we produce, according to the United States department of agriculture.

The United States has exported a surplus of wheat in every year since colonial times with the exception of 1836, besides keeping pace with an ever-increasing demand at home. During the past twenty years, however, the volume of exports has been decreasing, except under artificial stimulation of the recent war period.

Before 1850, the per capita consumption in this country was 4.9 bushels; and from 1895 to 1914 it was 5.6 bushels. The rising trend was interrupted by the war, but authorities believe it will continue. In Belgium and France consumption has reached 8 bushels per year per person.

The only way that production can be stimulated is by prices which will induce farmers to grow more wheat. Of course, wheat is a world crop and prices for it are governed by world conditions. Much more wheat can be grown in this country if prices are such as to make it profitable to increase wheat production.

The total world wheat production, excluding Russia and Mexico, is now estimated at 3,012,293,000 bushels, compared with 3,273,588,000 bushels during the past year. Latest reports continue to predict a yield in Russia sufficient to supply domestic requirements.

THE BOY'S TOOL CHEST

Boys will be busy at something. If they do not have some useful work, they are apt to be in mischief. If there is a workshop supplied with tools that the boys are taught to use, and are encouraged to use, they are not apt to spend their time in idleness or mischief. So much of the work they do is of small value in itself, but it is of great value in the effect it may have on the boy. With a kit boys will be making all sorts of small things, sleds, birdhouses, etc., every hour spent in this work will help them to do better work later. There are many boys who have supplied their homes with brackets, step-ladders, tables and many other useful or ornamental articles. Every man should have some knowledge of carpenter work, in order to do part, at least, of the repairing which is needed in every building sooner or later. In most cases a man who is handy with tools can make many things which otherwise he would go without, or he can repair many articles which it would not pay to take to the shop.

The place to begin is with the boy at his work bench. In selecting tools for the boy's work bench choose only the best kind. Cheap, inferior tools are always unsatisfactory. It is not necessary to get many to begin with. Better have only a few good ones than what is known as a "cheap kit." Two good planes, four chisels, 1-4-inch, 3-4-inch and 1-inch; a square, tri-square, two screw drivers, a small saw, a medium sized saw, a gauge, compass, bevel, a drawing knife and a hammer will make a good outfit for a beginner, and considerable work can be done with every one of these tools. Try setting up a work bench and supplying the boy with a good tool chest.

The legumes are pod bearers: that is, their seeds are produced in pods. These plants are peculiar in the fact that they can take nitrogen from the air and store it up in their roots, stems and leaves. This power makes them particularly useful both for feeding and for manure, for the nitrogen gives extra protein in the leaf and stem for feeding, and of course adds to the manure value.

Purple shadows on the snow, the stars of a clear, cold night, the far away tinkling of sleigh bells have some strange magic that makes our hearts beat faster and brings thoughts of Christmas. The spirit of Christmas cannot be escaped. It does not lay a claim for a costly gift. The few words, "A Merry Christmas," offered with a whole heart, makes a big gift.

The chief source of trouble in feeding stale buttermilk to pigs is lack of sanitation. Clean troughs, yards and utensils where the buttermilk is fed will prevent bad effects.

A woodlot on every farm, maintained under the rules of scientific forestry, drawn upon for fuel annually, would make about half of the population of Canada wholly independent of the coal miners and the coal-mine operators in the matter of keeping the home fires burning. There are few farms that have not some corners, hills or ravines, or other untillable ground, where trees might be the only crop.

"Say, Cy, I jest found out what a rube is."

"Thet so, Hiram? What is it?"

"Why, it's one o' them 41-hour, $95 a week labor guys that thinks a farmer is goin' to sell him food cheap."

"Say it with subscriptions."
You don't have to—but you will

Shingle Nails Tested

Few people associate the word "research" with such ordinary things as nails, but it is declared by the Forest Products Laboratories of Canada, Forestry Branch, Department of the Interior, that carefully conducted experiments are having an influence on the manufacture of such articles. The selection of the most suitable nail for fixing shingles is likely to be determined by tests made at the Laboratories at Montreal to find the holding power and rust-resisting qualities of different types of shingle nail on the market. One of the most promising appears to be a Canadian-made cut nail which held more firmly than any other and had a better galvanized coating. These nails were cheaper per barrel than imported nails, but as each nail contained a little more metal the number per barrel was somewhat smaller. The work of testing nails might seem outside the scope of the Forest Products Laboratories of Canada, but it is a natural sequel to their series of tests on the nail-holding qualities of Canadian woods.

You don't have to
No, but I will

PEAT SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL

Facing a cold winter with many consumers none too certain of their coal supply, the country has had its attention called to the fuel resources of the country as never before. People who have thought of peat as a product of the bogs of Ireland and a poor substitute for wood and coal are beginning to learn that this excellent fuel lies in rich deposits in New England and the lake states, the very regions expected to be hardest bit by the present coal shortage.

About 20,000,000,000 tons of peat are used in Europe every year, but in the United States there are deposits estimated to contain 14,000,000,000 tons, an amount sufficient to supply Europe's present annual rate of use of this material for 700 years, it has been estimated by geological experts.

Peat is produced by this arresting of the decomposition of roots, trunks of trees, twigs, shrubs, mosses and other vegetation saturated or covered with water. It contains a large proportion of the carbon of the original plant material. It is almost always a surface deposit, formed under conditions favorable to luxuriant growth of plants and their incomplete decay.

Most coals were once peats, but it does not follow that the peat will necessarily become coal in course of time. When the peat is formed, carbonization is largely stopped, and unless it starts again and the peat bed is buried beneath muds, sandstones, limestones, or other deposits of sediment and subjected to heat and pressure, coal will not be created.

This fuel has a higher heat value than wood, is more easily ignited than coal, requires less draught. Peat burns freely when dry, and makes a hot fire. It is lower in heat value per pound than coal but it gives out proportionately more heat, due to its relatively higher oxygen content.

There is no soot from a peat fire, but if not handled properly a light smoke carrying the odor of burning leaves may get into the room. Peat makes fine kindling for a hard coal fire and is especially good to wake up such a fire quickly without shaking down the furnace. If a few blocks of peat are thrown on top of the fire and the draughts opened, surprising results are obtained.

Too much of this fuel should not be put on at a time. Peat is about twice as bulky as coal and can not be transported long distances at a price that is economical, but it does offer a good emergency substitute for coal and is especially useful as a supplementary fuel for use with coal.—New York Evening Post.

Black And White

Up to the time of the great World War the black people in the French African colonies had no idea that they were equal to the white races. During the war many of them fought bravely. One of them called Siki showed ability as a pugilist, and he finally became "champion" by pounding the great Carpentier into insensibility. The shock of that white man falling under the blows of this gorilla-like man was felt like a social earthquake all through Africa, and the knowledge of it slowly filtering into the heads of these black men will cause more trouble in French Africa than anything that happened before in a century.—Rural New-Yorker.

The story of the Witness is either a great big bluff—or it is unique in the annals of journalism, and the Witness a mighty force for righteousness.

In the latter case it will naturally arouse your active co-operation.

TWEED
Sanitary ODORLESS Closet
Put a Tweed Odorless Closet in any room in your home and enjoy comfort and convenience. Easily installed—sanitary, durable, economical. Send for particulars.
STEEL TROUGH & MACHINE CO., LTD.,
TWEED, ONT.

PLANT GROWTH IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS

Professor A. C. Seward, F. R. S., of the Chair of Botany in the University of Cambridge, gives a very illuminating contrast of Arctic and Tropic lands, in their plant producing activities. He says, that despite the shortness of the season and the hard conditions inseparable from an arctic climate, the vegetation competes successfully in the show it makes with that of warmer countries.

How, it may be asked, does the vegetation of Greenland compare with that of the tropics? Sunlight, air, and water are everywhere the driving forces of the living plant. In arctic lands cold and dry winds and winter snow set limits to the upward growth of shoots and compel them to hug the ground and to exercise a strict economy in the production of vertical stems. A large proportion of the energy available is expended upon the formation of reproductive organs. Tropical conditions induce length of stem and leaves on a lavish scale, the formation of dense jungles in which the competing trees make every effort to obtain a place in the sun. By comparison with the variegated carpet of flowers that brightens an arctic landscape, the ground in a tropical forest is intensely gloomy; the flowering shoots of climbers are festooned over the branches of crowded trees often blossoming far above the reach of man or even beyond his vision, while the smaller plants pass their life attached to the sunlit boughs of supporting trees in the topmost region of the jungle.

Arctic conditions demand a concentration of effort, and the result is a "rush of flowers" when once the winter is passed. Timely preparation is made during the growing season which ensures a prompt response to the first call of spring; buds are ready by the end of summer; in the winter they find shelter under the snow or below a covering of dead leaves. It is an interesting fact that annuals are very rare in Greenland, only four or five flowering plants complete their life-cycle in one season. In the Swiss Alps the percentage of annuals falls as higher altitudes are reached.—Discovery.

The Flight of Wild Geese

Geese are said to fly in the shape of a wedge; but there are infinite variations of the outline, and it changes from moment to moment as they fly. The plain wedge, or two lines meeting in a point, is less common than one or other of its alternatives. Sometimes the line is bow-shaped, like that common among travelling gulls; often there is a combination of several figures. One such pattern is like a broad pot-hook with a one-barbed arrow completing its shorter side; or they may form one side of a wedge, and advance in a slanting line. But whatever the complication of detail, all the figures formed by wild geese under way are wedgelike; a thin end always goes first. Why do geese keep so persistently to this plan of flight? The old answer was that the wedge helped to overcome the resistance of the air; and the constant shifts were explained as due to reliefs of the goose at the point. Now that man has begun to fly, doubt has been cast on this theory. We realize that the difficulties of flight come less from too much resistance in the air than from too little. No goose in the formations they choose ever remains just behind another; and this looks as if they were avoiding eddies and air-pockets formed by their bulky bodies.

ABOUT THE UMBRELLA

The use of the umbrella has become such a commonplace that it is hard to realize that such a simple and practical means of protecting one's self from the rain was for so long a period unknown. The umbrella, in fact, in its present form, is barely 150 years old, writes Paul Ganlot in a Paris paper.

What did people do to protect themselves from the elements before the introduction of the umbrella? They simply accepted the rain in a stoical manner and got wet, frequently "soaked to the bones," as they frequently used to say.

Finally various attempts were made to find some protective device and the rigid parasol used as a sunshade by the orientals was given a trial. The experiment, however, was confined to those of wealth and station, who employed servants to carry the parasols for them.

In the seventeenth century umbrellas were made of heavy waxed canvas. They were very cumbersome and difficult to hold over the head when there was any breeze. Later some manufacturers replaced the canvas with lighter materials, but the improvement was relatively insignificant.

It was not until 1768 that a certain shrewd benefactor, whose name has unhappily been lost to posterity, hit upon the notion of transforming the rigid, open umbrella into a readily portable article by giving the fabric a frame which could be folded back about the handle. From that hour the umbrella was born. It had an instant vogue, and everyone who did not possess a carriage immediately invested in one of these novelties. Many people were so pleased with the new device that they carried them when there was not a cloud in the sky—as many still do, though for a less flattering reason.

To satisfy the different tastes of their customers, the manufacturers at first made umbrellas of all colors—blue, green, red, yellow, etc. Then from Spain came the fashion of making them of silk.

It's all out of this FREE book

WHEN all your farm buildings are of Concrete construction you will then be farming with less waste and correspondingly greater profit. Our free book, "What The Farmer Can Do With Concrete," will show you how to eliminate waste caused by disease among your stock—will show you how to avoid constant patching and repairing of buildings—how to eliminate fire risk and protect yourself against vermin for ever. Take just one Concrete utility—the Feeding Floor. Some farmers have found that it saves them as much as 30% of the feed, paying for itself in one season through the feed saved and weight gained by animals. This free book will tell you all you want to know about Concrete.

Write for your copy to-day

Canada Cement can be secured from over 2,000 dealers in nearly every city, town and village in Canada. If you cannot locate a convenient dealer, write our nearest Sales Office.

Canada Cement Company Limited
934 Canada Cement Company Building, Phillips Square Montreal.
SALES OFFICES AT
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Calgary

Send me your literature
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
904

CANADA CEMENT CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

THE WITNESS 77th ANNIVERSARY

HONOR ROLL

FOURTH INSTALMENT

NEWFOUNDLAND

Geo. Cooper	1
Gilbert Noftle	1

NOVA SCOTIA

B. Atkinson	1
E. A. Betts	2
Howard Bronson	3
Rev. Harry Burgess	1
Annie E. Cook	3
Alex Costey	2
J. S. Chisholm	2
A. M. DeMings	3
A. Whidden Doane	1
A. W. Doane	5
S. A. Fraser	1
Elizabeth Gillespie	1
Roy A. Hamilton	1
Fred Hackett	1
Mrs. S. O. How	1
Mrs. J. W. Ingraham	5
Mrs. J. J. Irving	3
D. K. McKenzie	1
M. McKim	1
Mrs. D. M. Owen	4
Marion Park	6
Rev. V. M. Purdy	1
Jessie D. Pinkham	1
J. Stonehouse	1
Mrs. M. Smith	1
J. A. Sponagh	1
C. B. Stewart	1
Mrs. E. Spurr	1
Baxter J. Warr	2
Janet P. Weir	2
N. P. Whitman	3

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Adam Brown	4
George Brown	1
McKie Boyce	1
O. Gardiner	1
Hugh A. Campbell	3
Mrs. W. Fillmore	1
G. E. Hughes	1
L. James Kelzer	1
Mrs. J. H. Lord	1
Mrs. E. E. MacLeod	1
Mrs. Amelia MacNeil	4
R. H. Rayner	2
G. H. Taylor	6

NEW BRUNSWICK

Miss N. H. Adam	1
Mrs. S. H. Cornwall	1
Geo. Duncan	1
Mrs. Edith Ferris	3
W. H. Johnson	1
Mary Kerr	2
T. A. Muir	3
W. S. Poole	1
Geo. M. Russell	1

QUEBEC

Mrs. N. M. Bishop	1
Wm. Brown	7
Rev. R. Wilson Carr	1
W. F. Dolleff	1
H. J. Elliott	2
Miss Grace Farmer	3
John Ford	3

HONOR ROLL

Ella Francis	1
Miss M. Griffith	1
Mrs. Jno. Greig	1
John Harron	1
Mrs. Wm. Hamilton	1
L. A. Healy	1
Ruth Hislop	9
Mrs. Levi Lyon	3
Mrs. M. A. Leith	1
Hugh Mahan	1
John Meyer Sr.	2
G. T. McOuat	1
Rhena Nutbrown	1
Mrs. W. J. Nelson	1
W. P. Ranson	2
Andrew A. Rennie	1
D. V. Sweet	1
Rev. Dr. Shearer	3
Robert Sinclair	1
Mary S. Sanderson	1
Mrs. N. W. Trenholme	2
M. Thompson	1
Mrs. Wm. Thomson	2
Mrs. Jas. Wade	2
Robert Younie	1
Sarah Cairns	1
Mrs. A. J. Larwill	1
A. Mackay	7
S. J. Small	1
Miss C. Willard	1

ONTARIO

Mrs. E. Allen	1
John Alder	1
Jno. A. Anderson	1
Mrs. J. H. Alford	1
E. Armstrong P.M.	2
E. S. Burton	1
Geo. M. Begg	1
Annie Barnes	1
S. Brett	1
Mrs. W. B. Bridgeman	1
M. Bolton	1
C. S. Cunningham	2
Gerald Cowan	2
Miss L. Cattel	3
Rev. J. W. Chipsham	3
Miss H. K. Curry	2
M. I. Crockard	3
Jas. S. Cuthbert	1
Mrs. P. Cameron	2
Abner Cozens	2
A. W. Carter	1
Mrs. D. A. Cameron	26
J. A. Campbell	1
Annie Cooledge	1
Rev. E. M. Cook	3
J. M. Donaldson	2
Mrs. James Dunnet	1
Herb. Dunford	2
Miss J. Fairweather	1
D. Ferguson	1
Mrs. W. Fell	1
C. Herb. Foster	3
C. H. Foster	1
Annie Fraser	2
Mrs. B. Greaves	1
Mrs. J. B. Hamilton	3
Miss Florence Henry	1
Mrs. E. M. Hoag	1
Miss A. M. Headon	1
Albert Hugh	2
R. E. Hamilton	1

HONOR ROLL

The Perfect Number

77

the Double Seven

SPECIAL OFFERS

NEW, on-trial subscriptions at $1.35

ONE Renewal and THREE New for $4.00

Mrs. J. W. Hammett	1
Miss I. Hay	1
Miss J. M. Halliday	1
Mrs. J. Harvey	3
Mrs. H. Janes	4
Miss M. A. Jamieson	1
R. A. Kent	1
W. J. Kerr	1
Guy Keatley	1
Jennie Lockhart	1
J. Legate	1
S. C. Lundy	1
Isabel K. Lewis	1
Mrs. Wm. Matthews	1
Miss R. Mills	2
Mrs. M. McIntosh	1
Andrew McCrie	1

HONOR ROLL

Mrs. R. McEwen	3
Wm. McPhail	1
Robt. McDermid	1
S. M. Mulligan	3
Mrs. W. E. McKillican	1
T. W. Murray	1
Mrs. D. D. McIntyre	1
Miss J. McNaughton	1
L. McCann	1
Mrs. A. McLennan	1
Mrs. D. MacDonald	1
G. H. Magee	3
Miss F. McNeill	1
J. C. Milliken	1
Miss M. McGillivray	2
Miss A. MacFarlane	3
Mrs. H. Marks	1
W. R. Mckay	1
C. McGeorge	1
Mrs. M. J. Nelles	2
Mrs. G. E. Nurse	1
Jeremiah O'Connor	1
Isabella E. Park	1
Thos. Powers	1
W. J. Raney	2
Miss M. A. Robertson	2
Robt. A Reid	1
Arch. Rankin	1
Kenneth Stewart	1
Miss Elizabeth Stewart	1
C. R. Sinclair	30
J. P. Spence	1
D. B. Scott	1
Mrs. E. Sellens	1
W. R. Shaw	3
H. Sutherland	1
S. S. Scovil	1
Miss E. L. Sharp	2
Mrs. E. P. Stephens	1
R. N. Thurtle	1
A. E. Thomson	1
A. A. Titzgerald	1
Rev. L. S. Throup	3
Mrs. H. Taulor	1
Wm. Thom	4
Mrs. Jno. Tilley	2
Mrs. Helen Taylor	3
Mrs. J. J. Tyson	3
L. Turnbull	3
Miss T. Usher	1
Frank Vance	1
J. J. Wilkinson	1
T. M. Wilson	7
Mrs. J. Woodall	3
Mrs. Jas. Wilson	3
E. Newton White	1
Mrs. W. William	1
Miss E. Whyte	1
Miss N. J. Yeo	1

MANITOBA

L. C. Boulton	4
J. Berry	1
Mrs. C. G. Cullen	2
Rev. Fred Chapman	3
Mrs. A. C. Campbell	3
Irene Drysdale	1
Mrs. Rich. Davis	1
M. E. Greenlaw	1
Mrs. Mary Hunter	8
H. R. Keyes	1
Mrs. M. Lord	3
Mr. J. Macgregor	1

HONOR ROLL

W. W. Price	1
E. C. Ramsay	1
H. E. Ross	1
Mrs. W. D. Shaw	1
Thos. Smart	1
Jas Sloan	2
Mrs. Jos. Taylor	1
W. J. Taylor	1
Mrs. T. H. Wilson	1
F. A. Wood	4
R. G. Witson	2

SASKATCHEWAN

Ernest Bishop	1
Geo. O. Clare	1
Kenneth A. Foster	1
Hamond Gutheridge	1
J. L. Hodgson	2
Miss V. A. Hickson	1
Frank Inkster	1
Rev. J. McKinnon	3
W. L. Martin	1
Arch. Munro	3
C. B. Mark	2
W. H. Pengelly	3
Archie R. Parker	3
Rev. B. Ralph	2
David Ross	2
Mrs. M. Somerville	1
J. E. Simpson	1
G. J. Tomlison	2
A. G. Thompson	4
T. Upton	3
W. L. Wells	2

ALBERTA

Rev. Thos. Ball	1
P. W. Bundy	4
J. F. Gorrill	3
H. D. Groves	1
H. M. Horricks	2
Alex Morrison	1
Miss A. Muir	2
J. A. MacKay	2
C. A. MacPherson	1
W. M. Ross	1
F. D. Sinclair	1
J. B. Worthington	3

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Mrs. Wm. Dodding	1
Mrs. W. J. Dukey	1
Minnie Felstead	1
Mrs. E. Cairncross	1
T. J. D. Graham	1
R. G. Howell	5
Jas. B. Kennedy	1
M. E. Lake	2
V. W. Menzies	1
Alex Magee B.A.	1
F. G. Orr	1
Mrs. Thos. Rayll	1
Mrs. Arthur Reid	1
A. F. Smith	3
H. Smith	3
J. A. Thomson	1
Mrs. T. P. Wallis	1

UNITED STATES

Jas. Duncan	1
Mrs. Wm. Gregg	4
Emerson Lantz	1
D. R. McCallum	1

NO POST OFFICE

Mrs. J. Law	3
Mrs. A. F. Mills	2

A SENIOR CELEBRATES

Dear Sirs:— Ont., Dec. 8, 1922.

Having been a reader of the Witness for about thirty years while living in the Province of Que. and having taken the Weekly for the past three years and World Wide with growing appreciation during the past two years and having sent you $5.00 towards the Emergency Fund and being about six months the senior of the Witness I think I may claim to be one of the Family and that it is not only permissable but perfectly proper and a duty to send you hearty congratulations on having attained to your 77th birthday and to wish many years of ever increasing prosperity and usefulness.

I have decided to celebrate by sending you five new subscribers, clear of renewals and am enclosing for the same $8.65.

JOHN W. CLIPSHAM

We have often referred to the Witness Family. No frothy time serving paper is blessed with such attachment as the Witness has evoked in Mr. Clipsham and thousands more.)

WITNESS FIRST

Dear Sirs:— Sask., Dec. 4, 1922.

During the last three years I had to decide between giving up the — — which I dearly loved, or the Witness. I felt I could not afford both. Well the — — had to go, at least for the present.

Please find enclosed $5.00 being renewal for the Witness and World Wide.

Wishing you all success,

F. BLATCHFORD BALL

(Letters such as the above are very encouraging. The publication referred to is one of the higher class American Magazines, yet, weighing it against the Witness Mr. Ball reluctantly lets it go.)

FORTY-SEVEN

Dears Sirs:— Mooretown, Ont.

I take pleasure in renewing my subscription to your valuable paper and sending one new subscriber. I would have liked to have secured more subscribers. This makes my forty-seventh subscription to the Witness without a break. I subscribed to it just after I was married.

Hoping you may be able to continue publishing and get many more subscribers, I remain, sincerely yours,

Andrew McCrie.

(Forty-seven consecutive years companionship of the Witness! Such a friendship is a great boon on both sides. One of the pleasures of these campaigns is that they bring us again in touch with old friends whom otherwise we might not know.)

A CO-OPERATOR

Dear Sirs:— N.B., Dec. 8, 1922.

I am sending three new subscribers and renewing my own at the special offer. I hope to have two more before the 15th. One I have already promised in the U.S. I have been sending some copies of the Witness to my brother. He likes the reading and wishes to have it sent him. I am sorry I am so slow at the work—I do it mostly by correspondence and by giving for Christmas presents as I am not able to get around very much. I do the best I can. Yours truly,

EDITH FERRIS

(Thank you—it is indeed encouraging to receive letters such as the above. This lady is one of the many who refuse to see their difficulties. "The best I can" is all any one can do. We know that in our own experience. Time, strength and means are strained and yet our ideals are not atttained.)

22 SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Dear Sirs:— Ont., Dec. 9th, 1922.

Please find enclosed names to add to former list sent in, also postal note to cover the amount of subscriptions. We try to persuade readers to lay aside some of their interests, and subscribe to your worth-while splendid paper.

15 new names sent in former list,
7 in this letter. Respectfully yours,

MRS. D. O. CAMERON

(Mrs. D. O Cameron has assuredly proved herself a wonderfully efficient co-operator with the Witness. In the whole Dominion only one reader—Mr. C. R. Sinclair—has attached to the Witness a greater number of new subscribers in this campaign. Many thanks, Mrs. Cameron. Who is going to challenge her supremacy?)

77th BIRTHDAY SHOWER

John Dougall & Son, Publishers.
WITNESS BLDG., MONTREAL.

COUPON

Dear Sirs,— 1922

By way of **CELEBRATING** the **DOUBLE SEVEN BIRTHDAY** of the **WITNESS** I have pleasure in securing the following **NEW** subscribers at your on trial rate of $1.35 for one full year.

Names	Addresses	
.....	.....	1.35
.....	.....	1.35
.....	.....	1.35
.....	.....	

Senders Name and Address

Use other sheet for additional names.

Total amount enclosed herewith $.....

AN AMERICAN PREACHER IN LONDON

Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, writing on his recent experiences in Great Britain, where he preached during last summer in the London City Temple, says:

I was in London in 1912, and the London of 1922 seemed no different. It was the same big, old town. The buses had not changed, nor the crowds, nor Fleet street, nor Trafalgar Square, nor the Thames. I was disappointed. I had expected changes. I supposed I should see an increased number of maimed and crippled men in the streets. They were not there. Britain had two million men wounded in the war, and many of them were permanently wounded, but one does not see them in the city streets. I saw no more one-armed and one-legged men in London than I had seen there ten years before.

London is not scarred by the war. The bomb-dropping airplanes did their best, but it was not much. The destruction of physical property was slight. There is an inconspicuous plate here and there marking the spot where a bomb fell, but a visitor would not see these plates if they were not pointed out to him. Germany's damage to London was a mere pin scratch, and a pin scratch becomes invisible in less thn four years. Nor are there any scars on physical England anywhere. There are no ruins in any part of the island to which a tourist is conducted; no devastated fields, no blasted forests. The landscape which one sees from the railway train smiles as of old. England is still as beautiful as the Garden of Eden.

People as They Seem

Nor could I see any change in the people, either in their looks or their conduct. Seven hundred thousand Britons died in the war, but a visitor does not detect their absence. London is still the largest city on the planet, and Glasgow and Birmingham, Edinburgh and Manchester are still expanding. I paid particular attention to the dress and faces of the people; everywhere they seemed well dressed and well nourished. There was no sign of poverty anywhere, except in those quarters where poverty is perennial. Even in Jarrow, where thousands of men out of work filled the streets, the children looked robust and happy, and no suffering met the eye.

In no part of the country did there seem to be scarcity of money. Railroad rates were high, but everybody seemed to be travelling. Crowded trains were common. The trains out of London at the end of the week were jammed. Outwardly England is prosperous and happy. The playgrounds were all filled with players. The theatres were packed to the doors. The music halls were overflowing. The Derby never drew larger crowds. Ascot was never more thronged or more magnificent. The shop windows of the cities were full of everything which the heart can crave or money can buy, and buyers were abundant.

The English Children

I loved to watch the English children play. It is through the children that God assists the world to get rid of its torturing memories, and by their smiles and laughter he wipes the tears from the world's eyes. All children under three are just as happy today as though the war had never been. No child of five knows the fear and agony of war. Here then is a fountain of life undarkened by the shadows of bereavement. Upon the heart of a little child no shadow ever falls. The children of Britain up to eight years of age have never carried the burden which their parents carried and because their hearts are fresh they will be strong to do effective work in the building of the world which is to be. Their hearts have not been bruised or broken by the hurricane which shook the world, and it is their sunny minds and leaping spirits which will be potent in shaping the policy of the coming years.

Changes Wrought by The War

I noted quite early a difference in the English papers. They give more space now to crime than they did ten years ago. I presume this is because there is more crime to report. More prominence is given to divorce trials than before the war, and the reason is that the war increased the number of married couples who wish no longer to live together. Britain like our own country is suffering from a crime wave and a divorce wave. War is the arch demoralizer of society. War is the deadliest enemy of mankind. War always upsets, mars, destroys. War brings down the ethical standards. War demoralizes the moral values. War pulls down and tramples all the virtues. Britain was stabbed by the war and she is bleeding.

Britain has a colossal national debt. Her taxation is appalling. Her debt aggregates over forty billion dollars. The average Briton pays one-third of his income in taxes. On a little Ford car he pays $90 a year. When an automobile in Britain goes up even a slight hill it always goes on second speed because its horsepower is law. The horsepower is kept low in order to escape a tax bill too heavy to pay. London surprises the American visitor by the number of horses to be seen in her streets. There are many motor buses, but the private automobiles are comparatively few. When one hears what a Briton is charged a gallon for gasoline and what he pays in taxes on his car, one wonders that a Briton is willing to own an automobile at all.

Problem of Unemployment

Outwardly Britain looks prosperous and money seems abundant, but when one gets under the surface he finds embarrassments, and economies, and oftentimes privations, which are painful and in some cases heart-breaking. Thousands of Britons cannot live as they lived before the war. They say nothing. They suffer in silence. Many Britons are out of work. In some cities the number reached into the tens of thousands. One day I observed near my hotel a great crowd of men extending almost a block. I supposed it was a temporary congestion, and paid no attention to them. At the end of an hour I passed that way again; they were still there. At the end of three hours they were there still. My curiosity was aroused, and on investigation I found that these men were all looking for a job. It had been made public that morning that an humble workman in a hotel had the day before given up his position, and the announcement of this fact was sufficient to draw together this immense host of applicants eager to fill his place. One was chosen; ninety-nine went home disappointed.

Britain Has Stood The Test

The fog which has settled down upon the common people has wrapped itself around the heads of the high and the great. The world has become so complicated and the threads of its life have become so tangled, that its problems run beyond the powers of the human mind. There are thunder clouds all around the horizon, and who dare predict what is going to happen? All nations are like ships tossed on an angry sea, and the war has engulfed the whole world in a dense fog. Some nations are in terror, suffering from shell shock. Others are bewildered and semi-paralyzed. Still others are at the point of delirium. The war was a world shattering catastrophe. It was a cosmic tragedy. The convulsions reached down to the roots of our civilization. Humanity is desperately sick. It has a high fever, a rapid pulse, and is on the verge of nervous collapse. It will not recover in a generation. For a hundred years mankind will limp because of the great war. But of all the peoples of the Old World who had a prominent part in this bloody drama, the British have best kept their head. The British temper has most successfully stood the test. The British character has won new lustre in the world-darkness.

