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and

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

*Make Canada
a Land to Love*

The Week's Outlook

Appeals to Loyalty

IS there patriotism in politics? Mr. MacDonald who, speaking at Ottawa, owned himself a dreamer, but could in that category claim high fellowship, makes bold to think there is, and we make bold to agree with him. Having realized perhaps better than ever the difficulty of the unemployment situation, now that he faces it, he has taken a truly splendid step in appealing to the leaders of the other parties to advise with him as to how best to pull the nation out of its present economic impasse. Mr. Baldwin at least, who has been for four years stalled in the same slough, would no doubt be glad to lend the best advice he could if he had any to give. What a great thing it would be for a nation if its statesmen, instead of pulling apart, should loyally pull together! Yet the visionary can fly where the practical statesman has to make good his steps over difficult ground. We do not question that all great-souled statesmen, including the great leaders of the other parties, would earnestly co-operate with the perplexed Labor leader in any honest enquiry into how best to face Britain's economic plight. But each of them, Mr. Baldwin especially, has to deal with a rank and file that can only be marshalled in fighting array. Mr. MacDonald can well understand this, as his own following is the most ungovernable of all. There is grave talk of excommunicating the Clydeside extremists—indeed they may excommunicate themselves. That may be necessary, although it would leave Labor still more dependent on the co-operation of technical political opponents. What is making these appeals to loyalty and generosity more difficult, is the bold additional demands made upon the public treasury in increased pensions and subventions, some of which at least are condemned as tending to the increase of dependence on the public for a living; measures to which the Right Honorable Minister of Labor feels herself committed by election ideals, construed as election promises, all of which would add to the taxation of already the most taxed people on earth. In like manner, the nonplussed leader is appealing for wisdom to business advisers outside of politics. But here he will meet with confirmed animadversion upon some of the more socialistic ventures to which his party is committed; measures which he might himself regard as premature, if not questionable, but necessary in the present temper of the proletariat.

Devil's Work

A RUSSIAN princess has been thrown into a prison, dreaded on account of the mysterious fate of those who enter it. The reason given is for reading the Bible to poor children. Her other crime is being the daughter of the Czar's master of ceremonies. Her plight is no doubt

that of many good people. It is interesting to Englishmen in that the victim is the sister of the past year's lady mayoress of London and is known in England for a devout and kindly woman. What makes the proceeding fiendishly tyrannical is that the lady tried to leave Russia and was not allowed to do so, even at the behest of Geneva. Cromwell would have sent word to Stalin that he had better stop that sort of thing. To be sympathized with, are the British statesmen who are trying to get along on peace terms with those miscreants.

International Responsibility

WHERE Geneva is weak is in the absence of the United States. Where the epochal peace pact of Paris is a soul without a body, is shown by the curious state of affairs between China and Russia. The Peace Pact provides no machinery for action there. But the power of its soul is manifest in the fact that, now for four months, the armies of these two vast powers have been glowering at each other across the four thousand mile boundary that divides them, more particularly upon the thousand mile boundary between Manchuria and Siberia, and, though with occasional infractions of the peace, are not at war. Moreover, the signers of the Peace Pact feel that it is incumbent on them to do something in the premises. It came out in the British parliament, on enquiry by the former foreign secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain, that the United States has actually initiated pourparlers with Britain and Japan—also it is understood, with France and Italy—to consider what could be done to bring to an end so dangerous a friction. China is understood to be appealing to the League of Nations, with which Russia, although not a member, has co-operated, in some degree, in certain beneficent activities. But all parties are signers of the peace pact, which is America's broad and only doorway into the international fellowship; so that if that instrument is to be practically operative, it must be at her initiative. The Cabinets are anxiously discussing what steps can be taken. It would surely stultify that solemn pledge to find that it admitted of none. Meantime the Pact stretches its benign hand out of Heaven over the region of conflict.

Nationalism Versus Bolshevism

NEWS from China frets us with its random inconsequences; strange, indeed, in these days of the universal wireless reporter and camera man. Daily it flits with the facility of a changing radio from the Manchurian border unpleasantness to a rebellion, now in Honan two thousand miles away, now in Hupeh, now five hundred miles further in Kwangsi, or Kwangtung. For change we hear faint echoes of friction where these powers touch in far-off Turkestan. We do not find it hard to understand the dispute with Russia. In the old happy-go-lucky days of the Chinese empire, Russia needed and built a railway across Manchuria connecting the Baikal region of Siberia with her sea-port of Vladivostok. That was when Japan and Russia were vying with each other to see who would occupy Manchuria first. Russia took the lead, but, getting into Korea, was attacked by Japan and driven back, with the result that at the peace of Portland, New Hampshire, in 1905,

the two powers, while not asserting domain over the territory, divided Manchuria into spheres of influence, a recognized form of betrothal, and claimed the ownership of the railway in their several parts. Since the setting up of the Nanking republican government, there had been a working arrangement between it and Russia as to the management of the Russian part of the railway, similar to that with Japan in the other portion of the province. Nearly five months ago, the Manchurian authorities accused the Russians of making the railway offices a centre of seditious propaganda and promptly arrested the Russian officials on that score, practically ousting Russia from the management of her own railway. There seems here to be cause enough for fighting. The armies have been facing each other for four months, but war has not been formally declared. The pact signed in Paris seems to place a powerful spell on contentious powers, especially when neither wants or can afford to fight. It has the effect of making all the Great Powers feel a proportionate responsibility for difficulties in any quarter. It would be a great triumph for that covenant and for the League of Nations, if the spell should prove effective between two such vast and contrary-minded powers, so far from the world's peace centres and practically dividing the unknown world between them. If it works there, where should it not? There would seem to have come into the world a potent undercurrent of the common sense of most, which has much to say.

The Chinese Puzzle

WHAT the international trouble is all about is, in a general way, comprehensible enough, though details are sometimes mystifying. Quite otherwise is it with the will-o'-the-wisp flame of alleged rebellion that seems to dance in hundred league shoes all over the densest parts of old China—here today, there tomorrow, interspersed occasionally by quiet news from the bewitched regions, as though nothing was going on there. Now the great Chiang, president of the republic, girds on his regimentals and goes to the sulky, forsaken metropolis, Hankow, and waves his sceptre. He sallies forth from there against some rebellion. There is rumor of fighting; some ambulances arrive with wounded. Then there is an announcement that the rebellion is over. The rebellion, wherever heard from, is spoken of as that of the Kuomintang, that is, the peoples' army, the very name by which was known the army that set the present Nanking government in power. The bogie man who capers through all the rumors is "the so-called Christian General," Feng, though nothing definite is stated as to what quarrel he has with the National government, he being known to be an intense nationalist. It was said some time ago that he accused the government men of grafting.

The Goat

WHEN Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made up his ministry, he made Mr. Thomas the goat. It was not an act of malice. Like David with his mighty men, he counts him among the first three. Indeed Mr. Thomas was a real labor leader, which Mr. MacDonald was not. Who, then, was more committed to leading the forlorn

hope than he? Who could be preferred for so exalted and so crucial a service—that which meant life or death to the ministry—that on which all depended; the finding of work for the unemployed? Possibly Mr. Thomas himself had been more or less under the spell of the idea, so prevalent in the ranks of his followers, that a government only had to mean right to be able to do right, and that it was Mr. Baldwin's county family connections and his retinue of half-pay colonels that made it impossible for him to deal with a plebeian question. At all events, here was the job, so long mismanaged, and he was game. He was certain to be hooted at from all sides. Most viciously from his own. He could look for more sympathy from those who had been in the arena before him than from his own rear ranks. Still, if he was to be the goat, he would at least be a good butter. Wolf in front, fox on the flank, the angry pack behind! There was game in it anyway. So, like a Spanish bull-fighter, he faced mortal combat in flaunting, antiquated outfit, as Lord Privy Seal, in which his own wife would not know him, and with as gay a mien as he could put on.

WELL what was to be done? There was the first demand on the front row of all the clamor; namely: make work. That is a very easy proposition for Mr. Hoover calling together plethoric and obese interests, inflated with capital, and telling them to get to work developing the country and its interests with the spare labor which seems to be found there as elsewhere. His cry is spend! spend! spend! Plenty money to spend! The same seems to be quite a simple proposition in Russia, where there are no moneyed magnates to call together. Those that were are all either shot or working in exile as waiters and caretakers in capitalistic countries. In Russia, the government must do all the spending and, we are told, it is going to spend forty-four billions—billions, mind you—in the next five years, in Russia's second revolution, that of transmogrifying her from a penniless wreck into a humming, happy beehive—one immeasurable Soviet. There are people in every generation with theories of fiat money that only needs to be printed. That theory was pretty well tested out during and after the war; and no one knows better than the Soviet what it won't do. So the Soviet plan is to tax the one hundred and thirty million Russians an egg apiece and export the eggs; and there you have it. Blue sky promotions never beat that. But Britain is neither long on capital like the one country nor imaginative like the other. She knows that you only have to supply a living wage for fiat service to draw dependents from all quarters to scheme how to do least in the day.

THEN there is migration. Traditions of Botany Bay! How dare Mr. Thomas think of that? Has not Labor always denounced transportation of its unfortunates into exile as though they were criminals? Still, to every Englishman, it seems common-sense and common-sense is the Englishman's strong point. Here, on the one hand, is a country which could only support her increasing population by ever-increasing industry and commerce and had those props largely knocked from under her by the war, during which derangement others had hastened to displace her, either by cheap labor or with

the efficiencies of the new age. There were, on the other hand, the dominions with enormous spaces, and untold resources, capable of sustaining ten times their present population. Surely Canada had the key of the situation. He would go and see. The first thing he found was that Canada had also her labor men in full array and that they are minded to keep the field to themselves. It would be mere pandering to bloated capital to glut the labor market. He found in Canada as the unemployed Canada wanted. Indeed, English people who came to Canada to look for employment and did not get it were being deported; that is, returned to England as a warning to others. Being a labor man himself, he would be the last to foist upon Canadian labor what it so obviously did not want. He must fall back on carefully trained and shepherded, and not over welcome colonizing and on commerce. Canada vaunted her loyalty as shown in British preferences. But when he got here he was introduced to a nest of interests, all clamorously making plain how their very existence depended on the exclusion of British competition. Coal and iron were Britain's most native products; surely something could be done with these. But Canada had her machine shops, and did not want British machinery; the machine works wanted raw iron. But then there was Besco. As for coal, why! were not both ends of the country clamoring for cheap transportation in addition to protection? Yes, but Canada uses a very great amount of anthracite and has no developed anthracite interest; and both Scotland and Wales had something in that line. He would find employment for British miners in increased shipments of anthracite. This was the poor unguaranteed bantling that Mr. Thomas was able to uncover to parliament as the fruits of his Canadian mission. Well, at all events, no one could assure him of lack of will or of lack of pluck. If any one could do better, let him try it.

THAT Mr. Thomas finds himself at the very bottom of his bag, appears from some of his more recent utterances, in reproaching men who do not retire upon the public funds at the age when they are free to do so and women who keep men out of jobs by working for pin money instead of depending on their husband's pay. As for the woman question, Mr. Thomas found himself in a wasp's nest which was distressing after all the favors his party had accorded to women. As for the procrustean plan of cutting men down to fit the length of the bed he had for them, it is murderous. The late Sir William Osler was, among men of his own craft, one of the most famous—they only knew why. Among those who were not doctors, he had a world wide fame for a pleasantry about doing away with men at the age of sixty—or was it forty?—as being of no further use. Mr. Thomas would make it sixty-five; for a man forbidden to go on with the work he has always done is practically a dead man, and generally dies pretty soon anyway for lack of something to live for. The old world ambition to be able some day to retire is born of the utterly anti-social and paradoxical conception that labor in the common service is servile, and that contributing nothing to the common stock is "independence". Not every one who passes the fatal limit of usefulness at his calling can graduate into the King's Privy Council. He is, for the most part, a fish out of water, and flops around a while before he dies of inanition.

Trouble in The Rear

IT is not only in the Dominions that Mr. Thomas finds himself baffled by forces outside his control. A case cited by that eminent journalist and keen student of public affairs, Mr. Wickham Steed, editor of *Review of Reviews* and a former editor of the *London Times*, shows how efforts to

recapture some of Britain's lost export trade—her life blood, commercially speaking—are thwarted by obstinacy at home. It appears that control of a Kent coal mine, which had cost five million dollars to sink, passed during a period of anxiety in the trade into the hands of a man of philanthropic enterprise, Mr. Tilden Smith, noted for his ideals of raising the standard of living among his workers and for his method of giving them representation on the managing board of his undertaking. Resolved to contribute his quota of effort towards lightening the national burden of unemployment, Mr. Tilden Smith, taking into consideration the fact that the mine was within nine miles of the sea-board, attempted to secure a foothold on the Continental market. He struck his first snag, when the Southern Railway quoted an entirely prohibitory rate for transporting the coal downhill to Dover Harbor less than nine miles away. Nothing daunted, Mr. Tilden Smith sought to build an aerial ropeway from the mine to a bunker to be erected at the harbor, to convey his coal to sea-going ships at one-fifth of the offered cost of rail transport. To this plan, the dog-in-the-manger railway interposed every obstacle at its command, compelling the mine-owner to spend \$75,000 in legal costs and occupying precious months during which British coal exports were steadily dwindling, before the path to action was cleared. Nor was the brake to progress operated only by the short sighted railway directors. With few exceptions, landowners, royalty owners and unprogressive public authorities, behaved as if the fate of the scheme on which the livelihood of twelve hundred men and their families depended were a matter of complete indifference.

