WITNESS
and
Canadian Homestead

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS. VOL. LXXXIII. No. 46. MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 14, 1928. 83rd Year. SUBSCRIPTION RATES INSIDE FIVE CENTS A COPY.

THE WITNESS is working through its readers in every province, and they through it, to

make Canada a land to love

The Week's Outlook

The Era of Peace

ALL human motion ceased throughout Canada and, "keeping pace with the hours," more or less in all lands and on all seas, at eleven o'clock last Sunday. Railway trains and street cars and traffic came to a halt. Movement ceased on the seventy-five ocean and lake-going ships in our harbor—on all ships in all harbors and, allowing for the necessities of navigation, on ships in the seven seas. The world stood still in memory of an event, which, instead of growing dim in distance with the lapse of a decade, stands out today even more considerable than on that day ten years ago when the news of peace evoked such a spontaneous spasm of public emotion as our cities had not in their whole history experienced. In the throngs that then suddenly emerged upon the side-walks long surcharged, though, perhaps, unconscious, emotion let itself go, as each one seemed, like a prisoner released from a sunless dungeon, to seek the sympathy of all mankind in his bewilderment. How different is it today! The abundance of nature, the diligence of man, the bounty of Providence, has obliterated the visible devastation; it has not restored the ten million picked men whom the war slew, and has but poorly mended the twenty million more whom it broke. But it has turned the monuments which have everywhere risen to the victims of strife, not as of old into vauntings of victory, but into monumental pledges of eternal goodwill among men. Before the ten years were out the nations met, our own among them, and pledged themselves and each other against war. That pledge means much or little according to the spirit behind it. But it was a solemn expression of a great longing and of a universal conviction—of the wish and the conscience of mankind. Henceforth Armistice Day will mean the recital of that creed and the renewal of that pledge till it shall more and more mean what it says. Coinciding, as it does in Canada with Thanksgiving, it will mean a renewal of the angels' song.

Britain's Mission

RULE BRITANNIA sounds a grand, new note today. Britain's purpose is the peace of the world. The model of a world of goodwill is the harmony of the British nations, not only living in good will among themselves, but co-operating in the promotion of goodwill throughout the world. As to these traits and purposes none can speak with more authority than Sir Austen Chamberlain, who said to a Canadian Club at Ottawa:

"The Empire's contribution to world peace is such that no other nation could make. I say to you, so far removed from the old hatreds and fears and passions of our troubled European conditions and living in vast spaces, while we are crowded together and seeking room for our people to live, I say to you that the British Empire can make a contribution to the peace of the world such as no other nation in the world can offer. Canada can see conditions in Europe with a finer perception than can those who are nearer the picture, and Canada brought to the Motherland the opinion of the new World unmarred by the errors of the old."

The Renunciation of War

SAID IN CHURCH

In this tenth year after the end of the world war we have been witnesses to an event, which surpasses the expectations of our most ardent hope and puts to shame our feeble faith. On the 27th day of August of this year of grace, fifteen sovereign nations sent plenipotentiaries to the city of Paris to affix the signatures of their respective governments to a solemn covenant unreservedly renouncing war as an instrument of national policy and mutually pledging one another never to seek the solution of their international disputes, whatever their nature or origin, except by pacific means. We rejoice that our nation was there represented and that, on our behalf, the honor of Canada was pledged to the faithful keeping of the solemn vow there made. We rejoice that, since the date of signing, more than forty other governments have officially indicated their purpose to adhere to this covenant. We wait in prayer and confidence for its ratification by the parliaments of all nations. It is meet and fitting that we store the words of this covenant in our hearts, for we would give intelligent support to all servants of the public will, so that faithfully and with unfaltering purpose they may keep the high obligations of peace to which our sacred honor has been pledged.

THE PREAMBLE TO THE TREATY

"The President of the United States of America, the President of the French Republic, His Majesty the King of the Belgians, the President of the Czechoslovak Republic, His Majesty the King of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Emperor of India, the President of the German Reich, His Majesty the King of Italy, His Majesty the Emperor of Japan, the President of the Republic of Poland:

"Have decided to conclude a treaty and have agreed upon the following articles:

"Deeply sensible of their solemn duty to promote the welfare of mankind:

"Persuaded that the time has come when a frank renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy should be made, to the end that the peaceful and friendly relations now existing between their peoples may be perpetuated;

"Convinced that all changes in their relations with one another should be sought only by pacific means, and be the result of a peaceful and orderly process, and that any signatory power which shall hereafter seek to promote its national interests by resort to war should be denied the benefits furnished by this treaty;

"Hopeful that, encouraged by their example, all the other nations of the world will join in this humane endeavor and, by adhering to the present treaty as soon as it comes into force, bring their peoples within the scope of its beneficent provisions, thus uniting the civilized nations of the world in a common renunciation of war as an instrument of their national policy;

THE ARTICLES OF THE TREATY

"The high contracting parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

"The high contracting parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts, of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

We, the people of this congregation, offer praise to Almighty God that his spirit has with such grace and power moved upon the nations. As we have in times past offered our lives and treasure to the fortunes of war, so now, at the threshold of a new day, we dedicate ourselves and our treasures to the bringing of peace to all mankind.

PRAYER

Let us bless the Lord for all those whom we hold in remembrance. O teach us the lesson of their sacrifice and help us to realize that there are still great causes worth living for and worth dying for: and grant that in our daily lives and in our public policies we may be worthy of our glorious dead. Though Jesus Christ our Lord; (AMEN.)

Devotion in Common

IT is no function of government to guide the people's devotions. Yet people of all creeds would heartily greet a national program promoted at Ottawa by a committee of various faiths "under the patronage" of his Excellency the Governor-General, just as any patriotic fund might be, to offer to the clergy of all denominations—Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jewish—a national form of service, in using which, in so far as they cared to, they could feel themselves to be uniting with Canadians generally and of many beliefs. God forbids none to pray and there is special grace to such as agree on what they shall ask. It would have been well to have sent the same to the whole press. While a state church is impossible in a community of many minds, it seems to imply a soulless nation to have no relations with, or recognition of, religion. The method taken was one with which none could well find fault; and it seems to have been greeted in all responsible quarters. Of course, there were those who thought they could do it better and these were not in any way hindered from improving it as to them might seem good. What we print in this paper is not from that pamphlet.

We note in a denominational paper, which, however, does not concur, that one western minister is affronted at finding this service suggestion in both French and English, with variations to suit Roman conceptions of devotion. There are people to whom anything foreign is an offence and there seem to be Canadians who do not know that the French are not foreign in Canada. This writer says: "Please do not expect all English-speaking Protestants of the Dominion of Canada to welcome with open arms a bilingual ceremonial pamphlet, partly printed in French and only part of it approved by the Roman Catholic Church." It would be, perhaps, too much to expect all Protestants to rejoice in anything that Canadian religionists, including Jews, can have in common in their devotions. But we cannot but deplore that there should be such. This one is un-Canadian when he says; "What would be more appropriate in many parts of Canada is not a combination of English and French, but of English and Swedish, English and Icelandic, English and Ruthenian, English and German, or English and any one of a number of languages." We would be well pleased if united prayer could ascend in Canada in all the tongues of Pentecost. Those ministering in the languages mentioned have no doubt used this suggestion of common devotion as seemed appropriate to

them. The last thing for any patriotic Canadian to do who wants Canada to become a nation as well as a country, is to slight and embitter any group of potential citizens. But to measure those incoming groups with the race which made the original stock of our nation, which was the pioneer of those prairie provinces as the names of many natural objects there attest, and to treat that race as foreign, is to do Canada the worst possible turn. The paper in question sufficiently answers this aspersion by saying that: "of course our correspondent must remember that **the British North America Act definitely made Canada a bilingual country.**" It is extremely important for the well-being of our nation that these two great facts should be distinctly known: First, that the French were here when the English came, that they are here now and are going to be here, and we had better, whether we are Christians or not, make friends of them; and, second, that they have, as they should have, recognized constitutional rights in Canada.

A Clear Verdict

GOVERNOR SMITH has gotten a whipping worst kind. Translated into Victorian English: a jolly good licking he got. Never was there such a voting since the world was. Never was a candidate so badly beaten. That is not to say that Governor Smith was not a good vote-getter. At that he never had his match. Of the popular vote he polled a million more than any Democratic candidate before him. In selecting him, the party did not miscalculate as to that. What they failed to reckon on was the magnetic candidate's negative pole. For every vote he attracted there were two that he repelled; so that the magnetic candidate proved the best vote-getter for the very un-magnetic one. Hide it as anxiously as they may, among the wreckage of the two party platforms and the issues dwelt on in the speeches, the liquor advocates cannot hide, even from themselves, the truth that nothing but the fact that prohibition was at stake could have drawn out such a tremendous and unprecedented vote. The candidates themselves kept off it as best they could, not knowing what foes they might rouse. Mr. Smith calculated by the only state he knew. He was sure of his own city of New York, which is more than half the state, and thought to gain "Up-state," as he had done for the governorship, by his ardent support of an "all-American" and all New York Erie canal route to the sea, as against the St. Lawrence waterway, strongly advocated by Mr. Hoover on behalf of the disgruntled western producers whom it was his task to placate. But, besides the fact that the St. Lawrence power is largely a New York state asset and probably by now politically mobilized, there was something infinitely more interesting to the ordinary up-state voters, especially the women, than any question of navigation. These accepted as a challenge the confession of Mr. Raskob, Mr. Smith's still more short-sighted manager, that Mr. Smith placed his trust in liquor. The women had, there, as everywhere, been praying for Mr. Hoover's election; and where prayer is made real by faith and effort, it is apt to be answered. In this, up-state New York was an epitome of the nation. The result astounds the victor, Mr. Hoover, himself, in whom, though devout, the material is dominant and the sympathetic nerve slow. According to his own announcement he sided with prohibition because it was economically beneficial. While the candidates were, one of them lumbering with dull, written speeches, the other waving, gyrating and hand-shaking at the tail of railway trains, the one ground note of the campaign little heard by either, but ruling where ward bosses have voice in those haunts which survive the old saloon as well as in the prayer meeting, was the real issue that mobilized the nation as never before.

The Black Belt

AGAINST the view that the question decided was prohibition and nothing else, is the fact that the only states that gave Mr. Smith a majority were prohibition states. It is true that the Black belt voted Democratic. But, then, what else could it do? Was it going to vote "nigger"? From the day of emancipation the freed slaves were for Marse Linkum, and through all their evolution since the colored people have continued solidly loyal to the Republican party, and, so far as allowed to vote, have voted that way. while the Southern whites, keeping the voting in their own hands have as faithfully voted the other way in memory of the lost cause—which is practically in memory of slavery. Possibly some of them have grown a little tired of the memory. The very surprising thing is that the solid South has been broken and that North Carolina, Virginia, Florida and Texas have all given a majority for Mr. Hoover. What has driven a wedge into the solid South is a problem which is greatly interesting American politicians. Is it another feat of Mr. Smith's negative magnetic pole? Perhaps Lady Astor, speaking in London, can throw some light on the matter:

> "I am delighted with the Hoover victory. I am a Virginian and on the other side of American party politics. But I regard Mr. Hoover's success as a victory for prohibition. I hope Mr. Hoover will clean up New York; he can make prohibition real. It is real in a large part of the United States, but Mr. Hoover should stamp out alcohol from New York. Prohibition has reduced the population of prison, poor-houses and infirmaries; it has increased the money spent on the workers' children and has increased prosperity, in my recent visit to America I found American women all for peace and prohibition."

Beclouding The Issue

"OF comfort no man speak. Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs." The chief liquor advocate of Montreal turned out the night of the United States election to bury the prohibition victory as deeply as it could under a heap of other issues—with a sneer more suggestive of vexation than of sense. Its news service similarly dwells on the victory of protection, and the futility of prohibition. The Republicans, it admits, "had with them the prohibition element and the by no means negligible bed-fellow of the prohibitionist, the bootlegger." That nonsense served its purpose on the introduction of government control with amiable priests and simple people in Quebec, and with Conservative temperance people in Ontario, anxious to vote for their own party; indeed, in all provinces that were sick of the imbecility of our crippled prohibition laws, which legalized, and of their administration, which encouraged, the wholesale production of alcoholic drinks and saw the flood invading our neighbor's country and reverting upon our own in ever more profitable streams, as the stock market reports of the Gazette from time to time recorded. It was unblushing to tell the people that those bootleggers who kept the breweries and distilleries in business and their backers were all voting for prohibition in furtherance of their piratical business. A hard pill it was to swallow; but it went down. But it can only be accounted a disappointed growl now that bootlegging has increased wherever prohibitive legislation is relaxed, and is indeed openly fostered by the government liquor agencies in the Gazette's own city and province.

Protection

PROTECTIONISTS are trumpeting in Mr. Hoover's sweeping majority the triumph of their privileges. Certainly these are getting a new lease of life. How much different it would have been under Mr. Smith we do not know. The protectionists did not quite like Mr. Hoover. They had to take him because of the kick of the western wing of the party against the bondage of the farmer to "The East"; and he will have to be somewhat guided by that relationship. He proposes some increases to the tariff on behalf of the farmers, chiefly, of course, against Canada. Mr. Smith gave no certain sound. He is not an economist; nor are the electors generally. He confessed that he knew nothing about farm relief, but he proposed to call a conference of independent experts to consider the problem. The country as a whole was languid on that question. A time when a country is gorged with wealth and luxurious comfort, is no time to instruct its people in the falsity of their system. No longer, exclaims one oracle, triumphantly, can people shout at us: "Has protection made you rich?" That question has evidently distressed its clients in days gone by. See today, it says, how rich the protectionist country is! The real thing to say is: "See how rich the free trade country is." It is possible that the writer who boasts of the triumph may not have noticed that when the authoritative economists of Europe made a gesture toward free trade throughout Europe as their only hope of rivalling the western world in prosperity, their envy pointed not to the closed doors of that country enabling the strong in it to tax the weak in it; but to the vast area of high production and mutually beneficial interchange, untrammelled by any boundary. It was the free interchange they felt the need of emulating. He might have noted, also, that the present plethora, in which our own country in a small measure shares is war wealth. To sell to nations in extremities at war prices is perhaps impossible to avoid; but it is nothing to glory in. In applying United States protection by implication to Canada there is always the old story of the toad and the ox. It is more possible to live under artificial limitations within a world of a hundred and twenty millions than in one of ten millions.

As for Mr. Hoover's great stalking-horse, his 900 million dollar navigation developments on the Mississippi and St. Lawrence systems, in these he is in his own sphere and this is where he is capable of working untold service to his country; and so to the world.

A Party's Changes

WE have heard of an ancient fable about the trees in desperation electing one to rule over them and settling at last on the bramble bush; and how the only thing the bramble could do was to get on fire and consume the rest. We are not comparing the last Democratic choice to the bramble. He is a man of singular ability and greatly esteemed. An eminent Boston lady has been won to Romanism by his beautiful family life. But he was a mistake. The Democrats got what they deserved for choosing a pro-liquor man, not because they believed with him, as probably a majority did not, but for the votes he could win. What a contrast was this to the same party's long-time favorite, Mr. Bryan, devout prohibitionist and fundamentalist preacher! Since Bryan, the party has put forward a variety. There was the professorial Wilson of really majestic memory; then a light weight in Cox, whose virtue, like that of his opponent, Harding, consisted chiefly in belonging to Ohio, a "teetering" state; after him, an admirable, but, perhaps, for them, too admirable a candidate, in John W. Davis. The mere fact of Mr. Smith being a Roman Catholic could not properly be alleged against him as a disability in a country which, from the beginning has carefully eschewed all questions of creed. It is, however, a primary principle of democracy that people shall elect persons who represent them. It is probable that the party counted on receiving for this reason the bulk of the Roman Catholic vote. That that estimate was not ill-founded is shown by the winning Smith vote in the old Republican states of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, which are now largely foreign and Catholic, the French Canadian vote being an ever-increasing element. That advantage might, of course, have its balancing developments.

Philandering

MR. HOOVER is going to use the "bad quarter of an hour" between his election and his reign, on a

The Commander's Message

General Sir Arthur Currie, who was Commander of the Canadian Expeditionary force and is now President of the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League and who is now in Britain recovering from a severe illness and from the painful worry of newspaper misrepresentation, thus addressed the veterans on Armistice Day.

To all my comrades of the Canadian Legion.

ARMISTICE DAY will be to us a day of cherished recollections. "We recall the golden friendships, the gallant courage, the splendid sacrifice, the steadfast ideals of the War days and our picture of those vanished hours remains unblurred with the passing of the years," continues Sir Arthur. "We did not seek war for its own sake. We had no delusions about its mythical glamour, its horrors, its heartaches and its tragedies. But throughout all the incidents of its seemingly endless nights and days we were united in one hope, which shone steadily like a star through all its clouded agonies—a hope and belief that we were fighting a war that would forever put an end to war.

HOPE NEAR REALIZATION.

"Today that hope, which then seemed so distant of fulfilment, is nearing its realization. The nations are thinking at last, as they never thought before, in terms of peace. There is a stirring in the trees for the gentle wind of peace is blowing through all the world. This is the most gratifying fact of this anniversary. That peace on earth may be finally established must be our labor—for that is the vision for which our comrades died.

"In our own homeland we of the Legion must continue to the end to maintain the ideals and principles which strengthened us through all the testing and trying hours of the War days — Tolerance, unity, devotion to duty, justice for all, and the bearing of one another's burdens. We must continue to be, as in the battle hours, not of the East or the West, not of one race or another, but united Canadians with a common objective the happiness and progress of our country. Each Armistice Day sees vacant places; each year our ranks grow smaller, for to our dwindling army there come no recruits. But those of us who remain must renew again on this anniversary our sacred pledge, that we will keep the faith with our dead comrades, that their hope of peace on earth may at last be fulfilled."

goodwill royal progress through South America. He cannot be acclaimed within the country before the fourth of March; but he cannot be acclaimed outside of it after that. He commences his inaugural triumph from the word, go! Oh, for the glad hand of Al. Smith! He would need it, as those republics are only half pleased, if at all, with Monroe patronage. We do not hear that he is going to tour Canada on a like errand. It would be awkward as he has just promised—and he is a man of his word—to do his best to raise the commercial wall between his country and ours. That sort of thing is not called enmity yet. It will be, some day. It is already a great source of ill-will between powers. Any way, in view of our systematic piracy, we deserve some snubbing. However, there is no harm in our considering individually and in our government considering how we can turn from the door banged to the wide open one—from the commercially unfriendly one to the friendly one. Not that we would in any way repel an otherwise excellent neighbor, whom we are wronging much more acutely than he is wronging us, or strangle ourselves in any measure at all to spite him, but that, being in need of external commerce, and much dependent on it, we should open our doors as wide as possible in the direction in which that is more than reciprocated and in which it is highly appreciated.

How it is Done

ALL know who is to be president of the United States. People generally assume that Mr. Hoover is elected. He thinks so himself. Yet, he will not be elected till the second Monday in January, when the electors now chosen shall cast their votes; and he will not be proclaimed until the second Wednesday in February. Fictions and survivals are dear to the constitutional mind and are clung to with reverence as long as they hurt nobody. This ceremonial gives a solemnity to a great state function, better suited, perhaps, to the new world than those which surround the contemporaneous accession of a new Mikado. Its whole history is one of failure. It was the members of the Electoral college who were elected last week. This very deliberate machinery was invented to keep the people from choosing their own president, a duty for which the founders of the republic counted them unfit, a view that was concurred in by the nation at large, by the ratification by the several states of a constitutional amendment giving it being. The Electoral college was planned to consist of the wisest men in each state, who, being elected, not by sections, but by the state at large, were necessarily under the party system all of one party, or all of the other, making each state, whether great or small, a unit. This makes a large state with many votes a good deal of a gamble as to which way the mass will turn. These electors were, in theory, given abundance of time for deliberation, before having to make their choice. When it was made, the votes cast were to be solemnly checked by a joint committee of the two houses of Congress. If no candidate had a majority for either office, the House of Representatives would choose a president, and the Senate a vice-president. This system came into operation in 1804. Each state had a right to as many representatives in the Electoral College as it had seats in both houses of Congress. Here was a machinery to eliminate popular passion and make the highest appeal to well-informed reason. Yet instead of wiping out the popular mind, its effect from the first was just the opposite. It wiped out the supposed men of wisdom, who have never been anything better than rubber stamps to cast the vote of the party that they belonged to. It is, indeed, on record that one of them once in a century and a quarter asserted his primal right and did not vote as he was expected to. We may try to imagine if we choose what sort of sages would have sat in the White House if they could have been thus maturely selected by non-partisan electors without the need of candidates being photographed in their shirt sleeves at the printer's case, or at the woodpile, to attest their plebeian status.

It is, of course, a very imperfect system for reflecting the will of the people, in so far as they have a will. Occasionally a man will hold office by reason of a minority vote, his opponent polling actually more votes than he. But that can also occur in our own system. For example, there may be twenty members on one side with an average of ten of a majority, while as many on the other may have an average of a thousand majority. Yet the first side may have a majority in the house. No way is perfect.

What's in a name?

ECHOING, not for the first time, Mr. Henri Bourassa, the Toronto Star objects to naming the new Canadian National Steamships after the wives of famous British sailors or, rather, after the sailors themselves, as their wives are unknown, thus: Lady Hawkins, Lady Drake, Lady Nelson. These ships built for the West Indian trade give, in their names, no indication that they are Canadian. Mr. Bourassa is distressed by what he calls the imperialism of it, the Star, by the snobbery. The Canadian fleet has already about a score of ships with the word "Canadian" in their names. In that Canada already excels all other nations in loyalty to herself. As for imperialism, it is no red rag to us as it is to Mr. Bourassa. The British empire was a somewhat offensive boast when it was invariably associated with ruling the seven seas. But is has changed, and is still changing into being a model of international co-operation, goodwill and fellowship. We never expect to repeat either of the two earlier corsairs or the "mighty Nelson." What these fresh water critics overlook is the large place tradition holds with the sailor. As ships are largely named to suit the lands to which they sail, the names mentioned have a certain appropriateness as plying to the British West Indies where those who bore them did exploits.

The Armistice Celebrations

NEVER since the Armistice itself was there such an Armistice Day as that which is just passed. For one thing the miracle of the wireless over-leaped the ocean boundaries. In this sense "there was no more sea." Canada and other distant members of the Empire were grouped in a more conscious sense round the Cenotaph in Whitehall. Then, Montreal and many parts of Eastern Canada were favored by unusually fine November weather, so that those who participated in out-door ceremonies were able the better in recalling their sacrifice to experience the elation of the new day. Again, the fact of Armistice Day falling on Sunday gave opportunity for congregations together to stand in solemn silence before God, and in realized sympathy with mankind. Church congregations were stirred as never before by the tragedy of the war and the many tragedies and sorrows of the peace. For now that it is ten years since the bugles sounded "Cease Fire!" hard feeling between us and former enemy nations has, to a great extent, died down, and the thought of their sufferings has made its appeal to our hearts. Considerations of "War Guilt" are in a great measure swallowed up in the thought of "How equal in their sufferings lie the groaning multitudes of earth." It will always be a satisfaction for us of British stock to remember that Britain was among the first of the Allies to remember that the broken enemy nations were nations of human beings, and to interpose her shield between them and the extremity of vengeance. So it was as natural as it was right that practically every public utterance in our Armistice celebrations voiced the earnest desire for international understanding and lasting peace.

Power For Peace

THERE is no doubt indeed that peace sentiment is more widespread than ever before. But it is well for us to remember that as the body without the spirit is dead, so peacemaking machinery without goodwill is dead also. But, on the other hand, as we can hardly conceive of spirit without a body to express it, so sentiment without organization is impotent. Here comes in the importance of the League of Nations. There are people still who sneer at the League and who profess to be shocked at what they term its costliness. But the money that is spent on it is an infinitesimal insurance against international strife. The League, with all its imperfections, is the most valuable instrument for Peace which has been devised in history. It has solved many crucial international problems and has in a notable way been a good Samaritan to the war stricken populations of Europe. But there is something that we can do besides giving every support to the League of Nations. There are racial animosities, international pinpricks, which may leave a festering sore that some day may involve most dreadful consequences. Without ceasing to love our own country, we must get into the habit of thinking internationally, thinking in the terms of Humanity. Even here we may fall short of real and lasting peace. Never, until the Russian Bolshevists, were there such enthusiasts for Humanity as the leaders of the French Revolution. Huxley, in his rough way, criticised Compte's "Worship of Humanity," by saying that he would as lief worship "a wilderness of apes." Burns, a true lover of mankind, if ever there was one, warned his young friend, "Mankind ye'll find an unco squad, and muckel they will grieve you." Here comes in the all-importance of Religion. It is when we see Humanity, through the eyes of God that our pity becomes discerning, our love potent and powerful and Armistice Day becomes a true Thanksgiving Day. It is, as we recognize, every man, every woman, as a brother, or a sister, "for whom Christ died," that our love will, like the wireless, overleap all boundaries, and Humanity will consciously be knit together because:

". . . the whole, round earth is every way
Bound by golden chains about the feet of God."

Be Forewarned

As Last Year, Our

Special Offer — *Changes*

Dec. 1st

From 3 Subscriptions
To 2 Subscriptions
} *for $2*

In Either Case

Only One Renewal may be included in such a club

Additional New Subscriptions may be added pro rata



FAMOUS PROSPECTOR

John Jones, the famous prospector, who plans to go to Fix Inlet, Baffin Land, next winter. He is seeking the biggest silver, zinc and lead proposition in the Hudson Bay area and bases his hope of finding it on information received from Major Burwash, chief government geologist. Johnny says that there will be about eight men in the party as well as a supply of huskie dogs and his arctic ice sleigh, a specially constructed machine capable of about 60 miles an hour. Asked what area looked the best to him in the north now, Jones said: "Porcupine; it hasn't any equal. There are some more Hollingers on the way; and, by the way, Hollinger isn't by any means done."

A cynic, a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.—Oscar Wilde.

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION
NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Previous contributions acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer	$19.00
Further Contributions	14.00
	$33.00

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES

Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer	$447.77
Further Contributions	2.00
Mary Parsons, Elbow, Sask.	5.00
	$454.77

Letters

RURAL CONSOLIDATION

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—Yesterday we opened the new Consolidated School at Dundee, in Huntingdon County. This school consolidates four of the Elementary Schools of Dundee Township; one Elementary School of Godmanchester; and one Elementary School of the adjoining Township of St. Anicet.

The new School Building is a very handsome, modern structure, built of brick, well lighted, with commodious rooms and all sanitary conveniences, with playrooms in the basement and the necessary equipment to supply the children with hot lunches. The new School is a credit to the Community.

A very large assemblage of people gathered at the School for the opening. The children sang several Patriotic Selections, and addresses were delivered by Hon. James A. Robb, Minister of Finance; A. R. McMaster, K.C., a Member of the Sub-Committee on Rural School Consolidation; Rev. Dr. McLean of Huntingdon; Inspector Brady, Inspector General of Protestant Schools. Mr. Sutherland: Mr. Mac. Bobb; Dr. Rowatt, Member of the Protestant Committee of the Department of Public Instruction: by the writer, who was present as Chairman of the Committee on Rural School Consolidation, and others.

We now have more than two score such schools operating in the Eastern Townships, and other sections of Quebec, in every case with great satisfaction to the people, and splendid results in the education of the children.

You have been so kind in supporting all the Educational Movements, it occurred to me a report of the proceedings at Dundee would be of interest to your readers.

The establishing of a school in a Community is little short of a tremendous event. The consequences of such action by a Community are impossible to estimate. Since the days when the Prophet Samuel established the School of the Prophets in Mount Carmel, Education has held a vital place in all enlightened Communities.

A. K. Cameron.

Que. Nov. 3.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PROTESTS

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—In your issue of 17th October last, there appeared a despatch concerning the passing of Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, to which my attention was called but recently.

I do not blame him, but I am sorry the writer of the subtitle saw fit to describe Mrs. Stetson as a "Christian Science leader", because such a description is very misleading to the average reader, and does it not strike you as a little unfair to the hundreds of thousands of members of the Christian Science Church which was founded by Mary Baker Eddy, (which consists of the Mother Church in Boston, and its 2,300 regularly constituted branches) to have a person described as their leader, one who, however estimable she might be personally, had had to be dismissed from that Church because her views and teachings were not in accord with it?

Mrs. Stetson started and maintained a local Church in New York, which she called a Christian Science Church, and she advertised quite extensively in the New York press at times, but even that could hardly be considered sufficient reason to describe her as a leader of the Christian Science Movement, which is world wide.

We are quite willing to accept responsibility for our own views and teachings, and if given opportunity, will always endeavor to justify them, but we feel it is just a wee bit too much to be burdened with the responsibility for the statements and behavior of those who have left our ranks.

I trust, Mr. Editor, you will accept this little protest in the spirit in which it is sent, and that you will be able to find space enough to publish it.

M. S. TEMPLE HILL,
Christian Science Committee on Publication for the Province of Quebec.
Montreal, Nov. 9.

ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Editors Note:—The following letter, written by a Witness reader in reply to a Christian Science article sent to her, is here reproduced at her request.

I cannot embrace Christian Science for many reasons, the most important of which is their attitude towards Jesus Christ and the Bible—God's Word to us. It is the greatest farce I have ever come in contact with. Science and Health is read along with the Bible, and yet the very words of the Bible are denied. Jesus Christ prayed whole nights through. All the saints of the ages were men who wrestled alone with God. We are told to pray without ceasing. Jesus gave us the Lord's Prayer. What does Mrs. Eddy say about prayer? What does she say about God? Who is she that should dare to put before people such a teaching as she does? The Christian has been taught to pray **through** Jesus Christ, and to ask **in His Name** believing we shall receive. John 14:6. Jesus says: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." We can follow Him without any help from such a person as Mrs. Eddy. She tells us divine science shows us the way. Imagine the sanity of a person calling the senses (that God so wisely gave His children) "error, an error from which mortals need to be saved." This is too pitiful to be amusing. Jesus said (Matt. 11:27) "All things are delivered unto Me of My Father; and no man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him." It is plain that we can only know the Father through **His Son.** I have never yet heard a Christian Scientist acknowledge the divine Sonship of Jesus. Isaiah 53:5 tells us "with His stripes we are healed." Is that the way of healing, taught in Christian Science? "He was bruised for our iniquities" (same verse). Was He bruised for something that did not exist, as Mrs. Eddy denies sin? Our Bible tells us Jesus died to save us from our sins. John 3:16 says "For God so loved the world that He gave his **only** begotten **Son that whosoever believeth in Him** should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 5:23 says, "He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which sent Him." In John 3:3 Jesus said, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." The idea that it is necessary only to develop the good that exists in man by nature is a fatal deception. Acts 4:12. "Neither is there salvation in any other for there is **none other name** under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." (This was spoken by Peter.)

Prov. 28: 13 says "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whosoever confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy"—what about denying the existence of sin? Jesus Christ taught that the Christian way was not an easy way to travel. He talked a great deal about "The Cross", and about "Self-denial" and the "narrow way". He has much to say about sin and suffering and disease and death, about a Judgment, a hell, and a heaven. Is Jesus Christ a liar? No. He is the Truth and the Life. Whoever denies His words is a liar and should not be listened to.

Jesus said there would be those who would try to climb up some other way and warned us against them. He said they were as thieves and robbers who would steal away the atoning merits of His shed blood, and rob men of their only hope for life and heaven. Jesus says "Come unto Me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take **My yoke upon you** and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and yet shall find rest for your souls" (Matt. 11: 29). I Cor. 2: 14 says "The material man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto Him, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned."

II. Thes. 2: 10, 11. "Because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved and for this cause God shall send them **strong delusion** that they should believe a lie." At every lecture I have attended I came away so disgusted. Instead of holding up our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the name of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy was continually being put in the foreground; it was the waste of time in repetition of her name. Science and Health with Key to the Scripture, Article so and so, section so and so, etc., when something of real value should have been given. I can thank God that He gave me a mind that could not grasp such as these puppets of hers give out, for they are puppets. How different is the message of a Spirit-filled follower of the Gospel of Jesus. He does not need to read a lecture sent out by a certain church "for the Spirit doth give him utterance." Matt. 11: 25. Jesus said "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." A Christian Science adherent said to me "I like the Christian Science church because it is an easy religion." I know another who would not be interested in the Christian way—too selfish to follow in the way of the Cross—but is a shining Christian Scientist. Jesus went to the poor. He told His desciples not to take a purse with them. Look at the wealth of the Christian Scientists. Look at the suffering and poverty about them. What did He say to the rich young man? To sell what he had and give to the poor. I have asked my heavenly Father to guide me in my answer to the article which you very kindly sent to me. I have more respect for a Christian Scientist who tries to change others from the Christian religion than for those who do not attempt anything but just go along their own happy unconcerned way. We are told to be able to give a reason for our belief. Christian Scientists have told me "it would take too long to explain, that one has to be educated up to it." The lecturers have been as helpless as these personal friends of mine, but it does not take me long to tell mine. "I love Jesus because He died that I might live." Thank you for giving me the opportunity of giving my simple testimony for Him. I pray that He will lead you out of this awful darkness of Christian Science to His Most glorious Light.

—One who loves the Witness.

IS THE WORLD GETTING BETTER?

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—This question which has been asked in the Witness lately, is a most important one which interests us all.

There are many ways in which the world is advancing, but the most important point is its spiritual condition.

To answer the question correctly we must go to the Word of God and see what we are told as to its future.

There we are told that we are in the last days. They began with the descent of the Holy Spirit. Acts 2: 17. Heb. 1: 2; I John 2: 18. They will continue until the Lord Jesus comes to reign over it and put it right. Meantime it is getting worse and worse as God's Word says it will, as follows I Tim. 4: 1. Now the Spirit Speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, taking heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy etc. 2 Tim. 3: I. This know that in the last days perilous times shall come, men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud blasphemers unthankful unholy trucebreakers. False accusers despisers of that which is good. Traitors, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. Having a form of Godliness but denying the power therof 2 Tim. 3: 13. But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse deceiving and being deceived.

What are the facts as we face them today? Crime of all kinds is rapidly on the increase and the world is growing crazy with pleasure and false religious doctrines and heresies are rapidly spreading and the word of God being torn to pieces.

What God is doing now is not putting the world right but taking out of it a bride for His son; that bride is composed of all who believe in the Lord Jesus and accept Him as their Saviour, then I Thes. 4: 16 will be fulfilled.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them to meet the Lord in the air and so shall we ever be with the Lord, after that will follow the book of Revelation from the Sixth chap. on, a time of tribulation such as never was and never will be. At the close of that seven years, the Lord will return with His Saints. Satan will be chained and cast into the bottomless pit. The world will then be right. The thousand years of millennial reign will follow. Righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. All will own Christ as Lord and sin will be put away. Then and then only will the world be better meantime what God is doing is taking out of it a people for His Son. Such are born again and become children of God. much what they are looking for.

I Thes 4, will soon be fulfilled and the Lord be here for His own. His last promise was I go to prepare a place for you and lo I come again to receive you unto myself. The world won't be better until He has His place as King. Amen so come Lord Jesus.

Yours.
GEO PERRY.

Belleville, Ont.

NOTE:—All the texts quoted were eminently true of the time for which they were written and have been true at all times since, but none of them says the world is destined to grow worse. As for observation, people will see in the world's progress pretty much what they are looking for.

WHY DID GOD ALLOW THE FALL IN EDEN?

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir:—We have learned that God is love. He is not the author of sin, we see that there was an enemy who was primarily responsible but if God is almighty, why did He not intervene and stop the evil and frustrate the enemy? Is He not indirectly the cause, the cause in that He did not intervene and protect man from the tempter? Why did God allow it? We suggest that the success of the devil's temptation was due to the very excellency of God's creation. One can conceive that God might have created man so that it would have been impossible for him to sin, that is to say, that He should always do good from the sheer inability to do wrong. But what virtue or charm would goodness have under such conditions? You might have left that poor old woman to struggle with her load, but you voluntarily give your hand to help her, and she appreciates not only the helping hand, but still more the willing heart that prompts it. The beauty of your action lies in its spontaneity. You did not offer your assistance because you were compelled to do so but because you were moved by a kindly sympathetic nature. But our first parents were not so created. God gave them the power of *Choice.* It was possible for them to lend a willing ear to the voice of Satan. There was to be no compulsory goodness, nor was there any necessity to fail. If Diabolus is to succeed in his attempt on man's soul, he must first gain the consent of the inhabitants thereof. The key to the gate of man's soul is on the inside; no one can open it from without. And when the enemy approaches man's soul in its own accord opens the gates and welcomes him to its citadel; of its own accord it deserts its royal Prince and Benefactor El Shaddai and barred the city against him.

God is cast out; the enemy is enthroned. From this saddest of beginnings the stream of sin and sorrow has flowed down the centuries; all along the way we can read the story God distrusted, maligned, cast out. What was the ex-Kaiser's desire for world dominion but the twentieth century expression of the old temptation. "Ye Shall be as Gods."

This is in part the words of Sidney H. Pugh of whom the writer knows nothing but to which he adds his hearty Amen and Amen.

"PETER SIMPLE",
Lucknow, Ont. Nov. 1928.

The largest proportion of Canadian strawberry production is consumed in the Dominion. In addition Canada imports about 3,000,000 pounds of strawberries annually.

BRITISH DRINK LESS

London Daily News, Gives Some Interesting Figures on Decrease in Consumption.

What is the cause of the decreased consumption of alcohol in Great Britain? The Daily News of London, asks this question in an article in which it says that for some years the official figures have revealed a steadily reduced consumption both of spirits and beer. The News says:

In 1913 the people of England drank 22,004,432 gallons of spirits, compared with 10,412,921 last year. Beer shows a similar decline — 30,758,800 bulk barrels in 1913 compared with 24,418,640 in 1927. The figures for the present year are believed to show a further decline.

Opinions vary as to the cause. One view is that the greatly increased taxation since the war, which has trebled the price of a bottle of whiskey, and doubled that of a glass of beer, amply explains it. The other view is that there is a genuine change in the attitude of the people. It is significant that the Earl of Iveagh, head of a noted brewing company, presiding at a meeting of the company recently, said that a "change in the habits of the people" was one of the chief causes of decreased consumption. Motoring, the general desire for physical fitness, wireless, and the cinema, have all been given a share of the credit for the reduced amount of drinking.

At the recent manoeuvres in Sussex the small quantity of beer drunk was noticed with surprise by some sergeant-majors of the old school. "Most of the men," said a Guards sergeant-major to a reporter of the Daily News, "prefer a cup of tea or coffee. It was very different in the old days."

DOESN'T STOP BRUCE BOOT- — LEGGERS

(Owen Sound Sun-Times)

Over in the Walkerton district two big stills have been located recently, and a number of persons fined for having swamp whisky. One of the chief arguments for establishing liquor stores is that it ends bootlegging, and all that kind of thing. This does not seem to be working out according to schedule at Walkerton, where they have fully equipped government liquor store and in addition a large beer warehouse. Government Control was supposed to be the remedy for illicit sale of liquor, but as far as the Walkerton district is concerned the business of bootlegging and illegal manufacture of booze seems to be just about as lively as ever.

LAW DOES NOT CONTROL

Mr. Heist, chairman of the Waterloo country, Ontario temperance forces, interviewed last week as to whether the attorney-general had replied to their resolution of protest regarding the request for and subsequent resignation of Provincial Constable Brien, stated no reply had been received, Asked whether he expected action in the affair, he said he did not.

"The liquor control act of Ontario does not control," he went on, and quoted information in which it is alleged there are 6 blind pigs in Kitchener and 20 in Waterloo besides ten hotels all doing business and that a man, termed "the king of the bootleggers" has a liquor cache two miles from the city. He further intimated that not long since at an event in South Waterloo where shields and prizes were being distributed to 'teen age boys, several cartons of beer were handed around and the boys who cared for it were told to help themselves.