A SIBERIAN GOLIATH

Kazanloff, a man recently exhibited in Hungary, is said to be one of the largest men alive, and is probably one of the tallest men of whom authentic record exists, according to the Siberian correspondent of the Journal of the American Association. As might be expected, the food capacity of the tallest man in the world is in proportion to his great body, but whether he enjoys what he eats and drinks more than the average man is to be questioned. He also needs much more sleep than most of us healthy indulge in. Meanwhile, we read:

"He is 34 years of age, his height is 9 feet 3 inches, and he is built in proportion to his height. Thus, his hand is 1 foot 1 inch from finger tip to wrist; his foot is 1 foot 9 inches long; his chest measurement is 56 inches; the circumference of his head is 25 inches, and his weight is 458 pounds. To support this huge frame he eats an amount that would satisfy four others of good appetite. In four meals in the course of a day he consumes four or five pints of milk, 15 to 20 eggs, 3 lbs of meat, five or six loaves of bread, large quantities of potatoes, beans, and other vegetables, four to six pints of wine, and five or six quarts of beer. These quantities appear to be well attested, as do the measurements of his proportions; but the fact that arrests attention particularly in the accounts of the giant's habits is the enormous amount of sleep that he needs. Normally he passes a large portion of the day in slumber, and he has been known to sleep for 24 hours on end. Even when awake his movements are slow and deliberate, and he is inclined to doze off when left alone, the only stimulus to exertion being the craving of hunger, which are said to be acute. It is impossible in the light of recent researches on gigantism to regard this prodigious specimen of humanity as a mere 'freak.' He must be the subject of pathological change and development. Kazanloff has now left for his fatherland, Siberia, where he intends to help his parents in farm work."

Twenty-five persons were injured, a few seriously, and hundreds thrown into a panic, in a rear-end collision on Sunday night between two subway trains in the Bronx, New York. The cars in collision were operating on the shuttle service between the Pelham Bay and Hunts Point stations.

FRENCH FLEET DYING, SAYS MINISTER OF MARINE

By the normal processes of use the existing French fleet will have diminished by the year 1933 to three battleships, three cruisers, of which two will have only two more years of life, and two submarines. This statement was made in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday by the Minister of Marine, M. Raiberty, in a discussion of the naval budget.

"France's fleet is dying," he said, "and the country ought to know it. So ought also those foreign countries which accuse us of imperialism. Yet we must have a fleet to defend our very existence."

The Minister told the Chamber that since 1914 France, which was supposed to be so imperialistic and so over-armed, had constructed only one destroyer and one submarine, while Great Britain had built 19 capital ships, 57 cruisers, 347 destroyers and 186 submarines, and the United States had constructed 25 capital ships, 7 cruisers, 286 destroyers and 122 submarines. Since 1914 the French fleet, he said, diminished by 110,000 tons, while its efficiency had decreased by more than half owing to the age of the vessels still in commission.

Next year, he continued, the Government would present to the Chamber a construction programme "well within the limits set by the Washington accords," but this construction programme would be one simply of defense. France would arm against no one. All she wished to do, all she was able to do even if she wished to do more, was to arm for the defence of her own House.

Twelve submarines, he said, were in the course of construction and he was asking for nine more.

A NEW CEREAL GRAIN

All of our so-called grains are, of course, grasses—not excepting the great American cereal, Indian corn. Apparently though there are in the world thousands of kinds of grasses no new one has been adopted for cultivation to supply human food for at least 20,000 years. That takes us very far back into pre-history; but it is probable that the cultivation of maize on this continent is older than that.

Now, however, attention is being given to a half-wild grain called "adlay," which, grown in small quantities in parts of the Philippines, is believed to have great potential value. It is twice as productive as rice, equally palatable and more nutritious.

Adlay, by itself, will not make a raised loaf of bread. Neither will rice nor Indian corn for that matter. It has no gluten. But when mixed with one-third wheat flour it makes excellent bread and biscuits, the latter somewhat resembling graham biscuits. In the same mixture it is fine for griddle-cakes. Used "straight," it makes good crackers or hardtack. The cracked grain is a first-class breakfast food. The whole grain is a satisfactory substitute for rice.

This valuable cereal originated in the tropics of Asia, and in India it has been used for centuries by some of the native hill tribes. It contains as much "protein" as wheat, and more than three times as much fat. Experts say that it equals wheat as food for man, and is far better "balanced" than rice or corn as a food ration. It can be used like barley in soups.

The reason why it has not been more extensively cultivated is that it cannot be milled as easily as rice, the grain being very hard. But suitable machinery will overcome this difficulty. Production per acre being much larger than that of rice, its cost should be lower, and it may yet supplant rice to a great extent as the leading food staple not only in the Philippines but elsewhere in the Orient.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE CITY OF LONDON

According to many authorities, London was founded in 43 A.D., when Aulus Plautius was the Roman governor of Britain. The name is Celtic, and would appear to signify a fort or a lake or a lagoon, the Thames here being a tidal estuary which covered all that land on which Rotherhithe, Newington, Southwark, and Lambeth are now situated.

During the greater part of the Roman occupation of Britain, London consisted of two forts, one at either of the bridges. The unwalled suburbs seen to have been populous and wealthy from an early period, and when abandoned by Suetonius, they were burned by Boadicea in 61 A.D. From 369 until 412 London was reckoned the capital of Britain and enjoyed the title of "Augusta."

After the departure of the Romans London disappears from history until 457 when the Britons fleeing before the victorious Hengest, took refuge behind the Roman wall. London does not again emerge from complete obscurity for about a century and a half, but in 604 it is named as the "metropolis" of the East Saxons. King Alfred is regarded as the real founder of modern London. During the long period of disaster which followed his reign, the kingdom of some of his successors consisted of little else but London, which the Danes were never able to take.

Did You Know

That the practice of driving with one cross chain on each wheel results in crystallizing the rear axles at those points which are diametrically opposite the points at which the chains are attached? This happens frequently where motor trucks drive through the winter with each rear wheel bumping over the single cross chain. Passenger car operators who are inclined to try the truck idea should remember that, if they do, they'll eventually acquire the broken axles that go with it.

Seven Steps to Action

"We are so tired of these campaigns" says one of our readers. If they tire the reader, how about the writer? If all our readers acted at the first signal these campaigns would be short, swift and merry.

But some apparently do not see the first statement, skip the second, are irritated without reading the third, are disgusted at the sight of the fourth, real mad at the fifth, read the sixth to find what it's all about, and get an inspiration from the seventh that sends them out to see what they can do. That explains why we have to reiterate our statements and arguments. Another reason is that new subscribers are being added all the time, over seventeen hundred, so far, thank you, and these are worthy of our confidences, too. And some of them have already done their bit.

The ordinary subscription agent cannot successfully introduce the Witness because as a rule he has no particular interest in such a paper. That is one reason why it must depend on the introduction of its friends.

Information For Advertisers

Appreciating how necessary it is to have complete up-to-date information on all newspapers and other periodicals, the publishers of the Desbarats Newspaper Directory have done considerable research work and gone to a lot of expense to enable them to supply the very latest facts and statistics about the publications of Canada in their 1922-1923 edition. All information about each publication is given in concise form and this includes, name of paper, where published, by whom and when established; whether daily or weekly, if daily whether issued morning or evening; politics; price of subscription; size of paper; circulation; cost of advertising space, etc.

But the information in the Directory is not confined to publications alone. In it are found some interesting data about the different provinces, with their populations, area, leading cities and other important information—facts which are interesting to every business man and manufacturer. In addition to this information are the populations of the leading towns and cities, where they are situated and their leading industries and important resources.

Every business man or executive will find the Desbarats Newspaper Directory a useful handbook and can have a copy for $1.00 by making application on his firm's stationery—to others the price is $5.00. Address: The Desbarats Advertising Agency, 161 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

I Care

FRIENDLY HOME

For Young Women And Their Babies

Amount Previously Acknowledged and Sent to Friendly Home		$1575.00
Miss H. Morgan	N. Y.	1.00
T. B. Mitchell	Ont.	1.00
Mrs. W. E. Edwards	Sask.	10.00
L. J. Styles	Sask.	10.00
M. M. Turner	City	2.00
L. M. Fourney	Sack.	10.00
H. T.	Ont.	10.00
David Rose	Ont.	1.00
Mrs. E. A. Greig	Que.	10.00
F. A. Bryant	Que.	1.00
L. Blenkhorn	N.S.	5.00
A. Hicks	Que.	2.00
W. H. Munro	Ont.	25.00
E. McLachlan	Man.	10.00
A. M. Mitchell	Sask.	2.75
Miss Keyer	Me.	.60
Mrs. R. Douglas	Ont.	1.00
Total		$1677.35

GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION

"Northern Messenger Launch Fund"

Amount Previously Acknowledged and Carried forward		$680.10
Mrs. J. McAulay	Ont.	5.00
In His Name	City	10.00
L. J. Styles	Sask.	9.75
Wilmot Union S.S.,	P.E.I.	7.00
J. Hunter	Ont.	10.00
J. W. Rayfield	B.C.	5.00
A Friend	Sask.	2.00
R. Mills	Ont.	5.00
Mrs. P. Tully	Que.	5.00
Mrs. M. Murdock	N.S.	10.00
Miss M. A. Mooney	Que.	25.00
Total		$773.85

SHANTYMEN'S PACIFIC MESSENGER

Mary Kerr	N.S.	$4.50

THE PRINCIPLES OF BREEDING

(By Chesla C. Sherlock, in Successful Farming.)

Within the memory of a good many readers of this, the typical farm fowl was but a step removed from the jungle fowl. As a layer, she was entirely seasonal, laying a small clutch of eggs in the spring months. Winter eggs were unknown, and it was often a problem to have eggs even by Easter. In color she was nondescript, and it was from her lack of system or sense along the color line that she came to be known as the dung-hill fowl.

In twenty years, even, there has been a tremendous change in the quality of poultry kept on the farms in the middle west. Within that time we have changed from the policy of keeping several breeds on the same place, allowing them to mix until they had lost all of their desirable racial qualities, and then changing to some other "kind." Out of all this, we have come now to the point where the average farm flock owner keeps one breed and he keeps them in their purity. It is well to keep in mind that all of this progress has been accomplished through just one thing; namely, a better appreciation of the laws and principles of breeding, and what may be accomplished by their proper application. And if the farmer, or small flock breeder is to make any substantial progress towards success with poultry, he must take up the challenge and determine, insofar as possible, to master these laws and principles. For upon breeding depends everything, if progress is to be made, or even that which has been gained, held.

Influence of Heredity

The first law of breeding which need concern the poultry raiser is that of heredity. It is the transmission of characters in the reproduction of living things. One can hardly look anywhere without seeing the effect of this great law. It is apparent everywhere about us.

Consider for a moment the full significance of this statement. You may have two brown eggs in your hands which are identical in size, shape, weight and color. They may hatch chicks, after twenty-one days of incubation, that are identical in shape, color, size and weight, but here the similarity will end. Almost immediately the power of heredity commences to assert itself and we find one of the chicks developing into a Barred Plymouth Rock and the other developing into a Silver Laced Wyandotte. Then, again, you may make the test with two white eggs. There will be no noticeable difference in them, except that one of your chicks will develop into a White Leghorn and the other into a White Minorca. It is the power of heredity which draws them apart and makes manifest their breed characteristics.

If we stop to trace the sources of heredity, we find that all living organisms receive directly, either from single or double parent forms, an inheritance of (1) racial and (2) individual characters. Racial characters are much easier to identify and classify than individual characters. Racial characters assume the form of the breed and the variety from which the chick traces its ancestry. It is this character which distinguishes a White Plymouth Rock from a Buff Plymouth Rock.

Individual Character

Racial characters may assume many forms. Common ones are color markings, shape and size of comb or ear lobes. It is comparatively easy to discover and distinguish racial characters because they are on the surface, apparent to the eye.

It is in the discovery and the isolation, for purposes of examination and study, of individual character that the poultry breeder meets the most important test of his breeding career. Individual characters are seldom apparent to the eye; in fact, the most valuable ones are seldom to be seen on the surface. Such a character as high egg-producing ability, individual prepotency, and the like, are individual characters hard to discover or estimate when it comes time to ascertain the value of a given specimen for breeding purposes.

But these individual characters must be discovered and given due consideration before any substantial progress can be made in breeding poultry. For they are hidden stumbling-blocks which interfere with your progress, when not given due consideration.

"Like Begets Like"—A Wrong Assumption

This great influence which the law of heredity wields in breeding has, however, given currency to a good many false assumptions. It seemingly gives force to the old saying that "like begets like," and because of that idea hundreds of beginners have been led astray. It is more nearly the truth to say that nature seldom, if ever, reproduces two individuals exactly alike. This isn't due to any particular design on the part of nature, but is due to a difference in importance in combination of individual characters.

That individuals are seldom reproduced exactly alike hardly needs proof, although many poultrymen assert that all chickens look alike to them in a flock where the breed is the same. Two cockerels may be produced from the same identical mating. They will not, except in rare instances, be the same in breeding value. They may have equal vigor, type, shape, color and appearance. But they will not breed alike. One may reproduce a race of high-producing pullets and have poor cockerel descendants. On the other hand, the other will be a poor breeder for either pullets or cockerels. Then, this is more nearly the common case, they will not be alike in appearance in the beginning.

Discovery of "Sports"

Variation arises in response to the law that no two things are reproduced exactly alike. And the recognition of this fact is the line of demarkation between the experienced and successful breeder on the one hand, and the casual and hap-hazard breeder on the other. The latter type of breeder moves along the line of heredity secure in the belief that "like begets like" and content to look no further. Consequently, he receives only average results, and where conditions are not in his favor, he receives no substantial results at all. The careful breeder, on the other hand, recognizes the counter influence of the law of variation and it is in it that he finds his greatest opportunity for improvement.

This law is probably responsible for more of the unexplainable things arising out of the study of breeding, than anything else. Breeders have noticed that now and then a regular mating will produce off-spring entirely different in characteristics from the immediate ancestors. There seems to be no explanation for their presence. They are called "sports" for want of a better term, to indicate that they are untrue to their known ancestry. It was in this way that we got White Plymouth Rocks.

There is a marked tendency on the part of these sports to breed true to their own form, rather than to that of their known ancestry, and this is a further link in the chain of evidence explaining the origin of the species. Plant breeders recognize and utilize this law to its fullest possibilities. The problem, instead of actually being one of the breeding, is one of discovery of sports, their propagation and selection until they come true to form. And poultrymen are using it to excellent advantage. The "sport" may be a sport in the sense that it has unusual type, egg-laying ability, or show room value. The problem then is to retain, through other laws of breeding, the qualities of the unusual individual, whatever they may be.

Tendency to Reversion

Variation, unfortunately, is not always in the direction of progress. It may be, and frequently is, downward rather than forward. Every now and then the breeder will notice a tendency on the part of individuals in the flock to revert back in type or character to some immediate or remote ancestor. Generally, he first notices it when some undesirable character crops out, such as black feathers in white fowls, feathered legs on clean-legged varieties, and the like. But the reversion, like the variation, may likewise be back to a desirable ancestor, and the wise breeder is he who recognizes the significance of this tendency and bends it to his own purpose. Reversion is a stumbling block to the poultryman and unless he sets about controlling it to his own advantage it will well-nigh overwhelm him at times. But it can be controlled by proper measures.

An Imprisoned Hen

Ira Fraker near Perrington, Michigan, unknowingly buried a hen when he was putting hay in the mow this summer. Lately this hen was uncovered and was found still alive, although she had nothing to eat but hay leaves and had scanty air circulation and absolutely no water during the time of her imprisonment.

In order to make herself more comfortable she ate away the hay surrounding her, but she could not make room enough for herself so that she could stand up. Because of being in one position so long, her legs have been rendered useless.

Poultry authorities think it remarkable that a hen should last so long under such circumstances without anything more nourishing than dry hay leaves.

"Say it with subscriptions."
You don't have to—but you will

This is what they call the "Ohio mash" for feeding laying hens: Equal parts of ground corn, ground oats, bran, standard wheat middlings, and meat scrap or tankage. Ground wheat will take the place of the oats.

THE BLACK ORPINGTON

(By F. G. Hanson, in Otago Witness, New Zealand.)

The Black Orpington was first secured by crossing the Black Minorca (male) with Black Rock (female). The progeny of these were mated to a clean-legged Langshan, which, in turn, by selection were gradually brought to breed true to type. It took time to get rid of barring from the Rock and the feathered toes from the Langshan. At first the birds did not create any great stir in the big shows, but a little later Joe Partington swept the boards and created great excitement by showing some wonderful birds, but these were said to have been secured by using Black Cochin; some used the Black Java; they were immense birds and were readily claimed at high prices, as much as £30 being paid.

Although these birds were beautiful show specimens, for egg production they were a failure, and their popularity soon waned. However, Australian breeders took up the breed, and by crossing again with the Minorca and selecting they were able to produce a dual purpose bird. In general appearance the Australian Black Orpington more nearly resembles the original type as sent out by the originator (Mr. Cook), but vastly different from the Cochin show standard of English Orpingtons as exhibited today. Without being leggy, they are higher on the leg, their breast feathers being three or four inches off the ground. The feathers are closer to the body and are carried closer to the body than the fluffy Black Orpington which I have already described. Their bone and flesh show more quality and are finer altogether, thus ensuring an alert, active appearance with capacity of frame and general make-up to lay heavily. They also lack the cushion and fluff of the show bird. This type was the outcome of utility breeders, whose main aim was eggs, with stamina and purity of breed. It has been suggested that out crosses have been introduced, but the Australian breeders deny this. The extraordinary egg records published under Government supervision proves the breed capable of winning over all heavy breeds and often beating Leghorns in Australia, which are noted for their laying records. Indeed, until recently the Australian Orpington held the world record for a single bird, which is now held by a Buff Orpington.

It is not necessary to breed separate pens. The Rock barring must be bred out by selection. Two hard feathered birds should not be mated together. Watch closely for feathers on the legs of show birds. Another great difficulty is the tail, which is often too long and flowing, coming from the Minorca.

Type is of first importance, yet is one of the hardest things to secure in an Orpington. This fact should be readily grasped, for the Orpington is composed of a mixture of several breeds. The open class bird has to be of the U-shape, both above and below, but our utility standard bird is higher in leg and does not conform exactly to the U outline, more length being allowed. The trouble is that most of our birds are a mixture of these two types, and judges have a hard task to separate them.

Common sense is the keynote in the way birds should be managed. Orpingtons, like all other birds, are prone to lay on fat, and their feeding requires regulating so as to keep the birds fit and alert. It is advisable through the breeding season to feed the birds mainly on hard feed, scattered in deep litter so that they have to work hard. Birds in confinement should have as much green food as possible, fresh water, grit, etc., at hand. It is under such treatment that strong, fertile eggs are produced, and Orpingtons as winter layers of a good-sized winter egg are hard to beat and their table qualities are well known, the flesh being very white. Cockerels can be reared to scale about 6 lb in about four months. Much the same process is required in rearing chickens—First week, hard food, grit, greens; second week, mash in morning, green food and ritbits at noon, and hard food at night. Bury the hard food in litter; also, give milk to drink if possible as well as water. Over-feeding and heating cause loss in chickens. It may be well to add that linseed and hemp seed help feathering.

You don't have to—but you will
"Say it with subscriptions."

Carelessness in collection and storage of eggs, delay in marketing, and the holding back of supplies in prospect of a rise in price, are among the reasons why unsatisfactory eggs are sent to the salesman.

A correspondent gives this as his best method of getting kerosene in the throats and noses of hens with a cold: "Put grain in some large pan. Cover with water, 1-2 to 1 in., then pour coal oil on, no other feed nor water, and keep sick ones in barn loft."

NEW KIND OF LIGHT

Inventor Discovers Way of Producing Whiter Light Than Electric From Kerosene Oil

A new lamp has recently been invented which burns common kerosene oil and produces a soft, white light said to be even better than electric or gas. Tests by the Government and leading Universities prove this new light is superior to ten ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke, or noise, is simple and economical, requires no pumping up and has been approved by the Underwriters for Insurance.

The inventor, N. P. Johnson, 246 Craig St. W., Montreal, is offering to send one of these new lamps on ten days' free trial, or even give one to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for particulars. Also ask him to explain his agency proposition. Adv.

HIGHER PERCHES FOR ROOSTING

The oft repeated advice to poultrymen to clean the dropping-boards at least once each day may be practical from the standpoint of the poultry specialist who employs himself at no other work than the care of his fowls, but for the side-line poultryman it is a chore that is likely to be neglected in the stress of other farm work, and he often remarks that a weekly house-cleaning should be sufficient to prevent the breeding of lice or mites.

Cleanliness for the prevention of vermin is, however, not the only point to be observed. The comfort of the fowls when resting depends almost as much upon the elimination of bad odors and this, with the common type of low perches on the roosting platform, is not possible unless the droppings are removed each day. If daily cleaning is impossible, conditions may be bettered considerably by raising the roosts, or perches, to at least twelve or fourteen inches above the dropping-boards so that a free circulation of air across the platform will carry away much of the objectionable odor.

Daily sprinklings of ashes, or fine soil, over the droppings may also act to sweeten the air that the fowl breathe, but as this is apt to be overlooked, or forgotten, raising the perches, as before advised, will be found of benefit.—G. E. H., Wis.

You don't have to
No, but I will

Why New York Prefers White Eggs to Brown

Mr. Herman B. Walker, in the Cooperative Poultryman, gives the following statement about it:

The fact is, though, that most people in New York who buy white eggs do so because about the only fresh eggs that go into the New York market are white eggs.

In the metropolitan district in which eggs are sold on New York quotations there are probably seven million people. Possibly a million of these are Jews. The orthodox Jew regards animal meat or food that contains blood as unclean. A blood spot in an egg makes it unclean food according to his creed. In an egg with a white shell and a light colored yolk it is easier to find and eliminate the blood spots. Hence the preference for the white egg, so far as the Jews are concerned. Some of them may quarrel with this explanation, and there may be other reasons, but this is the logical one.

But what about the six million other people? Most of them prefer fresh eggs, and, without any good reasons, half of them may prefer white to brown shells. That leaves three million people, then, who would like to eat fresh brown eggs. The only reason they do not buy the brown eggs is that they are not to be had.

Because of the premium Jewish buyers have been willing to pay for white eggs, so many of us in the near-by states have taken to raising Leghorns, in the hope of getting our share of the higher white egg prices, that fresh brown hennery eggs are almost unknown in New York. While there are several thousand cases a week of nearby hennery eggs coming into this market, it is estimated that at this time of year there are not more than 20 to 25 cases a day of strictly fresh hennery brown eggs among the receipts.

The Pacific producers came into this market because it was a white egg market. By grading their eggs carefully, packing them nicely and using brains in selling, they have for years been able to get top prices. They have done so by talking white eggs; nothing more. They could not sell their eggs on the basis of their new-laid value, because they are a month old and for most of the year have been on ice for from two to three weeks before they arrive.

The two things that we, as nearby producers of white hennery eggs, have to sell that have a higher value than the product of any of our competitors, are fresh egg value and hennery quality.

Leghorns will produce more eggs if kept in semi-confinement, or even wholly confined to roomy quarters, than they will upon free range. Such confinement intensifies the dangers due to heavy feeding and disease, however, and should not be practised with breeding stock.

KEEP THE FLOCK LAYING IN WINTER

(By Prof. E. A. Lloyd.)

The early hatched pullets may have earned a rest at Christmas, but the bulk of the flock, should keep on laying to make money for their owner and to justify the breeding that is in them. And they will lay, too, with or without lights, if they are fed a liberal, varied and well balanced ration. Regular feeding and bang-up full crops are daily essentials. Lots of mash with bran, middlings or red-dog flour, cornmeal, ground oats, and a clean beef scrap or fish meal (not fertilizer) should be before the birds all the time. And there ought to be at least 8 to 10 feet of hopper space for each 100 birds. About 12 lbs. of scratch grain daily fed in small portions often will keep the birds busy and healthy. Most flocks need 3 or 4 lbs. milk mash daily to get and keep them into condition. Lots of water, green feed, sugar mangels, grit, shell (not dust), charcoal, litter, sand in dust bath must be supplied.

If birds do not eat enough mash or about as much mash as scratch, cut down a little on scratch and feed oftener. Also add a little fresh soy bean meal to the mash to make it more palatable. But be sure that the soy bean meal is sweet.

Look out for poor beef scrap. The quality of this animal product is better than formerly but odd bad lots still occur. Smell it, taste it, examine it and scald it for traces of rancidity.

Sort out pullets into even grades of maturity and development Put birds out of condition by themselves and increase cornmeal and wet mash. Put backward smaller pullets into a pen by themselves and give them all the milk mash they will eat.

The Poultry House

With lights, one can bring about quicker changes for both good and evil than without but in either case the feeding is very important. But so is ventilation. If litter gets damp and soggy very quickly and air does not move freely at back, get some holes in the roof or gable ends, or top of front or back over roosts or somewhere to allow bad air out and fresh air in. Colds and roup flourish in dampness and darkness. This last condition can be remedied by more openings and windows.

Some men are now getting 60 to 75 per cent. production from their pullets. They have good stock and are good feeders. They keep their birds working and feed them all they will eat of the best food procurable. Their birds are in splendid flesh. Some men are only getting 50 per cent. and they are not doing badly. They are content with medium feeding and medium results, and will probably depend upon an even steady lay for the whole season. They will be safe perhaps, but not sensational. Too many men, however, getting 40 to 25 per cent. production just when eggs are a good price and profitable are losing the cream of the productive year, and it is mostly through poor feeding and rearing. Uneven maturity, poor fleshing, putting the pullets in the houses when too poor, forcing for egg production before the birds had a reserve of fat stored up in their bodies and then indifferent and even stingy feeding after that have played havoc with profit. Birds that do poorly now may gain up some later, but why shouldn't they lay well throughout the year? If they do not do it with you, ask yourself these questions: Have the birds had a fair chance during rearing? Have they always been well fed with lots of room to roost and range? Were my birds well-fattened before they went into the laying houses? Have they a reserve of fleshing now? And are they getting everything prescribed now? Are they singing, working and looking rosy? Are they 100 per cent. all right? And who is more efficient, the owner or the birds?—Farm and Home.

You don't have to
No, but I will

Choose now whether you will raise vermin or chickens; you cannot do both successfully, for lice and mites thrive only at the expense of the poultry.

Commercial breeders generally allow 4 to 5 eggs for 1 pullet when they select for incubation.

"Say it with subscriptions."

RATIONS FOR WINTER LAYERS

The late moulters need protection from exposure when shy of feathers in cold weather. It pays to keep them confined on windy days and furnish a ration that is well balanced and sufficient to develop a rapid feather growth. These late moulters are the best layers and it costs money to lose birds of that type.

Now is a time when the good care of poultry shows up. The flocks which have been underfed through the summer are not ready for winter laying. The pullets which have had a balanced ration have developed large frames and plenty of vigor. They are ready for the strain of heavy winter laying. The poultry keeper who has neglected his flock cannot hope to make up for lost time. The best of rations will help to improve the poorly fed flock but they will never equal the birds that have made a rapid normal growth from the start.

Fish meal is being fed to some laying hens with good results. About twenty per cent. of the mash is the usual recommendation. The commercial dried buttermilk is another source of protein that is meeting with favor among poultrymen. A good grade of beef scrap is still the reliable standby of many breeders. But whatever you feed, do not neglect the protein if you need winter egg money.—Michigan Farmer.

MACHINERY

Cylinder Grinding for Automobiles, Tractors, etc., have us do this and put new pistons in—makes it stronger than new. Send for free circulars. GUARANTEE MOTOR CO. Hamilton, Canada. t.f.

Engines, Magnetos, Propellers, Carburators, and all motor boat fitting for sale or exchange. Send for lists. GUARANTEE MOTOR CO., Hamilton, Canada. t.f.

Complete Sawing Outfit—10 h. p. gasoline engine; mounted; excellent condition; cheap for cash. BOX 81, Glencoe, Ont. 47-6

Saw Mill Machinery—Custom saw mill with lumber and shingle machinery, planer and hasher, wood working machinery; 2 acres land, house and stable.—JAMES PENMAN, Middleville, Ont. 46-6

MOTOR SUPPLIES.

Spare Parts for Most Makes and Models of cars. Your old, broken or worn parts replaced. Write or wire us describing what you want. We carry the largest and most complete stock in Canada of slightly used or new parts and automobile equipment. We ship C.O.D. anywhere in Canada. Satisfaction or refund in full our motto. SHAW'S AUTO SALVAGE PART SUPPLY, 923-931 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont. 50—6.

POULTRY

GEESE

For Sale—Young African Geese and Ganders, $5 each; also White Wyandotte cockerels, $3 each. Apply to BASIL WATSON, R. R. No. 8, Watford, Ont.

LEGHORNS

Brown and Black Leghorn Cockerels for sale, bred from our best laying and exhibition stock. Bargain prices to make room. Two hundred birds to select from. E. J. WRIGHT & SONS, Brown and Black Leghorn Specialists, Strathroy, Ont. 47-6

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale—Superb White Leghorn Cockerels, Ferris' 300-egg strain; Parks' Barred Rocks and Regal White Wyandottes, cockerels, $2, $3, and $5. Birds guaranteed.—H. E. KARSTEDT, Priceville, Ont. 47-7

All Leading Strains Pitt Games. Cocks, $6.00; stags and hens, $9.00 for three.—HUGH CRAWFORD, Clear Creek, Ont. 49-6

Pure-bred White Rock Cockerels; also some choice Brown Leghorn cockerels. Your money returned if you say so. Ask Askin for a square deal.—F. T. ASKIN, R. R. No. 1, Oakville, Ont. 50-2

African Geese Choice—Young birds, both sexes, not related. Also Mammoth Pekin ducks and Buff Cochin Bantams.—A. C. LEVEY, Clinton, Ontario.

ORLOFFS

Mahogany Orloff Cockerels, $4.00 each.—E. J. ARNOLD, Baldur, Man. 50-6

PIGEONS

High Class Red Self Tumblers. Must reduce stock and will sell reasonable. Pairs or single birds. My birds won at Toronto National, Toronto Royal Show, Hamilton, Guelph, St. Catharines.—W. E. BIGGAR, 134 Balsam Ave., Hamilton, Ont. 51-6

Flying Homers, good as the best. Price reasonable.—W. OUTRAM, 198 Edinboro St., Peterboro, Ont.

PIT GAMES

Beautiful, strong, peppy and winners.—CHAS. ALMOND, Box 859 Victoria, British Columbia. 50—6.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Bred-to-lay Strain Barred Rocks—Pullets or cockerels, A1 stock, and everything shipped on approval.—DAVID A. ASHWORTH, Denfield, Ont. 48-6

Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerels, from trapnested hens at last year's Ottawa egg-laying contest; $5.00 each.—W. A. GETTES, R.R. 3, Streetsville, Ontario. 48-6

Barred Plymouth Rocks—Park's Pedigree Bred-to-lay Barred Rocks. Three pens mated, one imported valued at $100. Now booking orders for eggs. Mating list now ready.—COLERIDGE POULTRY YARDS, 210 Coleridge Ave., Toronto, Ont. 51-2

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED

We Want Your Poultry. Our trade demands specially fine crate-fed chickens, etc. If you want top prices send a card for our special price list. Established over 40 years.—WALLERS, 698 Spadina Ave, Toronto. 48—8.