High-Priced Names

IN other cases, the fault seems to lie with the directorates of the companies, sometimes with their personnel, at other times with their policies. Far too many positions on the boards of important companies are held by men of title, devoid of business ability or experience, mere names whose chief function is to adorn a letterhead, certainly not to make a competitor grow pale; in a word, there are too many directors who do not direct. Then the plan of taking in sail during business depression by cutting wages is all too readily resorted to by British industrialists, with the significant exceptions of the new automobile and electrical enterprises, the most prosperous of the lot. This inevitably aggravates the depression of the home market, by lessening the purchasing power of the wage-earner and thus extending the trouble to other staple industries. Indeed it not infrequently precipitates a disastrous strike, thus widening the wave of national distress. An outstanding example is the recent cotton strike in Lancashire, happily of short duration, caused by a wage cut, which impartial observers, including Government mediators and practically every newspaper of standing declared to be unjustified, to say nothing of being entirely illusory as a step towards the recuperation of the industry.

Again the British manufacturer's reluctance to adapt himself to the requirements of his customers has long been a byword in the business world. It is being painfully forced to the front by competitive conditions. Here again the exceptions are to be found in the newer trades, less hide-bound by tradition, nowhere more stultifying than in commerce. Sir Henry Thornton let it become known in the weeks succeeding Mr. Thomas's visit that orders for steel placed in Britain by the Canadian National Railways, in response to the Minister's representations, were not filled because the British plants either could not or would not comply with the specifications. This is a sample of very much. There are signs that this defect is about to be remedied so far as the steel trade is concerned, but British business has been slow to realize that it cannot hope for all time to impose its antiquated *s. s. d.* and its other habits upon all mankind, just

because its commerce got to the front before competitors got into their stride. The *Daily Express* some time ago had a cartoon of a board meeting showing the astonishment and disdain of the assembled directors, on being told of a young man "with new ideas" who sought admission. "New ideas," exclaims one veteran, "why I never heard of such a thing, and I have been here since the Crimean War."

Crackling of Thorns

DAY by day the newspapers loyal to the liquor interest receive, through what machinery does not appear, crushing evidences from the United States of the folly and wickedness of prohibition. These contributions appear sometimes unobtrusively as though they were matters of casual news, the sneer at prohibition getting more point in that way. At other times, they are given an outstanding position on the page, as though something singularly important was being communicated. In any of these papers, one's eyes have only to stray to a neighboring column to find equally deadly evidences of the failure of "government control." Very special importance was typographically attached to a report of a visit of the executive secretary of a Methodist temperance society, who had somewhat pluckily ventured into the lion's den of liquorism to face a California wine grower. The reporter did not find anything worth reporting in the arguments of the wine grower, who only made the point that he had furnished the prohibitionist with abundance of statistics, with which, in his speech, he had not dealt. The report of the conflict is entirely taken up with the uproars of laughter with which the caricatured arguments of the victim of wet rillery were greeted in the halls of the Waldorf-Astoria, now in process of demolition.

Millions of Felons

BUT here was a crusher, thundered from the bench at Peoria, the great ante-Volstead whiskey centre of the United States. Although it has no application in Canada, it got like typographical distinction, also, as it happens, in the same paper, as the hilarious story told above, though it is only one member of the crusade. Under the title "Thousands are felons by law," the Peoria judge—why spare him? he said "millions"—portentously declared that any one who knows of a friend or neighbor possessing liquor for beverage purposes and does not report his knowledge to the government is (under the Jones law) a felon. A fearful word that, associated in the common mind, with murder, arson and brutal crime. In our common law in Canada, there is a distinction between felony for which the accused is arraigned in the dock, and a misdemeanor whereof the accused sits beside his lawyer. In most of the States, there is said to be no such distinction, so that every prisoner is accused of felony. However it seems that the Jones law accounts one convicted for the fourth time of bootlegging guilty of felony. It seems also that an ancient rule of American jurisprudence holds every one who knows of a felony and does not reveal it to a magistrate, to be also a felon. There is, we believe, on the statutes of Oxford University, an unrepealed law forbidding students to carry bows and arrows. At all events, here are the materials out of which Judge FitzHenry convicts millions of his countrymen of felony under the Jones law. He seems to have thought that millions of Americans were harboring four times convicted bootleggers; perhaps found himself guilty.

Population

PROFESSOR E. W. MACBRIDE, the noted zoologist, formerly of McGill, has been challenging the Anglican evangelicals in Birmingham with the lowering English birthrate and asking the Church what it is do-

ing about it. It is very evident what another church is doing. Dr. E. W. Barnes, the very learned and very outspoken Bishop of Birmingham, modern in all things, replied by condemning the ideal of increasing the population as an ill-service to mankind. His prescription for England, however, could hardly be ticketed as of a loftier grade of humanity, namely to shut out from England the continuous overflow from Southern Ireland. Has he consulted Dr. Saleeby, with whom, he should fraternize, as a great publicist on eugenics, who says the healthiest children in the British Isles are raised in Connemara. The bishop has, however, the economists on his side, or at least had, up to the war. The French philosophers were eloquent as to the superiority of an unprolific population. There was, however, something of a change of tune in the presence of the fact that their dreaded neighbors, who about equalled them in numbers at the time of the Bismarck invasion, had become half as many more than they in the interval between the two assaults, and were man for man, at least as efficient. And now England, with too many people for her out of gear activities, is harking back to Malthus. Bishop Barnes would, of course, scout the idea of multiplying children for dead weight in war. War is now foresworn. But what about the ever-advancing principle of democracy? That surely goes by numbers; and what about the ever-increasing intercourse of mankind? Is that to degenerate, as it is doing in some advanced countries into barricading God's world against His children? That way lies strife.

Foretelling War

ONE power—every sentiment in the general mind is a power—that stands up against the present great movement of the world toward peace, is the fixed idea of certain readers of prophecy that a great physical struggle still hangs over the world. With this in view, they sweep aside all these peace movements as though they were opposed to the will of God—a terrible conclusion to come to. People in every age have spent much ingenuity in peering into the future, not, as advised by the Master, on the basis of the signs of the times, which seemed to Him so plain, but on the basis of figures of speech found in old prophetic visions, concealed in metaphors better suited to the oriental mind than to ours. Lacking the abstract expressions which abound in English, the people among whom the Bible came into being had to think and speak in allegory. Metaphor has always been the form of foretelling, and is especially natural in times of oppression when plain speaking as to the peoples' hardships and aspirations would be dangerous. No slaveholder could well forbid his "niggers" to sing, "Tell ole Pha-ra-oh; Let my people go."

Figures used for one occasion often aptly served over again in like circumstances in another age, being easily applied by those to whom they were addressed, but meaningless to their oppressors. Thus the phrase "abomination of desolation," used in Daniel to express the defiling of the temple by Antiochus, who offered swine flesh upon the sacred altar, was used later by our Lord to designate the Roman Eagle to be insolently planted in the holy place. The evangelist here inserts a note hinting that the reader will understand, or at all events, the official reader in the church would be able to suggest it. Thus also St. Stephen, quoting the denunciation of Amos that Israel would be carried beyond Damascus, applies it to the Jews being carried beyond Babylon. In like manner a reference to the practice of the Roman Emperors, cited by numerous historians, including some of the early Fathers, requiring their own statues to be adored in the temples so that 'he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God,' was

used by the medieval Christians of Mohammed, and by Protestants, from the time of Wiclif down, as having been prophesied of the Pope. The figures of the old prophets were thus portentously used in many apocalypses current at the time of our Lord and occasionally quoted in the New Testament, as in a quotation from the book of Enoch, as in giving the names of Jannes and Jambres as the magicians who withstood Moses before Pharaoh, and in attributing the rebuke of the Lord to Satan in Zechariah and the archangel disputing with the devil over the body of Moses, in a story from an apocalypse called "the Assumption of Moses," but of which dispute there is no hint in the Old Testament.

The free use of Scripture for illustration still properly persists. But any attempt to construct from it a calendar for the future is futile. In every Christian generation, a great cataclysm has been calculated as about due, the year, though not the day nor the hour, being often set for it. The day and the hour, men were told, knoweth no man, not even the angels nor yet the Son. Yet only in June of last year a great crowd of people gathered at Brighton in England to watch the great natural convulsion predicted for that time by students of prophecy in the Bible, and of the measurements of the Great Pyramid, a queer conjunction. Needless to say, nothing extraordinary happened. It is good for a man that he knows nothing of what is before him—or before the world, except the happy fact that God cares for both. For himself, man only knows that, dead or alive, he is in the hands of a loving Father who cares so much for him that He counts the hairs of his head and who intensely wishes him whatever good he is capable of; that God made this world—we as yet know no other—in which to work out the infinite problem of bringing man to moral responsibility, and peopled it with an ever-rising sense of right and wrong, always far in advance of his attainment; and that He has wonderfully revealed in Jesus Christ His nobility, not as a jealous potentate, but as one who, for man's sake suffers and serves.

Intrusion of The Radio

A DIFFICULT question in religion is raised by Mr. Tanton's letter on radio. As long as radio is a private enterprise, it will be worked for commercial ends and will be used by those who pay most for it, allowing always for such attractions as will best suit the mixed audience. In Montreal, excellent preaching is on tap at church time. If radio was a public service, there might be controversies over it. In some places, it would appear from the letter referred to that a vulgar taste prevails. As in the newspapers it is the basest stuff that gets the broadest circulation. So in the popular radio program we must look for a dominant note of frivolity, higher themes being, truth to tell, beyond the grasp of all but a few, and, therefore, irksome to thousands, who could not explain to themselves why. Looking forward, we cannot but foresee demands for an intelligent control of the programs. In Britain, as we understand, the bill of fare is determined to the general satisfaction by a semi-public authority; but under interdictions that limit its scope. What makes the matter one of religious interest, is the possibility of what is accounted great preaching, with the accompaniment of more sophisticated music, invading the field of the rural pastor, with who knows what consequences. One good consequence, though it would have to be reached by a painful disturbance of religious usage, always abhorrent to the formal worshipper, might be the socializing of religion, making it less than it is a mere form of going to hear preaching with the inevitable subconscious debate as to whether one cares to go or not. Indeed, this unacknowledged soliloquy has its place no less where the preaching is distinguished. But radio, which is

spreading everywhere, imports a new element into the question. In so far as passive entertainment dominates what are called "services," they are an abnegation alike of spiritual worship and of Christian fellowship, which might be called the two essentials of social religion. It should be the study of the Church to get these back, and that problem may be forced upon the pastorate by a divinely guided evolution.

Preaching or Shepherding

FAR from lowering the value of preaching, this prospect of tapping the central pulpits rather enhances it, while its tendency would be to turn the exhortations of the local pastor toward practical results. In the state of things contemplated in this vision—the ever-increasing power of counter-attractions, and, on top of these, the substitution of what the local pastor will call "canned religion," purveyed by the prince of the power of the air, or by the newspapers, for his own soulful, but cut-to-measure discourses—what is the shepherd of the little flock going to do about it? It is no belittlement to call it a little flock, for no congregation that exceeds the ninety and nine can very well fulfil what a Christian community should do for its members, that is, bring them into brotherhood. Each congregation, presumably, has a nucleus of actual saints, to use the New Testament term, that is, people who recognize the predominant claims upon them of the Kingdom of Heaven. If it has not, it is time to take alarm. The pastor, who feels it his first duty to keep his church alive, gets these together at hours free from invasion, perhaps in a social way at homes, as is said to be a custom on the eve of the Sabbath among pious Jews for spiritual intercourse and prayerful conference as to their particular duty as a Christian. If the old are unmanageable, he trains the young. Far from precluding more general religious life, this central heating would have a continuous outcome in services, properly so-called—in classes, in social gatherings, in boys' and girls' organizations, such as will keep the pastor, his central organization, and its committees very busy. It will be his part to tune these activities up spiritually and keep their aims at the highest as agencies of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Ministerial Support

SOME one has started a movement in the west to give all clergy an equal allowance, so that, presumably, the man that has his choice of half a dozen wealthy churches in as many cities, and who declines tempting increases that he may go on with the work to which he feels called, shall get no more than the one for whom it is hard to find a place, and in whose hand congregations dwindle. On the other hand, there are those who say that a minister who is offered five thousand dollars, and yet stays where he is only getting two, because he finds his duty where he knows his job, should get the larger salary if his people can afford it, just as any one else gets the pay he can command. It cannot be denied, however, that the minister cannot escape altogether the judgment of the common crowd which, when it comes to incomes, sets a different standard on the minister's mode of life from that of the successful layman. The practical reason for it is that many very poor people are contributors to the church and that it is unseemly that these should contribute to luxury. Such being the case, it would seem that the minister, in entering on his high service, measurably at least takes upon himself the vow of poverty.

THERE is no denying that what is proposed is true communism, or that communism has in all ages been assumed to be the ideal of Christianity, though it has only been attained in a plenary way in religious communities voluntarily devoted to the

idea. This communistic principle is that with which this article commenced, namely, that, perhaps allowing something for difference of needs, all should share alike. In ideal conditions, he that gathers much has nothing over and he that gathers little has no lack. Nothing necessary to highest usefulness is lacking to any. But who is to determine what those needs are, or to say who is the rightful beneficiary? Does a man, by becoming a member of what is called "the cloth," enter of right into its emoluments? That, if the support were adequate, would, one would think, be a good way to fill it with failures who would retard and not forward the work—a way that would impose such failures on the scattered sheep that most need shepherding. When it comes to placing each member of a given guild in a "charge," there are liable to be incumbents, whose own the sheep are not and whom, practically speaking, they will not follow because they know not the voice of strangers.

An Interesting Question

THE question is opened whether the system has not got too much clericalized for its own good and for that of the kingdom. A missionary whose work is flourishing among unnumbered millions, tells of scores of native churches without placed ministers, carried on by their own elders. One cannot but think how much more stalwart religion would be where the shepherding was thus indigenous. It was the system of St. Paul with whom there was no local money question. The churches did not look to the mother church for money. On the contrary they raised money to meet the needs of their dependent members, and what was left over was sent as a thank offering to the mother church.