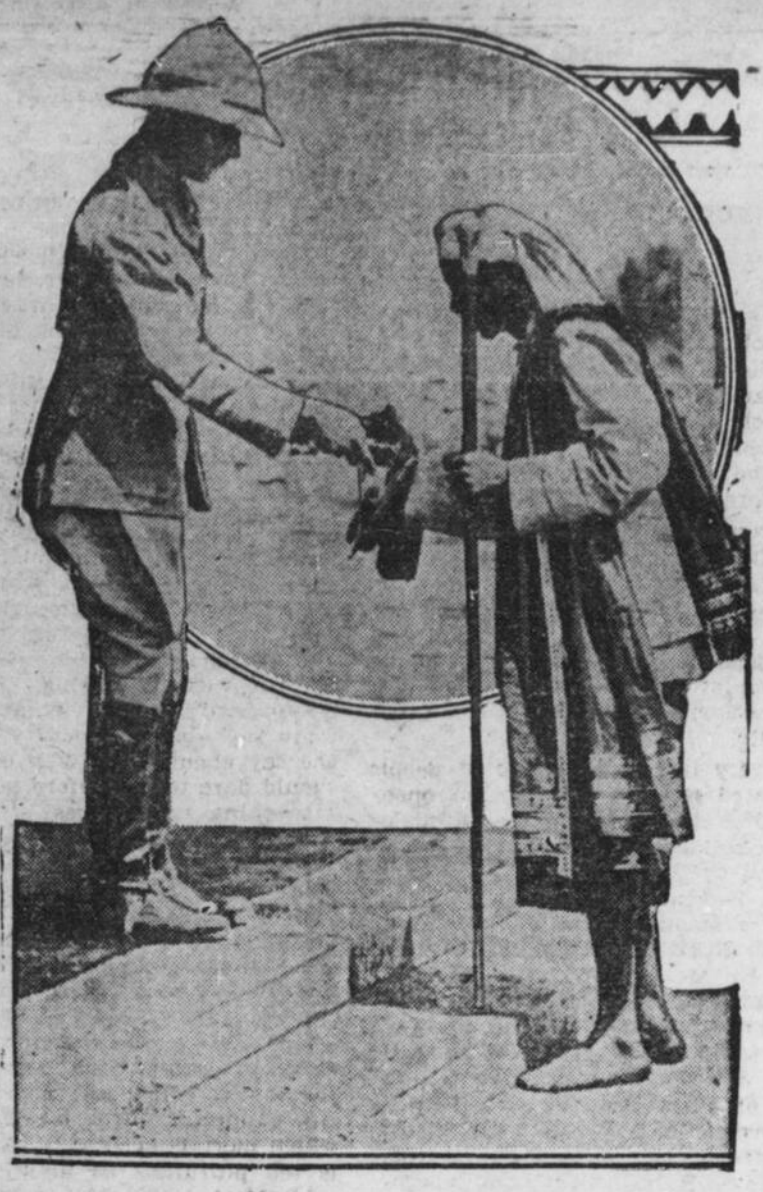
ILLEGAL PLACES CLOSED

Continuing a series of raids on Montreal blind pigs and night clubs where liquor Commission on Friday night arrested 117 men and women, who were charged in Arraignment Court on Saturday morning with frequenting places where liquor is sold. A great many of the accused were released on Friday night, when they deposited $25 as security, and on Saturday many of them pleaded guilty and were ordered to pay a fine of $1 and costs, which amounts to about $20 in all. Others, however, pleaded not guilty, and challenged the jurisdiction of the court to hear the case on the ground that the arrests were made without warrants.

This same objection has been raised a number of times during the last few weeks, and one judgment of Judge Cusson has laid it down that, the liquor law being a law of exceptions, it must be clear in its provisions, and when it makes no provision for arrests of this kind without warrants, no such arrests can be made. In every case in which the accused pleaded not guilty, the objection of counsel was noted, and the case fixed for trial later under reserve of the objection.

PERMIT TROUBLES

Mathematicians of Hamilton, Ont., have been trying out their new liquor permits on their adding machines before putting them to work. And they have made discoveries. Some of the hard drinkers do not like the liquor board's idea of encouraging the consumption of wine and beer instead of spirits by dividing the 702 purchase spaces evenly between the three classes of liquor. For nearly all those wine spaces will be wasted. And they're worrying about whether they can get another permit when the 234 spaces for hard stuff are filled. There is dissatisfaction about the new rule which compels the permit purchaser to put his occupation and employer's name on the permit. It is pointed out that this may result in railwaymen, policemen and other people not supposed to drink at all getting in wrong. It is also likely to result in that great crop of "private gentlemen" which flourished in O.T.A days sprouting up again.



PRINCE OF WALES IN AFRICA

When the Prince of Wales and his younger brother, the Duke of Gloucester (Prince Henry), reached Nairobi on their present African tour they saw the greatets baraza ever staged in Kenya colony. Over 2,000 chief and native fighting men had assembled, some Somali warriors having trekked down 600 miles from the north to renew their allegiance to the white princes. After the various tribes had performed their war dances in front of the residency there was a grand review. The Prince of Wales found some difficulty in suppressing a smile when he recognized the march past tune of the King's African Rifles as "The Men of Harlech." Following the inspection he addressed the assembled tribesmen, speaking several sentences in Swahili, the lingua franca of the east coast of equatorial Africa. This baraza was exceeded in interest only by a ngoma or native dance witnessed at Mombasa, Kenya's principal city and seaport. Here the native women added an extra bit of chic to their barbaric custumes by donning tinted sun glasses. As the princes were leaving the dance the women sang in Kiswahili "God Bless the Prince of Wales" and then, this having failed to give vent to the full exuberance of their pent-up enthusiasm, they broke into a medley of all the scraps of English songs they could recall. Above the bedlam the princes could detect some of the more vigorous-voiced chanting snatches of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," and "Mademoiselle From Armentieres." In the illustration the Prince of Wales is seen on the left receiving the homage of a coast chief who bears a ceremonial wand of office.

YOUR GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER

What other paper of all-round-interest has been so great an inspiration to young as well as to old, has championed at so great cost to itself and publishers so many good causes, and has done so for three, four, and in some families, for parts of five generations? In other words the great great grand-parents of some of our present readers valued the "Witness"—a paper which has always been a leader in great movements and still has the courage to lead.

Maugerville, N. B., October 31, 1928

Dear Sir:—We appreciate very much the high quality of the "Witness", its lofty tone and your strenuous fight for righteousness in every form and especially for temperance which is so much needed today. We find nothing that equals your brilliant editorials in any other publication. Strength to your arm and increase to your circulation. With best wishes. Yours cordially.

(Rev.) J. A. MacKean.

Beatty, Sask. October 31st., 1928.

Dear Sir:—For some years we have been taking the.....but a friend sent me the "Witness" last year and I have enjoyed it very much so am now sending it to two of my friends. I am delighted with the stand your paper takes on the liquor question, hence the change. Could not take both so am choosing the "Witness." Sincerely yours.

A. A. Leard















U. S. PRESIDENT ELECT

Sweeping to victory with the "Grand old Republican Party" Herbert Hoover becomes the president of the United States, filling the party shoes left vacant by the retirement of Calvin E. Coolidge. In the illustration above (1) is the president-elect (2) is the Hoover home in Palo Alta, California, where the Hoover family heard the election results, and the other picture is of Mr. and Mrs. Hoover with their three children on the lawn of the Hoover home in Washington.

Herbert Hoover

The war was the occasion of the introduction of Mr. Hoover to the general public, but his career and accomplishment had been much beyond ordinary long before. Born in West Branch, Iowa, August 10, 1874, the son of a blacksmith and a Quaker mother, he had been orphaned by death of both parents before he was seven years old. Relatives with whom he then made his home moved to Oregon, and at 13 years he was faced with the task of earning his own living as a boy working in truck gardens, and later in city offices.

Bent upon obtaining an education, Mr. Hoover worked his way into and through the then newly founded Stanford University in California, emerging in 1895 with a degree in mining engineering and geology. In the succeeding 20 years, first as mine laborer, then as mine manager and operator, in all the deserted places of the world where mineral wealth is found, he made for himself a unique reputation and a large fortune. To admitted technical proficiency as an engineer —his books and monograms are standard textbooks in college today—Mr. Hoover combined proven ability in organizing and financing, and became identified with a group of offices in London and New York, who engaged in mining and metallurgical enterprises in most of the quarters of the world.

From West Australia he had gone to China, and was engaged in the development of coal and iron deposits when the Boxer Rebellion cooped him up with other foreigners in Pekin, where he underwent the siege of 1900. Before the Allied troops relieved the legation prisoners, he had organized his first food relief, for Chinese and other refugees. He built a port there later, for the owners of the mining properties, and thereafter in Burma, Russia, Alaska and Mexico, initiated or directed enterprises which were for the most part successful. In 1913, it was estimated that 175,000 men were employed by the corporations for which he was acting as executive engineer. He maintained his connections with scholastic and research activities as well, and found time during the period to translate, with the collaboration of his wife, "De Res Metallica," a Latin work which is the earliest known treatise on mining. He had married in 1899 Miss Lou Henry, a Stanford schoolmate, and had two sons, Allan and Herbert.

From the work of the American Relief Committee that extricated American tourists of 1914, Mr. Hoover was drafted immediately to a far greater task—the effort to feed and supply the Belgian population. He helped organize the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and took its leadership.

It was not suspected at the time how far that task would develop; when the work wound up at the end of the war, there had been expended, mostly under Hr. Hoover's direction, $1,500,000,000 advanced by loans from allied governments or given by charity. It was operating a fleet of 200 steamships, and the peoples of Northern France and Belgium had existed during four and a half years only by its functioning.

When the United States went into the war, President Wilson promptly appointed Mr. Hoover food administrator for the United States, though the latter remained in charge of the Belgian Commission. In taking the post, which war-time experience in other countries had proved one of the most difficult to hold, Mr. Hoover told friends he "expected to die on the first barbed wire entanglements." His success, however, soon was conceded universally. On the war boards which supervised the nation's task of munitioning the vast army and navy created for the struggle, he became a dominant figure, and at the moment of the Armistice, his organizations functioned to supply and feed the exhausted city populations of even the defeated Central Powers.

While the peace conference was going on, the American Relief Administration, which Mr. Hoover headed, was feeding children in 23 different nations, and adults in half as many. It coped with typhus epidemics, and in many places took over government temporarily. Governmental credits, charitable donations, and utilization of surplus war supplies were all involved. As late as 1921 there was still some localized organization for feeding of children, and Mr. Hoover, then a Cabinet member, was able swiftly to expand this remnant of the relief machinery when famine in Soviet Russia led to Congressional appropriations to help a starving population there. This last of the enterprises which he operated for supplying food to famished people on a large scale, did not wind up until 1923.

No part of the war activity had attracted more attention than the Hoover relief enterprises, in the United States and abroad, and when in 1920, the season for presidential politics opened, his name was early bruited about for the foremost political honor the nation can give. There was an embarrassing interlude, however, when it appeared that his long life in the engineering field and his later war work had deprived him of any partisan political status whatever. Workers in his behalf had difficulty in setting upon a political party in which to join



THE NEW VICE-PRESIDENT

Carried to Washington with Hoover on the crest of a great Republican land slide, Senator Charles Curtis on Tuesday was chosen as aide to the chief executor of the United States. In the illustration above (1) shows Senator Curtis at the G. O. P. convention. He is wearing a straw hat; (2) shows the new president and vice-president standing shoulder to shoulder at the convention. This is a composite photograph; (3) is a portrait of the vice-president-elect and (4) shows the Curtis home in Washington. The new vice-president has Indian blood, his grandmother having been a pure-blood Kaw, and his grandfather a French Canadian.



DICTATOR'S TWO SONS

Bruno and Vittorio Mussolini, photographed on their visit to Tripoli, Italy's African colony, where they saw the sights and took some pictures. Note the striking resemblance of the larger boy to his illustrious father.

to forward his interests, and for a time he was proposed as both a Republican and a Democratic presidential nominee. The New York World, for years a stalwart Democratic organ, warmly espoused his candidacy, and there were echoes of support in other Democratic papers in various sections. Soon afterward he issued an open letter declaring himself a Republican. But his cause did not flourish, because it had behind it none of the party bosses. When his name was placed before the Chicago party convention there was spontaneous and prolonged applause in the galleries, but scarcely a ripple among the delegates. He got only a handful of votes.

When President-elect Harding, some months later, offered him the post of Secretary of Commerce, he accepted after stipulating that he was to have a free hand in reorganization of his department. He succeeded to the same place under President Coolidge. During later cabinet changes he was successively tendered the departments of interior and agriculture, refusing in each case on the ground that his greatest usefulness would be in the post he retained.

In addition to operating his own department, Mr. Hoover served on the American debt commission and advised the White House on many important questions of policy. Constantly active in enlarging the field of work of his own department, he reorganized its foreign trade sections, summoned conferences to deal with unemployment and with transportation crises, represented the Government in major industrial disputes, and appeared as the president's representative in the initiation of national engineering enterprises, such as the St. Lawrence Canal and the Colorado basin compact.

Organization of campaigns to reduce waste in industrial operations, to prevent accidents in traffic, and to conserve fisheries were among minor activities he undertook. The commerce department under his leadership, took an interest in a far wider area of government and industry than ever before.

His own grasp of the theory and practice of getting things done, linked with the executive talent for finding and inspiring helpers, put him above the pressure of routine in merely running a government department, and six months after he entered the cabinet he emerged from a preliminary expanding and renovating of the bureaus particularly assigned to him, free for additional duty.

Early in life he found the selecting of clothes a nuisance, and consequently standardized his attire to a set of dark, blue suits and hard hats, samples of which he kept parked in a half dozen strategic points around the globe, ready to don when the habiliments currently serving gave way to wear and weather. On assuming office he put a clipping bureau methodically at the work of assembling all the adverse editorial criticism of his conduct for his attention; blandishment and praise was left unread. Always a student at heart, he had a daily bundle of papers, articles, and discussions of scientific subjects set aside for his home reading at the late hour just preceding sleep.

The chief sources of Canada's gold production continue to be the gold quartz ores of Porcupine and Kirkland lake, Ontario; the copper-gold, sulphide ores, and the quartz veins of British Columbia; and the placer deposits of Yukon. A small amount of placer gold is obtained also in British Columbia. Lode gold is recovered from quartz veins in Nova Scotia and Manitoba, and as by-product of the treatment of copper ores in Quebec.

The production of sodium sulphate from the natural deposits of Western Canada is still in its infancy. There is a fairly steady market for around 40,000 tons of salt cake in the pulp and paper industry, but the largest consuming centres are in Eastern Canada and the present freight rates from the deposits to the market are an important factor.

Employment officials at Regina state that out of the 6,000 British harvesters brought to Saskatchewan, at least 75 per cent will remain in the West to become permanent Canadian citizens.

The Time Is Short

Act At Once

For reasons explained last week we have felt constrained to extend the offer throughout November

3 Subscriptions **for** the price of **1**

if sent at once

$2. will be accepted in full payment **for**

Three new subscriptions—or for

YOUR OWN RENEWAL

—Extended 12 months from expiry date of your present subscription

and

TWO NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS

—for a 52 weeks trial to start at once

THAT IS

$2 value for only 67c

OR **$6** " " " **$2.00**

Additional NEW subscriptions may be sent in at the 67 cent rate.

PROMISE and WARNING

Up to Nov. 15th

All NEW subscribers are guaranteed the opening chapters of the two New Serial stories recently started

Until Nov. 30th

the "3 for 1" offer will be in force

On Nov. 30th

the "3 for 1" offer will be withdrawn

On Dec. 1st

we will announce

"2 for 1"

consolation offer

One renewal and one NEW } **for $2**

the price of an ordinary renewal sent by itself.

Why not approach your friends while you can make them the better Offer? NOW

CONDITIONS

To take advantage of this offer each renewal must be accompanied by two new Subscriptions, otherwise the renewal rate is $2. each.

This offer is good across Canada, Newfoundland, Great Britain and British West Indies except that the Post Office charge extra for distribution of papers, in the city of publication, therefore for Montreal and suburbs, the offer will be $1.00 instead of 67 cents.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORIES

From the First

All NEW subscriptions will start on Nov. 15th, and we have reprinted the opening chapters of the two splendid serial stories which will be sent free to all new readers.

In this connection we will be pleased to send copies of these opening chapters free of charge, to anyone who might find them useful in securing new subscriptions.

NOW

And now that you understand this splendid offer, you will not want to miss this GREAT OPPORTUNITY to let your friends in on it, by promptly securing at least two of them as readers of a paper you can recommend.

Secure your two friends and send in with your own renewal with the least possible delay.

All Three for $2.00

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

ADVENTURING for the general welfare

Dear Sirs,

I have secured the following two NEW subscribers on your 67c offer,—the new subscriptions to run for 52 weeks beginning Nov. 15, 1928.

And I am enclosing $2 to cover the two new subscriptions and my own renewal as from its regular expiry date.

NEW
Name and Address _____
Name and Address _____

SENDERS
Name and Address _____

additional NEW subscriptions at 67 cts each may be added on another sheet.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

WORLD EVENTS

Armistice Day Observances

Ceremony in Ottawa Reported to be Most Inspiring Yet—Message to Sir Arthur Currie.

The Canadian people once more paid tribute to their illustrious dead on Armistice Day, before the peace tower of the parliament buildings, from whence, at intervals, floated the music of the carillon, a multitude of people gathered in the autumn sunshine to celebrate the tenth anniversary of armistice. From the white flag-draped platform behind the Cenotaph those who took prominent parts in the ceremonies looked down on a great sea of faces. It was said to be the greatest armistice day service which has ever been held in Ottawa, and the crowd was estimated at forty thousand.

There were other features in addition to the number of those present which marked this as a day of particular importance among the armistice days which have been celebrated in the capital of Canada. The memorial chamber in the peace tower, in which will repose the complete record of Canada's heroes who fell in the Great War, was opened to the public by Premier Mackenzie King in a few simple words.

The service in the shadow of the Peace Tower was impressive in its simplicity and solemnity. There were no long speeches. Shortly after three o'clock, the tenor bell high up in the tower rang out its message of peace to the thousands waiting below. Every thirty seconds its voice was heard over the increasing crowd. Then, at half-past three o'clock, Hon. N. A. Belcourt, president of the Armistice Ceremonial Committee of Canada, spoke briefly and read a message from His Majesty the King in response to one of loyalty and devotion sent to him.

"I have received with deep satisfaction the loyal and devoted message forwarded by you from all in Canada who are uniting in the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the armistice," read His Majesty's message. "On this solemn day I join with my people in Canada and throughout the Empire in remembering with pride and thankfulness those who fought, suffered and gave their lives in the Great War." A message from the government of the French Republic associating itself with Canada in honoring the heroes who fell on the soil of France was also read by Senator Belcourt.

SIR ARTHUR SENT MESSAGE

Members of the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League, in a message through their first vice-president to Sir Arthur Currie, commander of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces in the Great War, today renewed their "old-time pledges of service to King and country." The armistice day message sent by Col. L. R. Lafleche to Sir Arthur, who is at present in London, England, read.

"Legion in Canada greets the Dominion president on the tenth armistice anniversary with vivid recollections of his eminently successful leadership of the Canadian Corps and of his ever-watchful interests in the welfare of all ranks. We renew our old-time pledges of service to King and country, and present assurance of faithful and continuous endeavor under your direction, ideals and in achievements of objects of the Canadian Legion.—British Empire Service League.

ARMISTICE DINNER

Four Hundred Canadians Gather in London for Commemoration Banquet

Four hundred Canadians who served with the Canadian Expeditionary Force during the war gathered at an Armistice Day reunion dinner in London on November 9. Major-General Bethune Lindsay, who organized, trained and equipped the First Canadian Divisional Engineers in 1914, presided at the dinner, the largest of its kind ever held in London.

Sir Arthur Currie, who was commander-in-chief of the Canadian forces in France, looking much better after his recent illness, had a specially warm welcome. Others who attended were Field Marshal Lord Plumer, Viscount Peel, Major-General J. E. B. Seely, and Major-General Victor Williams, commissioner of the Ontario Provincial Police.

A telegram was received from His Majesty the King thanking the gathering for its loyal message, despatched previously, and wishing those in attendance a pleasant evening.

Viscount Peel, who recently toured Canada with the delegation from the Empire Parliamentary Association, spoke of the trip in a humorous vein. Members of the delegation, he said, were all pretty good hands at extolling the merits of their own countries. He gave the Australians the palm for this, but said the South Africans ran them a close second and the New Zealanders were severe competitors of both.

"I have never before been in a country where the people were more accustomed to pour out statistics than Canada," Viscount Peel continued. "I give the palm to the mayors of the cities who met us with figures of street mileage, length of drains and who told us to a dollar the cost of the city hall."

The aged, but still upright and keen-eyed, Field Marshal Plumer told of his impression of Canadians, gleaned from those who fought under him during the war.

"They inspired me with a confidence which lasted the whole of the campaign," he said. "The real cause of success was the spirit of co-operation which permeated all ranks and units."

Viscount Byng, at one time commander of the Canadian troops in France and former Governor-General of Canada, who is in his second day as a "policeman" and had to attend the Lord Mayor's banquet, found time to look in late and received a very hearty greeting.

Toral Enters Appeal

Claims Political Crime Merits Only Imprisonment

Jose de Leon Toral, was, on Nov. 8, found guilty of the assassination of president-elect Obregon of Mexico and sentenced to be shot. The nun, Mother Superior Maria Conception Acavedo y de la Ilata, was declared guilty of being "intellectual author" of the crime and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Counsel for Jose de Leon Toral, and Mother Superior Concepcion who were sentenced respectively to death and 20 years' imprisonment for the assassination of General Alvaro Obregon on Monday, appealed to the Federal District Superior Court, asking that the verdict of the San Angel court be set aside.

In the appeal the defence insists that Toral's crime was a political affair, one for which the law provides only imprisonment. They further maintain that the nun should have been found innocent of the charge of complicity in the killing.

If the superior court upholds the decision of the lower court, the defence will have recourse to Amparo, a kind of injunction which will be asked of the national supreme court.

If this is also denied the last chance of the defence will rest in the possibility of a presidential pardon.

CAN NOT SUE KING

Holding that a soldier has no right of action against the Department of Militia and Defence for his pay, Mr. Justice Audette in Exchequer Court at Vancouver, on Nov. 9 dismissed a claim of John Williams Cooke, Vancouver, for $3,275.

Cooke enlisted in the 47th Battalion in New Westminster, B. C., on April 9, 1915, and he claimed pay and allowance during the period he was posted as a deserter, when, according to his statement, he was a prisoner of war in Germany.

On behalf of the Crown, A. B. MacDonald, K. C., asked for dismissal on the ground that a soldier cannot sue for pay. He argued that there was no contractual relation between the soldier and the Crown, and an undertaking by the Crown to pay was voluntary only. The soldier, as a citizen of the state, could not enter into a contract with himself. The pay was a gratuity. Whether, outside of this obstacle, Cooke had merit in his claim, remains undecided.

ETNA ERUPTS

The volcanic activity of Mount Etna appears to have lessened and there were indications that the worst was past after three days on which lava from the mountain wrought destruction in the villages and towns about its base.

Even shipping service was resumed last Nov. 8 with the arrival of boats from Messina and Syracuse.

Although heavy property damage has been caused in the overflowing of fertile fields and several small villages, the loss of life was small, only three deaths being reported. These were in the town of Mascali where three men, a father, son and grandson were overwhelmed in their home while their fellow townsmen, helpless to aid them, watched death overtake them from beyond the lava lake. The men had returned to their doomed house to rescue various goods. They slept there over night and this morning found them trapped.

Mascali, once the home of 10,000 persons is now a mass of lava and shooting flames, nothing being left but pitiable wreckage. Simple folk of the countryside have been so stunned by the disaster that gendarmes and firemen, rushed there from Catania, sometimes found it necessary to use force to drive them from the scene of the tragedy into places of safety. They are so attached to the soil and their humble dwellings that they leave only when constrained to.

The fate of the Pistorio family, the three men who were killed, is being emphasized to all in order to avoid a recurrence.

The spectacle of the relentlessly flowing lava seems to exercise a terrible fascination on men and beasts. A number of adventurous cats, lured into Mascali by the fiery night, were destroyed in their pathetic efforts to extricate themselves from the molten mass.

Birds also fell victim, flocks of them falling into the fiery lava.

Asked about the possibility of establishing penny postage to Great Britain, Hon. P. J. Veniot, Postmaster-General, said there was a disposition in Dominion government circles toward such a move, but before it could be accomplished, there would have to be an arrangement for similar treatment from the British Isles, the letter postage from Britain to Canada being also three cents. This question, he added, will be dealt with at the next international postal congress which will be held early in 1929 in London, and which he hopes to attend.

The S. S. Vestris with passengers and crew of 350, founded 300 miles off the Virginia coast on Monday. When the Witness went to press none of the passengers or crew had been found and it is feared they are all lost. The cause of the ship's sinking is unknown.

This winter, for the first time in 16 years, the Canadian Pacific steamships will maintain a regular schedule of sailings out of Halifax, according to an announcement by T. A. S. DeWolf and Sons, Agents for the line at Halifax. Starting on December 7th, with the departure of the line's fast freight steamers for London, the steamship company will maintain a fortnightly service, carrying freight eastbound between Saint John, Halifax and London. The steamers engaged—all of 9,000 tons and a speed of 15 knots—will include the Beaverburn, Beaverdale, Beaverbrae, Beaverhill and Beaverford.

Aim of Empire

Sir Austen Chamberlain declares that World Peace is Aim of British Foreign Policy

Britain's Foreign minister, Sir Austen Chamberlain, delivered another notable address at the Canadian Club in Ottawa, on Monday, speaking with an incisiveness that indicated complete restoration to health. The distinguished visitor again discussed the increasing part which the Dominions are playing in the formulating of British foreign policy, and observed that the British commonwealth of nations could make a greater contribution to the cause of world peace than any nation in the world. He declared that Canada and the other Dominions, on account of Britain's geographical propinquity to Europe, could perhaps view with greater impartiality and better perspective European problems and could therefore contribute great influence to Imperial councils.

"The difficulties of peace are not less than the difficulties of war," said Sir Austen. "You, here, talk of the militarism of Europe. I know something of it. It is not the desire for further military aims, for new battle or fresh war. When we went into office what we found was a Europe still dominated by fear. Fear sat at the seat of Government, fear sat at the hearth of the peasant in his cottage. Our task was to bring back Europe that feeling of security which would enable men to get back to the works of peace and let time, the great healer, cure the hurts that war head wrought."

Sir Austen said Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald during his regime had dropped the one vital word, security. The task was to bring it back, and that task was accomplished at Locarno. To gain British security and get Germany into the League of Nations was the problem of British statesmen. At Locarno Britain undertook to guarantee the new peace, not a peace signed under compulsion, but the act of freemen. The Treaty of Locarno had changed the feeling of Europe and opened a real path to peace. It was doing the work it was designed to do.

The Foreign Secretary repeated what he said on Saturday night at the Government dinner, that the Empire's contribution to world peace was a contribution such as no other nation could make. "I say to you, so far removed from the old hatreds and fears and passions of our troubled European conditions and living in vast spaces, while we are crowded together and seeking room for our people to live, I say to you that the British Empire can make a contribution to the peace of the world such as no other nation in the world can offer." Canada could see conditions in Europe with a finer perception than could those who were nearer the picture, and Canada brought to the Motherland the opinion of the new World unmarred by the errors of the old.

"As you in Canada increase in population and stature, it increasingly becomes your duty to take an interest in foreign affairs. Your ministers can give to His Majesty's advisers in London their counsel and advice in order that the policy formulated in London may not be a mere expression of our own national will, but shall respond to the free will of every portion of the Empire."

Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, former Prime Minister, spoke briefly after Sir Austen, commenting that the British Foreign Minister had been expounding a sane and reasonable idealism. The British commonwealth, he added, still had some unsolved problems, one of which was to make the voice of the overseas dominions felt in full measure in the formulation of policy in London. "He would be a bold man, even a rash man, who would predict the exact method by which this would be accomplished, but he would be a man of little faith who does not believe the problem will be solved to the satisfaction of all."

Ground wood pulp and unbleached sulphite fibre are the chief components of newsprint paper manufactured in Canada.

Herbert Hoover Next President

The count of votes in the U.S. election, including Friday's straggling returns, disclosed a total of 35,439,715 votes had been cast for the two major party candidates, while the number cast for minor party candidates had not been tabulated. This is the greatest vote ever recorded.

Herbert Hoover's vote was increased to 20,812,912, the greatest number ever polled by any candidate. Alfred E. Smith's total stood at 14,626,803, the biggest vote ever polled by a Democratic candidate. Mr. Hoovers' plurality on the tabulation of last incomplete returns was 6,163,109.

Hoover gained 444 Electoral College votes and Smith 87.

FINAL CONGRESS STANDING

Final Congressional results have been tabulated, and although several recounts will be necessary because of close votes in contests for the House, it is shown that the next Congress will be made up as follows:

Senate—Republicans, 55; Democrats, 39; vacant 1 (seat of Senator-elect Vare, Pa.).

House—Republicans, 269; Democrats, 165; Farmer-Labor, 1.

The composition of Congress before the election was as follows:

Senate—Republicans, 47; Democrats, 46; Farmer-Labor, 1; Vacant, 2.

House—Republicans, 231; Democrats, 193; Farmer-Labor, 2; Socialist, 1; Vacant, 8.

Elections to vacancies in the present Congress and to fill unexpired terms, give the following lineup for the approaching short session, the last of the present Congress:

Senate—Republicans, 49; Democrats, 45; Farmer-Labor, 1; vacant, 1.

House—Republicans, 237; Democrats, 195; Farmer-Labor, 2; Socialist, 1.

Alanson B. Houghton announced Friday, following a conference with President Coolidge, that he would sail next Wednesday to resume his post as ambassador to Great Britain, probably for the remainder of the present administration.

Mr. Houghton said that his resignation, which was made effective at the President's pleasure, was still in Mr. Coolidge's hands, but that it had been agreed, following his defeat for United States senator from New York, that he return to represent his country at the Court of St. James.

Shortly after Mr. Houghton's nomination as Republican candidate for senator from New York, he tendered his resignation. Mr. Coolidge acknowledged receipt of Mr. Houghton's communication and, in the same letter' expressed regret at the loss of the latter's services, thereby creating the impression that he had accepted the resignation.

HOOVER FACES PARTY PUZZLE

Assessing the effect of the tidal wave which has swept him into the presidency, Herbert Hoover finds that victory has brought him new problems quite apart from those he must shoulder as the chief executive.

These are political in character, and, as the head of his party, the decision as to dealing with them rests with him. Foremost among them is the future organization in the Southern states, involving extensive expansion and some realignments south of the Mason and Dixon line.

One of the high hopes Hoover entertained during the campaign was that the sectional lines might be broken down, and consequently his friends look upon it as only a natural consequence of the election that he should take steps to consolidate as far as possible the ground that has been gained.

Like most other men who have been elected to the presidency, he finds it a little difficult to submit to constant watch by secret service agents all the time he is away from home, and to have his residence constantly under guard. Heretofore, Hoover has roamed the hills about his home unattended and has delighted in getting away with Mrs. Hoover for an hour or more of automobile driving unattended.

But now, as his car sets out for a run over the president-elect's favorite driveway, another car bearing the secret service men trails closely behind.

HOOVER FOR S. AMERICA

President-elect Herbert Hoover is expected to sail shortly on a goodwill mission that is expected to include every important republic in South America and probably also Panama and Cuba. The date of departure has not been definitely set but is expected to be announced in the next 48 hours. The trip has been under discussion for several days and final details were tentative worked out Friday at a conference between Mr. Hoover and Rear-Admiral Thomas Washington, U.S.N., Commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard at Vallejo, near San Francisco. The trip will be made on a United States warship.

SAYS "WETS" THROUGH

Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union said that the results of the presidential election were so overwhelming "that no man ever again will run as a "wet."

"The Women's Christian Temperance Union feels the election of Herbert Hoover is a great victory for constitutional prohibition," Mrs. Boole said.

"It recognizes that the defeat of Gov. Smith is the rejection of his proposed plan for modification and nullification through State control of the liquor traffic.

CANADIAN CONGRESS

Two Canadians, Dr. Charles A. Eaton and William R. Eaton, were elected to the United States House of representatives, the former to represent New Jersey and the latter Colorado.

Dr. Charles A. Eaton has already served two terms in Congress. He was for some years pastor of Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto. After leaving Toronto he lived for some time in Cleveland, where he had a church, subsequently moving to Plainfield, N. J., where he became interested in politics. Like W. R. Eaton he is a Republican.

Peasant Government

After Fifty Years of Capitalistic Rule Rumania Accepts Peasant Administration

After 50 years of almost uninterrupted rule by powerful capitalist and landed interests, greater Rumania, with its agrarian population of 16,000,000, went, on Nov. 9, to the hands of a Peasant Government led by Juliv Maniu.

"It is a triumph of constitutionalism over despotism," declared Maniu enthusiastically as he bounded down the palace steps after the Regency had given him the mandate. "In the future our country will be governed by a Parliament elected honestly by the people and not by a professional political clique."

Huge crowds gathered outside the palace and the modest home of Maniu and gave the new Premier a tremendous ovation. The designation by the Regency of Maniu to form a Cabinet, after Nicholas Titelescu had failed, caused profound gloom among the Liberals, who throughout the day had been in blissful expectation of being summoned by the Regency as the only party capable of solving the crisis which had endured for a week.

Scarcely any member of the new "Peoples' Ministry" has had experience in national public office, so that the rural Government's accession to power presents a rare experiment in modern democracy and political science.

When the regency entrusted Maniu with the mandate, the Transylvanian lawyer acted with characteristic promptness. Drawing a typewritten list from his pocket, he said: "Here is my Cabinet. I am ready to assume the government immediately."

His first act undoubtedly will be to ask dissolution of Parliament and new elections, for he has repeatedly charged that body with not being representative. He indicated as much when he stole a few minutes from reading the torrent of congratulatory telegrams from all parts of the country to summarize his program for the Associated Press correspondent.

TITLE RENOUNCED

Viscount Ennismore, son and heir of the Earl of Listowel, has renounced his title, saying that he prefers to be known as plain "Mr. Hare," his family name.

The viscount is at present attending Magdalene College, Cambridge, and the first official intimation of the renunciation came when his name appeared on a leaflet issued by the Cambridge Union Society, announcing the subject of a debate with "Mr. Hare" as the proposer. The seconder of the motion was A. J. Cook, secretary of the Miners' Federation, but "Mr. Hare" denies that he has become a member of the Labor party.

May be Obscene

Magistrate declares that book may be good literature but indecent

Forty distinguished witnesses waited in court in London to testify in favor of the "The Well of Loneliness," a book by Miss Radcliffe Hall, which has been withdrawn from publication at the request of the Home Office and copies of which have been seized on arrival from France.

The witnesses included Hugh Walpole, Julian Huxley, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Rose Macaulay and also one magistrate, but they were not allowed to say a word. The presiding magistrate, Sir Chartres Biron, ruled out all the "expert" testimony which had been proposed and decided to judge the book's merits himself. The police inspector who was in court was asked if he agreed with the opinion of Havelock Ellis that the book should be "placed on a high level of distinction."

"No, I cannot agree to that, sir," replied the inspector. He said the whole theme, which dealt with masculine women, was objectionable.

Counsel for the defence protested that the police inspector was not a judge of literature and tried vainly to call on his formidable list of "experts." But the magistrate again overruled him. "The evidence being offered me," said the magistrate, "is expert evidence as to whether or not the book is literature. That is not the point. The book may be a very fine piece of literature and yet be obscene. Art and obscenity are not disassociated. This may be a work of art. I agree that it has considerable merit, but that doesn't prevent it from being obscene. I shall, therefore, not admit this expert evidence."

Norman Birkett, chief of counsel for the defence, insisted that the book was a sombre warning which could, under no circumstances, corrupt or deprave. But his witnesses went home without having testified.

The magistrate reserved decision for one week.

FEAR LITTLE MICHEL MAY NEVER BE KING

Political observers see in the political situation a possibility that the boy King Michel may never rule Roumania.

Since the resignation of Premier Bratianu, Julio Maniu, Peasant leader, is mentioned as premier, and he has leanings towards a republican government.

The Toronto and Montreal Flying Clubs lead all Canada in flying hours, according to a report of the Department of National Defence. Up to the end of September Toronto planes registered 881 flying hours, Montreal 590, Ottawa 480, Hamilton 408, Regina 303, Edmonton 266, London 159, Victoria 77, Border Cities 50 and Calgary 37.

Under the auspices of the Quebec Department of Agriculture and the Canadian office of the N. V. Potash Export Co. of Amsterdam, Holland, a group of fifteen agricultural leaders of that province has completed a tour of Aroostook county in Maine and Madawaska and Victoria counties in New Brunswick to study methods of potato production.

British Labor's Creed

Philip Snowden outlines policy of party at the Socialist Conference

Philip Snowden, who was chancellor of the exchequer in the Socialist government, outlined the party's financial policy at the Socialist conference at Birmingham. The basic proposals he set forth were:

Control of the Bank of England by a public corporation.

Extended banking facilities to people with small means by spreading municipal and co-operative banks throughout the country.

Such changes in the banking and financial system as will secure that the available supply of credit and savings shall be used for enterprises of national advantage as distinct from those that are useless or socially injurious.

The carrying out of the Genoa conference proposals of 1922 for regulating the value of gold by international agreement.

Revenue would be raised, chiefly from realizable profits, large incomes, accumulated wealth, and sources which are socially created.

He was in favor of the principle of the surtax.

He believed, however, that within the machinery of what was now the surtax the principle of differentiating between earned and unearned income would be adequately and easily carried out.

He attached the greatest importance to the taxation of land values.

GET READY FOR NEXT SESSION

House will probably meet on or about January 24.

Although the date has not yet been announced, some consideration is given it and the probabilities are that the Dominion parliament will be called for the 24th of January, the same corresponding date as last year, which generally suited the convenience of everybody. Preliminary preparations have been begun in the drafting of estimates.

Apart from the annual fixtures which, in themselves are important and furnish the basic work of the session, no particularly large legislation is so far in prospect. The most important will relate to the return to Manitoba of its natural resources, assuming that the Royal Commission, appointed to determine the financial conditions, reports in time as it is expected to do. It is to get down to work on the 26th inst. If a successful arrangement is concluded with Manitoba, it is quite possible that similar legislation may be evolved as regards Saskatchewan and Alberta.

There are no indications that the St. Lawrence project will be a subject of legislation although, with President-Elect Hoover's commitment to it, there will likely be a renewal of negotiations from the other side. It will be recalled that, in the correspondence exchanged early this year, the government here threw out the hint that tariff concessions to Canadian agricultural products might be helpful in securing Canadian co-operation in the waterways plan. The Republican party platform, far from indicating anything of the kind, clearly suggests a higher tariff. In consequence, though tariffs and the waterway are utterly distinct, the proposed action at Washington does not create a favorable atmosphere here towards the plan, nor has there even been much enthusiasm about it, anyway.

When parliament meets, and the budget time comes round, probably the greatest interest will attach to the tariff and any changes to be made not only in sequence to the Tariff Board's fuller inquiries but also having regard to what the United States Congress will be asked to do as affecting Canada and Canadian industry.

MONTANA BEATS DRY PLAN

A proposal to enact the federal prohibition law as a Montana statute to supplant the state enforcement act repealed two years ago, was defeated.

The vote stood today—For, 53,709; against, 62,338.

Hudson Bay Company Loses

Claim of Dominion for Minerals on Company's Property Upheld By Privy Council.

Gold and silver in Hudson's Bay Company lands are owned by the Crown in the right of the Dominion Government. The judicial committee of the Privy Council on Nov. 9 dismissed with costs an appeal of the company from the Canadian Supreme Court's decision in favor of the Dominion.

The Hudson's Bay Company received a charter in the days of King Charles II., which gave them absolute ownership of a vast territory around Hudson's Bay.

A few years after Canada became a Dominion, however, the company surrendered this northern empire in return for western settlement lands.

