

CANADIAN HOMESTEAD

The People's Paper

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The Week's Outlook

Guilty or Not Guilty?

THE murder of Field Marshal Wilson, in as far as it could be distinguished from mere bloodthirsty adventure, appeared to have for its object a determination to plunge Britain into war with Ireland. The Field Marshal had been a marked man for his activity against the Sinn Fein extremists in Ulster, and the Irish names of his assassins left no doubt in the public mind that he was the victim of Republican hatred. A wave of indignation swept over Britain, ministers in the House of Commons were made the target for fierce attack and unsparing criticism, the police were denounced for their slackness, and there was a loud outcry for more stringent dealing with Ireland. Even Lady Wilson, smarting keenly under a sense of the injustice done to her gallant husband by a government that had "shaken hands with murder," would have barred every member of the Cabinet from attending the funeral. When it was represented to her that by so doing she would be showing disrespect to the King, she yielded loyally. No sooner, however, was the body of the murdered Field Marshal laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral—with all the pomp and ceremony that were befitting so solemn an occasion—than Mr. Churchill rose in the House to exonerate the Government from blame in connection with the assassination, and delivered a speech that Mr. Bonar Law described as one of the best he had ever made. Then Mr. Shortt, the Home Secretary, whose scalp was demanded by the Opposition, stated casually by way of explanation, and with perfect calmness, that neither of the men charged with the murder of Sir Henry Wilson had anything whatever to do with Ireland—they were Londoners, ex-soldiers, living at home with their parents, and there was no evidence that they had ever been in Ireland in their lives. This gave Mr. Lloyd George, whose recent difference with Sir Henry had placed him in a most embarrassing position, the opportunity he needed to eulogize the honored dead, and he did so in glowing words that won the sympathy of all who heard him, and brought the "crisis" to an end with an overwhelming vote of confidence for the government.

A Murder War.

UNHAPPILY the fact remains that Britain is still on the verge of war with Ireland. That was the meaning of Kory O'Connor's demand that the English troops be withdrawn from Dublin within seventy-two hours under peril of bloodshed, and of the repeated attacks upon the Ulster boundary. Why do these extremists want war with Britain? Because they believe it would unify Roman Catholic Ireland on the side of secession, and that Ireland, as a unit, could not be crushed. It has long been apparent that nine-tenths of Ireland, if free to express itself, would support the Free State constitution as against the Republic. Those who have been secessionists, like Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Collins, of course put their acceptance of this half measure down to their belief that it is the most direct way to ultimate separation. There is no reason why the many who have had independence held up to them as a sort of millennium for Ireland should not comfort themselves with this hope till they or their children shall see more clearly the advantages of fellowship. The belief of Mr. de Valera and his die-hards, to whom anything less than independence is humiliation and a crime, is that, should it come to a new English invasion, the whole people would be found on their side and the Free State treaty would be at an end, and President de Valera would sit among the kings of the earth.

The Die-Hards.

A curious being is this de Valera. He takes part in peace conferences and peace pacts, yet sends forth perfervid incitements to turbulence. He is, no doubt, quite honest in both, but no one can ask him to be logical or consistent. He deplores the lawlessness which the world interprets as unfitness for self-government and as hatred of liberty. But of all things he does not mean to settle down with anything short of complete separation. Here is his address last Easter sent forth on emerging from a conference with the Archbishop and the Lord Mayor to consider how Easter could be passed without a renewal of riot:

"Young men and young women of Ireland, hold steadily on. Those who, with cries of woe and lamentation, would involve you in a disastrous rout you will soon see rally behind you, and vie with you for first place in the vanguard. Beyond all telling is the destiny God has in mind for Ireland—the fair, the peerless one. You are the artificers of that destiny. Yours is the faith that moves mountains, the faith that confounds cowardly reason and its thousand misgivings; yours is the faith and the love that begot the enterprise of Easter, 1916. Young men and young women of Ireland, the goal is at last in sight. Steady, all together. Forward! Ireland is yours for the taking. Take it.—Eamonn De Valera. Easter 1922."

This is the man with whom Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Collins made a treaty of coalition. Why did they do that? That was what they were called to London to answer, and they seem to have satisfied Ministers of their good faith toward the treaty. To understand it one needs to know the real state of Ireland. Things had come to a pass when it was certain that the impending election would only be a reign of terror unless something was done to call off the de Valera dogs. Everywhere people were being evicted, their property commandeered, their cattle lifted at anybody's whim. This was all done in the name of the Republic of which Mr. de Valera is President. What reckless youth has not been a member of the Republican army and does not feel free to act in its name? The agreement was so far successful that the form of an election could be gone through. The election was a sham, but did not fail to prove the Republicans to be in a hopeless minority. This verdict on the part of the Irish people Mr. de Valera has refused to accept. He has failed in his part of the agreement. But he is certain to be the first to break away from it and set the provisional government free to act in accordance with the constitution with what strength it can muster.

Canada Slandered.

A COMPANY exists in London for land speculation in Canada. Land speculation is the curse of Canada. The Provincial governments have to give their best attention to driving off the land by taxation those who are holding it out of use in order to profit by the enterprise of others. Canada wants all the British capital she can get to develop her natural resources and her commerce. But capital is not wanted to prey upon settlers and obstruct settlement. Canada owes such investors no thanks. Through the reversal of the war boom, misfortune has come to many investments both beneficent and injurious, and it has become fashionable on the London money market to denounce Canada. At the annual meeting of the company above mentioned, the Anglo-Canadian Finance Company, the management gave out that "the British investor is receiving dishonorable and discreditable treatment from governments in Canada, which will not in the end be for Canada's

good." As the name of Canada is the banner under which this company has sailed, must we assume from the blackening of it that the company has come to the end of its voyage, and that its management is seeking to cover its misfortunes under this malediction. The specific complaint was against British Columbia for having become more careful than she had been in exacting the taxation which it has long put upon land hogs, and its renewed effort to get its unused land under settlement by selling out non-tax-payers. Its complaint is really a tribute to good government.

Sympathy Sacrificed.

IT is Canada's interest to attract British capital. It is to the interest of British capital to seek investment in Canada. There are two enemies to this correlative service, the sharps and the flats. From time to time the wildest sort of schemes have been put on the London market. The first thing Canada has known of some of these schemes has been the discredit the bubbles have brought upon her by bursting. There have also been British investments in Canada for which Canada has felt greatly beholden and over whose misfortunes she has been greatly sympathetic. The fashion of slandering Canada has a way of falling back on the Grand Trunk as the outstanding instance. We have felt keenly over the long chapter of losses which the Grand Trunk Railway has proved to innocent British investors who suffered on our behalf. That enterprise was born in much mismanagement and much iniquity. It was laid out on a gauge that would not fit into the other railways of the continent, a fact which manifested small sense as to the customary and necessary interchange of traffic. That was a huge miscalculation which stood it in bad stead for many years. It was a sample of the inadaptability of English ways which marked the enterprise. But it was not an iniquity, as was the graft that long ran all through the system, which the Witness of those days tried to bring to the notice of the English proprietors. It is many years since there have been charges of that sort, and the Canadians, while deprecating the continued misfortune of the company's having to direct its affairs from a distance, have, as misfortunes followed each other, a genuine sympathy with the losers. For the last disaster, the undertaking of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the English are in no sense to be blamed. They did it under the advice of an American railway expert, and it was a Canadian government that saddled the Grand Trunk Pacific with the Transcontinental section. The bankruptcy that followed in war-time was regretted by all except those who regarded the railways as predatory enemies, and wanted to control them through the government. That government management should come about through bankruptcy was however the worst of omens for government management. Those English shareholders still have our sympathy although their management is doing its best to rob them of it through its persistent practice of slandering Canada. At the moment when the burden of their great concern is breaking Canada's back, they persist in denouncing our government for not making good to the shareholders their losses upon securities whose value vanished under their management.

The Fight with Distances.

HAS western Canada come to an impasse? It can produce abundance, and if it could live on what it produces would live right royally, and, like the miller of Dec, care for nobody. But the world is more and more bound together;

no country can any longer live to itself. Had not steam wrought miracles on land and water, the west would not have been. The question of the west is one of transportation over five thousand miles in one direction or six to seven thousand in the other. What more natural than that transportation should, as a correspondent says, be a most absorbing topic there. One year in four the farmer has, as he puts it, to make a present of his year's labor and the labor of his land to the railways. That is how he sees it. "Not to us," say the railways; "we are losing on the whole business. You and we are supporting our employees." The unanimous sentiment of the west is expressed in that letter when it insists that the government should force the railways to lower their rates. The great desire of the west has been that the government should own the railways. The idea was that the railways were in combination to bleed the country, and that with government ownership this would end. The government now does own half the railways, quite enough of them to affect the rates of the other half. But how did the government come into possession? Because, far from bleeding the country, the railways were themselves bleeding to death, and could do nothing but throw their dead burdens on the country. Knowing that political management would ruin any railway, in order to make the best of these unwelcome acquisitions under business management, a railway commission was appointed. Under circumstances fatal to the finances of the country, the one study of this commission had to be how to make the railways pay, or at least lose as little as possible. The result of their efforts to this end was to make the west, which was suffering cruelly from impossible freight rates, accuse the commission of "shamefully betraying its trust," and to bring the management into politics by demanding that the government override the Commission.

The Unsolved Problem.

WHEN that Railway Commission was appointed, we said, of course it would not keep the management out of politics. It might eliminate the disgrace of petty patronage. If the ship has been scraped of its barnacles, as we are assured it has been, it is a tremendous cleansing. But the major matter of deciding who is to pay for the transportation of the grain and beef of the prairies cannot escape being a question of the highest political moment. On questions of detail such as proposed by our correspondent above referred to, even to commandeering the co-operation of the Canadian Pacific, we do not enter. It will take time to bring about delicate adjustments with all their painful local consequences. We should think the Commission could be looked to to do its utmost in that line. The big question, clearly put by our correspondent, is whether the railways shall be run at a loss in order to maintain the present high rate of wages, or whatever rates these may be reduced to, or shall the freights be lowered at the country's expense in the hope that a lower cost of living and then lower wages may ensue. That seems to be the essence of the immediate problem. As the product of the soil must in some way bear the burden, it might seem little matter how the burden falls upon it. If the country pays a loss on transportation, it must tax the people; and the products still pay the taxes. Labor has to be paid, and the farmer must pay. The only circumstance that constitutes a plea for subventions for the transport of crops is the fact that the farmer is plundered by protective duties while he cannot himself be protected. But such all-round protection

simply amounts to every one having his hands in his neighbor's pockets instead of in his own.

The Only Hope.

SO much for the immediate question of how to get our products across the world. We are leaving it unsolved. The deeper question is how to people our country. That affords a number of strange anomalies, and some elementary problems of world statesmanship which are surging into view and specially challenging ourselves. For all that wages are so high, and after all the men lost and disabled in the war, there is much unemployment. There are two causes for this. One is that the high wages that are going preclude a great deal of employment. If people took just what they could get, which was the old way, all would get something. The other cause is the fact that a number of the unemployed are unemployable. War life has greatly unfitted them for steady and exacting service. Owing to the unemployment we are keeping newcomers out. People would stream in from east and west if they were let. Orientals would soon remove the high wage reason for high freight rates; but we won't let them. The problem therefore remains. Economic demands pull one way. Moral, or, is it, race, considerations pull another. So far these latter, aided by labor jealousies, pull another. Our method of settling the land in every second lot and of giving it to people who only do enough upon it to hold it for a profit has made settlement artificially sparse. Settlers have now to take lonely lots, far from railways, where they cannot realize on their toil, and further from fellow-beings than most people can stand. People are made to live in society and we must devise some way of filling the empty spaces. One great hindrance to this is the present dependence on grain, which takes a great deal of land to support a family, making distances between farmsteads count not in yards but in miles and half miles. It would be better were it possible, to settle people in groups on contiguous lots, instead of spreading them thus afield. Everything should be done to tax speculative holders off the land.

Canadian Justice.

UNDER British law a foreigner has the same right to all the safeguards of justice that a citizen has. At the time of the Labor troubles at Winnipeg, in 1919, a panicky act was passed withdrawing those immunities from other than Canadians. Even a British subject not born or formally naturalized or registered in Canada was subject to deportation without trial for being suspected of being an undesirable, or a member of some secret society. Mr. Woodsworth, Labor member from Winnipeg, brought in a bill removing the stain. The committee to which this bill was referred reported that the present act needed remodelling—that it was not in accord with the British Constitution to punish any one on suspicion and untried, to assume guilt till it was proved, to treat a man as undesirable and therefore subject to the abrogation of constitutional protection because he had once belonged to an undesirable class, even to refuse these guarantees to Canadian citizens if they were not British subjects either born or naturalized in Canada. Mr. Woodsworth said this latter distinction would enable the prime minister to deport a fellow member of the House of Commons born in Ireland, if he happened to dislike his views. Mr. Meighen, in whose era the legislation had been passed, said apologetically that that power had never been misused. The committee used the fact that the original existing act needed remodelling as a reason for recommending against the passage of Mr. Woodsworth's bill. Mr. Woodsworth protested that the changes outlined by the committee did not cover the case and tried to save the principle for which he was contending by moving that no one should be deported without trial by jury. Mr. Stewart, Minister of Immigration, refused to

accede to this, as it threw the gates very wide open, and the House voted it down, leaving us just where we were. So strong is the popular sentiment in the United States against the incoming of undesirables that the strongest barriers have been placed across the entrance of any but such as will build up the country. Whatever may be said as to the Christianity of these laws, which we have almost necessarily to a large extent copied, it seems obvious that at the door is the place to refuse the immunities of British justice and not after people have become residents.

A New Party.

WE hope to find cause for satisfaction in the formation of an Agrarian or Farmers' party in the province of Quebec. We welcome it, here as elsewhere, as an evidence of spontaneous life. Too long have the people been the sport of politicians, or, rather, of the interests behind the politicians. Does this or that interest want this or that favor at the hands of government—let us say, some timber limit, water power, or liquor manufacturing or brokering privilege from the provincial government, or some tariff privilege from the federal government—it has generally been possible to convince the leaders of this or that party of the need of it, while the people could be counted on to vote red or blue as the case might be. That is largely where the country is just now. We see that Mr. Fielding is expected by the advocates of the moneyed interests soon to retire. We do not know why he should do so. He has been forty years in active public service. It is his calling, his very life. He certainly would not leave it unless it was too much for him, of which there is no sign, or unless he found it galling, of which it is easy to imagine the probability, as he is unequally yoked with men of quite different notions. That, by the way. We repeat that we shall take great satisfaction in any sign of spontaneous life on the part of the people. We are assuming that this is a spontaneous class movement and not a clerical or blue party in disguise. If it is that, it will not be able to wear the mask long. If it is that, it will have no more real relation to the progressive party of the rest of the country than these protectionist adventurers have with true Liberalism.

An Encouraging Program.

ONE good feature of the new farmers' party is that though initiated by the United Farmers' of Quebec in their own interest, it is not a farmers' party. There is almost nothing that it does not propose to reform—even the courts. It declares the present system of education under clerical oversight to have proved its superiority from the moral, intellectual and national standpoints. That statement, though fairly true in the first category, and intensely so in the last, "national" being understood to be sectional and anti-national, is, in its central and essential statement, ridiculously untrue as applied to the common education of the farming population. We are, therefore, not surprised that, coupled with this obsequious tribute, the farmers want a complete shake up of the school system. The farmers seem to see a good deal of corrupt practice in the management of the liquor business by government, and propose to fall back on temperance societies for the promotion of temperance. What is fetching in the program, so far as we see it set forth in the papers, is the multiplicity of ways it has for spending public money with no ways for getting it. Such a program is sure to be popular. Liberal grants are bespoken for agricultural education and for the foundation of a fishery school. Encouragement is proposed for co-operative societies, money for colonization roads, colonization railways and colonization credits. This money would be spent, so far as possible, on the extension of the French race. Grants are also proposed for large families, a very wholesome and patriotic proposal in a country that so largely needs filling up. Indeed one might say it is not only

more wholesome, safer, and cheaper to fill up with native Canadians, but it is also a question whether it is loyal to make it over to strangers by failure in this. Encouragement is to be given to rural water power and electric lighting, encouragement to industries developing raw material, assistance to labor organizations existing for peaceable ends. Inducements are bespoken to banks to stimulate community welfare and co-operative enterprise. It is all very encouraging, and shows the usual calm faith that there is unlimited money somewhere that the government can seize for beneficent purposes. Two new ministries are to be created, one of Agriculture and one of Fisheries. By the time these reformers reach the Treasury Benches they will have to begin looking at both sides of the ledger. Meantime, we congratulate them on their resolve to snap party leading-strings.

The Weaker Brother.

BISHOP Harding, of Qu'Appelle, made what has been referred to as "a slashing attack on prohibition" in his charge to the clergy at the Anglican Synod which recently met in Regina. The Bishop "rejoiced at the banishment of the bar, the disappearance of the treating system, and other evils associated with the liquor traffic," but "felt increasingly that prohibition is bad both for morals and manners." He could not think "that prohibition as we know it was helping our weaker brother to be strong or creating that character that all God-fearing people wish to see and the results that many of us think can be produced by a reasonable temperance policy." As far as he could see the general effects of prohibition had not been good. Intemperance of the worst kind, lawlessness, debauchery, prevail to an alarming degree. Bootlegging, illicit stills and liquor profiteers are in evidence in every part of our province. It seemed to him that "as Christian and loyal citizens, it is incumbent upon us to further the cause of temperance by advocating a fair and reasonable temperance policy, a policy which will appeal to all earnest Christians and law-abiding citizens." When a good man goes wrong in word or in deed there is rejoicing among the hosts of evil, and we are sure that Bishop Harding's words will attain great publicity throughout the continent at the hands of the very lawless and debauching element whose doings in Saskatchewan he so tragically deploras. They will be encouraged in their law-breaking and in their work of ruining the bodies and souls of men, for, as the Bishop has in unmeasured terms denounced the law, they will naturally persuade themselves and others that their law-breaking has the episcopal benediction.

"Reasonable" Temperance.

WE understand, of course, that Bishop Harding has been disappointed and shocked at seeing the law still violated. But it would be the height of folly on that account to wield to the law-breakers. The good bishop only deceives himself when he dreams of any "reasonable temperance policy" which liquor will respect, or any law which its votaries will not violate. The only method which has effectively "banished the bar" and caused "the disappearance of the treating system and other evils associated with the liquor traffic"—improvements in which Bishop Harding rejoices—has been prohibition. Over and over again in this country and in others efforts have been made to regulate and reform the traffic, but it has persistently refused to be reformed or regulated. British Columbia was to accomplish great things with a "reasonable temperance policy," such, we presume, as Bishop Harding would like to see established in Saskatchewan, but the results have been woefully disappointing. Official Quebec boasts of its liquor profits, but the men who can be seen every evening staggering out of the saloons are not a good advertisement for its effects as a promoter of temperance. Bishop Harding is apparently greatly worried because "prohibition is not helping our weaker brother to grow strong." Does he imag-

ine that the legalized liquor traffic helps any "weaker brother" to grow strong? We think we remember the saying of a very great bishop of the Church: "Judge this rather than no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way."

Curbing Lawbreakers.

IT is a coincidence that on another page of the paper containing Bishop Harding's indictment of prohibition there appears the report of the Ontario License Board for 1921. "It will be generally admitted," says this report, "that prohibition of the liquor traffic has brought great benefits to the people of Ontario. Intoxicated men are rarely seen upon the streets of our cities, towns and villages, and countless families, whose bread-winners formerly wasted their earnings on drink are now able to live in comfort. While the police court records still show too large a number of arrests for drunkenness is to be remembered that under prohibition well enforced, fewer intoxicated men escape arrest." The report tells of great difficulties in thoroughly enforcing the law. Under the pretence of exporting liquor to the United States or Mexico, the unscrupulous distiller or brewer aids and abets the bootlegger. There is a minority in Ontario that takes delight in flouting and heaping ridicule on the law which the province has obtained through the voice of the majority of her citizens. Liquordom in Ontario is still a financial power, it has the support of a certain section of the press, it does its best to persuade certain sections of the community that they are badly treated by the "temperance fanatics and hypocrites." But the good results of prohibition are apparent, not only in the pages of the License Board report, but in the visible happiness and comfort which, in spite of hard times, are the predominant feature of life in every district of the province. Ontario is taking means to cope with law-breaking and to render her prohibition law more effective. Mr. Raney's bill prohibiting the carriage of liquor over highways will be a most potent weapon against bootlegging. Advantage should also be taken of the recent amendments to the Canada Temperance Act, and in the name of all consistency Ontario should refuse any longer to tolerate the sale of "native wine." This liquor, of unlimited strength, is undoubtedly responsible for a proportion of the drunkenness still found in the province.

Dominion Day.

ON Saturday of this week we observe Dominion Day, the fifty-fifth birthday of our nation. It will be celebrated in thankfulness that the hard times through which we have recently travelled are giving place to something like our normal state of prosperity. In common with the rest of the world, during the past eight years we have endured many a trying ordeal. The war, which lay like a dark shadow over the lives of all peoples on the earth, touched us very nearly, and exacted from us a fearful toll—the blood of our best and bravest. Then came the difficult years of reconstruction, with all sorts of terrors threatening the failure to solve their problems. Our task is by no means complete, but our eyes have caught the gleam of light through the darkness. We have travelled a strange road, and it is worth while asking ourselves how it is that, on the whole, we have trodden it so firmly and securely. One reason undoubtedly is our realization of the moral and physical strength of the great commonwealth of nations of which we are a member. Another source of our confidence has been our faith in our own Canada. Stevenson tells us of a perilous passage in his life: "I found myself come round like a well-handled ship, and I knew that I had on board that unknown Steersman whom we call God." It has been thus with our nation. We hear sighs at a present appearance of frivolity and carelessness, but these things are on the surface. Canada is still, as she has been from the beginning, a religious, a Christian nation. Faith in God is a real thing to the great body of our people. This faith has been our mainstay through days and nights of

darkness, and this priceless possession is the only guarantee of our national welfare throughout the coming years.

The Passing Era.

HERE are those who deride our optimism who tell us that those who have eyes to read the riddle of the times can see the boasted civilization of the Nineteenth Century sinking back into barbarism. Indeed it needs adept vision or second sight to see outbursts of ungoverned and almost ungovernable savagery in almost every land. Such is to be the outcome of that palmy, proud, prosperous Victorian age, in which men ran exultantly to and fro in the earth, and in which knowledge was increased with ever new surprises. That age whose maturity hardened into a general worship of self and power and luxury till its high literature became pessimistic and its social system cracked and broke up. That all is going to pieces we are told in some quarters is the common forecast of those who observe events scientifically in the light of history and of all portents. It is the foreboding of those whose faith was in material things and had no anchorage "within the veil." True it is that an age is dying. Let it die. Better things are in store for the world to come, when it shall rise renewed out of the wreck of all this dissatisfied materialism and lift its eyes from earth to heaven, when earth and heaven have been shaken till only those things which cannot be shaken shall remain, when these fires of bewildered new aspiration, largely of infatuate hate, fires unquenchable until their work is done, shall have burned away the dross of that smug worldliness in which we gloried. As we read history and as we read revelation, the world is not going to be left to itself. It never has been. It was in that serene time of the "Roman peace" when the world, sated with pleasure and culture was under monsters like Nero, going rotten, that an electric spark went forth from Jerusalem and revitalized mankind. It was in that luxurious and libidinous time when art was at its highest and morals at their lowest that the Reformation made a new Europe. It was in a time of dead unbelief, when religion in England was a cold form, when the parson as the correlative of the squire was little more than a traditional social institution, that the common life of England was transformed by the evangelical revival. Something is due now. It may, as on former occasions, be something quite upsetting to the things that are. It may have its Paul, its Luther or its Wesley, or it may come more like the lightning that lighteneth from one part under heaven to the other part under heaven. What is plain is that what is before us is not for this country or for that, but for the world. It is the world as a whole that is now perturbed. It is the world as a whole that is going to respond with a new harmony to the lessons the times are teaching.

Vae Victorious.

Woe to the conquered was the motto of that Roman world that placed its faith in brute force. In his zeal for Teutonism, Carlyle convinced himself that those Romans must have been Germans. One of the lessons the world is painfully learning is that the woe is not to the vanquished so much as to the victors. Ferrero, a great Italian writer, is drawing attention to the contrast between the conquered Germany and the nations that have come out of the war as conquerors. In Germany, everybody is at work producing wealth, while in the conquering nations there are large numbers of unemployed, a burden on the rest. Germany's reviving marine is new and of the highest earning power, and is all under commission, while that of the successful nations is largely rotting at the piers. Why? Because all the Allied powers have passed through an orgy of borrowing and reckless spending like the spendthrift sons of millionaire fathers. During that period, he says, the working people of Europe lived in altogether unaccustomed plenty, "chicken on Sunday, the movies every night, candy and ice-cream, silk stockings and silk

underwear." Such is his Italian inventory of labor luxury. What were the Germans doing all that time? They could not borrow from other nations. They had to produce the whole material for the war with their own hands, and pay for the support of it out of their own savings. They had no orgy of wasteful expenditure to recover from. They came out of the war well insured to low living and high production. They had expended everything, and had nothing left but the most perfect industrial machine in the world, into which the nation threw itself as unquestioningly as it had before thrown itself into the war. Of course, this is only one side of the picture. Related to this fact of unremitting toil, probably the greatest factor in differentiating Germany from the Allies is the other fact that the end of the war was, in the other nations, the signal for stopping the further inflation of each nation's currency by borrowing and added debt. Every improvement in a nation's solvency makes its money worth more, so that in appearance, everything, including wages, has to go down in money value, a process which makes business drag heavily, which clogs the wheels of industry and which makes labor dangerously intractable. In Germany, on the contrary, inflation has gone on. It has not a government that dares stop the printing press. Though the money cost of living continues to rise, wages rise also from time to time. Germany has gone on producing wealth, not only for herself, but for all the world in so far as the world has permitted her to slave for it, and it remains true that, whatever the medium of exchange, the hand of the diligent maketh rich, while slackness, whether in man or nation, tends to poverty. Material wealth is, as we have seen, a miserably deceitful index of real values. Yet it can hardly be denied that the habit of supporting one's family with painful self-denial is going to produce higher virility than that of holding demonstrations to demand wages, often such as available industries do not produce. Germany's economic crisis is probably still ahead, but the discipline the race is going through cannot be lost on her.

A Confession.

MR Taft, formerly President of the United States, and now Chief Justice of its Supreme Court, a place that hardly yields to the other in dignity, and to which his own aspiration has always pointed as being that for which he has rather felt himself fitted, is visiting England, and is receiving the highest social homage that King and people can pay him, as well as the most cordial, as he is in every respect one whom the British Commonwealth can call a friend. In receiving these greetings at a public dinner he found himself in an embarrassing position, as he could not well escape deference to his country's unsocial attitude with regard to the great movement toward world fellowship that underlies all the international consciousness of this great and critical era. He referred to the sinister activities of the hyphenated groups, but admitted that the cause lay deeper than that. "American membership in the League would have had to overcome deep-seated popular conviction, confirmed by a century and a quarter's experience, of the wisdom of America keeping out of European entanglements. The war overcame this conviction, but the reaction restored some of its strength." That Mr. Taft did not find it comfortable in that presence to have to fall back on a purely selfish aloofness and had himself a worthier ambition for his country was shown when he added, "We are making progress. We are acquiring consciousness of our partnership with the nations of the world and our share in the responsibility for what the world does. The war and its lessons have not been lost on us, but the conditions prevailing with us are such that our progress is much slower than some among us could wish." How carefully, as representing the supreme neutral bench, he had to weigh his words. But he spoke for all that is most excellent in United States sentiment.

How to Live at Peace.

THE United States owes a good deal of well-balanced common-sense to the descendants of the Dutch who first occupied New York and the Hudson River. A Mr. Voris, who represents the noble relief movement, which has, so far as a voluntary organization might, redeemed the United States from its aloofness from the claims of mankind, has been addressing a Labor gathering in Cincinnati, where such advice as he had to give was as much needed as anywhere. To believe the economic system of Russia better than that of the United States was, he said, insanity. But it was for the Russians to decide for themselves what sort of government they would live under, not for the United States to force any form of government on Russia. America, however, could not live for America alone. The reason given by the United States for refusing to meet the existing Russian government at Genoa and elsewhere is that it does not consider the Soviet a properly constituted government. The same reason was given by President Wilson for refusing to recognize a Mexican government which European governments recognized. That was not neutrality but overlordship. Europe, including Great Britain, did not, in that case, dispute the implied claim. But a like overlordship as applied to Russia belies the companion claim of non-interference in European affairs. It is direct dictation. So far as there are no wronged minorities appealing, not to individual powers, but to the common action of the fellowship of nations, the old rule of recognizing actual governments and letting each nation settle its own internal affairs seems to afford the best hope of getting the nations together in peaceful agreement.

Concerning Kings.

NO one who reads how stolid England went wild over the return of her prince can well say that even the most advanced peoples in the world have yet outgrown the use of royalty. There are countries to which royalty has been a curse. Those which have had to throw off despotisms have to make a shift to get on without kings; but the British find it a real joy to have one. If we had none, why, we should, we suppose, set up our flag and worship that. There are, of course, great differences in kings. It is wonderful what people will put up with in that line. How we should feel if we had again to sing "God save the King" to low-toned German electors we have not imagination enough to say. Our present king is, it is true, not a great show-piece. But he is good, the best since Alfred the Great, a thousand years ago, and his people have no question about loving him for his whole souled devotion and modest goodness! The British loyalty that survived the abandoned but picturesque Stuarts, and the four unromantic and unlovely German Georges, will last a long while under such wondrously engaging princes as the one who was accorded a spontaneous popular triumph last week, and who, unless he should make some incredible false step, can hardly escape while he lives a series of the like. Of course, the prince is not just what each of us would have him be. An angel would not fill that requirement. Many would like him to be still less of an angel than he is. A prince of to-day cannot be a passive grand Lama, dwelling in mystery, or a great Mogul from whose sublime benignity the curtains are occasionally drawn to let the people gaze and adore. He has to face the camera at every corner. He has to be an active and daring and capable participant in all that interests the people. He needs to be a true sympathizer with real distress, indeed, with everything in which he can show sympathy without partizanship. His loyalty to his people must be as real and as much in evidence as their's to him. Such is the king-craft of to-day. It is remarkable what fine examples of it we have in the kings of Italy, of Spain, and of Belgium. But, so far as appears, we have a prince who will yield the palm to no other on earth.

The Fountain of Gold.

WE have all been told in childhood how one Sinbad, given to travel, once found himself, by what seemed grave mischance, in a fearful chasm whose bottom was strewn with diamonds but whose precipitous sides permitted no escape, and how, having loaded up with diamonds, and having tied himself to a great piece of meat, he was carried over the top by a remarkably large bird. None of us remembers the time when we believed this story. But now we are told a modern version of it, which a judicially-minded country lawyer has thoroughly investigated, with such satisfactory results that he has, in great secrecy, formed a company of his neighbors and has sailed with a group of these to investigate the valley whose streams ripple among golden pebbles. A man named Dolgos seems to have turned up at Golden's Bridge, in New York State, who was a member of the Congo mounted police during the war. His story is that having got lost in the thickness of the tropical bush, he found himself and horse tumbling mixed together in a gorge, but saved from serious harm by the branches that broke their fall. Following up a watercourse he found water, and bending to drink, found himself face to face with golden pebbles. With these he filled his pockets and later proved that they were gold by selling them to a jeweller for sixteen hundred dollars. He has undertaken to pilot those rural Argonauts to where "Africa's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand." One cannot easily get up a company for such an enterprise without the secret getting out, so that much adventure may be in store for the expedition. There are placers that softly and silently vanish away, and there are placers that peter out. What we are spending so much space upon is to say that if gold should become as plenty as a rare sort of gravel it would be a world-wide misfortune. If gold was to be so easily got in unlimited quantity, it would make everything unspeakably dear, measured by gold standard currency, and would wipe out all capital, and thus bring to a stand all enterprise.

FREE STATE GOVERNMENT TAKES ACTION

Arrest of Rebel Commandant.

Free State forces struck at the heart of the insurrection in the heart of Dublin on Tuesday. Michael Collins, head of the Provisional Government, ordered his troops to arrest Commandant Michael Henderson, one of the leaders of the band of rebels, which recently seized and held the Four Courts buildings and hotel, and also director of the boycott against Ulster. The arrest was effected.

This move by Collins is extremely significant. It constitutes a direct challenge to Rory O'Connor, rebel general, who has been defying both the Free State and Great Britain, to get out of Dublin.

"A CURSE UPON OUR PEOPLE"

As good a summary as could be given of the Irish situation was contained in a sermon preached by Cardinal Logue. Cardinal Logue said:—

"For seven hundred years we have been sighing for freedom, and it seemed to be within our grasp at last, but unfortunately, owing to the folly of our own people, instead of taking what was likely to secure that great blessing—we had received terms which had aroused the astonishment of people of other countries and won the admiration and congratulation of every friend of Ireland—through dissension and through the divisions of our own people there is a danger of it slipping away altogether. . . . There is a war going on now of what is called the boundaries, which is leading to the death of a number of people and which is bringing misery and want, and making it impossible for the majority of the people to attend to their business. That is the most senseless war any person could think of. . . . There seems to be a curse falling upon our people. . . . There is no doubt the British Prime Minister and the British Government are doing their best to protect the Christians in Turkey. I wish they would pay a little attention to the state of our country here and do a little job for us before they pass on their way to Constantinople or Anatolia. . . . I heard some time ago, and I found that the rumor had foundation, that even schoolboys and schoolgirls were going about carrying revolvers. I wish to the Lord that there were a few strong men going about carrying birch rods to get at these people who are carrying revolvers."

BROKEN PLEDGES

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—The repudiation (it can hardly be termed less) of the Liberal platform of 1919 by the present Liberal government is treated as a very light matter by the government press and party workers, but the fact remains that thousands of voters outside of protectionist Quebec voted for Mr. King's party because they believed in the principles and policies laid down in the 1919 platform. Supporters of the Progressive party in the Maritime Provinces were met with the assertion that the Liberal and Progressive platforms were identical, so why support a new party?

The 1919 convention was heralded through Canada as a great gathering truly representative of national Liberal thought. The platform laid down at that convention was proclaimed as a broad national policy which the party would make all haste to put into effect when returned to power.

Mr. King was acclaimed as a leader not elected by a caucus of the liberal members of parliament, but by a convention representing the rank and file of the party from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Is it possible that Mr. King, like the platform, was placed in the front to attract popular support?

The financial condition of the country is certainly serious, but have conditions so changed in three short years as to render the 1919 platform practically obsolete? Will Mr. King's eloquent pre-election pledges to reduce the cost of living for the masses be implemented by the greatly increased sales tax?

The question of broken pledges and policies advocated in opposition, only to be repudiated in power, goes to the very roots of our system of representative government. Does a government represent the people when it refuses to carry into effect the policies which its leaders promised and which the people endorsed by placing them in power?

There is certainly need of an awakened and exacting public opinion, and also for men of high ideals and the courage of their convictions in public life, in order that faith in our political institutions may be maintained, and our governmental system made truly representative of the electorate.

CHARLES L. PATTERSON.

RAILWAY FREIGHT RATES

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—In the West at present, freight charges are the principal topic of conversation and of writing in business and in the daily press. It is felt that if something cannot be done to lower them, farming operations will have to be seriously curtailed. It simply amounts to this, that every fourth year the farmer has to hand over his wheat crop to the railways. When we buy lumber from the coast, the railway takes more than the whole cost of production, thus more than doubling the price.

The railways will not reduce the freight rates, because they claim that the cost of railway labor will not allow them to do so. However, the lower cost of living consequent on the fall of railway tariffs will enable the labor employed to stand a reduction. Now who will be the ones to act? The Railway Commission, which has shamefully betrayed its trust, will assuredly do nothing, but the Governor in Council has power to override the Commission, and it is theirs to take action. With a view to this end farmers individually and collectively should endeavor to influence our legislators at Ottawa to bring pressure on the Cabinet.

One of your correspondents in a late letter refers to the poor service received on the passenger trains by the travelling public of the West. I might add to his remarks that the C. P. Railway and the G. T. P. Railway run parallel lines, close to one another, sometimes 1-2 mile distant, once at any rate on the same double track. This takes place for about 200 miles between Unity and Young, the latter station being on the G. T. P. alone. At present daily passenger trains, not including the transcontinental train of the G. T. P., run at about the same time. Why could not an arrangement be made between the Government Railways and the C. P. R., putting several hours difference between the going of the two trains? This would give the maximum of service to the public, and would increase their own profit, for with improved facilities more people would travel. As it is, each train hardly gets enough passengers to pay for the coal they burn in the locomotive. There are numerous other instances, where the lines run near to one another, where the same thing could be done.

M. RICHEY TUTTLE.

Alsask, Sask.

THE NORRIS GOVERNMENT AND PROHIBITION

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—As there are rumors about in Manitoba that the Norris Government will submit a referendum on prohibition at the same time as they appeal to the country on political questions, will you kindly grant a small portion of your columns to call the attention of your read-

ers to the great benefit that the Prohibition Act has been to the people of "The West."

There can be no question that the babel of drinking has been considerably curtailed. In the towns the sober wayfarer may pass along the sidewalk without being shouldered to one side by some drunken son of Bacchus, if indeed there were only one, for frequently they would walk in trios and compel the stranger to take to the roadway for safety. In the country farmers' meetings and Sabbath-schools have received more attention, although automobile riding on the Sabbath has unquestionably affected the attendance at our local preaching stations.

While some members of the Norris Government may be prohibitionists, there are others whose standing is not so well known; indeed, it is rumored that the government may have the support of the Moderation League; but whether this support may amount to an alliance is open to question. Prohibitionists should keep their eyes open and notice if any leading man in the Moderation League is at all prominent in the forthcoming election.

The Norris Government can hardly be called a Liberal Government except that they have been very liberal in spending the ratepayers' money. We owe it to some of the party voting against Sir Wilfrid and Reciprocity in 1911, that we are not now enjoying that freedom of trade with the United States which would have been stronger than any treaty for peace and prosperity. On the other hand, while some of the party hurried down to Portage-La-Prairie, to cheer for Mr. Meighen, others were very careful to remove the Union Jack from their coats when "hobnobbing" with the socialists of Winnipeg. Their last resource has been to assume the lion's hide of Mackenzie King, which would lead many true Liberals to exclaim:—

"What! Thou wear a lion's hide? Doff't for shame,
And hang a calf-skin on these recreant limbs."

A LIBERAL

INERRANCY OF SCRIPTURE

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—Once more, if I have your permission, I will send a word of warning to Witness readers on the question of the inspiration of the scriptures.

The first writer's letters have drawn to his support others of like mind, one of whom boldly asserts that some of the scriptures "defame" God. Another says that "In referring to some of the savage customs of the Jews Jesus Christ said, ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, etc." Witness readers everywhere, we ask you who care at all about eternal things, in your own interest to turn to Matt. 5:17, 21, 27 and 33, and read for yourselves whether the Lord Jesus Christ was referring to "savage customs of the Jews." As you read those verses, you will see that He was quoting the words of God's holy law, as it is proclaimed in the Old Testament. Then judge for yourselves who it is that juggles the Word of God before your very eyes, and give them the place in your estimation that they deserve.

As yet there has been no direct attack made in the Witness on the New Testament, that I have noticed; but that is likely to follow. So, in this letter, we make the positive statement that the Old Testament is the inspired Word of God. We will give indisputable facts as proof, and call upon these opponents of the Old Testament to dispute the following if they can.

