

WITNESS

Working with those who are united in good will
—though differing in opinion and method—
toward a better world

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*Make Canada
a land to love.*
—J.R. Dougall

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The Week's Outlook

NON-INTERVENTION IN EFFECT

AT long last the plan of 27 nations for control of the Spanish coasts and frontiers is in effect. Fleets of Britain, France, Italy and Germany are patrolling the coasts, while a cordon of observers is checking entry into Spain across the Portuguese border and from France across the Pyrenees. The irony of the whole affair is that so large a share of the enforcement of this neutrality is left in the hands of the three nations which have not only persistently violated that neutrality but were participators from the beginning in the revolt to which all three, desiring to extend the Fascist sway, were privy. No wonder the Spanish Government is balking at any sort of control to be exercised by her most relentless enemies, who have made bargain with the arch-rebel Franco. Mr. Hazen Sise of Montreal, one of that small group of Canadians engaged in a work of mercy for the wounded under the leadership of Dr. Norman Bethune, also of Montreal, in a letter which appeared a few weeks ago in this paper stated categorically that Italian ships then working under the Non-Intervention Committee's control plan which is now "perfected" were doing their patrol duties during the day and shelling the loyalist coasts at night. So much for international honor! Incidentally the noble group to which Mr. Sise belongs and the work it is doing constitute one of the all too few features of this civil war which do not bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of all members of the British Commonwealth who are jealous of the high reputation that Britain won in the past for help and encouragement of nations struggling for freedom. In every, admittedly difficult, decision that the British Cabinet has made in recent weeks, the scale has invariably been turned against the legitimate Government and in favor of the rebels. The failure of the British Government to escort British food ships—carrying cargoes which are not banned by the Non-Intervention agreement—into starving Bilbao contrasts too uncomfortably with the speed at which British food ships proceeded to Malaga immediately that port fell into the hands of the rebels. Official warnings as to the perils of trying to reach Bilbao do not stand well alongside the fact—news of which reaches us at the time of going to press—that a British

ship with a week's supply of food has eluded the rebel blockade to land its freight in Bilbao. The British Cabinet is producing some very unhappy reading matter for future British students of the Spanish civil war.

On the various fronts in Spain the Government is still stoutly holding its own, maintaining the offensive in every quarter except Bilbao, where the Basque Government is being hard pressed. It is significant that while three months ago, the various chancelleries of Europe were looking to an early Fascist victory, the talk now is largely of the possibility of a stalemate and compromise between the rebels and loyalists. Continued Italian reverses raise the possibility that Dino Grandi's truculent prophecy in London that no Italian "volunteers" would leave Spain before the war ended might be fulfilled in a sense quite different from that which he intended. Meantime the Spanish people are being bombed and starved and worse—and our "Christian civilization" passes by on the other side!

What a million pities the League of Nations is not in a position to undertake to adjudicate between the factions in Spain and send the interfering nations about their own business. If it could do that in Spain it could yet do it for China, Ethiopia and other more or less unhappy peoples.

THE DECLINE OF FASCISM

THINGS are not going so well for Fascism these days. The repeated rout of Italian forces in Spain, the failure of the Spanish rebels to make good their boast of speedy conquest in spite of Italian and German aid, and the obvious incompetence of the Spanish rebel leaders have served to puncture the bluff of the efficiency of dictatorships. More damaging than any other factor—however lightly Hitler and Mussolini regard it—is the demonstration of the moral bankruptcy of these governments of force and fraud in their continued despatch of assistance to the rebels in spite of their solemn pledges to desist from all intervention. The latest news is that German and Italian "volunteer" airmen, with war planes and equipment have arrived to bolster up the drooping spirits of the Franco battalions.

In Belgium the pretensions of Mr. Degrelle, the would-be Mussolini of his country, were badly deflated in a Brussels constituency where the Prime Minister, Mr. Van Zeeland, accepting a challenge from the Fascist leader, scored an overwhelming victory, winning the seat which had gone to the "Rexists" (Fascists) in the previous election when the democratic vote was much divided.

Britain's Mussolini, Sir Oswald Mosley, has not yet got above the stage of a figure of fun, but his bid for power has cost him so much that even his great private fortune, supplemented by grants from foreign powers, is feeling the strain. He hinted to his followers the other day that he might no longer be able to meet the demands made upon him. Hard on the heels of that admission came the news of a breakaway from his British Union of Fascists, headed by two of his former lieutenants who complain of Mosley's slavish adherence to foreign methods and ideals. They want a British brand of Fascism, which is something akin to asking for a white blackbird. There may be connection between the Mosley announcement and the fissure in the Fascist ranks. There are possibly a few sincere fanatics in the movement, but it is obvious

1,318 New Subscribers Already Received and every mail swells the number

To all co-operators who, so far, have taken part in this drive, we express the appreciation of the great nation-wide family of Witness readers, editors and staff.

Indeed, in the name of Canada, we thank them, for their work was done for Canada.

that most of its membership is in Fascism for what they hope to get out of it.

Rumania has clamped down on its variety of Fascism, the Iron Guard, so thoroughly that young Prince Nicholas, eagerly looking for support against his brother, King Carol, has been compelled to disavow all connection with this organization that has not attempted to hide its affiliation with Italian and German Fascism. In Hungary, Premier Koloman Daranyi has warned that short shrift awaits any attempt at dictatorship of any stripe in that country. Daranyi declared that all the nation's tasks can be accomplished within the framework of the present constitution. His statement is true of every nation that has representative and responsible government. The glamor that dictatorship has held for sinister and unintelligent elements in every nation is wearing somewhat thin. How many Canadians would choose today between life here and life in either Italy or Germany? How many Germans, attached as they are to the Fatherland, would like to escape from under the heavy hand of dictatorship?

A BIT OF HISTORY

WHEN the Irish Free State was created fifteen years ago a Constitution was drafted by a Committee over which General Michael Collins first presided. The Committee consulted the constitutions of most democratic countries as well as of the British Dominions, also studying the history of the events which led to their adoption. The result was a Constitution with all modern improvements. The Constitution was generally approved by the country, was adopted by the Dail and passed by the Senate.

From the beginning there was a strong dissident minority led by Mr. de Valera. The upshot was a Civil War, involving considerable loss of life and destruction of property.

Constitution-Making

THE dissident party,—now in power as a Government,—has drawn up another Constitution. It provides for a President elected by the people as the head of the Irish Free State; a Prime Minister, with Cabinet, as the executive; a two-chamber Parliament, the Lower Chamber to be popularly elected as at present, the Upper Chamber to be chosen on a vocational basis; full recognition of the liberty of conscience rights of minorities.

The "President" takes the place formerly held by the Governor-General as official head of the State. The King disappears as far as internal affairs are concerned. In external affairs the association of the Free State with the British Commonwealth

of Nations remains. Mr. de Valera has stated that should a republic be achieved for the whole of Ireland the new Constitution will not require a word of alteration. He, however, has made no more definite move toward a Republic. The Constitution will be submitted to the vote of the people probably at the general election that is due this year. A radical minority opposes it, much as de Valera opposed the former Constitution, but from all accounts the new dissentients have little hold in the country. The people of Ireland do not want another Civil War. Mr. de Valera's Government has just presented a very satisfactory financial statement. Sean MacEntee, the Finance Minister, says that the country is "stronger in will, stouter in heart and more confident of its future than it was at this time five years ago," when his party took office.

In spite of the "Republican" Constitution, relations between Britain and Ireland are growing more friendly. The statesmanship that gave the Irish people full power to control their own affairs is proving itself a successful experiment.

MR. HEPBURN AND THE STRIKE

PREMIER HEPBURN'S high-handed attitude is calculated to excite and aggravate trouble between Labor and Capital. He is at present the chief obstacle to such a settlement as ended the strike of workers in the parent General Motors Company in Michigan. The praise that is being heaped upon him by the most reactionary journals in this country and in the United States appears to have gone to his head. It is a long time since a public man in this country manifested such lack of control. Mr. Hepburn's talk about licensing the workers' unions in order to keep their dues from crossing the border into the hands of foreign agitators is another factor of trouble. Strange that, almost in the same breath, he expressed his preference for the American Federation of Labor, which is equally foreign. Where is his consistency? Might such an act not establish a precedent that could be equally exerted against investment in any alien service? What, in principle, is the difference between paying an insurance premium, say a group premium, to an American company, and paying dues to an American Labor organization, especially if it be in fact international, for its help in time of need. It is out of date, behind the times, quite old-fashioned to holler, "We'll have no truck nor trade with the Yankees."

Yet Mr. Hepburn's new-found admiration for the American Federation of Labor under Mr. William Green will deceive nobody, least of all the workers in whose interests he professes to act. He explains his eagerness to thwart Mr. Lewis, the leader whom

an important section of Labor is now preferring, lest that gentleman should proceed to organize the miners of Ontario. Can it be possible that desire to please the men who have made fortunes out of exploiting the mineral wealth of the province is at the back of his desire to checkmate John L. Lewis? Are "our" mining and motor corporations not largely owned and controlled by "Americans"? Surely Labor has the right to be as broadly American as is Capital, and an equal right to select its leaders and spokesmen. In these ways the two countries are being economically and socially knit together. And we, who look forward to the day when "all men shall brothers be," hail every evidence of beneficent interrelationship and mutual service. Only on those lines will we find increasing international goodwill. What are tariff walls and oaths of allegiance mixed with pride and prejudice toward the alien; are they not in effect the seeds of hate and of war? Surely the world has had evidence enough of the evils of overstressed nationalism and imperialism.

Obedience to Law

UNDERSTANDING of law and obedience to it simplifies life. See how the laws of metallurgy have been studied, for the mining and motor car corporations, by eminent scientists and their staffs in wonderful laboratories, chemical and mechanical. See how the immutable laws of nature dictate to man and how loyal he is to them once he understands them. He would never think of playing tricks on natural law. Yet when he deals with men he is not as loyal as when he deals with metal. Is it that he has less respect for humanity? Metal is recalcitrant unless it is treated rightly. And right treatment and fair-dealing is the essential to beneficent co-operation between managements and men.

Strife and war are of the Devil. Goodwill, mutual service and peace are of God. It is only in an un-Christian world that there can be strife between sane men. But the world is not Christian. Even the church that wears the tag—dare it, dare its officers and members, submit themselves to the test of the Cross? How many of us, calling ourselves Christian or Pacifist, will forego the last grain of "privilege" over any of our fellows, the last "privilege" of comfort, of culture, of pleasure or of power that, dividing evenly, none may lack or feel aggrieved at our greater luck and advantage? What's in the name of Christianity if the contents of the can will not stand the test love demands as set forth in I Corinthians 13th? As someone has said, "The way to test oneself by that chapter is to put one's own Christian name in the place of the word 'love,' wherever it appears." Try it. If you feel satisfied that it fits, try it before your family, your neighbor, your social circle, your business circle, your church! Would your "enemy" have reason to think it a perfect fit?

Goodwill Costs Less

WE were talking about the struggles between organized labor and organized capital—between the men behind the machines and the men behind the money. We have no brief for either side. Neither side so much as reads the Witness, so far as our subscription lists indicate. And neither side likes our attitude, or, until they are changed, are they likely to. For we do not believe in coercive methods except for restraining ignorant children, lunatics and criminals who would use their freedom to injure either themselves or their fellows. Goodwill conferences cost less and accomplish more than threats or acts of coercion. Mr. Hepburn calls Mr. Lewis "a foreign agitator." Does Mr. Hepburn not know that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones? It is infinitely worse to have an agitator under the hat of a Prime Minister. We advise Mr. Hepburn to review the matter as soberly as he

can before he pursues his present course further. As chief steward of the welfare of his province he must not favor any selfish interest against any other selfish interest, but must try to find the basic causes of trouble and work for their elimination, whatever side they are on. Usually neither side is absolutely perfect.

THE NATIONAL RAILWAYS AGAIN IN DANGER

ACKNOWLEDGING that irresponsible duplication of railway lines has loaded upon Canada the greatest railway burden in the world, it seems a queer sort of logic which calmly acquiesces in the continuation and extension of that duplication. By the granting of a charter to the Quebec Goldfields Railway to employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway, acting as dummies for that corporation, sanction has been given to the construction of wholly unnecessary lines to serve regions which the Canadian National Railways opened up at considerable cost and which are now being given excellent service. That charter was granted on the ground that it afforded a direct route from Abitibi and Northern Temiskaming to Montreal. The Canadian National contention in opposition to the granting of that charter was that the nationally owned company already had the best possible railway route to Montreal. This argument went unheeded in the committee rooms of a legislative body dominated by a provincial government which, as recent disclosures have intimated, had reached the lowest depth of corruption in recent Canadian history.

A similar situation has arisen over another thinly veiled attempt of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in an application for the chartering of the Temiskaming and Abitibi Railway, over a route closely paralleling the line of the Canadian National Railways presently under construction between Rouyn and Senneterre. It is a barefaced attempt to cut in on traffic to which the Canadian National has every right, by reason of having developed and served the territory at great expense from the first. This line, if permitted, will add nothing to this country's railway service but will add substantially to Canada's railway costs. One of the problems, which both railways, by federal legislation based on the Royal Commission of 1931, are directed to face is the abandonment of duplicate lines of railway. This has been done somewhat halfheartedly up to date, but there is a strange inconsistency in abandoning duplicate lines in one part of the country and at the same time building 100 miles of new duplicate lines in Abitibi. The Royal Commission report commented on duplication in the following terms: "Now in the interests of both railways and of the taxpayers of Canada there must be a cessation of aggressive and uncontrolled competition. Control and prohibition in respect of the construction of new lines and provision of facilities and additional services where no essential need of the public involved."

Costly Duplication

THE principle that competitive duplication of railway facilities should cease was recognized by the Dominion Government when the Canadian National-Canadian Pacific Act was adopted. The Dominion Government in granting authority for the line presently under construction by the C.N.R. between Noranda and Senneterre made its position clear through Hon. C. D. Howe, the Federal Minister of Railways, as follows:

"The situation resolves itself into this: The Canadian Government have built a line through northern Quebec which is intended as a development and colonization line, and now, after all the years in which it has been operating at a deficit and when this particular area promises to produce traffic which will in a measure justify

that construction, I hardly think it can be conceived that this territory thirty-five miles from the National Transcontinental and which is now being served by that line and fairly well served, should be allowed to pass into the control of a competing company."

The time has gone when there was easy toleration of the principle that the public treasury should shoulder the burden and bear the cost of pioneering projects and allow private interests to reap the harvest of profit when it came.

Mr. Bennett commenting on the duplication remarked:

"The construction of both roads would, in my judgment be a calamity under present conditions and if for traffic or other reasons the territory is entirely that of the Canadian National I think representation should be made to the Quebec Government that it would be regarded as desirable not to charter the other road."

Sir Edward's Testimony

SIR EDWARD BEATTY in his numerous speeches has repeatedly stressed the tremendous national debt this country incurred in the past by building railways where railways already existed. But he does not like to be reminded that his own company was a leader in that wrong by paralleling the old Grand Trunk Railway. In more than one of his addresses occurs the following sentence:

"Large corporations, even those confronted with a highly competitive condition, would be wise to respect the integrity of each other's investment and restrict duplication and waste to a minimum, and the same observation would apply with even greater force in competition with a private enterprise."

Evidently Sir Edward, who correctly used the word "waste" as the only adequate synonym for duplication believes, however, that it is wrong for the Government to build competitive railway lines, but quite all right for a privately-owned railway to commit the offence.

More Amalgamation Talk

THE campaign for unification of the Canadian railways is once again under way. This time it is much more subtle than the campaign of earlier years which completely failed to win popular support. We are hearing of speeches and articles which tell how beneficial to British railway workers has been the co-ordination imposed on the railways there. We are told that the workers' rates of pay have been maintained and that they have enjoyed a greater degree of stability of employment.

One or two observations on the British situation might not be out of place here. Admitting the benefits to workers from the elimination of wasteful competition in Britain, it is to be noted that there is no such monopoly there as is proposed by the advocates of the private railway company here. Nor is the situation in Britain complicated by the existence side by side of public and privately owned railway corporations. But the important thing is that if there are benefits to be had from co-ordination—which in this country means simply merging—we are all for it. We agree entirely with Sir Edward as to the wisdom of his unification policy. Our only reservation is that it should be a publicly owned all-Canadian railway system. It will have to come to that in the long run. Sir Edward's mop will be no more effective than was Mrs. Partington's. But if the people of Canada swallow the plausible propaganda being sluiced to them through every possible channel, the cost of their struggle against the clutches of a giant octopus will be multiplied.

