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The Week's Outlook

Ontario's Choice

ANOTHER week and Ontario will have made her choice, not only for herself, but for the world. A few things stand out very clearly. The first is that if Prohibition is to win, every man and woman who believes in prohibition must turn in and vote to save the temperance act, and must persuade others to do the same seeing that any change means back to liquor. Evils exist less through the strength of the actively bad than through the apathy of the passively good. It is most regrettable that in plebiscites, referendums local option contests, where a moral, as distinct from a political, issue is involved a comparatively small proportion of the well inclined voters take the trouble to record their ballots. We believe that the majority of the people of Ontario wish to see the Temperance Act retained but it will not be retained except they do their part. The enemy is all alive. The Liquor forces are organized as they never were before. They are defending their last ditch. They will spare no pains and no expense but will poll every vote. Liquor has any amount of wealth at its back. At one end of the scale it has big names in society, Knights and Ladies, and Reverends and what not, at the other end it has the support of all the criminal and vicious classes. It is strong, in that it has for its allies appetite and the incentive of gain, two of the most powerful influences that affect humanity. Again there is that alternative, that swing of the pendulum, which is one of the notable facts in psychology. Savonarola erects a theocracy in Florence with the passionate approval of the people but the tide turns and he is burned at the stake by those he served and sought to save. Cromwell rules England in the strength and the fear of God but is followed by the shamelessness of the Restoration Here, then, are the hosts of Midian whom the good people of Ontario have to face. Will they yield to them or will they keep their province clean and safe, as far as the present law gives security? If they admit the liquor traffic under whatever specious camouflage, they will have all the past generation's hard work to do over again. If they beat Liquor this time he will be crippled from attacking for a long time to come—we might well hope, forever—and they can go ahead toward the ultimate goal of Dominion prohibition.

Liquor And its Allies

THE other fact which stands forth with terrible distinctness is that if Liquor, under whatever form, is restored to legality in Ontario, it will bring with it a terrible train of evils—"seven other spirits more wicked than itself." This is the experience of every Government Control province. It has been stated that Ontario's method of "control" is to be different from the methods of other provinces. We do not doubt that the statement has been made honestly. But it has been proved again and again that in whatever manner liquor is sold it curses not only its direct victims but also the man or the government that sells it, and the county or the city which tolerates it. The Province of Quebec has been filling the Continent with its boastings of the good order, the sobriety, the absence of bootlegging, the altogether splendid success of its government control. What are the facts? The investigation which is at present being conducted into the character of the police department of Montreal shows that bootlegging, illegal selling of all sorts and in all sorts of places is a concomitant of this wonderful Government Control. It shows that drug peddling is common in extensive districts of the city, that the social evil is rampant and is spreading, and is sweeping into its whirlpool thousands of the young of all classes and of both sexes. It shows that vice and crime stalk everywhere almost unbridled. It shows gambling, drugs, prostitution, robbery and murder, allied with liquor, driving the city and its people toward destruction. A well seasoned Chicago detective who had been brought in to investigate, gave evidence that having done like service in many cities, he had never seen more rotten conditions. Does Toronto wish to emulate Montreal in this? Does Ontario wish to enter on a course which can only end in loss, sorrow and despair? Let Ontario remember that even the poorest sort of prohibition prohibits much more perfectly than the most perfect system of Government Control "controls," or regulation regulates".

Bootleggers And Government Control

THE Vancouver Hook, a weekly paper somewhat akin to Jack Canuck or the Calgary Eye-opener, is decidedly opposed to prohibition. Yet it recently printed an article which shows the absolute impossibility of checking the bootlegging traffic under "government control." The bootlegger refuses to cease his very profitable activities merely because the government becomes his competitor. The Hook claims that more than 60,000 bottles of whiskey are smuggled into British Columbia every month by bootleggers. The reason is simple. The federal government imposes an excise tax of about $1.65 per bottle on whiskey consumed in Canada. The provincial charges add another dollar. The bootlegger, therefore, by posing as an exporter to Japan, or Mexico, has a margin of $2.65 per bottle to work with. He is able to make deliveries direct to the consumer at considerably less cost than the liquor can be purchased for at the government stores. Whiskey being so easy to get legally, and consequently so plentiful in British Columbia, it is practically impossible to distinguish the bootlegger, or his customer from the ordinary "moderate" returning from the good liquor store. It is ridiculous to attempt to stop bootlegging by making liquor easier to get under government control. There are better ways of killing a fish than by drowning.

Make Canada A Land to Love

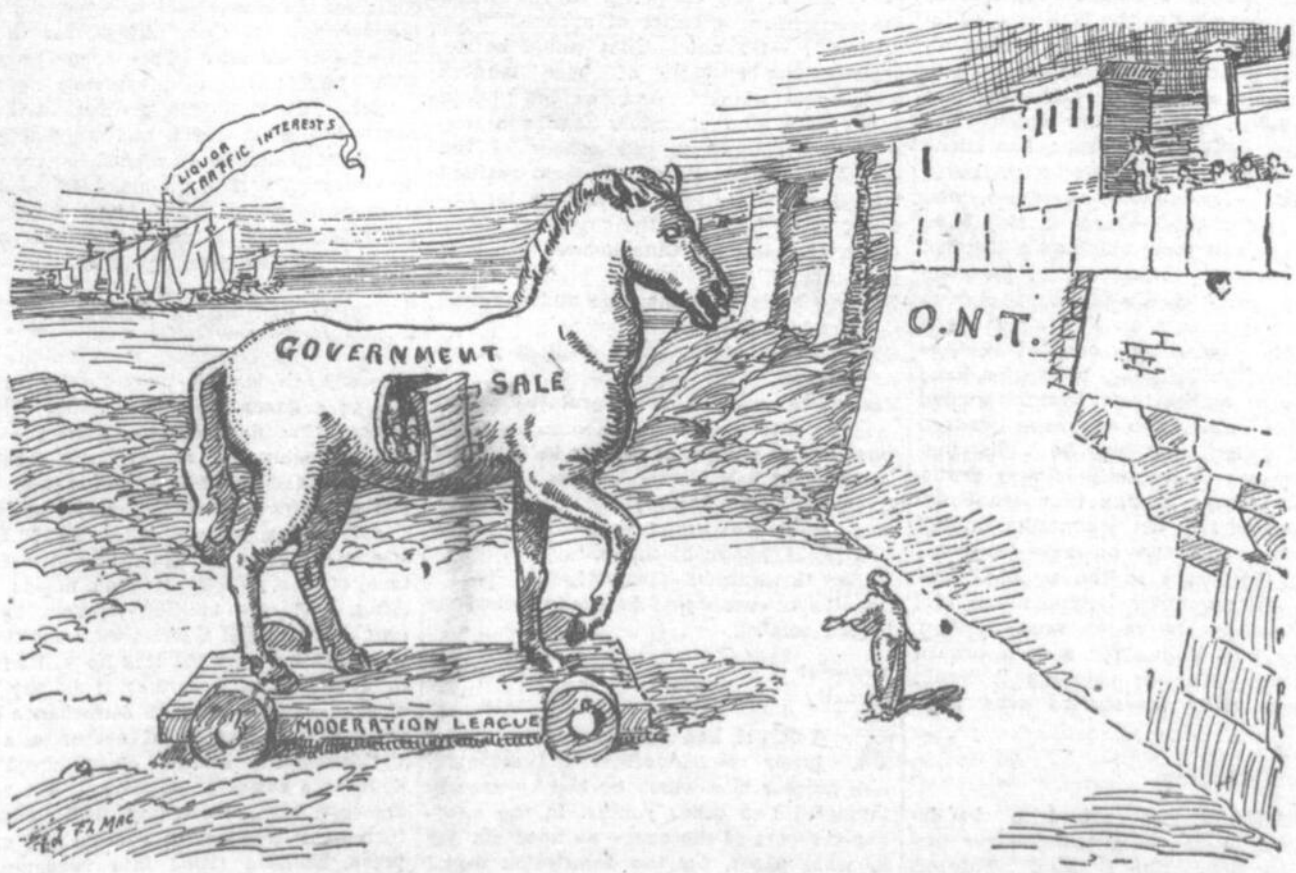
Darker Montreal

UNBELIEVABLE! That would have been the comment had we told our readers in general terms about the desperate conditions existing in Montreal. Many would have thought "Oh, this is just an exaggeration for the purpose of playing up the lack of Government Control where that is supposed to be the law." So the Witness has felt constrained to give some of the detail of the sworn evidence before Judge Coderre last week in connection with the judicial enquiry into the gross corruption charged against the Montreal police force. Parents who send their young people to Montreal to start their business career or to get their education should know something of the conditions. But all Canadians should know of them, and particularly should the people of Ontario know of them as they face at the ballot box the arch enemy and root of so much evil in Montreal. Every one who reads the evidence will see that wherever liquor is there is wrong-doing. They will see that all the wrong-doing in Montreal seems to be intimately associated with liquor. They will see that Government Control does not control, that there is flagrant sale of drink in places where drink is not supposed to be sold, and that the hip-pocket evil is worse in Quebec than in Ontario. They will see that wherever there is liquor there is corruption. The hint is that the corruption goes higher than the police. Some strenuous efforts are being made to end, or, at least, silence the enquiry, but the better public are so outraged over the whole thing so tired of police scandals and trifling fines and suspended sentences, that they are determined to get to the bottom and top of the whole blasting scandal. Any one who dares try to stop the enquiry will be suspected of complicity. If our readers have understanding hearts as they read of how these dens of infamy get their recruits, how commonly the first step downwards is the first glass—and how quickly they become miserable castaways, even by the degraded tossed aside to sink lower till they die of their loathsome diseases after long agony of body and of mind—surely righteous indignation will stir them to action against the betrayers of virtue, against all who, for gain, sell the liquor which plays so great a part in the undermining of virtue. When the United States became ashamed of her slave trade she prohibited slavery, though it required a civil war to achieve it. When she became ashamed of her liquor trade she prohibited liquor, and has to wage constant war against the desperadoes who would break her laws. But she will win against them as she did against the slave trade, though "guerilla warfare" may continue longer than organized battle. Has the time not come for Canadians, in their shame and wrath, to make a clean sweep of the accursed trade? Surely it has. We are doing our utmost. We could do more with a still larger circulation. What are you going to do about arousing and organizing your locality for national Prohibition?

Oh, Don't be Deceived!

LITTLE lowering of liquor barrier" is the impression which a very wet paper conveys to its casual readers through its large type heading over Premier Ferguson's explanation of the proposed legislation in the event of the majority favoring "Government Control" for Ontario. If Mr. Ferguson was the publicity agent of the liquor traffic he could not serve them better than he is doing. They know, and he knows, that Ontario wants the utmost measure of effective Prohibition which it is possible to have. Therefore the pretence of the Wets is that Government Control will assure that utmost measure more effectively than Prohibition. But he contradicts himself when, while declaring prohibition a failure, he proposes as part of a Government Control measure to prohibit importation by private interests. "There is no reason whatever," he says, "why the province cannot say that any person found in possession of liquor which does not bear the Government stamp should go to jail." Ye

The Wooden Horse at Troy



"Timeo Danios et dona ferentes"—"I fear the Greeks, even bearing gifts."

Finding that they could not take the city by assault, the Greeks determined to do so by guile. The fleet sailed away as if abandoning the siege, leaving behind a huge wooden horse as a votive offering to the gods. One of the Greeks, left on purpose, explained to the Trojans that if they admitted the sacred image within their walls good fortune would follow. They fell under the deceit, opened their impregnable walls, and brought the wooden horse within. At midnight, while they slept, the armed men concealed in the image emerged and opened the gates to the Greek army that had returned. Troy was taken. The door in the horse is, of course, understood to be closed but our cartoonist has opened it, so that the reader may catch a glimpse of the enemies lurking within. Will the citadel of Ontario fall to similar guile of the Liquor Traffic?

he proposed no such law for the effective enforcement of Prohibition. If people can be sent to jail for having liquor bearing the wrong label, they can be sent to jail for having any liquor. Where there's a will there's a way, and Mr. Ferguson's will seems to be to pave the way for a wet regime. The very thin edge of the wedge is all that the "Wets" pretend to be asking of Ontario, for they know that did they ask more there would be no chance of getting any consideration. But the Ontario voters all know the power of a wedge. All the liquor interests want just now is to get it under the door of the Ontario Temperance Act. Some timely sledge hammer blows would drive it home before long. Fortunately this is not a party matter. There are as staunch prohibitionists among one party as another. Yet it is a party matter, for all who want to keep their politicians safe from entanglement with one of the most corrupting of all influences will vote for the continuance of the Act.

Brewery Profits in Quebec

THE laying of the corner stone of a new plant for the National Breweries, in Montreal last week calls attention to the huge profits and expansion of this business under government control. The new plant will have a capacity of ten million gallons a year. An examination of the official annual statements of this organization, which is a merger embracing many of the former independent concerns, shows that on a capital investment of little more than seven million dollars, the company last year cleared well over one million dollars, after making generous allowances for depreciation, taxes, and all other expenses. These are the profits actually shown on paper regardless of the amount of "water" in the stock. It is, however, worthy of note that of the total investment a million and a half dollars represents "good will" and other more or less invisible assets. It is interesting to compare the present position of the company with that during the war. Under the war time prohibition act even the six per cent guaranteed bonds depreciated by one-fifth in value. The bonds rose to par immediately when, after the armistice, the government again permitted the sale of wines and beer. The preferred stock paying seven per cent, when earned, and with a par value of $100.00, fell as low as $50.00. It reached pre-war prices in 1919 and is now above par. In the common stock fabulous fortunes have been made since the war. Previous to the war the par value of these shares was $100.00. During the early part of the conflict this stock sold around 50. Before the armistice it fell as low as 15. After the armistice it soared to 133. By the year 1920 the price of this stock had reached such a height that trading was retarded owing to the high cost of individual shares. The company then allotted four shares of new common stock for one share of the old. The nominal or face value of the new stock was twenty-five dollars. Present quotations on this stock on the Exchange hover around 58. Speculators, therefore, who acquired any of these shares in 1918 have had the value of their holdings multiplied over fifteen-fold. Besides this, the company has declared dividends of sixteen per cent per annum on this stock since government control was adopted in Quebec. Also the National Breweries have been able to reduce their original bonded debt of two million by over seven hundred thousand dollars. It may be a disreputable business; it certainly is very profitable. But, even though they are building so extensively the probability is that those who know the business best are "keeping their ears to the ground," and plan to unload their holdings on less foresighted speculators as soon as they think the tide is due for a turn toward Prohibition. To our thinking it would be a very risky investment even now.

The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing

ONTARIO cannot afford to be deceived by the admittedly clever tactics of the Moderation League. This organization is the resurrected form of the deceased Liberty League. It is identical in aims with its more disreputable predecessor. The Liberty League fought openly with all its ramifications. The open bar was vigorously defended. When the Liberty league was unmistakably disapproved by the voters of Ontario, and died a natural death the liquor trade decided that a new policy—or shall we say disguise—was necessary to win the province back to the fold. "Our trade, our politics" is still their private slogan. The liquor traffic could not be openly defended—the result must, therefore, be obtained by indirect means. Hence the "moderate" tone adopted in this campaign, especially suited to Prohibitionist Ontario. The open bar is condemned. It is admitted that the bootlegging evil will be very difficult to check under any law. The whole appeal is based on the plea that people get liquor anyway and they might as well get good liquor legally, as bad liquor from bootleggers. The present position of the champions of liquor is just as indefensible as the former position of the League in defending the open bar. Now, under the guise of "true temperance," and behind a barrage of "keep out the tars," they seek to get the thin edge of their wedge under the Temperance Act. But the people of Ontario know that that would simply mean more, and more, and still more liquor.

The Wets Floored

AMERICANS are said to know a good thing when they see it. One of the stubborn facts which the advocates of Government Control have not dared to discuss is that in the coming Presidential election not one of the Candidates has hinted at any modification whatever even of the very drastic Volstead Act, still less of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. On the contrary, each has pledged himself to full enforcement. Even on the very eve of the election the party in power, desirous of being returned for another five years, is, more strenuously than ever waging war against the desperate bootleggers and lawbreakers. Thirteen ships and four and a half million dollars worth or liquor were seized by the United States "Prohibition Navy" on Monday. These things the Wets cannot deny. Yet there is no surer evidence of the wonderful measure of success of Prohibition in the United States, and of the determination of the people to make it even more effective. The larger the scale the more effective and advantageous is Prohibition.

Moderationists in Comic Opera

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN died too soon. Had they lived they would have staged "The Moderationists" as a mirth provoker. Cannot one see the stage all set: A large room, or store, well lit and with a score of round tables in rows at which are seated groups of men and boys and some women and girls, among the "guests." At the front of the stage, on either side of "one of the finest police forces in the world," a couple of men in clerical garb and around the walls of the room, and converging at the front of the stage till they reached the clergymen, a ballet of aproned "bartenders"? —Oh no! That would be degrading—but a ballet of beer tenders with angel wings. And as the ballet keeps up a kind of double shuffle in step with the clergymen and officer of the law all chant together an anthem entitled "No Bars for Ontario! No bars for Ontario! Beer, beer and the cups that cheer, but no BARS for Ontario-o-o. No bars for Ontario!"

For the evil's with the bars and not with the booze,
So let us sit at ease and drink what we choose.
For when sold by a government which guarantees control,
There is no chance of danger in the overflowing bowl!
So we'll hic-hic-hiccough,
And we'll hic-hic-hiccough,
Yes we'll hic-hic-hiccough,
Under Government Control!

An all-star cast would be easily picked up in Montreal.

Youthful Atrocity

A YOUTH had confessed to an absolutely conscienceless and meaningless murder into which he had apparently inveigled two other youths. In the newspaper report of the case—we need not say in what paper, for the description would apply very generally in these days of competition in sensation—competition, not only with other newspapers but with the melodrama of the picture show and the cheap novel—in the newspaper report we read that the mother appeared before the judge and testified that she had done all she could to make the lad a good boy, but that he was never so happy as with a newspaper or a magazine or a dime novel containing stories of crime. He would pore over such tales for hours and talk about them, always and forever on the side of the criminal, no matter how brutal or how repulsive the affair might be. He would carry about choice clippings or store them away. He was excited and thrilled by the more daring and horrible of the escapades of burglars, highwaymen and murderers." This is a description of a diseased moral nature, of a disease which has of late been alarmingly prevalent with boys. Our present business is not with the particular murder case but with the account of the way in which the boys' soul was poisoned, and to set people thinking as to what is to be done about it. It has been learned during a generation past that the most powerful influences over a man's emotions and moral being are unconscious impressions, not working through the thinking mind, but in some way of which the person himself is unaware. Whatever may be held with regard to "original sin," there are chords in every nature that respond to lawless suggestion. It is shown in the general craving for criminal reading. The effect of familiarity with crime is something the subject of it knows no more than his observing neighbor who sees it in his behaviour. With the men of science of last century a certain young French Canadian was famous in all countries because he had a window in his stomach and the behaviour of different foods there could be observed, though he, himself was unconscious of these operations. The case now before us is somewhat analogous with regard to the effect of certain moral diet. If it was more visible in this case, it is none the less real in ten thousand cases. If there is an epidemic of murderous mania among otherwise sane young men the cause of it is here exposed and is not far to seek. Was there ever such a time as this for thrilling those unknown receptive nerves by which crime enters the system? On the very same newspaper page there are portraits of two boy murderers. One need only recall a salient fact about the Chicago case to see the intimate relation between this publicity and the glory of committing a "perfect crime." No doubt from a newspaper point of view it was good material. It is human that newspaper readers should want to study the faces in question. But there are sensitive plates in some natures on which these will indelibly reproduce their moral counterpart. On that same general news page there is a humorous "write up" with regard to the excentricities of a drunken woman, perhaps respectable, but for that, furnishing unholy mirth for boys and girls over the saddest of human spectacles. No doubt her behaviour was grotesque and, to a reporter inured to human humiliation, amusing. Still on the same page there is "more of horrible and awful". It is easy from the pulpit and otherwise to condemn the newpapers in a general way for dwelling on these things, for to the moralist the deadly effect keeps growing with the increasing prevalence of the causes. Possibly the greatest evil, because the most vivid and appealing to the most sensitive passions, is the picture theatre. It is an unsolved question what to do about these things which are producing such a morbid and original hysteria in the rising generation.

Britain Floundering

BRITAIN is once more in the turmoil of a general election, under circumstances that do little credit to her politicians, seeing that the crisis is based on almost nothing. The question was, why was a prosecution of the casual editor of a communist journal withdrawn? There was no doubt at all about the seditious nature of the article, if that means anything. It was inciting soldiers to mutiny. If you ask a jurist what sedition is, the more he tries the less he will be able to define it as a crime; it is any kind of conduct that tends to disturbance or to treason. A couple of centuries ago a writer could be branded on his cheek with S. S. as a sower of sedition. But branding soon became a felony, while, with the increasing freedom of speech and of the press, sedition faded into vagueness. It was not that a man could not do infinite harm with his tongue or with his pen, but because it was found extremely difficult to punish it, as in the cases of Daniel Defoe and John Wilkes, whose punishment increased their popularity. We have not any statement of Sir Patrick Hastings's long defence in Parliament, but it may well have been that it has long been found bad policy to make a martyr of a man who was not worth it. To Sir Robert Horne's majestic words that "if there is any gift more than another which the British nation has given to the world in which it can take pride, it is the dispensation of even handed justice," and to his insinuation that a crime "was not punished because the delinquent belonged to a paticular party," it would be easy to reply that prosecutions for sedition are practically always partisan, and as for even-handed justice, why was there no prosecution of those who incited the soldiers—the generals in Ireland—to mutiny, or why are those ignored who are threatening armed rebellion there today? It is all a question of party color. Ministers indignantly repudiated the implication that Communism or treason had any relation whatever with their party, which strongly condemned both.

Who is to Blame?

IT will be a question on the hustings, who is to blame for precipitating an election when nobody wanted one. Wise or unwise, it occurred to the Conservative party, which has for eight months been upon its haunches ready for a spring at the hated foe which displaced it, and was finding that uncomfortable position tiresome, and the prospect less and less hopeful, that here was the chance in which a considerable portion of the Liberal party would have to support it and so put it again in the saddle. The fact that the most important questions that the British government ever had in hand were being handled by the present government with unprecedented success, and were still in process of elaboration, did not prevent the upsetting of the apple cart. What were the Liberals to do? The Lloyd George group would not vote with Labor, and to vote with the Tories would put the latter in power. The prospect for themselves in a general election was not bright. Indeed, the indications of the moment were of further crumbling of their ranks, some going to the right, some to the left. The Liberals brought in an amendment calculated to save the situation—the usual parliamentary device of referring the matter to a commission. The Labor party could accept this, and the crisis would be passed. But what happened now? Labor growingly irritated at its confessed bondage to the Liberal party, and thinking itself much stronger in the country than in the House, lost its temper and poured angry epithets on the Liberal attitude. If the Liberals wanted to keep them in power they should have voted down the Conservative challenge. If their purpose was to keep them on the tenterhooks, the Labor government thought it had had enough of that, and refused the amendment, which was really an expression of want of confidence. From the isolation in which this placed the Liberals they were saved by a volte-face on the part of the Tories. Fearing for the fate of his party's direct motion of want of confidence, Mr. Baldwin got new light from Sir Patrick Hastings's defence, and saw his way clear to accept the Liberal amendment. By so doing, he accomplished his party's object of overturning the Labor government and making himself, as far as the House was concerned, king of the castle, though the value of that depended on the result of an appeal to the people for which, wisely or not, the rank and file of the Labor party had been panting.

The Voters' Puzzle

A SAFE and stable government is the Tory cry, and an excellent one it is, with which to appeal to the inert masses on which Conservatism largely leans. The electors are being worried with the third election within three years, and perplexed beyond their powers of choice by having three parties to choose between. When there were only Conservatives and Liberals they had usually traditional, if no other, reasons for taking one side or the other. But with three! It was these Labor men that caused all this confusion and that called this election. A secondary cry, but deposed to a modest second place, is empire solidarity. A week ago Mr. Baldwin, the Conservative leader, put out a sort of program for his party, from which imperial preference, the crippled war-horse of the last general election, had vanished altogether, to the discomfiture of the Canadian protectionists, with whom the Tory cause in Britain meant that and nothing else. But Mr. Baldwin had gone to the country on that issue and his experience of the country's response apparently made him wish it

far enough. Still, as it was protectionism that filled the party's locker it could not be left out. Imperial preference, or, in other words, taxing the British on their foodstuffs for the benefit of the dominions is what is meant by imperial solidarity, and the country is no more friendly to that than it was nine months ago. The present issue is a much more live one, the contry's scare over bolshevism.

Labor, for its part, is confident that it has many more votes in the country than it had at the last election and has been in a general way longing for this opportunity to prove that. It might easily poll a great many more votes and yet hold fewer seats in Parliament. Many of those it now holds are the result of three-cornered contests in which it had a majority against it. Will there be fewer of these? A good deal is being said about log-rolling going on between the Liberal managers and those of the Conservative party to eliminate by mutual agreement these triangular constituencies. That would imply great dread of Labor gains. It would be rather a revorsal of last year's conditions when, apart from Mr. Lloyd George's contingent, one would rather have looked for understandings between the Liberals and Labor. Certainly the aspect has considerably changed since Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Clynes broke out so angrily against the Liberals who put them in power and who have kept them in power till now. The intention clearly was, whatever the consequences, to put an end to the process of "feeding out of Mr. Asquith's hand." The effect could not be otherwise than to embitter Liberalism against Labor. This attitude of Mr. MacDonald is pronounced a fatal ineptitude by independent Labor men, but is, of course, very pleasing to his own more radical following.

The Liberals found themselves at one with the Conservatives when the latter modified their attitude upon the question of dropping the prosecution of a seditious writer. But that is an issue on which their followers will not follow them very far. What will reach the people's imagination more effectually is the financial treaty with the Soviet government, which is described as subsidizing the armies of that country to slaughter the Georgians. The Tories are accentuating that with terrible posters. Labor's statement on that point is that the money advanced must, for the most part, go from England in the form of goods, and that the purpose of the treaty is to make possible the commerce for which British unemployment is crying out. It is probable that in this view it will meet with large sympathy not with the working classes only but also with men of commerce who will see in it a revival of trade and will, therefore, not be unduly impressed by shocking posters. On the other hand, Labor's demand for the nationalization of the Bank of England—that is, subjecting the nation's banking facilities to political majority control—will terrify the commercial world.

Ireland Not Forgotten

IN the commotion consequent on the sudden Government overturn in Britain the Irish Boundary Bill was not forgotten. It passed its second reading in the House of Lords. Lord Carson had prepared an amendment requiring that the bill should only become operative when ratified by the Ulster Parliament, a handy way of killing it. He consented to withdraw this amendment when it was pointed out that it would only delay the bill and cause a conflict between the Lords and Commons. A declaratory motion brought forward by Lord Salisbury, was passed by a vote of seventy-one to thirty-eight, to the effect that the House take note of the opinions expressed in Parliament and elsewhere that Article Twelve of the Treaty contemplated nothing more than a readjustment of the boundaries. This motion was opposed by some of the Conservative Peers including Lord Carson on the grounds that it might precipitate a further political tangle, and perhaps force an appeal to the country on the Irish Bill which, in the recent temper of the British people, would be a very bad thing for the House of Lords. Lord Salisbury's motion, however, does not affect the bill, being simply a pious expression of opinion. The Lords having finished with the bill it received the Royal signature thus becoming law and thus removing Ireland outside the range of British electoral controversy.

No One Wants it

A QUEER fate seems to overhang Ireland. Just as, three years ago, every one wanted peace but seemed compelled by some dark spell to keep on fighting, so, now the boundary bill, though passed at the urgent instance of the official Irish leaders, does not voice the desires of any Irish party or any Irishman or Irish woman. It means the erection of a partition wall which, however it is built, is wanted by no one. Ulster does not want it because she fears that it will mean loss of territory. The Southern Protestants do not want it because it will render Protestants, permanently, a negligible factor in the Irish parliament. The Republicans do not want it because it will divide Ireland and will give Ulster even more definitely the character of an "English" garrison and an "English bridge head." The Free Staters are not enthusiastic over it for they, too, see that it will cut off an important part of Ireland from Irish affairs. The Southern Irish contributor to the Round Table, wrote a little while ago:— "No matter what Commission is appointed and what boundary is established, it is a boundary and a division between North and South. The greater the amount of territory which is embodied in the Free States as the result of any Commission, the greater the bitterness and bad feeling which the inhabitants of the remainder would feel and the more lasting their exclusion . . Many Northern business men and non-politicians have, in the last few months, come to realize that in a United Ireland lies the best hope of the future. Force on this Boundary Commission, and I say again, no matter what the result, you stifle for all time the possibility of that desire finding expression. . . . If Mr. Cosgrave, tomorrow said:—"We abandon the claim for a Commission, neither Republican threats nor Orange violence will force us from our course. The only boundary we want is the Atlantic Ocean, and we know we can only attain that by showing the north that it will pay to join us, and we hope to show them that within three years time." If that were said . . . . . it would confound the Republican and defeat the diehard. It might not be politics, but it would be statesmanship."

Another Way Out

SUGGESTIONS are still to the fore, offering more or less hopeful paths out of the labyrinth. Mr. Wickamsteed, in the Review of Reviews, would like to see all Ireland in the Free State, under full Dominion status. He would give the Northern Parliament jurisdiction over the entire nine Ulster counties. He would have Northern Ireland, thus constituted, join the representatives of Southern Ireland in equal numbers and with equal rights and would have Ulster citizens and members of the Northern Government eligible for the Presidency and other offices of the Free State. Ireland's salvation, as a matter of fact, lies neither in civil war nor in un-civil politics. It lies in the prosaic path of hard work, of intelligent economics, of fair play, honesty and good will, when a leader North or South makes these the leading joints in his political scheme, then, and not till then, will Ireland make her first step toward self-respect, happiness and freedom.

The Soul of Germany Speaks

A PRESAGE that Mr. Wilson, the rejected of his country, will take a great place in history—much greater than those who have replaced him—is the reception of his name at a great memorial meeting at Berlin in honor of the war dead. People of all parties who had come together to sympathize in a common sorrow probably expressed spontaneously the deeper heart of the nation by breaking into rapturous applause when a former president of the Reichstag, speaking as chairman of this memorial meeting from his old place in the parliament hall, referred to Wilson as the Father of the League of Nations. The idea of a League of Peace or League of Nations was, of course, not original with Wilson. There was an extensive literature looking that way in the first six months of the war. And that was only the flowering of an idea long in incubation. But it was Wilson who formulated it and forced it into its commanding place in the treaty of peace. To him the rest of the peace treaty was full of unsatisfactory compromises between various apprehensions and selfishnesses. It was the League that was to be the solvent that would in time of less pressure and passion correct all faults. He will be honored in history as the Father of the League of Nations, a high recompense for the martyrdom he went through at the hands of the selfish interests whom his presidency had ousted for a time from control of the tariff and other means of exploiting the nation. But that grateful applause portends more than an aureole for Wilson. It means that the soul of the German people—of those who have been chastened by the war, and who there has not—is atuned to the League of Peace. No doubt the armed legions still parade Unter den Linden with their old Prussian precision of training. It is a matter of use and wont, and failing the world dominance of the spirit of the League, it is a necessity. But what the nation really craves is a welcome to the heart of mankind. Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, coming direct from Geneva, to the Berlin Peace Congress, had an irrepressible ovation, and his message was that of an angel from heaven: The work just done at the League, he said, was Europe's dawn. Eminent French and German commanders, blazing with war decorations, shook hands, blessed each other's countries, and declared against war. "Only those of us who know the horrors of war," said the commander of the German Republican Guards, "only those of us who make war horrible, realize what war means, and, as human beings we are going to exert every power at our command to prevent it."

The Germs of War

THE success of the League of Nations in which the hopes and desires of mankind are bound up, and the place of Great Britain as the leading spirit in it are minor matters with Mr. Stevens of Vancouver, M. P., compared with the danger to his province of having the migration question discussed in the League, which, as we understand it, was all that the representatives of Canada and the other dominions agreed to. Mr. Stevens would rather snap the League at the breaking point than allow that question to be discussed in it, and the Montreal Gazette declares Mr Stevens to be right—a popular position to take. The import of the agreement was that whatever was of a character to stir up bitterness between nations and peoples was fit matter for discussion and conciliation by an organization whose mission is to bring peace to mankind. It is hard to see how this general proposition can be disputed. How often must we recall the obvious fact that no wealth of eloquence describing the horrors of war, no solemn resolutions condemning it will avail before God or man so long as mutual contempt between races is cherished, so long as measures in commerce or otherwise to the injury of other nations are gloried in as patriotic. An international court is a first class necessity; but things have gone quite too far before they can reach an international court. The peace-maker's work, the place to stop quarrels is in the hearts of men.

Afraid of a Shadow

IT is not to be imagined that any League of Nations, representing the nations of the earth just as they are, and knowing their infirmities, could or would, at the bidding of Japan attempt to make British Columbia or Canada or the United States do anything against its own will. That would only make matters worse. To imagine anything so hopeless is to mistake the League's spiritual nature. Even God cannot force men to be brotherly. All any such body could do would be to use the sanction of the common conscience of mankind as best it could to influence men and nations toward mutual consideration and agreement. No one need dread any such influence who does not feel in his heart of hearts that he is maintaining some untenable attitude which the common conscience of mankind would condemn. As for the race question on the Pacific slope none of the nations fails to know what a cosmic clash it involves, or would think to handle volcanic forces with violence. The Japanese have not shown themselves unreasonable. They have no wish to transfer their population to America. All they are anxious and sensitive about is being contemptuously branded as a public nuisance when they are doing their best to take their place in civilization. There is room here for friendly settlement. The Anglo Saxon race has never recongized the right of those in possession of other lands to keep it out. In despotic days such things were settled by the sword and gunpowder. It was the Anglo Saxon race that gave democracy, that is, government by majority to the world; and today it quails before the genius it has conjured up; for what race is there that does not multiply faster? Here is a geat fact — one of those insoluble problems that have to be faced and that require, not the passions of communities but the utmost wisdom of sages to deal with them. Man has to learn that he is a reasoning creature.

A Long Duel Ended

THE somewhat leisurely war that has been going on outside of Shanghai for possession of that renowned and important city has come to a conclusion by the escape, on a Japanese war vessel of Lu, the war lord whose possession of it was a trespass on a neighbor province and who has now been driven out by Chi the war lord of the province in which it is. The city, itself, made no resistance. It is in great fear of looting by the forsaking or by the conquering troops. It is probable that the movement to drive Lu out originated at Pekin, whose government, called the Republic of China, assumes to rule over the empire, but whose actual power has been very limited. At all events Wu, the war lord of that would-be national government, made Chi's quarrel his own and sent a contingent to help him, apparently counting on getting from him the allegiance he could not have from Lu, who plotted with China's enemies, if we may use that name of Japan who sought to overreach her in 1915 as we certainly can of Chang who has been planning to take advantage of China's broken condition to make himself master of the whole empire. Japan did not in any visible way trespass, but Chang, the Manchurian war-lord got immediately on the warpath to invade Pekin while weakened by this small Shanghai war. Of the campaign at Shanhaikwan at the end of the great wall, the gateway between Manchuria and China proper, we have had no information except a running fire of boasting from Mukden, Chang's capital, not a word of which we have felt bound to believe. Wu will now be reinforced by some of the troops that were engaged near Shanghai.

Religion in Schools

PROBLEMS of human society generally resolve themselves into the question, what is right when every alternative is wrong? An inevitable stage has been reached in the matter of religious teaching in the Protestant schools of Montreal. For a whole generation a very large minority, from forty to forty-five per cent of the pupils attending these schools has been Jews who have just accepted them as they found them, turning in their taxes, and being troublesome only in the matter of the frequent holy days, which constitute an essential part of a ritualistic and historical religion. There are always repulsions between classes which maintain distinctions. If there have been such in this school system, one side has been as much to blame as the other. Guided by the honor lists published at the end of each school season, one gathers that the Jews have done more than their share of credit to the education imparted. An acquisitive people with large vitality, they have taken full advantage of their opportunity while the English child takes school less willingly. It was inevitable that under these conditions some should arise to claim for the Jews some say in the management. Probably the beginning of the movement was with some devout Jewish pastors who were anxious about their flock losing their distinctive religion,—a very natural anxiety, especially as they perceived modernizing ideas spreading among their prosperous co-religionists. What these wanted was the withdrawal of Jewish children from Protestant schools and a separate system of education. From that the Jews of wider vision recoiled, as tending back to the European conditions in which Jews have been segregated, hated and persecuted. These preferred the equal social status implied in school fellowship, while they found in practice nothing to be troubled about. One leading citizen told how he had learned his New Testament as well as any of the Christians, and did not know of any harm he had got from it. Indeed, we are told of a rabbi who ordered a supply of New Testaments for his Hebrew school, saying the Christians studied the Jewish scriptures, and he thought Jews ought to know the Christian Scriptures. Probably nothing aggressive in the way of the Chris

"faith" would be taught even if there were no Jews in the schools. The fact that the Protestant schools are for all Protestant denominations rather excludes the teaching of creeds, which is what some people understand by the phrase "the Christian faith" when they speak of having it taught. As to spiritual faith, its impartation can hardly be made part of a school curriculum.

Moral Atmosphere

DIFFERENCE of moral standard—not necessarily lower, but different—so Judge Howard politely put it in pleading before the commission now studying the matter. Did he not think the Christian ethic superior to the Jewish, he would not have placed his own children in what he considered an inferior private school to keep them away from the Jews. The moral atmosphere is, no doubt, of the very utmost importance. If it were a fact that the Christian ethic ruled in the schools and that the Jews lowered it, that would be a very powerful argument against common schools. That plea might get some color from the fact that a number of the exceptional degenerates who have recently been in the public eye have been Jews. Judge Howard has, possibly, found his way to the solution of the problem, a solution of which is becoming glaringly necessary wherever there is a common school system. Creeds and formalities are divisive. The Saviour's teaching draws all men. A native gentleman from India speaking in Montreal last Sunday said we need not think that India was going to be suddenly Christianized. It had its traditional religions and practices. Yet throughout India the personality of Jesus was the ideal standard by which right and wrong were measured. This is growingly the case all over the world, even in Christian countries. It is being "borne in on" the nations that there is "none other name under heaven by which they must be saved." Jews have a genuine respect for the same standard. Christians may use that name profanely, Jews do not. It is time that Christians, themselves, bowed to the ethic of the Gospels. It is time that that ethic was put into text book form. Against that no one could take exception and familiarity with it would greatly elevate the standard of Protestant as well as Jew. It is a work for the loftiest minds and hearts of Jew and Christian to collaborate upon. As for "saving faith," it is for the Church to be up and doing with regard to that. It is for the home to possess that faith and hand it down.

A Threatened Violation

IT has long been customary for districts in the neighborhood of Montreal to obtain Municipal charters from the provincial legislature under which they could borrow freely and spend lavishly for the benefit of the local proprietors. Money was easily got as the manifest destiny of each was to be absorbed in the metropolis, which would either have to assume their debts or at least see that they were paid. By this process of expenditure and insolvency a dozen or two suburbs have been taken in from time to time, generally with too little to show for the debts they turned in. When it came to Maisonneuve which had become a populous city with an enormous debt the game did not work so simply, as the condition of annexation was that the debt should remain a burden on the property annexed. There are three suburban municipalities where the Protestant element has predominated that were both much better kept than the city itself and much more economically. These have nothing to gain and very much to lose by union with the city and are unanimously and extremely opposed to it. They are all under local prohibition and would immediately, if they joined the city, become a prey to the all-pervading liquor interest, which rules in city and province. In other ways they would be put back a generation or two; their services would deteriorate and their taxation would increase. Worst of all they would lose the civic pride which now inspires them and sink into civic helplessness and hopelessness. As two of these municipalities are now entirely enclosed in the growing city, it was to be expected that the latter should want to annex them. For one thing there is the lust for big figures. The city grows in spite of mismanagement till, including its suburbs, it is within twenty thousand of the million mark; indeed, as those figures are now four months old, it has, perhaps, passed the mark which would put it in the seven figure category. Without them, it numbers only 865 thousand.. There is no doubt a certain attraction of gravitation in big figures, thus taking a high place in the scroll of the cities of the world. There is jealousy of the too obvious exceptional qualities of these municipalities. And then, there is pressure from those who see profit in the partnership or in exploiting the added territory especially from the liquor interests which seems to be all powerful under the present regime at Quebec, and whose influence there makes the present raid upon the liberties of those municipalities an anxious terror.

A Fair Solution

IT is fair to say that these suburbs owe their very existence to their mother city, and to question the righteousness of certain citizens segregating themselves and drawing their skirts away from her who gave them life. This reasoning of course, applies with still more force to sections which, after wasting their patrimony, come back upon the family fortune for relief. Still the claim cannot be repudiated. Mr. McLagan, the mayor of Westmount, has taken it up in a very statesmanlike letter to the press in which he points out that the civic weakness of large cities is their bigness, mortifying and dismaying public spirit in the individual citizen, lost in the mass. He says the people of Westmount have no lack of loyalty to Montreal in her metropolitan character and would only be too glad if they could be any use to her; but that the only process by which this can be rendered effective is by the adoption of the borough system which has had to be adopted by London, Paris and New York and by some cities more comparable with Montreal in point of size under which the parts of a city while they take an intense interest in their local affairs are able to become actively tributary to the united interests of the whole. We gather from Mr. McLagan's letter that Westmount, the strongest of the municipalities threatened, would welcome this solution, while it would fight to the uttermost against the loss of its identity in the ignoble politics of the larger city.

ECONOMICS OF THE LIQUOR QUESTION

"The amount of capital invested in the liquor traffic employs fewer men and women than any other line of business. In fact, any other line will employ 500 to 800 per cent more people for a given unit of capital.

"The state has the right to do everything possible that will make it hard for a man to get drunk and to promote such conditions as will make it easy for a man to keep from getting drunk.

"The state has the right to override the recognized rights of the individual when they imperil the well-being of the state.

"As a matter of fact a man has no inherent right to sell liquor. He has a right to an opportunity to earn a living, and no man is so peculiarly constituted that the only thing he can do to gain a living is to sell liquor."—Robert Bagnall, Political Economist.

SO-CALLED "GOVERNMENT CONTROL."

The Moderation League of Ontario is blinding the eyes of the people with the false name "Government Control." All the liquor laws that we have had in the past were "Government Control." The License System with open bar was Government Control and meant plenty of whisky and drunkenness. The proposed sale in government shops means abundance of liquor and drinking, with all its sad results. Under the proposed system of the League there is less Government Control. The only way to have a sober country is Prohibition under Government Control properly enforced. All voters who want a prosperous, happy Ontario, fail not to vote on 23rd of this month for continuance of the Ontario Temperance Act by putting their cross opposite number ONE on their ballot. Don't stay at home and not vote lest you have recorded against you the curse of Meroz in Judges 5:23:—"Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

EDWARD PAYNE.

Chicago, 10th Oct., 1924.

When the late Sir Frederick Treves, surgeon to King Edward VII., visited the famous Mayo Brothers, he stated to the press of the United States that his opinion was against the use of alcohol, even as a medicine.

STRONG SPEAKING BY RABBI ON SCHOOL QUESTION

Describing the attitude of Bishop Farthing and Justice Howard before the Protestant School Board as being "anti-semitic and unchristian," Rev. Dr. Joseph Corcos, chief rabbi of the United Orthodox Congregation of Montreal, on Monday discussed the issue raised over the school question in a sermon at the Spanish and Portugese synagogue.

"We Jews cannot conceive why a difference in religion should make people intolerant and even unkind towards one another," said Dr. Corcos. "I allude to the anti-semitic and unchristian attitude taken by Bishop Farthing and Mr. Justice Howard in this unfortunate school upheaval.

"Surely the Christian who would act thus must be in great ignorance of the requirements of his own religious textbook and lamentably void of its humane teaching and spirit. The avowed object of Christianity is the promotion of peace and good will amongst men yet how inconsistent with, and how diametrically opposed to this teaching are the remarks of the representative of the Prince of Peace, and of Mr. Howard.

"We Jews that are opposed to separate schools are animated by one feeling—one sentiment fills our hearts and souls—and that is the love for the land which spreads its protecting wings over us and gives us the free exercise of our religion and free use of our reason.

Waxing Weak

"We Jews are not afraid to entrust our children in the hands of Christian teachers; we are not afraid of the influence that surrounds them." Those who fear surrounding influence tacitly admit that their faith is waxing weak.

"It speaks ill and sadly for Christian home influence when men such as Bishop Farthing and Mr. Howard are clamoring for religious instruction in the schools. We Jews do not look to the schools for religious instruction but only for secular education. Our children's religious education is attended to at home.

"As to Mr. Justice Howard's remarks that alloy will be the result if we put into this melting pot what we think is pure gold, and they put what they have—" It is a good thing he qualified the phrase by 'what we think,' for we can happily call to our aid the hard logic of facts to prove that if there is any thinking to be done about the matter, it is we who are entitled to think our children 'pure gold,' for when Mr. Howard's greatgrandsires were still savages, groping in darkness and ignorance, our ancestors were kings and princes, jurists, physicians, philosophers, historians and poets, and above all the Chosen People of God." Contact with us, therefore, will not contaminate nor hurt, but on the contrary will elevate."

DANCING DISCOUNTENANCED BY ANGLICAN SYNOD

Resolutions adopted at the Anglican Synod of Quebec Province held in Quebec in June last were given out on Sunday in churches of the Church of England in the diocese and cover a number of subjects which forms a lengthy document.

The Synod urges the clergy to impress upon their congregations and to emphasize in every way possible the duty of being ready to make sacrifice for the sake of religion in order that the love of God may become a living power in the lives of all.

On the subject of dancing the resolutions state:

"Owing to the fact that dancing, at the present time, is frequently accompanied by grave improprities of a distinctly immoral tendency, and also owing to the fact that at the present time the habit of gambling is becoming more and more associated with card playing the Synod is of the opinion that it is not expedient that the clergy should provide for organized dancing or card playing, as part of their regular church activities of parish program.

"Inasmuch as the duty of making free-will offerings for the maintenance of the worship of the Church and other similar objects is a divinely ordained duty, which can be fulfilled in only way, and in view of the fact that many questionable means of raising money for Church purposes are being resorted to, with the result that the work of the Church is being seriously hindered, the Synod is of the opinion that it is distinctly beneath the dignity and propriety of the Church to resort to raffles, wheels of fortune and dancing or card-playing for the raising of Church funds, and that such practices be difinitely repudiated by this Synod, as means of meeting any parochial or missionary obligations whatsoever.

Mr. Ferguson has planned worthy reforms in the administration of provincial institutions for young lawbreakers. The repeal of the O.T.A. would aggravate the problem. Alcoholism in parents usually results in degeneracy of children. Is it the knowledge of that that prompts the premier to prepare for a larger number of juvenile delinquents?

FALL OF SHANGHAI

Lu Reported Fugitive With Much Money

The war in Kiang Su virtually came to an end on Monday, and Chang Tso Lin has lost a valuable ally.

General Lu Yung Hsiang and his chief of staff, Ho Feng Lin, fled aboard a Japanese vessel, while the Che Kiang defences before Shanghai collapsed.

Chi Hsieh Yuan's forces are advancing without opposition to take possession of Shanghai. The civilian population outside the foreign settlements are panic-stricken and are attempting to enter the concessions.

American, French and British marines are mobilized at the barriers to prevent a rush into the settlements. The principal trouble expected is with 20,000 Shantung mercenaries left stranded by Lu when he fled to save his head.

Lu took a fortune with him when he fled. Looting of the native districts is feared, although Chi Hsieh Yuan's troops have been warned to respect the rights of civilians, and especially foreigners in Shanghai.

The outcome of the two months battle for Shanghai means that Chi will soon be able to reinforce his ally, Wu Pei Fu, who is combatting Chang Tso Lin in the north. Lu, Chang's ally, failed him.

MAGIC PRODUCTION

Assembling of a complete automobile at the Highland Park plant of the Ford Motor Company was one of the features planned for the visit of the Prince of Wales, who arrived at Highland Park, a suburb of Detroit, shortly before noon on Monday.

The automobile, which will be known as the "Prince of Wales Special," was assembled while the Prince looked on, and was put together in an effort to break the present production record of the plant, which is 11 minutes, and 40 seconds.

Men dressed in white, working with nickel plated wrenches, chains and bars, assembled the machine.

None of the parts regularly used were put into the car, all of the outside parts being enamelled and all of the boltheads and trimmings being nickel plated. The Prince was invited to drive the machine from the assembling platform.

During his visit to Detroit, the Prince was the guest of Henry Ford.

A STANDING EXAMPLE

That there is a more stringent prohibition than the Volstead Act in force at the present moment in Canada, and that thousands of men are ruled by it absolutely, is not a matter of general public knowledge.