The company then claimed that, though it surrendered ownership of the territory, retained ownership of precious metals in the lands occupied by the Company at its trading posts. The Supreme Court unanimously rejected this claim and was confirmed by the Privy Council

The Privy Council expresses the opinion that the answers given by the Canadian Supreme Court to the agreed statement of fact and questions were correct in every case. The Supreme Court decided that the ownership of the land and metal, was held in the same proprietary title that was surrendered by the company.

Their Lordships declared that the answers to the questions must depend primarily upon the construction to be placed upon the deed of surrender of 1869. "The appellants' main argument was that since the precious metals had admittedly been conveyed to them by the original charter of 1670 and constituted part of the lands in their ownership, it followed firstly that the posts and stations retained by the applicants must necessarily include the precious metals; and secondly that the expression 'land' must include the precious metals," the judgment said.

"It is common ground," the judgment continued "that under the original charter the appellants were granted not only the land but also the precious metals it contained, and it is plain that the language of the deed of surrender is wide enough to include not only the land, given up but also the precious metals."

But in Their Lordships' opinion it by no means followed that when in the deed of surrender the appellants were given the right to a grant of "land" it was intended that the land so granted should include the precious metals.

Under the original charter the appellants were constituted with the widest powers of government and administration, the judgment pointed out. "They were in effect to possess the Royal prerogative within these territories and administer them with very much the same authority as is now conferred upon self-goverment.

"The right however, to retain these posts and stations is an exception from the general surrender contained in the document as a whole, and ought therefore to be construed strictly against the appellants.

"It is extremely improbable that the parties can have intended the precious metals immediately under the posts and stations should have remained vested in the company, while they lost all right to the metals in any other lands."

In Their Lordships' view it would be unduly straining the importance of the word "retain" in these circumstances.

Regarding the subsidiary argument advanced for the company concerning the Dominion Lands Act of 1872, and the later enactments, their Lordships find the argument breaks down in its initial stage. "Whatever may be the effect of the act of 1877 it certainly does not amount to the provision that a grant of Dominion lands operates as a grant of precious metals contained therein, and it is not possible to hold that because a section confirms the appellants' right to a title in fee simple that, therefore, that title must be taken to include the title to precious metals which had not been granted to the appellants," the judgment concluded.

Bishop's Defiance

Official Foresees Revolt as Result of Action

The Bishop of London is not only defying the authority of Parliament, but he is also arousing insurrection in the Church, the end whereof cannot be conceived."

Such was the manner in which an eminent ecclesiastical official summed up to the British United Press the latest action of Dr. Ingram, who has sent a letter to those under his authority, allowing the High Church clergy to reserve the Sacrament just as if Parliament had never rejected the Prayer Book because it contained rubrics permitting such reservations.

"The position now is that we have a Parliament flouted because, where pyxes and tabernacles are installed, the Bishop makes no order for their removal. It is true that he insists that Anglo-Catholics must give up the service called Devotions which they now celebrate before the Sacrament, which is the equivalent of the Roman Catholic benediction service.

"However, the Anglo-Catholics having already obtained so much, are satisfied, and it is understood they will obey the Bishop's rulings."

A curious feature of Dr. Ingram's action is the allowance in the Anglican Church of the practice of the Greek Orthodox Church known as "intinction," or a slight admixture of consecrated wine with consecrated wafer.

PERMITS PERPETUAL RESERVATION

Undeterred by the authority of parliament and the recent hostile vote of the majority of the clergy in his diocese, the Bishop of London has determined to permit perpetual reservation of the sacrament.

Perpetual reservation was the point which chiefly swayed the House of Commons when the 1927 and 1928 revisions of the book of common prayer were rejected. The diocese recently voted against allowing the bishop, the Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington-Ingram, to regulate permanent reservation.

In a letter to the clergy of 160 churches in the London diocese where reservation has been practised although it is technically illegal, the bishop directed them to continue reservation. He placed restrictions on some of the other observances followed by Anglo-Catholics.

The letter apparently was not sent to the other 460 churches of the diocese where reservation is not practised.

Opponents of the bishop said that his action will intensify trouble which is already serious enough.

Make Presentation

Retiring Archbishop of Canterbury Given $85,000 in Appreciation of 25 Years Service

On Monday night Most Rev. Thomas Randall Davidson said "Nunc Dimittis" as Archbishop of Canterbury, which office he held for a quarter of a century.

Most Rev. Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of York and Arch-bishop-designate of Canterbury, went Monday evening with Premier Stanley Baldwin to Lambeth Palace to present the retiring Archbishop with a farewell gift, subscribed for by people of all creeds and no creeds, living the world over, in commemoration of his years of service, which in all truth may be described as having been given to Christendom at large. The presentation proceedings were private, in view of the many farewell meetings Dr. Davidson is now attending.

The amount subscribed for the gift reached a total of $85,000. It has been impressed upon the retiring Archbishop that the greater part of the gift should be utilized towards the personal comfort of Mistress Davidson and himself. The remainder will be used for the erection of a permanent memorial to his episcopacy at Lambeth Palace, Archbishop Cosmo Gordon Lang, as chairman of the subscription committee, read an address on behalf of the contributors, and asked the aged Primate to use the gift "to secure in any way you think fit the ease and comfort of yourself and Mistress Davidson."

Acknowledging the surprise and bewilderment of himself and wife, who, on Monday, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, Archbishop Davidson returned profound thanks for this manifestation of affectionate esteem.

There will be a short interregnum in the archbishopric. The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury have already received His Majesty's "conge d'elire," or mandate to elect a new bishop. They will assemble and, with grave formality will elect the Most Rev. Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang. This ceremony is an interesting survival of the days when the cathedral chapters were supposed to actually have the deciding vote in the election of bishops, although even in such days there is reason to believe it would have gone ill with any chapter which was bold enough to reject the King's nominee.

The date for Dr. Lang's enthronement has been set for December 4. The ceremony will take place at Canterbury Cathedral and will be long and imposing, following the lines followed on such occasions 200 years ago. Early Monday morning, with Mistress Lang and a few others, Archbishop Lang attended Holy Communion at Lambeth Palace chapel.

Wednesday, as Baron Davidson, the retired Primate of the Church of England, will take his place in the House of Lords as a temporal peer. He will be introduced by Lords Stamfordham and Harris.

Outlying parts of the province of British Columbia will be given telephone service through radio telephony, it was indicated in an announcement by George H. Halse, chairman of the board of the British Columbia Telephone Co. Mr. Halse said a charter would be sought at the next session of the provincial legislature for a separate company to be known as the Provincial Telephone Company, which would enter the radio-telephone field.

Unemployment Debate

Labor party moves vote of censure on government. Asks for open door

With the usual brilliant ceremony, King George opened parliament on Nov. 6. Foreign relations, and particularly the Kellogg-Briand pact renouncing war, were the chief topics referred to in the King's speech from the throne.

The King expressed satisfaction at the endorsement of the peace pact by all his governments and other leading nations. It is the last session of parliament before the general election, and his majesty had little to say about proposed legislation. He said that with a view to relieving agriculture and industry from the burden of taxes, parliament would be asked to enable the railways to make lower charges on important traffic.

The first amendment to the Address in Reply to the Speech from the Throne was moved by Right Hon. J. R. Clynes, on behalf of the Labor Party in the House of Commons. The amendment censured the Government for its unemployment policy, declaring the country was burdened with unemployment in its most acute form.

Mr. Clynes suggested increasing the dole into a wage for actual work and reconsideration of trade relations with Russia as methods of dealing with the situation.

Referring to the proposal for migration of miners outlined by Right Hon. Winston Churchill, Mr. Snowden said that the Labor Party wholeheartedly associated themselves with every desire to develop the resources of the Empire.

The suggestion that the British Government take over certain territory in Canada and the other Dominions, and supervise the settlement of emigrants from the Old Land upon it, was voiced in the House of Commons by R. C. Ellis, Conservative member for Wakefield.

THAT LITTLE PARABLE AGAIN

DID you . . . ever try pumping when the pump was dry? Water aplenty in the well but no matter how hard you pumped the plunger would not lift it.

The pump made a good deal of noise—and there was some gurgling of air, but that was all you got for your trouble.

Then you went to the house and got a quart of water and poured it down the pump. To the inexperienced that would sound like carrying coals to Newcastle. But it worked a miracle . . . on the pump.

Now with little effort and less noise the swinging handle and moist plunger produces the vacuum-pull that lifts and discharges the water in a gushing, ample stream.

• • •

We have tried to reason with our readers about the different kinds and relative values and services of papers. We have tried to show them that even more than the publishers or the advertisers the readers themselves are responsible for the press.

We have asked them to use their best discernment and judgment and, whatever other papers circumstances forced them to take (as in cases of local papers where there was practically no choice) that they would put the best they knew first and at the top of their list.

We have gone further and have said that if there were any Witness readers who had discovered a paper more disinterestedly devoted to the general welfare and could only take one—that they should give up the Witness and take the better one. Our own interest is not in the Witness but in Canada's welfare.

But we also urged, not in the interest of the Witness, but in the interest of Canada, that such as did not know any other paper so disinterestedly devoted to the general welfare, would co-operate with us to extend both the efficiency and influence of the Witness—**their paper**, even more than ours for it is published in their better interest, and only by us as a "calling"—a voluntary, though strenuous and unpaid, service to mankind.

• • • •

AND here's where the parable comes in. We pumped in ordinary fashion for some time. But when we "primed the pump" as we did last week, when we told our readers that

two men (the publishers) contributed annually thousands of dollars and over five thousand strenuous hours of work without pay

to the end that the Witness might be as valuable as possible to each reader—that was

like pouring a quart of water down the pump

And the stream began to come—and thousands have taken advantage of our "3 for 1" offer.

But there are thousands of others that have not yet been "moved" by such a challenge.

Is it because it is so commonplace? Would that it were. Canada would long ago have been "dry", and bettered in many other ways.

• • • •

SOME one has said:

"Talk to them about some personal, material advantage—**to them, or even to you**—and you will get reaction."

We will leave that to other publishers as far as material advantages go.

We are getting them without seeking them and so will all who seek first the general welfare, for that is another word for "the Kingdom of heaven." The cruse of oil and the measure of meal have a strange way of being replenished for such as believe in them.

Of course it is only such as want to see general welfare journalism improved and strengthened and its influence extended to their friends and neighbors who will GIVE an hour or so a year by way of co-operating with such an adventure as this.

That so many are doing so is a source of great strength to

Your Publisher

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

REQUESTED POEMS

ACKNOWLEDG MENTS

The following have our sincere thanks for sending in poems:—"The Village Blacksmith," and "Somebody's Mother," Mrs. Chas. Mearing, Ont.; "The White Pilgrim," Mrs. A. B. S., Man.; "Somebody's Mother," Grace Geo, P. E. I.; "Smiles," Alice Pittock, Ont.; "The Young Mouse," Wm. L. McNair; "When Work's All Done in the Fall," Flora Pender, Ont.; "Triumphs of the English Language," Miss C. E. Benson, Ont.

(Sent by Wm. L. McNair, Toronto, Ont.)

THE YOUNG MOUSE

In a crack near the cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother resided;
So securely they lived in that snug quiet spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But, one day, the young mouse, who was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,
On a sudden returned, with such joy in her eyes,
That her gray, sedate parent expressed some surprise.

"O Mother," said she, "the good folks of this house,
I'm convinced have not any ill will to a mouse;
And those tales can't be true you always are telling,
For they've been at such pains to construct us a dwelling

"The floor is of wood and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;
And I'm sure that we there should have nothing to fear,
If ten cats, with their kittens, at once should appear.

"And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out, with no trouble at all;
But forcing one through such rough crannies as these,
Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.

"But the best of all is, they've provided us well
With a large piece of cheese, of most exquisite smell;
'Twas so nice, I had put in my head to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you.

"Ah, child," said her mother, "believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat;
Do not think all the trouble they take for our good;
They would catch us, and kill us all there, if they could.

"As they've caught and killed scores— and I never could learn
That a mouse who once entered did ever return!"
Let the young people mind what the old people say
And when danger is near them, keep out of the way.

(Sent by Miss C. E. Benson, Ont.)

TRIUMPHS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Now gather all our Saxon bards,
  Let harps and hearts be strung,
In celebrate the triumphs of
  Our own good Saxon tongue;
For stronger far than hosts that march
  With battle-flags unfurled,
It goes with freedom, thought and truth
  To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays
  On every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears its echoing far
  As Orkney's breakers roar—
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills,
  It floats on every gale,
And warns with eloquence and song
  The homes of Innisfail.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows
  On bleak Canadian plains,
And where, on Essequibo's banks,
  Eternal summer reigns:
It glads Acadia's misty coasts,
  Jamaica's glowing isle:
And bides where, gay with early flowers,
  Green Texan prairies smile.
It tracks the loud swift Oregon
  Through sunset valleys rolled,
And soars where California brooks
  Wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves;
  On seas of fierce Malay,
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood,
  And towers of proud Bombay;
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,
  Dusk brows and swarthy limbs—
The dark Liberian soothes her child
  With English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won
  In gentle Saxon speech;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life
  By Sydney's sheltered beach;
It dwells where Afric's southmost capes
  Meet oceans broad and blue,
And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird
  The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart,
  That while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with autumn fruits,
  And those with flowers of spring;
It quickens lands whose meteor-lights
  Flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross
  Hangs its orbed fires on high.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,
  And error flies away,
As vanishes the mist of night
  Before the star of day!
But grand as are the victories
  Whose monuments we see,
These are but as the dawn which speaks
  Of noontide yet to be.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time,
  By good men prayed for long,
When Christian states, grown just and wise,
  Will scorn revenge and wrong.
When earth's oppressed and savage tribes
  Shall cease to pine and roam,
All taught to prize these English words:
  Faith, freedom, heaven, and home.

(Sent by Mrs. Chas. Mearing, Ont.)

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
  The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he,
  With large and sinewy hands.
And the muscles of his brawny arms
  Are strong as iron hands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
  His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
  He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
  For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear his bellows blow.
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
  With measured beat and slow,
Like Sexton ringing the old church chimes
  When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
  Look in at the open door:
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys,
He hears the parson pray and preach,
  He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
  Singing in Paradise:
He needs must think of her once more,
  How in her grave she lies,
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
  A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
  Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
  Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
  Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou hast taught;
Thus at the sounding forge of life
  Our fortunes must be wrought,—
Thus on its sounding anvil shap'd
  Each burning deed and thought.

—Longfellow.

Sent by Flora Pender, Ontario.

WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE IN THE FALL

A group of jolly cow-boys
Discussing friends at eve,
Said one, "I'll tell you something boys
If you will listen, please.
I am an old cow puncher, boys,
Although I'm dressed in rags
I used to be a bad one
And take on great big jags,
But I still have a home, boys,
A good one, you all know,
Although I have not seen it
Since very long ago.
Yes, But I'm going back to Dixie,
Once more to see them all
Yes, I'm going to see my mother
When the work's all done this Fall.

When I left my happy home, boys,
My mother for me cried,
She begged me not to leave her, boys,
For me, she would have died.
My mother's heart is breaking
For a wandering boy, that's all,
And with God's help, I'll see her,
When the work's all done this Fall.

That very night the cow-boy
Went out to stand his guard:
The night was dark and cloudy
And storming very hard,
The cattle all got frightened
And rushed in wild stampede,
The cow-boy tried to head them,
While riding at full speed.
While riding in the darkness,
So wildly he did shout
He tried his best to head them
And turn the herd about;
His saddled pony stumbled,
And on the boy did fall,
And he won't see his mother
When the work's all done this Fall.

Just send my mother my wages—
The wages I have earned—
For I won't live to see her,
My last steer I have turned;
I'm going to a new range,
I hear the Master's call,
And I'll not see my mother next
When the work's all done this Fall.

George, you may have my saddle,
And Bill, you take my bed,
Jack, you may have my pistol
For I will soon be dead;
But, boys, think of me kindly,
As you look upon them all
For I'll not see my mother
When the work's all done this Fall.

They buried him at sunrise,
No tombstone at his head;
With nothing but a little slab,
And this is what it said:
Poor Charlie died at day-break,
His saddle horse did fall,
And he won't see his mother
When the work's all done this Fall.

WORDS WANTED

Mrs. R. E. Lowry, Que.—Words wanted for a song in which a line in the verse goes something like this: "The shamrock is the pride of an Irishman's heart", also words for the song that was composed during the Civil War (Tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.")

Mrs. A. C., Ontario—I would like to secure the words and music of a piece the chorus of which runs something like this:

"Mammy are there any angels black like me?
I've been as good as any little girl could be.
If I hide my face, do you think they could see.
Is there any room in heaven for little black me?"

Mrs. Chas. Mearing, Ont.—Will you ask some kind "Witness" reader to have printed for me "The Indian Love Call" and "Lilac Time"?

Flora Pender, Ont.—Please send me the words of the following: "Among my Souvenirs" and "The Brave Engineers."

L. R. Beebe, Alta.—The author of "Prudence Says So" is Ethel Hueston, and it is published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

Mrs. C. E. Benson, Ont.—I would like the words of the song, "By the Waters of Minnetonka."

Wm. L. McNair, Ont.—Could any of the "Witness" readers send me a poem about "Brave John Maynard"?

Mrs. W. J. Smith, Ont.—I would like very much to get the words entitled "The Station Master's Story". The words run like this:
"Take a seat in the shade, Lady,
  You know it is tiresome to wait
For when the train reaches Verrona
  It is always sure to be late."

Henry Martin, Ont.—I would like to see the following pieces: "Daisy Dean," "Sister Mary," "When You and I Were Young Maggie," and "Poorhouse Nan."

ORIGINAL POETRY

SMILES

'Tis easy to smile when you're happy,
Not so easy when you're feeling sad,
But a smile on your face will always
Make some sad heart feel glad.
When you're feeling downhearted and weary,
And the skies no longer seem blue,
Just smile through your tears and look upward—
The sun will soon shine through.
Smiles are only wrinkles that pucker up the face
But, oh, how they change the countenance
And the world to a brighter place.

—By Alice Pittock.

FRIENDSHIP'S EXCUSES

When, the evening shower over,
  The grass leaves glisten wet,
And the ungirt raineloud hover
  As the sun goes West to set—

When the breeze, nightly blowing
  Bring the pungent breath of firs,
And the liquid moon a-glowing,
  Through the cloud-web barely stirs—

When the midnight dew lies hoary,
  And at last the moon is dead—
When the morning in her glory,
  Bathes the East with fervid red—

E'en when dawn brings rarest weather,
  Frost, like stars—or pellet-rain,
All these bring us more together,
  Give excuse for love again.

—By Percy H. Wright.

VICTORY FOR PROHIBITION

Lady Astor, speaking to an English journalist in the House of Commons lobby, is quoted by him as saying:

"I am delighted with the Hoover victory. I am a Virginian and on the other side of American party politics. But I regard Mr. Hoover's success as a victory for prohibition.

"I hope Mr. Hoover will clean up New York! he can make prohibition real. It is real in a large part of the United States, but Mr. Hoover should stamp out alcohol from New York.

"Prohibition has reduced the population of prisons, poor-houses and infirmaries; it has increased the money spent on the workers' children and has increased prosperity. In my recent visit to America I found American women all for peace and prohibition."

Do not isolate yourself. Be among men, and among troubles and among things, and difficulties and obstacles.

This Canada of Ours

THE STRAITS OF JUAN DE FUGA

By J. S. Morrison and Maud Morrison Stone



Adventuring for the Kingdom

The Future of India

Perhaps the greatest single event in India's political career has been publication of a report on the future constitution of India by a committee presided over by Pandit Motilal Nehru. The Panditji is the leader of the Swarajists in the Indian Legislature. He is expected to be the next president of the Indian National Congress. The report contains a Declaration of Rights. There is to be no distintion because of caste, creed or color. All public roads, public wells, public schools, in fact public institutions of all description, are to be open to all. Such a declaration on the part of the leaders of Indian public opinion is worth much in a land where even yet certain untouchables must get off the road when they see a Brahman approaching, where even yet an untouchable boy is either forbidden to attend the public school or forced to sit on the verandah that he may not pollute the others. No religion is to be established in India and no public funds are to be used for the furtherance of any religion. In most of the Indian States either Hinduism or Mahomedanism is practically established and much state help is given them.

• • • •

Whites and Blacks

The Commission on Interracial Cooperation is offering to high school students three cash prizes aggregating $100 for the best papers on the Negro's part in American history. It is believed that such a study will be helpful to the children of both races, promoting more tolerance and sympathy on the one side, and developing wholesome race pride on the other. The cooperation of high school principals and teachers has been invited.

• • • •

"Clothed In Sunshine"

Speaking at a Christian Conference in England recently, Rev. E. Titcomb, a minister of great experience in mission work in South Africa, told of a missionary going out to visit an out-lying station, where no contact had ever been established between Christianity and the people so far as was known. The missionary was suddenly attacked by fever and was unconscious, served by the careful ministrations of a black boy. The patient was unconscious for a considerable time. When he woke up he heard words of "When Mothers of Salem" being sung by children's voices. Opening his eyes he saw a crowd of little black children, "clothed in sunshine," singing with a will, and his black boy conducting them with a stick. He called his boy to him and asked him—incredulously—if he had taught them. "No Sah," he said; "they knew it." And then he found out that some long time ago a black man had gone from that neighborhood to the Witwatersrand mines, and there had been converted at one of the services; that with the love of God in his heart and no literature but the Bible, which he could not read, and a hymn-book which was equally useless, he had preached to those people. He knew the 15th of Luke by heart and one other chapter, and had learned two Sunday-schools hymns.

• • • •

The New World Society

In his recently published book "Paths to World Peace," (Allen and Unwin, Ltd. London. 2s. 6d.) Bolton C. Waller deals with the kind of world we must expect to live in tomorrow, if human development goes on as it has in the past. Wars will fade out of the picture as a result of this new type of world community life. Man's economic and cultural contacts have widened the circle of their outreach, with its intellectual and mechanical growth, until today, for the first time, man lives in the world and by the world. Our emotional symbolism and our thought patterns have not yet caught up with our practical living—but they must. Not all human conflicts can be settled; men must learn to wait.", The author feels that the League of Nations is a hopeful beginning and needs only use, criticism, alteration in growth, and confidence to becoming the steering-gear and clearinghouse for the new world society.

• • •

Religion in Japanese Schools?

The authorities of the Japanese Ministry of Education are urging educators to invite prominent religious workers to deliver religious lectures to students in all public and private schools as a measure to build up the wholesome character of young men and women in Japan. By the Order of August 3, 1899, religious "education" is barred in practically all schools. The religious lectures urged are not thought to interfere with that order.

• • • •

Letter From Mukden

In a letter from Mukden, Dr. Dugald Christie, of the Mukden Medical College quotes a Chinese assistant to the effect that "there has been a great afflux of students to the higher schools this autumn, and the college has a large number—over 60—sitting its Entrance Examination." Three of the women students are at the top of the list. China is undoubtedly the most interesting country to the world today; tremendous things are happening; probably most of these could be traced to such institutions as the Mukden Medical College.

• • • •

Famine Condition In China

It is reported from China that a million men, women and children will die of starvation within six months unless help is given. According to the International Famine Relief Commission in Peking, what is needed during the coming winter is that several large projects should be undertaken, such as dredging and dyking rivers, developing irrigation, making wells and canals and building roads, which will provide work and food for immediate famine relief and leave positive results fitted to prevent future famines. These large enterprises cannot be undertaken until funds are assured for their completion.

• • • •

Treat China Right

Business men have a great opportunity in China, said Daniel E. Douty, vice-president of the United States Testing Company, at a recent meeting in New York. They can, however, treat her no longer as an inferior, but must deal with her as an equal. "The day has passed," he said, "when any nation can demand from China more than it can justly demand from another nation. Concessions and the old granting of privileges by unscrupulous officials are things of the past. Foreign business men who can not adjust themselves to the new order have grown discouraged, and many have returned home. Their p[illegible] will be taken by younger men.'

• • • •

Adventure Christians

"It is easier at the moment to sit still if one does not expect to get anywhere. There are troubles ahead; but the Christian who adventures with Christ has something to show for them at last. The companionship of adventure Christians is the best earth has to offer. It includes the builders of the future. I do not say that every one who ventures is wise: but that every wise man ventures. And Christ is always at the front."—Isaac Ogden Rankin.

• • • •

A tablet has been erected in the Cathedral of Lausanne to commemorate the holding in that city of the world's conference on faith and order in August, 1927.

• • • •

Prove All Things,

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

THE Bible may incidentally contain scientific facts or philosophical principles. But it is neither a scientific text book, nor a philosophical treatise. All its declarations are primarily religious. They concern God and man and the inter-relationship between them.

The Bible makes its primary appeal to the soul of man though, at the same time, it stands ready to justify itself at the bar of human reason.

It was not the intention of Revelation to overlook or belittle Nature or Reason or Conscience. It recognizes all three as reliable, though incomplete sources of knowledge regarding God and His ways. "Can a man by searching find out God? asked Zophar, the Naamathite, in the days long gone, and the implied answer was, "He cannot". And a later inspired apostle declared "The world by wisdom (philosophy) knew not God." Hence the necessity for a Divine Revelation.

The Bible is God's answer to man's crying need for more intimate knowledge of Himself than is otherwise possible through the study of Nature and our surroundings. Man had a faith before he had a Bible. The Bible was written to confirm the faith in God and immortality that lies deep in the soul of humanity.

The evangelist Luke tells us what was in his mind when he undertook to write the Gospel which bears his name. He says: "It seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee in order, most excellent Theophilus that thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed."

He says distinctly that the purpose of his gospel is to confirm faith, to bring satisfaction in knowing the certainty of the things which they had already believed; and this, he may take it, is the purpose of the whole Word of God. Other New Testament writers would say the same thing.

Jesus did not shrink from investigation to His doubting disciple, He said: "Handle Me and see." He did not ask His disciples to throw away their reason when dealing with religous things. And the apostle Paul, himself a scholar, a philosopher and, above all, a Christian, urges us in our text to "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good." — To Paul, Christianity was not something that could not stand deep and thorough investigation, on the contrary, he invites it—"Prove all things." The word which is here translated "prove" means to test, to try that we may distinguish between the true and the false, the things of the greatest value and the things of little worth. But some one may ask "when is a thing proven?" "What is the nature of proof?"

Here is a definition of proof that will serve. You will not find it in any dictionary:

"A thing is proven to me, or for me, when my conception of that thing corresponds to the outward fact. Suppose that we start with the proposition, "Two plus two is equal to four." Prove it. We may do so by making two strokes upon a piece of paper, and then other two beside them, we may then count the individually and we find that the count is four; our conception agrees with the outward fact, and hence to us it is proven.

But here, we have to take into consideration that we are dealing with something other than material objects. We are dealing with what is inward and spiritual, what we call Mind, Soul, Personality.

The presence of two or more parties at Ottawa is proof that men do not see alike on great questions of government. But, if all the evidence were external, like strokes upon paper or matches upon the table, they would see alike. The fact that they do not is prima facie evidence that it is the internal element that makes the difference. A man's birth and environment, his education, and, shall I say, his prejudices, doubtless make him see things in a different light from that in which his neighbors see them.

Again take a case in court where twelve men are sworn to give a verdict on evidence submitted. Seven of these men say the man is guilty while five say "not proven." How are we to account for this? They all heard the same evidence, but this outward evidence produced different reactions. The difference was internal, not external.

A thing therefore may be proven to me and not to my neighbor. I may be intellectually and morally satisfied that a thing is true, and prepared to act on it as being true, which my neighbor rejects altogether as being either not proven or false.

Take then such a universal belief

(Continued on Page 13)

Northern Messenger

Published Weekly.

A Three in One Paper

A family paper for old and young.

A Sunday School paper.

A temperance paper.

From cover to cover "One increasing purpose runs"—to make the Messenger an every-day-Christian sort of paper.

The world over we know of no other paper, giving so large a service at so small a price, and withal so *purposed to the welfare of its readers.*

Appreciations of the great improvements are coming from far and near.

Samples of the Messenger will be sent to your friends on request.

Your Friends,
The Publishers

Subscription Rates

Subscriptions for delivery during 1929 will be at the following rates:

Single Copies, per year 75c

Annual CLUB Rates:
THREE or more separate addresses, at 65c
SIX or more separate addresses, ... at 60c
SIX or more in S.S. bundles ..... at 55c
(or 15c per quarter)

Special benevolent rates to poor Mission Schools.

These rates include postage within Canada, except for Montreal and its immediate environment. Rates on application.

No extra postage for Newfoundland and the British Isles, also for Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras, British North Borneo, Ceylon, Cyprus, Falkland Islands, Fiji, Gambia, Gibraltar, Hong Kong, Jamaica, Leeward Islands, Malta, Mauritius, New Zealand, Northern Nigeria, Sarawak, Seychelles, Sierra Leone, Southern Nigeria, Transvaal, Trinidad, Tobago, Turk's Island and Zanzibar.

Extra postage for U. S., Australia and Foreign: U. S. or Philippine Islands 25c. extra. India, Australia and Foreign, $1 extra.

John Dougall & Son,
Montreal, Canada.

S. S. WORKERS

Would you like an impressive CHRISTMAS PAGEANT very easy to prepare and yet beautiful and inspirational in effect? Just the thing for your S. S. Entertainment. Write to Mrs. H. C. Van EVERY, Waterloo, Ont.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

18 Beautiful engraved Christmas Cards, with lined envelopes. Postpaid 60c.
THE JACKSON PRESS
173-177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont.

WHY NOT

use a one-act play on your Christmas program.
"MONEY AND MUD"
4 men: 3 women. 35 minutes. .. .. .. 50 cts.
J. R. PETERS, B.A.
London, R.R. 2. Canada.

The Prayers Of Paul

The International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 25

By Walter Albion Squires, D.D.

(Acts 20:36-38; Rom. 1:8-10; Eph. 1:15-23; 3:14-21; I Thess. 1:2-5.)

I. Suggestions as to Lesson Goals. Paul once said of himself, "By the grace of God I am what I am." According to the testimony of the apostle himself his personality and his traits of character were not due to heridity, though he was a Pharisee of Pharisees. They were not due to education primarily, though he had been trained at the feet of Gamaliel one of the greatest teachers of the Hebrew race. "By the grace of God I am what I am", said Paul. It was the touch of God upon his inner life which had enabled him to make the most of his inheritance from distinguished ancestors and the best use of his education. Paul was a mystic and he believed that the contact of the soul with God through Jesus Christ was the most potent of all influences.

The touch of God on the human soul is most often felt in prayer. In this study of the prayers of Paul, we ought to discover some of the secrets of his splendid character. To help the members of a class to make such a discovery is a worthy goal for any teacher.

II. Lesson Topics and Teaching Points. The passages of scripture chosen for consideration in the lesson reveal much concerning the prayer life of Paul. However, it may be well to begin with a more general view of Paul's habits of prayer and afterward take up the thoughts suggested in the passages named.

(1) **A Great Career Built on Habits of Constant Prayer.** No honest mind can contemplate the career of Paul without feelings of profound respect. He battled with tremendous odds and overcame them. He faced problem which were perplexing the greatest leaders of the Church and threatening to destroy it, and he more than any other man was responsible for finding a solution of these problems. Persistent, generous, unselfish, keen in spiritual vison, this great man moves on through the critical period of Christianity with splendid power. Perhaps we put our finger on the secret of his greatness when we say that his was a career built on habits of constant prayer. Alone and blind in a house in Damascus beside the street called Straight, it was said of him, "Behold he prayeth." In the dreary inner prison of Philippi he was singing hymns and praying at midnight. In a cell of the jail at Jerusalem after he had been mobbed and nearly killed, his Lord stood by him in the night bidding him be of good cheer. Tossed on a sinking ship in the midst of a tempest, he prayed and came forth to cheer passengers and crew with the announcement that his prayers were heard and that his God had granted him the lives of all on board. Facing the end in his solitary cell at Rome, he wrote to Timothy, his beloved child in the faith, saying, "I thank God, whom I serve from my forefathers in a pure conscience, how unceasing is my remembrance of thee in my supplications night and day." Surely Paul knew whereof he spoke when he said, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

(2) **Fellowship in Prayer.** (Acts 20:36-38.) Paul's farewell to the Ephesian elders reveals the capacity of the apostle for fellowship in prayer. Doctor Coe has defined worship as "personal-social self-realization." The definition is certainly true in so far as the results of prayer are concerned, even though we may not regard it as setting forth the essential nature of prayer. Praying, especially praying together, does help people to realize the best that is within them of personal character and social capacity. Paul's marked power of leadership may have been due in no small measure to his ability to enter into a fellowship of worship with other people. Fellowship in worship marks the very climax of social relationships, since it involves not only human brotherhood, but common consciousness of divine Fatherhood. John the apostle recognized this great truth when he wrote the words, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you also, that ye also may have fellowship with us; yea, and our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." (I John 1:3.) Fellowship in worship is something more than human social relationships at their best. It consists essentially in a mystical and shared experience of the Deity.

(3) **Persevering Intercession.** (Rom. 1:8-10.) The Epistle to the Romans is a letter of Paul to a church, the members of which he had for the most part never seen. And yet he tells the Roman Christians that he unceasingly makes mention of them all in his prayers. Thus did the spirit of the apostle reach out in love and sympathy into regions he had never visited. New Testament critics have been puzzled to understand how Paul could have known personally the many people mentioned by name in the last chapter of Romans. They have sometimes concluded that this ending really belongs to some other letter which Paul wrote to a church where he had loved and labored. But perhaps he was not personally acquainted with all the people he mentioned by name. He may have had a list of the Christians in Rome, and it may have been his custom to pray for them and to send them messages of encouragement when he wrote.

(4) **Christ-Centred Praying.** (Eph. 1:15-23; 3:14-21). In writing to the Ephesian Christians Paul speaks of his unceasing prayer for them just as he spoke to the Roman Christians. It was evidently his custom to pray for all his far-flung churches and for the multitudes of individuals in these churches. What a prayer program—Ephesus, Philippi, Thessalonica, Corinth, and no one knows how many other places where there were Christians banded together in churches! Paul's life must have been literally a life of constant prayer.

These words to the Ephesian Christians reveal the content of Paul's prayer consciousness and the nature of his intercessory petitions. Christ was at the centre of Paul's consciousness when he prayed: the risen Christ, the glorified Christ, the Christ whose name is above every name. He prayed that Christ might dwell in the hearts of the Ephesian Christians that they might thus be rooted and grounded in love, might be made strong to apprehend the breadth and height and depth of that love which passeth knowledge and which is made possible through Jesus Christ. To be thus filled with the consciousness of Christ was in Paul's opinion to be "filled with all the fulines of God."

(5) **Significance of these Facts for Religious Education.** These facts concerning the prayer life of Paul have a searing on some of the outstanding religious educational problems of today. If we are to have Paul-like Christians as a result of our church school teaching we must not neglect the culture of that which had most to do with Paul's greatness of character. We must nurture a vital and inner experience of prayer. And our program must consist of something besides the culture of right social attitudes. We must recognize the fact that mystical fellowship with the Deity is the soul of religion. We must make our whole program Christ centred, if our children and youth are to become potent instruments for the setting up of a Kingdom of God on earth.

III. Suggestions as to Lesson Procedure. The facts revealed in this study of the prayer life of Paul could be greatly re-inforced by a parallel study of the prayer life of Jesus. Paul was like his Master in habits of prayer. The lesson could be still further enriched by an investigation of the prayer habits of men like Luther, Charles Wesley, David Livingstone and others.

A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend is life too short.

—Emerson.

Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfyeth not. Eat ye that which is good and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

"Infinite is the help man can yield to man."—Thomas Carlyle.

PROVE ALL THINGS

(Continued from Page 12)

as "The Existence of a Personal God." The proof here is not as easily verified as in the mathematical proposition two plus two is equal to four.

I may be fully satisfied and yet not able to satisfy my neighbor. Here comes a thought of stupendous moment—God can always make Himself known to the individual human soul because God is a part of every man's environment and He has reserved for Himself an avenue direct access to the soul of man. This direct avenue of access and the possibility of inter-communication between God and man is one of the great principles of protestantism. It is at the same time a fact of common experience. God speaks, and man instinctively recognizes the voice of God. He sees, he knows, he repents, he is converted, he is satisfied, not only that God is, but that God has spoken to him.

"If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine (teaching) whether it be of God," said Jesus. God is ready and eager to manifest himself to each one of us in such away that we will never doubt again either His existence or His love for us. God may become for every one of us the most certain of all our most cherished beliefs—the God in whom we live and move and have our being. —There can be no real and abiding happiness for us either here or hereafter until we thus come to know God as our God and Father.

And the same is true of the Bible. The question is often asked. "Is the Bible the word of God?" If we say "yes" they ask, "on what ground it claims to be the Word of God?" If we say that we accept the Bible as The Word of God, on the authority of the Christian Church, they say that Mohammedanism and Mormonism both claim that their sacred books were received from God.

Without belittling any claim that the Bible makes, I believe there is still another and better way whereby we may know that the Bible is The Word of God and that is because of the effect that it has upon us when we accept it as such and incorporate its principles into a way of living.

On April 28th., 1789, a Mutiny broke out on the English Ship, Bounty, as she lay at Tahiti South Sea Islands. The Captain and eighteen men were set adrift in an open boat under a broiling sun, and with a scant provision of food and water. Then nine of the mutineers, together with six native men, and eleven women sailed away in the Bounty and settled down on an uninhabited island named Pitcairn. There ensued what the Encyclopaedia Britannica calls "hell upon earth." One of the sailors had worked in a distillery in Scotland and he discovered a way to distil alcohol from a native plant. Before long all the native men were dead, and all the white men but one, Alexander Smith, who was left alone with a harem of native women and children. Consider the thing which happened. In one of the chests of the sailors, he found a Book. He read it, He began to ask himself, what was to become of this population that had such a bad start? He began to think with shame and remorse of all the past, he repented of his sins and resolved to live a God-fearing life and to make good men, and women of those children. He began to teach them to read the Book. Years passed, the children grew up and married, and more children were born. The community prospered. Then, one day twenty years later, in 1818, the United States ship Topas called at the island and brought back the first word which the world had received of the mutineers who escaped the hangman in 1790.

Alexander Smith was king and preacher and teacher in that little community. And what about the population? There was no jail, no asylum, no illiteracy, no crime, no disease. The people had no doctors, took no medicine, used no liquor. The island was one hundred percent Christian. No where on earth were life and property more safe. What changed that place from a hell on earth to a little bit of heaven dropped down in the South Seas? The reading of The Book.

It is this practical worth that is the real proof, and it is because that "practical value" for the religious life of humanity has manifested itself generation by generation that the Bible has maintained its place to our own day. It is for us now, by a candid and fair trial of the Bible, by a reverent and patient study of its contents to decide intelligently as to its value for men of our times, and to secure our own conviction of its Divine authority.

"Prove all things, Hold fast that which is good."

A VITAL GOSPEL

(By Prof. Herbert L. Willett)

No doubt it is a somewhat new and trying experience for some missionary officials to observe the manner in which the native confessors in one land after another are asking to be entrusted with the leadership and responsibility of the Christian movement in their territory. This new and startling sign of success of the Gospel has found some of its administrators unprepared to let the control of affairs slip from their hands. It seems hard to believe that we must abandon the attempt to make the oriental Christian conform to the pattern and adopt the strategy of our occidental life. But it is increasingly apparent that it is futile to expect these oriental churches to become mere copies of organizations as far removed from them in traditions, customs, and psychology as in distance and language. We must believe in them with the same confident and affectionate faith with which Paul regarded groups of Christians in the first century, who differed from him by wide diameters in opinions and behavior, and yet in whom he placed his hope as true children of the Kingdom, and heirs of eternal life.

Certainly if the early churches, so hastily founded and so imperfectly nurtured in the hurried exigencies of apostolic ministry, took root and developed into an enterprise that reached in a few generations the limits of the Græco-Roman world, we need not apprehend failure in the work of Christian missions, planted with enthusiasm on many shores, watered with the tears and the blood of devoted servants of God for a century, and now coming to the promising stage of desire to work out their own problems, and administer their own programs. This is the very best proof of the vitality and performance of the faith we have professed. — Federal Council Bulletin.