Orthodoxy: What I, I, I, believe.

Idealism: I deal-ism.

Nuf Sed.

COLONIZATION DIFFICULTIES

MR. J. F. Pouliot, M.P., claims that so far as his Temiscouata constituency is concerned, "colonization" has been carried out in a very imperfect manner. "The idea of certain organizations seemed to be to take the Montreal unemployed, put them in a bucket and spill them over the countryside without rhyme or reason. The idea was not to colonize but to get rid of relief." He said that some large families placed on the land had not a single animal. In some cases their hens had died of starvation. "They were brought there under false pretences, and what we cannot understand is how the good fertile lands were passed up and these people put on rocky lots on which the lumber has either been cut by companies or destroyed by fire."

Robinson Crusoe

IF colonization has been mismanaged, in Mr. Pouliot's constituency the chances are that similar abuses exist elsewhere. "Colonization" under proper auspices, on suitable lands and with "colonists" fit for pioneer work is theoretically a good plan for draining the "pool" of unemployment which is festering in the cities. We have heard of some "colonist" families who, with hard work, are making good under the scheme. They are, however, families where the heads of the household are of good physique and the husband at least has had some experience in farm work. According to Mr. Pouliot, a very large proportion have had no such experience. To strand such families in out-of-the-way districts must have put them in a worse plight than Robinson Crusoe. He at least was landed on a sub-tropical island where food was plentiful and he had a great store of goods in the wreck which he could draw from at the cost of a little labor and ingenuity. Mr. Pouliot claims to be able to supply chapter and verse for his charges. If conditions are as bad as he claims, they should be remedied without delay. Investigation should be rushed and anyone guilty of knowingly placing people where their lot would be harder should be punished for cruelty to humanity. Pitchforking people into the wilderness without due proper provision, supervision and aid if necessary, is a sinister way of remedying unemployment.

Mr. Pouliot was discussing from a narrowly racial and parochial point of view a question that the whole world must face sooner or later. The frightful holocaust of another world war has come so close that men today are fearfully feeling their faces hot with its flames. If it is to be staved off and beaten out, it can only be done by a new deal of equity for all underprivileged people, our own first, of course. They are our peculiar responsibility. A vast redistribution of people, and territory, or raw materials and opportunities—not only within nations, but among all the nations of the world—is immediately imperative. The people who see their commerce stifled by lack of opportunity to trade with others, the nations that are finding themselves congested by increase of population for which there is no room must be met in honest, earnest conference by the nations that have excess lands and resources. In a word, the nations as well as individuals—who control too much of this world's opportunities must be prepared to share in some way with the have-nots. It is on this principle our belief is based that Canada must open her doors to more of the hungry and underprivileged of other nations, and that doing so she will find her own larger life. Particular schemes of immigration and settlement have their merits or demerits. We are not pontifical with regard to any particular scheme. Nor do we believe that we have been making the best use of our own opportunities for our own people. There has been unequal pri-

vation and hardship, both among the farmers of the prairies and the unemployed, of which we should all be ashamed, while on the other hand there has been shameful luxury. Right

here in Canada we need to study better distribution. But of one thing we are convinced. Our safety does not lie in a policy of national selfishness or exclusiveness.

France in Syria

By Paul Olberg, in the Contemporary Review (London).

THE Mandate policy pursued by France in Syria has achieved exactly the reverse of what was desired, namely the union of the national elements in the various "States." Generally mistaken were the tactics of employing the Christians as allies against the Moslems; for the Maronites, and also most of the other Christians, feel closely united with their Syrian home. They have proved this unity conclusively more than once. As already intimated the dissatisfaction found expression in risings.

Owing to the frequent riots and smoldering discontent among the population, France was compelled to maintain large military forces. Thus the expenses for the French army in Syria for 1929 amounted to 271 million francs. According to the statement of Pertinax in the 'Echo de Paris', the French budget has been burdened of late years by 160 million francs annually for the French troops. 'Oeuvre' also holds the view that the Mandate over Lebanon and Syria costs France a very great deal and requires 13,000 French troops. According to this paper the French commitments for these two countries amounted to about 350 million francs, whilst the troops alone devoured the gigantic sum of 160 million francs.

The last period under Count de la Martel failed to bring either order or peace into the country. Like General Gouraud, a man of the old diplomatic school, he planned great economic schemes, but soon abandoned them in order to devote himself to "high politics." In the sphere of internal policy, he started his "approaches" to the representatives of the nation with the dissolution of Parliament, without summoning it again. His rigorous police system led, finally, to the above-mentioned January rising. In the critical days he assumed an aggressive attitude which aggravated the situation. Almost the whole time he held office in an atmosphere of suspicion. In political circles in Syria it was considered practically certain that he would not return to Beirut. This, however, was not the case; but it is to be hoped that he will now pursue a conciliatory policy in the spirit of the new treaty.

Syrian Independence

SYRIA'S demands have been made known on various occasions. They were clearly formulated, for example, in the petition of the Syrian delegation to the Mandate Commission of the League on February 11th, 1927. "Above all the Syrians demand their full independence, like other civilized countries. They also demand the full exercise of their national sovereignty. They ask, therefore, to be admitted to the League of Nations, that is, they wish to be in possession of all the results of real juristic independence. In recognition of the sacrifices made by France in Syria and Lebanon, the representatives of the Syrian and Lebanon people will recognize France's right to certain economic advantages, which may be summed up as follows: the issue of loans, the development of the Syrian army, the creation of a French naval base on the Syrian coast, and, finally, the drawing up of a treaty of mutual defence in the event of danger." These demands included all the items brought forward by the Syrian delegation at the treaty negotiations in Paris. The chief points were the restoration of the constitution; abolition of the Mandate, the failure of which has become obvious; a declaration of the absolute

independence of Syria and recognition of the unity of the country in the territorial post-war divisions when the Mandate was introduced; the concluding of a treaty with France after the pattern of the treaty between Iraq and England. These demands were accepted by Count de la Martel, after the fifty days' strike of the Syrian people in 1935, as a basis for negotiations.

After several months of negotiation the treaty was at last concluded. All the questions concerning the relations between Syria and France have been regulated. The chief clause contemplates the dissolution of the Mandate in three years' time, when Syria, supported by France, is to enter the League. Meanwhile direct French rule is to yield to native government. Syria is to be awarded the most far-reaching rights in administration, law, finance and customs. The management of the so-called mutual interests, which rested in the hands of the Mandate government, is to be transferred to the Syrian Government. Special clauses regulate the rights of the French and of French undertakings in Syria. French military occupation is to be maintained to defend the frontiers, but the troops are to be decreased and limited to certain districts. A committee has been appointed to raise money for the future army and navy. This organization has decided to exact from every able-bodied inhabitant a minimum subscription of a franc a month; no provision is made for a maximum subscription. Simultaneously, groups are being organized for military training.

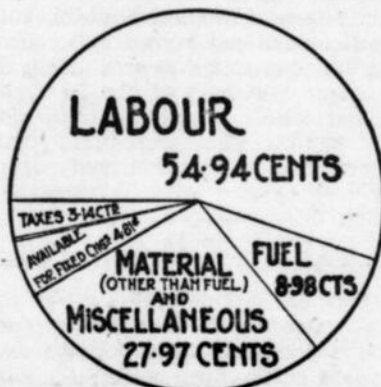
"Mr. Hepburn's red-blooded patriotism and determined statesmanship have been applauded by newspapers and individuals throughout Canada irrespective of party and by an influential section of the United States

press," says the Montreal Gazette in commenting on the Ontario Premier's war with John L. Lewis and the Committee of Industrial Organization which is seeking to enrol Canadian workers in an international trade union. Can this be the same Mr. Hepburn, whom the Gazette denounced so vehemently when he cancelled the contracts of the Ontario Hydro with the Quebec power companies, to which "the business man's paper" so consistently toadies?

QUESTIONS are easy to ask. And many will undertake to "tell the world" "right out in meetin'" exactly "when." Mr. Cheap Piosity, who so often stages himself on holy ground, will smugly quote Scripture—and do it as aptly as did the Devil to the yearning Christ.

Canada's largest fire mutual insurance company, the Wawanesa Mutual Insurance Company, reports its best year up to date. Operating under Dominion registry and protection, it serves more Canadians than does any other fire company. There is little doubt that the co-operative ideal will extend in the field of insurance of all kinds.

The C.N.R. Dollar



Labour got the bulk of the Canadian National Railways dollar in 1936. The above diagram shows the proportion of expenditures of every dollar of revenue taken in by the National System during the year.

Pioneers! O Pioneers!

The vanguard of mankind is not truly its present leaders, but an army of immortal names from all recorded history.

XVI. WHITMAN

PROPHET of democracy and America's greatest poet was Walt Whitman, born 118 years ago on Long Island, New York, of a line of Dutch and English farming folk. For a few years he attended a school in Brooklyn where his father had given up farming for carpentry, and as a youth he worked in a printing shop, taught classes, and wrote items for the newspapers. For a dozen years after coming of age he wandered up and down the country, working as a printer, editing papers in New Orleans and again in New York, but chiefly storing up impressions of the free, expansive, sometimes turbulent life of the American States of those days.

At thirty-six he published his first poems, and as they were not pretty sentiments arranged in jingling lines, many people found them objectionable. The form was irregular and without rhyme, in fact the first "free verse". The matter was unconventional in the extreme. But men who had a strong feeling for life along with their literary taste recognized his genius. They welcomed a poet whose style was essentially that of the old Hebrew prophets, perhaps because his theme was not greatly different. Whitman was clearly intoxicated with the vision of an un-

conquered continent being assailed by a hardy race which had escaped from the hands of kings and aristocrats. He saw America as offering an unprecedented opportunity for the upbuilding of a new civilization, freer and more virile than any of the Old World civilizations.

"Have the elder races halted? . . . We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson, Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

There came the rebellion of the Southern slave-holding States, and Whitman joined the Northern army as an ambulance attendant, serving through the years of Civil War. Lincoln became his hero; and in the poems entitled "Drum Taps" he expressed his faith that out of the horror of warfare would arise a stronger democracy. It may have shocked this faith somewhat to become himself a victim of the narrowest official spite: for after the War, on the grounds that some of his writing was improper, he was dismissed from a government clerkship. Only after a public controversy was he given another position.

A few years later he retired to Camden, New Jersey, having suffered a stroke of paralysis; and there he lived quietly until his death at the age of seventy-three.

G. McL.

"Padlock Law" Denial of British Liberty

It is to the shame of their British heritage that not an English-speaking member of the Legislature, nor a Chamber of Commerce, nor a Board of Trade, nor a service club nor a society of English, Irish, Scottish or Welsh members rose to voice a murmur of protest against Quebec's padlock law R. L. Calder, K.C., told an audience in the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, on April 16. Mr. Calder, well-known Montreal lawyer, was speaking in conjunction with an address by Roger N. Baldwin, director, American Civil Liberties Union. Mr. Baldwin told of the aims, work and hopes of the Union, and discussed the spread of its efforts throughout the world.

The meeting was held under the auspices of the newly-formed Civil Liberties Union of Canada. The League for Social Reconstruction joined the new group for the meeting.

Mr. Calder in an impassioned address was most caustic about the fact the padlock law bill does not define Communism or Communist activity. The law he described as "one of the most retrogressive pieces of legislation since the days of the Tudors, unless you are of Fascist tendencies, when you might consider it one of the greatest steps towards a Fascist state." There was no law in recent history which conferred upon any man such wide powers of "dictatorship" as the padlock law gave the Attorney-General of Quebec, Mr. Calder declared.

The definition of Communism, he continued, presumably "existed only in the Attorney-General's cranium."

He was disappointed enough when the Government members voted to a man for the bill. But when the Liberals did the same thing, "Liberalism in this Province wrapped itself in its shroud and laid itself in its coffin," he continued.

Further Mr. Calder charged, not one daily newspaper in the Province had raised its editorial voice against the law.

The passage of the bill was "the darkest hour of my life as a citizen of Canada and a Scotsman." To those who might suggest that if he didn't like the laws of Quebec he should "get out," Mr. Calder replied that an ancestor had turned the first sod in the province 300 years ago, and he intended to stay here. He offered to defend without payment anyone in the audience prosecuted under the law for taking his advice to rip off any padlock placed on a building by virtue of the act.

Mr. Baldwin in a passing reference to Canadian conditions suggested Premier Mitchell Hepburn of Ontario, regarding his action in the Oshawa strike, was "infected with the same kind of virus which runs in the veins of (William Randolph) Hearst (United States publisher) if he insists on characterizing the strike as the work of Communists."

The only regulations in any way similar to Quebec's padlock law in the United States are those rulings which prohibit, in effect, teachers from even mentioning the word "Communism," the speaker continued.

As far as the Civil Liberties Union was concerned, it leaned neither to the Left nor to the Right. In fact, concurrently it had defended the Ku Klux Klan against the persecution of Roman Catholics, and Roman Catholic teachers against similar persecution by Ku Klux Klan-dominated school boards, he declared.

He might summarize the work of the League, the speaker suggested, by holding that: "We cannot be free unless Jehovah's Witnesses are free." There can be no question of helping Communists and denying the right to Fascists.

"But non-partisan as our activities must be in the name of a principle, we cannot be blind to the fact that democracy today gains strength only as it arouses the political support of the forces headed for industrial democracy. The most heartening development to that end since the catastrophe of Hitler's triumph in Germany, due to the disunity of his opponents, is the rise of the popular front movements, uniting every political and working class organization from Centre to Left. France has succeeded by this new unity in beating back Fascism. The democratically-elected Popular Front Government of Spain, attacked by armed revolt, presents today the crucial test of democratic forces against Fascism. On the outcome of that struggle depends the survival of democracy as a force, together with the chance for international peace. For if the Fascist forces win, they will continue to spread and engulf one country after another in Europe, until international war inevitably arises from the conflict. To the degree, therefore, that democracy speeds the peaceful process of change, it creates the chief force for the defeat of reaction," he continued.

Dr. W. A. Gifford, of the United Theological College, was in the chair.—Montreal Gazette report.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

Witness on trial from May 1st to end of 1937—8 months—now only 30 cts. Two such for 50 cts. For places calling for extra postage see Page 8.

Letters

ON LETTING OFF STEAM

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—I was rather amused with the Blind-Passion letter in last week's paper, because, like the writer, my besetting sin (or one of them) is a habit of getting up in the air and writing the Editor every time he says something that I cannot agree with, but fortunately I had a very wise Mother who counselled me to wait three days before mailing any letter which might be described as hot or even warm; so, whenever I come across a statement which goes against the grain, or explodes my pet theory, I relieve my feelings by writing the Editor and ne-

glecting to mail same, with the consequence that my drawers are full of these letters to the editor, and, going over them months after, I often wonder how I ever came to write such tripe. There are, of course, occasions when it is one's duty to protest, but protest can be made in a dignified, Christian spirit, without losing its force.

Much as I love the Witness, I still often notice articles which I cannot agree with, and sometimes statements which pain me, but I enjoy the editorials so much and find so much of good that I am content to let the good counter-balance the slight evil. Without tolerance we cannot make Canada a land to love, not forgetting, however, that Toleration hath its griefs And hearay its trials.

You are to be commended upon the restraint you showed in your comment upon Mr. Hagerman's letter.

Bethany, Ont. Geo. B. Simpson.

Not in the Headlines—of the Popular Press

From the Nofrontier News Service.

REACTION IN SWITZERLAND

Geneva.—In certain respects, the Switzerland of 1937 reminds one of the Switzerland of November, 1918. At that time the country was in the grip of a widespread Red-scare. The entire militia, the army, and the volunteer corps were mobilized, while various industrial centres were occupied by military forces. The Bolshevik bogey has proved useful in various countries in aiding the government in putting over its program with the apathetic and ill-informed masses.

Now many of the leading Swiss dailies have started another campaign against the spectre of Communism. From the press and the platform warnings are issued of the necessity of strong measures unless the country would become a vassal of Soviet Russia. To an impartial observer this Red-scare seems rather fantastic, especially after he has checked up on the dwindling strength of the Communist Party in Switzerland.