No feminism about these total abstainers. They are the men who, many of them, risk life and limb daily in the public service; who are pledged to give their own lives, in a crisis, for the safety of those placed in their care.

They are the railway men of Canada. All locomotive engineers, conductors, brakemen, firemen, signalmen, stationmen, telegraph operators and others upon whose skill and judgment the safety of the travelling public depends, are forbidden to touch any alcoholic drink whatever; they may not enter a place where any alcoholic beverages are sold, and this includes beyond a doubt, the government "store" and the licensed "grocery."

The spirit of this law is always understood. No known drinkers are allowed in the unions or in the service of the companies. The law is embodied in the constitutions of the various railway workers' brotherhoods and in the regulations of all the great railway companies.

More than one man has been ejected from a union by fellow-workmen, or dismissed from the service of a company, for no more than drinking a glass of beer or stopping to chat a few moments where liquor is sold.

"It is a matter of 'public safety,' said the station-master of one of the largest eastern stations in Canada. "It is not likely that our regulations will ever be changed. No possible liquor legislation, no matter how 'wet,' could affect it."

Without a dissenting voice, the National Council of Women of Canada went on record at Monday's meeting as being in favor of complete prohibition of alcoholic liquors as a beverage in Canada.

The new plant of the Dow brewery in Montreal will have a capacity of ten million gallons a year—just three times it's former capacity. Government control always means brewery expansion, and savings bank contraction.

A new use has been found for counterfeit money in the United States, according to a report in the Literary Digest. Large lots of counterfeit are bought and distributed among those who deal with the rum-runners on the Atlantic sea-board. The rum-running crews are both ignorant and unfamiliar with legal tender. "Paying bad money for worse rum may not be such a bad business, after all," says the Digest.

Prohibition

By "Scrutator."

Theoretically I am not a prohibitionist; philosophically I could never be one, for it seems at first glance a mere schoolmaster's way of dealing with full grown men. Theoretically men are called to liberty and to an urgent use of it in all things. A code of negations may not lead to virtue, or the true type of strength. There can be, often is, far too much of that kind of thing even in dealing with children, and as Paul knew so well a negative law, bristling with "Thou shalt nots," incites to transgression. And men, as all the ages tell, are but children of a larger growth. So much for first glances and study musings and what the logicians call the "a priori" way of thinking about things. It is in that way many people calling themselves "moderationists" with the swelling chest of a proud satisfaction speak, and then flatter themselves on their reasoned virtue. They pose as superior people.

But then there are

the facts of life—

on the one hand the stern, unbending, unvarnished facts, the ghastly, appalling, facts, written in lurid ruin and hell's indelible ink on men, women and children, and on the other hand the challenging, encouraging and inspiring facts, smiling from empty prisons and asylums, from happy homes and lovely lives, from a cleansed and ordered social life and the bright hopes of a nation no longer drink cursed, and, in the light of them all, I am at once a keen prohibitionist. My theories are blown to pieces by the dynamite of fact. I am left without an argument except such as may be useful ten thousand years hence when virtue has done its perfect work and there are no weak to be defended and no craving appetites to be kindled. After all, in a world of realities

one must face the facts.

The only theory that one can safely hold is the one that squares with them. And the plain facts are that wherever prohibition of the liquor traffic has been tried, and even where it has been but feebly worked, it has proved itself an inestimable boon to a community. One cannot argue against closed prisons and emptying asylums and idle criminal courts and decreasing police forces and cleansed towns and happy homes with smiling wives and happy children, or again the stern economic facts of increasing bank balances, better workmanship, fewer accidents, larger output and general social prosperity. That is what is happening in the United States of America. In spite of all that is said by the splendidly organized and lavishly financed liquor trade, confederate in its devilish purposes now all the world over, about bootlegging and home stills, drugged brew and increased secret drinking, a glorious reformation has been worked in the home and social life of that land. Judges, magistrates, police inspectors, employers, social workers, school masters, clergymen are the witnesses. Piles of statistics confirm their observations. It is like

arguing against sunlight

at noon-day to dispute it all. The facts simply shine on and leave fools to argue. Men may desire liquor, but they cannot reasonably contend that prohibition is not working out in sobriety and untold social gain. Not even all the gathered, colored and manufactured propaganda of the "liquo-ists" can dim that outshining fact. It can be felt in the homes, towns and cities of America. The Province of Ontario has felt it too. Even Quebec, where it seemed that efforts were made to discredit the law rather than to administer it, knew something of it also. Wherever there is restriction of the liquor traffic there is increased social virtue and prosperity. That is as

plainly written on the broad page of life

as sun-light can write it. The facts, the stubborn, granite, unshakable facts proclaim it.

And this is not closing one's eyes to the other side of the picture. Bootlegging has become an occupation with groups of "scoff-laws." Desperadoes have risked and dared everything in the pursuit of it. The police have often stood by and winked at it. Kid-gloved gentlemen have prospered by it. Among fellows of the baser sort drinking and whisky selling have been rife. I have myself spent nights in hotels where there were strange and disgraceful happenings. The prohibition law, as it touched some few, has not been easily administered. Great gain could be had by the breach of it, and those whose god is gain have trampled good citizenship and all it's decencies under foot and done their best to bring the law into disrepute. Unfortunately, too, many others have looked on and done nothing as if it were none of their business. But notwithstanding all that

the prohibition law in the United States is a success,

and it has been a success in Ontario too. Some diligent education, and above all, a little more honest and effective administration of the law with the vocal support of good citizenship and then the law would be a success beyond statistics to declare, or eloquence to depict.

Why then the unceasingly clamor of a section to revoke it? Let it be remembered—only a section (for dissent is always loud tongued) speaking as if it were the majority. The answer is: the confederate liquor interests of the world legally bereft of their unrighteous gain have been tempestuously vocal. They have intrigued, and corrupted, have shouted themselves and have got others to shout. They have pursued an ingeniously bold and world-wide propaganda. To sections of the "Press" they have paid hushing tribute. They have ensnared, if not enslaved, certain politicians. They have even tainted some pulpits. They have planned and paid for the breach of the law. They have corrupted some of the police. They have

cleverly played the ventriloquist

and spoken as if all the people were with them while they were only ingeniously multiplying their own voices and befooling the people as they manufactured public opinion. If only the Temperance people had put one-tenth of the energy and ingenuity into the maintenance of the law that these others have put, and are putting, into its abolition, the clamor would never have been heard. But having once voted for the law and seen it put on the Statute book, they went home to slippered ease, and left the field to the forces that rest not day or night when gain is to be had. Supineness on the one hand, and an alert, clever and resolutely pursued propaganda on the other, have given the liquor clamor all it's opportunity. What might not happen for the good of the world if the children of light were as awake and as persistent as the sons of darkness?

What do the Liquor party offer

in lieu of prohibition

Local option, they hate and fear as much as prohibition. They would like the old system of private ownership if they could get it, but that with it's saloons and widespread debauchery they dare not propose. They are far too shrewd and subtle to do it; but they are after the same thing under another name. It is called Government ownership. In effect, it is government liquor selling with part of the profits finding their way to the public purse. But of all methods of administering the liquor traffic, this, in practice, is proving itself one of the most perilous. It is a snare and a delusion. It works slackness in the whole Government system if it does not actually corrupt it. Profits blind governments to glaring evils. And what profits! Surely the costliest profits that were ever reaped by any community! Economically they are worthy of a mad house. They mean wasting dollars to gather cents with which to pay taxes, or make roads, or, (think of it! in the name of all that is sane or holy) educate children including religion. But

Government ownership

is working out, as did private ownership, in drunkenness and debauchery, in an increase of crime, in shameless red-light districts, in ruined homes and drink-blighted men and women, and in all the social havoc that the open sale of drink works in any community, but also with this heavy indictment at its door: that it destroys zeal for, even interest in the administration of the law against such evils. Governments that make enormous profits out of a drink monoply are not likely to expose the iniquities of their own trade by an efficient police administration. And they are simply not doing it. Let present conditions in Montreal, or Winnipeg, or Vancouver be the witnesses. The much paraded profits are gathered

at an astoundingly high and shameless price.

Government ownership of liquor-selling, unless some other method of doing it can be found, with the glamour of profits blinding a community or province to the evils of excess entirely removed, and the temptation to slacken the law's working taken away, is no cure for the appalling evils of the liquor trade. But even then will not Government drink make people drunk? Will it not create the drink-appetite and make drink-slaves? Will it not continue to do its own deadly work? Government sale does not change the effects of alcohol.

The time has come for all theorists to face the facts. Theoretically, I could argue long against prohibition, practically, I am

smitten dumb by the facts

on the one hand, the crowding, cruel, shame-laden facts of open drink selling, on the other hand, the marshalled, marching, joyous, glorious facts of even partial prohibition. Let Ontario face the facts and refuse to be befogged, and there can be no question as to it's verdict. Let what is happening in other provinces be its warning and determine its decision. Having got partial prohibition, let it in the name of every thing that is sane, social, and sacred, diligently keep it.

Callous hearts, insensible to others' misery are susceptible of no true delight.

LETTERS FROM READERS

GET OUT THE VOTE!

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—In the interest of the Plebiscite campaign in Ontario may I be permitted to offer a few suggestions to voters?

The temperance people of British Columbia, Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan lost prohibition in those provinces, and have had Government sale of alcoholic liquor for beverage use thrust on them, largely because they failed to get out the vote of people favorable to temperance and prohibition. Too many people stayed at home and did not vote, and these provinces are now suffering the result of such neglect, in increased drunkenness and crime.

The people of Ontario should take warning and not follow the example of the electors in those provinces, but should get busy and organize fully in every polling sub-division to get every available temperance voter to the polls on October 23rd. Volunteer autos should be provided in ample number to go after persons who are aged or infirm or feeble or who have no convenient means of getting to the polls themselves. Every polling place should have both inside and outside scrutineers for the temperance workers who will be on the alert and check up the voters' lists as the electors come to the polls, and direct the auto-drivers where to go to get other temperance voters.

Every voter should be instructed beforehand how to properly mark the ballot with an "X" opposite the first question on the ballot, and not to write "yes" or "no" to either question or to make any other mark than the one "X" opposite the first question on the ballot. The elector should not write his or her name on the ballot. (This mistake has been made in some cases in previous votes) Avoid spoiled ballots by properly informing every elector.

Wm. E. DeFOREST.

Springford, Ont.

Note.—Every issue of the Witness contains a ballot paper properly marked. And NO OTHER MARK OR WRITING should be made upon it. The ballot paper as presented to each voter will have no cross marked upon it. Those who favor temperance will vote for the continuance of the O. T. A. by placing a plain cross, made by two simple strokes in the upper blank shown in the ballot, using the pencil provided in the booth. It is a very simple matter.

No indication of how one intends to vote should be given while in the booth as such may be held to disqualify the ballot. Once the ballot is in the box and the voter leaves the booth he is free to talk as much as he wants to.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—Many of your readers will be interested in the contents of a letter which I have received from Mr. J. D. O'Connell, widely known as the "Children's Friend."

Mr. O'Connell is at present in Ontario battling with all the energy at his command in support of the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

When he read of the plebiscite to be taken in Ontario on October 23, he was in New Brunswick en route to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and Halifax, N. S., to give his annual treat to little ones in the form of a summer outing. But hearing the sound of approaching battle, his Celtic ire was aroused. He personally directed the two picnics planned in the Island province and Nova Scotia, left $10,000 with the mayor of Halifax as a gift, the interest from which is to carry on picnics for orphans in that city in perpetuity, hurried back to his summer home, Sussex, New Brunswick, and was soon speeding westward to Toronto, an uncompromising opponent of "Government Control" of the liquor traffic.

O'Connell is a son of New Brunswick. He was born near Havelock in that province about sixty-five years ago. His parents were pioneers, and his lot, like many another lad in those days, was not an easy one. He learned in early life the meaning of hard work and frugal habits. Keenly appreciative of kind words from friends, he found as a boy the pleasure that comes from treating others kindly. He was fond of giving "picnics" to young friends, and later in life, after he had acquired wealth, as a business man in the New England States, and through the operation of a sugar plantation in Cuba, Mr. O'Connell kept up his picnics on an extensive scale. These he gives in many cities and towns in Canada, the United States and other portions of the western hemisphere. Over fifty places, large and small, are now on his picnic list according to a statement he made recently to your correspondent. About half of these picnics are given among English speaking people and the remainder among those whose language is Spanish.

O'Connell is an interesting figure; his methods are unique. He follows the sun, travelling in the North in summer and South in winter. He has been called a "Summer Santa Claus." He lives in a warm atmosphere the year round—abundant sunshine—and the big job he has set himself to do is to bring sunshine and happiness into the lives of thousands of kiddies. He emphasizes that this is done regardless of race, color or creed.

He not only takes pleasure in providing treats for little ones in the shape of ice cream, peanuts, oranges, etc., and personally conducting penny scrambles, but he has made arrangements for picnics to be carried on for generations to come.

At Sussex there was given recently under the supervision of Mayor McKenna, a picnic which was the first of the series from the interest on the bonds of $5,000 donated to that town to be used for picnic purposes. The entertainment was open for children from Petitcodiac to Hampton. It was the first O'Connell picnic to be given in New Brunswick without Mr. O'Connell being present. He was unable to be with the kiddies because of his intense desire to go forth to meet the foe of the little ones—old "John Barleycorn." Three years ago when a plebiscite was held he had wrestled with "John Barleycorn" in New Brunswick, as he had done at every opportunity for over half a century, and now even the shouts and laughter of the young could not restrain him. Like David of old, he went forth to meet the Goliath, "Government Control," but in the place of a sling he carried a pen, and instead of pebbles he equipped himself with a supply of printed matter; and this, in an energetic manner, he is hurling at the enemy.

In the letter referred to, Mr. O'Connell says: "I call upon thousands of those who write to me for assistance, and therefore have a great chance to get first-hand information regarding the working of the various laws made to control the liquor traffic. Years ago, after careful study, I came to the conclusion that the only effective way to control it was to prohibit its sale entirely for beverage purposes. You may reply, 'Very good, but that can't be done; you can't stop it.' There I wish to call your attention to the fact that all countries for all time have had very stringent laws with very severe punishment for murder, theft, burglary, etc., and yet they have not stopped any one of them, and I think you will agree that these have been successful in preventing many of these crimes.

"This brings me to the oft-repeated story that prohibition in the United States has increased drinking and drunkenness. "I reply that these stories are absolutely false. They are put forward by friends of the liquor traffic to prejudice the minds of voters against prohibition, as well as by some honest, well-meaning people who have not had a chance to observe conditions all over the country, but only in certain localities."

Mr. O'Connell has travelled extensively and mingled with all kinds of people. Is he not in an unusually good position to observe the effect of prohibition? He has seen conditions that lead him to very strong convictions. Hear him further in his appeal to Ontario electors; note the earnestness of this message:

"Here is what I have frequently said, and what I now say—if the United States was about to repeal the present prohibitory law, and I could save it from being done by giving up all my earthly possessions and my body to be burned alive, as God is my Witness, I would freely give it all, and more if I had it, sooner than to see that country (of which I am not a citizen) go back to the old system of five, ten or twenty years ago; and now you can understand when I feel that way about that country, how I feel about this country—'the land of my birth,' my own 'Canadian Home.' God grant that I may live to see her as far advanced along the road toward emancipation from the terrible bondage of the liquor traffic as the United States now is."

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—In view of the very brisk discussion of prohibition now going on in Canada, may I ask what is being done along the lines of temperance education in the public schools?

Twenty years ago in Michigan, a teacher, before admission to either primary or high school standing, had to pass a fairly stiff examination in physiology and hygiene, including the effects of alcohol, tobacco and narcotics upon the human system. Physiology and hygiene was

compulsory subjects, and were taught from third to tenth grades inclusive. By order of the state board of education the general subject of intemperance, alcoholism, etc, was thoroughly covered by the physiology and hygiene text books, and a stipulated amount of space, about one-tenth of the entire number of pages of each book, was regularly devoted to this important division of health teaching. I believe I am correct in stating that a number of states followed practically the same rule as Michigan. Certainly Ohio did, and Wisconsin.

It is not unlikely that the present nation-wide prohibition in the United States is in part the result of the work done for prohibition in the schools of twenty years ago. It would be interesting to know the opinion of Canadian educators on this subject.

AN OLD TEACHER.

Montreal, October 9th.

THE BOOK OF DANIEL

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir, The Book of Daniel has been particularly exposed to hostile criticism, both by modern critics and critics of the early part of the nineteenth century. Dr. Arnold said that it is curious that, while confessedly Apocryphal books existed under the name of Daniel, as, for instance, the stories of Susannah and Bel and the Dragon, they should have been rejected because they were only known in the Greek translation, while the book of Daniel was received in the lump, because it happened to be in Chaldee. But as a matter of fact, these stories are not translations, they were originally written in Greek, but the book of Daniel was written in Hebrew and Chaldee. No one would imagine that a book written originally in Greek had Daniel for its author. We are able, in fact, to gauge the growth of modern criticism by going back to Dr. Arnold's statement. He was probably in advance of most critics in his day, and yet he was not aware of the entirely different ground occupied by the Apocryphal from that of the canonical Scriptures. We receive the canonical Scriptures on the deliberate judgment of the Jewish Elders. Can we suppose that such godly men as Ezra, and Nehemiah, would falsify the history of their people, whom they served so faithfully, with such ardent devotion, and self-sacrifice? **These were the men, assisted by the Great Synagogue** who, after the return from exile, formed the Old Testament Canon of Scriptures; and we receive the Book of Daniel as being one of the Books of the Canonical Scriptures. We receive these Canonical Scriptures on the deliberate judgment of the Jewish Church inasmuch as to Jews were committed the Oracles of God. Slowly and gradually the Great Synagogue felt its way, until a rule or Canon was formed by which certain writings took their place as authoritative, while others were excluded. And we accept them upon the judgment of those who had far larger knowledge of their history and much better means of forming an opinion upon their nature and claims than we can possibly have. The Apocrypal books stand upon a completely different footing. Most of them came to us through the Septuangint to which, as the Alexandrian edition of the Scriptures, the Egyptian Jews added such of their own writings as they deemed most valuable. The rest came to us by chance, some of them in separate manuscripts, but most of them as additions to the scriptures appended to some Biblical manuscript by the fancy or ignorance of some Monkish scribe. Our Lord never quoted from the Apocrypha, as an authority for any truth that He spoke; or taught His disciples, nor from the writings which were not received into the Canon of the Jewish Scriptures; but Jesus did quote very frequently from the Law, the Psalms and the Prophets, especially naming Daniel as a prophet. "When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the Prophet, stand in the Holy place"—Our Lord knew what He was saying. He was not referring to a mythical man, but to a real person, who had foretold certain things that would be a sign of the siege of Jerusalem and the sorrow that would follow. For many years the unbeliever has concentrated his attacks on The Book of Daniel, because they know that if Daniel is authentic, if Daniel is historic, if his writings can be claimed to be inspired, then you can accept the Bible as the Word of God.

For a long time the critics used to enumerate a long list of supposed Greek words in the Book of Daniel, and argue from them that it wts written in the days of the Maccabees, but the increased acquaintance both with the laws of languages and with the dialects of the east, has removed all of these words but three These three words are the names of musical instruments, and even these three names may have been derived from the Aramic. For really Syriac and Chaldaic are simply dialects of Aramaic. The exact comparison of the Chaldee of Daniel with that of Ezra has clearly proved that they are of the same age, while, nevertheless, there are sufficient points of difference to show that the one is not an imitation of the other.

It has been said that the Book of Daniel was not written until the time of the Maccabees, which would be about one hundred and fifty years before Christ; but it is obvious that it was written earlier than the time of the Maccabees. The contents of the Book indicate a much earlier date. The times of the Maccabees was intensely Jewish. The Book of Daniel is cosmopolitan. The Maccabees were wronged and persecuted by Antiochus Epiphanes. They hated the Gentiles with a great hatred. The book of Daniel regards them with large-hearted affection. In that age the people mourned over the absence of the Prophetic spirit, and the withdrawal of all external signs of God's presence. The Book of Daniel belongs to a time when prophecy and miracle are still things of the present. And when we take into consideration the historical accuracy of the book, its thorough acquaintance with the minute details of the Babylonian and Medo-Persian empires, its perfect mastery both of the Hebrew and the Chaldee languages, and the deep interest it displays in the fortunes of heathen empires we may feel quite certain that such a work as the book of Daniel was not a product of Maccabeean times.

Jewish Narrowness Disappears

In this book, all Jewish narrowness and exclusiveness has disappeared, and we feel ourselves standing on the very threshold of that love for all mankind which has made the Church of The New Testament world-wide in its sympathies. This spirit cannot be found in the writings of Maccabean times. The critics claimed for a long time that the name Belshazzar, whom the book of Daniel describes as the last King of Babylonia, was purely mythical, and Daniel's story of his death impossible. All the Greek histories agree that the last King of Babylon at the time of its capture by Cyrus was Nabonidus, and that he was not in Babylon at the time; but in Zorsippa, a few miles away, that he was captured by the Persian King, and kindly treated by him. Rawlinson's important discovery was an historical inscription of Nabonidus, in which the following passage occurs; "And as to Belshazzar, the exalted son, the offspring of my body, do thou, —the moon God,—place the adoration of the great Deity in his heart; may he not give way to sin, may he be satisfied by life's abundance." Thus it was fully demonstrated that Belshazzar was an historical person and not a fictitious creation of mythology, as the critics have, with persistency stated; and also that the writer of the book of Daniel had a personal knowledge of the facts which were unknown to the Greek historians. This being true, the promise made to Daniel, "That he should be the third ruler in the Kingdom," would be fully explained by the fact that Belshazzar was the second ruler.

We have also the testimony of the stone columns. The authenticity of the Book of Daniel is confirmed by the famous inscription of Nebuchadnezzar which was recovered from the ruins of Babylon, and is now in the Museum in London. This long record of his triumphs has been written upon ten stone columns, and it contains in all five hundred and eight lines. It was graven apparently by the King's orders, and it is a wonderful exemplification of his boast, "Is not this Great Babylon that I have built?" It gives us a wonderful picture of Nebuchadnezzar with all his pride of position and power, his passionate devotion to his gods, and his untiring labors in the building of his beautiful capital.

We now have a corroboration of the statement of Jeremiah and Daniel concerning the gods he worshipped and the city he built. But he omits the story of his humiliation, and it gives no hint of that severe lesson in which Nebuchadnezzar was taught that "the Most High ruleth in the Kingdom of men and giveth them to whomsoever he will."

Dr. Havernick says: "In later times the Book of Daniel has been questioned by a number of Biblical critics, who have made elaborate attacks upon it. The objections of these writers have been fully met and confuted, and it has turned out that several of the arguments against its authenticity are now used in its defense. The existence of a king Darius, mentioned in chapter six is now an historical fact, which, however, is not mentioned in the fabulous and historical chronicles of Persia, yet it was known and mentioned by Daniel in the book bearing his name. This fact is, in itself, a proof of the high historical authority of Daniel. The temple in which Nebuchadnezzar's golden image was worshipped is now being uncovered at Ur of Chaldea, by the joint expedition of the University Museum of Philadelphia, which confirm the story, as told in the Book of Daniel, relating how the three Hebrew brothers refused to bow down before the golden image set up by King Nebuchadnezzar. How could any writer in Maccabean times have known anything about that golden image?

Besides these facts which have been stated, there are many infallible proofs that the book of Daniel was not a product of Maccabeean times, but that it was written by Daniel the Prophet, in the land of His exile, and in Babylon, the city of his triumphs.

H. SYMONS.

Brantford.

DO YOU WANT THESE?

Do you want your child to walk to school along a highway where the drunken speed fiend may at any moment menace his safety and his life? Do you wish to walk or drive on such a highway yourself?

If you do not, vote for prohibition.

Do you want your boy to be treated to liquor and made to feel that he is prudish and unmanly if he does not treat in return?

If you do not, vote for prohibition.

Are you willing to risk your little daughter marrying a man who may turn out a drunkard?

If you are not, vote for prohibition.

Are you ready to sit beside drunken men in street cars and other public conveyances? Do you want to hear coarseness and blasphemy from drunken lips?

If not, vote for prohibition.

Are you willing to accept the mistakes and accidents to life and property which result from a brain befuddled and dulled by intoxicants?

If you are not, vote for prohibition.

Are you willing to see mental deficiencies and nervous disorders on the increase in your own community?

If you are not, vote for prohibition.

Do you want your country to be a stamping ground for those Americans who must find a place in which to booze without danger from their own law?

If you do not, vote for prohibition.

Do you want your taxes to go up for an increased upkeep of prisons, poorhouses, police and constabulary?

If you do not, vote for prohibition.

Are you content to know that women and children are beaten and abused and hungry without doing what lies in your power to help them?

If you are not, then vote for prohibition.

Are you willing to disobey that second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"?

If you are not, vote for prohibition.

Do you long for Dominion-wide prohibition with manufacture debarred?

Sustain what you have by upholding the Ontario Temperance Act.

"COME INTO MY PARLOR," SAYS THE SPIDER TO THE FLY

Three years ago those interested in detective stories were quite fascinated by a brilliant bit of sleuth work that really happened—and was not merely a Conan Doyle romance. William T. Fahy, of Chicago, one of the many inspectors, ferreted out the principals in a $380,000 postal-steal. Of course, his fortune was made. In his private office at the Federal Buildings he consulted with Post Office heads of departments over irregularities and ran to earth many who tampered with Uncle Sam's mail.

* * * * * *

Notwithstanding this, robberies increased in number and magnitude, and to Mr. Fahy went the authorities with their grievous losses, for who so wise to advise as this wizard detective?

He spread his nets to catch the villains. Sometimes he captured a few minnows—but the big fish always slipped through the meshes.

Then came the June Two-Million Dollar, postal hold-up at Rondout, Ill. This was the worst yet and every star Post Office detective was called into council.

What did they find?

That all trails ended at William T. Fahy—the man who had posted as the defender of the rights of the people.

Canada's Moderation League

with its branches in every province, has deluged the people with its assurances of sincere interest in their welfare.

"Yes, of course, the drink traffic is a serious problem," they say. "It must be solved, but prohibition won't do it. Just let us prescribe for its ills. We will guarantee a cure. To be sure we have no money, so we beg all those who believe in the greatest good to the greatest number, to send us twenty-five cents each, to form a campaign fund with which to defend the country against the fanatical prohibitionists."

* * * * * *

It sounds well, doesn't it? British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Quebec all fell victims to these nobly expressed sentiments.

Now what do we discover?

Listen to this extract from the **French Wines Exportation Commission's** report in its official organ:

"The Commission operated in Canada during 1923, and claims a preponderant share in the successes which led to the abrogation of prohibition in the provinces of Manitoba and Alberta. Not only did it make a widespread distribution of pamphlets, but it furnished funds at the right moment."

* * * * * *

The brewers and distillers of Canada, the United States and Europe, are the sleuths that are offering to track down and destroy Canada's liquor criminals.

Shall we trust them?

Remember, it is not the old hotel men—except in small numbers—who would bind on us the old drink shackles. Quite recently news reports say that **the hotel proprietors of the United States have voted three to one against any repeal or modification of the prohibition law.** Mr. John Howie, an official of the hotel organization, is reported to have said, "The prohibition law raised the hotel proprietor from the level of a saloon keeper and placed him on a level with any other legitimate business man. His business to-day is better than ever before. Last year hotels costing $250,000,000 were built in this country."

* * * * * *

And have the provinces that accepted the Moderationists Government Sale Cure-all, found relief from the traffic's ills?

Not in a single case!

Then what did the Moderationists say? Were they down in sackcloth and ashes, confessing the failure of their panacea?

Not a bit of it. They only advised the sale of drink by the glass.

What's that?

The old bar!

COMMON-SENSE ARGUMENT

(Rev. D. N. McCamus)

While seated in a barber shop awaiting my turn, I overheard the following conversation between two men. One said the young people of today were going to the mischief. They were drinking more than ever. The O.T.A. was a failure and things were worse than ever.

The other replied: "I don't see it that way. I think the O.T.A. has made a great change for the better. Where do you see a drunkard today?"

"Yes, but the liquor has been driven into the homes and secret places, where it's doing more harm than ever. People will have it. Prohibition only makes them more determined to have it. If you poured out a barrel of apples on the street, the boys would scarcely stop to pick them up; but they would climb over a fence just for the mischief of stealing them, and it's just so with the O.T.A."

"Aw," said the other, "what you giving us? There's no argument in that. Now see here. Before the O.T.A. came in I drank. I have never touched it since. I tell you it has meant money to me; and a good deal more. You remember when we lived in West Toronto, you drank and I drank. We all drank. There was Jack—he hadn't a decent stitch on his back, his home was in poverty."

"Yes, I remember. He was a bad actor."

"Well, under the O.T.A. he sobered up; is a hard worker; has a comfortable home; is well dressed, has joined the church and is a teacher in the Sunday school."

"Oh yes, I suppose it has done him some good."

"Bet your life, it's done a lot of good."

Ontario's Proud Record

The following table shows the Province-wide votes that have been taken upon the prohibition issue in Ontario. Always, has there been a substantial majority. The heart of Ontario is sound upon the prohibition issue.

Voted Upon	Date of Voting	Aggregate Vote	Dry Vote	Wet Vote	Dry Majority	P.C. Dry	P.C. Wet
Provincial Plebiscite	1894	303,209	192,489	110,720	81,769	63.48	36.52
Dominion Plebiscite	1898	269,782	154,498	115,284	39,214	57.27	42.73
Provincial Referendum	1902	303,297	199,749	103,548	96,201	65.86	34.14
Repeal of the O. T. A.	1919	1,147,785	777,537	370,248	407,289	67.74	32.26
Prohibition of Importation Measure	1921	912,288	539,556	372,682	166,874	59.15	40.85

"CONTROL" IN ALBERTA

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—The people of Ontario should well consider what the effects of so called government control of the liquor traffic are in Alberta that they may not be misled to vote for such a system. Under the present Alberta Liquor Act, any person over 21 years may buy and drink beer in a licensed place, or buy from the brewers and consume it at home.

Hard liquors may be bought in any quantities to be consumed at home by persons having permits. This means, really, no restrictions in buying, and as to drink, well, any place where one is not likely to be caught at it. Many purchasing drink know better than to bring the stuff into their homes. What is the result?

Recently in one of the Edmonton dailies, a clergyman who voted for moderation expresses alarm at the execssive use of strong drink and claims there is no moderation and warns the moderationists that if present conditions continue that the public will change back to prohibition, which he considers a great misfortune. As a matter of fact the so-called prohibition law was never seriously enforced. Except that the bars were closed, which in itself was a great blessing and brought peace and prosperity to many homes. Here are illustrations of what is happening not a hundred miles from where the writer lives. Two men friends are found drunken in a garage behind the hotel where the beer saloon is. One of them is choking the other to death. It took three men to separate the two and get one to bed in the hotel. Dame Rumor says that two young couples went for a night car ride—and all four were "stewed." also that two young ladies were so drunk in the hotel that has the beer bar that they had to be put to bed to sleep it off. It is common for women to sit at tables in the beer saloon and drink with men. This did not occurr in the days of the old bar system.

It is reported that recently a number of youths bought flavor extracts at three different places in town and poured the contents in one vessel for a drinking bout. At present Liquor Commissioner Sinning is at his wits end to know how to deal with the flavor extracts problem. There is so much drinking of extracts that something must be done to stop it. If vendors only are allowed to sell on permits the housewives will raise a row. Yet we were told to do away with so-called prohibition, let people have all the beer they want and there will be no drunkenness nor lawbreaking. Well we have both in Alberta now. The first lot of beer that came to our town under the new act was distributed openly from a car on Main Street and kept a group "fou au' unco happy" till morning to the annoyance of people who were not allowed to sleep.

Several men who were victims of the old bar and treating system before 1916, have sobered off since to the joy of their families. Now they are at it again through the beer saloon and its treating—It is passing strange how the liquor interests are able to delude the public in advocating the use of beer to stop drunkenness. When as a matter of fact, beer drinking is only the initiatory degree in drunkenness. Two per cent. beer was not satisfactory because it did not have enough kick in it. For the same reason 8 per cent. will create a thirst for something strong and so on. The liquor traffic is the biggest money making business in the world today, and is trying hard to add Ontario to its preserved area in Canada.

R. H. MACPHERSON,

Ryley, Alta., Oct. 3,|24.

The Law And Liquor Traffic

"No corporation or individual can acquire any rights, by contract or otherwise, which the government may not annul or take away if the exercise of such rights becomes detrimental to the public health or the public morals.

"There is no inherent right in a citizen selling intoxicating liquor. It is not a privilege of a citizen of a state or a citizen of the United States.—Findings of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Sober Scotch Members

Speaking at a Trade Union Congress Tea in Hull, England, Mr. Tom Groves stated that the Kitchen Committee at the House of Commons, finding that the receipts from liquor would not balance the deficit on food, had had to revise the price of the dinner. Therefore, he thought, the Labor party in Parliament must be the most sober they had ever known. Could anyone doubt the sincerity of their Scotch members? They might call them what they liked, but they had given the party a real clear moral lead in this direction.

Andrew Blygh, Vancouver Justice of the Peace, says of his own city—"It is today more wide open than ever before, and any night may be seen cabarets in which no liquor is said to be sold, but in which fifty per cent. of the people show signs of intoxication. Dance halls are a public scandal, with young girls slipping from the dance hall to the back alley to take a drink from the hip flasks of their escorts."

NOW!

NOW ! Let the bugles sound for a grand crusade !
NOW ! Let hearts aflame with righteous wrath rally to the call !
NOW ! While the time is ripe, while the iron's hot !
NOW ! STUNG WITH SHAME FOR BATTLES LOST AND WITH OUR BACKS AGAINST THE WALL !

Let us each and all STRIKE as one, at once, to win

PROHIBITION FOR CANADA

And let Ontario lead the fight to final victory, lest she lose and, losing, have to fight the fiercer—with the enemy on her back instead of beyond her borders.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full tide are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

SO, LET US MOVE FORWARD NOW!

Ontario will settle the question for herself next week whether she will barter the advantages of relative Prohibition for the rule of liquor; Whether, with Premier Ferguson's pledged support of prohibition if demanded at the polls, she will make for more effective Prohibition, or whether she will under government auspices open the flood gates of intoxicating liquors. Will apathy like silence give consent to a retrogressive step which will involve the loss of all the benefits won through Prohibition? God forbid!

Whether in dry or wet provinces every mother, every father, every young man or young woman at the threshold of life, every teacher, every minister must face this question NOW! Whether as a provincial question or as a national question to remain longer on the defensive is bad tactics and cowardly. Prohibitionists must everywhere take the offensive and attack the mercenary, unscrupulous heartless and desperate despoiler of homes and of business and of national life. The liquor traffic must be driven into the sea even as St. Patrick drove the reptile brood out of Ireland. North America must be dry. There are too many neutrals in Canada. Let us show the United States how WE Canadians can bring about final victory for them as well as for us, by uniting our forces to theirs in one great drive in a fight to the finish against the liquor traffic.

Let our slogan be:—

NATION-WIDE CONTINENT-DEEP PROHIBITION

The larger the territory, the more drastic the law, the easier it will be to enforce it and the greater will the advantage be.

Think of that scene in the Old Testament. Saul had just returned to his farm and his plough after having been crowned King of Israel. But let us remind you of the story, telling it in the words of Rev. Dr. J. Paterson Smyth in his "Bible for School and Home."

> No time that for palaces and crowns and royal splendor with the fierce tribes of Ammon and Amelek and Philistia closing in around them, and holding the chief fortresses of the land. Like Shamgar and Gideon in the Judges' days, like Cincinnatus at Rome working on his farm, like King Alfred in England in the shepherd's hut, the King of Israel is at the plough-tail biding his time. And now his time is come. It is evening, and he is driving back his team of oxen when suddenly he is startled by the deep wailing of a crowd. "What means it?" he asked. And the people tell him, "The Ammonites have surrounded our friends in Jabesh, there is no escape. They are about to put out the right eyes of the men." Then "the Spirit of God came upon Saul and his anger was kindled greatly." Don't you like that expression? All fierce, righteous indignation for the sake of others is the work of God's spirit. The schoolboy who for the sake of some smaller boy thrashes the bully of the school is doing God's work. It is only selfish anger and fighting for slights done to yourself that are sin. In a moment Saul has struck down the bullocks of his team, and is cutting their bleeding flesh in little pieces before the people. "Take these pieces North and South and East and West to every village and every town. Tell them 'If you are not at the trysting place with the King when he starts for Jabesh thus shall it be done to your cattle too.'" Is not it a stirring picture—the fierce anger of the young king and the new hope of the downtrodden people—the messengers with the bleeding flesh, speeding over the hills of Benjamin like the runners of Roderick Dhu with the fiery cross in "The Lady Of the Lake," a picture of righteous wrath and unselfish help, that was good for them all.

Of course they swept the Ammonites before them. There is no such stimulus to victory as rage about another's wrong.

And NOW!

Today the message to Canadians everywhere is like unto that sent out by Saul. For the case is similar. The ancient foe has surrounded many, menacing them with despoliation, material, physical, spiritual. And those who do not hear and heed the call to fight for the sake of their brothers will have to fight without aid for themselves and their families before long.

And have the people of Ontario, the people of Canada less manhood than the ancient Israelites that they should sit at ease while others are being so beset with the enemy? God forbid!

Then let the men of the plough, the men of the pen, the men of voice, yes and the mothers, particularly the mothers of Canada and young men and maidens, sound the call and rally the forces within his or her scope to the great crusade.

Then let all organize for local work for Prohibition, linking up with the organizations of wider scope. So let all those who demand Prohibition do so with one voice, irrespective of party, sect, or class.

AND NOW FOR SPADE WORK.

A very practical thing which every individual can do, which every organization can do, is to see that the people of the locality are in a way to be kept informed of the true state of affairs This is especially necessary in places where the press is accustomed to sneer at or make jokes about prohibition and misrepresent the facts about its effectiveness in the United States and our relatively dry provinces. Particularly dangerous is the tactics of some papers to "damn with faint praise" the efforts and achievements of those who believe in Prohibition as the best solution for many of the evils of this age. It is absolutely necessary that the people have newspapers and home periodicals which can be trusted with leadership in this direction. Is it not for you the greatest opportunity for immediate service that you further the influence of the most all round effective papers you know?

And here the Witness is at your service, ready to devote its utmost abilities and resources to the cause. As an absolutely broadminded paper disinterestedly devoted to the general welfare yet fulfilling the functions of an ordinary newspaper and homestead magazine it will interest and influence many who do not get the more specialised organs of Prohibition and of church life.

SOWING SEED FOR PROHIBITION CONVICTION

Yet it is at your service at nominal cost. Single On-trial subscriptions may be sent at $1.35 net, starting as soon as received. Three such NEW subscriptions may be sent in at the rate of a dollar each. Subscribers sending their own renewals at the same time may do so at the rate secured by their New Subscriber, viz, $1.35 or $1 as the case may be.

To our new subscribers let us say that the absolute disinterestedness of this offer is proved by the fact that the publishers do not draw either salaries or dividends. Having other resources they find their life in this high and interesting service, a service for the people of Canada which has absorbed the strength and resources of three generations of Dougall publisher-editors. It is their high calling, their exhilarating "game." In the spirit of team play then we hope every single reader will "play" it with them—be in effect the publisher of the Witness in his or her own district—and seeing to it that every possible home within his reach gets the Witness, starting at once to get it into at least one new home before another week is gone. So shall we together enhance each other's influence, so shall we together achieve Prohibition, so shall we together "MAKE CANADA A LAND TO LOVE!"

Rallying the forces

JOHN DOUGALL & SON
THE WITNESS—MONTREAL

COUPON

Dear Friends:

I am glad to do **NOW** my share in publishing the Witness for this district. I have introduced it at the $1.35 rate to the following for a full years trial.

NAMES	ADDRESSES
1	
2	
3	

For Nation-wide Continent-Deep Prohibition!

MONTREAL WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD

∴ NEWS OF THE WEEK ∴

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 15, 1924.

General Election in Britain

Ramsay MacDonald Defeated in Commons, Appeals to the Country---Voting to Take Place on October 29th.

A political crisis came in Britain on Thursday after a defeat of the Labor Government on a point arising out of the suspended prosecution of James Ross Campbell for an article he published in the "Workers' Weekly" while acting as temporary editor. The Government had declared that it would stand or fall by the decision of the House of Commons in this matter and in view of the adverse vote nothing remained for Ramsay MacDonald but to place his resignation in the hands of the King.

On Thursday night the Premier announced that His Majesty had consented to a dissolution of the government and that polling for a general election would take place on October 29th.

The Labor members received the announcement with cheers. The other parties seemed taken aback, though they ought not to have been surprised after the statements made at the Labor party meeting earlier in the day.

The Prime Minister's statement in the Commons was brief. Addressing the Speaker, he said:

"I regret that the action taken by the two opposition parties renders an election inevitable. I therefore have had an audience of is Majesty this morning and asked for a dissolution. His Majesty empowers me to announce that he has consented."

The ministerialists appeared delighted at the announcement and cheered loudly and long, while Jack Jones shouted, "In spite of Lloyd George the sixth."

In informing representatives of the press, Mr. MacDonald said:

"I am sorry events have turned out as they have, but every one knows the situation is not one of the Government's seeking, but has been forced upon it. Personally I should have been very glad if the Labor Government had been allowed to carry on its policy, a policy which I maintain has been one of honest politics and of the promotion of the interests of the commonwealth."

The Premier said the Government would have preferred to have saved the country the expense of another general election, but, shrugging his shoulders, he added: "That is the situation and there it is."

Mr. MacDonald, after leaving the Palace, returned imemdiately to No. 10 Downing street for a Cabinet meeting. As he made his way into the narrow street a huge crowd had assembled in front of the prime ministerial residence, roundly cheered him and there were shouts of "good old man."

It was officially announced that he had asked the King for the dissolution of Parliament in line with his previously announced policy of appealing to the country through a general election to approve the course pursued by the Government.

The politicians of all parties are losing no time in getting their views presented to the electorate and the campaign is now in full swing in most parts of the country.

Despite the seeming eagerness with which ministers have hailed the dissolution of Parliament, this election will go down in history as the election nobody wanted.

Largely because of this it bids fair to prove also one of the bitterest elections fought in recent times. It is safe to say that before the campaign is finished, the primary cause of dissolution, namely, the prosecution of John Ross Campbell, will have been obliterated by the pyramided argument of the parties.

PREMIER RAMSAY MACDONALD

Perhaps the chief consolation to parliamentarians and to the electors at this moment is the reflection that since the fight had to come, it will be at least compressed into the narrowest possible compass of time.

The present composition of the House of Commons membership is as follows:

Conservatives 246, Labor 187, Liberal 156, Ulster Unionists 11, Co-operatives 6, Independents 3, Independent Liberals 2, Nationalists 2, Sinn Feiner 1.

The total membership of the House of Commons is 615, but there is a vacancy for the London University constituency.

PARTY MANIFESTOES

Both the Labor and Liberal parties succeeded on Saturday in getting their election manifests ready for publication in the Sunday morning papers. While the Conservative party had not issued a special manifesto, its headquarters gave out copies of an election address drawn up by the party leader, former Premier Stanley Baldwin.

The Labor Party's appeal is headed "Labor's Appeal to the People."

After a brief reference to the "defeat by a partisan combination of Liberals and Tories," it recites what the Labor Government has done for the "supreme need of this country, as of the whole world—peace and the restoration of industry and commerce."

Its attitude toward the Irish Treaty, the strengthening of the ties of sentiment with the Dominions, the cordial relations established with France and important steps taken at Geneva toward arbitration, security and general disarmament are put forward as the main facts of Labor's accomplishments.

"From this general pacification," the manifesto continues, "the Labor Government refused to exclude the Russian people, with whom it is essential to resume our trade in the interests of our unemployed and the country as a whole."

In conclusion the manifesto says:

"It is along these lines that the Labor party would work in Parliament toward a transformation, gradual as it must be, of the existing economic and industrial system into a genuine commonwealth of labor. We have faith in humanity. . . .

We appeal to the people to support us on our steadfast march—taking each step only after careful examination, making sure of each advance as we go, and using each success as the beginning of further achievements, toward a really Socialist commonwealth, in which there shall at least be opportunity for good-will to conquer hate and strife, and for brotherhood, if not to supersede greed, at least to set due bounds to that competition which leads to loss and death."

The Liberal Appeal

The Liberal manifesto has only two signatories, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. It begins by asserting that the election has been forced on the country by the MacDonald Government "because first, they were not prepared to face on impartial inquiry into the circumstances which led to the withdrawal of the prosecut'on against a Communist writer for inciting to mutiny in the army and navy, and, second, because they wished to evade parliamentary discussions of the reckless proposal of guarantee, at the risk of the British taxpayer, a loan to the Communist Government of Russia."

The manifesto goes on to recapitulate the lines of Liberal policy in regard to housing, unemployment, education, free trade, industrial peace, temperance reform and other minor heads, and a special paragraph is given to Mr. Lloyd George's "coal and power" committee report, in regard to which it is said:

"The Liberal policy is to make coal the great national asset by empowering the State to acquire all mineral rights and to provide State assistance and direction in the building of super-power stations.

"By a levy on the purchase price at which the mining royalties are taken over by the State, funds will be provided for rebuilding and bettering the mining villages."

SIR JOHN SIMON

Liberal Leader, who pressed for a Parliamentary inquiry into the Campbell case and caused the Labor Government to suffer defeat.

TURKISH DIPLOMAT

Zekai Bey, the new Turkish Diplomatic Representative to Great Britain, arrived in London recently.

Address by Baldwin

In the address issued by Stanley Baldwin, like Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, the former Conservative premier lays responsibility for the election upon the Labor Government. The Campbell case and the Russian treaties figure in the forefront of the address, which says:

"The admissions already extorted from the Ministers in Parliament are sufficient to convince any reasonable person that it was as a result of undue political pressure that the Attorney-General withdrew the prosecution instituted on the grave charge of inciting the troops to sedition and mutiny. The refusal to allow any inquiry inevitably suggests that the result of such an investigation would only have been to emphasize the conclusion that the course of justice had been deflected by partisan considerations, and to increase public anxiety."

Irish Boundary Commission Bill

As was well understood the Labor Government was determined to see the Irish boundary commission bill passed through all its stages before dissolving Parliament. This was not difficult. The Lords had practically agreed not to introduce any amendment which would necessitate the bill being sent back to the Commons and although Lord Carson when the Lords met proposed one amendment, Lord Salisbury pointed out that it would be unfortunate to enter into a conflict with "another place"—the term by which the noble lords refer to the Commons—and Lord Carson then withdrew his amendment.

Thereupon the Speaker of the House of Commons proceeded to the House of Lords to hear royal assent given to the bill, of which the full title is the Irish Free State Confirmation of Agreement Bill, and the King's commission proroguing Parliament read.

One hour later a royal proclamation dissolving Parliament was signed at a meeting of the Privy Council.

Tong war has broken out in Chinatown of New York and Chicago, a feud between the Hip Sing Tong and the On Leong Tong resulting in several deaths.

A spectacular parade by Salvationists and a civic welcome and reception at the City Hall, Toronto, were the features on Saturday of the formal honors paid to General Bramwell Booth, head of the Salvation Army, who was visiting the city.

Is there any one in Ontario so callous that he won't go to the poll on the 23rd, or, going, so lazy that he won't reach his pencil high enough to mark a cross in the upper blank?

It is something of a joke to arrest bootleggers in Montreal. The courts are so congested with their ilk that there are not enough judges to try them all.

SIR ROBERT HORNE

Who moved the resolution of censure over the Campbell case, of the Labor Government, which was defeated.

The ZR3 Passing Over Berlin.

RT. HON. H. A. L. FISHER,

Who was President of the Board of Education in the Lloyd George Cabinet, has been visiting Canada.

THE CLERICAL CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE

Catholic Heads Denounced by Minister of the Interior

Publication of a Government report on the activities of religious societies in France was threatened on Monday by Minister of the Interior Camille Chautemps, in a speech at Tours, in which he denounced the Catholic organization leaders for the length to which they are going in opposition to the Government proposals for a withdrawal of the French representative at the Vatican, and the curtailment of clerical privilege. The language, which some highly-placed defenders of the clerical cause were using was, Chautemps declared, inadmissable. It might be a mistake to exaggerate the importance of these outpourings, but, he added, "the Government is responsible for the internal peace of the country, and its duty is to invite these agitators to reflection and to warn them solemnly that they cannot be allowed to disturb public order, however highly placed they may be."

This warning and a threat to make a full inquiry into and report on the activities of the societies is the first retort which the Government has made to the clerical campaign which has assumed a somewhat acute and bitter character.