Hens Wanted—Alive, 18 cents a pound, any size. Delivered at Toronto. Eggs and honey wanted—ALBERT LEWIS, 666 Dundas West, Toronto. 46-6

Poultry Wanted—Young chickens, old fowl, old roosters, young and old ducks, old turkeys. Write for weekly price list. GUNN, LANGLOIS & COMPANY, LIMITED, Montreal, Que. 50-2

RHODE ISLAND REDS

Red Cockerels that will improve any flock, either comb, for $2.00.—STEWART YORK, Milford, Ont. 50-10

TURKEYS

Pure-bred Bronze Turkey Toms, $12.00 each. Improve your flock by introducing a new strain. SYDENHAM FARM, Hudson Heights, Que. 50-2

Mammoth Bronze Turkeys—Large healthy birds. Young Toms, $10.00; pullets, $7.00.—MRS. WM. MOORE, Sundridge, Ont. 50-2

LIVE STOCK

CATTLE

Selling—Registered Angus Bull, three years' old.—E. L. KELLY, Broderick, Sask. 48-6

FERRETS

Ferrets for Hunting and Rats—Price and quality guaranteed.—THOS. SELLARS, New London, Ohio. 48-6

SHEEP.

60 Well-covered Registered Shropshire Rams and Ewes; six young registered Jerseys—bull and cows; promptly shipped.—PETER PORTER, Burford, Ont. 50-6

FARMERS' WANTS & SALES

ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-order rate of two cents per word per insertion (minimum charge 40c. per insertion). SIX consecutive insertions will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions one dollar). A number or a single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made.

Copy for insertion in these columns should be in the "Witness" Office not later than Friday morning to secure proper classification in following Weekly Edition.

LIVE STOCK.

WILD ANIMALS

Silver Patch and Red Foxes. T. R. LYONS, Waterville, N. S. 47—6

Silver Black Foxes — Have you investigated the profits to be made in the breeding of these animals? Information gladly furnished prospective ranchers. As I am one of the pioneers in this industry, I am in a position to advise you regarding the procuring of your foundation foxes. Companies and individuals supplied from my ranches at Summerside and Lot 16. Safe delivery guaranteed. References, any bank on Prince Edward Island.—A. E. MACLEAN, Water St., Summerside, P. E. I. 47—6.

Mink—8 females, 4 males, Eastern Canada dark ranch mink for breeding purposes. Purchasers instructed in mink raising.—BROOK FUR FARM, West Middle River, Nova Scotia. 48-6

Choice Silver Black and Alaska blue foxes. Both good.—REID BROS., Bothwell, Ont. 50-8

CANARIES.

German Rollers now arriving fortnightly. Wholesale and retail. Safe delivery guaranteed...List free. LONDON AVIARY. London, Ont. t.f.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE.

Yarns — Pure Wool, Homespun and many colors; from 60c; samples free. GEORGETOWN WOOLLEN MILLS, Georgetown, Ont. 47-6

Auction Course for Sale. Our Home Training system has established scores of successful auctioneers. Openings for experts everywhere. NATIONAL AUCTION SCHOOL, Cooksville, Ont. t.f.

Will Make Wool Quilts, 6 x 7 feet, for $8.00. MRS. BODVARSSON, Geyser, Man. 46-8

Typewriters—All makes, slightly used, $20 up. Easy payments. Free trial. Express prepaid.—PAYNE COMPANY, Rosedale Station, Kansas City, Kansas. 49-20

An Ideal Gift. Heart Songs. Treasured Melodies of days gone by, with music; well bound, $2.25 postpaid. MONTREAL BOOKROOM LIMITED, 35 McGill College Avenue, Montreal. 49—4.

Beautiful Pictures, Cutlery, Drapery, Books, Useful Novelties. Bargain price lists.—MATHER'S, NETHERTON, Huddersfield, England. 51-2

$2.00 Lady's Gold-filled Ring, only 75c; 60 fine silk remnants for 25c; 2 lbs fine cotton prints for quilts for $1.00 postpaid; and 300 Novelties Catalogue.—ALLEN NOVELTIES, St. Zacharie, Que. 51-9

Choice White Honey—60 lb. can, $8.50. Crate, six 10-lb, pails, $9.00. Prompt shipment.—A. A. FERRIER, Renfrew, Ontario. 51-6

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Gramophone—Full cabinet style Victrola, plays all records, double motor. Almost new; 24 selections. Cost $225.00, for $65.00; guaranteed POISSON, 342 Mount Royal Ave. East, Montreal. 46—6.

POST CARDS

Christmas Cards—Immense assortments, 10c, 20c, 30c, 50c dozen. Twenty fancy folders, 25c. ADAMS, 401 Yonge, Toronto. Birthday, lovers, comics, views, above prices. Agents wanted. t.f.

RAZOR BLADES

Razor Blades—We sharpen them all, Gillette 35c doz. Single edge 25c. THE RAZOR BLADE SHOP, 70 Power St., Toronto. 46-7

HONEY FOR SALE.

Honey.—Rich clover and buckwheat blend, in 10 and 30 lb. tins, at 10c per lb.; clover honey, 15c for lb.—J. R. YOUNIE, Howick, Que. 42.11

Clover $9.00; Amber $7.00; Buckwheat $6.00 for 60 lbs.; reduction on large orders. F. W. KROUSE, Guelph, Ont. 38-21

Choice New Clover Honey in five and ten-pound pails, $9.00 per crate of 60 pounds, f.o.b. Meaford.—M. A. CLEMENT, Meaford, Ont. 45-16

Buckwheat Honey, 11 cents per pound.—C. A. ERVIN, Dunnville, Ontario. 46-6

Wilson's Clover Honey—Crate six 10 lb., or twelve 5 lb., pails $9.00. $8.50 per crate in 5 crate lots. JOHN T. WILSON, Petrolia, Ont. 47-6

Clover Honey—60 lbs., $9.00; clover and fruit-bloom, $8.00. In one large can, 50c less. Buckwheat, $6.00. Quality guaranteed unsurpassed.—LOUIS HEDDERICK, Waterloo, Ont. 48-10

Honey—Do you know the delight of finest quality on your table? Send $10.00 for case containing six pails, 10 lbs. each.—D. FRASER, R. R. 2, Ilderton, Ont. 49-6

Choice Clover Honey, $9.00; buckwheat blend, $6.00; in 60 lb. crates.—JOSEPH CONDY, Walkerton, Ont. 49-10

Clover Honey, 60 lb. crate, $11.20. — W. A. HARTLEY, Box 121, Beamsville, Ont.

RAW FURS

TRAPPERS' POISON.

Goes' Liquid Poison Capsuls kill fur animals on spot. Seventeenth season in use, with excellent results; first class testimonials, free circular. EDMUND GOES, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Station C, Route 6. 47—6.

STAMPS

Stamps—100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals. We buy stamps; large lots; for spot cash.—MARKS STAMP COMPANY, Toronto, Canada. tf

MISSING RELATIVES.

Smith—Married Miss Brunnell of Hants, N.S., about 17 years ago.—JOHN McQUEEN, Front Lake, C.B., N.S., enquires. 48-6

SITUATIONS WANTED

Housekeeper (experienced), seeks position with family. Young, refined, excellent references.—Reply, BOX 12, Witness Office. 46-6

SITUATIONS VACANT

Young Women of good moral character to take course in Chester Hospital Training School for Nurses. Excellent opportunity. Paid while learning. Address Superintendent of Nurses, Chester Hospital, Chester, Pennsylvania, stating age, education, religious preference, references. 45—6.

FARMS FOR SALE

Send for list of Maritime farm bargains. VALLEY REAL ESTATE AGENCY, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. t.f.

160 or 320 Acres of my Southern Alberta Farm. All excellent wheat land. Part cultivated. Owner, 1522 16 Ave. West, Calgary. 46-6

53 acres clay loam. Good two-storey brick house, furnace, telephone; rural mail. Big maple and evergreen trees on lawn; windmill, well, barns fair, orchard. Public school one mile, condensed milk factory, canning factory, high school and town of Alymer 3 miles.—LEWIS ADAMS, Alymer, Ontario. 46-6

For Sale—Two farms; 80 acres for $2,500, 50 acres for $3,500; half down; good buildings, good soil, suitable for dairying; good location; lots fruit.—LEWIS WEIR, R. F. D. No. 1, Greenwich, N. .. 46-6

For Sale—Ideal Home Sites in Port Coquitlam, 171 thirty-foot lots in district lots 168-169. Prefer selling whole tract to one purchaser. Big opportunity for person understanding Canadian conditions.—R. T. HANCOCK, Crescent City, Calif. 48-6

Orange Grove—Five Acres For Sale, Mobile, Ala. Further information, write, CHARLES MOLUSKY, 92 Orange St., Port Jervis, N. Y. 48-6

Cash Your Farm Quickly. Location immaterial. Particulars free. Owners only.—UNIVERSAL SALES AGENCY, Box Z43, North Topeka, Kansas. 48-6

Wanted—Experienced Farmers. We have several Michigan farms to dispose of. They are improved and desirable as to both soil and location. We are more concerned over the type of man who buys than we are over the amount of money he has to pay. The right man can buy one of these farms with little or no money down, but he must be a real farmer. Address replies to 424 SHEARER BLDG., Bay City, Michigan. 48-6

15-acre Fruit Farm—Near Toronto boat and car; good buildings; prettiest part Niagara peninsula; A1 investment; $12,000.—OWNER, Box 56, Port Dalhousie, Ont. 49-6

PROPERTY FOR SALE

A General Store in rural district for sale—Best stand in Eastern Ontario. A great bargain. $3,000 cash; worth $5,000. Write BOX 14. Witness. 47-6

Vancouver—Two modern six-roomed houses, $3,500, $5,000, acre lot Victoria. Easy terms. Write 2646 10th Avenue West, Vancouver, B. C. 48-6

British Columbia—8 well furnished houses adjoining, 43 rooms, business section. All rented. Monthly return $200.00 nett. Price including all furniture only $8500. Splendid investment. Clear title, owner ARTHUR JONES, Revelstoke, B. C. 48—6.

For Sale—Half-section, 320 acres, six miles south of Welwyn, Province of Saskatchewan, 190 acres under cultivation, 50 acres summerfallow, 27 fall plowing, good water and buildings; full equipment, horses, implements, seed and feed; $8,000; $5,000 cash, balance arranged; to wind up estate. These liberal terms are offered for a good grain and stock farm. Take possession March 1st.—D. HISLOP, Box 93, Welwyn, Sask. 50-6

Equipped Farm Near Town
Ample Buildings, Only $2900

In prosperous farming community, excellent market; vegetables, poultry, berries pay well; dandy place to live; 36 acres on improved road, only 1 1-4 mile depot town, high school, stores, churches, etc.; 33 acres loamy tillage; nicely watered pasture; good house, 11-cow barn, etc. Owner called away, makes low price $2900, and includes horse, cows, bull, calf, poultry, full implements, tools, etc., if taken soon; part cash. Details page 23 Illus-Catalog Selected Farm Bargains throughout Canada. Copy free. STROUT FARM AGENCY, 13 E. King St West, Toronto, Canada.

Orange Grove—Twenty acres with three-room bungalow; average income two thousand a year. To settle estate, bargain. Act quickly. Also farm, 215 acres.—MARY ANTHONY MARSHALL, Ocean City, Fla.

Choice Farms in Darlington, Durham County, 45 miles east of Toronto.—MRS. E. V. SCOBELL, Insurance and real estate, Bowmanville, Ont.

FARMS WANTED

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. JOHN J. BLACK, Witness Street, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. tf.

I Want Farms for cash buyers. Will deal with owners only.—R. A. McNOWN, 301 Wilkinson Bldg., Omaha, Neb. 50-6

EDUCATIONAL

Expert Optometrists (Opticians) frequently earn $5000 a year. Short course, easy payments. ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, Dept. Fourteen, Toronto, Canada. t.f.

The De Brisay Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Thorough mail courses. ACADEMIE DeBRISAY, Ottawa. 6 52

BUSINESS CARDS

PRINTING

100 Envelopes, 100 Sheets Paper, both printed with your name and address, postpaid for $1.00. CONCRETE PRINTING CO., Beebe, Que. 46—6.

PATENT SOLICITORS

Fetherstonhaugh & Co.—The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa Office, 5 Elgin Street. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free 9—52

AGENTS WANTED

Salesmen—We pay weekly and offer steady employment selling our complete and exclusive lines of whole-root fresh-dug-to-order trees and plants. Best stock and service. We teach and equip you free. A money-making opportunity. LUKE BROTHERS' NURSERIES, Montreal. 47-7

Agents make $10 daily taking orders for new book, "Story of Canada," containing over 700 pages; 150 illustrations; history of Canada from earliest settlement to present; also Christmas books and Bibles; enormous demand; big profits; credit given; freight paid; exclusive territory; outfit free; act at once. WINSTON CO., Dept. H., Toronto.

Farmers—Make Money in your Spare Time by selling High-class Fruit and Ornamental Nursery stock, Seed Potatoes, etc., for the Old Reliable Fonthill Nurseries. Write for full particulars.—STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto.

A MAGAZINE PAGE FOR HOME WORKERS

A DAY OFF FOR MOTHER.

Like most housekeepers I long pondered on the fact that in my home I never had a moment when I was really relaxed and free from the feeling that at any minute I might be called upon, writes a contributor to "Good Housekeeping." Even when in my own bedroom, some of the family were sure to burst in with a momentous question to be answered at once. And yet I would not have had it otherwise. One of the dearest things in my life is the fact that the first words my husband and children utter upon entering the house are, "Where is mother?" Not for eons of rest would I curb their habit of pouring out to me the day's adventures; nor for worlds would I discourage my husband in the belief that my office, from the time he arrives in the evening, is to talk to him, to listen to him, or just to sit beside him. For this is my office: to be all that a mother and wife may be to her family. But the conviction has certainly been growing upon me that I would fill it better if I did not fill it so continuously. I turned the matter over in my mind until I hit upon a solution so simple that I wonder that I had not thought of it before. I would take a day off. Not a day in the city, nor one of social diversion, but a day of absolute rest at home. I chose Friday, because by that time the week's duties are well out of the way, and because Saturday and Sunday are my most strenuous days.

Immediately after lunch on Fridays I retire with instructions that I am out to all callers and the phone, and that unless the house is actually in flames no one is to come to my door. If you have not tried it, you simply cannot imagine the bliss of knowing that for the next nine hours you will not hear a human voice. I put on a frivolous dressing-gown and slippers and go to sleep in the unspeakable delight of feeling that I do not have to awaken until the next morning. So, of course, I do awaken in about an hour, very much refreshed, and then I revel in my ease. I manicure my nails; I cold-cream my face; I read the magazines and the new books. At four o'clock there is a tap at my door. I open it leisurely, and though no one is in sight, the tea tray reposes before me with its fat little pot and its plate of toast. I drink my tea slowly and then sit down to write a long, newsy letter to a college friend whose letters, before the new regime, I never had time to answer. At six-thirty there comes another tap, and my dinner is before me. It is part of the game that my children, who bring up my trays, never allow me to see them doing it. At ten o'clock I emerge to say good-night to my family, and the holiday is over for another week. It is a splendid plan. Never since I was married have I done so much work without getting tired; never have I been so well posted on current writing and events. And it has advantages that I did not foresee when I instituted it.

At dinner on Friday night my twelve-year-old daughter sits in my place at the table and takes care of her father's wants and entertains him. I am sure she is learning, easily and naturally, lessons that will stand her in good stead when she is the head of her own home. After dinner my husband, having no wife to turn to, talks to the children more than usual. They, having no lessons to prepare, have time to play with Dad, and from the sounds that rise dimly to my ears, I gather that they are having as good a time without me as I am without them. Yes, it is a splendid plan, and I pass it on to other women to adjust and modify to suit their own needs. I can assure them that it is worth any amount of tonics, and I feel that it has helped the rest of the family almost as much as it has me. The children are learning to co-operate and to take responsibility and a sweeter air of mutual helpfulness has pervaded the household since mother began her days off.

WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR ROOMS DONE OVER.

Very often when you look round a house you wonder why it fails to attract you, although the schemes of decoration are charming in themselves. Usually the explanation is that the aspect of the rooms has not been considered in choosing the colors.

The first thing to note is whether any of your rooms face north, for these are the most difficult to make successful. The walls must be light and of a warm tint. Blue or grey, no matter how light in shade, will not do, as they are cold tints. Avoid also darkish papers, even when warm reds are in the pattern. The walls of a north room must be both light and warm in tone—cream, warm buff, yellow, shell-pink, or orange, will be found the best selection. Remember that bright curtains will not serve to brighten a north room, as the color cannot be seen against the light.

There is a large choice for the south or south-west room, but unless you get all your materials unfadeable it will be wisest to choose cream, white or grey, as anything too vivid or too delicate will fade badly in the summer sun.

In the west room remember that the sun does not shine until the afternoon, so you must avoid the colder shades, or you will have a depressing room in the mornings. Certain shades of green are very successful.

For a room facing east, blue or yellow shades are delightful, as they seem to attract and reflect the morning sun, but it is best to have blue only in draperies or in the frieze, as it seems to be impossible to get an unfading blue even in the best paper or material.

You don't have to—but you will
"Say it with subscriptions."

WHAT A BUSINESS WOMAN OUGHT TO KNOW.

The first qualification of a business woman is tact. She has to deal with all kinds and conditions of people—aye, and of employers, too; and tact is an essential part of business training. The ability to "sum up" people and keen discrimination of character are also needed.

A business woman's manners, like her toilet, should be beyond reproach. The woman who can command a staff is the one who knows what discipline means, and heads of staffs have to exercise a great amount of patience! A business woman, above all others, must possess a sense of justice and be absolutely fair to those who work under her. There are so many little rifts in an office, and coolness in combating them and the "organizing sense" are necessary if a woman is to succeed.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that every woman in business should be able to write a clear, legible letter in good English, and be conversant with the various ways of addressing persons of rank.

Foreign languages are not altogether necessary, though a distinct asset, and the secretary who knows French or Spanish can command a better salary than one who is not a linguist.

A SMALL BOY'S PHILOSOPHY

"I am practising a new kind of economy," the little mother said merrily. "I had always saved and saved and saved. Even the best things for the table were saved for special occasions. One day my small son begged for preserved strawberries of which he is very fond, and I said: 'We have only a few cans left, and if we use those up we will have to do without.' He was unusually quiet for a few moments, then he said: 'Mother, I'd much rather do without after they are gone than before they are gone, and besides, one of us might die.' Well of course we had the berries.

Since that time, I have practised his philosophy along a good many lines, and I believe it pays. Too many of us are holding in reserve our best things, our money, even our pleasures and friendships, meaning to enjoy them some day, but what if we should wake up some day to find that 'one of us' has gone beyond the need of our best. Enjoy the things that you have while you may, and if there is to be any doing without, let it be after you have enjoyed them."—Sel.

"Say it with subscriptions."
You don't have to—but you will

TOM SAWYER'S METHOD.

Every mother knows how annoying it is to have the little folks object to going to bed at the proper time. In many farm homes the mothers resort to coaxing, bribing, even punishing, in order to persuade the small son or daughter to take an afternoon nap or go to bed at night when told. After all, is not this trouble often due to the method used by the mother?

Any normal youngster is glad to do the thing one wants him to do, if he is made to feel that it is a pleasure and a privilege, for power of suggestion is one of the greatest factors in child training. This idea is most charmingly portrayed by Mark Twain in his story, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," a story dear to the heart of every normal fun-loving boy. When Tom wanted to inveigle his young friends into whitewashing the fence for him, he first tried coaxing and bribing them. No luck! Then he had an inspiration. He assumed an entirely different attitude towards his work. It became no longer a tiresome, unpleasant task, but something any small boy would be willing, yes, glad, to have the opportunity of doing. His friends immediately "fell for it." Shortly, they were going so far even as to pay for the privilege of whitewashing the fence for Tom, with their choicest boy possessions.

What a keen insight into child nature is shown in that short narrative! I, as the mother of a lively little son, learned a great lesson from it. In the matter of getting Bobby to go to bed willingly, instead of using that bribing, coaxing process which failed to work with Tom Sawyer's friends in the whitewashing business, I instilled in my little son's mind the thought that nap time was one of the loveliest parts of the day. I explained to him that his little bed was such a cool, clean, comfy place for him to rest after a hard morning's play. "Well, son," I would sometimes say, "it's good old nap time, isn't it. Oh, aren't you glad that you have such a fine chance to sleep, in such a quiet little room! A soft breeze is blowing in the window, and see, Teddy Bear is waiting for you. There, lie still and shut little eyes; that's fine—my, but it's good to sleep and grow."

Does this sound like nonsense? Well, it is not. Bobby took his naps regularly until he started to school, at six and a half. Then, of course, they had to be dropped. I never had trouble with him about either his naps or going to bed early evenings.

Bobby was never put to bed for punishment. If the bed is to be a place to which a child will want to go, it cannot also be a place to dread. When one must punish, there are other, better ways.—E. C. B., in "Successful Farming."

Children Must Play.

Every day a child life is blotted out on the streets because the child claimed its inherent right to play. The builder built to the street line and as far back as his fence permitted. He made no provision for the play of the children who were to make his house a home. He was making a paying investment, and what had the play of children to do with a paying investment? So Death takes his toll of a child a day. A soul flits into the Infinite from which it came. The light in a mother's eyes is quenched. The smile of a father's worn face deepens in sadness. Here and there is a voice of protest, but who heeds?—N. Y. Evening Post.

Fit for a Queen

For the acme of cool comfort — delight in the real — the joy of the beautiful — to get away from the commonplace in your linen, write to Robinson & Cleaver, Belfast, Ireland.

Get the pure Irish Linen and pet it at its Irish price — the same price as you pay for imitations in Canada.

The genuine Irish article costs not a cent more. There is no reason for you to have anything else. Take the few days to write us. You are buying for a lifetime. We will gladly send you samples, catalogue and price lists, postpaid, without obligation to you.

Robinson & Cleaver
Limited
BELFAST - IRELAND
The Royal Irish Linen Warehouse
BY APPOINTMENT

CONNORS WASHERS

CONNOR "CANADA FIRST"

They wash clean, run smoothly and are noiseless. Hand Power, Water Power, Gasoline or Electric Power.

Write for descriptive booklet mentioning the Witness

J. H. CONNOR & SON LTD
OTTAWA.
Manufacturing Washers & Wringers in Ottawa since 1884.

DOMINION LINOLEUM

"What an air of comfort Linoleum imparts!" "Yes—and it makes my work much easier."

There are no idle minutes in the farm home. Indeed, one must plan carefully if work is to be kept "done up" from day to day.

When Linoleum is chosen as a floor covering, comfort enters the home. For all that you need do is to measure carefully, obtain the desired pattern, lift the base moulding and lay it down, then replace the moulding. Use no nails, no tacks.

DOMINION LINOLEUM
FOR ALL YOUR FLOORS

will bring you comfort and lasting satisfaction. When you choose this clean, smooth, crackless flooring, your troubles are greatly reduced. To renew its brightness, when required, use a damp cloth or mop. If desired you may wax or varnish it.

When you choose DOMINION Linoleum or DOMINION Linoleum Rugs at your dealer's, ask him to show you the strong, long-wearing burlap back

HOME COOKING

HOME MADE SWEETS

Fondant:—This is the foundation candy for all the cream candies. To make it take one part water to four parts granulated sugar and a little cream of tartar. I find it better to make a small quantity at a boiling and usually take half a cup of water and two cups of sugar with a pinch of cream of tartar and a tiny pinch of salt. Put this mixture on in a straight sided saucepan and cover tightly until it begins to boil. This is to prevent the formation of crystals on the sides of the pan and a coarse crystalization of the candy. If any crystals of sugar adhere to the sauce put on the tight cover again for a moment until the steam washes them down. When the syrup will form a soft ball if dropped in water it is done and should be removed from the fire and allowed to cool gradually without jarring. Ten or fifteen minutes is about time enough to allow. Then beat until creamy. You may add nuts or cocoanut if you like and then form into bonbons or spread in sheets in waxed paper. Or you may add grated chocolate and vanilla or other flavorings to the hot syrup as you remove it from the fire. My own method is to make the plain fondant, kneading it until it is quite smooth and then packing it in an earthenware jar. I make one lot after another until my jar is full, then cover it all with waxed paper and put on the jar cover. It may be used at once or left to ripen and will keep practically all winter. When you want to ice a cake in a hurry you have only to dig out sufficient fondant, put it in a cup or pan, and set it over hot water until it softens, then flavor it, and your icing is ready. Or if you want small fancy cakes cut a plain fine grained cake into diamonds, squares, etc., and dip them in the melted fondant decorating them afterwards with candied cherries, angelica, chocolate or nuts.

Now when you want to make cream candies you must use your memory and imagination. Memory says cocoanut balls; very well. Take out a little fondant on a platter or pastry board, sprinkled with a little confectioner's sugar, add to the fondant a few drops of almond essence, and knead it well in. Then take the fondant and roll it with your hand on the board until you have a long even roll about three-quarters of an inch thick. Cut this with a knife into three-quarter of an inch lengths, and picking them up, one at a time, roll them in the palm of your hand, until they are round balls. Have ready a plate with dessicated cocoanut, and as you make each ball, give it a roll in the cocoanut, then lay it on a waxed paper. Walnut creams, you say. For these flavor the fondant with vanilla and when you have made the ball press a half walnut on one or both sides of the ball.

The combinations are endless. A seeded raisin may be wrapped in plain fondant, then the whole rolled in crushed peanuts; or a candied cherry or cranberry wrapped in plain fondant and when firm, dipped in melted chocolate. These are both good.

Fondant colored pale pink, flavored with rose and topped with a white shred or two cut from an almond, is delicious and a very little yolk of egg or butter coloring with an orange flavor makes a pretty yellow cream. Pale green may be made with a vegetable green, sold for cooking, and is good flavored with ratifia. Dates may be stoned and filled with a roll of white or yellow fondant, though personally I prefer them stuffed with cream cheese or salted almonds.

Maple creams may be made with maple sugar, used for the fondant instead of granulated, and are especially delicious if rolled in chopped butternuts.

A number of different flavors and colors may be used in making harlequin bars. For these roll each kind out until about quarter of an inch thick, then place on top of each other, pressing all firmly together before cutting into squares or bars.

Popcorn Fudge—1 cup popcorn, 2 cups sugar, 1-2 cup syrup, 1-2 cup water, 1-4 teaspoon salt, whites of 2 eggs. Put the popcorn through the meat grinder. Boil together the sugar, syrup, water and salt, until a little past the soft ball stage. Remove from the fire and pour upon the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs; beat until smooth. Into this quantity of syrup put two and one-half cupfuls of the ground popcorn; pour into a buttered pan, and when partly cold mark in squares.

Marshmallow Fudge—Heat two cups of granulated sugar, and one cup of rich milk, cream if desired. Add two squares of chocolate and boil until it hardens in cold water. Just before it is done, add a small piece of buttter, then begin to stir in marshmallows, and when cool cut in squares and place nuts on top.

Sea Foam Candy—Three cups of light brown sugar, one cup of cold water, one and one half tablespoons of vinegar. Cook ten minutes, or until very hard when dropped in cold water. Then beat whites of two eggs and put into a dish that will be large enough to pour the syrup into, beating all the time that your are pouring. One half cup of chopped nut meats improves the mixture. Keep beating sugar until nearly cool. Then drop candy on waxed paper.

Coffee Fudge—Mix one cup of peanut butter with two cups of sugar, add one cup of strong coffee and one and one-half cups of cold water. Boil the mixture until it is rather thick, then let it cool. Add one cup of peanuts, chopped fine, and roll the mixture out to a thickness of three-fourths of an inch. Place the fudge in a pan and bake it in a slow oven for fifteen minutes. After it has cooled slightly, cut the candy into squares and dust it with powdered sugar.

Praulines—Peel the skin from two oranges and remove from it as much as possible of the tough white part; put the skin through the meat grinder; boil the ground orange peel with two cups of granulated sugar and one-third of a cup of water until it will be in the soft ball stage when tried in cold water; then add two cups of nuts and remove the candy from the fire; stir it rapidly a minute or two until the candy sugars, then drop it on oilcloth to cool.

Chocolate Chips—Dissolve two cups of granulated sugar in one-third cup of water with one-third cup of thin glucose (or corn syrup). Boil to 70 degrees Fahrenheit (medium crack), then add two level tablespoons of butter, one-eighth of a teaspoon of salt and one level tablespoon of molasses. Now cook to 280 degrees Fahrenheit (hard crack). Pour on a candy slab, or oiled platter; knead when cool enough to handle, and pull until porous. Pull or roll into a long, narrow strip one-eighth inch thick, and cut into one and one-half by three-quarters inch piece. When these are quite cold and brittle, cover them with best quality dipping chocolate and cool quickly.

Honey Squares—One cup strained honey, 1 cup brown sugar, 1-2 cup cream, 2 tablespoons butter, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon lemon extract, 1 pinch cream of tartar. Put butter, salt, honey, cream and sugar into saucepan; stir over slow fire until dissolved, then add cream of tartar. Boil until it forms a hard ball in cold water. Remove from fire; add flavoring; pour into buttered tin. Mark into squares, before cold. Wrap in waxed paper.

Panoche—3 cups sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 3-4 cupful milk, 1 cupful walnut-meats, 1-4 cupful water. Put one cupful sugar in saucepan and melt over fire, stirring constantly; add water and boil to a sirup. Add the rest of the sugar, the milk, and the butter. Boil until mixture will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water (238 deg. F.). Beat until creamy, add walnut-meats, coarsely chopped, and spread in buttered pan or on marble.

Maple Puffs—1-2 lb. maple sugar, 2 eggs (whites), 1-2 cup chopped figs, 1-2 cup chopped raisins, 1-2 lb. brown sugar, 1 cup walnuts, 1-2 cup chopped citron, 1-2 cup water. Boil sugar and water until they spin a heavy thread. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff, gradually add the hot syrup to the whites of eggs, beating all the time. When the mixture begins to stiffen add the other ingredients. Beat until it will hold shape. Place by teaspoons on greased paper and let stand until stiff.

Marzipan Potatoes—Marzipan potatoes are always favorites.

Half a pound of icing sugar, with all the lumps smoothed out, quarter of a pound of powdered almonds, and the white of an egg to mix. Work all well together with the hands, then form into potatoes. Roll in cocoa or cinnamon, make little eye-holes in them, and let stand overnight to harden. A cherry placed in the centre of each, and orange flower water flavoring is an improvement, but not really necessary.