Nonetheless, certain cantons have introduced new laws prohibiting Swiss citizens accused of "subversive ideas" from getting posts in the cantonal and federal secretariats. Moreover, the Grand Council of Neuchatel has just outlawed the Communist Party and "all subversive political associations" by a vote of 55 to 33. Furthermore, the Swiss press which a few years back could boast of its impartial and objective news service and editorials has, on the whole, turned definitely fascist.

In order to discover the reasons for this Red-scare, a number of Swiss intellectuals and ardent democrats have initiated a non-official enquiry. They decided that the chief factor in this reactionary movement has been the influence of the fascist or semi-fascist neighbors. They fear that the Nazis are planning to incorporate all German-speaking people within the Reich. And three-fourths of Switzerland is German-speaking.

In order to overcome the "obstinate opposition" of Swiss democrats, the country is being prepared by Red-scare propaganda. The general argument runs as follows: Democracy has had its day; unless we become fascist, the Communists will plunge the country into a bloody turmoil. Just look at Spain!

The peace movement is also suffering through this reaction. Pacifists are being lumped with Communists as "subversive elements", and attempts are being made to suppress anti-war publications.

WOMEN'S WORK IN HUNGARY

The Annual Meeting of the Feministak Egyesulete, the Hungarian section of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, was concerned with problems of peace and women's rights. For more than a half year this group was condemned to silence due to the prohibition of public meetings. The leaders of the F. E. regard it as a tribute to the importance of the society's work that, of all women's groups, this order was enforced most strictly against the F. E.

There was great interest in the matter of women's rights. A memorandum was sent to the government urging that an early answer be given to the League of Nations questionnaire. Another speaker reminded the meeting that the first appeal of Hun-

garian women demanding more rights for women was made in 1790, that is, almost 150 years ago. This appeal to the National Assembly antedated Mary Wollstonecraft's famous book, "Vindication of the Rights of Women," by two years. This English "hyena in petticoats" started the feminist movement.

Suffrage for women is today on a very restricted basis. Suffrage reform is definitely endorsed by various political parties and the women are demanding complete equality with the men. A close watch is to be kept on legislators and journalists as to their attitude toward women and the voters will be advised accordingly. How necessary this action is was shown by the recent "reform" of the Lawyers' Chamber which virtually barred women from the legal profession. This measure, too, is to be fought vigorously.

MEXICAN WORKERS HATE WAR

Mexico, D.F.—The employees of the Talleres Grafico de la Nacion (Government Printing Office) have installed in their offices a statue showing workers resisting the onslaught of a tank.

This plant is probably the only government institution in the world operated solely by the workers. The 700 employees elect the Workers' Technical Council which is responsible for the management of the biggest printing plant in the country. This arrangement has been in effect for one year, during which, for the first time in its history, the plant ran a surplus. This was used to raise wages about 30 percent, to found a workers' clinic and dispensary, to install new machinery, to build and stock a new library, and to pay for artistic adornments of the shop.

During the year a new paper-drying machine was needed. Since the only one on the market was made in Nazi Germany, the workers designed and built a machine of their own.

IS THERE STILL AN INTERNATIONAL MORALITY?

The Swiss government has closed down the Ethiopian consulate in Bern. Hearing of this action, the Negus sent a letter of protest to the Federal Council in which the following passage occurs:

I wish wholeheartedly that God may preserve the Swiss people from every aggression and from the terrible suffering which the Ethiopian people endured at the hands of an aggressor. . . . By depriving the Ethiopian people of the protection of its consul in Bern, the Swiss Federal Council does a great and inexcusable wrong. The government of the country which houses the League of Nations now gives this heavy blow to a people which is being tortured by a powerful aggressor. Is there still an international morality? What remains now of European civilization?

PORTUGUESE "NEUTRALITY"

London.—Although Portugal is officially neutral in the Spanish conflict, its government has bound up the prestige of the country with the fate of the Spanish Rebels.

The country is in a welter of confusion and personal rights are often disregarded entirely. Those who dare to express any sympathy for the Spanish Government become the vic-

tims of a terrible persecution, being thrown into prison and often abominably tortured. It is well known that Spanish refugees with anti-fascist sympathies are sent back into Spain and delivered into the hands of the Rebels, whereupon these unfortunate people are all shot. Frequently, too, anti-fascist Portuguese are sent into Spain as gifts to the Rebels.

Furthermore, the Portuguese government pays no attention to the Non-Intervention Agreement which it has signed. Every day the Spanish Fascists receive help from Portugal, not only in money, but also in materials. The frontier is quite open to the Spanish Fascists who freely enter the country and are often given full rights there, while many Portuguese are watched and forbidden free speech.

Perhaps the clearest evidence of the spirit of narrow nationalism which dominates the present Portuguese government is the fact that all Esperanto organizations have been closed and that it is forbidden to engage in the spread of that international language.

MUSSOLINI AND THE JEWS

Sporadic outbursts against the Jews in the Italian press have come as a surprise to European observers. Some of them are due to the intimate relations with Nazi Germany, particularly the friendship between General Goering and Marshal Balbo. Others are the result of the identification of Communism with Jewry, a German accusation which does not square with the facts even in Soviet Russia. Even more important is the association of the Jews with Radical Freemasonry whose lodges Mussolini suppressed shortly after his advent to power.

There have been some outstanding Jews in Italy to whom the country is indebted. Signor Luzzatti is a former prime minister and General Lavy served in the World War. Senator Schanzer has served the Fascist government both in Geneva and in the Foreign Office as legal adviser. Signor Nathan was formerly Lord Mayor of Rome, and Count Volpi, a descendant

of an old and famous Venetian family of merchants, is at present a financial adviser of Mussolini. Perhaps the Duce will not follow Hitler's lead in Jew-baiting.

HOW THE GERMAN CHILD LEARNS ARITHMETIC

Amsterdam.—A new German textbook in mathematics for elementary schools shows how the German child is being militarized. Here are a few examples:

One of our bombing planes flies 280 km. per hour in day time and 240 km. per hour at night. How long would it take to cover the distances between Berlin and Prague? between Munich and Strasbourg? between Cologne and Metz?

A squadron of 46 bombing planes is dropping bombs on an enemy city. Each plane carries 500 bombs weighing 1½ kilo each. What is the total weight of the bombs? How many fires will be set if every third bomb is a hit?

In the World War the Germanic allies mobilized 11,000,000 men, while Germany herself mobilized 13,000,000. Germany's enemies mobilized 47,000,000 men. How many enemies did each ten soldiers of Germany and her allies face on the front?

The World War lasted 1,563 days. How many German soldiers gave their life for the Fatherland every day? every hour? every minute?

France with a population of 42,000,000 spent 10,500,000,000 francs for armed preparedness in 1934. Germany with a population of 66,000,000 spent 650,000,000 Mark during the same period. How much was spent for preparedness per person in France? in Germany?

On March 16, 1935 Germany had 100,000 soldiers for the protection of a frontier 6,000 km. long. France had 600,000 soldiers for a frontier 2,700 km. long. How many soldiers were there per frontier kilometer in France? in Germany? How many soldiers ought Germany have in proportion to France?

It is easy to lose or squander 30 cts. Is it easy for your friend to find a better investment for so much of his good money as your offer to forward his on-trial subscription to the Witness from May 1st to Dec. 31?

Journalism Diagnosed

AS A PROFESSION

By REV. DR. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

A holy calling, a mission, a service of God through the service of man—that is what journalism in the HIGHEST REACHES OF ITS ACTIVITY has become, and some day will wholly and perfectly and beautifully be.

AS A COMMERCE

From a Special Supplement of THE NEW REPUBLIC, March 17.

Commenting on the desperate commercialization of modern journalism the New Republic in the following note told the reason why:

... All about us are the graves of high-minded journals that have starved to death simply because the people in whose behalf they were struggling could not be induced to support them.

AS PROPAGANDA

From the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE (New York)

"The little communist review—for example, early 'New Theatre' and early 'New Masses'—has a real chance of building up distribution, because its zealot readers will act as volunteer distributors, and it has a chance to raise funds for promotion from its readers. The astonishing story of how publishers and readers collaborated to lift the 'New Masses' from a net circulation of 6,000 at the beginning of 1934 to a net circulation of 25,000 twelve months later is a thriller to anyone conversant with the magazine game.

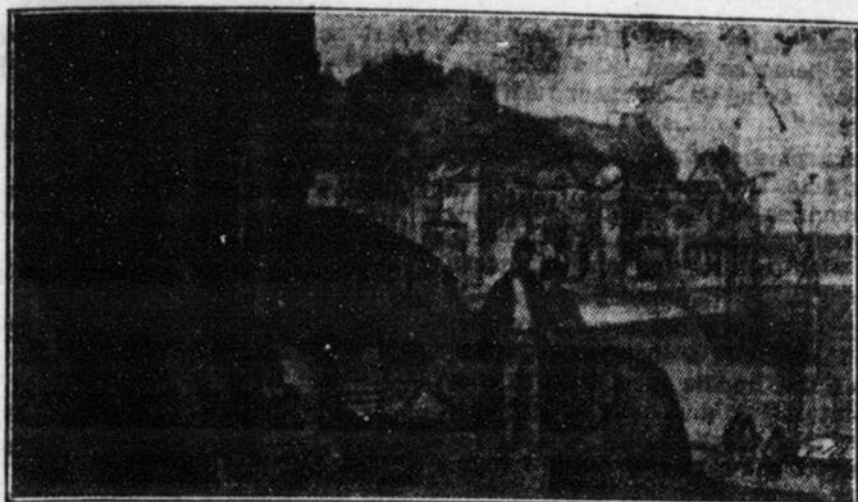
AS A CHRISTIAN ADVENTURE

IT is one thing to have a philosophy of life and a program for general betterment. It is another thing to have a heavenly vision of God's King-

dom on Earth and to be obedient to that. And that is the difference between the propagandist press devoted to some theory and the Witness. The Witness does discuss the current ideologies, but it does so in their degree of relationship or opposition to the two great commandments given by Our Lord. As there is no room for selfishness in such an adventure, as it counters selfishness everywhere, it can only expect the co-operation of the unselfish.

Yet, as an example of what can be done in a co-operative effort of editors and readers to extend the influence and service of a paper fighting for causes all of them have at heart, let us cite the results that attended an effort made earlier this year by the Christian Century, a liberal social and religious journal published at Chicago. This journal inaugurated a two months "Fellowship Invitation" plan in enlisting new subscribers at a special offer of \$1 for six months (Instead of the Witness offer to the end of 1937 for 35 cents.) Readers were supplied upon request with Fellowship Invitations which they passed among their friends. Within three weeks 6,040 new subscribers were added and on the closing date of the plan the number of additions were a mere handful short of the 10,000 that had been set as the goal. The addition to the subscription lists came to about 38 per cent of the former total.

Good as this result was, it has been surpassed more than once in the history of the Witness, which has seen its circulation figures doubled in the course of a three months' campaign. But the Christian Century achievement and the former successes of the Witness were brought about by a general sacrificial co-operation of readers who believed sufficiently in the cause for which their paper stood, to go out and work in its behalf.



CASTLE WALK

By Mary Le Bas

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Synopsis

Jill and Carol Spencer have come to Strair, an English seacoast town, to join their widowed mother who has recently married the local Rector. Both girls are attracted by the character of Strair but feel a little uncertain as to how they will fit into the new life although the Rev. Selwyn Ross seems a companionable quiet man. Going for a walk the girls talk over the local situation to be beguiled by a discussion arising out of meeting Dr. Max. They discover that Dr. Max Jones has a twin brother, William. At tea at Mrs. Higgins with their mother the subject of the proposed promenade is broached.

CHAPTER V

Twenty-First Birthday

"CAN you manage, Carol?"
"Yes, thanks. If you'd just take the typewriter, I can—oh, look out! You're trailing that scarf in the bacon."

"Sorry. Is that everything now? I'll open the door."

It was Carol's twenty-first birthday: a fine spring morning, warm with the promise of summer. Birds were cheeping madly in the holly bush outside the study window, and the sun threw broad splashes of light upon the breakfast table. The sea, which they had greeted earlier from their bedroom windows, was blue and serene. Breakfast had been a cheerful meal, their stepfather in almost impish good humor, Mrs. Ross, for the moment, smiling and affectionate. Now, the meal over, Carol and Jill were removing the considerable load of presents up to their bedroom.

"We might leave the golf clubs down, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes. We'll be breaking them in today."

They made their way up the stairs, their arms full.

Carol had never suspected she had so many friends: no one seemed to have forgotten her. She was flushed with pleasure and excitement; she hurried along the corridor, and dropped packages as she went, which Jill, shaking her head tolerantly, picked up and added to her own.

They flung everything down upon Carol's unmade bed, and stood back to admire.

"It was terribly kind of Mum to give me this watch," said Carol, holding up her wrist to gaze at it again.

"Yes, it's a beauty. She's been nice these last few days—quite like she used to be."

"Yes, thank goodness. I expect we're all more settled now, and it's going to be all right."

Jill nodded, and began to turn over the heap of clothes, books, music, stockings, and miscellaneous trinkets.

"What do you like best of everything?"

"Oh, the watch, I think. Or perhaps the golf clubs—darling Pater, it was generous of him. Or—I don't know—Colonel Martin's typewriter, perhaps."

"Yes, that's superb. It's the best kind of portable you can get. What will you do with our old one now?"

"Do you mean you'd like to have it?"

"Well, I didn't, but—"

"Because I—"

"But only because I was too nice to say so."

Carol chuckled.

"Of course, you idiot. Of course you can have it, and welcome. Though I can't imagine you'll ever use it much, except to type chilling letters to Arthur."

"Ah, one never knows," said Jill cheerfully. "Supposing I misbehaved myself, and got thrown out, I should be able to type for a living. Supposing—"

"I know what I'll do," Carol was following her own line of thought. "I'll do a letter to the Colonel now, and tell him how nice he is."

She took the shining machine from its case and sat briskly down on Jill's bed.

"Oh, Jill, darling, I haven't any notepaper now."

Jill gazed at her.

"What a hopeless creature you are. Where is it, then?"

"I—I don't know. In the right-hand drawer, or ought to be."

"Well, it isn't. Here, use some of Mimosa's. I can't spend all the morning turning over your unprincipled garbage. I suppose I'd better make your bed, since I can't make my own."

One of the gifts that had pleased Carol most was some surprising blue notepaper from Mimosa. She took a sheet of it, rolled it into her typewriter, and began to tap away busily. Jill, blasphemously removing the stack of presents once more, looked at Carol's mattress, thought about turning it, decided against it, and began to smooth out the sheets.

"Shall I give him your love?" enquired Carol presently.

"Of course. And tell him it's time we saw him again. Tell him—I know—tell him to come to Strair for his summer holiday."

"Oh Jill, what a good idea! Yes, of course, I will. 'We think you ought to come and see if we are settling down nicely, and . . . I'll tell him London is bad for him in the hot weather.'"

"M'm. I suppose you couldn't move from that bed to this, and give me a chance to get on?"

"Oh, but you're doing all the work, darling."

"Some one's got to be practical. Besides, I want my game of golf. Come on, now." She installed Carol on the neatly made bed, picked up the various trifles she had dropped, and set to work again.

"Yes, this would be a fine place for him," she went on, beating up her pillows. "Joking apart, I mean. He could play golf, and go for terrific walks by the sea, and read the lessons in church—I'm sure he and Sel—he and Pater: I know I shall forget and call him Selwyn, one day—he and Pater would get on awfully well. Tell him he's got to come, Carol."

The letter was written, and, thanks to Jill's firm nagging, actually stamped and posted on the same day. They took it up to the post office on their way to the golf course.

"That's one letter done, anyway," said Carol.

"Yes. Oh—hallo, here's Dr. Max."

They knew both doctors quite well by this time, and, though scarcely able to tell them apart, clung to their original conclusion that Dr. Max was much to be preferred. He, they had discovered, always wore a blue tie, while Dr. William always wore green: it was only Jill who now and again suspected that if they changed ties

one morning, not even Carol would be much the wiser.

"When are we going to have that game of golf?" he said, looking at Carol. "I see you're off to the links."

He had a pleasant face, though it fully deserved Jill's description of "homely." He was wrinkling up his forehead in his anxiety, and Jill, to whom this talk of a game of golf was new, looked with interest for Carol's next move.

Carol looked past him into the post office.

"Oh, I don't know," she said casually. "Some day later on when you're not too busy."

Jill could have shaken her. The doctor looked downcast, said well they must see about it, and burrowed quickly into the drugstore next door. Hitting up their golf bags, the two girls set off for the links.