The strength of the opposition to the Government's proposals which entail a return to the relationship of church and state similar to that which existed until three years ago, is difficult to estimate, and is certainly, in the country, not in proportion to the amount of commotion which is being stirred up. It was, however, significant that Minister Chautemps omitted to make in his declaration any reference to the situation in Alasce- Lorraine, where the opposition to the proposed measures is not only the strongest but most deeply founded.

A GREAT FRENCH AUTHOR LAID TO REST

Anatole France, the famous French author, died at Tours, France, on Sunday, after a lengthy illness.

His end came peacefully. From August last the state of the great French writer's health had caused anxiety. Gradually his condition became worse, only a few days ago he himself expressed the conviction that he had but a few hours of life remaining.

Owing to his advanced age, eighty years, there was no expectation of his recovery, but almost up to the end he retained his interest in those around him, and was able at times to converse briefly.

In the passing of Anatole France, there is lost to France and to the whole world the genius of a man who, as interpreter of the French spirit during the past 50 years, has been without a rival. He wrote for France, but the whole world read his works, and the world united in commending him in heartfelt phrases on the occasion of his 80th birthday, April 16, 1924.

Anatole France showed to the world the real France, compassionate, devoted, brilliant and spiritual, and he has been described as the ultimate flowering of French genius. Ramsay MacDonald said of him in 1924: "There is not any living writer who is so fully appreciated in his own country, or who has interpreted in so durable a manner the luminous beauty and human sympathy of French genius."

The writings of Anatole France are known for their imaginative and delicate grace, the simplicity of his style and its beautiful translucency. Of imagination France once said: "It is the imagination, with its lies, that sows all the beauty and the virtue in the world. We are great only through our imagination."

ZR-3 ON WAY TO AMERICA

The big dirigible ZR-3 left Friedrichshaven at 6.30 o'clock on Sunday morning for Lakehurst, N. J., and at 4 o'clock was over the Bay of Biscay, near Bordeaux, France.

The motors and wireless of the airship were functioning perfectly. Dr. Hugo Eckener, commander of the airship decided to take the southern route from Bordeaux by way of the Azores and Bermuda, which is considerably shorter than the route via Spain.

At 8 o'clock on Sunday night the German wireless stations were out of touch with the ZR-3. The following wireless message from Dr. Eckener was received by the Frankfort Gazette:

"Reached the west coast of France after a very pleasant and uniformly good flight through central France. Here at the mouth of the Gironde we take leave of Europe. We are travelling at an average speed of 6 miles an hour, with a south wind measuring 6 or 7 metres per second. The ship's motors are in excellent working order and everybody is in the best of spirits."

The Start

The ZR-3 rose slowly on Sunday morning from the big field before the Zeppelin shed, which lay dark and dripping wet in a heavy fog, and pointed her glistening silver gray prow westward to start on her voyage. As she rose a crowd of thousands, looking in the wavering foggy light like a mass meeting of ghosts from another world, let out a volley of roaring cheers and waved hats and handkerchiefs madly. A brass band, standing ankle deep in moisture from the drenched grass, sent the notes of "Deutschland Uber Alles" crashing into the air. Slowly the prow of the ship was slewed around close to the enormous doors of the Zeppelin shed, her cradle and her home. And as she veered the great doors slowly swung and shut in the ZR-3's face, as if symbolizing the death of all the pride and power of the Zeppelin works—as if mutely bidding farewell to ZR 3 as she started away from Friedrichshafen to do the bidding of a world-war victor who had helped to lay all that pride and power in the dust.

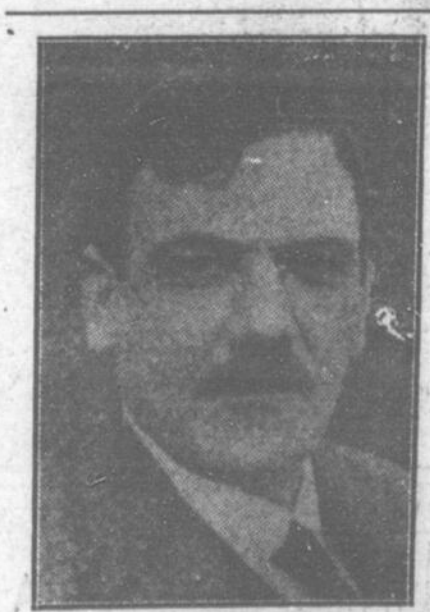
For a moment ZR-3 hung over the field. The crowd scurried wildly to and fro, cheering and waving. There was sobbing also, for in the crowd were the wives and mothers and sweethearts of men aboard the airship, and hundreds of Germans upon whom the realization dawned all of a sudden that the last of Germany's giants of the air had been snatched from her.

For a few moments the whirr of her motors sounded. Thousands of eager eyes tried to pierce the fog banks for just another glimpse. Then—"Schluss" muttered a German in the crowd. That means, "It is all over." The crowd straggled away through the dripping grass. Motor horns honked rudely as chaffeurs tried to open a way through pedestrians flitting like ghosts across the roadway. The first houses of Friedrichshafen pierced the fog and suddenly that town seemed to take on a littleness and humdrumness and insignificance, which it did not have before—as if all connected with the word "Zeppelin" which had brought to Friedrichshafen and to Germany fame and shame, praise and curses, were already a memory instead of a living throbbing reality.

Nine Men Killed by Mexican Bandits.

B. F. Barker, of El Paso, Texas, auditor of the Erupcion Mining Company, and eight other men were lined up and shot to death Thursday by bandits, who wrecked a freight train of the Chihuahua and Oriente Railway, 41 miles southwest of Juarez, in a $15,000 payroll holdup.

The entire train crew was included in the nine men killed. A Mexican customs guard, the only man on the train who was armed, is missing. It is believed he also was slain.



P. E. CALLES

Has been formally declared President of Mexico.

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The Admiration of your Male Friends!

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THE EARL OF BEAUCHAMP

Who has been elected Liberal Leader of the House of Lords, succeeding Viscount Grey of Fallodon, who resigned on account of ill-health.

Railway Outlet for Peace River

A message of optimism as to the future of the West and a pledge that the Peace River Country would be given an outlet to the Pacific Coast as soon as it is humanly possible to do so, was delivered by Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, who addressed an audience of 200 persons in Edmonton on Friday night.

For the development of the great natural resources of the country, the Liberal leader promised reforms in the tariff which would relieve from their present duty such implements and articles as are used in the development of those natural resources.

"It is the policy of the Government of which I have the honor to be the head to introduce a vigorous policy of immigration, which will people the vast areas of undeveloped country in the Great West," declared the Premier.

Speaking in the Music Hall, Cincinnati, on Friday night, Senator La Folette said he would "end all secret diplomacy, end all profit from war, and in the event of a defensive war he would pay for war as we go" and "leave no heritage of debt on subsequent generations."

The police of New York are searching for Gerald Chapman, two million dollar mail robber, who has twice escaped from prison, and is now wanted for shooting a policeman to death in New Britain, Conn., early on Sunday morning. Chapman's companion was caught and found to be Walter J. Shean, the son of a wealthy and prominent family in Springfield, Mass.

DR. FOSDICK RESIGNS

Refuses to Enter Presbyterian Ministry

The Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, a Baptist and a professor in Union Theological Seminary, has declined to become a Presbyterian and he has sent in his resignation as special preacher at the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street, New York.

The Presbytery of New York met in the chapel of the First Church and accepted unanimously and without debate a report of its Special Committee, known as "the Fosdick Committee," submitted by the chairman, the Rev. Dr. Edgar Whitaker Work.

The report contained a letter from Dr. Work to Dr. Fosdick informing him officially of the action of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church taken last May in Grand Rapids, Mich., which recommended that Dr. Fosdick seek entrance into the Presbyterian ministry; or, if he could not see his way clear to do this, to sever his relation with the First Church.

The report also embodied a reply from Dr. Fosdick to Dr. Work in which Dr. Fosdick declined to become a Presbyterian and set forth his reasons for not wishing to be bound by a set creed.

On recommendation of Dr. Hork, the Presbytery adopted the resolution to submit the documents in the case to the First Presbyterian Church for consideration and action and to ask the First Church to report back to the Presbytery at its next meeting on Nov. 10.

FRANCE MAKES RULES FOR CONTROL OF ALIENS

France has set about controlling and restricting her aliens. The initial measures shortly to be enacted by the Government are:

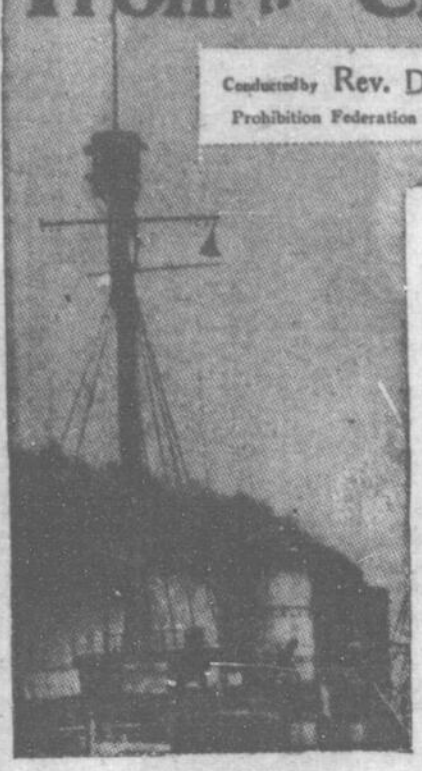
First, strict control of foreigners; second such control to be effected at the alien's expense.

Those aliens wishing to settle in France to work at a trade or profession henceforward will have to receive the approval of "sanitary posts," at the frontier before being allowed to enter the country, all "medical suspects" being denied admittance. Aliens pronounced medically fit will then receive safe conduct by the frontier officials which will allow them to travel directly to the town in which they have chosen to reside and where, upon arrival, they will ask the mayor for a temporary identity card.

After thorough investigation into the desirability of the applicant, the temporary card will be exchanged for a permanent one authorizing the alien to remain in his newly elected domicile. Such foreigners will have to pay thirty francs for their identity card instead of twelve, which is the present price, and alien laborers who thus far have been exempt from this tax will have to pay like everyone else.

From the Crow's Nest

Conducted by Rev. Dr. E. I. Hart, The Secretary Prohibition Federation of Canada and of Quebec Province.



Why Vote For O.T.A.?

Here are some good and sufficient reasons:—

(1) Because the O.T.A. is the most effective piece of temperance legislation ever enacted in Ontario.

(2) Because the Premier has solemnly promised that if the O.T.A. is sustained at the approaching plebiscite he will correct whatever palpable defects it may have.

This completely brushes aside the carping criticisms of the Moderationists as to the faulty character of the O.T.A. and the difficulty of its enforcement as a reason for voting against it.

(3) Because the O.T.A. has successfully reduced drunkenness and crime.

In 1914 the total convictions for drunkenness were 17,703; in 1922 they were 10,063. In 1914 the total convictions for those crimes usually associated with drink, such as assaults, vagrancy, trespass, keeping and frequenting bawdy houses, etc., were 34,400; in 1922 they were 15,459 — a decrease of more than half.

It is true that the total convictions for all offenses in Ontario for 1914 were 65,806, and in 1922, 72,787, but we must remember that the difference is due to the enormous increase in motor vehicle traffic. Convictions for highway offenses in 1914 were only 4,717; in 1922 they were 32,099. In 1914 highway offences formed only 7 per cent. of the total; in 1922 they formed 44 per cent. In eight years the number of autos in use was multiplied several fold. In 1916 there were 53,944 cars and trucks; in 1923 there were 274,427.

(4) Because the O.T.A. has greatly helped to reduce the consumption and sale of liquor both in the province and Canada.

..The net total of gallons of spirituous liquors manufactured and imported in Canada in 1914 was 7,748,034; in 1923 it was 2,691,531.

It is estimated that British Columbia and Quebec consumed in 1923 about 2,039,167 gallons. The remainder 652,364 gallons must be divided among the seven provinces then under prohibition.

In 1914 there were 50 breweries in Ontario manufacturing 24,193,619 gallons; in 1923 there were 21 breweries manufacturing 6,379,667 gallons.

(5) Because the O.T.A. has helped to reduce the nefarious traffic in drugs.

The total convictions for offences against the Narcotic Drug Act in 1922 were 1864. Of this number Ontario furnished 312 convictions while the two provinces under Government Control, British Columbia and Quebec were responesible for 1153.

(6) Because the O.T.A. has encouraged the better general enforcement of law.

The more sober a province is the more high and strict are its standards of law-enforcement. Government Control encourages lax enforcement. It tends to the weakening of the moral fibre of men.

In Quebec the convictions for drunkenness in 1922 were only 7913 while in Ontario they were 10,063. This does not mean that Quebec had fewer drunken persons than Ontario but that the police were indifferent in the enforcement of the law This same low standard appears in other offences against the law in Quebec.

Convictions for the profanation of the Lord's Day Act in Quebec in 1922 were 15; in Ontario they were 646, yet Quebec has practically a wide-open Sunday, with movies crowded and all sorts of games and amusements in progress.

In Quebec convictions for highway offences were only 3,344 in 1922; in Ontario they were 31,813.

In 1922 there were 708 autos stolen in Montreal and only 506 recovered by the police; in Toronto 973 autos were stolen and 952 recovered by the police.

In Montreal in 1922 there were 1,457 burglaries reported to the police; in Toronto 568. But in Montreal there were only 119 burglars convicted while in Toronto there were 250. Though Montreal had nearly three times as many burglaries as Toronto, yet Toronto had twice as many convictions.

In Toronto in 1915, under license, there were 11,232 arrests for drunkenness yet in the whole County of York of which Toronto forms a part there were only 3,157 convictions for drunkenness. Today a new and more stringent policy is in force in Toronto and practically every arrest is a conviction. In Montreal the old policy is pursued.

(7) Because the O. T. A. has materially helped general business.

One of the best indicators of prosperity is the bank clearings. Compare Toronto with Montreal in this respect:—

	1920	1923
Montreal ...	$7,109,189,038	$5,493,106,775
Toronto ...	5,410,214,802	5,591,568,205

Under Government Control in Montreal bank clearings decreased by $1,616,083,263, while in Toronto, under prohibition, they increased by $181,353,403.

In 1913 in Ontario under license there were $32,442,616 in chattel mortgages. In 1920 there wer e$12,975,031.

In 1922, 882,926 autos for touring purposes entered Ontario while only 62,951 entered Quebec.

It is true that Ontario has liabilities of $204,000,000 as compared with Quebec's $87,000,000 but Ontario has assets of $213,000,000 to show them while Quebec has but $14,000,000.

In 1293 there were 3,247 business failures in Canada. Ontario's share of these failures was 844 while that of Quebec was 1,171 or more than one-third. The excess of liabilities over assets in Ontario amounted to $2,202,413 while in Quebec they amounted to $11,214,273.

55 per cent. of the citizens of Toronto own the houses they live in, in Montreal only 5 per. cent.

(8) Because the O.T.A. has improved educational and home conditions.

The total registration of scholars in the Primary Schools of Ontario per 1000 of population in 1914 was 168 per cent. In 1923 it was 193 per cent.

The aggregate attendance of scholars in the High Schools per 1,000 of population in 1914 was 17 per cent. In 1923 it was 43 per cent.

These are striking figures and are eloquent of the fact that the children of Ontario are better fed, better clothed, healthier and come from better somes under prohibition than under license.

In view of the above facts how can any voter in Ontario in his senses vote against the O.T.A.?

GET OUT THE VOTE!

On thing is sure, that the campaign will not be a walkover. The liquor forces have recaptured every province west of Ontario, and they have hopes even of capturing this province. It will not do to underestimate the strength of the enemy. Our temperance workers felt reasonably sure of holding their own in Saskatchewan and Alberta, as they depended upon the large rural vote to go dry. But the rural vote failed to measure up to their expectations, and Ontario can not afford to take any chances. So far as platform meetings are concerned, we do not fear to meet any speaker the liquor men have, or can, put forward, for the facts are definitely on the side of prohibition. But we fear the whispering campaign; the men who will go around quietly saying that prohibition is a proved failure; that there is more liquor sold and drunk now than under license; that it is getting into the homes and debauching even the boys and girls; that they are opposed to the bar, but they wish to get rid of the bootlegger; in short, that prohibition is a pronounced failure, and government sale is just as pronounced a success; and as it will reduce our taxes while it reduces drunkenness, we had better try it. It is true that all these statements can be answered on the platform, but the statements are being quietly made by men who are not supposed to be liquor advocates, and the campaign is the more deadly because it is carried on under cover.

What shall we do In 1919 the vote stood 774,861 to 369,434 in favor of the Ontario Temperance Act, and we are persuaded that we have enough temperance votes to roll up a majority of half a million if we can get our voters to the poll. Every county, municipality, and polling division should be organized at once and provision should be made for public meetings, the distribution of temperance literature, and the personal presentation of the matter to every voter. Ontario cannot afford to lose this fight. It is estimated that Quebec spent over $47,000,000 in 1922 on liquor, and if Ontario were to adopt her system it would mean that at the same ratio we would throw away over $58,000,000 every year in the purchase of intoxicating liquor. Our friends of the liquor traffic would fasten this traffic upon us under the specious plea of getting rid of drunkenness. The issues at stake are not alone provincial, but national. The enemy realizes this as well as we. Let us throw ourselves into the fight with such vigor that the verdict of the polls will be the greatest temperance victory Ontario ever won.—The Christian Guardian.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL—NOT CONTROL

A very telling series of articles is now appearing in the Toronto Star and Ottawa Citizen in regard to liquor conditions in the Prairie Provinces and in British Columbia. The writer was sent out to secure the latest data in view of the Ontario Plebiscite Vote.

In the last article which we have seen appear the following statements of prominent citizens about the operation of Government Control in the Pacific Province:

Mr. R. H. Pooley is the leader of the Conservative Party in British Columbia. He said that in his own riding of Esquimalt 18 "Shebeens" or bootleggers got their supplies from one brewery and had hundreds of customers. He mentioned three places close to his office where bootlegging went on.

He said many drinking men were willing to pay a little more to the bootlegger if they could have sociability along with their liquor. He denied the truth of government contentions that the delivery of beer was monopolized by the government. He said that someone would arrange with the government to get a barrel of beer. The government store would phone the brewery, which in turn would notify the customer. And the customer might tell the brewery to increase the order to two or three barrels. Only one barrel would appear on the records, although the government had inspectors on the job. None of the beer supplied by the 18 Esquimalt bootleggers appeared on the records.

ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN'S VIEW

Rev. A. H. Sovereign of St. Mark's Church, Vancouver, says:—

"The system is simply not working; it is not controlling. Bootlegging is very prevalent. The debauchery in the hotels, where women and liquor are taken, is terrible and the hotels and police cannot stop it. Men who only want a liquor and soda are compelled by the system to buy a whole quart of liquor and take it home. Bootlegging is worse than it was under prohibition.

"The government has located a liquor store for the Chinese in the Chinese section. It has located another one for sale to loggers, miners and fishermen. Any time the loggers' boat is about to pull out from the Union Steamship's wharf, drunken men lie around on all sides. On one occasion out of more than 100 loggers going north on the steamer only two were sober.

"Three weeks ago I brought back from the north a lot of girls who had been attending a girls' camp. There were so many drunken men around the Union Steamships' wharf that I simply had to stay on the job to save the girls from molestation.

"The export warehouses are largely to blame for the conditions, for they supply the illicit trade. Attorney-General Manson told the ministers that there was no holding the brewers; that they paid no attention to anything but a big club.

"Personally, I would like to see continental prohibition tried for a ten-year period to see whether that is not the best method available. Until now prohibition has not had a fair trial."

CHAIRMAN OF THE LIQUOR CONTROL BOARD

Mr. A. Johnson is the Chairman of the Liquor Control Board of British Columbia. He flashed a ready answer to his interrogator:

"What is you greatest difficulty in enforcing the law?" I asked.

"Bootlegging."

"Why do men go to the bootlegger when it is so easy to get good liquor from the government?" "They want conviviality and sociability, and will go behind a grocery store, a candy counter or into some dive to get it. They also like to do the thing that is forbidden. It is more than the liquor they want."

"Does that suggest that Quebec has the best system of government control?" "No, it's all a matter of nationality, temperament, environment. Quebec is French and used to that sort of thing. What may suit Quebec may be all wrong for Ontario or Alberta."

British Columbia's liquor control chairman is credited with saying that the brewers can't play fair, that "give the brewers a bung and they'll soon want a whole barrel. Open but a crack of a door and they'll push in and take possession of your whole house as they are doing in B. C."

Continued on page 31)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

PAPERS FOR FISHERMEN

Mr. Stephen Loveridge, Battle Harbor, Labrador, writes.—I would greatly appreciate if you will in short notice thank all the friends in Canada who during summer months have sent me papers for free distribution to fishermen along this coast, special mention of Miss Pyliss Jenkinson of Scarbora Junction and Mrs. Sarah McPhail of Port Lambton both in Ontario. Your readers will do a great service to humanity if beginning next May to end of September they will continue this good work, forwarding to undersigned.

PROHIBITION DRAMATICS

A sister in the Temperance Work in Nova Scotia writes.—We are getting your valuable paper in our home. We think it is for a newspaper the best and cleanest paper printed in the Dominion; we are after starting "Temperance Lodge, I.O.G.T. in our district. We are all new in the work but want to make it interesting to the young people. I thought you might help us out by printing some temperance recitations and readings or anything else in the line of temperance that would be a help to us. You could please ask the readers to send some. If you can help us out I will be much obliged.

Is there not a fine chance for some prohibition litterateur with a dramatic instinct to produce a new series of little plays for Lodge and Sunday school concerts. One play might set forth the way a young man was won from the wets to the dry by a young woman. Another might be a campaign play showing how to get voters pledged and to the polls. There is room for a good deal of wholesome humor in the canvass. Another might discuss the difficulties of a young editor with temperance convictions on a paper whose proprietor was "running a strictly business proposition, you understand. And dividends have got to be earned and distributed, and so far's I kin see Prohibition a'in goin' to help none." Enter a delegation from the W. C. T. U. to ask the publisher not to continue the wet propaganda. Failing in their attempt to reason with the publisher they retire, disappointed but not cast down; for after all hte publisher is a mere man. Where an appeal in the name of humanity and of good citizenship fails they change their tactics and demand and win their end. The ground and method of their demand offers play for the imagination and for histrionic gifts. Even impromptu plays could be very exciting and informative; especially if the parts were subject of friendly comment and criticism. Perhaps the critics one night might be the actors on the next occasion. Even if the first effort was not a great success the next would be better. People learn by experience. Debates of one kind or another are splendid attractions, so are competitions. A feature for such an evening might be the bringing to it clippings from the newspapers of items of wet propoganda with answers thereto, or with requests that they be answered at that meeting if there be any qualified to answer, or that they be tabled for study between that and the next meeting. Similarly the strongest items on the side of Prohibition might also be brought, not for a prize but in the earnest effort to further the cause by spreading knowledge and deepening conviction. We would be glad to have a report of such a meeting. If written entertainly we would give it space in our columns.

BADEN-POWELL, THE FOUNDER OF BOY SCOUTS

Ont. Scout.—Would you please give me a sketch of the life of Baden-Powell and mention the different military achievements he was engaged in. Also can you give me the name of a good book on scouting. Thank you in anticipation.

Ans.—Lt.-Gen. Sir Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell was born in 1857, the son of Rev. Prof. Baden-Powell of Oxford and Langton Manor, England, and Henrietta Grace Smyth. He was educated at Charterhouse, joined 13th Hussars, became adjutant and served with that regiment in India, Afghanistan and South Africa; served on the staff as Assistant Military Secretary; in operations in Zululand 1888 (despatches); Ass. Mil. Secy. Malta, 1890-93; special service Ashanti, in command of native Levies 1895; Chief Staff Officer, campaign in Matabeleland, 1896-7; Colonel of Irregular Horse, South Africa; promoted from 13th Hussars to command of 5th Dragoon Guards, 1897-99. Lt. Col. commanding 5th Dragoon Guards; defence of Mafeking, promoted Maj.-Gen. despatches; operations Transvaal. Organized the South African Constabulary; Inspector-General of cavalry, 1900-03. Lt.-Gen. commanding Northumbrian Territorial Division, 1908. He retired in 1910, two years after he had founded the organization of Boy Scouts to promote good citizenship in the rising generation.

Besides these strenuous activities he found time to write and publish many books: Pigsticking; Reconnaissance and Scouting; Vedette; Cavalry Instruction; The Downfall of Prempeh; The Matebele Campaign; Aids to Scouting; Sport in War; Sketches in Mafeking and East Africa; Scouting for Boys; My adventures as a Spy; Indian Reminiscences; The Wolf Cubs Handbook; Girl Guiding. He married Miss Olave Soames in 1912 he had two daughters and one son.

POEMS AND QUOTATIONS

B. Baker, Man.—I would like to see these two pieces in print. My mother sang the first on fifty years ago. And can you tell me who is the author of the following quotation or can any of your readers help me?—

There's so much that is good in the worst of us,
And so much that is bad in the best of us,
That it ill becomes any of us
To find fault with the rest of us.

Ans.—This quatrain has been attributed to R. L. Stevenson, Governor Hoch of Kansas, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Elbert Hubbard and others, but to our knowledge the author has not yet been found.

The poems follow.—

I remember how I loved her
When a little guiltless child
I saw her in the cradle
As she looked on me and smiled.

My cup of happiness was full,
My joy words cannot tell,
And I blessed the glorious giver
Who doeth all things well.

Years passed. That little sister
Was as dear as life to me,
And woke in my unconscious heart
A wild idolatry.

I worshipped at an earthly shrine
Lured by some magic spell,
Forgetful of the praise of him
Who doeth all things well.

That star went down in beauty,
Yet it shineth sweetly now
In the bright and dazzling coronet
That decks the Saviour's brow.

She bowed to the destroyer
Whose shafts none may repeal;
God gave, he took, he will restore—
He doeth all things well.

THE BELL OF THE ANGELS

(By Rose Osborne)

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing
I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it, ah, well,
It matters not.
It said that in heaven, at twilight, a great
bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken to the wonderful music that rings.
If he put from his heart's inner chamber all
the passion, pain and strife,
Heartache and weary longing that throb in
the pulses of life—
If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all
thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell
of the angels rings.
And I think there lies in this legend, if we
open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to
you and to me.
Let us look in our hearts and question, Can
pure thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of
thoughts of sin?
So, then, let us ponder a little, let us look in
our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring
for us—you and me.

OLD POEM SUPPLIED

B. I. S., Ont.—Can you give me the words of a poem called, "Two Ways of Saying It." It tells how a king placed one man in chains and gave another reward for revealing his dream.

TWO WAYS OF SAYING IT

The Sultan awoke with a stifled scream,
His nerves were shocked by a fearful dream,

An omen of terrible import and doubt,
His teeth in one moment all fell out.

His wise men assembled at break of day
And stood by the throne in solemn array.

And when the terrible dream was told,
Each felt a shudder, his blood ran cold.

And all stood silent in fear and dread,
Wondering what was best to be said.

At length an old soothsayer, wrinkled and gray,
Cried, "Pardon, my lord, what I have to say.

'Tis an omen of sorrow sent from on high—
Thou shalt see all thy kindred die."

Wroth was the sultan, he gnashed his teeth
And his very words seemed to hiss and seeth.

As he ordered the wise man bound with chains
And gave him a hundred stripes for his pains.

The wise men shook as the sultan's eye
Swept round to see who next would try.

But one of them, stepping before the throne,
Exclaimed in a loud and joyous tone,

"Rejoice, O heir of a happy fate!
Exult, O head of a noble state!

For this is the favor that thou shalt win,
O sultan, to outlive all thy kin!"

Pleased was the sultan, and called a slave
And a hundred crowns to the wise man gave.

But the courtiers, they nod with grave sly winks,
And each one whispers what each one thinks:

"Well may the sultan reward and blame—
Didn't both wise men fortell the same?"

Quoth the crafty old vizer, shaking his head,
"So much may depend on the way a thing's said!"

TWO GLASSES

Miss Lefleur.—I wonder if any of your readers or your office staff has any recollection of beautiful verses presumably of two glasses one containing water the other wine sitting on a table the water narrated just what its influence as well as its capacity of usefulness was capable of.

Also the glass of wine also narrated just what it was capable of doing and undoing. I as a reader of the Witness would like very much to procure those verses as soon as possible. Could you kindly print them in the Witness as they are most appropriate, just at this time?

Ans.—The poem you desire is called, "The Two Glasses" and is by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It was published in these columns on April 30, a copy has been mailed to you.

C. E. J. writes.—Wanted, the poem containing these lines:—

Not first the glad and then the sorrowful,
But first the sorrowful and then the glad.

I have tried many times to find it, but without success.

Ans.—The lines quoted are from the hymn "Divine Order," written by Dr. Horatius Bonar, a Scotch hymnist, Edinburgh, 1808-1889. He is the author of "Hymns of Faith and Hope," and many volumes on religious subjects.

DIVINE ORDER

(By Horatius Bonar, D.D.)

'Tis first the true and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower blossom, or the branching wood.

Not first the glad and then the sorrowful,
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad;
Tears for a day, for earth of tears is full,
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright and after that the dark,
But first the dark and after that the bright;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection's light.

'Tis first the night, stern night of storm and war,
Long nights of heavy cloud and veiled skies,
Then the far sparkle of the morning star,
That bids the saints awake and dawn arise.

WORDS WANTED

Mrs. Edwin Hunt, Ont.—Would you get the words of a poem which is rather instructive. "It is just as you say Neighbor Green, A Treasure to Me is My Wife.

IRISH READING WANTED

Mr. W. A. Rutherford, Cal.—I am a subscriber to your worthy paper and greatly enjoy reading it. I am a Canadian, and lived in Toronto and Vancouver, B.C., until 1922. Your column, "Questions and Answers," are most interesting and I would like you to help me out in the following, viz.: Many years ago I ran across in print somewhere, a short comic Irish article and am anxious to find it again so that I may memorize it. I remember the title and a few lines of the first verse.

"OUT OF HIS RECKONING"

"How many in your family?
The census-taker said,
"How many?" Mrs. Rafferty
She shook her towselled head.
"Well, sure, O'I think there is eliven.
Jist let me count," says she.
"There's Moike, me man, that's dead,
And me and Patsy, that makes three;
The triplets and the twins is four,
And . . . . . .

This is all I can remember of the article or little poem but you may know where I can find it if you do not have it there.

PLEBISCITE—OCT. 23rd.

Awaken, O sleepers!
Ye heedless ones, think!
That teeter-board stands near
A precipice brink.
Uncertainty waiteth
And perils abound,
Keep well to the side that
Comes down to sure ground.

That slope from the summit
So rocky and steep
Leads into a river
Where deep waters sweep,
No foot-hold of safety
This side of the tide,
Where on-sweeping billows
Unceasingly ride.

Yon stream of temptation
Where swift waters flow
Sweeps over the falls to
Destruction below.
Few anchors have held in
Its deep shifting sands,
And cables, the strongest,
Are uncertain hands.

Up-tilt of the teeter
Out-enders may save,
Keep steady the balance,
Be watchful and brave.
The blind and the heedless
Withhold from that fate,
Awaiting the reckless,
Ere ever too late.

Now mount to the see-saw
Where safe surface calls
Away from what slope to
The treacherous falls.
A balance of safety
Maintain as ye swing
And land on sure ground with
A finishing spring.

E. K.

Newton Highland, Mass.
Sept. 27th.

THE TESTING

Ontario: wake!
Our godly heritage defending,
And proudly lift our standard high
The "traffic" ending.

You history make;
It will be handed down the ages,
No curse shall in our land prevail
To shame its pages.

Loved native land
The world your deeds will be beholding.
Stand for the right, away with wrong,
The weak upholding.

So shall we live;
It is the loyal Canadian way;
Fear not the strife, strike down the foe,
But watch and pray.

—Carrie Marion Adams.

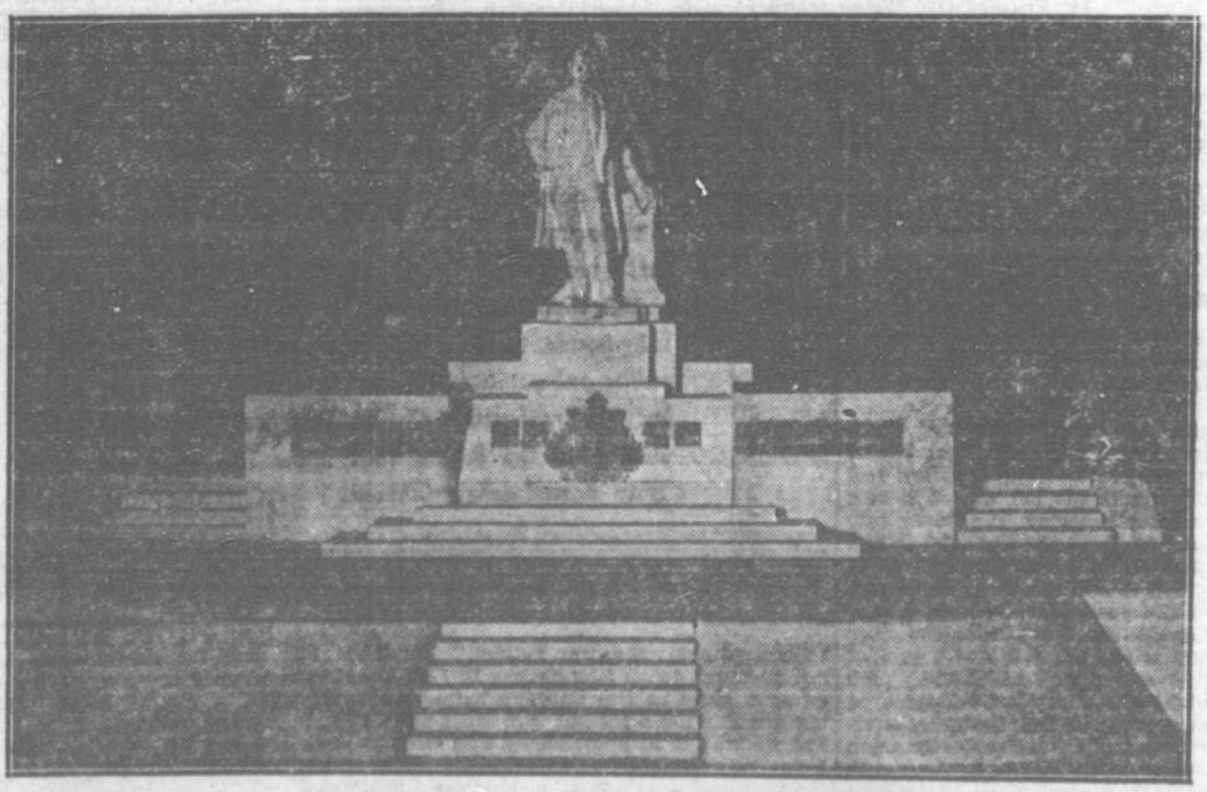
Eaton, Que.

Drunkenness reduces a man below the standard of a brute.

Cruelty to the female sex is a besetting sin of the drunkard.

Our actions are in our own power—our destiny is that of Providence.

The swiftest tidal current in the world, is that between the islands of Jura and Scarba, off the Scottish Coast. According to the official charts, the speed of the current here is nearly 11 miles an hour.



IN MEMORY OF SIR WILFRID LAURIER

The above design is the work of J. Emile Brunet, of Montreal, who is now studying in Paris. This was awarded first prize in competition with sculptors from all over the world, and will be erected on Parliament Hill, Ottawa, to perpetuate the name of a famous Canadian staesman.

Sunday Home Reading

THE WORK OF A GOD

I buried a bulb in a garden bed,
And covered it over with fertile loam;
It seemed lying there in the earth as dead,
With a spray of cypress to mark its home.

That day, I planted a hyacinth there,
A double one, white, though the bulb was brown,
'Tis strange! said I, that a blossom so fair,
That little low grave with a glory will crown!

When the spring time came, and the soft winds blew,
The lingering frost from the earth did creep,
And the sunbeams warm pierced the cold earth through,
And awakened to life the bulb asleep.

From a bulb so brown came a stalk so green,
From the stalk so green came a bloom so white;
I marvelled and said, 'To me it doth seem,
The work of a God, the God of Light.'

And man shall be raised tho' his body may die
Changed by the power of a deathless love
The form like a bulb in the earth may lie,
But the spirit shall be clothed with the glory above.

—Charles C. Earle.

The Besetting God

By E.W.S. in The Bible Society Record.

A legend is current in Central Africa of a very old woman who tried to find God in order to demand of Him the answer to the riddle of this painful earth. God—Who is Shikakunamo, the Besetting One—had stretched out His hand against her family; parents, husband, children, grandchildren, one by one He had taken them all. Then was born within her this desperate resolution to seek God and to ask the eternal question, Why? She began by raring a tower of wood, but as it neared the sky it fell, and although she tried it many times she failed to reach the Abode of God in this way. Then she set out for the far-distant horizon where the rim of the sky touches earth, thinking that there she would surely find the road which leads to heaven. As she journeyed through the nations, people asked her, "Old woman, where are you going all alone?" "I am seeking God," she answered. And when she told her troubles and inquired, "Is there anyone on earth who suffers as I suffer?" they replied, "Old woman, in what way do you differ from others? God, the Besetting One, sits on the back of every one of us, and we cannot shake Him off." The old woman never reached her goal, and from that time to this, the natives say, her problem has remained unsolved.

"Oh that I knew where I might find Him,
That I might come even to His seat!"

Job, too, we remember, interpreted as persecution the calamities which had befallen him. God had beset him before and behind and laid His hand upon him. "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends," he cried in his anguish, "for the hand of God hath touched me." He felt himself to be assailed by an omnipotent and merciless foe. "Am I a sea?" he asks again, "or a seamonster that Thou settest a watch over me?" God would not leave him alone for a second—not so much as to let him swallow his spittle—but visited him every morning and tried him every moment, set him up as a stumbling block to fall over, a target to shoot at. Even the night brought no relief from the maddening Presence: God scared him with dreams and terrified him through visions. "Let me alone!" he cried, "O! Thou watcher of men." These are the frenzied appeals of a man who has not realized that the gloom which enfolds him is the shade of God's hand, outstretched caressingly. His complaint is that he can neither get rid of God, nor discover His face. Afflicted grievously in body and spirit, and thereby surprised out of that faith he once held so unclouedly, he can but think that God has turned against him and made him the butt of His caprice.

Now, when we turn to the Psalmist, we enter a different atmosphere.

"Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?"

Equally with Job he is aware of God's Omnipresence, but it arouses, not terror but joy in his heart. Equally they feel God's hand upon them; but to Job it is a very heavy hand pressing him down into wretchedness, while to the Psalmist it is a leading and an upholding hand. To both of them night comes and the stars shine out. But to one the unsleeping glitter of the stars represents the compassionless gaze of an enemy; to the other it was a symbol of God's never-resting solicitude. Job wakes at night like a terrified child scared by nightmare, only to feel that the terrible eye of God is fixed relentlessly upon him; the other wakes but to nestle again into the everlasting arms of Him to Whom darkness and light are both alike. Like Job, the Psalmist could not get rid of God, but in His presence he found unending delight.

There are times, we must all confess, when we sympathize more with Job than with the Psalmist—when we are more in accord with the pessimist, who sees nature red in tooth and claw, than with the optimist, who sings that God's in His heaven, all's well with the world, and who trusts that God is love indeed and love creation's final law. We seem to be set in the midst of circumstances over which we can exercise no control. The flight of the years robs us of our vigor; sudden disease lays us prostrate; death takes away the desire of our eyes with a stroke. The injustice and inhumanity of the world torture us. We seem to be like puppets made to dance by the hand of some inscrutable power which, if not malicious, is at least unfeeling. The reign of inexorable law seems to exclude the reign of a Father-God.

"It is an easy thing to triumph in the summer's sun
And in the vintage, and to sing on the wagon loaded with corn."

But what is to be said to Job? And what to any conscience-stricken sinner who feels afraid of God? This: that their morbid imagination and sense of guilt, distorting the watchful care of God into a maddening espionage, does not, and cannot, alter the fact that God is Love. Pain, sorrow, sin, the soul's condemnation of sin, are real enough, but they are not the ultimate reality. Behind all—God, and God is Love.

This is the most tremendous affirmation ever made by man. Of all the Christian doctrines this is the most difficult to believe. It is impossible of belief apart from the Lord Jesus Christ. He alone makes it credible that God is Love. He was no easy optimist looking out upon life through the rose-tinted glasses of His well-being. Homeless, enduring at times the hunger that almost more than anything else makes men desperate, suffering pain and acutely sensitive to the throbbing agonies and moral turpitude of mankind—He knew it all and yet dared to say: "When ye pray, say, Our Father!" He did not so much teach this as live it. He lived as a child in His Father's home. This big world is not a prison; it is God's house: and he who is at home there with God, as Jesus was, cannot but enjoy peace. Sometimes we catch glimpses of that warm fireside and then the clouds gather again and shut out the vision: the pain and the sin overwhelm us once more, and the old suspicion break out. But He saw the sin and suffered the pain and even in the last agony breathed the word "Father."

When we enter into His intimacy, His faith kindles a like faith in our souls. And more, His life makes God real to us. We become certain of God and know Him for what He is — God is Love. Warmed with the love, liberated by it from the burden of fear and suspicion, we see all things new. Estranged from God we missed the many-splendored things and distorted the meaning of all nature's fine ministries. The old questions are not entirely solved to our understanding, but they are solved in a new apprehension of God, as, in the end, they were solved for Job when he gained the beatific vision and knew that man may suffer the loss of all things and yet be sure of the love of God—that oft-times He setteth in pain the jewel of His joy. It is then we may say: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee: my flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."

Prayer

O Lord our God, who doest according to Thy will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, move upon the hearts of Thy believing people at this time, that they may honor Thee, not only in Thy house, in the pulpit and in the pew, but in their public and private life, and in all that concerns their duty as loyal citizens. In Thy name we pray, give victory to the forces that make for righteousness For Jesus' sake.—Amen.

FERRYING A RIVER IN INDIA WITH A FORD

(By Rev. T. B. McMillan, B.A., Indore)

Many missionaries in India have had real thrills in crossing the Narbudda river, for the Narbudda forms for many miles the edge of our field, and for many miles more runs through it, a ribbon of blue across the map. For those who cross it often, perhaps only on special occasions does the thrill now come, but for those who cross it seldom, the thrill is new each time. It is a mighty river. Even in the driest times of the year it is no small stream, and in flood it is a torrent, relentless and resistless.

As the last corner is turned that gives a glimpse of the river and the ferry, one is struck by the activity. Ox-carts in endless profusion, and seemingly inextricable confusion, cluster all around two hundred yards of landing place, and among these, and between these and the barges, are men as thick and busy as ants. The boats are great scows, forty feet long by ten wide, flat on the bottom and about two feet deep. They are made of timber four or five inches thick, and have a towering prow, which gives them a very business-like air. Into these the carts are lifted bodily, sometimes without being unloaded. Across the scows every eight feet are cross beams, and on these are piled (for the bottom of the scow is far from dry) bags of grain and packages of gur (unrefined sugar.)

The boat was pointed out on which the car was to go, but lo! it was just like the rest, two feet deep, and every eight feet a beam. Where was the car to go? Then were pointed out in the middle of the river, two men, each riding a plank driving it with a pole, and on these they were coming towards the shore, and these were the planks which were laid across the beams and upon these the car would roll.

They were fixed in their places, the scow was backed against a short gangway made of bamboos, and up this "Lizzie" scrambled to rest upon these two wet planks, two feet above water, while the whole Narbudda river rolled past.

But it did roll past, and the scow was pushed cornerwise across the river, three bamboo poles and the current supplying the power. The scow was whisked round to back up to a second little jetty, and the car rolled back, down from its precarious looking perch.

But now the real trouble began. Between us and the rise of the other bank stretched a sea of sand. It looked as wide as the Sahara; it was about two hundred and fifty yards. Here and there were parallel furrows, which marked a road, and down these roads at intervals struggled ox-carts, preceded by two pairs of panting oxen, and followed by half a dozen roaring men.

After a careful survey, the most likely road was agreed upon, and every one except the driver alighted. The car was carefully poised on the hard damp sand of the shore, and went at the dim road with a roar and a jump, but the jump was not long enough, and the roar soon changed to a wheezing pant, and ended in a despairing cough. But man power was plentiful, and the necessary amount was selected, and a restarted engine encouraged by the shouts of the pursuing many, and helped by the hands of the shoving few, managed to grind the wheels forward to solid ground, upon which they ran merrily on their way, flicking off in disdain the last grains of sand.—The Central India Torch.

A FAMOUS HYMN

(By Hugh Fraser)

Reginald Heber, the author of the hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," was born in Cheshire, England, in 1783. He is justly regarded as one of the greatest of all hymn writers, for while he only wrote, in all, fifty-seven hymns they are all in use. It is questionable whether this can be said of any other hymn writer. It is true that the names of Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts are seen over and over again in hymnals, but it must be remembered what a large number of hymns they composed which have never been made use of. Charles Wesley alone composed over six thousand hymns.

Reginald Heber was born in favorable circumstances, and he made the most of his privileges. At an early age he was sent to Oxford, and when only seventeen years of age he distinguished himself by composing a remarkable poem on Palestine which won him a prize. His fellow students, and even the college professors, heaped upon him the most extravagant praise, but fortunately it did not spoil him. After his great success his parents found him kneeling in prayer. Thus did he keep humble throughout life.

He entered the ministry of the Church of England at a time when hymns were just beginning to be sung. There were still many people who did not care for their use, but gradually the prejudice was dying down. Then a great wave of missionary enthusiasm was sweeping over England, and the attention and interest of young Heber went out to the mission field.

On Saturday, May 29, 1819, Reginald Heber was visiting his father-in-law at Wrexham vicarage, when he was suddenly asked to write a missionary hymn for the service the following day. Whether those who asked thought it possible that a hymn could be written to order, and at such short notice, it is hard to say, but young Heber retired to another part of the room, and while conversation went on he composed the first three stanzas of the hymn which is now so well known.

When he showed them to his friends, they expressed their delight and said that the hymn as written was complete. He insisted, however, that there was a sense of incompleteness and so the fourth verse beginning, "Waft, waft, ye winds his story," was written, and the four stanzas are sung everywhere.

Soon after the hymn had been composed a copy was sent to Miss Mary Howard, of Savannah, Ga., U. S. A. She admired the hymn greatly and wanted a tune for it. She sent the hymn to a young bank clerk in Savannah who had a faculty for composing suitable tunes, and in half an hour he sent it back with the delightfully suitable tune which is now sung the world over, with the famous hymn. The young clerk was Lowell Mason, and he not only made himself famous but doubled the popularity of the hymn.

Some years after this, Reginald Heber was appointed bishop of Calcutta, India. His health had never been robust, and he was disposed to decline the offer, but he went from a sense of duty. So he found himself in that land of which he had so eloquently written. His diocese was tremendous in its extent and included Ceylon and Australasia. He entered upon his work with characteristic energy, and hoped and expected to do great things for God. He mapped out for himself a great itinerary, but the climate was trying, and his labors soon told upon a physique which had never been strong. In less than three years he was utterly exhausted, and on April 3, 1826, the young bishop suddenly died.

Besides this hymn, Bishop Heber wrote a number of others almost as widely known as "Greenland's Icy Mountains." Among these are "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning," and "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill." Like so many other hymn writers, he was a man of beautiful character. He ever wore "the white flower of a blameless life."—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

Will you vote for Prohibition—
Or for Satan's ammunition?
—Miss M. L. MacLean, Pictou.

Those who vote for Government Control will have no ground for complaint if through miscontrol they are run over by a motorist "with a jag on."

In The Tine of Storm

THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS FOR SUNDAY OCTOBER 26

A fishing boat was crossing the sea of Galilee one evening. The weather was fine and the water was smooth, and one of the men on the boat lay down on a cushion in the stern to get a rest, as He had been working hard. He soon fell asleep.

Then suddenly, through a gorge between the mountains at the side of the lake, a fierce tempest swept down on it and churned up the surface water until great waves beat upon the little ship and rolled over it, filling it with water. It was in danger every moment of being submerged.

At least four of the men in the boat were fishermen who were accustomed to being out in all weathers, night and day, and knew how to handle their ship in a storm. But this was the worst storm they had ever encountered. Their small ship was tossed about as it had never been before, and they saw that their situation was desperate.

There was only one hope left to them. Their leader, who was sleeping peacefully in the stern of the boat in spite of the storm, had done some wonderful things; perhaps He might be able to save them even in this extremity. They go and waken Him: Master! we're perishing! Don't you care?

He rises up and looks at them sadly: "Why are you frightened? Have you no faith?" He asks. Then He looks out upon the storm and says: Peace! Be still! And immediately the wind stops blowing and the sea becomes calm.