A "Catholic" Forecast

A VERY strange book is "The Coming Age and the Catholic Church—a Forecast," by Monsignor William Barry, Canon of St. Charles (R. C.) Birmingham. The publishers' note on the jacket says: "Catholics will be stirred by its inspiring visions. Non-Catholics will be challenged by its interpretations of recent history." The "challenge" sounds out, in the very first chapter. Canon Barry speaks in glowing terms of the late Pope Pius X: "Not born in the purple, he took rank before imperial Caesar. Armed with unquestioned authority over tens of millions, he governed by divine right; yet whose willed might join or quit the Catholic Church, since it is founded on free choice and deliberate faith of its members. . . . The Pontiff on the Vatican Hill, like the President in the White House, rules by the people's selection of him for a trust that is more sacred than the interests of any passing generation. Liberty at Washington, religion at Rome—these are the highest services that can be rendered to mankind. 'Catholicism' and 'Democracy' are two Greek words, signifying the same thing; for it has been said: 'The truth shall make you free'."

Now, no one will wish to controvert Canon Barry's eulogy of Pope Pius X. Giuseppe Sarto (In English, Joseph Taylor) was a peculiarly loveable character. King generous and courteous, especially to the poor and unfortunate, he won and held the respect of all men, Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jew and Secularist. But when Monsignor Barry claims "Liberty" as a native virtue of the Roman Church, we begin to open our eyes. "Whoso willed might join or quit the Catholic Church." Tell that in New York, if the followers of the Church there are ignorant enough. Was it ever true when, and where, the Church had power to deny that liberty! "The Pontiff . . . rules by the people's selection of him!" The terms "Catholic" (Universal) and "Democracy" (Government by the people) may have something in common when each

The pastoring was done by their own elders ordained to that service. Contemplating the dependent condition of many of our spoon-fed charges where people's public religion has all been done for them, except the singing, where no one can even pray among his neighbors, one sees where education in such matters has greatly failed even as compared with a few generations ago, and how such elders as could now be found among the people would need the help of simple liturgy. But that is not a bar to the ordination of good men to that service, if their hearts are right. If the system has produced none such, the question is, why? That should be the church's first care.

SUCH local shepherding is the work of the evangelist who needed and still needs very special gifts, and should have the highest culture attainable for him, whose business is to do the missionary work. It is different again from the work of the preacher or the public teacher. It is now getting to be possible to put great preaching within the homes of all or, if need be, within their gatherings. There should be no reduction of the efforts of the organized churches to push the gospel into every remotest neighborhood and camp. Devoted men and women are ready for such service work. Superintendents are also needed to "confirm" the churches. But social religion should, if possible, be less in leading strings—more virile. Just as in China and other mission lands, the missionaries are finding that they are doing the native churches good and not harm by throwing them upon their own resources, so it is possible that a similar process of weaning might be the most hopeful course at home, though possibly our people are not as fit for it as those that are nearer the apostolic model.

word is fully realized as neither has ever been. But is the Roman Communion in any real sense either "Catholic" or "Democratic"? Truly "the truth shall make you free," but are truth and freedom, or have they ever been, a Roman monopoly? The word the "truth" in those discourses recorded in St. John's Gospel meant "reality" as opposed to forms, creeds, performances and pretences.

The Penal Laws

THROUGHOUT the book there are similar examples of loose thinking: "Irish Catholics beat the penal laws out of existence"—hardly a word of the Protestant Burke who protested with all the weight of his logic, all the might of his eloquence against the penal laws—not a word about Grattan's Protestant parliament, which removed some of their worst provisions, not a word about the Protestant parliament in England which finally abolished them, and, of course, not a word about those Irish Roman Catholic ecclesiastics who threw cold water on O'Connell's Emancipation agitation.

Dr. Barry acclaims the circulation of the Scriptures in India. "Where Britain ruled, the Bible followed . . . speaking as if by prophetic insight we may boldly announce that Holy Scripture would in due course do away with India's Pantheon. . . . It cannot be that such a stupendous enterprise as the issue of Holy Scripture in 530 distinct languages and dialects, and in tens of millions year by year, should fail altogether of its object. Nor should we slight the consideration that here is an Eastern Sacred volume, much of it dear to Jews and Moslems, which yet is acknowledged by the invincible British Raj." Nothing here and only an enigmatic reference elsewhere, to indicate the fact that it is Protestants who have given, and who are giving the Bible to India. Among other things that Canon Barry has yet to learn is that when Protestants sent missionaries among the French of Canada their leading indictment against that church was its suppressions of and failure to furnish the

Bible in the language of the people. We are informed by French-Canadian Catholic friends in Montreal that even yet they are forbidden to read the Bible. So broad is he in some of his sentiments that one can heartily wish him more information. For a scholar, student and lover of the Scriptures, Canon Barry is guilty of one or two surprising mistakes. "For St. Paul," he says, "has taught us (Acts XX.) that 'bishops are set by God to rule over the Church.' What St. Paul really said to bishops was 'Take heed therefore, unto yourselves and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers to feed the church of God.'"

"Go Forth"

BUT in spite of these and other blemishes there is much in Canon Barry's book to which the most zealous Protestant can say "Amen!" and he makes some surprising admissions. He very roundly condemns Mexico and France (both for centuries under "Catholic" tutelage) and praises the freedom of England and America, though he considers modern Protestant religion a sort of kindly, sentimental Unitarianism. In dealing with the abuses which led up to the Reformation he is very honest:—"Endowments flowed in. . . . The sons and daughters of lay-folk might take vows which they had no mind to keep, and so reach the immense wealth, honors, princedoms which only clerics could attain. In this way the Papacy itself became the prize and prey of men like Alexander VI." And again, he strikes a deeper note: "Man has that within which transcends the show of time; he is, and will be, religious, that is to say, a lover of eternal things; and prophets he must have, true or false, who will bring him a message from the unseen. . . . The history of religion with all its splendors and its sorrows is man's answer to theories of the Unknowable. His heart leaps up at the saying in Pascal, 'Thou hadst never sought Me, hadst thou not already known Me.'" Dr. Barry sees in the Oriental religions and philosophies man's longing after God, and sees in Christianity—or, as he says, "the Catholic Faith"—the answer to these longings. "Our progress aims at a unity. Christ came to gather into one the children of God that were scattered abroad." . . . What, indeed, was the Incarnation but the taking of humanity unto God? St. John writes as calmly, as daringly; "The Word was made Flesh." . . . The beloved disciple knew that the flesh could be made the tabernacle of God with Man. . . . 'Go forth!' Such is our vocation, our duty to these latter days. We must be missionaries, not recluses dedicated to our own spiritual enjoyment, for that would be a kind of Catholic Nirvana. We are debtors to all men; to East and West, to the negroes of Darkest Africa, to India, China, Japan. The hour long delayed is here. Arise and let us go forth."

Letters

RADIO PROGRAMS

(To the Editor of The Witness.)

Sir,—I have wondered if enterprise will in the near future enter the field to give radio listeners some relief from the tiresome monotony of waltz, marches and jazz music. Anything in reason for a change. True enough, many people could live in a dance hall but there are others for whom there should be some consideration.

There are a few, too few diversions, such as the Tompkins' Corner, the Jubilee Singers, with delightful cabin home songs, and occasional sermons or instructive addresses, but withal too much of the one thing in musical selection.

I do not want to sermonize, but I claim that the worst as well as the best of us are sensitive to the incidents of our childhood, and, no matter how far we may have wandered from sacred things, we would be touched by the music of the little

old church of those early days, or the songs of our family gatherings and sacred music of the family altar.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written to recall to an erring brother the "scenes of my childhood," and the sympathies which that song has engendered are uncountable. There is no getting away from it: we all love to get back to those days which would make of one "a child again, just for tonight."

Apart from this, there are hundreds of thousands of listeners who would prefer sacred music to all others. Not particularly because of their special piety, but because there is in it the solemnity and beauty of the metre and music which appeals to their differing tastes.

There are also too few church services in the broadcasts. Able preachers of all denominations are confined too much to local audiences, whom thousands would delight in hearing.

The question of sect and denomination may be pleaded in defence of such omissions, but in the radio field prejudices must be buried, so that no matter whether Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, so long as the preachers are sincere and able, and their moral teachings in accord with true virtue, they be listened to with appreciation. Radio has a mixed audience—all broadcasts must of necessity be mixed.

I would like to see some better qualified than I am take this matter up, to the end that radio programs may be widened to reach all classes. All are interested, and there should be convincing protest against the whole or major part of the system being handed over to advertising cigars, announcing stock quotations, and filling in the interim with jazz. Couldn't some stations, especially on Sundays, specialize on Church services and music?

—LEWIS P. TANTON.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

IS WAR OUTLAWED OR NOT?

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—At a time when nearly everyone is crying and celebrating Peace and goodwill to all men, it is just as well to be honest and ask the question "Is war outlawed or not?" I maintain it is far from being so. Just look at the great Chinese Empire, torn with civil war and in trouble with Russia and other nations are armed to the teeth for War, notably Italy. It is very lamentable when one has to admit that the world at large is like a seething volcano, ready at a moment's notice to bring death and misery to countless numbers. The League of Nations is doing valiant work for Peace, and I say, all praise to them, but as a Permanent Peace Council it is far from perfect. What did Mussolini, the great dictator of modern times say a few days ago whilst giving a speech in Italy, that the surest way to get peace was to be prepared for war, and I am not so sure that he is not nearer to the truth than the great nations of the earth who are calling for less navy

and guns and less men who are prepared. We have our war experts whose business it is to make war, and we have on the other side politicians and big men of the world who are moving heaven and earth to prevent it. I can see a red war with red blood which will come some day, viz., the greatest, and I hope the last great war we will have, viz., "The Battle of Armageddon." What did the Master say when on earth? "I come not to bring peace but to cause division amongst you," which is the meaning of true divine love. Let me illustrate what I mean, take any family where there is one who is a Christ-man and the others in the family are world or pleasure seekers living to self; there is the division spoken of by the great Master, but if you had that whole family doing the will and pleasure of God then there would be "real peace." The families spoken of like the above could be multiplied by millions and then some. I, along with thousands of true peace loving subjects (Canadians) went to war to end war as we thought, but have we? Millions were slain or maimed for life, with no better result than before the last great war. All honor to such men like Mr. Kellogg and Henry Ford and many others who, I sincerely believe, are true seekers after world peace, but when everyone is shouting Peace, Peace, then war or sudden destruction shall come upon you. I suffered agonies of hell during the great war, was in several hot battles, viz., St. Eloi and the Somme battle, 1916, and was severely wounded by a machine gun bullet through the right leg, and up to date have had five operations, and yet it is deficient of proper support, but I, like many thousands more, would not mind so much those injuries which we got if only true peace would prevail. The efforts for world peace will never be entirely applicable until peace reigns in every heart. There is no one more appreciative of the many efforts for peace than myself, but I think I am right in my idea of real world peace. Pick up your newspapers and see if there is not more war in the doing and in the seething cauldron in the world today. It points very clearly to one end, viz., that some great calamity is about to happen soon, for the signs of the times surely show it, and the wise prophets surely predicted what is coming to pass these days, and it says to me that the Battle of Armageddon has yet to be fought before peace reigns on this earth. Were ever such lawless times known on this earth as is happening in these so-called modern days? I have almost reached the 60th milestone, and I never have; holdups and every crime on the calendar being committed daily; surely there must be some reason for all these happenings, and I can see the solution by referring to the grand old Book, the Word of God, the revealer of things to come. One is forced to ask, where is all this lawlessness leading us? To my mind, I can only see one way if the light I get is a correct one, and I believe it is, viz., through prayer I get wisdom from the Father. Get the true peace in your heart and not in the

Our Original Poem

TO-DAY'S OUR WEDDING DAY

We will meet the morn with music,
For our hearts are full of song.
We have reached the day of gladness
We've been looking for it long.
Through the years we've wandered
lonely,
Now the sun sends forth a ray,
And two loving hearts are throbbing,
For today's our wedding day.

O how slowly pass the minutes!
O how laggard are the hours!
How our nerves are all a-tingle
And our courage almost cowers!
How we wish the time would hasten,
And the fateful words were passed
That will link us both together
While our time on earth shall last!

Still in spite of hearts a-throbbing,
And in spite of courage low,
There's a song within each bosom
That sets heart and soul aglow.
From today we face the future,
Whatever be its form
We will revel in its sunshine,
We will triumph in its storm.

So we meet the day with music
That e'en tremors cannot check,
And although the sky is cloudy
We have not of gloom a speck.
There is opening up before us
A richer, fuller life;
And our joy is overflowing,
For today we're man and wife.

(Rev.) ANDREW MacNAB.
Chalk River.

head, and wars will not worry you if they do come on this earth, but it won't be by human aid that perfect peace will come to this earth, but by the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ, when He comes again, as He has promised to do; and from the signs which we are told to expect in those days which herald the second coming of our Lord, it is very near, and everyone should be ready to meet Him, or we will be like the foolish virgins who had no oil in their lamps when called to the marriage of the bridegroom.

—A PEACE LOVER.

B. C.

THE MILLENNIUM QUESTION

(To the Editor of The Witness.)