The Word of Life

The ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat. Job. 34: 3.

Beloved, believe not every spirit but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. I John 4: 1. Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment. John 7: 24. I speak to to wise men; judge ye what I say. I Cor. 10: 15. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom. Col. 3: 16.

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith. Rev. 2:29. He that is spiritual judgeth all things. I Cor. 2: 15.

Take heed what ye hear. Mark 4: 24. I know thy works.... and how.... thou hast tried them which say they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars. Rev. 2:2. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. I Thess. 5: 21.

He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers. John 10: 3-5.

MIND BODY | **BOYS' PAGE** | SOUL SERVICE

Singing Wings

By L. S. Piers.

Editor's Note:—In our issue of October 24, we published an uncompleted story by L. S. Piers and invited readers to submit conclusions of their own writing. We have received no response to this offer and have asked the author to finish the story as he had originally intended.

Synopsis

Don Morey is alone at his father's farm on a stormy fall night when an aeroplane lands in one of their fields. The pilot tells him of his mysterious passenger, a girl, who stays at the plane, while the pilot came to the house. The flyer refuses to go up again that night even although they can get gas from the farm. The girl chloroformed the pilot and compels Don to load the machine with gasoline and then to accompany her to operate the radio apparatus, allowing him first to leave a brief, dictated note for his parents. They managed to get into the air with the girl driving. Then settling down into the driver's seat she removes her "little persuader," a neat monkey-wrench from her pocket and took off her helmet and goggles that had concealed her features.

An exclamation of disgust slipped from Don Morey's lips as he saw the harmless wrench slip into the loop on the toolrack. There was the picture of a piquant face grinning back at him and then the girl eased herself into a more comfortable position.

"You better see if the set is working, Mr. Morey," she said. "They will be calling C.F.Y.X., on a wavelength that is marked there on the finder. Answer with an O.K. and the time and distance from Sudbury. Then let me know what the reply is."

He fumbled with the dials and found a number of commercial and amateur signals sounding up and down the range. He settled down near the indicated notch and listened. Only the spit and hum of the set answered. Suddenly he started. Faint signals were coming in. He twirled the direction finder until it came in more distinctly. Then he answered "C.F.Y.X. 10. k. O. 8. B. A. H.E.E., came in the response.

"Repeat," he requested.

"Send, 'O.K. Candle at Window. One to go. All here.'" ordered the girl.

Don obeyed and then listened to the serial numbers that flashed at regular intervals. Through the darkness he thought he saw far below him the flicker of a light. There was another he was certain. A town! and here he was flying on he knew not what lawless errand. It was a foolish resolution he knew but upbraiding himself for a coward if he did not act, he rose suddenly and said as commandingly as he could. "We'll land at that town below. No fooling now, bank her."

"Please, don't be funny," was the only response given with a toss of the head.

A sort of madness seized the youth and he shook her by the shoulder. "Land!" he yelled. "Land!"

"Let go, you nut, you throw the machine off level."

The plane banked steeply despite the girl's efforts to hold the stick in a proper position. As his eye noted the dancing gauges Don lost his head completely. The act which had been prompted by foolhardy bravado became sheer lunacy. With a great effort he pushed the girl aside and clamped his hand over hers on the joy-stick. She struggled but he froze to the stick in a panic. The nose of the plane pointed down steeply and with the engine roaring it rushed earthward through the night.

To struggle with the youth the girl moved the controls with her feet in virtue of the nature of things, her hand nearest the little persuader was clamped to the stick as if by a vice in Don's grip and he was on that side of her. Three times she struck him and the blows finding the mark. Morey slumped forward on the controls. Reaching for the wrench over the crumpled form she pounded the tightended hand and thrusting him partially out of the way and jerked back the stick with a prayer.

Through the darkness she glimpsed the looming bulk that was the earth and the stabbing fingers of pine trees. The plane zoomed upward, stalled, side-slipped—for Don cramped the foot room at the rudder bar—gathered headway but too late. The rock towered before them and even as it climbed the plane crashed into the tree.

• • • •

Slowly Don awakened from the terrible nightmare. He remembered. The girl had tried to kill him by rushing at the earth and he had tried to right the machine and then she had pulled down the blinds and he had gone to sleep. Then one of the black, forbidding clouds had fallen on him. Something damp and cold was oozing about his face. It was water and cleared his mind.

The girl was doubled up between the dashboard and the seat. He disentangled himself. Felt about the tool-rack until he found the flashlight and turned it on. Scraping the hillside in the very act of clearing itself the plane had pancaked, rolled and slid, in a tangled mass into the marshy lake at the foot of the incline. By a miracle the plane had not taken fire.

At last after much work he dragged the two figures from the plane and set to the task of reviving his late kidnapper. She sat up at last, shook her head and surveyed the wreck.

"Well, this is a pretty mess that you have got us into. Do you, on consideration, prefer death to my company? If you do the lake is handy."

"I—I—I guess, I'm a sap." lamented Don ruefully.

"Your surmise is perfectly correct. But don't mourn about it now. You're not the only one. You see it was rather important that I reach my destination as quickly as possible."

"My mother's older sister married a German scientist and inventor and when mother died, this aunt took me with her to live. Her husband was working on some very important experiments with metals. The war interrupted his work but during the last year of it he met a prisoner, a young Canadian, whom he befriended. It developed that both were interested in the same kind of work and after it was all over the Canadian studied and experimented with my uncle. Finally he was joined by his younger brother and they became interested in a special development with reference to some minerals found in the north here.

"I returned to America to live about the time they left Europe to pursue their investigations on the ground. Uncle managed to have them financed secretly with no contract, just an understanding with their backers that their work was of value and would be turned over to them. The work progressed to a point where they found that to go on they needed a device invented by my uncle. It was necessary to get it into the country and up to them as secretly as possible. It came from Germany in special care, was passed through the customs legally, but it then that the threads of mystery began to weave around it. The aeroplane and pilot had been arranged for and on a stormy night I left Halifax in an auto with the little machine, transferred to a fast launch in which I completed the trip to the village, where I joined the pilot, and set out at once for Montreal. There my mission was unsuspected and I was able to slip away again without any publicity hounds finding out my errand. This was necessary not only to protect the scientists from thieves, who might steal the result of their investigation but to protect them from the prying and bother of people out for news. So far their work in the midst of the bush is unknown. It must remain so."

There was a pause at the close of the girl's explanation,

"Then there must not be any search for the plane or the whole story will come out?" Don asked.

"That is worrying me." The girl confessed. "There is sure to be a check up somewhere and then they will take it on themselves to look for us. That means a great deal of trouble keeping our secret."

"How far is it to the camp where these men are working? Would it be possible for me to take the machine over land to them, while you and the pilot waited here to be rescued."

"Would you try?" The voice was full of gratitude. "It means so much to the boys."

• • • •

The sun rose to survey a sodden world. As it began to draw up the surplus water for future use, Don Morey left the pilot now revived and the girl to await relief while he picked his way through the bush towards a meeting with the men with whom they had communicated with the radio.

Night was closing down when he disconsolately surveyed the expanse of the river he had reached. He turned to the task of preparing to spend the night in the open. Suddenly out of the gathering dusk he heard a hail and the thud of a paddle on gunwale.

"Well met," he called back.

In a few moments the canoe beached and two men stepped ashore. Dick the youngest of the scientists and a grizzled old woodsman were the crew.

"What happened? Was Thora hurt?" The queries of the young man betrayed his feelings.

The story was told by the campfire as they ate supper. Three days later Don Morey stepped from the train at the local station and with a lift from a neighbor was soon home.

'What is the idea of all this gallivanting around the country in strange aeroplanes," said his father with a smile of relief. "You has us worried almost to death. Even this letter from your abductor, or abductress rather, didn't explain everything."

So the story had to be re-told and not until then did they show him the envelope addressed to himself. He tore it open and read.

Dear Mr. Morey:—Please accept this little cheque to pay, to some small extent, for the indignities, inconvenience and dangers you suffered at my hands and for your service to my friends and I in placing a certain parcel in the hands of those, who needed it, with a secrecy which would have been otherwise endangered. Take it without misgivings. The group of financiers, who foot the bill, will never miss it, while I can afford to be generous since it costs me nothing.—Good luck. Yours very sincerely,—Thora Graysen.

"Dad, I can take in that course at the Agricultural College, now?" It was a query as much as a statement. "There will be a little to go into the bank to pay my share in the farm when I'm through."

"Yes, the course is yours now, son," said Mr. Morey as he pretended be busy with his paper.

ENGLISH SEA SCOUTS GREET GERMAN SEA CADETS

When the German Training Ship "The Berta" sailed from Plymouth, England, a few days ago, 14 German boys in her crew carried with them pleasant recollections of their meetings with Plymouth Sea Scouts. During the stay of the "Berta" at Plymouth, the Plymouth Scouts visited the vessel and were presented with clasp knives. Subsequently the Boy Scouts presented gifts of Plymouth pottery and illustrated souvenir guides of Plymouth to the German lads. Captain Meyer, who is in command of the "Berta" was captured after the famous "Emden" was sunk. Since his return to Germany he has taken a keen interest in the welfare of boys, and now devotes himself to training youths from school in seamanship, giving them a thorough grounding, prior to their entering a Navigation School. He is an ardent supporter of world travel for young people, believing that a better and wider understanding of the views of other Nations will thus be encouraged.

Teacher: "If a farmer sold a thousand bushels of wheat at $1.50 a bushel, what would he have?"

Bright Pupil: "An automobile."

STAMP NEWS

New Gold Coast Issue

The new stamps for the Gold Coast are a departure from the printing processes hitherto used for British Colonial stamps, says Fred J. Melville in the London Daily Telegraph. They been printed by Messrs. Harrison and Sons Ltd., of Hayes, in their photogravure method known as "collogravure," as used for the stamps of Egypt with the fine photographic portrait of King Fuad. The design and small size of the Coast stamps do not lend themselves so well to this class of printing as the larger Egyptian designs did. The medallion bearing the profile of King George is too small, and gives neither the character of a photograph nor the modelling of Sir Bertram Mackennal's medal head. The view beneath the King's head is of Christiansborg Castle, near Accra, which is now the residence of the Governor of the Colony. Like the historic Cape Coast Castle and Elmina Castle, it is a relic of the days of the slave traders.

Malta, which has provided collectors with a succession of new issues since the commencement of the "self-government" period, has made a fresh outburst. All the stamps of the current series have been overprinted "Postage and Revenue." The Malta Government Gazette recently published the following notice:

"With reference to the Government Notice No. 98 of March 27, 1926, his Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, availing himself of the powers vested in him by the Stamp Duties Ordinance, has been pleased to direct that, as from Oct. 1, 1928, postage stamps overprinted with the words "Postage and Revenue,' valid for both postage and revenue purposes, will be placed on sale.

"As from that date the revenue stamps and the postage stamps will no longer be on sale. The revenue stamps in the hands of the public will continue to be valid for fiscal purposes only, and the postage stamps for postage purposes only."

This is a complete reversal of the policy introduced in 1926 to have the postage and revenue issues separate and distinct. The newly overprinted stamps have arrived; the pence values are overprinted in three lines of antique Roman capitals in black, and the shilling stamps in small sans serif capitals in red. The 1d and 1½ stamps are in the old colors, red and brown respectively, but it is understood that the 1d brown and 1½ red have also been overprinted and will be issued after the stamps in the old colors are used up.

Italian Victory Stamps

Dr. Emilio Diena sends me the complementary values in the set of ten stamps designed for the dual commemoration of the fourth centenary of the birth of Emmanuel Philibert and the tenth anniversary of the Allies' victory in the Great War. The new values are 50 and 75 centesimi, 1.75 and 10 lire, all of a smaller size than the previous issue and in a design showing part of the equestrian statue to Philibert in Turin, with a modern Italian soldier, with tin helmet, in the foreground. There is also a five lire violet and dark green in the design showing the full length figure of the Duke.

An increase of over $100,000,000 in imports into Canada, and an increase of nearly $40,000,000 in exports from the Dominion, is shown in the trade returns for the twelve months ending August 31st as compared with the preceding twelve months. The year's imports amounted to $1,169,636,702, a gain over the previous twelve months of $102,710,122, while exports totalled $1,284,938,910, an advance of $38,103,-511 over the year before.

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

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

OUR COMPETITIONS



"Proud but Envious." By John Speirs, Ont.



"Practise-time Interruptions." By Margaret Lockhart, N. B.

We reprint here some of the entries already awarded pencils and qualified for the cash prizes to be awarded at the end of the competitions. How about Your entry? Full particulars and directions for entering the various contests are printed on page 21.

In addition to those whose entries are reproduced here, pencils have been awarded to the following: Colena Robertson, N. S.; Ausline Smith, P. E. I.; Violet McArthur, Que.; Evelyn Jardin, Ont.; Muriel M. Birkett, Sask.; Edith M. Waters, N. B.; Edwin Brenton, Ont.; for drawings. H. Hart, Ont.; Ruth Atkinson, Que.; Grace MacDougall, P. E. I.; Margaret Wright, Alta.; Alan Williamson, Man.; Thelma H. Cameron, Que.; Edith Rogers, Ont.; Evelyn Ward, Ont. for letters. Margaret Jenkins, Ont.; Betty Hickon, Ont.; Mrs. Geo. Dorey, Sask.; M. F. Langton, Ont.; Bill Sheryer, Ont.; Wilbur Patterson, Que.; R. G. Ward, N. S.; Violet Le Lacheur, Que.; and Mattie D. Crowell, N. S., for limericks.

THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW A BOY DO

Dear Sir:—I do not know if the boys and girls use lard pails for their lunches in other districts. In this district that is what we use. One day as we were going to school one of our school friends was telling us of the luxurious dinner his mother packed. Naturally we were all anxious to see this wonderful lunch, but had to wait until noon before he would open it. What was our surprise when he opened the pail to discover he had brought the new pail of lard his mother had bought. The "real" lunch was still on the kitchen table. Did we laugh? Well, would you?—Jack Thorne, Ont.

THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER KNEW A GIRL TO DO

Dear Sir:—When I was just six years old Mamma had a nice red go-cart for our baby, and one day I thought it would do nicely to harness the calf in. So I got a rope and tied it round the calf's neck and fastened the other end to the go-cart. Just as I completed the harnessing process and was about to take my seat in the novel equipage, something startled the calf and away she went.

There was a long handle in front and it stuck in the ground and threw the go-cart over the calf's head. That was enough for Miss Calf, she let out one bawl and tore around the field and every time the handle stuck, the go-cart would turn a somersault, and the calf would gather fresh speed...At last fortunately the rope broke and the calf gave one last mad dash and bolted into the barn. I sadly picked up the remains of the go-cart and commented, "I was lucky I didn't manage to get in."

—Jean LeLacheur.

LIMERICKS

There was a dark place in our school
Which boasted a very high stool.
It was there for the clown
And my only renown
Was that I "took the chair" as a rule.

—By Sutherland MacLeod, P.E.I.

"I aspire to high things," said he, "but
I seem to be in the rut."
"You yet may be great,"
Said the oak, "if you wait,
For like you, I began as a nut."

—By Marian C. Smith, Que.

I once had a fall from a shed,
Which landed me square on my head;
'Twas a terrible shock,
For I hit a big rock,
And sat up with a start in my bed.

—By Floyd Honey, Ont.

A very fine bossy was Mooley
She two pails of milk gave duly,
But when she was done
She would, just for fun,
Kick the milk all over—yours truly.

—By Mrs. A. B. Leard, N.B.

A smart young Tditor named Fred
Got a wise idea in his head
"My paper," says he,
"I'll enlarge greatly."
Now by thousands it is eagerly read.

—By Eugene A. Chollett, Nfld.

Note:—The editor acknowledges the compliment, but unfortunately our friend's flattering eulogy is incorrect in one or two details. In the first it is not the editor's paper—it is the readers' and secondly, it was read by thousands before. The question is, by how many more will it be read now?

OTHERS CONTRIBUTIONS

Here are a few limericks and letters, which while they do not get prizes, are printed as examples of the contributions received.

Down in our country this fall,
The potatoes all grew very small,
But we don't seem to care,
As we have some to spare,
For you know we can't eat them all.

—By Herbert Sweetman.

There was a young boy of sixteen
Who courted the sweet village queen,
But she snubbed her best beau
When he danced on her toe,
So no more with that girl is he seen.

—By E. Ruth Woodwark.

Said a fish with decision unsteady,
When a baited hook came down an eddy,
"If I bite it or not,
I can hardly be caught
Because I'm a codfish already."

—By John A. MacAskill, N.S.

Mary shut her eyes tight as she fled
Grabbed a hen (as she thot) by the head.
She rung until lame,
Until off it came,
But oh! 'twas the tail instead.

—By Alberta Allen, N.S.

Up near the Lake "Big Sea Water,"
There once lived a funny old squatter,
For when it was cold,
In a snow bank he rolled
And that is the way he got hotter.

—Beth Wilson, Ont.

THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW A GIRL DO

Dear Sir:—One day I saw a small girl, who had just started school, do what I thought was a very funny thing.

Her class was pronouncing the letters. She had been taught most of them at home so she could do it fairly well. Some of them were rather slow and she seemed to get tired of waiting, for she said to them, "For goodness sake, hurry up! We can't wait on you all day."

She has learned better since that, but her teacher has not forgotten her childish disgust at the others in her class.—Alfreda Rogers.

THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW A BOY DO

Dear Sir:—The pupils of the senior room of our school were decorating the room for a Christmas Concert. A large wreath had been made to hang above the improvised stage. There were only two ladders at the school, a short one and a very long one. The short one was not long enough, so the long one was brought in and set up with a boy at each leg to keep it from slipping.

One of the bigger boys climbed the ladder with the wreath, and, having hammered a nail into the wall prepared to hang the wreath. However, one of the boys at the foot suddenly left his place for some unknown reason. The ladder, too heavy for one boy to hold, slipped to floor, landing with a loud bang.

When it was seen that the boy was not hurt, everybody burst out laughing. The boy presented a truly comical picture. He had landed on his knees, with the wreath hanging around his neck. It is impossible to describe how funny he looked.

—Arnold C. White, B.C.

PRIZE LETTER COMPETITION

"My funniest experience on returning to School", "The funniest thing I ever saw a boy (or girl) do". "The nicest thing I ever saw a teacher do".

For the best three letters on any one of the above choice of subjects the publishers will award to the writers whose letters are printed each week during the competition a Messenger push-pencil. In addition to the three pencils to be awarded weekly the three best stories published during the contest will be awarded prizes as follows:

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

Tell your friends about this competition.

READ THE RULES CAREFULLY

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

Tom Dick, Sunnydale, Sask.

MY FUNNIEST EXPERIENCE ON RETURNING TO SCHOOL

Address your letter to:

Letter Competition Editor.

LIMERICK CONTEST

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

CASH PRIZE OF $5.00

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

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

Limerick Contest Editor.

DRAWING CONTEST

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

CASH PRIZE OF $5.00

will be awarded the one whose drawing is judged the best of those printed each month.

Drawings may be in ink, pencil or crayon on white paper or thin Bristol board about 8 x 11 inches, or "stippled paper" may be used. Shading lines or dots should not be too close together, and if pencil or crayon is used great care should be used to prevent any smudging. Drawings in color cannot be used.

Drawings stand a better chance if sent flat between straw boards or they may be sent in a tube. But they may not be folded. They must be accompanied by a statement certifying that the work is original with the sender and not copied from any other source. Address all drawings to:

Drawing Competition Editor.

ADDRESS ALL ENTRIES: c-o JOHN DOUGALL AND SON, G. P. O. BOX 3070, MONTREAL.

The Danger of the Overdose

Written for the Witness by Rev. H. J. L. Wooley, B.D.

SOME years ago I was taken with a pain in a certain part of my body and thought I knew what the trouble was and the remedy. So I called at the corner Drug store and procured a common drug and took several doses. But to my disappointment the pain did not cease but grew worse and I felt sick all over. I increased the quantity of the dose but with no better and even with worse results. Then I called the doctor who after the usual examination prescribed among other things the very drug I had been taking. When I advised him that I had taken the drug and that it made me worse instead of better he asked the size of the dose and then he shook his head and said I had taken the drug in overdoses. It might have cured me if I had not taken too much at a dose.

"Don't you know," said the physician with a smile, "That the best medicines taken in overdoses are the worst of poisons." This maxim of medical science is worth remembering for it is a universal law. The danger of many sports and amusements today is not so much in their quality as it is in the over dose. Many young people are giving to the whole subject of amusements an altogether exaggerated importance and many give to them a great deal more time and money and thought that they can rightly afford; as a consequence their characters are often seriously injured. What ought to be the medicine of life becomes the poison. This is a more serious matter than many young people imagine. We know young men who indulge in the overdose of stimulating sports and amusements till they cannot content themselves to stay at home of an evening nor can they concentrate their thoughts on any serious study. They never read anything but sensational stories and the most sensational headlines of the newspapers. Their minds are so addled and frothy that they are incapable of any serious thinking. This is the result of the over dose.

Amusement we must have, to be sure. Play is the normal recreation and universal remedy of the powers of man wasted by exertion. It is good and wholesome so long as it fulfills this purpose; so long as it helps to invigorate the body, rest the mind and strengthen the will. But when it begins to tax the body, to unbrace the mind and to enfeeble the will it is poison and not medicine.

It is useless to try to lay down rules and tell you just what amusements are harmful and which are not. No such rules can be framed. What would be harmful to some would be harmless to others. The better way is to put the matter on your conscience. Do not indulge in any amusement that injures. Be sure that it is a medicine and not a poison and avoid the over dose.

Mrs. H. A. Archibald, C. B.

I am much pleased with the improvements in the "Witness" and "Northern Messenger". I note there is a new story started too. I wonder if you know how many profit by a single copy of the "Witness", I and friends here who are subscribers, cut out the stories, puzzles, recipes, children's page and pass them on to others who cannot afford the paper and they in turn, take care of them and pass them on again. We find ourselves much handicapped by one story being printed on the back page of another, I know nothing about printing a paper and this may be something that cannot be helped. The "Witness" is so good we like to share it with others.

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME MAKERS

A Place for Everything

By Margaret Moore.

SOMEHOW the house looks all wrong. Not a bit like the pictures of rooms that look so pretty in the magazines. The furniture isn't bad and I've made new curtains and rugs, but it is not right."

If that is the way you feel about your home, try out the advice an old artist once gave a discouraged student. "Go out and forget it all and get a fresh eye," he said, "then come back and you will see for yourself the trouble and will only need me to confirm your own criticism."

Nothing could be truer. If you strain for an effect, never getting away from the work you are doing, not only your eyes, but your mind goes stale.

Do you remember those picture puzzles that were so popular long ago? Line drawings white on black, or the reverse; intricate line drawings, with perhaps one bird or person and a text under, that said find two or four or six other birds or people. You looked and looked and could see nothing, but suddenly there they were, and once seen, you could not lose them again. So it will be with your rooms, coming in, you will suddenly say: "Why, of course! That will make all the difference."

The probability is that the special feature that will catch your attention is the multiplicity of things. Mantles and tables, bureaus and pianos, buffets and sideboards, bookcases and desks, everything is crowded with "things." Many of them are cherished for their associations, many of them are beautiful, many of them are interesting, but—if you want your rooms to appear modern, out they must go.

Begin with your living, or drawing room and, next sweeping or cleaning day clear everything out—right out of the room. Take a look at the pictures and reduce their numbers. One or two on a wall are enough in these days. Take out all the others and rehang the small ones you think will look best.

Then bring back in a few of the "things," the useful ones first. A clock for the centre of the mantel or top of book case. A pair of candlesticks one for either end, and a couple of tiny bowls or small ornaments you are especially fond of to be set one on each side of the clock. These should fit in with your color scheme, as should also the candles. Three pieces on the mantle shelf would be enough if they were good in line and decorative in size, but five is the outside limit in these days. The living room table should have a runner or scarf which must be colored, never white, a lamp at one end or in the centre, a bowl of flowers or a gay, little work basket; and if it is large enough, a pair of book ends with not more than half a dozen books. A pile of magazines may or may not add interest, but you will probably find them too much, and take them off.

* * * *

SMALL tables look best with one large object, a lamp or growing plant or basket, and a couple of small things. If you have one large tall lamp or ornament, let the smaller things be a contrast in shape to it and to each other. The rule now is to have few, if any, ornaments that have not a use, but the exception is where a bright spot of color is needed, or a point of interest in a monotonous surface such as the top of a bookcase.

In the dining room it is not now the fashion to exhibit the silver, and for the busy housekeepers who must keep it clean themselves this is an unmixed blessing. The sideboard may have three doilies or a single runner of tan or whatever you like in linen, fine lace or cotton. A single large object, such as a coffee urn, or a brass or silver bowl of fruit may be placed in the centre with two smaller objects, one at either end, but nothing more must be shown. Even the china cabinets have solid doors and in the new houses, are built in. If there is a top, it is supposed to have nothing whatever on it. This is, however, rather drastic, and color may be given by a doiley and one tall vase or a pair.

The table, which should never be left set between meals, may have either a runner or a handsome doiley, and in the centre a fern bowl or vase of flowers, or if fruit has not been used on the sideboard, it may be on the table.

The kitchen has followed the fashion and in new houses has built in dressers and cupboards, baking boards and ironing boards, closets for cleaning utensils and groceries. Nothing but sink and range are in plain sight. This again is the extreme. Utensils and dishes should, if more convenient, be hung in plain sight. Here a housewife must place her belongings so that she can most easily do her work, and here, if anywhere, she may ignore fashion. Avoid old calendars on the walls and, if possible, avoid having clothes hung about.

In the bathroom have, if possible, a closet with shelves for clean towels, places for the family's various tooth mugs, the upstairs shoe polishing outfit, etc. A medicine closet also, out of reach of small children, is needed, and rods so that each person may keep his towels and wash rag apart. A waste paper basket and laundry hamper, if there is no chute, will be needed.

* * *

THE bedrooms also will need cleaning. Here the family photographs; banished from the living rooms, except for the box or closed cabinet in which unframed photographs are stored, may find a place, but not too many of them.

The bureau, dressing table, and bedside table should have pretty runners, all matching. On the bureau, unless it serves as a dressing table, there should be only one or three objects placed. The dressing table may have a full toilet set. On the bedside table should be the night lamp, the water glass, or "caraffe" as our grandmothers called it, with its glass on top, a book and, possibly, a low bedroom candlestick, with a tiny match box for emergencies which seem to come when the lights are off.

If there is a chest in the room which is in use for clothing do not pile things on it, but if it is seldom opened it may be set against the wall and, with a padded top cover and a couple of cushions, will serve as an extra seat.

When you have been all through the house clearing out, go back over it and see how different you will find it. At first it will look bare, but you will like the simplicity and until "things" come back into fashion pack them all away in attic or trunk room. When you tire of one ornament you can unpack another and give it a turn.

Of one thing beware. When it comes to the rooms of your boys and girls take them into consultation and don't put away or destroy any of their precious belongings. Be very chary also of disturbing any of father's pet things. Better an unfashionable and cluttered house where the family feel at home and gather their treasures about them, than the most modern of mansions where they feel out of it. Even the littlest children have a strong sense of possession and the mother who respects their ownership will find small difficulty in keeping her own possessions intact.

FLOORS TO MATCH WALLS

Floors to match walls—that new idea in home decoration which started Chelsea way—is being followed now in many homes going in for autumn renovations (says the Daily News.) The simplicity and comparative inexpensiveness of the "brushed" floor has probably helped towards popularity. For another thing, the paint brush can cleverly imitate anything from a marbled to a stippled effect. The stippled floor is the newest. I saw a very delightful one done for exhibition purposes lately by a famous firm of decorators. The floor matched the stippled walls exactly, the variegated two-color effect being obtained by the use of ivory paint on a white ground. A striking border about a foot wide in a stencilled key design gave the floor an air of completeness one seldom sees. Prussian blue on primrose produced walls of a dull lemon shade in another room, and here the painted floor was of brushed grained oak—another instance of clever floor painting. Even a bathroom floor can be treated to a brushed tiled effect.

YOUR HOLIDAY SNAPSHOTS

Most people return from their holidays with one or two snapshots to remind them of the happy days they spent "beside the seaside," or with views of a new country they visited.

Where to keep the snaps is sometimes a problem, one of the most satisfactory ways of solving which is to keep them in an album. If, however, you wish to display a photograph, it is better to have it mounted and framed.

When framing photographs, don't cut the mounts if you can help it. It is the brown, cream or grey paper on which they are mounted which completes the effect.

Mount snapshots on card at least double the size, allowing a greater depth at the bottom than at the top. This is a professional touch which makes all the difference.

A perfectly plain wooden beading, black or dark brown, makes the most suitable framing medium. Don't put photographs in heavily moulded or gilt frames.

The handy passe partout is excellent for snapshots, making the required unobtrusive type of frame if used in a neutral tint.

Our Problem

By Pauline Herr Thomas.

Our little girl is an only child: a fact that has made our relatives and friends aver that she cannot escape being selfish. I admit we have had qualms about it ourselves.

Because the problem is a real one in so many homes, I am going to tell you how we have handled it, thus far.

In the first place we had added difficulties because we were so situated that she had barely a playmate before she was three years old. There were no children with whom to share her toys. It behooved us to play with her, ourselves, or else teach her to invent playmates—both of which we did. Had she a new ball, Daddy must share in the pleasure trying it out. Had she planned a tea-party with her new tea-set. Mother must share the cambric tea. Urged just once, the idea proved its own worth. Next time she invited us because "it's more fun." She had to learn, however, that only at certain times were we available for play. When we were not, she soon learned to invent playmates for herself. To an imaginary Molly she would say, "You may play with my blocks, Molly."

Real playmates created a new difficulty. They proved none too gentle with her favorite doll, or her new tea-set. We heard, "No, you shan't play with that" quite frequently. One of the aforesaid relatives would lift an eyebow and say, "I told you so." However, we felt inclined to linger a bit, and would invariably hear something like this: "But you can have these blocks, or this ball." One does not lend one's best china bowl to the neighbor who comes aborrowing, if it is known that bowls have a way of being broken in that home; any porcelain bowl does just as well.

Christmas time always presented a problem. From these same relatives and friends came toys enough for half a dozen children. Just once we suggested a Christmas basket of toys from her own stock for poor little motherless Peggy; now, she becomes lavish in her desire to make some one happy at Christmas time. After the holiday, she invites her friends in to share in the play with the new toys.

Being, of necessity, usually included when we went out together, or alone, she came to expect it. We reminded her that yesterday she had a tea-party with little friends which was her pleasure; now, Mother or Daddy are going out for their pleasure.

Setting an example gave, as always, infallible results. She would say, "Mother, you gave Daddy the very nicest," or, "O, Daddy, why did you give Mother the big chair?" However, next day, perhaps, she would try her own hand at giving up the best.

Her Grandma never failed, when they played at games together, to manage in such a way that the child should always win. "I hate to disappoint her," she would say. Her father and I have always let the game take its natural course, and she has been expected to abide by the outcome, cheerfully. Sportsmanship may be developed earlier than most of us suspect.

I leave it to you, whether we are having a reasonable degree of success. Today, at six and one-half years, she ran to me and, in all seriousness, said, "Mother, you took me a sled ride today, now you go and have your pleasure, and I'll wash the dishes." She did it, too!—From a series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West, 40th., Street, New York City.





SAILS FOR LONDON

Mrs. Minerva Elliot, first Canadian member of the British Interior Decorators' Guild is shown above sailing from Montreal aboard the S.S. Alaunia for London. She declares Canada is woefully retarded in the field of interior decoration.

Spiritual pride is the worst of all pride, if it is not the worst snare of the devil.

Fever Blisters Embarrassing

Fever blisters are vesicles or blisters usually occurring on the mouth, but they may appear on the nose, cheek or elsewhere on the body. They are common at all ages but young folks and children are the most frequent sufferers. These blisters may follow indigestion or constipation. However, they may be the result of high fever and for this reason are common with any of the high fever diseases such as influenze, pneumonia, etc. "Cold sores" are of the same nature, and a trip to the dentist may result in a crop of these "embarrassing" and painful disturbers of human happiness. But when there are repeated attacks about the mouth bad teeth, diseased tonsils and the like may be the cause. In the latter case the cause must be found and corrected before the blisters will cease. Contrary to a popular belief fever blisters or herpes are not catching or contagious. However, they are not to be trifled with for there is danger of infection if they are not properly treated, and I have seen children with nose or lip eaten away by neglected cold sores. Sometimes the blisters can be headed off by applying an alcohol lotion. Pure alcohol is best, but if this cannot be had spirits of camphor, borated alcohol or cologne can be used. In case the blister has already gotten too much of a start and continues to develop apply either boracic acid, bicarbonate of soda or zinc oxide. And try to keep the blister dry by keeping the tongue off it. Do not apply cold creams and salves for water and grease do more harm than good. After the blister has run its course and begins to heal, saltpeter or alum will hasten the job.

ROMANCE IN NAMES OF FABRICS

How many people are aware of the romance that lurks in the names of Fabrics? Cotton is the Arabic "qutn." Calico is corrupted from Colicut, in India. Muslin is from Mosul, whence it was first exported, though nearly all the cotton muslin names are Indian; Sanskrit gives us chintz; gingham is a Malayan word; nainsook is Hindustani; jaconet is from the town of Jagannathi, near Calcutta. Of the silks, damask, of course, is shortened from Damascus; taffeta comes from the Persian word "taftan," which means both "to shine" and "to spin." Poplin is an interesting exception to Eastern derivation. No one would associate a curtain or dress material with the Pope, poplin really means a papal cloth, for it was first made at the papal town of Avignon, in France. The most romantic name-chain of all links an Arabian prince with cats. It concerns a forgotten watered silk called tabby—vain old Pepys had his "false tabby wastecoate with gold lace." The word came to England from Arabia by way of France and Spain. The Arabs named the silk after a quarter of Bagdad. 'Attably, in which it was first made. 'Attably in its turn commemorated 'Attab, an Arabian prince. So from Prince 'Attab comes the word we use today for a cat whose wavy patterned coat resembles the material.

THE BUSY MAN

(Equally true of the busy woman)

If you want to get a favor done
By some obliging friend,
And want a promise safe and sure,
On which you may depend,
Don't go to him who always has
Much leisure time to plan,
But, if you want your favor done,
Just ask the busy man.

The man of leisure never has
A moment he can spare;
He's busy "putting off" until
His friends are in despair,
But he whose every waking hour
Is crowded full of work,
Forgets the art of wasting time—
He cannot stop to shirk.

So when wou want a favor done,
And want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly
Works twenty hours a day.
He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere,
That has not other use,
And fix you while the idle man
Is framing an excuse.

—Author Unknown.

As we expected—
Our new Japan Green Tea is tremendously popular. We have sold tons of it already. Have you tried it?
'SALADA'
35¢ per ½ lb
JAPAN TEA
FRESH FROM THE GARDENS
35¢ per ½ lb
513

HOME COOKING

Cakes Without Eggs

By Madam.

AT this time of year pullets are laying tiny eggs if any, and old hens have gone on strike. The average housewife if she has not a store of eggs put by for cooking, finds it difficult to provide for her family. Eggs as a source of nourishment they do not perhaps need so much now when cold weather makes a hearty meat diet possible, but that very same cold nip in the air makes the family cry out for sweets. And rightly, for they are needed, sugar and starch for fuel and energy. It is a case of a natural craving for a needed food.

"But "Oh, dear, what can we make without eggs. We simply can't afford them!" Maybe some of our daintiest desserts are impossible but after all it is the substantial puddings we want now. Something hot with a good sweet sauce will be more appreciated than a light dessert when our family comes in out of the raw November air, so let us turn to cooking books, and look.

Steamed Pudding, 1 c. molasses, 1 c. milk, 1 c. chopped suet, 3 c. whole-wheat flour, 1 tsp. soda, 1½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. cloves, ½ tps. ginger, ½ tsp. nutmeg, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 c. raisins.

Mix molasses and milk and add to suet. Mix dry ingredients well and add raisins. Add all at one time to liquids. Pour into greased molds, cover tightly and steam three hours. Remove covers as soon as molds are taken from steamer. This pudding may be made in large quantities and kept on hand ready for use reheated; and, like all steamed puddings, is delicious fried in butter for a change. Graham pudding is another variation of the same pudding.

Graham Pudding, Cream 1 cupful of brown sugar with ½ cupful of butter, or other shortening. Even lard is good to use. Beat 1 egg well and add; add 1 cupful of water or milk, and 2 cupfuls of graham flour and 1 of white flour. Flavor with 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon and ½ teaspoonful of cloves, nutmeg and allspice; add ½ teaspoonful of salt. Have an apple peeled and cubed, and a cupful of raisins washed, and ½ cupful of black walnuts picked out; flour them well and add to the batter. Use 6 level teaspoonfuls of baking powder in the flour. It is quite stiff when done. Steam in good-sized jelly glasses, well greased. Set them in the steamer over boiling water and boil two hours, or until done. You can see all around the sides in the glasses and tell when they are done. One glass can be turned out, and cut in two for a serving, but you will probably have to serve the other piece to the same person. This way of steaming them is good in another way. You can set the glasses with the pudding in them away for another meal, and easily steam them over.

Sauce for Graham Pudding. Cream 2 tablespoonfuls of flour with 1 cupful of brown sugar and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. Pour over this enough boiling water to make as thick as cream; it takes a pint of water. Let boil up once, and flavor with nutmeg or vanilla.

This pudding keeps for weeks in a cool place. You can use cooked prunes or any other dried fruit, instead of the apple, and any kind of nuts. If you can get persimmons, clean and stem them, and use 2 cupfuls; you will like them better than any other kind of fruit. Use coffee instead of water or milk in this, as it gives it such a fine color and flavor. You can see this is not an expensive dessert and is very nutritious.

Choice Fig Pudding. One cup brown sugar, 1 cup suet chopped fine, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 2½ cups flour, 1 cup chopped figs. Mix well and steam two and a half hours.

Sauce—One cup brown sugar, mix in 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup hot water, boil slowly for one-half hour in a double boiler. Just before serving pour over a well beaten egg; flavor with vanilla.

St. James' Pudding, is an old favorite. 3 tablespoons shortening ½ cup molasses, ½ cup milk, pinch salt, flavoring, 1⅞ cups flour, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 cup raisins, dates, cut figs or small amount of finely cut candied ginger.

Mix, add desired flavoring and steam 2½ hours. This pudding is light and delicious, and capable of many variations, as indicated. It is especially nice served with:

Brown Sugar Sauce. 1 cup brown sugar, 3 tablespoons milk, Butter size of walnut, Vanilla.

Melt in double boiler or in bowl over top of tea kettle.

Steamed Carrot Pudding. One cup each raw carrot, potato and apple, measured after putting through meat chopper, ½ cup flour, 1 cup dry bread crumbs, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup raisins, ½ cup shortening (drippings may be used) little citron if desired, also nuts if wanted, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon clove. Mix well, and steam 3 hours. Serve with liquid or:

Hard Sauce: Two cups powdered sugar, creamed with ½ cup butter, add ½ beaten egg, and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Beat with fork till tight and creamy, then sprinkle with nutmeg over the top.

Hastings Pudding. 1 cup suet, chopped fine, 1 cup raisins, chopped, 3 cups bread crumbs, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, 4 teaspoonfuls cinnamon, 2 teaspoonfuls nutmeg, ½ teaspoonful cloves, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved.

Mix in order, sifting cream of tartar and spice with the flour. Put into covered pudding mold, and boil 3 hours. If you use small cans, or make half the quantity, 2 hours will be long enough. Serve with hard, or plain liquid pudding sauce.

Roly-Polys, may be made as our mothers made them, of light suet, paste rolled thin, spread with molasses or jam, or thinly sliced apples, and rolled. These were tied in a cloth and boiled or steamed, but if you are not sure of your ability to make a like suet paste, or do not like washing pudding cloths, try one of the following Cinnamon rolls.