"I hope he'll arrange it soon," said Carol, gazing dreamily into the distance. The trees down the middle of the Marketgate were in full bloom, round and symmetrical as the trees in a toy farmyard. Jill tramped on for some yards in silence.

"Really, Carol," she exploded at last, "what do you think you're playing at!"

"What do you mean?" said Carol mildly.

Jill glared at her.

"You know perfectly well what I mean! 'Some day when you're not too busy,' indeed. How many times have I told you—"

Carol silenced her.

"How many times have I told you," she said, "that your methods aren't my methods. I'm not going to lead a man on."

"Not in any circumstances?"

"Not in any circumstances. If—anybody doesn't want me without my—doing anything, they're not going to want me any the more if they see me trying to entice them."

"See you trying to entice them!"

Jill groaned. "Oh, where's your technique? And if you call it enticing anyone to be decently civil—"

"Oh, Jill," Carol was smiling at her ingratiatingly. "Oh, Jill, don't let's quarrel today."

Jill shook back her hair, and returned the smile. It was impossible to be angry with Carol; and they walked on for some way in silence. They forked right at the signpost, and came suddenly free of the houses, and in sight of the sea. The wind blew salt against their faces. The flag above the pavilion flapped ecstatically, and before them, bright and inviting, the golf links lay spread in the sun.

"What a magnificent day. I feel quite young and frisky."

"You don't look particularly old yet."

They set off on their round without more ado, pausing only to call good-morning to Cruikshank and to enquire after his wife, who was now convalescent. The course, to players as amateur as they, was an uneven mixture of dull and exciting holes. The first, with its precipice; the fifth, where one had to drive across a creek or take several strokes ingloriously pottering round; and the fourteenth, almost on the beach, and two or three others, were exciting. The many long, straight holes, however, left them gloomily conscious of the shortness of their drives. They had already evolved a round of their own, which cut out four of them. At the time of day when they played there was hardly ever any one else out, so they could dodge as they liked.

Their first drives took them nicely over the edge of the hill, and they jogged cheerfully down it to the fairway below.

"I do like these clubs," said Carol, unslinging her bag to hunt for a brassie. "Pater's done me proud. Everyone's done me proud. Oh, it's all rather nice."

"Yes, and we're rich, Carol." Jill eyed her ball, which was sitting in a deep cart-rut. "A whole hundred apiece. Some one will marry us for our money if we don't look out."

"I wonder if she'll hand it over formally, or if we just go up to the bank and find it waiting for us."

"Formally, I prophesy. Oh, confound that bunker. I never can avoid it. She's so amiable today—and all these treats we're having: bath to-night, Myra to tea . . ."

"Lovely for us, having Myra to tea."

"Carol, don't be so narrow-minded. Remember our position. You should try to think of others as well as yourself."

Carol chuckled. It was much too splendid a morning to mind about anything. The little hills seemed to float in the distance. The sky was a vast, high dome full of friendly wind. The half-grown waves seemed to splash a welcome. They played several holes almost in silence, the only spectacular event being that both of them carried the little inlet of sea at the fifth.

"Extraordinary," said Carol, hunting about for her ball. "We've never both done it before. Hallo—look, Jill, there's some one else playing. Over there, beyond the sheep."

Jill looked in the direction to which Carol's niblick was vaguely pointing.

"Oh yes, I see. That's Myra, by Jove! Myra and a strange young man."

"How nice for them," said Carol, and they thought no more about it, but went on with their game. The sheep added a spice of excitement at the eleventh, for there were some fifty of them standing phlegmatically upon the fairway. Jill made a praiseworthy attempt to drive through the middle of the flock, but Carol preferred to play round the edge, for fear of hurting them.

The way to the last five holes was along a cart-track beneath the little cliff that fell away beside the pavilion. Walking along it at a great pace to finish their round before lunch, they were surprised to see Myra's partner come striding towards them. His vivid plus fours were unmistakable; as he drew near, they saw that it was Peter Fairweather.

He seemed in a very bad temper, and kicked viciously at the stones in his way. As he passed them he glowered at them both. Jill raised her eyebrows, and, when they got round to the fourteenth and saw the wide fairway before them, she raised her eyebrows again, for they saw Myra Higgins toiling disconsolately up the steps from the last green, a handkerchief held to her eyes.

"That explains that, I think," she remarked. "Your honor."

The day passed very pleasantly. After lunch, which they fell upon with vigor, they spent the afternoon in the largest of the six disused attics, Carol playing her 'cello, and Jill, kneeling in the hard window-seat, gazing across the Nethergate to the sea. Myra arrived for tea, subdued, but still full of graces. She told them even more about herself than she meant to.

"Oh, Peter," she said, when Jill maliciously brought up his name. "Poor Peter. He is so dreadfully uncouth. He wants some one to tell him things."

Jill made a sympathetic noise.

"I like some one older, myself," Myra went on. "I can't spare the time for boys, can you? I mean, they're so silly. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Jill, with half-closed eyes, "very silly. Carol, have you fixed up your game of golf with the doctor yet? Let me see—it's Dr. Max, isn't it?"

Myra looked up quickly.

"Oh, Max?" she said. "How funny. I play with him an awful lot."

"Oh? What fun. Is he a good player?"

"Well, not what you'd call good, I dare say, but so nice to play with. We're ever such old friends. I expect you've heard, we always get up the concert together in the summer."

"A concert? Here?"

"Oh yes. In the Institute. Everybody goes to it."

"And you get it up?"

"Well, of course, there's a sort of committee, of visitors and that sort of thing, and mother does a bit, and so on, but actually I do most of it." Myra turned to Carol. "Your mother told me you play the 'cello a little."

"Well, yes, I do a little," agreed Carol mildly.

Jill sniffed.

"It would be so sweet if you could play us something at the next one. We should love it. I'll tell M—Dr. Max you play the 'cello. He'll be ever so pleased. Of course some of the people we get are really good. There's one man, a Mr. Bugle—one of the visitors—he sings funny songs; really, it makes you die to hear him."

She went away at last, and Mrs. Ross, who had been restive all the afternoon, watched her walk to the gate.

"Such a sweet girl," she observed, without much conviction. She picked up a basket of mending, took out a stocking, and then put it down again, clicking her tongue.

"Tch, tch." She hunted about. "I must have left. . . . No, don't you go, lovey. I'm not at all sure where I . . ."

She fluttered out of the room. Jill threw herself back in her chair and looked at Carol.

"Now's your time," she said. "Ask her."

"Oh, Jill, I—"

"Oh, get on. I'm broke, if you're not."

Carol moved nervously; it was not easy to point out to their mother, especially today when she had been so generous, that their allowance was many days overdue; and yet they could not go on much longer with not a shilling between them.

Mrs. Ross, however, made the opening herself.

"Well, my pet," she said, coming back into the room and picking up her basket, "how nice it is that you've come into your money at last. And Jill too. Yes, Jill, on the same day. How very nice it is for both of you."

She held the stocking up to her eyes, as if to calculate the lie of the hole. Jill wondered why she seemed so strung up. Carol took a deep breath.

"Yes, Mum. Awfully nice. But, as a matter of fact—"

"Yes, darling?"

"Well, Jill and I haven't got any actual money at the moment at all. We—well, we wondered if you—you see, our allowance was due a week last Thursday."

Mrs. Ross put down her stocking.

"Your allowance, Carol?"

"Well—well yes, Mum."

"Oh, but darling, I quite thought you understood about that. Now you've got all that money, and now are of age, and so forth—how strange it seems, my little Carol being of age."

There was a moment's incredulous silence. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked precisely, daintily, then gave a warning jangle as it reached the five minutes to the hour. Jill struggled to control herself.

"Do you mean that you're stopping our allowance?"

The silence held for a few moments more. Mrs. Ross seemed to be arranging her words.

"No, darling, no. You can hardly call it that. But naturally, since your dear father thought it right to leave direct to you the money which, had it been left to me, I should unhesitatingly have given to you in any case—"

"Mum, you can't—"

Jill had sprung to her feet, but Carol, her cheeks scarlet, pushed her quickly aside.

"All right, Mum," she said in a voice that was quiet but as sharp as steel. "All right, Mum. If you feel like that about it. . . . Is that all? I think we'd better go and get ready for supper."

She stood gazing down at her mother, her eyes bright, her breath coming quickly. Jill tried to speak, but again she restrained her. Mrs. Ross did not look up.

"As you know, darling, Selwyn and I have a struggle to make both ends meet. There's so much that ought to be done in the house, let alone anything else. But this is your home. We both feel that. No matter about us. This is your home, and we shall always love to feel we have you here."

With another preliminary whirr, the clock struck seven.

"Mum, it's—"

"Here's Pater," said Carol quickly, part in warning, part in relief. The curtained door swung back on its hinges, and the Rector, beaming and rather tousled, put his head into the room.

"Well, Selwyn, have you been visiting?"

He looked amiably round the room, from his wife to Jill, and from Jill to Carol. Then he wandered across and kissed his wife on the forehead.

"Yes. Oh, yes. I had tea with the Wrights, tea with the Cruikshanks, and a cup—only a cup—at the Browns!"

Jill slipped past him, and made hurriedly for the door. He turned to

Carol, and looked at her with his pale, kind eyes.

"Well, my dear, have you had a happy birthday?"

There was an almost imperceptible pause. Then Carol shook back her hair, and smiled at him.

"Yes, lovely, thank you," she said.

CHAPTER VI

Experiment

"BUT all the same," said Jill, turning at the dressing-table and continuing her tramp up and down. "I don't see why we couldn't have told her what we thought of her."

They had discussed the subject from every possible angle. It was almost time for them to go to their bath: Jill, indeed, was abstractedly undressing as she prowled, and Carol lay on the bed in her dressing-gown, her feet bare; but it had taken over an hour's hard talking for them to work off their rage and indignation at their mother's trick. Only now were they beginning to be calm enough to make coherent plans to deal with the new situation.

"We'd have put ourselves in the wrong, and done no good," said Carol, her heels in the air. "What was the use? She knows perfectly well what we think of her."

"I should hope she does, the old vixen."

"I wish you'd called her that," said Carol, laughing. "She'd have been surprised. But honestly, there was no point in making the situation unbearable. You know what she's like. She doesn't change her mind."

"No, confound her. Never has done."

"After all, we've got to go on living here."

This time it was Jill who laughed.

"For you, Carol, that sounds remarkably like self-seeking. Girl won't give mother a piece of her mind, because she wants to have free board and lodging. I'm surprised."

"Oh Jill, shut up!"

"Not that you're not right. You generally are right. Here we are in Strair, with a nice house to live in, and a nice golf course—and nice doctors—and—"

"You—you—" Carol swallowed and glared. "You always twist things to sound beastly. Can't you see? Today of all days, when Mum's been so generous. And then there's Pater: I don't want to spoil everything for him."

"No," agreed Jill soberly, pulling on her dressing-gown and nodding her head. "No. We can't do that. I did think we might go to him and tell him—he can't know the real facts of the case. But of course it wouldn't do."

"No. We shall just have to stick it. I suppose legally she's probably in the right."

"Yes, we'll stick it. But how do we conjure shoe-leather and new summer clothes and church collections out of the vast inane? That's what I'd like to know."

"You forget," said Carol, getting up and peering about her for her bath-towel, "we've still got that hundred pounds."

Jill whistled, and stopped short in mid-prowl. She held up the cord of her dressing-gown and looked at it intently.

"Yes," she said, "so we have."

A few moments later they heard their mother's quick step in the corridor. Jill made urgent signs to Carol not to let her in, but there was no knock.

"Carol darling, I've turned your bath on. You won't use too much water, will you?"

"All right, Mum."

The footsteps retreated, and with a sigh of relief the two girls collected their things for the bath. They went down together, Carol's bedroom slippers flip-flopping on the oilcloth, for she never troubled to put her heels in properly.

The vast bathroom was dim and full of shadows. A gas jet flared blue in one corner, and in another, almost lost, splashing forlornly, was the white enamel bath.

"I wonder if she'll improve this place now," said Jill a little bitterly.

"It would take a good deal of improving," replied Carol in a more cheerful voice. "Oh, turn off that water, or Truant will have to pump for hours tomorrow."

"Yes, poor man. How many pumps does he do every morning—four hun-

dred and eighty, is it? He must hate us for being so clean. Ow—it's hot, anyway. Come on—it's your turn for the taps."

They splashed about absorbedly for some time, their conversation limited to enquiries for the soap. When at last they got back to their bedroom, they were both looking much happier.

"Well, that's the week's dissipation over." Jill hung her towel carefully over the back of a chair, took Carol's out of the huddle of clothes it was fast saturating, and hung it over another. She began to hum a tune.

"Carol," she said. "Carol, if I were to say to you now, at this moment, what would you like best in all the world—what would you say?"

"Tea," replied Carol.

Jill beamed at her.

"You do have your moments," she said. "Wrap yourself up tight, and we'll go and make it."

Guided by Jill's electric torch, they crept once more along the corridor. The house was as still as stone. There was no sound of any kind except the lonely drip, drip of a tap in the hollows of the bathroom. They swung open the door that led to the back stairs. Its hinges sang, but every one slept too far away to be disturbed.

The kitchen, when they stumbled into it, was impenetrably dark. Muttering, Jill lit her way to the gas bracket, struck a match, and watched the incandescent mantle brighten.

"Here it all is," she said, discovering a tray with two cups, a teapot, and an enormous jug with a few tablespoons of milk in it. "Mimosa's a decent body."

"She is. But where do you think she keeps the biscuits?"

"I don't think—I know. In the third pantry, behind the knife machine."

Jill plunged into the scullery, lit her way through a chain of useless caverns, arrived at the knife machine, and returned through another of the kitchen's seven doors. Carol, meanwhile, was boiling water on the gas-ring, and in a very few minutes they were back in their bedroom, squatting before their gas fire with the tray between them.

"Well, now," said Carol, reflectively pouring out, "is that weak enough, Jill?"

"Yes, thanks."

For some moments they sipped in silence.

"Well," said Jill suddenly, putting down her cup, "what it comes to is this: we've got to do something."

"Yes," said Carol, after a perceptible pause to assimilate the remark. "Yes, I suppose we have."

"Something that pays."

"Y-yes."

"What can we do?"

Carol scratched her head, took a biscuit, put it down, and looked anxiously into her teacup.

"I—I—"

"Give me another cup, would you?" Their second cups, too, were drunk in silence. Suddenly Jill gave a chuckle of real amusement.

"I like our methods," she observed. "Here we are, pretty desperate if not ruined, and we just sit and drink tea."

"Oh, no, darling." Carol withdrew her gaze from the fender. "Oh no. I've been thinking. I've got heaps of ideas."

Jill looked at her quickly.

"What are they?" she asked.

"We can—type," said Carol slowly. "Yes, that's true—you can, anyway. But what?"

"Well, that's just it. Do you know, Jill, there isn't a single person in Strair who can type—except the clerks at the bank, I suppose. But no one who does it professionally—letters, testimonials, manuscripts—you know the sort of stuff. I can't help thinking, now we've got that typewriter—"

Jill's eyes lit up.

"By jove, yes. Though actually—oh well, I'll tell you that later. But Carol, that's a first-rate scheme. There are people who want it. I couldn't think of any when you first said it, but of course there are. The Major's letters to the 'Times'—he's always saying they'd print them if they could read his hieroglyphics. And one of the doctors—Willie, I think—writes medical articles. That would be fun. Oh yes, and you know when I went to tea with Miss Stephenson?"

"Um?"

Well, she writes. Secretly and tremulously. She showed me a thing she'd written—a story, I suppose. To the

heart of Natalie Howard, Spring brought no something or other. Very touching, and quite frightful, poor old dear—but tremendously long. At one and threepence a thousand, you'd grow rich on it."

Carol turned with sudden suspicion. "Why 'you'?" she demanded. "Jill, why do you say 'you'?"

Jill hesitated for a moment before replying. "Well—I had another idea," she said slowly.

"What is it?"

"I—I thought of going away."

"Going away!" Carol stared at her. "Going away from—oh, Jill! I'll come too, then."

Jill sat forward eagerly, her eyes bright. "You—"

Suddenly she closed her lips, paused, and seemed to be choosing other words than she had planned. "No, Carol. No, darling. You stay here. That typing is the very thing. It hadn't occurred to me. You must stay."

She sat back against the foot of the bed, and began thoughtfully to rub her knees. The moment had been one of the major crossroads of their life, but neither of them knew it.