The men were amazed. They stared at Him, and asked each other, "What sort of man is this," who can command the wind and the sea in that way? No wonder they were astonished. They had seen Him heal sick people and cast out demons. Some of them had been present when He turned water into wine. These were wonderful doings, but this was a much more astonishing miracle. When the titanic forces of nature were raging in their utmost fury they were brought into complete subjection immediately by a quiet word of command. One would need to have been there to be able to realize the sublimity of that miracle.

Yet, if one could only realize fully who it was that spoke the commanding word, the effect produced by it would seem to be the most natural thing in the world. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." And not only was He the original creator of everything, but He is continually the source of all the forces of nature. "In Him we ourselves live and move and have our being." It is He who upholds all things "by the word of His power," and it is in Him that all things consist or hold together. (John 1:3; Acts 17:28; Heb. 1:1-2; Col. 1:15-17.

Master, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh:
Carest Thou not that we perish?
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threatening
A grave in the angry deep?

The winds and the waves shall obey Thy will;
Peace! Be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No waters can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean and earth and skies:
They all shall sweetly obey My will.
Peace! Be still!

Those who refuse to believe in miracles are wrong only in their denial of facts. The word miracle means a marvel, an astonishing occurrence, and taking the word in that sense there cannot be any miracles, for there is no sense in being astonished at anything that God does. If God heals a sick person or raises a dead man from the grave He does not violate the laws of nature any more than a boy violates the law of gravitation when he picks up a stone. The law of gravitation surrenders to the superior force in the boy's muscles. And in like manner the law of nature by which the soul of Lazarus was separated from his body surrendered to the superior force of Christ's will. And when He said to the winds and waves, "Be still! He simply withdrew from the wind and water the force which sets them in motion.

What are you afraid of? He asked them. Have you no faith? They had no sufficient ground for assurance that they were safe because they had not learned that the humble peasant whom they were following was lord and master of all creation. But they should have known Him better, and would then have had no cause for fear.

How is it with us? Are we in the same boat with Jesus? And if we are, do we know it? And do we know Him well enough to know that while in His company we do not need to be afraid of anything?

It is true that He often seems to be asleep when we feel the need of help most keenly, but Jesus rebuked His disciples for being afraid even when He was asleep, and we have no right to be afraid even when God seems to take no notice of our appeals to Him. Jesus knew the storm was coming before He went to sleep, but He needed rest and He also wanted to give His disciples a lesson on faith. He wanted to teach them to trust Him unconditionally. When Martha and Mary sent Him word that Lazarus was sick, He did not go to them, but stayed where He was till Lazarus died and was buried—not because He did not love them, but because He did love them, and He wanted to teach them, and all His disciples in all ages that even death itself is under His control, and that they must learn to let Him choose His own time for helping them and His own way of doing it.

Note: Jesus did not rebuke the disciples for waking Him and asking His help; that was the right thing to do. But instead of quietly and trustfully telling Him of their danger and asking Him to deliver them, they came to Him with a despairing cry and almost a rebuke. "Carest Thou not that we perish?" They exclaimed. That was not a proper form of prayer. In the very wording of their prayer they showed lack of faith.

And there is nothing in their attitude that indicates any consciousness of the fact that His life was infinitely more precious than theirs. They were apparently so swallowed up with fear for their own lives that they had no thought for what might become of Him; yet if they could have saved His life by sacrificing their own, they would have done the greatest thing any twelve men ever did.

That is one of the evil effects of fear. It paralyzes the mind so that one cannot see things in their true proportions. Thought is concentrated from the impending danger and tends to become altogether self-centred. Therefore fear is an evil thing. It is a sin against which we are very frequently warned. Fear is sinful because it is an evidence of lack of faith in God.

The disciples had no right to let fear take possession of them when Jesus was with them, but there is some little excuse for them in that they were quite unable to realize the fact that Jesus was the Son of God. We have no excuse for not realizing that fact, and therefore have not the excuse which they had for giving way to fear. We should keep alive in our minds a consciousness of the presence of God and of God's love for us and interest in everything that concerns us. If God is on our side, who can be against us, or what can any one do to us? (Rom. 8:31.)

And knowing who Christ really is, as the disciples did not know, we should be much more anxious to promote His interests than we are to promote our own interests. We should feel at all times that our first business in life is to aid Christ in His work in the world.

That storm on the sea of Galilee did not happen by chance at that time. It happened in accordance with the will of God, to give the disciples, and us also, a lesson on the way to act in time of danger. God controls the wind and the weather as He controls everything else, except the will of beings upon whom He has laid the burden of moral responsibility for their characters and actions. Whatever happens to us, therefore, we should always remember that it could not have happened without God's permission and that He has allowed it to happen because He can make it a means of blessing to those whom He loves. God allows trials and temptations and misfortunes to come to us for our spiritual development. But He takes care that the trial will never be greater than we could bear if we exercise faith, and with every temptation He makes a way of escape, so that it is never necessary to be overcome by evil (See 1 Cor. 10: 12, 13; Rom. 12:20.)

Golden Text: Who then is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?—Mark 4:41.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Monday, Oct. 20—Mark 4:35-41; Tuesday—Mark 6: 45-56; Wednesday—Deut. 33:26-29; Thursday—Ex. 15: 11-18; Friday—Isa. 12:1-6; Saturday—Psalm 23; Sunday—Psalm 107:23-32.

BINDING UP THE BROKEN-HEARTED

The Devoted Work of General and the Salvation Army

The Salvation Army deservedly stands high in public esteem. This has long been true, and has particularly been true since the World War, when the heroic and devoted efforts of Salvation Army workers on the battle-fields of France commanded the grateful admiration not only of the soldiers to whom the Salvationists ministered but of the civilians at home. It was then seen, as never before, that the Salvation Army is a socially protective and constructive agency as well as a religious force; that it is dedicated to practical service no less than to the spreading of the gospel of Christ.

Even so, it has to be added that, for all the respect in which the Army now is held, its most significant social contribution still is generally unappreciated by Salvationists themselves as by their most ardent supporters. This is the proof the Salvation Army is affording, day after day, year in and year out, of the soundness of the theory that in every man and woman are reserves of energy, secret stores of power, commonly left unused but capable of being drawn upon for physical and mental and spiritual good.

First definitely set forth by the eminent psychologist, William James, this theory has been regarded by most persons as a generalization too startling to be true, or, at best, true only in exceptional cases. Actually, evidence to bear it out is derivable from various sources, and nowhere is it to be found more abundantly or more impressively than in the records of the Salvation Army—records which at the time indicate unmistakably the basic conditions for full energization.

The great aim of the Salvation Army, it is important to point out, is to bring to the wretched, the degraded, the utterly hopeless, a sense of the goodness of God and the possibility of their finding happiness through Him. The Army's primary purpose, that is to say, is religious, and from the day it began its activities it has been imbued with a firm conviction that no one falls too low for redemption. "A man may be down, but he is never out," to recall the familiar Army slogan. As the founder of the Salvation Army, General William Booth, once said, in outlining to a religious conference the history and methods of the Army:—

"I was told that ninety-five in every hundred of the population of our larger towns and cities never crossed the threshold of any place of worship, and I thought, 'Can not something be done to reach these people with the Gospel?' Fifteen years ago I thus fell in love with the great crowds of people who seemed to be out of the pale of all Christian churches.

General Booth's career offers a convincing proof of the exceptional energizing value of service motivated by religious aspirations and reinforced by religious faith. His account of his experiences in early life makes this plan.

At thirteen years of age, being the only son of a widowed and impoverished mother, William Booth began a wage-earning career as an apprentice, and for six years toiled for a pittance as few workers of any age are obliged to toil today. At nineteen he emerged from his apprenticeship, but not from a grinding life of toil. "It was work, work, work, morning, noon and night. I was practically a white slave, being only allowed my liberty on Sundays, and an hour or two one night in the week." In the interval he had "found religion," and every hour he could call his own he gave to missionary work and to works of relief for men and women more oppressively situated than himself.

This despite the fact that he was of notably frail constitution. Friends felt that the young Booth was literally driving himself to death—aided and abetted by the taskmasters of his apprentice and journeyman days. At least one physician bluntly and emphatically warned him that to continue as he had begun was suicidal. In G. S. Railton's authoritative biography of General Booth this physician's warning is thus recalled:—

"Unless a man with a nervous system like his (General Booth's) was 'framed like a bullock' and had 'a chest like a prize-fighter,' he would break down, said the physician, and seeing that he was not so built, he would be 'done for' in twelve months."

Then Railton adds:—

"The doctor went to the grave very soon afterwards, whereas the General continued preaching for over sixty years after that pronouncement."

The Latent Self is Freed

And throughout those sixty years General Booth was a prodigious worker as well as an inspired preacher. It is small wonder that Harold Begbie once called him "the superman of his times." No adequate explanation of the unusual physical as well as intellectual power General Booth displayed offers itself other than the explanation that his religious zeal his ardor in rendering service, had given him free access to that store of latent energy which is the common heritage of mankind, but which most men and women draw on only in emergencies or not at all.

It will, of course, be noticed that in General Booth's case the energizing process began while he was still little more than a boy. In the case of the great majority of the unfortunates whom the Salvation Army successfully influences, it begins only after years of physical and mental and spiritual wastage. Even then a conspicuous energizing follows acceptance of religious truths and submergence of self-love in love and labor for others.

And this surely is most significant, indicating as it does that what happens as a result of wrong thinking and wrong living is, not so much an irrecoverable loss of latent energy, as a damming of energy which nevertheless remains available for the individual's good and for the good of society once a new and better life-attitude is adopted. This indeed must be so, else all the attested miracles of healing by psychological medicine as by religious conversion could never have occurred.

Some day, it may be, people more generally will be persuaded of the vital truth that they are needlessly living below their normal maximum of energy; and that as a consequence they are neither accomplishing as much nor getting as much out of life as they were meant to accomplish and to get. Some day, too, they may more generally appreciate that the way to greater happiness and success is the way of faith and of self-forgetting service.

SILVER POPLARS

God wrote His loveliest poem on the day
He made the first tall silver poplar tree,
And set it high upon a pale-gold hill,
For all the new enchanted earth to see.

I think its beauty must have made Him glad,
And that He smiled at it—and loved it so—
Then turned in sudden, sheer delight, and made
A dozen silver poplars in a row.

Mist green and white against a turquoise sky,
A-shimmer and a-shine it stood at noon;
A misty silver loveliness at night,
Breathless beneath the first small wistful moon.

And then God took the music of the winds,
And set each leaf a-flutter and a-thrill—
Today I read His poem word by word
Among the silver poplars on the hill.

—Grace Noll Crowell, in "Scribner's Magazine."

Won By The Word

One day, as the Rev. H. P. M. Steijn, the Bible Society's secretary at Cape Town, was passing out through the depot on his way to lunch, he noticed a man, whose clothes were all covered with coal-dust and who was purchasing Testaments. This engine-driver told him: "I am now forty-six years of age. For forty-four years I served the devil. There was a time when I would not look at the Bible. I hated the Book, but it has conquered me. Now I love it." He drew a Testament, soiled with black finger marks, from his pocket, and continued: "It is my best friend now. I am never without it and I read it whenever I get the opportunity, on the engine or off. I know the joy of this Book and want others to share it with me; that is why I bought these copies." This man has a mate who is likeminded. Out of their own slender resources they purchase Testaments and Gospels to distribute along the line. "What it has done for me," one of them said, "it can do for others, and it is our duty to place it in their hands."

Let every poll in Ontario tell a better tale than at the last Plebiscite. That is the way to settle the question once for all. Let the easily safe polls work hard to make up in the grand total for those which are confessedly wet.

Fifteen hundred sixty-eight young people have just registered for the free winter courses at The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, to prepare for definite Christian work. Six hundred fifty of these are residents of Chicago enrolled in the evening school. More than nine hundred are resident in the day school and represent every section of this country and many foreign lands.

Peace will be part of the blessedness of heaven, but friction seems to be one of the necessities of earth. We should miss a valuable part of our training if everybody and everything agreed with us.

GROWING AND PLANTING HARDWOOD ON THE FARM

In deciding on the species of hardwood trees to be grown on the farm, one should keep in mind, first, the object of growing the trees, and second, the adaptability to the climate of the region and to the situation in which they are to be planted, says C. R. Tillotson, Forest Examiner of the American Forestry Service.

To a certain extent trees may be grouped as those most valuable for lumber, for posts and poles, for wind breakers, etc., and these are points to look into before making a choice of varieties. The second consideration is very important. Too often prospective planters are dazzled by tales of trees that will thrive on any and all soils, that will grow with extreme rapidity, that are imperishable when set out as posts, or that are much more valuable than other species for lumber. It is usually safe to assume that such reports have little foundation in fact. The best trees for planting on the home farm are usually those that grow naturally on similar soils in the region or those that have been tried out by neighbors or the nearest experimental farm and have been proved a success. Many plantations have turned out to be failures, with resulting disappointments to their owners, because of the selection of trees unsuited either to the climate or to the soil of the planting site. A mixture of two or more kinds of trees may sometimes be desirable but ordinarily plantings of one species only are more satisfactory.

Generally speaking, unless intended for windbreaks, plantations should be located on the poorest soil of the farm, that least suited to the production of agricultural crops. Hillsides and poorly drained or rocky or sandy situations should be selected, if there are any such. Corners of the farm cut off by a stream or railroad may be chosen. If there are no such situations the plantation should be located on that side of the buildings and the stock-feeding yards against which the prevailing winter winds blow. If a narrow windbreak of only a few rows is planted, it should be several rods away from the building or yard. Snow drifts under the lee of such a windbreak and lies deep around buildings or a feed lot close to it. This drifting may be partially prevented by planting two such narrow windbreaks parallel to each other and about two rods apart. Snow will then drift into and for the most part be held in this intervening space. Windbreaks for crop protection should be so located as to protect the crop from the most damaging winds, usually summer winds. Efficient windbreaks exert their protective influence along the surface to a distance of from fifteen to twenty times their height.

In starting a grove, the planter ordinarily has the choice of using seedlings, seed, or cuttings. Seedlings 1 to 2 years are preferable in the great majority of cases. They are fairly cheap and have the best chance of succeeding.

Nut trees, such as walnut, hickory, and oak, develop a very deep taproot and few lateral feeding roots during their first year. They cannot ordinarily be transplanted to the field so successfully as other trees, so that planting the nuts or acorns on the permanent site is usually considered preferable. Black walnut plantations have been successfully started by the use of sprouted nuts and it would seem that the same methods might be followed with other trees.

Cottonwood and willow trees are most easily started with cuttings. These are simply 12 to 11-inch sections taken from the one or two year old twigs of living trees. The cuts should be made with a sharp tool to avoid bruising the bark. Cuttings should be collected during early winter and buried in moist sand in a cool place until the time for planting.

Planting

The soil preparation needed will depend somewhat on the region. On the prairies or other regions where tree growth does not naturally thrive, the area should be ploughed, preferably in the fall. In regions where trees naturally thrive, such preparation, is also decidedly beneficial though not always essential. Heavy sod land in any region should not be planted until it has been ploughed and cropped for two or three years.

In the so-called "slit" method of planting, a wedge-shaped hole is opened in the ground by inserting a spade or mattock and moving it backward and forward. The root of the tree, or the cutting, is then inserted back of the tool in the cleft thus formed, the tool is removed, and the earth is pressed with the foot firmly around the plant. If the root systems are not over large, this method may generally be used with success in light land that is free from rocks.

If the soil is heavy or rocky, or if the trees have large root systems, the best method is simply to dig a hole for each individual tree, pull the soil in over the roots and tamp it down thoroughly. This is undoubtedly the surest method for trees of large size.

The simple and successful pit method of planting black walnut may be followed with the oaks, hickories, butternut and any other hardwood species which develops pronounced taproots and in consequence can not be successfully transplanted from the nursery to the field. The nuts should be buried in a sunk box or shallow pit where they are subjected to the action of frost and moisture. When warm weather comes in the spring and the nuts begin to sprout plant the sprouted nuts in well, tilled soil in holes made by scooping out a little soil, and cover lightly. In following this plan there are several precautions which should be taken; the pit in which the nuts are stored should be located in a well-drained, shaded spot; the nuts should be protected against destruction by rodents; and they should be examined frequently in the spring so that there will be no delay in setting them out shortly after sprouting commences.

A rapid and usually quite successful method is that of planting seeds or young trees in a ploughed furrow. This is especially suitable for cotton wood and willow cuttings. Seedlings are set in the bottom of the furrow and loose earth pulled around the roots and tamped firmly. Cuttings are set in the furrows with the lower ends down in a slanting direction. About 1 or 2 inches of the cuttings should be left extending above the surface of the ground. Soil is then pulled in and trampled firmly around them. Seeds are dropped in the furrow, several in a spot at regular intervals, and covered with 1 or 2 inches of soil.

In the seed spot method, seeds are sown directly on the planting site in spots at regular intervals. The ground in these spots is usually stirred somewhat with a spade or mattock, then several seeds are dropped on the spot and covered to a depth of 1 or 2 inches with soil. This is suitable for the fall sowing of oaks, hickories, black walnut and butternut.

Plant in Spring

In general, early spring planting is preferable. As compared with fall planting it has at least two distinct advantages: The stock has a whole growing season in which to become established before it is subjected to the rigors of winter; and it is not in immediate danger of being heaved out of the ground by alternate freezing and thawing. The exception is the seed of the nut trees which is better fall planted if there is no danger from rodents.

Plant in Spring

If timber is the primary object of a plantation, rather close spacing is advisable. This method produces trees with straight bodies and few branches, and hence of high lumber value. If the primary object is protection, close spacing in the rows and wide spacing between them is best; for it will produce trees with some branches extending nearly to the ground, and hence will give the greatest protective efficiency. The actual spacing desirable for these two purposes depends upon the characteristics of the tree, upon the region, and upon the area of site planted. Trees that will grow well in shade such as hard maple and beech, may be planted more closely than those that require abundant light, such as cotton wood and yellow poplar. On situations which because of poor soil are unfavorable to the growth, closer spacing is advisable than on more favorable situations. The greater number of trees to the acre will compensate for the higher mortality soon after they are set out, and, through the greater amount of shade furnished, will afford better protection to the soil. In regions of little rainfall there will not be sufficient moisture to support a dense grove of trees. Accordingly, close spacing cannot be practiced there unless irrigation is possible.

Cultivation

Though cultivation is not absolutely essential in all cases, particularly on loose soils in regions where hardwoods thrive naturally, it is nearly always beneficial to a plantation, and especially so in the first three or four years of its existence. Cultivation is essential to success in regions of little rainfall where irrigation can not be practiced and on acres heavily sodded with grass. A heavy sod practically insures the failure of a young hardwood plantation. Horse cultivation is entirely practicable. If desired some agricultural crop may be grown between the rows of trees during the early period of the plantation's growth. Cultivation should be given two or three times a year.

One thing must be noted in regard to this cultivation is that forest trees are subject to damage by heavy frosts and, if they are growing vigorously when these frosts occur, they may be severely injured. Late cultivation induces late growth; there should be no cultivation, therefore, after the middle of the growing season.

Cleaning and Liberation Cutting

When a piece of cut-over land is planted, it may happen that the natural, bushy growth present will for a few years outgrow the planted trees, overtop them, or crowd them so as to interfere seriously with their development. In such a case, it will be necessary for two or three successive years, to lop off this brush with a knife, pruning shears, or other sharp instrument.

When there are old trees with wide-spreading crowns on areas to be planted, it will be desirable to remove these trees a few years after the small trees are set out. Otherwise, because of the shade, the small trees will not develop satisfactorily.

TIMELY WORK IN THE BORDERS

The month of October marks a very important phase in the garden year, which, for the purposes of the operations of most consequence, may be divided into two main periods, namely, spring, the great time for seed-sowing and transplanting seedlings, and autumn, when the planting, lifting, dividing, and re-arranging of plants of a permanent nature are best undertaken, also, the denovation an dre-modelling of gardens generally. It is true that, says G. P. T. in the Westminster Gazette, these little works are often performed in the spring, but the present season is far and away the best time at which to perform these operations, mainly because the ground is still warm, and the roots will be enabled to make sufficient growth before very cold weather stops their activities. This fresh root formation in late autumn will be found a great advantage; indeed, its effect is almost equivalent to the saving of one season compared to those that may be planted in the following spring. It is obvious that when a plant has re-established itself in the soil before the winter it will be ready, when the growing weather of spring arrives, to develop fresh growth almost as soon as specimens that have not been recently disturbed, whereas those planted in spring have first to set their roots in order before they can find sufficient nourishment to push forth new shoots. It is to be regretted that the planting season of autumn is such a short one, for the work cannot be undertaken until the plants show at least the first signs of defoliation, which generally occurs at the end of September, whilst November usually brings with it cold weather that puts a stop to the work, for it is a great mistake to plant even subjects of the hardiest nature in ground that is frosty. It will thus be seen that the utmost expediency is required with all the operations enumerated above, and there should be no delay in making a start. When plants can be transferred quickly from one site to another without danger of exposing the roots to the drying air unduly they may be transplanted without waiting for all the foliage to drop. In some cases it is considered an advantage for the trees to retain their leaves; indeed, professional gardeners sometimes transplant peaches and nectarines when they are in full leafage. In such cases it is advisable to syringe the trees on one or two occasions daily, as this enables them to retain the moisture in the stems, keeping them fresh and active whilst new roots are developing. The weather at the time is very favorable for ground operations, but if it is dry, it will be necessary directly any things are planted to give them a copious watering. The ground itself is in excellent condition for working, and it will be quite an easy matter to obtain plenty of fine soil working amongst the roots as they are covered, and the operator will be enabled to tread the ground freely without the danger of making it so tight and solid as to prevent the air from entering freely. For plants of a permanent nature the ground should be enriched with well-decayed manure, leaf-mould, wood-ash, and similar materials, but it is better in the case of fruit trees and bushes not to place animal manure below the roots, for this would encourage them to grow downwards, and, in time, enter the cold subsoil. In planting stone fruits a liberal quantity of calcareous matter — such as old mortar, broken finely, ground builders' lime, and powdered chalk—should be well mixed with the soil, and these trees also respond to dressings of basic slag and ground bones.

In all cases plant firmly, and, should the weather be wet when the work is done, have a quantity of fine, dry soil at hand for placing amongst the roots, it being very necessary to leave spaces about the latter to form air cavities. In the case of hardy perennial plants it is necessary from time to time to re-arrange them in the border, and restrict the stronger growing ones to the original space provided for them. If there is time it would be a great advantage to remove every plant and reset it afresh. The old clumps may be lifted bodily on to the path or grass, and, provided plenty of soil is left on the roots, they will take no harm out of the ground for two or three weeks. There would then be opportunity to clean the border thoroughly of all weeds and rubbish, dig the soil to a good depth, and add fresh manure. In replanting, select strong portions from the outer part of the stool, and discard the older, central pieces. Give due consideration to height, habit, and color, so that the various subjects harmonize in tone and general arrangement. The occasion is equally suitable for the relaying of turf. Uneven, patchy lawns should be stripped of the soil, the turves rolled in portions one foot wide and three feet long, and the ground made even before relaying them. Those who have the time would find it pay to dig the ground and manure it. It is an easy matter afterwards to level the surface and roll it firmly preparatory to setting the turves in position again. It is always an advantage when using fresh turf to obtain it locally, as certain grasses flourish best in particular soils and districts; for example, turf from clay soil would not be the best to use on ground of a light texture. The best method of ensuring an even surface is first to use a heavy roller and then a turf beater. The ground will be sure to sink a little during the winter, but any irregularities caused through this may be attended to next spring.

THOSE FIRST FROSTS

The first visitation of frost may be expected any time now, and if no provision has been made to protect plants of a soft and succulent nature, their usefulness may be curtailed at any time. Not to mention many of the flowers, such vegetables as beans, tomatoes and peppers, which are yet growing vigorously would be the first to suffer. As a rule when frost first puts in its appearance for the season we may have it for two or three nights consecutively, then there is usually quite a spell of fine genial weather which may continue for two weeks or longer, and to those caught napping the thought occurs that "if I had only covered the plants we might still have been enjoying them." Care saves disappointment.

It is well always to have your frost fighters—sheets, newspapers, bags and burlap—in readiness; a few minutes will then be sufficient to cover such plants as beans, peppers and tomatoes, as also the flowering plants it is desired to save.

Following the first light frost it is advisable to harvest, so far as possible, all the peppers required; fruits not overripe will keep for many weeks in a cool, dry cellar, or a few plants may be pulled and hung up by the roots and the partly colored fruit will ripen gradually. The same method is practiced with tomatoes; it is wonderful how long we may enjoy fine fruit if they are solid and unblemished when taken indoors, even although they are then quite green. Fruit taken from the plants should be spread out quite thinly, preferably not touching each other, on dry material.

Geraniums, heliotrope and other plants of a like nature must be lifted and housed before killing frost; this should be done in good time, for a frost will come along when paper or cloth coverings will not protect.

The old English proverb that "an Englishman's home is his castle" has been changed by a London wag to read: "An Englishman's ohm is his broad-castle!"

Books come and go, and most of them, however heralded, are short-lived. But the Bible, notwithstanding the opposition of its enemies and the misinterpretation of its so-called friends, holds its place and constantly increases its circulation. —Forward.

100
Best Varieties of Gladioli
Big Discount for Fall Delivery
Write for Catalogue.
J. E. CARTER,
Guelph, Ont.

- GLADIOLI -

I have a Very Select Stock, including Bennett, Carbone, Caroline Esberg, Elf, Henry Ford, Jenny Lind, Jewell, Marie Kunderd, Orange Flame, Paramount, Phipps, Richard Diener, Ethelyn, Orange Queen, Vaughan's Sovereign, Wm. Kent, American Beauty, Carmen Sylva, Crinkles, Giant Nymph, Louise, Ming Toy, Myra, Revue, Scariano, Sheila, Yellow Glory and others of the choicest.

Groff's Majestic, the best giant flavored red, $1.00 each, $10.00 doz.

J. W. CROW
Simcoe, Ontario

Propagating The Hardy Phlox

In the garden the Phlox is on a par with the Iris, the Peony or the Larkspur, dominating all by its presence and brilliancy or purity of color. It is to the August and September garden what the Pyrethrum and Peony are to June and July, and, like them, provides a feast of color, beauty—vivid, brilliant or of chaste purity—with an all pervading delicate perfume. Like the larkspur, it is so amenable to cultivation and so well adapted to Canadian gardens that it is cultivated by the thousand, affording pleasure to all. In its day it holds undisputed sway; is, indeed, one of the indispensibles, of good carriage, happily self-supporting, the leafy stems terminated by well shouldered panicles of flowers often twelve or fifteen inches through. Of a remarkable color range, excelling most of all in rich reds, brilliant scarlet, salmon, pink, blue, heliotrope, puce and the most glistening whites, it appeals to a large circle; its complete hardiness and high decorative merit but adding to a popularity which is well nigh universal. The phloxes of our time are immeasurably superior to those of a few decades ago; and many new shades of color have been added.

The phlox is well suited for making fine color pictures in shrubbery or in the garden anywhere. It should always be boldly massed, never planted feebly or as isolated specimens. Preferably also the colors should be used alone, a scarlet here, a white there, and a violet or blue beyond. The arranging of near-color shades in close proximity is wrong; the stronger and more striking will overwhelm the weak. Hence a rigid selection is calculated to provide the best results. The plant is fine rooting and has a voracious appetite. A lover of cool, moist soils, it should be catered for in all these ways if it is to show its best qualities.

In the summer time the beds and borders may be practically flooded with water twice a week, to the benefit of the plant, and to the full development of its huge panicles of flowers. Not greatly fastidious as to soils, save that it dislikes those of a heavy, tenacious clay, the plant luxuriates in all free, rich loam, and the greater the depth and deeper and richer the cultivation the better the results.

Phloxes planted from the yearling reach their prime in the third year, though they may be made do good service for a further like term with generous treatment. This has reference to the cutting raised plant; the divided example is more erratic and cannot thus be gauged.

Preference is given to early autumn though the plant being a perpetual rooting subject, is by no means exacting. The earlier the planting, is done, however, the better the hold obtained in the new soil, and the better the results. In light or very sandy soils it is a mistake to delay planting till late spring; summer is upon the plants before they are established and the results are disappointing.

The cuttings may be secured from the stems after flowering by a first shortening back of the flower stems, detaching the resultant shoots by a heel and inserting them in a cold frame in sandy soil; or by employing the young shoots in spring. To procure these latter, a plant or two should be placed in a frame to encourage new growth, and where this is four inches or so long, treat them in the usual way by cutting to a joint. These young shoots root best in a temperature of about 50 degrees. Two distinct types of cuttings are recommended, the "heel" comprising a small shoot and the base or junction connecting it with the parent stem, and the "joint" cutting, which consists of a new shoot capable, when rooted, of elongating into a flower specimen. The "heel" cutting of autumn is differently circumstanced; its top growth, which is small, does not elongate, the new growth being dependent upon the development of latent eyes or buds at the base of the cutting; hence the need of both types in their season. Division of the old plants can be easily effected by means of two forks during autumn or spring.

Mowatt

For Fewer Varieties of Apples

The odd variety is doomed to be banished from the commercial apple orchard. We count ourselves as lucky that hundreds of devoted orchardists spent the time and trouble necessary to develop and disseminate the hundreds of sorts which give us an apple for every taste, for every climate and for every soil. But no wise orchardist tries to take undue advantage of this and to grow too large a number of varieties on his farm. This was a tendency twenty years ago, and many orchards suffer from it to-day. But this trouble grows less and less each year as unprofitable orchards die off and unprofitable varieties in good orchards are top-worked to sorts better adapted to local conditions.

ANSWERS TO GARDEN QUESTIONS

The Fallacy of the Big Clump

S. G.—There is no more fatal error than to allow your plants to remain undivided, year after year. The big clump of Pyrethrum Iris Troillius or what you will is a delusion and a snare. The youthful plant is capable of much better work, because its every shoot and bud has opportunities for developing, whilst those of the big clumps are hopelessly hemmed in on every side. A big clump of Pyrethrum may have within its half dozen inches five or six dozen shoots, only a tithe of which are free. The remainder are out of action. A solitary crown of one of these might appear a diminutive scrap to plant, but if well rooted, it will when established provide the finest display—a whole sheaf of blossoms. The grower of the perpetual-flowering Carnation or Chrysanthemum obtains his best results, not by employing the stools of worn-out, or, at least, much exhausted stock, but from young plants, periodically increased, renewed, reinvigorated. To obtain the best results, the largest heads of bloom, we must perpetuate the youthfulness of the hardy plant border in the same way.

The Burning Bush

Old Reader. — The trouble was that your friend was talking of the "Eunonymus atropurpureus," an ornamental shrub which often grows to eight or ten feet in height and is very attractive in fruit. This is a native of North America and some of the species are evergreen. This is called Burning-bush, but the Burning bush of your memory was an old-fashioned herbaceous perennial of great vigor and freedom of flowering which he may know as the Gas-Plant.

It is more than forty years since I resented the fact that I was not allowed to dig up the great bush with its purplish red flowers which grew so large it monopolized all the room in the little garden plot allotted to me.

I admired a white flowering bush of the same kind, but hated the smell of it, and never understood why it was called "Burning-bush." Now, looking it up for you I came on the statement that "the Dictamus Fraxinella, Burning-bush or Bastard Diltany, is interesting on account of the stems being covered with resin, which burns if touched with a lighted match at night."

What a joy that would have been to a small child and his chums if only they had known!

Locust Hedge Suckers

K. McD. — Cutting off the suckers which spring from the roots of your locust hedge will not prevent them reappearing unless you cut down through the root itself; merely clipping or cutting with a scythe will not do it. One authority advises to put on gloves and pull out the suckers as soon as they grow long enough to make it possible to grip them or about eighteen inches long. Some will take a second pulling but few survive that.

Study of the condition that motor cars ran better at night than in daytime led to the theory that it was improved carburation, incident to the air after sundown being more moist. The result has been the invention of a carburetor that employs the use of water as a mixture with air, feeding simultaneously with the gasoline. The effect is to increase the power and acceleration and reduce the consumption of gas.

If by some mischance the O. T. A. were defeated the Government of Ontario would get so mixed up with the liquor interests that it would be hard to tell which from tother.

Thanks to the cheap motor car, the vacuum bottle and hard roads the picnic is now a greater factor in human life than at any other time since Adam and Eve stepped out of the garden.

Booze Must Not Come Back!

Only By Voting Can Ontario Citizens Defeat the Desperate Liquor Interests

THE lawless liquor traffic dies hard. But good citizenship is a patient executioner in Ontario. Again and again Ontario citizens have registered their determination that the moral and economic waste caused by booze must cease. ¶ On October 23rd the men and women of this Province must tell the self-seeking liquor interests still more emphatically that booze shall not come back. A half-million majority for continuance of The Ontario Temperance Act is language that brewer, distiller and bootlegger will understand.

O.T.A. is Hated for Its Good Work

Desperate because the O.T.A. has cut down drinking by 90%, the liquor trade seeks the death of the finest temperance measure Ontario has ever had. Distiller, brewer and bootlegger are arrayed against the forces of reform. The issue itself is sharply drawn, but John Barleycorn is using a new disguise. Only his desperation can explain his reckless effrontery and his astonishingly low estimate of the common sense of the people.

No good citizen, familiar with the miserable conditions before The Ontario Temperance Act brought sobriety to the homes and happiness to the women and children, would deliberately vote for a return to the bar-room. Yet today Ontario faces, as the only alternative to the O.T.A., a step that will lead to conditions in some respects even worse than the open bar produced.

Rally to Its Defence!

The same sordid story comes from every province where so-called government "control" has been blindly adopted. More drinking, more drunkenness, more crime, more accidents, more misery, more waste—and, above all, infinitely more of the curse of bootlegging. This prospect should send every earnest man and woman in Ontario to the polls on October 23rd to vote for the continuance, strengthening and vigorous enforcement of The Ontario Temperance Act.

To legalize the sale of booze for beverage purposes, though in sealed packages, is to re-establish the liquor shop without the former restrictions of the licensed bar-room, and bring back the treating system, the hip-pocket flask, and the drinking club. To vote for government sale is to bring back to old Ontario the free dispensing of that bottled misery which will blight and destroy the hopes, the character, the life of young and old in every community where liquor shops are permitted to exist.

Your Ballot is Your Weapon

You know that, but you must VOTE. Your weapon, the ballot, must be used. Vote yourself, and use your influence to have every qualified elector within your home and your place of work do likewise. The only votes counted will be those placed in the ballot box on October 23rd, 1924.

Apathy and over-confidence have lost many a good fight. The liquor trinity—bootlegger, brewer and distiller—are at work, night and day. Foil their efforts by polling an overwhelming majority for The Ontario Temperance Act. Mark your ballot thus:

1	Are you in favour of the continuance of The Ontario Temperance Act?	X
2	Are you in favour of the sale as a beverage of beer and spirituous liquor in sealed packages under Government control?	

The Ontario Plebiscite Committee

2 Toronto Street, Toronto

G. B. Nicholson, *Chairman*

Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

DAIRY CONDITIONS GOOD IN SASKATCHEWAN

"At this season of the year," states Mr. P. E. Reed, Dairy Commissioner. "when practically all eyes are centered on the grain crop it may be interesting to note that the dairy cow, that good reliable friend of the farmer as well as every householder, is not merely plodding along, but running a good race and setting up new records of production for Saskatchewan every day.

"July 1924 was the frist single month in which the creamery output of the province exceeded two million pounds. That month the 63 creameries operating made 2,284,609 pounds of butter. In previous years June has been the peak month for dairy production, with the latter part of July usually showing a sharp drop. Owing to the very dry weather and consequent dry pastures, June of this year was somewhat disappointing, though production showed a small increase over June, 1923. July 1924, however, showed an increase of more than 20 per cent over the same month of last year.

"The really surprising feature of the present situation is that in practically all sections of the province, the August output is exceeding the July figures and is far in advance of August 1923. This is in part or largely accounted for by the excellent feed and pasture conditions prevailing, but a further important factor which means much more for the future of the industry is the greater and more general interest in dairying.

"A careful compilation of the returns received by Saskatchewan farmers for dairy products during the month of July 1924, shows a total of $793,000. This is cash returns for mfik and cream sold off the farms and makes no allowance for the dairy products consumed on the farms. The total, though not large, is of real importance in keeping the wheels ob usiness turning, particularly at a season of the year when few lines of farm activity are bringing in a cash revenue. It should also be noted that a proportionate cash revenue is going into the farmers' hands and thence into business channels every month of the year.

"The increased interest in dairying is evident everywhere and in all lines of work, though nowhere more than in connection with educational work as done by the field men and in meetings. A very few years ago the real interest in dairy meetings was confined to a comparative few. But many of those who in the days of high priced grain came to scoff now remain to pray, study and ask questions about how the dairy dollars are made.

"Recent reports from the dairy branch field men indicate that pasture conditions are excellent at nearly all points, and with the exception of a few limited areas there will be an abundance of winter feed. Should we be favored with an open fall there will undoubtedly be a record dairy production for both the autumn and winter months.

"Increased winter production to keep the manufacturing plants and their staffs busy during the winter months and to give steady supply to the export markets the year round, is one of the chief needs of the industry. The increased revenue to the producer is also welcomed by everyone, hence the existing conditions are very gratifying."

ALBERTA DAIRY POOL

Last year the three prairie provinces of Canada, with a wheat crop of approximately 500,000,000 bushels to market, each attempted to form a wheat pool to handle the crop for the producers. The attempt was successful only in Alberta. Not only did the pool handle a large part of the wheat crop but the net price to the producers, just announced, is several cents a bushel higher than was realized by those growers who sold through the regular channels of trade. Probably the success of the wheat pool last year has encouraged dairy farmers to attempt a dairy pool this year. The proposal first came before a meeting of the Alberta Dairymen's Association but was voted down, principally, it is said, through the opposition of the manufacturing interests which were largely represented. The project was not dropped, however, and on August 1 a meeting of representative dairymen was called at Red Deer and the subject discussed from all angles. At this meeting it was unanimously decided to appoint a provincial board "for the purpose of organizing a provincial pool for the marketing of dairy products on the contract plan." A provisional board of seven members was appointed.

Almost from the inception of the movement there has been a difference of opinion as to how contracts should be drafted. The representatives of the unorganized districts favor a direct method of contract between the producer and the central selling agency, while those representing districts in which local co-operative pools are already in operation, usually centering around a cooperative creamery, are unwilling to give up a local plan already tried for a central control as yet untried. It is the old problem of central versus federated control of co-operative organization. It is probable that for a direct contract with the producers erative organization. It is probable that the final documents drawn will provide for a direct contract with the producers of unorganized districts and a cross contract between the central organization and the local pools that will bring about close, province-wide co-operation and still maintain the entity of existing machinery that has been built up locally.—F. E. Ellis, in Hoard's Dairyman.

Dairy Commissioner Honored

Dr. Chris. P. Marker, Dairy Commissioner of Alberta, who has charge of official testing in Alberta for the Holstein-Friesian Association, has been created a Knight of the Danneberg by King Christian of Denmark in recognition of his work in advancing the dairying industry. Dr. Marker, it is said, is the first Canadian to receive this honor which is one of the highest in Denmark.

Dr. Marker came to Canada from Denmark thirty-four years ago and settled on a dairy farm near Edmonton. As Dairy Commissioner of Alberta, it is said, he has done more to put the industry on the map in Western Canada than any other man. He originated the Alberta system of government grading of cream and butter which has placed the province's dairy output on a quality basis and opened up world markets. His grading system has been adopted by other Canadian provinces and by several states in the Union.

Due largely to Dr. Marker's work, Alberta has developed in five years from an importer of butter to a heavy exporter. Production of creamery butter in the last year totalled 17,750,000 pounds, compared with 8,771,137 in 1919. The province now produces almost as much creamery butter annually as Saskatchewan and Manitoba combined. Last year shipments of Alberta butter were sent to Great Britain, the Orient and eastern cities of United States where it brought top prices. New settlers entering the provinces are going in extensively for dairying and mixed farming.

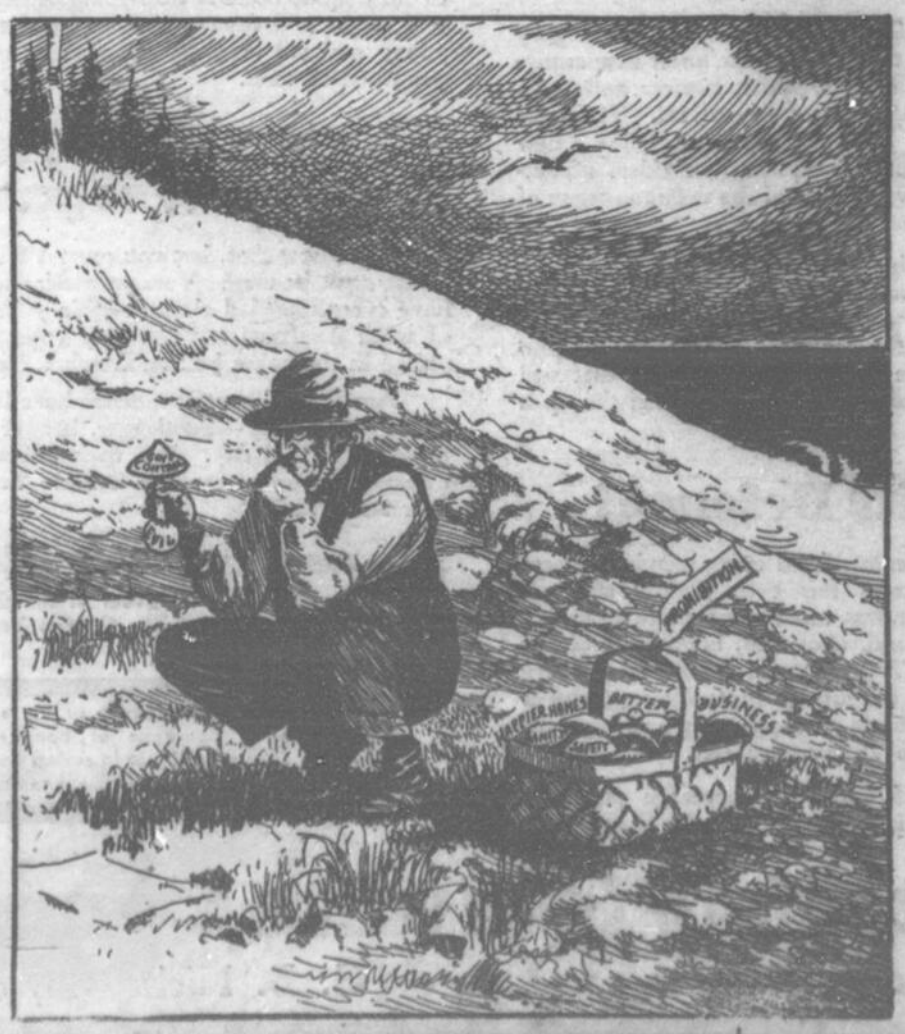
CLEANLINESS FOR THE HOG

It is not uncommon to find swine kept under insanitary conditions. Too often the hog house and yard are the most filly kept of any department of the farm. It seems to be the opinion of some farmers that the hog does not require a clean place to eat or to live and that he will thrive a little better under dirty conditions. The hog is capable of doing fairly well under various conditions, but he does better, the same as all other animals, when his surroundings are kept clean and wholesome. Further, when he is given a chance to be clean, he is quick to accept it. It is a mistake to keep hogs in muddy yards or in unclean pens, or to feed them in places which are dirty.

Many diseases of farm animals can be directly attributed to the kind of care given to their quarters. Not only is disease more likely to break out among herds and flocks when they are kept under insanitary conditions, but invariably there is a waste of feed. Give the hog clean quarters in which to live, provide him a clean place to eat, and give him clean feeds and he will make more profitable gains.

RUSSIAN BUTTER EXPORTS

According to latest reliable estimates in Riga, butter exports from Russia in the present season will amount to about 52,580 pounds against about 15,190.000 pounds in 1923, states American Trade Commissioner C. J. Mayer in a report received in the Department of Commerce. Of the four principal Russian dairy organizations exporting butter at the present time (Selskosoyuz, Khlieboprodukt, Sibtorg and Centrosoyuz,) Selskosoyuz is doing the largest business. This organization has contracted with a British concern, against an advance of 50,000 pounds Sterling, to furnish at least 5,840,000 pounds of butter this season. Its total export for 1924, it is estimated, will amount to 15,190,000 to 16,000,000 pounds, principally to England, but also some to Esthonia and other countries. Sibtorg is expected to export from 8,760,000 to 9,000,000 pounds, and more than half of this has been contracted for by an English firm. The butter business of Khliebroprodukt is practically entirely handled by a Danish-British concern. This organization expects to export from 11,685,000 to 14,000,00 pounds of butter during the current season.



DEVIL'S FOOD!—NO GOOD!

KEEPING BUTTER OVER WINTER

On many farms where only two or three cows are kept, more milk is produced during summer than in the winter months. During the period of heavy flow it is a good idea to use this surplus for making butter, storing it for later use when the supply is limited and the price of butter is higher. The trouble that most people have who do this is to keep the butter from getting stronger after it is a few weeks old.

Here is an old recipe, which, if properly carried out, will keep butter fresh and maintain its sweet flavor for a period of ten to twelve months. The plan follows; Take three gallons of water, one half gallon of salt, two cups of brown sugar and two tablespoons of saltpeter. Boil all together for three hours, slowly, as a simmer, and do not boil hard; then strain into a large stone jar. As the butter is made, wrap in butter paper and clean cloths and sink into the liquid by stone weights. Make the butter in one pound packages and use as wanted. It will taste like fresh butter when used.

"I have seventeen head of black and white cattle that I am as proud of as a little boy is of a new wagon," writes a Nebraska man. "We tried grain farming for over twenty years and I can say that the black and white cow is the thing that kept the sheriff from telling us when to move."

Unless the cows in the herd are exceptional milkers, calves intended for fat yearlings should be started on corn, barley, wheat or oats, when from 4 to 6 weeks old. Nothing so stimulates the growth and early maturity as milk fresh from the dam, but in all cases calves should be fed liberally on grain.

"No cow ever got fat by sucking herself." —Mrs. P. G. Brown, N.S., urges this proverb against the argument of the Moderationists that a province can be enriched by selling drink to its citizens.

DID YOU?

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

Farmers' Wives

Order by Long Distance

They find that many things they want can be bought satisfactorily by Long Distance. When roads are bad Long Distance becomes doubly appreciated. City Department stores report that customers are well satisfied with purchases made by telephone. They say the trade is growing rapidly.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

NATURE'S PERSISTENCY

We have been much interested for several years in watching the persistency with which certain grasses in lawns modify their form and habits to accommodate themselves to changed conditions and environments in order to accomplish their purpose. The grass on these lawns is cut frequently, thus preventing it from attaining the usual growth preparatory to flowering and seeding, but nature, strong and unyielding in its purpose, which in the case of plants is to produce seed, has developed a form, particularly in Kentucky bluegrass and less markedly as yet in timothy, which defies the lawn nower; the little seed heads are so close to the ground.

We realize, of course, that this is only another manifestation of the general law that plants observe in becoming acclimated, but its occurrence under our own observation and in so brief a time has had the effect to strengthen and confirm our belief in its wider application. If the plant, in successive generations, develops a habit of growth and takes on a form in harmony with its environments and the new demands made upon it, why is is not reasonable to expect that the animal will do the same? There is a much closer correspondence between the laws which govern vegetable life and animal life than we are accustomed to realize, and the points in common in animals of various species probably far outnumber those in which they differ.

If, then, the grasses of the lawns and fields, no less than the beasts of the forests and farms, when subjected to the demands which man makes upon them for his profit or his pleasure, can and do so materially modify and change their original forms and habits, why is it that so many of us continue to insist upon rearing thistles when we want grapes; that is to say, upon breeding for beef when we want milk? Why not accept the teachings of nature and aid, rather than attempt to thwart, her efforts to adapt form to purpose?—Hoard's Dairyman.

DON'T PASS ON YOUR CULLS

There is always a tendency to "kill the goose that lays the golden egg," a temptation, seemingly irresistible, on the part of those who are not overscrupulous, to pass off counterfeits as genuine, when the opportunity offers. In the case of Porto Rico, and countless new sections of our own country, the whole cause of dairying and the development of a profitable and stable demand for good cattle, has been held back, if not entirely destroyed, simply because some jockey with a keen eye to the immediate profit and no regard at all for the future of an industry or the interests of people who had put trust in them, have unloaded culls and counterfeits at the prices of real cows, and have left a trail of disappointment and discouragement. Such treatment not only discourages prospective dairymen in these new districts, but turns into other channels the trade that those sections do engage in.

We believe that reputable breeders would welcome the adoption of regulations by the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry, requiring not only a certificate of health from that Bureau, but also a certificate of inspection as to quality and fitness for the purpose intended, before shipment is permitted. The conditions are, of course, intolerable. They ought to be remedied, not only for the good of our future trade in dairy cattle, but also for rthe welfare of that little country itself.—Prof. A. A. Fix, in Holstein Friesian World.