Sir,—Will you kindly print a few remarks I would like to make in reply to Rev. Mr. McManus on Our Lord's second coming? The coming for His saints dead and alive is sudden, but unless we see two events in one coming, with seven years intervening between coming for His saints and coming with His saints, we will miss the point. When Christ rose from the dead He was seen by the saints only. The world will be amazed, but it will be after the saints are gone. The Holy Spirit is withdrawn. Antichrist appears and makes a seven years'



ONCE DEADLY ENEMIES NOW ALLIES

The wolf dog undergoes a decided change of nature in the service of the rangers in Glacier National Park. The dogs shown in the photograph, bred from the wolf that attacks and kills wild deer, now haul hay on sleds to the various feeding stations where the government rangers scatter hay for the famishing deer when Winter leaves only a sparse supply of natural food for them. From this photograph, snapped by a ranger making the rounds with a dog sled load, two fawn can be seen following their former enemies.

truce with the Jews, and breaks it after three and a half years. See Daniel and Revelation relating to this. Then he will be the world dictator in full bloom. After he reaches this point his own image is set up to be worshiped. This is the abomination of desolation as the Lord said spoken of by Daniel the Prophet. The tribulation lasts for three and one-half years. It would take too much room and too much time to give this in detail. But the Lord comes in His glory with His saints and will destroy the man of sin with the brightness of His coming. The saints have been with the Lord seven years before this takes place. After which the millennium is set up. It's a grand doctrine, but in the meantime I will have to conclude.

R. R.

St. Catherine's.

REPLIES TO "GLEN-WOTTY"

(To the Editor of The Witness.)

Sir,—If you will allow me space, I should like to answer correspondent in your issue of Nov. 13th signing himself "Glen Wotty." Truly none are so blind as those that will not see. We in Winnipeg have had a very good chance to view the effect of Government Control to reduce the sale of liquor; one of the stock arguments of the advocates of Government Control was that it would put the bootlegger out of business; but what is the result? The writer was told by a business man some time ago that there were nine bootleggers in a radius of four blocks of the Government Warehouse on Adelaide Street. This warehouse is open every night until eleven, to compete with the bootleggers. True, we are a liberty-loving people, as your correspondent says, but we have many laws which are constantly being broken, and yet we do not repeal them. We punish those who break them, and if the use of strong drink often leads to suffering not only by the user, but his family as well, why not prohibit by law and punish those who break them, the your correspondent says Prohibition has been a ghastly failure wherever same as any other law? And, again, tried—rather a wide and sweeping statement which the facts will not bear out. The State of Maine has had Prohibition now for nearly a hundred years, and while there has always been some bootlegging, taking it as a whole, the law has been a success. For instance, my sister was a nurse in a large hospital in the State of New Hampshire previous to the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment. This hospital maintained a special D.T. ward, which was always full. Shortly after the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment, this ward had no D.T. patients, and was used for other purposes. Some failure here! No doubt the same thing was duplicated in other places. Again, your correspondent says Prohibition is unscriptural. This I am unable to affirm or deny; but this I do know: that men and women throughout the length and breadth of this fair land of ours who are working and voting for Prohibition are the followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene, and I know He did tell us to beware of the wolf in sheep's clothing.

Yours for a sober and united Canada.

—C. O. FORBES.

W. Kildonan, Man.

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—I have read with some interest and much painful surprise the letter of "Glen Wotty" in your issue of the 13th inst. I am now a president of one of the north-west Provinces of Canada but tho' away from it for over 40 years, I have never lost my interest in the affairs of my native Province, Ontario, and especially an interest in that I regard her highest welfare. My first and only vote in Ontario given just before I left to pioneer in this western land, was to bring the Scott act into force in my native county. At that time that was the only way the electors of Canada could voice their conviction that prohibitory legislation was the only consistent and effective method of destroying the traffic in intoxicating liquor; and using that opportunity the electorate of

Ontario gave an overwhelming vote in favor of such legislation.

It has given me much sadness of mind to note from time to time how Ontario has during the intervening years changed apparently her former attitude towards the traffic eventually deciding under partizan and misleading influences to adopt the system of Government Control, a system borrowed from the most anti-prohibition Province of our Dominion, which had and has continued to have the enthusiastic endorsement of the distillers and brewers and their allies everywhere. These facts have a significance which no one having the highest interests of his country at heart can contemplate without very serious misgivings. It has been suggested that there has been a general moral lapse throughout Ontario during two or three decades past which accounts for her changed attitude toward prohibitory legislation against the liquor traffic. I am loath to believe that such is the fact. And yet I have to confess that there is evidence that a moral degeneracy has taken place. If "Glen Wotty" truly represents any considerable body of public opinion in Ontario then it can not be questioned that moral blindness to an alarming extent has an existence there and has had its influence in the recent election. I am particularly, and I may say painfully, impressed by what he writes and by what it reveals of himself and his intentions, in the last part of his letter. That he should be happy over the result of the recent vote is understandable, seeing it enables him to get his "stout" or any other alcoholic drink he may desire, under what he regards as respectable conditions. But when he goes on to tell us that he has been praying and will continue to pray that the guiding hand of God may be with the Prime Minister who, we all know, is acting as Chief-Agent and Distributor for the brewers and distillers in furnishing all corners with their products which, that great statesman, Gladstone, has declared have been "a greater curse to humanity than wars and famines", the statement struck me, as I am sure it has done many "Witness" readers, as being an evidence of moral blindness fast approaching the incurable stage—a blindness which has produced in his mind such a misconception of the character of the true God as leaves him an idolator in the Bible sense of the word. The only true God and the only One an enlightened Christian can acceptably pray to is the God who so loved and sympathized with man kind enslaved by sin that He sent His Son down here to destroy the works of the devil; and if the liquor trade of our day is not one of these then surely the testing rule our Saviour gave us by which to learn the origin and character of all forces operating in this world, has no value in these modern times. Your readers, Mr. Editor, will I am sure continue to pray to the God "who is of purer eyes than to behold evil and can not look on iniquity" and to whom Paul has enjoined us to pray in behalf of "all men;" and when they get round to "all that are in authority" they will remember Mr. Ferguson and fervently ask that his eyes may be opened to see the error of his ways which he has mistakenly thought would promote sobriety and righteousness; and that his hands may be strengthened to deal a destructive blow to that system of dealing with the liquor evil which is so absolutely opposed to the prohibitory principle God has laid down as a fundamental of His kingdom.

C.H.T.

MUSSOLINI AND DRINK TRAFFIC

Mr. Alfred Pearce Dennis has an interesting article on Signor Mussolini in the World To-day. He interviewed the Italian statesman, who told him amongst other things how he dealt with excess in drinking— "I am personally dry," Mussolini said, "in a country over-whelmingly wet. Our people drink too much for their own good," he commented, quoting a string of figures as to production, consumption, imports. "Our national consumption of wine approximates a hundred litres (twenty-six gallons) per capita, but as the women and children drink but little this means a per capita consumption of

more than two hundred litres for the men. The enormous acreage in vineyards brings little or no gold into the country, since the bulk of our wine, unlike that of France, is not produced for export.

"Italian wines are heady, running about 12 per cent. alcohol. Our people who drink in their homes or in cafes belong to the type of moderate drinkers. Heavy drinking in Italy is associated with the common public house, where no food is served with drink. Frequenters of these low bars, such as chauffeurs, muleteers, pick-and-shovel men, drink to excess.

"I am aiming to reduce the consumption of wine by that element of the population which uses it to excess. I see no logic in penalising other classes of our population who use wine in moderation. We are cursed in Italy by the low-class bars, and I intend to do away with them—but gradually. When a complaint is made about a particular place I close it, and from my edict there is no appeal. I have closed twenty-seven thousand in five years; give me time, and I will close them all.

"I deal with the drink question by making haste slowly rather than by attempting to change inveterate national habits overnight. In this matter of closing public houses I am fortunately not compelled to solicit the approval of either the keeper or his clients."

Their Excellencies the Governor-General of Canada and Viscountess Willingdon sailed from Halifax on November 29 for an extended tour of the British West Indies.

TEMPERANCE BRIEFS

By E. E. Hatchell.

The late Lady Henry Somerset said: "If once the people could be roused to the danger of the Liquor Trade there would be such a national awakening as they had never seen. It was a terrible thing to consider we had the unenviable reputation of being practically the only nation that possessed drunken women."

"Alcohol is murder for infants, highly injurious for youths, and unnecessary for any healthy person."—(Prof. Sir G. Sims Woodhead.)

For more than twenty years the late Dr. Dodson kept account of the people who passed into Wandsworth Workhouse. Out of 33,000 men who became inmates, only 15 were total abstainers.

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," quoted Dr. Kerr to a slum child, and asked, "Who is the Lord, laddie?" "Please, sir, the police," replied the boy.

A wealthy publican had his portrait painted by a famous artist. His many friends declared it was perfection. One day the wife of a too good customer was called, by way of a favor, to see it. She remarked it was "verra guid," but lacked one thing to make it perfect. When asked what that was she replied, "If his hand had been painted as if in our John's pocket instead of in his ain, it wad hae been much truer to life."

Former King Manoel of Portugal has undergone a slight operation at his home in Twickenham.

A Deserted Babe
Trained for Christian Citizenship

A LITTLE brown-eyed baby, wailing and forlorn, was brought to the Friendly Home some years ago. Life had been hard for little Muriel—not yet a year old, she had had several operations, and been in and out of the hospital a number of times.

this work of loving and saving little children, and training them for Christian citizenship. The work is dependent on God and gifts from His children. Anyone wishing for an Annual Report, or a monthly Prayer-letter, may write to Miss Smith at the Friendly Home 2284 Dorchester St., W., Montreal.



Children of the Friendly Home

Illness is hard to bear, but little Muriel had far worse troubles than that. Her own mother and father did not love her, and would not take care of her—of course they did not say just that. The mother said, "Baby's father has gone away and left me, and I am sick, but I will try to work and pay what I can toward Muriel's board." But soon she, too, went away and little Muriel was left to the tender care of strangers. Well for her that the Friendly Home had taken her in.

Muriel continued frail and fretful. Many times her life was despaired of, but by the loving care she received through all those years she has now grown to be a strong and sturdy school girl.

Muriel is one of many such children who have been cared for by the Friendly Home. But I am glad to say that most mothers are more faithful to their little ones than Muriel's mother was.

Hundreds of little ones, and very many young, deserted mothers have been sheltered and lovingly cared for in the Friendly Home since Miss Hannah M. Smith opened it over fifteen years ago. Miss Smith has literally given herself and all she has to

And any contributions for this beautiful work may be sent to John Dougall & Son, publishers, Witness Bldg., Montreal, plainly marked as "for the Friendly Home," and they will be promptly forwarded to the Honorary Treasurer of the Home and amounts of a dollar and upward will be acknowledged in these columns. Needless to say John Dougall & Son make no charge whatever for helping such a work.

(Mrs. F. E.) Edith Dougall, Vice-president of the Friendly Home.

I CARE

GREENFELL LABRADOR MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND	
Further Contributions	\$ 62.50
A Friend, Out	5.00
Total	\$ 67.50
FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES	
Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid to official Treasurer from Jan. 1, 1929	\$171.00
Further Contributions	20.00
G. Osborne Troop, Montreal	5.00
Iron Hill, Que.	2.50
Total	\$208.50

Have You Trimmed the Wick?

By George Kingsley Reed.

THE Summer days have spent themselves! The early frost has withered up the grass, and the cows are travelling further into the woods in search of a tender shoot or a green blade of grass.

The days are short, and becoming shorter, making the daily round and common task more hurried than ever. It has been quite a task getting caught up with the Fall work at a time when there is so much mud and rain.

Last week we were exceptionally busy, and on Tuesday as we wound up the evening chores, "mother" informed me that my slippers were under my desk, that I could take off my regalia and settle down to write, making special mention that the lamp was filled and the chimney clean.

The information regarding the lamp interested me very much, because a coal oil lamp is a poor lighting device at its best, but when not cared for it becomes a source of irritation, both to the eyes and nerves. In fact, I remember hearing a prominent member of our village church back in the old land, many years ago, say, there had been more unpleasantness in his home over coal oil lamps than anything else, hence my joy at hearing that our lamp was filled and clean.

But that was not all; education is beginning to play a prominent part in this household, as was evidenced when Audrey remarked, "Yes, mother, but did you trim the wick?" That set me thinking; it burdened me, and like a bee covered with pollen I wanted to unload, to such an extent, that I hurried whatever I was doing, and soon found relief in thinking and writing.

I was thinking about that wick, and as I thought, it occurred to me that there is a great need for wick trimmers, for someone who will do the menial task in the house, or in the busy bustling world about us, cheerfully. Someone to trim the "lower light," yours and mine.

A GOOD many years ago I knew a youth who went to work in a warehouse. On his first morning, a man asked him if he would mind doing the menial job of sweeping the floor each morning. Full of the spirit of youth, he took the broom; sang as he swept, whistled like a bird when it was done, and took the next assignment in the same jovial manner. One day someone noticed it; someone always does. He was given other work, and when he resigned, his salary was close to fifty dollars per week—but not for sweeping the floor.

It seems to me now, that in any enterprise, in any calling, in any walk of life, there is some menial task or distasteful duty to perform. The advance guard of civilization have experienced all this. How often, I wonder, did Alexander Mackenzie pause—then ponder over the long tortuous trail to be followed in the quest for the Pacific Coast. How often did the "light" grow dim, yet with true pioneer courage and resourcefulness, he trimmed the wick and kept within the glow of the camp fires.

Sometime ago I heard of an old lamplighter who used to trudge along on his rounds each evening, piercing the gloom; lighting the street lamp, then pass on to the next.

On being questioned about his work, he said, "Sure, I like the job well enough, Mister. There's no one afraid to follow me, and even the little folk trudge along behind, because I leave a light burning as I go."

It is a pleasant thought—to leave a light burning as we pass on, but what about the wick? Has some forlorn and shipwrecked brother been wrecked on the relentless reefs of sin, because your light and mine grew dim as we journeyed on?