To make these rolls, when not wanted immediately, use a portion of bread dough, rolled thin. Sprinkle well with cinnamon, raisins and sugar and then butter over the roll and press in with a bread knife. Roll as you would a jelly roll and slice, placing slices on a well greased tin to rise. When double in size, bake in a moderately hot oven. Serve with sauce or cream.

But for the thirty-five minute rolls, mix well together two cups flour, four level teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, three level tablespoons pork drippings and two-thirds cup sweet milk. Place the well mixed dough on a floured bread board, pat to about one-half inch thick, sprinkle thickly with sugar, raisins and cinnamon, press down and roll up in one roll.

Place on a well greased tin and set in the steamer, (being sure the tin does not cover all the holes in the steamer), and steam briskly for 35 minutes. Slice the roll and serve with any fruit sauce, or cream and sugar.

These rolls are equally good sliced before cooking and baked on greased tins.

Rice puddings minus eggs are excellent. These are made of the uncooked rice. To one cup of rice add one-half cup sugar, one level teaspoon salt, five cups rich sweet milk and bake in a moderate oven. This has to be stirred very often and baked for a long while, three or four hours at the least, when it will be a delicious creamy mass. When nearly done, add half a cup of tiny seedless raisins. The seeded ones give a strong flavor if many are used when baked in puddings.

Bread puddings are fine when juicy and savory. Use 2 cups crumbed bread crusts (but not scorched ones), 1½ quarts sweet milk, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon (level) salt, ½ cup tiny seedless raisins. Flavor with grated nutmeg and a little allspice. Mix well together and bake slowly for two hours, when it will be an almost solid mass. Serve with whipped sweet cream without sugar.

Cold light desserts are best served with heavier meals. Orange, cornstarch pudding, fruit blanc mange, chocolate cream, fruit tapioca and the fluffy desserts with not very much stability but good sweetness prevail.

The cornstarch mixture can be made plain and varied by different flavors, or bits of orange may be stirred through after removing from the fire, or the plain cornstarch pudding may be served, spooned over a helping of thick rich preserves of peaches, pears, apricots or apples. A thrifty housewife can devise various variations.

Rice and Fig Pudding, ¼ teaspoonful of salt, ½ cupful of chopped stewed figs, 1½ cupfuls of milk, ¼cupful of sugar, ½ cupful of rice, 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice.

Scald the milk and dissolve in it the sugar and salt. Add the rice and cook until the rice is tender. Mix in the lomon juice and the chopped figs and place in individual wet molds. Chill thoroughly and when set unmold and serve with cream and sugar or sirup from the stewed figs. This pudding is also good warm.

Orange and Oatmeal Pudding, 2 tablespoonfuls of gelatin, 1 cupful of hot cooked oatmeal, ½ cupful of orange juice, ¼ cupful of boiling water, ¼ cupful of cold water ¼ cupful of brown sugar, 1 cupful of whipping cream, ½ teaspoonful of salt, 1 whole orange.

Combine hot cooked oatmeal, brown sugar, salt and orange juice. Remove the white portion of the orange, slice it thinly and halve the slices. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and let stand fifteen minutes. Swell gelatin in cold water and dissolve in hot water. Combine the oatmeal mixture with the gelatin and let stand until it begins to set. Then add the cream, beaten until stiff, and the sliced oranges. Turn into a mold rinsed with cold water and put in a cold place until set. Then unmold and serve.

Rice and Molasses Pudding, 3 cupfuls of boiled rice, ½ cupful of molasses, ⅛ teaspoonful of nutmeg, ½ teaspoonful of Cinnamon, 1 cupful of milk.

Combine the rice, which has been boiled until tender in salted water, with the milk, molasses and spices. Bake for half an hour in a moderate oven and serve cold with cream and sugar.

Cocoa Rice Pudding. Over the bottom of a baking dish, sprinkle one-half cup well washed rice, one-half cup sugar and a pinch of salt. Mix one-half cup cocoa with a little water and stir it in one quart of milk. Pour this over the other ingredients and bake in moderate oven 1½ hours, or until the rice is well cooked. Every grain will be separate. Hot or cold this pudding is delicious and also nourishing.

Cranberry Pudding. Make a batter of two-thirds cup sugar, two tablespoons melted shortening, one cup milk, or milk and water, two cups flour sifted with 2 rounded teaspoons baking powder and a third teaspoon salt. Stir in a large cup of raw cranberries. If your cranberries have been put up in cold water use less sugar.

Bake in a shallow cake pan and cut in slices. Serve with cream sauce or any liquid sauce flavored with spice.

Pandorody. Put a layer of peeled sliced apples into a deep pudding dish and sprinkle generously with sugar and a little nutmeg or cinnamon, as preferred. Add another layer of apples, sugar and flavoring. Fill up the dish in this manner. Pour in a cupful of cold water. Take half a cupful of rye flour, the same quantity of corn meal, a pinch of salt and enough boiling water to make a dough. Cover the top of the apples with this and bake slowly for five hours; then break the crust down into the apples, cover with a plate and bake two hours longer. Remove from the oven and let stand covered all night. Eat with cream and sugar.

Bran-Rice Pudding. ½ cupful of rice, 1 cupful of bran, 2 cupfuls of water, 2 cupfuls of rich milk, ½ cupful of sugar, ½ teaspoonful of salt, ¼ teaspoonful of cinnamon.

Cook the rice in the water for three-quarters of an hour. Add the bran, milk, sugar, salt. Then pour into a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle the cinnamon over the top and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Puffed raisins may be added if desired, or the grated rind of an orange or lemon, and brown sugar in place of white. Serve with whipped cream.

Extra Good Molasses Cookies

Dear Madam: Last winter in your page, you published a recipe for molasses cookies. I believe that was the name. I made them once, we liked them so well. In fact I don't believe I ever tasted better. I always keep the whole page for future use, after using it once I have never been able to find it, so have no idea of its fate. There is a recipe for molasses cookies in Dec. 28th issue, but that is not the one. The one I mean you did not roll them out just pinched pieces off and rolled them up and pressed a nut in. Beyond remembering how good they were, that is all I can tell you a scanty description, but my memory refuses to yield up anything else. I should like to tell you how helpful I always find your page. Your recipes are amongst my tried and true ones. If you are able to identify the recipe would you



ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE Limited
BELLEVILLE, Ontario
STARTS STUDENTS ON ROAD TO COMMERCIAL SUCCESS
All over the Continent O. B. C. graduates, filling highly paid business positions, attribute their success to the training and inspiration gained at the Ontario Business College. Write for free prospectus of all courses. I. L. MOORE, Principal.

mind publishing it again? I should be sure to see it. Thanking you in anticipation.—M. E. D.

Here it is from my own cook book, where I had pasted it and labelled it. "Extra Good."

Boil together for three minutes one cupful of good Barbadoes molasses, one cupful of butter or butter and sweet dripping or lard mixed, and one cupful of brown sugar, remove from the fire and cool to lukewarm, then stir in a teaspoonful of soda and beat well. Add flour to make a soft dough, take small pieces of the dough in the hands and roll into balls about as large as walnuts. Press flat and place in a greased and floured baking pan. Half a walnut or hickory nut meat may be placed in the centre of each cooky. Bake in a moderate oven about ten minutes. Too long baking makes the cookies hard.

Chocolate Cookies may be made by the same recipe. Divide the molasses butter and sugar, after boiling and to one half add a square of unsweetened chocolate melted over hot water. Finish as above. Chopped raisins, nuts, or peel may be added to either of these recipes if desired.

Problems of Homemakers

Sticky Leather

Dear Madam:—The seats of my dining chairs have become sticky. They are leather and not badly worn. Will I have to re-cover them or can I do something to fix them?—C. B.

If the furniture has not dried out or cracked, wash it well with warm water and a little washing soda, using a soft cloth. Wipe it as dry as possible with soft cloths and let it get quite dry. Then re-glaze with a brush or soft lintless cloth dipped in well-beaten white of egg. A thin coat of white shellac dissolved in spirit will also harden the leather.

Hardwood Floors And Cleaning Paste

Dear Madam:—I have a new hardwood floor in my living room which gets hard usage. I do not want to put on wax as we have little children and old folks both to consider and I also understand it marks with water.

As I have plants in one of the windows that would give trouble. They tell me to varnish it but with much traffic and heavy furniture it seems to me it would scratch. What would you advise?

Could you, or perhaps one of your other readers give me the directions for making the silver sand mixture we used for cleaning pots and pans in the Old Country. F. J. W.

There is nothing that quite equals an oil finish for such a floor, as it will not spot with water or grease. Stain the floor first if you wish, but do not make it dark, as the oil will eventually darken it. Mix equal quantities of boiled linseed oil and turpentine and set it in a pan or kettle of boiling water, renewing the hot water whenever needed to keep the oil warm. Have the floor clean and perfectly dry and dust it again with a cloth moistened with turpentine so as to avoid getting dust into the oil finish. Rub the oil well in and, if possible, close the room until dry. My own way is to do such work in the evening when the room is easy to shut off. I have kept a pine floor in good condition for over twenty years with such an oil finish. You will have to rub in three coats probably before the surface is well covered, then oil whenever you see it needs it. One advantage of the oil is you can give the much used parts, in front of doors, etc., a rub up every few weeks. There will be no patchy look and with this extra care your floor will wear years longer without getting rough. My only difficulty has been to prevent dust getting into the oil before it dries but, with care in rubbing it well in and using a bristle brush to clean out corners and the turpentined cloth, that can be avoided.

One such reliable mixture for cleaning pots and pans calls for equal parts of silver sand, soft soap and whiting, with one pint of water and one tablespoon of salt.

Stir all together well, boil for a few minutes, stirring constantly, then let become cold and put in suitable, wide-mouthed receptacle. Rub this mixture well into the vessels, rinse thoroughly with hot water and wipe carefully with a dry, clean cloth. See that the vessel is perfectly dry before putting it away.

Needlework Corner

Edge For Window Shades

TRY this in heavy ecru crochet cotton for the bottom of your cream-colored window shades:

1st Row: Ch 12; 1 dc in 7th ch from hook; ch 6; 1 dc in top of dc just made; ch 2; skip 2 ch; 1 tr in next ch; casting off 2 loops, once over hook, skip 2 ch, fasten in next ch, casting off 2 loops and 2 loops until all are cast off; ch 2 1 dc in ftr; turn. 2nd Row: *Ch 6; 1 dc in top of last dc; ch 6; 1 dc above last dc; ch 2; twice over hook in top of dc below, cast off 2 loops, once over hook in top of next dc, then cast off 2 loops, etc., until all are cast off; ch 2; 1 dc to centre off ftr; ch 8; fasten with sc in end ch below; ch 6; fasten with sc in 3rd ch of ch of 8; ch 5; skip 2 ch; 1 sc in 3rd; ch 3; 1 dc above dc; ch 6; 1 dc above dc; ch 2; 1 ftr as before; repeat from * for length desired. Fasten thread over ch of 6; ch 4; 2 tr; ch 4; 2 tr in top of tr just made; cl of 3 tr over next ch of 6; 1 cl over next ch of 6, ch 4; 2 tr in top of last cl; 1 cl over next ch of 6;repeat. Fasten thread in top of 1st cl; ch 10; fasten with sc in centre of cluster to 1 sc to left of sc; ch 10: fasten in centre of next cl; repeat. Fasten over ch of 10; 4 sc; 1 pi; 1 sc; 1 pi; 1 sc; 1 pi; 10 sc over ch of 10; 6 sc over next ch of 10; ch 5; fasten in 1st scallop; 2 sc; 1 pi; 2 sc; 1 pi; 2 sc over ch of 5; 4 sc over ch of 10; ch 12; fasten in 1st scallop; 3 sc; 1 pi; 2 sc; 1 pi; 2 sc; 1 pi; 2 sc; 1 pi; 2 sc; 1 pi; 2 sc; 1 pi; 2 sc; 1 pi; 3 sc; 1 sc over ch of 10; 1 pi; 1 sc; 1 pi; 1 sc; 1 pi; 4 sc over last part of ch of 10.

Susan Asks and Answers

Making Over Furs

Dear Susan S:—I have a muff and scarf and quite a few pieces of Alaska sable and want to trim a coat. Do you think I could make as collar and cuffs myself or should I take them to a furrier? It would mean sending them away, for we have none near. I am fairly capable with my needle but have never attempted fur work and am afraid of spoiling my fur.—R. A.

Unless you are in touch with a thoroughly responsible furrier and are willing to trust his judgment, without seeing how he lays out your furs, it would be as well to try it yourself. There is often quite a bit of waste in making over furs and one is apt to unjustly suspect that she has not got it all back.

Renovating fur needs care and time, but there is no reason why you should not do it quite satisfactorily, if you have patience. If you have sufficient fur without using your muff, I would be inclined to keep it, as there are some signs of muffs returning to favor. When you have chosen the style of your coat, decided on the shape of the collar and sleeve, cut out patterns in stiff brown paper. In many cases the new coats are so planned that the fur goes on in straight strips, four to five inches wide, and the collar is shaped with a quilted piece rising at the back, around which the straight piece of fur is set.

When you have decided on the shape of the fur, plan it out carefully before cutting it. Rip the lining out of the old fur and, laying it on the pattern, see just what you can do with it. Look at it as you rip and you will see how the pieces are put together. Where it is too worn, take out the worn pieces and cut patches to set in their place. Be sure to cut them so that the hair will all run or lie the same way when joined. If the cut piece is curved and you wish to make it straight, slash it on the old seams and set in triangular pieces. Plan pieces that are to go down the front of the coat, with the nap of the fur running down.

When cutting fur, lay it on a board, fur side down, and cut the skin with a sharp knife or razor blade—never with scissors, which cut the hair.

When you have it all planned and matched, set it together, piece by piece. Lay a thick linen thread along the edge and overcast over it, joining the fur pieces together with short over and over stitches placed close together. A very short sharp needle should be used; special furriers' needles can be had. Use strong cotton thread to make the join. You will find it helpful to practice on a few of the worn pieces first. There is a knack in placing the needle and drawing the thread through straight, so as not to tear the edge of the skin.

When your fur is all in place, take a thin, loosely woven interlining and turn the edges in over it, catching them down to keep them in place. In sewing to the coat or regular band lining, use as few stitches as is possible, blind stitching to the turned in edge.—S. S.

Stripe for Quilt

Dear Susan S.—I am enclosing directions for a very easy stripe for a knitted quilt asked for a couple of weeks ago. I am glad to be able to return one little bit for all the good help I have had.—D. W.

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

1st. row, Cast on 33 stitches, knit 3, purl 3; 2nd. row, Knit one, purl 3, knit 3 to end, finishing in 2 purl; 3rd. row, Same as second; 4th. row, Knit 3, purl 3 to end; 6th. row, Same as 5. Repeat from first row.

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

Now, who can give us directions for a quilt of knitted squares?—S. S.

SEWING ROOM HINTS

If you are the mother of a boy who wears knickerbocker trousers, you know the annoyance the boy experiences, as well as the mother watching him trying to keep them in place above or below the knee. Try sewing one and one-half inches of elastic just inside the knee band. Sew the ends firmly and a little tighter than the trouser band.

Many used garments can be cleaned and remade into serviceable clothes for children. However, materials that are too old in weave, color or figure should not be used unless this fault can be disguised. Sometimes the addition of a contrasting color will solve this problem.

When making loose covers for chairs, settees, and so on, boil the piping cord before using it. This prevents it from shrinking and puckering when the covers are washed.

If new flannel be used for a patch on a flannel shirt, it must be shrunk and dried. Make the patch large enough for the thin part to be cut away; there must be care in cutting, so that the sides are equal, and to ensure this it is a good plan to draw a thread. The selvedge side of the patch must be put to the selvedge side of the hole.

Also remember that the patch should be cut large enough to allow for the turning in from the sides of the hole. When this is ready, make a little slit across the corners of the hole to allow the turning-in to be flat, and keep the corners even and neat. Run the patch very neatly on the wrong side of the article to be mended, making a back stitch at each corner to keep it firm then turn the patch edge on to the material which is patched, and herring-bone it down.

"AND DAUGHTERS"

Over a shop in a town not very far from London and I saw a board with "So-and-so and Daughters" on it (says a Daily Chronicle writer.) Well, why shouldn't I say that the town is Sevenoaks and the shop a greengrocer's and fruiterer's? I liked that very much, especially when I saw how comely the daughters were and what sprightly saleswomen. "And Son" or "and Sons" we have long been accustomed to, but justice to women has lagged behind in this as in so many other matters. Many a business is practically run by girls of the family. It is only fair that they should have the credit of its prosperity. A praiseworthy innovation!



for the Midnight Supper

After bridge or the theatre, serve your guests with steaming OXO. Its rich beef flavour just "hits the spot." No bother—no fuss—and no sleeplessness afterwards!

In 6-oz. Flasks and Tins of 4 and 10 Cubes

OXO

It's *"Meat and Drink"* to you

67

STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA

Men Wanted FOR RAILROADS



Nearest their homes—everywhere—to train for Firemen, Brakemen, beginners $150 to $250 monthly. Promoted to Conductor or Engineer—$3,000 to $4,000 yearly. Highest wages on railroads. Also clerks. Railway Association, Box 22, Witness and Canadian Homestead. Montreal, Canada.

GIRL ARTISTS

and others who would like to paint greeting cards at home send 10c for liberal selection, Catalogue of designs and instructions. Premier Art Guild, Spadina and College, Toronto.

The Norwegian Lutheran Deaconess Hospita

School of Nursing offers a 2½ year course to High School graduates. Excellent instruction and practical experience. Apply to Principal, Ext. 26, Fourth Ave. & 46th St., Brooklyn. New York.

A CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST

A Boy's and Girl's Life of Christ. By Archdeacon Paterson Smyth. Musson, Toronto. $2.00.

Those who have read Dr. Paterson Smyth's "People's Life of Christ" will know what to expect from this volume, with its carefully written account of the life of Jesus, its easily-flowing prose, and its beautiful descriptions of the Holy Land. The author makes all the scenes living and real, and in place of the ever-sorrowing Christ—the survival of the Middle Ages—presents a Christ full of sympathy and interest in all that concerned the people around Him, diffusing amongst them that indefinable sense of well-being, and always counselling His followers to "Be of good cheer."

The thanks of all Canada are due to Dr. Paterson Smyth for so amply supplying a need that has been apparent for many years. Fascinating from cover to cover—one sighs at the end and wishes one could have lived in those marvellous days, and I think every boy and girl who reads it will agree with me. It might be mentioned also that the book is illustrated by pictures from the Old Masters, and its interest is increased by the fact that the author has been in Palestine to get the right atmosphere for the story. It is a book not for young children, but for thoughtful boys and girls from 10 to 15 years old. —E.M.D.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Luck

From the Presbyterian Banner.

SOME people are born lucky, that's all!" grumbled Dick. "Look at Tommy Andrews' new bicycle. I've been wanting one for a whole year, too. It's nice to be lucky."

Ruth looked up from her paper dolls and added a sigh to Dick's grumble. "Alice Matthews is lucky, too. She's head of the class again, and I'm sixth. It is nice to be lucky."

Little Polly sighed now, thinking of her chum, Patty. "Patty found a quarter in the gutter," said Polly. "She could not find the owner, so she kept it; and now she has the best rubber ball of any of us."

"The rest of you needn't talk about luck," cried Robert, looking from one to the other with a scowl on his face. "Look at Max Webster, if you want to see luck. He's been asked to recite for the school club this month, and every boy knows that I can recite better than he can."

Robert's books went down on the table with a loud bang and mother put down her pen and pushed aside the letter she was trying to write. "Well, well," she said. "My four-leaf clover is certainly in trouble. Surely a four-leaf clover ought to be lucky. Let's talk over this wonderful luck which seems to come to Tommy and Alice and Patty and Max. Tommy's bicycle is a beauty, Dick. I do not wonder that you want one like it. Do you remember how hot it was last summer?"

"Yes," answered Dick, gloomily; "but that has nothing to do with Tommy's bicycle."

"Hasn't it?" asked mother. "It was very hot sometimes yet Tommy worked all summer long selling papers. He earned that bicycle himself. Now he is enjoying his wheel; he is also selling more papers; for now he is working for a football. He told me so yesterday. L-u-c-k spells—"

"Luck," said all the children except Dick. He was silent save for a long-drawn-out "O-oo!"

"Now it's Ruth's turn," said mother, picking up one of the pretty paper dolls which Ruth delighted in dressing. "Ruth stood sixth in her class, and Alice stood first; yet one little girl is just as bright as the other."

"See? It's luck," cried Ruth. "That's what I said."

"Wait a minute," advised mother. "Does Alice like paper dolls, too?"

"She loves them," answered Ruth "Don't you remember what beautiful dresses she made when she was over here last Saturday?"

"When?" asked mother.

"On Saturday," repeated Ruth, looking puzzled.

"Oh, she plays with paper dolls on Saturday, does she?"

"Yes; on Saturday and on Friday night. The rest of the time she is too busy with her—"

Ruth stopped suddenly, and mother smiled. "L-u-c-k spells—"

"Luck," said Polly and Robert, but Ruth and Dick were silent.

"Robert is next," continued mother.

"Mother, you know I can recite better than Max," urged Robert, eagerly. "I stood head in my class and they ought to have let me recite this month. I deserve it."

Mother had hard work to keep from smiling as she asked: "How often does the school club meet?"

"Every week."

"How often did you go last month?"

"I didn't go at all, but I was too—"

"Wait a minute," said mother. "How often did Max go?"

"Every time," answered Robert, very slowly.

"The teacher depends on Max. He never seems to fail her. What did Max say to you the last time you recited?"

"He said I did 'dandy good work,'" Robert said, more slowly still.

"What did you say to Max when you heard he was going to recite?"

"I didn't say anything. I was too mad."

"Max has improved wonderfully lately," mother continued. "Every one is noticing that. And, Robert, I am sorry to tell you, but you didn't recite as well last time as you did—"

Mother did not finish her sentence. Instead she asked: L-u-c-k spells—"

There was a dead silence in the room, and after a few minutes mother said: "Does Polly want her turn?"

"No, no, mother," cried Polly. "I was worst of all. I spent two hours hunting a quarter in the gutter after Patty found hers; and I could have earned one easily, for father said he'd give me a quarter if I picked the weeds out of the path this week. Don't say anything about me, please."

"All right," laughed mother; "but I'd like to ask my four-leaf clover once again: 'L-u-c-k spells'—"

"Work!" shouted the children, all except Robert, for Robert had disappeared. The front door slammed, and mother picked up her pen, smiling. She knew, and the rest knew also, that Robert was running down the street at full speed toward the house where Max lived. She knew, and they knew, that "lucky" days were beginning for the four-leaf clover."

Bobbie's Adventure

By S. O. Vernon, in The Youth's Companion

LITTLE Bobbie sat on the steps alone. He looked lonesome and felt more lonesome than he looked. All the other children, nearly a dozen of them, were playing games on the sidewalk near by. Bobbie knew that they were older than he, but still he did not think it fair for them always to play games in which he could not join.

"I'll play a game of my own," he said to himself, as he toddled bravely down the steps to the sidewalk.

Bobbie's mother had told his sister Polly to keep watch of him, but Polly was busy with her game and did not see him leave the steps. Down the street he made his way until he came to the place where an iron fence bordered the sidewalk. Through the latticework of which the fence was made, Bobbie could see a sloping lawn and a little lake where some swans were swimming.

"That's the place for my game," thought Bobbie, "if I can crawl through the fence."

It looked easy enough to get through the fence, but when Bobbie had pushed his head carefully through the largest hole in the iron latticework he found that he could get no farther. He tried his best to wriggle his fat shoulders through, but he could not do it.

Then, all red and warm with his pushing, he tried to pull his head out, but it would not come out. He was caught in a trap! For a moment he tried with all his might; then he grew frightened and began to scream as loud as he could.

Up the street, Polly and the other children heard him and came running to the spot. So did other persons, from all sides. Some of them pulled at Bobbie and some pulled at the fence, but the harder they pulled the louder Bobbie cried, and his head would not come out.

A passing trolly car stopped and most of the passengers got off and rushed to the sidewalk. A policeman came hurrying from a near-by corner. Everyone began to tell everyone else what to do, but no one who got near enough to get his hands on Bobbie could pull him from the trap that held him. Bobbie's scream became more terrifying.

Suddenly Polly darted up the street toward home. In a few moments she was flying back again with a bowl in her hand.

"I can do it!" she cried. "Let me try!"

Everyone was willing enough to let her try, for all the others had tried and failed. With quick movements, Polly rubbed something from the bowl all over Bobbie's neck and the back of his head, and also on the latticework that held him. With a few words she stopped his sobs and struggles. Then, having taken away his fear, she gently worked away until Bobbie's head slipped through and he himself was free again, tearful but happy.

"Well done!" said the policeman, "What kind of magic have you in that bowl?"

"It is grease," said Polly, holding up the bowl, "I saw mother use it once to get off a tight ring, and I thought that if it was good for fingers it would be good for Bobbie's head."

"So it was," said the policeman, "but your cool head was even better than the grease."

When Polly led Bobbie home and told her story, her mother said, "You did wrong not to watch Bobbie, as I told you, but I am proud that you acted so quickly."

Something to Do

At Your Party

For your next party, divide the guests into groups of four. Each group is given a set of 26 cards, each card containing a different letter of the alphabet. The cards are shuffled and placed face downward in the centre of the group of four. The cards are raised one at a time so that all can see, and each tries to be first in giving the name of some article beginning with the letter drawn which can be purchased in a grocery store.

The person naming the article first gets one point. When all the cards have been shown, the two persons in the group, having the highest scores move on to the next group, taking the places of two others who have in turn moved on. A change of partners is made, and the game starts over again, this time the guests giving the names of articles purchased in a drug store.

During the next round they shop in a dry goods store, then in a meat market, etc. Finally they take all their purchases and travel to cities which they name with the cards. And they can visit various persons, names of whom the cards suggest. The high scoring partners change groups each time, and keep accurate scores. The ones having the highest scores at the end of the game are awarded a prize.—A. A. Journal.

THE JUMPING FISH OF SIAM

Did you ever see a fish jump aboard a boat and knock a man down? This is what happened in Siam, when Rev. Mr. Jones and two assistants were making a journey.

One day a large fish jumped across the bow of the boat, barely missing the steersman's head. The missionaries laughed, and said they wished the steerman had come inside the boat for protection. But in a minute another fish made the jump, the steersman ducked his head, and the fish was hurled into the boat, knocking one of the men who was sitting serenely inside the boat, to the floor.

Was the fish caught? No, indeed! It bounded from him out through the window into the river.

How would you like to catch a fish as you would a baseball? That is what happened to the next one that tried the flying leap.—"Over Sea and Land."

THE MAGIC TOP

With a cork, a needle, and a small piece of stiff paper cut into a square you can make a top that will start spinning by itself. Place the cork on the table, and fix the needle into it, point up.

Find the centre of the paper by drawing two lines joining opposite corners, and bending two opposite corners, one upwards the other down.

Now hold your hand close to the paper, and presently the paper will set itself in motion. As soon as you remove your hand it will stop spinning, and you can tell your friends you have a magic top that obeys your commands.

The world goes up, and the world goes down,
And sunshine follows rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come back again.

--Charles Kingsley.

BRAVE CHILDREN

We aren't frightened of the shadows
As they prance on the wall
Like long giants in the firelight—
We don't mind at all.

We don't mind being left in the dark,
For we know no one's there
Hiding in the nursery cupboard, and if
There was, we wouldn't care!

We don't mind the storm and rain
Rattling at the blind,
Or the noise the wind makes in the chimney,
If it is the wind!

We don't believe in ghosts and goblins.
We're not afraid, but we do
Like mother to be near the nursery
So that she can hear, too!

I. S., in Answers.

A STORY OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH

I heard a charming story of the Princess Elizabeth (says "Gadabout" in the Daily Chronicle.)

She has a great liking for the King, which he returns, but, however much he may indulge in her, she never forgets to treat him with the respect due to his rank.

When the time comes to say "Good night," with a courtesy of an old-time courtier, she retreats backwards to the door and, before it closes, curtseys and says:

"I trust your Majesty will sleep well."

Puzzle Corner

All Sorts of Kates

This one throws off vivid flashes or light;
This one interprets, explains;
One wrangles; one always the truth will evade;
And this one anoints for your pains.

For the use of the public this one takes your goods;
And this one will deeply regret;
This one interchanges; this one becomes dry;
This counterpart oft you have met.

This one will your goods for security pledge;
Here's one that will evil invoke;
This tinctures with medicine; this animates;
And this one will stifle or choke.

One renders complex; one devotes, sets apart;
While this helps to smooth out the way;
This one appeases; this summons to meet;
And this one you cannot make stay.

This one owns lands and houses and stocks
This one in the country resides;
The cause of another this one always pleads;
This one into two parts divides.

This tries and determines; and this one foretells;
While this one affairms and declares;
This one's deeply rooted; this one's folded back;
This is dainty in all that it wears.

This one took trust money left in her care;
And this one is coarse, unrefined;
And this one exterminates; this one invokes;
While this one debases the mind.

Answers To Last Week's Puzzle

Six Letter Square-Word:

FLEETS
LINNET
ENTIRE
ENIGMA
TERMED
STEADY

Hidden Fruits: apple, orange, lemon, pear, peach, plum

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS



"Why the gloom?"

"Joan has broken off our engagement."

"Cheer up, there are others."

"Yes, but somehow I can't help feeling sorry for the girl."

—Everybody's Weekly, London.

A woman visited a photographer's studio and said to the proprietor: "Do you take children's photos?"

"Yes, madam, we make a specialty of them."

"You have toys and all for them to play with while they wait?"

"Certainly, we make them feel as if they were at home."

"You give different poses to select from?"

"Yes, indeed. You'll find our service the best in town."

"How much do you charge?"

"Only $5 a dozen."

"Well," said the woman, sorrowfully, "I shall have to see you again. I've only got 11 children."

Hubbubs—Have you any late trains at Lonelyville?

Subbubs—Yes. All our trains are late.

Nervous Passenger—I don't feel at all safe in this leaky boat.

Boy—Don't worry, ma'am. If anything happens to you I'll take the blame.

Flubb—They are using a new anaesthetic that makes you laugh when doctors are operating on you.

Dubb—But can it make you laugh when you pay the bills?

Police Commissioner (questioning applicant)—And now, how would you disperse a mob?

Applicant—I would pass around the hat.

Commissioner—You'll do. See about your uniform.

Tramp—I've had nothing to eat for a whole week.

Citizen—A whole week! Imagine that, now! And how much longer can you hold out?

House Owner—What, $5 for mending a little leak?

Plumber—No, sir. One dollar for the leak, $2 to come to the house and $2 to go away again.

Inventor—I am going to give you the first ride in my wonderful new airship. It will take you straight up in the air as far as you want to go.

Neighbor—How will I come down?

Inventor—Goodness gracious, I hadn't thought of that.

"I suppose you started at the foot and worked your way up?"

"No—started at the foot and stayed there—I'm a chiropodist."

Flo—Dear, I was out shopping and I just couldn't resist the temptation to come to the office to see you.

Tom—And did you bring the bill with you?

Willie—What did I learn today, teacher?

Teacher—Why do you ask?

Willie—When I get home my father will want to know.

Young Lady—Conductor, will I have time to say good-by to my friends?

Conductor—I'm afraid not, miss. This train leaves in an hour.

Clerk—Do you swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and—

Miss Chatterbox—Oh, how lovely! Judge, shall I be allowed to talk all the afternoon if I want to?

"Were you upset by the bank failure?"

"Yes, I completely lost my balance."

Al Falfa—Did the hurricane last week damage your barn?

Timothy Hay—I dunno. I ain't found it yet.

Ward Heeler—You promised me a job.

New Mayor—Well, I told my secretary to give you one.

Ward Heeler—But he wanted to put me to work!

Footpad—Your money or your life.

Victim—Sorry, old fellow, but I'm just back from my vacation and—

Footpad—Shake! So am I, or I wouldn't be doing this.



"What! You want leave for your silver wedding? I will not grant it, or you will want leave every 25 years."

—Fliegende Blaetter, Munich.

1948	NOVEMBER					1948
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

Nineteen Hundred and Forty-eight!

Twenty years from today—how will you stand financially? Will you have accumulated enough money to relieve you of financial worries—or will you still be "plugging along," twenty years older, twenty years nearer the day when your earning power will cease—insecure as to your own future—equally uncertain about your family's welfare if you were taken from them?

A Life Insurance Policy is your most perfect form of protection. It builds, easily, a solid reserve of money for the years to come. At the same time it protects your loved ones—from the day of your first payment—against your loss.

Never lose your grasp on your Life Insurance Policy. It is the most important and most dependable pillar in the financial structure of your home life. Never allow it to lapse.

If you have no Insurance or insufficient Insurance, call in the North American Life man today—let him show you what Insurance can do for YOU.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

President: THOMAS BRADSHAW

Chairman of the Board: J. H. GUNDY

General Manager: D. E. KILGOUR

ASSETS $35,608,067

SURPLUS $6400.567



Head Office: TORONTO, CANADA

AGENCIES IN ALL IMPORTANT CENTRES

ONE MUST BE CAUTIOUS

Sarah Whifflebaum was on a visit to the big city. Entering a drug store she stepped up to the drug counter and asked the clerk: "Excuse me, but are you a registered pharmacist?"

"Certainly, ma'am," he replied.

"You have a diploma, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long have you been in the business?"

"About 15 years."

"You use the utmost care in serving customers?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Well, then, I guess it will be all right. Please give me a couple of two-cent stamps."

Caller—I'm sorry to find your mistress out. Don't forget to tell her I called, will you?

Maid—No, sir, I'll tell her at once.

Bingo—Rawkuss is a splendid talker, isn't he?

Stingo—One of the finest I ever escaped from.

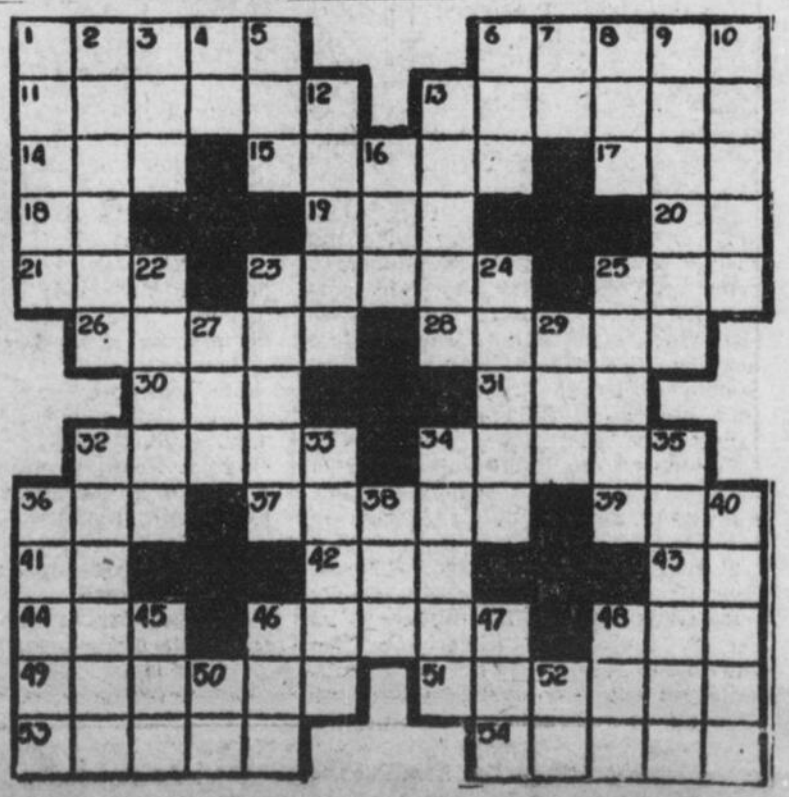
Cross Word Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1. Step
6. To speak of boastfully
11. Spiny plant
13. Larger.
14. Not in.
15. Shallow vessel.
17. Age.
18. Conjunction.
19. To pull.
20. Type measure.
21. Vat.
23. The end.
25. To tear.
26. Lucifer.
28. Cared for.
30. Black substance.
31. Soft Drink.
32. Highest points.
33. Arbor.
36. Residue.
37. Poetic: sorrow.
39. Lobe of ear.
41. Has being.
42. Noise.
43. College degree.
46. Journal.
44. To seed.
48. Lie.
49. Vassals.
51. Hebrew prophet.
53. Church official.
54. Under strain.

VERTICAL

1. To hurry.
2. Constellation: the Bull.
3. Part of play.
4. Pronoun.
5. To polish.
6. The forefront.
7. While.
8. An Indian Tribe.
9. Sea nymph.
10. Vagrant.
12. Smooth cloth.
13. A watch.
16. Great Star.
22. Dough for one baking.
23. Went.
24. Lethargic sleep.
25. To force back.
27. Hero of Burns' poem.
29. Pledge.
32. To acquit.
33. A kind of summer drink.
34. Parts of skeleton.
35. Red precious stones.
36. Passage way.
38. Part of mouth.
40. End of house.
45. To marry.
46. Through.
47. Rodent.
48. Sport.
50. General Electric. (abbr.)
52. Objective of "I".



Answers To Last Week's Puzzles



THE SPANISH PRISONER

The Witness new serial of daring adventure and intrigue among Spanish brigands.

by Freeman Tilden

by arrangement with Doubleday-Doran Syndicate.

SYNOPSIS

Senor Arturo Cervello, a penniless aristocrat, is forced by poverty to become an accomplice of Juan Cercega in the ancient swindle known as the "Spanish Prisoner." In California Colonel Erskine Fenimore has vexed his daughter, Glorietta, by leading Major Poulson, an English gentleman, into investing in Bellemary, a real estate development, which, like the rest of the Colonel's schemes, turns out badly. In remorse he endeavors to retrieve his fortunes by answering the decoy letter from Spain. The Major discovers that he has left secretly and he accompanies Glorietta and her brother, Freddie, to prevent Fenimore being swindled. In France the Colonel meets another American, Huckins, whom he discovers is on the same errand as himself. Keeping his own counsel, the Colonel tries to lose the other at a junction point by putting him on a train going to Marseilles instead of Barcelona. He succeeds in getting Huckins on the train and then runs to the other to learn too late that it is he who is on the wrong one.

(Now read on.)

CHAPTER V.

Fortunately, the passports for Glorietta and Freddie were expedited, so that the Colonel's pursuers, or rescue party, left New York on the Wednesday steamer. But there were four days of anxious waiting and hoping for Glorietta; and perhaps, to do Freddie full justice, he was no less concerned about his father's welfare than his sister. But Freddie's nature was buoyantly optimistic, and he had a natural disposition to fill all his movements with activity—if not productive, then unproductive. So it happened that Major Poulson's time was pretty much taken up with diverting Glorietta from her fears, while Freddie diverted himself. This arrangement suited the Major perfectly.

Toward the end of the restless wait, the Major had an idea. "I've been thinking, Glorietta," he said, "that, as soon as we arrive in Paris, we ought to send a telegram to the Chief of Police of Barcelona, asking him to find and hold your father. It certainly ought not to be hard to find him. It might be more difficult to hold him. I don't know anything about Spanish law. But no doubt the police there can trump up some mild charge against a chap they want to hold."

Glorietta agreed with enthusiasm. "But why not send the cablegram now?" she countered. "Father already has a start on us."

"I considered that," replied the Major. "But, in the first place, if we should happen to be delayed, it might be hard for them to hold your father that long, or they might not want to risk trouble by doing so; and the second difficulty is that, if I've been correctly informed about Spanish jails, it really wouldn't be doing the old gentleman much of a favor to keep him in one very long."

"That's true," Glorietta acknowledged, with a shudder. "But need they put him in a jail? Couldn't they let him stay in a hotel and prevent him from leaving?"

"It doesn't seem likely. On the whole, I'd wait till we arrive on the other side. And there's a bare chance, you know, that we may beat him across."