Crystallized Fruits—Use your own preserves. Peach, pear, apple, quince or watermelon rind will do. Drain from the fruit all syrup possible. Cut any size desired, sprinkle with sugar, and dry in the warmer or a very slow oven. It may be necessary to sprinkle the fruit again with sugar during the drying. When dry enough not to be at all sticky, sprinkle with sugar and pack in layers with wax papers between. This fruit may be used for dipping in bitter chocolate for bitter-sweets.

Old Fashioned Molasses Candy—2 cupfuls (1 pint) molasses, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, 2 tablespoonfuls (1 ounce) butter substitute, 1-2 level teaspoonful baking powder, 1 teaspoonful vanilla or ginger extract. Put molasses, vinegar and butter into a saucepan. Bring to a boiling point, and boil, stirring all the time until the mixture is brittle when dropped into cold water. Stir in baking powder and extract and pour into a buttered tin. When nearly cold pull until glossy. Cut into small pieces and lay on a buttered plate or wrap in waxed paper. Sufficient for one pound of candy.

Turkish Delight — Juice of 2 lemons; boil the rind for a little while in 2 cups boiling water, measure juice and be sure to have 2 cups. Take 2 ozs. leaf gelatine and shake in this. Stir until gelatine is entirely dissolved, then add 4 cups white sugar and stir till melted. Let come to a boil, take from stove immediately, skim, if necessary. Pour into plates previously dipped in cold water. Each plate may be flavored and colored differently. Let stand till next day, then dust thickly with icing sugar. Cut in squares and roll in icing sugar.

"Say it with subscriptions."
You don't have to—but you will

Clarifying Lard and Keeping Honey

Inquirer:—If the lard is only slightly rancid it may be cleared by heating with about four medium-sized potatoes, sliced into it for every gallon of lard. Let the lard boil for several minutes, then remove the slices of potatoes with a skimmer.

Honey should be kept in a dry, warm place. If it has granulated, set the container in a pan of hot water, but do not heat it above 150 degrees. It will stay clear for several days after heating.

Cooking An Old Hen

Mrs. R. O.—Joint up the fowl and roll each piece in flour seasoned with pepper and salt. Unless the fowl is very fat add quarter of a pound of salt pork, cut in cubes. Arrange in a deep casserole earthenware jar or bean pot, and cover with one quart of hot milk. Cover closely and bake for five hours. This may be cooked in a fireless. When done reheat before serving and add dumplings or the joints may be browned in hot bacon or sausage dripping.

Or stuff the fowl as for roasting, then steam until tender, take out and brown in hot oven, basting with chicken fat and a little water or with butter.

You don't have to
No, but I will

Lemon Cream

Housekeeper:—Is this the recipe? Mix 3 tablespoons of cornstarch with half a cup of sugar; add gradually 2 1-2 cupfuls of boiling water and cook fifteen minutes in a double boiler. Add the yolks of two eggs beaten to a cream with half a cup of sugar, 1-2 teaspoon salt and the juice and grated rind of one and a half lemons; cook five minutes longer. Pour this into the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Whip vigorously. Chill and serve in sherbet glasses.

Many a life would find itself brightened if, instead of bemoaning its loneliness, it began honestly to pray, "Make me worthy of friendship and give me friends."

I shall not pass this way again,
But far beyond earth's Where and When
May I look back upon a road
Where on both sides good seed I sowed.
I shall not pass this way again,
May Wisdom guide my tongue and pen,
And Love be mine that so I may
Plant roses all along the way.

The story of the Witness is either a great big bluff—or it is unique in the annals of journalism, and the Witness a mighty force for righteousness.

In the latter case it will naturally arouse your active co-operation.

THE CIRCLE OF SERVICE.

It is the little things in life that have the farthest reaching effects. The fixing of a stamp upon an envelope can set revolving a wheel of service to mankind generally.

In the columns of the Witness there are a number of what we have called "Shop Windows" in the form of advertisements. The makers of the advertised articles, or the sellers of these commodities, are so confident of their wares, so sure that they can be of service to you, that they spend large sums of money inserting their announcements in the Press of the country to bring them to your notice.

Thus in accepting advertisements, the Witness is enabled through this additional source of revenue to give to its readers the quality and quantity of literature they desire, the various features that have linked our readers together all over the Dominion. This revenue assists materially in our endeavor to give you the best. That is why the Witness has always been so careful of its advertisements, refusing many a time large contracts which we did not consider to be of benefit to our readers.

YOUR part in this circle of service is in supporting the advertised articles in the Witness. Support means continuance; continuance means our ability to give you the paper you want.

You are sure of attention when you say you saw the advertisement in the Witness. But if you have ever cause for complaint don't hesitate to let us know. We want only the best for a paper that has always given of its best.

All Baking Powders Look Alike—BUT

Is your baking powder absolutely pure? *Royal* is.

Is your baking powder absolutely wholesome? *Royal* is.

Is your baking powder unvarying in strength under all conditions? *Royal* is.

Is your baking powder economical in keeping baked foods fresh longer and making home baking so satisfactory that it takes the place of more expensive food? *Royal* is.

Royal Contains No Alum
Leaves No Bitter Taste

MADE IN CANADA

A Full Flavored Blend of Supreme Quality.

Sold in ¼ lb., 1 lb. and 2½ lb. pkgs.

CHASE & SANBORN, Montreal.

Our Needlework Corner.

Sewing Room Hints

A Good Light Sewing Board—A piece of wall or beaver board about two feet and a half wide, and four feet long, makes an excellent board for cutting and basting on. It is light, you can stick pins into it easily, and when not in use it is easily set out of the way against a wall.

When Working Eyelets—To improve eyelet work, run the stamped circle with fine stitches, then with material drawn tightly over a cake of soap, use stiletto as usual. The edge will be rolled back evenly ready to whip over.

Hem-Stitching Trick—Baste hem the desired width. Then with a large punch-work needle hemstitch but do not catch in hem. When all finished take small needle and sew the hem down, picking up the long thread left with first work. When finished you will have a beautifully hemstitched piece without drawing threads. With this method it is easy to hemstitch round curves where drawing threads is impossible.

Undervest for Boy of Twelve—These are the directions for an undervest suitable for a schoolboy of eleven or twelve years. Fashions for woolen underwear of this kind do not vary, which is fortunate for many reasons.

Required are about 6 ounces of Paton's 2-ply vest wool, and 2 needles, No. 12. Note also that 9 rows go to an inch. Commence with back, and cast on 158 stitches; work in rib 21 inches in knit 1, purl 1.

For The Shoulder — Knit the first 52 stitches. Cast on 54. On the last 52, knit 12 rows. For the next 6 rows increase 1 every alternate row in the inside, or neck edge. Next 14 rows increase 1 in every row at neck. Then 1 row, but no increase. Cast on in neck 14 stitches, and on these stitches knit 50 rows. Knit the other 52 stitches in this way; put all the stitches on one needle, and knit until the same length as back. Cast off; sew up the sides, leaving 6 1-2 inches for armhole.

For The Sleeve—Pick up 140 stitches on the arm-hole, and knit 4 rounds. Knit from 5th round for 3 inches: then 6 inches, no increase. Then 5 inches, decreasing every 6th round. Rib 3 inches, and knit 2, purl 2.

Front Opening—Raise the stitches down left-hand side of front. Knit plain for one inch and cast off. Now raise the stitches on the neck, and top of these bands. Rib 12 rows, and knit 2, purl 2, and repeat. Sew on a button at the neck, and stitch down the bands at neck open. The sleeves should be sewn up, and sewn into the armholes, but this is, of course, understood.

PROBLEMS OF HOMEMAKERS

Wax Floor Disappointing

Reader: — Just because your waxed floor is new and newly waxed, it is disappointing. Year by year a well kept waxed floor improves in appearance. It is not possible to use all the wax required in one treatment. Thin coats of wax, careful polishing with a weighted brush and time will make of your floor a thing of beauty. If the wax you put on gives the floor a white spotty look, you have either used a poor wax or put on too much.

Pyorrhea

J. McF.—One of the leading dentists in New York city, who has had long experience in treating diseases of the gums, tells us that the use of dilute tincture of iodine in the early stages of pyorrhea, or in any condition of inflamed gums, would be beneficial. It ought to be employed properly, for three or four days, say once a day, and then after a lapse of two or three days, for another light period. It should not be used continuously. This treatment, however, even in early stages, will not cure pyorrhea. There is no cure for it except surgical treatment by someone who understands the disease thoroughly, and no local treatment by means of drugs alone will really cure it.

We are also told that as a general wash for the mouth, a dilute mixture of vinegar and water is very good. The acids of the pure vinegar are of considerable service in helping an acid condition of the mouth, and there seems to be no question but that eating a raw, sour apple will also have a good effect upon the gums.

Cleaning White Ostrich Plumes

Reader:—To clean white feathers of any description take gasoline and plaster of Paris and mix the two together to the consistency of whipped cream. Dip the feathers in this mixture, squeezing and pressing them; then hang in the open air for a thorough drying until all of the gasoline has evaporated. Be sure not to handle until perfectly dry. Then shake well, and the result will be a beautifully clean and fluffy feather. White wings can also be treated in this manner.

Of course, great caution should be taken not to use gasoline in a room where there is a fire of any kind. Nor should it be used where there is a draft, as the friction of rubbing will sometimes cause it to ignite.

Crushed Taffeta Silk

School Girl: — Crushed silk may be smoothed out and restored to something like its original freshness by being sponged with gum-arabic wat r. Sponge on the right side of the silk, and, when almost dry, iron it on the reverse side. Do not use a really hot iron or you will make the silk stiff and papery. Be careful also to use a well padded ironing board and a sheet without seams, which always leave a mark in silk.

Constipation in Children

Mother:—Constipation in children may be traced to one of two causes and many times to a combination of both—feeding and habit. A child who is fed properly and trained to regular habits is seldom constipated or sick from any cause, for that matter. So in the treatment of constipation it is better to seek out the cause and remedy that by right foods and habits rather than resort to drugs.

Laxatives do not cure constipation. Many times they cause it. The most stubborn cases of constipation a physician is called upon to treat are those that have been the result of giving the child physics or fastening on him the enema habit. Occasionally a dose of oil or an enema may be used by the mother to advantage, but the abuse of such treatment until it becomes a necessity to the child is harmful. For in all likelihood it will only result in an aggravation of the condition which it was intended to relieve or cure.

Regularity of the bowel movement is as essential as regularity of food, sleep or other bodily function, and this regularity of habit is the first thing for the child to acquire if he is to overcome the habit of constipation. Perhaps the best time of day for the daily visit to the toilet is immediately after breakfast. The taking of food into the empty stomach stimulates the intestinal action which forces the residue of food into the lower bowel and from the body. Drinking a small glassful of hot water with a spoonful of orange or lemon juice in it before breakfast is helpful. Also the use of a little warmed soapy water as an enema will stimulate the muscles which expel the stool. If more convenient, a gluten suppository may be used instead of the enema—glycerin suppositories are too drastic a cathartic to use for young children. Frequently this simple procedure carried out conscientiously for a few mornings will establish the habit of the regular morning stool.

When an enema or gluten suppository fails to cause the bowels to move, the difficulty may be in the small intestine. This type of constipation is pretty certain to be the result of improper food, faulty combinations of food or improper habits of feeding. One of the frequent acuses of this kind of constipation is too little food or food in which there is little residue. This is common in children who will take only milk and soft foods. Such a condition is best remedied by giving them more and coarser foods, whole wheat instead of white bread, bran gems or bran cooked with cereal, and for the children of school age vegetables such as boiled cabbage, parsnips and others containing coarse fibers. A few spoonfuls of cream added to the milk is also helpful.

"Say it with subscriptions."

SPEAKING OF CHRISTMAS

(By Helene Robbins.)

One can make the Christmas package as distinctive as the gift it enfolds with a bit of ingenuity, a yard or more of holiday gummed "paper ribbon" and a few seals. A box wrapped with white tissue paper and decorated with strips of gold on either side of a bright red gummed strip is so attractive that there is really no need for a "do not open till Christmas" seal should the gift find its destination lengths would radiate cheer from a green ahead of time. Holly ribbon in graduated or red wrapped bundle. A jovial Santa Claus seal surrounded by bright paper ribbon in the shape of a square, bell, diamond or any other of the multitude of figures gives a new fascination to doing up or opening the Christmas bundle.

There is no more attractive remembrance for a girl friend than a wee bouquet of artificial flowers to give to her furs that alluring touch of holiday glamor and brilliance that is so much a part of the merry old Santa's reign. Gold and silver are of course milady's favorites for the season and gold and silver blossoms have made their appearance in tiny clusters or in single glory banked in little leaves. The old-fashioned bouquet in miniature and clusters of flowers and berries in shades of red, apricot, blue and other lovely colors can be purchased for prices ranging from 30 cents to several dollars.

Gifts for the girl who loves novelties and dainty personal things can be made at small expense or bought at a cost of from 25 cents to two or three dollars.

Never have there been so many brilliant novelties in the shape of pins, combs and ornaments for the well-dressed hair, ear screws, beads, sautoirs and pins. Many of them may be bought at reasonable prices and almost any of them would please a girl should she possess either reasonable or unreasonable vanity. However, it is almost necessary to have at least a dollar or two for even a peep at a brilliant.

If novelties have never been so charming as now, neither have collars for milady or any of her younger sisters. They may be made for a reasonable sum by an artistic hand or they may be bought ready made for prices of 50 cents and up. Linen collars for sweaters and tailor-m costumes, lacy and net ones in all shapes and sizes are being worn and any of them would make a most attractive gift.

Then of course there are books, ribbons, gloves, hose, hand bags, lingerie, colored silk handkerchiefs for wear about the neck, waist and hair, and numbers of other things.

If you have a friend who for some reason can not expect to have a merry Christmas, you will find a special greeting card bearing sympathy, a wish for peacefulness and something of the deeper Christmas spirit at almost any local store. There is no need to make the day one of mockery for such a friend by a thoughtless "Merry Christmas" when a better way has been prepared.

THE GOOD OLD TIME

"'Ah! The good old time—the good old time. Youth and the sea. Glamor and the sea! The good, strong sea, the salt, bitter sea, that could whisper to you and roar at you and knock your breath out of you.' . . .

"'But you here—you all had something out of life: money, love—whatever one gets on shore—and, tell me, wasn't that the best time, that time when we were young at sea; young and had nothing, on the sea that gives nothing, except hard knocks—and sometimes a chance to feel your strength—that only—what you all regret?'

"And we all nodded at him: the man of finance, the man of accounts, the man of law, we all nodded at him over the polished table that like a still sheet of brown water reflected our faces, lined, wrinkled; our faces marked by toil, by deceptions, by success, by love; our weary eyes looking still, looking always, looking anxiously for something out of life, that while it is expected is already gone—has passed unseen, in a sigh, in a flash—together with the youth, with the strength, with the romance of illusions."

With these words, Joseph Conrad ended "Youth," his wonderful story of the beauty of young illusions. Like Marlow, who tells the tale, Conrad has left behind him [illegible] youth and the glamor of the sea. Recently at his quiet home in Kent, he celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday—twenty-eight years since he left his last ship, invalided home by an African fever, and sent to a publisher his first story.

But with the years has increased Conrad's power to recreate the fascination of the sea and the men who sail it, men propelled blindly toward some inexorable ideal.

In the two years since the publication of "The Rescue" Conrad has been at work upon a novel of the Napoleonic era, a tale of a magnificent old retired pirate of the Mediterranean coast. The proofs of it are now with his publishers, Doubleday, Page & Company, who plan to bring it out next year.

CLAM CHOWDER FOR A WINTER PARTY

There is a place in Connecticut where picnics are indulged in even in the cold weather and the food is planned to accord with the atmosphere. There is probably nothing more enjoyable on a sunny day than to go on one of these outings which are held near the "pink" cemetery. This quiet spot gets its name from the fact that in the spring the ground is entirely covered by a plant which has a tiny pink flower.

In a glen through which hurries a clear stream there is a flat opening in the pines which is ideal for a fire and which is so secluded that even the fragrance of the boiling coffee does not penetrate the forest to the road beyond.

The proper food for such an event is clam chowder—lots of it. The host, and inventor, always prepares enough for three generous helpings for each guest, and four for the greedy ones. Pickles, olives, and brown bread sandwiches accompany the chowder and coffee, doughnuts, cheese and apples follow it.

The chowder is made at home and carried to the camp fire in large fireless cooker utensils and while it reheats the coffee is boiled. The chowder is thick like a meat stew. One recipe for it (which will have to be multiplied according to the number to be served) calls for two quarts of clams. After the clams are cleaned, heat them to the boiling point, drain and chop the hard part fine. Save the liquor which is drained from the clams and add it to the chowder later.

Cut a piece of salt pork, or several strips of bacon, into small pieces and cook them to try out the fat. In this cook three sliced onions, then add two quarts of sliced potatoes. Brown the potatoes slightly, then add boiling water to cover and cook until they are very tender and nearly all the water has evaporated. Add the chopped clams, dredge with flour, add salt and pepper and clam liquor and cook ten minutes, then put in the soft part of the clams and two quarts of milk in which sixteen crackers have been soaked. Cook, stirring to prevent burning, until the mixture is well blended.—New York Times.

"Law, chile, I ain't got nuthin', but I's thankful fer ter be thankful!"

The 'Witness' Pattern Service

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A NEW AND STYLISH COAT SUIT

4199-3871. The side closing is a new feature on this model. The coat has a convertible collar. Poiret twill, with braid trimming, or serge with satin facings would be smart for its development.

The coat pattern 4199 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt 3871 is cut in 8 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches waist measure. To make the suit for a medium size, requires 5 3-4 yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards.

A SLENDER FASHION FOR A STOUT FORM

3850. This model expresses a becoming style for the woman of mature figure. Whether of serge, velveteen, tricotine or velours, the vest may be embroidered or braided. The revers give length of line. The sleeves are a one piece model with comfort and ease in their lines.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is about 2 1-4 yards.

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

A SIMPLE COMFORTABLE SCHOOL DRESS

4205. This style has a very new and desirable sleeve, with extensions that form yoke sections over the shoulders. This is a good model for homespun, tricotine and serge. It is nice also for wash fabrics.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 2 3-4 yards of 40 inch material. Collar of contrasting material requires 1-4 yard 32 inches wide.

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

A POPULAR ONE-PIECE STYLE

4203. A very simple, "easy to make" style is here portrayed. It may have a fitted, long sleeve in wrist length, or one in elbow length, with a smart upturned cuff. Jaunty patch pockets are both serviceable and ornamental.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. An 8 year size requires 3 3-8 yards of 36 inch material.

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

JOHN DOUGALL & SON COUPON
Publishers, Montreal. PATTERN

Please send me PATTERN NOS. } No.....No.....
At the rate of fifteen cents each Amount enclosed } .....Cents

Name .....

Address .....

.....Prov .....

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

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

The Home Circle.

A Page for Boys and Girls.

OLD DAVEY'S DAY BOOK.

In rusty coat and muddy shoes, old Davey slouched about the company store, setting things to rights for the day. Old Davey's morning duties consisted of removing the heavy wooden shutters from the one window, sweeping the peanut shells from the floor and putting fresh water in the drinking pail. These things done, old Davey was wont to relax into reverie beside the rusty stove.

Roy Price thought of many things as he watched old Davey. He wondered where the old man had come from, and whether he had a history. Davey's face showed signs of having once been refined. Why had he drifted into the little lumber settlement? Why was Davey keeping the day-book for the Citizen's Lumber Company? Roy was a newcomer, and old Davey and his secret were still matters for conjecture to him. Perhaps old Davey did not have a secret. Yet there was something singularly interesting to Roy about the gentle, inefficient old man.

Whether or not old Davey had a secret, Roy had a secret that old Davey must not know, and the weight of it grew heavier as the windy days went on, leaving the old man and the young one together in the lonely little store. In the evenings Roy lighted the big lamps, and the logging-men came in and told wild tales of the woods. It was easy then to be happy and forget the secret while old Davey laughed at the men's jokes and the crackling fire kept out the winter chill. But through the long gray mornings and during the idle afternoons the secret weighed heavily on Roy.

Two weeks before, when he had accepted the position of clerk in the Citizen's Company store, Roy had not thought of complications. Nothing could have been simpler than his situation. His college year was taking more money than he had earned in the summer; he was obliged to drop out a term to earn money to go on with his education. The lumber company wanted a man for three months; after that they intended to close their sawmill and store and move on to another forest. Only Roy knew that the company intended to move the plant, and that old Davey was not to come to the new store.

"I reckon you can put up with Davey for a few months," Mike Harvey, the lumber superintendent, had said to Roy. "He's a simple soul, and he'll do you no harm. Keep a watch on that day-book of his. He's so easy that most of the people round that section owe the company money. We can manage that all right when it's our own men, by taking the debt out of their wages; but it isn't so easy when the debtors don't work for us. That's why old Davey's got to go. The company just naturally can't afford to keep him, even at low wages. Moving the store is a good chance to get rid of him!"

Mike Harvey's words had not meant much to Roy at first. What did it matter whether old Davey worked for the company or not? But as the days went on, Roy became more and more thoughtful. It became plain to him that old Davey loved the store, and tended it with the faithfulness of a devoted slave. For fear that the store might take fire in the night, old Davey slept on an uncomfortable cot in a room where the company kerosene was kept. Old Davey was an awkward and inefficient clerk; but on the night when the logging-men got uproarious, and threatened to break up the store just as a joke on the company, it had been Davey's gentleness, and not Roy's pistol, that had prevented the catastrophe.

"I wonder if Mike Harvey thoroughly understands Davey?" Roy thought, as the December days drew on.

But there was the evidence of the day-book. Roy examined it curiously. Old Davey's writing was neat. His entries were correct, but it was plain that he had trusted nearly every one in the county—and his trust had been misplaced, and the company was plainly the loser. Old Davey had evidently had some qualms about his patrons, for underneath the items of sales Roy frequently found notes of this sort:

"Derrick Austen owes the company $25; but his wife has been sick, and he has nine children. Better give him time."

"Andy Upton broke his leg, and needs a little extension. He'll make it right with the company in time."

"Sarah Underwood can't pay just now. Her hogs had cholera."

"Sam Philips' corn rotted this year. He'll pay when he's able."

As Roy read on, he realized that the case against old Davey was grave. Mike Harvey was right; old Davey was an expense to the company.

"Mike Harvey was right; but it's Davey's kind heart that's got him into trouble!" Roy thought. "The company should have run the store on a cash or barter basis. I shall tell Mike Harvey that!"

But it was too late to start new methods in the old store. When the new store opened, there might be no need of a day-book. But what was to be done about old Davey and the debts?

Meanwhile, January was coming, and January would bring the New Year's inventory, and the inventory would show how depleted the store's supplies were. Old Davey's customers had been many.

"Something's got to be done!" Roy told himself a dozen times a day. But what that something would be, Roy had at present no idea.

(To be Continued.)

A YOUNG HERO

There is a moving story of self-sacrifice and heroism, told by Dr. S. K. Hutton, in "Among the Eskimos of Labrador." The Eskimos are a rather stolid, unemotional people, used to facing death among the ice-fields and the terrible storms of their arctic home; quiet and unconcerned in time of danger, but capable, it seems, of that greater love that prompts a man to lay down his life for a friend.

Two Eskimo boys, Rena and his brother Jakko, started at daybreak for the edge of the ice after seals. They had a harpoon and a gun, and they talked as they went of the splendid hunt they would have on so fine a day. It was not long before Jakko had shot a seal. It was only wounded, and floated on the water, lashing with its flippers, but too weak to dive. Oh for a boat or a kaiak! But they had none, and they must reach that seal. They did what Eskimos have always done in like circumstances, and always will do; they clambered on a piece of loose ice and paddled with their hands toward the seal.

They got on fairly well until they were twenty or thirty yards from the edge of the ice-field, and the seal was near enough to be speared. Jakko stood up and poised his harpoon, ready to strike, while Rena paddled gently with his hands to steady the ice-raft. The change of position must have upset the balance of the ice, for no sooner did Jakko stand up than it began to heel slowly over. For a moment they were too intent on the seal to notice their peril, but as the movement increased it dawned on them that the floe was capsizing.

The slow-witted Jakko had one of those flashes of courageous inspiration that come at such times. With a quick cry of "Stay where you are Rena!" he jumped into the water. Exactly what was in his mind we never knew. One thing is certain, he understood the danger. If both stayed upon the ice, it would upset, and both would be in the water; he could swim a little, but Rena could not swim a stroke. Whatever the explanation, all that Rena could say was that he felt the ice-pan rolling over, heard the shout of "Stay where you are!" and saw his brother leap into the waves. And that was all.

The floe righted itself with a lurch that nearly flung him off; but he managed to hold on and paddle frantically to and fro in a vain search for his brother. Poor Rena paddled and paddled, but never a sign did he see of Jakko. The water was two or three degrees below the freezing point, cold enough to numb the brain and paralyze the heart of the strongest; and so poor Jakko met his death. Hours after the catastrophe, Rena scrambled from his frail island on to the safe ice-field, and flung himself on the sledge, and let the dogs take him home, broken-hearted.

THE PATH TO SUCCESS

Matthew C. Brush was once a Chicago newsboy. To-day he is the president of the Boston Elevated Railroad. In an article by Alfred Grunberg in the American Magazine we read:

"The qualities that stand out the strongest in his own amazing career are the qualities which Matt Brush demands most emphatically in his men.

"'What can an employee do to attract your attention the most quickly and surely?' I asked him.

"'Show initiative,' he replied instantly. 'Without initiative any man will have a rocky, uphill road, with poor pickings all along. One of the greatest of all handicaps is the fact that it is easier to let other men think for you than to think for yourself.

"'One of our crane operators was going home around six o'clock in the evening when a five-ton girder dropped on the track from a big six-horse truck. The girder blocked the track completely and tied up traffic.

"'Now, this man was off duty. He couldn't have been censured if he had said to himself: "This is none of my business. I've done my day's work and I'm through. Let the night force attend to it."

"Instead, he called up the roadmaster of the surface line, told him what had happened, and asked permission to get a crane from the yards and clean up the obstruction. In an hour this man had cleared the track, whereas, if he had gone on home, it would have taken three or four hours to do it."

Surpassing

all others in Delicacy and Fragrance.

"SALADA" TEA

H262

SEALED PACKETS ONLY **EVERY LEAF PURE**

LOST IN AN ARCTIC BLIZZARD.

The four hundred lives that have been lost in polar expeditions mark the danger of travel and even of existence in the arctic. Even when the explorer takes the greatest precautions, he may find himself suddenly confronted with unexpected peril. In "A Tenderfoot with Peary" Mr. George Borup relates an experience that vividly illustrates this possibility.

Early in the morning we set off with the dog-sledges to get some hares that we had shot and cached six miles from the main igloo. Old Panikpah looked at the sky and said it would probably blow before we returned. On reaching the cache, we noticed that the wind was gradually rising, and as soon as the sledges were loaded, we simply tore holes in the air in a wild attempt to reach the igloo before the fury of the storm should burst.

The sky became more and more overcast, the wind increased in violence, and sent the snow scudding by in a mad, blinding drift. It got so bad we couldn't see ten yards ahead, yet still we pushed forward, tacking wildly about across the plain in a desperate attempt to find our camp.

Finally, after a couple of hours, Ooblooyah turned to me and said it was no use; that neither he nor Panikpah knew where we were. Of course I didn't. We were lost in the ice-plain, with the wind blowing a gale. This wouldn't have been so bad had the men not left their snow-knives at the igloo. They stamped out a few blocks of snow with their feet, stood them up on their sledge, lay down behind this rude shelter, let the snow cover them, and were soon asleep.

I tried the same thing, but gave it up because my feet were so bitterly cold that I was afraid they'd freeze. I dug the snow out from under a sledge, and stayed there for a while, till I found I was being drifted in, and after some trouble managed to wriggle and squirm out. In so doing my kooletah got out of place, and my bare stomach came in contact with the iron runner of the sledge. Oh, how cold it felt!

Then I got up and did a war-dance to keep warm. Panikpah crawled out of his snow-hole, and we marched back and forth between the sledges.

After twelve hours, during which I kept from freezing by practising calisthenics and lying down behind the sledge, beating my feet together, with my face buried in a frozen hare, I decided I'd have to have a decent igloo or freeze. Ooblooyah's blocks had blown down, and I yelled to him, "Get up and build an igloo!"

He woke Panikpah, and we stamped out blocks of snow four feet by two, and by putting up a double row blocked the cracks. Then my snowshoes and rifle served as struts to hold up blocks of snow for a roof—a poor shelter, but better than none. I sat on a snow-block, and by keeping up a constant stamp! stamp! stamp! kept my feet warm. At times I'd even doze a bit.

Luckily, after several hours, the wind eased up enough so that we could see our way. We lost no time in digging the sledges out of the snow, and got under way with the utmost speed. It didn't take us long to get to camp, for we found the main igloo only eight hundred yards away.

Singing of Telegraph Wires

The vibrations of telegraph wires are produced in much the same way as the vibrations of the violin strings when the bow is drawn across them. Whether or not the wires sing depends on the force and direction of the wind. The wind must strike the wires almost at right angles and must be from one to about ten miles an hour in speed with constant current. When the wind gets high, it has an effect similar to bearing down hard upon the strings of a violin with the bow and deadens the vibrations, causing the wires to oscillate slowly without producing any sound.

As those sounds are produced by feeble force they can be suppressed by light resistance. M. Rospighi, engineer of the Italian postal service, by stringing a wire one meter and a half long on a wooden frame has been able to make a damper which has proved successful when applied to the sounding wires.

Three hundred lectures will be delivered in Britain in the course of two months with the object of re-awakening British public interest in Canada.

SIMPLE CHARADES

Charades are a form of entertainment that has waxed, waned, and waxed again in popularity. At the present moment, as indoor amusements, they are winning a new vogue.

They are easily got-up affairs and provide fun both for the actors and the audience. One of their chief virtues is that they can be arranged to suit social gatherings of any size.

Let's suppose, for example, that the "party" is a small one of about twenty to twenty-five people. A half-dozen or so of this number go outside the room and select a word, each syllable of which represents a word on its own.

When the word is selected they can enter the room and act as many scenes as there are syllables in the word chosen. Each scene represents a syllable, and the final scene should represent the whole word.

At the end of this play in miniature the audience is left to guess what the chosen word was.

It is advisable to have some sort of stop-gap entertainment between the acts so that there will be no lulls and awkward pauses. Musical items to bridge over the intervals can be arranged.

Impromptu scenery and costumes are not a great difficulty to overcome. It is surprising how little is required to make up a play.

The charade can be made more baffling for the detectors if a variety of words with the same number of syllables as the chosen word is brought into the last act.

The various scenes need not be linked up by a cohesive story, but where possible this adds a fresh interest to the miming.