I HAVE read somewhere of an invalid lady who lived out in the country and close to one of our railway lines. Each evening at dusk, she would place a lighted—trimmed lamp in her window so that it would speak a welcome word to the railway men running East.

For twenty years Betty's light shone in her window, but one winter's night—it failed, the oil in the cruse was low, the wick crusted over as her spirit winged in flight to:

Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds their glory hide.
The end had come. Rain would

never obscure the light again. The storms of life were over; hers was a far serener clime. But her light was not forgotten, for the little room in the house upon the hill was literally banked up with wreaths, bouquets of flowers and offerings from those who had never seen her—never spoken a word of cheer, but had seen the light which her trembling hands had placed in the window for more than twenty years.

Come now therefore and let us reason together. The lamp is free. Thy word is a lamp. He shall give thee the oil of joy. We are only asked to keep our lamp trimmed and burning—"Let your light so shine . . ."

AS a boy I lived with my parents beside a road connecting two Towns—Sutton and Kirkby. One Sunday afternoon an old man; abject in appearance, while walking along the

VOLTAIRE rejoiced in 1759 over the loss of "1500 leagues of snow . . . being a frozen desert."

Today his 1500 leagues are dotted with fields and factories, snow or no snow, and twice as far beyond his strip of settlement the rich possibilities of that Canada of which he says "I begged on my knees that we get rid of" are revealing themselves on the latest maps.

These possibilities are constantly being brought to mind by the new maps published from time to time by the Topographical Survey of the Department of the Interior, one of the latest of which is the Peace Point sheet, exploratory edition, of the National Topographic series.

This territory, embracing about 5000 square miles of northern Alberta, mapped on a scale of 4 miles to the inch, lies adjacent to the lower Peace, nearly 500 miles down the river from the town of Peace River, and over 200 miles north by west from the end of the steel at Waterways, which is close to McMurray on the Athabaska. The sheet is a companion map to the Lake Claire map to the south of it, and to the Chipewyan map adjoining the latter. The Fitzgerald sheet, in process of preparation, will complete exploratory maps of a region 140 miles east and west by 142 miles north and south, with an area of nearly 20,000 square miles, in the very heart of our new northern empire.

As early as 1776, the Frobisher brothers and Alexander Henry knew of the existence of the Peace. Some historians believe that Peter Pond was on the river in 1780 but, according to J. N. Wallace, Dominion Land Surveyor, in "Wintering Partners on the Peace", two traders called Boyer and McLeod in 1787-1788, may have been the first men to try to establish trade relations there.

David Thompson met John Clarke, a Hudson's Bay man, on the river in 1804. John McGillivray of the Northwest Company relates how Clarke, a Hudson's Bay Company man, accompanied by Yale left Fort Chipewyan for the Peace in 1815 with "a squadron of invasion of eight canoes, six clerks and fifty men."

For 200 miles from its mouth the Peace, which crosses the southeasterly portion of the map, is "a mighty river, 1000 yards wide and more in places," flowing through a broad valley of alternating marsh and hayland, with prairie-like areas, and more or less wooded uplands. Peter Pond's map of 1785 shows it running almost directly northeast about the course of the Little Buffalo river which is shown across the northwesterly portion of the map.

Peace Point after which the map is named and where there is a park ranger's cabin, is the traditional spot where an ancient treaty of peace was consummated between Crees, Beavers and Chipewyans who divided the "Unjigah", or Peace river area among them. This point is described in "Through the MacKenzie Basin" by the late Charles Mair, one of the commissioners on the Indian Treaty of 1899, as follows:

"We found it to be a beautiful table-like prairie begirt with aspens on which we flushed a pack of prairie chickens. Below is a line of timber,

middle of the turnpike road, halted, cleared his throat and started to sing:

Brightly gleams our Father's mercy
From His lighthouse ever more;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.
Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor seaman tempest tost
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.

Can I ever forget that scene?—never! It has seared itself into the very recesses of my mind. Someone threw the old chap a penny, but I imagine my Dad saying "What will a man give in exchange for his soul?—Wherefore pay ye money for that which is not bread?"

Money in such cases as the one referred to, is but a palliative—it helps some unfortunate to get a few steps nearer to the brink of the grave, that mysterious realm from whence no traveller returns.

Better by far, to flash along the billows, the light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Lower Peace Area

met by a wall of Devonian rock. The only exciting incident of the day was the chase by some of the party of a pair of molting gray geese with their young, all, of course, unable to fly.

Boyer rapids, close above Peace Point, were named after the Boyer mentioned above. Between the rapids and Peace Point the map shows gypsum cliffs. These extend for 15 miles on both sides, the exposed portions varying from a few feet to 50 feet, one exposure 50 feet in thickness occurring on the south side of the river at the foot of the rapids. The report of the surveyor, who made a traverse of the river, is to the effect that the deposit is favorably situated for quarrying. Other deposits of gypsum occur along the Little Buffalo and the Salt river immediately off the map to the north.

On his famous trip to the Pacific in 1792 in his account of the lower Peace Sir Alexander MacKenzie comments continually on the beautiful park-like character of its banks, enlivened by bands of elk and buffalo. Nowadays elk are chiefly found in the fastnesses of the hills, but buffalo in this sanctuary of the Wood-Buffalo Park are to be seen everywhere especially in the sector between Peace Point, the Little Buffalo and the Salt Springs on the northeast corner of the map, about 18 miles southwest of Fort Smith and slightly more west of Fitzgerald. Fitz gera.

Salt Springs, Sulphur Springs and Peat Deposit

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, accompanied by Back, Richardson and the ill-fated Hood, visited these brine springs on July 21, 1820, on their first Arctic trip. Franklin describes the natural pans or salt plains as "Bounded on the north and west by a ridge between six and seven hundred feet high. Several salt springs issue at its foot and spread over the plain which is of tenacious clay and, evaporating in summer, crystallize in the form of cubes."

A park ranger's cabin and the St. Bruno Roman Catholic Mission and farm are to be found at the Springs. The salt is collected to a small extent for use by the traders and the missions farther north.

A report of the Royal North West Mounted Police in 1907 of a trip from the Salt Springs across the Little Buffalo river makes interesting reading:

"As we rose to the gentle ascent of Salt Mountain the country became diversified with open glades and small lakes, recalling the west side of Riding Mountain, Manitoba . . . Beaulieu (guide) shot a bear and two cubs within 50 yards of our camp, other game abounded, caribou are plentiful in winter . . . Mr. Seton (Thompson-Seton, the author-naturalist) remained in camp for the purpose of taking pictures of buffalo wallows. . . . Beaulieu and myself came upon fresh tracks of buffalo . . . they were on a large salt lick . . . Beaulieu said, 'Mon Dieu, major, let me kill him one cow.' I explained that we would be fined \$500. . ."

Although the water of Salt river has a distinctly saline taste yet fish are plentiful in it, including the inconnu or Arctic salmon.

In the northern portion of the unmapped territory on both sides of the Little Buffalo river which is from 40 to 60 feet wide, are successions of small prairie areas interspersed with lakes, or sloughs, the resort of numerous ducks and other waterfowl. This river is used with the Peace for the spring canoe route to the MacKenzie, as the ice breaks up in both two weeks earlier than it does in either the Athabaska or the Elave rivers. In season, strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries and Saskatoon berries are exceedingly plentiful in this area. Farther up the Little Buffalo there are swamps alternating with hay lands and narrow sandy ridges wooded with fair-sized poplar and spruce. Portions have been burnt over and in many places the river is choked with timber debris. In other places it is crossed by beaver dams.

Some 30 miles from its source the Geological Survey reports a creek flowing in from the west which gives off a strong odor of hydrogen sulphide. Moss and stumps in its bed are covered with a white coating. Higher up again Thultue or Bog lake drains in, a favorite winter resort, for fishing purposes, of the Indians from Fort Smith. On this upper part of the river are successions of beaver dams, new ones being built every year.

A portage of four miles leads across to the Jackfish river which runs southeasterly into the Peace. This river is 40 to 50 feet wide with a sluggish current, muddy bottom and low banks. To the southwest are seen the blue outlines of the Caribou Mountains rising 1,500 to 2,000 feet. This is the range which runs westward to the north of Fort Vermillion and which shuts off the cold winds from the north, making the latter region warmer than other regions much farther south.

In one place on the Jackfish is an ancient log jam so large and mud-covered that it has given rise to the idea that the river flows under ground at this point. Both sides of the river are wooded with spruce and jackpine, changing to poplar lower down where sulphur springs occur again. Below the sulphur springs are exposures of clay overlaid by 20 feet of sand in which are thin beds of peat. Opposite the mouth of Jackfish river John George McTavish had a trading house in 1818.

Rich Flora and Abundant Fauna

IN such a land flora is rich and fauna abundant. R. McFarlane, Hudson's Bay Company's Chief Factor, listed for this region about 30 animal varieties including big game and furbearers, and about 50 kinds of birds, not including the various species of many of both. Such game birds as canvasback ducks, mallards, geese, grouse and ptarmigan are particularly plentiful.

The new map, which is classed as an exploratory edition only, shows the old trails in use from time immemorial as well as those leading from one park ranger's cabin to another, the latter conspicuously marked with a flag. Application for the map should be made to the Surveyor General, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, enclosing twenty-five cents if required in sheet form. On linen back or in folder cover the publication is fifty cents but the latter edition includes a useful key of place names. Maps of the Lake Claire and Chipewyan areas are also twenty-five cents and fifty cents each, and the Fitzgerald map will be similarly priced when completed.

To improve agricultural methods and offer useful hints to farmers, seven new experimental farms have been inaugurated in seven counties in Quebec Province by the Minister of Agriculture, thus increasing the number of experimental farms in the province from 35 to 42. The new farms are located in the counties of Abitibi, Chicoutimi, Compton, Iberville, Lotbiniere, Quebec and Yamaska.

National revenue for October in the Montreal district touched the highest point on record with collections amounting to \$10,597,141, according to Arthur Magnan, collector of national revenue in the Port of Montreal. The increase over the same month last year was \$289,708 and that month was the previous high record. This is the fourth time that the collections at this point have exceeded \$10,000,000.

A Chorus of Congratulations

FROM CANON TROOP

Dear Mr. Dougall,—As sharing Mr. Fred Dougall's joyful "secret," my heart goes out to you indeed on this wonderful occasion of the diamond jubilee of your editorship of the Witness. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!"

The Witness came into my life soon after my arrival at St. Martin's Church in 1886, when your pen was bearing daily witness through your truly unique paper. My brother-in-law, Philip C. Hill, now in Boston, served for some time in your office, and he said he had never seen anything like it. "It was run," he declared, "on the conscience of the editor."

Wherever it has gone, the "Witness" has always stood for sobriety, for things pure and lovely and of good report. How wonderfully the perfect Father has strengthened and used you! To Him, in Christ Jesus, and in the unity and fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be the glory for ever.

Ever your friend and comrade in the Holy War,

(Sgd.) G. OSBORNE TROOP.

Montreal, 27 Nov., 1929.

SOME EDUCATIONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Department of Education,
Quebec.

Office of

J. C. Sutherland.

November 28, 1929.

J. R. Dougall, Esq., M.A., LL.D.,
Montreal.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—I am glad to join in the congratulations you are receiving upon the completion of seventy years with the Witness. It has been a great record, and one that is appreciated, I think, by the other journals which have not held up the same principles as the Witness.

It is now nineteen years since I came here, and some of the things advocated in the Witness before that time, in matters educational, have come to pass to some extent. Salaries of our Protestant teachers, rural and urban, have increased very much. The rural salaries generally have tripled. Consolidation has gone ahead. We have this year thirty consolidated schools, four of them being added this year. In some cases they do arrest the movement of our people away from the farm, and where consolidation has been refused there is frequently a noticeable loss of population. A large, bright school, offering the higher grades, works wonders in a community in a short time.

With sincere congratulations and best wishes,—I am, yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) J. C. SUTHERLAND.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada,
Synod of Saskatchewan.

Clerk: Rev. D. G. Cameron.

Swift Current, Nov. 26th, 1929.

John Redpath Dougall, LL.D.,
Montreal, Que.

Dear Sir,—Permit me to extend my sincere congratulations on the completion of sixty years of faithful service to your country, as editor of the Montreal Witness.

My father was a reader of the Witness almost from the first issue, and well do I remember as a boy a remark he made sixty years ago on your assuming the editorship. "I hope," he said, "the young man may follow in his father's footsteps." It is therefore gratifying to me to add my testimony to that of many others that the hope then entertained by many has been realized.

May the joy of service never depart from you while this life shall last, nor in the higher and better life where rest will be found in service—Respectfully yours,

D. G. CAMERON.

MOFFAT BROTHERS' GARAGE

Sydney, N.S., Nov 1929.

Dear Sir:

Join heartily with you in celebrating the sixtieth year of "Real Service" to one of the greatest men in Canada.

To show my appreciation in a small way am forwarding you six new subscriptions and will renew my own at the regular rate when due. Also enclosed is addition Ten Dollars (\$10.00) which please use in any way you wish in giving Mr. Dougall some gift at the coming big celebration.

Yours very truly,

MOFFATT BROTHERS.
(Signed) D. Moffatt.

Note: With the above came six new subscriptions at a dollar each though he was fully entitled to the 67c rate. In addition he will send his own renewal when due at the regular \$2.00 rate, and on top of all he sends a cheque for \$10.00 to be used in giving his Editor some personal gift.

And may I be forgiven for emphasizing that he is in the garage business. There are garage men and garage men, or so I'm told by those who own cars. But we will all think better of garagemen in future.

As to the \$10.00 for a gift. The spirit in which it was sent was so fine—something for the Editor personally. But if there is one thing the Editor does not want it is personal gifts. He knows no personal lack. His desire is for simplification of life.