THE TWO COMPOST HEAP

There are two separate and distinct varieties of compost heap. There is the heap or pit in which we throw all vegetable refuse from house and garden, leaving it to rot and turn into a useful manure. There is the other compost heap which consists of carefully compounded soil to be used for seed pans or potting.

If plants are raised in frames, greenhouses or windows it is absolutely necessary that they should be transplanted in a medium of such a nature that the young plants will get the nourishment they require to encourage healthy and sturdy growth, something rather beter than ordinary garden soil.

The common practice among amateurs is to dig up a little garden soil in which to transplant seedlings and also for repotting. Unless the soil is specially good the result often is unhealthy plants and general disappointment.

Good turfy loam forms the principal portion of the compost for nearly all classes of plants. It is really the earth of our fields and meadows, but is variable in quality, though in many districts good loam is easily obtained. Loam should be fairly adhesive, but sufficiently friable to break up if rubbed between the fingers. Loams of a more clayey nature may be neutralized by mixing in an increased quantity of leaf mold and old well-rotted manure. Where the loam approaches clay too closely it is useless for our purpose. The best loam is obtained by taking the sod from a pasture or meadow; if the grass is long it should first be cut and taken off, cutting it down to within two inches of the ground. The sod should be at least three inches thick as taken from the field, and it is more easily handled and less likely to break into small pieces if cut when the ground is wet. Spring and fall, when the ground is thoroughly saturated with moisture, are the best times for this operation. The sod is stacked grass side down, either alone or with layers of manure. The first layer of turf should be about six inches deep and on this is spread a layer of manure three to four inches thick, then another six-inch layer of sod, then manure, repeating with alternate layers of sod and manure until the heap is completed. Many gardeners also add bone meal, and this is best put on between the sod, keeping it away from the manure. Four or five feet is about the right height for a mixed compost heap, and it will be finished off with inverted sod, not manure, so that there may be no waste from the latter by the evaporation of ammonia.

It will take several months for the grass and its roots to die and rot, hence the necessity for having the pile made in good time so all may be well rotted. If made in the spring it will be in fine condition for using the following winter. In the course of three or four months the sod with manure should be chopped up quite fine and the heap or pile remade, keeping the top level so the rains may sink into it. It should not be allowed to become dust dry; play the hose upon it from time to time. Turn it over three or four times before using to be sure that the manure, fertilizer and loam are thoroughly mixed.

Sufficient of this fine compost for very early spring use should some time in the fall be stored under cover where it will always be in condition for potting or for transplanting the earliest started plants; if left in the open it may be frozen hard, or so wet that it could not be used for some time.

Now as to the other compost heap, the heap or pit into which is thrown garden rubbish, such as weeds—if they do not carry seed pods—cabbage leaves, bean and pea haulm, or, in fact, anything that will when decayed make humus for our soil. There is nothing better than fallen leaves, which when rotten make an excellent substitute for stable manure, and, as they can usually be had for the gathering, we need never be short of material for improving the texture and value of our soil.

In some inconspicuous part of the garden make a pit to a depth of three feet and of any length and width to suit the requirements of the individual. Into this pit the garden refuse is thrown, pieces of turf may be added, lawn clipings, manure if it is available, or indeed any rubbish that when rotten will add to the fertility of the ground. To hasten decomposition and at the same time kill any insect pests or disease germs that may be present among the refuse a little fresh lime should be spread over it occasionally, and if the soil taken out in making the pit is still available a little of it may be aded now and again. By the following spring the material will be thoroughly decomposed and ready for incorporating with the soil.

MISUNDERSTOOD KINDNESS

Just as truly as it "takes a thief to catch a thief," so it requires a merciful man to comprehend mercy. An incident in Lady Sheil's "Life and Manners in Persia" emphasizes the fact that an act of humanity may be interpreted as a deed of cruelty. In writing of the barbarity of the Persians toward their domestic animals, Lady Sheil says:—

"In taking a drive today, we passed a poor camel, seated on the ground, who gazed at us with a melancholy look. He seemed so distressed that we stopped the carriage to make inquiries, and we found he had good reason for sorrow. As he had received an injury which rendered him incapable of further work, his master had left him to die of hunger, the wretched creature being unable to rise and seek for for food in the desert. This barbarous practice is general among the Persians. All old and worn-out animals are discarded and driven out to find subsistence as best they can.

"My husband used invariably to cause the old horses of the mission to be shot, instead of following the universal custom of turning them adrift on the roadside. Of course he could not see this poor camel suffer. We went to the nearest village and told the inhabitants they should kill the animal. They immediately sallied out, twenty of them, and slaughtered the poor beast.

"The next day the owner came to the house and demanded the price of his camel, which had been slain contrary to law. My husband told him he would abide by the decision of the law. It was decreed that he had acted on mere presumption, and moreover the owner had a right to do as he pleaded with his own property. So my husband had to pay a tenth of the value of the camel."

But the matter did not end here. The reputation that Colonel Sheil established by his treatment of the camel and the mission horses proved to be an undesirable one. Soon after the camel episode an old man in the Sheils' employ committed some misdemeanor, and was threatened with punishment. He seemed much alarmed, and it was found that the old fellow feared for his life.

"I dare say you will cause me to be punished," he said to the colonel. "Are you not that vezeer who causes all the old horses to be shot after their faithful services? So why should not an old servant like me be slain?"

BATTLE OF THE ANTS

War between hostile tribes, each numbering some 5,000, has broken out in London.

The combatants were wood ants, and were members of two large nests in the Insect House at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. Until recently they had been separated by a water channel, but this was bridged by a piece of wood during the morning.

The ants were stimulated by artificial sunlight, supplied by specially fitted electric lamps, and were deprived of their usual honey to make them more adventurous in their search for food.

The first skirmish occurred when a solitary ant of the Army of the Right crossed the bridge to the territory of the Army of the Left, where it was seized and taken into the nest to meet a certain death against hopeless odds.

Other unfortunate members of the Right Army later met a similar fate after fighting grimly on a little desert of sand against as many as three enemy soldiers. At last two, however, managed to escape to their own territory with broken leks.

While the Right Army, which has been at the Zoo for some time, and won similar battles last year and the year before, was the most enterprising, the keeper in charge is of opinion that the odds are on the Left Army ultimately winning, as it appears to be more vigorous.

The Left Army, which, like the Right, has been transported from Weybridge, Surrey, has only recently been established at the Zoo.

It is expected that the main battle will be decided in a day or two, but desultory fighting will probably continue for some time.

When one army is definitely beaten, its remaining members are absorbed by the other, and all its pupae and its queen are taken to the nest of the victors. The material of which the nest is made is also carried to the nest of the conquerors, to enlarge it, a process which last year occupied many months.

The fighting was watched with great interest by crowds of spectators.

ALPINE CLIMBING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

With five ascents of virgin peaks in a remote and little known area and several other noteworthy achievements to their credit, one of the most successful mountain-climbing expeditions the Canadian Rockies has seen in many seasons has just returned to Lake Louise after a month's strenuous recreation in the neighborhood of the great Columbia icefields, 50 miles north of Donald, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The party consisted of O. and F. Field, and L. N. Harris, all of New York, Joseph Biener and Edward Feuz, Swiss guides, and packers Boyce and Brooke, with nineteen horses.

The Twins, five miles north of the Columbia ice-fields, were ascended, the South Twin, 10,600 feet, being conquered for the first time, while the climb up the North Twin, 11,800 feet, involved an ascent of the third highest peak in the Rockies which has only been accomplished once before. The scaling of these two peaks was achieved in the remarkable time of 24 hours. Mount Columbia 12,000 feet, immediately west of the Columbia Ice Fields, and the second highest peak in the Rockies, only climbed twice before, was also ascended in 23 hours by a route via the Southern Arrets never before attempted. Next two unnamed peaks, both over 10,000 feet high, were scaled for the first time as were also Mount Outram, on the Howse River, 10,700 feet, and Mount Paterson, in Mistaiah Valley, 10,400 feet.

The Columbia Ice Fields, which mark the culmination of the grandeur of the Canadian Rockies, are the largest in these mountains, covering an area of approximately 60 square miles. The party reports very hard work in crossing them. Their persistence was rewarded, however, in many magnificent views from the high peaks they climbed. All returned in good health and delighted with their experiences and success.

Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers,
Could you vote to licence beer
When you see somebody's darling
Starting in that down career?
—Barbara Hamilton.

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Before churning add one-half teaspoonful to each gallon of cream and out of your churn comes butter of Golden June shade. "Dandelion Butter Color" is purely vegetable harmless, and meets all food laws. Used for 50 years by all large creameries. Doesn't color buttermilk. Absolutely tasteless. Large bottles cost only 35 cents at drug or grocery stores.

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THE "HIP POCKET FLASK"

We Want It In Ontario?

True some Ontario men carry it; but they do so in defiance of law and the best sentiment of every locality. When discovered they are prosecuted and punished.

Under Government sale the hip pocket flask is a legal institution. The stores advertise them. They are price-tagged and displayed in the windows. Big ones; little ones; common glass ones; leather covered and silver mounted ones — all sorts of styles and prices; and young men get them for Christmas gifts, and out of these treat their dance partners and the girls they take motoring.

Andrew Blygh, Vancouver Justice of the Peace, says of his own city:—"It is to-day more wide open than ever before, and any night may be seen cabarets in which no liquor is said to be sold, but in which fifty per cent. of the people show signs of intoxication. Dance halls are a public scandal, with young girls slipping from the dance hall to the back alley to take a drink from the hip flasks of their escorts."

If you want Ontario to make legal the "Bottle on the Hip"—then endorse Government Control.—Ont. W.C.T.U. Leaflet.

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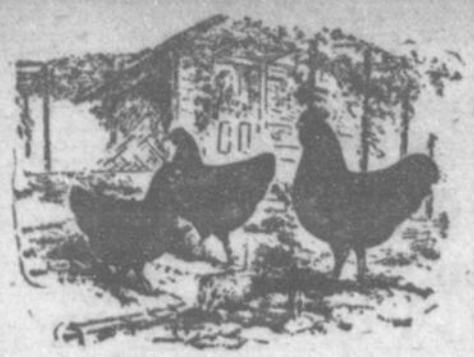

FALL SUGGESTIONS

(By J. B. Hayes)

During the lull that should result during the time between threshing and silo filling, one should devote some attention to the poultry house in anticipation of the fall move.

First and foremost in considering the house should be the removal of all unnecessary equipment that clutters the floor. In certain instances enough pots and pans have been seen in houses that varied in size from big iron kettles to sauce pans and in sufficient number to serve as individual drinking cups for each bird in the flock. By the time that all this material was distributed there was no room left for the flock to exercise. One water stand with a vessel of sufficient size is adequate for any flock.

If open roosts that reach from the center of the house to the top of the rear wall are now in use, they should be removed and replaced by a dropping board table and horizontal roosts. In too many cases production may be hindered by the fighting, crowding, and falling that results from the other type. As a second reason, one will ind that too much floor space is not available for the flock unless dropping boards are used. Every part of the house should be utilized to the greatest extent.

Dilapidated wooden boxes that were used as temporary nests will make excellent kindling for next winter. The construction of nests in tiers renders cleaning more easy, aids in the regular collection of eggs, and is a big help in the constant warfare against mites. The application of a wood preservative such as carbolineum or waste crank case oil will aid in this fight and also improves the sanitary conditions. All nests should be banked along the end wall.

Plans are available from numerous sources for the construction of a good dry mash hopper. Working for economical egg production without a dry mash constantly before the flock is like trying to run an auto without gas. Not much success will be attained in either instance. That point is illustrated daily at this season in the culling of farm flocks.

A concrete floor makes house cleaning an easier job. All of the accumulated debris from last winter and the entire summer should be scraped from the floor and followed with an application of some good disinfectant. In those cases where one has a sand or gravel floor, the top six inches should be removed and fresh material hauled in to replace it. The top of the floor should be flush with the wall and above the level of the ground surrounding the house. During a year the dirt floor becomes badly contaminated and possibly infected.

The ceiling and walls should be swept and a good whitewash applied with a spray pump. This is particularly true in older buildings when the boards have become darker. Whitewash can brighten the interior of the coop and seems to react favorably on the flock.

All of the windows need washing and all missing panes should be replaced. Most of the sunlight must be obtained through the glass and the accumulation of years of dirt can act as a successful barrier. The warm fall days are better suited to that work than cold, miserable days in November.

About six inches of fresh, clean straw on the floor gives the finishing touch to a properly equipped house. Too much straw may be as unsatisfactory as none at all. We are anxious to have a flock exercise in getting their feed but we do not want them to starve while attempting to move loads of litter in their search. Clean straw is preferable to dry leaves or similar material because it will not need replenishing as quickly.

There is nothing that is quite as pleasing or radiates as much hustling activity as a poultry house that has been properly prepared and houses the correct number of well developed pullets. Just the satisfaction of ownership is part payment for the effort expended aside from the profit that will accrue from their proper management through the year. Pullets represent an investment at this time that demand the completion of the job before they become a profit paying business.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Sometimes the cure is worse than the disease. As a cure for bootlegging, Government sale is like jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

MARKETING POULTRY

The Cooperation and Markets Branch of the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture has just issued a bulletin on "Marketing Saskatchewan Poultry" the object of which is set out in one of the opening paragraphs as follows: "The poultry producers of Saskatchewan have it within their power to become a recognized factor in the poultry marketing business of the province. The individual producer acting independently is, of course, a factor and an important one in the estimation of poultry dealers, but poultry producers as a body can improve their own business considerably and it is the purpose of this bulletin to offer a few suggestions as to how this may be done."

The preliminary steps for securing better marketing facilities are then set out, and in order to avoid duplication of effort it is advised that an organization already in existence at the point of shipment should be utilised. "If it is decided to organize a poultry marketing association," says the bulletin, "the constitution and by-laws submitted in this leaflet will be found of assistance. When the time is considered ripe for the formation of a provincial selling organization, such locals can quite easily link themselves up with such central body should they so desire."

Marketing methods are then fully gone into, both for live and dressed poultry.

FEED PROPERTIES

Laxative feeds: Medium coarse wheat bran, and linseed meal.

Constipating feeds: Rice, charcoal (best fed in mash), over 5 per cent ground fibre in total feeds.

Feather-making helps: Sunflower seed, 3 per cent linseed meal in dry mash, animal proteins contained in milk, fish or meal, fresh blood (dried blood is used chiefly as a fertilizer) and vegetable protein as in soy bean meal, and linseed meal.

Feeds that help color egg yolks, shanks, etc.: Kale, clover, alfalfa, grass, and yellow corn.

Poultry foods rich in vitamins: Milk in any form, tender green leaves, outer covering of grain, yellow corn.

Other sources of vitamins: Yeast, cod liver oil, butter, egg yolks, tubers and fruits.

Feeds high in fibre: Alfalfa meal, barley and oats, bran, millrun, ground barley, ground oats.

VENTILATION OF LAYING HOUSE

(By Harry R. Lewis)

Last week in our poultry story we discussed the value of a best plan of building muslin curtains in our poultry houses. We emphasized there briefly the importance of complete ventilation. It is especially important that more and more consideration be given to this important question of fresh air.

There is, without question, no one cause which is more responsible for unsatisfactory results and for losses from disease with the average flock than that of faulty ventilation. This is the season of the year when it is especially important for us to give this question serious consideration, for we must be sure that our poultry houses are in shape to receive the birds and give them the proper environment as we bring in the new flock of pullets.

Why so Much Fresh Air?

Of all farm or domestic animals, birds need more fresh air than any other type. There are a number of reasons for this. In the first place, they are extremely active individuals, moving about quickly, scratching and working in the litter for their feed. This extreme activity results in the rapid combustion of food in the body, giving off larger amounts of carbon-dioxide in proportion to their body weight than do slower moving animals, which means that this poisonous gas must be liberated freely and its place taken up with pure, fresh air.

A second requirement for adequate ventilation is the fact that birds have an extremely high body temperature, higher than other of our domestic animals. This high temperature results in burning up body tissue more rapidly, and in order that their body tissue may be replaced plenty of fresh air with its abundant supply of oxygen must be available.

Then again we all know that dampness is the curse of the average poultry flock. Damp litter breeds disease, creates an environment which makes the birds susceptible to colds, and is highly undesirable. The greater part of moisture which appears in poultry houses is what is known as condensation moisture. It is caused by the moisture, which is held in suspension in the air, dropping on the litter and other fixtures in the house. This moisture in the air is due largely to the moisture given off by the birds in their processes of digestion and respiration. The only way that condensation moisture can be eliminated is to carry this heavy moisture-laden air out of the house and replace it with fresh, pure, outside air. Here are, then, at least three very good reasons why poultry require such large amounts of fresh air, necessitating very complete ventilation in the poultry house.

Things That Are Essential

There are just three things which must be done in order to provide adequate ventilation for any poultry house, whether it is a small house holding only ten or a dozen birds or whether it is a large unit holding hundreds. They are as follows:

The first step is to see that a large amount of the front of the house is wide open, covered with very little glass and with much muslin, both the gloss and muslin openings being arranged so that the covering material can be lifted up or slid out of the way so that on all pleasant days, or at all times in fact, when there is no danger of rain or snow beating into the house, that the front of the house is wide open. This opening in the front should extend the entire length of the front with the exception of about two feet next to each front corner. If the opening is extended right up to the corner, swirling snow or rain may blow around the corner into the house, but if it is started two feet from the wall this danger is eliminated.

This opening should extend practically to the plate or front roof and down to within about three feet of the floor. It should not extend clear to the floor as it is apt to make the floor drafty and has a tendency to give the birds cold. This opening admits of the constant change of air in the house; admits plenty of sunlight, and keeps the house always sweet

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Replace those worn-out floor coverings with bright, cosy Dominion Linoleum Rugs. You can do it to-day cheaper than ever. Prices are greatly reduced and women who love a bargain will be quick to seize this chance of saving money.
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and clean. Having adequate open front is the first step in complete ventilation.

The second step in ventilating the poultry house is to provide in each end of the house, if it is a small poultry unit or about every twenty feet if it is a large unit house, for intake ventilators. These are openings in the outer wall about twelve inches wide by twelve to fourteen inches high. If there are hen exit openings in the building, these make admirable ventilating openings. One must provide, however, a baffler or arrangement whereby the inrushing air which comes into these floor openings does not cause a floor draft. The common way to do is to provide them with a chute the size of the opening on the inside of the house carrying the mouth of the chute up about three feet above the floor.

Better than that, however, is to erect a movable square box of the height and width of the opening with shutters or bafflers in it to break the force of the incoming air. The side of this box which is open should be set against the hen exit holes or the ventilating opening cut for that purpose. The baffler should be arranged in the middle of the box to break up the force of the air and allowed to escape through large openings cut in one side of the box. These openings right on the floor level admit of the entrance of fresh air down low where it is needed where the birds can get the full benefit of it. These openings may be located on the front of the house, but preferably on the ends just ahead of the dropping boards.

The third step in complete ventilation is to place in the roof at its highest point cupola ventilators with chutes which come down into the house just below the ceiling. If a shed roof house or a house where no loft is present, the chute need not drop below the roof boards, but if a loft, the shaft connected with the ventilator should be carried two or three inches below the ceiling. The size of these roof ventilators and their accompanying shafts will depend upon th size of the house and the number of birds kept in it. A shaft about six inches in diameter is satisfactory for a house holding twenty-five to fifty hens. For a house holding 100 hens the shaft should be about one foot in diameter with the same size ventilator at the top. The shaft should be provided with a hinged damper so that the amount of ventilation going on can be regulated. In very cold weather during severe winter spells it is often desirable to close the ventilator somewhat. The cupola ventilator on the room is simply to make the shaft rain and snow proof and make means whereby the air shall enter and leave the chute freely.

Has Your House Ventilation?

After studying these three means of accomplishing complete ventilation ask yourself whether your house is sufficiently ventilated or not. Look back to last winter and the winter before and see if you had damp litter and sick birds, with colds, chicken pox, etc. If you did the chances are that your house is not sufficiently ventilated and you are pretty safe in installing additional ventilating devices as suggested above.—New York World.

No license, no "control."
Prohibition is our goal.
—W. H. Scott, Oshawa.

A PERPETUAL MOTION CLOCK

A French inventor named Monnier is exhibiting what is claimed to be a "perpetual motion clock" after 36 years of effort. The instrument, if it can be so called, weighs half a ton and comprises not less than 12,000 pieces. It is four metres high, two metres wide and has a depth of a metre and a half. There are six secondary hands to mark the time of London, Berlin, Strasbourg, Havana, Petrograd and New York.

M. Monnier is 62 years old and a certain reliability is given to his claims by the fact that he has already made two inventions—one for mine cages and the other for submarines—which are utilized in foreign countries. Monnier never realized any profit from any of his inventions and the sole source of his income at the present moment is realized through exhibition of the clock for a fee of 1 franc.

There is a movement on foot in Paris to have the invention examined by the Government, not only that the principle may be utilized if his claims are proved, but so that he may be properly compensated for his efforts.

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PHYSIOLOGY AND ALCOHOL

The late A. B. Palmer, M. D., L.L.D., who was Professor of Pathology, Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine at Michigan University, and who made a life-long study of the effect of alcohhl upon the human system, says:

"All scientific men when writing upon poisons class alcohol among them; no one denies to this article poisonous properties . . . . . like other poisons it is capable of causing speedy death.

"In the approach of old age in those of even moderate alcoholic habits there is the likelihood of fatty and calcareous or chalky matter taking the place of the natural structures throughout the body.

"When inflammation of the lungs attacks a free drinker, a fatal result is vastly more likely to occur than when it attacks one who abstains. All medical men are agreed in this.

"Four men of world-wide reputation have frankly stated that the free use of alcohol is the cause of many cases of consumption especially what is known as the fibrous form of consumption. These men are Dr. Lebert, of Germany, Drs. Williams, Peacock and R. F. Thompson of England. And my own experience and observation through fifty years of research and practice reaffirms their statements.

"The action of alcohol upon the heart is paralyzant and not stimulant, with no stage of increased force or contraction preceding it. The experiments of Professor Martin, of Johns Hopkins, proving that partial paralysis of the heart action follows even a moderate drink of whiskey or brandy, have never been contradicted. The pulse-beat may be, and generally is, increased in frequency—not force. Frequency means weakness, not strength. The sense of coldness may be obscured, but bodily heat, it is proved by scientific test, is diminished. Only the nervous system is stimulated. The general lowering of vitality after taking alcohol renders the drinker more subject to all diseases.

"Paralysis and insanity frequently result from chronic alcoholism. The children of the confirmed alcoholic are, more than others, subject to blindness, deafness, idiocy and incurable insanity."

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POULTRY

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED

Newlaid Eggs, Live Poultry; Broilers, Old Roosters, fowls, ducks, and maple sugar. GUNN, LANGLOIS & COMPANY, LIMITED, Montreal, Que. 33-6

Wanted—Old Hens, all weights, crates loaned free.—WALLER'S, 707 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. 38-6

Newlaid Eggs, Live Fowl and Chickens, Honey, Dairy Butter, etc. Write for prices. Prompt cash payment. Satisfaction guaranteed. GUNN, LANGLOIS & CO., LIMITED, Montreal. 42-6

LANGSHANS

Black Langshan Cockerels—Newbert Strain—May hatchings, average weight, 3 1-3 lbs, $18 for 12 or $1.25 to $2.00 each. REV. L. S. THROOP, Mallorytown, Ont. 38-6

CAMPINES

Silver Campine Cockerels, April and May hatched. Price, $2.50 and $3.50 each. AUGUST JOHNSON, Halleybury, Ont. 38-6

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Exhibition Bantams, Buff Cochin, Black Rose Comb and Black Wyandottes, pairs, $3.50; trios, $5.00. ARTHUR HURLESTON, Fonthill, Ont. 40-6

Bargain in Pullets; must clear by November 1st. Fifteen April and May hatched Black Minorcas, twenty dollars. Twenty-five Shephard's Anconas, some laying already, forty-two dollars, or one sixty-five each. Also Exhibition Barred Rock Cockerels, three dollars. C. V. ELLIS, Iroquois, Ont. 41-2

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If You Want Winter Eggs you must get rid of vermin. Your hens can't lay while supporting thousands of lice and mites. We have discovered the simplest, easiest, surest way of keeping our poultry lice-free. No spraying, dusting or handling. Just give a little of our preparation "Suredeath" in drinking water. This works out through the oil glands and every louse leaves the birds. Is also valuable tonic and conditioner. Safe and harmless. A few days' treatment each month will keep your flock clean and healthy. Two pound package (enough for several months) postpaid for one dollar. Results guaranteed. Send to-day. ERINDALE POULTRY FARM, R. 2. Erindale, Ont. 42-6

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CATTLE

JERSEYS—Sixty head of pure bred Jerseys for sale. All ages and sexes. Apply to WM. D. MUNRO, Martintown, Ont. 38-6

Thoroughbred Holstein Bull, Bargain.—3 years old. Very quiet. Nine-tenths white. Grandson of the greatest of Holstein bulls, "Rag Apple the Great," out of first class cow. In first rate condition. Dehorned. Price, $75, F.O.B. Abbottsford. Address W. DOUGALL, Abbottsford, Que. tf

Jersey Bull for sale, 7 months old. Will give register papers. F. A. PAYEAN, Merrickville, Ont. 42-7

DOGS

Boston Terrier, "Hoflich's Holligan," registered. Beautiful seal brown. Brindle, even white markings, free from wrinkles, real type, 9 months old. Best of blood lines. A real bargain at $40.00. House broken; loves children. THE HOFLICH KENNELS, Mitchell, Ont., Canada.

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 50c. 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.

LIVESTOCK

DOGS

Newfoundland Puppies, also fine little house dogs for sale, also good watch dog; cheap. FRED. PROBST, Box 60, Linwood, Ont. 41-6

FERRETS

Ferrets, finest strain, hundreds to select from, write for prices. SUNNYSIDE FUR FARM, Elmwood, Ont. 42-6

FOXES

I catch from 45 to 50 Foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks time. Can show any reader of this magazine how to get them. Just drop me a card for particulars. W. A. HADLEY, Stanstead, Quebec. 33-12

For Sale.—Silver black foxes, pups and year olds, out of litters of 5's, 6's, 7's; a number of large, beautiful year old breeders for sale. From Lady Earl and Black Knight, Black Burr and Silver Dawn, from Spark and Beautiful Boy; from Beautiful King and Black Rose. Old Island pure bred. Registered under rule A. Inspected by government inspector. GEO. D. WARREN, Fortune Cove, P.E. Island. 36-6

100 Pair Silver Foxes, Registered Stock. Write for terms. A. D. WILMOT, Salisbury, N.B. 36-6

N. S. Robertson, Arnprior, Ont., breeder of Registered Silver Black Foxes of finest quality. For sale—10 pairs of pups and some extra male pups. Correspondence invited or visit to ranch.

Silver Black Foxes—Producing four to eight in litters; four smallest litter in seven years; one pair raising twenty in three years. Mention Witness. H. S. DARGIE, Bridgetown, N.S. 41-6

Foxes, finest quality, Silver, Cross and Red foxes at actual pelt value. Get my prices before buying. SUNNYSIDE FUR FARM, Elmwood, Ont. 42-6

GOATS

Angora Goats.—Seven good ewes and registered buck and two unregistered bucks for sale. The lot, $250 F.O.B. Halleybury. Address, WARD WRIGHT, 38 King Street West, Toronto. 42-6

MISCELLANEOUS

Team of well matched mules, 6 and 7 years old, weighing about 2,300 lbs., and well broken. Apply S. W. SMITH, Chesterville, Ont. 41-2

SHEEP

Oxford Down Lambs.—Registered, both sexes, from imported sire, R. G. BOURNE, R. 3, Perth, Ont. 42-6

SWINE

Registered Yorkshire Boars, ready for service about October, $15.00. English Bacon Type, got 1, 2, 3rd at exhibition in a class of 13, one stock boar, 2 years old, $25.00. W. H. ZIEGLER, Ferndale Farm, Box 93, Manor, Sask. 37-10

For Sale—Choice Tamworth Boars, fit for service, also younger stock; both sexes. Write for prices. POWELL BROS., Campbellcroft, Ont. 37-6

MISCELLANEOUS

RADIO SUPPLIES

Free—Our Illustrated Catalogue of Radio Sets, parts and accessories. Everything listed carried in stock. MIDLAND RADIO COMPANY LIMITED, Box 9, Regina, Sask. 38-6

Will Sell My Fada Neutrodyne Radio Receiver. C. DONALDSON, 359 Albert st., Ottawa. 42-6

FOR SALE.

Fur and Cloth Coats For Sale.

We have bargains in fur and cloth coats, dresses, hats, sweaters. All shown in our new fashion book. It is free, write for it. 1134 Hallam Mail Order Corporation, Toronto. 37-6

HONEY

Clover and Amber Honey now ready for shipment. WM. A. HARTLEY, Beamsville, Ont. tf

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Boosey High Pitch Bassoon, leather case, cost $200, price, $85. JEFFRIES, Frederick St., Stratford, Ontario. 38-6

STAMPS

"Stamps" — 100 Varieties. Many Pictorials. Bosnia, Gold Coast, Guinea, Nigeria, etc. 20c. Premiums. Approvals. D. BRUCE, 2518, 15 1-2 Street, N.W., Calgary, Alberta. 41-6

SPORTING GOODS

Hunting Season is fast approaching, and if you love the "Call of the Wild" you should get ready. We have this season an extraordinary assortment of shotguns, rifles and revolvers. Belgian, French, English and American make. Also a full line of hunters' and sportsmen's supplies. In addition, the following special six-power binocular, $6.50, suitable for motoring, hunting, fishing, camping. This powerful pocket size binocular, complete with case, costs only $6.50. "Biascope" A, $6.50; "Biascope" B, $8.75; "Pockescope Junior," $1.25; "Pockescope," $1.90; "Pockescope Senior," $2.50. Ask for our revised used arms bargain list and description of Biascopes, LEVINE BROS., Sporting Goods, 437 St. James, Montreal. 36-6

BULBS AND PLANTS

Special Sale of Fruit Trees, Roses. Ornamentals for fall planting. Send for price list. You will be pleased. EMPIRE GARDEN NURSERIES, R.R. No. 3, Cloverdale, B.C. 37-6

STRAWBERRY AND RASPBERRY PLANTS

Strawberries Pay—125 vigorous, heavy yielding plants, postpaid for $1.00. H. TINNEY, Route 3, Havelock, Ont. 38—6.

AGENTS WANTED

Distributing religious literature pays. Christian men and women $30 to $50 weekly. $225 guaranteed for 90 days' work, commission besides. May work spare time. MR. CONRAD, Dept. L-1, Spadina Building, Toronto. 36-9

Agents, either sex, to take orders for Christmas Cards, whole or spare time. Big commission. Sample book mailed free. Start now. DEPT. "C," 1093 Bordeaux St., Montreal. 42-3

A Reliable Sales Agent Wanted for every unrepresented district; good pay, free equipment. We are the largest growers of fruit and ornamental trees in Canada. Sell for a nursery, not for a jobber. You will be successful. PELHAM NURSERY CO., Toronto. 29-13

Agents—Sell low priced kitchen necessity. Quick sale. Square deal. PREMIER MFG., CO., Dept. Q-5. Detroit, Mich. tf

Agents, Get in a Profitable All-Year Commission business of your own. Every property owner is a customer or prospect. Nine hundred varieties of hardy Red Tag Nursery products. Cash every week. Complete equipment and instructions free. Write DOMINION NURSERIES, Montreal. eow

FARMS FOR SALE

35 Miles West of Montreal, 175 acres mixed soil, including 60 acres wood lot, implements, etc., if desired, good nine-roomed house, silo and outbuildings, water in house, dairy and stables, creek watered pastures. Fine dairy farm. Write BOX No. 93, Witness Office, Montreal. 37-6

Ten Acre Lots in beautiful Isle of Pines. For terms write BEULAH ROBINSON, Iron River, Michigan. 36-6

Near St. George—120 acres good land; good brick house, good barns; 5 acres of orchard, 10 acres of bush; owner retiring; good stock farm. Address A. E. GREEN, St. George, Ont. 38-7

THREE Bearing Orchards, with crops of Stark, Delicious and other good varieties, near railroad town; modern improvements; fine climate; at $6,000, $9,000, $18,000; easy terms. OVERBROOK ORCHARD CO., Saluda, N.C., U.S.A. 38-6

Apple Orchard for sale, 20 acres of bearing trees, near town and two railroads, 42 miles from New York City, good markets, buyers come to orchard for fruit. L. CONORD, Route 1, Neshanic Station, New Jersey. 39-6

For Sale.—Farm, situate Glen Rock, N.J., on county road, consisting of 54 acres, large 11-room house and barns, other outbuildings, in good repair; 35 acres tillable and rest in pasturage and timber; excellent opportunity for chicken or dairy farm; price $20,000; terms upon application. R. de YOUNG, St., R. M. O. 2, Ridgewood, N.J. 39-6

460 Acres of timber and farm land for sale, 4 miles from village of Burk's Falls, must be sold. Address MISS R. LAXTON, Burk's Falls, Ont. 39-6

66 Acres—Well Improved — Clay Loam; Brick house, bank barn; new outbuildings; windmill; near good town; high school. WM. OSIER, Strathroy, Ont. 39-6

For Sale—Large farm of 120 acres in southern Ontario, near Hamilton. About twenty of hard wood, remainder under cultivation. Large house, exceptionally large fine barns, latest improvements. On main road. Bargain. A. OLIN, 129 Hunt ave., Buffalo, N.Y. 40-6

Nechaco Valley, 320 Acres good farming land; cheap for quick sale. HYDE PARKER, Crofton, V.I., B.C. 41-6

Real Mixed Farming Proposition in Manitoba. Snap price. What have you got to trade? J. COLTART, Roland, Man.

For Sale or Rent.—Good fruit and dairy farm with or without stock and implements. FRED. THORNTON, Promontory Flats, Box 210, Sardis, B.C. 42-6

80 Acre Farm in Laird Township, Algoma, close to school and post office; good location. For particulars, apply MRS. ALF. GIBSON, Laird, Ont. 42-6

FARMS WANTED

Sell your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Don't pay big commissions. Particulars free. REAL ESTATE SALESMAN CO., 558 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. 36-12

PROPERTY FOR SALE

Property for Sale.—Ideal summer resort, overlooking Gulf of Georgia, 20 miles from Vancouver. Comfortable five-room bungalow on sea front. Furnished, good piano, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, basement, tubs. Also three summer cottages, furnished; large and small fruits, shed, chicken house, garage, Cadillac car, 1911, chickens, geese; log and circular saw, 10 acres land. Fruit cannery district. Good boat service. $6,500 cash price. THOS. REILLY, Gower Point, B.C., via Vancouver.

Located in Point St. Charles, Montreal. Self-contained brick house, stone foundation, gas, electricity, new fixtures. Ground floor contains hall, parlor, dining room, pantry, kitchen with extension and cupboard for blinds, etc., first floor has hall, bathroom, one bedroom at the back, two at the front. Small yard, garage with lane in rear. For sale at $3000.00, payable as rent. Apply 243 Grand Trunk Street, Montreal. t.f.

For Sale or Rent—Chopping mill, water power, house barn, stable, pig pen and 6 1-2 acres land. Apply A. WRIGHT, Croydon, Ont. 42-3

PERSONAL

Fits, Epilepsy, permanently relieved by Trench's Remedy. 35 years success. Simple home treatment. Write at once for free book. Thousands testimonials. TRENCH'S REMEDIES LIMITED, Dept. R, 79 Adelaide East, Toronto. Cut this out. eow

BUSINESS CARDS

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

HOTELS

Clyde Hotel, 158 King East, Toronto. Meals, twenty-five cents; rooms, dollar daily, $4.00 weekly. Endorsed by U. F. O. t.f.

Hotel Grovenor — European. Private Baths. Dollar up. 491 Yonge, Toronto. Take Yonge car at depot. 28-26

LOGS WANTED

Wanted—Rock Elm Logs, 20 to 35 feet long, 12" and over diameter top end. Maple logs, 10 to 16 feet long, 22" and up diameter top end, sound, straight and free from knots. Inspection at point of shipment, terms net cash. BRADLEY COMPANY, Hamilton, Ontario.

EDUCATIONAL

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

Don't worry about your child if he is not doing well. Write to us. D'E LESTARD'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL, College Street, Toronto. Summer School in Muskoka; also courses by mail. 37-6

Get Matriculation or a higher teacher's certificate at home. Scores of successful students at June examination. Single subjects taught and special inducement to those who register for junior and honor matriculation combined. Get free booklets. Over quarter century of success in mail tuition. CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, Dpt. 20, 78 King St. East, Toronto, Ont. 40-6

NURSING

Private Nurses Earn $15 to $30 a Week. Learn by home study. Catalogue free.—Dept. Fourteen, ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, Toronto, Canada. t.f.

A MAGAZINE PAGE FOR HOME WORKERS

THE SINGING HEART

I TRUDGE along the foot-path way,
Sometimes a wee bit wearily;
It may be under skies of gray,
With low clouds drifting drearily;
Still on I fare right cheerily—
I' faith I would not part
For gear or gold with what I hold—
The Singing Heart.

For gold takes wings and flies afar,
And gear is ofttimes hampering,
And peace of mind it well might mar,
And deaden joy with pampering;
My merry thoughts go scampering,
Quite free from envy's smart—
Indeed, maybe some envy me
The Singing Heart!

And never think I walk alone
Upon the road I fare along,
For hearts that answer to my own
A-many pilgrims bear along;
There's comradeship full rare along
Our way, through field or mart—
No earthly ill for long can chill
The Singing Heart!

—Kind Words.

NAUGHTINESS VERSUS HUNGER

"Starve a man one day and he will lie; starve him two days and he will steal; starve him three days and he will kill." Thus spoke a man who had made a thorough study of people in those countries where starvation stalks.

To advance the theory that the same statements hold true with our children, says Mrs. Margaret A. Bartlett in the Illinois Farmer, would shock most of our mothers immeasurably. "Starvation!" they'd exclaim in horror. "Why, our children are never starved!" This is, of course, true. Yet sometimes they are hungry and the evils attributed to starvation are then manifest in a lower degree.

All of us who endeavor to bring our babies up in the modern way, feeding them every 2, 3 or 4 hours, as their age demands, know what happens if for any reason the dinner hour is delayed even a few minutes. The hungry baby, though usually the sweetest, best natured infant in the world, suddenly will become almost uncontrolloble in his rage at being unfed. We realize the cause of his ill-temper when he is just a baby, but let him get a little older and how often do we attribute his naughtiness to hunger? Very seldom, I fear. Yet children are seldom bad. There is generally some cause for their naughtiness, and the food they eat is in more cases than one realizes, directly responsible for fits of ill-temper and bad humor.

An infant can starve to death when receiving the proper number of meals if the food is not the food his system requires. Likewise a child may eat three meals a day and yet show all the symptoms of being actually hungry, though having no desire for food between meals, if the food he eats gives him a full feeding but fails to satisfy the needs of the body.

Just recently I had the opportunity to observe food and its effect on the child in one of my own little boys. He started to school last September and has to carry a lunch with him. No hot dish is served and the children scatter like a flock of sheep to eat their cold lunches the minute the noon recess comes. My little boy, being shy and self conscious in the presence of so many children, found it difficult to eat. Day after day I found one or two sandwiches left, together with his fruit and cake and cookies. I knew the child had not had sufficient food, yet he never complained of hunger on his return from school. However, I observed that before supper every night his nerves would seem to go to pieces.

Now the first instinct of a parent is to punish a naughty child. I'll admit I had difficulty in keeping myself from "shaking him out," but my better judgment told me that the child was not to blame for his actions. I found the cause in his food. With him out of my control at noon, I did not see how I could force him to eat more then, but I did see one thing I could do—I could have a lunch awaiting him when he came home in the afternoon. So now he finds on warm days a big cup of milk and a piece of buttered gingerbread or Johnny-cake or two or three buttered crackers ready for him to eat. On cold days, I prepare a cup of hot cereal coffee instead of cold milk.

The little fellow is always hungry for his lunch. He drains the cup and eats the last crumb. When he starts playing, he is not the same boy that came home from school in those early days. He no longer acts like a starving man.

What I found true of my little boy is true with many other boys and girls. They have their naughty spells every day. The mother generally connectionally cannot account for them. She never thinks of food in connection with the naughtiness, yet a cup of milk and a slice of bread would work far better than a whipping or constant nagging or scolding.

DON'T ENTER INTO CHILDREN'S QUARRELS AND ARGUMENTS

(Helen Gregg Green)

"I don't like Dick's mother," Bud confided one day when he, Aunt Emmy-Lou and I were having a little heart-to-heart talk.

"And why not, Bud?" we wanted to know.

"Well, every time us fellows get into an argument, she's always poking her head out of the window and asking, 'Now what's wrong? Can't you play without quarrelling?' And then out she comes to settle matters. Seems pretty nibby to me. She's always spying on what we're doing. I tell you, we don't often go to Dick's—not any more'n we can help."

After Bud left, Aunt Emmy-Lou, whom all children loved, scolded, "Why will mothers alienate the affections of their children's friends! When Dick is older, and Margaret wanting him to bring his friends home, she'll be wondering why they won't come. I dislike these mothers who are always taking part in children's arguments and little quarrels. Children should have a little privacy of their own, and we grown-ups should respect it, the same as we expect them to respect ours."

"Well, your're right, Aunt Emmy-Lou," I admitted, surprised as always at her wisdom.

"Margaret will make Dick unpopular all his life if she keeps this up," she continued, "I was there one day when Dick came home with a torn shirt, grimy hands and all the earmarks of a scuffle. After she had fairly forced the child to tell his tale of woe, she started toward the door. 'Where are you going, Mother?' Dick asked. 'I'm going to see that rough Dowds boy!' she snapped. 'Oh, Mother please don't do that!' Dick pleaded. Margaret was determined. But I was determined she shouldn't go. And she didn't. I gave her some good straight-from-the-shoulder advice, but I guess she didn't heed it."

After Aunt Emmy-Lou left, I thought, "Well, I know one thing. I'm never going to have my boy's friends dislike me, if I can help it." And I deliberately walked into the house and closed the door, leaving a crowd of youngsters in our front yard having a most heated argument.

When Sonny hopped in a while later with, "Gee, Mother, you're a brick!" I only smiled, for I knew why he thought Mother a "brick."—From a Series of Articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

New Canadian Plays

By J. R. Peters, B.A.

For Young People. Clean, wholesome, humorous.

Try one for your Fall Program—

"I Can't Afford It," 8 men, 7 women.

"Strictly Business" 13 women, 1 man, (Ladies' Aid Play).

"Go To Next Neighbor" 8 men, 8 women.

"What Doth It Profit" 6 men, 3 women. (Very humorous).

Any TWO sent on approval for 5 cents in stamps, with terms, etc.

Apply, **Mrs. W. J. ASHTON,**
98 Flora St. St. Thomas, Ont.

FIRST WOMAN ENVOY

For the first time in history a woman ambassador called on a king to present her credentials, when Madame Kollontay called on the King of Norway representing Soviet Russia.

FROM THE WASH-TUB

When the young bride first goes to housekeeping, she is sure to be deluged with a great deal of well-meant advice. Some of it is superfluous, some too old-fashioned to fit into the daily routine of the present, some of it entirely distasteful; but here and there she is sure to run across a few nuggets of wisdom that she will treasure up for future use, and rejoice many times over their possession. Such a handful of nuggets, says Martha Haskell Clark, writing in the "C. E. World," was bestowed upon me in my first days of "br'de" housekeeping by a friendly "cullud lady" who was a frequent visitor to my home on wash-days. Her advice I give in its original form.

"Wha' dat you say, honey? Fade dem new frocks? G'way dar now! Ain' never faded no frocks sence I waz born. Course, dese 'ere cheap folks, wha' don't know nuffin, but ol' cheap goods, dey boun' ter muss up things fo' sho'. But I dun' bin washin' for de quality, I has; an' I ain' faded no frocks. No'm!

"Dat brown linen? Sho, dat's easy ter wash. Jes' you go inter de kitchen, and fotch me a cup o' good strong tea. Dar now! I jest pours dat into de water 'fore I washed de dress; an' it ain' gwine to fade none 'lessn you hangs it in de sun. Course, all on dese cullors gwine fade ef you treat dem dat a way. Nebber hang a cullud frock en de sun, or it'll fade sho', nebber min' what you do. Ef you ain' got no tea handy, make sum outer hay by pourin' b'lin' water ober it. Dat 'll work, too.

"What's dat dar? Dem cullud handkerchiefs you dun use for campin'? Sure, de cullors 'll run ef you don' know how ter handle 'em. Jes' you stir a han'ful ob black pepper into de firs' suds, and dey won't run a mite. Dat fixes dem fo' sho'.

"Now, dis pink an' blue waist, and dat ar lavender dress, am de likeliest ob all ter fade. Course, if you soak dem in salt water fus', 'fore you wash dem, why, dat helps some. But dat ain't always 'nuff ter do de job. You run down ter de drug-store dere on de corner, an' you buy me some sugar-ob-lead crystals. Fibe cents' wuff 'll be enuff. An' den I jes' soaks dem dresses in a tub of water wid dem crystals in it fo' half an hour 'fore I washes dem, an' dey won' nebber fade.

"Do I use dem crystals wid green? No'm! For why? 'Cause a leetle squinch ob alum in de water is de bestest thing for green dere is. An', when I washes out, I allays keeps some ob dat on han'. Green am de exasperatin'est thing er-goin'.

"Course, I heard lots ob times 'bout dese vinegar-bafs fo' cullud goods. Yes-sum! Dat's good, too, ter fix de cullors. Jes' you dump a half er cup o' vinegar into de soak-water when you ain' got nuffin' but ornery frocks ter wash. But, when youse got any ob dese ere larngery dresses, like these 'ere weddin' fixin's, why, you jes' min' what I tells yo', and you'll cum out all right ebery time."

And several years of testing have proved both her advice and her prophecy to be founded on the truth.—C. E. World.

IRONING ECONOMY

To effect an appreciable saving in time, electric current and personal strength, the following method of ironing handkerchiefs and everyday napkins has been found satisfactory:

Dampen as usual, and before laying on ironing board give each edge of napkin a smart jerk, holding in both hands to stretch hems to full length and remove wrinkles. Then lay two hems exactly together parallel with the edge of board, and get right hand edges exactly even and at right angles to long edge. Now press this end flat as it lies, run nearly entire length of long edge to the left and iron body of napkin nearly to the left-hand end.

Now get left-hand edge exactly even and at right angles to long edge. Press so, and finish napkin. Fold over as usual, press sharply and rejoice in perfectly even edges, lovely square corners, and a saving of much time and energy. Handkerchiefs do in the same way.

With practice the speed of this method and the very satisfactory results will be a delight to the busy housekeeper to whom minutes saved from ironing mean so much. —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

GRAY CREPE DE CHINE AFTERNOON FROCK IS TRIMMED WITH FRINGE

Soft gray crepe de chine is the foundation for the interesting little fringed afternoon frock shown here.

The fringe is gray, too, and instead of being made of thread it is made of very narrow silk braid. The fringe is sewed flat against the turned-back cuffs.

The same model would be most effective in a bright color such as cherry red or burnt russet, with fringe to match.

If the world is really upside down the way to dry up the cellar is to upset the reservoir in the attic; and the way to get a really law abiding Ontario is to put the government at the service of the liquor trade. That word IF is significant.

My boy or their booze, which?—Mrs. Lorne M. Ruttan, Tweed.

HOME COOKING

HALLOW'EEN REFRESHMENTS

A supper of cold turkey or tongue, with lettuce sandwiches, a dish of fried oysters, and a lobster or celery salad with coffee is not too much trouble to prepare and is very suitable for a cool October night, when appetites are keen. To roast chestnuts all that is necessary is to cut a slit in each nut and cover them in a hot pan over the fire until they are crisp. They are a good finish to a Halloween meal.

Never before were there Halloween favors any more alluring. There are little witches, pumpkins and ghosts. Peanut owls are amusing favors and are easy and inexpensive to make. All you need are some large peanuts, some wooden toothpicks, some pieces of bright-colored feather, and a pencil. Break a toothpick in halves and insert both pieces in one end of a peanut to serve as legs. For a tail, insert a piece of feather behind the toothpick legs. Then with a pencil draw eyes, a beak, breast feathers and wings. The legs and the tail will hold the little owl in an upright position.

Cauldron Punch.—Mix together the juice of one dozen oranges, six lemons, and one pineapple. Add one-half a cupful of syrup of ginger, one pound of sugar dissolved in a cupful of boiling water and allowed to cool, and one cupful of tea of strong brew. When ready to serve, turn over a block of ice in the punch bowl, and add four bottles of ginger ale and enough carbonated water to make the desired quantity. A few candied cherries may be put on top if liked.