- (1) That the Old Testament was translated into Greek 280 years before the birth of Christ.
- (2) That in the Old Testament God has given men a test by which they may prove His word, and thus know whether the scriptures are of Him or not. (Jer. 28:7 to 9, Deut. 29:29, etc.)
- (3) That men, left to themselves, can only guess as to future events. They cannot speak with assurance about them. They don't even know that they themselves will be alive an hour hence.
- (4) That God declares that it is not in men to foretell the future. (Deut. 18:21, 22, II. Sam. 7:19, etc.)

These four facts leave men without excuse, as far as ignorance is concerned, for here is a simple way by which anyone may prove for himself whether he is asked in the Bible to believe myths or the truth of God. If the things foretold come to pass then the message is of God—if not, it is not of God. Now we will mention just a few out of many things foretold in the scripture many years before they were translated into Greek, that have come to pass. We demand in the interest of Witness readers, whose faith in the Bible is so assailed, that proofs be produced by our opponents, that they were not foretold, and also that they did not come to pass. It would be only right that we should expect the proofs to be confined to reason, without other evidence, as that is the god that is so highly exalted now. But we will accept the proofs from any source; but they must be plain simple proofs that anyone can understand. The scriptures give such and we expect the same from those who oppose them.

The things foretold concern many

things, countries, great wars, evils, and pestilences." (Jer. 23:7). It would take volumes to go into the prophecies before, and show their fulfillment in detail after the year 280 B.C. They constitute a most marvellous proof that it was a God who knows the future who had the prophecies written. To be as brief as possible, we will confine ourselves to those that refer to one Person only. That Person is Christ. We now state a number of facts and ask our Bible opponents to prove, that the Bible did not say 280 years before Christ or much earlier, that Christ—

"Should be born of a virgin (Is. 7:14); in a village called Bethlehem (Mic. 5:2); of a tribe called Judah, (Mic. 5:2); taken to and called out of Egypt (Hos. 11:1); there should be mothers weeping in Ramah because of Him, (Jer. 31:15); He should be despised and rejected (Is. 53:3); the heathen should rage at Him, and the people imagine vain things about Him, (Ps. 2:1); He should be a child born, and a son given, yet be the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. (Is. 9:6); the Kings should set themselves against Him, (Ps. 2:2); He should be called the Son of God, and also the Begotten of God, (Ps. 2:7); His government should increase, though rejected, (Is. 9:7); light in darkness and death, (Is. 9:2); a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. (Is. 53:3); Friend though He was, we should hide our faces from Him, and esteem Him not. (Is. 53:3); He should bear our griefs, and carry our sorrows, yet be smitten of God, and afflicted, wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, bear our punishment, and with His stripes we should be healed. (Is. 53:4, 5); all we should go astray, and turn our own way, but He should bear our iniquities, should be oppressed and afflicted, led like a lamb to the slaughter and be dumb like a sheep. (Is. 53:6, 7); be childless (though 33 years old); see no prison, no judgment, die for the sins of God's people, have a grave with the rich as well as with the wicked, and do no violence or deceit. (Is. 53:7-9); He should teach in parables, (Ps. 78:2); He should be numbered with transgressors, and pray for them. (Is. 53:12) He should enter Jerusalem on an ass's colt, (Zech. 9:9); the people (who would reject Him) should sing hosannah to Him (Rom. 11:25); be sold for 30 pieces of silver and a potter's field bought with the money, (Zech. 11:13); He should cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me." (Ps. 22:1); His garments should be parted, and His vesture raffled, (Ps. 22:18); be given vinegar to drink, (Ps. 69:21); smitten and spit upon (Is. 50:6); struck on the face (Mic. 5:1); He should be a preacher, teacher, a deliverer, and redeemer (Is. 61:1); His hands and feet and side should be pierced (Zech. 12:10, 13:6, Ps. 22:16) but none of His bones broken, (Ps. 34:20); His body should not see corruption, His soul not left in Hell, but that He should be raised from the dead. (Ps. 16:3 to 11)

We have given above only a tithe from the Old Testament of what might be given about that infinite and glorious Person, the Lord Jesus Christ; but they are but enough to prove that the Bible has at its back a God who "knows the end from the beginning," and that it was penned for Him by "inspired" men, "moved by the Holy Ghost," for otherwise they could write nothing about these, then, future things.

Bible believers everywhere, read more of your Bible and less of the Bible-critic, and you will be delighted and amazed at the abundance of evidence, from Genesis to Malachi, that the God of the Bible is as good as His Word. You will understand also, that He "has hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes," and that He has "made foolish the wisdom of this world." We may be called superstitious, ignorant, or unscientific, but we have something better to depend upon ("the sure word of prophecy") than the product of man's poor mortal brain, which will soon be lying in the grave, "food for the worm," a consummation of what it already is by nature, an awful ruin.

One more prophecy, for the benefit of guilty sinners everywhere. It is from the lips of the sinners' Friend, Himself. It has come to us through the pen of another inspired man. It is Mark 16:16: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; He that believeth not shall be damned." There is not one word of this prophecy either that shall not be fulfilled.

J. G. PAUL.

Midland, 14 June, 1922.

THE PENDULUM CLOCK

That the name of Christian Huygens is so little known to the general public may be set down partly to his foreign birth, and partly to the fact that, important as were his discoveries, he achieved nothing that revolutionized science quite as did Newton's work on gravitation. A little monument, however, to Huygens's genius stands in most homes as a striking witness to his greatness—the pendulum clock.

It was Galileo who first observed that a pendulum takes the same time to carry out a complete swing whether the swing be small or large (as long as it is not too large), and he had evidently contemplated the construction of a clock which

should utilize this so-called isochronous property of the pendulum. Huygens, however, was the first to analyze the motion of a practicable pendulum, and he applied his study to the construction of actual clocks. The application of the spiral spring to the balance wheel of a watch is also due to him, although it seems that our countryman Hooke had anticipated the invention. But Hooke's work had not been made public, and was unknown to Huygens.

PRIVILEGE AND LABOR UNREST

(By W. W. Reynolds, Ohio.)

The Bible truly says, "The love of money is the root of all evil!" It means the love of dishonest money, and everyone can see what it did to Germany and Russia, and the injury it has been to America in the villainy of rich grafters. Here is a land where all had an equal chance for the display of their abilities, and now there are a hidden few with all the privileges, a few with power to pay talent highly to get the "pound of flesh" for them. They own the coal, ore, timber, quarries, water, power, and everything, and have combined every industry and utility and made abject slaves of enough officials to have absolute power. Listen to their howl about the farm bloc when they have eternally kept the best talent available among the officials in cities, state capitals, and infesting Congress.

See all that the public buys or handles paying tribute to them. Hear one of their minions when he addressed an assembly of railroaders and received "uproarious applause" turning back to the stage and saying, "There are 2,000,000 of these boys and every fellow has a vote." See the people wearing shoddy and tin, babies dying with filled milk, the war grafters sitting on their stealings, and the officials in partnership with bootleggers, marking billions out of forged permits, and nothing doing.

Look at the coal strikes, with all the symptoms that they are engineered by the coal barons, with the railroads and all big industries stocked and the public robbed. How can the laborer, the producer and the common people prosper under such conditions? This is the end to look at. All efforts to hunt remedies in the middle are foolish. All complaining-comparisons between food growers and consumers are but wasted time, and the cancer grows. The hidden grafters laugh as their press agencies keep the real cause hidden while they rake in the money of the people. The labor unions, producers, and everyone had better realize the true cause. Without a change soon we are due straight for Russia.—Rural New Yorker.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

(New York Evening Mail.)

Opponents of prohibition have often gone so far as to deny that it has meant an increase in the workers' savings. They have made the point frequently that what the worker saves from the saloon he wastes on other luxuries.

On the other hand, those who approve prohibition have held that it really has encouraged thrift. They point to the comparatively little suffering which has been caused by such upheavals as the coal strike. In the old days a coal strike of any dimensions at all meant much violence and starvation. The present great strike has shown that the miners have been able to save money and that without the urge coming from strong drink, they can conduct a great industrial struggle in a lawful way.

The latest actual support for those who hold that prohibition has encouraged thrift comes from Chicago. In response to a request from the Women's Temperance Union several bankers in that city have told what they know of the results of prohibition. Without exception they declare that the dry laws have brought about a great increase in workers' savings. Let us quote a typical opinion, that of James B. Forgan, one of the ablest observers of public affairs as well as one of the shrewdest bankers in the country. He says:

"The number of accounts opened has steadily increased, showing that the number of thrifty is steadily growing, and I believe that the absence of the saloon is largely responsible for this growth."

There is a great deal more "personal liberty" to be obtained by having a bank balance than by assuaging a desire for strong liquor.

A message from Moscow says the Russian council of commissars has granted Premier Lenine a leave of absence until autumn on account of his illness. It is expected, adds the message, that Commissar Tsurupa, the second vice-president of the council, will act in his stead.

Paris on Saturday welcomed a picturesque Eastern potentate, Kain Dinh, the Emperor of Annam, who has gone to France in order to entrust the French with the education of his son and heir, the young Prince Vinh Thuy, and prepare him by European culture to rule what has now become a French protectorate.

THE PANGS OF DEFLATION

(By Percy Wright)

The wage for a day's work in Austria is about one tenth of that in America, fifty cents, to five dollars. As a consequence American capital is moving to Austria to develop industry there.

This tremendous difference virtually divides the two continents into two worlds of values. But there is one class amongst us that is coming to be on the basis of European values—the only class that looks to Europe for a market, the wheat grower. After the small domestic demand was satisfied, the immense surplus was available to be poured into Europe, and the price fell to suit the European purse. If it were to fall enough to suit their poverty completely, the farmer here would be offered ten or twenty cents for his wheat, and the price would still be large to the purchaser, who has suffered a decline in the purchasing power of his money so great that in some cases it is only one-fiftieth of what it used to be. If the European peasant works for fifty cents a day he brings the wage of the Canadian farmer who competes with him, to the same figure, minus the exorbitant transportation charges of the present day, plus a certain amount of difference in land-rents.

Cheap Wheat

Perhaps some of us do not realize yet how cheap wheat has become in the districts most distant from the water front. Wheat might now be sold by the ton, and not by the bushel. It can compare with coal, one ton of wheat to two tons of soft coal, which requires no labor but the taking of it. The land, labor, capital, and risk-expenses required to produce wheat must be ten or twenty times as great.

Compare wheat to the small things we buy. It takes about 3 1/2 pounds of wheat exported to England, or enough to make two large loaves of bread, to pay the postage on a letter to England. A whole bushel, or enough to support a man for two months, will buy six collar-studs. Enough to feed a man a year will buy a pair of boots. What effect will it have on Canada as a whole, to reduce this one class in Canada to the European level? Will the rest of Canada remain unaffected? If it were a small class, such as the bung-hole makers, it might. But being the farmers, it will mean the ruin of Canada.

The manufacturing activity of the cities bears a direct relation to the farmer's purchasing power. The city population will always be a certain proportion of the rural. If the country grows, the city grows too. If the country shrinks, the cities will shrink as well. One farmer who spends three thousand a year is worth fifteen who spend two hundred.

When the farmer, whose expenditures are generally exactly equal to his receipts, finds it impossible to buy more, there will be an accumulation of goods in the city—goods badly needed, but unobtainable. When the manufacturer faces this fact, he will protect himself in the only way that union rules will allow him to, by discharging employees and reducing production. Thus unemployment will vastly increase.

A poverty stricken country and a poverty stricken city? Why? Because they cannot come together.

The only class that is sure to get its pay is the civic employees, and their high wages, combined with the untaxable state of both country and city, and the unemployment doles, will plunge the government into an impossible debt.

It is a foolish state of affairs for the country people to be going without manufactured necessities to reduce the prices—for that is what their reduced buying amounts to—and the city people at the same time to be starving themselves while staying idle in an endeavor to increase or maintain the prices.

Come together. Both are losing as long as this continues. Trade is always of mutual benefit to the traders. Therefore, let trade be unrestricted.

Country and City

The situation as between the country and city is much the same as the situation between Europe and the exporting countries. The European eats as little as possible in order to reduce the price of wheat, and the farmer holds his wheat to increase it. Or else, finding himself unable to pay his way, he abandons his venture. Real values tell the farmer to go on producing, but the cash values that he faces tell him that he is producing less value than he expends.

The absurd part of the situation is that the painful sacrifices of each to produce the contrary result, balance each other. It is really absurd.

These prairies will be half deserted, and the tax-sales list will grow alarming, unless the situation is remedied by some means.

The tariff policy of the government, plus the set wage policy of the trades-unions, plus the effect of the catastrophe in Europe, have brought this about.

For there is no bottom to the pit into which the war has plunged the European nations, and into which they are dragging us. Wheat prices need not stop at the pre-war levels that they have now reached. Wheat may become unsaleable, like hides and wool.

Of these three causes of our trouble, the removal of either one will suffice to

remedy matters. Take the tariff down, make the unions allow wages to be reduced, or cause our currency to be depreciated also, then we could come together at the very bottom.

For of course it does not matter how low wheat goes as long as the farmer can buy goods reduced proportionally.

Lower Wages or Unemployment

Either of these remedies would cause the wages of the Canadian manufacturer-laborer to be greatly reduced. But this is inevitable. If the Canadian food-producer comes down to the European level, he must also. For if no remedy is applied, and wheat growing remains for a long period in a quiescent state, he will have to take the bitter pill all the same. Unemployment or lower wages is his choice.

If we select the first remedy, and reduce the tariff, the whole industry of the country will have to re-adjust itself, or cease, going through the same unpleasant deflation that the food-producing industry is now experiencing. However, it will seem worse to the world, when they are going through it, as they will be more apt than the farmers to squeal.

If they take a voluntary deflation, it would not be absolutely necessary to completely abolish the tariff. But when wheat, if it were double, would be on a basis of no-profit, some little ten per cent. reductions will be wholly inadequate. Compared to the new standard that the war has taught us, not only are some salaries high, but the old-fashioned eight hundred dollars a year, is high too.

If the national debt were to be paid by the printing of paper money, it would be paid, and the resultant depreciation in the currency would deflate us, all painlessly and noiselessly. In a time of depression, it would probably not be followed by an increase of prices, specially if we were to import from Germany instead of the U.S.

Let no one imagine that because I find fault with the economic situation, I find fault with economic laws. There is only one alternative to the present system, namely, Socialism. But I want none of it. There is more Socialism in the present system than is generally thought. And it is to this element that we owe most of our troubles. Set rates on the railways, and set wages for railway and other employees, and set tolls on nations coming together in trade. What a burden of guilt some bear for these! If a way could be found to make freight rates set by competition such as rules in the wheat market, how quickly would they reach the right figure. If, on the other hand, the farmers had a chance to get their prices set by a commission of five men; how easily they could prove that they ought to have two and a half or three dollars a bushel.

THREE OPINIONS ON PROTECTION

"Of all the many objections to 'protection,' the capital one is this: that it taints every source of public life in the country in which it exists."—Lord Rosebery, 1903.

"In my own country I have witnessed the insatiable growth of that form of state socialism styled 'protection,' which I believe has done more than any other single cause to foster class legislation and create inequality of fortune, to corrupt public life, to banish men of independent mind and character from the public councils, to lower the tone of national representation, blunt public conscience, create false standards in the public mind, to familiarise it with reliance on state aid and guardianship in private affairs, divorce ethics from politics, and place politics on the low level of a mercenary scramble."—Thomas F. Bayard, United States Minister in London 1895—1897, at Edinburgh, November 7th, 1895.

"When the law compels me to contribute my just quota to the support of the Government, that is taxation; but when it compels me to contribute to the support of private enterprise, that is robbery."—Platform of the Patrons of Industry, Brandon, Manitoba, 1892.

Mutiny in Kiangsi

The crest of the mutiny which has drenched Kiangsi province with blood, apparently is past, says a message from Peking. Reports from the best available sources place the death toll at more than 4,000, and indicate the destruction or severe damage of four cities, but do not indicate that any foreigners have been molested. However, no word has been received from six hundred Chinese Christian converts reported imprisoned in the compounds of the Catholic Lazarist Mission at Taiho since they were besieged there Thursday by mutineers, except their original appeal for aid.

Although fresh reports from the interior of Kiangsi province are lacking, missionaries and officials here believe the fury of the mutiny has been spent and the pillaging soldiers brought under control. Danger of further widespread violence is believed past.

John G. Savage, a life-long resident of Montreal, died on Saturday afternoon after a week's illness. Mr. Savage, who was in his 83rd year, was keenly interested in church work. In his younger days he was active in militia circles, and was an original member of the Victoria Rifles. He served with the Montreal Royal Light Infantry, and in the Fenian Raids.

Defeating Prohibition Law in Norway

The difficulties of the Norwegian Government in enforcing the prohibition law are instanced by the acquittal of Doctor Wolmar, or Ironclad. He was charged with having signed no less than 27,300 prescriptions ordering the consumption of spirits, wine, etc., contrary to law. The prosecution only asked the imposition of a fine of 700 crowns, and Dr. Wolmar put in the plea that as most of his patients were fishermen, they needed warming, strengthening drinks to fit them for their hard work. The court ordered his acquittal.

OTTAWA LETTER

Ottawa, June 27.—The parliamentary session is ending in a very natural way, having been quite as long as experienced observers thought probable. There never was a chance for a short snappy business session, such as some talked of; for while this Parliament is quite businesslike still it has also a more than characteristic proneness to loquaciousness.

Members of a new faith, be it of a religious or political nature, are always eager to make confession before the world. Indeed they consider it part of their duty to do so, in order that others may be brought to see things as they see them, and that their views may become dominant. This is especially true of a new political party, which desires to get anywhere; for if it can't make converts, it will soon cease to exist. For this reason the Progressives have been inclined to talk. Some criticise them for this; but, on the other hand, it was good politics, for it pays to advertize. Some of the Progressives have also talked well.

Proneness to Talk.

This proneness to talk inclines one to the opinion that the remaining sessions of this Parliament will be lively. When its members find their feet, the Progressives will develop into a formidable opposition. Then again as sessions pass and an election draws near the fighting spirit naturally rises. So with two vigorous groups sitting to the left of the Speaker, the sessions from now on should not lack interest. The crowd should get a good run for its money.

The probability is the situation will become so warm that some day the Government may say, "Enough of this; let's go to the country." This will not occur until the Government is ready, which will not be until after next session, when a redistribution bill will have been passed. But having much to gain through redistribution it is improbable that the Government will be loath to take a step which might deliver it from a situation which many deem not only undesirable, but intolerable.

Mr. Fielding has occupied the centre of the stage lately, both because of the fact that he has been piloting his sixteenth Budget through the House and because of the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of his entrance into public life. M. P.'s are quite as fond of celebrating as any other class of people, and also just as fond of having their pictures taken. Besides, when the session drags, a celebration or presentation is welcomed as a diversion. Moreover, when one group takes to celebrating, the inclination runs around the House like measles in a community. A week ago Friday Meighen had a birthday and the Tories presented him with a bouquet. The day after Crerar had one and his followers also gave him a bouquet and a cane. On top of that came Fielding's fortieth anniversary and he received a picture, a silver tea service, a bouquet and a veritable shower of compliments.

Mr. Fielding Overcome

The Hon. gentleman is kindly of nature, but very matter of fact. He doesn't believe in people making too much of a fuss over things, over himself especially; but when the "Solid Sixteen" from Nova Scotia presented him with a picture of the group he was nearly overcome. Everyone in the House meant the nice things they were saying about him, and he knew it. But his matter-of-factness showed itself in dealing with the roses. When he took his seat on the day of the anniversary two beautiful bouquets were on his desk. But he had a big day's work to do and needed the desk, so he beckoned a page and away went the flowers to his room. Mr. Meighen, though he is considered quite unsentimental, allowed his bouquet to remain on his desk all afternoon. By the way Mr. Fielding put in a big day on his anniversary, for he kept hard at it, piloting his Budget resolutions through, answering questions and making speeches from soon after three in the afternoon until midnight. Pretty good that for a man who has seen forty years of strenuous public life, and whom many considered down and out physically, eleven years ago.

There has been some kite-flying over a successor to Mr. Fielding. The names of Hon. Walter Mitchell and Hon. A. K. Maclean have been mentioned in this connection, but not until the other day, when it appeared in an outside paper, has Sir Lomer Gouin's name been mentioned. It is possible that if difficulty should develop over the naming of a successor, Sir Lomer might step into the breach, but there has been no demand among the Liberals for him.

Hon. A. K. Maclean's name has been most generally favored during the last ten days, but many other considerations than popularity enter into such an appointment. He has the qualifications for the position. From 1911 to 1917 he was the Liberal financial critic, though not considered what one might call a howling success. When after Union Government was formed Sir Thomas White had to go away to rest, Hon. A. K. took his place and delivered the Budget speech in 1919 and did it creditably. Next to Fielding the Progressives seem to like him better than almost any other man on the Government side.

Miss McPhail's Speeches

It is unlikely that there will be as many changes in the Cabinet after the session as some reports have suggested. Fielding and D. D. Mackenzie are expected to retire, but it is thought that others who might not be averse to retiring, will stick for awhile. The truth is that it would be dangerous to make too many changes, though east of Ottawa, members could retire without serious risk of the defeat of their successors.

Miss McPhail's speeches in the House do not get her into trouble, but some of those outside do. The other day Gauvreau, a French-Canadian member who rarely speaks, called the attention of the Speaker to the fact that she was reported to have referred to the Commons as a House of Anesthetics where principles and honor and justice were lulled to sleep. Gauvreau thought this a reflection on the members, but Miss McPhail denied the accuracy of the report. The truth is that some of the Quebec members do not look with favor on women legislators, which is not unnatural when it is remembered that Quebec denies the suffrage to women in provincial elections. If the member for South-East Grey presses her bill to reduce the sessional indemnity by \$500.00 a year, she may lose some of her popularity. If there is one thing on which the House agrees it is that the members should be paid Union wages, which means \$4,000 a session. But some of the members promised the electors that if returned they would move for a reduction, and evidently they think that they must come through.

Government And Speculation

The Government's action with respect to the Merchantile Marine is taken to indicate its attitude towards losing ventures generally. The 1921 statement of the Marine's operations undoubtedly produced some plain speaking, and very probably hastened the decision to dispose of nearly one-half of the fleet. The loss of \$3,000,000 last year, gave a rather dubious outlook to the enterprise and one can quite believe that it led to a hurry-up decision to scuttle a portion of the tonnage before matters got any worse. The writing off of \$40,000,000 for depreciation, may seem to be rather severe, but it is not. Just as good shipping has been bought during the last year or two for \$50. a ton and sometimes less.

The impression prevails that the Government will insist on the operating deficit on the Canadian National being eliminated. D. B. Hanna has said that a further reduction of \$5,000,000 in the deficit was effected during the first five months of the year, which means that at present rates the operating deficit for the year might be reduced to \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000. But the cut in rates coming in July may possibly result in nearly as heavy a deficit as last year. Soon after the House arises a big shake-up in the management of the Government railways that by the time the smoke has cleared away some other person than D. B. Hanna will be president. He hasn't made as good a showing before parliamentary committees as was desirable in his own interest.

Progressives' Influence

If anyone doubts the influence of the Progressives in Parliament let him look at the Wheat Board legislation. There is doubt respecting its effectiveness; but there is no doubt that it was shoved through by the determination of men who simply would not be denied. The average run of members, had they received the rebuffs and encountered the snags that the Wheat Board advocates, have, long ago would have thrown up the sponge. But whether through fear that they dare not go home without it, or the conviction that it would be worth while, these men kept at it, and at least have had their way, insofar as the House is concerned.

The settlement effected on the railway rates question brought greater reductions than most persons had expected. If there is one thing that the Government has desired to dodge it is trouble, and beyond doubt there would have been a very great amount of this had not a fairly low rate on grain been granted. It was the old story of the fellows with the punch and the votes getting what they want; of course they didn't literally get all they wanted, but they got a great deal more than had seemed probable. Very nearly all the effective work was done behind closed doors, and these sessions would have made good reading had the press been allowed to report them. But, after all, to the public the reductions are the best story.

BRITISH FIELD MARSHAL ASSASSINATED

Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson was shot dead Thursday outside his home in Eaton Place, London, by two assassins. He had just returned after delivering a speech at the unveiling of a war memorial, and had left his automobile to mount the steps of his house. Two men were on the sidewalk waiting for him, and pulling out revolvers they riddled the Field Marshal with bullets. He reeled, fell down the steps and collapsed dead, in a pool of blood.

The murderers then walked into the centre of the street and began to make their get-away. They waved revolvers, and a policeman who attempted to halt them was shot through the stomach. In a running fight they were captured, one being wounded.

The names of the assailants are James O'Brien and James Connolly, and one was reported to be carrying a letter revealing the fact that he was a member of the Irish Republican Army.

Britain Shocked

The death of Field Marshal Wilson was announced in the House of Commons by Austen Chamberlain, the Government leader, who moved the adjournment of the House as a mark of mourning.

Field Marshal Wilson, former Chief of the Imperial General Staff, had been under police protection for some time, as the authorities had reason to suspect an attempt on his life. Policemen were actually at the door of his residence when his assailants approached and opened fire.

WILSON MURDERERS EX-SOLDIERS
Were Never in Ireland, Says the Home Secretary

By a vote of 342 against 75, the House of Commons on Monday night, signified its approval of the main lines of the Government's policy in regard to Ireland and in particular exonerated Home Secretary Shortt from blame in connection with the assassination of Sir Henry Wilson.

The vote was not reached until 11 o'clock at night, after a day which had been marked by an extraordinary public tribute to the murdered Field Marshal, whose remains were laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral, and by debates in both Houses of Parliament which will stand out in the annals of Great Britain as a conspicuous instance of wise and patient statesmanship.

The debate in the House of Commons began with an extended statement by Winston Churchill, in which he strongly stated the Government's intention to demand that the provisional government, now that a majority of the Irish people had clearly shown their support of the treaty, should rule Ireland, and in particular should suppress the rebellious faction of the Irish Republican Army. The present situation, he said, was a violation of the treaty, and could not be allowed to continue. If the Free State Government did not begin to carry out the terms of the treaty, the British Government would be free to denounce the treaty and resume a free hand in dealing with Ireland.

The Colonial Secretary further stated the Government's intention to support Ulster to the limit in her defence against Southern irregulars. The Belfast Government could not be broken down by violence. He revealed that 50,000 stands of arms had been sent to Ulster.

For the beginning of the series of outrages in Ulster the Secretary put the blame on the Irish Republican Army organization there. It was now proposed to use Imperial troops to form a barrier between the two parts of Ireland.

One of the features of the debate was a declaration by Mr. Shortt which was regarded as sensational. He said that neither of the men charged with the murder of Sir Henry Wilson had anything to do with Ireland at all; they were both Londoners, both ex-soldiers, both living at home with their parents, and there was no evidence they had ever been in Ireland in their lives. The War Office authorities were satisfied that the revolvers they carried did not form part of the arms handed over to the provisional government.

Funeral of Sir Henry Wilson

The remains of Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson were laid in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral alongside those of Wellington, Wolsely and Roberts, on Monday.

Nothing that military pomp or religious ceremonial could supply was lacking in the last ceremonial with which the murdered man was laid to rest. Escorted by 3,000 Guardsmen with Field Marshals Haig, Robertson, Horne, Methuen and Grenfell and Lord Beatty representing the navy, and other distinguished officers acting as pall bearers, Field Marshal Wilson's coffin was borne on a gun carriage through three miles of streets crowded with mourning citizens.

The King Shocked

Immediately on hearing of the tragedy the King sent his equerry, Colonel Arthur Erskine, to Eaton Place to convey to Lady Wilson His Majesty's and the Queen's sincere condolences. The King and Queen were greatly shocked at the news, for the Field Marshal was a great personal friend of both Their Majesties. The King had arranged to give a dinner in honor of the Prince of Wales' birthday at Buckingham Palace. There would have been about sixty guests at the banquet and the occasion would have been one of high festivity. In view of the ghastly crime, however, the King would not for a moment contemplate the holding of a festive gathering of that nature and steps at once were taken to cancel the dinner.

Lords Criticise "Morning Post."

A lively interlude in the House of Lords on Monday evening was provoked by Lord Middleton's protest against a statement in Saturday's Morning Post. This declared that a vast bulk of southern Irishmen from the Middletonian Anti-Partitionists to Rory O'Connor's Republicans went about their business on Friday as if the Empire's greatest soldier had been a blind beggar run over by a cab, adding that "The whole race is steeped today in the infamous doctrine that killing is no murder when the victim is an Orangeman or Loyalist."

Lord Middleton said he and Lord Dystart had failed to procure a withdrawal of the paragraph or an apology from those responsible for the imputation. He and his friends deeply resented the imputation put upon them in a way quite unworthy of a responsible journal.

The Lord Chancellor, stepping aside from the Woolsack, agreed that the paragraph was astonishing. He had witnessed a constantly growing license in the press during the last fifteen years, but never an outrage so gross. He understood Lord Bathurst, husband of the proprietress of the Morning Post, accepted some responsibility in the matter, but the only attitude that should be assumed was one of sackcloth and ashes for what amounted to a vile insult on respected members of the House.

THE IRISH SITUATION

Further election results were announced on Saturday. The successful candidates are Michael Collins, pro-treaty; Michael Bradley, Labor; Sean Hales, pro-treaty; Daniel Valughan, Farmer; Sean Hayes, pro-treaty; Daniel Corkery, anti-treaty; Sean Moylan, anti-treaty, and Thomas Nagle, Labor.

Those defeated included Mary MacSwiney, anti-treaty, sister of the late Lord Mayor of Cork, and Padraig O'Keefe, secretary of the Sinn Fein organization and pro-treaty candidate.

Irish Parliament Completed

The results of the County Cork elections complete the membership of the new Irish Parliament, the party constitution being: Treatyites, 58; Antis, 36; Labor, 17; Farmers, 7; Trade and Commercial Independents, 6; Trinity College, 4.

With the exception of Labor, which though generally Treatyite might in demanding constitutional amendments find itself in harness with the Antis, all the minor parties favor the treaty, giving the Treatyites a substantial majority.

Attempt at Ambush

Four Irish Republican army men were killed and several wounded at Cushendall in southeastern County Antrim, Friday night when they ambushed a party of military and special Ulster constables. The crown forces suffered no casualties.

The constables and military left Ballymena in western County Antrim at 8.30 o'clock. While passing through the main street of the village of Cushendall an hour later they were attacked by a large body of Republican soldiers, who held positions on the high ground commanding the road. The Crown forces left their motor cars and a running fight ensued.

The Wilson Murder; How Ulster Received News

Sir James Craig, Premier of Ulster, has said that the assassination of Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson will not weaken Ulster's determination to carry on.

"If every loyalist in Ulster is shot the flag will fly to the last," he said. The cowards may attack the minority in the South, but they will find a different story if they attack Ulster.

"Michael Collins now clearly regards the Free State as a preliminary step to a republic. If the Northern Government becomes a part of the boundary commission it might be a party to putting loyal subjects not into the Free State but into a republic."

Asked how Ulster received news of the tragedy, Craig answered: "With tears.

Also it hardens our hearts. It is doubtless part of a plan to break up the Empire. It is the worst act done yet, but they are capable of doing more.

GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTER MURDERED

Dr. Walter Rathenau, German Minister of Foreign Affairs, was assassinated on Saturday morning.

The minister was shot and instantly killed as he was leaving his residence in Grunewald, a suburb of Berlin, for the Foreign Office in an automobile.

The murderer, who was driving in a motor car, slowed up as he was nearing Dr. Rathenau and shot twice at the Foreign Minister, the shots taking immediate fatal effect. Putting on high speed the assassin escaped.

Scenes in the Reichstag

The assassination followed hard upon a vitriolic attack on the foreign minister by Dr. Karl Helfferich in the Reichstag when the Nationalist leader grilled the Government generally, and Dr. Rathenau in particular, concerning the cabinet's reparations policy, and its attitude towards the populations of the Rhineland and the Saar Valley.

News of the assassination reached the Reichstag at eleven o'clock, just when the commission on taxation had convened. Chancellor Wirth announced the assassination, upon which pandemonium broke out among the various party groups of the deputies.

Two Socialists jumped up, shouting to Dr. Helfferich: "You are the assassin." They threatened to pounce upon him, and Dr. Helfferich hastily left the committee room.

In one of the Reichstag lounges a heated outbreak of recrimination occurred between a group of deputies belonging to the Left, and a party of representatives of the other extreme in the chamber.

When the news was communicated to the Reichstag itself at 11.25 o'clock, it was received with deep emotion. Then, amidst a turmoil, the Reichstag adjourned. Announcement is made that the Government will establish extraordinary courts for the trial of nationalist plotters and that a state of emergency for Prussia will be proclaimed. All regimental reunions and militaristic demonstrations are to be prohibited.

MANY ARRESTS IN GERMANY

Following the assassination of Dr. Walter Rathenau, many arrests have been made in Germany.

The most interesting arrest, however, is that of former ex-First Lieutenant Karl Tillessen in Flensburg as he was about to cross the Danish border. He is an older brother of the Lieutenant Tillessen who was suspected of being one of Finance Minister Erzberger's murderers and who fled from Germany, being last heard of in Hungary.

In Dresden General Mercker, the former commander of a Reichswehr division, who figured prominently during the German national assembly's deliberations at the Versailles Treaty, was arrested but released after interrogation by the State Attorney.

Another arrest was that of Naval Captain Hoffman in Munich at the request of the Berlin police authorities. Hoffman is suspected of being one of the moving spirits in the secret murder organization.

A report was current that the Rathenau murderers had fled the country by airplane. The police, however, are working on the theory that the murderers are still in Germany.

Rathenau's Funeral

Dr. Walter Rathenau, the assassinated German Foreign Minister, was given a state funeral Wednesday afternoon. The route was lined by Reichswehr.

KAISER TRYING TO GET BACK

A rumor prevalent recently in diplomatic circles, but carefully hushed up, received official cognizance when brought up in the London House of Commons Thursday by Colonel Wedgwood, who asked what action had been taken regarding the imminent attempt at restoration of the Hohenzollerns in Germany.

Cecil Harmsworth, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, replying on behalf of the Government, admitted that information had been received concerning a coup d'etat to restore the former Kaiser or Crown Prince to the throne, but said nothing definite was known.

STRIKING MINERS BATTLE

Terrible Scenes

More than five thousand striking miners stormed the stockade of the Southern Illinois Coal Company's mine, and in a furious fight forty-four men were killed, many others were mortally injured, and scores were wounded. The mine, since the declaration of the strike some weeks ago, has been operating with non-union labor. It is now in ruins.

Checking the death list has proved almost impossible. The victims, all but three of them imported workers so far as known, were found scattered over an area within several miles of the mine. Some were lynched, some were burned when the mine was fired, others were beaten to death, and the majority fell under scores of bullets poured into them.

The scenes of death were very gruesome, as in a real war. Bodies with limbs shot away lay along the road; or were strung from trees, men wounded and dying were stretched out on roads and in fields with none of the hundreds of passers-by able to lend a helping hand. Attempts to assist the wounded in the early part of the day brought rebuffs from the spectators, backed in some cases by drawn guns.

Later the feeling quieted down and some of the wounded were taken to hospitals.

It is understood that there will be no attempt to re-open any of the mines until the strike is settled.

Survivor's Story

One of the survivors of the battle gives details of the terrible affair:—

The enemy were yelling like Indians, swarmed over the top and down on to us. We were helpless.

First we were "frisked" for fire arms, and then lined up outside the mine. Perhaps some of our men did not suspect what was in store for them, but I felt it was all over just as soon as I got a look at the blood shot eyes of some of the captors.

Many of them were reeling drunk. First they struck us with their fists, and then, as they tarted blood, they started in to hammer us with butts of revolvers. I was not beaten.

McDowell, superintendent of the mine, who, crippled, walked with a distinct limp, headed our line. It seemed to me everybody took a crack at him.

He then describes the spectacle of fifty-two men whipped into line by clouts and curses, forced more dead than alive, into a march between flanks of armed men.

They came, the limping mine superintendent, blinking and trying to ward off further blows. Others were about as much battered. All now apparently realized their plight, although it is doubtful whether they sensed death. In fact, it is equally doubtful whether such was the plan of the striking miners at the outset of the march. But blows brought blood, and the sight worked the men into a frenzy that swept away all self-control.

The line of marchers were led into a field and there, defenceless, they were fired upon. The terrible massacre that followed made the field like a battle ground.

Verdict of Coroner's Jury

Herrin, Ills., June 25.—Entire responsibility for the murders resulting from the riots and massacre near Herrin, Illinois, last Wednesday and Thursday, was laid upon the officials of the Southern Illinois Coal Company, mentioned specifically by name in the verdict rendered by a coroner's jury, Sunday.

The jury contained three union members of whom one was foreman. The other three members of the jury were business men of Williamson County. The inquest was held in the court room of the city hall at Herrin and was presided over by Coroner William M. McOwn.

The coroner's jury also named C. K. McDowell, superintendent of the "strip" mine of the Southern Illinois Coal Company, as the murderer of George Henderson, one of the two union miners slain Wednesday night when they visited the mine to make an investigation on behalf of the union.

McDowell was himself slain on Thursday's disorders, the miners venting a special vengeance upon the superintendent.

VIRGINIA MINERS ATTACK WORKERS

Labor warfare broke out in Virginia on Friday when a mob of 500 made up of striking miners and their womenfolk attacked an interurban car near Moundsville, which was bearing strikebreakers to the Lewis mine of the Hudson Coal Company. Two strikers were killed during the fighting, shot dead by deputies who were guarding the strikebearers. One of the deputies suffered a broken arm in the melee and a score of others suffered minor injuries.

While the disorder in the Moundsville region was at its height a crowd of 400 striking miners in the vicinity of Fairmont started a march toward the mines in the Norwood section near North Fairmont. While on a smaller scale, it was commenced much after the manner of the famous march of miners into Logan county last summer that resulted in federal troops being sent into the state. Because of the possibilities it held for mischief, the state police, while not interfering, were watching closely.

CANADIAN WHEAT BOARD

The bill to authorize the establishment of a Canadian Wheat Board by concurrent action of the Dominion, and at least two of the provinces, passed the House of Commons Thursday afternoon after a spirited and interesting debate. Its rapid adoption in the lower House removes one obstacle in the way of pro-rogation, and leaves the railway freight question as the one important problem still to be dealt with. The fate of the wheat board legislation now rests with the Senate.

When the bill was brought up the amendment proposed a few days ago by R. M. Johnson, Progressive, Moose Jaw, was considered. This amendment proposed to give to the Wheat Board powers under this regulation approved by the government of any province, which had passed the concurrent legislation, to prohibit or to impose such conditions or restrictions as might be deemed advisable, upon the export of wheat from that province.

The amendment was carried and the bill given third reading.

CANADA'S RETURNED MEN
\$487,152,558 Disbursed

On Wednesday the House of Commons was occupied with questions relating to pensions, insurance and the re-establishment of the returned soldiers. The speech of the day was delivered by Mr. Herbert Marler, (Liberal, St. Lawrence and St. George, Montreal) who discussed at comprehensive length, as chairman of the parliamentary Committee of the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, the different aspects of the many questions relating to the returned soldiers. Mr. Marler dealt with a subject which covers many phases of national life and told his story simply and briefly.

He informed the House at the outset that the number enlisted in Canada was 595,441. Of this number, 418,052 proceeded overseas. Of these there were wounded nearly 150,000 and nearly 63,000 were killed or died.

He gave details relating to the various departments which dealt chiefly with returned soldiers; showing that up to the 31st of March, 1922, including medical treatment, service gratuity, employment relief, pensions, loss under Returned Soldiers' Insurance Act, amount outstanding under Soldiers' Settlement Act, Canada had disbursed the huge sum of \$487,152,558 to deal with the after-war results.

Mr. Marler went on to explain the amount of pensions granted, and showed that the pensions were greater in Canada than in other countries. For the year 1922 the estimate was \$33,541,000. Land settlement was dealt with at length, and he showed that since the inception of the Land Settlement Act 600,000 acres of new land were being brought under cultivation and over five million acres of land altogether are under operation. The capital and interest in arrears is, he said, not greatly out of proportion to the amount involved.