Even on the express steamer, the crossing was tantalizingly slow, for Glorietta. "And just think!" she said, with a touch of bitterness, to the Major, "ever since I was a little girl I've looked forward to going to Europe, and especially to the voyage on the Atlantic. And now that I'm here, I can't enjoy myself a bit."

"Really, Glorietta," said the Major philosophically, "you can't help your father by being miserable, you know. Hadn't we better get what fun there is aboard ship? It will make the time go quicker, won't it?"

"I've tried to," was the reply. "But I simply can't get Father off my mind. All the dreadful things that could happen to the poor dear Dad keep galloping through my head.—But I don't want to draw you into this, Major. It isn't fair. Just tuck me into my chair and run along and enjoy yourself."

"But I prefer to stay with you," said the Major. "I'd be delighted to tuck myself into a chair beside you and be gorgeously subdued and thoughtful."

The cloud cleared from Glorietta's eyes for a moment, and a little gurgle of her former effervescing spirits came back. Her most engaging mouth trembled into a smile, and she held out her hand. "You're an ace, Major!" she murmured. "Really, you're a most comforting soul. I believe I feel better already. How stupid of me! Of course Father can take care of himself; and I'm certain they can't rob him of any money, because he surely hasn't any. Come, we'll go into the smokeroom and see what they're doing."

They linked arms and moved in the direction of the smokeroom. But, unobserved, the Major's mouth contracted into a hard line for a moment. He was wondering what the possibilities really were, when the blackguards who were operating the Spanish Prisoner swindle discovered that the Colonel had really arrived with a fine line of credit and conversation instead of the expected cash. "They might get nasty about it!" the Major thought. But he said nothing about his thoughts, and soon had Glorietta initiated into the deep mysteries of the smokeroom, where people of fifty nations were mingling with that queer informality and mellow understanding that exists nowhere else in the world.

Twice, during the passage, Major Poulson got news, from the wireless men of the position of the Synoptic. But the weather was perfect, and there was no comfort in the news: the slower boat was making almost her schedule time.

Land's End was passed, then Griz Nez, with the dim outlines of Alderney in a Channel haze—then the landing in Cherbourg, the fast rattle toward Paris, St. Lazare, and the early evening entrance to a modest hotel in the Faubourg Saint-Honore. The stop in Paris was to be for a night only. On the afternoon of the following day, the little party was to go south, on the very train, from the Gare d'Orleans, that Colonel Fenimore himself had probably taken.

As soon as they arrived at the hotel, Major Poulson composed, with the assistance of Glorietta, a telegram which was dispatched to Barcelona. It asked the Chief of Police there to be on the watch for Colonel Fenimore and to take him into custody, for his own protection, until the arrival of his children. It read, finally:

Jefe de Policia, Barcelona, Spain.

Please be on lookout for American, name Erskine Fenimore, large man wearing wide felt hat, usually dressed dark clothes, probably in or near Barcelona in relation to Spanish Prisoner swindle. His son and daughter coming to Barcelona at once, and will take charge and pay all necessary expenses. Please hold this man on some technicality until my arrival.

—Glorietta Fenimore.

"I believe that will be sufficient," said the Major. "They ought to know your father from that description. And I'm sure the Barcelona police have had experience with this sort of thing. In fact, I've been wondering if the danger isn't all ours instead of your father's."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not sure I want to be present when your father is delivered into your hands, Glorietta. You see, he may not like being rescued at all."

"I'll take all the responsibilities for that, Major."

Glorietta was already in a better state of mind. Somehow, it seemed to her that it was practically settled. Of course the Barcelona police would have no difficulty in apprehending her father. A man like the Colonel would be unmistakable. He would naturally go to a hotel, and unless his habits had undergone a radical change, it would be one of the best hotels. There really seemed little to do but to go to Barcelona, visit the police, take the Colonel out of custody, pay the C.O.D. delivery charges and, after disillusioning her father about this Spanish Prisoner, snatch him back to Paris.

"For we shall come back to Paris, Major!" cried Glorietta, her face rosy with pleasurable expectation. "I've always wanted to live a while in Paris —and now that we're over here, we're not going back to the States without seeing everything."

"You said something then, Sis!" Freddie volunteered. "You hear a lot of touting about this burg being the Los Angeles of Europe. We'll find out whether it's got anything on Hollywood."

"I shouldn't expect too much, Freddie," cautioned the Major very seriously. By the by, Glorietta I've found out from the steamship office that your father's boat was just nine days from New York to Liverpool. So we're rather close on his heels, I should say. He could hardly have left Paris earlier than yesterday. Even if he stopped over nowhere, he can't be far away. It would be rather jolly to meet him on the same train, eh?"

Glorietta agreed that it would.

At three o'clock the next afternoon, the Major, Glorietta, and Freddie had already done a full day's sightseeing in Paris and were back at the hotel, packing up to leave. At four o'clock Glorietta asked the Major: "Have you seen Freddie?"

"I saw him half an hour ago. He may be in his room."

"No, he isn't in his room. And I've looked for him downstairs. Would you mind looking in the street for him, Major? I told him he must be ready to leave here a little after four."

The Major came back without Freddie. A full hour passed. Major Poulson walked up and down the lobby of the hotel, watch in hand, while Glorietta went from floor to floor in the hotel, with a page. Freddie was gone. At ten minutes to five the Major said: "We can't get the train now, Glorietta. We'd better book our rooms for another night before they're taken by somebody else.—The head porter says Freddie went out with a man, about three o'clock."

"But where do you suppose he can be all this time?" gasped Glorietta. "And what man could he have gone out with? Oh, why didn't we chain him to his bed or something? Just wait till he comes in!"

But Freddie did not come in; at least, not for some time. It was forty-eight hours before Freddie returned to the hotel, pale, dishevelled, and looking both indignant and bewildered. He happened to enter the hotel just as the Major and Glorietta were leaving it, for the tenth time since noon, to visit one more possible place of assistance.

"Ah, Freddie!" was the Major's mild greeting, accompanied by an assassinating glare. "You're late, aren't you? You were supposed to be here Tuesday."

"Don't speak to him, Major!" cried Glorietta. "We mustn't have a scene here! Freddie, you come upstairs!" Freddie followed, in lamblike silence.

"Freddie, how could you!" began Glorietta, after the door of her room had closed upon the three. "The Major was right when he said I should leave you at home! You've upset all our plans, and Major Poulson has been scouring the city looking for you. The police are looking for you. The American Minister is looking for you. Can't you understand that I'm almost dead with worry? Can't you—"

"Now, look, Sis!" burst out Freddie, in a grieved way, "you don't need to pan me like that before I tell you what happened. Don't you suppose I'm sorry I gave you so much trouble? D'ye think I meant to hold up the party? Why don't you show a little consideration for me? I've been in jail."

"Not in Paris," retorted the Major. "I've visited all the Paris jails, as well as the morgue and other logical resorts."

"I didn't say I'd been in jail in Paris, did I?" replied Freddie angrily. "I said I've been in jail, and I have. And a sweet jail it was, too. No water to wash in, no towels, no soap, but plenty of cockroaches. I tell you, Sis, if you knew what I've been through, you'd have a little sympathy for me."

"No towels!" echoed Major Poulson, with a fervent condolence which was not intended to sound sincere. "Great Scott, has it come to this? Are good Americans expected to take their own towels to jail with them when they come to Europe?"

"Sis, I'm not going to stand any more of that Englishman's sarcastic cracks!" shouted Freddy wildly. "Either you've got to get rid of him or I'm going home. You and I can get to Spain without any of his help."

"Glorietta, I don't want to thrust my services on you," said the Major



"Just the headlines," said the young woman.

seriously. "But if your young brother can't pass a jail without going in, you'll be a long time getting to Spain."

"I can't stand it! My head is bursting!" cried Glorietta, bursting into tears. "Oh, I wish you men hadn't come at all, either of you! I could have done better alone. I'm going on alone. Let me have my tickets, and I'll get the train this afternoon." Miss Fenimore threw herself down on the couch and shook with scarcely audible sobs. She had hardly slept for two nights while Freddie was missing.

"Confound it, we're a couple of heartless duffers, Freddie!" said Major Poulson, going to Glorietta's side and taking one of her hands. "I'm awfully sorry, Glorietta, indeed I am. Please buck up and forget it. Freddie and I will go downstairs and — ah — do a sort of armistice, and all that sort of thing, and you'll get some rest, which you need. There's no use trying to get the train now, because it's already gone five. We'll have plenty of time to rest up and get tomorrow's afternoon express. —Come on, Freddie. Shake on it."

"I don't want to shake on it," said Freddie sourly. "Major, you get on a fellow's nerves sometimes terrible. You may not mean anything by it, but——"

"Freddie, don't start that over again!" commanded Glorietta, suddenly sitting up and dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief. "You two needn't go down. Freddie, you owe us an explanation — and I hope it's a good one."

"I was going to explain, but you both jumped on me without waiting to hear it. You don't suppose I broke into a jail just to annoy you, do you? Day before yesterday, just before we were going to start, I went out to get some cigarettes— you know, just around the corner——"

"You might have got them in the hotel."

"They didn't have any Dromedaries. I wanted some Dromedaries. I told that poor cheese of a waiter I wanted Dromedaries, and he brought me a bath towel. I tells him "no" I don't want a bath towel, I want un package de Dromedaries cigarettes," and he says, "Ah, wee, wee! Caporal." I didn't want any Caporal, which you know yourself is those French cigarettes stuffed with shredded shoelaces, and I says, "I don't want Caporal, you poor wet smack. I want un package de Dromedaries, and then he brings me Caporals, and I shoved him a few feet and went out to get 'em from that store on the corner. Well, my French wasn't so rotten, either, because I got the cigarettes I wanted, and had just come back to the hotel, and was passing in front of the head porter's desk, when I saw him talking with a man and then point at me and said, "There he is now." That is, I suppose that's what he said, and then the other man, who was a sort of an Italian or something, comes over to me and says, in pretty fair English, "Are you Mr. Fenimore?" and I told him I was, and he says. "Your father would like to see you. I am to take you to him."

"What?" cried both Glorietta and the Major, in a single voice. Glorietta added quickly: "Freddie, are you sure? This isn't the time to romance, Freddie! Are you sure——"

"Romance!" sniffed Freddie. "Is there anything romantic about landing in a French jail? Say, Sis, if you don't want to hear the rest of this ——"

"Go on, Freddie. I won't interrupt you again. But tell me, quick, is Father in Paris? Have you seen him?"

"No, I haven't seen him. I don't believe he's here. But let me tell you.— I thought Dad was in Paris, of course, and I had visions for a few minutes that I was coming back to the hotel with him and surprise you. So I went to the corner with him, and there was a taxicab waiting there. I asked him how far we had to go, and he said, not far. So we got in, and the taxi driver began to turn the corners on two wheels. I don't know where we went or how we got there. It seemed like we had been riding for about two hours, and I tried to get some information about Father out of this man, but all he would do was to shrug his shoulders and say, 'You shall see, very soon. I could see that we were getting away from the city, and passing fields of vegetables and suburban houses, and I began to wonder how Dad got so far out in the country, when all at once we stopped in front of one of these French saloons, on a corner where two streets came in at a sharp angle. The man who had brought me along said to me, 'Wait here a little moment,' and got out.

"Well, I sat there and waited, and this fellow didn't show up. It began to get dark, and the chauffeur kept saying something to me which I couldn't understand, and I kept telling him to wait awhile, and pretty soon I got out and went into the saloon. There were a lot of tough-looking birds drinking, but I didn't see the man who brought me out there. And the woman behind the desk couldn't understand me, I couldn't understand anybody. So I went back to the taxi and told the driver to get me back to the hotel. Of course I knew we'd lost our train, but it wasn't my fault, was it? Well, I was pretty sore by this time, and when this taxi man made signs like he wouldn't ride me back unless I paid him for the whole trip right there and then, we had some conversation and he begun to double up his fists and wave them under my nose——"

"That's just for emphasis, in French, Freddie," suggested Major Poulson.

"Is it? Well, no frog waves his mitts under my nose and gets away with it!" said Freddie promptly. "When this one picks himself up and gets his parts assembled, he hollers like a circus barker and a crowd gets around, and a soldier with red pants and a sword and another soldier with blue pants and a coat without any sleeves comes up, and I'm pinched. And say, these people won't listen to reason. I offered them their choice of any French currency I had in my pocket-book, but they wouldn't take it. They took it all away from me, later, and showed me a nice room for the night. It was a lively little room, with a lot of odors in it. I told them I wanted to use the telephone, but they said I couldn't—and I guess they were right about that, because this noon, when they turned me loose, I tried to use it, and I couldn't make the dumb operator understand anything."

"But how did you get out? Did you get help?" asked Glorietta anxiously.

"I don't know how I got out. The first day, they didn't let me out, and today they pushed me out. They took me up before a little old man with a black cap and a full beard, and he asked me a number of questions, and I said. "Wee, wee," to everything, and then somebody who could speak what was thought to be English said, "You will pay a fine of two hundred francs, as well as the taxi fare"—and I paid it, and here I am. Gee, I'm hungry! I bet if our government knew the way I was treated, there'd be a war or something!"

"You poor boy!" exclaimed Glorietta, forgetting her former resentment in the face of this recital, "we'll order something sent up for you right away. It's an outrage, Major! Just think of treating an American citizen that way! Something ought to be done about it."

"Well, I shouldn't want to appear unsympathetic," responded the Major, "but I suppose we really must consider the fact that the American citizen punched the Frenchman in the face for talking with his hands. The pity of it was that Freddie didn't realize how necessary it is for these people to have the free use of their arms in a dialogue. — At the same time, Freddie, I'm really awfully sorry you've had such a messy experience. I apologize for being so hasty with you. You were rather done in the eye, I should think. And, besides, I'm wondering just what it all means. Because it's plain enough that you were taken away from the hotel on a wild goose chase, as part of a plan to delay our departure from Paris."

Glorietta nodded quickly. "There's no doubt about it," she said. "I thought of that while Freddie was talking."

"I hadn't thought of that, but it sounds right," said Freddie.

"But tell me just what you think about it, Major," went on Glorietta.

"It seems clear enough," was the answer. "Somebody in Barcelona didn't want us to leave Paris on the train day before yesterday. I don't imagine that any harm was intended toward Freddie. If they could get him far enough away from the hotel they knew we wouldn't leave without him. This man simply took him out to wherever he went—where was it, by the by, Freddie?"

BRITISHERS



Spend this Christmas ››› at home!

Plum puddings and pantomimes, mistletoe and carols, holly wreaths and old-time toasts . . . Christmastide is calling you home!

And, this year, you can go there at surprisingly little expense. Just $155 will pay for a *round-trip* Cunard or Anchor-Donaldson ticket with comfortable third-class accommodation. Our ships are world-famous for service, comfort and cuisine. Eighty-eight year's experience in trans-Atlantic travel has made our reputation.

Book your passage now. Weekly sailings to Plymouth, Cherbourg, London, Belfast, Liverpool and Glasgow from Montreal until November 23. Departures from Halifax and Saint John thereafter.

Low winter rates now; Return Third Class $155; Return Tourist Third Cabin $184.50; One way Cabin fares from $140.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SAILINGS

From Halifax	ALAUNIA	Dec. 3 to Ply., Havre, London
From Halifax	TUSCANIA	Dec. 10 " Ply., Havre, London
From Saint John, N.B.	LETITIA	Dec. 13 " Belfast, L'pool, Glas.
From Halifax	LETITIA	Dec. 14 " Belfast, L'pool, Glas.

See your local steamship agent, or write

CANADIAN SERVICE

Cunard and Anchor-Donaldson LINES

THE ROBERT REFORD CO., LIMITED

20 Hospital Street, Montreal—Telephone MAin 5652

"I don't know yet," was the reply. "I tried to find out, but I couldn't."

"It isn't important.—I was saying, this chap got you out there and went into the pub by the front door and out by the back. He had done his part—and without anything illegal. He merely got you to go for a ride."

"But he told Freddie that he was going to take him to his father," insisted Glorietta. "How could the man possibly know that we were looking for Father?"

Sidney Poulson looked at the ceiling for a moment; then, with what Glorietta always referred to as "your exasperating calmness," the Major took a cigarette from his case, tapped it, and lighted up, before replying. "I dare say we told the whole tale in our telegram to the Chief of Police of Barcelona, didn't we?"

"But you don't mean that the Chief of Police is—"

"Not necessarily a partner in the Spanish Prisoner Swindle, Incorporated," replied the Major quickly. "Oh, no, not at all. But there are a good many eyes in a Spanish police station, and I've heard that those rascals have agents working for them in unexpected places. It wouldn't be surprising if they had an agent or two in police circles, as well as a handy man in Paris. It's clear enough that somebody wanted to delay us; and to break up our party was a simple method. Glorietta, don't let it disturb you too much. Your father is as safe in Spain as he would be in Los Angeles, I'm quite certain. Still, we ought to get that train this afternoon. I doubt if we'll be able to get places in the sleeping cars, now. Do you feel quite equal to sitting up in a compartment all night?"

"I'll ride in the baggage car, if necessary!" was the reply.

CHAPTER VI.

The five o'clock rapide from the Gare d'Orleans in Paris, to Barcelona, drops southward through Orleans to Limoges, thence through Montauban to Toulouse, and touches the bluest blue water in the world at Port Vendre. From here, the railroad begins to skirt the rocky coast of the Mediterranean, past little niches of vineyard, hung miraculously on steep bluffs; wheezing through tunnels bored in frowning rocks that lean down, like mischievous giants, to bar the traveller's progress; stopping now and then at little palm-shaded stations where it takes ten minutes to throw one bag of mail to the platform—until, at last, the red-eyed and sooty passengers stumble off upon a broad platform and prepare for the ordeal of going through the customs. This is the border station: Cerbere on the French side; and Port-Bou on the Spanish side.

There is no such thing as a "through" train from anywhere to anywhere in Spain.

By rail, you have the alternative of entering the country by Hendaye —Irun, on the Biscayan shore, or by Cerbere—Port-Bou, on the Mediterranean side; but in either case the French rails exactly touch the border and stop. There may be many rea-

sons for this, but one reason is sufficient. The gauge of the Spanish railways is almost a foot wider than that of the French.

At Cerbere there is barely time to pass through the customs and bundle into the luxe train which is waiting for you on the other side of the station. Never were engineers and trainmen in such a hurry to depart from a station as at Port-Bou. They walk up and down the platform, consult watches, wave their arms, shrug their shoulders, and curse the slowness of travellers, until the last passenger has thrown the contents of his baggage back, jumped on his trunks to close them—and left the leg of a pair of pajamas sticking out from one end and a necktie wagging from the other—and has been boosted aboard by his porter. Thereupon the train snorts and begins to clear the station yard. From this point until the arrival in Barcelona the engineer and the trainmen cease to be in a hurry. They have only one idea, now; and that is, to arrive late. At times, the luxe, going down grade and around sharp curves, hits up a furious pace of twenty-five miles an hour. At that pace, owing to the peculiarity of the roadbed, valises fall out of the racks, flying umbrellas spear little children like so many salmon, and elderly ladies sag prostrate from their seats. But there are few fatalities, because the pace doesn't persist. In a few moments the luxe is making normal progress, which is, say, the speed of a North Carolina hookworm on his way to Virginia.

About nine o'clock one morning, when the sky was cloudless except for some filmy fleeces lazily drifting over Africa, two Americans and one British gentleman, tired and begrimed, left the rapide in Cerbere and began to enter Spain. This is not so easy as it looks. In spite of the charming courtesy of the Spanish border officials, they have deep-seated suspicions of strangers. The presumption is that all passports are forged and some passports more than others. Another presumption is that, if there is nothing dutiable in your trunk, you have probably concealed it under your skirt or waistcoat. All kodaks are under suspicion, not because Spain dislikes to be photographed, but because the kodaks might not be kodaks at all, but little black boxes containing salt, matches, or other prohibited imports.

First of all, you pass through a wicket and leave your passport with a bright young man who pays no attention to it. Then, after you have been through the customs, or after the customs have been through you, the passport, properly stamped, is waiting for you, with a few hundred others, strewn like playing cards on a big table. The game which follows is called, "Find your passport," and is played by everybody on the train at the same time. If you like passports, there is nothing to prevent your acquiring three or four, all different. If you find your own, you give a peculiar exultant cry, known only to those who have played the game, and then run out the wrong door, and find yourself in France again. Then you have to convince the French officials that you are not a Portuguese sailor trying to wiggle into the country without permission. And all this time the luxe train for Barcelona is steamed up, and the trainmen are stamping up and down asking why they should have to wait like this for a lot of three-toed sloths.

One of the three Anglo-Saxons who got off the rapide that beautiful warm morning was a young woman who bore signs, under the train dust, that she would be extremely pretty when washed. Her name was Glorietta Fenimore. As she touched foot upon the platform, she said weakly: "If I only had a cup of coffee, it would brace me up. Don't tell me the French are civilized, Major! I know better. If they were civilized, they wouldn't leave people on a train until this time of day without a chance to get a bite of breakfast."

"I didn't say they were civilized, Glorietta," replied the tall, erect man at her side—a man who needed only soap and water to belong to the white race again. "I didn't say the French were civilized. I merely said they were clever. You didn't see many of them on that train. Doesn't that prove it?"

"That's the most terrible trip I ever made. Couldn't we get just a cup of coffee before we do whatever we've got to do now?"

"I don't move my dogs till somebody brings me a whole ham and two loaves of bread," said the third of the party, a young man whose shirt had been white when he left Paris There was a black bar straight across Freddie Fenimore's forehead, where he had leaned against a railing of some sort as the train lurched.

"I don't really think we'd better stop now," said the Major. "I think there's a buffet on the Spanish side, and perhaps there'll be time to get a bite after we pass the customs. If we miss that luxe train, there's only an omnibus, which doesn't reach Barcelona till three hours later."

"Lead on!" replied Glorietta wearily. "Come on, Freddie, the Major knows best. Where are my white gloves?"

"White gloves? You haven't had any white gloves since five o'clock yesterday," was the reply. "I've got some gloves here—in my pocket—no, I left them on the train. I'll go back and get them."

"Never! Not for a dozen pairs. Come quick! The Major is beckoning. Where are those passports?"

"You've got 'em."

"Nonsense. I gave them to you last night—oh, come on, the Major is waving them! How did he get them? —Freddie, my suitcase is gone! Have you seen it?"

"Seen it? I haven't seen my own since a guy with a rope on his shoulder grabbed it. I told him to leave it alone, because I'd carry it myself. He said, 'See, senior,' and ran with it. A fine bunch of thieves."

But, somehow, the little party from Los Angeles managed it. A porter mysteriously popped up, in the customs room, watching over their luggage like a hungry tiger; they played "Find your passport," and won; and there was even time to snatch a bowl of vile coffee in the buffet and eat a dry husk of bread before the train pulled out.

They found themselves in a clean compartment, on the luxe, and leaned back, exhausted, against the cushions. The new compartment was, at least, more roomy than the one they had quit. Even with the two other occupants, there was space enough. Both the Spaniards who faced them were viewing them curiously—but with a difference. A portly Catalan merchant was regarding them with that frank start which is not considered impolite in Latin countries; whereas the other travelling companion, with a refined face and a slim, youthful, well-dressed elegance, averted his eyes delicately whenever they looked at him. There was something strangely appealing in the aspect of this younger voyager. His hands were slim, beautifully shaped, and so clean and groomed in comparison with their own that even Freddie Fenimore stared at his hands disconsolately. He was clearly intelligent, and sympathetic toward these travel-stained Anglo-Saxons.

"He's frightfully good-looking, isn't he?" whispered Glorietta to the Major. "Why don't you strike up a conversation with him?"

"I believe he knows English," Sidney Poulson replied covertly. "If I'm not mistaken, that's the European edition of the Daily Mail on the seat beside him."

Glorietta reddened. "You don't suppose he heard what I said—understood, I mean?"

"What difference does it make? He may be a motion-picture star. He knows he isn't ugly, you may be sure."

A flush showed in the cheeks of the young man opposite. He did not smile, but the corners of his mouth twitched slightly. He looked out the window. But, not long afterward, he took up the newspaper which had lain beside him, and offered it to the Major, with a bow, saying in that too-precise English of one who has studied the language diligently but has not been trained in the idiom:

"Perhaps you would like very well to see this English newspaper?"

"Thank you," was the rather cold reply. "Really, I'm too tired to read. Perhaps you'd like to see it, Glorietta?"

"Just the headlines," said the young woman. But she smiled at the young man, who bowed again and resumed his interest in the scenery outside.

"I say," continued Major Poulson suddenly, "could you recommend a hotel to us, in Barcelona? I haven't been there for a good many years, myself."

"Certainly, sir. You would wish a first-class hotel, would you not? Of the first class, there is the Ritz and the Colon. You will find them comfortable. You are Americans, are you not, please? Americans like great comfort and luxury."

"This young lady is American, also her brother. I am English."

"Ah?" The look of surprise was not lost on Glorietta. It meant, positively, that the young Spaniard had assumed that the Major was her husband.

(To be Continued)

KINDRED

by Alice Prescott Smith

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

(by Arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. All rights reserved)

SYNOPSIS

As Auguste Le Claire, John Sargent, an Englishman, penetrates the French territory in America to La Baye. It is his intention to win the Indians controlled for the French by Charles de Langlade, over to the English in the Seven Years War.. On the trail he meets Monsieur X., a Frenchman with a mutilated face, who instantly becomes hostile on hearing the name Le-Claire. He warns Le Claire to say nothing of their meeting. At La Baye, the adventurer is welcomed by the Langlade family for he saves the baby son of the commandant from drowning. On Charles arrival, however, he is charged with presenting forged credentials. Madame Rupert, a mysterious woman, announces that he is her kinsman and proves to be the French half-sister of his deceased wife. She sends Sargent to Langlade for the explanation of her presence. She had married a Lieutenant Godefroy in France, Langlade tells him, when the officer, who had legally married an Indian woman at La Baye had no idea that he would ever see America again. Ordered back to the old post and followed by Hortense, he had gone into the bush and shot himself in remorse. Sargent recognizes the supposedly dead man as Monsieur X. and resolves to be revenged.

(Now read on.)

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued)

We embarked in a long canoe which was tied at the door. Three young men were oarsmen. I sat behind Langlade, and he chatted over his shoulder.

"You have a license to trade? There is no fur here in summer except the red deer, which is heavy and little profitable. You stay the winter?"

Now if I were driven from La Baye, I must get west to the Fox nation. With life and liberty, that was my next move.

"I should like to get west," I returned. "Even if it is not the fur season I can see the country."

"Ah, exploration, then—not trade?"

I shrugged. "All of us novices think ourselves explorers. I doubt there is one of us but hopes he may be the one to find the western sea. But I must get a company together."

"You have one Indian. Where did you find him?"

"Amaiou? I came from the south and brought him from the Illinois."

This was a test moment. I expected Langlade to ask if I had come up the Mississippi from New Orleans — which was the only route from the south through French territory — and was prepared to venture a most dangerous lie and say "yes." But the canoe



"He caught me peering, my face sharpened with attention."

touched the bank, and his attention was diverted.

"These are Winnebagoes," he said as we landed. "They are from the west." I wondered if he thought me so ignorant as not to know, or whether he were playing with me.

We found a more permanent camp than I expected. Fifty or more skin cabins were huddled together, and since these portable shelters would hold two or more men each, there were probably over a hundred warriors. Where was Langlade taking them, and what did he plan? I saw no women. Most of the braves were lying on the ground, turning themselves to the late sunshine. Some were gaming; some looking to their firearms. No bows were in sight; all carried muskets. Kettles of bear meat hung on the fires. It was a recent kill, for a half dozen dogs from the Menominee camp were snarling over the head and entrials.

I followed Langlade's heels. It annoyed me to see my Indians peering at a kettle of meat. They had been in the Menominee camp, and I had not seen them in days.

Langlade marked them at once. Indeed they were conspicuous among the Winnebagoes. Their heads were shaved, and they were more shambling; less firmly knit.

"Miamis!" He turned to me. "Your men?"

I nodded. "Yes and no. I brought them here. The big fellow was my interpreter."

He stopped. "You need an interpreter? You cannot speak the dialects?"

I laughed. "How could I? I have been scarce three months in this country."

The Indians were greeting us in divers ways; some with grunts, some coming to finger Coutrol's uniform and examine my more sober jerkin. They babbled, but I could understand nothing; the Winnebago speech did not belong to the Algonquin group of dialects.

A young Menominee, whose face I knew, came up to Langlade. He carried a small strip of beaver to show he was an accredited messenger. "Will the eagle listen to the sparrow?" he said. "I have news."

I strained to get this, for it was important. But instead of answering the messenger, Langlade wheeled and looked at me. He caught me peering, my face sharpened with attention. It was written large, not only that I understood this dialect, but that I was listening. I heard Langlade's tongue click, and knew his mind was made up about me. He led the messenger away. He had caught me in an open lie, and knew I carried forged papers. The thrill that comes with desperate gaming tingled through me.

Coutrol was gaming in earnest. He was watching the Indians playing the ball and dish game, and took a hand. Now was my time to get away. Not that I hoped to get out of Langlade's reach, for that was impossible. But I was anxious to learn what he had discovered, and decide what orders to leave with him. A young Winnebago was examining the seams of his canoe

and I lounged up to him, and drawing a handful of beads from my pocket pointed to the opposite shore. He nodded, and pushed his canoe toward the water. He did it quietly, for instinct had instructed him well, but, silent as he was, we did not get away. I had just put foot toward the canoe when Cochon elbowed in front of me.

"Monsieur would go to his lodge?" he said in his guttural French. "I will take him." And he gestured toward a canoe in the rushes.

I shrugged acquiescence, for I knew Cochon's persistence. I preferred to keep him at a distance but this was not important, and all I desired was a speedy ferriage. But the Winnebago read my nod, and seeing his fare snatched from him, raised a howl that would have done credit to a London bagman. I grabbed a handful of beads and threw them at him, but it was too late; the clamor had brought Langlade.

He saw the situation. "Why pay two fares?" he asked crisply. "Monsieur, why be so lavish!"

I threw another bead at the Winnebago, who was still howling. "I would give anything short of my skin to stop this infernal din," I said with an oath. "My ear-drums are cracking. Monsieur, your pardon for stealing away. I am tired."

Langlade nodded. "You should be," he said with meaning. He thought a moment. "Go now," he returned. "But I will see you tomorrow—tomorrow, early. You will be there?"

I bowed. I saw my rope tightening, and wished I were not so sleepy that I might accomplish more in the remaining hours. "At your own hour, Monsieur," I agreed absently, "I shall await your messenger."

Langlade pushed his lips forward. "You will be there?" he asked again. "I can depend on you?"

So I was let out on parole. "I will be there," I promised. And then remembered my meeting with Godefroy. "If I am alive," I added.

Cochon pushed slowly into the stream, and made time slurring his paddles. "Monsieur is going to the land of the setting sun, to the country of the Foxes," he stated. "I will be his guide."

I snapped my fingers. "Pouf! Cochon, your ears are like the bat's. You hear things that never happened."

But he rolled his head sideways and hunched in derision, till I could not but think of how like a fat Chinaman he looked. "Monsieur desires to go to the Foxes," he repeated undisturbed. "He has said so to the Menominees."

Well, so I had. Since he was sure of his data, I shrugged and let the matter go. Savages gossip like chamber-maids, but seldom outside of their tribe, so I was surprised at Cochon's knowledge.

We drew up to the bank, and I tossed Cochon a twist of tobacco. He weighed it in his hand, and seemed to find the amount satisfactory. "An eagle is an eagle, and a chief is a chief," he observed. "And I have more men than days in one moon, who will follow me. When the chief calls, I listen." He took himself off at that, but he wagged his head with great meaning as he lifted his paddle. Again I was reminded of a sleek Cantonese who did some dirty work for me once in India. But he had certainly given me another thing to think over. Who had been working with him? If I were to die the next day I would leave many mysteries unsolved. I had the feeling that if I were not so sleepy I might think some of them out.

CHAPTER XV.

I went to my hut, hardly hoping to find Amaiou. But he was there. He was squatting on the floor, and had placed a bearskin robe in front of him. He rose as I came in, and pointing to the robe motioned me to sit on it.

Now, to place a man on a bearskin is an act of ceremony, and is prelude to a long, slow-moving discussion. I was in no mood for talk.

"Your news, Amaiou?" I asked curtly, and leaned against the logs of the door for weariness. "Did you find the man with the half face?"

Amaiou grunted. "As my brother said," he admitted.

"You found him?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"On the Manitou. In a hole under the bank where a root makes cover."

"Did he see you?"

Amaiou grimaced. "He was asleep. I could have killed him. But you told me to come away."

I pulled myself upright. "You were right. Tonight I will find him. Have you something for me to eat?"

He nodded and went to his outside fire while I flung myself on my pallet. I had a restful moment. My open door faced the west, and the last glow of a gay sunset made the sky warm and inviting. I lay drowsily, my eyes on the jagged tops of the pine trees. The stars came out, a frog crooned in the rushes, and the breeze, that had just strength to reach my hand, was soft and perfumed. The chanson the boy had played that afternoon hummed in my ears. I thought of pleasure; of music; feasting and gentle living; of beautiful women, great pictures, and all the arts of life. The world was filled with experiences of which I had had little. And I had risked my life as children chance a knuckle-bone at dibs.

Amaiou brought me a dried gourd filled with hot broth, and bread that he had stirred together out of the yellow maize meal. He was the only Indian I knew who could cook, and he had almost a white man's instinct for it. I emptied the gourd, and smiled to see him watching me. I was growing drowsy from warmth and food and saw I must rouse myself to the night's work.

"Enough, Amaiou," I began. "I must to the Manitou before moonrise."

The room was dark, but I saw the boy throw his head back like a ball-player about to make a throw. He lighted one of our pine torches and stuck it in its iron clamp. With the door closed, we were protected from outside eyes, for the window of scraped deerskin was not transparent. He buttoned the hasp of the door, then turned to me. "Have I been brother? Have I been son? Have I been the twin kernel in the nut?"

What did this mean? He had been all these things. "You have," I said.

He pointed again to the bearskin robe. "Then will my brother listen?"

I went to the robe and sat down. This was not a tone nor an occasion to deny. "I listen as brother to brother," I said. "But will my brother remember the night passes and my work waits?"

Amaiou nooded. He waited until I had settled myself to the motionless quiet of a council, then came and squatted before me, though not on the circle of the robe, but with his brown legs hunched before him on the hewed log floor. He studied me a long time; a minute or more; and I examined him. I was to remember this, for he never appeared the same again. At last he pulled his buffalo-skin pouch in front of him, and unfastening the leather thong, groped inside. He drew out a small brown volume.



"Again I was reminded of a sleek Cantonese."

I took the book. It was a copy of "King Lear," bearing the date 1727, and printed by a London house. I held it, with my pulse unsteady. To see words in my own language was like wine, sending my nerves jumping. I forgot Amaiou, and fluttered the pages greedily. A name was written on the title page, and I went over to the torch to decipher the faded ink. "Duncan McMerrill, Belfast, 1731," it read.

I went back to Amaiou. He sat immobile, but his look was not on the floor, Indian-wise, but open and exultant on me. I struggled with a wave of baffled loathing. The Indian must have taken this book from the body of a murdered Englishman—and I could not show resentment. Indeed, I must praise.

"Where did you get this?" I asked, my tongue thick with what I dared not say.

Amaiou's blue eyes still held mine. "From the hand of my father," he said. And he spoke in English.

If it had been hostile trap, the game would have ended then and there. For I simply opened my gaping mouth. "From the hand of your father" I echoed, and I, too, spoke my tongue. When it shames me to think of this, I try to remember the thirty hours and more in which I had not slept.

"Yes, from my father. My father read it many times." The English words, though slow, dripped in my ears like music. "He said it told of a man whose children were wolves, and turned their teeth on him. I promised I would not act that way."

I looked at him. I knew I was awake. I knew it was true. I looked at the lank, squatting Indian with his high cheek bones and brown limbs, but with eyes of Scotch blue, and with teeth and laugh of an Irish ploughboy. "Then you are not an Indian?" I spoke like an automaton.

He smiled. "My mother was a Cherokee."

"And your father was a Scotch-Irishman, named McMerrill," I cried, and I reached over and gripped him. And I held him. Even the touch of his oiled skin did not send me away. "Boy, where are you from, and what do you here?"

He grinned. "I spy," he said. "As you do. Did I not say we were brothers?"

"A spy!" I balked at the word even on friendly lips. "Why a spy?"

"Are you not English?"

"How can you be sure I am English?"

He grinned again. "The morning after we met the man with the half face," he reminded me, "you said, 'And may you be eternally damned!' I know the words. My father said them often."

And then I laughed. It was a nightmare to find myself laughing at such a time; laughing with an Indian as one chuckles with a crony. Yet I did it.

"Why did you not tell me at once?" I cried.

The boy grew suddenly austere; it



You Can Rely on His Advice

WHEN you plan the future of yourself and loved ones be guided by the helpful suggestions of a Life Insurance Representative.

He will explain how you can be independent in your old age—how you can leave your family free from crushing liabilities.

Discuss your future with the next Life Insurance Representative who calls on you. His advice—based on wide experience — will help solve your individual problem.



Life Insurance Service

328-A

made him an Indian again. 'Does one babble to a stranger? I had to find what you were doing. If you had come here for skins or gain I should never have told you who I am."

"And am I not here for gain? Of what else have I spoken?"

"To the French you talk of trading, to the Menominees you speak of English rum and of the better guns the English make. You work underground, but all your tracks go one way."

I pondered. "You were coming here when you met me. Who sent you?"

"Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia."

Again my heart leaped. This was touching a comrade's shoulder.

"Why did he send you here?" I pressed. "What were you to do?"

He answered as a soldier to an officer. "Report on the number of men here and the temper of the Indians."

"So. You have learned that. Why not return?"

He halted. He started to draw his blanket over his head, but thought better of that, and pulled himself to his feet. He stood with his head back, and his face had the exalted look it had worn that morning when I asked him to do some difficult work for me. "The Great Spirit sent me to you, and you to me." His voice had the ceremonial chant of the council fire. "The spirit of my father speaks through you. Where you are head I will be hand. I do not return. I stay with my brother."

Stay with me! Indeed he should not. I was already hurling him back to Virginia and Boston, laden with letters. I saw a crack in my wall. I might be a doomed man, but my work was not to die.

"Sit down, son of Duncan McMerrill," I cried at him. "Let me talk. Stop me when I go too fast, for you must understand." And so I sat, while he crowded close to me. Sometimes the boy was Scotch, but many, many times I had to go more slowly and use the Indian form of thought.

And he talked too, so that I learned the skeleton of his tale. A tempest-racked soul must have been Duncan McMerrill. Caught and maimed by a falling tree in the mountains where he had a trapper's hut, he had been taken care of by a Cherokee squaw. And there he had remained, with his Indian woman, and dragged out his short crippled life. There had been this one boy—no other children—and I could see that McMerrill had poured his sick longing for his own people into this son, and called the feeling patriotism. He had consecrated the boy. Amaiou tried to make me understand this, calling on God and Manitou, saying he was to live but for one end. His father, dying, had sent him to Dinwiddie, bidding the Governor use him as he willed. All this I learned by phrases here and there, for it was not our main interest. Our talk was of the French and English situation in this land.

And here Amaiou took the lead. He had things to tell that set me in ferment. He, too, had been ferreting among the Menominees and had uprooted much more than I. It stood like this. The Fox nation had had, since the earliest days, a settlement on the Fox River where they levied toll on the traders who passed. The French had contested this always, and now, after a century of intermittant warfare, they had succeeded in driving the Foxes to the west, near the Mississippi. So much I knew well; indeed, had known long before I left England. What was new, was that the Foxes were now working with belts and messengers among the Menominees. The Foxes as allies of the Iroquois were inclined to the English. So a friendly sentiment for us had been growing among the Menominees even before I came with prattle of beads, rum, and traders.