The best thing that any one can do to show their appreciation is to do what our friend Mr. Moffatt did first,—increase and strengthen the channels of their Editor's service.

And his letter was one of the first received—and the very first from his province.

We are not going to return Mr. Moffatt's check for a gift: It has been shown to the Editor and he has suggested it be placed to the Credit of the David Curry Fund, a small endowment for which to continue the subscriptions of old subscribers who express regret that they cannot longer meet the price. Thus the gift gives Mr. Dougall two-fold pleasure.

Even so, the greatest gift is that, as a fellow worker, Mr. Moffatt has increased the circulation in his environment and beyond.—F. E. D.

PORTRAIT WANTED

Perth Ont., 1929.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—Congratulations on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Service to the man whom we revere and love because of what he has done through his splendid paper for the good of Canada. I can think of no other public man that I could put in the same class. No one can regularly read his wonderful editorials week by week and not be educated in the best sense of the word.

I would like to say a lot more, but as there will doubtless be thousands of letters sent in, I shall just close with the wish that Mr. Dougall may be spared for many years to carry on his magnificent work of trying to "make Canada a Land to Love."

I am sure that thousands of Mr. Dougall's admirers would be glad, and willing to pay for a really good picture of him, one worth framing, if there was some arrangement for their obtaining it, perhaps as a premium with a regular subscription.

—MRS. AGNES R. SMITH.

IF—IF—and AND

Magog, Que., Nov., 1929.

Dear Editor,—Congratulations on the sixty years of service you have given the world through the Witness. If we want the unbiased opinion of what is going on in the governments of this and other countries by one whose life work, and study has qualified him, we read the Witness.

If we want to hear wrongs injustices and immorality denounced we read the Witness.

And when we want a feast of encouragement to help us along in the path of life, and duty to God and man then we read the Witness.

Yours faithfully,

R. R. MERRILL.

SURELY OUR OLDEST READER

Amherstburg, Ont., Nov. 28, 1929.

To Our Beloved Editor,

Gladly do we add our congratulations to your sixtieth year of loving service to the readers of the Witness. The first I read is the editorials coming to us on Friday. The sermon is kept for the Lord's day. As we are quite deaf and a mile and a half from the church, do not attend. Would not be happy if the Witness did not come, having read it from its first copy. Remember also our parents with us children, being taken by your kind Father to breakfast at your home, when the vessel we came on reached Montreal from Glasgow. At that breakfast the present Editor was in a high chair. That was in October 1843. Your subscriber was then 7 and a half years of age. Then we were on our way to Mr. James Dougall, Rosebank, Amherstburg. Three subscriptions inclosed.

Sincerely yours,
M. P. GOLDEN.

There is probably no one else who remembers the infancy of the Editor of the Witness.—F. E. D.

A SUPPER GUEST

Truro, N.S.

Dear Editor,—It will be with great pleasure that we will have as a Guest at our tea table on Friday, Nov. 29th, J. R. Dougall's picture.

Sincerely,
MR. AND MRS. JOHN LOGAN.

OF ALL 100 PERCENT CANADIANS

Sydney, N.S.

Gentlemen,

Our warmest congratulations to Mr. John Dougall on his Diamond Jubilee. We hope he may live to enjoy the fruits of a life of true service, and rest in the assurance that his job is being well done.

Mr. Dougall merits the love and congratulations of all 100 per cent Canadians.

Sincerely yours,
(Dr.) H. W. BLACK.

SIR JOHN ABBOTT

Hamilton, Ont., Nov., 26, 1929.

Mr. F. E. Dougall,

Dear Sir:

I trust you will have a grand reply to your very generous offer to new subscribers. Mrs. Mary Phillips, now a clergyman's widow is a daughter of the late Sir John Abbott, premier for some time of our Dominion. She says her father took the Witness for years, as he wished to study both sides of politics and appreciated its views on public questions. She has come here to reside so as to be near a son who has a parish here.

The Witness has come to my father's home longer than I can remember, when your grandfather issued it, now it comes to ours for we could not do without it. May you prosper more and more is our prayer, and may your devoted uncle be spared many years to contribute his wonderfully helpful articles which are so admired by his subscribers. Congratulations to him from our family.

Yours most sincerely,

LYDIA MEIR GRAHAM.

(Note: There were probably few of Canada's premiers who did not read the Witness. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, once said: "I read the Witness articles more regularly than those of any other paper. I know pretty well what the party press is likely to say and I don't care over much what the opposition press, may say. But I do always read Mr. Dougall's Editorials on Canadian questions and when I find them in accord with my view then I know I'm right, and when they are at variance with me I ask myself which is right." And many premiers and politicians have read the Witness because they knew it had an unusual influence among independent thinkers.—F. E. D.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA

Hagersville, Ont., Nov. 23, 1929.

Mr. J. R. Dougall,

Editor of The Witness.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—I wish most cordially to add my humble tribute to "The Montreal Witness," and convey warmest greetings to the "Nestor" in the camp of Canadian Editors, on completing sixty fruitful years with his pen.

Memory does not take me back that long; but as long as I can remember the Montreal Witness was as necessary a part of our home almost as the Family Bible, the Shorter Catechism, the Old Bread Box, and the strap hanging beside the cupboard. It came to the post office at Belgrave in the County of Huron, and for a week was well pondered over from my grandfather to the boys and girls looking for pictures and the features interesting to the young. Today the very sight of it makes the red blood of youth rush through our veins.

The names "Dougall" and "The Witness" are rooted in Canadian history, and may they flourish for ever.—Yours sincerely,

(Rev.) AUSTIN L. BUDGE
Presbyterian Minister.

A SUGGESTION

Toronto, Ontario.

Mr. John R. Dougall, M.A., LL.D.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Hearty congratulations re the 60th anniversary of your editorship. I have known of the Witness since I was a boy, but have only been a subscriber for the last few years. The Witness editorials, in my judgment, are by far the ablest of any paper in the Dominion. How you prepare these pages of editorial matter week in and week out, year after year, is more than I can understand. It must mean more than two carefully prepared sermons. If we had one hundred papers in Canada like the Witness, surely Canada would soon be a land to love. You have done a great work for your country—a work that will tell long after you have been gathered to your fathers. I wish for you continued health and abounding joy in your glorious editorial work.—Very sincerely,

(Rev.) S. SELLERY.

(If those who have not got a Witness in their city or town would there multiply the circulation of the Witness it would be the next best thing, wouldn't it?)

THE CAUSE THAT NEEDS ASSISTANCE

Halifax, N.S., Nov. 23, 1929.

Dear Sirs,—I think I have read "The Witness" for over sixty years. I have not a great admiration for either political side, but I hold up both hands for Prohibition and clean living, and the things that are dear to the Editor's heart are sacred to me also. I refer to the splendid battle of the years waged against Wick- edness in "High and (Low) places". "For the cause that needs assistance, for the future in the distance," etc. Long Live John Dougall. A life-long reader and admirer of the Witness for its moral force.

MRS. S. D. CROWELL.

St. Andrews College,

Saskatoon, Nov. 29, 1929.

Sirs,—Kindly bear my congratulations to our editor for his Diamond Jubilee of service.

L. R. ROBSON.

OVER FIFTY YEARS

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 27, 1929.

I congratulate my dear old friend Bro. Dr. Dougall upon his sixty years of really wonderful Editorial labors and which I have so much enjoyed for over 50 years and still as wonderful as ever. The Lord bless and long spare him to his great work.

Rev. CHAS C. COUZENS.

Kindly Words from the Daily Press

JOHN R. DOUGALL

The Star very heartily congratulates Dr. John R. Dougall, editor of the Weekly Witness, on attaining his sixtieth year as editor in good health and so fully competent to carry on his work with his accustomed vigor and earnestness at the age of 88.

If the value to the community of a newspaper is largely dependent upon its sincerity and earnestness of purpose, then Dr. Dougall has earned the esteem of his fellow-citizens in a marked degree. The late John Dougall, the founder of the first one cent newspaper in Canada, the Daily Witness, father of Dr. J. R. Dougall, devoted his great talents through a lifetime to the principles which he held sacred, and his son, John Redpath Dougall, now carrying on his father's work with such distinction, zeal and fidelity, enjoys the respect and goodwill of the people in generous measure.—Montreal Daily Star.

A REMARKABLE CANADIAN

Canadians of all classes and particularly publicists and newspapermen do well to honor Dr. J. R. Dougall, who shortly is to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his installation in the editorial chair of the Montreal Witness and the seventieth anniversary of the beginning of his newspaper career.

Few men have put in so many years of effort on behalf of everything that is good as Dr. Dougall and fewer still been as true to their convictions. He championed many causes when they were unpopular yet retained the respect of his opponents. * * * He was a journalist before the Dominion came into being * * * He still goes to his office every day to write editorials.

Dr. Dougall found it necessary to change the Witness from a daily into a weekly newspaper. He did not strive for circulation and profits. But if nobility of character and influence counts for anything in this world his life has been an outstanding success.

The Star joins with a multitude of others in congratulating Dr. Dougall on the length and usefulness of his life and in wishing him many years more of health and happiness.—Toronto Star.

JOHN DOUGALL'S JUBILEE

John Redpath Dougall, editor of the Montreal Witness, is in his sixtieth year as the editor and publisher of that paper.

In point of age, Mr. J. E. B. McCready of the Charlottetown Guardian is Mr. Dougall's senior. But in point of unbroken service as editor and publisher of the same paper the Montreal editor has created a record probably unique in newspaper history. The Witness was founded in 1845 by the elder John Dougall, who edited the paper till 1870. Since then his son, John Redpath Dougall, has occupied the chair.

Born in the same year as the late Georges Clemenceau, John Redpath Dougall could, if he would, write an outstanding book of reminiscences. His earliest memories concern the annexationist movement and Montreal riots of 1849. He gleaned at first hand the sentiments of the people of various parts of Canada on the Confederation question. He personally conferred with Abraham Lincoln on the issues of the Civil War. He sat in a Sedan cafe and listened to the victorious Prussians infuriate French civilians after the crushing victory of 1870. In the sixty subsequent years he and his paper have been intimately concerned with all the world and national issues of the day. Macdonald feared his pen; Laurier sought his counsel—what a story he could tell!

No below-zero Montreal day prevents John Dougall from walking the three miles to work. The summers he spends by the Gulf of St. Lawrence, hewing a tree down here, slashing underbrush there. But winter and summer, week in, week out, for sixty years the pen of John Dougall has never failed. Yet today it is the future that absorbs him, and not the past.—The Globe, Toronto.

What greater challenge have you (I) ever had to co-operate in a practical way through the extension of Christian journalism

for the welfare of some particular family
whose young people may be diverted if not perverted
by a purposeless press?

Remember, for good or ill a lively press "works while others sleep!"

Have YOU Measured Up?

Most of those who are congratulating their Editor on his Diamond Jubilee of Service are also co-operating in practical fashion by sending in two or more new subscriptions—their "reasonable service."

Frankly the Witness could never have lived through all these years, against the many forms of opposition and persecution, had it not been for the enthusiastic co-operation of its loyal subscribers in maintaining and increasing its circulation.

Unlike an "organ", the Witness has no organizational backing. But it has for that very reason more influence with thinking people.

Unlike the commercialised press it does not make money and cannot buy its circulation with lottery guessing prizes, with premiums or with large commissions or canvassers salaries.

The whole time, unpaid service of its publishers is surely high challenge to part time volunteer service on the part of its readers—not for the sake of the Witness, it is paper and ink; not for the sake of the publishers, they have ample for all their personal needs—but for the sake of your friends, of your country, of the Kingdom of rightness—that this country may become a province of the Kingdom of heaven on earth.

To date out of over 21,000 subscribers less than six hundred have as yet sent in new subscriptions. So far as we know, less than 3 per cent have yet devoted sixty minutes toward matching their Editor's sixty years of service in their interest!

The Editor will naturally read this effort to extend his influence through an enlarged circulation. But he has personally nothing to do with it. He is never consulted in such matters, for he devotes all his strength to the Editorial pages.

Indeed in over a quarter of a century the Editor has never penned or suggested a subscription announcement or letter.

I want to make this quite plain so as to relieve his sensitiveness about what I and others are saying about him "in his own paper."

And right here let me say that it is not his paper—and nothing in or about it is done for his sake. It is the paper of its readers, and, like the truth itself, it becomes more particularly theirs the more they spread it.

If the Witness was published for the benefit of its publishers we would not, could not talk like this.

Just at this point—while the business Manager and I were wondering at the relatively small response to the Service Gift as the best way of commemorating the Diamond Jubilee of Service,—in comes a letter from Mr. C. W. Dempster of Hulton, a small

place in Manitoba. I think that the Witness has never challenged the co-operation of its readers of late years without some uniquely effective response from this friend. I could wish he was here to carry on this Jubilee Campaign.

His letter which follows was written on the back of a typewritten multi-phased circular, designed and printed entirely off his own bat at his own expense and without any knowledge on our part. It was so good we have reproduced it photographically for the benefit of such other friends who will find in it argument which will help them in their turn and environment to introduce the Witness effectively to others.

Your fellow co-operator,
FREDERICK E. DOUGALL.

Hulton, P.O. Man.
Nov. 28th, 1929.

Mr. John R. Dougall,
Dear Sir:

I wish to congratulate you on this your Diamond Jubilee of Service and hope and pray that you may be spared for many years yet, for our country and the world, particularly at this time, needs men of vision and spiritual insight, such as you have shown throughout these sixty years.

Yours sincerely,
C. W. DEMPSTER.

WHERE IS ITS EQUAL?