Up to December 31, 1921, admission to hospital through the D.S.C.R. numbered 127,861; clinical treatments, 945,319; dental treatments, 28,779; number commenced training, 51,838; orthopaedic and surgical appliances supplied, 127,340; positions found, 175,157; dependents returned from overseas, 49,000.

SOLDIERS' INSURANCE BILL

After a couple of amendments had been defeated, the House of Commons, Thursday, adopted a resolution and subsequently gave first reading to a bill amending the Returned Soldiers' Insurance Act. Criticism of past administration of the act was that the discretionary power of the Minister of Finance to refuse applications for insurance had been used too widely. The underlying idea of the scheme, remarked Sir Henry Drayton, irrespective of their physical condition, was to supply insurance to returned men irrespective of their physical condition. Both of the defeated amendments aimed to limit the Minister's discretionary powers—one, moved by Sir Henry Drayton, providing that all applications for insurance should be accepted, except in cases where fraud was proven.

"Then what," queried Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, "should be done with an application from a man about to die, and with no dependents, and what would constitute fraud?" he added, as the critics' viewpoint was strongly contested. The Drayton amendment was defeated on a standing vote of 94 to 33. Party lines on the Opposition side were freely broken, but the only Liberal to support the amendment was Major Power of Quebec.

BRITISH GOODS

The British manufacturer has few competitors in the quality, solidity and durability of his goods, said Hon. Frank Carvell, at Quebec after a visit to Britain to induce industries to establish in Canada. No one will deny him this distinction, but these qualifications, unfortunately, are not the only requirements in selling goods today, especially in competition with American, German and Canadian goods.

A half century ago the British manufacturer had a monopoly of manufactured goods in almost every world market. Today he has universal competition.

For centuries he had a perfectly free

hand in the raw material markets of the world. Today he has keen competition from other younger nations, even including Canada.

In short, the system of world trade is making such rapid changes that the British manufacturer is conscious of it now and I hope he will not spurn Canada's trade, as being but a drop in the bucket, of his vast export trade, but that he will realize that in a few years from now, Canada will have as large a population as the United Kingdom and our purchasing power will be worth while.

STORM IN MANITOBA

Manitoba on Friday morning between 3 and 4 o'clock suffered a visit from the most destructive wind storm of years, which swept down from eastern Saskatchewan by way of Brandon, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg and Lydiatt to the Ontario boundary, leaving a toll of three dead, many injured, some of them very seriously, and of property loss which will run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Accompanied by a rainfall of tropical violence, the storm struck Winnipeg and blew with an extreme velocity of eighty-four miles an hour, to an alarming accompaniment of electrical disturbances. Terrific gusts of wind shook the city to its foundations. Roofs were carried away from many structures, big and little alike; an icehouse toppled in a heap; hundreds of fine trees were uprooted or deprived of branches, which fell to the roadway; windows were driven in like paper; telegraph and telephone wires were broken down, to add an element of danger, which later in the morning cost the life of a man who grasped a live wire and was instantly killed. In half an hour the storm passed on.

DAMAGE WROUGHT BY FLOOD

Tremendous havoc has been wrought in the locality of Hartland, N.B., by the great freshet. The big dam on the Tatamagouche, holding 6,000,000 feet of lumber, owned by the F. E. Sayer Company, gave way under the heavy pressure of the flood, and the lumber and debris went careening down the river carrying the steel and concrete highway bridge across the Tatamagouche bodily along. Half of the lumber went into the main St. John River, but the other remaining 3,000,000 feet and the highway bridge were jammed against the Canadian Pacific bridge at Hartland and stopped there. The Canadian Pacific bridge was four feet out of alignment and unsafe for traffic, but held. All railroad communication with Hartland was cut off. The saw mill belonging to Mr. Sayer remained standing, but a grist mill lower down the river was swept away in the jumble of logs and bridge.

Wye River Holds its Treasure

Disheartened by the steady sifting of sand and mud back into the excavation, the treasure hunters who have been dredging for over a week to uncover the supposed long lost chest in the bottom of the Wye River, held a conference on Thursday night to decide whether to abandon the effort or continue operations. For two or three days the big scoop has been scraping within two feet of the object which is believed to be an iron box, until late Thursday afternoon, when a big slide occurred and six feet of earth now covers the object.

After much discussion it was decided to keep at work until whatever may lie beneath the waters of the Wye is brought up.

A later message states that the hunt for the "Jesuit" treasure chest has ended. A solid oblong object discovered by the steel probe has been revealed as nothing more than a flat six-foot rock, which the hoisting apparatus is incapable of coping with.

MOUNT EVEREST

Members of the British expedition scaling Mount Everest, have climbed to a height of 27,300 feet, 1,700 feet from the summit, according to a Calcutta despatch. It is feared that further efforts will be unsuccessful owing to adverse weather conditions. The explorers are suffering from frost bite, the despatch states.

PRINCE OF WALES HOME

England gave the Prince of Wales a royal welcome on Wednesday. From the moment he stepped off the cruiser Renown at the Plymouth dockyard until he disappeared into his own home in St. James's Palace, cheers rang in his ears and fluttering flags and waving handkerchiefs were before his eyes. It was not only in London and Plymouth that he found crowds awaiting a glimpse of him. All the way across England from Devonshire, at the big stations, in small villages and even at the crossroads in the open country, people gathered to shout to him as his train sped past.

The value of newspaper advertising was emphasized at the Conference of the National Association of Shoe Retailers, one speaker pointing out that for the cost of reaching 2,000 potential customers by circulars, traders could reach 10,000 by newspaper advertising, which was insufficiently used.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S LUNCHEON TO HEARST

Mr. Lloyd George, who recently entertained to lunch, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the anti-British publicist, has come in for some criticism as a result of his hospitality. It is learned from a most authoritative quarter that the Prime Minister fully realizes the extent of the feeling that has been engendered in Canada over this invitation, but there have been some misconceptions with regard to how it came to be issued. The facts are that Mr. Hearst asked for a conversation with the Premier, which Mr. Lloyd George invariably concedes to anyone who represents a sufficiently large body of opinion, and this was granted.

The luncheon was a minor act of courtesy designed perhaps to show Hearst that his hostility to the Empire mattered so little that it could not even make Britain for a moment forget its reputation for hospitality and good manners. The Prime Minister did not seek the meeting with Hearst. It was Hearst who made application for an appointment for a short talk with Lloyd George.

British Labor Conference

The programme of the annual conference of the Labor party, which opens on Wednesday at Edinburgh, promises a rich miscellany of debate, and is proof sufficient that the interests of the party, ostensibly at any rate, are far from confined to merely matters of weekly wage-earning. Resolutions tabled by local Labor bodies all over the country range from Freemasonry to the activity of Japan in Siberia, from the nationalization of hospitals to the adoption of a "neutral international language."

TAKE JONESCU DEAD

Take Jonescu, ex-Premier of Roumania and one of the best known of Roumanian statesmen, died at Rome on Wednesday, last, after an illness of several months. Death was due to angina pectoris.

M. Jonescu, who was one of the most potent influences in Roumania's entry in aid of the Allies, became seriously ill during April while in Naples for a rest, and was removed to a hospital in Rome. His condition at the time, while admittedly serious, was thought not to be grave.

After the war was over Jonescu was one of the statesmen who were largely responsible for the formation of the "Little Entente," composed of Roumania, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoslavia, the intent of which was to prevent the return of the Hapsburgs and to frustrate any attempt on the part of Austria and Hungary to restore the lost territory to Austria. The treaty was signed August 14, 1920.

GERMAN MILITARISTS IN MOSCOW

French official circles are displaying concern over the arrival in Moscow of a German military mission of which Col. Bower, chief aide to Gen. Ludendorff, and Col. Hentza, an assistant of Hugo Stinnes, are members. Officials say they have reason to believe the military men have gone to Moscow to make a survey of the Soviet Army with a view to a possible military accord between Germany and Russia. The presence of German officers in Moscow and the recent war-like utterance of M. Freundse, chief of staff of the Bolshevik Army, are regarded as significant by French officials.

Members Walk Out

Deciding, as they asserted, to be parties to the use of the Commons Committee on Railway Transportation Costs as a mere instrument to register the will of the Government, Conservative members, headed by Sir Henry Drayton, ex-Minister of Finance, withdrew from the committee on Saturday night and brought to a close a controversy which had lasted all day. Their departure was followed by the adoption by Liberals and Progressive members of a report which recommends the revival of the rates on grain and flour, eastbound, from the prairie provinces, determined by the Crow's Nest Pass agreement of 1897, and the suspension of the balance of the agreement for one year from July 6, with power to the Government to suspend for a further period of one year.

Dominion Day in London

The Dominion Day celebrations in London will be on a greater scale than usual. Acceptances to the dinner of the Canada Club include the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Astor and Sir Richard Horne, Chancellor of the Exchequer. There are also numerous acceptances from distinguished personages to the reception which is being held by Hon. Peter C. Larkin, Canadian High-Commissioner.

The Legislature of Manitoba has been dissolved and the election will be held on Tuesday, July 18, in all constituencies, except the Pas. A Cabinet Council was held on Saturday night at which the decision was made and the necessary orders-in-council signed.

FRENCH OFFICIALS IN SYRIA DISMISSED

Stern measures adopted by Gen. Gouraud, the high commissioner for Syria, have somewhat diminished the violence and intensity of the reign of terror which has been gripping Damascus, Aleppo and Homs during the last few weeks, following the visit of Charles R. Crane.

A general clean up in the government departments for the purpose of appeasing the Syrians has also been ordered by the high commissioner. Ata Bey Al Ayoubi, minister of the interior; M. De Caix, who acted for Gen. Gouraud during the latter's recent visit to France, and several others of high rank have been dismissed for their share in the civil strife.

Meanwhile the Syrians are following in the footsteps of their neighbors, the Egyptians, in their fight for independence. The leading merchants have already declared a general boycott against all French goods and are withdrawing all money deposited in French banks, doing business in Syria. Twelve merchants who refused a consignment of goods from Paris have been fined.

In a recent interview Gen. Gouraud said: "There is a striking similarity between the demonstrations which took place in Damascus and Home and those which have taken place in Egypt. They indicate that the unrest which reigns in the near East has the same causes and show clearly the necessity for co-operation between England and France to destroy the common danger."

Replying to this statement, the editor of a Damascus newspaper admits the similarity between the Syrian and Egyptian situations and advises the high commissioner to follow Gen. Allenby's lead and immediately abolish the mandate, acknowledge Syrian independence and then conclude an alliance with Syria as a free and independent state.

Nazir-al-Abed, an Arab girl, who took a prominent part in fomenting the revolt against French rule and who was sentenced to prison for life has escaped.

Sastri in Brisbane

In the course of an address delivered in Brisbane, Srinivasa Sastri of India, who is touring the Empire in the interest of equal status for his fellow-countrymen, said that India was endeavoring to ascertain the status of her nationals within the British Empire with a view to determining her future policy. She must decide whether she should ask her children and children's children to throw in their lot with the British Commonwealth or seriously to consider why they should seek a continued place within the Empire.

Japan Approves

The Yap Treaty with the United States was approved by the Privy Council and Japanese Prince Regent Thursday. The treaty fixes the rights of each nation in the island, which is under Japanese mandate.

The Ji Ji of Tokio states that the naval department officially announced Japan will discharge 50,000 officers and men, and 1,078 civilian employees from the Imperial navy in conformance with treaties growing out of the Washington conference.

Sun Yat-Sen, the president without a republic, has disappeared, according to advices received from the south by Chinese circles at Shanghai.

Names of French provinces in which the sectors of the American Expeditionary Force were located during the World War will be borne in the future on silk streamers awarded to the various units of the American army that served in Europe. The name of the province, however, will appear only once on the streamer, regardless of the number of times the unit may have occupied a particular sector.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

STORY BY MRS MOODIE

J.R., Ont.—Re the story "Roughing it in the Bush," by Mrs. Moodie, it is printed in a book, a copy of which is in the Carnegie Library, Peterboro, Ontario. No doubt fuller information could be got by addressing a letter there.

H.H. writes—I notice an inquiry in the "Weekly Witness" for a book entitled "Roughing It in the Bush" by Mrs. Moodie. This book was published a number of years ago and a new edition was published in 1913 by Bell and Cockburn of Toronto. It is a very interesting and nicely written book and I think can be procured from any of the leading book stores in Toronto.

EX-PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE JESUITS

P.G.—Have read a statement in a well-known and widely circulated paper in which Ex-President Wilson is charged with being a member of a Jesuit Order, and of working to further the interest of the Roman Catholic Church. As I always understood that a Catholic could not be President of the United States, please tell us through your columns if this is so.

Ans.—The statement is untrue. Ex-President Wilson is not a Roman Catholic but a Presbyterian, although he has been blamed for some degree of partiality towards the Catholics. There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent a Roman Catholic from becoming President, but it is unlikely that any party would nominate such a candidate, as he would have a very poor chance of being elected.

RADIO RECEIVING SET

An interested Reader.—Would you please inform me through your Question and Answer column if it is possible for an amateur electrician to construct a radio receiving set. If so, could you tell me where I could procure plans for the construction of such a machine, also the probable cost.

Ans.—For short distances a crystal set will do. This will cost about \$30, but the cost may be considerably reduced if part of the equipment is home-made. For longer ranges a variometer set with vacuum tube detector is needed. This may cost \$60, or about \$35 if partly home-made. What are called amplifiers may be added at any future time. The principal parts of a receiving set of the crystal type, in addition to the aerial, or antenna, and the ground connections, are (1) a tuning coil to tune the set to any desired wave length corresponding with the wave-length of the messages from the broadcasting station; (2) a crystal detector to convert the electric impulses into currents which will actuate the diaphragm of a telephone; and (3) telephone receivers to make the signals audible. If you live near a large broadcasting station one of the cheaper sets that are now on sale in great variety will give you satisfaction, and in any case it is better to begin with a modest set of apparatus and add to it as you gain experience. Among the numerous booklets on the subject may be mentioned "Radio Made Plain," (25c) published by Radlox Associates, Cambridge, Mass. All the popular scientific magazines now contain radio articles suitable for amateurs, and new literature on the subject is appearing every day.

A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR

"Inquirer," Alta.—Will you kindly tell me if the expression "He feels badly," meaning sorrowful or hurt, is grammatically correct.

Ans.—The expression may be used in the sense that "he feels very much," or "he feels greatly," but it is not quite proper to use it as meaning that "he feels sorrowful or hurt."

BIBLE COMMENTARIES

E.D., B.C.—Re "Reader's" enquiry on the above, the Scofield Bible notes are too condensed to be of much practical value. They are intended for a scurrying age. Matthew Henry's commentary will outlast a hundred Scofield's for family use. If ever a double portion of the Holy Spirit was bestowed since New Testament times, that man had it. They may talk of apostolical succession, (and I am an Anglican member of 36 years standing) but I would as soon take ordination at the hands of men like Matthew Henry and Philip Doddridge as from any bishop who ever wore a surplice. I got my copy of Matthew Henry (6 vols.) from the Fleming Revell, Co. New York and Chicago.

AN OLD VIOLIN

W.W.D.—I am greatly interested to know if an old violin I have is of any special value, and thought you could assist me. The violin is very old and has a full rich tone, a good sized body and genuine ebony fingerboard and tailpiece. On the inside is pasted an old brown label, with the words: "Nach Antonius Stradivarius" printed in about 1-8 inch black letters. The last word is some-

what blurred. Would like to know if you consider this valuable, also what would be a near estimate of the value and where one would dispose of it. Also how can I tell for certain if it is genuine or imitation?

Ans.—The German word "Nach" on the label tells that the violin is an "imitation" or copy of the Stradivarius make. If hand-made and well-finished it might be a good instrument, especially as the tone is rich, but it is impossible to tell without seeing it, as most factory-made violins have labels exactly resembling the labels used by Antonius Stradivarius or other celebrated makers, and not one in a thousand is genuine. Viillaume, of Paris, used to make excellent copies of the Stradivarius violins when the originals were ninety or one hundred years old, and those are highly valued today. More information on the subject, however, might be obtained from M. Dionne, 332 Bleury St. Montreal, who is a well-known and dependable authority on violins.

A PERFECT DAY

Manitoba Reader.—Kindly oblige with the words of "A Perfect Day."

Ans.—Following are the words:
When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
When the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey too,
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find, at the end of a perfect day,
The soul of a friend we've made.

A SCOTCH SONG

W. A. T., Sask.—Would be glad to have the words of a Scottish song entitled "Ye're a Welcome Hame."

Ans.—The song, written by Joseph Wright, of Glasgow, has long been popular in Scotland. It is sung to the air of "The Auld Hoose." The words follow:

YE'RE A WELCOME HAME

Ye needna think it's no' for you,
An' syne ye'll lea't alane;
He bocht an' entrance wi' His bluid—
An' ye're a' welcome hame.
Ye needn't hanker on the road;
If sae, He's no' tae blame;
"Come unto Me," He says to a'—
For ye're a' welcome hame.
The beggar man wi' tattered claes,
The queen wi' silken train,
Wha pleads the merit o' His bluid
Will ha'e a' welcome hame.
The rich, the puir, the young, the auld,
To Jesus are the same.
"Come unto Me," He says to a'—
For ye're a' welcome hame.

Ahnt the clouds the sun is bricht,
An' whiles oor herts are fain
To lea, the struggles o' this world
An' flee to yon bricht hame.
The mansions o' the blest are there;
Wi' herts a' free frae pain,
We'll gang when His guid time comes
roon—
For we're a' welcome hame.

We'll meet wi' frien's we kent langsyne,
Wha frae oor herts were ta'en;
They couldna bide, for Jesus ca'd
Them up to His ain hame.
We'll meet them, and we'll welcome be
Where Jesus is to reign;
We'll gang when His guid time comes
roon—
For we're a' welcome hame.

ORIGIN OF COAL FIELDS

J. H. T.—Please give in Witness the supposed origin of those vast coal fields which a loving Father has provided for us.

Ans.—Coal is derived from the vegetation of prehistoric ages, containing different hydrocarbons with sometimes free carbon, and also complex substances carrying oxygen and nitrogen found in beds or veins in the earth. Canada appears to be an important storehouse of coal, but although it has large reserves, much of this is not available for the commerce of the Empire. Important supplies, however, are found on both the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard and in Alberta.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON

J. T.—We have been very much interested in reading the Life and Works of Charles Haddon Spurgeon. In October, 1877, Mr. Spurgeon withdrew from

the Baptist Union, of which he was a grand minister. What did he become denominationally, as he was well advanced in years?

Ans.—Mr. Spurgeon withdrew from the Union because of its attitude on biblical criticism, but he remained a Baptist till his death.

RECITATION

Witness Admirer.—I remember hearing a sweet recitation by a little girl at a Sunday-school social. It was something about the comfort of having someone's hand laid on your shoulder in "a friendly sort of way." Do you know where I can get this recitation?

Ans.—The following are the verses, by James Whitcomb Riley.

A FRIENDLY SORT OF WAY

When a man ain't got a penny, an' he's feeling kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, oh, my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the teardrops start,
An' you feel a sort of flutter in the region of your heart;
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound with its honey and its gall,
With its care and bitter crosses, but a good world after all;
An' a good God must have made it—leastways that is what I say,
When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

THE JEWISH QUESTION

(By Captain Merton Smith.)

III.
What ground then has so large a portion of the Church for believing that the Jews are still God's Covenant people and entitled to Palestine—the Land of the Covenant, as their national home?

The many promises made to Judah and Israel that at the second advent of Christ Israel and Judah would be reconciled to God, and then—representatively only—be brought back to the Land of the Covenant—Palestine. For instance, Jer. 3: 18—"In those days the house of Judah shall walk with (or to) the house of Israel, and they shall come together out of the land of the north to the land that I have given for an inheritance to your fathers."

This looks, at first sight, as if the contention for the Jew was justified, but a closer study of the Word of God reveals that the Old Testament is in complete accord with the words of Jesus—Moses and Peter—about the Jew.

The Jew Is Not Ju' h

The "walking" to the house of Israel by the house of Judah has taken place long ago. Notice, it is, of course, the official house of Judah to the official house of Israel. The Jew is not the house of Judah, official or otherwise. He is only "of Judah"—"a remnant of Judah"—the Jew.

In 1700 B. C. Judah had twins by Tamar. Reference to Genesis 38: 27-30, shows that there was a breach between these twins—Zara and Peres—over the tribal birthright. Evidently this breach was not healed, for the Zara line—against whose claim the then tribal court must have decided—left the young Israel nation and founded Israel's first colony. One of Zara's sons was called Darda, 1 Chron. 2: 5 (margin) in whom may be recognized Dardanus, the founder of Troy, etc., and whose name has been perpetuated in the Dardanelles. The other was called Calcol, and to him may be traced the Iberian migration that so puzzles our ethnologists, who reject as darkness the light of God's word. The "Ibri," phonetically "Hebrew," founded a kingdom in Illyria, of which the "Albanians" may be a remnant. The Etruscan kingdom, which was in Italy, many centuries before Rome was founded, shows everywhere evidence of the "Ibri" advent. The Iberian peninsula, however, gives as a more complete evidence of who the Ibri were in their famous town of "Sara" gossa on the river "Ebro." From thence the Zara people made their way to Ulster, and gave the name to the island (Hibernia, Ierne, or Ireland). The names Zara and Coll are familiar to all students of Spanish and Irish lore. This "trail" then accounts for one full half of "Judah"—Zara-Judah as distinct from Peres-Judah. It was Peres-Judah that went into Palestine, and Zara-Judah came to Ulster as a colony in 1700 B. C.

The House of David

In 1042 B. C. the house of David was granted a special charter giving it a specific identity apart from either Judah or Israel. Special rights and properties

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were conveyed to the house of David—the Zion throne—in which neither Judah nor Israel had any part. 2 Sam. 7, and kindred passages, in 713 B. C. two hundred thousand of the house of Peres-Judah were taken away by Sennacherib from Judea and planted in Assyria—where the 10-tribed Israel captive-settlements were (see 2 Kings 18: 11-13; also the Sennacherib inscription—Sayce). These 200,000 of Peres-Judah were evidently amalgamated with the Israel tribes and are with Israel today, and Christians. They came into England probably as the Jutes. In 588 B. C. God took away the Zion throne from Jerusalem—and from what was left of Peres-Judah. By the hand of Jeremiah He planted it—the Zion throne—in Zara-Judah, then long settled in Ulster—in Tara, Ireland (see Annals of Four Masters, Annals of Clonmacnoise, Chronicles of Eri, British Museum) there to be kept by the early colonies of Dan and Zara Judah, till the ten tribes of the captivity came into Britain 1000 years, and 1600 years later, as the Angles, Saxons, Danes, Jutes, Frisians, and finally the Normans. At that time (588 B. C.) Judah's official flag, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, was also removed from Peres-Judah in Palestine; Zara-Judah in Ireland and the coronation stone on which all the kings of Peres-Judah had been "crowned," and the scepter; very possibly also the Ark of the Covenant with the two tables of testimony.

Zara-Judah

At this time (588 B. C.) Zara-Judah became the official house of Judah (just as our king recently transferred the seals of office from Montague, the Jew, to his successor). Ezekiel 17: 24, records this: "And all the trees of the field shall know that I the Lord have brought down the high tree (Peres-Judah); and exalted the low tree (Zara-Judah); and have dried up the green tree (Peres-Judah); and have made the dry tree (Zara-Judah) to flourish; I the Lord have spoken and have done it." It was at this time that Jeremiah changed the name from Judah to the Jews.

Look it up (Jeremiah 32: 13). And, beyond any doubt, the various removals from Peres-Judah, as above cited, caused the change of name. At this time, then, Zara-Judah became the official house of Judah instead of Peres-Judah who had held it for 1100 years. Let me add that the union of the official house of Judah (in Ireland) took place at the union. There could have been no union of the sons of Jacob without official Judah. "L'Union De Jacque" or "The Union Jack" seems to me good evidence, and in accord with most B. I. teaching.

The Jewish Cabal

The removal of the throne and appanages from Peres-Judah caused the formation of the cabal which was organized in Babylon by the Jews to defeat God's purposes. The Sanhedrim was the Jerusalem outcome of the Cabal. The Jews put Christ to death knowing that He claimed to be the Messiah, and because He came to re-establish Israel and not Judah alone as the kingdom. It is more than probable that this was the cause of Judah's betrayal. After the destruction of Jerusalem and the scattering of the Jews, the Sanhedrim was reformed in Asia Minor at Perga or Pergamos under a new name as the Kahal. This is undoubtedly "The Synagogue of Satan" that Christ spoke of in Rev. 3. It has ever since controlled the Jews secretly; it is now called the Kehillah, and is summoned to meet, at varying times and places, by an unknown man who is reported to be in supreme command.

The Hidden Hand

The Kehillah had its headquarters in Frankfort for many years, and perhaps centuries. It is very openly stated that the Kehillah engineered the late war. It is the hidden hand. It controls Bolshevism; it is not controlled by Bolshevism. Its secret aim is not Bolshevism, but, by Bolshevism and other methods, the utter ruin of Christian civilization and the erection on its ruins of the Zion throne restored to and controlled by Peres-Judah consisting of the present day Jews, about 15,000,000 people. The aim is that of Babylon, of Rome, of Napoleon, of Kaiser Wilhelm, the hegemony of the world.

(To be concluded.)

A. RIVES HALL, K. C.

Advocate, Barrister, Etc.

263 ST. JAMES ST.
MONTREAL, CANADA

Sunday at Home.

WHEN GOD LEADS

(By Edgar L. Vincent)

It has a militant sound: "Our God shall fight for us!" And surely if ever a people needed to encourage themselves in every possible way it was when the returned exiles were building up the broken-down walls of the holy city. Nehemiah had done his best to inspire the men who worked with one hand on the trowel and the other on the sword. They had all confidence in their leader, no doubt, but they had something more than "iron sharp and reeking steel" to contend with. Had weapons of burnished metal been all, or the worst, they had to meet, they would have been brave as lions.

But to meet the sneers of Tobiah and his mocking followers cut more deeply than any sword wielded by desperate foe could possibly have done. To be told that a fox leaping over their wall would break it down; to be compelled to listen to scoffings and mockings, that took the heart out of them, and Nehemiah knew it. "Be not afraid of them," he bravely cheers. "Remember the Lord. . . Our God shall fight for us!" And they found that it was so. God did fight for them, and they finished the wall and came through their battles unscathed.

Now, how does God fight for those who love and trust him? No doubt that was better understood by the people of olden times than it is by us today; and yet many a man of our times knows what it is to win conflicts with God as his helper that he never could have gained had he been fighting alone. For God surely does come to the rescue of his own when they really feel their need of him and have faith that they will be led by him through the very thick of the fight unharmed. And they know just how it is done, too.

God wins the day for us by giving us courage when we are disheartened. Are we sore beset by evil? Down on our knees, then, we are to go, laying the case before him and asking him to guide us and direct us; and he does it. He never leaves one of his children to know the defeat of despair when they put their very lives in his keeping.

And then God fights for us when we come to the end of our own resources and have nowhere else to go but to Him. As long as we hold ourselves to be strong enough in our own strength to meet life's bitter experiences we need not look for any help from Him. "A broken heart and a contrite spirit thou wilt not despise."

Nor can we be at all sure that we shall have God to be our leader as long as pride rules our wills. There is something about pride which unfits one for mastery. More than that, it lifts up a wall between divine help and human need. Pride honeycombs the best efforts we may make in any and every field of endeavor. Never until we say to pride, "stand back now; I have God for my helper!" can we know the thrill of conquest. How many times did the dauntless Nehemiah sink the last bit of self-consciousness and throw himself upon the mercies of God! And that was absolutely the only thing which brought him the victory.

And, finally the heart which is beleaguered by sin must strike down every disposition to listen to sneers and taunts of those who are enemies of the soul. Many a man who has had physical power enough to carry him through the severest contest with human foes has gone down to defeat before a word spoken with a sneer. When the devil knows of no other way of digging the foundation from under faith in God, he tries to do it with a sneer. And often he accomplishes his purpose. God gives us strength to resist the sneer!

It is worth while to remember that there is never a time when we may not have this divine leadership. And how desperately do we need to recognize this fact just now! Scarcely a moment that we are not in sore straits. Striving with a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other, we are still conscious that we are gaining no ground, but are, rather, losing the day. Well for us then, if we hear coming down to us through the thick of the fight the strong words of Nehemiah, "Our God shall fight for us."—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

The Sweet Old Chapters

One of the sweet old chapters
After a day like this—
The day brought tears and trouble,
The evening brings no kiss.

No rest in the arms I long for—
Rest, and refuge, and home;
Grieved, and lonely, and weary,
Unto the Book I come.

One of the sweet old chapters—
The love that blossoms through
His care of the birds and lilies,
Out in the meadow dew.

His evening lies soft around them;
Their faith is simply to be;
Oh, hushed by the tender lesson,
My God, let me rest in thee!

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY

Ted shivered on his newsboy's beat. A cold rain came pelting down. Ted was not ten. He kept on crying his papers until he had only a half dozen left, but those must be sold before he could go home.

He grew so numb and tired that he crept into the shelter of a hotel doorway. He felt he must rest a bit, out of the rain. The world looked dismal enough to him.

Two gentlemen were coming that way, through the rain.

"Tell me how to be happy," said one man to his friend, who always carried a smiling face.

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because I would like to do something with my money, and what better thing could I do to get happiness with it?"

"There is only one who can give you the greatest happiness," said the smiling man, "but you can get a good deal of happiness with your money, by giving it away. Have you tried that? No? Well begin now."

Just then he looked up. The two had come nearer to the shivering newsboy in the doorway. "Begin here," the cheerful man said, stopping on the sidewalk, before getting within earshot of Ted. "Look at that little fellow in the doorway, with the papers that he can't sell at this late hour. Buy them all and give him fifty cents. See if that does not make him happy, and you too."

"I'll do it, and see."

"You still have papers to sell, but you haven't much chance to get rid of them here." The boy shook his head.

"How old are you?"

"Most ten."

"Have you a home?"

"Yes."

"A mother?"

"Yes."

"Anybody else in the home?"

"Sister two years younger than I—that's all. I help support the family."

"Give me your papers, and take this." The stranger handed the boy a half-dollar, took one paper, and handed back the rest. "Sell them on the way home if you can."

Ted seemed too dazed with happiness to do more than stammer his thanks, but his radiant face spoke for him, as he presently rushed away, leaving two smiling gentlemen behind him.

"How do you feel?" asked the first.

"Well, it did make me feel better to see that boy's face light up."

"That makes two happy folks," said the other, "and I myself am glad to see the other two, which make three. You may be sure that the mother and little sister will soon be happy, too. That makes five for fifty cents—a large number to make happy for so small an amount. You'd better go on doing this kind of work."

"I will."

ONE LITTLE MISTAKE

(By Hugh S. Fullerton.)

There is a business man in a small western city who is rich. He has given the city a public library; he has been one of the leaders in charity and philanthropy; the beautiful fountain in the public park is a gift from him. He owns one of the greatest establishments in the city, and his fair dealing and squareness are known to all.

But when he was about sixteen years old he got into trouble. With some other boys he became entangled in a boyish scrape which resulted more seriously than he thought, and he was arrested and sent to a reform school. He was in that school two years.

Now, when he walks down the street of that city, do the people say, "There goes _____, who gave us the public library?" or "There goes _____, who gave us the beautiful fountain?" or "There goes _____, the philanthropist?" They do not. The majority say, "There goes _____." He was in the reform school.

There is a lesson in this bitter experience. One bad break, one mistake, is remembered when all the good deeds are forgotten. It takes more to wash out the memory of one bad act than it does to perform a thousand good ones. The boy who takes a chance should remember this.—New York Evening Mail.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morn-
ing breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the
shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the
daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness,—I am
with Thee.
—H. B. Stowe.

Faith is a simple trust in a personal Redeemer. The simpler our trust in Christ for all things, the surer our peace.
—William Adams.

THE REVIVAL IN WALES

Gipsy Pat Smith Speaks to Great Gatherings at Cardiff.

The great mission at Cardiff conducted by Captain Gipsy Pat Smith has not been merely an organized series of special services, for by the second Sunday it became obvious that God was moving. Not that there have been great outbursts of emotion or manifestations of excitement. Yet, from our own personal experience during a brief visit to the city in the midst of the campaign, we have experienced for ourselves the warmth and glow of the revival fire. Gipsy Pat Smith has, we believe, a great work before him in the coming revival.

As we sat on the platform of his meetings, noting the power and grip of his preaching, and as we saw literally hundreds seeking salvation at the close of the evening services, we rejoiced afresh that this sturdy young evangelist has cancelled his American engagements, and is staying in the homeland for a year at least. On the Sunday of our visit he preached to 10,000 people at four services, and at the end seemed ready for more! Not only does he preach and draw in the net. His versatility is shown in the mastery he gets over his audiences, in what are sometimes rather foolishly termed "the preliminaries." And yet it is all very simple, and he has a marvelous power of transforming the ordinary into the extraordinary.

One of the most striking features of his methods is the use of the old Sankey hymns. No time is spent in teaching new melodies. Nearly every hymn used has been familiar from our earliest days: "When peace like a river," "Just as I am," "Man of Sorrows," "Tell me the old, old story," "My Jesus, I love Thee," and so on. And how those great crowds sang these dear old songs! Welsh people cannot help singing anyhow, and under Gipsy Pat's almost electric control it was just overwhelming. Almost the only hymns that came fresh to the people were either solos by the evangelist, or duets, in which his charming young wife joined him, and one of the sweetest musical items we heard during our visit was one of these duets, entitled "In the Garden."

The Rev. Charles Pye, chairman of the United Mission Committee, in describing that memorable third Sunday of the campaign, pointed out the marvel of the "Meeting for Men Only," in the Empire Theatre, crowded with 3,500 men. Long before the hour to commence, even on a hot summer afternoon, hundreds were turned away. Mr. Pye says he has been in the ministry forty-one years, but "never was in such a powerful meeting, and at the close over 200 men raised their hands in decision for Christ, and when we sang the last hymn, 'Just as I am, without one plea,' 147 men came up on to the stage to make the open decision for Christ. When you consider that there is no great central men's meeting in Cardiff, and that two Sundays running over 3,000 men were gathered in, an event with no parallel for many years in the history of Cardiff, you will understand in some way how the entire city is being moved to God. At night the eight o'clock meeting in the Cardiff Empire commenced at 7.30, and hundreds were queued up by the police outside, and when these 3,500 were let out, the second house had well over 2,000 present, and about forty men and women decided in each service, bringing the day's total to some 227 men and women deciding, and 175 of these men over twenty years of age." The week-night meetings have latterly been held in Wood Street Congregational Church (Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher's), which holds about 3,000 people. It was originally built for a circus, and is one of the most commodious buildings in Cardiff. Yet this has been packed out every week-night.

The veteran Dr. F. B. Meyer visited Cardiff the same week-end, and it was delightful to hear him counselling the converts behind the stage on the Sunday evening. One of the "new things" of the Gipsy's missions is the need that arises to have two separate services on Sunday evenings, thus enabling him at Cardiff to preach on one evening to nearly six thousand people. He needs the prayer of all Christians, that God may sustain him, for the physical strain is terrific. From Cardiff he goes to a great tent campaign at Exeter.—Christian Herald.

THE GOSPEL IN FINLAND

Bishop Anton Bast, who has been conducting an evangelistic tour through Denmark, Sweden and Finland, writes: "The Lord has visited Finland, the spirit of God is upon the people in that country, over which the Russian eagle has spread sorrow and darkness for so many years and where on many a Methodist parsonage and church I could put my finger on marks of the war. I can not describe all I saw and felt of divine grace in Finland. Who could describe the enthusiasm in the Finnish-speaking congregation in Helsingfors the Sunday I was there—when, as a first-fruit of a glorious revival they received twenty-five into full connection and twenty on trial in the morning and in the evening, in one of the largest halls in the city, we prayed with nearly

10 people, and many souls were saved! Who on earth could describe the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on bishop and congregation in the same city in the Monday evening meeting in our Swedish church, where Pastor Karl Hurtig has done the most wonderful work through seventeen years? This summer we shall dedicate our new Centenary church there, where now already about five or six hundred souls are under our care.

"But the most wonderful occasion of this winter trip was one evening in Viiborg, Finland. The state church authorities had put the large Lutheran church at our disposal, and when I entered it I faced a congregation of more than 1,300 people. It was like a great day in an old Wesleyan revival. With Rector Haggmann as interpreter, I preached on the text, 'Prepare to meet thy God, Oh Israel.' (Amos 4:12.) After the sermon when in very plain words, I asked if those who would give their hearts to Jesus Christ would lift up their hands, more than 300 hands went up. I saw rich and poor men, who during the cruel war were among the 'Reds,' and men and women from all sections of society. The next day I preached three times in our own church and in two large rented halls. The Swedish and Finnish preachers met and made an alliance for promotion of the work and cooperation, and the revival is still going on."

TREASURES ON EARTH

Why strain each nerve? What is it worth
To lay up treasures on this earth?
To save and search the wealth to find,
Then die and leave it all behind?

Why think so much of earthly gain,
For it will not with us remain.
The Lord doth in His Word reveal
That thieves oft-times break through and steal.

And moth, and rust do oft destroy
What seemed to be our pride and joy,
The gold and pleasures of this earth,
Oh, answer, soul—What are they worth?

Fine lands and houses we may have,
Yet those our souls will never save,
And though those things may be desired,
This night our souls may be required.

Oh let us walk in Wisdom's way,
And never from our Saviour stray,
We know for us our God of Love
Has treasures up in heaven above.

—Mrs. Annie Rodd.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

AN INCOMPARABLE HYMN

Judge Palmer's boy, Ray, at the age of thirteen started to earn his living as a clerk in a Boston store, but after two years of work he was persuaded by his pastor, the Rev. Sereno E. Dwight, to seek an education. He attended Phillips Andover Academy, graduated there, and four years later graduated from Yale, 1830. That year he began teaching in a young ladies' school on the then fashionable quarter of Fulton Street, New York City, behind St. Paul's church, and while there at the age of twenty-two, he wrote what Dr. Theodore Cuyler used to call "by far the most precious contribution which American genius has yet made to the hymnody of the Christian Church," that incomparable hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee." Written in 1830, it was not published until 1832, when Dr. Lowell Mason set it to the tune "Olivet."

JERUSALEM'S WATER SUPPLY

Mrs. Millicent G. Fawcett, J.P. LL.D., writing from Jerusalem for the Manchester Guardian says concerning the water-supply in the city at this time:

"Before British occupation of Jerusalem the water-supply of the city was obtained almost exclusively from rain water stored in thousands of pools and cisterns, for there is only one small natural spring within the walled city. When first Allenby's standpipes appeared in the streets the people asked what they would have to pay. When the reply was 'Nothing,' they were amazed and said: 'The Turks were here for 400 years but they never gave us a cup of water.' The present Government is now engaged in bettering the good work which the military government had begun, for as population increases and the demands of the people for fresh water grow with the use, the supply given by Allenby standpipes will be insufficient, and one of the good works now being undertaken is to bring once again, after centuries of neglect, the Pools of Solomon into working order."

"The vulgar man!" a wealthy lady is reported to have remarked after a sermon by a noted preacher; "why, he said 'you sinners!'" Such good folk like plainness, but they "want it at the wrong point." Fancy a preacher standing before his congregation and making a gesture of this kind: "Brethren, you must repent, as it were, and be converted in a measure, or you will be damned to some extent."

Worldly wealth is the devil's bait; and those whose minds feed upon riches recede, in general, for real happiness, in proportion as their stores increase.—But-
ton.

Some of God's Ways In Providence

Thoughts For Sunday, July 9.