They were ready, Amaiou said, to demand terms of the French. The Menominee I had seen that very afternoon in the Winnebago camp, who brought Langlade a strip of beaver, had been charged to ask for a conference between Langlade and Old King. Old King was to say the Menominees thought it their right to have the old privilege of the Fox nation, of exacting tribute of passing traders. When Langlade refused, as he would, he was to be told that the links of friendship binding the Menominees to the French were growing thin and dull, and that if the great White Father gave nothing to his children, he must expect nothing in return. It was well arranged. They would then have pretext for an uprising.

The torch flared, sputtered, went out. We did not notice, and talked in darkness. If baffled emotion can age, that night should have whitened me, for here was my work ready, and I must hand it to another. The Menominees were ripe for a leader, and were inclined to me. But by morning Langlade might have me confined; if, indeed, he did not dispose of me more completely. I saw I could escape to the Menominee camp that night, and get west to the Foxes—Cochon had said he had men and canoes. But I had given Langlade my word. An inconvenient habit. I cursed my ancestry that had made me worship the letter of an agreement. A man's word should not weigh against duty to his crown. Yet I could not bring myself to terms.

Hortense and Godefroy had become but back-ground. And I saw I must not search for Godefroy that night. I must not risk being killed in the dark before I wrote the letters Amaiou was to take to Boston. Those letters! They must burn, bite, and compel. They could not be written by a sleepy man. No, I must rest now an hour, rise at daylight, and prepare my packet for Amaiou before I met Langlade.

Yet I was reluctant to end the talk. Not alone was there still much to say on both sides; I was again talking to an Englishman, for so Amaiou seemed, now that I could not see him.

"Did you know there were three of us here?" I said suddenly.

"Three in this room!" Amaiou jumped to his feet.

"No, no. Three of English blood in the settlement. The old nurse of Madame Rupert's; she is English."

Amaiou grunted. He was annoyed—Indian-wise—at being betrayed into emotion. He went over and opened the door, so the starlight came in, and I saw him, lank, black-haired, savage. It repelled again, and I had to fight my inner recoil. But the perfumed night air stole in to cleanse and rest me. The room had grown hot and foul, and I rose to fill my lungs.

"Is the old woman your spy, too?" Amaiou demanded. He was still ill-pleased. "And Madame Rupert—is she English?"

"No, no, the old nurse is not a spy. And Madame Rupert is French."

"Then why did she come between you and Langlade?"

Now I saw there must be confidence between us, so I stopped and told him the facts of Madame Rupert's relationship. A meager explanation sufficed, for I said nothing of the false marriage, nor what had become of the husband. He did not ask. He grunted at the story, and I saw it meant little to him. I strangled my first thought of asking him to look out for Madame Rupert should anything happen to me. No, she had better take her chances with Langlade and her own people. For Amaiou might prove more Indian than English in his dealing with women. I could not tell. Patriotism and sex do not follow the same lines of resistance.

I looked out. The east was lightening; in an hour it would be dawn. I started to bed but stopped as my foot stumbled at a book on the floor—the book Amaiou carried. I picked it up and held it a moment till I forgot my own stir and turmoil in my pity for that other storm-driven soul. Poor Duncan McMerrill! Poor half-bred son! I went to the boy and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Good-night, comrade. Wake me soon; when the first blackbirds call."

The lad trembled under my touch, and I grieved for him. Fate had tricked him. He had made a worship of me, and I was not only a poor thing, but he was like to lose me on the morrow. My heart was sore for him. I should have been thinking of my own plans, but my thought dwelt perversely on the boy and his future. Oh, to stay alive!

CHAPTER XVI.

A New Facet

I had not a good conscience, yet I went as deep into unconsciousness as a snake in winter. I have always a secret chagrin over the way I sleep like a sluggard, for all my life my body could dominate my spirit. So now I forgot danger, anxiety, responsibility, all that hung on me, in slumber. The sun rose and climbed, but Amaiou did not wake me. The hours I had planned to use in writing letters, in speaking to Hortense, in shaping my course with Godefroy—they all slipped by while I was absent in unconsciousness, leaving my torpid body a prey to the morning heat and the flies.

It was near eleven before anything roused me. Then a clink of metal jarred into my consciousness and brought me up, blinking and startled. I frowned into the sunshine, trying to gather myself. It took me a moment to see there was a man sitting beside my pallet, and that the man was Langlade.

He laughed at my winking stare. "You sleep like a papoose. I had to throw my sword on the floor to wake you."

I scowled. I was unkempt, unwashed, and angry at being spied on. In my sleepy confusion, I remembered nothing but my outraged privacy. "Who let you in?" I growled.

He laughed again. "I came in. Why be angry! You were to come to me. When you did not, I came here."

I struggled to my feet, and tried to shake myself into some physical and mental array. "Your pardon," I said stupidly, "I slept."

"So one would see," he agreed. "Your appointment with me must have weighed lightly," he went on with a grin, and I saw my apparent indifference disarmed him. I felt, as I had before, that he wished to think well of me. "Shall we talk now?" he began.

"In five minutes," I promised, and went outside to plunge my head into cold water and adjust myself to the morning. I was rested and in condition, and found myself tingling for the interview ahead.

I returned, dusted the table, threw a blanket over the disordered bed, and drew a chair beside Langlade. "It is not a gentleman's room," I grimaced, "but it must serve. Monsieur, what will you with me?"

He still grinned indulgently. My personal squeamishness amused him. But he came to business at once.

"What are you here for, in La Baye?"

I sought his eye and held it. "I have stated my business at least three times, Sieur de Langlade."

His look did not shift. "And three times you have lied."

There was but one answer to that. I unbuckled my sword and laid it on the table between us. "Shall we settle our difference in the usual way? It is my word against yours"

"Nonsense!" He picked up his own sword, looked at it a moment, then rammed it to its scabbard. "No we fight no duels. And, after all, what is a lie, Le Claire, in the way of business? Let my words go. I tell lies myself it they serve my turn. But you brought me forged papers, and you pretended not to understand Indian. Now why?"

I took my pipe. "If I let your words go," I said slowly, "it is with the understanding that I am ready to fight you in the matter at any time. If you will not do this, you must take my say. As to the papers—that is your accusation only. Regarding the Indian speech—do you credit me nothing for modesty? That I can catch a word or two in a strange tongue does not mean I can understand or speak it. You build your traps out of flimsy straws. But all this is immaterial. To the point, Sieur de Langlade. Of what do you suspect me?"

He hesitated as if he had not expected to be pressed home in this fashion. "You may be here for several reasons," he parried.

"One of them, please?"

"Well, perhaps a sort of a spy."

"A spy!"

"Yes Bigot may have sent you to see that Coutrol is not feathering his nest too deeply—though in that case why were your papers forged?—or you may be an agent for another fur company. Your business can't be straight."

My breath that had caught came back so my ears drummed. Conscious of my own turpitude I had been sure I was an open book to Langlade. I was waiting to be denounced as an English spy, and now he was accusing me of being a petty French intriguer. My nationality was still safe! I had ado to look as concerned as the occasion demanded.

"I am not Bigot's agent—not any man's." I found my pipe drawing excellently. "Though why protest since you would not believe me? Come, if I am not what I seem, what then? What is your proposition?"

He hesitated again. He was Indian enough to dislike to come straight to the point. But he thought a moment, and took the plunge.

"I am in command in this district," he said. "You know that?"

"I certainly do, Sieur de Langlade."

"Then you know I could put you in custody. But I have decided not to do that. I will let you go without further question—indeed, will give you an escort and safe conduct—if you will take Madame Rupert with you."

"If I will take Madame Rupert!" Of all the shocks of the three days this was not the least. "If I will take Madame Rupert!"

"Those were my words."

I got to my feet, scenting a trap. "This requires explanation, Monsieur."

Langlade did not rise, and he looked grave. "She is your sister-in-law?"

"She is."

"Then what is strange in my asking you to conduct her to her people?"

His tone was so moderate I cooled. I resumed my seat "Monsieur"—I tried for equal moderation; "may I remind you of what I told you the other day? That I had never seen my sister-in-law until we met here. I knew nothing of her; her life, her history. I come here, and find her in trouble, and in your charge. It does seem to need explanation that you should wish to turn her over to me—to me, a man whom you suspect. I am not saying, Monsieur, that I will not take her; I am saying I wish to know what has come up that you think it best for her to go."

He dropped his chin on his hands, and considered.

"I think you some sort of an honest man"—he meditated. "The woman would be safe with you."

I shrugged. "You do me little honor. The woman is my dead wife's sister. Has she asked to go with me?"

"By no means; no."

"Then why send her?"

He still looked down. "Why keep her here?"

"Langlade," I said, "she is trying to help you. Or rather, help France by helping you. She thinks she is succeeding; accomplishing something. Does she annoy you? You see, here she can do what she thinks is—real work—and work is the only think to save her; keep her steady."

He did not answer. "You are forgetting," he observed, "that taking her means safe conduct for you."

He was right. I was forgetting. "I may not be convinced I wish safe conduct. I may prefer your investigation. But, Monsieur," I examined my pipe bowl, "Monsieur, I am thinking of her."

"What are you thinking of her?"

I shook my head. "I hardly know. She is kin to me, and she is not. She is not of my blood, and I don't understand her. She is not the kind of woman I have known. But—she holds me by her courage. Monsieur, if possible let us spare her pride."

"You care for her?"

"I grieve for her. Think of her nights; nights when she drops the mask of day! And her loneliness! Yet she says so little. And now she thinks she is doing something worth while. Even if she troubles you— if she interferes—Well, Monsieur, think what she has been through."

There was emotion in me, and it went over to Langlade. "Enough!" he cried, his fingers twisting. He moved slouchingly, turning to the door. "It is hot here."



MISSIONARY RETURNS FROM INSPECTION TRIP

With the advent of Anglican missionaries among their tribes, Eskimos of the western Arctic district are rapidly discarding the use of igloo snow-houses and whale blubber stone lamps in favor of modern tents, and the use of gasoline for illumination. Improved living conditions has greatly lessened the terrors of the long Arctic nights. Unfortunately, however, influenza still takes a heavy toll of human life because of the lack of medical treatment. Picture No. 3 shows a typical Eskimo young man wearing his winter outfit. No. 2 shows Rev. A. L. Fleming, archdeacon of the Arctic, who has just returned from a survey of Church of England missions in the far north. No 1 shows an Eskimo mother with her two children. This trio had never seen a camera before and were delighted when this picture was shown to them.

Whither Drudgery

By Edward Ormerod.

SCIENTISTS tell us that this is the beginning of the mechanical age—that more and more will the work of the world be done by automatic machinery. They are probably right.

Within the present generations we have seen wide-spread and remarkable changes in working conditions. It is not my intention to say that all such changes have been good—some of them have led to specialization of an intensity unheard of before, whose final results are not yet. It stands to reason that if a factory-worker's job consists of putting one nut in place on a manufactured product, and nothing else—then that operator's day shall of necessity be an exceedingly short one, else will he find himself in the most vicious sort of rut; and as someone has remarked, the only difference between a rut and a grave is the matter of depth.

Even so, working hours have been drastically shortened, the physical conditions of many working places formerly questionable, have been made sanitary and healthful, and in many ways the lot of the worker has been tremendously improved. I am not commenting as to who shall be given credit for all this—but merely stating the fact.

So, if the scientists are right—if less and less of the work is to be of a personal, individual sort, then.....

Whither drudgery?

• • • •

FEW of us there are to whom there does not still come at times something of weariness and dissatisfaction with the sphere in life in which it has pleased circumstance or our own desire to place us. This is perhaps just another way of saying that distant pastures are wont to look green.

Life may be said to consist of a conflict between our desires for the variety which we think the distant pastures have to offer, and the unyielding requirements of the circumstance that holds us, weary and dissatisfied at times where we are. We are apt to feel that even if we do not say so, with life to live again, whatever we might be, we could certainly not be what we are today.

Every man concludes he is a drudge, at times. Many a woman is sure she is a drudge all the time. Drudgery is looked upon as a painful thing to be endured, something from which we would save ourselves and our children, if we could.

Yet drudgery; just plain, familiar drudgery, is the one item which more than any other is essential in the establishing and developing of the most valuable characteristics which men possess. Industry, persistence, perseverance, concentration, attainment, efficiency, skill, usefulness, inventiveness, artistry, patience, endurance—which one does not owe its inception and development to drudgery?

• • • •

ONE would have thought Henry Ford must have long since grown weary of studying the way of a bit of gasoline in an engine. Who ever stops to consider the drudgery behind the modern tools and conveniences we so unconcernedly use? To many of us who are just ordinary men-in-the-road the character of the research work carried on by others at whose names we bow, and whose achievements we envy, would present a picture of drudgery from which we would turn aghast:

Drudgery—the doing of the same old thing over and over and over again. Unless we can introduce into it something more than these words imply, it must always remain just drudgery. Yet there are those who make of hard, continuous work something better than just that, who manage to make of the necessary drudgery something more. There is intelligent drudgery, just as there is the other sort. Probably most of the greater inventions of the world are the product of this thing. That is to say, drudgery supplied the incentive, and further drudgery plus intelligence, solved problems and produced methods and equipment to bring about the bettering of the original condition.

Which of the qualities I have referred to can we afford to do without? Which can be acquired other than through drudgery? Which will not, if we seek it, come to us through drudgery? The answers are obvious.

Some men tell us that in the present generation we are like to pay a heavy price for our unintelligent attempts to escape drudgery. However that may be, we can profitably consider the thing, bearing in mind the perspiration-inspiration story, and recognizing that there is nothing incompatible in labor-artistry, drudgery-culture, work-achievement—that rather in each case is the latter-mentioned quality inextricably bound up in the former.

LARGE NEW BOAT

Canadian Pacific Railway lets contract for new ship, largest on St. Lawrence run

Mr. E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has announced that a contract had been let for a first-class vessel for service between Southampton and Quebec. This vessel, which will be built by John Brown and Company, Clydebank, will be 730 feet in length, 97 feet beam, about 40,000 tons gross register and with a sea speed of 24 knots, enabling the trip between Southampton and Quebec, via Cherbourg, to be made in five days. The vessel will be named "Empress of Britain" and is expected to take her place in service in the Spring of 1931. While the new ship will not be of the mammoth type now being constructed in Great Britain and Germany for service between British and Continental ports and New York, she will mark a distinct advance both in size and speed over any ship heretofore put in service between Canadian and British ports. Her accommodation will be luxurious, and she will be capable of carrying over 1,100 passengers in first, second and third classes. In the opinion of the Company's officers and designers, she will be an outstanding addition to the Canadian North Atlantic service.

The new Empress will be fifty feet longer and twenty feet wider than the "Empress of Scotland," which is now the largest vessel in the St. Lawrence service, and her tonnage of 40,000 gross rates 15,000 tons more than that ship. Compared with the "Duchess" class of the Canadian Pacific, the tonnage of the new "Empress" is exactly double. Mr. Beatty's announcement confirms the opinion current for some time in shipping circles that the heavy ship-building program carried on by the Canadian Pacific in the last two years would be rounded out by the addition of a new "Empress" for the Southampton-Cherbourg-Quebec service, although it was not anticipated that the newship would be of such mammoth proportions. Not for many year has such a program as that which enters its last stages with the laying down of the new "Empress" been carried out by one shipping company, there having been commenced and launched during the four years ending in the spring of 1931 five super-cargo ships of the "Beaver" class, four 20,000 ton "Duchesses," the "Empress of Japan" now building for the Oriental service of the Canadian Pacific and now the "Empress of Britain" for the Atlantic. When those last mentioned ships are completed the Canadian Pacific will have a fleet with a tonnage of 465,367 in daily service two-thirds round the world.

Gypsum is mined or quarried in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Ontario, Manitoba, and British Columbia, and in each of these provinces there are other properties capable of furnishing high-grade material when market conditions warrant their exploitation.

The town of Digby expects to have its aerial landing field ready for operation next summer. A regular air service may start next April between Digby and some of the United States air stations.

HEALTH SERVICE of the Canadian Medical Association

The Public Health Nurse

During the past few years, a great deal has been learned concerning the prevention of disease and the improvement of health. Today we have a fund of knowledge which, if we were to use it, would result in less sickness, fewer deaths and better health, thereby increasing the well-being of mankind. The problem that faces public health workers is, first of all, to see that this knowledge is imparted to every individual, and then, that it is put into every-day practice.

The most successful method of carrying the health message to the individual is through the Public Health Nurse. She might well be called the Health Teacher of the community, because that is what she is. By word of mouth she imparts health knowledge; by demonstration she shows how to put such knowledge into practice; by encouragement she helps through difficult times that require perseverance; by planning with the mother, she aids in securing proper food for the family.

Because her work is done mostly with individuals, it is not seen by the masses. Because it is not seen, because it does not advertise itself, there is not the general appreciation of it that there should be. It is not known, as it deserves to be, that the education of mothers as to the care of their babies, buy public health nurses, is the greatest factor in the reduction of infant deaths. Mothers do not know by instinct how to care for their babies; they must be taught. Friendly neighbours and the woman who knows all about babies because "she has buried six" do not make good teachers. The Public Health Nurse is trained; she has modern knowledge to impart.

The citizen who desires to have the babies in his community protected from disease and their health promoted, should see that there is a sufficient number of Public Health Nurses to serve the community in which he lives.

Questions concerning health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184, College Street, Toronto, will be answered by letter. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

Annual Subscription Facts

The Montreal Witness and Canadian Homestead—$2.00 per Year.

Since 1845 the Witness has been recognized throughout Canada, as the leading national weekly. Edited by JOHN REDPATH DOUGALL. "The Week's Outlook," a regular feature, is a clear and complete commentary on world and national affairs. Also a regular weekly department in the interest of Prohibition and Social Reforms. Besides its splendid News Features it has Special Departments, edited by experts, of interest to all members of the family, and to all walks of life. Its Market and Stock Reports are fair and trustworthy. Its splendid Short and Serial Stories, Home Department, Young People's Department—cover a wide range of human interest. Its Queries and Answers on all subjects, including Agriculture, Veterinary, Poultry, etc., and its Farm and Garden Departments are greatly prized for their practical and timely hints and information.

The Partnership Policy of Publication

The Witness is truly "The People's Paper." Each reader is recognized as responsible for the extension of the Witness circulation in his own environment. $2 per annum. ON TRIAL to NEW subscribers, as announced from time to time.

POSTAGE

Outside of Montreal and Suburbs, no extra postage is required for Canada, Newfoundland, British Isles, Br. W. Indies, or Mexico.

EXTRA POSTAGE PER YEAR: To the United States and in Montreal and suburbs 50 cents extra; to other foreign countries $2.00 extra.

In the case of Witness and World Wide to Montreal addresses, if prepaid at full rates, the publishers assume this postage, but not on reduced rate, club or trial offers.

SENDING MONEY

No subscription may be paid by cheque unless the cheque has written clearly across it the words "Payable at Par Montreal." Money orders or postal notes are the best way to send money. Only small amounts may be sent in stamps and then only in the 1, 2, and 3c denominations. Stamps of larger denominations cannot be accepted.

Address all communications regarding subscriptions to John Dougall & Son, and not to the editor or individuals by name. This avoids annoying delays. The Business Departments are specially organized to give prompt care to money letters.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
"Witness" Bldg., Montreal.

MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

RELIEVE THE RESTLESS CONDITION BROUGHT ON BY THE PRESENCE OF WORMS AND RESTORE THE CHILD TO NORMAL HEALTH.

NO NARCOTICS—PLEASANT AS SUGAR

FARM GARDEN AND HOME

Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

Along the Road

The Pioneer Makes Many Observations as He Journeys to North Bay.

By George Kingsley Reed, J.P.

LAST Thursday, I had to go to North Bay, as we were out of scratch feed for the "chuchens" and shorts for the hogs. There was also a list of requisites "mother" required for the family larder. These periodical trips, are put off as long as possible, because, it is a long way, (seventeen miles) the roads are bad, and the days short. On Wednesday it was apparent, (judging by the feed bins) that I must go Thursday, so we churned what cream there was in the crock, graded and packed a few dozen eggs, making ready for an early start. As I was retiring, "mother" called out, "what time will I set the alarm for?"

"Three o'clock," I said, "that will give the mare time to eat, and me time to do a few chores." It seemed as if I had just answered "mother's" query when the alarm started to buzz, and buzz. Feeling half slept, I rolled out, and was soon up at the stable feeding the mare and doing chores, trying at the same time, to appreciate what a famous comedian sings about it being nice to get up in a "marning." It is pleasing to note, however that he made it a contradiction in terms, adding—the truth—but its nicer to stay in bed. At this hour it was very dark, I was obliged to use the lantern (the same one I used to use when writing my stories) to see my way about, there being so many mud puddles, a fellow never knows when he may step in one, and feel in the "slough of despond" for the rest of the day. After breakfast at four thirty a.m., butter and eggs placed in the buggy, we hitched up the mare, and "yapped" so much, about this and that, not to forget to go to such and such a place, to be sure and get the cash for whatever I sold, not to forget the safety pins and the nipples for "Liza Jane" etc., that we forgot to buckle the bellyband, which meant that when I pulled up at the gate—I pulled up; just that. Fumbling about in the mud and darkness, for the loose end of the bellyband, and at the same time, passing a few remarks about "mother" I finally succeeded in getting it buckled up, and set off once again in the darkness, to that City, we call "the gateway of the north." Nothing much happened until I reached Redbridge, I don't suppose I would have noticed it it had, it was so dark, I could scarcely see the mare, let alone anything else. At Redbridge a friendly French Canadian family are farming. Seeing a light in the window, I called, "Buzz on Frank, get out and milk those butter makers," he then opened the door, and we enjoyed the usual five minute chat. His wife was there as I was leaving, she said "You shur' goin' get friz if you don' cov' up good," at which I laughed, and drove off, feeling, that it would take a very snappy frost, "to freeze thy young blood."

AT the corner, a man was loading a cord of green birch. The horses were eating some hay, he said, he had been out since four o'clock, and hoped to "make" the Bay before eleven. The grey dawn was breaking now, I was out of the bush and could see the flicker of the lights in the farm houses as the owners prepared to start a new day. At Lounsbury Park, the bush is almost entirely silver birch, and as the first beams of the morning "kissed" it, it looked as if a snow storm had "struck" it, shrouding it in a mantle of white. At the summit of the long hill Nellie stopped for a rest. The sun was beaming down on the silver birch, melting the rimy frost, causing it to fall musically, in the form of glistening dew drops, from leaf to leaf, until it reached the ground. "Gid dap" Nell, I said, "the road is full of music and money this morning. She stepped along at a good gait and we soon arrived at One Mile Bay. There I saw a double waggon with one of the front wheels collapsed. Here was tragedy. I could see that it had been used for hauling wood, there was a beaten path all about it, slivers of wood, flakes of hay that had blown off the horses dinner, and other circumstantial evidence. My imagination permitted me to see the way the wheel had slewed into a rut, and gone over, how the man had climbed down off the load, what he had said, how upset he felt. I knew, because fate has "dogged" my footsteps, yes, many times. It enables me to sympathize with a "brother" in like circumstances. It enabled me to visualize, how he had walked around the "wreck" then pulled the pin in the doubletree, Ghee'd the horses around, and gone back home with a heavy heart, to borrow another waggon.

At Trout Mills, there is quite a depression in "the lay of the land". A creek runs through a culvert under the road way, and through some low land, perhaps six acres in area. The first year we homesteaded back here, we used to pass this flat (just as we do now) water our horses at the mouth of the culvert, then go on our way to the City, (it was a town then). This flat, at that time, was covered with a dense growth of scrub brush, but there was a few stunted balsam, birch, and poplar. It was so dense as to appear swampy, useless, waste land. The Township map, may show it as "drowned land." A few years ago, a man came by, looked it over, considered it, bought it. Someone said that he made a business of reclaiming, and beautifying waste land. The next time I passed that way, an automobile was parked alongside the road, and some men were busy chopping in the flats. Everything possible was being reclaimed, even slender saplings the size of a hay fork handle were limbed and piled neatly into cords. A month or so after, I had occasion to pass there again, and—I did not know the place. The whole aspect was changed. Cords upon cords of those slim saplings had been piled up; the best of the trees had been trimmed and left standing, adding quite a charm to what had been "an eye sore". One could see clear across the flats now. I was amazed at the improvement, and hidden beauty. As I passed there this week, I noticed that the grass was lovely and green, the trees had improved wonderfully the land had dried up considerably. I would not be surprised to see a pretty bungalow "sitting" in the shadow of those trees, and happy children with smiling faces, catching minnows in the creek.

AS I drove close to the culvert, Nellie, as if by force of habit, dipped her nose in the crystal stream, "slashed" it with her upper lip, then drank to her hearts content. Pulling up the slack on the lines, telling her to "Gid dap," there came a "voice" saying to me, "Do you know anyone who reclaims waste lives?"

I arrived at North Bay early, did what shopping I had to do, talked with a few friends, spent an hour with the local Editor, arriving home just as the moon was climbing the hill. The cows were milked, pigs fed, the evening chores were done and supper awaited the hungry.

After supper, I sat in an armchair beside the box stove. One boy sat on one arm of the chair, one on the other. In their childish manner, they told me "the news of the world". Another boy had squatted on the floor between me and the stove. As I listened to each of them, I wondered, seriously, just what observations they will make as they pass along the road. Will they send a cheering word across the darkness to a neighbor starting a new day? Will they notice the rut in the road? Will they see the hidden beauty in the swamp? I was soon engrossed in thought, the soothing heat of the stove after the long, cold drive, made me drowsy, my head dropped, I felt a pair of soft white arms about my neck, and a childish voice saying, "say Dad, did you bring any candy? A lollypop, a sucker, or some kisses? Did you Dad, did you?" They slipped away from me, I entered a new realm and dreamed of the RUTS and the FLATS along the road.



WILL EXHIBIT IN TORONTO

Herman Trelle of the Peace River district, who has made a world-wide reputation as a grower of wheat and oats, will exhibit at the Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, for the first time in Eastern Canada. He will attend the fair. In 1926 Herman Trelle won the world's championship for both wheat and oats at the Chicago International.

Potatoes Very Sensitive

Precautions to be taken when transporting potatoes during cold weather

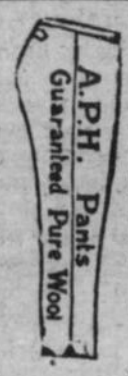
The potato tuber, which is in reality a living plant stem is very sensitive to freezing temperatures and unless considerable precaution is taken to protect it during periods of cold weather, serious injury may result. Therefore, this sensitiveness of the potato tuber should always be carefully borne in mind when transporting potatoes during the late fall and winter months to prevent frost damage. This can be readily achieved by shipping potatoes in cars properly provided with heat. Two types of insulated and heated freight cars are now in general use: the adapted refrigerator with suitable heaters introduced from the outside at each end into the compartments occupied by the brine tank units, and the Eastman Heater—a lined car provided with a heater located under the car. These types are attended to and charged at junction points by the railway staff when heat is required. Heat should be applied to all types of cars six to ten hours prior to loading, during periods of extreme cold weather. Precautions should always be taken, where applicable, to ensure that the false floors and floor racks are thoroughly cleaned, that the throat to the bunker space is positively open to permit free air circulation, that the bulkheads are closed tightly and evenly against the bunkers or tanks, that the ventilator openings in the face of the tanks are opened to permit heated air unrestricted entry into the car, that the hand holes in the bottom of the tanks are opened, that the tanks are clear of ice and water, and that the washout plugs in the corner of the car floor and drip openings to the outside are without fail closed and plugged loosely from the outside.

Heavy sheathing paper or pulp paper should be placed over the floor and side walls, and secured with laths to a weight of at least three feet. The sheets should overlap at least six inches and be folded carefully over all corners and junction points of the floor and side walls. In the case of refrigerator cars, however, no paper should be placed over the end walls or central floor rack between the side doors. The floor should be bedded with dry hay or straw, leaving the bunker ends free, and exercising due care to prevent its sifting under the racks or false floors. Place side racks or scantlings to prevent the load from touching the sides of the car and in order to provide an air channel. The doors of the car should be carefully fitted and protected on the outside around all the seams by building paper battened with laths. The new refrigerator car equipment of the railways is generally of very good construction and well insulated. Driving nails through the car floors, walls or ceilings destroys the insulation. Such practices cannot be condemned too severely and the shippers and railway companies should co-operate to save this high grade equipment.—D. J. MacLeod.

Appointment at Guelph

Mr. F. C. Hart, B.S.A., for many years Director of the Co-operation and Markets Branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture at Toronto, has been appointed Professor of Rural Economics at the Ontario Agricultural College, in succession to Professor A. Leitch, it has been announced by President G. I. Christie. The change takes effect immediately.

Following his graduation from the Ontario Agricultural College many years ago, Mr. Hart was appointed Agricultural Representative in Waterloo County, being one of the first men to undertake this work. Although the work was new and therefore not understood, he was able to popularize the work in his County. One illustration of this was the fact that the County Council, on its own initiative, purchased a motor car for him, at the



A.P.H. Pants

are the strongest and best wearing, made from pure first weave sheep's wool. Every Canadian should have a pair for Autumn and Winter wear. If dealer don't keep, mail $6.00 with leg and waist measure for sample pair.

Clayton & Sons

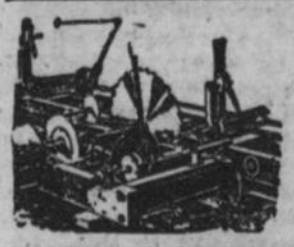
Halifax N.S.



ABSORBINE

will reduce inflamed, swollen Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Soft Bunches; Heals Boils, Poll Evil, Quitter, Fistula and infected sores quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use; does not blister or remove the hair, and you can work the horse. $2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 7 A free.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 104 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.



CHEAP

Saw Mills, Variable Friction Mill Supplies

Write to

W. P. PLANT

Hastings Ont.

THEO. FAVRE & SON

Established 1849.

TOMKINS COVE, N. Y.

DEALERS RAW FURS, GINSENG GOLDEN SEAL ROOT

Dressers—Furs Made Up

Price List Mailed on Request

RED GOLD SUGAR-SAVER STRAWBERRIES FREE

Big, rich, sweet, luscious, full crop. Taste like wild berries. Easy to grow with Mulch Paper, saves moisture, kills weeds, increases yield. 4 plants with Mulch Paper, 25c. Two plants, with catalog, free—send 10c, or not, as you please.

GARDNER NURSERY CO., Box 957, Osage, Iowa

time when motor cars were still somewhat of a novelty and still viewed with a certain measure of suspicion in the rural districts. In his work as an Agricultural Representative Mr. Hart held the first rural school fair held in the Province. This idea was, a few years later, adopted as a Departmental policy and over 500 school fairs are now held annually in the Province.

About fifteen years ago Mr. Hart was appointed as Director of the Co-operation and Markets Branch of the Department at Toronto. In this position he has made a special study of co-operation and the various economic factors which enter into it. He has carried on educational work throughout the Province and has each year delivered a series of lectures at the three-month courses, held by the Agricultural Representatives. He has attended many conferences and conventions on co-operation and economics and early this year was a member of the Canadian National Railway Farmers' Party, who made the marketing tour to Great Britain and Denmark. He is, therefore, an experienced instructor and is very familiar with many phases of agricultural life throughout the Province.

Artificial Grapes

IT does not seem so very many years ago that the Spanish or Malaga grapes as we called them were the only ones we had in winter. We have many other sources of supply now and other types of grapes but still they are grown, and grown profitably under handicaps we hardly realize.

They buy water by the ton in Almeria, says a correspondent of the Boston Transcript. And they buy it as part of the artificial production of the white grapes that are seen in greengrocers' in England and Canada in barrels, cradled in sawdust and cork shavings.

Those grapes are almost literally an artificial product. The land on which the famous Almeria grapes are grown has been artificially built out of the rocky sides of the Sierra Nevada foothills.

The rock has to be blasted out and its place is painfully filled with soil to make the terraces which form the vineyards. There is no rain in the district for eight months of the year, and all through the growing time the vines have to be watered artificially by irrigation ditches which are supplied from tanks.

Water for those tanks has to be brought ten or twelve miles through pipes from the nearest river.

The golden grapes, moreover, have to be artificially fertilized when in blossom. They are so constructed that unlike the black grapes they cannot fertilize themselves.

As soon as the blossom starts to appear hundreds of women are engaged throughout the vineyards to sweep the pollen with soft camel hair brushes from blossom to blossom otherwise there would be no fruit.

Human effort takes the place of the bees and other insects in the production of 98 per cent of the grapes grown in Almeria. The work goes on for about three or four weeks, and once during that time the terraces are flooded from the storage tanks.

One vineyard in which I spent the afternoon, continues the writer, requires between ten thousand and twelve thousand tons of water to irrigate it once. And at least four floodings are needed during the year to bring the vines to fruition.

If the storage tanks have not enough water it has to be brought from a neighbor who has a surplus and water is one of the most costly of the artificial aids to the production of the grapes.

The only natural thing in the whole business is the sun. That shines brilliantly day after day in this happy corner of Spain, which has immense untapped sources of wealth and health. The vine growers lunch out of doors in December and January. Frost has never been known, although the district mountain tops are snow-capped until the beginning of March.

The golden grapes of Almeria go all over the world (except to the United States) and in a record year the little port has embarked 132,000,000 pounds of this remarkable artificial product.

Selling McIntosh In New York

THE following article from the "New England Homestead" contains several points of interest to apple growers in Canada.

Apple growers who may feel alarmed that the increased planting of McIntosh in commercial orchards in New England will eventually oversupply the demand will receive encouragement from the result of a survey of the position of the McIntosh on the New York market, published in bulletin form by the Massachusetts callege. It is only during the last three seasons that the McIntosh has been sold at auction on the New York fruit market. Wholesalers, brokers and jobbers were interviewed to secure the information set forth in the bulletin. From them it was learned that the McIntosh is the most popular of the various varieties which New England ships to the metropolis. It was learned, too, that the McIntosh is consumed largely by the Jewish people of the city, supplanting their former favorite, the Northern Spy. It seems that comparatively few consumers of other nationalities know the variety. A comparison of the auction prices received for McIntosh from the different sections of the country (northwest, British Columbia, New York and other states, and New England) shows that during the seasons from 1924-25 to 1927-28, those from British Columbia have averaged highest, bringing $3.06 a box. New England Macs came next at $2.80 per box. In the past season, 1927-28, they brought the highest average price, $3.41. Continuing, we learn that during the 1927-28 season no New England McIntosh sold below $2.75 per box and 20 per cent were sold at over $4. Only 1 per cent of those from the northwestern states and 3.5 per cent of those from British Columbia brought prices equivalent to these during this season. Thus we see that the New England Mac can hold its own in competition. Two conclusions are evident from the survey. First, that the demand for McIntosh in New York has never been supplied, and the testimony of dealers indicates that the market will absorb many times the volume it now receives. Second, that New England Macs are in general equal to any that are received in New York, as indicated by the prices received. With this year's light crop of Macs in all ports of New England, it is reasonable to believe that good prices to growers will continue.

FOUNTAIN GRASS

The fountain grasses or Pennisetums, are really perennials although usually grown as annuals. They are fine for bordering beds or mixing with annuals. The purple fountain grass, growing three feet high, is probably the best. It has green foliage and purple blooms. As it is rather slow growing the seeds need to be started under glass in the Spring, but where a green-house or plant-room is available the old plants may be taken under cover in autumn and divided when February comes.

If potted up they will soon grow into large plants, and can be used for temporary hedges. One of the special advantages of these grasses is that they keep in good condition most of the summer and require but little attention.

ANSWERS to Garden Questions

Trilliums and Bluebells

Dear Sir:—I have a piece of shrubbery on the edge of which, or under which, I would like to plant something to give us flowers and color early in the spring. I have grape hyacinths and star of Bethlehem and some clumps of snowdrops; but would like something different — more like wild flowers. If you could tell me of such I would be grateful.—Rose.

Why not plant our own beautiful trillium grandiflorum. The Painted Lady and other narrow petaled trilliums are dainty but not beautiful and lily like as is the grandiflorum. With it, the Mertensia Virginica (Virginia bluebell) makes a fine contrast. Its flowers are an intense blue, changing to pink. Both these will grow in such a place as you describe, where in the early spring the sun gets through and later the leaves shade them. Mix leaf mould from the woods with the soil you plant them in and mulch with leaves for protection over winter.

Soapsuds Are Different Now

Dear Sir:—I have always heard that soapsuds were good for plants. I know my Mother always used them and had wonderful success with flowers and fruit, but any I have used soapsuds on died. Can you tell me why? Also what could I have done to save my hops, which were infested with aphids?—C. E. B.

The explanation is probably the difference in the soap used. The present commercial soaps are largely made with soda, which is death to plants, while the soap of our mothers' time was made from wood ashes, or potash. This destroyed the acidity of the soil and gave plants a natural food.

The hop aphid is susceptible to the effects of nicotine applied in combination with soap and water as a spray, or in combination with sulphur or lime as a dust. Most growers are troubled with mildew and are obliged to dust their vines with sulphur. Finely ground sulphur, 95 pounds; nicotine sulphate, 5 pounds, will give a 2 per cent nicotine dust. This is best obtained, mixed from a reliable manufacturer. It should be applied as soon as the aphids appear in sufficient numbers to indicate danger of injury.

For Acid Loving Plants

Dear Sir:—Could you tell me of anything I can add to the soil in my garden to make wild flowers grow in it?—R. L.

In a little catalogue of wild flowers the following advice is given: "While some of these plants may prove indifferent it is safe to assume that they will thrive best in acid soil, which may be produced by adding humus in the form of leaf mould (rolled oak leaves are especially good) or granulated peat: or, if the soil is known to contain much lime, it may be removed and replaced by the right mixture. A soil basis of sandy loam will accommodate the largest number, as far as texture is concerned. Commercial tonnic acid dissolved in water may be used two or three times a year on acid-requiring plants at the rate of an ounce or less to the square hard—but occasional soil tests should be made to avoid excess."

The new 2,000,000 bushel grain elevator at Quebec is now finished and will begin operating at once. The contract called for its completion by October 31st, but the work of construction was speeded up by recourse to night shifts.

Increased activity in flying in Canada has led to the establishment of flying schools by commercial firms, to fill the growing demand for pilots and air engineers. The Department of National Defence, to encourage the popular use and knowledge of aeronautics, is assisting in the establishing of flying clubs in the principal cities of the Dominion.

A bundant Light

for house, barn, garage, grounds from the FAIRBANKS-MORSE HOME ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT *and power too up to 3 h.p.!*

These dependable plants are low in price and operation costs. Simple to operate and built for long years of service. They reduce fire risks in house and barn, and give power besides for separator, churn, saw or feed grinder. Write for free booklet.



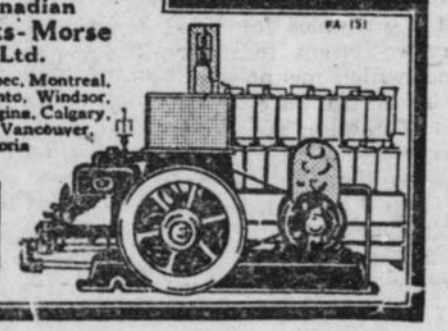
Fairbanks Morse Home Water Plant
Simple, dependable and cheap to buy and operate. Automatic and quiet, for shallow or deep well, electric or engine driven. Give abundant fresh water under pressure.



Fairbanks-Morse "Z" Engines
Easy starting, dependable and cheap to buy and run. Made by pioneers in farm engine building. 400,000 farmers use and endorse them. Big savers of time and money.

The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd.
St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Windsor, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver, Victoria

On the service of industry



Red Gold SUGAR SAVER Strawberries



This new rich, sweet berry is a real sugar-saver; use only half as much sugar as ordinary for high grade preserves. Grows up to 8½ in. around. Hundreds of berries from a single plant. Send us your name and 10c, or not, as you please, and we will send catalog and two strong Red Gold plants at planting time **Free**

Paper Mulched Berries Better

U. S. Gov't reports Paper Mulch saves moisture, kills weeds, increases yields in garden products. Special combinations of Red Gold Plants and necessary amount of Paper. 12 plants and paper, **$2.00.** 50 plants and paper, **$6.00.** 100 plants with paper and special strawberry setting tool, **$10.00.** Paper Mulch enables you to get big yield from small bed with little work.