"Well, what are you going to do?" demanded Carol. "Why can't we both stay here and get what work we can?"

"Because," said Jill practically, "there wouldn't be enough for two. I reckon if you're frightfully lucky you'll make a few shillings a week—twenty or thirty pounds a year. If you can find any child, or some such thing, who wants to learn the 'cello, perhaps a scrap more. Well, living here with practically no expenses, you might just be able to manage. Just, and no more. Two of us couldn't, though."

"No," agreed Carol sadly. "But why should it be me? Why can't we—oh, Jill, I wish we could both stay, or both go."

"But if we were both in London, the problem would arise just the same."

"London?"

Jill nodded.

"Jill, do you mean to go to London?" Jill nodded again.

"But—what for?"

"I haven't the foggiest notion."

Jill chuckled, and Carol, staring at her in amazement, was startled to see a glint of excitement in her eyes.

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THE CHAIN OF SILENCE

BY HERBERT GALWAY.

By Special Arrangement with the Northern Newspaper Syndicate.

Synopsis

Kathleen MacCormack, teacher in the small school at Kilkevin, Ireland. Her brother Dermot (a local bank clerk), Michael Joyce, a stranger over on holiday from New York. Patrick Desmond, the only son of a prosperous dairy farmer in Kilkevin. Dermot and a fellow clerk, Terence Ryan, motoring to the local head office of the bank with a considerable sum of money from their branch are held up and robbed by two masked men, who escape on a motor bike Terence recognizes as Paddy Desmond's. Paddy explains the motor bike was stolen from him. Later the same night the police call at Paddy's home to arrest him, but he has collected all his available money and fled.

Driven to despair, Kathleen visits Dermot, and in a stormy interview accuses him of being a party to the robbery, and of having paid his debt to Joyce with some of the stolen notes.

Dermot thinks she is demented, but eventually convinces her that the money he paid to Joyce was honorably saved. He had to pinch and scrape to do it, but the lesson had been taken to heart and he had forsaken gambling. Dan McGrath of the police asks Kathleen to play up to Joyce in hopes of securing evidence.

CHAPTER 22.

CAPTAIN BYRNE, after his arrest of James Carberry, had thoroughly searched the room his prisoner had taken in the name of Robert Kennedy. His efforts were rewarded in a way he least expected. In going through Carberry's papers he found a detailed plan of the projected "hold-up" of the two bank clerks. He knew that Dan McGrath was working on that case, and was about to telegraph to him when he received the wire saying the young sergeant was coming over to Dublin himself.

"This is a great find," said Byrne, after meeting Dan at the station. "Carberry certainly lives up to his pet name of Slim Jim. He's the slimmest crook I ever came across. I suppose he thought he would make a bit more easy money over this side. I was hoping to find some clue to his accomplice in that, but his letters tell nothing."

"May I see them?" asked Dan.

"Sure! Come right along. That's why I met you."

Together the two policemen looked carefully through the few letters dealing with the recent highway robbery. Every detail had been carefully worked out and nothing appeared to have been left to chance.

Dan McGrath ran his eyes over the letters almost feverishly.

"Was there any postmark on the envelopes?" he asked.

"That's one of the snags I came against," replied Captain Byrne. "All the envelopes have been destroyed, and you see the writer was careful to put no address on the letters."

The young sergeant, however, was not listening very attentively. He was staring with open mouth at a portion of a letter he had just opened. It gave details of the method of attack, and stated that Patrick Desmond would be on the road with his motor-cycle.

Perspiration stood on Dan McGrath's brow; his collar felt tight and he glanced around for an open window.

"What's the matter—feeling ill?" asked Byrne, who had noticed his agitation.

"No—no; I'll be all right soon. Have you another—what's this?"

A slip of paper had fallen to the floor. It was an addition to the letter and stated that the writer would watch Desmond until he left his machine in answer to a cry from his accomplice, and then they could take it and keep it until the time of the proposed robbery.

"Thank God!" breathed the sergeant, so softly as to be almost inaudible. "Was there no signature on the letters?" he asked in a louder tone.

"No; just initials—M.G."

"You don't know anybody they might represent, I suppose?"

"I only know one crook with the same initials, and that's Michael Govan. I know that his specialty is robbing banks, but he wasn't Slim Jim's accomplice. We got that man almost as soon as the New York jewels

were stolen. No; Mickey's been a good boy lately, and, anyway he never touches jewels."

The familiar form of the Christian name came as a sudden revelation to Dan McGrath. He took a photograph from his pocket and it needed all his self-control to keep calm.

"Do you know Govan?" he asked.

"Know him?" laughed Byrne. "You've said it! And he knows me!"

"Is this his photograph?"

The American regarded the print long and earnestly for fully a minute.

"Well, it's like him, very much; but I'm not sure. I could tell better if I saw the man."

"You may be able to see him tomorrow," smiled Dan. "Did you find any banknotes in Carberry's place?"

"Yes; we were so busy with these letters that I haven't had time to mention it before. I found several bundles, with elastic bands round them, just as they were stolen, I imagine. And where do you think they were?"

"Ask me something easier."

"Packed in the middle of the bolster on the bed! I expect he thought they would never be discovered there."

"Publishing the fact that we knew the numbers of the notes made 'em nervous of getting rid of the paper in any quantity," said Sergt. McGrath with a smile of satisfaction.

The preliminary trial of Michael Joyce drew great crowds to Kilkevin from the surrounding district. Never before had there been such a collection of vehicles in the market-place, and many people had made long journeys on foot in the hope of finding a place in the small court-house.

Joyce still assumed the old defiant attitude when he went into the dock. He gave his name aggressively and declared that the magistrate had no jurisdiction, as he was an American citizen.

"There are two serious charges made against you, Michael Joyce," said the magistrate, "and they both concern this country. The question of your nationality can be raised later. The first is that of being an accessory in the highway robbery of a large sum of money from two defenceless young men; the second is the graver charge of the murder of Keziah Brady, an eccentric and harmless old woman well known in Kilkevin."

"Not guilty!" shouted the prisoner. Officials and public were astonished at the man's behavior, and a policeman stepped nearer to caution him.

"Your defiant boastfulness will not help you, Michael Joyce," said the magistrate quietly. "Call the first witness!"

Sergeant Daniel McGrath, of the Kilkevin police force, told how, from information received, he went with a constable to arrest Michael Joyce. They found him just rising to his feet from a heap of stones, and—

"Rising from a heap of stones!" exclaimed the magistrate. "Was he sleeping?"

"He was drunk, your worship."

A titter ran through the Court, and the prisoner glowered at the witness.

"He made some remark about finding someone, and before we could reach him he fired at the woman, Keziah Brady, who had come from behind some bushes, and she fell dead. We got him before he could fire again, and handcuffed him. I then formally charged him."

In answer to a question Joyce told the magistrate that some of the banknotes in his possession were given to him by Dermot MacCormack in payment of a gambling debt.

The prisoner was deliberately trying to blacken the young clerk's reputation in the eyes of the residents of Kilkevin, and his statement caused a great sensation and was responsible for many winks and confirmatory words from those who had doubted Dermot's innocence.

A wave of anger at such treachery from a former friend almost overwhelmed Dermot MacCormack, and he could hardly wait for his name to be called before entering the witness-box.

With the words falling over each other, he told in rapid detail how he had scraped and saved to pay the debt, and evoked a sympathetic smile from the magistrate as he mentioned the various forms of currency that made up the £50 he handed to Joyce.

He then described the attack and robbery by the bandits, but confessed he was not in a position to identify either of them.

Terry Ryan replaced his colleague in the witness-box, and corroborated the account of the hold-up.

"It has been said," went on the magistrate slowly and distinctly, "that you recognized one of the bandits as the son of a well-known and respected tradesman in this town. Are you still of that opinion?"

Kathleen, who was sitting at the back of the Court, felt the blood leave her face as she stared fixedly at the young clerk. Everything else was blotted out and she saw only the back of the slim figure and the serious countenance of the magistrate. Her hands clasped and unclasped as they rested in her lap; her heart thumped tumultuously and she wondered vaguely if anyone else could hear the awful drumming in her ears. . . . Terry Ryan was speaking. . . .

"I only saw his back—and I thought it was familiar—but I know now it could not have been Paddy Desmond because—because—"

"Then why did he run away?" interrupted Joyce.

"Silence!" thundered the magistrate. Kathleen had sprung to her feet. Her eyes were wild and her red-gold hair shone like an aureole round the whiteness of her face.

"I will tell you why Paddy ran away!" she cried, getting up from her seat and making her way blindly towards the front of the Court.

There was an immediate uproar. Mingled with orders for silence were demands to make way and let the girl speak. The magistrate rapped on the desk and threatened to clear the Court. This had the effect of quietening the disturbance, and when it died down Kathleen was seen standing alone, pale yet determined to clear the name of her lover.

The magistrate motioned to Terry Ryan to stand down.

"Now, Miss MacCormack," he said not unkindly, "perhaps you will give us your version of this unfortunate affair?"

Kathleen felt that now was the time to lift the long chain of silence. She whispered a prayer for courage, and then in a clear voice told everything that had been kept secret so long. Michael Joyce, she said, had shown Paddy some of the stolen notes and sworn that they had been given to him by her brother Dermot in payment of a gambling debt. It was true that Paddy's motor-cycle had been used for the robbery. This fact and the story of his recognition by Terry Ryan had made the case look black against Paddy. He would have faced the charge, conscious of his own innocence, but, if he had done so, it would have been necessary to implicate Dermot, and sooner than do that he decided to disappear until the thieves were found.

"A noble thing to do," commented the magistrate when Kathleen had finished her story, "but from our modern point of view it was extremely foolish—quixotic to the last degree, but . . ." He smiled and shook his grey head as he waved her away and called the next witness.

Now her ordeal was over, Kathleen felt ready to collapse through revulsion of feeling. She had published her secret to all the world and her face flamed with shame as she staggered to her seat. After a time, however, she became calmer and was glad that she had struck such a decisive blow in Paddy's defence.

Captain Byrne next told how he had come over from America to find a criminal named James Carberry—otherwise known as Slim Jim—in connection with a jewel robbery in New York. With the invaluable help of Sergeant McGrath, of the Kilkevin police, he had discovered that Car-

"Do you mean you'll get a job?"

"I may, or I may not. Oh yes—of course I will. I'll get half a dozen jobs. I'll do"—she sighed eagerly—"I can't imagine what I'll do, but something."

Carol began to question her hurriedly, but Jill smiled and half-closed her eyes.

"Is there any more tea?"

Carol peered into the pot.

"Yes, plenty. I think I could do with some more myself. And a biscuit, please, if you've quite done with them."

"Here you are."

"Thank you." Carol looked up again.

"Now—what is it, Jill? You're looking so holy, I can see you've got something brewing."

Jill took a long drink of tea, broke her biscuit in two, and abstractedly fitted it together again. The gas fire buzzed happily, throwing its warm pink light on to their faces.

"I've been thinking, Carol," Jill began at last, this is a most superb opportunity."

"Opportunity?" Carol's voice was startled again.

"Yes. Opportunity. Opportunity to test our respective views on how to behave. They're different enough, you must admit."

"Oh, Jill, this has nothing whatever to do with behavior. It's purely a question of earning something to live on."

"Hasn't it, though?" Jill chuckled. "As ye behave, so shall ye earn. I take it you're going to be a model of propriety, Carol, even in typing? Quite. I thought so. Nothing unseemly, no threatening letters—would you type out a threatening letter, Carol?"

"Of course I wouldn't."

"No. Of course. Well—I would."

Carol gazed at her, puzzled. Then, slowly, the lines on her forehead increased themselves, her eyes began to wrinkle up at the corners, and she smiled.

"I get you," she said cheerfully. "All right, you unscrupulous little brute. You'll come to a bad end, I dare say. Well, go on."

"I'd do anything," announced Jill blandly. "Anything that turns up. I'll never say no, unless there looks like being any real danger for me. I'll be tremendously careful of—me. Good gracious, I'll get on. That is the way to get on, you know. Haven't I always told you so?"

"You have indeed. And haven't I always said you were wrong?"

"Yes, and that's what makes it so interesting. You'll stay here in Strair, being very good and very nice, and never doing anything that you don't approve of, and never running after the one man who could put you out of your misery—"

"Sh-shut up."

"—and earning twenty pounds a year. And I'll go about London being heartily unscrupulous, and—"

"How are you going to begin?"

"Begin?" Jill had to pause for a second. "Oh, I shall go up to town and get somewhere to live, and buy a newspaper, and take the first vacant situation I can talk my way into. I'll say I can cook, or type, or drive a car, or be a mannequin, or—or anything."

"And what about the time till you get a job?"

(To Be Continued.)

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berry was lodging in Dublin under the name of Robert Kennedy.

"After I had arrested him," he went on, "I searched his room and found several bundles of banknotes. They were a mystery to me until Sergeant Daniel McGrath recognized them as part of the proceeds of the highway robbery. And the prisoner at the bar," he went on dramatically, "was an accomplice in that crime."

A whisper of amazement ran through the tense spectators like a breeze rustling dead leaves, and a faint smile swept across the face of the detective.

"This man's name is not Michael Joyce," he continued, raising his voice. "It is Michael Govan, a notorious bank robber, who has only lately been released from Sing Sing Prison after serving a long sentence. He—"

"It's a lie!" cried the prisoner, vaulting over the dock rail to attack the witness, but the officials were ready, and the man who, as Michael Joyce, had for so long fooled most of the people in Kilkevin, was immediately seized and handcuffed to two big policemen.

Dan McGrath supplied the final piece of damning evidence by producing the remainder of the banknotes, which were found in the prisoner's possession.

The motive for the murder of Keziah Brady became plainly apparent by the revelation of Joyce's real name. Her taunting words were a mystery to Dan McGrath, but now he remembered that the name of Govan was execrated in the district, because of the heartless action of the prisoner's father in dispossessing and evicting Keziah Brady and her old mother from their own property in Kilkenny, and pursuing them relentlessly when they later moved to Kilkevin.

It was Govan, senior, who invented the story that Keziah Brady and her mother were witches, and the legend had gained strength by age, and been firmly believed by many of the peasants.

The poor victim of the murder—with starvation staring her in the face—had decided to take advantage of the superstition for her own material gain, but the unexpected appearance of the so-called Michael Joyce had been too much for her.

She knew who he was, and her dramatic denunciation convinced him that his profitable deception was over. Fearing the consequences, and maddened by her taunts, he had shot her dead, unaware that there were any witnesses of the crime.

Dermot MacCormack and Kathleen were overwhelmed with congratulations, but the distraught girl broke away from the crowd of sympathizers and went alone towards the ancient ruins that had played such an important part in her life.

She was still unsatisfied. The good wishes meant nothing to her. Most of the sympathizers, she reflected bitterly, would have just as easily torn her to pieces if the solution of the mystery had not been so definite.

One thing had not transpired at the hearing—and it was a thing that might still poison her life if not fully explained. How was it that the bandit on the pillion seat of the motorcycle had been so definitely identified as Paddy—her Paddy?

She determined to see Dan McGrath the same evening.

(To be continued)

United States

Henry Ford said on April 13 his employees "have always been free to join any church, any lodge or any union they want to." He added he thought they would be fools to join a union as all they would gain would be the right to pay dues.

Larz Anderson, one-time United States Ambassador to Japan, died on April 13 at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., Anderson was born in Paris in 1866.

Two Negroes were tortured and lynched by a mob of more than 100 white men near Duck Hill, Miss., on April 13 within two hours after they had pleaded not guilty in Montgomery County circuit court to a charge of murdering a white man.

By the majority of 132 to 15, the New York State Assembly on April 13 passed the Moffat Bill, which would prohibit the sale of child labor products in the state.

Pleas for peace within and beyond the boundaries of the western hemisphere were made by President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull in addresses at the Pan-American Union on the occasion of the seventh annual observance on April 14 by the 21 American republics of Pan-American Day. President Roosevelt coupled with his plea an expression of faith in democracy as a guarantee of international peace.

Three Kentucky mountaineers testified at a Senate inquiry on April 14 that an official of the Harlan County Coal Operators' Association had paid them to "blow up" a union organizer with dynamite.

Resumption of "new money" borrowing to meet the deficiency in the Government's cash box caused by failure of revenues to come up to expectations was announced officially on April 15 by Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau. Simultaneously various department and bureau heads, acting under direct orders of President Roosevelt, began pressing their subordinates to cut expenditures to the lowest possible limit.