Gnome Salad.—To a salad prepared with celery and chicken add half a cupful of chopped and blanched almonds, two finely chopped red peppers, half a cupful of pineapple juice and the juice of one large onion. Mix well, then add a heavy mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with olives stuffed with almonds and serve on white lettuce.

Fairy Fingers.—Beat the whites of a dozen eggs until they are very stiff, and add, alternately, a scant cupful of rather fine granulated sugar and a heaping cupful of pastry flour with which a heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar has already been mixed. Bake in lady-finger tins, and while they are still warm press two together, as you would ladyfingers, after you have spread a thin layer of icing between them, the icing being flavored with almond extract and garnished with powdered almonds.

Name Cookies for Children.—Take your favorite cooky dough, roll it into very thin sheets, then stamp out the cookies in a variety of fancy shapes by using the tin cooky cutters. When the cookies are well browned and wafer-like, take a clean paint brush and with some colored icing or melted chocolate write the name or the initials of a guest upon each cooky.

Cream Cakes. — To the whites of six eggs take one and one-half cupfuls of granulated sugar, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of water, two cupfuls of pastry flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Bake in small tins in various shapes, if possible, and cover with a boiled icing flavored with lemon extract and garnished with bits of candied lemon peel.

If the party is given in the barn refreshments should be served at a long table, from wooden and tin plates and dishes, and witches should wait upon the guests. A big pumpkin filled with autumn leaves is an ideal centre-piece; and a menu card ornamented with pumpkins and black cats is effective. Some unique items for the card are:

Sand-witches, Devil's cake, Broom straws, Witches' brew ,Mystic sweets.

The sand-witches can be of brown nuts or chopped olives; the cake, dark bread with filling of cream cheese, with white frosting ornamented with yellow and black stripes; broom sticks are cheese straws; witches' brew can be grape juice or orangeade; and mystic sweets can be concocted in a multitude or ways, according to one's fancy. Apples and grapes are especially in order.

Lights should be extinguished and the party broken up exactly on the stroke of twelve, the guests being presented with pieces of cake in small yellow boxes ornamented with black cats, owls or bats, to be slept over by those adventurous enough to tempt fate to reveal what of good or ill she holds in store.

Felicity Fudge.—Blend two cupfuls of white granulated sugar with two large mixing spoonfuls of dry cocoa. Slowly add three-fourths of a cupful of milk and mix the ingredients well. Place the panful over a slow fire and let it stand, stirring it occasionally until all the particles of sugar have dissolved. When the mixture is about as thick as syrup move it to a hotter part of the stove and let it slowly begin to boil. Add a piece of butter the size of an egg and cook the mixture until it will form a soft ball when a little is dropped in cold water. Take the pan from the fire, set it in a larger pan that contains cold water, and leave it there until it has cooled somewhat. Then remove it and stir in one small tablespoonful of marshmallow cream and one cupful of broken walnut meats. Be sure to stir in well the cream and the nut meats. They are not to be beaten in. Stir the whole until it is of the right consistency to harden. Then pour it into a buttered pan and when it is almost hard cut it into squares. The slow cooking and the marshmallow cream will make a confection that is rich and smooth.

Chocolate Fudge Cake.—Cook a good chocolate-fudge mixture, and as soon as you have taken it from the fire dip any small round crackers that you have into it. Place the crackers, setting them out separately, in a cool, clean place, and let them stand until they are cool. Served with ice cream or with any other frozen dessert, these chocolate-fudge cakes are delicious.

Coffee Caramels.—Take one cupful of sugar, one-half a cupful of cream, one-fourth cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of very strong coffee, and one cupful of chopped walnuts. Pour all the ingredients, except the nuts into a saucepan and cook the mixture until it forms a soft ball when you drop a little in cold water. Then add the nuts. Beat the whole until it is creamy, turn it into a shallow buttered pan, then cut it into squares as soon as it cools.

Pop-Corn Candy.—1 cup syrup, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, 2 or 3 quarts of popped corn. Boil together the syrup and vinegar until syrup hardens when dropped in cold water. Pour over freshly popped corn and mold into balls or fancy shapes. Little pop-corn witches will please the children. Mark in the features and outlines with melted chocolate. Either honey, maple syrup, molasses, white cane syrup or corn syrup may be used.

Delicious Creamy Taffy.—Two cups granulated sugar, one teaspoon of flour, one-half teaspoon of vinegar, one-half cup cold water, a little vanilla. Mix the sugar and flour, add vinegar to the water and stir into the sugar and flour. Boil until it snaps, but do not stir after putting it on to boil. Pour on a buttered plate. Pull as soon as cool enough, and pull as long as you can. Cut into bits with scissors and put the candy into an airtight pail as soon as it cools, and it will be more creamy. If it is not put into an airtight container it forms a floury texture rather than a creamy one, so for variety leave a few pieces outside.

Molasses Mint Taffy.—Molasses, 1 cup; vinegar, 1 teaspoon; butter, 1 tablespoon; salt, 1-16 teaspoon; soda, 1-2 teaspoon; oil of peppermint, 3 drops. Boil together the molasses, vinegar, salt and butter until the mixture is brittle when tested in cold water (270 degrees F.) Add the soda and peppermint and stir until it stops foaming. Pour into a greased pan (2 pans, 4 x 6 inches). When cool gather into a ball and pull until light and stiff. Stretch out into a long rope and cut into small pieces with scissors. Yield, 40 pieces. Weight, 7 1-2 ounces.

Molasses Taffy.—2 cups Porto Rico molasses, two-thirds of a cup of brown sugar, 3 tablespoons butter and 1 tablespoon vinegar. Put butter in iron or granite pot, place over fire and melt but do not let brown, add molasses and sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. During first part of boiling stirring is unnecessary, but when nearly cooked, it should be constantly stirred. Boil until when tried in cold water, mixture becomes brittle. Add vinegar just before taking from fire. Pour into well buttered pan. When cool enough to handle, pull until porous and light-colored, allowing candy to come in contact with tips of fingers and thumbs but never squeeze it in the hands. Cut in small pieces with large shears or sharp knife and put on buttered plates to cool.

SEASONABLE PICKLE RECIPES

Good vinegar should always be the first consideration in pickle making, for if it is weak or made of chemicals the pickles will not be a success. Boil the vinegar in a porcelain kettle, never in metal. Keep pickles in a cool, dry place, in glass jars if possible, although stone ones will do as well if closely covered. Look over the pickles frequtntly, and if white specks appear in the vinegar skim drain off and scald, adding a teacupful of sugar to every two quarts and pour it over the pickles again. Small pieces of horse-radish placed in the jars will help to preserve pickles. When pickle is kept in large jars, place a saucer on top of each before covering, in order to keep the contents well under the vinegar.

Vegetables that have stood in brine should be well washed and allowed to stand for twenty-four hours in cold water before being used. Then scald them in weak vinegar and drain before making them up. Fresh vegetables may be allowed to stand twenty-four hours in brine before converting them into pickles. The brine for pickles should be strong enough to bear an egg, allowing a pint of salt to a gallon of water. Where it is to be kept some time it is wise to make it a little stronger, as the vegetables can be soaked in weak vinegar if too salt, but if not strong enough they will wilt and spoil.

To make cucumbers a pretty shade of green, line the bottom and sides of the kettle in which they are scalded with grape leaves; spread the leaves between them and thickly over the top. Cabbage leaves may be used in the same way, and a few peach leaves also can be pressed into service. A wooden spoon is the only kind to use in handling pickles. A little olive oil added to the vinegar will improve the flavor of almost all pickles and keep them from spoiling, especially when there is any doubt as to the vinegar being good; place bits of sliced onion and horse-radish in the kettle with the cucumbers, cover with vinegar and heat until the contents reach the boiling point; then turn the pickles over several times while heating and when thoroughly heated remove the onion and pack the pickles in jars. Cover well with vinegar; when ground spices are used they should be tied up in small muslin bags to prevent discoloring the pickle.

Quick Pickle is made in this way: Chop pared cucumbers, taking out the seeds if too large, add as much onion as you like, even to an equal quantity, or grated horse-radish or green pepper; sprinkle a cup of fine salt over two quarts of the mixture; leave over two quarts of the mixture; leave over night; then drain for an hour—nearly a quart of juice will escape—and add as much mild vinegar as it will absorb and mustard or other flavors if desired. It may be eaten the day it is made and will keep for several weeks.

Quick Pickle 2.—To make pickles that will keep all winter and yet be ready to eat in a few days is not difficult. Pour boiling water over small selected cucumbers until all are covered, and leave them until cold; then drain and cover with vinegar prepared thus: To each quart of the vinegar allow one tablespoon of mustard seed, one of mixed spices, one-quarter cup of fine salt, and a few pieces of horse-radish. One teaspoon of powdered alum was formerly used to make the pickles more crihp, but that is not an advisable addition. If mold forms on top of the stone jar in which the pickles are kept, take it off very carefully; the vinegar should then be poured off and scalded. If you want sweet pickles add brown or white sugar in the proportion of one-half to one cup to each quart of vinegar.

Great Uncle's India Pickle.—This is a pickle our family never tires, the recipe, the family legend says, was brought from the West Indies by a great-great uncle when my grandmother was a child. Take quarter of a pound of ginger, half an ounce of ground cloves, half an ounce of dried chillies, four ounces of black pepper, two ounces of ground allspice, four ounces of salt, two ounces of garlic, two ounces of eschalots, quarter of a pound of mustard seed, and a small piece of alum. Put all into two gallons of pure vinegar and boil for half an hour. Mix half a pound of ground mustard and quarter of a pound of tumeric with a little cold vinegar, add to the first mixture and allow it to just come to a boil then set off. Pour into a deep jar or crock.

As your vegetables are ready drop them in stirring the whole well now and then. Wipe small cucumbers, to free them from sand and spines, cut cauliflower into small pieces, peel small onions, top and tail very young beans, cut tiny green tomatoes or squash in halves or quarters to drop in, a few handfuls as you have time and you will wonder how soon your jar fills up. As you walk through the garden pick a handful of green nasturtium seeds and tender pods from a seeding radish and add these, too.

The pickle will need no further cooking and will be ready in six weeks from the time the last vegetables are in. It may then be bottled and sealed if desired.

Southern White Pickle. — Select large white fleshy cucumbers, peel and cut in large dice. Cut sufficient celery in one-inch pieces to measure four cups. Peel one pint of the small silver onions and shell one quart of butter limas. Cover with cold water and bring to a boil; then drain and add three pints of vinegar, one pint of cold water, four level tablespoons of mustard, three level tablespoons of salt, one level tablespoon of white pepper, one cup of grated horseradish, two cups of sugar, clove of garlic, four tablespoons of mustard seed, four dried pepper pods cut in bits. Dissolve the flour, spices and the sugar in the vinegar and water before adding to the pickle; then stir until mixture reaches boiling point. Cook for 30 minutes and then fill into all-glass half-pint jars, seal securely, dipping the tops of the jars when cold in melted paraffin.

Mustard Pickles.—One quart cauliflower, one quart small cucumbers (whole), 1 1-2 pints large cucumbers (sliced), 1 1-2 pints small onions (whole), five sweet peppers (red), brine, one gallon water, 3-4 cup salt. Dressing—One-half gallon cider vinegar, 1 lb. brown sugar, seven tablespoons powdered mustard, 1-3 oz. turmeric, 1-4 oz. curry powder, one tablespoon crushed celery seed, six tablespoons corn starch, 3-4 teaspoon cayenne. Wash and prepare the vegetables by slicing the large cucumbers, chopping the peppers and separating the cauliflower into small flowerets. None of the vegetables should be left in larger pieces than 2 in. Soak all of the vegetables in the brine for 24 hours. Then drain off the brine and soak for two or three hours in clear cold water to freshen. Prepare a liquor of one-half cider vinegar and water and scald the vegetables in this for 15 minutes or until tender. Prepare the dressing by cobmining and rubbing all the dry ingredients together until smooth, then add gradually the vinegar that has been heated. Cook in a double boiler until the mustard sauce thickens. Drain the vegetables while hot carefully and pour the hot dressing over them. Combine thoroughly, pack and seal into hot sterilized jars.

Oil Cucumber Pickle.—300 very small cucumber pickles, salt, 1 cupful olive or salad-oil, 1 ounce celery-seed, 2 ounces black mustard-seed, 2 ounces white mustard-seed, vinegar. Slice very thin (potato slicer may be used) the cucumber pickles, sprinkle with salt, and let stand overnight. In the morning drain, mix together the olive-oil, celery-seed, and the black and white mustard-seed. Pour this over the sliced cucumbers and add vinegar to cover. Pack in jars. No cooking.

Stuffed Peppers.—20 to 25 small green peppers, 1 small head cabbage, 2 medium-sized onions, 1 teaspoonful ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful ground cloves, 1 teaspoonful ground mustard, 1 cupful salt, 1 teaspoonful celery-seed, vinegar. Wash all the vegetables carefully, cut the tops of the peppers almost off and remove the seeds. Cover with cold water and the salt and soak overnight. In the morning drain and fill with a stuffing made as follows. Chop the cabbage and onions fine, mix well with the cinnamon, clove, and mustard. Tie the tops on securely and pack in a stone jar and cover with boiling vinegar. Put celery-seed in a muslin bag and place in the jar if you like the flavor of celery. Keep the jar well covered and do not eat the peppers for six weeks.

Carrot Sweet Pickles.—Six carrots, 1 pint vinegar, 2 pints sugar, 1 teaspoonful cloves, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon. Wash and scrape carrots and boil in slightly salted water until tender. Make a syrup of vinegar, sugar, and spices. When syrup is boiling, slice in all the carrot the syrup will cover, let simmer for a while and then put in jars and seal. More spices may be added, if desired.

Turmeric Sauce.—Two quarts each of finely-chopped onions, cabbage, green tomatoes, green cucumbers, and 4 green or 3 ripe medium-sized peppers. Cover with water; add 2 small cups salt; let stand overnight; in the morning scald in the brine, but do not boil. Drain as dry as possible after scalding. Dressing—Two quarts vinegar, 6 cups sugar, 1 cup mustard, 1 cup flour, 1 ounce turmeric, 1 tablespoon celery seed. Mix smooth, bring to the boil, add vegetables, scald and bottle hot. volnegar add one-half cup of salt and two tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, mixing the salt and mustard together and moistening with a little of the vinegar, then stirring all together. Put in a three gallon jar and stir thoroughly for three mornings. Wash and wipe the cucumbers and put into the jar as they are gathered. When the jar is full cover with horseradish leaves. Always have a weight on top to keep the pickles under the vinegar.

Twentieth Century Dills.—Choose well-shaped cucumbers about 3 in. in length, wipe and pack alternate layers of cucumbers and thin layers of dill, stalks, leaves and seed balls in a large stone jar. Cover them with a brine-and-vinegar solution made with four cups of salt, 1 1-2 quarts of vinegar to three gallons of water. Place a layer of grape leaves on top, weight them down well under the solution, and allow them to stand from three to four weeks before using.

"Mystery Pickle."—Run one peck of green tomatoes, six medium-sized white onions and nine small green peppers through a meat chopper, stir in one-half pint of salt, and let the mixture stand 24 hours. Drain, put on vinegar enough to cover, and cook half an hour. Add one-half pint of vinegar, one-half pound of sugar, two tablespoons of ground mustard, mixed with a little vinegar, two tablespoons of celery seed, one teaspoon each allspice, cinnamon and cloves and a half pint of grated horse-radish. Bottle.

Mustard Pickle 2.—Requires two quarts of onions, four dozen full-grown cucumbers and eight bunches of celery. Skin the onions, cut cucumber into inch squares, and put into salt water for twenty-four hours; drain well. Cut celery into small pieces; mix all together with four pounds of granulated sugar, two ounces of mixed spices and one ounce of small red peppers. Place in jars. Scald two quarts of the best vinegar, add two cupfuls of mustard and two cupfuls of flour mixed smoothly with vinegar; add to scalded vinegar and let it boil one minute; mix with enough cold vinegar to cover the whole.

Celery Pickle.—Take 1-2 gallon of chopped celery, the same of chopped white cabbage, 4 ozs. white mustard seed, 1-2 oz. ginger root, 2 tablespoons salt, 1-2 oz. turmeric, 1-3 cup sugar, 3-4 gallon cider vinegar; let all simmer gently until celery and cabbage are tender; then put in jars.

An ounce of Prohibition
Beats "Government Control,"
We're after Prohibition,
We're sure to reach our goal.
—T. A. Jones, N.B.

I live for those who love me,
For those who think me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And the good that I can do.

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Sold in aluminum packets. — Try it.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN UPON GHOST CEREALS

—if you will, but a farmer would laugh at you if you told him to feed them to his live stock, for he would know that live stock will soon die if fed upon them exclusively. Yet your children have not half the resistance of horses and cows. Then why feed them foods that will kill horses and cows?

Ghost cereals is the name science applies to certain unsubstantial cereal foods whose chief claim for your attention is flavor and ease of serving. Now would you not rather buy real foods, especially for your children, than to buy these fancy packages which, without milk, are hardly foods at all? Certainly you would.

Well, Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal is precisely such a real food. Science proves that it is the darker, rougher parts of the grains that nourish and build sound and vital health. Roman Meal has the dark parts of three whole grains with bran, used in proportions to make a balanced human food. Beef contains 592 food units to the pound: Roman Meal contains over 1,600 food units to the pound. Prevents indigestion, positively relieves constipation. A truly wonderful food. You ought to try Roman Meal. At grocers.

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Fish or cold meats are greatly improved by a dash of Clark's Tomato Sauce. Made from choice ripe tomatoes and pure spices.

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For Young People

HALLOWE'EN HINTS

Many and varied are the forms of entertainment for an All-hallowe'en Party, and the more weird and fantastic the tricks the more suitable. Jack-o'-lanterns should form the chief decoration, mingled with autumn leaves and corn-stalks, with witches and black cats galore.

Cats can be cut from black cambric or paper and attached to curtains, table covers and walls, or an effective way to decorate the room is to hang strips of yellow paper down the length of the wall and on these paste little black paper cutouts, witches, cats, etc. Between the strips have sheaves of autumn leaves.

Dim lights add mystery and charm, so that, if possible, the only illumination should be provided by the Jack-o'lanterns.

The invitations may have a black cat in the corner, a witch, owl or bat.

A witch leaning against a post at one side of the porch, pointing to the entrance, gives an admirable welcome, while the hostess, dressed as a witch, silently admits the guests and conducts them to the dimly lighted roof, or barn as the case may be. Owls, perched on boughs, above curtains—in any and every conceivable place—add picturesqueness to the scene.

A good starter for the evening, after all the guests have arrived and are seated in the dim, half-light, is to let a door slowly open and a white-robed figure glide in, chanting, to soft music.

"'Tis Hallowe'en, the stars are bright,"
at which point a witch enters,
"Witches, too, on Hallowe'en night," she cackles, in dull monotone.

As she pauses a child, dressed as a fairy enters, singing gaily,

"Tis witches night, at stroke of eight,
E'er ghosts on earth are seen,
All gathered here may learn your fate
In rites of Hallowe'en."

Then, dancing and swaying to time of the music, all chant together:—

"When stars shoot
And owls hoot
And bats fly in and out,

When fire's blue
And candles, too,
Then witches are about!"

The witch can then step forward and waving her hand announce the program for the evening.

There are scores of old tricks, always full of interest, from the ducking for apples in a tub of water to the kissing of the blarney stone, which, having been previously treated to a coat of whitewash, reposes in the centre of a big table, the guests being blindfolded and turned around three times before attempting their luck. To those who succeed in this undertaking is supposed to come rare good fortune during the ensuing year.

"Paper Artists" is a good game for Hallowe'en. To play this game, distribute sheets of note paper to the guests, and announce that each player must tear from his sheet, while he or she holds it out of sight under an open newspaper, some particular shape, whether of bird, beast, or other object. Five minutes only will be allowed for the feat. At the end of that time the players must mark their sheets of paper with specially assigned numbers and return them to the master of ceremonies. Paper No. 1 is then passed from hand to hand, and each member of the company writes upon the back what he takes it to represent. When all the papers have gone the rounds, they are returned to their owners, and the artists tell in turn what they intended to make, and at the same time read aloud the guesses of the others as to what they did make. The game is lots of fun. The shapes intended for witches usually prove to be the worst of all.

One quiet game at the Hallowe'en party give the guests pencil and paper and make them compose four-line verses, using the word witch. For another game ask guests to draw a picture of a witch on a broom. The best in each contest gets a little prize.

Guests may wear masks for a Hallowe'en Party and pillow case and sheet costumes, but when the refreshments are to be served have it arranged so that they will will unmask at a given signal.

A BEAVER THAT RODE ON HORSEBACK

Few are the writers of animal stories who have lived as neighborly with the "children of the wild" and studied them as closely as Enos A. Mills, who lives on the slope of Long's Peak, Colorado. He is an admirer and intimate friend of the beavers — those ever-interesting folk who have done so much to make America beautiful. The following story, taken from "In Beaver World," shows how companionable and confiding a pet beaver may become.

"One autumn, while following the Lewis and Clark trail with a pack horse in western Montana, I made camp one evening with a trapper who gave me a young beaver. He was about one month old, and ate twigs and bark as naturally as though he had long eaten them. I named him 'Diver,' and in a short time he was as chummy as a young puppy. Of an evening he played about the camp and often swam in the nearby water. At times he played at dam-building, and frequently displayed his accomplishment of felling wonderful trees that were about the size of a lead pencil. He never failed to come promptly when I whistled for him. At night he crouched near my camp, usually packing himself under the edge of the canvas on which I spread my bedding. Atop the pack on the horse's back, he traveled, a ride which he evidently enjoyed. He was never in a hurry to be taken off, and at moving time he was always waiting eagerly to be lifted on. As soon as he noticed me arranging the pack, he came close, and before I was quite ready for him, he rose up, extending his hands in rapid succession beggingly, and with a whining sort of muttering, pleaded to be lifted at once to his seat on the pack.

"He had a bad fright one evening. About one hour before sundown we had encamped as usual alongside a stream. He entered the water and after swimming about for a time, taking a dozen or so merry dives, he crossed to the opposite side. In plain view, only fifty feet away I watched him as he busily dug out roots of the Oregon grapes and then stopped leisurely to eat them. While he was thus busily engaged, a coyote made a dash for him from behind a boulder. 'Diver' dodged, and the coyote missed. Giving a wail like a frightened child, my youngster rolled into the stream and dived. Presently he scrambled out of the water near me and made haste to crawl under my coat-tail behind the log on which I sat."

Sixteen-year-old Mary had played the piano at a recital the evening before, and the program had appeared in the morning paper. Mary came from school elated "My name is in the paper," she told her mother.

Six-year-old Esther looked up quickly from her play.

"Huh!" she said, coolly, to her older sister, "My name is in the Bible."

WHY CARNEGIE FOUNDED LIBRARIES

Even at an early age Andrew Carnegie believed in books. The impulse to found libraries—so we learn from Mr. A. B. Farquhar in the "First Million the Hardest"—came to him when he was only a messenger boy.

Early one morning, says Mr. Farquhar, Carnegie was sent with a dispatch to Mr. Anderson, the steel master of Allengheny, with instructions to wait for an answer. Mr. Anderson had returned late the night before, and the butler said he could not wake him.

Young Carnegie walked into the library and became immersed in a volume on steel making and the tremendous advantages of steel over iron. When Mr. Anderson finally came down with his answer the boy turned and apologized for having taken the book. Mr. Anderson asked whether he was interested in steel.

"Oh, yes, it is fascinating to me," Carnegie replied.

"Take the book home and read it and return it when you are through with it," said Mr. Anderson.

Carnegie did so and was told to take another; then Mr. Anderson said he might have access to the library. Carnegie said to me that then and there he made up his mind that if he ever became wealthy he would found libraries and give young men the same opportunity that he was enjoying.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

Chestnuts!

1. Why is a little dog's tail like the inside of a tree?
2. When is the best time to read the Book of Nature?
3. Which tree is too slippery to be climbed?
4. Which tree should be at the seashore?
5. Which should always be on hand?
6. Which is present when the baby cries?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Central Acrostic—Raccoon

Pe-r-ch.
Qu-a-il.
Ya-c-ht.
Ra-c-er.
Go-o-se.
Cr-o-ss.
Ca-n-oe.

Rhoda's Queer Hallowe'en

By Arthur Chamberlain.

Rhoda Trafferton, standing in the garden on a blowy day in late October, tore open an envelope hastily, pulling out the greater part of a correspondence card.

"Dear Rhoda:" the card read, "We shall expect you for your visit on the thirty-first instant. Our house is not in apple-pie order, but we have arranged for a Hallowe'en party—"

The little that remained had been torn off in the careless opening of the envelope, but since Rhoda recognized the writing she gave no heed to the torn portion; indeed, seeing a flock of pigeons pecking about at a short distance, she tore the card and envelope into small bits and flung them into the air, laughing to see the pigeons fly away as the wind carried the fragments in among them.

Rhoda hurried back to the house, bursting in upon her mother in the sitting-room.

"Ione Ermingham says I'm to come on the thirty-first, and they're going to have a Halowe'en party for me. That's—why that's tomorrow!"

Mrs. Trafferton looked somewhat perplexed. "I wish you wouldn't take things with such a rush, Rhoda. Did Ione write you? Yes? Where is her note?"

"I tore it up and flung it to the pigeons," laughed Rhoda. "Guess they thought it was an early snow squall. What's the use of keeping a note when you know all about it?"

"But the Erminghams have moved into a new house very recently," went on Mrs. Trafferton, "and I should scarcely think—"

"There was something about not being in apple-pie order," put in Rhoda, "but that doesn't matter, for a Hallowe'en party a bare floor's all the better."

"Very well," remarked Mrs. Trafferton. "Of course, the Erminghams understand the situation."

"And I'm going to take along with me one of those pasteboard jack-o'-lanterns that are for sale down-town," declared Rhoda. "Why, even a flashlight makes one good and bright."

"Don't be so anxious to carry a pack-o'-lantern that you forget to take any extra clothing, Rhoda," warned Mrs. Trafferton, with a twinkle in her eye. "Seriously, though, my dear, I wish you were less of a fly-away. Of course, I can't expect an old head on young shoulders, but for a girl in her teens who, I hope, is trying to learn to be a young lady—"

"Don't worry, Mumsie!" cried Rhoda giving her mother a somewhat bearlike hug. "I'll take stacks of things with me—all that I can pack into my suitcase—but I'm going out now to make sure of that jack-o'-lantern!"

There were plenty of pasteboard jack-o'-lanterns that would have gone easily enough into a suitcase, but Rhoda never stopped to think of that. A large jack-o'-lantern—as large as sh could carry under her arm—caught her fancy, yet for a moment she hesitated.

"Is that the biggest one that you have?" she inquired.

Even the salesman looked surprised. "Largest that we carry, miss, he replied respectfully. "A pumpkin itself doesn't often grow much bigger than that."

The jack-o'-lantern's eyes were delightfully wide open, the triangular nose was generously proportioned, and the mouth with its array of yellow teeth and its joyly, upturned corners, seemed ready for any good time that might come along.

"You're a perfectly splendid Jack!" Rhoda congratulated herself, as she tucked it under her arm and hurried home.

The following evening found Rhoda hurrying along through the streets of a neighboring town, eager for the fun and frolic of Hallowe'en. Jack-o'-lanterns were already beginning to shine through the early dusk, and Rhoda hugged gingerly but with delight an oval bundle under one arm—the pasteboard jack-o'-lantern, much too large to go into the well-filled suitcase that dragged heavily upon her right hand.

"I'm glad it isn't much farther to Ione's," she murmured to herself, "or I don't see how I'd ever get there with this suitcase and Jack. Let me see—it's right around that corner. Ione pointed out the house to me last time I was over to see her, the time she introduced me to Loris Delsmere. She said then they were going to move into it."

Rhoda went around the corner and came up to the house. She could seen no light in any window; everything had a deserted air.

"They must be at home," she declared to herself. "Of course, they are expecting me. Maybe—yes, that's it; tonight's Hallowe'en and they're playing a joke on me; they've turned out all the lights, and I wouldn't wonder a bit if a Jack's waiting to jump out at me when I go up the steps! As if I minded Jacks!"

She went up the steps and, dropping the suitcase willingly enough, rang the bell vigorously.

No one came to the door. Again and again she rang, with the same result.

"I call this carrying a joke pretty far," she muttered, "but maybe they're waiting to see if I go away. But I'm not going away!" she declared, with an air of vexation. "That suitcase is too heavy to carry any further. I'm going around to the back of the house, and if I can get in, I will! Maybe they're waiting for me out in the kitchen."

She dragged the suitcase around to the back of the house, and tried the kitchen door. Yes, it was unfastened! For a moment Rhoda hesitated. A strange house—a dark house—and night coming on—

"Well, they invited me, anyway!" she declared. "Maybe they're hiding inside in the dark, after all, waiting to see if I dare come in. Guess I'm not scared as easy as all that!"

She pushed open the door and entered. Not a sound! She listened for a bit of stifled laughter, for the sound of breathing, as she groped her way along, expectan electric light and the gay merriment of a dozen or so of girls. Working her way into another room, the moonlight shining in at the southern windows showed her that it was unoccupied. At last ing every moment the cheerful flash of she came into a room at the front of the house, and dropped into a chair, mystified and not a little annoyed.

"They can't be here! Of course, they'd never carry a joke as far as all this!" she told herself, disconsolately. "And I'm sure I don't know what to do! They must have moved out of their old house, because all their things are here. The kitchen door's unfastened, too. Let me see, there must be an electric button somewhere."

Groping about a little, she found a button, but alas! no light responded to her pressure. It was clear enough that the house was indeed in anything but "apple-pie order."

"Guess I'll have to get out my flashlight," Rhoda reflected. The flashlight was in the suitcase. She had come across it in packing and had flung it in, without considering that she might find it more convenient in her pocket. Unstrapping her suitcase, she managed to find the flashlight after something of a hunt, and placing the little snap so as to hold the light on, looked about her.

The chairs were covered with sheets. Rugs were rolled up and laid against the wall, and the tables were bare.

"There must be some mistake!" Rhoda declared to herself. "But what can I do? I can't wander all over town, hunting them up. O—why, yes, I can telephone home and ask mother what she thinks I'd better do."

More for the sake of hearing a familiar voice than from any particular desire for advice, Rhoda looked about for the telephone, but it was not long before she discovered that no telephone had as yet been installed.

Rhoda sat down again in one of the sheeted chairs. "Well, they've moved in, and of course they'll be home some time!" she consoled herself. "Can's say, though that there's much fun in a Hallowe'en like this!"

Settling herself disgustedly in the chair, she gazed around her. "Doesn't seem as if I could sit here nobody knows how long, waiting for somebody to come in!" she lamented. "Why, I've scarcely seen a jack-o'-lantern—" She stopped with a little laugh. "Maybe I might as well get out that Jack that I brought along with me. I can put my flashlight into it, and that'll seem a little like Hallowe'en."

Rhoda unwrapped her pack-o'-lantern and it on a table near the window. She thrust her flashlight, which was long and cylindrical, into a convenient opening in the top of the Jack-o lantern's head, and amused herself by snapping the light off and on. The room was not entirely dark, even without the flashlight, for the shades were not drawn and the moonlight streamed in.

As she snapped on the light for perhaps the half-dozenth time, Rhoda was a little startled at the sight of a man's face peering in at the window. She hastily snapped out the light and drew back into the semi-darkness.

"I—I guess I'd better not do that any more!" she murmured to herself. "And—O dear me! The kitchen door's unlocked, and I'm sure I don't know where to look for the key!"

She waited a little while, but hearing nothing, ventured out into the kitchen with her flashlight. "Maybe the key's somewhere around the door," she told herself hopefully.

Going to the door, she tried it. The door was unmistakably locked.

Rhoda stared at the door. "It can't be a snap-lock, or I couldn't have come in," she decided, nodding her head. "Well—it's locked, anyway."

She flashed the light carefully around the kitchen. She would have been more comfortable if she had been certain that the door, however it came to be locke

had been locked from the outside. Concluding at last, however—sensibly enough—that no one could have walked over the hardwood floors without her being aware of the fact, she went cautiously on her way once more to the front of the house, perplexed indeed at finding the door locked, but somewhat relieved as well.

"It's better that the door is locked," she assured herself, "if I'm going to wait here all the evening. Dear me! I don't see why it is that everything has turned out so— queer!"

Nevertheless, Rhoda decided that she did not care to light up her jack-o'-lantern again at the window.

"Maybe I'll feel more comfy upstairs," she considered, and, taking her flashlight, she started upward.

The rooms at least were in order. Rhoda was too well-bred to rove about in the chambers, but she ventured into an upstairs sitting-room and, finding a comfortable-looking lounge, lay upon it.

"I—I guess this—is about as—good—as—any place," she reflected drowsily, closing her eyes.

Why, it was certainly queer! Her jack-o'-lantern that she had left downstairs was marching around her on a man's shoulders—only it did not look so much like a jack-o'-lantern as the face of the man whom she had glimpsed through the window. Nevertheless, it must be her Jack, because no man would have a flashlight sticking out of the top of his head and shining out through his eyes, nose and—

"Rhoda! My dear! Wake up!"

Rhoda gave a little wriggle and opened her eyes. There was no man and no pack-o'-lantern, but Ione was bending over her with the flashlight and Mrs. Ermingham was standing a little behind Ione.

"O—you've come home," Rhoda remarked sleepily.

"Don't you want to go to the party, Rhoda?" inquired Ione, in puzzled tones.

"Why, yes. Is it downstairs?" answered Rhoda, blinking a little.

"Downstairs! Why, it's over at Loris Delsmere's! Didn't you read my note? We couldn't have a party here, because downstairs isn't quite to rights, so Mrs. Delsmere said—"

"There, don't trouble Rhoda with all that at present, Ione," laughed Mrs. Ermingham. "We've found you in plenty of time for the party, Rhoda, although we did wonder where you were. O never mind about all that now! Here's your suitcase and jack-o'-lantern. Ione has your flashlight. We'll go right over to the Delsmeres. You can dress there more comfortably than you can here. The electric lights are not yet in commission. There was some trouble with the wiring at the last moment, and the gas is uncertain. These quarter meters—"

Hurried along in a friendly fashion through the moonlit streets, Rhoda began to ask herself if she were really awake, or if this were only a continuance of her dream. "If it is a dream," she told herself, "it's getting to be a very nice dream, and I don't want to wake up till I've been to the party, anyway! And I don't understand about that kitchen door!"

As they went up the steps of the Delsmeres' house, a man came toward them, and Rhoda gave a little gasp. "Why—that's the man I—I saw look in at the window!" she murmured to herself. "I dreamed about him, too! No, I'm not dreaming—now!"

"Was it all right, if you please, 'm?" inquired the man of Mrs. Ermingham.

"All right, and thank you very much Mr. Fellerby," replied Mrs. Ermingham. "This was the reason for the jack-o'-lantern!" she laughed, indicating Rhoda.

"You certainly did give me a start, Miss!" declared Mr. Fellerby, nodding his head. "Knowing I hadn't seen to the back door myself, and the men being a bit careless, I went back to make sure; and that pumpkin thing of yours seemed to jump at me; but I locked the door and says to myself, 'There's queer doing, Hallowe'en,' and then I come over here and—"

"O that was how the door got locked!" exclaimed Rhoda. "And I guess if I hadn't torn off the end of your note, Ione—"

"My dear!" broke in Mrs. Ermingham, between reproof and laughing. "That, then, was why you found no one to welcome you, and almost missed the party! Well, you'll remember another time, won't you?"

Rhoda thought of the empty house in the moonlight as she glanced at the house before her, aglow with lights, filled with guests and abounding in laughter and good cheer.

"I certainly will read everything that's in a note after this!" she cried, as the three went into the warm radiance of the great hall, where jack-o'-lanters grinned cheerfully and tissue-paper black cats with exaggerated tails stood out against deep orange backgrounds.

"O!" Rhoda breathed to herself, "how thankful I ought to be that I didn't miss this party, after all!"—"The Classmate."

Can't tame, can't control;
Kill the monster without soul.
—Wm. H. Scott, Oshawa.

Peter Pumpkin's Wish

A Story for Little Folk by Mary Small Wagner.

Peter Pumpkin lay in the cornfield, basking in the rays of the great October sun. The sun had been very good to Peter and his brothers, for he had sent down his little sunbeams to dress them in their golden suits for Hallowe'en. The raindrops, too, had lent their aid. As a result, Peter was gradually turning from green to a bright, healthy yellow color. He was a very happy Pumpkin, indeed, and had only one wish—to have eyes, a nose, and a mouth, like the beautiful moon. Peter could not see the moon, since he had not eyes; but the old owl had described her to him, and he thought she must be the most wonderful thing in the world.

At last Peter wished so hard to have eyes, nose, and mouth, that he determined to find a way to get them. "The moon is useful in lighting the world," the moonbeams said. "You must be of some use if you would look like her." And they promised to help him.

Soon after that a little boy named John came into the cornfield, trundling a wheelbarrow.

"Here is a fine pumpkin for Hallowe'en, tonight," he said, and then Peter felt something sharp press upon his stem. After that he felt himself put into a wheelbarrow and carried away. "I wonder what is going to happen to me?" he said to himself. Presently the wheelbarrow stopped, and he was lifted out and carried into the house.

"See what a fine pumpkin I have brought you, Aunt Dinah!" said a voice, as Peter felt himself thumped down on the kitchen table.

"It certainly is," said another voice, "and I'm going to make you some pumpkin pies."

"Then I will get it ready for tonight," said John. Here Peter felt another cut, and then a very sharp pain inside. "Now, I am going to be useful," he thought; but he did not stir, for he was a brave fellow. Presently he felt a curious, empty feeling, and then he felt John cutting little holes in him with his jackknife. In five minutes he was a wonderful pumpkin head. He saw John and Aunt Dinah laughing at him, and drew a deep breath of happiness. His wish had come true.

That night they put a lighted candle inside him and carried him about, to the great joy of all the boys—and the fear of the little tots.

How he enjoyed it all! Then he was hung to the porch. The young people and children were having games and making merry in the house; their happy laughter floated out to him. Peter Pumpkin was glad to rest awhile, swinging in the crisp October air, with his candle burning brightly. The moon peeped out from behind a cloud and seemed to smile at him. A brownie had seated himself crosslegged on the railing, and he nodded up at Peter good-naturedly.

"Well, Friend Peter," said the brownie "how are you enjoying our night?"

"I think it is lovely," said Peter, "and it means a great deal to me, for I have never had features before."

"It seemed a pity that your pleasure should be so short. Tomorrow you will go to the dust heap," said the brownie teasingly.

Somehow that remark did not make Peter Pumpkin sad. He went on swinging in the breeze. They talked together until long after the house was darkened for the night. At last the brownie got down from his perch, yawning, and stretching his short legs.

"The birds are beginning to twitter, and dawn is no friend of mine," he said, and vanished. The candle spluttered and went out, and all was still for a while.

In the morning a pretty young girl tripped out on the porch.

"Good morning, Peter Pumpkin!" she said brightly. "You shall not go to the dust heap today. I will hang you in the nursery."

So she unhooked him and took him into the house and up to the old, old nursery, where so many children have played, and studied, and slept. There, over the mantel, Peter Pumpkin is growing old and getting rather wrinkled, but he does not mind. He watches John and the other boys studying their lessons every night round the open fire, and is enjoying a serene old age, for he has been both useful and happy.—Youth's Companion.

THE JACK-O'LANTERN

BY MARIAN CLARK POTTER.

To the man who tends the garden little brother said to-day,
"We want a yellow pumpkin, very round."
And the wind among the cornstalks, where we stood hand in hand,
Made a funny little rattling sort of sound.
It was very bright and frosty, and the man said, "Come with me,
I will find you what you want if you will wait."
Then he took us through the corn lines past the heavy apple trees;
There were piles of yellow pumpkins by the gate.

And he asked, "To make a pie with, or to roll upon the ground?"
And he smiled when little brother shook his head.
Then, "I really won't be guessing, but I think I know the kind—
I was little once myself, you know," he said.
And we looked at him and twinkled while he hunted all about
Till he got the very roundest of them all;
Then he winked at brother, and made a funny face at me,
..And he set the pumpkin

up upon the wall.

"'Tis the king of all the
I'll be scooping out the
others!" cried the cheery garden man.
middle, if you say!"
And we told him "Yes," in whispers, for it was our secret plan,
And we watched him while he cut the heart away.
Then he asked us, "And his eyes? Shall his nose be long and wise?
Shall he have a ragged, jagged sort of smile?"
And we told the garden man, "Please as quickly as you can;
We can only wait a very little while."

Then he laid his knife beside him, and he said, "Here is the man!
He'll be looking very happy with a light."
And we rolled him in our jackets, and we thanked the garden man,
And we hurried home to wait until the night.
When the little moon is shining, then we'll hide behind the wall,
And we'll put the yellow candle into place.
Through the pretty lighted windows of the children that we know,
While the fathers read their papers and the mothers sit and sew,
There will shine a merry jack-o'-lantern's face

—Selected.

THE REMEDY

To find a cure for all his ills
He went to doctors, took their pills;
To mineral spring and mountain peak
He went, his wonted health to seek;
To sanitariums he went,
On strength and restoration bent;
To specialists of every kind,
But no assistance did he find.
And now was left but one more chance.
He went—'twas not to sunny France—
The last resort he would not shirk,
And so—he went— he went— to work.

—Frank Strickland, in Our Young People.

AN OWL DECOY FOR HAWKS

The New York Conservation Commission gives a report of hunting hawks with a stuffed owl for a decoy. It is said that this works very well. The great horned owl is best for the purpose. A stuffed specimen of this owl is put at the top of a long pole and set up against a dead tree, usually on a hill where hawks are known to congregate. The hunter hides behind a tree or rock and waits for the hawks to come. It seems that the hawks have some reason to show great anger against the owl, and they will come and attack the stuffed bird with great energy. Their anger is so great that they seem to forget their usual caution, and put themselves in a position where they can be easily shot. An owl put up in such a place will decoy almost any hawk remaining in that locality. The month of April or early May is the best time for practicing this form of hunting. It is said that the crows will also come and attack the owl, although they are more cautious than the hawks, and spend more time in investigating. The hawks, however, have such a hatred for the owl that they become quite fearless and expose themselves recklessly. Colonel Worth Robinson of West Point seems to have originated this plan of using stuffed owls as decoys. He is said to have had 57 hawks attack the decoy in one morning, so that he killed 27 of them.

PLEBISCITE PHILOSOPHY

The tipplers take it
Because we make it

The folks of this Dominion
Who have her weal at heart
Are of the plain opinion
That Canada should part
With her whole trade in liquor,
More bitter far than gall,—
And, more than this, the quicker,
The better for us all.

First, stop its manufacture;
For it's an evil thing,
And tends sad hearts to fracture
That feel its painful sting.
For it is like an adder
Or serpent that will bite
Till human hearts are sadder—
Grieved by the drunkard's plight.

A truthful public talker
(Nor need he be a sage)
Will tell you, wine's a mocker
And strong drink causes rage;
Then all strong liquor banish,
And vow to make no more;
So many ills will vanish
That cursed our land before.

The public smell it
Because we sell it.

Second, if folks can buy it,
(No matter how or where),
They're very apt to try it
To wet their bill of fare.
Now alcohol can't nourish,
But only stimulate;—
It does not make men flourish,
But sends them to their fate.

It does not make them fonder
Of family and friends,
But causes them to squander
The cash on which depends
Their household food and raiment
And other things worth while,
For which they can't make payment
Yet pay for liquor vile.

Then were it not for making
And selling alcohol,
There would be less forsaking
Of home and loved ones all;
And if for beverage uses
The stuff is made and sold,
It leads to gross abuses
And miseries untold.

Its importation
Demeans our nation:
Tho' others court it,
Let's not export it.

Third, as for importation
And export—stop them both;
For this and every nation
To drink it are not loth
If made and sold and furnished
By this and every land
In places brightly burnished,
With ample stocks on hand.

For man's a social being,
However much depraved,
And much depends on seeing
And tasting what is craved.
Then common sense advises
To put all vice away,
In all its shrewd disguises,
Else virtues soon decay.

The means for social pleasure
And human brotherhood
Are found in ample measure
In things distinctly good.
Men find this blest reunion
In paths that Jesus trod,
With spiritual communion
And fellowship with God.

W. W. WEESA.
Picton, Ont.

Problems of Homemakers

Old Sight

Old Subscriber.—Old sight is due to increasing hardness of the crystalline lens, which makes the work of thickening or thinning the lens more difficult for the focusing muscle. Therefore a person who has had no previous trouble with the eyes may naturally find near work more and more difficult at the age of forty-five or fifty, though that isn't old age by a long sight, only short sight. If there happens to be some degree of near sightedness to begin with the patient will not experience much difficulty from old sight until further along in life. On the other hand, if there happens to be far-sight to begin with, then old sight comes earlier in life.

Cleaning Fine Lace

Fine lace should never be rubbed with the hands in the process of cleaning. A good way to wash lace is to half fill a quart jar with warm water to which a tablespoonful of soap chips or shaved soap has been added. Put the lace into the jar and shake vigorously. Remove the lace carefully and rinse in the same manner in another jar of clear water. Straighten out the lace carefully and lay it on a white cloth in the sun to bleach and dry.

Rust Stains

W. B.—Try the following: Juice of one lemon, two teaspoons salt and one cup of water; mix in small enamel saucepan and set on stove. When boiling dip in the part of garment, towel or handkerchief which is rust stained. In a minute or less the spot will disappear.

Polished Brass

O. S.—The brass polished in the good old way with oil and rotten stone retained its fine yellow polish because of the oil, the newer polishes containing acids or the lemon and salt method give a whiter and more brilliant tone but it soon dims again unless lacquered or gone over with oil.

Our Needlework Corner

Knitted Child's Slipover

M.—A slipover for a child of from 2 to 4 years may be made as follows:—

4 Balls Blue.
1 Ball White.
1 Pair No. 9 and a pair of No. 10 Needles.

Back—With White wool, cast on 66 sts. Knit 6 ridges plain. Break off White and tie on Delf. Knit in pattern as follows: 1st row—Knit. 2nd row—Purl. 3rd row—Knit. 4th row—Knit 6, * purl 1, knit 9. Repeat from * across row. Repeat 3rd and 4th rows alternately 3 more times, thus making 10 rows of pattern. 11th row—Knit. 12th row—Purl. 13th row—Knit. 14th row—Knit 1, * purl 1, knit 9. Repeat from * across row, ending with knit 5. Repeat 13th and 14th rows alternately 3 more times. These 20 rows form one complete pattern. Repeat till work measures 13 1-2 inches. On following row, cast off 16 sts. in centre for neck. On one side now work front. Knit 6 rows for shoulder, continue pattern, increasing 1 st. at neck end every 4th row till work measures 5 1-2 inches. Break wool. Repeat same for other front. Now knit all sts. on to one needle, decreasing a few sts. in centre if necessary or adding 1 or 2 to make pattern even. Knit same length as back. Cast off.

Sleeve—Cast on 54 sts. 1st row—Knit. 2nd row—Purl. 3rd row—Knit. 4th row—Knit 9, purl 1. Repeat to end of row. End row with knit 4. Repeat 3rd and 4th rows alternately 3 more times. 11th row—Knit. 12th row—Purl. 13th row—Knit. 14th row—Knit 4, * purl 1, knit 9. Repeat from * to end of row. Repeat 13th and 14th rows alternately 3 more times. Knit till sleeve measures 7 1-2 inches. Break off Delf and tie on White wool. With No. 10 Needles, knit 2 ridges plain. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 2 inches. Cast off.

Band Around Neck — With No. 10 Needles and White wool, cast on 16 sts. Knit till long enough to fit around entire neck. Fold double and sew neatly to neck of sweater.

Note: — St. means stitch; ridge means 2 rows; decrease means knit two stitches together. A star (*) means that directions immediately following are to be repeated the given number of times in addition to the original, thus "repeat from * twice" means to make pattern 3 times in all.

SEWING ROOM HINTS

It takes only a minute to cut the feet off a pair of old white stockings, hem the raw edge and convert them into neat, serviceable sleeve protectors.

When the yoke of a nightdress becomes worn, cut off the nightdress skirt, take out the sleeves, and sew it across the top, leaving a small opening through which the hook of a suit-hanger may be slipped, and use it to protect a light dress hanging in the wardrobe. Washed but seldom it will last a long time, and will be found more convenient than a bag, as it is so much easier to insert the dress without crushing.

If you cover button molds with soft flannel or flannelette before you put on the silk or other fine material they will look better and wear longer.