The more ridiculous the whole thing is the better fun will be got out of it. Stage "properties" are at hand in all houses, such as bed-covers, tablecloths, shawls, mufflers, old hats, soot, chairs, etc., etc.

There need be absolutely no expense whatever.

It is always advisable to agree upon the appointment of a stage-manager who is generally able to prevent any clashing of opinion as to how a certain act should be carried out.

The following words can be used for quite excellent little charades:—Articulate, arrowroot, bayonet, bracelet, careful, carpet, castaway, dormouse, dustman, earrings, eyeglass, firework, farewell, goodbye, kidnap, mistake, nightmare, sunshine, accident (axe-sea-dent), conflagration, nightingale, etc., etc.

The following specimen charade might be used as a model. The word chosen is "earrings."

Scene I.—Elderly gentleman reclining on couch, talking to his servant, says: "Oh, James, you might let me know what Smith said when he was leaving. I didn't catch it; my hearing isn't so good as it was."

James answers him in any fashion that suits the actor. Ring at bell, enter man who is announced by another servant as Dr. Jones.

The doctor takes the temperature of his patient and asks him how his ear is behaving. Further bye-play can be introduced by other visitors calling, and the word ear could be mentioned once again.

Scene II.—Wandering Jewish merchant selling jewellery. Several people stop him and buy something from him, it doesn't matter what.

Finally a young girl asks him what are the prices of his rings. She finds they are too dear, so is unable to buy them. The Jew vendor can be made to ring a bell to advertise his wares.

Scene III.—Lady is seen searching all over the room for something. Wears a worried expression. Servant comes in and mistress asks her if she has found any jewellery.

Servant says she has not, but asks what sort of jewellery. Her mistress replies: "Earrings." Servant sees them dangling from her mistress's ears and points out the fact.

Some further dialogue can be introduced to render the charade more obscure. As it stands at present it is a very simple one, but it will show what is wanted.

A well-acted charade can produce intense fun, and it is remarkable to see how keenly interested an audience can become in so apparently trivial an affair.

Children's Corner.

THE WISH THAT CAME TRUE

(By Roberta Symmes.)

Katherine was a little girl who had a great deal to make her happy and contented, but she was seldom satisfied, and was always wishing for something she did not have. Often, when there were pleasant things all about her, she was so busy wishing for something else, that she missed them altogether.

One warm morning she was shelling peas in the back porch for mother. She didn't want to do it, though she could easily have made a funny game out of it by playing the peas were little green men. As usual, Katherine was discontented, and was wishing she was down by the creek, playing with the other children. Steadily she shelled, and every time she opened a pod, the little round peas fell with a soft thud into the pan, and it made her a little sleepy. Presently she heard a pretty song overhead and, looking up, saw a bird on the branch of a tree near by. He held up his little head and trilled so joyously, that any one could see he must be very carefree and happy indeed.

That started Katherine to wishing anew. "Oh," she thought aloud, "how I do wish I was a bird—how lovely that would be. Nothing to do; no peas to shell; no school to go to—just to sing, and fly, and fly, and fly. Oh, what fun!" Thud, thud, thud went the peas into the pan, and, the day being warm besides, Katherine's head began to nod and her eyes to droop drowisly. She was suddenly startled by a queer, shrill, little voice close to her elbow—so close that she almost spilt all the peas. "Do you really mean that?" the voice asked.

"My goodness gracious!" exclaimed Katherine, very much startled. Looking around, she saw the most curious little fellow you can imagine. He was very tiny, his nose was turned up, his eyelashes were turned up, the toes of his shoes were turned up and his hair was sticking straight up on his head. Everything about him seemed growing upward.

"Who are you?" asked the puzzled little girl. "And where on earth did you come from?"

"One question at a time, please," said her funny visitor; "and that reminds me that you haven't answered the question I asked you."

"What was it?" asked Katherine.

"Whether you really wanted to be a bird."

"Oh, I do indeed!" she answered. "It would be lovely!" And she clasped her hands at the very thought.

"Well, then, your wish will be granted—and as soon as you desire!"

"Why, why," stammered bewildered Katherine, "people can't just turn into birds and things, except in story-books."

"Well," said her visitor, "it may seem impossible to you, but it is quite possible, as you will presently see. I am the Wishing Gnome, and my work is to listen to dissatisfied people and see that their wishes come true. Sometimes the mortals learn to regret their idle wishes. However, yours shall be granted."

Katherine was too astonished and excited to speak. The gnome clapped his hands, and a tiny sandalwood box appeared out of the air. He opened it, and it was filled with what looked like dried rose-leaves.

"Take one," he said, "and eat it!" She obediently did so, wondering what strange thing would happen next.

The rose-leaf had a funny taste, and after a few moments it made her feel very light, and she began to float upward, until presently she found herself on the branch of a tree. She saw that she was covered with soft feathers, and that she really had wings. This was an amazing discovery, and then she knew that she was no longer a little girl. Her wish had been granted, and the Wishing Gnome had disappeared.

Now she was a bird, and might fly where she would. She felt very happy. She spread out her new wings and flew, and flew, and flew. Over green fields she passed, and shady woods, and the meadows where she so often had played. It was lovely, but by and by she was tired, and perched on a bough to rest, and then she found that she was dreadfully hungry.

What was she to eat? She knew birds ate worms, and she could not do that; no, not if she died of hunger. She began to think of the good things mother was preparing for dinner at home. There would be a nice brown, juicy roast, and hot buttered Sally Lunns, and creamed potatoes, and pudding with raisins, and, of course, those peas; but it made her so hungry to think of them, that she tried to forget, and spread her wings and flew away again.

This time she happened to rest on a branch just above the creek where her two sisters, Hilda and Marjorie, and little brother Johnnie were playing. They were having a beautiful time; and suddenly she remembered that she could not ever play with them any more, because she was no longer a little girl. She called to them, "Tweet! tweet!" but they did not even look up. It made her want to cry.

The day wore on, and she grew hungrier every minute. She tried to eat some grain that dropped from a farmer's bag, but it was so hard, she couldn't. If only she had a glass of good cool milk and a big slice of bread she had so often grumbled over!

Presently the sun went down, long shadows crept over the meadow, and she knew that very soon it would be dark. The birds began to twitter in the trees, sleepily, and Katherine wished very much for her little white bed at home—the same little bed that she had so often wished she didn't have to go to. She didn't understand what the birds were talking about, and she felt very lonely and afraid. When it grew very dark indeed, she flew back to where she had lived when she was a little girl. The lights were all lit, and looked very cheery streaming out through the open windows. Mother was busy preparing supper, Johnnie was eating his bread and milk and Hilda and Marjorie were curled up in the window-seat reading fairy-tales. How she wished now that she could be just a plain, every-day little girl again! If she could only find the Wishing Gnome and ask him to change her back into Katherine Gray!

Just then she felt a touch on her arm, and she thought gladly, "Oh, here he is now!" and then a voice said, "Hurry up, dear, or we shall have no peas for dinner!"

Katherine rubbed her eyes, and opened them. She could scarcely believe what she saw, for there in her lap was the pan of peas, half shelled, and there—oh, joy!—stood mother. She could smell the raisin pudding. Why then she must have been asleep and only dreamed it after all. Very happily, she finished shelling the peas for dinner!—The Congregationalist.

You don't have to
No, but I will

A FROWN AND A SMILE

(By Theodosia P. Garrison.)

Such a silly little, foolish little, naughty little frown—
Too small to do the slightest harm, you'd think,
Yet the naughty little frown frowned the nursery pleasure down,
And made a pleasant room as black as ink.

Nurse scolded—Jamie sighed—
Kitten ran and baby cried—
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true,)
Every smile was blotted out
With that naughty frown about—
Just think how much a little frown can do!

Such a pleasant little, happy little, jolly little smile—
Too small to do the slightest bit of good, you'd say,
Yet that happy little smile kept the nursery all the while
As cheerful as the sunshine and as gay.

Nurse was singing like a bird—
Baby cooed and kitten purred—
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true,)
Everywhere that small smile went
It brought pleasure and content—
Just think how much a little smile can do!

PICCOLA

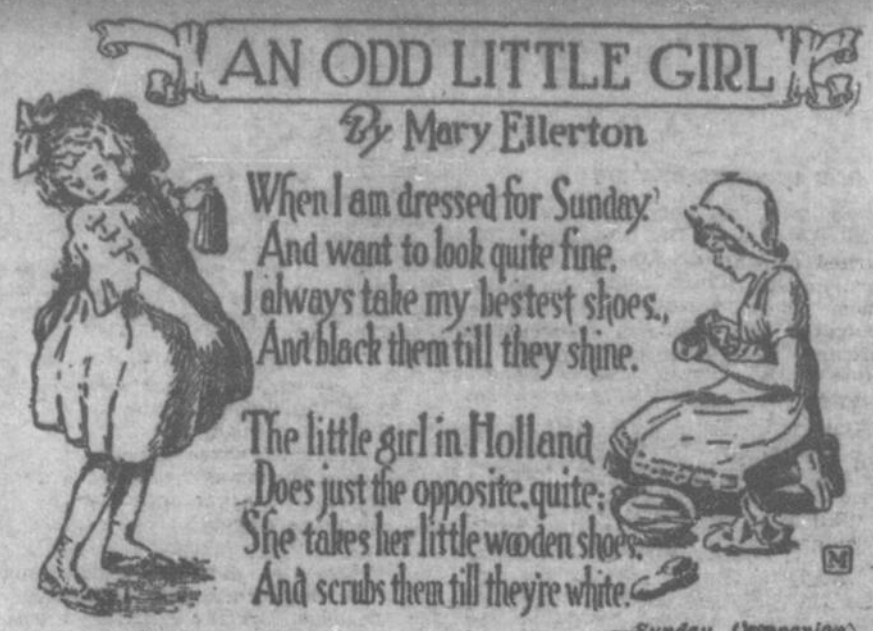
Piccola was a little girl who lived in a country named France, which is away across the sea. Her father and her mother worked very hard, for they were very poor. They could not afford to buy beautiful books and toys such as you have, for their little girl, although Piccola was just as fond of such things as you are. She didn't have a toy of any kind. But Christmas was near and she felt sure that something beautiful would happen to every child on Christmas day. She hoped that Santa Claus would bring her something with which she could play.

As Christmas drew nearer she became more anxious. At last Christmas Eve came. She didn't hang up her stocking as you do on Christmas Eve, but she put her wooden shoe by the fireplace. All the poor people in her country wore wooden shoes. While she was putting her shoe in what she thought was the best place, her father and her mother looked on. But they were not joyful as Piccola was. They felt sad because they hadn't anything to put into the shoe. The mother thought to herself: "Oh, if I had only a little cake to put into it!" She knew how disappointed Piccola would be in the morning if she found the shoe empty.

When Piccola was satisfied with the placing of the shoe, she went to bed. I suspect that she felt just as you would feel on Christmas Eve, that she could hardly wait until the morning came.

She slept soundly all night, and just as daylight came she awoke. Then she jumped out of bed and ran to her shoe. When she had peeped into the shoe, she clapped her hands and shouted and danced for joy. What do you think she found in it? There was a little live bird in it! It was a little sparrow that had flown against the window during the night; the window was open, so it flew inside. It was shivering with cold, and the first thing that it did was to search for a warm place. It found Piccola's little wooded shoe which felt warm, so it gladly crept into it.

Piccola then hastened to bring her father and mother to see what she had found. You may be sure that they rejoiced over it, too. As Piccola petted, and warmed, and fed the bird, she said again and again, "This is the best kind of a toy, for it is a live one."—The Educational Review.



BASIL'S CLEVER TRICK

Avis is a little girl whose home is in the great city of London. Every morning she goes to school in charge of her great St. Bernard dog, Basil, who walks proudly at her side, waving his bushy tail majestically, and never deigning to glance at the little street curs, who express their opinion of his state by short barks of derision. A crowded thoroughfare has to be crossed each day, and Avis has taught Basil to run ahead a few steps and bark loudly at the policeman, whose duty it is to stop all traffic until the foot passengers are safely over.

One morning Avis awoke with a sore throat, and her mother would not allow her to go to school. But Basil, whose throat was not sore, saw no reason why he should be deprived of his usual morning walk; and at the accustomed hour he slipped quietly away. With his usual grand air he walked down the street until he came to the crossing.

The policeman stood in the middle of the road, which was packed with omnibuses, hacks, and hansoms. At the sound of his familiar bark he held up his baton, and immediately the crowded 'buses and the other vehicles were drawn up solidly in line.

In response to the wave of his hand, who should step out on the crossing but Basil? He made his way deliberately across to the opposite sidewalk, apparently quite unaware that he was doing a most unusual thing for a dog, while the omnibus drivers, the passengers, and the dazed policeman burst into a hearty laugh as they realized how, unconsciously, the knowing dog had tricked them all.—Our Animal Friends.

"Say it with subscriptions."
You don't have to—but you will

KINKYTAIL'S LESSON

(By Marian Churchill Graves.)

Once there was a little pig who was very careless. His name was really Kinkytail, but everyone called him Slobberheels, which, as anyone may see, is not a very nice name. Even Kinkytail's mother, who loved her little pig very dearly, did not use his right name. But she called him Slobberheels just because she wanted to break him of his bad habits, while everyone else called him that name because they thought he deserved it.

Such a trial as that Slobberheels was to Mother Pig. She had been brought up to be a careful, clean pig, and she tried to bring up her children in the same way. The Master of the farm always saw that the pig house and pen were built on nice hard ground covered with a foot or more of clean shavings. Every night in hot weather he sprinkled the shavings with cool water. With a tub of clean drinking water and a vat of bathing water in the pen there was no need for any pig to roll in the mud to get cool, as sometimes pigs must do when their masters do not give them plenty of water and shavings. But Slobberheels rooted and rooted with his little nose until he made deep holes through the shavings to the ground. Then he ran off and forgot all about the holes he had made. When the Master sprinkled the shavings the water settled where the little pig had rooted, and made mudholes. Every morning Slobberheels ran wildly out of the pig house without trying to be a bit careful about where he was going, and nearly always he tumbled splash into a mudhole and got himself all muddy and dirty. And the worst of it was that he never seemed to care how dirty he got. He just would not be careful.

"When I was a young pig, Slobberheels," said Mother Pig, "The Master took me to a County Fair, and I won First Prize and came home that night wearing a blue ribbon. I know that the reason I won the Prize was because I was neat and healthy. The Master was very proud of me when everyone spoke of what a clean-looking pig I was, but no one could ever be proud of you."

Pinkywhite, Slobberheels' sister, and Rootynose, his brother, were not careless like Slobberheels. Their mother never had to say, "Oh, do be careful now," when they ate their meals, for they did not plunge into the food trough and splash themselves and all their family with the whey they were eating. And they never wallowed in a mudhole and then jumped in the family bathtub and muddied the water for everyone else as Slobberheels did.

One morning Peggy, the Master's little girl, came out to the pig house.

"Who ever said piggywigs were dirty?" she cried as she took plump little Pinky-white in her arms. "Pinky is as clean as a kitten and so is Rooty. But what has become of Kinky? I thought he was the dearest little pig I ever saw."

Just then Slobberheels thrust his scratched, dirty face out of the door of the pig house.

"Oh, oh!" cried Peggy, "that can't be Kinkytail, that old Slobberheels! We can't take such a pig as that to the Fair, but let's take Mother Pig with her other little ones."

So they were put in a big box and rode away with Peggy and the Master, and Slobber was left behind all alone. When he saw that he couldn't get out of his pen he went off in a corner and thought and thought. And the longer he thought the more he knew he had been a careless, dirty pig. So he took a good bath and then lay down on the clean shavings to wait for his family to come home.

When they came home they wore pretty blue ribbons, and Kinky wished he had one, too.—Child's Hour.

You don't have to—but you will
"Say it with subscriptions."

THE HASTY WORD

Many a hasty word is spoken,
Many a cruel word is said,
But we never seem to know it
Till the ones we loved are dead.

Then as thorns they come to pierce us,
And like serpents bite us sore,
In the night they come to wound us
When our loved ones hear no more.

Don't forget to say you're sorry,
Don't forget to say, "Forgive!"
While the wounded hearts can hear it,
Say it bravely while they live.

—A. A. M.

The story of the Witness is either a great big bluff—or it is unique in the annals of journalism, and the Witness a mighty force for righteousness.

In the latter case it will naturally arouse your active co-operation.

BABY DISFIGURED WITH ECZEMA

In Blisters. Itched and Burned. Cuticura Heals.

"My nephew's face and hands were badly disfigured with eczema. He was only three weeks old when it broke out in blisters, and the skin was sore and red. It caused itching, burning and loss of sleep, and the child was so worrisome. He could rest neither day nor night.

"I was advised to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using three cakes of Soap and three boxes of Ointment he was entirely healed." (Signed) Miss Mary Warr, Youngs Cove, New Brunswick.

Make Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum your daily toilet preparations.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura, Dept. 24A St. Paul St., W., Montreal." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Dannie's Choice

(By Anna Brabbam Osborne in "The Classmate")

(Continued.)

Quickly the news flew about the town. Little Dannie was going to die and Big Dan had gone to the meeting. Women turned pale and shuddered. Conservative men looked at each other with grave askance. Then Number Five labored in, chugging her way to a standstill at the entrance of the Gap, filled from lip to lip, true to Edgar's prophecy. And not a snowplow in sight.

Out onto the station platform poured the passengers. The ebullient little family going to grandpa's soon forgot their troubles in a snow fight.

"But say," insisted Edgar, "we gotta get through. We've got a date. And the house is all sold out."

"Not as badly as it would have been sold out if you-all had got there," ungraciously from the travelling salesman. He was taking his own disappointment hard. Maybe it eased things a bit to "take it out" on the College Four.

"But it really is a matter of life and death in my case," urged Dr. Stillwell to the station agent; "can't anything be done to get the snowplow here? You see, I am going to Webster City to perform an emergency operation. In twenty-four hours it will be too late."

The station agent assured him that everything was being done to open up traffic. The storm was general and the plows were needed everywhere. Wires were down and they couldn't find out just how matters stood, but it was certain tthat the road would be open just as soon as possible.

A boy, slight of figure, shivering in his thin, out-grown coat, his bare, roughened hands thrust for warmth into its pockets, was all eyes and ears to these happenings on the station platform. He caught these words of the great doctor's "operate within twenty-four hours." Without stopping to make up a speech, he pushed to the side of the professional man with the spiked beard and the shell-rimmed spectacles.

"Say, mister," he began fearlessly without preface, "you kin operate right here. There's the best kid in the world goin' to die if they don't git him operated upon inside of twenty-four hours."

Dr. Stillwell wheeled upon freckled, sorrel-topped Mickey. The thing that Dr. Stillwell loved most was to use his skill to save life, and the thing he hated most was inactivity. So if he could not get on to Webster City and must wait here some hours and there was work to do here— He was soon questioning Mickey closely. Then he was on his way to the little brown house on the flat, the station loungers leading the way, even the College Four taking a hand at the shovelling—they hated inactivity, too—that cleared a path for him.

Dannie's sorrow-stricken mother clutched at the chance. She raised just one fearful query: the fee. The world-famous surgeon was rather beyond the purse of a factory man, even when he was set right down at his door.

But Dr. Stillwell brushed that aside. "Bother the fee," he said. "There won't be any. It will be Dannie's Christmas present. And speed is the word. We haven't any time to lose. You have the city water?" he questioned. He was not minded to take risks with possibly impure water.

The doctor was not well pleased to find the water supply of the little brown house was a barrel outside the kitchen door, into which an occasional pan of snow was emptied.

"But you have electric light," affirmed the doctor with satisfaction, turning the unresponsive key of a swinging bulb. "But there are lights in the town," wonderingly looking out at the blurred radiance of the lights that were beginning to show through the snowy air of the wintry afternoon in the town beyond.

Mickey, who had someway managed to be among those who crowded into the little brown house, was quick to the breach with a full explanation of the situation that might not have stood the tests of clear and concise English; but it was adequate, for the doctor understood the situation perfectly before he had even finished the narration.

Singling out Edgar, of the College Four, who had also managed to be among those present in the little brown house, Dr. Stillwell issued definite orders. "Son," he rapped out, "you find me a place in this man's town where there is furnace heat, city water, and electric lights, where this little fellow can be received for operation. And have a closed car at the door within half an hour."

"Yes, sir." Edgar touched his forehead at salute and looked appealingly at Mickey.

Mickey, taken aback by the turn of events, stared for a minute and tried to swallow his Adam's apple. What house on the hill was there where the flat could ask for favors?

"Might try old J. B.," retorted Mickey. "If we could get Miss Edith—" He signaled to Edgar and they were away.

At the telephone in the little feed store, where Mickey had led him, Edgar called up J. B. Hadley's residence—J. B. Hadley, capitalist and factory owner, with whom rested the prosperity of all Belton.

"Why, certainly," responded a clear, girlish voice when Edgar had poured his story into the mouthpiece.

"It is Miss Edith! It is Miss Edith!" danced Mickey, who had pressed near enough to get both sides of the conversation.

"You will have to get the streets open for the car," the voice went on. "We will send the limousine just as soon as there is an open road."

"Hurrah! Three cheers for Miss Edith! Merry Christmas!" capered Mickey, throwing his worn cap into the air. "Will we open the streets? I'll tell the world we will!"

And they did. In an incredibly short time the forces were mobilized. Many a passenger from the Limited took a place in line. The travelling salesman found himself foreman of a gang that shoveled lustily. The College Four showed that they had muscles as well as voices. Inside the half-hour designated by Dr. Stillwell the Hadley limousine, heated and fitted up like an ambulance, stood at the door of the little brown house. At the same time a detail struggled up from the station with the doctor's baggage, which was the emergency surgeon's kit that was to have been in use by this time saving a life in Webster City.

News of all this came to Big Dan at the meeting. The momentous question was just being put to vote. Big Dan's grim presence, and his allowing the clinching arguments of the agitators to pass unchallenged, swept away the last of the scruples of the meeeting. They were ready for the vote.

Then Mickey came to Big Dan, his eyes wide with his news. It took all his powers as raconteur to get the story "over" to Big Dan, hampered as he was by the necessity of reaching past Bill Snyder and whispering in Big Dan's ear.

But the salient astounding facts finally sank in for Big Dan. Dr. Stillwell was one of the storm-held passengers of the Limited. He was going to operate on little Dannie. They had taken him to J. B. Hadley's house in the Hadley limousine.

Big Dan was out of the hall, falling down the stairs, rushing through the streets, and charging up the hill, Mickey panting along by his side, adding particulars about the great event.

It was J. B. himself who received Big Dan. They met not as capital and labor, employer and employee, but as fellow men and fathers. It was not the strike and its issues that lay between them, but little Dannie and his fight for life.

"He is under the anaesthetic," whispered J. B. Hadley, laying a sympathetic hand on Big Dan's arm and leading him into the cosy living room, with its open fire, deep chairs, and book-lined walls. He placed Big Dan in a leather chair, built for a man of his size, near the fire.

Dan sank down, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands. There was nothing to do but to wait. Silence reigned in the room. Once Big Dan raised his head and croaked in a voice gruff with emotion, "I want you to know that I know this is mighty white of you folks."

"That's all right, Dan. That's all right." J. B. waved it aside. "Belton can't afford to lose boys like little Dannie." Again the silence fell.

After what seemed an age or two, a soft step sounded in the hall. Miss Edith, starry-eyed, appeared in the door-way. "It is over. He has come out of the ether and he will live. He wants to see his father." To Big Dan, "You may go up for a minute."

Big Dan leaped up the stairs two steps at a time. When he came down he picked up his old felt hat from the hall-seat where he had dropped it and stood fumbling it, while J. B. looked his pleasure at the turn of affairs from the living-room door.

"I won't forget this in a hurry," stammered Big Dan. "If you could open the factory the day after Christmas, I can guarantee that all of the operatives will come back at the old terms."

J. B. considered this a minute. "There is just one condition I would have to impose, Dan, and that is that you see that Westervelt and Kroner leave town. I've known quite well where to lay the blame for all the trouble."

"They will be out of town inside of an hour, trains or no trains, storm or no storm," gritted Big Dan.

"Wait a minute," called Miss Edith, running down the stairs.

Dan waited, thinking there was a bulletin from the sick room. Miss Edith went up to her father and whispered in his ear.

"Yes, you may tell him," said J. B., turning into the living room.

Edith approached Big Dan, her eyes shining. "You may tell the operatives, if they are going back to work, that there will be bonuses because of the splendid output of the factory the past few months. We were just figuring them when the men walked out on strike. They will be distributed to-morrow morning for Christmas presents." Then she turned and flew up the stairs.

Big Dan got out of the house some way. On the steps he looked around dazed. The snow had stopped and the stars were shining brightly. "Bonuses," he breathed, "and it might have been bombs!"

A figure came tearing toward the steps. It was Edgar. "Has Dr. Stillwell finished?" he demanded. "The plows have come and the Gap is almost clear. The train pulls out in about half an hour."

Then over his shoulder as he waited for the maid to answer his ring, he grinned at the man on the steps. "It's going to be a white Christmas, all right."

"A white Christmas!" breathed Big Dan under his breath; "and it might have been the blackest one that ever came to the Gap."

Then he hurried away. He had work to do in the next half hour.

When the Limited was ready to pull out, the rosy faces of the little family going to grandpa's were pressed against the windowpane. "We are goin' to get there in time to hang up our stockings," exulted the little five-year-old.

Said Dr. Stillwell, snappin. shut his watch with satisfaction. "We are going to make Webster City in plenty of time yet."

"Yes, sir," agreed Edgar complacently, "when the curtain goes up at eight, the College Four will be right there behind it."

The travelling salesman settled into his section corner and grinned amiably at the world at large. "That was all right, doctor," he said, smiling up at Dr. Stillwell, "what you said about a white Christmas. This is going to be about the whitest on record."

But the Limited was delayed a few minutes longer. Shouts from the street h ld it. Two posses of men about storm centers of struggling arms and tossing black hair were making their way toward the train. A minute more and two dishevelled men were hurled into the baggage car while Big Dan gave the trainmen an explanation and directions. Westervelt and Kroner were leaving Belton for good.

The End.

You don't have to
No, but I will

HAVE YOU CHOSEN YOUR CROWD?

"No," said David Donaldson, with decision, "I won't go into the church. You're right yourself, Fred. If church members were all like you, it would be different. But I can't stand the hypocrites you've got in with you. Look across the street; there goes Doctor Jamison—a long-faced praying scoundrel, and everyone knows I'd rather stay on the outside than associate with such men."

At the next corner his companion turned. "Let's go down Fort Street," he suggested.

David drew back. "What for?" he ejaculated. "That's not an agreeable walk, if you ask me."

"O, just a little way. We've plenty of time."

In silence they walked two or three blocks. Then they came to the worst place in all the hideous length of Fort Street. A drunken woman staggered from a crumbling shed marked "saloon." Two men were brawling loudly on the corner. Little children playing at marbles were fighting and swearing as the game went on. A coarse-voiced man was beating a decrepit horse because it could not pull its load.

The young men walked silently along and their faces showed the disgust they felt. At last Fred waved his hand toward the street, abounding with its unclean life.

"David," he said, "I like you; you're a good fellow. If everyone outside the church were like you, I might stay out myself. Perhaps I could be as good a Christian as in. But I can't stand the rest of your bunch. Look at those men and women, those children, Dave; I haven't much use for your outside set. They are low, they are indecent, they are inhuman. You are all right, but I can't stand that part of your crowd."

David turned upon his friend in anger. Was he to be thrown in with that riffraff? Then he paused. After all, was his friend Fred a genuine, sincere Christian, to be counted in with the hypocrites inside the church? He laid his hand on his friend's arm and smiled.

"Your point is well taken, old chap," he said. "If you've put it that way, I admit that in spite of your hypocrites you people inside the church have got the best of us outside. I'll go with you next Sunday."—Selected.

Get Rid of Roaches

Roaches and bedbugs can be controlled by the scattering of liberal quantities of sodium fluoride in the parts of the house frequented by them, especially the dark corners. Be sure that plenty is placed around drain pipes and under baseboards where large cracks are found. Shoot the powder behind baseboards or in cracks with a powder gun and use plenty. Sodium fluoride is poisonous and should be used with caution where children will come in contact with it or where it will get on food.

In conducting a roach campaign it is a good plan to investigate the other buildings in the neighborhood, as roaches are active and travel from one house to another, so that in ridding a house, the work is useless if they are coming from other places.

"Say it with subscriptions."

A renewal of the French Government's promise that the Washington naval treaties would shortly be brought before the Chamber for debate, was made on Thursday by the minister of marine during a discussion of the naval estimates for the next year.

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

A well-known conductor was condemning a musical critic.

"When I read his criticisms," said he, "it makes me think of a young woman for whom I played 'The Moonlight Sonata.'"

"'I like that,' she said when I had finished. 'It's new, isn't it?'

"'Why,' I said, 'it's Beethoven. Surely you knew Beethoven was dead.'

"'No,' said the young woman. 'I didn't even know he was ill.'"

Bobbie: "It's my turn to have Caesar on my lap now, Doris."
Doris: "Don't be silly, Bobbie. Boys don't have laps."

—London Gaiety.

"Hobson is facing a serious charge." "Why, what crime has he committed?" "No crime. He's gazing at his coal bill which has just come in."

A page boy went the round of the hotel in search of a member. "Mr. Mackintosh! Mr. Mackintosh!" he called. Then from the depths of an armchair a voice replied questioningly: "Vat is der Kerischtian name, my poy?"

Young Jones, who had got on very well in London, was entertaining his mother and father from the old village home.

On Sunday morning he took them to church. He was not at all ashamed of their homely looks, but drew the line at his father's lusty singing.

As they walked home the young man spoke his mind.

"Look here, dad," he said, "if we go again tonight, don't sing quite so loud. You had everybody in church staring at you this morning."

"I'm sorry, 'Arold, but it couldn't be helped," answered the old man, seriously. "You see, if I 'adn't 'ighered my voice, so to speak, they'd 'a 'eard your mother."

The Unknown Wrestler

By H. A. Cody.

(Copyright, McLelland & Stewart, Publishers.)

(Synopsis of Opening Chapters)

While Douglas Stanton stood watching the crowds surge past a blind fiddler and his daughter, he saw two young men lurch against the girl and scatter the few pennies she had collected from the passers-by. Instantly Douglas confronted one youth and so intimidated him that he was glad to apologize. Taking the fiddle Douglas then played until he had collected a large sum for his proteges. He then disappeared. Going down to the dock-side he was just in time to see a young woman pushed into the water by her angry lover. Jumping in, Douglas kept her afloat until the coastguard came to their assistance and rescued them both. Returning to St. Margarets, Douglas was met by his rector, Dr. Rannage, who upbraided the curate for being late. Douglas, who has handed in his resignation, is presented with a cheque for one hundred dollars by the vestry, but he refuses to accept it. During tea at the house of a friend he announces his intention of going to Rixton, "a very hard parish."