It is very interesting to study the infinite variety of God's methods of working and of the instrumentalities He employs in the providential government of this world. Superficial reasoning would seem to prove that God cannot really control events without interfering with the freedom of man's will, but the Bible shows us that God can bring a great variety of influences to bear on the minds of men and that He can also control the consequences of men's actions in such a way as to make even the worst acts of evil men subservient to the accomplishment of His purposes. If that were not so, it would not be possible for God to make "all things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. 8:28.)

One way in which God influences men is by putting thoughts into their minds. He knows the character of every man better than any man knows himself, and He knows how to lead men without coercing them, so that even those who are most rebellious at heart help to work out the fulfillment of His purposes. (See Psalm 76: 10 and Ex. 9:16 and 18:11.) The great illustration of this truth is the fact that the wickedest act ever committed on earth was the means of accomplishing the most glorious of God's purposes. The avarice and treachery of Judas, the malice and hypocrisy of the priests, the bigotry of the people, and the timidity of Pilate all combined to give effect to God's plan for the salvation of men. God did not put wickedness into the hearts of these men, but He did give direction to their thoughts and so lead them in their wickedness to do what He had planned before the world was created. (See John 11:49-51 and Acts 4:27, 28.)

Take another illustration of God's methods. It was the purpose of God to make Joseph ruler of Egypt in order that through him the Egyptians, who were then perhaps the most highly civilized people in the world, might learn that He is the true God. How did God make Joseph ruler of Egypt? First Joseph had dreams and talked about them. That made his brethren hate him and sell him for a slave. Then the wickedness of Potiphar's wife caused Joseph to be put in prison. Then Pharaoh became suspicious of two of his servants and sent them to prison. Then these men had dreams and God enabled Joseph to interpret their dreams correctly. Still Joseph had to stay in prison for another year, till God's time had come. Then Pharaoh had dreams and Joseph was brought out of prison and made ruler of Egypt, as God had intended from the first. Joseph's dreams, the dreams of Pharaoh's servants and Pharaoh's own dreams all combined to bring about the fulfillment of God's purpose, and were of course all sent by God to that end.

Eleven centuries later, when Nebuchadnezzar was building the greatest empire of his time, God wished to make Daniel the ruler of Babylon that he might be a witness for God to the whole of that empire, so Daniel was taken to Babylon as a prisoner and was chosen as one of the princes of Judah who were to be trained to act as counsellors for the King. Then the King had a remarkable dream which troubled him, and yet he could not remember just what it was that he dreamed. So he summoned magicians and commanded them to tell him what the dream was and what it meant. These men pre-

terded to be able to learn hidden things, by magic or by studying the stars and this was a good test of their ability to do so. Of course they could not tell the King what he had dreamed and he saw that they were frauds, and commanded that they should be put to death.

But Daniel went to the king and asked for time, promising to tell the King his dream and what it meant and he asked his three companions to pray with him that God would reveal it to him. Then he saw the whole thing in a dream and was enabled to understand it. So he saved his own life and the lives of his friends, and also the lives of the magicians and astrologers. But that was not the only result, for Daniel had been careful to tell the King that it was not through any wisdom or cleverness that he was able to tell the secret, but by the favor of his God, who was the God of Heaven, and Nebuchadnezzar saw at once that the God who could tell him what he had dreamed must be the true God, so he paid homage to Daniel as the servant of God, and made him chief ruler over the whole province of Babylon.

"The God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom." Daniel knew that God had chosen Nebuchadnezzar to rule over many nations because Jeremiah had announced that fact a year before. (See Jer. 25:1,9 and 27:1-11.)

"After thee shall arise another kingdom"—the kingdom of the Medes and Persians. The empire which Nebuchadnezzar built up only lasted seventy years, because God had decreed that the captivity of the Jews should last only seventy years and He appointed Cyrus the Great of Persia to give the Jews liberty to return to Jerusalem and gave him power to overthrow the Babylonian empire. (See Jer. 25:12 and Isaiah 45:1-6 and Ezra 1:1-6)

The Kingdom of Brass which followed that of Persia was the Greek empire founded by Alexander the Great. And the Kingdom of Iron was the Roman empire which was divided into two sections—the eastern empire with its capital at Constantinople and the western empire with its capital at Rome. The feet and toes of the empire represented the kingdoms which grew up out of the ruins of the Roman Empire. And the stone cut out without hands which smote the image on its feet and broke it in pieces, and then became a great mountain and filled the whole earth, is the spiritual kingdom of Christ, the only kingdom that ever was on earth which cannot be overthrown. It is destined to triumph over all the forces of evil which destroyed one after another all the empires of antiquity, and which have wrought such havoc in our own day; putting an end to the last of the great autocratic monarchies.

The toes, part of iron and part of clay, partly strong and partly broken, are a good symbol of the condition of the countries of Europe generally today.

Golden Text: The kingdom of the world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.—Rev. 11:15.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Monday, July 3—Dan. 2:31-35; Tuesday—Dan. 2:36-45; Wednesday—Gen. 32:24-30; Thursday—Gen. 41:1-7; Friday—Gen. 41:25-32; Saturday—Acts 10:9-15; Sunday—Isa. 11:1-10.

PRAYER

Blessed Jesus, I am but a lamb. Take me in the arms of Thy power and lay me on the bosom of Thy love. Though I am so poor and inconsiderable a creature, I will hope in Thy pastoral power and love, that I shall not only continue, but grow, and that Thou wilt one day rejoice in me as one of the flock which Thou hast purchased with Thy own blood.—John Angel James.

Don't turn your back upon your doctrinal doubts and difficulties. Go up to them and examine them. Perhaps the ghastly object which looks to you in the twilight like a sheeted ghost may prove to be no more than a table cloth hanging upon a hedge.—A. H. Boyd.

The most destructive criticism has not been able to dethrone Christ as the incarnation of perfect holiness. The waves of a tossing and restless sea of unbelief break at His feet, and He stands still the supreme model, the inspiration of great souls, the rest of the weary, the fragrance of all Christendom, the one divine flower in the garden of God.—Herriek Johnson.

On a Sunday in the month of June, 1630 there was an all-night of prayer in the Shotts kirk in Lanarkshire, Scotland, and on the following day 500 persons were converted.

A Cure for Squabbling

In the biography of "Dr. Laws of Livingstonia," one of the most thrilling of recent missionary books, he tells how, although he sometimes allowed the natives to adjudicate in cases of discipline, he often took the law into his own hands, and some of his dealings with offenders were not unaccompanied by a grim humor.

"Two despairing husbands one day brought their wives, who could not refrain from squabbling. One in her fury had bitten the other's fingers. After patiently hearing the different versions, the doctor procured some sticking-plaster from the dispensary. The one with the injured finger had it bound up and a strip of plaster fastened across her lips; the mouth of the other, being the fouler, was sealed with two slips. Both were despatched to their homes . . . with orders that they were to return at sundown to have the strips taken off. The husbands, exploding with laughter, departed in huge enjoyment of the whole man's effective cure for bridling long tongues."

A FORWARD PROGRAM FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

General Secretary of the International Sunday School Association from February, 1899, until September, 1930, and since then Consulting General Secretary, Dr. Marion Lawrence, probably the best known man in Sunday School work in the United States, presented his seventh and last report, at the sixteenth International Sunday School Convention held at Kansas City, Missouri, last week.

Referring to the new merger of the Council and the International Sunday School two organizations, the Sunday School Council and the International Sunday School Association, Dr. Lawrence said:

"The International Sunday School Council of Religious Education is face to face with its supreme opportunities and challenge. Failure to recognize this as we plan the program for the future spells defeat from the start. On the other hand, the adoption here of a forward looking program of enlargement and conquest built to meet and if possible to overcome, the appalling spiritual illiteracy of our day, and check the growing tendency toward lower standards of integrity and morals, (facts as glaring as the noon-day sun)—backed by great faith and a determination to do the seemingly impossible—this sort of a program will grip the churches and unite them in the common task as they have never been united before. Nothing short of this will do. I am speaking for myself, and confess to a deep conviction on the subject and also to a very grave concern.

"Here at Kansas City, with a reorganization effected that brings, or is meant to bring the Sunday School forces of the continent into a single working body we are standing in the valley of decision. It must be forward or backward. The religious organization of any kind that is content to let well enough alone and simply mark time and hold its own, never holds its own. It finds it has less to hold every time it takes stock. We cannot stand still. Which shall it be? Go forward or go backward? That depends.

"We all believe that childhood and youth is the time of harvest for the Kingdom. We believe a boy or girl is worth more to the Kingdom of God and to the church, than a man or woman, because they have a longer time for service. We believe the Sunday School is the whitest part of the church's great field. The records of the church prove it.

"And yet—only one church member in four is in the Sunday School at all or seems to take a vital interest in its program. Of those who are members it takes four officers and teachers a whole year to bring in one permanent new member. For every dollar spent by the average church member for the support of his local church, including salaries, upkeep, missions, benevolences, music, etc. less than two cents goes for the Sunday School and religious education, and yet notwithstanding all the fine work of the Sunday School during the past fifty years (and it has been great) there are more children and youth of day school age not in any Sunday School than there are in all of them.

"I am not knocking the Sunday School. It is the best organized and most profitable department of the church. But what do all these things mean? To me they mean that the rank and file of the church does not believe in the Sunday School, and that the Sunday School, as a whole, does not believe in itself.

"Now, if the new merger is to succeed it must 'sell' the Sunday School idea to the church. The agencies of the past have not done it—and that thing must be done if this world, or our part of it, is to be won to the Lord Jesus Christ. My conviction is that God has called this new merger into life 'for such a time as this' and to do this very thing.

"God's people are not enticed to action and large giving by small undertakings. It is easier to put over a large worthy, compelling program, than a small one. Let us not forget the conditions we confront; let us not forget the wonderful opportunities we have; let us not forget the great constituency we represent and what they are expecting of us; let us not forget this gracious leading of God, who has brought us to the very entrance of the promised land, and dishonor him by turning back.

"I am sure this great convention will demand that we go forward. Unless the program we have adopted along community lines of Sunday School work contemplates far more than has been accomplished in the past by all these agencies concerned, we shall have lost our opportunity and been untrue to the vision we have had."

Reforming Catechism

Advocacy of reform in the English Church prayer book, which has been inadequately met by the minor alterations suggested by the church committee which considered the matter, is to be followed by the suggested modernization of the church catechism. A resolution will be proposed at the forthcoming convocation in London for the preparation of a supplement to the present catechism, on the ground that "the catechism of the sixteenth century is manifestly inadequate to the demands of a moral life of faith and duty."

THE BIBLE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Mr. G. A. F. Parker, president of the Western National Bank of Hereford, Tex., a ranch town of about 2,000 population, is a Christian who uses his income and likes to put his money where it will do the most good. Some years ago he heard that the Bible was being taught in some Colorado public schools, and decided to try to get it into the schools of Hereford. He interested others and they succeeded in getting a Bible course started, together with a course in music.

In 1917 Mr. Parker sent to The Moody Bible Institute for Miss Julia Tarver, then a student to teach the Bible. She brought with her Miss Elizabeth Duff, another student, to help her. They conducted the work about two years and were followed by Miss Mattie M. Swisher, who was graduated from the Institute in April 1919. Miss Swisher taught both Bible and music for a year, but finding the work too heavy, relinquished the Bible course the past year to Miss Mahala Williamson, an Institute graduate of April, 1920. On a recent visit to the Institute, Miss Swisher gave some interesting particulars of the work.

"In the high-school," she said, "the Bible study is elective, but in the grammar schools all students are required to take it. In the high-school there are two forty-five minute periods a week for Bible study, and of a total attendance of about 250, sixty-five are enrolled in these classes. The pupils are given examinations on the Bible every two months, as they are examined in other subjects.

"In the grammar schools there are two twenty-minute Bible classes a week. The classes are made just as interesting as possible, everything being told in story form. The children are taught the books of the Bible by divisions, memorize four or five Psalms in a year, and a great many verses, with their locations. They are given an outline on the way of salvation, memorizing the verses that go with each step. They are encouraged to study at home, and those who cannot read are told to ask their parents to read to them and to locate memory verses; a method of getting the parents interested also in reading the Bible. The children often say, 'I wish we had the Bible study every day.'

"After Mr. Parker had supported the work for a year, and the churches saw that it was a 'go,' they asked him to let them support it, and are now doing so. The Bible work is highly commended by the parents, and Sunday-school teachers say they have to give more time to preparation to be able to teach the children, who already know so much of the Bible. The teachers are hardly able to ask a question that the pupils cannot answer. The superintendent of schools said he noticed a difference in the discipline of the schools since the children began to study the Bible, adding that he would never superintend a school again where he could not get the Bible into it."

WHY DID WE FIGHT?

"Why did they do it? Why? There was no invader of their country to repel. They were not protecting their homes against the danger of pillage and outrage. Why did they do it? They did it for the cause of right and fair play, even for others lands. They did it in order to achieve justice for countries they knew not, for a people whose language they did not speak, for men of a race which were not their own kith and kin. Why? They fought for one of the attributes, the everlasting attributes, of the divine justice. That is what makes the action of millions of young men one of the most glorious episodes in the history of this glorious country.—Lloyd George in unveiling a war memorial.

BENEVOLENT FUNDS

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TWO CROPS IN ONE SEASON

Almost any novice can grow one crop a season in his garden. But this is not enough, especially when the garden is small, and it is imperative that we produce all we can on the same small plot.

During the period from June first to August first most of the early vegetables are harvested. Directly after each crop is gathered we must prepare the soil anew at once, even if the space released by the first crop is small, and plant seeds, or set out plants for a second crop, preferably of some different kind of vegetable than that grown for the first crop in this space, because better results are usually obtained from changing rather than repeating crops.

Many failures in raising two or more crops of vegetables the same season on the same plot of ground are attributable to inadequate fertilization and a lack of proper preparation of the soil. It is not sufficient simply to hoe and rake over the ground as a preparation for the second crop. It should be spaded just as deep, pulverized just as fine, and fertilized just as heavily with some quick-acting fertilizer as it was for the first crop.

If well-rotted stable manure or a commercial fertilizer such as has been prepared for growing potatoes or garden vegetables can be obtained at the seed stores in quantities to suit our needs, and either of these is fully as good for this purpose as the rotted manure. Fresh stable manure should not be used for growing a second crop.

In any plantings made now we must consider the subjects we intend using, time required for maturing the crop, and make sure that in our locality such crops will come to maturity before frost. Should there be any doubt, then let us substitute those vegetables requiring a shorter season.

The following table will be a guide: Average Time Required From Sowing Until the Crops are Ready for Use.

	Days
Beans, dwarf bush, snap	45 to 60
Beans, dwarf bush, shell	60 to 70
Beans, dwarf, Lima	78 to 90
Beans, pole, Lima	110 to 120
Beans, pole, snap	60 to 80
Beet, garden	60 to 85
Borecole or kale	90 to 120
Carrot, early varieties	65 to 75
Corn, sweet	60 to 90
Cucumber	60 to 80
Endive	75 to 100
Kohl-rabi	60 to 70
Lettuce	60 to 80
Muskmelon	90 to 120
Peas, early varieties	50 to 65
Radish, early varieties	30 to 25
Spinach	40 to 55
Squash early varieties	60 to 75
Turnip	60 to 75

Select suitable varieties for successful sowings, keeping in mind the number of days required to mature the crop. This is most important, and it is well to be on the safe side.

It is better to use a certainty than to risk a long-season vegetable which may be hit by frost within a few days of the crop's being ready for use. By referring to the above table, taking the average of the first frosts in your locality, it will be a simple matter to run on the safe side.

It is of paramount importance that the soil should be brought into condition for sowing. There must be sufficient moisture in the ground to insure germination of the seeds. If the ground is cleared just before sowing, and the soil turned over with the digging fork, using it deeply and thus bringing up the fresh, moist under-soil, the soil may contain sufficient moisture without having to resort to watering.

Soil Must be Moist.

Sow immediately before the all-powerful early July sun has dried it up, and either roll the row or tread it to bring the seed in firm contact with the soil. As it is absolutely necessary to have the ground moist, should it be very dry, then it must be thoroughly soaked with water before sowing.

Seed may lie dormant in the soil for two months from July sowings if the ground is dry.

It is necessary to water the ground, it must be done thoroughly; no mere sprinkling will suffice. Then let the surface dry out sufficiently so that it can be worked into fine seed bed with the rake.

Beans may be relied upon to give us a good return, and we cannot have too many of them in the home garden. What are not used as snaps we can dry for winter use. It is also well to remember that the bean is a legume and therefore a soil enricher, leaving much valuable nitrogen in the ground when the crop is removed. As our aim is to have quick and regular germination, the seed should be soaked overnight in water in addition to having the

soil nicely moist. There is no necessity to sow thickly. By spacing the seed three to four inches apart—the latter distance for preference—the plants will be quite thick enough. In fact, should all germinate, it would be well to take out every other one; this will insure better plants and finer pods. Sow two inches deep.

At this sowing we cannot go wrong in relying on any of the following sorts: Stringless Green Pod or Bountiful, dwarf-pod varieties; New Kidney Wax, Brittle Wax or Sure Crop, yellow or wax varieties.

We should have beets in quantity, for in addition to using them fresh from the garden we may can or store our surplus. To enjoy beets at their best they should be used while yet quite small, say about one and a half inches in diameter, as at that stage they are tender and most delicious. Detroit Dark Red is one of the best and Crosby's Egyptian, Eclipse and Dark Stinson are also first-class. For winter keeping, Long Smooth Blood, but it takes a long season to mature.

In addition to having the soil moist for the reception of the seed, the seed should be soaked in warm water for twelve hours or more before sowing. Sow very thinly, covering the seed not more than one inch, and firm the soil well afterward. Should the ground be inclined to dry out before the seedlings appear it may be necessary to give the rows a thorough watering. Thin out the seedlings before they become very large, allowing them to stand four inches apart in the row. Should the weather be dull and showery, the plants removed may be safely transplanted, though it will be well to shade them for a day or two.

Cabbage may now be set out to come in after the early planting is finished. In fact, cabbage may be set out any time during the next two or three weeks. In purchasing plants you are very much at the mercy of the dealer; but if there is any choice, pick plants on the small side rather than overgrown specimens with large, flabby leaves.

Good varieties for this planting are Jersey Wakefield, Copenhagen Market and All-Head Early for fall use. For winter storing, any good strain of the Drumhead type will give satisfaction. The Danish cabbage—Danish Ballhead and Roundhead—are grown most extensively for winter and spring markets, but although they are excellent keepers they lack the fine quality of the Drumhead types.

Carrots may still be sown, but only the small-rooted early or forcing varieties, such as Early Golden Ball and Early Scarlet Horn. Although the roots of these carrots are small they may be stored for winter use and when matured keep excellently. Where the soil is not very deep, or if inclined to be stony, they are even more satisfactory than the longer rooted sorts. The rows for these varieties need not be more than one foot apart, covering the seed not more than a quarter of an inch. Thin out to three inches apart.

Celery may be planted at any time during the summer, though for fall and winter use from July to early August is perhaps the most suitable season. Procure plants of White Plume or Golden Self-Blanching. From July planting they will be ready for use in November. Although not generally recognized as a good-keeping celery, White Plume can be relied upon to keep in perfect condition until spring. When grown for late use, much of the blanching is finished in its winter quarters. First-class green-top sorts, such as are usually grown for winter storing, are Easy-Blanching, Emperor and Columbia. Allow at least three feet between the rows, spacing the plants six inches apart in the row. The soil must be well enriched for this crop and should be watered regularly and thoroughly, while small applications of nitrate will greatly assist the full development of the stalk.

Sowing Sweet Corn.

Sweet corn will have had its full share of our garden space, provided we could spare it, and the early plantings will now be coming on apace. According to our locality we may yet make two or more sowings with safety, remembering that, roughly, the early varieties require two months from sowing until the ears are ready for use. Rely on such varieties as Golden Bantam, Cory, Crosby's Early or Howling Mob. The last two named are a few days later than Bantam and Cory. Never sow in single rows. To insure perfect pollination and therefore well-filled ears, utilize two to four short rows side by side. The rows may be three to four feet apart and the seed sown thinly and two inches deep, not forgetting to firm the soil well. When a few inches tall, thin out to nine inches apart in the row, afterward drawing the soil up to the plants to assist in standing them during periods of strong winds.

Cucumbers sown now come along very quickly, always provided that the soil has been properly prepared. It is a good plan to remove the soil at each hill to a depth of nine to twelve inches, into which is placed a good shovelful of well-rotted manure; never use fresh manure, as it will burn the roots. Replace the soil and sow the seed one inch deep, using nine to twelve seeds at one hill. When the second or third pair of true leaves is formed, remove all but the best three plants. The hills must be four feet apart. Keep a sharp lookout for insects, any of which may be destroyed by dusting with tobacco powder or land plaster to which has been added a little Paris green.

Endive may be sown any time, until August and is greatly esteemed by some as a fall salad. The rows must be at least one foot apart, sowing the seed thinly, half an inch deep, afterward thinning out to nine inches apart. The varieties usually grown are the Green and Moss Curled, which have finely cut leaves, and the Broad Leaved Batavian with heavier and more fleshy leaves. The plants must either be tied up or covered to effect blanching. The flavor is slightly bitter; therefore, in using it, it is generally mixed with other salads.

Kohl-rabi, a fine vegetable, is a member of the cabbage family, and if used while young and tender it makes a delicious dish. In shape it somewhat resembles a turnip. The bulb, however, is formed on top of the ground. Under good conditions the roots are ready for use within two months and should be cut when two inches in diameter. Sow thinly half an inch deep, and thin out six to nine inches apart. The best varieties for the home garden are Early White and Early Purple Vienna.

Use Crisp-Head Sorts of Lettuce

Kale, or borecole, is another member of the cabbage family and may be treated in the same manner. Plants should be ready now for setting out. Space them two feet apart in the row, allowing two and a half feet between the rows. The plants are comparatively hardy, and with a little protection will withstand quite severe frosts. The Dwarf Curled Scotch and Tall Scotch are the standard varieties.

In sowing lettuce, the favorite salad plant, the crisp-head sorts must be used, as the majority of the butterhead varieties would be almost to bolt or run to seed instead of heads. Reliable crisp-head lettuce varieties are New York or Wonderful, Brittle Ice, and Iceberg. The rows must be at least one foot apart, sowing the seed quite thinly and not more than half an inch deep. Make sure that the ground is sufficiently moist, and firm it after sowing.

It is just a little late to start muskmelon seed, as we shall want at least three months of fine weather to bring it to maturity.

In sowing peas choose such varieties as Prolific Extra Early, Little Marvel, Blue Bantam or Nott's Excelsior.

For immediate sowing the only variety of radishes it is safe to risk is the White Icicle, one of the best radishes in cultivation. But the true summer radishes may be sown now, the best of these being Chartiers or Shepherd, Long White Vienna and White Delicious.

Better delay sowing spinach until August and September. During hot weather the growth is poor and it will invariably run to seed before forming leaves of any size.

Although usually started during May, squash seeds of the early sorts may still be sown in warm, sheltered gardens, and should mature nice, usable fruit in two months or less. Early White and Early Yellow Bush are the best for late sowing. Sow in hills four feet apart.

Turnips and rutabagas may now be sown, although it may be well to hold back the turnips intended for storing until toward the end of July. Rutabagas, however, require a much longer season of growth, therefore sow these at once. There are both yellow and white fleshed rutabagas, the yellow fleshed having decidedly the finer flavor.

TRIM TREES NOW

At this time of the year the foliage is at its best. This makes it easy to get the best shape and form of the tree. It is best to examine the tree carefully to determine just the branch or limb to be removed. The larger limbs should be kept and the cross limbs and those that seem in the way should be removed. When limbs of trees are removed, it is necessary to make the cut next to the body of the tree. This will give easy access for the return flow of sap to cover the wound. Never leave a stump of a limb.

Fruit trees and shade trees require about the same care in trimming and the finer limbs and water sprouts from the inside should be removed. This opens up the inside of tree thus giving free access of sun and air.

Trees are valuable and if any pruning is necessary—do it now. One of the safe rules is to remove dead branches and leave the tree natural.

What word still has some left after taking away the whole of it? Wholesome. "She" resists weather conditions better than linen.

CUTTING BACK SHRUBS

Shrubs that have ended their flowering in spring and early summer should now be cut back to secure a vigorous growth of young wood for flowering next season. This is a good time also to cut back overgrown shrubs which have become too large in size for their locations, shrubs that are overlapping walks or obstructing views and also shrubs that are too old to flower well.

To remedy these defects cut out a portion of the branches, preferably those near the centre of the bush. Thin out evenly so the bush will look uniformly natural without a gaping space here and there. This will cause many strong shoots to form from the base to replace those cut out. Next season the old branches remaining can be cut away or a portion of them, according to the number of new shoots produced. As a rule two seasons will see the bush renewed. An annual pruning of this kind will keep a bush supplied with young branches all the time in place of over-grown shrubs with all the flowering shoots at the top.

LIME AND CLUBROOT

The disease known variously as anbury, finger-and-toe, and clubroot, attacks turnips, radishes, wallflowers, and cabbage among other plants, as well as cruciferous weeds. The root may throw out weird-looking warts, or "club" in an ugly fashion; eventually it rots and smells horribly. In cabbages the leaves may be affected by the disease in a subtle form.

Dressings of quicklime destroy the germs of the disease in the soil; and readers intending to plant any of the crops named (or their kindred) in soil infected last season should lime at once, unless they have done so already.

So powerful is the action of lime that in New Jersey it has been proved possible to grow cabbages year after year on the same soil by dressing the area with 75 bushels of quicklime to the acre. About half that quantity has "arrested the disease" in English plots. Weeds, such as charlock, garlic-mustard, and shepherd's purse harbor the disease, and should be kept down; and all affected plants must be burnt.

When planting out now, the gardener ought carefully to scan his "plants" and reject all showing signs of the disease. If they are from a nursery or a neighbor, he should warn the salesman or friend.

ANSWERS TO GARDEN QUESTIONS

ROSES FOR HOUSE BLOOMING

Sunset: It is not easy to bloom roses in a window garden, but it can be done. All the roses used should be grown on their own roots, should be planted in pots and grown outside during the summer and left outside until the cold nights and several good frosts have checked the growth and ripened the wood.

The roses should be potted in rich loam and the pots plunged in the ground during the summer.

When first brought into the house they should be kept in a cool room or greenhouse, the temperature not exceeding 45 deg. during the night, and watered moderately, but the tops syringed several times during the day. After two or three weeks the temperature may be raised to 50 deg. and later when the buds have formed it may be gradually increased to 60 deg. Roses brought on in moderate heat will have better keeping qualities either on the bush or as cut flowers. The plants should be kept near the glass and turned frequently so that the buds on all sides will develop evenly, and symmetrical plants be formed. In a greenhouse it needs about ten to twelve weeks for the plants to come into full bloom. In the window garden a longer time would be necessary.

The hybrid perpetuals are the roses grown indoor especially for cut flowers. The well known roses which have been thoroughly tested are the best for indoor forcing. Some of these are: Killarney, (white, also pink); Liberty and Richmond, (red); Russell (rose); Ophelia (salmon flesh, shaded yellow); Mrs. Aaron Ward (yellow).

These can all be obtained from the florists now, as June is the month the roses for winter blooming are planted.

Blue Hydrangeas.

A.C.—The intense blueness in hydrangeas may be obtained in various ways; a common method is to plant in five parts yellow loam and one part iron filings. A tablespoon of alum in a gallon of rain-water stood for 12 hours and applied to the roots twice a week is another recipe, and a third is half a tablespoon of oxide of iron and one tablespoon of salt-petre soaked for 24 hours in three gallons of water and similarly applied.

Mexican Oil

Oil exportations from Mexico during the year 1921 totalled approximately 195,000,000 barrels, as against 153,000,000 barrels in 1920, according to figures published recently by the Department of Finance. Taxes from this exportation netted the Mexican government more than 50,000,000 pesos.

It is not taken with dusty corners microbes will breed there.



Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

THE FOOD VALUE OF DAIRY PRODUCTS

Milk and dairy products generally are of inestimable food value to the human race, and their comparatively moderate cost makes them accessible to practically every one. Further than that, the products of the dairy add immensely to the wealth of the country. It is a question if the people of Canada sufficiently appreciate either the economic value of the dairy industry to the country at large, or the food value of milk and its products to the individual. In Britain the consumption of cheese per capita greatly exceeds ours. In butter we do better; but in milk our consumption individually has been shown to be one quarter of a pint compared with half a pint per head in the United States. Since the advent of prohibition, however, the United States consumption per capita has increased to three quarters of a pint, and there is evidence to show that Canadians are also taking a great deal more to the lacteal fluid than formerly.

The importance of milk in the diet of both young and old is constantly being emphasized by the medical profession. Malnutrition or undernourishment, it should be understood, it not always the result of insufficient food, but frequently of unwisely and improperly chosen foods. This is supported by the fact that investigation has shown that a large percentage of under-nourished children are the offspring of well-to-do parents. The thoughtful mother will see that her children get plenty of milk from which to build a strong framework, develop mental capacity, and good health. Future happiness depends largely on these factors.

GOOD MILKERS MAKE MOST PROFIT

Figures recently compiled from a year's record of the Broome County Dairy Improvement Association show, according to the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, that although a combination of many factors determines the cost of producing milk, the most important is yield of milk per cow. Records show that under nearly all conditions the high producing cow makes milk most economically. A small herd of high producing cows well cared for returns more profit to its owners than a large herd of low producers.

In six herds of the association the average amount of milk produced to the cow ranged from 9,705 lbs. in the best herd to 3,408 lbs. in the poorest one for the year. The income from each cow above the cost of feed corresponded directly with the amount of milk and ranged from 206 in the best herd to \$18 in the poorest.

One herd of fourteen head had an average production of 4,936 lbs. of milk, approximately half that of the best herd. The income from each cow above cost of feed, however, was only \$74, or a little more than a third of the income from the cows in the best herd. In this case a milk yield twice as large brought nearly three times as much money return to the owner of the herd.

COW TESTING RESULTS

Wide Variation Shown in Different Herds

The Dairy News Letter, dated June 10, circulated by the Dairy and Cold Storage Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, gives a satisfactory report of the advance of cow testing. In 1915,

Alberta, British Columbia, and Manitoba were not included in the records and the average per cow tested was 5,285 pounds milk and 195.5 lbs. fat. In 1919 the whole nine provinces, were included and the average was 5,522 lbs. milk, 207.9 lbs. fat. In 1921 the average, also for the nine provinces, was 5,801 lbs. milk and 214 lbs. fat. Manitoba stood at the head in milk production last year with an average of 7,317 lbs. milk and 228.9 lbs. fat, but British Columbia ranked first in fat with 6,392 lbs. milk and 276.5 lbs. fat. The other provinces—all of which showed an increase in averages excepting New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, the latter's decrease being so slight as to be hardly worth mentioning, stood last year as follows: Ontario 7,136 lbs. milk, 245.8 lbs. fat; Prince Edward Island 6,569 lbs. milk, 242.1 lbs. fat; Alberta 7,048 lbs. milk, 229.6 lbs. fat; Saskatchewan, 6,861 lbs. milk, 227.8 lbs. fat; Nova Scotia, 5,283 lbs. milk, 216.8 lbs. fat; New Brunswick, 5,024 lbs. milk, 200.4 lbs. fat, and Quebec 4,946 lbs. milk, 192.3 lbs. fat.

These averages show an advance resulting from the adoption of the system of testing, but the averages would be higher except for the cows that each year are tested for the first time. A number of herds show an average production of over 10,000 lbs. milk and 350 lbs. fat, while some of the herds average less than 4,500 lbs. milk and 150 lbs. fat, but both high and low show improved production under the method. In May, 1922, there were 1,318 herds and 11,822 cows recorded, compared with 1,264 herds and 11,455 cows in the same month last year. It is only by keeping records that farmers can know the cows worth keeping and those that can best be dispensed with. Improved herds mean improved financial returns.

MARKETING OF FARM PRODUCTS

A new national school for teaching the principles and practices of the marketing of farm products has just been established in Chicago with the backing of a large group of prominent agricultural and marketing men, and within a few months will offer extension or correspondence courses on a number of phases of marketing. Later a resident school of marketing economics will be established in Chicago.

The new organization is known as The American Institute of Agriculture. The director is George Livingston, former chief of the United States Bureau of Markets; and the chairman of the advisory council is J. K. Howard, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation. The enterprise has been financed by about fifty agriculturists and aims to be self-supporting through the collection of tuition fees from students. The Institute is entirely independent of all other agricultural organizations, and its purpose is exclusively educational. It aims to give instruction in the fundamental methods of marketing and not to advocate any special form of organization for the purpose.

In the beginning six different courses will be offered on marketing of these commodities; grain, live stock, dairy products, poultry and poultry products, fruits and vegetables and cotton. Later courses may be added on co-operative marketing, transportation, and other subjects. Lessons will be printed in booklet form and mailed to students at the rate of one a week for approximately a year. Accompanying these will be standard text books on marketing for reference

reading, a series of timely marketing talks, current reviews to teach the student how to interpret market conditions, a dictionary of marketing terms, study assignments and examinations, and a service for individual consultation and advice.

PRESERVING BUTTER FOR HOME USE

When proper attention is given to a few important details, butter can be stored at home for future consumption. The butter should be made from cream which has not become over-ripe, and which possesses a clean acid flavor. Any off flavors present in the cream are very apt to become intensified in the butter. Extreme care should be exercised, too, in working the butter. The salt should be evenly distributed and the butter worked free of all water or buttermilk.

The butter should be packed in pound or two-pound crocks which have been previously scalded in boiling water. Pack the butter firmly in the crocks and leave no air spaces. Wrap each crock of butter with a piece of muslin which has been previously boiled. Place the crocks containing the butter in a larger crock which has been sterilized with boiling water and allowed to cool in a clean place. Over the crocks containing the butter pour brine of such strength that it will float an egg. To every 3 lbs. of salt used, 1 lb. of sugar and 1-4 lb. of powdered saltpeter should be added. The brine mixture be boiled, skimmed and allowed to cool before using.

When the crocks are not at hand the butter may be made in prints or rolls, which should be wrapped in butter-cloth or parchment paper and immersed in the above brine.

Still another method, which is sometimes used in preserving butter, is that of "salting it down."

Select a crock or stone jar suitable in size and thoroughly scald it and allow to cool.

The butter is packed in the crock in layers of about 4 in. each. Between each layer is placed a light covering of the following mixture: One pound loaf sugar, 3 lbs. salt and 1-4 lb. pulverized saltpeter. A space of about 3 in. should be left on top and covered with a strong solution of brine. Of the two methods, the former is probably the better.—J. W. B.

Mottled Butter

B.C.—Can you or your readers tell me why butter is sometimes mottled or streaked—yellow and white not perfectly blended. We work out all buttermilk and work in salt well. Is there something in connection with curing of the cream that causes it. We stir it frequently, but with all our care the butter is not satisfactory because of its being mottled or streaked.

Ans.—It is important when working the butter not to rub it, but chop with the hollow side of the ladle toward you. Work it say three times, with a few hours between, then pack. Be sure that the salt is well dissolved and the brine all out.

Refrigerator Cars For Cheese

Each summer season the Dominion Department of Agriculture through the Dairy and Cold Storage Branch arranges with the railways in Canada for the operation of ice refrigerator cars for cheese shipments, the Department paying the cost of the icing up to eight dollars per car per week. Under this arrangement, the railway managements, upon proper application from shippers, furnish cars properly iced for the transportation of cheese in car loads, the minimum being 16,000 lbs., to Montreal for local delivery or for export. The arrangement also applies to less than car-load quantities shipped by one or more consignors from one station, when the aggregate weight is not less than the minimum. That is, shippers can combine to make up a load. The agreement this year runs from June 5 to September 2.

Weed Eradication

Only by continuing the fight to the end with method and thoroughness can ultimate freedom from noxious weeds be attained. The fact that most noxious weeds can be eradicated should be emphasized and active efforts put forth to stamp out these pests. Farmers cannot afford to ignore the danger. The weeds cost too much to grow, harvest, and transport. The annual loss is enormous. Successful destruction of weeds depends upon a knowledge of the habits and means of reproduction of the plants, and the application of this knowledge in the fight against them. It is therefore a good plan to get to know the weeds. Perennial weeds offer the greatest resistance and require thorough and persistent effort. Summer-

fallowing is without a doubt the most practical method for large areas. Success depends upon thoroughness of cultivation. Prevent leaf growth and the roots must die. It should be possible to eradicate the worst weed.

CORN STALK DISEASE

Feed your cattle plenty of salt, is the advice of Professor Larsen, of the State college at Brookings, S. D., in answer to inquiries concerning the corn stalk disease. The cattle should be turned into the fields but a short time at first, half an hour for first two days being sufficient. The third and fourth day periods might be increased to an hour, and longer thereafter. This will help overcome the danger of losing cows by eating corn stalks.

"The so-called corn stalk disease attacks cattle quite suddenly," says Mr. Larsen, "death in many instances being due to an excess of stalks clogging up the digestive tract. If the sick animal is discovered in time, give her a purgative. A pound of epsom salts is good, or raw linseed oil may be used. If this does not help, give the animal an injection.

"If the animal has free access to plenty of salt, and its digestive tract is kept open, there is very little danger of loss from corn stalk disease."

"GOD'S COUNTRY"

In 1878 I went to Colorado to work on a dairy ranch. It was located on the outskirts of a little town in Northern Colorado. It is quite a city now, but in those days it was just a little group of box-like houses clustered on the raw prairie, with an irrigating ditch running through it, and little cottonwood trees just beginning to feel that they might possibly live when taken away from the river banks up to the dry hot prairie. And the people? In truth, it was a strange combination of "cranks" who had planted themselves amid the cactus in the hope of founding a model town. It was to be a town absolutely free from any sale of liquor, and a place where men and women were to be free to think and worship as they saw fit. These people had pulled themselves by the roots out of old and well-established Eastern communities, where family relations and prejudices were strong. They were the more adventurous of all the dwellers in these old well-regulated towns, each one of them, I think, with something of the old primitive wildness which had forced them to break away from the cage of habit which had long held their ancestors. And here they were on the raw prairie, a collection of "cranks," or people with strong convictions, trying to hold together until they could find some common point of interest. They used to make me think of the little cottonwood trees taken from the river banks and planted on the cactus plains. The roots seemed to approach the water in the irrigation ditch with some suspicion, though it was river water after all. At that time the people in this town used to speak of the land east of the Mississippi as "God's country."

"Wait till I get two good crops of wheat," they would say. "Then I'll go back to God's country."

But somehow they never got two good crops together, and by and by, through their work and common suffering, they came to love this land of sunshine and clear air, and God made it their own country. Now, after two generations, should one of the younger people move back East to the town from which grandfather came, there would come to him a vision of great mountains lifting their snowy heads far into the upper sunshine, or of sparkling rivers and wind-blown plains, and he would say in his heart, "I wish I was back in God's country." For I have learned a great lesson in my wanderings, and it is this: God's country is home, whether it be in the sandy desert or in the salt marsh. So that the great aim of life, if one would try to be an inhabitant of God's country, is to know what really makes a home.—H. W. C., in Rural New-Yorker.

I keep my cream in the kitchen where it is warm, and when it is sour I put it near the heater and let it stand till the next day, and get quite warm; keep it well stirred, and have little trouble with the churning. The secret of making good butter is in taking pains.—E. B. C.

Alfalfa and sweet clover readily lose their leaves while curing and for this reason are most successfully cured by the use of small coils. Cut in the morning and coil in the afternoon is a good plan.

There is one town in Switzerland solely populated by women, who carry on an extensive dairying business.