A torn buttonhole either on a pillowslip or on some article of clothing induces a feeling of despair. But that is easily surmounted if one sets about mending the tear in the right way. The buttonhole must first be pulled into its original position, and a piece of linen tacked underneath. A slit is then cut in this underpatch exactly to correspond with the old buttonhole. The edge of the buttonhole should then be joined to the fresh material with a strong buttonhole stitch. The spare material on the wrong side can be cut away, and the result will be a perfectly good, strong buttonhole.

Oh! hear the call,
Join in the fight;
Stamp out the rum
And guard the right.
—Mrs. L. R. Margeson, N.S.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Aluminium articles can be restored to their original whiteness by cleaning with a mixture of thirty grains of borax in a pint of water, to which five or six drops of ammonia have been added.

Scratches and marks on polished furniture can be removed by rubbing them with linseed oil and turpentine.

In kitchens where cockroaches are found, borax is invaluable. Powdered borax should be sprinkled round the stove and about all corners and crannies infested by these disgusting insects. When the borax is swept away, it should be replaced with more at once, and if this remedy is steadily persisted in, the kitchen will be free of the pests in a surprisingly short time. Of course it is wise, even after the house is clear, to occasionally use borax again, for there is no security against a new colony of cockroaches.

Cut glass should be washed in lukewarm water which has been softened by the addition of soap, ammonia, or washing soda.

The rubber soles of tennis shoes have an annoying habit of wearing long before the upper part is at all affected. One of the most troublesome defects is the crack which may put in appearance quite soon. This may be set right in the following manner. Get an iron skewer and heat this, but not up to the point of making it red. Then open the crack and thrust the hot iron down, rubbing it well along the sides. This will melt the rubber, and when the surface is quite soft, press the sides of the crack together. Hold like this until the rubber sets, which will be in a few moments. Then pass the iron, newly heated, over the top of the crack until all vestige of it is hidden in a layer of newly melted rubber. When the soles wear into actual holes, patches may be applied. Pieces of old hot water-bags, bicycle tyres, or anything similar may be used. Cut them a little larger than the hole, and then melt the rubber by heat all round the hole. Press the patch on and go all round the borders at the top with the heated iron. In this way a satisfactory repair that will last quite a long while may be carried out.

PAYING HER KEEP

If the story told by a contributor to the Rural New-Yorker is true, we never again can doubt the thrift of old New England. According to the story, paupers are almost a negligible quantity in the Cape Cod region. Read this:

On the way from one town on Cape Cod to another, a Bostonian came upon a charming house by the roadside which immediately claimed his attention. It bore a fresh coat of white paint, which was well set off by green blinds. There was a smooth piece of lawn in front, a group of fine shade trees, and hammocks, piazza chairs, brilliant sofa pillows, and all the adjuncts of summer comfort in luxurious profusion.

A boy of fourteen accompanied the man from Boston as guide and adviser. To him the stranger put this query, "Whose place is this?"

"Oh," said the boy casually, "that's the poorhouse," as if there were nothing unusual about it.

"The poorhouse! You seem to have luxurious paupers in this town."

"Well, sir, you see we ain't got but one, and she's an old woman. The overseers board her out with one of the neighbors, and let the poorhouse to some of them Boston swells for the summer, and that pays her keep."

ONTARIO'S CALL

This mother province calls again
To those who make their meaning plain
When they their minds declare:
And you who seek the good of all
Will say in answer to her call,
"I surely will be there!"

The traffic which has caused such ill
Will urge you with persuasive skill
In all its plans to share:
But to this mother's strong appeal
You will reply with earnest zeal,
"I surely will be there!"

This mother says your work and vote
Are far too sacred to be bought
By any tempter's snare:
To strengthen prohibition's sway
You will, for earnest effort, say,
"I surely will be there!"

With firm decision take your stand
With those who love this favored land
And for its welfare care:
And say, where you may strengthen those
Who all the traffic's plans oppose,
"I surely will be there!"

T. WATSON.

Ridgetown, Ont. 1924.

The king and queen of the Belgians who arrived in London unheralded two days ago, travelling from Belgium as ordinary passengers in an airplane, have been surprising interesting Britishers by doing an unconventional thing or two each day. The visit of the Belgian monarchs to England is a purely informal one. All that King George and Queen Mary know about it is what they read in the papers, for the British court is now at Balmoral, in Scotland, and the Belgian rulers are staying at a west end hotel.

Don't sell your boys to pay the taxes.—David Crozier, N.S.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN SCOTLAND

One of Steady, Persistent Effort, Says Miss Marion Ferguson

Miss Marion Ferguson, a National Officer of the Scottish W. C. T. U., was in Montreal last week at the end of her transcontinental Canadian tour.

Miss Ferguson characterizes the Scottish temperance movement as one of steady persistent effort in and out of season. "Three generations of Scots," she said, "have been loyally working for prohibition, and we know it is coming soon. We have not found that our people are responsive to any great extent to special rallies. As a race they do not show a great deal of enthusiasm. We have relied greatly, though, on our educational methods."

Every week the school-children in Glasgow who are old enough to listen, hear a lecture on temperance. The lecturers who speak to groups of the children are University graduates, trained for this work, who know whereof they speak. Special courses of lectures upon the same subject are provided for University and Normal College students. This system of school and college lectures has been in operation for years and was fostered by the Scottish Union.

The W. C. T. U. of Scotland, established in 1876, has, according to Miss Ferguson, an approximate membership of 70,000. During her nine years as superintendent, Miss Ferguson has seen the "Y's" grow from 500 to 9,000.

Before the end of the year, 89 areas in Scotland will vote under the local option measure. It is confidently expected that a large number will vote themselves dry. While in Montreal Miss Ferguson was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Montreal Northern District W. C. T. U.

Occasionally we have need to be patient with others, but not so often as we are called upon to be patient with ourselves.

The 'Witness' Pattern Service

A COMFORTABLE PLAY SUIT FOR THE SMALL BOY

4854. Seersucker, linene or cotton repp would be suitable for this style. The free edges may be bound with braid or bias seam tape.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3 year size requires 2 1-4 yards of 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR STYLE FOR A MASQUERADE SUIT

4900. This model may be developed in flannel cambric or jersey cloth. The coat is separate, and is joined to the hood at the neck. This is a very popular costume for children's theatricals, fancy dress parties and masquerades.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 5 yards of 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A PLEASING HOUSE OR MORNING FROCK

4887. Linen, gingham or crepe could be used for this design. It is a good model for stout figures.

The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4 3-8 yards of one material 32 inches wide. If made as illustrated it will require 3 3-4 yards of plain material and 5-8 yard of figured material. The width at the foot is 1 3-4 yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A STYLISH EVENING OR DINNER GOWN

4892. Chiffon and lace are combined in this illustration. The model is good also for crepe de chine, voile and silk. The cascades on waist and drapery may be faced with a contrasting color.

This Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1 3-4 yard. To make the dress as illustrated will require 2 yards of figured material for the skirt, and 4 3-4 yards of plain material 40 inches wide for waist and drapery for a 38 inch size. If made of one material 6 3-4 yards will be required. Embroidered or beaded voile or chiffon would be very pleasing for this model.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

COUPON PATTERN

Please send me
PATTERN NOS. } No. ..... No. .....
At the rate of fifteen cents each.
Amount enclosed. ..... Cents
Name .....
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OUR NEW SERIAL

Journey's End

By Edna A. Brown.

(By special arrangement with Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., publishers, Boston)

SYNOPSIS

Caroline Chittock and Amory Russel though fond sister and brother have been brought up in very different environments. Caroline, the older by two years, living with Grandmother Payne up to her marriage, is a fashionable woman and sadly out of touch with the more serious side of life. She shares her husband's lovely home on the Hudson, a childless home, the currents of their lives scarcely touching. The story opens with the return of Amory Russell, from overseas. Carol entreating him to stay and practice his profession in New York where his distinguished manner, brilliant record in France, coupled with her prestige in fashionable circles would ensure him fame as a ladies' doctor in a very short time. To this Amory listens in scornful silence. He has entirely different ideals upon which to build his future from those of his pleasure-loving sister. The training and loving guidance of his life through his Quaker Aunt Eunice is too deeply rooted to be so easily exchanged for a future of ease, luxury and the flattery of silly women. So Dr. Russell sets out for Journey's End, his home, and that of his dear sweet aunt. Passing a Red Cross Carnival, he enters and has his palm read by a palmist. He overhears the reading of a young girl's hand, of a coming threatened disaster. His own palm indicates an identical tragedy. Half amused, half interested in the fleeting impression of dark hair and shadowy eyes of the girl whose fate should be coupled with his he proceeds to Journey's End.

CHAPTER IV. (continued)

"For as long as Grandmother can tolerate me," said the smiling Phebe. "She wanted me to come earlier, but I was delayed because I promised to help with a Venetian entertainment our church was giving. Just as soon as it was over, I came flying to Freeport. Please pardon me, Mrs. Russell, for being late this morning."

Amory gave the girl a keen look. She came from Providence; she had been at the carnival. Allowing for evening dress and for the very subdued lights of the booth,—yes, this "must" be the same girl. Yet her companion had called her Eve. Well, Eve and Phebe were not dissimilar in sound; his ears might have betrayed him.

"And that caterpillar," said Phebe, turning again to Amory as Mrs. Russell's attention was claimed by Mary Barton. "It is wrong of me, but I was 'so' tempted not to attract your attention and to see what would happen if we let it alone."

"You were not alone in temptation," replied Amory.

CHAPTER V

In Which Amory Hears a Story and Makes An Important Decision

"And now tell me of Caroline," said Mrs. Russell after tea on First Day, as she seated herself on the brick terrace to watch the shadows lengthen through the garden and over the harbor. "I am so glad thee could have that little visit with her. I have not seen Caroline since Robert died. She came to me then, and was sweet and daughterly, but I did not feel at ease concerning her. She appeared sad, or perhaps not exactly sad, but not at peace with herself."

"She was thin and looked tired," replied Amory, who was leaning against one of the pillars of the stately porch. "She was also deep in engagements of various kinds."

"Her life seems to me ill-planned. She is young and I believe that the young should be joyous, but Caroline is old enough to have found out where true happiness lies. I wish I felt that Jermain is the man who will develop her character to its fullest possibilities."

Amory, looking into the garden, smiled to himself, partly at his knowledge of Carol's environment, partly at his aunt's sweet unworldliness. In his experience, the present generation concerned itself very little with the development of character!

"Caroline has lived in such different surroundings," went on his aunt, "that she and I do not look at things from the same view-point. And it is a constant struggle for any of us to keep the small things of life small and the large things large. Whenever Caroline came to Journey's End, I tried to do my duty by her, but I have taken myself to task that I did not love her as I loved thee.

"I have sometimes thought," she continued, "that Caroline yet resents a chastisement that I once administered during her childhood. I admit that it was given in haste and even in anger. I found her heaping coals from the fire upon a rug in the east parlor, because she had read a fairy-tale of a wizard who, in that manner, constructed a magic camel out of a hearth-rug. I was so horrified at what she had done; at the danger to herself; and over how easily she might have destroyed the house, that I took Caroline to my room and spanked her with my ivory-backed hair-brush. Does thee think she can still resent it?"

Amory turned a laughing face to his aunt. "Caroline spoke most lovingly of thee, Aunt Eunice. Resent it?—I am sure she does not."

"At the time, I accused myself with being more concerned over the damage to a valuable rug and with the peril in which she had placed her own life as well as Journey's End, than with the pernicious effects upon her mind of the tale she had read. I experienced severe qualms of conscience."

Amory sat down upon the terrace steps and laid his head on his aunt's knee, his eyes brimming with laughter.

"And has thee experienced no qualms for the times thee chastised me?"

"Thee needn't try to tease me, Amory. Thee knows there is no bitterness in thy heart concerning any discipline thee received at my hands. Thee was never punished except when thee richly deserved it and never in haste and never in anger. But I spanked Caroline without stopping for reflection and without considering her home-training and her nature. It is true that when I confessed my error to Robert, he remarked that he wished I had done it before and he hoped I would do it again. And I recall that during the rest of her visit that summer, Caroline was more mannerly and more obedient than usual. Amory, thee is deranging my kerchief. Thee reminds me of the way Elizabeth flies at me with a sudden kiss."

"Who is Elizabeth, and what right has she to hug my Aunt Eunice?" demanded Amory.

"Elizabeth Emerson, who lives next door. When Admiral Fiske died, the place was purchased by John Emerson of New York. Elizabeth is one of his daughters. There are two older girls, Dorothy and Marion, and then comes Elizabeth, who is twenty-two, and William, who is fourteen. I have merely met the parents and the older girls, but in one way and another, I have seen a good deal of Elizabeth, who interests me greatly. She has been away on a visit and I do not think she can yet be at home or she would surely be running in. She often helps me with my flowers and comes and goes as she likes in the garden."

"How does she look?" asked Amory. "This morning when I was cutting roses, I encountered a young girl in the lilac walk, and for a moment she made me feel as though I were the stranger, not she."

"It must have been Elizabeth. I did not know she had returned. She is tall and slender, and very quick in her motions. Her hair is black, with curious bluish shadows, and she has dark eyes and a smooth brown skin."

"Then it was Elizabeth all right enough. She ordered me not to step on some seedlings, and when I asked her name would not tell it, and when I offered her roses, chose red ones. She informed me that my dear Aunt Eunice was an angel astray from heaven, and when she took leave of me, her face wore a positively heathenish expression."

"That is Elizabeth," sighed his aunt. "The child has many moods and some of them are strange. Elizabeth runs over to show me her dainty frocks and pretty slippers, and I enjoy seeing them and hearing of her parties and good times. And yet she often uses most peculiar language and her manner lacks the distinctive repose which characterizes a lady. The present generation of young girls astonishes me, and yet I cannot help loving their grace and youth. I have grown fond of Elizabeth, though I do not wholly approve of her. She is sweet at heart and has in her the making of a noble woman, but her home environment and her companions are not what I could wish for a girl of such temperament. I try to be tolerant toward this changing world but there are times when I find it difficult to reconcile my conscience to the effort necessary. Let me tell thee of an experience which I had with Elizabeth and see whether thee thinks me illiberal in my dealings with her.

"She came to me one day," Mrs. Russell went on, "straight from a motor-ride and dance, and it was borne in upon me that I owed a duty to Elizabeth. Her dress was composed of a scant three yards of material,—there could not have been more. It was immodest and even its color was not respectable. Laugh if thee likes,—I do not mind, but it will do thee no harm to hear this tale of Elizabeth.

"She had in her ears pendants two inches long, and her face was both powdered and painted. Her hat—her hat, Amory, was 'sinful.' It was a wicked little hat. All this was bad enough, but when she kissed me, as she did at once, her lips were sullied with tobacco."

Amory, his face buried in his aunt's lap, tried to keep his shoulders from shaking.

"It came to me that I must do my duty by Elizabeth. I told her to take off that hat, and she did so and threw it from the terrace. I told her to sit down and to turn her face from me, for I would not look upon it. She obeyed. Then I spoke the words that were given me to utter. I told her that her dress was worse than she could know; I told her that it was improper both in cut and color, and that it would make any well-brought-up youth, like my Amory, believe her what she was not. I told her what I thought of her hat and of her stockings, and that her ears were too dainty to disfigure with those great pendants. Elizabeth tore them off and threw them after the hat."

"Elizabeth has certainly known her moments with the lilac switches," murmured Amory, lifting a laughing face from its refuge.

"What did thee say, dear? I did not understand thy allusion?"

"Thee would not, Aunt Eunice. Go on with thy story. I find it interesting."

"I told Elizabeth that I would as soon see paint upon the Resurrection lilies as on her face, and that the lips of a young girl should be pure. Then I was silent, for I had said what was given me to speak. Elizabeth was silent, too, for a time, and then she rose, still without a word, and went down the steps. She took her earrins and the bad little hat. From it fell a pin, which, when I picked it up later, was no better than it should be. And she went out of the garden without speaking and without looking back. I was sorry, for I knew from the droop of her head that she was going to have an unpleasant time if she listened to her conscience."

"Don't stop," begged Amory, as his aunt relapsed into silence. "I know there is more to come."

"There is. I was grieved, too, for I cared for Elizabeth and feared that she might never return, and yet I could not find it in my heart to regret one word I had spoken. I had her much in my devotions that night and much in my meditation the next day.

"I did not see her for twenty-four hours, but in the evening when I sat here as I usually do, to watch the sunset colors over the harbor and to think of my boy, I saw Elizabeth coming from the beach and through the garden as she usually chooses to come. And even at a distance, I knew that Elizabeth had held communion with her better self. She wore a corn-colored frock that was both charming and modest: she had arranged her hair in a maidenly fashion, and she had washed the paint and powder from her face and discarded her barbaric jewels. She came to me like a penitent child, and put her head in my lap as thee is doing, Amory. And presently she told me that she was not going to paint her face any more and that she had done with cigarettes."

"And what became of the bad little hat?" asked Amory, his voice full of laughter.

"I saw that hat but once again and then at headquarters where I was helping pack clothing for the French relief. I did not understand why Elizabeth chose to send it there, and when I asked, she said that it might be too rapid for Freeport, but she did not think it could corrupt Paris."

"Aunt Eunice, thee is too sweet for words!" laughed Amory. "And I suspect thee of a diplomatic ruse. Is thee not using the naughty Elizabeth as a figurative rod for me?"

"That is not in my thought, Amory. When I embraced thee this morning I knew thee had been smoking, but it did not distress nor concern me. Thee is a man and can judge for thyself. Thee is a physician and knows whether it will harm thee. And thee need not retire to the garden unless thee chooses. I can trust thee not to smoke in any room where it will be displeasing either to Lydia or to me. I would not place a barrier in any path thy conscience permits thee to follow. I try to be liberal and to make full allowance for changing times and for younger people, but try as I may, I can never willingly tolerate a cigarette in a girl's mouth.

"But I have had searchings of heart concerning my own bonnet," she went on. "While I have never worn the orthodox Quaker dress, I have preferred plain garb and a close bonnet with a white quilling about my face. Time was when a Freeport milliner would put in a fresh quilling for seventy-five cents, but the price increased, for it is no easy task to arrange that quilling with success.

"Finally the Freeport milliner died and when the bonnets needed fresh quilling they had to be sent to Boston. There was no one here who knew how to do it. And what with the express each way and the careful packing required, and the increase in price of materials and the fussiness of the work, it now costs five dollars each time that quilling is renewed. And I do like to be dainty. Thee is laughing again, Amory, and now at my bonnet! But I am seriously considering whether a more worldly form of head-gear may not in my case prove less worldly in the end."

"Oh, no, Aunt Eunice," Amory protested quickly. "Keep thy little bonnet that I love. No matter if it costs ten dollars instead of five and needs fresh silk each week. Don't change it."

"Then I will not, Amory; but, dear, thee is almost as lax in thy language as my impetuous Elizabeth, and she did not have thy early training. Thee may love a person and feel affection for an animal, but thee merely likes an article of dress."

"'That' little bonnet I love and I love the lady in it," persisted Amory, smiling at the reproof. During the short time he had been at Journey's End he had very carefully edited his vocabulary.

"As thee likes, dear, but it is not correct English. It pleases me that thee addresses me with the speech of thy boyhood. I feared that after so long a sojourn among strangers, it would not return readily to thy lips."

"The plain language is natural to me in Journey's End, Aunt Eunice, and I shall always use it with thee. And now tell me, thee did not keep the motor car after Uncle Robert died?"

"I did not. John Howland, who has helped me with many knotty legal points—I could never have wrestled with my income taxes but for him—advised me to sell the car. He said thee would be absent long and that when thee did return, thee would prefer a later model. I should use it too seldom to pay for keeping it and a chauffeur often idle. When I have wished a car, it has been easy to telephone to Benjamin Holden's garage. Young Benjamin comes with a comfortable closed machine and always drives me himself. And Elizabeth is ever coaxing me into her car. She drives carefully and never exceeds the speed I best enjoy, though she did once tell me that her friends fainted in rows to see her pass at so slow a pace."

"Bully for Elizabeth!" said Amory. "I recall now that thee has spoken of her by name in thy letters, and of her friendship with thee, but she had never seemed a real person to me. Thee must tell her not to keep out of the garden merely because I am here. It is big enough for us both without danger of our getting in each other's way. And to-morrow, I will see about ordering a car. I think a coupe will be best. Thee can have as much or as little air as thee likes, and it will hold three or four people comfortably if necessary."

"I shall like that, and a small car of that type will perhaps be equally convenient for thee if thee decides to go into practice in Freeport. Caroline wrote me that she thought New York would offer thy best opportunity. Greatly as I should enjoy having thee here, Amory, I have lived without thee for long periods at a time, and thee must not let thy consideration for me keep thee from a more desirable opening. It is much to have an ocean no longer between us. Were thee in New York, thee could come to me quickly in case of need."

"It is hard to know what is best to do, Aunt Eunice. There are reasons why I'd like to stay in Freeport, but before I fully decide I want to run down to Johns Hopkins and talk with some of the staff. If I should conclude to practise here, how about my office? Does thee know of any suite in a business block?"

"Why should thee not have it in Journey's End?" asked his aunt, and the wistful note in her voice did not escape Amory's observant ear. "Here are twenty-one rooms."

"Would it not trouble thee to have strangers coming and going, and some unavoidable confusion?"

"Nothing needful for thy work could be an annoyance. I had thought thee might take the east front room for thy patients. The room behind could be thy office, with yet the little den behind that—thy uncle's special sitting-room. That would give thee a suite of three apartments, and should thee need more, I have no liking for the east parlor. Thee may use that also."

"Whew!" whistled Amory. "Three rooms is as much as even the top sawbones of the profession really needs. I wasn't expecting to start with more than two."

"Thee may have four if thee wishes. And thee knows there is already a stationary wash-stand in thy uncle's study. Any other plumbing could be easily installed."

"Thee is very thoughtful, Aunt Eunice, and very generous," began her nephew.

"I may have taken thought for thee, but do not call me generous. Journey's End is thy home, Amory; it is at thy disposal. It will be thine when I join Robert."

"But there will be other difficulties," said Amory after a time. "A doctor in the house involves constant attention to the te-

lephone and door-bell,—that is, if he is the successful chap I hope to be."

"Thee will be successful; it is written in thy face. And there is a real opening for a physician in Freeport. In my quiet way I have made inquiries and in a town of eight thousand, there are but two really reputable practitioners. There is plenty of work for another. And in summer, thee knows, Freeport becomes quite a resort and its population nearly doubles. Extra servants will be needed. I have already an excellent negro woman who comes to assist Lydia except on First Day, for Lydia is no longer young and the house is large. I had thought of engaging a maid for thy special service, to answer bells and to take messages and to be generally useful to thee. She would need to be a superior person, for such duties demand intelligence, but if a sufficient wage is offered, she could be found. Or perhaps thee would prefer a nurse as thy assistant. I recall that when I visited Dr. Camp in Boston, he had a trim young woman in uniform who was most helpful to me in rearranging my dress."

"And what took thee to a doctor's office?" demanded her nephew immediately. "Thee wrote me nothing of that."

"There! my unlucky tongue has run away with me," sighed Mrs. Russell. "I was speaking of the courteous young woman——"

"Hang the courteous young woman! Aunt Eunice, about what did thee consult Dr. Camp? Come! I have a right to know."

"Thee has the right and I intended thee to know, only not just yet. I did not want to hamper thy plans in any way nor to make thee feel—dear, I seem to be blundering more than ever! Do not be disturbed, Amory, and do not loosen thy embrace. I want to be very close to thee.

"It is only this foolish heart of mine," she added after a moment. "There is something wrong with its valves. Last Eleventh month I went to Dr. Camp and again this past Fifth month. The trouble has not increased during that time, and with rest and care it may grow no worse."

"Why 'didn't' thee tell me?" asked Amory after a long pause. "Why 'didn't' thee?"

"Because I knew thee would come home at once and that thy work was important. Moreover thee was coming anyway this month. The danger is not immediate, dear boy. I have not told Lydia; I feared her anxiety would react upon me. No one in Freeport knows except John Howland. Him I told, for I wished to set my affairs in order. John has been most kind to me, Amory. He ascertained that Dr. Camp was considered the best heart specialist in Boston; he went first and arranged an appointment for me, and on both my visits insisted upon personally escorting me. He has shown me thoughtful attention and we have disagreed but on one point,—he wished to send thee word. I was obliged to ask his promise that he would not do so without permission. And now thee is here, and I am no worse, and my judgment is justified."

"Except that I might have been with thee these six months past," said Amory, after a struggle to control his voice. "Tomorrow, will thee let me examine thy heart?"

"Indeed thee may. I shall feel honored to be Dr. Russell's first Freeport patient. Come, dear Amory, let us dry our eyes and smile again. Dr. Camp says I have a good chance to live to a green old age, and it is my dearest hope to see thee bring a bride to Journey's End and to hold thy child in my arms. And for the success of thy career, thee should marry. Though a physician is bound by his professional vow to practise his art and to live his life in righteousness, most men prefer their wives to consult a married practitioner. In all these months, has no girl found favor in thy sight?"

"There are no girls so sweet as thee, Aunt Eunice," said Amory, choking. "Thee has spoiled me. I compare every girl for whom I feel a momentary attraction with the little Quaker lady of my love, and the little Quaker lady stays."

"I pray that thee may find her soon, and then thee must bid my image step aside. And when thee does speak words of love to a girl, I think thee will say them convincingly. I only ask that she be pure in heart, no matter how flippant her exterior. Purity of heart is compatible with considerable outward naughtiness, as I have found in the case of my wilful Elizabeth. And now, dear, forgive my clumsy blundering, which has saddened thy first day at home. Thee must not let it influence thy plans. Since thee is going to Baltimore, I would advise thee to go before the weather becomes yet more sultry. A sleeping-car is intolerable in midsummer."

"I am not going to Baltimore. To-morrow, Aunt Eunice, after I have satisfied myself about thy heart, we will go through the east wing together and plan the changes needed to adapt it to an office. And then we will telephone the carpenter and the plumber and the sign-painter that Dr. Russell will start his medical career in Freeport."

(To be continued.)

Alcohol is the enemy of mankind.
No trading with the enemy.
—Janet M. Armstrong, Ont.

How The Tide Was Turned

By CHARLES L. PATTERSON.

It had always been a puzzle to everyone acquainted with the record of the Payson family in Glenwood how Trent Payson achieved such an outstanding success as a farmer and truck gardener on the old Aunt Sophie place at Westbrook.

The Payson family had always been in financial difficulties in Glenwood, due, people said, to incompetence and an unpractical strain which ran in the family. Mortgage had succeeded mortgage on several farms which they occupied at different times, and at last the Central Mortgage and Realty Company relentlessly foreclosed, and the Payson's troubles and struggles in Glenwood passed into history. Much sympathy was felt for them in the community for they were well liked, but little hope was cherished for their future prospects, as Al Mason summed it up:

"The Paysons would whittle a million dollars down to thirty cents in a year or so and have nothing visible to show for it."

So it caused no little surprise when it was learned that Aunt Sophie Wilson, a distant relative, on whom the title "Aunt" was bestowed by half the parish as a token of affection, had willed the ancestral Wilson house and little farm to young Trent Payson. Many ominous predictions were made and the consensus of opinion was that Trent, who had married a city girl, would be under a heavy mortgage in a year and the Aunt Sophie property would be in new hands in a short time. This opinion was doubly strengthened when after a few months on the farm, Trent met with a bad accident, falling from the barn roof and breaking his leg in two places.

About the time Trent Payson settled on the Aunt Sophie place I left Glenwood to engage in journalistic work in the city. I found the work interesting and pleasant, and in the whirl and rush of events I found little time for revisiting my native place, but I tried to keep up with affairs by writing home as often as possible.

Trent had been a particular friend of mine at school. He was a clever boy at his books and I had always admired him notwithstanding that his family apparently deservedly bore the brand of thriftlessness. Westbrook, Trent's new home, was but five miles from Glenwood so I always looked forward to news of Trent in letters from home.

For some time I heard with regret but not with surprise that he was having a hard struggle. After a year or so, to everybody's surprise, his fortunes began to change. Contrary to all expectations, after five years had passed, Trent Payson was not only still in possession of the Aunt Sophie place but was constantly making more up-to-date improvements and broadening out in his activities and, apparently, enjoying solid prosperity. News of his growing prosperity continued to come to me from time to time as the years passed, and was a cause of much satisfaction and wonder to me until the climax was reached about ten years after I left Glenwood.

I was going through the exchanges in our office one day when I chanced, in glancing through the "Farm and Garden," on an article which gave me a thrill of pleasure as well as surprise. It was a very realistic description of the Aunt Sophie farm as it was when Trent Payson took possession, and then followed a graphic account of the improvements he had made, accompanied by illustrations of buildings, crops and equipment which provided a striking example of what energy, thrift and good management could accomplish in a short time. In brief, Trent Payson, in the space of ten years, had changed a rather run down and neglected little property into a prosperous farm home and had become a leader in the agricultural life of the countryside; and all this had apparently been done without capital other than brains and industry, for it was well known that Aunt Sophie left no money except enough to cover funeral expenses and erect a simple memorial.

The reading of the "Farm and Garden" article sharpened my appetite for information, I felt the urging journalistic eagerness for a "scoop," not in particular for publication, but I craved inside knowledge of Trent's success. So a week or so later I drove my car up the old Aunt Sophie drive way. The place had certainly undergone a wonderful transformation. The rambling old house had been thoroughly renovated. In place of the little old barn which memory conjured up from my boyhood days, stood a grand structure with a large silo connected, comparing favorably with the best farm buildings in the country. An up-to-date garage and workshop stood near the stately pine grove I remembered so well.

I was warmly welcomed by Trent and his wife, a pleasant faced woman whom I had never met before. Their two children were at school. I found Trent the same pleasant genial chap I had liked so well in boyhood days. I was not long there before he proposed an inspection trip over the place. I was indeed amazed by Trent's businesslike manner and the general up-to-dateness and prosperous appearance of everything about the farm. It was then I learned that Trent had acquired the Lawrence farm adjoining, which with his original property made a large farm.

As we returned from the fields to the great barn on the slope of the hill my old schoolmate turned to me with his old whimsical smile, and said, "Not too bad for a shiftless Payson, is it, Frank?"

"Nothing shiftless about you," I replied, "but tell me, Trent, how did you do it?"

"Well," he said, "you were always a particular friend in the old days, and I have never forgotten you. Let's sit down here in the shade and I will give you my story."

We sat down under one of the great pines near the barn, and for a moment or so Trent sat looking thoughtfully over the fields, then his face lit up with that rare smile of his, and he said:

"If it hadn't been for Aunt Sophie's reverence for heirlooms, if it hadn't been for her generous nature—her habit of casting bread on the waters, if it hadn't been for—But I had better tell my story so you can understand it.

"When I found myself the owner of this place with practically no capital, but free from debts of any kind, I felt that the way was open to success or at least independence. Annie, too, was delighted with our prospects, for although a city girl, she preferred a home in the country. We preferred farming above everything else, and as we were both strong and healthy we felt certain we could succeed. Mortgages and debts we abhorred. Annie's people had been driven to the city by a mortgage, and as you know my people were always struggling under the shadow of debt. I didn't relish the idea of being branded through

life as a shiftless Payson, that had been thrown in my teeth often enough in my boyhood, so I determined to be able to face the world independently. But before we got fairly started I met with the accident which prevented me from working for nearly a year. We lost a valuable horse through lack of proper care, and by the time I got able to take charge of the farm we found ourselves several hundred dollars in debt. Doctors' bills, wages for hired help, etc., had placed us under a heavy handicap. We struggled on, but soon found that we must either mortgage, or sell the farm, or find some means of raising a considerable sum of money. Even after our debts were paid we knew we would need a considerable sum in order to carry out our plans to put the farm on a really paying basis.

He paused and looked at me, then he asked abruptly, "do you remember Tom Woods, the orphan boy Aunt Sophie brought over from Coverdale and sent to school here several years?"

I replied that I did recollect that boy with the red head and determined look.

"And do you remember," he went on, "the old storehouse over the woodshed which Aunt Sophie guarded so jealously?"

I did remember visiting at Aunt Sophie's when a boy, and wondering what was kept behind the locked door over the woodshed.

"Well," as I was saying, Trent went on, "We were hard pressed for money, and hardly knew which way to turn. It was a heart-breaking thought to us both to have to sell the place but there seemed no other alternative."

"Our plans had been to renovate the house as you see it now. We had explored the garret over the woodshed, and found it cluttered with odds and ends and ancient furniture which we decided to clean out, burn and get out of the way. We decided to have no useless clutterings around. And if my accident hadn't broken up our plans I have no doubt we would have consigned all of Aunt Sophie's closely guarded treasures to oblivion. As it was, my accident proved a blessing in disguise."

When we had about decided to look up a purchaser for the place, and had become reconciled in a measure to the thought of moving to the city, one day an expensive car drove up to the door and a big prosperous-looking gentleman alighted. It was several minutes before I could recognize in him Tom Woods, Aunt Sophie's boy protege, but it was he.

"Aunt Sophie was the best friend I ever had," he said after he came in and we were sitting in the old parlor, "If it hadn't been for her I never would have made anything. As it is I have done well. Are her old treasures still in the room over the woodshed?"

"I smilingly replied that they were, because I had had no time to clean them out.

"Which may be lucky for you," he replied, "Will you let me look them over?"

"I readily assented, rather mystified by his reference to my luck in not disturbing Aunt Sophie's trumpery."

"Just as I thought," he said when he had examined a number of the relics in the chamber. "Aunt Sophie took me through this room several times when I lived here, and I have never forgotten it. I was sure my memory hadn't failed me. How much will you take for this collection of antiques?"

"I told him I had no idea they were of any value."

"Well," he said, "I am in partnership with a dealer in antiques in New York. And I know that this old clock, those candlesticks and most of the pieces of furniture here, though long past use, are valuable as rare antiques. It is very seldom that such a variety of pieces are found in one collection. Will you take five thousand dollars for it?"

"Would I take it! I had not expected that much for the farm and everything on it. You may be sure I lost no time in closing the deal. My old stipulation was that the collection be shipped secretly so that people here in Westbrook should know nothing about the transaction. This was done, the collection being taken to town by motor truck at night, and shipped from there. That is why none of our neighbors knew what caused the turn of the tide in our circumstances.

"Now you have the secret of how the tide of our fortunes was turned," concluded Trent, "But you must read in our farm's appearance the story of how its transformation was brought about."

I replied that the story was indeed an illuminating one — a story of industry, thrift and good management hard to equal.

Captain Donald MacMillan, the Arctic explorer, who had just returned to the States after spending 15 months within 12 degrees of the North Pole, was a centre of attraction at the Radio World's Fair. He said that for five months of practically continuous daylight the crew of the Bowdoin were completely shut off from the reception of radio signals, excepting the time, signals, which were received regularly. The other signals were not received again until the stars began to peep. He expressed his belief that the aurora borealis has no effect on radio reception.

Save our youth by prohibiting booze. Liquor stores degrade them.

God gives us work to do, but he also gives us the tools with which to work. He who refuses to use these, and expects miracles instead, will wait in vain.

Be ready to share with others everything you possess except your troubles. Keep those to yourself; the world can get along without them.

Use Cuticura Soap Daily

Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water to cleanse your skin and free it from impurities. If rough or pimply, anoint with Cuticura Ointment. Cuticura Talcum is ideal for perfuming as well as powdering.

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John Ward--Preacher

By Leslie H. Christie.

One of the many growing tendencies of our Dominion during recent years is that of looking to the Old World from which to covet, and oft-times to take from its shores, men of whom it may be said, they have made their mark as preachers and pulpit orators. This is probably due to the thought that the average Britisher looks upon the various Dominions as having a far wider scope for their activities than the small confines of the British Isles. During recent years, large city congregations, suddenly confronted with an empty pulpit, in search of men of strength in the realm of gospel preaching, have sent forth calls to the pulpit of stalwarts of the Old Land, which have frequently been accepted.

Previous to the present year, there was no need of looking further afield than the city of Toronto for an example of this. For many years Dr. Trevor H. Davies has ministered to the congregation of the famous Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, having been called from England to that charge, and when he took over the pastorate of the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, he left vacant in the heart of Toronto a pulpit which had always wielded a great power for good. Once again, in looking for a successor to fill the place of Trevor Davies, the board of the Metropolitan Church sent a call to a northern county in England, inviting to Canada Dr. Wardle Stafford, one of the shining lights of English Methodism. All this is now a matter of history. Both Trevor Davies and Wardle Stafford have become part of Toronto's city life, much beloved of their respective congregations.

More recent is the coming to Canada of Rev. J. W. G. Ward, that eminent divine of the Congregational denomination. For many years he was the minister of the historic New Court Church, Tollington Park, in north London, the successor of a celebrated line of preachers which included such names as Richard Baxter, Ossian Davies and Campbell Morgan. It was there he carved his niche in the realm of gospel preaching and was looked upon as one of the ablest pulpit orators, not only in the city of London, but in the whole of Great Britain. So popular was he as a preacher and so forceful his message, that there was always a long line of eager worshippers awaiting the opening of the doors of New Court Church.

Mr. Ward's coming to Emmanuel Church, Montreal, could not have been better timed. A church that had always had big men to lead its congregation; yet there had come to it in recent years a period of unsettlement. Hugh Pedley, after sixteen years in her pulpit, let go the reins of service on account of breaking health. Dr. Pedley's untimely death, with all its tragic suddenness had cast a gloom upon Emmanuel, and before that shock had passed, Rev. George Adam, who had succeeded him, resigned his charge to return to Scotland. It was soon after this latter event that the call went from Emmanuel to Mr. Ward at Tollington Park, in the Empire's metropolis. Canadians had heard him preach during the two previous summers and knew his outstanding ability as a preacher. And Mr. Ward came, bringing with him new life to a church that needed it, and from the day of Mr. Ward's coming last Spring, Emmanuel has never looked back.

"John Ward—preacher" is tall above the ordinary and is inclined to be spare of frame. A wealth of thick brown hair crowns his head. His square chin gives a strength to his ruddy clean-shaven face while his hands, with expressive gesture, give vehemence to points he wishes to make. His voice, both modulated and caressing, is his strongest weapon. It is the kind of voice that our Canadian climate does not produce; it needs the saline qualities of the Old Country air to develop such voices. Soft and appealing, it is also deep and arresting. Mr. Ward is a master of elocution, and one must see him as well as hear him. He visualises everything he describes, in fact, his capacity for word-painting has been likened to Henry Ward Beecher's. As the torrent of words passes

REV. J. W. G. WARD

his lips, his features show the dominant idea he is voicing, and hold his hearers enthralled.

A recent writer, pointing out the curious parallel between Henry Irving and Joseph Parker, speaks of the possible debt owed the distinguished actor, and the influence of Parker's style on that of Irving. Analysing the methods of the famous pastor of the City Temple, London, he says:—"It was certainly a dramatic style—even melodramatic. We have no such preachers today. The nearest approach we have to him in London is that of Rev. J. W. G. Ward, the pastor of Tollington Park Congregational Church. I have heard him called the finest preacher we have now in London, and he has the power of attracting overflowing congregations." Mr. Ward is certainly proving that the comparison is in no way exaggerated, his eloquent sermons and forceful discourses being eagerly listened to week by week by large congregations.

Mr. Ward's preaching is extemporaneous; in fact, the announcing of the text, the deliberate closing of the Bible, the few seconds' pause, and the ultimate commencement of the sermon, are soul-stirring moments to his listeners, preparing the mind for the sermon which follows. And the little people, as Mr. Ward so much enjoys calling the children, always receive a story with a moral from his lips; told in such a manner that the youngest can thoroughly grasp it. He is the author of several works, including the delightful volume of "Parables" for children, which has circulated through the English-speaking world, and a series of literary studies which includes Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Browning and Stevenson. A recent book just published in New York and London, comprises character sketches of "The Twelve," dealt with in a fresh and fascinating way and is described by one reviewer as the best book on the subject since Dr. Bruce's "The Training of the Twelve."

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

It is better to contribute to the erection of a church, than to be taxed to support a jail.

Would it be a step up for Ontario politicians to make them saloon keepers on a gigantic scale? It does not seem to have improved the breed in Quebec.

Prohibition means health, good citizenship and progress. Canadians, fight for it. —Eva J. Cook, Sask.

Ontario is being urged to get rid of the bootleggers by drowning them in oceans of beer, great lakes of wine, and Niagaras of hard liquors. That is of course one way of doing it.

Christopher Columbus, discoverer of America, was twice married, his first wife having been Felipa Munnis Perestrelle, daughter of a captain of Prince Henry of Portugal. His father-in-law's charts helped him mature his plans which led to the discovery of America. After the first Mrs. Columbus died the famous navigator married Beatriz Enriquez, who was the mother of the second son, who became his father's biographer.

WE'LL MAKE ONTARIO DRY

The word of warning we give to all:
"We'll make Ontario dry."
The temples of Bacchus shall shortly fall,
We'll make Ontario dry.
Too long we have borne with habits of vice,
Our children we've given in sacrifice,
Our homes have been bartered to pay the price.
We'll make Ontario dry.

Strong drink is the curse the country o'er,
We'll make Ontario dry.
It's a duty that should have been done before
We'll make Ontario dry.
In a million graves our dead are laid,
Proclaiming the havoc that drink has made,
It's time the hand of the slayer was stayed,
We'll make Ontario dry.

To save our young men and maidens so fair
We'll make Ontario dry.
To take from their pathway a dangerous snare
We'll make Ontario dry.
How many for life have been ruined and wrecked;
Through the wine cup they've suffered from want and neglect,
Our loved ones to shield and our homes to protect,
We'll make Ontario dry.
For the sake of the drunkard who lies in the ditch
We'll make Ontario dry.
That the laboring man may get happy and rich,
We'll make Ontario dry.
You'll see a big change in this country soon,
Every day in the year will be bright as June,
We've done, for all time, with the licensed saloon.
We'll VOTE Ontario dry.

By the vote of the people,—the sovereign voice,—
WE'LL make ONTARIO DRY;
The majority rules, and by their choice
We'll VOTE Ontario dry;
Shall the children of poverty cry in vain?
Shall wives and widows in sorrow remain?
of a famous Canadian statesman, manhood maintain
And KEEP ONTARIO DRY.

H. L. WERRY.

FINE SERVICE AN ESSENTIAL

One of the most interesting examples of industrial and commercial progress in the heart of a thriving agricultural district is found in Sherbrooke, metropolis of the Eastern Townships. It is very easy of access, the Canadian National Railways trains leaving Montreal (Bonaventure Station) at 9.25 a. m. and 11.30 p. m. daily and 4.15 p. m. daily except Sunday giving exceptional service. Sleeping cars on the 11.30 p. m. train, ready for occupancy at Montreal at 10 p. m., and until 8 a. m. at Sherbrooke: Cafe Parlor car on both 9.25 a. m. and 4.15 p. m. trains. Equally convenient service returning.

For further particulars, reservations, etc., apply to any Agent of the Canadian National Rys., or to City Ticket Office, 230 St. James St.—'phone Main 3620.

SAYINGS OF GIPSY SMITH

Gipsy Smith is still in form as a vivid and picturesque preacher of the gospel, as witness the following sentences from a recent evangelistic address given on his return to England this summer:—

I am neither a sectarian nor an insectarian.

God never meant any man to be a stick —not even an ecclesiastick.

I am a Methodist, but I know plenty of people who are all "ist" and no method.

I understand baby talk. When babies interrupt me in my meetings I always know they are asking for fresh air.

On the boat coming from America a man said to me: "My Church is the Church." I replied: "Go and fill your bathtub with salt water and say, 'This is the ocean.'".

Some people have souls so small that if you put them in a nutshell they would rattle.

Some folk hang on to a threepenny bit until the head on it aches.

Fear makes men prisoners; it is faith that makes them sons of God and conquerors of evil.

CONSTIPATED CHILDREN

Constipation is one of the most common ailments of childhood and the child suffering from it positively cannot thrive. To keep the little one well the bowels must be kept regular and the stomach sweet. To do this nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. They are a mild but thorough laxative; are pleasant to take and can be given to the newborn babe with perfect safety. Thousands of mothers use no other medicine for their little ones but Baby's Own Tablets. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up; is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94 p.c. air and 6 p.c. common kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, G. N. Johnson, 246 Craig St. W., Montreal, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make $250 to $500 per month.—Adv.

Vice Conditions in Montreal

An Appalling Picture of a Large Section of Canada's Metropolis Under Government Control Brings Lurid Facts to Light Through Evidence Submitted to the Coderre Commission Inquiring Into the Administration of the City Police Force—What Drink is Doing to Ruin Thousands of Young Lives—"The Rottenest Town I Have Ever Been in" States Expert American Detective.

Some startling information regarding the inside life of the disorderly houses in Montreal's red light district was furnished to the Coderre Commission inquiring into the administration of the Montreal police force by Owen Dawson, former secretary of the Committee of Sixteen, who took the witness stand at the resumption of the enquiry on Thursday morning.

He estimated at six millions the minimum amount spent on vice and liquor in this district every year. He declared that the certificates of health given to the inmates of disorderly houses by medical men were a farce, the doctors writing a certificate and charging fifty cents for it, without examination at all. He produced documents to show that a doctor had given a woman a clean bill of health and two days later had charged her $15 for medical treatment.

He told how little boys as well as grown men and women earned big money "touting" for these houses, and how taxi drivers, sleigh drivers and others were paid liberal commissions for bringing customers. He cited cases where the men whose business it was to procure young women as inmates for the houses were paid from $200 to $500 for each woman they brought in. He showed how the up-to-date, high class houses had to turn their whole stock of women out on the street and buy a new stock every six months or so, in order to keep their smart clientele.

No Trifling by Witnesses

At the opening of the hearing, Mr. Justice Coderre made it plain that the court was not to be trifled with as regards the obedience of witness to the orders given in subpoenas. Sergeant Archambault had been assigned for hearing, but sent a medical certificate that he was too ill to attend. The petitioners' counsel, J. P. Lanctot, informed the court that he had sent a bailiff with a fresh notification, with the object that the bailiff should see the witness and report on his condition; the bailiff, however, had been refused admittance to the sergeant's house.

He consequently moved for an order to have Archambault seen by a medical commission, and held in default unless that commission showed his illness to be genuine.

After a little debate, his Lordship declared his intention of affirming the authority of the court. Dr. Conroy, who gave the medical certificate, was called for but was not in court. The judge then said: "If your bailiff is not given admittance to the house this time, we shall see what will happen. You will have no need of a medical commission then. Mr. Archambault must understand from the start, like every other witness, that we are not to be imposed upon by camouflage or subterfuge."

The Committee of Sixteen

Owen Dawson was then called to the witness stand, and testified that he had been for two years secretary of the Committee of Sixteen.

To show that the committee was not the work of a band of cranks and old men, he cited the names of its members, as follows: Dr. Lorne C. Gilday, superintendent of the Western Hospital, president; Father Henri Gauthier, cure of St. James, vice-president; Maxwell Goldstein, K.C.; John Anderson, representing the Rotary Club; W. Taylor, representing the Kiwanis Club; A. O. Dawson, of Canadian Cottons; Nathan Gordon, Dr. A. K. Haywood, superintendent of the Monteral General Hospital; Zephirin Hebert, Arthur Lyons, Stewart McDougall, Father Gerald McShane, Joseph Quintal, etc.

During his time as secretary of the committee, the witness said he had made several investigations of the vice conditions in the city. He figured that the major part, probably about 60 to 75 per cent. of commercialised vice of Montreal existed in the district bounded on the north by Sherbrooke street, on the south by Craig street, east by St. Denis and west by Bleury street. In that small area there were approximately 300 open disorderly houses.

There were rows of houses on Cadieux street and City Hall avenue, that were devoted entirely to commercialied vice. Sometimes there were five, six or seven houses in a row. At night, men and even boys could be seen streaming in and out of these houses.

The doors were wide open, bright lights burning, taxi-cabs driving to and fro with loads of visitors.

These houses were a fertile field for pickpockets and thieves, because in most cases a man who gets a few drinks there and then got robbed would not go to the police and make a complaint, because it would then be publicly known that he was in the red light district.

Witness produced a series of clippings from the Montreal Star giving cases of assaults and robberies that had taken place in certain of these houses, which he offered as evidence that the police had the information before them all the time that these things were going on.

Indicating one of the houses mentioned in a report in the Star, of which he produced numerous clippings, he stated that that house must have been raided 20, 50 or perhaps 100 times in the past five years, and the owner fined.

A Rendezvous for Crime

Questioned further regarding the connection between the red light district and crime, witness said the very existence of about 300 disorderly houses in the city made it a rendezvous for criminals of all classes, because they knew the city was "wide open." Fifty to sixty per cent. of the drug traffic was done in the red light district. Gunmen, thugs, hold-up men drug traffickers made their headquarters there, although occasionally they went out to Westmount or to the north end to operate.

One of the saddest things about it was that in this district of vice there were hundreds of respepctable families, honest working women, hard working fathers and mothers, whose children had no place to plpay except in the midst of this vice.