(Continued)

Douglas made no reply to these words but went on with his dinner. It was only when he and Mr. Garton were comfortably ensconced in big chairs in the library, that Douglas referred to the subject which had been abruptly dropped.

"Do you know much about Rixton?" he asked.

"Quite a bit from heresay. It's a queer community, so I understand, and the Church has had a mightly hard struggle there."

"What's wrong with it, anyway?"

"I can't exactly say. But no clergyman has been able to hold his own there for years. It may have been their fault, and perhaps if the right man goes to the parish, things might be all right. I wish to goodness you were going anywhere else than to Rixton. I wonder what the Bishop is thinking about to send you to that place."

"Merely because he thinks that I know the ways of such people, as I was brought up in the country."

"We want you here in the city, though," said Garton.

"But Dr. Rannage and the majority of the people of St. Margaret's don't want me. They are delighted to think that I am going."

"Yes, so I understand, confound their skins! They want some little snipper-snapper who can dance attendance upon all the pink-teas that are held, and shine in social circles."

"I could not suit them," Douglas slowly explained, "because the spirit of adventure runs in my veins. I would like to be a prospector or an explorer, and launch out into the unknown. As soon as I entered the Ministry, I looked around for some untouched field in which to enter. The complex life along the water-front appealed to me more than the conventional work in St. Margaret's. There are great opportunities there, especially during the winter season. But, alas! my plans have been overturned, and I must give it all up. I have often thought of the mission field, and when an opening occurs I hope to go. At present the parish of Rixton is without a clergyman, and most likely it will remain so for some time unless I go. It is a very difficult parish, so I understand, and it accordingly appeals to me. I am quite curious to know just what is the trouble, and in what way it is different from other country districts. Have you any idea?"

"It is somewhat of a puzzle to me," Garton replied. "It really should be an ideal parish, for nearly all of the people belong to our Church. Mr. Stubbles himself is a member, and senior warden, so I believe."

"You know him, then?"

"Yes, in a way. I have had some business dealings with him, and incidentally I have talked with him about Church affairs at Rixton. He has always seemed greatly interested."

"And he laid the blame, I suppose, upon the clergymen?"

"Invariably. He said they did not understand country people, and could not adapt themselves to their ways, but held severely aloof."

"There must be some other cause," Douglas mused, "and I must find out what it is."

"When do you expect to go?" Garton enquired.

"Tomorrow."

"What! so soon? Why not take a holiday? You certainly need it, if anyone does."

"I have asked for two months. I told the Bishop this afternoon that only on that understanding would I take charge of Rixton."

"But you have just told me that you are going there tomorrow!" Garton exclaimed.

Douglas laughed.

"Look here, old man, I have a plan, and I want to tell it to you, if you promise that you will not speak of it to any one except your wife. I know she will keep the secret."

"And I guess I can, too," Garton assented. "I keep a good many for my clients, and one more will not overburden me."

"I am going to spend my vacation in Rixton," Douglas explained. "What do you think of that?"

"What do you mean?" Garton asked in surprise.

"Simply that I am going there as an ordinary farmhand and work for my living for two months."

"Good gracious!" Garton was so astonished at this revelation that he knocked the ashes from his cigar over his clothes. "Are you going crazy, Stanton? What will the Bishop and the people of Rixton think of such a thing?"

"They are not to know anything about it until it is all over. You and Mrs. Garton will be the only ones who will be aware of this freak of mine, so if I get killed, you might give me a decent burial."

"Suppose in case of your death it should be considered wilful suicide, what then?" Garton asked, while an amused twinkle shone in his eyes. "We won't be able to get any one to read the Burial Service over you."

"Oh, I don't believe it will be as bad as that. The people won't know that I am a clergyman, and they will not think it worth while to bother a farm-hand. I shall be just plain John Handyman to them, and nothing more."

"What put such a notion into your head, anyhow?" Garton enquired.

"I wish to learn what is wrong with the parish of Rixton," was the reply. "I want to get down to bedrock, so to speak, and find out just what is the trouble."

"But how will your going as a farm-hand help you?"

"I shall have a better chance to see things in their true light. If I go as a clergyman, people will naturally be somewhat suspicious of me, and will say things behind my back which they will not say to my face. But John Handyman will be of little account in their estimation, and they will express their views in his presence freely and openly."

"Does it not seem like taking a mean advantage of them?" Garton queried.

"I can't see it that way. I wish to diagnose that parish and find out what is the trouble. There is a serious disease of some kind there, and unless I know what it is before taking charge I may make all kinds of mistakes, and thus render the work more difficult. If, in this way, I can accomplish my object and do good to the people of Rixton, I cannot see how I shall be taking a mean advantage of them. If the fault has been with the clergymen who have been there, I want to know it; but if the people are to blame, I want to know that as well."

"I see you believe in understanding the people among whom you work," Garton remarked.

"Certainly. It seems to me that too many of our clergy do not understand their parishioners, especially so in country districts. It was not always so, but changes have taken place in recent years. How well I remember my old rector, the one whose life I so revere, and principally through whose influence my mind was first turned toward the Ministry. He was a saint, if ever there was one, and he looked well after his flock. He knew his people intimately, not merely officially, but in a sympathetic and loving way. He knew them all by name, even to the smallest child. Their concerns were his, and he entered into their joys and sorrows as one of them, and not as a mere outsider. Why, it was wonderful how much he knew about farming, stock-raising, and such like. He could talk as intelligently to the men about their farms as he could to the women about their children. He was one of them; he loved them and they knew it."

Douglas' eyes shone as he thus bore testimony to the worth of his old rector, and when he suddenly ceased he sat gazing straight before him as if he beheld a vision.

"Is he living yet?" Garton asked.

"No, he died years ago, when I was about seventeen."

"He must have been a remarkable man."

"He certainly was, and his was the model parish in the whole diocese."

"Is it the same now?"

An angly light suddenly leaped into Douglas' eyes, as he turned them upon his companion's face.

"No, it is not the same," he slowly replied. "The parish has gone to pieces, and the changes which have taken place there make my heart ache."

"Why, what has been the cause?" Garton enquired.

"It is due to the men who were sent there after the death of my old rector. The first man who went had no patience with the people in their loyalty to his predecessor, and he could not bear to hear them tell of the work which had been done in the past. He became jealous, said sharp things, and turned the people against him. The next man took no interest in the things which concern an agricultural people. He openly said that he hated farming, and that he was only staying in the parish until he could get a better one. He moved on after he had driven a number of members from the Church. The third was not satisfied with the services, so he introduced many things which were distasteful to the people, especially the older members. He is there yet, but there is a sad division in the parish, and he has only a very small following. Those three men could not understand the people among whom they worked. I do not want to make the same mistake at Rixton, and so I am going to spy out the land."

"Oh, you'll make out all right," Garton replied. "You'll have no trouble. Get on the good side of Stubbles, and he'll see you through. You can't afford to lose the support of such a man as that, who has so great an influence in Rixton. Anyway, if you need help, bank on me. I am always at your service. I'll bring my whole battalion to your assistance. Just send for Col. Garton of the 65th, and he'll be there with his men in no time. But, say, there's Kit at the piano; let's go and have one more good sing together, and forget all about disagreeable Church matters for the present."

CHAPTER V.
Put to The Test

There was a special reason why Douglas Stanton walked slowly along the road leading from the railway station through the parish of Rixton. It was a warm, beautiful evening, and the magnificent scenery so appealed to him that he had not the heart to hurry. How good it was to be away from the noise and dust of the city! Here he could breathe the pure, fresh air, listen to the music of the birds, and rest his eyes upon meadows, flowers and trees. He felt at home, and the spirit of childhood days possessed him. He longed to wade in every brook he saw, and roll in the grass by the side of the road.

He had walked about five miles and was somewhat tired, as he was carrying a large bag over his shoulder, and his precious violin case under his arm. He was no longer dressed in his clerical garb, but was plain John Handyman in rough work-a-day clothes. He enquired the way from several people he met, and these had looked with curiosity upon the bag and box he was carrying.

"Huntin' for work, eh?" the last man he had accosted asked. "Well, Jake Jukes wants a man in the worst way. Heard him say so last night. He lives about half a mile further on. Ye can't mistake the place, for it's just across the road from the rectory."

"How will I know the rectory when I come to it?" Douglas enquired.

"Oh, ye can't mistake it very well. It is a big house with shutters on the windows, and tall grass all around. It's been closed up for about a year now."

This was just the information Douglas needed, and thanking the man, he moved on his way. Presently, the road dipped into a wooded valley, and part way down the hill, Douglas espied a large barrel overflowing with clear, sparkling water. Stopping, he opened his bag and drew forth a small tin cup. This he filled with water, and then withdrew a short distance among the trees and sat down upon a mossy ground. Mrs. Garton had thoughtfully provided him with a generous lunch, and this he now opened and spread out before him. He was hungry, so the sandwiches and cold meat seemed the best he had ever tasted. There was a piece of pie, as well as cake, for dessert, and what more could a king desire? he asked himself. How delightful it was to lie there and rest in such a quiet place. He was free to come and go as he wished, and not shackled by any rules of conventional life. Why spend his time in the service of others, when his efforts were either misunderstood or not appreciated? He was tired of being dictated to, and told what to do. He was just as able to look after his own affairs as the Bishop and Dr. Rannage. They did not care a snap for him, neither did the Church, for that matter. He was but a fly on one of the wheels of the great ecclesiastical machine, and counted for nothing.

Such thoughts appealed to Douglas more than ever before, and he meditated upon them as he once more continued on his way. He had been trained to look with suspicion upon people who held such views, but now he realised how attractive they were, and worthy of more careful consideration. Life, after all, was not summed up in the books he had studied, nor in the knowledge he had acquired while at college. No, there was the great world all around him, and why should he go through it fettered in soul, mind and body?

Thinking thus he came to the rectory. The gate leading into the yard was closed. This he pushed open, entered, and walked around the house. Signs of neglect and decay were most apparent. The building had not been painted for years, and the shingles on the roof were in a bad condition. Grass and weeds ran riot right up to the very windows. He tried both the front and back doors but they were fastened.

Amidst this scene of desolation, Douglas stood and looked out over the land connected with the rectory. There were several acres, sloping gently to the river about two hundred yards away. Trees lined the shore, and his attention was especially attracted to one large elm which towered gracefully above its fellows. Only a small part of the land surrounding the rectory had been cultivated. The rest, which had been used for pasturage, was covered with small bushes. Several apple trees stood back of the house, but these had not been trimmed for years, and the bark and moss were thick upon their trunks. "My, how I would like to get to work upon this place," Douglas thought, as he moved over toward the small orchard. "They seem to be good trees, and when once well scraped and their tops thinned out, they should bear well. Why, a man with some knowledge of farming could make a comfortable living in a few years on such a place as this."

Near the orchard was a barn, with the two big doors off their hinges, having been injured evidently by the wind. There was nothing in the barn except a pile of old hay lying upon the floor. "That looks good to me," Douglas mused. "I shall have a soft bed tonight, anyway. It is getting dark, and I might as well stay here as anywhere. I wonder what the people of this parish would say if they knew that their future clergyman is occupying the rectory barn. He might have a worse place, though, and perhaps he may before he is through."

Douglas was tired and slept soundly. The night was warm, and his coat was all the covering he needed. It seemed to him that he had been sleeping but a short time when he was awakened by a strange and yet familiar noise. Opening his eyes, he could not for a moment imagine where he was. Before him, and just outside the door, a herd of cattle was trooping past. They were much startled to see a man lying in the barn, and several of them had given vent to coarse bellows as they stood staring in upon him. Presently he heard a man's voice shouting to the cattle to "git along out of that. What's the matter with ye, anyway?" Then a stick was hurled at them, which caused them to scamper away. Soon the man appeared, and when he saw what had caused the commotion among the cattle, he, too, stood and stared in amazement for a few seconds. Then he took several steps forward, and held up the stout stick he was carrying in his hand.

"Hi, what are ye doin' there?" he demanded.

"Haven't you eyes to see for yourself?" Douglas asked in reply.

"But don't ye know that this is private property?"

"That's just the reason I'm here. It's so very private that it suits me fine."

"You have no business sleepin' in this barn."

"I'm not sleeping. I am as wide awake as you are. Do you own this place?"

"No, but I have charge of it. It's Church property, and as I live jist across the road, I have been asked to keep an eye over it an' put all intruders off."

Douglas liked the appearance of this fellow, notwithstanding his pugnacious manner. He had an honest face, and bright blue eyes, in whose depths lurked a merry twinkle. He took it for granted that this was Jake Jukes who wanted a farm hand.

"Come and put me off, then," Douglas quietly remarked, as he rose slowly to his feet. "I am anxious for a little excitement. It will give me an appetite for my breakfast."

"Where are you goin' to git it?" the farmer asked.

"At your place."

"At my place!"

"Certainly. You are Jake Jukes, are you not? You want a man to help with your haying, and I am going to stay."

"Great punkins! How d'ye know who I am?" and Jake looked his astonishment.

"Oh, never mind that. Do you want me?" That is more important."

"Well, I do need help very bad, but I must know what wages ye want before I hire ye. I can't make an offer until I find out what ye kin do."

"I'll work a week with you for board and lodging. That will give you time to try me out, and then you will know what I am worth. I'll bet almost anything, though, that I am just as good a man as you are."

"Ho, ho," Jake laughed. "As good a man as I am! Ye don't know what ye're sayin'. Would ye like to try a back-hold with me? There isn't a man in the whole parish of Rixton who has been able to put me down yit, though many of 'em have tried."

As a lad at school, and also while at college, Douglas had excelled in wrestling, but for several years he had not engaged in the sport, and was not in proper condition. He knew that if it came to the matter of physical endurance he would have little chance against this sturdy farmer. But it was necessary for him to do something of a worthy nature at the

outset of his career in this parish.

"So you think you can put me down, do you?" he asked, as he stepped from the barn out upon the grass. "Well, then, here's your opportunity."

Nothing loath, Jake accepted the challenge, and in a trice the two were locked together in a friendly yet desperate encounter. Douglas soon found that Jake was depending mostly upon his great strength of body to win, and that he was acquainted with hardly any of the tricks of the game. He, therefore, watched his opportunity, at the same time being careful not to allow his opponent to make use of his bear-like crushing grip. This was what Jake was striving for, and he was much worried when he found that he could not carry out the plan which had always proved so effective in the past. He became puzzled, and so confused that ere long he allowed himself to be caught off guard, with the result that his feet went suddenly from under him and he came to the ground upon his back with a thud. The shock affected his pride more than it did his body, especially when his opponent sat upon him and smiled calmly down into his face.

"Are you satisfied now?" Douglas asked. "You may get up if you are."

"Great punkins!" Jake exclaimed, as he scrambled to his feet. "How in the world did ye do it? Ye're the first one who ever put me down, blister me shins if ye ain't."

"Oh, you are an easy mark," Douglas replied. "Why, I didn't half try."

"Ye didn't!" and Jake's eyes and mouth opened wide in amazement. "What could ye have done if ye really tried?"

Douglas was amused at Jake's astonishment.

"Are you willing to hire me now?" he asked. "Perhaps you want some further proof of my ability to hold my own?"

(To be Continued.)

The story of the Witness is either a great big bluff—or it is unique in the annals of journalism, and the Witness a mighty force for righteousness.

In the latter case it will naturally arouse your active co-operation.

STEERING BY WIRELESS

"How is it done?" is answered by "Electron" in the London Daily Mail.

Thousands of readers have asked that question since they read of the astonishing feat of navigating the battleship Agamemnon by wireless—in other words by "radio control." The atmosphere of sheer wizardry which envelops such an achievement makes strong appeal to the popular imagination. Anything that seems a bit weird and mysterious always does.

Any wireless amateur can become a master of the magic art of wireless—or radio—control if he wishes. Unless a very rich man he will not be able to practise it on the grand scale; he will never be in a position to swing ships about by crooking his finger nor fly pilotless aeroplanes. But he may acquire skill to provide hours of instructive entertainment for himself and his friends by "controlling" miniature objects. Incidentally, too, he will open for himself the gate which leads to a fascinating by-path of scientific knowledge.

As used in the British Navy and elsewhere for large scale experiments radio control is achieved by means of very short wave-lengths. In working it instruments of great precision are necessary, and these must be adjusted to the thousandth part of a hair's breadth or the required electro-mechanical effect cannot be obtained. "The thing won't work."

Simply stated, the system consists in wireless currents which are generated at the control station (that may be either on board ship or on shore) being transmitted "wirelessly" to the object being "controlled." There they are "received" by valves and made to operate magnets. Of the latter a series is installed in the ship—if it is a ship that is under control. Each magnet has a particular job to do. One puts the rudder to port, another turns it to starboard, and so on through the whole range of actions incidental to "running" the ship.

Each magnet does its special job and that job alone—and it works only when current is directed upon it. Communication is made or broken instantly. If the operator at the control station wants a given number of degrees of starboard helm "put on" the "controlled" vessel, he energises the magnet installed for the purpose of starboarding the helm and cuts it out again immediately the helm is in the position required. Instantaneous response to the "signals" from the control station is an essential feature of radio control.

Although he may be 20 miles away from her, the man who handles a ship by this system occupies exactly the same position in relation to navigating her as he would if he were captain giving his orders from the bridge. In the latter case he tells various sailors what he wishes them to do. But by "control," instead of giving verbal orders to men, he transmits "wirelessed" orders to mechanical appliances, and they do exactly what he wants them.

You don't have to—but you will
"Say it with subscriptions."

Tim Healy, Governor-General of Ireland

Some Recollections of the Days When He Plagued the British House of Commons

The present Governor of the land, late Ishmaelite wandering in the desert, began his political career as one of the most favored and most promising of the Chosen. As a young man in the original band of Parnell's Home Rulers, the brainy, brilliant and witty Tim, whose tongue was a silver rasp and pen a surgeon's scalpel, electrified his fellow members. Parnell saw in the scintillating young politician his most brilliant satellite; Ireland saw in him a future leader, and the English saw in him one of the most dangerous Irish bulls that the devil ever turned loose in their Parliamentary china shop. After successfully smashing all the traditions of the British Parliament and resolving himself into a guerilla army—generalissimo, officers, privates, all rolled in one—Tim Healy a couple of decades ago entirely disappeared from the field.

At a time when Tim was trying to drive the Irish Parliamentary army in a direction opposite to that in which its leaders wanted to lead it, and when things were consequently going badly for the cause, Tim's namesake and fellow wit, Father Healy of Bray, being asked by an American visitor who was speculating upon the personnel of a future Irish Cabinet: "What will Mr. Timothy Healy be when Ireland gets home rule?" replied: "Troth, I'm thinking he'll be a very ould man." If he had replied, "He'll be Governor-General of an Irish Free State," the joke would have created even more uproarious laughter. Fantastic fact has again outstripped prosy imagination.

Wild Irishmen in Parliament

Tim Healy was one of the seven or eight original picturesque obstructionists who introduced into the British House of Commons an entircly new era, and a new weapon that paralyzed its proceedings. It is in dispute as to whether it was Parnell himself, or his friend the brutally blunt Belfast pork man, Joe Biggar, who invented the obstruction policy; but undoubtedly Biggar was the prince of obstructionists, with Tim Healy running him close for the laurels. For two and a half centuries, since Cromwell's day, the British people have not been treated to such shocked thrills as a little handful of Parnellites gave them when, forty years ago, these wild Irishmen began making a mat of the sacred traditions of the House, and with this mat insolently wiping the bog from off their Irish brogans. Hear William O'Brien's description of the first little shock Tim gave the House—a faint precursor of real shocks that were to follow quick and fast. "A quarter of an hour after he took his seat as member for Wexford he started up to make his maiden speech—tiny of frame, sardonic of visage, his hands in his breeches pockets, as coolly insolent as a Parisian gamin roaming through the Tuileries Palace at the heels of Louis Philippe, making havoc of the pictures and mirrors, as entirely detestable as a small Diogenes, peering out over the rims of his pincenez through bilious eyes, over his contemptible audience—and horrified the House of Commons with the following exordium: "Mr. Speaker, if the noble Marquis (Hartington) thinks he is going to sully us with his high and mighty Cavendish ways, all I can tell him is he will find himself knocked into a cocked hat in a jiffy, and we will have to put him to the necessity of wiping the blood of all the Cavendishes from his noble nose a good many times before he disposes of us."

O'Brien says that at that time Tim was almost as fond of making himself disagreeable to his friends as offensive to his foes. His theory of life was to regard everybody as an enemy till he had proved the contrary, and he affected a brutality of speech that would have made Swift or Rabelais green with envy. It was only a very few intimates, O'Brien tells us, who at that time knew the man's amazing fertility of intellectual resource, his devouring industry, his eloquence of tongue and pen, rich with plentiful, and sometimes not too reverent, borrowings from the Old Testament.

In those early days the marvellously readable and brilliant "United Ireland," the weekly official organ of the party, was almost entirely the output of the pens of O'Brien and Healy, dashed off in breathless intervals—often in the middle of the night—between strenuous Parliamentary or public tasks. In their little office in which the two of them were at work one night, Healy told a visitor: "Here O'Brien and I concoct our 'United Ireland' salad—O'Brien supplied the oil and I put in the vinegar."

An All-Night Sitting

During the famous all night sittings of the House of Commons in the early eighties—the sittings wherein the little handful of Irish obstructionists held the fuming, sleepy British members in their seats all through the long winter night and far into the next morning—Joe Biggar exhibited a truly diabolical delight in trampling on the traditions of the Parliament House and insolently flouting its demi-gods. He procured all the Government Blue Books in which there was a line remotely bearing upon the subject that he was supposed to be discussing, and with truly devilish delight dancing in his eye held the squirming Speaker and the raging House in their seats while he read the book from beginning to end, not consenting to spare them even a little footnote. "I must say," said the tired Speaker once, "I must say that I can hardly hear what the honorable member for Cavan is reading." "Yes, sir," Biggar replied imperturbably, "the acoustics of this house certainly leave much to be desired—I'll come nearer to you." And to the Speaker's horror, Biggar embraced an armful of Blue Books, marched right up beside the chair, while Tim Healy, as a faithful disciple, followed, aggravatingly groaning under a larger load of Blue Books, for him.

"And now, sir," said Joe, with the coolest, most provoking irony, "as I wouldn't for worlds have you miss one word of this highly important document, I'll begin again at the beginning." The poor Speaker groaned, and Joe, reverting to page one of the thousand-page book, turned on again his Belfast burr that was harrowing both to the sense and soul of every Britisher present. Well might the poet laureate of the Irish Parliamentary party, T. D. Sullivan, in his song, "The All Night Sitting," sing "And Joseph Gillis Biggar with his big Blue Book came in to give us readings till the mornin'."

An Old Parliamentary Game

When the boisterous Orange leader, Col. Sanderson, replying to a taunt from the Parnellite benches, moved the House to mirth with his famous bull: "I was born an Irishman, and have remained so ever since," Tim Healy stimulated the polite mirth of the House to a roar by answering—"So, despite plenty of circumstantial evidence to the contrary, I presume there is no foundation for the accusation of his enemies, that the honorable member transferred his nativity to the nation of Choctaws."

Once when an old Tory Die-Hard member, a retired major, having poured a bucketful of bile over the heads of the Irish, flopped back in his seat, unfortunately squashing beyond cure his silk hat, Tim arose to his feet with "Mr. Speaker, allow me to congratulate the honorable member who has just sat down upon the fact that when he sat upon his hat his head didn't happen to be in it."

After Tim had been flaying an English Conservative member who was a landlord in Tipperary—flaying him for injustice to his tenants—the smarting and indignant gentleman answered him: "If I am as vile a landlord as the honorable member makes me out to be, why did not the honorable member's fellow countrymen, who were never noted for their tender consideration for a landlord's life, shoot me?" "I suppose," retorted Tim, "it is the old story—what was everybody's business, was nobody's business."

Healy's Break with Parnell

Tim Healy permanently established his Parliamentary reputation by his brilliancy in the debates upon the Irish land bill of 1881, a brilliancy that forced the admiration of his enemies, including, notably, Gladstone, who afterwards said that Healy was one of the four only men who thoroughly understood that highly complicated measure. "And of these four," said Gladstone, "Healy was the only one who gained complete mastery of all the bill's details." It was the occasion of this land bill of 1881 which first showed Healy publicly kicking over the political traces.

Of course Tim's most memorable and most daring show of independence was at the notorious Galway election of '86—where Parnell foisted Capt. O'Shea upon the Galwegians. On that memorable occasion, when none else would take his life in his hands and oppose Parnell, Tim Healy and Joe Biggar, without a moment's hesitation, rushed to Galway and publicly threw off their coats to fight their leader. When the final break came with Parnell, after the O'Shea divorce suit, Healy it was who led the country and smashed his former leader.

Tim's Rule of Debate

Tim Healy, several times shouldered out of the party of which he was at once the pride and the bane, a party which he couldn't lead and wouldn't follow, remained a free lance in the House of Commons for some time, tilting at pleasure against Conservatives, Liberals, Redmonites—and ever the fear and the delight of the House. The terrace and smoking room quickly emptied, and the House as quickly filled, was crammed and jammed whenever the word flew round, "Healy's up!" He fascinated his victims just as the snake is said to do. Men listened to him with a fearful delight—no one knowing where the lightning was next going to strike. He distributed his dagger thrusts with nonchalant impartiality—and in his later Parliamentary years his one rule of debate seemed to be, Wherever you see a head, hit it.

A good number of years ago this man quitted political life by the back door, and resumed his practice of the law—the most brilliant pleader and most terrifying cross-examiner in Ireland. Now suddenly reappearing at the psychological moment he, amid showers of laurels and with blare of bands, is again ushered into political life through the gilded door of a palace.—New York Herald.

You don't have to
No, but I will

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

(By G. Clarke Nuttall, B.Sc.)

"Decorating at Christmastide is a custom that goes back to ages long before the event occurred which Christmas itself solemnizes. There has never been a time, since this country rose from barest savagery, that men have not gone out at the time of the winter solstice, when the sun most nearly hides himself, and gathered greenery in the forests to deck the dwellings with religious intent. The ancient Druids offered sacrifices to propitiate the gods of the woodlands and brought home mistletoe. The Romans, when they came to Britain, held their Saturnalia, the festival of their god Saturn, at this season, and decorated their temples and houses with boughs of trees, while feasting and amusements and present-giving went on much as today, though with greater licence.

When paganism was vanquished and efforts were at first made by the Church to abolish this time of often unseemly jollity, and various ecclesiastical decrees were passed against it. But old customs die hard, so it was found wiser to purify it and incorporate it with the rejoicings which celebrate, at the same season, the birth of Christ. Thus Saturnalia became sanctified into Christmastide, and several of its chief features, "decorating" in particular, have continued through the course of centuries even until today.

It is difficult to assign the exact symbolic reference of Christmas decorations, though an old writer gives a very quaint and sweet thought in connection with them: "So our churches and homes," he says, "decked with bayes and rosemary, holly and ivy and other plants which are always green winter and summer, signify and put us in mind of His Deity that the child that now was born was God and Man who should spring up like a tender plant, should always be green and flourishing and live for evermore." Still, one feels that they are an inherent part of Christmas, for at any period of rejoicing joy naturally expresses itself in gathering beautiful flowers or boughs and decking either ourselves or our homes with them.

Holly, laurels, yew, ivy and mistletoe are chiefly used for Christmas decorations, of which holly, with its bright red berries, is a prime favorite, while ivy runs it a close second.

But there is one curious limitation in our use of these plants. Though all are used freely in our houses, yet mistletoe is always carefully excluded from our churches, for it has never been able to dissociate itself from its pagan associations. Originally sacred in the Druids' eyes to the god Tutanes, probably the same god as Baal of the Phoenicians, it has ever been felt that it has no place in Christian thought, and its one association at the present time—the harmless kissing under the mistletoe—has purely reference to human love. This peculiar isolation of the mistletoe is all the more remarkable when we recollect that ivy was once held sacred to the god Bacchus, but no stigma has ever remained attached to it. Washington Irving, in his account of how Christmas Day was kept in an old county family in England, mentions that "on reaching the church porch we found the parson rebuking the grey-headed sexton for having used mistletoe among the green with which the church was decorated. So tenacious was he on this point that the poor sexton was obliged to strip down a great part of the humble trophies of his taste before the parson would consent to enter upon the services of the day.

"Say it with subscriptions."

CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC

Christ, Christ is born today!
Holy be thy holiday,
Rise betimes and haste away,
In the Church to kneel and pray.
Surely from thy heart to say
Thou, oh Lord, will I obey,
Many poor around there be
Alms give thou, and sympathy.
So God's blessing light on thee.

—Lady Lindsay.

"Never before in the history of the world has there been such urgent need of the universal practice of thrift," says S. W. straws, president of the American Society of Thrift. "From the most reliable statistics obtainable at this time, the total world indebtedness is $380,000,000,000. This includes all the national obligations of one hundred countries and colonies."

LIQUOR NOT CONTROLLED IN QUEBEC, SAYS DR. MOORE

Strong criticism of the administration of the liquor traffic in the province of Quebec was voiced by Rev. Dr. T. Albert Moore, of Toronto, field secretary of Evangelism and Social Service Department of the Methodist Church in Canada, in Fairmount Avenue Methodist Church, Montreal, on Sunday evening. Dr. Moore referred to some contributory influences to the moulding of character and the making of good citizens, and enumerated other influences which he considered a menace to these ends. Greatest of these menaces, he classed the liquor administration in Quebec, referring to it as "that damnable liquor traffic with all its curses."

Referring to the belief that liquor in Quebec was under Government control, Dr. Moore conceived that term to be a misnomer, maintaining that the Government could not control "the liquor monster." Particularly ridiculous did the speaker consider the provision in that law that not more than one bottle must be sold to one purchaser. Only one bottle may be sold at a time, conceded Dr. Moore, but he remarked that a purchaser could go back again and buy as many times as he desired.

Dr. Moore confessed that he had first-hand experiences of conditions in the slums of Montreal, having dressed himself in old clothes and a flaming red tie on Saturday night and prowled about the worst places. There were slums in Winnipeg and in Halifax, but they were not as the slums of Montreal, said the speaker, and he went on to speak of the "awful things and fearful sights" he had come across in his trip, resulting from the "uncontrolled sale of liquor under the Government to produce profits for the purpose of building good roads and making bad citizens." Dr. Moore remarked that it did not need liquor profits to make good roads; other provinces having the roads without the profits. Rather, he considered, it would be more advantageous to work for good citizens, orderly streets and emptier jails.