Gardner Nursery Co., Box 957 Osage, Ia.

"RAPID-EASY" GRAIN GRINDERS

Roller Bearings or Plain Bearings

Style "DD" Special, for use with Tractor.

Write us for particulars. State power available

J. FLEURY'S SONS - - - - Aurora, Ontario

OLD AUTO ENGINES

Do you know that you can make a wonderful, stationary engine out of any used auto engine that you can buy for from $10 to $35, by installing a Candee-Smith Governor?

This engine can be used for wood-sawing, planing, silo filling, feed grinding, pumping, running shops, contractors' saw rigs, painters' and contractors' compressors, flour grinders' generating units, mining machinery, and thousand and one other uses. Sent anywhere on 30-day trial. Write today for full particulars. $14 and up.

CANDEE-SMITH GOVERNOR CO.
Dept. "A" St. Catharines, Ontario.

Homes More Beautiful

Our New Illustrated Free Catalogue Will assist you in selecting suitable TREES, SHRUBS, VINES, ROSES ETC. 70 years in Canada. Write today.

STAR NURSERIES, :: *Ridgeville, Ontario*

POULTRY TOPICS

Illuminate the Henhouse

The following discussion of artificial lighting of the poultry-house will appear in Bulletin 90 from the State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y. It is an excellent resume of the views of the poultry department at that institution and will well repay reading in full by those who are interested in this very important development in modern poultry-keeping. Prof. James E. Rice is the author of the bulletin:—

The Time of Illumination

The length of the day produced by using artificial light and the brightness of the lights are of more consequence generally than the time of day when the lights are used. Whether the lights are given at twilight or in the morning or as an evening lunch is important, but it is not the main consideration. We have tried each of these methods in a good many combinations and, all things considered, prefer to give a portion of the light in the evening and the balance in the morning. As between the evening lights and the morning lights or the evening lunch, assuming the same intensity of light and amount of lighting, the morning illumination appears to be the most effective in promoting activity and increasing egg production because the birds are hungry at that time.

The evening lunch of about one hour, however, is giving satisfaction. It is economical in the use of light but is not, in our experience, quite as effective throughout the season as the morning and evening lights combined.

The evening light alone is more convenient all things considered, than the evening lunch. However, both evening and morning lights appear to be better than either one alone. We prefer the combination of twilight and morning illumination because it provides a perfectly uniform day and night each day by overcoming the constantly changing time of sunset and sunrise throughout the entire season, this being more regular and not influenced in the least by the normal daily changing twilight and dawn, provides absolute regularity from early Fall until late Spring. This plan of lighting can be handled as morning and evening chores. It also divides the discharge of the batteries between night and morning, thus lightening the load on the generator and batteries where individual farm lighting plants are operated.

The Amount of Illumination

As to whether a 12, 13 or 14-hour day should be given will depend upon the laying qualities and condition of the stock and what is required of it. In other words, the physical condition and inherited tendency to lay are two determining factors in deciding upon the method of lighting which should be employed.

Lights should be used on hens: for example, in the early Fall to keep them in production but not on the birds when they have completed the y ar and should be thrown out of production to enable them to take a vacation before the breeding season. The lights should be resumed after they have ceased production for two or three weeks or more in order to provide a normal length of day in which to recover quickly from the molt.

After the August or September molting hens have had a reasonably long vacation; i.e., about two months following their molt and have gotten back their body fat and color pigment a 13 or 14-hour day can be given to good advantage in the latter part of October or November, depending upon the condition of the birds.

Early - hatched, fully - developed, ready-to-lay pullets should be lighter in the Fall in order to enable them to eat enough food to sustain their inherited production and maintain or increase their body weight. Late hatched, immature pullets also need illumination in order to properly complete their growth before laying. The method of lighting as to time and amount must be determined, however, in all cases by their physical condition and their urge to lay. They must be heavy before they can lay efficiently. A sponge must be soaked before it is squeezed if one is to get any juice. Birds must take in and store up food in reserve before they can lay well and continuously. The problem of successful egg production is quite as much a question of method of feeding as it is of illumination.

If the pullets were late hatched and are immature, then only a small amount of illumination, perhaps a 12-hour day, should be given, to enable them to complete their growth on developing rations without forcing them into production. If, however, the pullets were early hatched, fully grown, heavy bodied and show good laying qualities, 12 or 13 hours of illumination should result in securing satisfactory egg production for the six months having the longest nights.

To throw the best breeding hens, that is to say, the heaviest late laying, late molting birds, out of production no illumination should be given for two or three weeks. They should be given two months' vacation after they have completely ceased production and reabsorbed their partly developed eggs. After they have ceased production for two or three weeks a moderate amount of illumination, say a 12-hour day in November and December, should be given in order to assist them to complete their molt during the adverse Winter conditions.

The breeders should not be pushed into heavy production either by heavy mash feeding or a large amount of illumination very many weeks before the time it is necessary to save their eggs for hatching, and even then they should be brought into gradual production, so as to be at their best laying when their eggs are needed for hatching. The best fertility and hatching quality occurs when birds are on the increase in production or are maintaining a high production, rather than when they are declining in production. The latter usually signifies a loss in weight. Normal body weight must be maintained if we are to avoid a Winter molt and a consequent slump in production.

The better the birds are in laying quality, the less amount of illumination is required in order to secure a satisfactory egg production of around 50 to 60 per cent. One takes rather large chances of a Winter molt, however, if under our climatic conditions a flock of birds are allowed to reach and to maintain 70 to 80 per cent production without lights which means that some of the birds are laying 90 per cent or more, which they could carry perfectly well in the Spring of the year when climatic conditions are favorable and the days 12 to 13 hours long.

The Method of Feeding

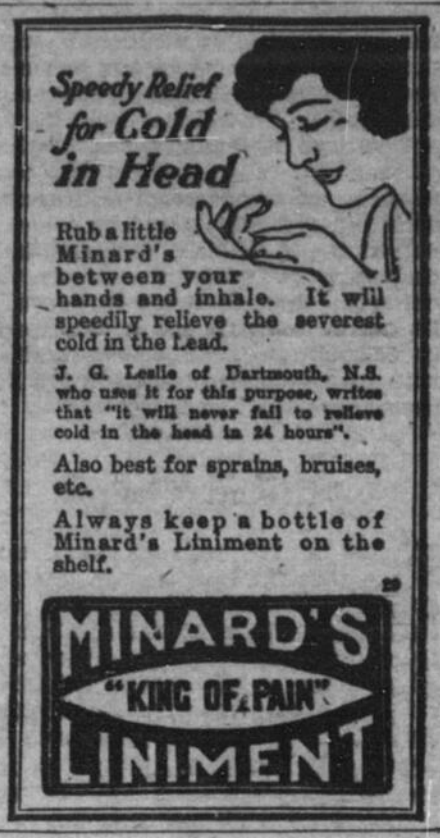
The most satisfactory plan for feeding and lighting which we have found is to turn on the lights at twilight and feed the birds liberally on grain by trough feeding. They should then go to roost of their own accord and acquire the habit, which they will do after a little education, at about seven o'clock. Then turn on the light in the morning at five, or even six o'clock, which will provide a uniform 12, 13 to 14-hour day, as may be desired throughout the entire season. Too long opportunity to eat and exercise may cause too rapid an increase in production and result in the fowls losing their weight. This appears to be one of the causes of slumps in production and Winter molting. However, if the kind and amount of feed and proportion of grain and mash are properly regulated and the plan of both morning and evening illumination is followed, illumination should be of benefit to the birds and more profitable to the owners.

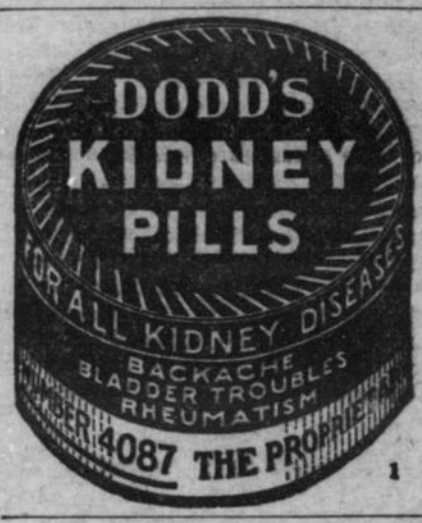
The following variations in the method of illumination are recommended: No more than a 12-hour day for breeders recovering from the molt, a 13-hour day for well-bred, high-producing, mature pullets or high-producing fowls that have completely recovered from the molt, or a 13 or 14-hour day for late August or early September molters and mature pullets not of the highest production quality, and which are not to be used for breeding purposes the following Spring. By following these plans one should be able to maintain from 60 to 70 per cent production for the better birds and 40 to 50 per cent production for the lower producing birds without loss of weight and without serious Winter molting.

It will be seen from the above that the physical condition of the birds, as shown by their weight, and their laying quality as indicated by their appearance and breeding the age of the birds and their molting and laying condition as to past and present production, all must be taken into consideration when deciding upon the method of feeding and illumination. A failure to understand these facts is the reason why many poultrymen fail to realize the full benefits of illumination. All this emphasizes the fact that we must now recognize the fact that flock segregation has become a necessity. That grouping birds by ages without regard to their laying condition and capacity is no longer justifiable. A good poultryman must learn how to separate the high production from the medium and low production birds in both hens and pullets if he is to feed or use lights efficiently. In other words, judging birds for production has become an essential factor in feeding and illumination.—M. B. D.

His Grace Randall Thomas Davidson, retiring Archbishop of Canterbury, has been elevated by His Majesty to the peerage. His retirement takes effect on November 12, when he will be succeeded by Right Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, present Archbishop of York. The conferment of a peerage on the Archbishop of Canterbury will enable him to remain in the House of Lords, where he has been a prominent figure for many years. He is 80 years of age and has served as Archbishop for 25 years.

Canadian flax, hemp and oakum might find an outlet in France and Belgium, writes Hercule Barre, Canadian Trade Commissioner in Paris, in the Commercial Intelligence Journal. Northern France and Belgium are the two greatest consumers of these products in the world. In 1927 France imported 36,946 metric tons of flax, 25,358 metric tons of hemp and 8,041 metric tons of oakum.





FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

Free Trial of a Method That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time

We have a method for the control of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense, that our method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply, mail coupon below. Do it Today.

FREE TRAIL COUPON

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO.,
895H. Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Send free trial of your method to:

.....
.....
.....

PILES

Do you suffer with this complaint? If so, send me your name and address and let me tell you, free, how I rid myself of Piles by an old family remedy.

LEWIS E. RODNEY,
Box 250-B, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

Notice is hereby given that The United Theological College, Montreal, a duly incorporated body, having its principal office in the City of Montreal in the Province of Quebec, will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, for an Act to confirm and declare valid its Act of Incorporation, being Chapter 83 of the Statutes of Canada of 1928, and to declare that the powers conferred upon it by its Act of Incorporation, or to be conferred upon it by the Act to be applied for, to acquire and hold property, shall not be limited or affected by any statute or statutes of mortmain.

Montreal, October 30, 1928.

J. A. Ewing,
E. G. Place.
Attorneys for Applicant,
355 St. James, St., Montreal.

NOTICE is hereby given that WILLIAM GREIG GREEN, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal and Province of Quebec, Garage Manager, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next Session thereof for a bill of divorce from his wife, Johanna Sullivan at present residing in the said City of Montreal on the ground of adultery and desertion.

DATED AT MONTREAL, in the Province of Quebec, this 5th., day of October, A.D. 1928.

WILLIAM GREIG GREEN,
by
Sol Weber, B.A., L.L.M.
Themis Building, 10, St. James St. W.
Montreal, Que.
His solicitor.

Redmond Code,
Citizen Building, Ottawa, Ont.,
Petitioner's Ottawa Agent.

Superior Court
Province of Quebec
District of Montreal.
No. E-40271

DAME OLGA WISSE, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Herman Rosenberg, agent, of the same place,
Plaintiff,
vs.
HERMAN ROSENBERG, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted in this cause on 20th., day of September, 1928.

Montreal, October 27th., 1928.

(Sgd) JACOBS & RAPPAPORT, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Don't Neglect Catarrh Now!



Winter shows up the weak spots in a person's health. If even occasionally, head colds develop—noses and heads feel stuffed up—breaths acquire a bad smelling odor—sticky Catarrhal mucus has to be hawked up from the throat—ringing sounds come in the ears and you feel a little deaf, you have Catarrh. And Catarrh means that the trouble is deep seated.

Now is the time to treat that Catarrh. Don't neglect it another day.—Write at once and let us send you helpful

FREE ADVICE

and information concerning a Method of Home Treatment. It has an ever growing record of 42 years of success in Catarrhal troubles of the Nose, Throat and Ears. Write and see if you can't be freed from Catarrh. Hundreds of others have been, why not you? Simply put your name and address on the dotted lines,—cut out the COUPON and mail.

Address Catarrh Specialist Sproule
286 Cornhill Building, Boston, Mass.

FREE ADVICE COUPON
Name .....
State .....
Town .....
Street .....

FEEDING OF POULTRY

A REGULAR supply of sour milk or skim milk for the poultry is difficult to obtain on some farms because the milk checks are needed and all the milk is picked up by the trucks and sold in the cities and the farmers buy their butter back from the dairy companies. This saves a lot of churning but cuts the supply of buttermilk that used to help in keeping the farm poultry healthy.

In some sections it is possible to buy undiluted sour skim milk for the hens and the question of its cash value depends on the ease of obtaining the supply and how bad the owner desires to get rid of it. At the Storrs, Conn., Station they conducted investigations to find the cash value of milk as poultry feed and concluded that it was worth one cent per quart for layers, two cents per quart for breeding stock and four cents per quart for chicks during the first week. In raising young stock, they consider it is worth two cents per quart during the first six weeks and one cent per quart during the first six months.

For many years, farmers have known that milk made poultry grow but only recently has its value for preventing disease been appreciated. In some cases, farmers with a few cows and plenty of home produced milk for the chickens, have been raising poultry on the same soil for ten or fifteen years or more and have had very little loss from coccidiosis and other diseases. Whether the small size of the flocks and plenty of range has been responsible for the freedom from disease, cannot be definitely told. Possibly the abundance of sour skim milk and buttermilk constantly sitting around in the poultry pans has helped to prevent disease.

If coccidiosis appears in a flock, the poultry can hardly consume enough liquid milk to control the disease. In that case the use of 40 per cent dried skim milk in the mash gives good results. No other protein feed like meat scrap or fish meal should be included. The mash can consist of 40 lbs. dry skim milk, 30 lbs. yellow cornmeal, 20 lbs. ground rolled oats, and 10 lbs. bran.

Prof. Roy Waite, of the Maryland Agricultural College, declares that the method of raising poultry in confinement on concrete platforms to keep away from coccidiosis and parasites brings in toe picking, tail picking, and other troubles without end and a poultryman had better keep away from that manner of production as long as possible. Unless fresh eggs and broilers are even more appreciated by consumers than now, it is unlikely that those consumers will be willing to pay the cost of producing poultry meat and eggs when they are raised in quarantine on concrete platforms carefully screened with all the feed supplied and nothing gathered from the range.

A poultry breeder raising pedigreed chicks that are worth about fifty cents each at the time of hatching can afford to give them every care. Such chicks may be raised in quarantine and return their cost as breeding stock. But the commercial poultryman and farm flock owner, depending for a living on market eggs and poultry meat, must constantly watch his cost of production.

PRESIDENT INTERNATIONAL CONCLUDES TOUR

Mr. F. C. Elford, Dominion Poultry Husbandman and President of the International Association of Poultry Instructors and Investigators, writing from Berlin reports that he has just completed his interview and visits to thirteen governments in connection with the fourth World's Poultry Congress which will be held in London, England in 1930.

After a series of meetings in England, at which Mr. Elford explained fully the arrangements which were made in Canada for the Congress held in Ottawa last year, he proceeded to Northern Ireland, the Irish Free State, Scotland, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Latvia, Poland and Germany. He writes that he has had nothing but the very heartiest of receptions everywhere. Those countries which were represented at Ottawa last year are unstinting in their praise of what was done and the wonderful reception their delegates were given, and they have vied with each other in their efforts to show Mr. Elford the extent of their appreciation. Sweden and Latvia were not represented here last year but as a result of the visit of the President of the International Association they will participate in London in 1930.

At the meetings held in London, which Mr. Elford attended, representatives from Holland, Germany, Belgium, France and Italy were present in addition to those from the British Isles.

Canada and the United States, it is anticipated, will make interesting displays at the next Congress. Breeders and others are already enquiring about the special rates which have been announced by the Steamship Companies. Canadian breeders are anxious to uphold the reputation they established at the last Congress, and also to extend their export market for breeding stock.

POTATOES VERY SENSITIVE HONEY INSPECTION

Honey must be handled on the basis of grade similar to other food products if Canadian bee keepers are to secure and hold export markets.

The Dominion Apiarist in his Annual Report states that last year 2,192,680 pounds of honey were inspected by the Ontario Honey Producers Co-operative Limited, and the quantity included 590,740 pounds of light amber honey, 902,490 pounds of light honey, 285,100 pounds of dark amber honey, and 414,350 pounds of dark honey.

On account of the large number of producers shipping honey through the Co-Operative from a variety of districts, it was found necessary to inaugurate an inspection service to check up on the grading as done by the producers. The reports received dealing with this inspection fully demonstrated the need for checking up the producers' grading. It was found necessary to reclassify some of this honey while other honey, owing to its quality, had suffered spoilage. Any incorrectly graded honey or any spoilt honey allowed to reach the market would have a derogatory influence on the Canadian honey trade. Though the system of inspection is not yet fully perfected, there are indications from the outside markets that the service is proving beneficial to the industry.

This inspection is conducted in the warehouses used by the Co-operative to accumulate their shipments. These warehouses are selected as being convenient to the ports from which shipments are to be made. They are at St. John, N.B., Montreal, P.Q., and Toronto, Ont. Various other warehouses are in use for accumulation of stock and when any considerable quantity of honey is to be moved from such warehouses an inspection is also made in them.

The inspection consists of opening a suitable quantity of each man's shipment. If the grade name on the outside of the case does not accurately represent the honey contained, then the grade name is changed to correspond to the honey. This would entail opening every crate in the shipment. A report shows the condition of the honey, the tin and the crate, also the suitability and correctness of the marketing on the package. This report is made out in duplicate, one copy being retained at Ottawa and the other sent to the shipper.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 360 Craig St. W., in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of the City of Montreal. Subscription rate $2.00 a year.

Christmas Cards, 12 Beautiful Cards with Envelopes postpaid 60c. Every card different and 25 for $1.00. Money refunded if dissatisfied. MONTREAL BOOK ROOM LIMITED, Dept. W., 1455 McGill College Avenue, Montreal. 46.6

Great Big **RED GOLD** Sugar Saver Strawberries

Sweet, luscious, taste like wild berries; grow up to 1 1-2 ins. around. Use only half as much sugar. Amazing results with Mulch Paper—kills weeds, saves hoeing, keeps moisture, increases yields.

12 Red Gold Plants, 27 sq. ft. Mulch Paper, $2.60
50 Red Gold Plants, 113 sq. ft. Mulch Paper, 6.00
100 Red Gold Plants, 225 sq. ft. Mulch Paper, with Special Strawberry Bedding Tool, 10.00

2 Plants free with catalog — send 10c, or not, as you please.

Gardner Nursery Co. Box 957 Osage, Iowa **FREE PLANTS**

Watch the advertising columns. New opportunities every week.



FARMERS' BUSINESS BRIEFS



ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-order rate of three cents per word per insertion (minimum charge 45c per insertion). SIX consecutive insertions will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions $1.50). A number or a single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made.

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

POULTRY

POULTRY BUSINESS

Make poultry pay big profits from instruction given in Shaw's Home Study Course regarding breeding, housing, feeding and marketing. Write Shaw Schools, Bay-Charles, Toronto. 44.9

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Barred Rock Cockerels; From finest egg-laying strain in Ontario, closely related to contest winners. April hatched birds $3.50 each. MRS. JAS. STEWART, Osgoode Sta., Ont. 43.6

WYANDOTTES

"White Wyandotte Cockerels and pullets'". Cockerels $3. or 2 for $5. Pullets $2. John R. Argue, R.R. 2 Carp, Ont.

Wyandottes—Silver and Golden Laced Cockerels, also Golden pullets, $2. each. Margaret Stevens Easton's Corners, Ontario. 46.2

MISCELLANEOUS

12 Pure Bred large white pekin ducks and drakes $3. each: also 10, pure bred to lay, Bard, Rocks from high laying strain $3.00, each. John Ganett, Londesboro, Ont. 44.6

LIVESTOCK

DOGS

St. Bernard Dogs and Puppies, reasonable!!! Information with photos free. BROCKINGTON, 181-R McKenna Avenue, Montreal. t.f.

FOR SALE—Registered white Scotch Collies, $25 up. R. P. McNeice, Reay, Ont. 46.6

FOXES

Registered Silver Black Foxes. Ancestors from some of the best P. E. Island strains. Prolific Breeders. $400.00 per pair. Will ranch foxes on shares for parties buying my foxes. All foxes inspected and tattoo marked by Canadian National Live Stock Records Inspectors. Registration Papers with each fox. WILLIAM BATES, Ridgetown, Ont. 23.24

Quantity, Quotations, Quality Prize strains SILVER FOXES. Representatives wanted. Schurman Fur Farms, Summerside, P.E.I.

GOATS

Two Pure Bred Saanen Doe Kids for sale, five months old. For particulars apply to J. A. HARTMAN, Walkerton, Ont. 41.6

GUINEA PIGS

Guinea Pigs.—for sale,—for breeding, Exhibition or Research work. Guaranteed, clean, healthy stock, that are real money makers, write, E. Lockyer, 72 Arlington, Ave, Toronto. 45.6

RABBITS

Chinchilla Rabbits and Black Siberian Hares, winners Canadian National Exhibition. Registered and Pedigreed stock. A. MACKAY, General Delivery, Hamilton, Ont. 41.6

RAISE CHINCHILLA RABBITS

Make big money. We supply stock and buy back young from customers: genuine proposition; illustrated folder free. Write: ENTERPRISING CO., 91 Beaty Ave., Toronto, Ont. 42.6

Pedigreed and Registered Angora and Chinchilla Giganta rabbits for sale. Write VILLA NOVA FUR FARM, Waterford, Ont. R.R. No. 5. 43.6

Chinchilla Rabbits for sale, winner at Guelph Winter Fair, Erhard Loehr, New Hamburg, Ont.

LIVESTOCK (Cont'd)

RABBITS

Pedigreed and Registered Chinchilla Rabbits, Healthy, vigorous animals from prize winning strain. We won prizes at Canadian National Exhibition. Write for prices. Kay's Fur Farm, Tragina South, Hamilton, Ont. 44.6

RABBITS—King of the Fur-Bearers. A general utility animal producing Fur, Meat and Wool. Furs bring as high as $3.00 each, meat from 25c. to 50c. per pound and wool from $8.50 to $10.00 per pound. Raising Rabbits is an established business with an established market for products. Let us tell you all about them. The Great Northern Fur Farms, Waterford, Ont. 44.6

SWINE

Berkshire, bacon type with length. Herefords, bulls, cows heifers. Lawrence Wyatt, Strathroy, Ont. 44.6

WILD ANIMALS

FOX—Best and easiest Fox, Coyote mink set ever used, make trapping pleasure instead hardship and get them when all other systems fail. Method fifty cents postpaid, Cecil Atkinson, Box 446G Mandan, North Dakota. 44.6

Live Muskrats—Finest, dark northern Alberta stock. Fall delivery. Western Canada Fur Farm, Route 1, Busby, Alberta, Canada.

Blue Fox.—For quick sale, two pair at $250 per pair. Pen raised. F. Hoppe, 3822 Eton St., Vancouver, B. C. 45.2

Trappers Supplies

Trappers' Poison GOES' LIQUID POISON CAPSULES kill fur animals on spot. Twenty-third season on market. Free circular when this paper is mentioned. Excellent results. EDMUND GOES, 1899 6th Street, Milwaukee, Wis. 42.6

FARMS FOR SALE

170 Acres, 1 1-2 miles Finch, Churches, High School, Canadian Milk Product Station; good buildings. Apply MRS. WM. RUTLEY, Finch, Ont. 41.6

$450.—100 acres, furniture, log house, barn, wood, 5 mile from Town, W. Barnes, Mattawa, Ont.

45 Acre Farm, suitable for dairying, splendid location, close to Ottawa, good soil, two orchards on farm. Apply J. A. HERON, Billings Bridge, Ont. 42.6

Improved farms in the center of the best wheat land in Western Canada, on easy terms. A. J. MacDonald, Demaine, Saskatchewan. 44.6

DAIRY FARM FOR SALE.—Four hundred acres valley lands. Good buildings, excellent water: five miles to market. Big demand for products. Exceptional opportunity. G. R. Duncan, Fort William, Ont. 45.6

125 ACRES—FIRST CONCESSION TOWNSHIP OF Montague, a square lot, one-half under cultivation, balance wood and pasture. Good modern buildings, telephone, mail, good road, near school, cheese and butter factory and town, unusual opportunity. Illness in family. Investigate immediately. Wm. J. Poole, Merrickville, Ont.

FARM WANTED

Cash for your property, farm, business or residence. No matter where located. Free information. International Realty Co., 643 Pelissier, Windsor, Ont. 44.6

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE

CHURCH PLAYS

"Wanted A wife", "The Joggsville convention", "Martha made over", "Aunt Susan's visit", "The Young Village Doctor", "The Minister's Bride", "Aunt Mary's Family Album", humorous, wholesome, easy to present, for particulars apply, Clara Rothwell Anderson, 255 Mackay Street, Ottawa, Canada 46.6

Church Plays, "Wanted a Chauffeur," a new bright entertaining, one-act temperance play for young people—sample copy 50c. Write for particulars of my popular church plays. Ida E. Potter, Portage la Prairie, Man. 46.2

RUG YARN

$1.15 per pound up. Twenty-one samples free. STOCKING & YARN MILLS, Dept 5, Orillia, Ont.

David Livingstone, the greatest son of Britain, A Pageant Play, 5 Acts, 18 characters, 2 hours, by DR. G. WATT SMITH, Vars, Ont. 25 cents. 43.6

Church Organ for sale. Karn-Warren, Woodstock, builders. Pneumatic action, twenty stops, two manuals, seven couplers organ bench and two h.p. electric motor, can be inspected any time. Apply Church wardens, Cronyn Memorial Church, London, Ont. 43.3

A 15 Jewel Swiss Watch for $6.00

Introducing what we honestly believe to prove a most sensational offer in a fully jewelled lifetime guaranteed watch for only $6. It took months of negotiation with a famous watch manufacturer in Switzerland to make possible the offering to Canadian consumers of a guaranteed 15 jewel watch in cases to suit every taste for only $6. You may order the above watches in either of the following 3 models: Pocket watch, white, finely engraved case with artistic raised figures; strap watch, white engraved case, leather strap; or ladies' white or green gold filled watch with latest dials on fine silk ribbon. We place our reputation behind the most spectacular offer. Remember, upon examining the watch you will find "15 jewels, 4 adjustments" stamped on the movement. Please do not underestimate ours when you see watches of same description priced at $15 or over. Do not send us money. Send us an order which we'll call a trial order. Pay $6 upon delivery and please return if in the least way disappointed, and we will refund your money plus returning charges. Thousands of these watches will be bought as gifts this Christmas. For a limited time we will send one extra unbreakable 50c crystal with every watch ordered. Show this offer to your friends, who will thank you for it. This offer calls for the famous slogan "Do it now!" Quality Jewellers, Watch Division, Dept. 19, 459 McGill Street, Montreal.

BULBS AND PLANTS

TREES, TREES, TREES

Buy trees that grow. Apple, plums, cherries, raspberries. Ornamentals, trees, shrubs, roses, perennials, peonies. Send today your want list for October delivery. Direct to customers. Rougemont Nurseries, Rougemont, Que. 42.6

STAMPS AND COINS

Stamps—100 varieties 12c. Coins—23 varieties, 50c. Free premium and list; 25,000 varieties in stock. Buying List 12c post free. CHAS. BAILEY, 2850 Dundas Street west, Toronto, 9 Ontario. t.f.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents either sex, take orders for Christmas Cards, no experience necessary. Sample book free. Highest commission. "MANUFACTURERS," P.O. Box 931, Montreal. 35.12

Agents—If you like trees and shrubs, why not sell them? Make a business of it. Part time or full time. 900 varieties of proven Red Tag Nursery Products. Cash every week. Equipment and instructions free. Write DOMINION NURSERIES, Montreal. e.o.w.

35 percent commission—orders pour in. Send today for free sample album of beautiful personal Christmas cards and start at once selling these. Easy to earn over $5.00 a day. Spare or full time. Manager, Dept. 13, 3 Winchester Ave., Montreal.

DISTRICT MANAGERS—AGENTS—$100 WEEKLY EASY. Amazing New Product. Nothing like it. Removes without soap or water in one operation, dirt, mud, grease, tar, from any surface quickly, easily. Guaranteed harmless. Makes any car look like new for few cents. Wonderful for cleaning car in cold weather. Every autoist, home, office, garage, your prospects. Exclusive territory. Free samples. NUWAY, Alexandria, Ont.

AGENTS EITHER SEX — $75 WEEKLY EASY selling "PALCO" Cleaners. Fast sellers. Every Home, Office, Garage, Autoist your prospects. Free samples. P. A. LEFEBVRE & CO., Limited, Alexandria, Ont.

BUSINESS CARDS

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

Artists' Brushes, Colors, Paper, Pastels and Canvas, also everything that an artist would require. Send for catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LIMITED, 1429 McGill College Ave., Montreal. 49-52

EDUCATIONAL

The De Brisay Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Correspondence courses. ACADEMIE DE BRISAY, Ottawa. 9-52

NURSING

Women between the ages of 18 and 35 to take nurse's training course. Four years' high school or its equivalent required, apply to the Litchfield County Hospital, Winsted, Conn. U.S.A. 46.6

FARMERS' MARKETS

A STUDY OF PRICE MOVEMENTS

An Annual Report on Prices and Price Indexes has just been issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, which covers comprehensively the large and difficult field of price movements and contains a great deal of valuable and interesting information.

Wholesale Prices are shown both in the form of index numbers and also as actual quotations for 230 commodities. Index numbers trace the movement of wholesale prices back to 1890, the indicated drop from 243.5 in 1920 to 151.6 in 1927 being of particular interest currently. A careful analysis of the causes for important price changes in commodities and groups forms part of this section of the report and includes references to such subjects as the working of the Stevenson rubber restriction scheme, the changing export market for cattle, the world's cattle supply and the rise in the price of leather and shoes, the condition of the lumber market, etc.

An interesting and important contribution to the statistics of wholesale prices is found in appendix B which contains index numbers for the period from 1867 to 1890 recently computed for the Bureau by Mr. Herbert Marshall. As pointed out in the Appendix these make available official data for the study of the major price swings since the formation of the Dominion, which includes a prolonged decline from 1872 to 1897, a prolonged rise from 1898 to 1913 and the period of abnormal currency inflation in the war and post-war period.

Retail Prices and cost of living are discussed by means of tables of prices, index numbers and budgets. The trend is shown to have been fairly stable for the last three years.

Price trends and the background of general economic conditions in the British Empire and foreign countries are the subject of a special chapter which deals with such topics as the progress of stabilization in Europe, the state of British Industry related to price trends, and various other monetary and economic phenomena interrelated to price and currency movement. Comprehensive tables of Index Numbers of Prices in the countries discussed are included.

A section on Security Prices contains index numbers computed from both the Trader's and the Investor's point of view, the method of constructing them and their use being described in Appendix A. These index numbers measure accurately and portray clearly the great bull movement in the security market in recent years. The tables include one showing the average monthly price of leading common stocks on the Montreal and Toronto Exchanges in 1926 and 1927.

Costs of various services are an important item in any study of cost of living statistics. Under the heading "Prices of Services" rates and index numbers are shown for such services as street cars, hospitals, gas, electricity and telephones. This section shows that street car fares have averaged 6c in the Dominion since 1924. Hospital charges have been stable for public wards since 1923 and the cost of maintenance has also been fairly stable. Dominion average charges for natural gas have decreased since 1925, those for manufactured gas have declined slightly also. Domestic electric light rates have declined steadily in recent years. Telephone charges, because of increasing complexity of plant and equipment, and because of the increasing number of calls per telephone with the growth of cities, have tended upward.

The final section of the report deals with import and export valuations and furnishes tables of index numbers which measure price changes in imports and exports as distinguished from combined price and quantity changes. This index is of considerable value in "rectifying" import and export valuations in times of rapid currency changes.

THE POULTRY MARKET

With the turn of the month the Canadian storage egg situation assumes a much more favorable light. It appears that withdrawals from storage at both Montreal and Toronto have been heavier than anticipated, and with another favorable month for trading in storage eggs, such as November promises to be, it is quite probable that the current storage deal will close in a fairly satisfactory manner. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics figures, covering holdings for the entire Dominion, will not be available for another week but the Board of Trade reports from Montreal and Toronto show a healthy situation in those centres. At Toronto holdings on November 1st were 58,000 cases, compared to 84,000 cases on October 1st and 81,000 cases on November 1st, 1927. Holdings at Montreal on November 1st were 82,000 cases, as against 105,000 cases on October 1st and 97,000 on November 1st last year.

Reports from the West, too, indicate that the storage markets there are much healthier than a few weeks ago. With the advancing season there has been a heavier movement into consumption and a few cars are being shipped East on consignment, although it is difficult to make f.o.b. sales. At some of the prairie centres holdings this year have been light and there has been recently some inter-city movement. Offers of eggs for export have been received from the West, Edmonton offering a car of storage Firsts, Export Packed, at 38 cents Montreal. An offer of 16s. 6d. cif has been made from Liverpool. This would amount to slightly under 38 cents at Montreal.

The export movement of Canadian storage eggs this year has been fairly satisfactory, at least from the standpoint of volume, and there is no doubt but that this reduction of stocks locally has had a very beneficial effect on the market. Total shipments of Canadian eggs to Britain through Montreal last week were 2,702 cases. Only a small portion of these were from Montreal, the majority coming on a through bill of lading. Egg inspection figures show exports of Canadian eggs since Sept. 1st to be in excess of 10,000 cases.

The American market has shown more strength during the week. November refrigerator futures closing at Chicago on November 3rd at 30 1-2, although they sold as high as 31 cents. At this level there is little danger of serious competition from American storage eggs. Their quantity is uncertain and with duty and freight they would cost between 35 and 36 cents delivered Montreal or Toronto. Local storage Seconds are selling at approximately this figure, or even less.

The fresh egg market needs little comment, the situation being covered fairly fully in the reports from the individual markets. With the exception of British Columbia, receipts are practically negligible and the surplus there is far from sufficient to meet the orders which are arriving from all parts of the country. The present situation gives evidence of continuing through the greater part of the present month. The probable price trend on fresh eggs is problematical. The market will, no doubt, continue firm, but at the present levels for fresh Extras in Montreal and Toronto there is a noticeable decrease in the demand for this grade and an increase in the demand for Firsts and for storage eggs.



VISITING CANADA

Arthur Stringer, poet and novelist, visiting his native country in connection with Canadian book week, advises young Canadian writers to be Canadian in their work. "Don't be afraid of a strong Canadian note in your writing," he says, "even if you go to New York. If you stick to your own environment you'll find your work appreciated so long as it is true and distinctive." Mr. Stringer, who has published thirty-one books and written about twenty movie scenarios, in addition to having published seven volumes of verse, says that an artist's productivity is apt to be restricted by too much "petting." "He works better under some form of irritation," he says.

BRUIN IN ORCHARD

Bears having made their appearance on several occasions recently on the farm of George Anderson, 14 miles from Fredericton, N.B., and having caused no little annoyance, Mr. Anderson's crippled son, named Guy, aged 17 years, armed himself with a rifle and went on the watch for bruin in the orchard.

The crippled boy's attention was attracted by a noise in an apple tree, and glancing up, spied a bear clinging to a limb and helping itself to a supply of fruit. "Whatever goes up is sure to come down," mused the youth as he pointed his rifle at the bear and discharged it. Bruin certainly came down, and so quickly that he landed on top of the boy, crushing him to the ground. The bear had probably been wounded, for he was in such a great hurry that he made no attempt to grapple with the boy, although he spiked his gun by driving the muzzle of the rifle almost a foot into the ground, and then skedaddled.

Fortunately, the boy was uninjured by the unexpected and rather violent collision, and after picking himself up hurried back to his father's house as rapidly as his disabilities would permit.

A Flexible POLICY

The Jubilee policy of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada is the ideal contract for the man who wishes to secure the benefits of immediate protection but is not sure what type of policy will best suit his particular needs.

Under its provisions, the assured can determine the form of protection he needs five years after the assurance has been put in force.

He can take his choice of four options:

A limited payment life policy.

An endowment policy.

An ordinary life policy for an increased amount.

An ordinary life policy at a reduced premium.

For further details of this attractive plan, write for, "The Jubilee Policy," to

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE-MONTREAL

To date the records of the Port of Montreal show seven more ocean steamship arrivals this year than last (at 955), despite the late opening of the season of navigation this year—April 26th as compared with April 17th last year. There is, however, a decrease of 11 coasting craft (at 279) as compared with 1927. Ocean passenger lists showed 9,300 more names. The current season is expected to set new records.

The Department of Public Works, at Ottawa, will shortly invite tenders for the first part of the public undertakings, designed to make Prescott, Ont., the transfer terminal for lake traffic. The ultimate outlay at Prescott is estimated at approximately $5,000,000, covering rail facilities, docks and elevators. It is understood that plans are now being prepared for the railway layout in which both the large railway companies are concerned.

The preliminary survey of the site for the St. Lawrence River International Bridge, west of Brockville, has been completed by engineers working under the direction of W. A. McLean, C.E., Toronto, and the latter has expressed himself as well pleased with the surveys and with the soundings taken on shoals between Refugee Island and the United States shore. It is planned to make use of Smiths and Refugee Islands as stepping stones for the crossing of the river, which is approximately one mile in width at that point.

Dear Sir:—

I do not wish to include my own renewal in your special offer as am more anxious to have your paper go into new homes. I thank you for this opportunity. My home has never been without the Witness. It was always near the Bible—a fitting place for such a paper. We never had to look for it. My husband took it before we were married, so when I left my old home I still had it. On July 22nd my dear mother passed away and on the 27th dear father followed. He was 85 years old and she nine years younger. They were partners with the Witness in its great work. Dear mother always sent it to others as she could. I have also done somewhat to increase the circulation but not for several years. In memory of my dear parents, I want to do more in the future, as I can. I am giving Mr. Will's name my own address as he is going to move in two weeks and has not his new address, but he can get it here for a while. He is engaged to my daughter. I hope they will always have it in their home and get as much good as I have. I can't begin to tell you how I love it.

Yours very sincerely,
(Mrs. George W.) Grace W. MacKenzie.
Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 31st, 1928.

P.S. My dear parents were Mr. and Mrs. John Ingraham. They were living in Wolfville, N.S., the last few years of their lives but formerly North Sydney, N.S. Mother would always ask me if I were reading the story but she did not live to finish the "Mustard Seed". It was a beautiful story but she will have still better where she is. They were sincere in their Christian lives which is the best that can be said of anyone.

—G. W. MacK.



Sir Austen Chamberlain, British secretary of foreign affairs, is touring Canada with members of his family, Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain were decorated together by His Majesty the King for their services in the completion of the Lacarno peace pact. Recently Sir Austen's health has been the cause of considerable anxiety and this journey is apparently having its effect as the foreign secretary reported that he felt "quite well." These two pictures were taken in Toronto. (1) Miss Diane Chamberlain, (2) Sir Austen.