The House of Representatives overrode southern opposition on April 15 to pass the Gavagan anti-lynching bill, 277 to 119. It would authorize the Government to intervene in mob crimes to punish participants and negligent officers.

Chairman Robert LaFollette (Prog.-Wis.) of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee charged on April 15 that the coal operators of Harlan County, Ky., had "underwritten the administration" of Sheriff Theodore Middleton, whom he described as a one-time "bootlegger."

Harry B. Short of Digby, N. S., former Conservative member of the Canadian House of Commons, died suddenly at St. Petersburg, Fla., on April 15 in his 74th year.

A project for the construction in the United States of the fabricated parts and equipment of a battleship armed with 16-inch guns for Russia has been broached to the State Department, it was revealed on April 16, but the first reaction of the department was discouraging and nothing more has been heard of it.

The second conference on Canadian-American affairs under auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, will be held at Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., June 14-18, Dr.

James T. Shotwell of the Endowment announced on April 18.

The bullets of two New York gunmen he sought to trap two days before claimed the life of a young federal agent. W. W. Baker, 27, the agent, died on April 18 in a hospital of four bullet wounds he suffered in his first major assignment.

Six persons were killed and three critically injured on April 18 by an explosion which demolished the farm home of John Waszak. A neighbor said 50 pounds of pyrotol, used for blasting stumps, had been stored in the basement.

Senator Robinson, the Democratic leader, said after a White House conference on April 19 that President Roosevelt would ask the United States Congress for \$1,500,000,000 for relief in the fiscal year beginning next July 1.

Great Britain

Britain's new £3,000,000 aircraft carrier, Ark Royal, which Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty said proudly will be "the most up-to-date in the world," was launched on April 13 at Birkenhead.

The Government will refrain from maintaining a fixed price for gold in terms of the pound sterling, Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, told the House of Commons on April 13.

Prime Minister Baldwin on April 13 expressed dread lest a mechanized world would mean Britons would lose their independent, individualistic character.

Italy on April 13 accepted in principle a proposal of the 27-power Non-Intervention Committee for the establishment of a technical committee to study the question of withdrawing foreign volunteers from Spain.

Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden on April 14 expressed "contempt" for an Italian newspaper charge that Great Britain had plotted the recent attempted assassination of Viceroy Rodolfo Graziani in Ethiopia.

The House of Commons on April 14 defeated Labor's motion to censure the Government's Spanish policy. The vote was 345 to 130, indicating approval of an attitude of rigid non-intervention in

Spain, including the Cabinet's decision in regard to the insurgent blockade of Bilbao in northern Spain. Labor and Liberal members charged that Britain was showing cowardice in the face of Fascist dictators and was twisting international law so that Bilbao could be starved into surrender.

Count Dino Grandi, the Italian delegate, on April 15 told the Non-Intervention Committee Italy was now ready once more to consider ways and means of withdrawing the thousands of foreign "volunteers" now fighting on both sides in the Spanish civil war. Count Grandi added that he proposed immediately to extend the non-intervention scheme so that it would forbid entry into Spain of all foreigners whose presence "might prolong or embitter the conflict."

Officials at Dartmoor Prison said on April 15 reports of a brewing Coronation Day mutiny were erroneous. The Prison Commission secretary, however, acknowledged that a minor uprising, when five convicts "made complaints about dinner," had been subdued.

Sir Samuel Hoare on April 16 viewed the possibility of an unrestricted naval race with "grave apprehension" and said Great Britain would welcome an opportunity to ratify the London naval treaty of 1936 between Britain, France and the United States.

With the warships of four navies patrolling the Spanish coasts and foreign observers taking up their stations along the land frontiers, 27 nations of Europe established a watch on April 19 at midnight over war supplies and volunteers going to Spain.

The Orient

Lieut.-Col. J. Obed Smith, 73, former chief officer of the Canadian Government Immigration Department in England, died on April 15 in Yokohama, Japan.

A secret agreement, just concluded, providing for the formation of a new Chinese National Defence Council was reported on April 18. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek will be chairman, with General Feng Yu-hsiang and the present War Minister, General Ho Ting-ching, as vice-chairmen with equal powers. The fourth member will be General Pai Chung-hsi, who will also be Nanking's new War Minister.

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Which of your friends but has "change" in his pocket in imminent danger of being exchanged for something less worth while?

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1937.

Dear Sirs,—I am glad to co-operate in the publication of the Witness by extending its circulation among my friends. It is clearly understood that these subscriptions end Dec. 31, 1937, unless specifically renewed before that date.

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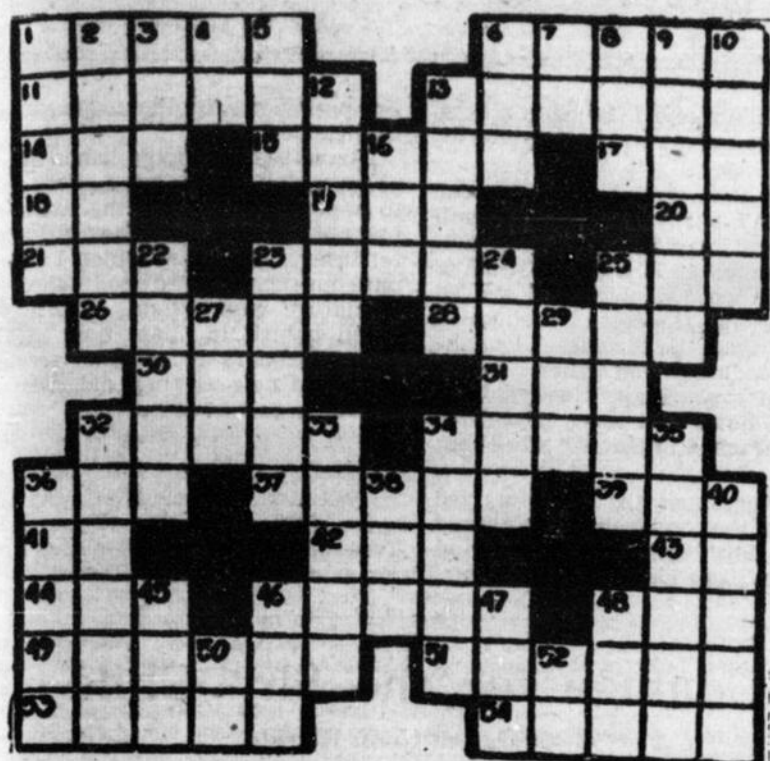
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The Week's Cross Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

- 1.—Silly
6.—Vegetable dish
11.—Lethargic sleep (pl)
13.—In what Italian city are gondolas used for taxis?
14.—To rest
15.—A bolt
17.—To place
18.—Objective of "we"
19.—Hurried
20.—Objective of "I"
21.—A fish
23.—Trivial
25.—Feminine pronoun
26.—Twelve
28.—A number
30.—Spawn
31.—To be ill
32.—To decorate
34.—Equipped with weapons
36.—Carry all
37.—Fur bearing sea animal

Vertical

- 39.—Modern
41.—Conjunction
42.—To finish
43.—Musical note
44.—Simpleton
46.—A snake
48.—Ugly woman
49.—Takes without right
51.—To make less
53.—Under nervous strain
54.—Rounded roofs
1.—To publish
2.—Rumored
3.—Likely
4.—Negative
5.—To go wrong
6.—Group of tennis games
7.—Article
8.—Part of mouth
9.—Quickness of insight
10.—To restrain

- 12.—Sea-nymph that lured sailors
13.—Openings
16.—Tub
22.—Masters
23.—Gazes
24.—Divisions of time
25.—What famous beauty started a war?
27.—Collection of animals
29.—Force
32.—Like gold
33.—Requires
34.—A tree
35.—To mar
36.—To raise
38.—Conjunction
40.—Pay
45.—Marsh
46.—Malt beverage
47.—A color
48.—To buzz
50.—While
52.—To act

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle



Europe

Warning that the general unrest indicated by the open preparations for war in Europe and in the Far East constitutes "a formidable dam in the path of the stream of prosperity, which is now beginning to flow once more," is given by Harold B. Butler, director of the International Labor Office, in his annual report on the world economic situation made public at Geneva on April 19.

General Francisco Franco, Spanish insurgent commander-in-chief, announced on April 13 all foreigners with the Government's international brigade who pass through the insurgent lines will be given safe conduct to Spanish frontiers.

A British merchant vessel was reported on April 16 to have been stopped by a British destroyer from attempting to run the insurgent blockade off Bilbao. Sixteen miles off Bilbao, the Mary Llewellyn was ordered to return to St. Jean de Luz, France.

Manuel Hedilla, leader of the Spanish Falang, warned on April 16 the Fascist organization would regard any attempt to restore the Spanish monarchy as "treason to the Fatherland."

Organization of a new Cabinet for autonomous Catalonia, with the Anarchist C. N. T. group having the strongest representation, was announced on April 16 by President Luis Companys. President Companys chose former Premier Jose Tarradellas to head the new Ministry.

Dispatches from beleaguered Bilbao on April 18 described a meeting between President Juan Antonio de Aguirre and the British consul and vice-consul there in which the head of the Basque Gov-

ernment protested against what he called "Baldwin's blockade" of his capital.

The Spanish Government Ministry of Marine and Air on April 19 ordered the Government fleet and air force to protect all ships flying the Spanish flag and those of other countries asking protection in Spanish waters, in defiance of the Non-Intervention Committee.

Count Charles de Chambrun, former French Ambassador to Italy, on April 14 in Paris contradicted charges by his would-be assassin, Magda de Fontanges, that he had conveyed confidential disclosures from her to a "high Italian personage."

Yvon Delbos, French Minister of Foreign Affairs stated at Carcassonne on April 18 that France is ready at any time to seek by every possible road peace and friendship with all her neighbors, whatever regimes they may prefer for their internal government.

Dissolution of the "Left revolutionary" group was ordered by the French Socialist party's national council on April 19.

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, German Minister of Economics, expressed a personal opinion at a gathering of the international and Belgian press in Brussels on April 14 that no real improvement in European economic conditions can occur without political improvement preceding it. "First we must come to an understanding about peace. I am confident nobody wants war. War is a prospect that frightens everybody without exception. Everybody wants to consolidate peace—every government, every nation. What is not quite clear is how best to do it; but I sincerely believe we are nearer a solution than is generally thought and admitted. I wish every success to the mission entrusted to your Prime Minister by the Governments of France and Great Britain."

A declaration that the Reich will not tolerate any interference with its internal life was announced on April 13 in a synopsis of the German note to the Vatican in an official reply to Pope Pius's Encyclical accusing Germany of violating the 1933 Concordat.

An unexplained police order on April 13 banished all Jewish meetings in Germany—except the gatherings of worshippers in synagogues—for 60 days.

Some Nazi leaders on April 15 were believed sponsoring a movement for establishing a "National Catholic Church," separated from Rome and headed by dissident Catholic clerics who have cast their lot with the Nazis.

The entire Jewish Bnai Brith organization in Germany was smashed on April 19 when the Gestapo (secret state police) staged a nation-wide raid on its lodges, arrested their presidents and other officials, searched their homes, seized all lodge properties and announced that the organization had ceased to exist.

George Lansbury, veteran British Member of Parliament who resigned leadership of the Labor party over the question of sanctions against Italy, on April 19 brought from Reichschancellor Hitler in a personal interview a declaration that Germany would not absent itself from any international co-operation permitting a hope for success.

It can now be stated with certainty, said Arnaldo Cortesi, Rome correspondent of the N. Y. Times on April 15 that Premier Benito Mussolini will visit Chancellor Adolf Hitler in Germany at the end of the summer or the beginning of fall unless something happens to disturb Italo-German relations.

Don't allow your friend to spend thirty cents on the Witness—on trial from May 1st to Dec. 31—if he can get something more worth while for so much of his good money.

PEOPLE'S MART

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 45¢ per insertion). SIX consecutive insertions will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions \$1.50). A number or single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made. Copy for insertion in these columns should be in the "Witness" Office not later than Friday morning to secure proper classification in following Weekly Edition.

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

A Complete Range of Brushes, Colors, Paper, Canvas Pastels for general Artists' use. Send for Catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LTD., 1429 McGill College Ave., Montreal.

BUSINESS CARDS

Potash Fertilizer Hardwood Ashes. Free Circular. GEORGE STEVENS, Peterborough, Ontario.

The Biggest Money-saving Buy. Manufacturing Paint at 70¢ gallon. Manufacture the produce to retool Boots, Rubbers, for 7¢ a pair. Write ART. ROY, Thurso, Que.

FARMS FOR SALE

Saskatchewan Farms—Write for Booklet, E. B. MCINTOSH, Box 362, Regina, Sask.

100 Acres Quarter Mile From Metcalfe. 15 Miles from Ottawa on highway, extra good land, small lake near buildings. H. S. LATIMER, P. O. Box 14, Metcalfe, Ont.

200 Acres Farm, Good Buildings, 1½ Miles From Town, write BOX 4, Webbwood, Ont.

195 Acre Farm, Good Buildings, Fall Plowing done. At a bargain. ADVERTISER 10, P. O. Box 3070, Montreal.

FOR SALE

\$1.50 Multigraph. Reproduces 1000 Copies Each stencil. Print letter size circulars, etc., cheaply, quickly at home. Literature free. THE PRINTOGRAPH, Moose Jaw, Sask.

GENUINE SUEDE CLOTH JACKET \$3.65 Made With New Style Sport Back, Fleece Lined, full length Zipper! Slash pockets, adjustable straps waist and sleeves, Windproof, Waterproof, Wearproof. Color: dark Brown. Sizes 34-46 (chest measure). 100% Satisfaction or 100% refund. Send Money Order: COOPER PANTS AND SPORTSWEAR COMPANY, 6147 Durocher Street, Montreal.

BARGAIN—Baby Camera and 12 Films: 22 Year pocket calendar, all for only 50¢. EMPIRE NOVELTIES, Peterboro, Ont., Canada.

QUILT PATCHES, Ragmaking Strips All Kinds 15¢ lb. 700 yd. Machine Thread 15¢, postage extra. FAY RIEGLER, 282 Armadale, Toronto.

We Guarantee Your Fit With Best Quality Suit (slightly used), regular to \$60.00 for \$6 to \$12; topcoats \$4 to \$8, postpaid. State measurements, colour, age, style. Satisfaction or money refunded. Send money order. RUSKIN & CO., Peterborough, Ont.

GARDEN SEED

"HENS AND CHICKENS" (Sempervivum). Twelve different kinds. \$1.00 postpaid. Introductory offer. Send for Catalogue. MOUNTAIN VIEW NURSERY, Ayer's Cliff, Que.

Gladieux Exhibition Named 2c, Mixed 1c. Dahlias named 15c. Hardy Mums named 7 for Dollar, assorted 10. Cannas named 10 for 1 Dollar. Regal Lilies 15c. Postpaid. SAUSBY, 107 Bellefair Ave., Toronto.

Lilacs: Black, White, Red Currants: Gooseberries large, red and green: raspberries: 30 plants for \$1.00. Rose bush free. ABRAM P. LOEWEN, Box 67, Hepburn, Sask.

HORSES

CLYDESDALE STALLION, 3 Years Old; Clydesdale stallion, 5 years old; Percheron stallion, 4 years old. LLOYD ELLIOTT, Shawville, Que.

MEDICAL

Registered—For Relief And Comfort Write SMITH MFG. COMPANY, Dept. 78, Presto, Ont.

PHOTOGRAPHY

"TRUEVIEW PROCESS" Pictures With Free Enlargement for 25¢ coin per roll, reprints 3c. One try will satisfy. BLUEBIRD PHOTO FINISHERS, Waterloo, Ontario.

Enclose This Advertisement And 30¢ With Roll film. We will finish 2 prints from each good snap, sizes 116, 120, 127. ELCO PHOTO, Bircoboliff, Toronto.

CRAWLED UPSTAIRS ON ALL FOURS

Owing to Rheumatism in Her Knees

It was not a very dignified way of going upstairs, but she had rheumatism in her knees, and it was the best she could do, at the time. Since then, she has been taking Kruschen Salts, and now feels much better. Read her letter:—

"I had very painful gout in my big toe and could only get upstairs on all fours owing to rheumatism in my knees. It is over three years ago since I commenced taking Kruschen Salts. I must say on damp days I still have a little gout, but my knees are quite better. I am over 60 years of age, have a complexion like a girl's and feel very fit. I am fully repaid for taking a half teaspoonful of Salts each morning in a cup of hot water."—(Mrs.) A. W.