No salaries! No profits taken by the publishers who publish a weekly paper with interesting departments for all. Here are some letters of appreciation:

O.W.Copp, Ont.—Year by year I appreciate to an increasing extent the strong stand of the "Witness" for those Eternal Verities some of us hold dear, a stand taken frequently I am sure, in face of much public apathy and even overt opposition from those who should know better.

Wm. McDermid, Sask. - I would not like to do without the "Witness." The articles on the Sunday School Lessons are very instructive and well written. Your attitude in regard to all questions of a moral and religious nature should be commended by all true Canadians. The "Witness" is truly a Christian newspaper.

Mrs. C.A.Nutting, Que.—Enclosed please find \$2.00 as renewal for the Witness for the coming year. We should not know what to do without the Witness; it has been in our home since ever I can remember and I'm now 75 years of age.

A.W.Gorill, P.E.I. - In this speed-age the average busy citizen wants his thinking done for him and very largely accepts as his own the ideals of the printed page. If Canada had more newspapers of the Witness standard of righteousness the great moral and social problems that confront our country would soon be solved and settled right. Of all the papers I read only the Witness always measures up.

The publishers are spending their energies and their money in seeking to solve our moral and social problems. Their slogan is "Make Canada a Land to Love." Will you help? They offer you a partnership in service, — publisher and subscriber working hand in hand to bring about good-will — among men. Your subscription will give you double value.

1. The satisfaction of supporting a worthy cause.
2. Full value for your money in the paper itself.

C. W. Dempster

The Chorus continued

A SALVATION ARMY DIVISIONAL COMMANDER

Hamilton, Nov., 29th., 1929

My Dear Mr. Dougall, On behalf of my wife and myself, I wish to offer my congratulations on your Diamond Jubilee of Service as the Editor of the Witness. I feel that the country at large is favored by the continuance of health and mental vigor that God has been pleased to grant you. The good done by the "Witness" will never be fully known until the great "Accounting Day." And the self-sacrifice of the Dougall family that the Witness might continue to be a force for righteousness in Canada, will surely receive a great reward. May you be spared for years to come, and may you prove right to the journey's end that "the path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Sincerely yours, Alex. MACDONALD, Brigadier.

STRENGTH TO THE PEOPLE

Montreal, Nov., 29.

J. R. Dougall, Esq., M.A., L.L.D. Editor, Montreal Witness.

Dear Dr. Dougall.—As one of your numerous readers, I desire to tender my sincere thanks for your fearless utterances, during many years, on the great questions of the day.

To spend sixty consecutive years in any occupation is an achievement of note: but when those years are devoted to unceasing public warfare against selfishness and wrong doing, they become a source of strength to the ideals of a people striving for higher things, and a power of first rate national importance.

Allow me, Sir, the privilege of adding my congratulations, to the many you will receive, on the occasion of your celebrating this remarkable anniversary; and to wish you the enjoyment of yet many happy years, filled with the joy of service.

I have the honor to remain, Yours sincerely, WILLIAM H. SMITH.

"OUR MODERN NEHEMIAH"

Dear Mr. Dougall,—I wish to add my congratulations on your sixtieth year of service through the Witness. I do not know of any one factor that has been more productive of making this Canada of ours "A Land to-Love" than the work and personality of the Veteran Editor—our modern Nehemiah. I have much to be thankful for that I was brought up on the Witness. Am now in my 71st year. With very best wishes, I am sincerely, RUFUS K. OWENS.

Never count the years, Only count your treasures; May there be a heap of these— Friends, achievements, pleasures

Richmond, Nov. 28th, '29.

F. E. Dougall, Esq. Dear Sir,—I think your idea of giving Mr. Dougall, senior, a surprise will be a happy event in the life of the good old gentleman, who has always upheld all that is true and noble in life. I got a scrap book given me in 1879, and I have a good many verses pasted in it taken out of the Witness. Very few years went by that I was not a subscriber to the weekly paper, that I always looked forward to with interest and pleasure. I, too, am in the eighties, but some six years younger than Mr. Dougall.

Hoping that the anniversary may be one of the happiest that your uncle ever spent,—Sincerely,

F. GINN.

(Naturally people think a man in his 89th year must be "old." But those who work with the Editor are hardly conscious of his age, since his everyday work and attitude towards life is that of a strong man in his prime. My own explanation is that keeping tuned to the truth has done much to keep him physically as well as spiritually in good health.

I would like to hear from some of the young chaps who have just begun to take an interest in "our editors" outlook.—F. E. D.

Your Diamond Jubilee Gift?

Naturally the Witness services to its country would be increased if its circulation could be trebled: And why not? There are very many nice people in Canada, whose parents and grandpaprents used to take the Witness but who, for lack of invitation probably, are not now getting it. There are many others who have never seen a copy, and who would be glad to be told about it.

Between them and the Witness there is no "link up"—except through the mutual friend—YOU, who are reading this.

If, apart from the sick ones, each and every present subscriber would secure two new subscribers, that would bring its circulation up to sixty thousand copies a week.

Just think of trebling your Editor's influence!

Would it not be the finest and most practical form of recognition of his past and present work?

OUR NEW SERIAL

We have kept standing the type for the early chapters of "The Keeper of the Vineyard."

These early chapters will be sent to every new subscriber secured within the fifteen-day limit.

But all 67 cent subscriptions will date as from December 2nd.

You will note by our offer that your own subscription may be sent at the 67c rate only if accompanied by two or more NEW subscriptions at the same rate. (Otherwise all single renewals remain at \$2.00 each).

FOR MONTREAL AND SUBURBS

The only Canadian exception to the above offer, is within the city and suburbs of Montreal (the city of publication) where the delivery rates are so high as to require \$3.00 for a club of one renewal and two NEW subscriptions, with additional new subscriptions a dollar each.

N.F.L.D. AND BRIT. W. I.

The 3 for \$2 offer is good throughout Canada, Newfoundland and the British West Indies.

ACT AT ONCE

Those acting most promptly will enable their friends to enjoy the new serial story.

On a previous occasion we limited the offer to ten days and some eight thousand subscribers acted in time, thus getting the full advantage of two NEW subscriptions and one Renewal for \$2.00.

As many others wrote that given a little longer they could have done something, we made them a "Consolation Offer" of one NEW and one Renewal for \$2. And thousands of friends were glad enough to take advantage of that offer.

Why not seize the better bargain while it holds good?

Renewal Subscriptions will of course be extended for twelve months from present expiry date.

Now get the large coupon on this page filled out promptly if you wish your friends to have the advantage of this great proposition at such small cost.

Time Limit Extended

Sixty Years of Editorship

greeted by

Sixty thousand Subscribers!

That would be a tremendous ovation to him and stimulus to his staff.

But it cannot be done except through the volunteer effort of every Witness friend throughout the Dominion.

But it can be done. If each gets two new additional subscribers, or if the circulation in each place is multiplied by three, the great objective will be achieved.

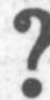
On the occasion of such a unique Diamond Jubilee, of which Canada or the world probably has no other parallel, will not all who have ever co-operated before, and all who have never yet co-operated with its publishers by introducing the Witness to new homes, and new homes to the Witness, do so on this auspicious occasion and so gladden the heart of the Editor.

It could be done, I believe, in a single day! Who could not get two new friends to support such a paper by a 67c subscription in an afternoon or evening?

A little drive and a friendly call, or a chat over the 'phone, or a chance at some meeting, or a letter to one

otherwise beyond reach—would probably surprise you. But try the more likely ones first, and then, if you will reach after others.

Those who act on the first enthusiasm will in most cases be the most successful. F. E. D.



How about devoting

Sixty Volunteer Minutes

to introduce

your friends to the Witness

by way of celebrating

your Editor's

Sixty Volunteer Years

of service to your country

and therefore to you,

to your family and to your friends.

Who has not feared nor quailed: Who by the truth made strong, Has battled hard and long Against the forms of wrong His is a service great.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

The DIAMOND JUBILEE Offer affords a great opportunity

of introducing this paper to your friends at a merely nominal trial rate, and that for the double purpose of advantaging your friends and benefiting their environment and country through the extension of the influence of a paper wholly and disinterestedly devoted to the general welfare.

3 (\$2 SUBSCRIPTIONS) \$2 FOR 2

in a club of one renewal and two NEW subscriptions

= \$6.00 of Value for \$2.00

= \$2.00 of Value for 67 cts.

PROVIDING these subscriptions come in in clubs of three or more and that there are at least two NEW subscriptions with each renewal.

Renewals, unaccompanied by 2 NEW subscriptions, remain at the regular rate \$2.00.

CELEBRATING our Editor's DIAMOND JUBILEE of Service

DEC.....1929.

Dear Editor,

I wish to add my congratulations on your sixtieth year of service, and to show my appreciation in a practical way I have great pleasure in having extended your sphere of influence through the introduction of the Witness to two new families.

These two new subscriptions, together with my own renewal, are covered (under the Diamond Jubilee Offer) by the enclosed M. O. for \$2.00

New Subscriber67

Address

New Subscriber67

Address

Present Subscriber67

Address

\$2.00

Other new subscriptions may be added now or later at same rate.

Good if used within 2 weeks of receipt of this issue.

Address all Subscription Letters to John Dougall & Son, Publishers Witness Building, Montreal.

Birks Interprets Kyoto Convention

New aspects of the Manchurian problem were revealed on Monday by William M. Birks, on his return to Montreal from the Institute of Pacific Relations Conference in Kyoto, Japan. Mr. Birks explained the nature of the difficulty between China and Japan, and expressed his faith in the fruitful results likely to follow the discussions during the conference.

A shortage of iron, timber, coal and oil forces Japan to stretch her hands to other lands for supplies, Mr. Birks declared, and the attention of the Japanese has centred in Manchuria, where they have, it appears, a claim which even the Chinese delegates to the conference were willing in the end to admit is meritorious.

At the first open forum meeting of the congress, Mr. Birks recalled, the chairman of the Chinese delegation hurled a bombshell into the Japanese camp by stating unequivocally that they were responsible for the murder of the war-lord, Chang-Tsolin. Later the vice-president and general manager of the Southern Manchurian Railway, M. Matsuoka, replied for the Japanese, calling the attention of the delegates to the history of the district and stating the demands of the Japanese Government.

Their demand was not for possession of Manchuria, but for the protection of their property there. At present the railway is policed with 70,000 Japanese troops and maintained with Chinese labor and Chinese employees. The executive explained that it was not the purpose of the Japanese to contest the sovereignty of the Chinese in the district through which the railway passed, and that all they desired was certainty of continued possession of the railway.

A delegate from McGill University suggested that such purely economic knots might be untangled by a joint international commission.

"But during the two weeks around the four round tables at which the 228 delegates met each morning between the hours of nine and twelve-thirty," Mr. Birks declared, "most of the bitterness that had found expression in the early moments of the meeting died away. In its place there was a mutual understanding that should go far toward helping in the solution of these tangles. I am profoundly impressed by the benefits of such discussion without the guarded restraint of diplomatic representation."

Other problems that had occupied the sessions of discussion and formed the subject of papers at the evening forum meetings, were the recurrent problems of extra-territoriality and such questions as food shortage, population statistics and the effects of a machine age as compared with those of the ancient cultural period. In the early part of the congress the less controversial matters were brought up, the most difficult points being held for consideration when incidental facts had been well surveyed.

With the position of the Chinese, in the matter of establishing their government, he expressed a deep sympathy nevertheless, insisting that their needs formed a vicious circle; they were unable to secure extensive financial backing without some sound government in power, and they were unable to establish the sound government without the financial backing. Meanwhile, the countries of the world that have been forced to demand extra-territorial privileges in the Orient for the protection of nationals engaged in commerce there had abandoned claims on Japan and Siam in recognition of their governments, but continued to refuse annulment of such privilege treaties with China. In consequence China felt a lack of "face," quite inevitably.

The two earlier meetings of the Institute were held in Honolulu in the years 1925 and 1927, and Mr. Birks said they had accomplished less than had been done at this third meeting. During the first session there had been few thoroughly enlightened delegates qualified to speak with authority on the nature of the problems

under consideration; but since that time the condition has been changed and the delegates came fully prepared to state their positions.

Altogether, counting the secretariat, there were 228 participants. Most of these were statesmen, professors of economics and international law, and prominent business figures.

Mr. Birks stated that he had enjoyed meeting the new Canadian Minister to Japan, Hon. Herbert Marler, whose work in the Orient was much praised by all those he met. He also spoke with pleasure of the lavish hospitality which had been offered all the delegates.

Tribute to W. C. T. U. Leader

Memorial Service Conducted for Late Mrs. May R. Thornley.

In tribute to the late Mrs. May R. Thornley an impressive memorial service was held Thursday afternoon at Dundas Street Centre United Church, London, Ont., of which she was a member. The service was conducted under the auspices of the W.C.T.U. and was in charge of Rev. D. N. McCamus, Rev. G. N. Hazen, D.D., Rev. John Garbutt and Rev. E. W. Young being the other local ministers taking part.

Mrs. Gordon Wright, Dominion president of the W.C.T.U., who was in attendance at an important meeting in Toronto, came to the city especially for the occasion, and spoke in appreciation of the life and work of Mrs. Thornley.

Dr. Hazen, pastor of Centennial Church, which Mrs. Thornley had frequently attended, spoke of the many gifts which Mrs. Thornley had possessed. He mentioned particularly her work at Friendship House, of which she was a founder, and dwelt

also upon her dominating passion for evangelism, which had led her to see the need for temperance. Dr. Hazen referred to Mrs. Thornley's ability; her clear, clean intellect and her well-balanced, well-trained mind; her power as a speaker and as a writer and her executive ability, and said that the best and greatest aspect of all these graces was that she had laid them all upon God's altar. He said that these gifts had made her a great moral and spiritual force, not only in her own city, but in the country and the continent.