Dr. Moore said he was sorry Quebec did not have prohibition. Seven provinces in the Dominion had it, and that was only the beginning. He was sorry that the Scott Act had been repealed, and liquor stores would soon be open in another county. Quebec's liquor laws were considered to be one of the mightiest forces in breaking down the Ontario Temperance Act and other similar acts. Remarking that there were more drunkards in Hull than in any city of the prohibition provinces, Dr. Moore expressed the hope that the citizens of Quebec would rise up and demand prohibition.

Other things that militated against character and citizenship were cited by the speaker as gambling, lure of commercialized amusements, leisure, and the habit of daring people to do things contrary to their wishes. Influences that helped the formation of character and the producing of good citizens were given as the church, schools, home life and the press. Speaking of the home, Dr. Moore depreciated the habit of making it solely the place for meals and sleeping, and extolled the home life "as it used to be." He expressed amazement at reading editorials in Montreal newspapers commending Quebec's liquor laws.

Seven of the 36 people, crew and passengers, known to have been aboard the Spanish River Paper Company tug Reliance when she struck the rocks off North Lizard Island, 100 miles west of Sault Ste. Marie, last Wednesday morning, reached Sault Ste. Marie on Sunday evening. Four lives were lost.

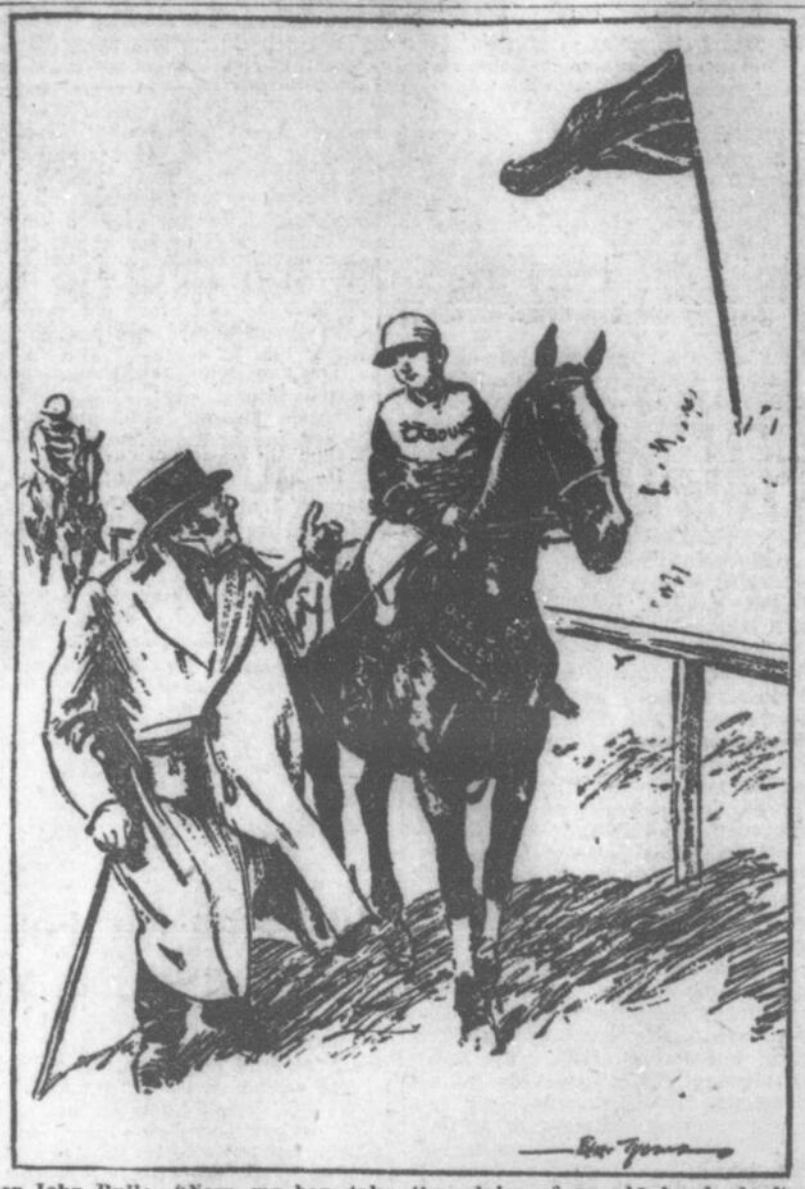
HOLLY DECORATIONS

Christmas holly is here again, with darkly lustrous leaves and jewelled twigs, overflowing from crates and scattering its treasure upon the sidewalks along the waterfront. Groundpine, that used to walk over the mountains with such beautiful feet, arrives in smaller quantities, to be twisted into ropes. The mountain laurel and Christmas fern are torn from the woods. It is time to decorate for the holidays, and people want real greens. Why? The artificial ones are cunningly fashioned now. They will not drop or crumble; the price is modest, and they are quite as gay as any trimmings stolen from the forest. Holly and groundpine at Christmastime are a tradition, but before very long they will be no more than that if we do not spare them or replenish the woodlands that for so many years we have despoiled in eager blindness.—Marian Storm.

"Say it with subscriptions."
You don't have to—but you will

Six hundred and sixty English girls of various ages passed through Montreal during the month of November, brought here through the activities of the British Immigration Aid Society, whose headquarters are in Montreal. Of these girls 61 remained in the city, while the rest were scattered to all parts of the Dominion. Many have obtained situations in the Eastern Townships. A large number went to the prairie provinces, while some even went as far as the Pacific Coast.

Thrift is what causes the telephone company to issue an order to the effect that no operator shall tell you the time of day. Instead of saying "Eight o'clock," she saves a lot of time by saying, "We are not permitted under the rules of the company to give you the time of day."



Trainer John Bull:—"Now, my boy, take the advice of an old hand—don't rush things."—London Opinion.

MORE LIGHT

The other night something went wrong with our electric lights and we were thankful that we had some coal oil lamps all ready for use. But when these were lit the rooms still seemed dark in comparison to the illumination of the electric lights to which we had been for many years accustomed. We wondered how we had got on so long with coal oil lamps; probably much as our parents wondered how their parents had got along with tallow-dip candles.

It is a fortunate thing for people beyond the reach of electricity or gas that great discoveries have been applied to the coal oil lamp, discoveries that multiply its illuminating power till it gives a better light than the ordinary electric bulb. A good white light saves eye sight, besides increasing the efficiency of all that's done in the home. And in the case of some emergency will give the good light necessary. More and better light for the amount of oil burned is always worth while securing.

You don't have to—but you will
"Say it with subscriptions."

Removes Warts

"ENGLISHWOMAN" writes to the *Montreal Star*:

"I read a letter in your paper asking for a remedy for warts, and as I found one that took an ugly one off the side of my forehead I will give it to you. I had a bottle of Minard's Liniment in the house that I use for rheumatism, and casually reading directions I saw it was a good thing for corns and warts, so being so simple I tried it. Just dab it on with the cork two or three times a day letting it dry on. Well it all went away in about two weeks, dried up and came off by degrees.

"Another also appeared on my cheek not so large, but I applied the same remedy and could pick it off like the other."

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

YARMOUTH, N.S. 26

SHE RID HERSELF OF RHEUMATISM

Knowing from terrible experience the suffering caused by rheumatism, Mrs. J. E. Hurst, who lives at 608 E. Douglas Street, C-470, Bloomington Ill., is so thankful at having treated herself to recovery, that out of pure gratitude she is anxious to tell all other sufferers just how to get rid of their torture by this simple way at home.

Mrs. Hurst has nothing to sell. Merely mail your own name and address, and she will gladly send you this valuable information entirely free. Write her at once before you forget.

"I Can Now Do My Work Without Feeling Tired"

Mrs. A. Moffatt, Roxton Falls, Que., writes:

"I suffered from a run-down system and nervous debility. I could not sleep or rest at night, and felt so weak I could not walk any distance. I took several tonics, but they only helped me while I was taking them. Mother advised me to take Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I felt great benefit from the first box, and continued taking several boxes. Today I feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work without that dreadful tired feeling."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

50 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

"Fruit-a-tives" Completely Relieved Me

"I suffered with all the symptoms of Female trouble, with chronic Constipation and constant Headaches. I had pains low down in the back and sides of the body. A doctor advised me to have an operation.

I started taking "Fruit-a-tives" and this medicine has completely relieved me of all my misery and suffering.

I am free of pain and headaches and the terrible Constipation, and what saved me is the fruit medicine, "Fruit-a-tives."

Madam M. J. GORRIE.

50c box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

RHEUMATISM REMEDIED

WAIT'S HOMOEOPATHIC RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

Remedies Rheumatism, Acute Rheumatism with painful hot swelling of the part, Chronic Rheumatism with lameness, stiffness and soreness of the part; Sciatic Rheumatism, with pain in the hip, knee or leg of the affected side; Lumbago, or pains across the loins or back; Old Rheumatic Pains or Lameness. Positive Cure. Price $1.50.

JOHN T. WAIT, Box 235, Arnprior.
Send Registered Letter or Postal Note.

It is rumored in Ottawa that Premier Taschereau, of Quebec, may retire from the premiership, either before or after the provincial elections.

Get Rid of Your Rupture Like I Did

Old Sea Captain Recovers by His Own Method after Doctors Said "Operate or Death"

His Remedy and Book Sent Free.

Captain Collings sailed the seas for many years; then he sustained a bad double rupture that soon forced him to not only remain ashore, but kept him bedridden for years. He tried doctor after doctor and truss after truss. No results! Finally, he was assured that he must either submit to a dangerous and abhorrent operation or die. He did neither. He rid himself instead.

"Fellow Men and Women, You Don't Have To Be Cut Up, and You Don't Have To Be Tortured By Trusses."

Captain Collings made a study of himself, of his condition—and at last he was rewarded by the finding of the method that so quickly made him a well, strong, vigorous and happy man.

Anyone can use the same method; it's simple, easy, safe and inexpensive. Every ruptured person in the world should have the Captain Collings book, telling all about how he cured himself, and how anyone may follow the same treatment in their own home without any trouble. The book and medicine are FREE. They will be sent prepaid to any rupture sufferer who will fill out the below coupon. But send it right away—now—before you put down this paper.

FREE RUPTURE BOOK AND REMEDY COUPON.
Capt. W. A. Collings (Inc.)
Box 12-H, Watertown, N. Y.
Please send me your FREE Rupture Remedy and Book without any obligation on my part whatever.
Name .....
Address .....

Voyage in an Air-Liner

By Ralph Upson

For long-distance travel the only way that we know of to make more speed than is common is through the air. The air is the only medium that extends alike over sea and land, mountain and valley, forest and city. Furthermore, air offers very little resistance to anything moving through it. An aeroplane can be made to go even faster than an airship, just as a hydroplane is faster than an ordinary motor boat. But unfortunately the aeroplane, like the hydroplane, is not efficient in very large sizes and will not carry fuel enough to go long distances with heavy loads. Airships, commonly called dirigibles, used to be thought of as too slow and clumsy for practical use. People held that opinion only a few years ago. Now a wonderful change has come about. The old, no-account dirigible has become a real airship with the brightest kind of future. The improvements made in the last few years have revolutionized possibilities. The early dirigibles were simple in theory and simple in construction. But an efficient modern airship is the most complicated piece of engineering that you can find anywhere. It is no more like an ordinary balloon than an ocean steamship is like a raft.

A Wonderful Change.

Before the war people did not think of airships as being important. The Zeppelins carried a few holiday tourists at prices ranging between fifty and one hundred dollars a passenger for a distance that he could traverse by train at perhaps one twentieth of the cost.

But the toys of yesterday become the essentials of tomorrow. Even now there are many airships in the world capable of crossing the ocean and at least three that could cross and come back without stopping. The remarkable improvement is not owing, as might be supposed, to some brilliant new idea, conceived overnight and rushed to a patent attorney the next day or to great discoveries of new materials. Those things have of course played their part, but the biggest gains have been made and probably will still be made by steadily plugging along at refining details all the way through. There are three principal ways in which refinement and development have been carried on: first, by reducing weight; second, by improving the efficiency (power economy); third, by increasing the size.

Leaving Chicago.

Let us suppose that you are a passenger from Peoria, Illinois, and want to go to Paris. You look up your time-table and find that there is a "ship" leaving Chicago at four o'clock Friday afternoon that you can catch by aeroplane from Peoria at three. You need only to get your ticket and reservation from a local agent, pack your suitcase or trunk if you prefer, and you are ready to go. On coming in sight of Chicago, you catch a first glimpse of the big airship, more than a thousand feet long, riding at its mooring. The aeroplane lands a short distance away and rolls, or "taxis," up to the foot of the mooring post.

By the time you are comfortably settled in your cabin the big engines have started, the ship backs slowy away from her mooring, rises slightly and then—full speed ahead! You open your window or wander back to the observation deck to see better what is passing below. Already the city is fading in the distance. Lake Michigan is vast, silent and almost as blue as the sky. At first you are dimly aware of the drone of the engines and the rush of the wind, but soon you pay no more attention to them. If you stick your head out of the window, however, you may realize that the air is rushing past at eighty miles an hour.

Before going in to dinner you might as well wait and see the sunset, which truly is a wonderful sight. Then, owing to the clear pure air and the absence of disagreeable motion, you will probably be ready to eat. There is no seasickness in a large airship. After dinner you may sit down and read or play games if you like, but if it is your first trip you will probably prefer to watch the darkening landscape with its little man-made lights and the occasional glare of a large town.

New Brunswick Scenery.

Already you are out of the United States. The next morning if you get up early enough you will see a wonderful sight. Below are the heavily-wooded hills of New Brunswick; each intervening valley is full to the brim with pure white mist that shines like silver in the long rays of the rising sun. Gradually the mist dissolves. Then for two whole hours you have an unobstructed view of the forests, lakes and hills passing by in apparently endless procession. Since the course is always being changed to keep on the favorable side of cyclonic storms, the scenery is never twice the same. Silently the little white cumulus clouds begin to form and gradually grow into big balls of fluffy white.

Soon you reach the open sea at an altitude of perhaps three thousand feet. The navigator's log shows the ship had been travelling at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles an hour. The thin streak of breakers on the shore quickly vanishes behind. Now there is nothing but the deep blue water, marked by what seem to be little ripples; but by looking closely you can see tiny white specks flashing here and there. The captain, who is standing near by, remarks that it is a pretty heavy sea. On a steamship most of the passengers would be sick.

Above the Clouds.

That night offers another fine chance for sleep. You may make a firm resolution to get up before sunrise, but it is likely to be broad daylight when you awake. You look out to get a glimpse of the sea, and in truth it is a sea—but of a kind you never in your life saw before. Clouds, an endless sheet of them below, with a whiteness so dazzling in the sunlight that you cannot look long at them without dark glasses. At breakfast the captain explains why he has gone above the clouds; it is raining below, and the moisture would weight the ship down unnecessarily. Besides, the winds are more favorable above, and the sun makes it easy to take accurate bearings. By evening dark patches of ocean appear through rifts in the clouds. The sunset is magnificent. Two of the engines are out of commission, but no one need worry; there are ten others.

Just before dark a black streak of smoke appears on the water ahead; then you see the dim outlines of a large boat with four stacks. "The Mauretania," says the wireless operator, "recently made over into a freight ship." It rapidly fades again into the darkness behind; its little lights are only a faint reminder of the once brilliantly lighted decks and spacious saloons.

Arrival in Paris

The next morning, which is Monday, England is in sight. The ship is running still slower so as to get to her mooring in the relative calm of late afternoon. For several hours it passes over thte mosaic of little farms and woodlands, towns and villages. Soon you are aver the English Channel. Then more farms and villages. And then at last Paris, the dim outlines of the Eiffel Tower and the ship's own terminal field.

You are now within three hundred feet of the ground. The engines are thrown into reverse, and a long rope drops from the nose of the ship. Men on the ground quickly grab the end and attach it to a cable from the mooring post. The cable is then pulled in, and the nose of the ship slowly lowers.

Passengers and baggage are unloaded, and within another half hour our passenger from Peoria is in his hotel, getting ready for dinner.—Youth's Companion.

You don't have to—but you will
"Say it with subscriptions."

NECESSITY FOR EATING FRUIT

"Some people look on fruit as a luxury," says a medical man, "but there are very good reasons why we should eat fruit daily. All fruits contain certain salts of organic acids which have a more or less stimulating action on the kidneys, and some of them, such as pears, figs and prunes, have a laxative effect.

"Children's physicians recommend that all babies of the age of six months should be given small amounts of mild fruit juice or tomato juice daily. This is particularly necessary in the case of infants fed on cow's milk or other prepared milk foods. Unless one of these juices is given, a disease known as scurvy may develop. The mild form of this disease often passes unrecognized for a time, being noted only in a slowing up of the growth of the child later on.

"Fruit is one of the so-called 'protective foods,' and should be used in some form daily. Fresh fruits, because of their large content of water, are always cooling, refreshing and appetizing. Fruit which is not thoroughly ripe, or is decomposed should not be eaten.

"Bananas are a stable fresh fruit, high in food value, low in price, and easy to prepare. Digestive difficulties usually arise from eating them too green, too fast, or from eating too many. They are most digestible when fully ripe (that is when the skins have darkened, and the fruit is soft and yet firm). They are usually cheaper this way, because the merchant knows they will not keep long afterward. Bananas baked or stewed and mashed, flavored with lemon and sugar are very palatable. Unripe bananas baked in the skin may take the place of a vegetable in a meal.

Next to bananas, apples are our most abundant market fruit. Their many and varied uses are too well known to require comment.

"When we chew fibrous food, such as raw fruit, it is said that we exert a pressure of from 100 to 150 pounds on the teeth. This insures a good circulation of blood, and in children undoubtedly develops teeth and jaws. Raw fruit also leaves the teeth freer from adhering matter than do soft foods. Hence it is wise to end a meal with raw fruit, since it not only acts as a cleanser of the teeth, but it also helps to preserve them by stimulating the secretion of a strongly alkaline saliva which coats the teeth and counteracts the effect of particles of food which would otherwise remain.

"A great deal can be said and should be said in favor of the use of dried fruits. These are often badly cooked, and for that reason probably are not as much liked or as commonly used as they should be. Before cooking dried fruits, of course, the water removed in drying should be replaced by soaking the fruits for about twelve hours (usually over night). Cook for a long time very slowly (never boiling). Enough water to cover them well is necessary to make them soft and juicy. No sugar should be added during cooking, but when done, they should be moderately sweetened, and allowed to stand for another twelve or twenty-four hours in order that they may 'plump up' and be well seasoned. The addition of a few slic of lemon while cooking usually gives dried fruit an agreeable flavor.

"Endless variety is possible in menus by judiciously combining the more inexpensive dried fruits. Dried peaches stewed with raisins; prunes stewed with apricots; dates baked with dried apples in a pie are attractive combinations."

"Say it with subscriptions."
You don't have to—but you will

SEEING THE FAULT

The other day a patient, long-suffering football coach was striving to teach a young player how to kick a football from placement. The first kick showed plainly what the trouble was. The coach told the boy again and again just how to swing his foot, how to hold the toe and how to keep his eye on the ball instead of looking up. Each tim the boy nodded understandingly and proceeded to make the same mistakes as before.

"Stand over there and watch," exclaimed the coach, and called another boy, who kicked and made similar mistakes.

"You make the same mistakes," said the coach.

The boy who had been sent aside to watch said:

"I see it now." And, stepping back, he kicked the goal perfectly.

He had not been able to see his own mistakes at all, but could see the blunders of another perfectly. Most of us are inclined that way, not only in football but in everything else in life. This boy was smart enough to profit by this exposition. but how many of us are?—Hugh Fullerton.

"Say it with subscriptions."

A dear old lady was told the story of the boy who defined "vacuum" as "a large empty space where the Pope lives." She was greatly amused but recovered from a fit of laughter to murmur: "Dear me, how extremely droll; but why the Pope?"

ASPIRIN

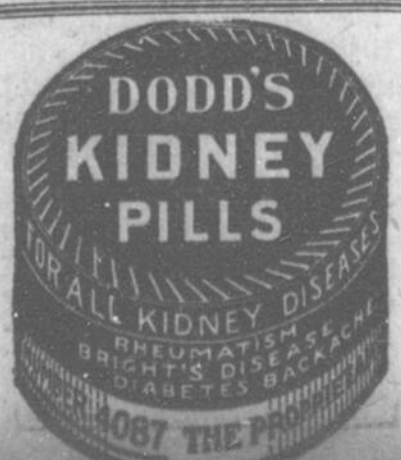
UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."



MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

HAVE A WARM PLACE IN THE HEARTS OF MOTHERS FOR THEY HAVE PROVED THAT THEY ARE ONE OF THE MOST EFFICIENT AND BENEFICIAL REMEDIES THAT CAN BE GIVEN TO A CHILD. THEY ARE SWEET AND EASILY TAKEN AND QUICKLY ERADICATE THESE WRETCHED PARASITES FROM THE SYSTEM.

CONTAIN NO NARCOTICS

Operated on For Stone in Kidney

MRS. BROWN USED DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

New Brunswick Lady tells what Relief Sufferers from Chronic Kidney Disease can find in Dodd's Kidney Pills

Anagance, N. B., Dec. 19th. (Special) — That even chronic sufferers from kidney trouble find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills is shown by the experience of Mrs. Harry L. Brown, well known and highly respected here.

"I have had kidney trouble all my life," Mrs. Brown states, "and two years ago this coming June I had to be operated on for stone in the bladder and one in the kidney.

"After that I took a number of boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I believe if I had taken these pills ten years ago I would never have had this trouble.

"They have helped me wonderfully. I never have backache now. I hope others will try them."

If your trouble comes from the kidneys ask your neighbors about Dodd's Kidney Pills

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR DIVORCE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Andrew Clifford Jack, of the City and County of Westmount, in the District of Montreal, and Province of Quebec, Surgeon-Dentist, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next Session thereof for a Bill of Divorce from his wife Ethel Benedicta Gillespie Jack (nee Trotter) of the said City and County of Westmount, on the ground of adultery.

Dated at Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, this twenty-second day of November, A. D., 1922.

George A. Campbell, K. C.
189 St. James Street, Montreal,
Solicitor for applicant Andrew Clifford Jack.

THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE

Armenian Homeland in Turkey Declared To be Impossible

The labors of the Lausanne conference have advanced so far that already the official scribes have begun their task of writing out the preliminary drafts of the treaty.

This document will enumerate the broad lines of the pact, and is being prepared so as to have in concrete form those problems which have already been solved, and also have the preliminary signature of the agreement from all parties.

The Straits problem has practically been settled; great progress has been made on the question of minorities, and the general economic and financial subjects have found their essential solutions. The persistent dragging along of several thorny points, such as the deportation of the Greek patriarch, the Mosul oil dispute and the difficulty over foreign tribunals in Turkey, is checking the forward swing of the conference. Hence the decision to put on paper the accomplished facts.

Turkey will join the League of Nations as soon as peace is signed at Lausanne, Ismet Pasha announced at the conference on Thursday. As the League exercises general supervision over minority populations, Ismet's announcement was interpreted as meaning that Turkey will accept the League's supervision over the Christian peoples of Turkey.

Ismet said Turkey was ready to accord the same treatment to minorities as provided in the treaties exchanged between the various European countries.

This, Ismet declared, was not because of the menacing words of Lord Curzon, the British foreign secretary, but because the Turkish National pact required it.

The Turkish delegate said Turkey accepted the granting of general amnesty to political prisoners. She would decline, however, to establish a national home for the Armenians.

Deportation of Greek Patriarch

Although Turkey was conciliatory on the great question of accepting some form of supervision from without of the general treatment of the Christian populations inhabiting Turkey she proved adamant in insisting upon the deportation from Constantinople of the supreme patriarch of the Greek Orthodox Church.

This is one of the most important issues of the Lausanne conference. Around it surge all the historical and religious differences between Christianity and Mohammedanism. As the Turks consider Constantinople their sacred city they resent that its soil should serve as the permanent seat of the pontiff of the Greek Christian church; they maintain that Athens or Rome or some other avowedly Christian centre should be chosen as his place of residence.

At the meeting of the sub-commission on the exchange of populations on Thursday afternoon the Allied delegates somewhat diffidently brought up the question of the Greek patriarch. Immediately the Ottoman representatives arose, and insisted that the patriarch must go because he had been mixing in politics, to the detriment of the Ottoman state.

Curzon Will Not Concede Mosul

Ismet Pasha, head of the Turkish delegation to the Near East Conference, had a long conversation on Friday night with Marquis Curzon of Kedleston, the chief British representative.

Lord Curzon reiterated the statement made during the day in a note to the Turkish delegation by the inviting powers that the vilayet of Mosul containing the city of Mosuland, the much discussed oil fields, could not be conceded to Turkey, as a majority of the population is

The Turkish delegation insists on its Arab and the district belongs naturally to the Arab kingdom of Irak.

claim of Mosul for Turkey and in the refusal of the Angora Government to grant territority for a national home for the Armenians.

The sub-committee deliberations dealt with ten distinct points, and the Turks replied to all, making many reservations. On the first point, the Turkish amnesty, they agreed to accept this principle for all political and military prisoners sentenced since 1914, but said they wished to discuss more fully as to whether the amnesty should extend to prisoners held for common law offences. On the second point, dealing with general guarantees of liberty and protection for minorities of race, language and religion, Dr. Riza Nur Bey, speaking for Turkey, said he was willing to accept this.

You don't have to
No, but I will

Ford Cylinders Ground

new pistons, rings and pins fitted $25.60, makes it better than new; also other cars done at various prices. Steel gears for fly wheels save money. Circulars free.

GuaranteMotor Co.
Hamilton, Canada

A NICE CHRISTMAS BOX

ONE OF OUR HOME SAVINGS BANKS.

The practice of THRIFT will increase in your child that will-power which, in action, makes a man as courageous as a lion and, in trial, as firm as a rock.

THE MONTREAL

CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK

Head Office and sixteen branches in Montreal.

A. P. LESPERANCE, General Manager.

T. TAGGART SMYTH, Ass't General Manager.

CURZON HAS BITTER DEBATE WITH ISMET PASHA

At the close of a bitter debate in the Lausanne Conference, Lord Curzon, speaking for the Allies, threatened to break up the Lausanne conference if the Turks did not agree to give more than paper guarantees for the safety of the decimated Christian minorities in Turkey.

Ismet Pasha began with another attack on the Greeks, who, he said, destroyed 27 towns, 1,000 villages, and 98,000 habitations in Anatolia. Proclaiming Angora's desire for peace in Turkey, he said the best way to have this peace was to have no Greeks in Turkey.

"A long series of events," he said, "has rendered it necessary to exchange the Greeks in Turkey against the Turks in Greece. This solution has become inevitable.

"The exchange of Greeks in Constantinople is a necessity, but logical and just. Nevertheless our humanitarian sentiments led us to consent to except from the exchange Greeks born in Constantinople, who number 200,000."

Ismet referred to the sadness and suffering the expulsions would cause, but he concluded it was all for the best because it might prevent worse things.

Regarding the minority of Jews, he said there was no question. The Turks would permit them to remain.

No Outside Interference

"That is sufficient to show," he said, "that in our country the best way to enjoy all rights is for decent citizens not to have compromising relations with the outside and not be the object of particular solicitude from abroad." The orthodox Turks and Assyrian Christians need have no fear, added the Turkish chief.

Turning to the Armenian issue, he said the Turks were willing to forget the past and live in peace with the Armenians if the latter would cease conspiring against Turkey.

"On the other hand," he continued, "I am forced to declare that the cession of Turkish territory for an Armenian home would be to dismember Turkey. The impossibility of such a demand should be apparent. Neither in the eastern provinces nor in Cilicia will Turkey give one inch of territory for this purpose."

"The Turkish delegation does not share the opinion that the constitution of a commission charged with the minority mission and sitting in Constantinople would help toward the happiness of minorities," he said. "Our delegation believes this commission would be a means of foreign interference in Turkish affairs and, therefore, absolutely incompatible with Turkish sovereignty. Therefore, we cannot possibly accept any such commission. The rights and minorities will be confirmed by us on the same basis as those established in treaties recently made with European powers."

Treatment of Armenians is World's Scandal

Lord Curzon in reply said: "Ismet pictures the Armenians as responsible for all their troubles. Let me ask Ismet Pasha how 3,000,000 Armenians in Anatolia have become 130,000? By what process? Did they kill themselves? When the French withdrew from Cilicia, why were they followed by 80,000 Armenians, who left all behind? If the Turks were so kind to the Armenians, why did they run away?

"You cannot tell me that story. The Turkish treatment of the Armenians is one of the great scandals in world history.

"You tell us now it will be easy to live with these minorities. Yes, I suppose it will when those minorities have been reduced to a mere handful. The rest should be easy.

"But the world will not be content if the remnant of these wretched people shall be left without any protection beyond what the Turks shall be pleased to accord."

Calling the Lausanne negotiations a dark scene, Lord Curzon continued: "I deeply regret this proposed exchange of population. It is a thoroughly bad and vicious solution for which the world will pay for a hundred years to come. I detest having my hand in it. But it is being forced on us by the Turks and to say that the Greeks are responsible for it is monstrous. It is being forced by the Turks because of their expulsion of the Greeks, for it is perfectly clear the Turks seek to rid themselves of the Greeks or make conditions for them cruel and impossible.

Allies Ready to Leave Lausanne

"When we leave Lausanne—and we may go sooner than you think—when the world hears the Allied powers have been fighting the battle of the minorities and have gotten nothing but platitudes in return, the general expression will be deplorable."

"The time has come when Turkey must make up her mind about the league, whether she will join or not. The Turks don't seem to realize the situation. They constantly are placing barriers in the way of fair settlements. This cannot go on indefinitely. Europe has other things to do.

"The question of minorities arouses more interest than anything else we are doing. If the conference breaks on this issue, and if we leave Lausanne, will a single voice be raised in behalf of the Turk delegation? They may get support in Angora, but they will get no support anywhere else."

You don't have to—but you will
"Say it with subscriptions."

A cabinet meeting in Rome on Friday a few hours after his return from the London premiers' conference, Premier Mussolini reported that the conference had been unsatisfactory on account of insufficient preparation. He declared he declared he would not attend the discussions when they were resumed at Paris unless there was suitable diplomatic preparation beforehand. He declared further there must be no more going back on decisions as vacillation spelled failure. The Italian plan was one which in his opinion must eventually be followed.

A subsidy for American producers, industrial and agricultural, was proposed on Friday by Senator Brookhart, Republican, Iowa, as an amendment to the administration shipping bill.

LIVE STOCK PRICES

COMMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING DEC. 16

Baby beeves sold from $9.00 to $15.00 per hundred and heifers from $7.00 to $8.00 at Toronto. Fat Kosher cows sold as high as $7.00 with good butchers from $4.50 to $5.50, and bulls up to $5.25. On Tuesday there was a fresh run of 1900 cattle and a holdover from Monday amounting to 2000 head, and the buyers left the yards at noon when only 1500 cattle had been weighed up. Bids on Wednesday were $1.00 below Monday's and about half of the day's offering was sold at the reduction. The best butcher steers moved from $6.00 to $7.25. Cows sold better than steers and heifers at 25c decline, making from $4.00 to $5.00 if of good butcher quality. Heavy bulls went for export from $4.00 to $4.75.