The pains and stiffness of rheumatism are frequently caused by deposits of uric acid in the muscles and joints. The numerous salts in Kruschen assist in stimulating your liver and kidneys to healthy, regular action, and help them to get rid of the excess uric acid which is the cause of so much suffering.

POULTRY—BABY CHICKS

ROYAL CITY Extra Profit, Blood Tested, Liveable, quick maturing, early laying, bred-to-lay Barred Plymouth Rock and New Hampshire chicks, electrically hatched under most sanitary conditions from eggs averaging 27 oz. per dozen. March 16c, April 12c, May 10c. Illustrated circular free. **ROYAL CITY BABY CHICK HATCHERY, 63** Foster Ave., Guelph, Ont.

7c LEGHORN CHICKS 7c

Egg Prices Are Down, So Are Chick Prices. Tom Barron Leghorns 7c, Barred Rocks 8c, White Rocks 9c. Guaranteed 100% live delivery. 10% down. **MAPLE CITY HATCHERY, Chatham, Ont.**

Healthy Poultry Farm. Order Early Your Leghorns 10c, Rocks 12c, Hampshires, Giants 13c, Started chicks, pullets all ages. Complete Circular on Request. **HESSON POULTRY FARM, Britton, R. 1, Ont.**

7c CHICKS 8c

From Our Highest Quality Pens, We Offer Large Leghorn chicks 7c. Barred Rocks 8c. Order yours to-day. \$1.00 books your order. Balance C.O.D. **KENT HATCHERY, Chatham, Ont.**

POULTRY—MISCELLANEOUS

AS ONE OF CANADA'S LEADING TRAPNEST breeding farms under Government R.O.P. inspection for over 15 years we can offer you the profitable layers you are looking for at real low prices for trapnest bred stock. Our Tom Barron White Leghorns and O. A. C. Barred Rocks, also New Hampshire Reds, are famous for large eggs, large bodies, winter production. All stock blood-tested, pedigree mated and Government Approved. Get our new price list and free poultry book of building plans, feeding directions, treatment of diseases, etc. Trust us for a square deal. **OAK RIDGE FARM, REG'D, Port Credit, Ont., Box 502.**

DARK CORNISH Cockerels Good, Big, Choice Birds at attractive prices according to quality. Priced to clear. **H. B. FOSTER, Bowmanville, Box 359, Ont.**

JERSEY WHITE GIANTS, Jersey Black Giants, Buff Orpingtons, Light Sussex, Silver Spangled Hamburgs, S. C. Black Minorcas, White Wyandottes, Silkies, Eggs for hatching \$2.00 per 15. Satisfaction guaranteed. **RALPH MCALL, Midland, Ontario.**

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

CHAS. H. GRANT, K.C., Barrister And Solicitor, 513 McLeod Block, Edmonton.

SEEDS

\$11.50 Will Buy 100 Lbs. Alsike And Timothy Mixture. \$13.50 for 100 lbs. Alsike Red Clover and Timothy, grade 2 (No. 1 for noxious weeds). Freight paid. Bags free. **MISNER SEED, Box 445, Port Dover, Ontario.**

FOR SALE—O.A.C. EARLY OATS, NO. 3, Certificate No. 46-6214, 80c bushel, sacks free. **JOHN O. KYLE, Thamesville, Route 7, Ontario.**

\$14.50 Buy 100 Lb. Alfalfa, Red Clover And Timothy. No. 1 Purity. Freight paid, bags free. **MISNER—SEED, Box 445, Port Dover, Ont.**

SITUATIONS VACANT

Wanted—Musical Young Man, Eager For Education, ambitious to do Christian work. **TEACHER, Rugby School, Furness, Sask.**

SITUATIONS WANTED

Parisian Lady, Middle Aged, Protestant, Victim of one of Quebec's ecclesiastical annulments, with good knowledge English, seeks position as housekeeper or companion. Good references. Willing go anywhere. **ADVERTISER 5, P. O. Box 3070, Montreal.**

STAMPS AND COINS

35 Commemorative, Airmails, Jubilees, and Edwards 25c. **NATIONAL PARKS STAMP SHOP, Gloucester, Mass.**

SWINE

FOR SALE—Chester Figs: Twelve Dollars At Eight weeks. **PHILIPPE RICHARD, St. Pascal, Kamouraska, Quebec.**

TO RENT

Beautifully Furnished Room Overlooking A Lovely Park in Kingston, for invalid or Elderly Couple. Best of care and good board. **ADVERTISER 9, P. O. Box 3070, Montreal.**

Summer Cottage On Lake Louise In Laurentians to rent for June. Four rooms. At water's edge. **\$45. W. EDGAR, P. O. Box 3070, Montreal.**

TOURS

SUMMER VACATION TOUR

All Expense—Exclusive Party Personally Conducted by Mrs. H. B. Pope, 422 Metcalfe Avenue, Montreal. Leaving Montreal July 2nd. Including Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium, Vimy, France, and a two-weeks' cruise on the beautiful "Lancastria" Norway, Denmark, Finland, Poland and Sweden, with many interesting shore excursions. Previous similar tours very enjoyable and successful. References exchanged. Circulars, 38 days \$530.00. 52 days \$620.00.

Every man's home is his safest place of refuge.

—Sir Edward Coke.

A Pioneer Family and the Potash Industry

By George Stevens.

JAMES VANALSTINE, a U. E. Loyalist who served in Sir John Johnson's Royal Regiment of New York, and who died in the hospital in Montreal in 1780, was my great-great-grandfather, and James Vanalstine, who personally appeared before John Embury, Esq., in 1802, and petitioned for the usual quantity of land allowed to Loyalists' children, was my grandfather's father, thus making him my great-grandfather.

James Vanalstine, who was born in 1800 in the woods where Napanee, Ontario, is now situated, and who was the first white child born in that district, was my grandfather.

Lucina Vanalstine, my mother, was born in Napanee, Ontario, in the year 1834, and she married Charles Stevens, my father.

AS is well known by almost everyone, Ontario in the year 1770, A.D., was a dense forest and was inhabited by Indians who lived along the lakes and rivers where all kinds of fish were abundant and the forest was full of wild animals.

In the days when my grandfather was a boy there were no roads—just winding trails, and at that time Kingston and Toronto were unknown. By the time my grandfather was a young man things in general began to change and the Kingston Highway was built by the Government from Montreal to York, a trading post where Toronto now stands. The highway, which is very much improved, is still the main thoroughfare between Toronto and Montreal, a distance of some 330 miles. Some years later the Grand Trunk Railway Line—now the Canadian National Railways—was established from Montreal. The engines were fired with wood which was cut and piled along the tracks.

My father was a sailor and he put up at Napanee during the winter, and it was during this time that a man named Detlor hired my father to work in his potash factory, and he offered my father eight dollars (\$8.00) a week if he would stay home the year around. In the course of a few years another man started a potash factory and then Charles Lane started one. Then there were three potash factories in Napanee.

WHEN I was quite a young man I well remember my grandparents telling me about how people lived in the early days. Everything was free. There was no law and licences were unheard of. If you wanted fish all you had to do was go to the river or lake and spear them or put out a net and you could get all the fish you wanted and have some to give away. If you wanted fowl you just took a shot gun and shot some partridges, wild ducks, wild geese or wild turkeys. If you wanted meat all you had to do was take a rifle and shoot a bear or a deer. If you wanted pork you could step out and shoot a ground hog. There were butternuts, hickory nuts and beech nuts in abundance in the woods. They also told me that from the bear and deer that they killed they had meat to eat, and grease to melt to make candles. These candles were made by melting the grease and pouring it over cotton that was placed in molds and when it cooled you had

your supply of candles to light your house at night. When supplies of tea, tobacco, sugar, etc., were needed these had to be obtained from a pedlar who took the skins and furs in exchange for them.

My grandfather made his children's boots, moccasins and snowshoes out of the skins which he tanned himself.

In those days when a couple wished to get married and settle down the men would turn in and cut the logs and build a log house with a stone fireplace so that there would be a place to cook the food and heat the house. A table made of wood hewn from the woods and a few blocks of wood made the furnishings of the home. The stools could be made any height or length desired.

I remember when I was not very old that things were beginning to change. You now have to have a licence to fish and to hunt; a licence to live and a licence to die, as it were. Money when you arrive and money when you leave. Somebody has to pay when you come and when you go.

THE manufacture of potash was interesting and at times demonstrations were held in the evenings so that the public could witness the final stages of the boiling.

Men and teams were hired to collect the ashes from people who would save them and these ashes brought to the potash factory which was built in a "T" shape and an ash-bin at each end of the "T" held the ashes. Four leaches were built on each side. The leaches were filled once a week with water. One side would be filled on Monday and the other side would be filled on Thursday. On the stem of the "T" there was a boiling house with a furnace in front three feet wide and four feet high. Four large cast iron kettles were built in the arch back of the chimney. The lye from the ashes was pumped into an iron receiver and piped to the kettles to be boiled down into potash. The man in charge came to work at four o'clock in the morning and went off duty at four in the afternoon. He had to understand thoroughly how to melt potash, and how to charge hot kettles. These boiling kettles weighed from one thousand to one thousand two hundred pounds. A helper came to work at seven o'clock in the evening. This kept the four large kettles boiling the lye away for the full twenty-four hours a day. The melt was taken off on Wednesday and Saturday mornings. The melt when taken off was dipped in half-barrel cast iron coolers which held three hundred and twenty-five pounds each.

When the Wednesday melt was being taken off the lye the two back kettles were dipped to the front kettles and the lye for the Saturday melt was then started in the two back kettles. The potash when done was red hot and so were the kettles and great care had to be taken so that the kettles would not crack. The fires were allowed to die down when they were dipping the potash out into the half-barrel size coolers and the potash was allowed to cool for about twenty hours. Air slacked lime two inches thick was then spread on the potash and allowed to cool and harden. After this had stood for another twenty-four hours the cooler was turned upside down and the potash would come out in a solid mass half the size of the barrel in which it was to be shipped. Two of these masses were placed together in a heavy oak barrel with one-inch staves and headed up. The barrels were hooped with eight hoops at each end. These barrels had to be air tight and very strong so as to stand the rolling about while they were being shipped to Doubeil at Montreal and loaded for shipment to England.

SIXTY years ago I have seen the yards piled full of wood for the year's run. This wood was bought for one dollar and fifty cents a cord and the best of tamarac could be bought

for two dollars and fifty cents a cord. The tamarac made the hottest fire for melting.

At that time men worked for one dollar a day, but it was not long until they were demanding more and collectors wanted \$2.00 a day instead of \$1.00. The wood doubled and trebled in price so that the cost of production was more than the income. The ash-eries shut down and then finally around fifty years ago the buildings were torn down and there have been no ashes leached in Ontario since that time.

My father about that time started to export the unleached hardwood ashes to New England States and could deliver car lots in tight box cars

for pretty nearly the same price as the leached ashes.

I have been shipping ashes for fifty years myself and I have never talked to a person who used my ashes that has not told me that they are a good fertilizer. The ashes which I ship are pure unleached hardwood ashes—just as nature made them. There is as much potash in them now as there was sixty years ago, as the trees grow the same now as they did then, and the ashes sell at \$30 a ton.

THIRTY CENTS will bring the Witness, on trial, from May 1st to end of 1937—8 months—to your friend. Two such for 50cts. For places calling for extra postage, see Page 8.

Courage for the Shy Child

By Margaret Conn Rhoads.

WE all realize that the child who is shy and constantly embarrassed by bashfulness has a handicap that needs very wise handling. Many times a parent can help a child to rise above this timidity and become happily sociable, delighting in personal contacts.

"June started out to be one of those little children who hide behind their mother's skirts at the approach of a stranger; her lips quivered if she were singled out for attention and she evaded the mailman and the milkman when they came on their daily rounds," related a mother before a group of parent students. "I determined that she should never hear any of the family comment on her shyness. I also made up my mind to think of ways of helping the baby to overcome this handicap. I knew I should have to go very carefully along the way or I might make matters worse, but today June is such an unusually responsive child and meets people so easily that I feel my carefully laid plans were well worth while.

"I began with the mailman as he came each day. I allowed June to stick the stamp on my letter. This seemed such a big thing to her! Then with the letter in her hand to give the mailman, she forgot her fear and ran out to meet him. He helped me by not getting too friendly with her all at once. And in much this same simple way I acquainted June with the milkman and the grocery boy. I let her put the tickets in the milk bottles and let her set the bottles out. That gave her an interest in the man who delivered the milk. I would empty the grocery boy's basket and hand her the empty container to give to him. When guests came to the house I would ask her to open the door. She soon learned to ask them to be seated especially if their manner when they greeted her was not too familiar. Most little boys and girls like to get acquainted with a strange person gradually, but many older people are apt to gush over children, the moment they meet them. When June started for nursery school she was somewhat afraid of the experience. But each morning I let her take some small gift to the teacher and her joy in carrying the flower or the red apple or the cutout she had made lessened her consciousness of self and the problem was solved happily.

"SHYNESS or backwardness is often regarded by parents as a trait the child will outgrow and so they feel it need not be given special concern. I like to think that in our home we are always helping the children to develop the traits that will benefit them. They should be able to meet people happily, be sufficiently self-possessed to enter into child activities and reap the joy of personal contacts. They should have the assurance within themselves that they are capable of joining in a conversation with a group of their age or of playing games with as much vim as the other children. Shyness induces an inferiority complex in the child that later makes the grownup cheat himself of much advancement and many

pleasures that are rightly his. Today June at five can meet the guests in our home pleasantly, totally unconscious of herself. What picture would she have presented had we ignored her baby tendency or constantly commented on it? She would have been timid still, and little by little would have become more certain that she would always be a shy person."—From a series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

Latin America

Leon Trotsky on April 13 at Mexico, presented to the commission of American liberals hearing his defence against Soviet charges of treason voluminous documentary evidence intended to prove he could not have plotted against the Soviet Union in Paris in 1933. Charges of such conspiracy were contained in testimony at the Moscow treason trial in January.

Carleton Beals, well-known author, resigned formally on April 17 from the sub-commission of inquiry investigating the Moscow charges that Leon Trotsky conspired with Germany and Japan against the Soviet Union. Mr. Beals asserted that he did not "consider the proceedings of the commission to be a truly serious investigation of the charges."

Berlin's indignation at the murder of Josef Riedel, Nazi leader shot in front of his residence in the suburb of San Martin, Buenos Aires, Argentine, on April 11 has given sensational publicity to the existence of a wide Nazi organization in Argentina, which has been fairly successful in escaping publicity. The police insist that the death of Riedel had no political significance, since he was shot when he attempted to resist two burglars trying to enter his residence. Berlin dispatches allege that the assassins were Communists, but local Germans say they were Nazis and that the shooting was the outcome of a split in the local Nazi organization as a result of dissatisfaction with Riedel's leadership.

Police claimed on April 19 that the slain Joseph Riedel, far from being the head of the Nazi organization in Argentina, as reported from Berlin, was merely the leader of a group of 20 men in the small suburb of San Martin, where he lived. He was responsible to the head of a larger local group in another suburb.



TELL YOUR FRIENDS

Witness on trial from May 1st to end of 1937—8 months—now only 30 cts. Two such for 50 cts. For places calling for extra postage see Page 8.

HOME COOKING

MAPLE FLAVORED

By Madam

Maple Dumplings:—Half fill enamel roasting pan with a mixture one cup water to two cups maple syrup and put it on to get boiling hot. Mix up a biscuit dough, two cups flour, four teaspoons baking powder and half a teaspoon salt, sifted and moistened with about one cup of milk. Drop by spoonfuls into the boiling syrup and either cover or put into hot oven. If baked it is better to add a little shortening as it prevents the tops getting hard.

Fried Puffs:—These are made as raised bread. One cup cream, 1 cup milk, 1 cup luke warm water, salt and sugar, 2 yeast cakes, bread flour to knead. Knead in small biscuit shape and let raise over night. Fry in deep hot fat until golden brown. Split open and insert pieces of butter. Serve hot with coffee for breakfast. Or with maple syrup for supper.