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SUNFLOWERS FOR SILAGE

The superintendent at the experimental station at Scott, Saskatchewan, gives some interesting information in Exhibition Circular No. 167 of the Dominion Experimental Farm system, regarding the cultivation of the sunflower for silage purposes. Accompanying the development of the sunflower has come, the superintendent remarks, an increase in the number of silos in use. Experiments were started in 1919 with the purchase of 16 pounds of sunflower that were sown on three acres. The season that year was dry, but seven tons per acre of well-tilled sunflower were harvested. The resulting silage was fed to steers during the winter, and it was found that fed with a ration of wheat straw, oat chop, ground screenings and pulped turnips, the cost of gain in the animals was reduced by one cent a pound.

Up to the present the Giant Russian sunflower, with the rows sown 24 inches apart, has proved the most satisfactory. From 6 to 9 inches apart in the rows has seemed to be about the best spacing, and from ten to twelve pounds of seed per acre is sufficient. As Scott the crop following the sunflower has proved rather light, it has been determined to try sowing the sunflower as a cleaning crop and summer fallow the next year. One of the heaviest items of expense in handling the sunflower is the cost of equipment for harvesting and the cutting up, owing to the stiffness of the stalks. A corn-binder has been found the most satisfactory implement to use for harvesting, providing the acreage is sufficient.

Free Nitrogen

Of course, there are times when it is advisable to buy nitrogen. But this is not necessary when a proper system of farming has been followed. Why should we buy this expensive plant food element when there are millions of pounds circulating over every farm, and when it is possible to take this nitrogen from the air and lock it up in the soil where it can be released for the use of plants? Furthermore, it is not only inexpensive to take the nitrogen from the air and put it in the soil, but the process can be carried on while the farmer is making a profit out of the field. This can all be done through the proper use of legume plants. This proper use of alfalfa, clover, sweet clover, vetch and other legumes is certain to be the foundation of our future agriculture. The farmers who learn their lesson early will have greater advantage from it than those who are tardy in taking full advantage of these nitrogen-fixing plants.—The Michigan Farmer.

Hogs on Pasture

The successful hog grower knows the value of good pasture. He is not only able to keep the young pigs growing rapidly and continuously, but he is also able to keep his stock hogs in the pink of condition through the use of green feed. In turning the hogs out, it should be the aim of every farmer to see that the animals have shade and water. If natural shade is not provided, then some sort of artificial shelter should be constructed. Plenty of good fresh water should also be made easily available to the animals.

METHODS OF REARING QUEENS

The queen is the mother of the colony, and unless she is a good one the colony cannot be productive. It is, therefore, necessary that all beekeepers should pay particular attention to the quality of their queens.

Although it is sometimes necessary to purchase queens from professional breeders it is often advisable and more economical for the beekeeper to rear his own queens from colonies showing desirable characteristics. The chief characteristics required in breeding queens are:—prolificness, vigorous offspring, non-swarming tendencies, purity of race, gentleness, disease resistance. Only queens having these characters should be used as breeders.

The easiest method of rearing a few queens from selected stock is to remove the queens from the colonies at the beginning of the main honey flow. Ten days after the queen is removed, ripe cells will be found in the colony. These can be removed carefully and used for requeening other colonies or placed in prepared mating boxes. The same results may be obtained by caging the queen within the hive for ten days. Another simple plan, where only a few cells are required, is to place a newly drawn comb into the colony containing the breeding queen. As soon as this comb is filled with eggs and young larvae, give it to a queenless colony or one in which the queen is being superseded.

GUARANTEED FOXES

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JNO. A. LEA

In ten days this comb will contain a number of ripe cells ready for distribution.

The following plan is a good one where a larger number of queens are required and is one that was used extensively by the late Dr. Miller. Into a new frame place two pieces of foundation about three inches wide at the base and tapering down to a point reaching nearly down to the bottom bar of the frame. Place this frame in the colony containing the breeding queen. In a few days the foundation will be drawn out and filled with eggs and larvae. Trim away the edges of the combs down to the youngest larvae and place the frame in a strong colony from which the queen has been removed. In ten days this frame will contain large numbers of ripe cells.

Most queen breeders use the artificial queen cups, as conditions can be controlled most readily by this method. The queen cells are made by dipping a stick with one end carefully rounded to the size of a queen cell, into melted wax and allowing it to cool. Repeat the dipping four times. The cell is then removed from the stick and is ready for use. A large number of these cells can be made in a short time. The cells can be fastened to a special carrier by a drop of hot wax or each cell may be fastened to a separate wooden base and then placed on the carrier.

The cells should first be primed with a small amount of royal jelly taken from a natural queen cell and young worker larvae, not more than two days old, are carefully transferred from the comb to the artificial cells. Care must be taken not to let the larvae get chilled or dried out. As soon as the cells are grafted they are given to a colony that is superseding its queen or to a colony that is made queenless and most of its brood removed. Ten days later the cells will be ripe and ready for distribution.

Queen breeding equipment can be obtained from most of the dealers in bee supplies. More complete details of the above methods can be obtained from any of the text books on beekeeping.

THE FLOOD OF PROPAGANDA

(Farmer's Advocate)

During the past five years our Governments have developed, to its most pernicious stage, the habit of printing and distributing pamphlets, news letters, bulletins, reports, booklets, maps, and almost every other type of publicity matter imaginable. Every morning our capacious waste-basket is stuffed with this printed material, for we seldom find anything among it that is useful—or even interesting. The amount of this printed stuff that is clogging our mails is appalling and we often find ourselves visualizing the array of machinery and the army of propagandists and printers that must be utilized to produce it. This Government propaganda—for that is really what most of it is—is indicative of the modern methods used by our top-heavy Government Departments—especially our Departments of Agriculture, to advertise themselves. These Departments, being over-manned, have real difficulty in finding useful work to do, but in order to use up their liberal appropriations (the true bureaucrat will crucify an efficient and economical underling) they spend huge sums of money in preparing and distributing printed propaganda that is calculated to make voters believe that great things are being done for them at the Seats of the Mighty. The whole process is shabby and wasteful, and in the interests of public economy it ought to be emphatically condemned.

GRAIN TRADE AND CHEQUE TAX

The stamp tax on cheques in its final form is regarded as bearing very heavily on the grain trade. The bulk of the cheque transactions, says a Winnipeg correspondent, are under the \$5,000 mark, and it will be chiefly in the export section that the limit of two-dollar stamp will give relief. It is estimated that on the basis of the 1919 crop the tax in its original form would cost the Grain Exchange clearing house \$160,000. Consequently the clearing house will make some radical changes in the accounting system to avoid the tax. That is being worked out now in anticipation of the date of effect being deferred to August 1. Under the system in vogue daily settlement has been the fixed rule for all traders through the clearing house. The new arrangement will plan for issue of credits and longer time between settlements. This will involve more risk, but the stamp tax is too formidable and will be avoided by fewer cheques.

Australia's Cattle Industry

High rates and high transportation costs have severely handicapped the Australian live stock industry. These conditions have recently been somewhat relieved, but the cattle industry in particular has suffered so severely that the government has admitted the necessity of additional relief in the form of a subsidy from the federal treasury. The sheep industry which has also been in a bad way, has been improved materially of late through the recovery of the wool market.

A STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS

Relating her holiday experiences in Northern Italy, a writer in the Morning Post gives many interesting glimpses of Italian life and scenery.

One day, she says, we decided to follow the river as it wound through the Umbrian mountains. We had followed it for some miles through a narrow rocky gorge into a little upland mountain valley beyond, when a terrific thunderstorm burst. We sheltered in a fox's lair under an overhanging bramble-covered rock. The rain and hail came down in torrents, the lightning flashed across in zig-zag streaks above the dark mountains, and every peal echoed from peak to peak in a circle around us. When the storm had abated we began to retrace our steps. We found a path down a steep bank, and slipped and skidded on it for a little way when the storm came again with increased violence. In front of us, about 250 yards away, was a little cottage. It was only a little way, but the rain poured and the thunder crashed as we alighted down that steep path towards our goal. The people saw us coming and beckoned to us from the windows, and a man came running out with a huge green umbrella to meet us. The water was streaming from us, and our boots were caked with mud; but they insisted on our going inside, and as we entered they drove out a number of miscellaneous animals with shouts and yells.

Soon three of the women went into an inner room, to which they afterwards induced us to follow them. There they laid out all their best clothes—blouses, skirts, aprons, petticoats, and other garments—from a wooden box under the bed. They insisted on taking off our wet things and dressing us up in theirs. At last, arrayed to their satisfaction, we were escorted back to the kitchen, and there in the big open grate the rest of the family had made up a huge wood fire.

A Courteous Escort

When they thought our clothes were sufficiently dry they allowed us to change back to our own, and then gave us each a big bunch of flowers as we were leaving. Four of the men went on in front, and the two girls came with us, in bare feet, and armed with their big green umbrellas. We skated down another narrow steep path towards the river, and whenever a drop of rain came they would open the umbrellas and hold them over us.

We got down to the river, but where we had crossed earlier in the day there was nothing but a whirling muddy torrent with not one stepping-stone to be seen! Our guides insisted on carrying us over, in spite of our feeble Italian remonstrances, and I found myself being carried across pick-a-back—declaring in my agitation that I was much too light!

As we walked on back to the city, the men were some way in front of us. When they reached the gate of the town they stopped and waited for us, and when we came up took off their hats and bowed. So we bade them farewell, and shook hands all round, and they departed back to their mountain home, and we passed in through the gateway, with a high opinion of the politeness and kindness of the Italian peasant.

POETS WITH POWER

"Twinkle, twinkle; little star," the poet said, and lo!
Way up above the earth so far, the stars
a-twinkling go.

—San Francisco Call.
"Roll on, thou deep blue ocean, roll!"
another's voice was heard.
And ocean rolls obedient to his mandatory word.

—Louisville Herald
"Blow, blow, thou winter wind," the third
one gave command.
And every winter now we hear it blow to
beat the band.

—Boston Transcript.
"Arise, fair sun," long, long ago another
poet said,

And every morn the sun gets up and
shoots the moon to bed.

—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.
"O Time, turn backward in thy flight,"
another cried. Alack!

Old Time paid not the slightest heed, but
hoofed it down the track.

—Boston Transcript.

APPRECIATION OF MUSIC

Mr. Lloyd Powell, a well-known British pianist, writes of his colonial experiences. He was delighted to find not only an appreciation of music, but an unexpected ability in choral singing in Calgary, Canada, which he compared with that distinctive of Yorkshire for excellence of vocal tone and expression. It might be attributed, he thought, to the climate. The people lived at an altitude of three thousand feet. When one crossed the mountains down into California, the comparative apathy was noticeable. At a musical festival held while he was at Calgary, he heard very creditable performances of part-songs by Elgar, who seemed to be held in high esteem, as carrying on "the big tradition."

One of the sacrifices entailed on pioneer colonists, in Australia particularly, was the restriction of opportunities for indulging musical tastes. The chance of hearing good music at first hand might come, perhaps, once in twelve months. For the rest of the time they were dependent on local amateur talent—usually of their own womenkind—at the piano, or, more frequently of late, on the gramophone. When he was appearing in Brisbane, people undertook journeys of as much as twenty-four hours in order to be present, an enthusiasm inductive of inspiration, if of humility, in the performer. As far as his observation went, the preference for the better class of gramophone records was significant.

Be sure and apply oil to old nuts before attempting to remove them from the bolts. A little lubrication makes the operation a great deal easier.

Young calves are better off in a clean place in the barn until they are three months old.

The fastest recorded long distance railroad run was made in England in 1904, when a train on the Great Western railroad ran from Paddington to Bristol, 118.5 miles, at 84.6 miles an hour.



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POINTS OF A GOOD LAYER

The heavy-laying hen is the first off the perch in the morning and the last to go to roost at night. She is active, alert, a hustler, always in search of food, because she is greatly in need of it to supply material for her reproductive organs. She will forage further, scratch harder, cackle louder, loaf less and drink more than the low-producing members of the flock. Her comb may not be a brilliant red, because heavy-laying hens are inclined to have a pinkish comb; but the comb must not be shriveled nor anemic looking.

The comb of a good layer is of fair size, usually large, of firm texture, and fairly thick where it joins the head. The comb must have substance to it. Beware of hens which have combs scarcely thicker than cardboard, also birds with shriveled combs.

Other egg-laying characteristics are long bodies in proportion to their depth; wide breasts, which permit of generous crop capacity; depth in the keel and breadth between the legs, which give strength and room for the egg organs.

For several years experiments have been conducted to determine if color, or the lack of it, in the beak, shanks and earlobes can be taken as an indication of laying ability. Apparently the claim that where the color is absent from beak and legs, and the cream white of the earlobes changed to snow white, marks the heavy layer, is correct; while the reverse of these conditions indicates a poor layer.

In virtually all of the yellow-skinned breeds of chickens the shanks, beaks and flesh of the posterior parts of the birds are a rich yellow at the commencement of laying, and gradually undergo a fading-out process as the laying progresses until these parts become a real pale color, sometimes pink or white, as the laying season advances.

Color Pigment Goes Into Eggs.

The theory of this change is based on the simple fact that the same coloring matter which gives the shanks, beak and skin its rich yellow look is also used in the color of the yolks of eggs. Heavy layers produce eggs faster than they supply this coloring matter for both eggs and body, consequently they draw upon the coloring matter in the body until it becomes lighter and lighter; frequently it is scarcely visible.

Then, too, hens that are not in laying condition are prone to store up a certain amount of fat, sometimes a very large amount of it, especially in the region surrounding the vent, and this fat, being of a rich yellow color, transmits its color to the flesh. When such hens start to lay heavily this fat is drawn upon to supply the body tissues with the necessary energy, until the supply is virtually depleted, in which case the skin loses most of its former rich, yellow appearance.

In selecting hens by the color test allowance must be made for the natural differences in color between the different breeds and different individuals of the same breed.

Measurements for Capacity

The general shape of the laying hen is agreed upon as a "V" or wedge when viewed from the top, side and rear, the supposition being that in this conformation the egg-producing organs have the greatest opportunity for expansion and development. This shape is sometimes called by the term "capacity," which really amounts to abdominal power.

Capacity means the ability of the crop and digestive tract to receive, consume and assimilate large quantities of food. Continuous egg production is an intensive, exhausting process. It necessitates the consumption of vast quantities of food, otherwise it would be impossible for a hen to turn out an egg a day. Beware of the small eater, or the hen that goes to roost on a crop half full of food. She is either a defective, a drone or an ill bird.

The depth of the abdomen, as well as the length, indicates capacity. Hence the good layer is described as having a long body, deep in the keel, which latter is another term for the breastbone. To measure or ascertain the abdominal capacity of a hen, the fowl is grasped by the legs in the left hand and its head and wings tucked under the arm in a horizontal position, in what is admitted to be the correct method of holding or carrying a chicken.

The fingers of the right hand are then placed on the abdomen between the two

pelvic bones on either side of the vent and the rear of the breastbone. This distance will be found to vary quite considerably with different hens. In some specimens the width of one finger will be found sufficient to occupy the space between the pelvic bones and the breastbone. In others, three, four, five and six fingers, and in rare cases seven fingers, are needed to fill this space.

The greater the distance between these points the greater the abdominal capacity, and the greater the abdominal capacity the better the layer. The egg organs of a heavy layer require so much space that they bear against and distend or displace, as it were, the intestinal tract, thus giving to the layer that full look in the posterior section.

The Pelvic Bones

The pelvic bones, sometimes called the "lay bones" or vent bones, are also measured for the distance or spread between them, also for their pliability. Do not mistake the abdominal measurement for the distance between the pelvic bones, which latter is known as the "pelvic bone test." The widths of the fingers are used for the abdominal test, whereas the tips of the fingers are used for the pelvic bone test.

The pelvic bones of a good layer are thin, pliable and well spread or capable of being spread apart, for the simple reason that the egg must pass between these bones when it is laid. The tips of two to four fingers can be inserted in the hollow space between the pelvic bones of a heavy layer; three fingertips is the average width.

The non-laying hen has pelvic bones that are close together, almost touching each other, and almost rigid, that is, they cannot be spread apart readily; they are not pliable. As a rule, the bones are thick at the tips, as opposed to the thin tips of the heavy layer.

SUCCESS WITH ANCONAS

Mrs. Seymour of West Vancouver, thinks Anconas the best breed. She studied poultry before starting in the business, and is still taking courses in poultry breeding and management, and admits having lots to learn. She was raised on a mixed farm, which may have something to do with her success. She thinks many of the eggs sold and used for breeding are too small, on the theory which she has proved for herself, that big eggs beget big egg-layers, and she advocates a more rigorous culling.

"To hatch chicks from small eggs is a mistake, in my opinion," I go in for the big eggs and the producers of big eggs." Anconas, she declares, lay big eggs, are good table birds, and stand occasional cold spells better than most other breeds, especially light breeds. Her hens and chicks are the best proof of the soundness of her theories and methods. She has a 300-bird hen among her flock, several in fact.

Her birds, true to line breeding and proved strain, at a picture of beautiful conformation and marking. The pure white tips of the regularly occurring tipped feather give her flock a distinctive appearance. They look every bit as good as their performances prove them to be.

She feeds her chicks a buttermilk standard starting food for the first two weeks, and gives them nothing else but fresh water during that period. Then she introduces a little grain and sprouted oats or lettuce, chopped fine. She feeds at two weeks old twice a day, and keeps a plentiful supply of fresh pure water before them always. She feeds a standard grain food later, and always adheres to the one brand. Her mature birds cost under one cent per day for feed, on actual record.

Mrs. Seymour believes that by care in the selection of breeding stock and feeding the proportion of pullets can be influenced and the number of cockerels decreased, and her results bear out that belief. Her birds are breeding lighter in plumage than the coloring of the foundation stock, that is, they show more pure white tips. The flesh of the Ancona is pure white, and makes splendid table poultry.—Farm and Home.

FATTENING COCKERELS

When fattening birds for the table there is no reason why cost should not be kept within reasonable bounds. Bulky vegetable food is of no use for fattening fowls, but bread crusts and scraps of fat are just the thing for making up a rich mash. Butchers' offal, such as lights, boiled and put through the mincing machine, also makes a fine food when mixed along with the mash. Cockerels should not be confined in coops for three or four weeks, as sooner or later they go off their feed and lose condition. A better result can be obtained if they are kept in a confined run with a cosy house and sheltered corner to lie in, provided they have been brought up together and agree well. It is useless trying to fatten cockerels if they are constantly quarrelling. The mash, mixed soft, should be given in the morning and at mid-day, served in a trough which should be removed when they are satisfied.

DIET FOR HEALTHY STOCK

(By "Cockrow.")

It is wise to remember that in the endeavor to secure a healthy stock you must keep to the front the fact that the matter of diet is a prominent factor. If the new birds fail to feather up properly the trouble is generally traceable to lack of sulphur in the foods used. If they contract bone deformities or leg weakness, then the trouble arises from foods deficient in lime salts. If the foods used are deficient in protein or albuminoids, the chicks will be weak and poor in flesh. Much that goes towards the building up of robust chickens is to be found on the range during the summer months.

In the matter of maintaining a healthy stock, tonics have been found to be of service, as they tend to raise the resisting powers of the birds. Sulphate of iron, for instance, in the drinking water, at the rate of 10 grams to the gallon, has been found beneficial, as also has a similar quantity of salicylic acid given as an alternative. Sour milk beverages are looked upon as being especially good, and this fact has been endorsed by many practical men. Sour skim milk, sour whey, or buttermilk, are all equally good, mixed with the soft food, or, better still, given in a drinking vessel. It is always difficult to do anything in the case of very young chicks when ailing, but in cases of severe scouring this milk diet has been proved to be of great assistance.

In the interests of economy use vegetables. Cheap vegetable foods have come more largely into use and well replace part of the more costly grain. There is amongst owners of valuable stock a considerable amount of prejudice against the use of potatoes on the plea that they are too fattening. Reference to any standard table of analyses reveals the fact that as a fattening medium potatoes have only a quarter the fuel or fattening value of any grain in common use. The real objection to the potatoes as usually fed to poultry is that almost all its dry matter consists of starch. This need alone is valueless as an egg producer, but when mixed with a moderate allowance of animal food can be employed with satisfactory results.

CURING CLOVER FOR POULTRY

(By F. R. Teppen.)

There is so much talk about clover as winter feed for laying hens that I thought I would explain how to cure it to the best advantage. Clover is one of the best and cheapest foods for the poultry, as it can be stored and used as green food during the winter. To obtain the best results, clover should be cut from early to full bloom, for not only at this time is the largest per cent. of the food value in the clover, but if cut at this time a second, and even a third crop can be harvested.

The nitrogenous elements of the clover are the most valuable for feeding purposes and it is therefore important to cut the clover at the time of their greatest development. Curing the clover at just the right time and curing it so as to prevent the loss of these valuable elements will result in a feed of real value the coming winter.

The clover should be cut during the latter part of the day when it is free from dew and moisture, for this will save time in curing it. The following day shake it up and turn it over. Let dry until the leaves are nearly dry. However, if left too long, the leaves will crumble and be lost in the handling of the hay. Turn it once more and give it another hour of sunshine and it is ready to be bunched into cocks. Keep these small and turn them over the second day, then on the third or fourth day, you can put the clover in the haymow.

Clover cut, cured and harvested as above should come out of the mow in winter sweet and nice. The clover can be fed to the fowls by simply throwing a bunch of the hay on the poultry-house floor every day or two, letting the fowls strip off the leaves and eat as they choose.

Another good way is to cut up the clover very fine, using about the same bulk of cut clover as of grain, cornmeal, wheat middling, or whatever is to be fed with it. This should be thoroughly scalded and cooked. When it is to be fed in the morning the mess should be prepared the evening before and allowed to stand in a covered kettle and steam over night. Enough water should be used to make the mash moist. If the mash is so dry as to crumble it is apt to be wasted. Clover fed in the form here outlined or in the shape of meal is a wonderful aid to egg production for hens.

THE SIZE OF EGGS

It is difficult to lay down a hard and fast rule in the matter of increasing the size of eggs. Though some strains of fowls will always lay small eggs, and cannot be induced to do any better, there is no doubt but that feeding has a great

influence in this connection. A daily meat ration, where this has not been included in the mash, a change of meals to something more nourishing, and a rather more generous menu generally, will in most cases result in an almost immediate increase in the size as well as the number of eggs laid. Pullets, of course, will naturally produce small eggs at first, and one should not try to induce them to lay heavier ones by feeding, provided the diet is already of fair average quality for the purpose. It is much more sensible to wait until the eggs increase in size with the development of the birds and then to feed for larger ones if need be.

PREVENT POULTRY DISEASES

(By A. B. Wickware)

During the past few years the increasing demand for eggs of a standard quality, and the high prices prevailing for this commodity, have led to an effort amongst poultry instructors and pioneers in poultry raising, to stimulate this industry by advocating the use of a small flock of fowls. It has been shown that a decided profit can be made where ordinary precautions are taken in regard to feeding, cleanliness and selection of breeding stock.

With proper care, most common diseases can be prevented, and of all the measures directed towards this end, sanitation plays the most important part.

This is especially true on small holdings where the runs are limited and must of necessity be used year after year. Where it is not possible to rotate the runs, the entire surface after being covered with a good coating of air-slaked lime should be ploughed or spaded. This precaution serves to keep parasites such as tapeworms, roundworms, gapeworms, etc., in check by destroying the eggs which are nearly always present in the soil. Droppings from fowls should never be spread on land to which chickens have access, and during the fly-breeding season, all manure should be kept in covered boxes or treated with some good disinfectant before being put upon the land. This applies more particularly to small holdings and to plants devoted exclusively to raising poultry.

All chicks which die should be buried and it is a good plan to kill all weaklings and dispose of them in a similar manner. Close observation is essential to pick out ailing chicks or fowls and these should be isolated from the remainder, until the exact nature of the disorder is determined. Particular attention should be paid to the feed and drinking water, and where young chicks are concerned, a daily scalding of the drinking fountains and feeding dishes will well repay such effort.

Tuberculosis is a disease of adult fowls and is less frequently observed in pullets than in older birds. Tuberculosis is usually introduced by buying pullets or stock from outside sources and such a practice is to be discouraged except when purchasing from reputable poultrymen. Where exhibition stock is kept, all show birds should be segregated for at least two weeks upon their return from exhibitions, as such a precaution often safeguards the flock from a serious outbreak of chicken-pox. In introducing new breeding stock, even if from reputable sources, the practice of quarantine is a safe plan to follow.

The proper disinfection of fowl houses, etc.; the quarantine of recently imported fowls or those returning from shows; the elimination of spoiled feeds and impure drinking water; the sacrifice of ailing birds to determine the nature of the disorder, as well as the burning of all dead fowls, are measures, which if carefully followed, will do much to keep the flock in a healthy, vigorous state and make the keeping of poultry a pleasant, profitable enterprise.

Egg Cramp

Frequently when pullets have commenced to lay, they lose the use of their legs. There is no need for anxiety, however, as pullets that have been laying only for a short time generally lose leg power, which is due to nerve strain whilst comparatively large eggs are passing through oviducts that have not become fully extended. The ill-effect extends to the legs, hence the lameness. This trouble is generally termed "egg cramp," and the remedy for the latter lies in undisturbed quarters and a dose of castor oil, followed a few hours later by a dose of olive oil, the latter to soothe the intestines. Should there be a recurrence of the trouble the treatment should be repeated.

Five hundred million pounds of talcum powder are used annually by the people of the United States.

30 new domestic animals have been developed since the first year.

MAROONED IN ANTARCTIC

Explorers Thrilling Tale.

Two young Englishmen, T. Bagshawe, of Cambridge University, and M. C. Lester, an officer in the Merchant Marine, have arrived home in Britain, after being marooned for twelve months in the Antarctic continent and passing a dreary winter in a hut miles from the wreck of their boat. Their story is a thrilling one.

In September, 1920, the British Imperial Antarctic Expedition left London intending to chart the western shores of Weddell Sea, the vast ice stronghold where the late Sir Ernest Shackleton's ship *Endurance* was crushed and sunk, and to carry out other scientific work.

The four men were landed in December, 1920, on the coast of Graham Land at Andvord Bay. There at the foot of a huge glacier, a base was established and efforts made to cross the ice mountains, which barred the way to Weddell Sea. But the mountains proved impassable to so small a party, who were unable to carry with them sufficient food for the expedition.

Efforts then were made to find a crossing at another spot, and this necessitated voyages in a lifeboat given to the explorers by the Norwegians. Still success eluded them, and it became apparent that without a suitable vessel in which to reach Hope Bay the expedition would be a failure. So in February, 1921, the leader decided to go to Montevideo to charter a small vessel, while G. H. Wilkins, his second in command, who is aboard the *Quest* with the Wilkins party, announced his intention of leaving the expedition.

Bagshawe and Lester, anxious that their work should be accomplished, volunteered to remain at Andvord Bay until their leader returned in the following November, their duties being to carry out scientific work and attend to the dogs. To effect this change of plan the leader of the expedition and Wilkins had to sail in a lifeboat to their base, whence the Norwegian whalers left for Montevideo. Lester went with them to bring the boat back, and for a week Bagshawe was left alone with his dogs.

Alone on an Island

"For a week," he said in an interview, "I was absolutely alone, and I have never felt so miserable in my life. I did not know whether the party would reach the whalers' base safely or not, and when the fogs and blizzards came up I was very anxious concerning them. Lester had promised to come back, but at times I was haunted by the dread that disaster had overtaken him, and that I was left stranded there."

"My home was on a tiny island not thirty feet above the water level at the highest point, and my habitation, an old abandoned boat, which we had rigged up as a hut, with the sides taken from the packing cases. For companions I had a few dogs and some thousands of penguins, while occasionally a huge sea elephant would flounder ashore and stare at me. You can imagine my relief a week later to see a little catcher steaming up towing the lifeboat. Lester was aboard the catcher, which departed as soon as he had landed."

"Our first job was to make ourselves as comfortable as we could. Winter was rapidly approaching, and we had no suitable place in which to live during the intense cold. There was an abandoned boat lying on a narrow, sloping neck of land and resting at an angle of nine degrees, and at the after end the sea came up sometimes under the boat, while at the other end the water was only a few feet away. To move the boat was out of the question, so we decided to make the best of her as she lay."

"The Lounge"

"We gathered together all the timber we could find, packing cases and such like, and after covering her deck with canvas, we built a hut over her, which we named 'The Lounge.' To prevent the boat from slipping into the sea we wedged an old spar at the stem. The walls of our hut were covered with canvas on the inside, and we then set to work to build a second hut out of the provision cases which we brought in a boat from another island where they had been landed. The roof of this hut consisted of the sail of the lifeboat. Our one source of trouble was that we could not put windows in the hut, so that save for a doorway it was impossible for daylight to penetrate. Always we had to keep candles burning, and when we were rescued our stock of these amounted to but twenty."

"Having finished our huts—tiny places at best for 'The Lounge' measured six by six and a half feet and was five feet nine inches in height—we decided to exercise our inventiveness in making such necessary articles as forks, candlesticks, shovels, tables, seats, ladders, shelves, bookcases, etc. By oversight we had not a single fork or candlestick on the island. We soon made a fairly useful set of forks out of a piece of packing case cut to shape with a penknife and the empty cigarette tins were turned into primitive candlesticks with the aid of a pair of nail scissors."

"Really, when we had finished our task, we had quite a comfortable home, for the

floor of our sitting room or lounge was covered with skins and the walls with eider-downs. Our library occupied one wall and a large cabinet gramophone took up the whole corner. We had no room for tables or chairs, but we made ourselves comfortable on the floor on the skins. In the centre of the floor was a hole leading to our kitchen and bedroom in the bottom of the boat. Here we did all our cooking on a primus stove and later on a coal grate was made."

The Ways of Penguins

The explorers tell some interesting things of penguins, of which they made a careful study and collected a mass of data regarding their ways and habits:

"In the summer months when the little island was an absolute quagmire of guano and the whole place smelt fearfully of ammonia, almost choking us at first, the penguins nested there in thousands. Some appeared to think our presence an intrusion and were distinctly hostile to us. They insisted on nesting close to our huts, but after a while they seemed to adopt an attitude quite friendly and affable."

"We caught many pairs and marked them with ink so we could readily recognize them in the rookery. These marked birds we kept under observation the whole time they were on the island. Each bird we marked was given a name, so we had Mr. and Mrs. Sarah, who built their nest on the step of our meteorological screen and who used to peck our feet when we took readings, and Mr. and Mrs. Arabella, who nested next door; Mr. and Mrs. Harriett and Mr. Harrison, an unattached bachelor much in love with Mrs. Harriett, greatly to the annoyance of the lady's husband."

"Then there was a whole colony of birds living on the rubbish dump some distance away who were regular outsiders, the criminals of the place, the dirtiest and most unkempt of the lot. They were ostracized by others on account of their continual brawling, thieving and general low habits. The members of this colony made a regular habit of stealing stones from the other birds' nests and were always being chastised. We named them 'the east end colony.'"

Strangely Human

"The old Nestless Milk cans were an endless source of amusement to some of the birds, particularly a pair who nested on the roof of our bedroom, Lionel and Lame Lizzie. These two would get the others to join them in the sport of rolling the empty milk tins down the sloping parts of the island, while in turn the birds hopped over them and danced with glee. Lionel and Lame Lizzie were a very inquisitive pair and would pay us regular visits to look around our hut if the door was open."

"Penguins are strangely human in many respects. There are married couples living together. Some of the couples are models of domestic happiness, others the reverse, just as human beings.—Gazette."

MACHINERY

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

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

Rebuilt sulky ploughs, 14 and 16 in. \$25 and up. Rolling coulters, steel shares, regular western models for three and four horses. Write for prices. **A. W. LYSTER, Implement Dealer, Youngstown, Alta.** 25-3.

MOTOR SUPPLIES.

Spare Parts for Most Makes and Models of cars. Your old, broken or worn parts replaced. Write or wire us describing what you want. We carry the largest and most complete stock in Canada of slightly used or new parts and automobile equipment. We ship C.O.D. anywhere in Canada. Satisfaction or refund in full our motto. **SHAW'S AUTO SALVAGE PART SUPPLY, 223-231 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.** 8-6.

POULTRY

LANGSHANS

Black Langshans, \$4.00. White Houdans, \$3.50. Mottled Houdans, \$3.50. fifteen eggs. **HERBERT ROBERTSON, Box 912, Truro, Nova Scotia.** 22-6.

LEGHORNS

Baby chicks from our Bred-to-lay White Leghorns, \$15.00 per 100; \$7.75 per 50; \$4.00 per 25 chicks, safe delivery guaranteed. Catalogue free. **BRITANNIA POULTRY FARM, Route 6, Brampton, Ont.** 21-6.

MINORCAS.

Selling Black Minorca hatching eggs, pure bred imported stock, giant strain, \$1.50 setting 15. Purchaser pays express. **DAVID CORNEIL, Willows, Sask.** 23-6.

PLYMOUTH ROCK

Barred Rocks, 25 pullets, Ontario breed, also eggs at \$1.00 for 15. **MRS. E. A. McKee, Dixville, Que.** 21-6.

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED

We want your surplus Pure Bred Stock at reasonable prices. Write us first if you have anything to offer or want anything in Pure Bred Stock. We still lead as the Largest Poultry Exchange in Quebec. Rearing, selling, purchasing and exchanging everything bearing the name of poultry. We want 100 head of colored and white Muscovy Ducks. Few pairs of Pea fowls also wanted. We want 3 weeks old pullets, all breeds. Give us your lowest prices per 100 lots. Enclose stamps for speedy reply. **YAMASKA POULTRY FARMS, St. Hyacinthe, Que.** t.f.

Have wanted alive, 25 cents a pound, delivered at Toronto. **ALBERT LEWIS, 924 Dundas St. W., Toronto.** 22-25.

FARMERS' WANTS & SALES

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

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

POULTRY

MISCELLANEOUS

Hatching eggs for sale—Black & spangled Hamburgs, single combed Black Minorcas, Barred Rocks, Park's strain. Prices reasonable. **D. MACKENZIE, Clifford, Ont.** 20-6.

LIVE STOCK

CATTLE

Holsteins—High class Holstein bulls, of all ages, for sale; from calves 12 months, 20 months and 2 years old, fit for immediate service, by bull by brother of world's 50 lb. 7 day butter cow, "Segis Fayne Johanna."—**SUNNYSIDE STOCK FARM, Stanstead, Que.** 23-4.

Holstein bull—Registered, three years old, son of "Long Beach Korndyke Beets," \$75.00. **W. J. INGLIS, Roblin, Man.** 23-9.

Bull For Sale—Grandson of May Echo Sylvia, two nearest dams average 35 lbs. butter in 7 days; gets mostly heifers. Guaranteed right in every way. Changed hands twice at \$1,000; first cheque for \$200 takes him. Best reason for selling. **HILLYARD BROS., Caledon, Ont. Caledon Telephone, 194.**

DOGS.

Black Cocker Spaniels—8 months, \$40.00; pups, \$25.00; pedigreed stock. **E. H. QUINN, 143 Bleury St., Montreal.** 22-6.

Registered Scotch Collie pups for sale, from imported stock. Will make first class cattle and watch dogs. **ERNEST GOODHUE, Port Stanley, Ont.** 22-6.

3 Black and Tan Collie bitches, 7 months old, \$5.00 each, and 3 Black and Tan collie pups, 7 weeks old, \$10.00 each, 2 Black and Tan Collie bitches, \$5.00 each, satisfactory or will refund the money. **JAS. E. KEOUGH, Rockwood, Ont.** 21-6.

Farm-raised Pure-bred Scotch Collie pups, from splendid working stock, either parent will bring stock home alone, obedient, intelligent, willing. Males, \$12; females, \$8. **WM. VIVIAN, Eden, Man.** 25-7.

Registered Collie pups, best quality. **A. B. VANBLARICOM, Colborne, R. M. D., No 1, Ontario.** 24-6.

Farm-Raised Pure-Bred Scotch Collie Pups, from splendid working stock, either parent will bring stock home alone, obedient, intelligent, willing. Males \$12; females, \$8. **WM. VIVIAN, Eden, Man.** 25-7.

MILK GOATS FOR SALE.

Toggenburg Grade Kids For Sale, from best imported stock—Polly-Mac strain—3 months old. **MISS PAYNE SIDNEY, R.M.D., Vancouver Island, B. C.** 25-3.

SWINE

Berkshire Pigs, two months old, Bacon type. **CLAYCROFT FARM, Galesita, Ont.** 22-6.

WILD ANIMALS

For sale—Pedigree Silver Foxes, guaranteed to breed when fed, cared for and mated in accordance with our scientific system. **PORT EGIN FUR FARM, Box 22, Port Elgin, N.B.** 22-6.

Silver, Patch, and Red Foxes. **T. R. LYONS, Waterville, N. S.** 1-26.

The choicest of pedigreed and registered Silver black breeding foxes. "Buy the best." **REID BROS., Bothwell, Ontario Canada.** 13-21.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE.

Rawleigh Casey wagon with shafts and pole, in good condition. Apply to **CHESTER TIMMINS, Winchester, Ont.** 22-6.

Complete History Great War; 13 volumes cheap. **G. WINN, R. Route, Lasalle, Ontario.** 23-6.

Once Applying Garget Vanisher, cow's udder cake disappears. Full flow of milk returns, \$2.00 bottle. **MRS. WESLEY SALISBURY, Yarker, Ont.** 26-6.

Joseph Blanchette, South Durham, Quebec, manufacturer of woolen goods of all kinds, yarns, flannels, tweed mackinaws, shawls, bed blankets, card and spinning yarn. Write for further information and prices. 26-2.

HONEY

Honey, best quality, 60lb. can, 16c per lb., combs, \$3.60 doz. **ALF. POTVIN, Chichester, Que.** 23-6.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—\$100 \$200 monthly selling Easy-Wash, washes clothes while you rest; no rubbing or boiling required; send 15c for 10 family washings. **M. MANUFACTURING CO., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.** 20-6.

Agents—Get in a profitable all year commission business of your own. Every property owner needs some of our nine hundred varieties of hardy Red Tag trees and plants. No capital needed. Complete equipment and instruction free. Write **DOMINION NURSERY, Montreal.** 25-8.

Salesman Wanted for "The Old Reliable Fonthill Nurseries", to solicit orders for high-class nursery stock. Experience unnecessary, territory reserved, highest commissions paid, handsome equipment. Write for full particulars.—**STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ont.**

BUSINESS CARDS

PATENT SOLICITORS

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

EDUCATIONAL.

The De Brisy Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Thorough mail courses. **ACADEMIE DEBRISAY, Ottawa.** 6-33

TEACHERS WANTED

Three teachers for Cayley, Alta., School No. 1893, first or second class certificate. Apply forwarding references to **G. M. SHRYVES, Sec'y., Cayley, Alta.**

FARMS FOR SALE

Rich Annapolis Valley Fruit Farms, Canada's greatest moneymakers. Catalogue free. **VALLEY REAL ESTATE AGENCY, Wolfville, N. S.** 20-7.

115 Acres—Near Cornwall, good soil, buildings, silo, with or without stock and machinery; bargain for quick buyer.—**C. CAMERON, Mille Roches, Ont., R. R. 1.** 22-6.

Village Farm—Five minutes high, graded school and station, on state road, level field, 60 acres. Extra good brick house, 11 rooms, electric light, furnace, oil garage, ice house, barn 42 x 84 connected horse barn 30 x 40; trout brooks, never-falling springs, good pasture, plenty wood and lumber. Near thriving town and city. Write Box 143, **Williamstown, Vt.** 22-7.

TWO HORSES, NINE COWS, FURNITURE

110 acres, two miles from stores, churches, and high school, 50 acres in tillage, pasture for 20 cows, wood for home use, 300 apple trees. House 7 rooms, water at sink, cellar, telephone, piazza, R.F.D. Barn 45 x 54 ties 20 cattle, four horses, basement, hay fork, water in yard, ice house, hen house, full line of farming tools, cream separator, sleds and sleighs, everything included for \$3,000 on easy terms. **ALONZO P. RICHARDS, Farmington, Maine.** 23-8.