Most of the veal calves sold on Wednesday and Thursday, were moved from $10.00 to $12.00. Heavy calves were few in number and sold steady from $3.00 to $5.50. Good handy-weight lambs closed from $11.00 to $11.50, and occasionally at $12.00. Heavy lambs brought from $10.00 to $11.00. Sheep trade was weaker with declines amounting to $1.00 per hundred. Good light sheep sold on Thursday from $6.00 to $6.50 with odd sales slightly higher.

Hogs' closing price on thick smooth was $10.00, fed and watered and graded basis.

The top price for the week was $6.00 per hundred paid on Monday at Montreal on three loads of Western steers averaging around 1300 pounds. Most of the good killing steers were sold from $5.00 to $5.50, the fair to medium kinds from $4.25 to $4.75 and some of the plain rough lots around $3.75 and $4.00. Some light plain steers and heifers changed hands as low as $3.50. Cows sold as high as $4.50 but the price for load of good cows was $4.00 with the fair lots around $3.00 and $3.50 and the plain cows from $2.50 to $3.00. Canners opened on Monday at $1.75 but for the rest of the week sold at $1.50. Cutters brought from $1.75 to $2.00. Bulls were also weaker. After opening at $2.75 to $3.00 on Monday, prices weakened quickly to $2.50 and $2.75.

A few fairly good lots of veal calves brought from $10.00 to $11.00 and the common to medium lots from $6.00 to $9.00. Grass calves were stronger, selling from $3.50 to $4.50 with the bulk around $3.75 and $4.00. A few small lots of choice lambs reached $13.50 and one lot of five brought $14.00. Straight lots of good lambs sold generally from $13.00 to $13.25 and mixed loads of medium quality lambs from $12.00 to $12.50. Good light sheep sold up to $7.00, and old ewes and bucks from $5.50 to $6.00. The hog market was unsettled, with sales mostly at $11.50, but one load of long run hogs was moved at $11.75. On Tuesday prices were about 25c lower with a similar drop on Wednesday. Thick fat Western hogs brought $11.00. The market closed with an unsettled undertone. Sows brought from $9.00 to $10.00 and stags from $6.00 to $7.00.

Early sales at Winnipeg on good heavy butchers were made around $5.50 with similar offerings selling close up to $4.75. Plain and medium heavies were hard to move from $3.00 to $4.00. A few choice handy-weight butchers were absorbed from $5.00 to $5.50 if suitable for Christmas beef. The general run of killing steers were weak from $3.00 to $4.50. Desirable butcher heifers sold at the close from $4.00 to $4.50 and the balance, fair to good, from $2.75 to $3.50. Butcher cows of medium to good quality, ranged largely from $2.00 to $2.75. Canners and cutters were in poor demand from $1.00 to $1.75. Bulls sold from $1.75 to $2.25.

The calf market looked a full 50c lower. Good to choice veal sold from $4.00 to $6.00 and plain and medium from $2.50 to $3.50. Good to choice feeder steers were in fair request from $3.50 to $4.25 and the balance consisting of plain to fair kinds moved from $2.50 to $3.25. Stock heifers were fairly cheap from $2.00 to $2.50. Medium to good quality stocker steers were bought from $3.50 to $3.25. The sheep and lamb market opened strong but closed decidedly weak. Early sales of good lambs ranged from $11.50 to $12.50. Similar quality offerings sold at the close under a poor demand from $10.50 to $11.00. Good light mutton sheep sold during the opening from $7.00 to $8.00, and at the close around $6.50.

Choice heavy and handyweight steers at Calgary moved from $4.00 to $5.50, medium to good from $2.75 to $3.75 and common around $2.00. Choice heifers sold from $3.00 to $4.00, medium to good from $2.50 to $3.00 and common from $1.50 to $2.00. Good to choice cows were weighed up within a range of $2.50 and $3.50 with tops at $3.85 whilst the medium to good changed hands from $2.00 to $2.50. Canners sold in the low range of 75c to $1.00 and bulls ranged from $1.00 to $2.00.

Good to choice calves sold from $3.00 to $4.00 and common from $1.50 to $2.00. Good sorts of stockers sold from $2.60 to $3.25, good feeders from $2.75 to $3.75 and common from $1.50 to $2.00. Stocker heifers moved from $1.75 to $2.50. Good lambs sold from $9.75 to $10.25 and ewes from $6.00 to $6.50. About 900 breeding ewes were sold at $7.00 per head. Prices for hogs were steady at $8.75 on thick smooths on the opening but 75c was lost during the week, and trading closed at $8.00.

Most of the sales of good butcher steers at Edmonton were made from $4.00 to $4.50 and odd ones from $5.00 to $5.50. The majority of the good heifers moved from $3.50 to $4.00 and up to $4.50. Good cows sold from $2.75 to $3.25 and up to $3.50. Bulls were steady from $1.50 to $2.00. Canners and cutters were generally steady from $1.00 to $1.25. Stockers of good quality were loaded from $2.50 to $3.25 and the medium kinds from $1.50 to $2.50. Good feeders sold easier from $3.00 to $3.50 and medium from $2.25 to $2.75.

Calves sold mostly from $2.50 to $3.50 and in an odd case at $4.50. Sheep sold steady at last week's prices. Top lambs $10.00, yearlings $7.50 and ewes $5.50. Hogs sold throughout the week within a range of $8.50 to $8.90 on thick smooth.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKET

Glasgow reports 331 Canadian cattle offered on December 11th and selling from 10 1-2c to 11 1-2c (5 1-2d to 5 7-8d) per pound alive. Scotch supplies liberal. Best Scotch 11 1-2c to 15 1-2c, baby beef 16c to 16 3-4c. About 1700 Irish offered sold 10c to 12c per lb (5 1-4d to 6 1-4d). Supplies now reduced in volume and heavy runs about over.

Birkenhead reports no Canadians. Irish sold 17 1-2c to 18 1-2c (9d to 9 1-2d) in sink.

London reports Canadian dressed sides 12 1-2c to 14 1-2c (6 1-2d to 7 1-2d). Later report gives 324 Canadians sold at Birkenhead from 18s to 19c (9 1-2d to 9 3-4d) in sink, equal to 10 1-2c to 11 1-2c alive.

British Bacon Market: Canadian leanest and lean 100s to 110s, prime 95s to 100s. American 90s to 98s; trade slow. Irish 121s to 134s. Danish 112s to 120s. Heavy supplies.

ALBERT THOMAS QUESTIONED BY MONTREAL SOCIALISTS

Mr. Albert Thomas, the French statesman, had a noisy reception in l'Assistance Publique, Montreal, on Friday evening, being faced with a cross-fire of questions regarding his amended views on Socialism.

The former French Minister of Munitions was explaining the aims and accomplishments of the International Labor Office, and had occasion to say that "yesterday I was a Socialist."

"Yes, yesterday," shouted a man with a slouch hat pulled over his ears.

"If there are to be any interruptions," said Mr. Thomas, "I merely wish to say this, comrade, that I am not here to be mixed up in any political controversy."

Mr. Thomas went on to read the extracts from the Treaty of Versailles, dealing with labor reforms.

"I see my comrade making gestures of disapproval again," said the speaker, nodding to the man with the slouch hat."

"I am no comrade of yours, and don't want to be," shouted the interruptor.

"Oh, if the word angers you, I will of course take back the expression," replied Mr. Thomas, amid laughter.

ALBERT THOMAS

At this point the chairman got to his feet, suggesting that if there were any persons who did not care to listen to the speaker they were at perfect liberty to leave the hall.

"It is much more interesting if they stay," said Mr. Thomas.

Capital and Labor

Questions being invited at the close of Mr. Thomas's address a man with a flaming red tie jumped up from his seat. He kept his hat on and waved his arms towards the platform.

"I want to know if Mr. Thomas believes that there can be peace in the world so long as there are two classes in existence. Capital and labor; I mean exploiters and exploited," he added.

"This reminds me of ten years ago," replied Mr. Thomas, with a smile. "I have not been in a debate like this since the fiery days of my early socialistic career in Paris. I feel younger. This question of yours," he said t o the man who kept standing up, "is a familiar one to me. I have answered it daily.

"Certainly there will be two classes, even when our aims are accomplished. You cannot transform society in one blow like that. We can obtain our reforms with the two classes in existence. Why, if they did not exist, those exploiters as you call them, there would be no reason for the whole syndical movement. It is not for social revolution that we are grouping, it is to obtain the measures of liberty, reform and justice that we are battling. I would respect your belief if I could; but unfortunately I must differ with your idea of upsetting everything.

Working Men's Support

"I have an indiscreet question to put to Mr. Thomas," shouted the new questioner. "I know that intelligence is measured by money; that brains are sold. You are an intelligent man, and a director of this Labor Office, you are paid, are you not? I would ask Mr. Thomas by whom he is paid to fight this cause of labor?"

Amid the hubbub, Mr. Thomas replied: "Mr. Thomas is not at all embarrassed for an answer to this. He is paid by public funds. There is a special budget of the League of Nations, established by those nations that are members of the League. This particular money was approved by the representatives of 26,000,000 working men, at the congress at Amsterdam, men who are labor's representatives in the League of Nations."

"You have used an expression to which I must confess is foreign to me," retorted Mr. Thomas. "You said 'tell me where your gold is and I will tell you where your heart is.' This may be a current one among you here in Canada. I was appointed to my position as director of the International Labor Office by labor men from all the world at the Washington Conference. I don't know who you are, but I am speaking in the name of 26,000,000 men. Now that you are talking of gold, do you mean to tell me that you disapprove of your elected members to Parliament for drawing an indemnity from the country to represent you?"

"It is not a question of that," shouted someone.

"I am not paid by the funds of the Third Internationale," said Mr. Thomas, his voice vibrating with passion. "They are secret funds and we don't know where they go. We do know where our funds go to, and for what object."

After admitting, in reply to other questions, that capital would continue, even if all the socialistic reforms were granted, the speaker concluded with the words: "But in the meantime, we cannot sit with arms folded and talk black revolution. We must secure the public opinion by preaching justice and intelligent measures; otherwise everything is lost."

Riotous Scenes in House of Commons

The Labor party in the House of Commons, incensed at the decision of the Government to prorogue Parliament for some weeks on Friday, clamored for its continuance until further schemes have been proposed to deal with unemployment. Consequently, as a demonstration, the Labor men set themselves to keep the members sitting all night, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved closure, this proving the signal for wild riot. After Mr. Bonar Law had risen to speak, the spirit of quiet pervaded the Assembly, and a supplementary estimate for £1,000,000 for the immediate relief of the unemployed was agreed to.

PUZZLES OF THE GERMAN MARK

One peculiarity in the German financial situation is that the nominal value of marks in Germany is higher than the exchange value; that is, the value in other countries. Another and still more puzzling fact is that the prices for commodities in Germany to foreign purchasers who offer marks in payment are higher than the prices to domestic consumers. The two things result from different causes and must be treated separately.

The original reason why a currency depreciates is that it cannot be redeemed. When once paper money falls below par the extent to which it depreciates depends roughly on how much of it is issued—the more paper currency there is, the less it is worth. That is nearer to being mathematically true of the foreign valuation—the rate of exchange—than it is of the valuation in domestic trade; for commodity prices and wages, which are the accurate test of depreciation, do not rise so rapidly or so uniformly as the printing presses issue paper money. The ability to get rid of a sum received at once at virtually the same rate serves to retard somewhat the decline at home, but there is no such retarding influence on the decline of marks in the hands of foreigners; consequently the home value of the currency is always higher than the foreign value.

The other fact requires a different explanation. Although an American in Berlin with his pocket full of German marks can buy as much with them as a German could, an American merchant who orders goods to be sent to New York and offers marks in payment cannot get the goods at the domestic price. The paper money system, which results in low wages, enables the Germans to produce goods at a lower cost than Great Britain or the United States can produce them. They take advantage of that by charging higher prices to foreign importers than to home consumers. They can thus obtain excessive profits and yet undersell their competitors. That explains the admitted prosperity of Germany at the present time. The government also profits by the situation thus created by imposing special export charges. Both causes tend to diminish the purchasing power of the paper money in the hands of foreigners.

CHRISTMAS

Though winter's snow may clothe the land,
And make it cold and drear,
A merry Christmas be to all,
And gladsome bright New Year.

He who on Christmas day was born
Can take all gloom away,
And make the hours of winter be
Like noon of Summer day.

His goodness tuned the warblers sweet
To sing in forest shade,
And myriads of His flowers to give
Their fragrance in the glade.

He walks upon the sea of life,
When we are sore dismayed,
Our fears all vanish when He says,
"'Tis I, be not afraid."

Though Spring and Summer flowers are fled,
And Autumn's beauty gone,
May Christmas brighten every land
With mirth and joyful song.

—Rev. Lawrence Sinclair.
Huntsville, Ontario.

"Say it with subscriptions."

THE FASCINATION OF SKI-ING

At the beginning of every season so many novices take to ski-ing that a few words of caution may usefully be sounded for their benefit. Ski-ing can become very heavy muscular work, and the consequent physical strain, combined with the tax made on the sense of balance, may tend to prove harmful if recklessly incurred. For this reason beginners especially, since their early ski-ing is usually punctuated by a long series of falls and of excessive or ill-guided efforts, should be chary of indulging in their sport beyond the degree of permissible fatigue. Consequently it may be recommended that all ski-runners who feel in the least way "stale" or off color in the morning, or who have completed a heavy sequence of tours, should take an occasional rest.

Fortunate are they who have a second string to their bow in the shape of an inclination for skating or for tobogganing. Where good bob-sleighing is obtainable it is no bad thing for any large party of ski-runners to make a point of taking an occasional day on the bob, and, better still, to enter for a day or two of racing. That pastime is one that, with very little practice, offers much amusement, and possibly considerable excitement. Curling is another side issue by which means every ski-runner may spend a profitable and yet restful day. It would, however, in most cases be a mistake to attempt to excel at two widely different pastimes and to try and participate in a strenuous programme of long ski-ing tours combined with a long curling competition of any importance.

Even the elderly and the untrained can well indulge in ski-ing, provided that the sport be carried out with judgment and moderation. The older the tourist may be, the slower, for instance, should be his progress uphill. The slowest runner will, within limits, still get to his summit and enjoy the downhill run.

Regarding outfit, woollen underwear is, of course, indispensable and calls for no comment. The exterior garments must be of hard, smooth, texture; wool is again its most suitable constituent, but anything fleecy, knitted sweaters or jackets, and still more, the fluffy, showy, costumes exhibited in certain establishments should be eschewed. Every protruding strand of wool will in time pick up particles of snow, until the wearer ends by resembling a chinking mass of little icicles.

Suitable clothing, provided its exterior surface conforms to the necessary standard of hardness and smoothness, may be found in many wardrobes. Much can be extemporized by adapting these garments, by fitting them with woollen linings round the waist or by similar expedients. Boots made for ski-ing, supplemented by adequate thick socks, are not only necessary for comfort, but form a necessary preliminary to obtaining a correctly fitting ski binding.

THE ADVANTAGES OF COKE

The United States Bureau of Mines recommends householders to burn coke during the coming winter. It says that coke makes a better domestic fuel than soft coal. As compared with the latter, an important advantage it has is its smokelessness. It does not require poking down; and its use simplifies draft regulations, sufficient air being obtained through leaks around the ashpit door.

Coke should be used for heating houses because it is a clean and convenient fuel. It requires less attention than coal, gives a more uniform temperature in the house, and almost does away with the necessity of cleaning the furnace and flues.

Consumers of coke, however, must adopt suitable methods of firing. The fire should be started by first feeding a six-inch layer of coke onto wood kindlings after they are well ignited with the draft on. When this layer has started to burning well, fill the firebox with the fuel and cut down the draft until the coke will just continue to burn. Keep the fire always under control; do not let it blaze up and then try to cut it down again suddenly.

With the fair-sized fire-box, the furnace should carry fire over night. But if there is any anthracite on hand, it should be used at night in very cold weather.

"Say it with subscriptions."
You don't have to—but you will

According to Court House officials at Montreal, over one million dollars' worth of morphine, cocoaine, opium and heroin were smuggled and disposed of this year. Authorized police bodies recovered something like $200,000 worth. The morgue claimed 38 victims. The amount recovered from prisoners was very large. Drugs seized at the dock and bearing fictitious addresses have been valued at $200,000. Ottawa received about a quarter of a million dollars of drugs from Montreal during the year.

"Say it with subscriptions."
You don't have to—but you will

"Say it with subscriptions."

FARMERS MARKETS

PROVISION MARKET

The local market for live hogs was reported unchanged on Saturday, with prices holding firm, select lots being quoted nominally at $11 to $11.25 per hundred pounds, weighed off cars. A good demand continues for smoked meats for this season of the year and 8 to 12-pound hams are quoted at 24c to 25c per pound, heavy weights at 22c to 23c, cooked flat hams at 38c and cooked hams at 35c per pound, while smoked breakfast bacon sells at 30c to 32c per pound.

THE GRAIN MARKETS

A fair demand from local and export buyers continues for Canadian western oats, with prices holding firm, car lots of No. 2 Canadian western oats, with prices holding firm, car lots of No. 2 Canadian western oats quoted at 64c to 65c, No. 3 C.W. at 59c to 60c, No. 1 feed at 57c to 58c, No. 2 feed at 55c to 56c and American No. 2 yellow corn at 92c to 93c per bushel, ex-store.

Cash prices at Winnipeg were:—

Wheat — No. 1 northern, $1.08 5-8; No. 2 northern, $1.05 5-8; No. 3 northern, $1.02 5-8; No. 4, 98 3-8c; No. 5, 92 3-8c; No. 6, 85 3-8c; feed, 76 3-8c; track, $1.08 3-8.

Oats—No. 2 C.W. 46 1-4c; No. 3 C. W., 42 3-8c; extra No. 1 feed, 42 3-8c; No. 1 feed, 40 1-4c; No. 2 feed, 37 1-2c; rejected, 35 3-4c; track, 44 1-2c.

Barley—No. 3 C.W., 54 1-2c; No. 4 C. W., 49 1-2c; rejected, 44c; feed, 44c; track, 53 3-4c.

Flax—No. 1 N.W.C., $2.09 3-4; No. 2 C.W., $2.04 3-4; No. 3 C.W., $1.68 3-4; rejected, $1.-68 3-4; track $2.06.

Rye—No. 2 C.W., 82 1-4c.

Foreign Exchange Department, Bank of Montreal, shows:—Sterling 4.6792 (par value 4.86 2-3).

New York Funds 9-16 premium.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

A fair business in eggs continues to be done, with fresh eggs at 46c, storage selects at 40c and firsts at 35c to 36c per dozen. Turkey was quoted between 45c and 47c per pound on Saturday, with little likelihood of any cheaper variety making its appearance on the local market before Christmas.

DAIRY PRODUCE

A strong feeling existed in Saturady's butter trading and demand was good, with finest creamery at 38c per pound.

Steady inquirey from English importers, regarding cheese, continued and sales were reported up to as high at 23 1-2c.

INDIAN APPEAL TO LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Five thousand American Indians who have lived near Grand River, Ont., since 1784, and who insist that they are a sovereign people not answerable to the Canadian Government, have appealed to the League of Nations through the Dutch Government for settlement of their dispute with Canada, it has been learned. Chief Deskaheh, of the Six Nations tribe, who has stopped here on his way home from Washington, announced that he had given the argument of his people, set forth in a petition to Dr. J. B. Hubrecht, charge d'affaires in Washington of the Netherlands, with the request that it be sent to the Dutch Government and thence to the League. He said he left similar petitions with other embassies with the request that they be submitted to the foreign governments.

Members of the chief's party said they chose the Netherlands to bring their case before the League because Hollanders were the first white people to settle near their land. The Six Nations, they said, were descendants of Indians who supported Great Britain in her eighteenth century wars, and who were rewarded in 1874 by a grant of the land they now occupy in place of the domain they lost in support of the crown. During the world war, they said, they sent many young Indians abroad to fight on the side of the Allies.

Canadian troops last week invaded the Grand River lands, 100 by 12 miles, occupied by the Six Nations, and, acting on the theory of British sovereignty, arrested and imprisoned several men after breaking into and searching the homes of many Indians, the chief charged. The Indians, it was stated, have their own language and customs. They maintain that they have the right to home rule under the treaty by which Great Britain is alleged to have ceded them their land.

DARING ROBBERY OF MINT IN DENVER, COLORADO

Bandits in masks, numbering at least four and possibly seven, staged an audacious holdup at the doorstep of the Government mint on Monday morning, stole $200,000 in $5 bills from the truck of the Denver branch of the Federal Reserve Bank and made their escape after fatally shooting Charles Linton, a guard of the Reserve Bank truck.

A motor truck from the Federal Reserve Bank was standing at the entrance to the Mint, and the driver had just come out of the mint with a sack full of currency, making up the total of $200,000. The money was in fifty packages of $400 each, which were being put in the truck safe.

The four members of the Reserve Bank crew had left the entrance of the mint and were walking toward their machine near the curb when another car drove up alongside of the wire-enclosed money car.

Two or three men carrying guns leaped from the car and, with a shout of "hands up," began to fire.

Linton attempted to throw the money into the back compartment of the truck and he was shot in the abdomen by the leader of the bandits.

Meanwhile an alarm bell in the mint began to ring and fifty of the employees grasped shotguns and other weapons and ran to the windows or doors to give battle to the bandits.

Fusillades of shots ripped their way through buildings across from the mint, and others hit the granite sides of the neighborhood to a frenzy of excitement.

Concealed behind the Government car, the bandits coolly smashed open a window, lifted out the packages and shifted them with almost incredible rapidity into their own car, which immediately started off at a terrific speed. Amid the hail of shots one of the bandits standing on the running board was seen to be hit in the head with a bullet.

The story of the Witness is either a great big bluff—or it is unique in the annals of journalism, and the Witness a mighty force for righteousness.

In the latter case it will naturally arouse your active co-operation.

MR. GOMPERS IN MONTREAL

"Labor is destined to play a prominent part in future governments. The workers of the world are beginning to exercise their power, and that will be used in the development of the labor movement and in the progress of humanists." So declared Samuel Gompers, veteran president of the American Federation of Labor, who arrived in Montreal on Monday evening to confer with Canadian Labor leaders.

"Our rational and natural labor movement must go on day by day. We do not deny the employers the right to organize, and they cannot deny us the right to organize. The only alternative is irrational revenge which humanity wreaks out to its oppressors. We want to live our lives; we want to be of service; we want progress, not reaction; civilization, not barbarism; evolution, not revolution."

With the above words as the conclusion of a long address Samuel Compers, president of the American Federation of Labor, appealed to his audience Sunday for the unity and solidarity of labor and intensified organization of the international labor movement.

"It is hardly likely," says the London Star, "that the American serial rights of Lloyd George's memoirs will go begging. A well-known American journalist tells me there will be other newspaper owners who will bid for them, and he would not be surprised to see them secured by Mr. Hearst, who has already obtained the American contract for thirty articles on current topics at a minimum of £250 each.

Rt. Hon. S. Baldwin, Chancellor of the Exchequer, had a long audience with the King at Buckingham Palace on Monday prior to sailing for New York aboard the Majestic on December 27. The Chancellor will be accompanied on his mission, which relates to the British debt, to the United States, by his wife and daughter.

J. P. Morgan and Company on Monday night issued a statement declaring they had notified the German ambassador to America that is was impossible for them to discuss or consider a loan to Germany unless and until the reparations question was settled.

Miss Eva McGinnis, a nurse, was burned to death, twenty-five other people were forced to flee into the street in night attire and bare feet, and some had to be carried down fire ladders by firemen, when a furnace exploded and fire broke out in the Corinthian apartments, 229 Bishop Street, Montreal, on Friday morning. The outbreak did damage estimated at over $100,000.

The world wheat situation for 1922-23, as reviewed by the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, shows a world export surplus of 950,000,000 bushels, and requirements of importing countries to be 923,000,000 bushels.

"Bootlegging" was a term applied by Brigadier-General C. A. Smart, M.L.A., for Westmount, during that portion of his address delivered on Saturday afternoon before the members of the Club Cartier, which referred to the administration of the Quebec Liquor Act. General Smart declared that the province was being "debauched" by the system. He quoted as an instance Valleyfield, in which town the sales had risen to such an extent as to require the establishment of a second vendor's shop. This trade, charged General Smart, was due to purchases by individuals from across the border, and he asserted that women and children had been employed by these visitors in order to obtain additional supplies of spirits.

Records completed by the Montreal Harbor-Master's Office show that 1,194 sea-going vessels, with a total net tonnage of 3,932,637, arrived in Montreal during the season of 1922, as against 964 ships of 2,891,956 tons in 1921, a gain for the season just ended of 230 ships, and more than a million tons.

WATER POWER DEVELOPMENT IN QUEBEC

A big water power development, said to be one of the largest ever undertaken on the American continent, has been begun in the province of Quebec by a company composed of Canadian and United States financiers. This development is to include the harnessing of the water power of Lake St. John and Saguenay River, and it is backed by finances controlled by James B. Duke, the well-known tobacconist, and Sir William Price, head of Price Bros., Ltd., the print paper manufacturing firm.

A corporation capitalized at $25,000,000 has been formed under the laws of Canada, the entire stock having been subscribed by Mr. Duke and his associates in the United States and by Sir William and his associates in the Dominion. The big project involves a total power production of more than 1,200,000 h. p., the first portion of which, amounting to 400,000 will be ready early in 1925.

You don't have to—but you will
"Say it with subscriptions."

A British aeroplane, carrying the world's largest engine of 1,000 horse-power, was launched on Thursday at Messrs. A. V. Roe and Company's factory on the Hamble River, near Southampton. The great engine consists of 16 cylinders arranged in four rows of four in the form of the letter X. It is fitted to a specially constructed long distance bomber, which has been designed by Messrs. Roe and Company for the British Air Ministry.

"Say it with subscriptions."

A proposal has been made in England to increase the tax of all persons owning or operating American-made automobiles.

"Say it with subscriptions."

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 322 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.

The Royal Guardians

INCORPORATED

MONTREAL

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof by The Royal Guardians, incorporated under the Act 9-10 Edward VII., Chapter 158 for the passing of an Act to amend the said Act by removing from the objects of the Association the attributes of a fraternal charitable and benevolent association, and by authorizing it to transact the business of Life and Disability Insurance, as a Mutual Company, subject to the provisions of the Insurance Act other than Part 2a thereof, re Fraternal Benefit Insurance, and by such other amendments as are necessary to give the effect thereto.

JOHN McDOWALL, Supreme Guardian. A. T. PATTERSON, Supreme Secretary.
227 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal.
December 6th, 1922.

Why Not Bank By Mail?

YOUR banking can be done as safely and as easily by mail as by personal attendance. Money can be deposited or withdrawn with absolute security. Our folder 'A Banking Service by Mail' explains this simple, convenient method.

Write, or ask our Manager for one.

The Royal Bank of Canada.

230

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FACTS

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD

Edited by JOHN REDPATH DOUGALL

Canada's Leading National wspaper. Always Independent and Dependable, Strong and Courageous.

Besides its splendid News Features it has Special Departments, edited by experts, of interest to all members of the family, and to all walks of life. Its Market and Stock Reports and Financial Review are fair and most trustworthy. Its Literary Review, splendid Short and Serial Stories, Home Department, Young People's Departments—cover a wide range of human interest. Its Queries and Answers on all subjects, including Agriculture, Veterinary, Poultry, etc., and its Farm and Garden Departments are greatly prized for their practical and timely hints and information.

The "Witness" editorial pages are unique, and worth the full price to anyone, especially now.

$2.00 a year.

ON TRIAL to New Subscribers only $1.35.

Three or more NEW subscribers $1.00 each.

WORLD WIDE

Canada's Leading Weekly Review. All the best things in the world's greatest journals and reviews, reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres. Good selections from the best cartoons of the week. The busy man's paper. Nothing like it anywhere at the price. It is literally "a feast of reason, and a flow of soul." Almost every article you want to mark and send to a friend, or put away among your treasures.

$2.50 a year.

ON TRIAL to New Subscribers, one year, only $1.35.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

Our good old family "story-teller" friend, the "Northern Messenger," has been for fifty years a favorite with the Canadian people. It gives splendid value for the money, and contributes largely to a Sunday so well spent as to bring a week of content. A strong ally of the temperance cause.

Sixty (60c.) a year.

ON TRIAL to New Subscribers, one year, only 40 cents.

S. S. RATE—In clubs of six or more, to one address, ONLY 40 cents per copy per year.

1922 prices—Now available :—

REGULAR AND CLUB RATES

1. Weekly Witness $2.00
2. World Wide 2.50
3. Northern Messenger 60

A great Family Club of All Three for $4.25; worth $5.10

A GREAT FAMILY CLUB

No other group of three publications can so completely satisfy the whole family.

SPECIALLY REDUCED ANNUAL CLUB COMBINATIONS.

Publications	Twelve Months	Worth
Witness and World Wide	for $4.00	$4.50
" " Messenger	for $2.25	$2.60
World Wide and "	for $3.00	$3.10
All Three Publications	for $4.25	$5.10

These Splendid Bargains Would Interest Your Friends.

Four months on trial, one-third of above prices.

Those taking advantage of any of these CLUB COMBINATIONS may also send in new subscriptions to any of the three publications at three-quarters of the full regular price.

For Montreal Island and St. Lamberts.

Add to the foregoing rates the cost of local distribution, namely, for the "Witness" $1.00 additional, for "World Wide" 50 cents additional, for the "Messenger" 50 cents additional.

For Foreign Countries.

Add to the subscription rates the cost of foreign postage, namely, for the "Witness" $2.04 additional, for "World Wide" $3.00 additional, for the "Messenger" 50 cents additional.

For U. S.

Additional postage: "Witness" 50 cents, "World Wide" 25 cents, "Messenger" 25 cents.

Sending Money.

No subscription may be paid by cheque unless the cheque has written clearly across it the words "payable at Par Montreal." Money orders are the best way to send money. Only small amounts may be sent in stamps and then only in the 1, 2 and 3c. denominations. Stamps of larger denominations cannot be accepted.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON. Publishers. 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

The reduced rates that we announce from time to time are open to the people who of their own volition take advantage of them. Those who wait till someone takes the time and trouble to call on them are not entitled to these rates. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," the advantage naturally belongs to the canvasser who solicits and forwards a subscription. No canvassers are authorized by us unless they have specially addressed credentials from us. This refers only to professional canvassers. Among friends clubs are being secured and forwarded all the time without any risk to anyone, so long as the remittance is made by money order.