Showing a big map of the district, on which were marked the known disorderly houses and also the public schools, he testified that over 3,000 boys and girls had to walk daily through that district to school seeing all that went on. Also, about 3,500 working girls, stenographers, shop assistants and the like, had to go through the district daily on their way to work.

Mr. Dawson went on to say that to hear one notorious house-keeper's description of the way she purchased girls was like listening to a cattle trader or a hog dealer.

Mr. Dawson was asked: "Did anyone ever offer to pay you for the protection of these disorderly houses?"

"Yes, Tony Frank called at my office and wanted to arrange for the protection of twenty houses of which he had a written list. I told him to come back and see me on the following day. In the meantime I arranged with John J. Lomax, Chief Court Stenographer, to conceal himself in my office and he took a stenographic record of what passed at my subsequent interview with Frank. On the latter occasion Frank offered me twenty thousand dollars a year for the protection of the twenty houses which he named. I still have the list, I think, and will bring it to Court."

Infamous Dens

That Scrivins, manager of the "Sheik" cafe in Notre Dame street east, almost under the shadow of the Court House and the offices of the Chief of Police, told him that he "paid the police to secure protection," was sworn in the police investigation on Friday morning by a detective hired by the Committee of Sixteen.

The detective, whose name was withheld at the request of the probe, declared that he went to the "Sheik," and there recognized Scrivins, who formerly ran the "Bagdad." He saw several copules there, all of whom had been drinking.

"How do you get away with this stuff?" I asked Scrivins, who recognized me "Oh," he replied, "I have my politicians at the city hall or I couldn't stay open."

Scrivins then told him, declared the witness, that he was a particular friend of the chief of police and that he "paid the force for protection."

"All Kinds of Booze"

At the "Bagdad," "daughters of joy" seemed to compose the majority of the women guests. Witness said they operated openly in the dance hall, and a man named Scrivens told Haddock that if he wanted any women they could be secured. All kinds of booze was sold openly, and on one occasion he noticed an officer come in and get a drink and then go away. Two plain clothes men got into a row with a party there but when the manager said it was alright, the cops lost interest in the affair. Witness said that intoxicated women were floundering all over the place.

Open-Wide Vice

In his experience, after investigating fifty different cities and towns, the investigator gave it as his opinion that Montreal, in proportion to its population, was the most wide-open city he had ever been in.

"The rottenest town I have ever been in—absolutely wide open," he added.

The detective testified to having seen drunken men and women dancing indecently in the Savoy cabaret, and having been informed by the waiters that there were bedrooms upstairs. He had been informed that dope could be procured at the Yellow Teapot Inn, and had been invited to go there by women he met in cabarets.

Mr. Owen Dawson recalled, said he knew the Sheik Cafe, and had seen men and women frequent the place, all intoxicated.

Answering a question by the court, witness said that the second time he and his partner went to the Sheik, they were accompanied by two women, both of whom they had previously met at the Bagdad. During a conversation with Scrivens the latter had said "There is an investigation on now by some . . . bunch of citizens . . . It is nothing but a doggone frame-up to get the chief."

Mr. Lanctot: "Did he say anything to you about the chief?"

"He said the chief was a good friend of his. He said 'There is somebody else wants to get in there, and that is the reason they started this investigation.' In further conversation, Scrivens said 'To show you that this body of citiens want to get the chief out, they have even framed on five men that are now waiting for a necktie party.'"

After giving evidence regarding other notorious houses in Montreal, where vice and drink went hand in hand, the witness said he had conducted similar investigations in 50 other cities, but Montreal was the "most wide open" town he had ever been in. I twas "full of open vice."

Heat and inhale Minard's. Rub it on throat and chest. It clears the head and breaks up the cold.

Minard's prevents—relieves 39

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Remedy for 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. Price $1.50.

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BREAKS UP COUGHS

RHEUMATISM

A Remarkable Home Treatment Given by One Who Had It.

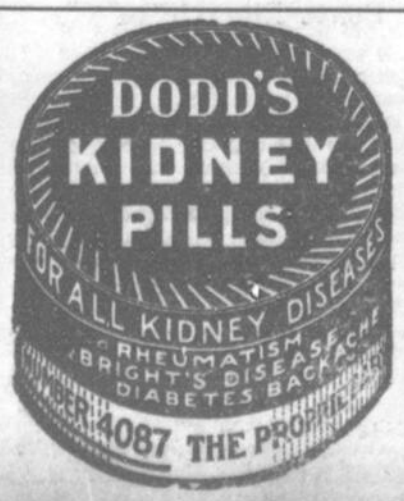
In the year of 1893, I was attacked by Muscular and Sub-acute Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who are thus afflicted know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, but such relief as I obtained was only temporary. Finally, I found a treatment that relieved me completely, and such a pitiful condition has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, even bed-ridden, some of them seventy to eighty years old, and the results were the same as in my own case.

I want every sufferer from any form of muscular and sub-acute (swelling at the joints) rheumatism, to try the great value of my improved "Home Treatment" for its remarkable healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of getting rid of such forms of rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson
No. 679-K Durston Bldg.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Relieved His Rupture

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely relieved me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find complete relief without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 32L Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.



CONDEMNED MEN MAY GIVE EVIDENCE

Another Chicago detective on Saturday confirmed what his partner had said and added some details. His Lordship announced that he had written to the Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Prime Minister and Attorney-General, for permission to hold sitting at Bordeaux and examine the condemned men, and also had asked for permission to allow the attorneys for the prosecution to see the condemned men personally previous to the sitting of the court at Bordeaux. Mr. Taschereau, in reply, said it would be necessary to grant the same atitude to the advocates of all persons incriminated, but he had no objection to the evidence of the condemned men being heard, leaving to the judge the responsibility of accepting the same.

"I will accept the responsibility," commented His Lordship. He decided that he would go to Bordeaux accompanied by a stenographer who would be sworn to secrecy, the lawyers and clerk, and no others. The evidence obtained from the men condemned he will use at his discretion.

Mr. Lanctot said that when the investigation was commenced it had been understood that Tony Frank, Morel and the others would be heard for, according to rumor, and even during the trial of the bandits, such rumors increased among the public, to the effect that there has been complicity between the police officers and bandits. A rumor so grave should be refuted or confirmed.

Mr. Brossard, following Mr. Lanctot, pointed out that the matter was one excessively important for the people of Montreal. The people of Montreal want to know all about the police force, he insisted. It is unfortunate that vice exists, said Mr. Brossard, but since it did exist, it was well that the facts should be clearly known, and surely if any persons were in a state to give information it was those men at Bordeaux awaiting death.

To Quiet Their Conscience

"We hope they will speak before paying their debt to society," said Mr. Brossard. "We hope they will give aid so that murders and robberies may be lessened for the future. Perhaps these five men will be willing to give information so as to quiet their conscience, and in the hope that God will be indulgent to them, will say the truth. We hope these bandits will render a service to society by giving all possible information. It has been said that information in regard to vice conditions will harm Montreal, but I do not agree. It is much like an operation that we have to go through. To-day Montreal is filled with international brigands, and they work freely under the eyes of the police, and of the chief of police, Mr. Belanger, who is here, and whom the people of Montreal hold responsible.

"Public opinion," insisted Mr. Brossard, "asks that we go to the end. It is necessary that our boys and girls be saved for the sake of the future of our country. It is an important question, more so than Chief Belanger thinks. There are girls who weep because they are enclosed in houses of ill fame."

The lawyer here read a letter written by the father of a strayed girl, and passed it on to the judge so that the latter might see the signature.

"It is unfortunate that this operation is necessary," added Mr. Brossard. "We hope those bandits at Bordeaux will repent, and before passing over to the other side, render some service to their fellow citizens whom they have wronged."

Mr. Germain said: "I hope it will be shown in this enquiry that the ruffians, apaches and gunmen are not here because of those who administer Montreal. It is not due to the police force. If the police have to do everything, it is not 1,000 men who are wanted but 15,000 or 20,000. For each one arrested ten others come in. The sole duty of the police is to arrest those guilty. They cannot arrest on suspicion. We cannot arrest suspects in the streets and put them in our prisons. All we can do is to put a hand on them and send them to the Immigration Bureau, and if the Immigration Bureau lets them at liberty, there is nothing we can do. We may be able to show the court and public opinion that there is a state of affairs that discourages the constables, who find their work useless, and yet are denounced by the public as men of great incompetency. We will show that it is not incompetency, but that through a power our efforts are paralyzed by organizations over which we have no authority, and then perhaps the public will understand and find the remedy. I am not attacking anyone if in the course of the defence we have facts to put before the court. It will not be because we wish to attack this one or that, but because we will feel it necessary to do what we think necessary without fear, no matter what may happen."

The Chicago detective examined told Mr. Lanctot he had had conversation with Frank Murphy at the Bagdad in regard to police protection. He had met Murphy at least ten times, and the latter had given him his card as "Grand Exalted Rulers of the Elks of Canada and Newfoundland." He was not present when the reference was made to Chief Belanger being a member of the Elks. Another man he had met at the Bagdad and whose name was given to the court, was connected with an automobile agency, and had told him that he had run a blind pig on Stanley street for six months, having gambling and whiskey and women, and telling him that if he wanted to get into the business he could take care of him.

"Did he tell you how he would take care of you?"

"Take care of me with the police."

Another person he had met at the Bagdad was a fellow connected with another auto firm, who told him he was a bootlegger and quoted him a price for laying down liquor in Chicago. He had met a man named Walters who had told him he was wanted for a murder committed near Chicago. He remembered the murder, and that the accused had been sent to jail.

The witness told Mr. Germain that the Bagdad was patronized by leading business men of Montreal at the time he was visiting there. His Lordship suggested names were not necessary.

Elks' Denial

Referring to certain statements made in the police investigation to the effect that Frank Murphy had asserted he could buy police officials and arrange necessary protection for gambling houses or houses of ill-fame, the Montreal Lodge, No. 56, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, has heard Mr. Murphy, who is Past Exalted Ruler of the order, on the subject. Mr. Murphy gave emphatic denial of having made such statements, whereupon a resolution was passed that this denial be given publicity in the press which had published the allegations.

Good, better, best!
We'll never let it rest.
To make our country bone-dry
We'll do our level best.

—Miss Jean Aird, Ont.

"SAVE THE KIDDIES"

(Matt. 18: 14)

When the Lusitania's watchers
Knew the ship was going down,
One there was whose princely conduct
Proved him worthy of renown.

"Save the kiddies" was the answer
Which he to enquirers gave:
"Save the kiddies which torpedoes
Plunge into a watery grave."

In the prime of early manhood
He his strength could freely give
That for treasured, helpless children
There might be a chance to live.

Rightly is his name recorded
On the ever-shining page;
For he showed that hero-spirit
Which survives in every age.

In his words One other speaketh
Who regards all such as he:
And that other One is saying,
"Let the children come to Me."

And in homes and schools and churches
There are those of highest aim
Who, that they may save the kiddies,
Render service in His name.

Now throughout this favored province
Loud and clear His summons rings:—
"Save the children of Ontario
From the curse which liquor brings."

T. WATSON.

Ridgetown, Ont., 1924.

No power on earth can control the liquor trade. VOTE IT OUT!—Mrs. W. A. Thomson, Ont.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Insist on BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds Headache
Pain Neuralgia
Toothache Lumbago
Neuritis Rheumatism

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

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 (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). 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."

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

Early in the Harding administration, says Our Dumb Animals, an Italian, having applied for citizenship, was being examined in the naturalization court.

"Who is the President of the United States?"

"Mr. Hard'"

"Who is the Vice-President?"

"Mr. Cool'."

"If the President should die, who then would be President?"

"Mr. Cool'."

"Could you be President?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Mister, you 'scuse, please. I very busy worka da mine."

SCENE: LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

Fair Yankee: "Say, Pop, wasn't it cute of these English to name this after our old Abe?"
—London Opinion.

"Teacher, it's my birthday to-morrow," said a tiny five-year-old.

"Why," returned the teacher, "It's mine, too!"

The little girl's face was clouded with perplexity as she answered: "How did you get so much bigger'n me?"

A doctor had been called to see a man who was very ill. He examined him, and said to the nurse:

"You must watch the case very closely through the night, and tell me all the symptoms when I come back in the morning."

The man became worse in the night, and talked a lot of nonsense in his fever.

When the doctor returned in the morning, he said to the nurse:

"Tell me exactly what happened after I left."

"You were hardly out of the room," she began, "when he said, 'When did that old idiot say he was coming back again?' Those were the last senaible words the patient spoke."

The brewery that claims to have made Milwaukee famous is now for rent.

Alfred: "Do you know, old fellow, that I've always had a wonderful ear for music?" Ernest: "Is that so?" Alfred: "Yes, at the age of two I used to play on the linoleum."

Tommy: "My sister sings 'Il Trovatore' in five sharps." Jack: "Mine sang it in six flats, but they made her move out of every one of them."

"Can you tell me how far it is to the station?" the traveller asked the small boy. "Yes, sir," said the youngster. "It's about twenty minutes' walk if you run."

Irate Customer—What do you mean by stealing that dog you sold me?

Dog Dealer—'E ain't been stole, mister; it's pride wot brought 'im back. 'E thought 'e were sold too cheap.

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" asked the reporter of the town's oldest citizen.

"My what?" asked the oldest inhabitant.

"Your longevity," repeated the reporter.

"As far as I can remember, I ain't never had such a complaint," replied the old gentleman.

At least five bears were brought home within a week by Chilliwack hunters and two deer have also been bagged.

VOTE RIGHT, ONTARIO!

Heed not the cry of subtle sin
But use the privilege we've got
To keep our Province clear, and clean
From any hidden leprous spot.

Of course, the packages they seal,
A subterfuge so mean, so small;
The vile contents at once reveal
We do not need the stuff at all.

Perfect the present law we've got,
Don't let Ontario lose its soul,
But settle by our sacred vote
And banish what we **can't control.**

W. B. LAWS.

Watford, Ont.

"Exhausted Nerves and Palpitating Heart"

Mrs. L. Whiting, 202 King St. West, Brockville, Ont., writes:

"I took very sick with my nerves and stomach, and seemed to be all run down. At times my heart would flutter and palpitate so and I would take such weak spells in the pit of my stomach that I sometimes thought I would never get better. I tried several doctors, but it seemed nothing they gave me helped. I had almost given up hope when a friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I tried it, and can say it certainly has done wonders for me. I did not stop until I had taken twenty-five boxes."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

60 cts. a box of 60 pills, Edmanson Bates & Co. Ltd. Toronto

The Realm of Radio

THE RADIO AND ITS OPPORTUNITY

No invention has meant more to farmers from the standpoint of entertainment, recreation, and contact with the affairs of the world than the radio. Since it has been perfected and various radio stations established for sending out programs of entertainment, news, and information, farmers have purchased radios by the thousands. It is estimated by the United States Department of Agriculture that more than 370,000 radio sets are in use on farms, as compared with 145,000 a year ago. This indicates the farmer appreciates the radio and the service it renders him. It brings him in contact daily with the world affairs, providing him with entertainment and interesting news.

It has been pointed out that the radio will be a large factor in correcting erroneous reports which are made by so many of our daily papers. There is much false propaganda being disseminated among the people of this country and if those who have established radio stations will be careful to distribute useful and accurate news and information, as well as entertaining programs, the radio will have one of the largest influences in developing this country that has ever been discovered. The people inherently desire to be right and they can be trusted upon all issues if they can only get a proper understanding of them. We are living in a time when a great many newspapers and various other agencies and independent individuals are appealing to the prejudice of the public mind rather than to reason. It is out of sincere desire that those providing the programs for the radio will exercise the greatest care to disseminate accurate and useful information. This country cannot survive if prejudice takes the place of reason.

LOUD SPEAKERS

There can be little doubt in the mind of anyone who has taken a close interest in the growth and popularity of wireless that a determining factor which has exercised a weighty and favorable influence has been provided by the loud speaker. Under certain conditions the use of head telephones is advantageous enough, as, for instance, when very weak or distant signals are to be picked up and identified, with a view subsequently to increasing them in loudness. It is, however manifest that to the ordinary listener-in who is concerned with the entertainment aspect of wireless, rathen than in making scientific investigation, the use of ear-pieces is an intolerable nuisance. It means, in fact, that if one is to listen to a wireless set one can do nothing else at the same time. The adoption of headphones also means that if others are to enjoy the same reception simultaneously it is necessary that a number of pairs of phones should be provided, and it is also unavoidable that the listeners should cluster together in a relatively small space in which they have but little freedom of movement. The fact also must not be lost sight of that multiple telephones cost in the aggregate as much as a first-class loud-speaker. Indeed, well-finished loud-speaking is now made at a price which but a few months ago would not have been considered in the least excessive for a pair of good-quality telephones.

To the fact that the loud speakers have been available, rendering listening-in much more comfortable and enjoyable to all concerned, must be attributed the popularity of wireless from the family point of view. Meanwhile it may be pointed out that a number of experimenters find that a good loud speaker is just as effective as head phones for the purpose of tuning-in different stations, and it is becoming abundantly clear that we are soon to enter upon an era when the wireless set without a loud speaker is unthinkable. It will be remembered that a precisely analogous case was afforded by the phonograph in the earlier days of its development. Initially, listening to a cylinder record was accomplished by ear tubes, but the phonograph made a huge leap forward when the trumpet method of reproduction materialised. One mentions this point because there is no doubt that acoustic knowledge acquired in connection with gramophones has accelerated the production of the very perfect loud speakers which exist today. Unfortunately, however, this section of sound propagation, i. e., its magnification by means of a horn or trumpet, by no means constitutes the entire problem which confronts the designer of a loud speaker. The more difficult riddles which have to be solved are found, so to speak, at the electrical end of the instrument. Although, therefore, in essentials the loud speaker is merely a telephone with a somewhat large diaparagm and a horn instead of an ear-piece, it is in detail a much more complex and sensitive thing.—London Daily Telegraph.

TESTING CIRCUITS

When a set fails to operate after a jar or jolt it is usually due to the fact that some connection has come loose. Look inside the receiver to see if you can find the broken lead. Many times it can be easily found and corrective measures taken to replace it.

It often happens that the broken connection is hiding. When this is the case all the circuits must be tested with a head phone and a battery. They are connected in series and one lead from the phone and one from the battery are used as probes.

When the probes are placed on parts of the circuit that are electrically connected a click will be heard in the head phone. When there is an open circuit there will be no click or noise.

TO LINK LONDON WITH NEW YORK

"Hello, New York, this is London," may be quite an everyday phrase preliminary to commercial conversations carried on by wireless telephone service in the not distant future, according to post office officials, whose plans are being pushed forward rapidly for such service. Regular weekly tests have been proceeding, proving beyond doubt, it is stated, that such conversations are within the realm of possibility.

To further these tests a big high-powered station is being built at Rugby, in the centre of England, containing a 200 kilowatt telephone valve transmitting plant which is claimed to be the most powerful valve set in the world, being about eighty times as strong as the British broadcasting company station whose concert programs have been picked up in America and other distant countries.

Thus far the tests have been made with the American station at Rocky Point, which works on 100 kilowatts, and the experiments have shown that the winter months are more favorable than summer and that certain hours in the night are better than the daytime. The Rugby station when complete will have sixteen masts, each 820 feet high, and if the strength of the plant proves insufficient it will be enlarged until it becomes a commercial proposition.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

PANEL TEMPLATE

When laying out the panel for a new receiver it is a good plan to first draw out on paper where you intend to place the different instruments. Always keep the grid leads of the vacuum tubes as short as possible.

After you have ascertained where you are going to place the instruments, find out exactly where holes must be drilled. Measure the location of the holes carefully on a sheet of paper the exact size of the panel. Fasten the paper on the panel in a suitable manner and then drill. This home-made panel template will save you much time and trouble in the end.

WAVES OF INTEREST

Test your batteries, both "A" and "B." A radio receiver with run-down filament or plate batteries will not operate satisfactorily. "B" batteries should be discarded when they have fallen 20 per cent. below their original rating; for instance, a 45-volt battery is of little use after it has dropped below thirty-eight volts.

When a tube is subjected to excessive voltage it loses its sensitiveness, but can generally be restored by disconnecting the B. Battery and operating the set about twenty minutes with the A battery current.

The natural wave-length of an antenna in metres can be calculated by adding the length of the antenna, length of the lead-in, and length of the ground wire, then multiplying the total length by one and one-half. For example, suppose the antenna is 100 feet long, lead-in 30 feet and ground wire 20 feet, making a total of 150 feet. Multiplying the 150 by one and one-half the result is 225, the natural period or fundamental wave-length of the antenna.

If you are troubled with interference, or live close to a broadcasting station, cut down the length of your aerial.

When building a receiver be certain to solder all connections, as corrosion will eventually make the connections poor and cause noises in your receiver. Do not use acid flux, but purchase resin core solder. A small quantity of solder will go a long way when used properly. To make good connection be certain that both contacts are well heated and hold these connections together with a pair of pliers after removing the soldering iron for a period of approximately 30 seconds.

To many fans who are just building their first set the most difficult problem encountered in the construction is the determination of just which wires are connected and which are still to be connected. To eliminate this uncertainty as each wire is laid in the set the corresponding line in the diagram should be crossed out with a colored pencil line.

RADIO IN THE WORLD

Heavy static has thus far failed to interrupt the reception of Station WBZ (Springfield, Mass.,) at the Virgin Islands, according to fan mail coming from there.

In London, England, there has been erected on one of the tallest buildings a huge loop-antenna to pick up signals from America, to be amplified locally and re-radiocast.

A young man named John Lichenberger, who is totally blind, built a single circuit regenerative set all by himself at the Lighthouse for the Blind on East Fifty-ninth Street, New York. He entered it in the prize contest for home-made receivers at the Radio World's Fair.

It is reported that loud speakers have been installed in some of the Paris subways following the system used in parts of this country. If the experiment proves worth while, it is expected that loud speakers will be used on the entire system.

Fernanda Castano, of Madrid, Spain, in a letter to the American Relay Radio League, advises that organization there are now about 100 amateur radio transmitting stations in this country following decision of the Government to permit amateurs the use of wave lengths below 150 metres and up to 100 watts power. The leading radio organization is the 'Radio Club de Espana.'

One of the most interesting phases of the flight of the Z R-3 giant dirigible built in Germany for the United States is the radio installation. The new ship is equipped with tube transmitters that have a daylight range of 500 miles and a much greater distance at night. On the Atlantic trip the Z R-3 will radiocast the description of the flight, which should be heard on both sides of the water.

An uninitiated radio bug was winding an inductance coil when a more experienced friend dropped in.

"What are yu' hittin' the coil for?" asked the more experienced person.

"I dunno, seemed kinda funny to me too, but the directions said that if you want sharp tuning you should tap the coil every turn."

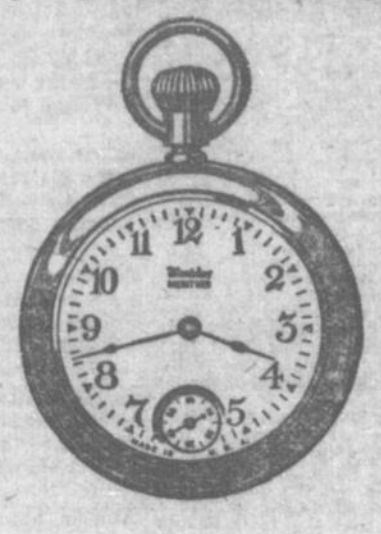
A good beginning makes a good ending
Begin with good parts and keep on.

Whether is it easier—to deal with an outlawed or a legalized evil—the bootlegger or a liquor profiteering government?

When an evil has the press and government behind it behold how great is the evil. That is the position of the drink evil in the province of Quebec.

A grain of abstinence is worth a ton of moderation.—Mrs. Geo. W. Foster, N.S.

Westclox



The time in your pocket, $2.00

WITH careful treatment Pocket Ben should last you several years. But suppose you bought one every year. That is $2.00 a year to have the time in your pocket. Four cents a week at the most for timekeeping service. If it saved you eight hours a year it would pay for itself and you would have its service free in addition.

The man with a dependable watch in his pocket can use his time to the best advantage. He saves hurry, worry and waste time spent in waiting.

Pocket Ben wears the trade mark Westclox on its dial. That is the mark of a good timekeeper. And it costs but $2.00.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

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Big Ben $4.50 | Baby Ben $4.50 | America $2.00 | Sleep-Meter $3.00 | Jack o'Lantern $4.00 | Pocket Ben $2.00 | Glo-Ben $3.00

FREE
RED BOOK
containing useful information for the Radio Enthusiast and new list of all Broadcasting Stations.

RADIO LIMITED
497 Phillips Square, - Montreal.

NEW RADIO CATALOGUE
Just off the press
Larger and more complete than ever, is YOURS FOR THE ASKING.
Dealers: Write for Discount Sheet.
JACK V. ELLIOT, Ltd., HAMILTON, ONT.
Broadcasting Station C.F.C.U.
Canada's Largest Radio Mail Order House.
ALL SHIPMENTS PREPAID.

LIVE STOCK PRICES

COMMENTS FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 9

The best steers in Montreal were sold at $6.00. Other lots of fat cattle $5.50 and $5.75 and medium quality steers $4.25 to $5 00; medium good butcher cattle, $4.00 or $4.25, and common steers, $2.75 to $3.75; good cows, $4.00 and fat Western cows, $3.75; common cows, $2.25 to $3.25; common to medium, light steers and fair heifers, $3.00 to $3.75; common bulls, $2.25 to $2.50; good veals, $9.00 to $10.00 and just medium suckers, $8.00. Grass calves brought $2.75 to $3.25; heavy pail-fed calves, $3.50 to $4.00. Trading in lambs was from $10.50 to $10.75; mixed lots, of medium to good average, $10.00 and $10.25 and common lambs, $9.00 up; sheep, $3.25 to $5.50; hogs, in mixed lots, $9.60 to $9.75 with one or two sales at $9.85; selects, $10.35 and sows, $6.50 to $7.50.

Two loads of choice heavy steers brought $7.50 per hundred at Toronto with the balance of heavies $5.25 to $7.45; a full load of heifers, $6.55 with odd lots of steers up to $6.75; handyweight butchers, fair to good, from $5.00 to $5.75 with common stuff, $3.00. Cows were $4.00 to $4.50 for choice; good heavy bulls made $4.00 to $4.25 and $2.50. Light stockers brought $3.00 to $4.50; good feeding steers, $4.50 to $5.80.; around 1,000 pounds for export from $5.40 to $6.25 per hundred; milker and springer, the best, $70.00 to $90.00 each; choice vealers, $10.00 to $11.00; odd sales, $11.50; heavies and medium calves, $6.00 to $9.50, with grassers downward to $3.25 per hundred. Hog prices opened $10.50 off cars and closed $10.75 to $11.10; selects, $11.75 to $12.20. The lamb run opened 50 c higher, at $12.00 to $12.25 per hundred, closed from $11 50 to $11.75 for choice ewes and wethers with bucks, $9.50 to $9.75; small lots of choice lambs, $12.25 to $12.50; sheep, $7.00 to $8.25 for the best.

Export steers at Winnipeg made from $5.00 to $5.50; rough heavy steers, $3.50 to $4.00; choice handyweights, $4.50 to $5.00; butcher heifers made $3.75 to $4.00; medium, $3.00 to $3.50 and common, $2.00 to $2.75; butcher cows from $2.50 to $3.00 and $3.25; plain quality, $2.00 and canners $1.25 to $1.50; bulls with good bolognas from $1 to $2.25 and exporters, $2.50 to $2.75; choice calves, $5.00 to $5.50; good heavies, from $3.50 to $4.50 and common, $2.00 to $3.00; choice feeders dehorned, $3.75 to $4.00; medium, at $3.00; choice yearlings, $3.50 to $3.75 and common to medium, $2.00 to $3.00. Thick smooth hogs opened $9.00 and closed $9.50 and a few at $9.60 fed and watered. Best quality lambs made $11.25 to $11.75 and $12.00; feeding lambs, $9.00 to $10.00; good light sheep, $6.00 to $7.00.

At Prince Albert heavy butcher steers made $4.00; medium, $3.00 and fair butcher cows and heifers, $2.00 to $2.50. Good feeders made $2.75 and fair stockers and feeders $2.25 to $2.50. The hog market closed $9.00, fed and watered, for thick smooths. Good lambs made $8.50 and good light sheep $6.00.

At Moose Jaw steers sold at $5.25, but most sales ranged $3.00 to $4.00; top heifers, $4.00; top cows, $3.00 and the bulk, $2.50 to $2.75. Fair cows sold $2.00 to $2.50 and canners from 50c to $1.25. Top veal made $4.50. Hogs opened $9.75 and closed at $9.25.

Choice butcher steers $4.50 to $4.75 at Calgary and extreme tops, $4.85; fair to good steers, $4.00 to $4.40; medium, $3.60 to $3.90 and common $2.50 to $3.50. Choice heifers sold from $3.25 to $3.50 and fair to good, $2.75 to $3.25. Cows made $1.75 all the way to $3.00. Canners and cutters sold 50c to $1.65 and bulls from $1.00 to $2.00. Good calves sold $3.85 to $4.00, heavies, from $3.00 to $3.75 and common around $2.00; good feeder steers, $3.50 to $3.90. Fair to good sold $3.00 to $3.40; fair to good stocker steers, $2.75 to $3.25 and common down to $2.00; fair to good stocker heifers, $2.00 to $2.50 and stocker cows, $1.50 to $2.50. Fair to good lambs made $11.25 to $11.50; ewes, $7.25 to $7.50; feeder lambs, $10.75 and breeding ewes, $8.50 to $12.00. Thick smooth hogs opened $8.50 and closed $8.85, off car weights.

At Edmonton desirable killing steers, $4.00 to $4.50, and common to medium, $2.50 to $3.50; good butcher cows, $2.50 to $2.75; plain to fair, $1.75 to $2.25; decent handyweight butcher heifers, $3.75 and common to fair, $2.00 to $3.00; canners and cutters, $1.00 to $1.50, and bulls, $1.00 to $2.00; some heavy feeders, $4.50; suitable shortkeeps, from $3.50 to $4.00; plain and fair, $3.00 down to $2.00 and good light weight stockers, more active, from $2.50 to $3.00; most of the good weighty calves, $4.00, and common to medium, $2.00 to $3.00; thick smooths opening at $8.50 and closing at $9.00, off cars. Best lambs made $11.00 to $11.50; good yearlings, $9.00, and the few sheep, mostly $7.00.

British Cattle Market.—Glasgow reports no Canadian fat or store cattle on sale this week. There were 1,720 Irish cattle on Monday's market and these sold from 8c to 10 1-2c per lb. live weight. Scotch sold from 12c to 13 1-2c. Birkenhead offered 700 Canadian stores and these sold from 16 1-4c to 17 3-4c per lb., dressed weight plus offal, none being sold as feeders. There were 87 Canadians consigned as fats and sold from 16 1-4c to 17 3-4c for steers; 12c for bulls and 14c for cows. Forty-one hundred Irish sold from 15 1-4c to 16 3-4c. About 3,000 Irish stores sold at same prices as Canadians. London cables the sale of 400 Canadian dressed sides of fair quality from 14 3-4c to 15 3-4c and some choice at 16 3-4c.

Provide a margin of safety

THE bridge-builder provides for safety far beyond the strains that are known.

The bridge you are building between the Present and the Future must provide for financial strains almost entirely *unknown*.

Save your money! A margin of safety is vital to you.

The Bank of Toronto will welcome your savings account; however moderately it may begin—it will grow! Consult our nearest branch manager.

Make your future safe by systematic saving—have ready money.

THE BANK OF TORONTO

JOHN R. LAMB, General Manager.

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THE CROW'S NEST

(Continued from page 10)

A POLICE COMMISSIONER'S ADVICE

I had an interesting talk with Robert (Sandy) McPherson, the new police commissioner in Vancouver, appointed by the government in response to the public demand for a clean-up. Many years ago he was a Labor member of the legislature, although he told me that he had been connected with the Liberal party during most of his 35 years in Vancouver. Mr. McPherson is a quiet-spoken man of character, with a Presbyterian contempt for humbug.

When I told Mr. McPherson that Ontario was to vote on government control and that my mission was to find how the system was working in B. C., a glint came into the new police commissioner's eye.

"There's no control about it," he declared. "You can buy all you want. Go to a government liquor office and you can get $100 worth or more. It's not government control, but government sale."

"Is there much drunkenness?"

"Quite a lot."

"How about the social evil in Vancouver?"

"Bad."

"Would you advise Ontario to adopt government control as you have it in B. C.?"

"I would not."

In interviews with local papers Mr. McPherson said a wave of crime was sweeping Vancouver, the city was wide open, bootlegging and disorderly houses flourished, and that some raids appeared to have been tipped off. Just before I reached Vancouver an Italian accused of bootlegging charged that police frequented his club and got free beer.

Commissioner McPherson is agitating for a real clean-up. At his instigation the Vancouver police commission is urging that the long horse racing season be curtailed.

SASKATCHEWAN'S CRITICAL SITUATION

Return of the Bar

An interesting and critical situation has arisen in Saskatchewan since the plebiscite on July 16th. The defeat of prohibition has naturally given great encouragement of the Moderation League people and also to the brewers and hotelkeepers. The result is that the pretence that nobody wanted the bars back again is being abandoned and the Moderation League are now pressing the Government—backed by the brewers and hotel-keepers—to institute the retail sale of beer at moderate prices in licensed premises. What this means except the reintroduction of the bar one would like to know. It certainly means the adoption of Clause B of the plebiscite and this was, as readers know, defeated by about 8,000 votes. On September 2nd a delegation from the Moderation League met the Premier, Hon. Charles Dunning, and urged that the sale of beer in licensed premises would assist in stamping out bootlegging. Mr. Dunning in his reply was quite outspoken and started his remarks according to the "Regina Leader," by stating that the Moderation League had not co-operated very enthusiastically or practically with the Government in the attempt to enforce prohibition. As the bootlegger he felt that unless the citizens of Saskatchewan generally did their duty, that individual was here to stay. He hoped the members of the Moderation League would be more anxious now to secure convictions of violations of the law. Mr. Dunning also referred to the desire for the promotion of cheap liquor expressed by the delegation. One of the contentions of the League had been that revenue would be provided for the Government, and now they were asking for cheap liquor. They could not very well have it both ways. For himself, he did not consider the matter of revenue one of primary importance. " I have never known of a people drinking themselves rich." As to their desire for the adoption of Clause B he considered a serious question was at issue and that question was whether it was desirable to create a vested interest in the sale of liquor in every community.

Mr. Dunning finally declared that the whole question was being given mose serious thought and the Legislature would be called as soon as conveniently possible and the matter then dealt with.

The situation looks as if temperance people generally need at once to make a strong stand against the introduction of the retail of liquor in licensed premises. The despised open bar is once again a serious menace.

THE VEIL OF RESPECTABILITY

"Are conditions in Montreal any better since government control went into effect?" was asked of Mrs. John Scott.

Mrs. Scott is in the forward rank of a dozen progressive movements in Montreal, a past president of the Montreal Women's Club, National W. C. T. U. secretary and convenor of the committee on narcotics. She is one of Montreal's most arduous women workers, and is well known as a public speaker in eastern Quebec. She has done a great deal for the movements for better rural education, for free schools and for women's suffrage.

"Conditions any better?" said Mrs. Scott, "decidedly not. Do you know that the people of Quebec never voted on the question of government control? They voted on the amendment only. The act was put through by the legislature.

"Another thing women have no vote in Quebec. Remember that. Women have no voice in a matter of the utmost importance to themselves. Oh! it's all done under a veil of respectability. Barkeeps now are civil servants. And the people of Quebec buy liquor to help the government.

"And do you know what to my mind is the very worst feature of the whole affair? Let me tell you what I saw not long ago. We were having a meeting opposite a liquor store. All afternoon distinctly better-class men, women and young girls and youths were coming and going from the 'store'. In the old days, before government control, women, not to mention young girls of this class, were never known to enter a saloon."

The good of mankind is the goal aimed at in Prohibition. — Mrs. Alex. L. McKenzie, Pictou.

MEROZITES

"Curse ye, Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."—Judges 5: 23.

The fiend Intemperance
Continues to advance
  Throughout the land;
Let none his duty shirk,
Let each resolve to work
  At God's command.

Our duty is to show
And let our neighbors know
  Whose side we're on;
All who to God belong
Hate and abhor the wrong,
  And 'twill be shown.

Let all who Jesus name
All who forgiveness claim
  Through Jesus' blood,
Like the Great Teacher prove
Their earnest, Christian love,
  By doing good.

Example, it is true,
A vast amount will do,
  But this alone
Is not enough to save
The drunkard from the grave,—
  Work must be done.

The curse of God was sent
On those who were content
  Not to oppose
His servants, though they still
Forbore to help to kill
  His people's foes.

The agents of the devil
In cunning works of evil
  Are up and doing;
To seize unwary prey
They're watching night and day,
  Their work pursuing.

The devil never sleeps,
And so he always keeps
  His servants busy;
Wherever liquor's sold
His servant you behold—
  Not idle, is he?

And shall God's servants dare
Their precious time to spare
  Themselves to please;
And slight His sacred word,
Its warnings disregard,
  And take their ease?

Up! Christian brother, haste!
No time for us to waste
  Or idling stand;
Our lives are passing by,
Quickly the moments fly,
  And death's at hand!

Thousands are round us dying,
And for our help are crying,
  Ruined by drink;
O let us strive to save
Those still above the grave
  On ruin's brink.

Let us in earnest be
Our children to keep free
  From Satan's snare;
In temperance work unite,
And put the foe to flight
  With work and prayer.

Voting day soon will come
And all the friends of Rum
  Will do their worst;
Then let no Christian dare
From voting to forbear—
  Idlers are curs'd.

Come, friends, and all unite
In this stupendous fight;
  Be strong and brave;
Temptation put away
And from the rum-fiend's sway
  Our country save.

Let each say at the poll—
No "Government control,"
  No Satan's tools;
Bar-tenders we'll not be,
Nor share such infamy—
  We're not quite fools.

JAMES LAWSON.
62 Seneca Street, Ottawa.

On the pretence that they are fighting for law observance and for temperance the liquor interests are shouting themselves hoarse against the bootlegger. They want the whole bad business for themselves and they want to distract the attention of the voters from that fact. Do they think the people of Ontario are all fools?

RHEUMATIC PEOPLE CAN NOW FIND RELIEF

By Driving the Poisonous Acid From the System.

Rheumatism attacks people when the blood is thin and watery, or charged with impurities, thus setting up inflammation of the muscles and joints. Cold, wet weather or sharp winds may start the pains, but the cause is rooted in the blood and to get relief it must be treated through the blood. As a blood builder and nerve tonic Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unsurpassed, and for that reason do not fail to give relief to rheumatic sufferers when given a fair trial. Among the rheumatic sufferers who have proved the great value of this medicine is Mrs. Simeon J. Tatton, Indian Head, Sask., who says:—"For over two years I was an intense sufferer from rheumatism and until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills no treatment that I took helped me any. The trouble grew so bad that I could not move around the house without help, and finally I had to give up and go to bed. Words cannot tell how much I suffered, and I could not bear to have anyone come near me. Finally one of my neighbors strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to do so. In the course of a few weeks I could feel an improvement, and I was able to get up. I kept on taking the pills until all traces of the trouble were gone, and I could again do my housework, feeling like a new person. Three years have passed since that and there has never been the slightest return of the trouble, so that I feel safe in saying that the relief brought by this medicine is permanent."

You can get the pills from your druggist, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FARMERS MARKETS

COUNTRY PRODUCE

A feature of the local egg market the past w week was the increased demand from foreign buyers for storage eggs; round lots were made by Canadian packers at 19s. per long-hundred, c.i.f., and according to latest cable advices received here American storage eggs in London were selling at 18s. to 19s. In the domestic situation the past week prices for fresh extras were at 52c to 55c, storage extras at 44c, firsts at 38c, and seconds at 32c to 33c per dozen. According to advices from the country Ontario shippers made sales of fresh extras at 44c, firsts at 40c, and seconds at 30c per dozen, f.o.b., shipping points. The shipments of live poultry from Ontario to United States markets have been on a fairly liberal scale and the latest sales reported were heavy fowl at 28c per lb., medium at 26c, light at 22c, heavy chickens at 28c, medium at 26c, light at 20c, white ducks at 24c, and colored at 20c.

THE DAIRY MARKET

The tone of the butter market throughout the week was easy and prices closed at a net decline of 1-4c to 3-4c per lb. On spot, round lots of Western No. 1 pasteurized creamery were quoted at 36 1-4c per lb., Eastern Townships No. 1 pasteurized creamery at 35 3-4c per lb., No. 1 creamery at 35c per lb. and No. 2 creamery at 24c per lb. At the Quebec Agricultural Co-operative Society auction sales No. 1 creamery sold at 34 3-4c and 34 1-2c per lb. and 100 packages No. 2 creamery at 33 1-2c per lb., while the prices bid for special and No. 1 pasteurized creamery were 1-2c to 3-4c per lb. below the asking figures.

An easier feeling prevailed in the cheese market and prices closed a shade lower for the week, with current receipts of Western No. 1 white and colored quoted at 17 3-4c per lb., Eastern No. 1 white and colored at 17 1-2c per lb., Western No. 2 grades at 17 1-8c per lb., and Eastern No. 2 grades at 16 7-8c per lb. On Saturday it was reported that the demand from over the cable for seconds was fair. It was also reported that sales of Western No. 1 white were made on spot as low as 17 7-16 per lb.

New York, Oct. 11.—Butter firm. Receipts, 9,652.

Eggs steady. Receipts 11,008. Nearby hennery whites, closely selected extras, 71c to 73c; nearby and nearby western hennery whites, firsts to average extras, 54c to 70c; nearby hennery browns, extras, 56c to 65c; Pacific coast whites, extras, 67c to 69c; do. firsts to extras firsts, 54c to 66c.

Cheese steady. Receipts 155,761 pounds.

THE GRAIN MARKET

In sympathy with the pronounced weakness in the future wheat market prices at Winnipeg continued to tumble downward, and closed with No. 1 northern at $1.55 1-8, No. 2 northern at $1.50 3-8, and No. 3 northern at $1.45 1-8 per bushel, ex-store, Fort William. The only change in premiums was a decline of 1-2c per bushel for No. 1 grade to 2c per bushel over the October option. The Liverpool future wheat market closed 3 1-2d per cwt. lower. There was a better demand from exporters for grain and a moderate amount of business was done including sales of some fair sized lots of No. 1 northern wheat on spot at 15 1-4c to 15 1-2c per bushel over the Winnipeg October option, c.i.f here, and for November shipment at 15c per bushel over the October option, c.i.f. here, while No. 2 Canadian western oats sold at 3 1-2c per bushel over the October option c.i.f. bay ports.

There was also some demand from local buyers for grain and sales of several cars of Ontario No .3 extra malting barley were made at $1.08, and No. 3 grade at $1.07 per bushel, ex-track, while Ontario No. 2 white oats sold at 67c to 68c, No. 3 white at 63c and No. 1 grade at 61 1-2c per bushel ex-track.

Cash prices at Winnipeg:—Wheat, No. 1 northern, $1.55 1-8; No. 2 northern, $1.50 3-8; No. 3 northern, $1.45 1-8; No. 4, $1.35 3-4; No. 5, $1.24 1-4; No. 6, $1.12 1-4; feed, $1.02 1-4; track, $1.53 1-8. Oats, No. 2 C.W., 63 3-4c; No. 3 C.W., 60 3-4c; extra No. 1 feed, 60 3-4c; No. 1 feed, 58 3-4c; No. 2 feed, 53 3-4c; rejected, 48 3-4c; track, 63 3-4c. Barley, No. 3 C.W., 93c; No. 4 C.W., 99c; rejected, 85c; feed, 82 1-4c; track, 93c. Rye, No. 1 C.W., $1.24 1-2; track, $1.24 1-2. Flax, No. 1 N.W., $2.37; No. 2 C.W., $2.33; No. 3 C.W., $2.08; rejected, $2.02; track, $2.37.

Foreign Exchange department Bank of Montreal shows sterling $4.38 5-8 (par value, $4.86 2-3).

New York funds, 1-64 premium.

SIXTEEN Million Dollars

That was the amount paid by the Sun Life of Canada in 1923 to policyholders who lived to mature their policies or accepted the privilege of taking dividends or other benefits to which their policies entitled them

Just think of it! Sixteen million dollars paid out to people in a single year—to help out the earnings which have been diminished by advancing years; to purchase the business, or an interest in the business, which will provide the family income; to build the house which it has been a life's ambition to own; to educate the children or to meet emergencies created by sickness or financial stress.

"You Can Rest Assured"

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE-MONTREAL

WHY DO WE MARK OUR BALLOTS WITH A CROSS?

Why do we mark our ballot papers with the sign of the cross? To find the answer we must go back a good many centuries: indeed, we have to answer another question first, namely, why do we use the word sign in connection with the act of attesting documents of one kind or another? We ask people to sign their names when we really wish them to write their names, and we speak of our signature, but for the most part we do not even ask ourselves why we thus speak. As a matter of fact, in bygone ages, one attesting a document did not write his name—in most cases—for the very good reason that he could not write. A "clerk" or a "writer" wrote the name, and the contracting, or attesting party signed his name with the sign of the cross after it had been written down in his presence. In the case of the illiterate this ancient custom still holds good and their cross holds as equal to the writing of the name.

There can be no doubt but that the signing of a document with the Sign of the Cross partook of the nature of an oath; it was understood that by the use of the most sacred symbol of the Christian religion a man undertook, by all that that sacred sign implied and meant to him, to be true to his covenant; if he put the cross to evidence given he declared by the Cross of Christ that what he had said was true.

It can surely be no mere accident that ballot papers are marked with the Sign of the Cross. Doubtless, it was at first intended to impress voters with the solemnity of the act of voting. In the instance of the vote on the Ontario Temperance Act nothing but good would result to all parties if every voter would remember that it is the Sign of the Cross of Christ that they make in giving their verdict. It would be well if everyone would be careful to be satisfied that what they are doing is in keeping with the Sign of the Cross.

JOHN GALT.

YOUR VOTE

Do you know a home where happiness has come in since whiskey went out? Do you want to bring whiskey back to that home? Then stay at home on voting day. Do you want to keep happiness in that home? Then get out and poll your vote for "continuance" of the O.T.A.

If you want to clear your boy's path of endless temptation, mark your ballot with a clear cross for "continuance" of the O.T.A.

How many mothers went down to their graves with shame because of the bar that debauched their boys — helpless mothers who had no vote. You have a vote—use it!

God gave you a vote. Your vote is a weapon. If you fail to cut off the head of the dragon with it, or if you let your sword lie idle, it may cut off your life's happiness. And you must give account of your vote to God.

You are busy every morning? Everybody ought to be. But if you cannot take time to vote on voting morning, you may have to lose time many a mornig afterwards. For you would not let your toddlers go off to school without a long good-bye if you knew they might never come back. Remember the drunken driver.

"He never hurt anybody but himself," they used to say at drunkard's funerals. But even then it wasn't true and they knew it. But to-day the drunkard has his choice of ways of hurting people wholesale; the automobile, the aeroplane, high explosives. He will not need to die in obscurity. He can thrill the country by killing Canadians in bunches. Do you want the return of drunkenness?

"But the O.T.A. is not all we hoped," you say. No, but it is the best temperance legislation we have ever had.

And listen to this——! Premier Ferguson has given us his word that if the O.T.A. is sustained, Oct. 23rd, he will give it vigorous enforcement, and will add the amendments needed to make it fully warkable.

The two forces lined up against each other to-day are the "Wets" and the "Drys." To which do you belong?—Ont W.C.T.U. Leaflet.

THE BIBLE AND STRONG DRINK

"It is true that the Bible does not endeavor to remedy moral evils by human legislation, but addresses itself to the individual conscience, seeking to convert men one by one—to regulate details of conduct by Christ's law of love.

"The Bible, however, recognizes human rulers as ordained of God for the punishment of evil-doers, and if it can be shown that the traffic in intoxicating drinks inflicts incalculable evils on society, (greater, it has been said, than those of war, famine and pestilence combined), it becomes the clear duty of the government and legislature to prevent the inflictions of such miseries on the people for the selfish gain of the few."—From "Testimony of Scripture regarding Wine and Strong Drinks," by Sir William Dawson.

MOURN AND PRAY

Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

A vote in time
May prevent a crime.
—Jean Aird, Ont.

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"Witness" Block, Montreal.

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Judge W. N. Gemmill, of the Municipal Court of Chicago, says: "The good Lord certainly knew what He was about when He held back the invention of the automobile until He had the liquor traffic on the toboggan slide. No man or woman could cross the streets in safety to-day if the saloons were all running full blast as of yore."

The bootleggers and the bars are being made the goats upon whose heads the iniquity of the drink traffic is being laid. But it is just a drawing of red and very strong smelling herring across the trail. Is drink so very harmless when sold by the government to people sitting at tables or to be taken home in the bottle?