320 acres for sale, 71-2 miles from town, of 8 elevators, 130 acres in crop, good frame buildings, 75 acres fenced. Near school. Chocolate loam, abundance of water. \$18.00 per acre. \$500.00 cash, balance crop payments. **GEO. SOUTHAM, Webb, Sask.** 23-6.

\$10,000—Choice 200 acres. **Wellington Co.,** dairy and grain farm. Clay loam, high state cultivation, free of stone; well fenced, excellent water system; bank barn, hen pen; implement house; comfortable 7 roomed dwelling. Convenient to market, creamery, schools, churches. Inspection invited, possession arranged. Apply owner on premises. **C. W. GRIGG, Drayton, Ont.** 23-6.

88 acres—Good soil, good for any kind of crops. 200 cords pulp-wood and fire wood, 59 cords ready for the stove. 5 cord pulp peeled. Cutting 75 tons of hay. Along side school, sawmill, post office, cheese factory, near church. Water in house, piped to house and barn, big pasture for 20 cows, capable of carrying 20 cows, 2 horses and sheep the year round. Sleighs, carryall, grindstone, apple trees and plum trees. Good house, neighbors. All crops. Proposition for barn. A bargain for cash. Apply to **WM. VIVIAN, Cranbourne, 2nd Range, Dor. Co., P. Q.** 24-3.

Farm for sale—234 acres...100 acres under cultivation, 50 acres ready to break up, all in first class state of preservation. Barn 40 x 60, 20 ft. posts; cement block basement; granary, cement block, 20 x 30; drive house, 20 x 60, on cement foundation; pig pen, 18 x 38, cement foundation, floors and troughs, corn crib adjoining; chicken house, 20 x 30, up-to-date, also one 20 x 15; ice house; garage. Commodious red brick house, stone foundation, 8 rooms, bathroom, furnace heated. 3-4 mile to store and station, abundant supply of water. 14 acres in wheat, 24 acres in spring crop. Immediate possession as owners are retiring. Will sell machinery and cattle if required. Price \$14,000. For further particulars apply **JOHNSON BROS., Bickford P. O., Ont.** 24-6.

Selling—Good Half-section Land, 30 acres broken, rich black loam. Price reasonable. Further particulars, **W. W. J. McCONNELL, Boyne Lake, Alta.** 25-6.

\$400 GETS 100-ACRE FARM

HORSE, 4 COWS, CROPS AND

farming tools included to quick buyer; delightful home location amidst beautiful scenery; near thriving R.R. village; 40 acres level machine-worked tillage; brook-watered pasture; about 1000 cords wood, timber; substantial 7-room house, maple shade; barn. Other business forces sale, \$1600 takes all, only \$400 cash. **ELMER J. MATHEWS, Hardwick, Vt.**

\$1200 GETS 50-ACRE FARM WITH

HORSES, 8 COWS, TOOLS AND

vehicles, crops; close village, creamery, etc.; handy thriving market town; level dark loamy tillage; brook-watered 10-cow pasture; woodlot; comfortable 6-room house, good basement barn. To settle affairs \$2500, only \$1200 down. Pleasant home and going business—yours if you act quickly. **T. G. HOWARD, Strout Farm Agency, Tomfobia, Quebec, Can.**

FARM NEAR TOWN; 7 ACRES FRUIT

HORSES, VEHICLES, TOOLS

Included if you come now; in sheltered fruit district, mile to depot, handy advantages; 10 acres; rich soil; alfalfa; 5 1-2 acre 10-year orchard apples, pears, peaches, 1 1-2-acre young orchard; excellent 5-room house, in-spring scenery; barn, poultry house. Cannot handle, \$6,000 takes all, part cash. **G. Y. L. CROSSLEY, Strout Farm Agency, West Summerland, B. C., Canada.**

Chicken Farm For Sale With House, beside Toronto. Twenty-six hundred, one third cash. **M. HYLAND, Willowdale, Ont.** 26-3.

FARMS WANTED

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. **JOHN J. BLACK, Witness Street, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.** 23-6.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

Old established Hardware business in thriving and progressive town and G. T. P. Divisional point. Situated on Main Street, comprises 4 lots, substantial store and warehouse and \$5,000 stock. Annual turnover, thirty-five thousand. Price \$20,000, twelve thousand cash, balance to arrange. For further particulars write **R. L. GALE, J.P., Box 9, Smithers, B. C.** 23-6.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED

Razor Blades—We sharpen them all, Gillette 35c doz. Single edge 25c. **THE RAZOR BLADE SHOP, 70 Power Street, Toronto.** 20-7.

NURSES.

Nurses earn \$16 to \$30 weekly...Learn without leaving home. Booklet sent free. **ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, Dpt. Fourteen, Toronto.**

A MAGAZINE PAGE FOR HOME WORKERS

HOW LUCILLE EARNED HER SENIOR YEAR

(By Mary Alden Hopkins.)

As Lucille Peabody took the white linen walking suit from the dummy form in Madame Rene's summer shop at Bar Harbor before reclothing that simpering wax lady in a rainbow chiffon evening frock, she was thinking gloomily that her chance of returning to college in the fall was indeed slight.

When Lucille's father died several years before, he had left a fortune that was ample for his widow and for his four daughters; but near the end of Lucille's junior year had come the financial panic that had sent many stocks and bonds tumbling in value. The Peabody's money had been invested in some of the stocks that felt the financial depression most, and they now found themselves with an income that was barely enough to cover their living expenses. They had moved from their luxurious home to a small apartment and had bravely faced an uncertain future. Clearly there was not enough money for Lucille to return to college the following year. There was only one way—she must earn the money for her senior year.

To Lucille, in June, it had not seemed impossible to earn five hundred dollars in the ten weeks of the summer vacation. She had counted her assets; good health, a level head, and the ability to make friends. But she had no marked talent, unless possibly her good taste in clothes could be considered as one. She had in vain cudgeled her mind for ideas, and she had begun to despair a little when Madame Rene came to Poughkeepsie with her usual spring exhibition of clothes. Lucille, who for three years had been a good customer of the fashionable dressmaker, had suggested that Madame Rene open a branch shop at Bar Harbor that summer, and that she put her in charge of it. Madame Rene knew that Lucille had good taste in clothes and a level head, and at last had agreed to make the girl her agent at the summer resort, and to pay her a generous commission for all the clothes she sold.

In July Lucille had followed twelve packing cases to Bar Harbor. Mrs. Stephens, an old friend of her mother's, had invited the girl to live with her during her stay at the summer resort. Everything seemed to point toward the success of Lucille's venture. Yet today, two weeks after her arrival, the girl had to her credit only ten dollars in commissions.

The summer visitors had bought their clothes in the cities before they came to the shore. They had trunksful of clothes with them, and had no need to buy of her. She had only carried coats to Newcastle. Her venture had failed; she must give up her dream of graduating from college.

When Lucille had finished hooking up the dress on the model, she turned gloomily to choose a hair ornament for the perpetually smiling wax lady. Madame had sent a large assortment. Lucille deliberately chose an absurd arrangement of small red, purple, and white silk radishes, and pinned them into the model's raven locks. She stepped back to view the effect, and in spite of her discouragement, she laughed.

"I don't believe any live lady ever wore such a bouquet," she said to herself.

Two minutes after she had wheeled the model into the window Magnolia Day and her friends came laughing into the little shop.

"Some vegetables for the hair, please," they demanded, pointing at the gay wax lady.

Magnolia Day was a slim little girl, with brown eyes that peered out like a friendly puppy's from her tangle of fuzzy hair. Her skirt was narrow round the ankles, but from the waist it stood out in stiff ruffles like a founced parasol. She would have been pretty if it had not been for her freakish clothes.

Magnolia's friends were reproductions of Magnolia in different tints and sizes. Yet in spite of the absurdity of their clothes there was something very likable about the group. They seemed like children who had dressed up for fun in adults' clothes. Lu-

cille liked their pleasant, well-trained voices, their courteous, friendly manner toward her; they seemed to take a great deal of joy in life.

When Lucille heard their little cries of amusement over the hair ornaments, she brought out another "novelty" that Madame had sent—silk stockings with butterflies and other insects embroidered on the instep!

The girls were as delighted with those as they had been with the hair ornaments. When they left, they had bought out the butterflies and the vegetables.

"Do order more of these funny things," begged Magnolia, "and whenever the shopping fever seizes us we will rush here."

That evening at the dinner table Lucille told Mrs. Stephens about the girls' raid on the shop.

"Those girls actually spent thirty dollars on those absurd trifles! They would have bought double the amount if I had had it!" she said. "If they become steady customers, as they say they intend to, perhaps I can go back to college, after all! But, Aunt Stephens, why do they spend their money so foolishly?"

Mrs. Stephens, who was one of the oldest summer residents at Bar Harbor, had seen the village change to a fashionable resort. A palace had been built on either side of her little gray house; but she had pursued the even tenor of her way, and had continued to live simply and to associate mainly with her quiet, old-time friends.

"Magnolia Day lives next door, in that huge stone house," she told Lucille. "Her mother is dead and her father is a semi-invalid. Last summer she was a little girl in a middy blouse, who scandalized the neighborhood with a hundred pranks. She spent last winter in a Paris boarding school, and you see the result! Whatever Maggie does, she does with all her might, and all her friends do it with her; if she wants to spend her money recklessly nothing will stop her, for she has a fortune in her own right. She's acting foolishly this summer, but she's good at heart and devoted to her father."

Lucille went to bed that night much happier than she had been since her arrival in Bar Harbor.

That visit to her shop of Magnolia Day and her friends seemed to mark the turning point in Lucille's business venture; customers came and her commissions accumulated. Everyone in Bar Harbor soon knew of Lucille's little store. Newcomers to the resort, unprepared for the sharp chill of the evenings, bought sweaters and corduroy sport jackets from her. A week of fog cleared out her supply of silk raincoats. Mrs. Stephens' friends came in to buy handkerchiefs and blouses.

But Lucille's most frequent and extravagant customers were Magnolia and her friends. They dropped in on their way from tennis in the morning and on their way home from tea in the afternoon. They bought wildly from the stock at hand; they ordered other things from New York. There was no system in their buying! Some of the things they needed; but most of them were useless, freakish trifles that happened to catch their fancy at the moment.

THE FAVORITE CHILD

(By Frances A. Gray)

It was the one unmarried member of our little group who quite innocently started the discussion. Something had been said about Hortense and her children and Grace remarked, "Isn't little Jack Hortense's favorite child?"

The Sentinel Mother was shocked. "My dear," she exclaimed reproachfully, "no mother worthy of the name loves one child more than another! It's impossible for a mother to have a favorite among her children."

But the Practical Mother, as usual, brushed aside mere superficialities. "Nonsense!" she retorted, "it is impossible that any woman who has more than one or two children should not have a favorite, even if she never admits the fact to herself. Within one family the children will often differ very widely in natural disposition, temperament—in every possible trait. If a mother has several children it is almost certain that there will be one among them who is naturally more congenial to her than the others." She paused, and then added with her surprising frankness, for she is one who openly admits what other people are apt to conceal and deny even to themselves, "Now my little girl is too much like me for us to get along harmoniously. She is quick and high-strung too, and, frankly, she often gets on my nerves. But little Frank is exactly like his father—very calm and placid and easy-going, and I'm really much more fond of him."

There is something undeniably true in the point of view of the Practical Mother.

It is possible that in one of her children a mother may find a more congenial and responsive nature than in any of the others. But the question is not whether it is natural for her to feel such a preference, but whether she is justified in letting it affect her attitude toward her children so that the fact becomes noticeable to other people and even to the children themselves.

In large families, we frequently see parents who give a certain prestige and power to the eldest, permitting him to dictate to the whole family. Even more frequently we see parents, but especially mothers, who favor the youngest child, granting him greater consideration though expecting less from him than from the others; in short, petting him all through her lifetime. "Middle children" are seldom the recipients of extra favors unless in the case of an only girl or an only boy in a family of the opposite sex. I recall one little incident of a step-father of one girl and five boys which I thought quite touching. He had a beautiful book which they all wanted very much but which they refused to own together. Naturally, he was uncertain to whom he should give the book, but finally, handing it to the third boy, he said, "I'm sorry I haven't a book for each one of you, but I think I'll give this to you, Harry. You aren't the oldest and you aren't the youngest and you aren't the only girl, so you don't get many extras." Then, patting him on the shoulder, he added with a smile, "Besides, I was a middle child, myself."

Parents should watch very carefully to avoid partiality, for if they do not, the moment is sure to come when the children will discover it. As soon as any such partiality becomes evident, the favored child is apt to become "spoiled," and the seeds of that ugly quality of jealousy are sown in his sisters and brothers.

A child's nature should be allowed to unfold in the sunny atmosphere of love and trust. By studying his needs, parents can help to bring out the best in him, thus forestalling that coldness and lack of sympathy which we regret to see between parents and those adult children whose attitude toward life is embittered because, when they were young and affectionate, they were subjected to the chilling effect of the consciousness that a little sister or brother always stood first in their parent's affection.

From the series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 3 West 40th Street, New York City.

DO YOU CHEW YOUR FOOD?

When we do not chew our food properly the evil consequences are many, and often serious in their effect upon health, and even life. In the first place, a person who does not chew his food sufficiently is sure to eat too much. That is especially true in the case of soft foods, which are sometimes literally shoveled into the stomach! Food that needs mastication will generally get a little, even from the worst sinner, although sometimes it gets only enough to make the act of swallowing possible.

Thorough mastication acts in two ways to diminish the amount of food you take. If a proper proportion of the time spent at a table is occupied by the work of mastication, the amount of food taken is naturally less. Furthermore, those who chew properly do not crave food as others do, for they digest what they swallow, and are free from unnatural hunger that torments the rapid eater. Mr. Fletcher, the dietitian, has proved that he can maintain a high degree of health and vigor on a much smaller amount of food than most people think they need.

Another real danger to the health of the rapid eater arises from the unbroken lumps of food that pass into his stomach. In some cases the digestive juice struggles with them in vain, and they cause much discomfort, and often serious disorders—perhaps even appendicitis.

Children should be taught to chew their food well, for the healthy condition of the mouth and teeth in after life depends upon their doing so. If the jaw does not grow properly, there is not enough room for the teeth. Now, the growth of the jaw depends in large measures on the mastication it is called upon to do. The teeth themselves suffer also. They miss the active circulation of the blood, the stimulation of the gums,

and the cleansing of the mouth by the salivary glands that follow upon the act of chewing.

TREATMENT OF MEASLES

A medical writer in the London Observer says:

The disease of measles is not deadly in itself, but only in that, when neglected, it is apt to lead to invasion of the air passages and lungs by other germs, and then the poor child is in mortal danger, especially from what we call broncho-pneumonia. Only in the very rarest and most exceptional instances, if ever, do these complications occur at all in children who are properly looked after from the first—or, in other words, when the disease is taken as seriously as it should be on account, not of itself, but of the risks of really dangerous results which it involves. Therefore, the first and most important piece of advice to give to the public regarding measles is, take it seriously.

The properly fed and rested and ventilated and, if possible, sunlit child will not develop broncho-pneumonia, and in that child the illness will be as trivial and free from danger as it was in nearly all of you, my readers, and in me, when we had measles as children; whereas scores of thousands of contemporaries, no more heavily attacked than we, were killed by neglect on the part of parents less wise than ours.

The recent advice to treat measles with closed windows is simply obnoxious, and none the less so because the name of a great newspaper is behind it; and I welcome the protest in that respect of Dr. Sidney Davies, a philosophic observer of long experience as Medical Officer of Health for Woolwich.

Last week, whilst studying with delight the sun cure, chiefly of tuberculous children, at Queen Mary's Hospital, Carshalton, under Dr. Gordon Pugh, I saw a group of youngsters with whooping-cough—a disease to which practically every word of the present argument applies—playing about in the open air and the sunshine, clad in next to nothing, and, I am sure, immeasurably safer against lung invasion than they could be under any other conditions. Of the appalling contrast between those youngsters and the scores of thousands who are treated in intellectual and physical darkness I hardly dare speak.

The older the child, the less risk is involved in the attack. This is a certain statistical fact. Hence we are bound absolutely to condemn the indefensible practice of mothers or other responsible persons, who deliberately expose a second child, or even more, to infection when a first is attacked. Only too often—especially since the kind of person to do this is usually the kind of person to neglect the disease in the first child—and the others—such a policy amounts to something morally indistinguishable from manslaughter.

Mongolian women have dispensed with the wearing of veils.

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HOME COOKING

Jellies and Jams

Where fruit contains a lot of pectin, and where little or no water is used in extracting the juice, equal parts of sugar and juice may be used; in making jelly less sugar might give a tough jelly. When water has been used in extracting the juice, or where there is a little pectin, as in some berries, three-fourths as much sugar as juice will give a better consistency.

The quickest and surest process for jelly making is to cut the fruit into pieces using all the skins and cores. Put into a granite kettle with a very little water and cook until the juice is well drawn out. With very juicy fruits like grapes and currants, mash the fruit at the beginning and do not add any water. Crush the fruit and strain through a double cheesecloth or flannel jelly-bag. Add more water to the pulp, strain and boil again. Boil the strained juice for twenty minutes. Weigh out from three-fourths to an equal quantity of sugar, heat it in the oven and add to the juice. Heating the sugar shortens the time of cooking and gives a better colored jelly. Cook until it will jell and turn into sterilized glasses.

In selecting berries or other fruits for jam, the ripe, broken ones will give fine color and flavor, but at the same time there should always be about one-half the quantity which are slightly under-ripe. These contain the pectin which gives a jelly-like consistency to the product. Rapid cooking with constant care to prevent scorching is essential. Three-fourths as much sugar as fruit, by weight, is sufficient to keep the fruit and will give a more delicate flavor than where the old rule "pound for pound" is followed. To test when the jam is cooked to the right consistency, cool a little in a spoon, and allow it to drop. If it will not pour, but falls in a sheet or flake like jelly, it is done. A quicker way is to use a candy thermometer and cook the jam until it registers 220 degrees F. In using fruit with little pectin, combinations give good results.

Blackberry Jelly—Place well washed blackberries in a double boiler and heat until the juice flows freely, then strain through double cheesecloth, measure it, and put this strained juice into the preserving kettle; let it boil five minutes, then add three-quarters of a cup of granulated sugar for every cup of juice there was when it was measured. Let boil until it "sheets off" when tested, then turn into hot, sterilized glasses and cover when cold with paraffin.

Spiced Gooseberries—Take five pounds gooseberries, four pounds sugar, two cups vinegar, one tablespoon cloves and cinnamon; boil three hours, then put in jars.

Red Currant Jelly—Choose good, but not over-ripe currants. Mash them in a porcelain kettle, do not cook, but put them in a jelly bag to drain over night. Use 1 pint of sugar to 1 pint of juice. Heat the sugar, after adding to the juice, boil for 3 minutes or till it thickens when exposed to the air on a spoon. Put it in glasses immediately.

Mint Jelly—And the bright green of mint jelly makes it attractive, and it is delicious served with meat. To make it, pour a cup of boiling water over a cupful of mint leaves packed tightly. Let it steep an hour. Press the juice from the

leaves and add two tablespoonfuls of it to one cup of apple juice and three-quarters of a cup of sugar. Boil until jellied. Then put into hot glasses.

Currant and Raspberry Conserve—Bring one quart of red currant juice and same amount of red raspberry juice slowly to a boil and cook ten minutes. Add five pounds of hot granulated sugar, one pound of seedless raisins chopped, the juice of four oranges, and the peel of two very clean oranges, parboiled and chopped rather fine. Boil until it jellies. Raspberries have very little pectin, but currants an abundance, therefore, these two make a good combination for jelly or jam. In the same way apples and quinces or elderberries and green grapes are good.

Aunt Dean's Spiced Currants—(serve with cold meats): Pick over seven pounds of currants, wash drain and remove stems. Put in a preserving kettle and add five pounds of brown sugar, two cupfuls of vinegar and three tablespoonfuls each of clove and cinnamon tied in a muslin bag. Heat to the boiling point and cook very slowly one and one-half hours. Store in stone jars or small crocks.

Raspberry Jam—4 pounds raspberries, 2 1/2 pounds sugar. Mash berries, add sugar, cook thirty minutes or until the desired consistency is obtained, stirring often. Pour into glasses or jars and cover.

Black, Red or White Currant Jam—1 pounds currants, 4 pounds of sugar. Stem currants, crush slightly; add sugar, let stand over night. In the morning cook one half hour, stirring often. Turn into glasses and cover.

Gooseberry-Red Currant Jam—"Top and tail" three pounds of ripe red gooseberries and put them into a saucepan with one pound of stemmed red currants and three pounds of sugar; let this mixture stand for five hours, then beat it gradually and boil for thirty minutes, stirring often to keep from catching at bottom. Then turn into hot, sterilized glasses and cover with melted paraffin when cool.

Striped Preserves

Now that jam and jelly making has begun again, says an American writer, we are moved to recommend the Harlequin jelly our Alsatian grandma used to make, the "striped preserves" which we children were allowed to taste but in rare small quantities, as it was destined for unexpected guests of distinction and for the convalescents of an entire large family.

Whoever saw it on table or on pantry shelf pronounced it "most too pretty to eat;" whoever tasted it found it exceeding good. And this is how it is made: As rhubarb and strawberries came along, grandma would polish and otherwise make ready the big, clear "schooner glasses" devoted to this delicacy; and of her first successful batch of jellies she would pour some of the richest colored, most translucent into these glasses; to the depth of an inch or so. After which the glasses—tied up with waxed paper—were set away till next preserving day, when a similar layer of the fruit next in order would be cautiously added; and so on, till the glasses were all filled with their four or five strata of contrastingly tinted jellies and, properly paraffined, were set away for winter use.

If properly made and carefully added, each separate jelly stratum is clearly defined, the harlequin effect pleasingly showing through the clear glass. If tastefully selected the different jelly colors make a distinctly artistic addition to luncheon table or 4 o'clock tea tray. As gifts to invalids or elderly folk they are very satisfactory. A happy combination results from currant (deep red), apple (light lemon), grape (purple) and quince (golden yellow) jellies. If a small quantity of the strained juice is saved out, when making jelly, it can be bottled without sugar and will keep. Later all the different jellies may be made and the glasses filled as quickly as the first cools and hardens sufficiently.

BRAN IN DIET

R. A.—There are any number of recipes containing bran, none of them any more wholesome than the bran bread our grandmother made, whenever a batch of white bread was made. One thing must be remembered, which is, that not everyone can stand much bran. Bran adding bulk or roughage to the diet acts as a laxative, and at this time of the year, with fresh fruit and green vegetables plentiful, is not perhaps, so much needed as during the winter, in any case be careful in giving it to so old a person and before as you propose serving it at every meal consult your family doctor.

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Bran Porridge—1 cup milk, 1 cup water, 1-2 teaspoonful salt, 1-4 cup oatmeal, rolled, or other cereal, 1-4 cup of bran. Place in double boiler and boil for a half-hour. Serve with sugar and milk, or sugar and butter. All water may be used if desired.

Bran Griddle Cakes—1 cup bran, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon of sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, 1-2 teaspoon butter or butter substitute, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk. Mix dry ingredients, add egg slightly beaten, and milk and butter. Beat thoroughly and bake on a hot griddle. Serve with butter and syrup. This will make twenty cakes.

Bran Doughnuts—1 1/2 cups bran, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1-4 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt. Cream butter and sugar. Add egg well beaten. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to the first mixture. Roll on floured board. Cut with doughnut cutter. Fry in very hot deep fat. This will make three dozen doughnuts.

Bran Muffins—1 cup bran, 1-2 cup flour, 1-2 cup white flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, or butter substitute, 1 cup milk, 1 egg. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add egg slightly beaten, and sugar. Add milk and melted butter. Mix all well together. Bake in well-greased muffin tins in a hot oven for about twenty-five minutes. Will make twelve muffins.

Stewing Rhubarb

Amherst, N. S.—Many thanks for benefits received from the Home Department of the Witness. I wonder if all our readers know that rhubarb needs no water in stewing. Just peel it and put sugar over, a cup or more—probably more—to a quart of rhubarb according to taste. It forms plenty of juice in an hour or more.

Our Needlework Corner.

A Cover for a Cane Suit Case

The light, attractive straw or cane suit case has drawbacks, it soils quickly and is not easily cleaned, and is easily broken. It is therefore a good plan, on buying a new one, to procure suitable material and make a cover that can be slipped over the case when it is in use, and easily removed for washing.

Heavy brown linen, denim, crash or duck serve the purpose very well. The cover should be cut in three pieces, one piece for each side, and a strip to go round lengthwise, from one end of the handle to the other. The edges are bound with braid, tape or other material of a suitable shade. Straps of the same goods as the cover, one on each side of the handle, on top, and with buckles or buttons and buttonholes, make a satisfactory fastening.

Another plan is to make a large envelope of the material selected, with a large opening like a buttonhole for the handle, and a button and buttonhole to hold the projection corresponding to the flap of an envelope.

Still a third way is to make the covering in two pieces only, each with the corners notched, square out deep enough so that when the points are brought together in a seam, the two pieces will slip, one over the body of the suit case, the other over the cover. The edge should be hemmed, the corner seams bound, and the whole covering lightly stitched to the case. This form has the advantage of permitting the case to be opened without removing the covering. Neatly embroidered initials impart a finish and decorative touch to each of these styles of cover.

A convenient plan is to have two covers for each suit case, and upon returning from a journey, to put on the fresh one and send to the laundry the one just used.

Use a Magnifying Glass

Use a magnifying glass to copy patterns illustrated in magazines, like those of Irish crochet, neckwear, cross-stitch curtains, etc. It will simplify the work. With a large reading glass stitches may be very easily counted.

To Make a White Bedspread Last Longer

If you have a nice crochet or dimity spread that is wearing thin and breaking in many places do not try to darn with pieces underneath but get a soft white lining, put it in a quilting-frame, stretch the spread over, quilt it by the woven designs and it will look well and last as long again.

When Making Children's Frocks

When making children's frocks sew the skirt and the bodice together, and make a band to sew over the join. When the frock gets too short, unpick the band, sew the skirt to one side and the bodice to the other. This is a good way of lengthening a frock for a growing child.

I have always been a profound admirer of nonchalance, especially in errand boys (writes a correspondent). You would think that nothing troubled them under the sky, and to prove it they kick at anything that comes in their path, and if it makes noise enough they keep on kicking it. Which is why the errand boy I met the other day must have been the most surprised of all his race, for as I came along he kicked at a small square paper package which was lying on the pavement in front of him. It went off with a noise like a bomb, and nearly frightened him into the middle of next week. That young man will always look at packages in future before he kicks them to see whether they contain electric light bulbs.

"The Merchant of Venice" is the latest Shakespearean play which is to be "adapted" to the screen. It seems almost incredible that anyone should believe that such a thing would be reasonable. Shakespeare's language was everything.

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The Home Circle.

A Page for Boys and Girls.

NARCISSA'S MAILBOX

(By Janet Allan Bryan, in "The Class-mate.")

The cheerful quiet of the sitting-room was broken by a sudden exclamation from Anne.

"Well, this is a little too much!" She sprang up, a letter in her hand, and faced her mother, busy over her own mail, by the window.

"What's the damage?" asked Ted lazily, while even little Narcissa, the grandchild, dropped her 'Dolly Dimple' page and blunt scissors to gaze wide-eyed at Anne's angry face.

"Only that Marian Haines is crawling out of her invitation to me to spend the last two weeks in August at Seabright with them."

"Reneging?" Ted's eyebrows rose in amazement. "That isn't like Marian."

"Oh, she covers it up neatly enough," snapped his sister. "She finds that changes have been made in the order of expected visits, and so forth, and she hopes that I can come in July instead."

"Well," Mrs. Raley's quiet voice took up the subject, "why not in July, daughter?"

Anne threw her a look of intense chagrin and impatience.

"If Marian thinks I can be shoved around on a chessboard like a dummy, she's mistaken! I wanted to go for the August visit, because the Wiltows and Neil Dunham are to be there, and if I get a chance to go to Boston next winter to study illustrating they would be the friends I would be glad to have there. But—bitterly, I suppose Marian has found some high-flyer or other that she would rather have with the Boston crowd, and so I am to be dumped off into July, when there'll be probably nobody interesting at all at the cottage."

"Nonsense, Anne!" Ted spoke up. "You know the Haines have a jolly lot of people at the shore with them all the time."

"They will not have me to add to their hilarity—in July," was the indignant answer.

"It seems a little strange," the mother admitted, "to alter an invitation given so long ago, but no doubt Marian gives you an adequate reason."

"It's not of the smallest consequence whether she does or not—and she doesn't," Anne reiterated. "I'm not going, and I'll just write to her and decline the whole thing."

Mrs. Raley looked troubled. "I should be extremely careful, Anne, not to show resentment in my letter. The Haineses, after all, are not intimates of ours, and Marian's life is laid out on very different lines from yours."

Ted reached for his cap and swung the little player on the rug over his shoulder. "Come on to the store with me, Cissy," he said.

"Where's Nannie goin'?" demanded Narcissa.

"Nowhere," Anne said curtly. "I'll sweeter here all summer, but I won't be shoved aside by anybody."

She departed abruptly, too much upset to listen to cooler counsels.

"Got the hump right, hasn't she?" the brother commented.

"What's the hump, Granny?" came the insistent little voice from Ted's shoulder.

"It's what I'll get if I don't hurry to the Harden Drug Company," he laughed. "So long, mother. Any news from Helen's kid today?"

Narcissa's baby brother was struggling through measles, and Mrs. Raley had recently made a flying trip to Leverton to fetch the small granddaughter away from infection.

"Doing pretty well," she answered absently. "Ted, I can't tell you how sorry I am about Anne's visit. The child has worked so hard, getting her simple outfit, and making the best of everything—and I am so afraid she will write an unsuitable letter to Marian Haines. I might not care to go—the lady drew herself up with a delicate pride, but I certainly would not let my hostess know I felt aggrieved."

"I think Anne's a goose for getting sore," was the casual answer, and Ted took himself off to his job at the drug store.

The victim of the disappointment, meanwhile, was getting out her best monogram note paper, and settling herself at the little desk in her bedroom. And after all, several sheets of the cherished stationery went into the waste basket, owing to the difficulty of combining good breeding with resentment and hurt feelings. Mindful of her mother's hint, Anne avoided the crudity of a complaint, but her tart rejection of the altered invitation betrayed, clearly enough, chagrin and injured pride, and the writer, after a hasty rereading, sealed and stamped the letter, to obviate a later change of viewpoint.

As she finished, Mrs. Raley came in. "My dear," she said hesitatingly, "I want you to give yourself a little time to consider Marian's proposal."

"I beg your pardon mother, the matter is closed," was the stiff answer. The

older woman shook her head gently, but no good was to be accomplished by remonstrance with her impulsive daughter in this mood.

"Will you go down to Miller's and bring me back some eggs, Anne?" she said after a minute. "They would hardly send them in time for my cake."

"Certainly I will," the girl agreed. "Get Cissy ready, and I will take her with me."

Mrs. Raley watched the two set out, a little later, with a troubled smile. Anne, very upright in the jaunty blue serge she and her mother had made themselves, as travelling suit, for the summer trip; and little Narcissa dancing gaily along, curls bobbing under her round hat.

"Take my hand, Nannie," she said presently. "There's an awful big dog lives in 'iss nex' yard."

Anne was scrutinizing the address on her letter to Marian Haines, wondering if the fierce curl of her capitals betrayed too plainly her state of mind.

"Dimme the letter to carry," the little voice urged. "All ladies has somefin' in their hands."

So the letter was transferred to Cissy's chubby fingers, and the two went safely by the "nauful big dog" and were shortly at Miller's grocery store.

"Shipped or yard eggs, Miss Raley?" inquired the clerk.

"Shipped, if I may candle them," the purchaser answered. "Cissy, you wait here in front, while I go to the back of the store—or—wait! You see the mail box down there? Run, mail my letter, honey."

Narcissa was absorbed in a crate of indignant hens, just inside Mr. Miller's door, and beyond the hens, a fascinating line of tin cases, or bins, holding beans, peas, and grain of various kinds.

"All right," the little girl agreed, as Anne disappeared into the somewhat cluttered depths of the establishment. "Would you like to det out, Biddy?" she whispered, bending over the discontented fowls. "I s'pect you're hungry. I'll det you somefin' out of those box things over there."

She stepped cautiously past the crate and investigated the first bin, but the white beans did not look inviting, and she pursued her search down the line, raising each little hinged door, thrusting her hands into the contents, and finally came back with both fat fists full of yellow corn.

Anne came upon her in the first ecstasy of hearing the excited creatures cluck and cackle.

"Baby!" she remonstrated, "you mustn't waste Mr. Miller's corn."

"That's all right," grinned the clerk. "Couldn't you find anything better than that, little lady?"

Anne met an acquaintance as she left the store, and the two girls chatted briskly for several blocks. All at once—"Cissy!" cried the young aunt, "did you mail my letter?"

"Ess," nodded the curly head, "in the box."

"That's right—" going on again, "I'm writing Marian Haines that I won't go to Seabright," she added, striving to speak carelessly.

"You won't go?" echoed Ellen McCord. "Why, Anne, what makes you do that? It was such a ducky invitation! Wish I had such a chance."

Anne's impulse to make known the slight she felt she had suffered, changed suddenly, and instead of confiding in Ellen, she shrugged the matter off.

"Oh, I don't know. It doesn't suit me to go in August—and July is too cold for that beach, I think."

"I wish she'd ask me," reiterated Ellen frankly. "I'd jump at it." Anne reached home in a more cheerful frame of mind, and nothing further was said in the family about the disappointment.

"I did think Marian would have had the grace to answer my note," she said, one morning a week later, as the mail was distributed by Narcissa—the postman's willing assistant.

"She means to let you have the last word," chuckled Ted, "owing to that word's being a warm one!"

Anne sighed. "Time will hang heavy on my hands this month and next—I know that. But maybe mother and I can dope out a way to accomplish the Boston expedition next winter."

"Don't delude yourself with false hopes, daughter," Mrs. Raley said, rather sadly. "There is no possible way of my giving you a session at the School of Illustration, with its costly fees, as far as I can see."

(To be continued.)

Half an Hour Without Breathing

The hippopotamus has an extraordinary power of staying under the water without rising to breathe. A specimen at the London Zoological Gardens not long ago remained submerged 29 minutes, as timed by the keeper; and another specimen, which died in the same garden in 1905, seems to have kept under half an hour or more. The second animal, plunged to the bottom of his tank, lying there until his keeper, supposing him dead, prepared to drag for his body.

A SNAKE ADVENTURE

The London representative of an East Indian firm was working late at the warehouse. A large consignment of goods, newly arrived, lay in the room that adjoined his office. The room was a simple affair of four chart-covered walls. There was a desk in the middle, a few chairs, and a large fireproof safe. It was nearly midnight, when a sound from the next room induced the man to go to the door to investigate. Nothing seemed wrong, and he returned to his work, but left the door ajar.

Presently a faint harsh sound came from the next room. He sprang up, to behold the head of a huge snake protruding through the doorway.

When the reptile saw him, it stopped for a second, reared its head until it was almost on a level with the man's and began to dart its tongue angrily in and out of its mouth.

No novelist ever imagined a more desperate situation. The man was unarmed, and apparently without means of escape. The moment he withdrew his eyes from those of the snake, it lowered its head and moved toward him.

But he had already determined on his course. The great safe stood open. He sprang into it, and closed the door behind him although he did not shut it completely. That would have meant slow but certain suffocation. He slipped a small cash book into the aperture, and held the ponderous door open about half an inch.

Meanwhile the python,—for such it was,—in a paroxysm of fury, had flung its coils twice round the safe, which stood some distance out from the wall. The creature drew its coils to the utmost tension in an angry effort to crush the iron safe.

By an effort, the desperate prisoner collected his wits. He remembered that a case, slightly damaged and marked, "to be kept in a moderately warm place," had been put in the adjoining room and doubtless accounted for his horrible visitor. But the explanation, although simple, offered no consolation. Something must be done.

The captive racked his brain sorely until an idea struck him. Earlier in the evening he had put one of the leaders in the safe, with a long ink eraser inside to mark a special entry. Cramped and almost doubled as he was, he found it no easy matter to reach the slender weapon, the blade of which was as sharp as a razor. Taking his courage in both hands, he plunged the knife again and again into the folds of the snake, where they crossed the small aperture. There followed a horrible, tearing sound, and the massive safe rocked ominously for some moments. Then suddenly the folds seemed to relax and go writhing to the floor.

Owing to the extreme tension of the coils, the keen blade had almost severed the body in half. From head to tail it measured nearly forty feet.—Family Herald.

A BUTTERFLY'S SCENT-BOTTLE

Many people have compared butterflies to flowers, but how many know that many species of butterflies not only look like flowers, but are scented like flowers, and carry their scent in bottles?

Strangely enough, too, it is the male and not the female butterfly that carries the scent-bottles, and he uses the scent, no doubt, to attract the female.

If we brush a finger over the wing of the common garden white butterfly we find the finger covered with a white dust of scales, and the dust will be found to have a delicate perfume of lemon or balsam. If we then examine the scales under a microscope we find that some of the scales are modified in shape, and these modified scales are little scent-bottles, and often have a brush of fine hairs from which the scent evaporates.

In the fritillaries the scent-scales are grouped together in stripes and patches, and can be seen by the naked eye, and in others the scales are in patches.

Most of the scented butterflies are comparatively dull in their hues, suggesting that the scent is given to them as a compensation, and some of the dull-colored night butterflies or moths have quite a strong odor.

QUALITIES THAT STAND WEAR

Helen Bently saw that Mrs. Winslow was disappointed. The company had apparently enjoyed themselves, and had gone away declaring they had been delightfully entertained, but she was sure Mrs. Winslow felt that something had been amiss, and she guessed what it was. "You were disappointed in me, Bess," Helen accused her. "Now, own up. You expected me to shine before your company, and I did not."

Mrs. Winslow smiled at her young friend. "I confess," she said, "I have seen you more entertaining."

"I knew they were people of no great importance," said Helen. "You had just asked them in from the kindness of your heart; and I didn't expect ever to see them again, so I didn't over-exert myself. I never like to waste my energies on people that are not worth while."

Baby's Own Soap



lather them freely with Baby's Own Soap

Mrs. Winslow raised her brows and smiled slowly.

"Once," she said, "I visited a woman who had a new rug by the door of the parlor. She was continually warning members of the family to go round the house and come in by the kitchen, or to keep their chairs off that rug. It had cost fifteen dollars, and was not worth that, for it was shoddy. She knew it would not stand wear."

"But once when we stopped in Persia to look at some rare Oriental rugs, that would be almost priceless in this country, I found the owners had thrown them down on the streets, so that casual passers-by might walk on them. For the more such rugs are worn the more valuable they become. Centuries of wear cannot destroy them."

The slow color mounted into Helen's face. "I see the point," she said. "And I hope it was laziness rather than shoddiness that caused me to withhold my best from your friends."—Selected.

Weasel in a Bedroom

During the war a wounded officer was staying with us, and during the night he heard rustlings in his bedroom as if something was ransacking up the curtains, writes a correspondent of the Scotsman. He naturally concluded that there were rats in the room and remarked upon it when called in the morning by an ancient and faithful retainer, who was much annoyed that anybody could suggest that a rat could be in a room under her care. However, the question was settled during the morning, when our black female cat was met on the stairs with a weasel in its mouth. The bedroom in question, where the weasel spent the night, is at the top of the house two storeys up, and difficult to get to, the stair being a very old gone spiral staircase—the house having been built nearly 500 years ago. As all the windows are well off the ground, the weasel must have come through the hall, and then found its way to the top of the house. The story is additionally interesting as it shows what a good cat will tackle.