Italian Snaps:—Two eggs and a pinch of salt. Stir in an earthen bowl, very stiff with flour. Then roll out as thin as possible. The secret of having them light is the way they are rolled. Cut them three by three inches square, make a slit in the centre of each, and drop in hot lard the same as you would doughnuts. They will puff up and become slightly brown. Have ready one-half cup of sugar and one teaspoon of cinnamon to be sifted over them as soon as taken from the fat, or serve with maple syrup.

Apple Pot-Pie:—Half fill a deep dish with apples that have been pared, quartered and cored. Pour over them a little boiling water, and cook in a hot oven till tender. Make a crust as for baking powder biscuits, roll out an inch thick, and place over the apple. Bake 40 minutes, or until the crust is well browned. Serve with maple sauce. For the sauce cook together two tablespoons of butter and one teaspoon of flour, add a cup of maple syrup and a tiny pinch of mace, and cook until clear and smooth.

Leather Aprons:—Make perfectly plain

doughnuts, no sugar, no eggs or spice. Use 1 cup sweet milk, 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 teaspoon salt and 2 heaping teaspoons baking powder with flour to make a soft dough. Shape up into a loaf, cut off strips with a knife, twist and fry at once. Eat while they are hot with a saucer of genuine maple syrup.

Colonial Maple Cakes:—Melt one cup of maple sugar and let it cool somewhat, add to it one-half cup of honey, two-thirds cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoon of soda dissolved in the sour milk, a pinch of salt, one-fourth cup of butter melted and one well-beaten egg. Add to the mixture enough flour to make a stiff dough. Dredge with flour, two tablespoonfuls of chopped orange rind and two tablespoonfuls of chopped citron. Add this fruit and one-half cup of preserved gooseberries or currants to the dough. Pour in the batter about one-fourth of an inch deep in a pan lined with buttered paper and bake it in a slow oven. Cut it into squares.

Vermont Maple Cookies:—Cream two tablespoons butter with ½ cup maple syrup, add one egg, two tablespoons milk, one rounding cup flour, sifted with ½ teaspoon cream tartar and ¼ teaspoon soda. Add ¾ cup chopped nut meats (English walnut or hickory). Drop from spoon into buttered pans, leaving space enough between to prevent running together.

Maple Syrup Cookies:—One cup maple syrup, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup sour milk ½ cup nut meats, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda. Mix stuff with flour, drop on greased pans, bake in hot oven.

Tree-Planting a Public Benefit

RECALLING my early life in Canada as a Pioneer surrounded by the most beautiful wooded district in America, trees, wonderful trees in every direction, until the advent of the settlers; then the destruction of the trees was the principal industry of the new settlers. The timber was sold at a low price or burned and the ashes made into potash, which was about the only export commodity that the early settlers had in those days.

If that timber were in existence today, you would have an asset that would easily wipe out your National Debt and leave you a substantial surplus.

In my yearly visits to my native land, I do miss the beautiful wooded districts that I formerly loved to visit. Now I find the towns and cities better wooded than the farm districts are.

The time has arrived when the subject of tree planting and tree production should be of first importance to every loyal citizen of Canada.

Every farmer should devote at least one-fourth of his land to the production of trees, in the form of a wooded district, with numerous shade trees in other sections.

In summer the wooded section forms a comfortable shade for the farm stock and a beautiful home for birds and other wild life. And in winter they form a much-needed wind break and protection from storms. They also protect the snow from sudden thaws, thus preventing the cause of many disastrous floods. The falling leaves every year provide a valuable fertilizer which is much needed at this time.

Tree planting bureaus should be established in every province in Canada. And trees should be supplied free of cost to every individual corporation or municipality who will plant them and agree to give them protection for a stated time for proper development.

In the establishment of tree planting bureaus, mature judgment should be used in the selection of the kind of trees planted. It is just as easy to plant and raise valuable timber trees as it is to raise trees of no timber value. One is a liability and the other an asset.

There is a wonderful opening in Canada for the production of trees. You have millions of acres of waste land in every Province, especially in the North West Provinces. Every college and school in Canada should have its tree planting department. Give your Boy Scouts a chance to plant trees, a worthy object for any progressive organization.

What better monument can any citizen leave than a beautiful tree or better still, a grove of beautiful trees?

While we all realize that only God can produce a tree, still we his people have a wonderful opportunity to assist in their production and thus we can leave not only a life record for

ourselves, but our action will be of wonderful benefit to all future generations.—John M. Hoskins.

"It has not been uncommonly observed that in children home education is lacking with the grievous result that there remains something missing in them when they grow up. Thus the cosmic energy of life suffers.

For this, the blame lies with the parents who did not fully equip themselves for the honest care of their children. They lacked right education."—From 'Education', by M. P. Narain, B.Sc., Hyderabad, India.

Most of the best things we now possess began by being dreams.—J. Russell Lowell.

"SPRIG! SPRIG! BEAUDIFUL SPRIG!"



Don't try this unless you are in perfect physical condition.

SO sang the funny man—meaning, of course, that colds are synonymous with spring. And so they are to many—but not to me. I haven't had a cold since 1913—and I don't intend to have one. I defy them nightly before huge audiences. I've been lecturing almost steadily since last September, every night, sometimes twice a day, and on every platform I've said "I defy disease—even a cold—to attack me." In order to make a public statement like that and "get away with it" you've got to be pretty sure of your ground. Why don't I have colds? I'm exposed to as many drafts, as many wet days, as many germs as anyone; more than most people, in fact. Yet I don't have colds or any other sickness. The reason is that my natural resistance is so great that disease germs do not get a foothold in my system. My cells are so vital they destroy the less vital "germs", but in most persons the situation is the reverse. If the cells are devitalized by errors in diet, exercise, etc., then the "germs" are more vital. They can more than hold their own against the less vital body cells. They

take up their abode in the body, live off its cells and multiply with unbelievable rapidity. Their rapid multiplication and growth produce toxic substances. It is these toxic substances which cause the fever, pain, weakness and other manifestations which we know as sickness and disease. We need not have these manifestations if we would keep our blood stream in a normal healthy state. Then the cells nourished by such blood would be vigorous and vital and able to repel the invasion of "germs" into the system.

Try making one full meal each day from Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy or Lish-us; use plenty of salad vegetables and raw fruits; drink at least four cups of Kofy-Sub each day. Take a reasonable amount of exercise, including walking. Sleep in a well ventilated room. Take a cool rubdown or cool shower daily and note the increased sense of wellness resulting from your increased vital resistance.



Write for free literature upon perfect body building to Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 357, Vine Ave., Toronto.

Robt. G. Jackson, M.D.

The photographs in this advertisement are taken from the Talking Picture "One Young Man", featuring a day in the life of Dr. Jackson.

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Your cruise ship, Empress of Australia, sails from Quebec July 2 (no extra charge for meals and berth while in Southampton). Or you may select other connecting Canadian Pacific ships for additional time in the British Isles. Return at your leisure.

For further information apply your local travel agent, or Windsor Station Steamship Office or D. R. Kennedy, 201 St. James St., West. PLATEAU 2211.

Canadian Pacific

Canada

Premier Mitchell Hepburn of Ontario mustered in 200 special constables at Toronto on April 13 and asked the Dominion Government at Ottawa for additional forces from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, on the ground that the strike situation in Oshawa was becoming more tense because of the activity of Communist agitators. The mayor of Oshawa pointed out there had been no disorder and no threat of any. The Premier also issued an ultimatum to his Cabinet members that they must support his strike policy or resign.

After more than three hours discussion in committee, the Saskatchewan Legislature on April 13 gave third reading to an amended bill to give Saskatchewan co-operative Wheat Producers Limited authority to assist other co-operative enterprises.

The Social Credit Act, which provides for consumers' dividends and a board of House members to select a commission of technical experts to administer a Social Credit program, was given third reading in the Alberta Legislature on April 13.

Legislation such as the recently passed Quebec "padlock" law was seen as a "grave danger" by J. R. H. Robertson, retiring president of the Montreal Junior Board of Trade, in his annual address on April 13. "The tragic thing about such legislation is that it drives underground the very thing that should be fought in the open. He added that persecution made martyrs of men because of their political opinions, and by such laws "a great impetus is given to the forces for Communism, not against it."

Choice of a mixed jury of French and English-speaking citizens was completed on April 13 at Quebec for the trial of four "Witnesses of Jehovah" on charges of seditious conspiracy, for having distributed typical literature of their faith in Quebec on Oct. 3, 1933.

Appointment of the royal commission which will investigate economic relations between the provinces and the Dominion will be delayed until after the Imperial Conference, Prime Minister Mackenzie King said on April 14.

The Alberta Legislature adjourned on April 14 to June 7.

Expressing belief that Premier Hepburn of Ontario had misunderstood the attitude of Labor Minister Rogers toward the Oshawa General Motors strike, Prime Minister Mackenzie King declared on April 14 the Dominion Government had no intention of intervening unless there was reason to hope such intervention would be of value. It would be of no help to the situation if done against the wishes of the Ontario Government, he said.

Peter Veregin the Younger, spiritual leader of British Columbia's Doukhobors, on April 14 at Grand Forks, B. C., warned his followers they must "rid themselves of the firebug troublemakers."

Premier Mitchell Hepburn of Ontario on April 14 demanded, and obtained, the resignations of Attorney-General Arthur Roebuck and Hon. David Croll, Minister of Public Welfare, Labor and Municipal affairs. Premier Hepburn stated that for the present he would take over Mr. Croll's portfolios and Paul Leduc, Minister of Mines, would temporarily act as Attorney-General.

Mayor Alex C. Hall of Oshawa on April 14 demanded the strike call in the United States General Motors plants to support Canadian workers in their demands.

Recommendation that proceedings be taken against the person responsible for "salting" of assay ores from the property of Rubec Mines Limited, in Northern Quebec, was contained in a statement made public on April 15 by Edouard Asselin, Assistant Attorney-General of Quebec. The report, based on an inquiry by Willie Amyot, registrar of the Quebec Securities Act, upheld a claim by J. M. Godfrey, Ontario Securities Commissioner, that assay samples had been "salted."

The British Columbia Legislature was dissolved on April 15 and Premier T. D. Pattullo set June 1 both as a date for an election and for a plebiscite on the contentious state health insurance plan. Nominations will be made May 11.

After the United Automobile Workers of America agreed in Detroit on April 15 to settle the General Motors strike at Oshawa on a "Canadian" basis without recognition of the C.I.O. as an "international" labor organization, Premier Mitchell Hepburn called a conference of

company and union officials at his office for 11 o'clock next morning.

Premier Hepburn of Ontario on April 5 caused the ousting of Joseph Sedgwick, senior solicitor in the Attorney General's Department.

Dominion officials recalled R.C.M.P. from Toronto at Premier Hepburn's request on April 15 after a plea for still more police aid had been refused. Premier Hepburn termed Ottawa's attitude "vacillating."

Mrs. C. Alton, Mrs. A. M. Rose and W. J. Brown of Belleville, Ont., and F. W. Greenwood of Montreal, four Witnesses of Jehovah, self-described as "true followers of Jesus Christ," were convicted on April 16 on charges of seditious conspiracy for which they were arrested more than three years ago. A jury in court of King's Bench added a rider to its verdict, recommending "the prisoners to the clemency of the court." (Louis Lemay, counsel for the four Jehovah Witnesses convicted Apr. 15 by a Criminal Assizes Court jury on a charge of seditious conspiracy, announced that, despite the fact sentences have not yet been pronounced, he will enter an appeal against the court's decision.)

H. L. Cummings, Deputy Minister of Municipal Affairs, was dismissed on April 16 by the Ontario Government. Premier Hepburn announced.

Homer Martin, president of the United Automobile Workers of America, announced on April 17 that the invitation of Premier Mitchell Hepburn for a Conference between striking General Motors employees and company officials had been accepted. Martin's statement said C. H. Millard, president of the Oshawa local of the U.A.W.A., and J. L. Cohen, counsel for the local, would attend "with the committee on behalf of the union."

Police were called on April 16 to the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood settlement near Grand Forks, B. C., to remove a small group of recalcitrants from the religious sect's colony.

Premier T. D. Pattullo asked co-operation of Dominion authorities in attempts to solve British Columbia's Doukhobor problem on April 16 as word was received from Grand Forks in the south-central section of the province, that work on the Federal Government's new airway radio beam station there had been halted by Doukhobor threats of violence to workmen.

Third session of the eighth Saskatchewan Legislature was prorogued on April 16 by Lieut.-Governor A. P. McNab.

Right of employees to organize in trade unions and to bargain collectively was recognized by law in Nova Scotia on April 18. The measure was introduced by Opposition Leader Col. G. S. Harrington, and was later qualified by certain Government amendments. Shortly afterwards, prorogation of the fourth session of the province's 17th Legislature since Confederation took place.

Premier Hepburn claimed on April 18 he had "definite knowledge" organizers for the Committee for Industrial Organization are trying to bring on strikes at the International Nickel mine near Sudbury and in the Kirkland Lake and Porcupine mining areas.

Premier Mitchell F. Hepburn, Premier of Ontario, broke off conference with the Oshawa strikers and General Motors officials on April 17, declaring he would not be party to a "Martin-Thompson" negotiation by remote control as J. L. Cohen, union counsel telephoned Homer Martin, automobile union international leader, from the Prime Minister's office.

Protection for the investing public is provided in amendments to the Manitoba Securities Act given third reading on April 17 before the first session of the 20th Legislature was prorogued by Lieut.-Governor W. J. Tupper. The amendments provided that auditors of brokerage houses in the province be required to report to the Winnipeg Stock Exchange auditor on all their findings. The Exchange auditor will submit his information to the Exchange's governing body which is empowered to require any brokerage person or company to change bookkeeping methods in the public interest.

Olivar Asselin, French Canadian editor, writer, commentator and critic, who served for a short while last year, as chairman of the Quebec Old Age Pensions Commission died on April 18. He was 62 years of age.

Premier William Aberhart on April 18 advised insurgent Social Credit members of the Alberta Legislature that they should either stand behind the Government or cross the floor of the House.

Premier T. D. Pattullo of British Columbia, announced on April 19 Prime Minister Mackenzie King had informed him he was considering appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the

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Doukhobor situation in Canada and recommend a permanent solution.

Warning that the McIntyre-Porcupine and Hollinger gold mines would be "indefinitely shut down" if strikes were called at either of their properties was given on April 19 by the presidents of the mines.

More than 3,000 strikers on April 19 unanimously rejected proposals presented to them by Mayor Alex Hall of Oshawa from General Motors of Canada. The company offered higher wages on a five-day, 44-hour week basis. It was indicated in announcement of the strikers' decision that failure of the company to recognize the United Automobile Workers of America was the factor which resulted in rejection of the proposals.

Licensing of all international trade unions, as a means of controlling the activities of unions affiliated with the C.I.O., is under consideration by the Ontario Government, Premier Mitchell Hepburn announced on April 19.

Arthur W. Roebuck, on April 19 resigned his post as member of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission.

Hearing of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission appeal against Chief Justice Hugh E. Rose's judgment was postponed on April 19 when Chief Justice F. R. Latchford of the Appeal Court expressed the opinion he should not be a member of the court due to his opinion on a question of law involved.

Minimum salaries for rural school teachers in Quebec range from a high of \$301 annually for a primary school teacher in the northern region of Outaouais to \$159.92 in the Lower St. Lawrence River district, according to the annual report of the Department of Education as tabled on April 19 in the Legislature.

Sister Dominions

Sean MacEntee, Finance Minister, on April 14 submitted to the Irish Free State Dail the sixth budget of the de Valera Government with a surplus of £1,444,000 (\$7,075,600) to distribute. He made concessions in taxes. He struck at the rising cost of living.

Hugh McDowell Pollock, Deputy Minister and Finance Minister of Northern Ireland, died on April 15. He was 80 years old.

President Eamonn de Valera on April 14 told the Dail that the Free State Government would participate in the forthcoming Imperial Conference only on questions directly affecting the people of the Free State.



With your car safely in the garage, seems as though you are prepared for anything that can happen. Don't even need a telephone any more.

BUT...ARE YOU CERTAIN? Sickness, fire, accident, whatever it may be—and some of these things come occasionally to all of us—is your car quick enough, sure enough? Maybe the roads are blocked... Maybe a tire is flat... In emergency what you need most is a TELEPHONE. Don't wait for something to happen to find that out!



NEW LOW RATES for farm telephone service are now in effect

Have you ever wondered how to invest your money? Well, your friend is just at this moment in danger of squandering 30 cts. Tell him to invest it in the Witness on trial from May 1st to the end of 1937.