Reliable Time

Owing to the shaking produced by trams and heavy motor-lorries, the Paris Observatory is unable to tell the time with complete accuracy, and the observatory may have to be removed to a quieter spot. According to the director, the error is sometimes as much as 1-10th second. This brings to mind an anecdote of recent years. A gentleman, who possessed a very reliable watch, tested the time-ball at Greenwich Observatory some years ago, and found that it fell twenty seconds too early. Having absolute faith in his watch, he wrote to the Astronomer-Royal calling attention to the time-ball's lapse. He received a courteous letter in reply, admitting the twenty seconds error, and explaining it as due to a stray current of electricity.

WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Once a mother has used Baby's Own Tablets for her little ones she would not be without them. They are the ideal home remedy for the baby: being guaranteed to be absolutely free from opiates or other harmful drugs. They are a gentle but thorough laxative and have been proved of the greatest aid in cases of constipation, indigestion, colic, colds and simple fevers. Concerning them Mrs. Ernest Gagne, Beausejour, Que., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and colic and have found them so successful that I would not be without them. I would strongly recommend every mother to keep a box in the house." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Children's Corner.

THE QUARREL IN CLOUD LAND

(By Anne Porter Johnson.)

"There, there!" exclaimed Father Sun as two little clouds came sailing through the air. "Something is going to happen, or I miss my guess. It's strange that these foolish clouds will fly along at such a breakneck speed, with never a thought of what might happen! I've warned them time and time again."

Just then the two foolish little clouds came together with a dreadful bump, and Father Sun had just time to get out of the way.

"Oh, oh!" screamed one little cloud. "You've nearly killed me!"

"Boo-hoo!" shrieked the other. "Now see what you have done to my head!"

"Why didn't you get out of my way?" cried the first cloud.

"I don't have to get out of anybody's way. Besides, it's my way as much as it is yours," declared the second cloud. "I started first."

"No, you didn't! I've have been thinking of this trip since yesterday."

"Well, the weather man started me, and I rather guess that gives me the right of way. It's all your fault."

"My fault! How dare you say it's my fault! I've just as much right to go racing through the air as you have, and I want you to get out of my way at once."

"Indeed, I'll do no such thing! You're the one to get out of my way."

So they fussed and fussed, while the bumps on their heads grew bigger, and hurt worse and worse. They cried until the tears rolled in great drops down, down, down, and finally fell on Boy Twin and Girl Twin playing in the garden.

"Here, here!" called Father Sun away out of sight behind the quarreling little clouds. "I don't like this fussing at all. What's the use! Make up, do, and be nice."

The little clouds looked up quickly when Father spoke, but both shook their heads stubbornly.

"I'll not give up," said one.

"I'll not give up," said the other.

"Pshaw, now!" said Father Sun, a little out of patience. "I'm tired staying back here behind you. Besides, I have a contract to shine all day, and I don't like to be stopped by two fussy little clouds. Can't you make it up and go on out of my way? You have nothing to quarrel about, anyhow. For all I can see, one is as much to blame as the other."

The two little clouds just kept on shaking their heads. "I'll never give up," they both repeated.

"Oh, oh, oh! Well, we'll see about

that!" exclaimed Father Sun, poking his big round face right in between the two little clouds. "Ha, ha, na! See how bright everything is when I show my face. Now dry your tears and behave. Look down there. Boy Twin and Girl Twin are watching you, and I do believe they're laughing."

"Oh, oh! Father Sun, we're so glad to see you again," exclaimed Girl Twin, clasping her hands.

"We've thought you had gone for all day, Father Sun, when those two hateful little clouds bumped up together right before your face," said Boy Twin.

"What were they crying about?" asked Girl Twin. "Their tears came down on our heads and we had to run for the porch. And such growling!"

"And sometimes it sounded like—well, like spats and slaps, and naughty words," said Boy Twin.

Old Father Sun looked thoughtfully a moment at Boy Twin and Girl Twin. "It's too bad, but these two little clouds had a quarrel," he said.

"A quarrel!" laughed Boy Twin.

"How funny!" said Girl Twin. "What kind of quarrels do clouds have?"

"Well, about the same kind as other children have, I think," replied Father Sun, twinkling at Boy Twin and Girl Twin. "They got out of the wrong side, of course, you know that always marks trouble."

Boy Twin and Girl Twin looked down and said nothing.

"And each little cloud was determined to have his own way, and that made more trouble, of course," went on Father Sun.

"So when neither would give in there was a smash-up, and we had a terrible time, I tell you. That was when you heard the spats and slaps, I suppose. Finally I got right between them, and then everything brightened up. I do hope they'll behave now. I can't say that I like quarrels and fusses very much, either among little clouds or other little

—well, I don't like them, anyway. It makes me feel like hiding my head. In fact, I always get 'way out of sight if I possibly can."

"Well, we got out of the right side of the bed this morning, Father Sun," said Girl Twin, looking at the dear old fellow up in the sky.

"Yes," said Boy Twin, "and we're good-natured. Mother said so."

"Oh, oh, oh!" laughed Father Sun. "That's fine! We'll certainly have a nice day."

Father Sun sailed on merrily, and the two little clouds looked at each other sheepishly. Then they went together as nice as you please.

"Oh, Father Sun!" cried Boy Twin and Girl Twin. "There they go together. They've made up."

What to Take for CONSTIPATION



Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills —then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and Regulate Your Bowels. Mild—as easy to take as sugar.

"Well, now," replied Father Sun broadly smiling, "I am glad of that. How are your bumps?" he called to the little clouds.

"Oh, they're all well now, Father Sun," replied both little clouds, smiling.—The Continent.

GRANDFATHER'S RABBITS

(By Edmund Vance Cook.)

Grandfather Brooks loved the wild things of the woods. Perhaps he loved them because he knew them. There were bears, timber-wolves and an occasional catamount near Grandfather Brooks' home, but he never hunted them. He had watched mother bears and their cubs as they came to the pond to drink and bathe, and they seemed almost like friends to him.

If that is the way Grandfather Brooks felt about bears, you can imagine what he felt about such harmless little creatures as rabbits. One day his two small grandchildren, Harold and Helen, came from the city to visit him. They brought their dog, Duke, and the first thing they did was to go out into the newly made clearing, where Duke chased a young rabbit. The children thought that this was great fun and that Duke was a wonderful hunter. With great excitement they told their grandfather about it.

Grandfather Brooks was not pleased, but he did not scold his little visitors. He listened to their story, and then said, "Tell me, children, did this rabbit have a white tail?"

"Yes, but what of that, grandpa?" asked Harold.

"Why, don't you want to protect grandfather's precious white-tailed rabbits? Now I'll tell you how you can do it. If ever you see Duke chasing a bunny that shows you a white tail, you will know that bunny is showing a flag of truce. It is his signal that he belongs to Grandfather Brooks, and you must help him by calling off your dog."

Harold and Helen were glad to help grandfather. What do you think? They spent all the rest of their vacation looking for a rabbit without a white tail, and they never found one, not one! Every rabbit in the fields and woods appeared to belong to Grandfather Brooks. Frequently they would come across a brownish-gray ball, but the rabbit would sail away, hoisting a white flag of truce, as if to say, "I belong to Grandfather Brooks!"—Youth's Companion.

ALMOST ROUTED BY BEES

A strange experience with bees is told in The Atlantic Monthly from the letters of an officer with the British Army in Mesopotamia. What gun-fire could not do, the tiny, but maddening bee almost accomplished.

We established ourselves in one of the Tomb gardens, but could go no farther for the moment on account of the brisk and accurate fire of the enemy from the other side.

Most of the day I lay on my back in a bed of petunias under the garden wall, and gorged myself on the ripe pomegranates which the Turkish bullets cut down from the trees above. But about mid-afternoon they knocked a couple of bee-hives off the wall into the very midst of us, and, as we were wearing "shorts", with nothing to

protect the leg from calf to knee, the sequel was a very unpleasant one. So dead sure were those bees that our inoffensive little party was responsible for upsetting their homes that they divided themselves unto just as many bands as we were men, and started, impartially and systematically, to sting us to death. My men were out of hand in an instant, and I really believe that, had not a modern miracle been wrought, another minute would have seen the whole pack of us, careless of such trifles as Turkish rifle and machine-gun fire, wallowing in the fifty-yard-distant Tigris.

The miracle was performed by a little pink-cheeked, bare-footed angel of a Jewess, evidently the "shepherd of the bees." Unconcernedly tripping out among the wriggling "casualties," oblivious alike to the threat of Turkish bullets and the roaring of masses of bees, she set up the punctured hives in a safe place under the wall, and then began to beat sharply with a stick upon an old bronze gong which was suspended from her neck by a thong. Instantly the bees stopped stinging, and inside of five minutes the last of them was settling back with a contented buzz into its hive. I could have kissed the stubby brown toes of the pink-cheeked little angel of mercy. And here again let me record to the credit of the Turks that, although her head and shoulders must have been visible to them above the low wall, they made no attempt to stop with a bullet a work which had they only known it, was all that prevented the whole lot of us from falling into their hands.

MY HELPERS

(By Daisy D. Stephenson.)

I planted a beautiful garden, And oh, how everything grew! There were lettuce and onions and carrots, And posies in one corner, too.

I watered and weeded and hoed it; A garden needs care I tell you! I wished I had someone to help me, And what do you think? It came true!

For two jolly robins came flying, And gobbled up insects all day; A brown little toad came a-hopping, And worked in the busiest way.

So I give them a lot of the credit, When folks say my garden is fine; I'm thankful for hop-toad and robins— Those small, friendly helpers of mine! —Child's Hour.

A little girl, only three years old, who had had no experience in the matter of broken limbs beyond that afforded by the casualties of her family of dolls, had the misfortune to fall and break her own arm.

As soon as she discovered what had happened to her, she cried out:—

"Oh, mamma, will it drop off?"

"No, darling," the mother answered; "I will hold it, so that it will not hurt you, till the doctor comes, and he will fix it all right."

"Well, mamma," the little one said, pressing her lips together and trying to be brave, "do hold on tight, so that the sawdust won't run out."

ment of this stubborn trouble because of this wonderful property.

The correction of anaemic conditions by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is as certain as anything can be. Take as an example the case of Miss Mary D. Kelly, Charlotte-town, P.E.I., who says:—"My blood was thin and watery and my system very much run down. I could not do any work or walk upstairs without resting. I suffered greatly from headaches, my appetite was poor, and I was also troubled with indigestion. I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in a short time the results showed they were just the medicine I needed. I only used six boxes but am now feeling stronger and better than I have done for several years. From my personal experience I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The 'Witness' Pattern Service



placed under the tab extensions of the waist, which has long lines and girdle extensions which close over the back. White linen with frills and bows of organdy would be pleasing. Pongee in a natural shade with pipings of green crepe would be attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 4 1-8 yards of 46 inch material. The width at the foot is about 2 1-4 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A BECOMING DRESS FOR SCHOOL DAYS

4037. A frock with long lines, plait panels, and a vest, so like a "grown up's," this will surely please the growing girl. As here shown, white linen and blue and white plaid gingham are combined.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size will require 2 5-8 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A STYLISH FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL

4019. The graceful fullness of the drapery and the "tie on" effect are popular features of this model. It is nice for crepe, and also for voile. Ribbon, hemstitching or a pleat edge would serve well for a decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 5 1-4 yards of 46 inch material if made with long sleeves. With the sleeves short 1-2 yard less is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY, SIMPLE FROCK

4026. This style reflects the season. Its low collar and wide sleeve spell coolness and comfort. Voile with embroidery or gingham with bands of organdy would be pleasing for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 5 1-2 yards of 32 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 5-8 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A DAINTY FROCK

4025. One of the season's pretty models is here portrayed. Convenient pockets are

JOHN DOUGALL & SON COUPON

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Please send me

PATTERN NO. / No. No.

At the rate of

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Name

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For Houses, etc., give BUST

MEASURE in inches

For Misses and Children

give age only in years

OUR SERIAL STORY.

SWEETAPPLE COVE.

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CHAPTER XX (Continued)

"Let us talk as in the old days, girle," he said. "Let us be the loving friends we've been all these years. I want to see you happy. Your happiness is the only thing in the world that really concerns me now. To obtain it for you I would spend my last cent and give the last drop of my blood. You believe me, don't you?"

"Indeed I do, Daddy dear," I answered. "I don't deserve such kindness. I'm afraid I am a very selfish girl."

"You haven't an atom of selfishness in you, Helen. You are a woman, a true, strong, loving woman. We shall remain here as long as you want to. Now that there is another doctor here I am not so much afraid for you. If Grant should—should not recover, your old Dad's love may comfort you. And if, as I earnestly hope, he does get well, then come to me and tell me what you want. It shall be yours, girle, with all my love. That's what I wanted to say."

I slipped off the arm of the chair, and sat down at his feet, looking up at him, through the blur that was in my eyes.

"I—I hardly dare hope he will get well, Daddy," I said, "and—and I don't know yet whether he loves me or not. This evening, in his delirium, he called me his darling, but never before this has he ever said a word of love to me. He's just a friend to me, Daddy, such a friend!"

"How can he help loving you?" said the dear old man.

But I did not answer, and for a time we remained in silence, watching the wood fire in the tiny chimney, until Susie came in.

"Th' kittle's biled," she announced. "Me cousin Hyatt he've brung some meat off'n the mash, an' I bried some."

"I'm not very hungry, Susie," I told her.

"Nor me neither, ma'am, with all them goin'-ous," she confided. "But what's th' use o' despain' any of th' Lord's blessin's specially when they gits kinder scarce?"

So Daddy and I had our supper together, very comfortably, and really I did manage to eat a little, because the thought struck me that a girl couldn't possibly be beyond all hope of comfort as long as she had such a Dad, and I did my best to be brave. But soon after we had finished I became very restless and nervous, and Dad looked at me and patted my hand.

"I expect you'd better run along, my dear," he told me. "But you must really try to have some rest tonight. If that doctor promised to sit up you might just as well sleep. You mustn't be ill, you know, for we need you too much for that."

So I kissed him and hurried back to the shack, overtaking Mr. Barnett, who was also going there. Frenchy met us at the door.

"Mebbe heem Docteur no die now, hein! Mebbe heem leevve now. I think heem no die. What you think?"

"We hope and pray he may get well, my good man," answered the parson.

We went in, and Dr. Johnson rose. "I can see no change as yet," he said, "but then it is hardly possible that any should occur so soon. At any rate he is no worse."

So Mr. Barnett and I sat down by the bed, and Dr. Johnson went away for some supper; I am sure he must have been nearly starving.

"He's been muttering a good deal," said the doctor before leaving, "but that is of no very great moment. The important thing is to watch him to prevent his getting out of bed, if he should become excitable. We must have no undue strain on his weakened heart."

So the little parson and I sat quietly by the patient, who appeared to be sleeping, and for a long time there was no sound at all, and I think we dreaded to move lest the slightest noise might rouse him.

But after a time, so suddenly that it startled me, came the hoarse, low voice that was so painful to hear, and I bent further forward to listen. At first the words were disconnected, with queer interruptions, so that they possessed no meaning, but presently I was listening, breathlessly. He appeared to be giving orders.

"You, Sammy, cast away the lines! Look lively there! Time, time, time!" he muttered. Then he seemed to be waiting for something and began again.

"I told you to be ready! The years, do you hear me? You are wasting the years. She's good for sixty million an hour and it will take forty million years to reach the nearest star, where Helen waits. Can't make it, you say? Don't I see her beckoning!"

Then he turned his head, slightly, as if he were addressing some one very near. "One has to have patience," he said. "They don't understand, and their fingers are all thumbs, and the hawsor is fouling my propeller, and Helen calls, and—and I can do nothing."

His head, that had been slightly up-lifted fell back again, and two great drops gathered in the dark, sunken eyes and slowly ran down the hollowed cheeks.

Mr. Barnett turned to me. In his eyes there was a strange look of apprehension, as when one awaits yet fears an answer. But there was nothing that I could say to him. My heart was beating as though ready to burst. I cared nothing then for the little man who stared at me, and sank on my knees beside my poor unconscious John, lifting his limp hand to my lips.

(From Miss Helen Jelliffe to Miss Jane Van Zandt)

Aunt Jennie, darling:—Isn't the world just the most wonderful place? No one knows it at all until after it has played battledore and shuttlecock with them, and they have been tossed to and fro for a long time. Weren't those old Persians wonderful people? Of course they had no means of knowing the real truth but it surely was the next thing to it to worship the dear sun. It goes away and leaves things dark and dismal, and there may be hail and sleet and rain, and the outlook is all dark, but presently the clouds move and the fog blows away and the path of light twinkles over the big ocean and the very grasses of the hillsides perk up and the birds try to split their little throats with song. They are all sun-worshippers.

Of course you want to know at once how it all came about. I am still shaky and uncertain, as if I had just been awakened. Sometimes I hardly believe that it is the real truth that I behold, but merely some vision that must pass away like the gold and the crimson of the fading day.

John is getting well! I feel that I want to shout it farther than the voice of man ever carried before. I wish that wonderful Marconi could set all these

little waves he makes in the air to vibrating at once and carry over the whole world the tidings that my John is going to live! Of course there were a few very dreadful days, and some nights that were agony, and that nice little doctor lost his red cheeks and looked pale and wan, and of course I was very, very tired. That dear Mrs. Barnett or her husband were always with me, and no one could ever make Frenchy leave the place for a minute, and old Sammy hovered around constantly. The people walked about the tiny village as if it had been a town smitten by a great pestilence, as used to happen in those old dark ages. There have been no more cases, because the doctor has injected some of that stuff in the arms of all who had been in the slightest degree exposed, and it doesn't hurt very much, Aunt Jennie.

But the amazing day was the one upon which I arose, before dawn, because they had just forced me to go to bed the night before, and I hurried down to Frenchy's in the keen cold air, and met Dr. Johnson who was quietly pacing the road and smoking his pipe, which must have been very bad for him so early in the morning. But then I think we have all lost count of hours. When he heard my steps he turned quickly, and his cheeks looked quite pink again, perhaps owing to the cold, and his eyes were just as bright as bright could be, and he just ran towards me. I think my hands began to shake, for I had lost all memory of what a happy face I looked like, I think, and the sight of his was like something that strikes one full in the chest and takes one's breath away.

He just grabbed both my hands, because he is such a nice friendly boy.

"Do you mean to tell me . . ." I began, but he interrupted me.

"Indeed I certainly do," he answered, speaking ever so quickly. "You had not been gone for more than a couple of hours when he opened his eyes and looked at me, very much puzzled, and made a little effort to rise, which of course I checked at once, though his pulse and temperature had gone down, and he looked a lot better."

"You just keep still, old man," I told him. "Now is just the time to look out for sudden heart failure, so you must keep still, and have a good swig of this stuff, and try and have a nap. You've given us a proper scare, I can tell you, but now you're right side up."

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

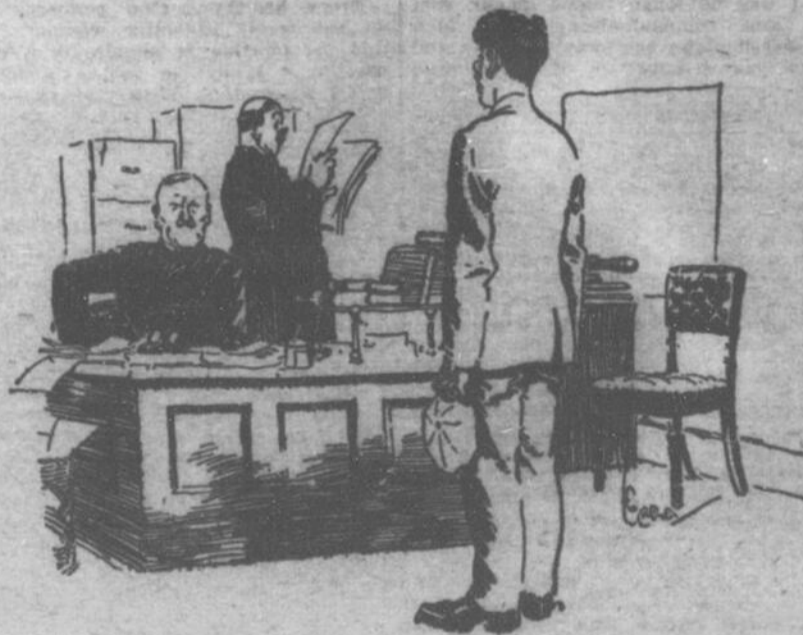
The little girl had spent a whole day at the Zoo with her father, and had read all the notices and placards very carefully. As they passed through the turnstile to return home, her father said—"Well, I think we have seen everything, don't you, dear?" "Everything except the pick-pockets," she pouted.

Lord Leverhulme tells of introducing an American friend visiting him in Great Britain to an old Scotchman.

"What lan' do ye come frae," asked the Scot.

"The greatest land in the world," replied the Yankee.

"Pair chiel, ye've lost your accent," said the canny one.



EXAMINING OFFICER (to applicant for constabulary): "How would you disperse a crowd?"

APPLICANT: "I would pass round the hat!"—The Passing Show.

Mr. Johnson: "Say, Mr. Duncan, what am de meaning of dis here line on de ticket whar it says 'not transferable'?"

Mr. Dorman: "Dat means, Brer Johnson, dat no gen'lman am admitted unless he comes hisself."

"Charlie is wonderful," exclaimed young Mrs. Torkins. "I never dreamed that anyone could run a motor car the way he can!"

"What has happened?"

"We took a ride yesterday and went along beautifully in spite of the fact that he had forgotten some of the machinery."

"You were running without machinery?"

"Yes. We had gone at least eleven miles before Charlie discovered that his engine was missing."

How fast can you say this sentence: "She stood at the door of the fish sauce shop welcoming him in."

The lack of punctuality upon a certain railway has given rise to many amusing stories.

It is said that once when a man found a train starting at the correct time he complimented the guard.

"Right to a tick," he said. "You've got a bad name, but it's a case of a certain gentleman never being so black as he's painted."

The guard merely gave a gentle smile. "This train, sir," he said, "without a trace of embarrassment, 'is not today's train. It is yesterday's."

"And would you believe it, Miss Jelliffe, that big Frenchman jumped off his bunk and stared at him, and then he grabbed me and kissed me on both cheeks as if I'd been another blessed frog-eater, and I wanted to punch his nose but compromised by shaking hands instead. I could just have danced a hornpipe. And by this time Dr. Grant has taken a whole lot of nourishment, and got a good deal of real sleep during the night, and now he's behaving first-rate. I left Frenchy sitting near him, a short time ago, and came out to smoke the pipe of peace with all the world."

"You have saved him!" I cried.

"Well, we've all helped," he said. "It really looks now as if he were quite out of danger, because there is an immense change for the better, and that's a whole lot. I'll just take a peep in now to see if he's awake, because we mustn't disturb him if he isn't."

He left me standing in front of the poor little building, within whose walls we all had spent such terrible hours, and went in on tiptoe. Frenchy came out in his stocking-feet, the most dishevelled man you ever saw, and suddenly I felt as if I were about to fall, in spite of the joy his eyes betrayed, and I grasped his big hairy arm. But I felt better in a moment. The immense new born sun was rising out of the waters, a huge, great, blood-hued thing, and the sky was aflame at last after the awful, somber days, and seemed to burst out with tidings of great joy, like that wondrous star in the East.

And then the little parson came trotting down the road, for he is the most active little man you ever saw, and when he looked into our faces he stretched out his hands and we grasped them happily.

"Oh! Mr. Barnett," I told him. "Indeed, it seems too good to be true."

"Dear young lady," he said, "nothing is ever too good to be true."

He was looking far away at the flaming sky, as if beyond it he had been able to discern some wonderful vision. He surely believes in infinite goodness, Aunt Jennie. His whole life is based upon his trust in it, and it is very beautiful. His words carried with them a world of hope, and suddenly I felt as if some great blessing were perhaps hovering above, like the big circling sea-birds, and might descend to me.

Then Dr. Johnson came out and greeted the little parson, who has taken a great liking to him. Despite the great, dark circles around his eyes, strained as they had been by so many weary hours of watching, the young man's face was merry and boyish, for all that it gives promise of splendid manliness, and it was good to see. As he came to us his steps showed no signs of the fatigue he must have felt.

"He's awake," he announced. "He must have a great deal of rest and quiet just now, but I am sure your presence would give him pleasure, Miss Jelliffe. You won't let him talk very much, will you?"

"No," I promised, and could find no other words.

I moved towards the door, slowly, expecting the others to follow me, but they never stirred. It was as if by some common consent they had acknowledged some right of mine to enter alone. Suddenly my limbs began to drag under me, as if I had been a tottering old woman. I wondered what his first look would say to me, what the first word from his lips would portend? It seemed as if I were going in there like one who sought some hidden treasure, knowing which door it lay behind but stricken with fear lest some unseen Cerberus might be crouching in wait for the rash seeker after happiness. Oh! Aunt Jennie! The tenseness of that moment! The feeling that, like the Snowbird a few days ago, I was moving through a fog-hidden world of peril!

My nails were dug into the palms of my hands as I entered the shack, and his head turned slowly as I came in, and in his eyes I saw the confession his babbling had revealed to me. But then an expression of pain came also, that made me involuntarily look at Frenchy's little crucifix on the wall.

So I just knelt down by him, and once more took that poor thin hand within my own. I spoke very low, and in such a shaky voice, but very quick, for fear I might not be able to continue.

"Don't give up hope," I said. "We despaired for so many long days, and now you are getting well again, and the dear sun is rising from the mists, and the world is very beautiful, and I long to make it more beautiful for you."

I saw two big tears gathering in the corners of the poor sunken eyes, and the long white hand pressed mine, weakly, and that mark of the pangs of the crucifix passed away.

"You must lie very still," I continued, "and let us make you well and strong again, for you've made dear Sweetapple Cove now, after being nearly 'ketch'd' by those dreadful seas, and I know that our little ship is coming safely into port."

For a moment he could only close his eyes, as if the poor, little dawning light that was beginning to come through the windows had been too bright for him, but his hand pressed mine again. Then he looked at me once more, eagerly, as if he longed for other words of mine.

(To be continued)

LOST IN THE AFRICAN BUSH

(The writer of this article is Dr. Donald Fraser, moderator of the U. F. Church of Scotland, and the well-known missionary of that church in Livingstonia. He has been in Livingstonia since 1898, and has seen wonderful things in the transformation of whole peoples by Christian influence. This article gives a glimpse of the adventures which sometimes fall to the lot of missionaries in remote regions.)

We had marched about four or five hours this morning, when we came to our camping-place, beside a shallow water pan. Round its edge the green grass grew in a belt some three or four yards deep. Out into the water there was more growth, grass, reeds, weeds, but all so refreshingly green that the eye rested and fed on it.

Here the men threw down their loads, and stepped into the pond to drink. As the water was not fresh or inviting they stood and stooped to drink, throwing the water into the air with their hands, and catching mouthfuls. My cook-boy had marched at the head of the carriers, and immediately started to collect dry wood. In a few minutes the pots were on a blazing fire, and porridge, and eggs, and tea, were being cooked for my breakfast.

Into the Woods for a Stroll

After breakfast, I took up my gun and walked out into the wood. The stroll was very quiet and pleasant. The sun was still low in the horizon. The trees cast their heavy shadows on the flat land, and there was no life visible except birds and little squirrels. I had no thought of hunting, and was using the leisurely hours to think out a problem of my work that interested me. So I wandered on, careless of the direction I was taking. Suddenly I became aware that a great bull eland was slowly moving among the trees a little way off. The opportunity was too tempting to be resisted. I began to stalk the animal carefully. But instead of dropping he went off at a steady trot, and I made after him. Again I got in a shot, but only made him run harder, and I, forgetful of distance and direction, ran in pursuit, dodging behind trees when there was any chance of his seeing me. At last we came to a dry river bed with its usual thicker growth. The eland tore across and disappeared among the leaves and branches. More quietly and carefully I followed, and when I emerged on the other side my game had disappeared, and I could not see where he had gone.

Somewhat disappointed with my loss, and not caring to go further, I decided to turn back to camp; so I began to follow in what I fancied was the direction from which I had come.

Shot a Waterbuck

I crossed one river bed, and felt satisfied I was all right. But when I came to another a little further on I was puzzled, for I only remembered having crossed one. Then I plunged into a thicket of dense growth, and I knew I had not been there before. However, I went steadily south, and yet failed to recognize any feature of the endless wood. Presently I saw a solitary waterbuck standing under a tree, only his head and horns were showing. Steadying my rifle against a branch I fired at my small target, and the waterbuck fell stone dead.

Now I was puzzled as to how I should let my men know where to find the animal after I got back to camp, for I was hopelessly without sense of direction, and the wood all around was flat, and without distinguishing marks. But what was worst of all, I had no idea of the whereabouts of my camp.

So I decided to leave a little trace of my journey, which would lead my carriers to the game, and at the same time reveal to myself any possible returning on my path, for that I knew was the weakness of people lost in the wilderness. Now it had begun to strike me that I was lost.

Happily, I had a whole copy of the "Scotsman," with an account of the Assembly in my pocket. Tearing this into minute fragments I dropped the flakes at intervals. They were easily discernible in the strong light lying on the bare hard soil. For an hour I had been walking steadily when I came upon a wide pan of cracked mud where water had once stood. I climbed out of this little hollow, and lo, there were my paper flakes on the ground. Evidently I had completed my first circle! In utter consternation I sat down to think. At the same moment there was a rush, and I looked up in time to see a gun and some red buck tearing along near me. I let them go with no thought of shooting, for the problem that vexed me was how to get out of this trackless desert. At length I decided to move straight on east, for I knew that a native path ran north and south through the great valley, and though its track was sometimes invisible where it ran along hard earth, much of it passed over a light sandy soil. If I kept steadily going east I was bound to cross this path, if not today, then the next day.

So I started out, taking my bearings from the sun. Now and then I shouted in the hope that perhaps my men were looking for me, and were nearer than I

thought, and all the time I kept dropping my little flakes of paper.

Followed by a Herd

My shouts attracted a herd of mpala, which stood banded together watching me. I could not resist the offer to shoot, so I fired and one leapt into the air and dropped. I covered its body with leaves so as to hide it from the vultures, and then continued my march east. My mouth was parched with thirst, and I was growing extremely tired. As the conviction grew on me that I was lost I began to break into a run. Every now and then I had to sit down to prevent myself running, and to take stock of my general direction. The sun was now scorching hot, and the tenuous air rose in waves from the earth as from an oven. I poured out moisture from every pore, but neither water pan nor water bottle was near to slake my raging thirst.

I still continued to shout at intervals, but the curious result was that every time I called the mpala came leaping towards me. They gathered in big bunches of twenty or forty and watched me, and then followed in long strings near by me. As I had only one cartridge left I decided to keep it in case I was benighted, and had to use it for more dangerous game.

Utterly exhausted I now sat down and began to think what I should do if the night came on, and I was still wandering. I looked about for a suitable tree to climb in which I could be safe, but none were visible there.

At last I got up again, and resumed my weary tramp. The newspaper was finished by this time, and I had torn up all the letters and papers with which my pockets had been well stuffed. At last I fell back on my diary, the only paper left me, and leaf by leaf I reduced it also to small flakes as I walked. Each leaf that fell was like the dropping of a treasure, for the little book was full of curious native words, travel notes, sketches of paths and village locations. At last it too was finished, and nothing remained but its bare boards.

Hitting the Trail

I stood a moment to puzzle how I should continue to trace my track, for I knew that my faithful carriers must hit upon this utterly foreign thing once they were alarmed at my absence, and following it must find me at last. Then suddenly I lifted my eyes and saw the path. There it was running north and south over a slightly sandy soil.

That was one of the great moments of my life. No avenue and flowered road ever appeared so beautiful and dear as that little strip marked by the feet of human beings. There were the small cups in the sand where men's toes had trod, and the large ovals of their heels. The deserted valley had suddenly passed from a gloomy solitude to a human habitation. Though man was not visible, were not these little marks evidence enough that he had passed this way, and that I was no longer alone among vast trees and companionless game? Men had passed along this way to home and friends, and so might I, if I followed where they had gone.

But the greatest thought was the goodness of God who had led me at last to so plain a path just when my paper was finished, and where the feet of men could be seen.

North or South?

I stooped down and examined the path very carefully. Soon it was evident that some steps were pointing north, while others had gone south. Now, where was my camp—north or south? The nearest village to the north was perhaps twenty miles away, but to the south it was further still. Had I passed this way in the morning? If I had my camp lay to the south, if not, it was north. I scanned the sand most carefully to see if there was a straight ribbon mark of my bicycle wheel. But I could see none. Yet that was not decisive, for my bicycle was at the head of the caravan, and behind me at least fifteen porters had been tramping, and their feet may have obliterated the marks. So I walked north, watching the path very carefully. Sometimes no sign of the path was visible, for the earth was hard like wood. Then a wave of thankfulness would come that I had struck it at a sandy place, else I might have crossed it unawares.

I had not walked more than half-a-mile when suddenly I became aware of a little straight line appearing now and then on the path. Down I got on my hands and knees and examined this line. Yes, it was the spoor of something that had moved along that path. It must be the bicycle wheel. No other thing in a native caravan could leave this line.

So off I started south, at a great pace, and arrived back at the point where I had begun my walk north, just where the paper flakes had given out, and I raised another shout as I walked on rapidly. Immediately there came an answering call, and three or four natives broke through a screen of green shrubs, and came running to me. I had actually hit on the path only a few yards from my camp!

The Winding Way Home

The whole exploit was so foolish that I was ashamed to speak of it to the carriers who came running to welcome me.

"Follow the line of little papers," I said, "and you will find some dead beasts I shot." "Ah, sir, you are mocking us," they answered. "We were starting out to search for you." "No, it is all true. First you will find a mpala, then further on a waterbuck. There is going to be a good moon, but you must hurry up," and immediately there was a series of shouts, "Nyama, Nyama" (game, game). And so the camp emptied, and everyone began to follow the scent at a trot like a pack of dogs. But I limped to my tent and threw myself on my bed, too tired to rise from it for hours afterwards. The blazing fires, and my cook sitting over his pots, gave me a glowing sense of companionship.

With the moon the men returned laden with their spoil. Dry logs were thrown on the merry fires, and far into the morning the men were busy cutting the flesh into long strips, and spreading these over green stick frames where they frizzed and dried.

Next day as we tramped along, the men laden with dried meat on top of their bundles, one of them said to me—

"But, why did you drop the flakes of paper?"

"That you might find game," I said. "It was a clever idea," he answered, unsatisfied, "but you took a strangely winding way home."

And I, who have so little sense of direction, held my silence before these men to whom no wilderness or thicket hides the straight way home.—Inverness Courier.

SOME HOT WEATHER HINTS

Nothing contributes so much to personal comfort during a heat wave as suitable clothing. Women, as a rule, do not suffer so much at these times as men, as they are more lightly and loosely clad.

To ensure comfort, men should dispense altogether with black or dark coats and waistcoats, bowlers and felt hats, and wear instead the lightest-colored jackets they can obtain, and the flimsiest of straws or Panamas.

Indoor workers who can afford to defy convention will find comfort in white drill or flannel garments, while those situated less fortunately must content themselves with doffing both jacket and vest. But all can permit themselves the luxury of a loose, low, and soft collar.

Collars Cause Danger

Any pressure on the vessels and nerves of the neck, bad enough in ordinary circumstances, is doubly dangerous when the temperature is abnormally high. Moreover, any tight constriction by garments which encircle the neck impedes the free escape into the open of that column of moist, superheated air exhalation which is continuously rising upwards from a perspiring skin.

Every healthy person perspires more or less freely in sultry weather. When this perspiration is unable to evaporate readily, it is apt to cause considerable bodily discomfort; hence the importance of wearing undergarments of an absorbent, light, and preferably open-meshed texture.

It is only by perspiring that the body is enabled to keep its own temperature at its natural healthy level, and it is a mistake to attempt to check the action of the skin by sponging with or bathing in iced water. This has the effect of increasing heat-production in the internal organs. A cold bath, pleasant and refreshing at the time, is usually followed by the glow of reaction which nobody wants in blazing weather. On the other hand, a tepid bath will be followed by a feeling of coolness and cleanliness.

Food is no less important than clothing. There is so much variety in people's occupations, requirements, surroundings, and habits that every individual is a law unto himself in the matter of diet. But there are certain broad principles which are applicable to all during hot spells.

The total quantity of meat should be small in amount. Instinct is a trustworthy guide, and will probably prompt the healthy to the consumption of larger helpings of fresh fruit, salads, and other succulent vegetables, which will help to allay the thirst which plays so prominent a part in the cooling process.

At the same time, care must be taken to avoid the production of a thirst by the use of an excess of table salt, cayenne pepper, mustard, chilies, piquant sauces, and pickles, or by the consumption of salt meat, fish, or other preserved animal food.

Ices and iced liquids help to keep down the temperature by reducing and retarding internal combustion, while at the same time making up the loss of water due to excessive perspiration. The only warning that is called for with regard to them is that a big iced drink is dangerous to anyone overheated by exertion, and that the too free use of iced fluids either immediately before or after meals may interfere with the digestion. Ice creams are quite another matter. It is the flooding of the stomach with cold fluid that is to be avoided.—Tit-Bits.

HIDDEN TREASURE

These are days when it seems that searching for hidden treasure is the fashionable pursuit. Boys are digging in Jersey City for gold alleged to have been buried by a gardener three-quarters of a century ago, a group of Katonah business men are on their way to the Belgian Congo in search of a gold-carpeted spring, and it is learned, says the New York Evening Mail, that another expedition has left for Nova Scotia to find treasure, traditionally rumored to exceed \$50,000,000.

Included in the party are said to be two men from White Plains, two from Newark, one from Elizabeth and one from California. Mr. Bowne is said to be the organizer and financial backer of the expedition and is alleged to have spent \$20,000 or more on the project.

Plans for the expedition were held in a strict secrecy, but were learned by a man who happened to be loitering at Recreation pier, Elizabeth, and saw a gang of workmen loading machinery on a steamer. He made inquiries and discovered what was on foot.

It was a legend of many years that once during a war between two South American countries the government of one took \$50,000,000 or more from the treasury and put it on a ship for safe keeping. The crew mutinied, took the ship to Canada and buried it on an obscure island off the coast of Nova Scotia. The Californian, who is one of the party, learned the tradition and secured a lease on the island from the Canadian government.

The expedition will go from New York to Halifax and will there ship on another boat for the island, which is not named.

The Waiting Parents

Two thrushes at Hampton Court, England, built a nest on the buffers of a train that ran each day to Waterloo and back. Three eggs were laid, and three fledglings hatched.

The youngsters travelled to Waterloo every day with the train, and found the parent birds waiting for them when they returned in the evening.

On Saturday the train, instead of returning to Hampton Court, was sent on to Esher. The following day it went to Bournemouth.

At Hampton Court two unhappy birds still look for the return of the train.

A Little Girl's Essay on Animals

There are lots of different kinds of animals, wild ones, trained ones, and animals at the theological gardens.

You should be good to animals. Boys are sometimes mean to animals. Boys are mean to girls. Boys are dreadfully conceited. Some boys think they are just as good as girls. They think they are lots smarter than they ain't.

When a boy grows up and you get engaged to him, he is your finance. Boys are horrid. This is all I know about animals.

"Nothing here on earth—except age in its brightest beauty of goodness and sweetness and kindness, is so adorable as a little child is."

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IN PICTURESQUE SPAIN

Segovia is a place known to many artists, though possibly less known than its sister—Toledo; but the serrated roofline and the towered walls which surround the rock on which it is built are familiar to all who know the works of Ignacio Zuloaga. Segovia has preserved its ancient character more than most cities of Central or Southern Spain; the old watchman who still parades with his comrades at nightfall in more than one Spanish town, here presents—with spear, cloak, and beret—the appearance of a figure from some romantic drama; lantern in hand, he pads silently down the steep steps between the high echoing walls, and his sing-song cry "One o'clock, the watchman," dying away into a black distance, completes the illusion. Theatrical, perhaps, but in what a decor! Possibly this custom has now yielded to post-war progress—it is to be hoped not. Guide-books tell us all there is to tell about the Roman aqueduct and the numerous Romanesque churches of the place. Here also was a huge peasant of Castile, in the flat hat of the picador, posing in the hard glare for a design representing that first act of the bull-fight, which makes us wonder sometimes whether the Inquisition was responsible for a certain native callousness, or vice versa.

The inhabitant of Castile is often a picturesque person, and usually a very democratic one, despite the grand manner. Above the water-mill, where mule-trains once dumped the precious ingots from the plate ships—for it was the Mint of Old Spain, the castle of the Alcazar juts into the plain like the bows of a battleship. Soldiers are deputed to escort visitors round this castle, and to explain the details of the view over the town. To one such visitor it seemed that every second building was a cathedral or an Archbishop's palace, and he said as much in his halting Spanish. Said the soldier: "Many bishops, many priests, many friars—and much hunger."

But the grim courtesy of the Castilian peasant is the thing which strikes most vividly. Once a certain painter was working in the patio of San Juan de la Penitencia at Toledo: at noon beggars came, who received bread through the trap-door in the monastery wall. One tattered but dignified figure received his loaf, and, approaching the painter, made him a fine sweeping bow accompanied by a request (in the third person) "to augment the charity." It is well that in one country at least the value of good manners is appreciated. No; it is impossible to recommend a sketching-ground—"each to his choice." But if a golden mediæval rock-city in a parched plain, tempered with shady river valleys, backed by snow-mountains and inhabited by a grave and courteous people is the need—Segovia will supply it.—*Morning Post.*

THE ANTI-CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT IN CHINA

The anti-Christian movement is fast dissipating, although there is a possibility of a revival. At times it is necessary to discuss religious topics to summarize the situation of the Christian church in China and the reaction which is developing to it among the Chinese people, because the missionary is by far the most important foreigner in his community. He is the one foreigner whom the Chinese know, and in remote districts the one they rely upon to inform the legations and the foreign press of injustices and exactions on the part of officials.

Wherever there has been a famine, and a flood, the missionaries have always been the only local forces who immediately organized to help the people and whose appeals spread throughout the world. It was to the so-called international famine and flood relief committees, composed chiefly of missionaries, that the Chinese and foreigners contributed, because it was known these committees would not permit the funds to be diverted to political and other uses.

Nevertheless the missionary is a foreigner and therefore an outsider, and in a country which has suffered so much at the hands of foreigners there is always a suspicion of the motives which underlie every act. One of the general suppositions is that the missionaries are in China to destroy the traditional customs and habits of the people and to introduce

foreign ways. The fact that they are opposed to ancestor worship and that foreign languages and foreign subjects are taught in their schools has given the older generation an opportunity to join with the "scientists" in attacking Christianity.

The "scientists" are not to be laughed at, and their opposition to Christianity in this country must be taken very seriously. Men like Tsai Yuan-Pei and Wang Ching-Wei, whose followings are large and whose influence covers the entire land, are leaders of thought. Their opposition to Christianity is the time-worn quarrel between religion and science. The Biblical interpretation of the origin of the universe and its statement of the natural history of the world makes a very small impression on Chinese intellectuals.

"DON'TS" FOR BATHERS

Swimming is one of the most healthful summer sports, and one of the most useful, says a writer in the Daily Chronicle. It would not be easy to say how many lives would be lost at the seaside each holiday season if it were not for prompt aid rendered by swimmers to bathers who cannot swim, or at all events get into difficulties. But fatal accidents are still far too frequent, and many of them might easily be avoided.

There are a few Don'ts which every would-be bather and swimmer will do well to remember.

Don't start bathing for the first time in your life without having been medically examined. There is often quite unsuspected a slight heart weakness that swimming will aggravate, or even cause to be fatal.

Taken Proper Precautions

Don't unless quite strong, bathe before breakfast, and then not on a perfectly empty stomach.

Don't fail to ascertain before bathing in a strange place, and especially on a rocky coast, the set of the tides, and the locality of submerged rocks and of holes. Many a moderate swimmer has come to grief, and even lost his or her life, through lack of this precaution.

Don't bathe alone unless absolutely unavoidable. The strongest of swimmers may be taken with cramp, or may get into difficulties.

Don't swim out the total distance of which you are capable. Remember that you have to swim back, and that the return journey will not find you as fresh as when you started.

Don't bathe too soon after a hearty meal.

Don't venture nearly out of your depth if you cannot swim. It is foolhardy.

Don't pretend to be drowning or in difficulties if you cannot swim. And even if you can it is unwise. You may cry "wolf!" once too often. Only last summer a young lady was drowned in the sight of many people who could have saved her, because they thought she was once more only pretending.

Don't remain in the water too long. Come out directly any feeling of chilliness supervenes. Fifteen to twenty minutes is long enough, save in the height of summer.

When in Difficulties

Don't shout and throw up your arms should you be seized with cramp, or suddenly find your nerve gone, or that you are tired. In the first instance, throw yourself on your back, kick out with the legs, and call for assistance. If it is loss of nerve or tiredness, throw yourself on your back and gently paddle whilst calling for help.

Don't clutch at anyone coming to your assistance. It will possibly bring disaster to both.

Don't, when going to anyone's rescue, swim near enough for them to clutch you. Try first to restore confidence, and then tow inshore by placing your hands beneath the chin of the disabled one, who should be on his or her back, and swim also on your back underneath.

Don't dive in without being sure there is sufficient depth of water. Many bad accidents have happened through negligence in this matter.

Don't fail to learn to swim as soon as you have the opportunity. Also learn to swim in your clothes. To be able to do this is most useful.

Eskimo's Quaint Order

Edmonton, Canada.—"Send me a schooner, Innotok."

That is the brief but eloquent order which was received recently by a ship-building firm in Edmonton. Edmonton, although it is several hundred miles from the ocean, is nevertheless an important shipbuilding centre, and supplies ocean-going vessels for the Arctic Ocean, 1,000 miles away.

Innotok, who so briefly ordered a ship from the Edmonton yard, is an Eskimo living in a country which has not even a name. He knew that the yard in question had already built ships for the Arctic and he wasted no time on description. The schooner ordered, the Queen of the Eastern Arctic, is now on the stocks. She is forty feet long and will displace twelve tons. She is to be delivered at the mouth of the Mackenzie River this summer and will be paid for by honest Innotok in white fox skins.—*London Daily Mail.*

CAPTAIN KIDD

Two hundred and fifty years after the death of Captain William Kidd, always pictured as one of the most notorious pirates in the world, comes evidence, says a writer in "The Early Trader," Lawrence, Mass., to prove that he was innocent of the charge and was instead a greatly wronged man. New England people are particularly interested, for tradition of his buried treasure has stirred the inhabitants of many of our seashore towns from time to time.

The investigation of the life of the unfortunate captain showed that he was a stern but trustworthy man, the son of a non-conformist clergyman who had served his country so well in one of the French wars, that he was awarded a prize of one hundred and fifty pounds. Against his wishes he was selected as the man to hunt down the pirates of the Indian Ocean. He sailed from New York in the year sixteen hundred seventy-one, in a three hundred ton galley, armed with thirty guns, with a crew of one hundred and fifty-four men. Several years later he landed at Boston, delivering to the authorities a large quantity of goods he had captured. Here he was arrested, charged with piracy, brutality to prisoners and the murder of one of his men, William Moore, who was charged by the captain with mutiny.

Sent in irons to England, he was given a most unjust trial, being forced to plead before the indictment against him was read. The charge was then changed from piracy to murder, to which Kidd testified that he had struck down the leading mutineer in a quarrel about the man's insubordination. He had no chance to receive a fair hearing. Two of his learned lawyers, probably advised by his enemies, deserted him before two hours had passed; he was not allowed to give any testimony in his own favor, and was found guilty of all charges, being hanged two weeks later.

The truth of the matter seems to be that a large part of his crew deserted him, turned pirates themselves and in order to save their own lives, swore that the crimes they were responsible for were committed by Captain Kidd. The Royal Governor of New York, the former friend of the captain, and the man who urged him against his will to accept the post, was one of the most active in his prosecution. It was evident that someone would have to be sacrificed and all who might be charged with complicity from governor to crew united in placing the responsibility upon an innocent man.

Fate and history have been unkind to no man than to Captain Kidd, as Shakespeare makes Hamlet say in his quarrel with his royal uncle, "Tis dangerous, when the baser natures come between the pass and fell-incensed points of mighty opposites."

FAMOUS COMPLIMENTS

"What is the prettiest compliment on record?" asks G. Greenhough Smith in John o' London's Weekly. Some may be inclined to give the preference to Dr. Johnson's compliment to Mrs. Siddons, where there happened to be no chair ready for her when she came into his room. "Madam," said the doctor, smiling, "you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself." And certainly the effect of such a witty, pretty speech from the gruff doctor has all the piquancy of contrast; it is a blossom growing on a rock.

Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn with two ladies, one of whom was then the lady of his heart, and afterwards his wife, when a servant came to tell him that a person wished to see him. As he refused to go, one lady took him by the right arm and the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate; where, finding resistance useless, he bowed, laid his hand upon his breast, and spoke the following impromptu:—

"Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.

Like him I go, and yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine is more unkind—
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

Who would not rather have said anything so charming than have been the author of "Night Thoughts"?

Then there is that compliment of compliments which, familiar though it is, can no more be omitted from such a list than a king from L's coronation. "Oh, Mr. Smith," cried a pretty girl in a flower garden, "I shall never bring that rose to perfection!" "Then," said Mr. Smith—need we add that his Christian name was Sydney?—taking her by the hand and leading her forward, "permit me to bring perfection to the rose."

King George has appointed the Prince of Wales a Knight of the Thistle.

First Aid to Mahogany

The book was dust covered and its leaves discolored with age, while its pages seemed largely devoted to correct recipes for sassafras tea and sulphur and treacle tonic, to say nothing of directions for making soft brown soap, wool dye and apple butter—the last to be cooked all day for each of three consecutive days in an iron kettle over an outdoor fire! Yet tucked away in the midst of a score or more "Helpful Hints to Housewives" was a bit of information that must have referred to the treatment of the luxurious pieces of mahogany furniture that were so often found in homes where labor saving conveniences were conspicuous by their absence.

"The meat of a pecan nut rubbed over the scratched surface of mahogany will darken the mark and render it less distressingly conspicuous."

And experiment proves that the pecan meat does "render" a scratch almost unnoticeable.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Passing of an Old Resident

A large gathering of friends and neighbors assembled at the residence of Mr. Jas. S. Smith of Cumberland Township, on Sunday, June 4th, to pay their last respect to all that was mortal of one of the oldest residents of the district. Mr. Smith was born in the township of Goulborn, in the County of Carleton, in 1833. His parents had come originally from the County of Cavan, Ireland. In 1863 Mr. Smith moved to Cumberland Township and settled on the farm on which he had lived ever since. In 1865 he took as his partner and helpmeet, Miss Jane Erskine, who survives her husband.

Of quiet disposition, he lived much to himself, but at the same time was well thought of by his neighbors who ever to the widow left to mourn the loss of the partner with whom she had spent more than 50 years of married life. He found him resting in his days of robust health, to lend a helping hand. For a number of years Mr. Smith has been laid aside from the active duties of life, being quite crippled with rheumatism. He passed peacefully away on Friday, June 2nd, at the ripe age of 84 years.

In religion Mr. Smith was a Presbyterian, being a member of St. Andrew's Church, Cumberland. He was a member of the Orange Association, and in politics was a Conservative.

The funeral service, which was largely attended, was conducted by Rev. George Campbell, pastor of Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The body was borne to its last resting place by six old friends of the deceased, Messrs. W. H. Rivington, Thos. Moffatt, Jas. Spratt, Jas. Wright, Wm. H. Edwards, and Jas. P. Gamble. The sympathy of the community goes out to the widow left to mourn the loss of the partner with whom she had spent more than 50 years of married life.



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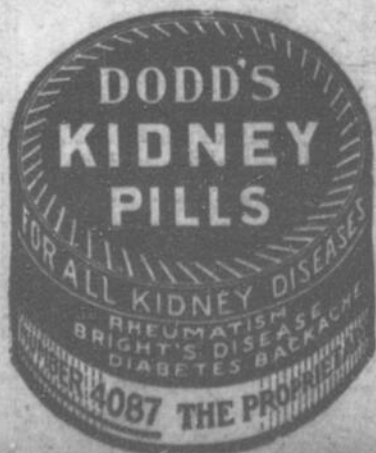
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LIVE STOCK PRICES

COMMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 24.

At Toronto, the offerings met with a steady demand for all kinds excepting some very common Western grassers. On Tuesday and Wednesday, the run was again short and a strong demand developed for good to choice stable-fed cattle with prices on these advancing 25c per hundred. The heavy steer supply was light and the exporters took about a dozen loads at \$4.75 to \$4.25, but the top load averaging 1240 pounds, went to a packer at \$9.35 per hundred. Some rough Westerners averaging over 1200 pounds sold as low as \$6.25. Most of the stable-fed butcher cattle went between \$5.00 and \$9.00 with one lot of four, averaging 995 pounds, bringing the top price of \$9.25. Grass cattle sold mostly from \$5.50 to \$7.75 and some Westerners realized the low price of \$4.75. Cows were fully 25c higher than during last week, choice ones moving from \$6.00 to \$6.50 and an odd one up to \$7.90. Fair grass cows sold downward to \$3.00. Bulls were steady to a shade stronger under a light export demand. Most of the very good bulls sold from \$5.50 to \$7.75 and a few at \$6.00. Very few feeders changed hands during the week, but several loads of light stockers and breeding heifers went back to the country at prices varying from \$4.00 to \$6.00, according to quality. Milkers and springers were slow with the bulk of the good ones from \$60.00 to \$80.00 each and odd sales of choice reaching \$100.00. One carload of bulls was exported to Buffalo. This is the first shipment to the States from this yard during the year to date.

The calf run was much lighter than during last week, but the trade from the shippers and salesmen's standpoint was the poorest this year. Prices were \$1.50 off on all grades with tops barely reaching \$9.00 at the close. Most of the run was of medium to good quality, but the demand was very weak and sales were hard to make even at the low prices. With the lamb run still on the increase, prices are still settling lower. Average prices for the week were 50c lower than during last week with most of the good lambs going between \$14.75 and \$15.50, and the odd sale at \$16.00. Culls sold from \$8.00 to \$12.00. The mutton market unexpectedly improved and the light sheep offering sold at 50c per hundred higher, with best handweights at \$6.00. Hog prices opened on Monday at \$14.25 per hundred for selects, fed and watered or steady with last week. With some outsiders absent on Tuesday and demand a shade easier, buyers got most of the day's offering at a reduction of 25c. The decline was recovered on Wednesday and Thursday.

At Montreal, the offerings of cattle were the lightest for some time but coupled with the held-overs, proved sufficient for a rather slow trade. Most of the cattle were off the grass, and quality considered, the good cattle held about steady while the common kinds, especially cows and bulls, were 50c to 75c lower in spots. Three or four loads of steers off grass but nevertheless, of very fair quality, brought from \$8.00 to \$8.25, while those of medium quality sold from \$7.00 to \$7.50. Most of the common steers moved from \$6.00 to \$6.75 and a few very plain ones as low as \$3.50. Heifers were weighed up with steers of similar quality, excepting a few very common light ones which sold at \$4.50. Good cows moved fairly readily from \$5.50 to \$6.25 with one lot of good heifers cows as high as \$6.70. Medium and common cows were weaker, selling from \$4.00 to \$4.50. Canners and cutters changed hands from \$2.00 to \$3.50. Practically all the bulls offered were common, and were hard to sell from \$4.00 to \$5.00. At the close of the week a few bulls remained unsold.

Receipts of calves were only slightly heavier than during last week, but early on Monday, after a few sales were made at about level with last week's prices, the bottom dropped out of the market and by Tuesday and Wednesday very fair lots of sucking calves were sold as low as \$4.00 and common pail-fed drinkers down to \$2.00. The reason given for the slump is that it is impossible to sell dressed veal on the American markets. It is reported that veal shipped to New York a week ago still remains unsold. Sheep and lambs were steady to strong. Sheep sold from \$3.00 to \$5.00 depending upon quality. Good lambs were in demand at from \$12.00 to \$13.00, with a few sales of choice lots up to \$14.00 at the end of the week. Common light lambs were around \$10.00. Hogs were steady at \$15.00 for good selects. Rougher lots but of select weights, brought \$14.50. Thick smooth hogs sold from \$14.00 to \$14.25 and heavy rough hogs brought \$12.50 to \$14.00, depending upon quality and age. Sows were generally \$10.00 with stags from \$6.00 to \$7.00 off car weights.

The cattle market at Winnipeg opened under heavy offerings, including a liberal supply carried over from the previous week. With the quality generally poor and the demand light, early trading was decidedly dull and draggy with all grades selling extremely weak. During the forepart of the week the best butcher cows were difficult to sell from \$4.00 to \$4.50, while medium and fair kinds were practically unsaleable within a range of \$2.50 to \$3.50. A few really good dry-fed steers sold up to \$8.00. The bulk of the best grassers ranged from \$6.00 to \$6.50 and the remainder of the plain and medium kinds from \$4.00 to \$5.50. The offerings in the stocker and feeder division were far too heavy for requirements and this resulted in a slow and draggy trade. Fair to good feeder steers were absorbed from \$3.00 to \$4.00, the more plain kinds ranging from \$2.00 to \$2.75. Toward mid-week the market showed signs of improvement, packers' buyers were a little more eager to operate, while an improved Eastern demand was responsible for

a more active and brisk trade. Trading for the balance of the week continued fairly brisk with the result that desirable killing classes were advanced from 25c to 50c per hundred, while the better kinds of feeder steers also gained a strong 25c over the opening of the week's trading. Light-weight butcher heifers were in demand at the close from \$6.00 to \$7.97. The best cows sold freely up to \$5.00. Medium to good killing steers of handweights ranged from \$6.00 to \$7.00 with a few up to \$7.50. Plain and fair kinds of feeder steers showed little change, but the more fleshy kinds were firmer with sales being made up to \$4.50.

The calf market held about steady. The most of the good vealers changed hands from \$6.00 to \$8.00 with plain and medium kinds going from \$3.00 to \$5.00. Approximately 1,000 cattle and calves were shipped to the South and about 1500 to the East during the week. The sheep and lamb trade was slow, with quite a few common kinds of sheep on offer. The latter sold as low as \$1.00 per hundred and ranged generally from \$2.00 to \$3.00. Heavy mutton sheep sold from \$5.00 to \$6.00 with a few good light kinds changing hands from \$7.00 to \$8.00. Best lambs reached \$15.00 with the majority going from \$12.00 to \$14.00. The hog market was mostly unsettled and opened with the bulk of the offerings selling at \$12.25. On Monday prices declined to \$12.00 but recovered on Wednesday when \$12.25 was the prevailing price. A further gain was made on Thursday when the bulk sold generally from \$12.50 to \$12.75 according to cuts and quality.

At Calgary, the bulk of the receipts consisted of medium and common kinds of stock. A few grain-finished steers were offered. Nineteen steers averaging 1192 pounds, topped the market at \$7.25 while other heavy steers sold mostly from \$7.00 to \$7.15. Choice handy weight steers sold mostly from \$6.00 to \$7.00. Good light butcher steers changed hands mostly from \$5.25 to \$6.25, while common grades were draggy and about 25c lower than the previous week. There were no choice butcher cows offered. Medium and good cows sold from \$4.00 to \$4.75. Butcher heifers topped at \$6.25. Most of the sales of good kinds were made from \$5.00 to \$5.50. A fair number of bulls were offered, those of good quality changing hands from \$3.00 to \$3.00 and common from \$1.25 to \$1.75. The demand for stockers and feeders was fairly active. There was a good demand for stockers, accompanied by a health certificate for United States shipment. Prices were fairly steady. Good feeders sold mostly from \$3.50 to \$4.50. Stocker steers sold from \$3.25 to \$4.00 and stocker heifers around \$3.00. Calves were about 50c per hundred weaker than the previous week, topping at \$7.50, while most of the sales were made around \$5.50.

A few good sheep sold at \$3.50. Good lambs sold mostly from \$12.00 to \$12.50. The hog market was unsteady and prices varied throughout the week from \$11.50 to \$12.50, closing at \$11.75 to \$12.00, fed and watered.

The market at Edmonton was inclined to be draggy, due to an abundance of common cattle and prices were weaker. Good dry-fed cattle moved freely at steady prices. Choice butcher steers sold mostly from \$6.50 to \$7.00, good from \$5.00 to \$5.5, and common to medium from \$3.50 to \$4.50. A few choice heifers topped at \$6.00, most of the sales being made around \$5.50 for those of good quality. Choice cows sold from \$4.50 to \$5.50, medium to good from \$3.50 to \$4.50 and common from \$2.50 to \$3.00. Stocker cows changed hands from \$2.00 to \$2.50. A few choice bulls were weighed up from \$3.00 to \$3.50. There was a slow demand for feeders, tops generally \$3.75. Stockers sold mostly from \$3.00 to \$3.50. Calves were considerably weaker, choice kinds selling generally from \$4.50 to \$5.00.

The sheep market was weaker. A few choice lambs topped at \$12.00; most of the sales were made at \$11.00. Good sheep sold mostly from \$7.00 to \$8.00. The hog market was unsteady and weak, selects selling from \$12.00 to \$12.25, off car weights.

PRESS AND THE CINEMA

Schoolmasters' Views.

At Liverpool, England, the National Association of Schoolmasters have endorsed a resolution expressing the opinion that the reporting by many newspapers of sordid details of crimes was inimical to the interests of the youth of the country, and requesting those responsible, to take steps to modify such reports. The resolution also appealed to the cinema industry to apply a similar system of censorship to the poster advertisements of films as had been applied to the films themselves.

One member said that in drafting the resolution he had been careful not to condemn the whole press of the country. There was a section of the press that delighted in publishing crime in a useless fashion. None of them would say that crime should be omitted, but they felt that the press could do something to stop the besmirching of the papers with details day by day. It was not essential that the lurid vulgar details of crime should be shouted in headlines; it was not essential that all the filthy details of the Divorce Court should be put into the papers. All this was having a pernicious influence on the lads and adolescents, and in the interests of these they asked the press to do something to alter the character of such reports.

He had nothing but admiration in a general sense for the way in which the cinema industry was developing, but in some cities the cinema posters had much better be left off the walls. Some of them were a prostitution of talent. Could not something be done to stop the printing and publication of these vile posters, vile from an artistic point of view, and worse from an ethical point of view. They must not forget that these posters were the picture galleries of the kiddies, and he hoped the cinema industry would deal with the posters as they dealt with the films themselves.

AMERICAN LAW

Talking of law, writes Sir Maurice Low in the Morning Post, why any young man seeking a profession should go in for medicine, the church, engineering, or anything else when the law is open to him is a mystery, for in America the bar is the road to success and a fortune. The law's delays were had enough in England some years ago, but swift is a stroke from the sky compared with the way in which trials are spun out here. Mr. Taft, the Chief Justice of the United States, is in England to examine into the methods of the English courts in the hope of being able to apply them to the American judicial system, so to diminish the time between the filing of an action or the finding of an indictment and final judgment; for whether it is a criminal or civil proceeding there is always the same delay, which brings the administration of justice into contempt and frequently defeats its ends. A case in point is the Stillman affair. Mr. Stillman brought his action a year ago last March, that is fourteen months ago, and the newspapers calmly assure us the trial is only in its initial stage.

JUNE ROSES

(By Louise Driscoll)

The purple iris drooped and died,
That last bright, fragile flower of Spring;
And June has brought her roses in
And makes her offering
Of scented beauty to the year
That sees joy come and disappear.

If you would gather roses, then,
Let nothing make you late,
For none may buy back yesterday
And roses never wait.
Put by your grief and reverently
Do homage to a blossoming tree.

Ugly things may hold you down
Or drive you in some dusty way
With burdens that you may not shirk
Or understand, and yet, today
Here is a perfect thing that you
May love and own an hour or two.

The wind that blows bright petals down,
The breaking, beating rain,
Still visit men and gardens with
Their mystery of pain,
And men and gardens go their way
From dust to dust in their brief day.

But beauty is the treasure that
No thief may take from you.
If you've seen roses swaying where
A little wind goes through—
If you have known their scented breath,
Why need you be afraid of death?

Oh, let no lovely thing be lost!
The rose is yours to have and hold,
And you will find it in your heart
When all your ways grow cold.
Beauty shall lead you at the end,
Gently as a familiar friend.

—New York Times

WE THANK THEE, LORD

For Thy sweet sunshine after nights of rain;
For Thy sweet balm of comfort after pain;
For Thy sweet peace that ends a long-drawn strife;
For Thy sweet rest that ends a burdened life;
For joy, dispersing sorrows as the sun
Sucks up the morning mists, and as Thy winds
Dispel the clouds and show the blue again,—
The deep, pure, tenuous, heavenly blue that seems,
In its infinity of tenderness,
Like to Thy Love, that fills all time and space
With Thy sweet Spirit's all-abounding grace;
For all Thy healing ministries,—
We thank Thee, Lord.

For hearts estranged, won back to fellowship,
And closer knit by sweet forgiveness;
For hearts made tenderer by fortune's blows;
For souls by sorrows ripened in Thy love;
Yea, and for pain that took our pride away,
And cast us wholly on Thy charity;
For darkened ways that led us to the Light,
For blinding tears that yet renewed our sight;
For travails and perplexities of mind
Through which we wrestled, nobler life to find;—
And found, beyond our craving souls' upreach,
The wonder of the lessons Thou wouldst teach;
For dear lives salvaged from the hand of Death;
For pure souls' fiery purgings without scathe;
For answered prayers that showed Thy boundless love;
For prayers unanswered, wiser love to prove;
For all Thy leadings through life's devious ways,

HEALTH MESSAGE TO THE WORLD

Take "Fruit-a-tives" And Make Yourself Well

"Fruit-a-tives," the marvellous medicine made from fruit juices and tonics, is the most beneficial medicinal agent that has ever been given to mankind.

Just as oranges, apples, figs and prunes are nature's own medicine, so "Fruit-a-tives"—made from these fruit juices—but concentrated and intensified—is the greatest Stomach and Liver Medicine—the greatest Kidney and Bladder Medicine—the greatest Blood Purifier—the greatest remedy for Headaches, Constipation, Indigestion, Nervousness and Bad Complexion—in the world.

To be well, take "Fruit-a-tives." 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



Strength

Strength of muscle does not indicate strength of nerves. On this account many people who look healthy enough suffer from nervous troubles and cannot understand what is ailing them. Sleeplessness and irritability are among the early symptoms. Indigestion and tired feelings soon follow.

Read this letter from an Ontario man:

Mr. W. L. Gregory, Charles St. E., Ingersoll, Ont., writes:

"I had been troubled for quite a while with indigestion. At times there would be a twitching of the nerves of my stomach; and I also found it difficult to get a good night's sleep. I am a moulder, and owing to the nature of my work my system became run-down. I took a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and found great benefit from this medicine. They did me a great deal of good. I have not been bothered at all with indigestion since, and can sleep much better. I have recommended Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to many of my friends, as I think it splendid for anyone run-down and needing a tonic."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto

Ended the Stiffness in his wrist



Isaac C. Mann, of Matapedia, Que., has written us as follows: "Fourteen years ago I got the cords of my left wrist nearly severed, and for about nine months I had no use of my hand. I tried other liniments, also doctors, and was receiving no benefit. Under persuasion from a friend I got Minard's Liniment and used one bottle which completely ended my trouble. I have been using Minard's Liniment in my family ever since and find it the same as when I first used it."



With faith illumined and high heart of grace;—
We thank Thee, Lord.
—John Oxenham.



FARMERS MARKETS

THE PROVISION MARKETS

The fluctuations in prices for live hogs at the leading centres during the past week ranged from 10c to 25c per 100 lbs., as compared with the closing figures of the previous week. The bulk of the trading done in the Toronto market was at \$14.25 per 100 lbs. for selected lots fed and watered at which figure the market closed last week. The Winnipeg market opened at \$12.25 per 100 lbs. for selects fed and watered, and later declined 25c to \$12, but closed up strong at an advance of 50c to 75c per 100 lbs. at \$12.50 to \$12.75, while the Calgary market was weaker and closed with a net loss of 10c to 25c per 100 lbs. at \$11.75 to \$12. The Montreal Market ruled firm throughout the week at \$14.75 to \$15 per 100 lbs. for selected hogs weighed off cars with rougher lots at \$14 to \$14.50, and heavy weights at from \$12.50 to \$13.50 per 100 lbs.

The trade in smoked and cured meats has been fairly active. Sales of 8 to 12 lb hams were made at 35c, heavy weights at 30c to 31c, cooked hams at 52c, and cooked flat hams at 55c per lb.

THE GRAIN MARKETS

The weaker Liverpool cables and the rains that extended over a considerable area of the Canadian wheat belt had a depressing influence on the wheat situation, and cash prices in the Winnipeg market closed 1-4c to 1-2c per bushel lower, with No. 1 northern at \$1.24 1-4; No. 2 northern at \$1.20 1-2, and No. 3 northern at \$1.18 per bushel, ex-store, Fort William, but the premiums were practically unchanged. No. 1 northern selling at 7 3-4c per bushel over the July option; No. 2 northern at 4c over, and No. 3 northern at 4c over, and No. 3 northern at 7 1-2c under.

Cash prices:—Wheat—No. 1 hard, \$1.34 1-2; No. 1 northern, \$1.34 1-2; No. 2 northern \$1.30 1-2; No. 3 northern, \$1.19; No. 4 northern, \$1.06 1-2; No. 5 northern, 97 1-2c; No. 6 northern 86 1-2c; feed, 73 1-2c; track, \$1.33 1-4. Oats—No. 2 C.W., 53c; No. 3 C.W., 49 1-2c; extra No. 1 feed, 49 1-2c; No. 1 feed, 47c;

No. 2 feed, 44 1-4c; rejected, 42 1-4c; track, 31 1-2c.

Barley—No. 3 C.W., 65 3-4c; No. 4 C.W., 63 1-4c; rejected, 61 1-2c; feed, 60 3-4c; track, 65 2-4c.

Flax—No. 1 N.W.C., \$2.44; No. 2 C.W., \$2.28; No. 3 C.W., \$2.23; rejected, \$2.23; track, \$2.41.

Rye—No. 3 C.W., 37 5-8c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS

The strength that has characterized the butter situation for the past month still continues to be the main feature of the market, and prices during the past week scored advances amounting to 3 1-2c per lb., consequently a very active and large volume of business was done, and prices on spot closed strong for finest creamery at 35 1-2c to 39c per lb., and for fine at 37 1-2c to 38c per lb.

New York, June 24.—Butter strong. Creamery, higher than extras, 33 1-4c to 39c; creamery extras, 32 score, 37 1-2c to 38c; firsts, 35 to 31 score, 34 1-2c to 37c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

There has been practically no change of importance in the egg situation since this day week. Advice from country points state that receipts continue to decrease which is usual at this period of the year, but the supply coming forward has been quite sufficient to satisfy the immediate consumptive requirement which is not as large as it was owing to the more liberal arrivals of fresh fruit and vegetables, but on the whole a fair amount of business continues to be done, and the market was moderately active throughout the week with prices unchanged, sales of selected stock in a jobbing way being made at 25c; firsts at 23c, and seconds at 26c to 27c per dozen.

New York, June 24.—Eggs steady. State, nearby and nearby western henery browns, extras, 31c to 35c.

Foreign Exchange Department, Bank of Montreal, shows: Sterling, \$4.4617 (par value, \$4.85 2-3).

New York Funds, 1 3-4.

WILL THE JEWS RETURN?

(To the Editor of the "Witness")

Sir,—Having read that article by Melton Smith, I do appreciate the truth. For thirty years I believed in the same delusion as did the others, that the Jews would return. Now I see plain, so I send this (\$1.00). It was worth it and more. I was in a street car in New York and an elderly lady was standing. The car was crowded. A gentleman rose and offered the lady the seat. A portly Jew planked himself in the seat. I could have slapped him in the face. In many places in New York they won't employ Jews. They are so overbearing. Read Romans 2:28 and 29. The Jews who are such in God's sight are not the outward or liberal Jews at all. These are not reckoned as Jews, for of such God says, he is not a Jew. Yours for the Witness, ANNIE ELDER.

WEST INDIES AS A CANADIAN MARKET

An immense market for Canadian goods lies in the West Indies, and, at the same time, on Canada rests the duty of keeping these islands British, according to the statements of speakers before the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

A resolution, introduced by W. H. Shapley, Toronto, and referred to the resolutions committee, would appoint a committee which would study the whole problem of Canadian-West Indies trade and of methods of increasing it.

Canada was the logical supply source of the West Indies in preference to other countries, said T. Geddes Grant, Trinidad, because there was a subsidized steamship line between the two. Canadian banks were established there and had the highest reputation, and most of the islands have established a preferential tariff with the Dominion. With a population of 2,500,000 West Indian imports to totalled \$24,000,000 per year. Mr. Grant emphasized the value of courtesy when buyer and purchaser were so far apart, particularly advising immediate acknowledgment of inquiries or orders.

Quick Travelling

What may be a speed record for a rapid business trip between two continents was established today when a publisher landed from the White Star steamer Olympic just fourteen days after he had left America to attend a conference in Paris that occupied only three hours and forty minutes.

He was told that it would be necessary for him to go to Paris for a business conference. Hastily packing two small handbags, he rushed down to the pier in a taxi and was just in time to be able to secure passage on the Mauretania. He arrived in London in the evening and the next morning took an airplane to Paris. The conference began shortly after 2 o'clock that afternoon and before 6 he was again in the plane bound for London. He took in a theatre and then left for Southampton, boarding the Olympic for home.

Expensive Industry

The high cost of print paper and other elements of production have caused the suspension of 470 newspapers and periodicals in Austria since January 1. Even the afternoon edition of the official socialist organ, the Arbeiter Zeitung, has been abandoned.

AMERICAN RELIEF TO RUSSIA CURTAILED

American Relief activities in Russia will be curtailed September 1, it was stated at the office of Secretary of Commerce Hoover Friday.

After that date—the time when this year's harvest will be available—the American Relief Administration will continue only its child feeding work until January 1 of the following year. This is in accord with a program drawn up some time ago.

Slowly improving conditions in Russia and the desire to force the Russian people to feed themselves as soon as possible are responsible for the action.

A "Spoken" Journal

The latest innovation in Paris journalism is "the spoken journal," founded by a group of literary men, politicians and journalists, of which the first "number" was brought out Saturday. At a select gathering Maurice Privat, a well-known journalist who is the editor of the original "production," collected a staff around him on a little stage and requested M. Bokanowski, chairman of the Finance Committee of French Chamber, to open up with the "leading article." Deputy Bokanowski delivered an interesting "article" on the financial situation, next year's budget and the problem of exchanges.

Another member of the staff then discussed a subject greatly interesting France, namely, the reduction in the number of Government officials.

The spoken journal, which is called Free Speech, met with such success that a weekly "edition" was decided upon.

Gompers Re-elected

President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, was re-elected without opposition Friday at the federation's annual convention. It was his 41st election to the office.

The Cunard liner Mauretania broke the world's record on the voyage from Cherbourg to New York just completed. The passage was made in five days nine hours and thirty minutes, an average speed of 24.68 knots being maintained.

Canada's Millionaires

Only two persons in Canada had incomes of more than one million dollars during the fiscal year 1920-21. This information was given to H. E. Spencer (Progressive, Battle River) in the House of Commons on Thursday afternoon. For the same year, 19 corporations paid taxes on incomes of more than \$1,000,000. The aggregate of incomes represented by the amount collected under the Income Tax Act was \$912,410,428. There are 194,257 persons paying income tax in the Dominion.

The increased rates of stamp taxation on cheques, post office orders and express orders will not become effective until August 1 next. Until that date the present flat rate of two cents on all cheques will continue in force. After that date the rate will be two cents for every fifty dollars or fraction thereof, with a maximum tax of two dollars. The proposed stamp tax of two cents on receipts for payments of ten dollars and upward will not become operative until January 1, 1923.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 223 Craig St. W., in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of the City of Montreal. Subscription rate, \$2.00 a year.

FAILURE OF EVEREST EXPEDITION

Mount Everest has again baffled the best efforts of man. A message on Monday confirms previous reports that Brig-Gen. C. G. Bruce, head of the expedition, has been forced to the conclusion that persistence in the effort to scale the peak would only result in useless tragedy.

Gen. Bruce was most reluctant to abandon further attempts but the condition in which the two last climbing parties returned, the advice of his medical officers and the certainty of worse weather conditions generally, forced him to a decision.

Major H. T. Morshead was the worst sufferer from frost bite, G. L. Mallory and another member of the party were also badly bitten, and several others less severely. The authoritative view in India is that if an expedition started earlier in the season it might be barely possible to reach within a thousand feet of the top but that the last lap could only be covered by almost superhuman effort under unprecedentedly favorable weather conditions, and by men who faced the certainty that they would never return.

ADVERTISING THE CHURCH

Newspaper advertising to further the spread of the gospel is strongly advocated by the publicity department of the Episcopal Church, which has brought out its recommendations, after a thorough study of the question of advertising. In a pamphlet entitled, "A Handbook of Church Publicity," issued under the authorization of the National Council of the church.

"No one can look at the newspapers and magazines and doubt that it pays to advertise," says the Rev. Robert F. Gibson, executive secretary of the publicity department and author of the text-book.

"Why should not this method of such proven efficiency be used for the propagation of the Gospel? Advertising is not necessarily sensational. It merely seems to be so because we are not accustomed to it for church purposes."

One of the striking features of the book is Mr. Gibson's strong advocacy of the fullest use by the churches of the advertising columns of the daily press not only for mere church notices, but for spreading the Gospel among the masses.

"We have thought too much of building up the attendance at a service or of exploiting persons or organizations. We are only beginning to think of church publicity in the public press as evangelistic in purpose. The newspapers themselves are really far ahead of the churches in their recognition of this evangelistic opportunity. Many editors are convinced that the problems of the world will never be solved rightly until Christian principles are applied and that therefore it is one of the functions of the public press to present and apply Christian



Profits

In the investment of funds in high-grade securities profit is secondary to safety. At the present time there are a number of high-grade Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds available that not only embody absolute safety and high interest returns, but should show an appreciation in value when interest rates work lower. Some of these issues can be purchased to yield from

5 1/2% to 8%

May we send you particulars?

HOUSER WOOD & COMPANY
INVESTMENT BANKERS

10-12 KING STREET EAST TORONTO

principles. Mr. Gibson suggests a form of advertising to churches which will take the shape of a miniature sermon, "briefly interpreting some passage of Scripture or briefly applying some Christian principle." Sermonettes, of a hundred words in length, with the name of the preacher and his church annexed, are also recommended. Church promotion by radio, moving pictures, posters, etc., is also considered in the hand book.

39 Years' Service

Dr. Wellington Dixon, LL.D., terminated thirty-nine years of service with the Montreal Protestant High Schools, Friday.

"If I had to live my life over again, I would choose the profession of teaching," he declared at a banquet tendered him at the Place Viger Hotel Thursday night by the teachers and boys and girls of the High Schools.

The gathering was most remarkable and enthusiastic and revealed in an unmistakable manner the esteem and respect in which the Rector is held by the teachers and children.

Board for Lady and Boy of 11 years wanted for a few weeks, on a quiet farm near Railway Station, within 50 miles of Montreal. State location, terms and other particulars to E. C. J., Witness Office.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FACTS

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD
Edited by JOHN REDPATH DOUGALL

Canada's Leading National Newspaper,
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