Mrs. Wright, in paying tribute to Mrs. Thornley, spoke particularly of her work in the W.C.T.U., where her influence had been felt ever since she gave herself wholeheartedly to the cause. As president of one of the local unions and later as provincial president, Mrs. Thornley had brought to the W.C.T.U. a trained, cultured mind and had led it to attainments which it could never have reached without her. Mrs. Wright read letters and telegrams of tribute which had been sent from the provincial executive, of which Mrs. Thornley had been advisory president; from the National W.C.T.U., from the world's president and from other friends who had known her worth. In concluding, Mrs. Wright said that Mrs. Thornley's death was a tremendous challenge, not only to the W.C.T.U., but to the church as a whole.

Describing Mrs. Thornley's quality of courage, which she had possessed in a remarkable degree, her wonderful grasp of the work, her steadfastness and her grasp of the truth, Rev. John Garbutt, who was Mrs. Thornley's pastor at Dundas Centre for a number of years, said that she had done her duty for her generation and that he felt convinced her mantle would fall upon all the members who were left to carry on, if only because of the great influence which she left behind. Rev. E. W. Young closed the service with prayer.

An appropriate solo was sung by Mrs. Edward Wyatt during the service.

The Tea Party

Witness Staffs Entertain Chief.
By One of the Linotype Operators.

An event unique in many ways was held in the Witness Building on Friday, Nov. 29th, when the staff of the publishing firm of John Dougall & Son gathered to do honor to their Chief—John Redpath Dougall, M.A., LL.D., the editor of the Witness.

The event was unique in Canada, if not in the whole world, in that it was the diamond jubilee (60th) year of his editorship of the Witness. Unique, too, by the fact that Dr. Dougall is now in his 89th year and is still the very active editor of the Witness. As he chatted with his staff the years seemed to rest lightly on his shoulders. A man of good height and stately bearing, he appeared many years younger.

It was a happy gathering, for all felt with keen appreciation the spirit of their chief pervading the room—that spirit which has made him an outstanding journalist, a man with high ideals and one whose very presence bespoke sincerity of purpose and a feeling of brotherhood with all men.

One could not be in the presence of the man very long without sensing the virile power, the clear insight and the wonderful personality of a man who has devoted a whole lifetime in service for the betterment of his country. No matter whether one agrees with Dr. Dougall's attitude on great public questions or not, one is forced to admit the sincerity and broadness of his reasoning.

The staff, from the messenger boys up, all felt it an honor to be able to take part in such an event and to show in a small way their loyalty to this great Canadian.

It was a real "teaparty" for refreshments were served. Then the business manager, Mr. E. C. Janes, on behalf of the staff, read a congratulatory address and added a few words of personal appreciation. While the festivities were going on several telegrams of felicitation were received and read and applauded, and Mr. Janes, at the conclusion of the address presented

Dr. Dougall with a sheaf of letters of congratulation from subscribers from all over Canada which had been received in the past few days. Of the congratulatory telegrams which arrived so opportunely one came from an old friend, Mrs. W. H. Francis, of Windsor, Ont., the other was signed "Your Subscriber Friends at Creelman, Sask."

It was a pure coincidence that these telegrams arrived at the psychological moment, because the hour of the teaparty had not been announced. Dr. Dougall was visibly moved by all the expressions of good will.

In replying to the address the Chief gracefully thanked the staff and assured them of his appreciation. It was an address that thrilled his listeners, for it was given with such evident sincerity, and as he continued all listened eagerly to every word he uttered.

In his cheerful optimistic way, he said, in part: "I have no greater pleasure than to be still at my work. I look back upon a long list of men who have helped me and helped me well. The work has to go on, and must be carried on by those who set, higher than any good for themselves, the good of the world and the good of mankind."

With a vibrant thrill in his voice that made everyone feel he spoke from the rich experience of a devoted life, Dr. Dougall said: "If you seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, all things will be added to you. There is a new order of things coming," and he spoke with the voice of a prophet, "this mechanical and commercial age has created and will bring changes—even the churches feel it—but it will come for the good of the world." And in those last few words is expressed Dr. Dougall's creed "All things work together for good."

Mr. A. D. Ritchie, of the editorial staff, spoke briefly and feelingly on

behalf of the staff. He said "as one who has had the privilege and honor of associating with Dr. Dougall, I wish to express our admiration of the work he has done—not merely for Montreal nor for Canada, but for the world. Dr. Dougall," said the speaker, "is a true friend of all who come in contact with him. His idealism is the highest, noblest and purest that any journalist could have."

Mr. Frederick E. Dougall, the junior partner of the firm, then gave the figures of the numbers of friends in each of the provinces, and in many parts of the world who were in spirit felicitating our Chief at the same time with us.

The whole staff then in turn shook hands with their Chief and expressed the hope that he may be spared for much more and even greater service to Canada.—L. W. J.

Canada

Lieut.-Colonel L. R. LaFleche, of Ottawa, was unanimously elected, on Nov. 27 at Regina, to the presidency of the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League for the next year, after a message had been received from Sir Arthur Currie, the retiring president, asking, on the ground of ill-health only, that he be relieved of the office.

General Sir Arthur Currie, former commander of the Canadian Corps, in a message sent from his sick bed in Montreal, and read at Regina on Nov. 26th, at the convention of the Canadian Legion, stood forth as the champion of the ex-service men of Canada in their fight for justice and recognition of their claims. Plainly, and with brutal frankness, he made a sweeping attack on the entire pensions regulations, and demanded that the national promises made to the men of Canada in their enlistment for active services be fulfilled.

An experimental air mail service between Montreal, Quebec City, Moncton and Saint John, N.B., was authorized on Nov. 28 by Hon. P. J. Veniot, Postmaster-General. The service will be operated daily, except Sundays, starting on Monday, December 9.

Hon. Charles A. Dunning, Minister of Railways and Canals, has been appointed Minister of Finance to succeed the late Hon. Jas. A. Robb, and his resignation as Minister of Railways and Canals accepted, according to an announcement made on Nov. 26 by Premier Mackenzie King.

Regarded as unfit for work on Canadian farms on account of physical disabilities and ignorance of conditions, a number of unemployed men who migrated from Great Britain and who have been creating a problem for local immigration officials, will be deported, it was learned at Toronto on Nov. 26. When questioned by immigration officials the majority of the fifty men said they were willing to accept deportation as a solution of their problem.

Fred W. Elliott, Port Elbin, Ont., Liberal candidate, was elected on Nov. 27 to represent North Bruce in the provincial Legislature.

Charles E. Oliver, son of the late Hon. John Oliver, former Premier of British Columbia was charged at Penitence, B.C. on Nov. 28 in connection with the tarring and feathering of Dr. V. E. Latimer, with causing grievous bodily harm. Mr. Oliver was arrested and immediately released on bail.

Norman G. Guthrie, well-known Ottawa lawyer and author, died on Dec. 1, aged 52. He was a brother of Hon. Hugh Guthrie, Conservative member for Wellington South, and had made contributions to Canadian poetry under the pen name of "John Crichton."

Great Britain

The Air Ministry and officials at Cardington on Nov. 26 denied published reports that the engines of the new British dirigible, R-101, would be scrapped and supplanted with new ones of entirely different design.

The Labor party retained the Killmarnock seat in Parliament on Nov. 27, when Craigie Atchison, K.C., was elected in a three-cornered contest in the by-election necessitated by the death of B. Clime, Laborite, elected in the general elections.

Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, Foreign Secretary, on Nov. 27 indicated that Great Britain and the United States, together with a third power, were communicating together for the purpose of deciding some procedure whereby joint action might bring a peaceful termination to the present Russo-Chinese hostilities in Manchuria.

For three hours on Nov. 27 the coal owners discussed with the Cabinet coal committee the Government's legislative proposals with regard to mining. There were three points of cleavage: Reduction of working hours, marketing schemes, and the establishment of a national wages board.

Great Britain's privately built dirigible, the R-100, has been completed and underwent press inspection on Nov. 28 in her hangar at Howden.

Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, told the House of Commons on Nov. 28 that the government had no intention of varying its contractual obligations entered into with holders of government securities, ending a rumor caused by a speech of Rt. Hon. Thomas Shaw, Minister of War, interpreted as meaning that the interest on War Bonds was to be reduced.

Replying in the House of Commons on Nov. 28 to a question as to whether the Government intended to create a committee of industrialists and business men to advise the Government on unemployment, Premier Ramsay MacDonald said such advice was already fully available.

Liberals and Conservatives voted together in the House of Commons on Nov. 28 for the first time since the session opened, but the Labor Government, headed by Premier MacDonald, emerged with a majority of 70 votes. The vote was 237 against an amendment making unemployment benefit applicable to those under 18, who attend courses of instruction and 167 for.

Postponement of work on Singapore naval base was confined to the naval base alone, Premier MacDonald stated, on Nov. 27, and there had been no change of policy with respect to the air-base. Right Hon. A. V. Alexander, first Lord of the Admiralty, said no orders for materials had been cancelled owing to the slowing down of work.

King George on Nov. 29 approved the appointment of Lord Bledisloe as Governor-General of New Zealand, succeeding General Sir Charles Ferguson, whose term expires early in 1930.

The Laborite Government was defeated in the House of Lords on Dec. 2, 37 to 16, when an amendment was adopted to the Widows' Pension Bill providing that payments of pensions be limited to needy widows. The Laborites have only a handful of members in the House of Lords, the great majority being Conservatives and Liberals.

Prime Minister MacDonald announced in the House of Commons on Dec. 2 that the British Government delegates to the naval conference in January would be himself, Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, Foreign Secretary, Rt. Hon. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Rt. Hon. Wedge-wood Benn, Secretary for India. He added that the Governments in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, the Irish Free State and the Government of India had been invited to nominate delegates.

The British Government on Dec. 2 issued the text of a memorandum to China and Russia, saying that Great

Britain joined the United States in the effort to bring about peaceful settlement of the Manchurian conflict.

Prime Minister MacDonald announced in the House of Commons on Dec. 2 appointment of a committee for electoral reform composed of 19 members including Lord Hewart, chairman; Lord Arnold, Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir Samuel Hoare, Miss Megan Lloyd George and Sir Herbert Samuel. Objection to Lord Hewart's membership was lodged by ex-premier Baldwin, whose motion to adjourn the debate on the matter was accepted by the Speaker.

The "High Church" Bishop of London preaching in Westminster Abbey awakened the sleepy echoes of the newspaper press by saying that "pictures of roasting souls in hell make more atheists than any other thing in the world." He said it seemed certain that passages in the Gospel of St. Matthew on the subject of future punishment "attributed to our Lord were not said by our Lord at all." At another point he said, "Some say that people who rebel against God will be annihilated. I can only say we do not know."

On the same day, in the Bishop's own cathedral, Dean Inge, a churchman of a very different type deprecated the "ghastly pictures of Hell which," he said, "fill Christian literature."

"The Roman Church," he said, "attempted to solve the problem of Hell by introducing Purgatory, which is a plausible theory. The Modernist Protestant really believes in Purgatory but not in Hell. What is really needed is a spiritual conception of eternal life. I would be the last to revive the terrible symbol of Hell torture, but I think there is a great danger today in entirely banishing the fear which is never absent from the New Testament. We should serve God with reverence and godly fear."

Sister Dominions

Legislation to place the Commonwealth Bank in immediate control of all the gold in Australia was recommended by the bank's board of directors, Hon. E. G. Theodore, Commonwealth Treasurer, said on Nov. 28 in introducing an amendment to the Commonwealth Bank Act in the House of Representatives.

Keen resentment among Indian Moslems has developed over the act raising the marriage age of girls to fourteen, which goes into force next April. Bombay is without meat and without hackney cabs in consequence of a religious strike proclaimed by a section of the Moslems as a protest against the act.

After a nine-months' dispute, during which 12,000 men have been idle in the Newcastle coalfields Australia's main source of coal supplies, the mining unions and the owners have reached a basis of settlement work to resume on December 12. The men's representatives have agreed to wage reductions amounting to nine-pence per ton, while the owners will concede a shilling per ton from the profits with a view to placing the selling price of coal on an economic basis.

The United States

After giving consideration to the matter for a year, the United States Government responded to the note of the British Government, dated November 17, 1928, with respect to sovereignty in the Antarctic region. The U. S. Government does not acquiesce in the British suggestion that Great Britain has a prior claim on large portions of the vast Antarctic area, but leaves the issue open to further discussion.

Suit for injunction, accounting of profits and \$200,000 damages was filed in New York on Nov. 29 by Katherine M. Burke Sherman in United States district court against R. C. Sheriff, author of the war play, "Journey's End," the producer, and the publishers of the novelized version of the play.

Senator Jones, of Washington, on Nov. 30, announced his resignation as assistant Republican leader in the Senate because of the heavy duties

facing him during the regular session as a result of his taking over the chairmanship of the appropriations and commerce committee.

Twenty-five customs inspectors were added to the border patrol on Dec. 2, raising the total to 150 men for the Detroit district. This brings the quota of customs inspectors in the area up to normal, federal officials said.

A new session of Congress began at noon on Dec. 2, facing the task of passing on President Hoover's first full legislative program.

A bill looking to the granting of Philippine independence was introduced to the House of Representatives on Dec. 2, by Representative Dyer, Republican, Missouri, who proposed as a first step the setting up of an elected conference to draft a constitution.

Canadian wheat growers made the hard red spring wheat competition a Canadian affair at the Chicago Hay and Grain Show on Monday. Canadian farmers winning 34 of the 40 prizes offered in this event.

Canada swept all prizes in the field peas division at the International Livestock Show, Chicago, Saturday. The Canadian triumph was climaxed by the victory of W. G. Gibson, Ladner, B. C., whose award was given the grand championship. The reserve grand championship was also won by a Canadian, William Barnborough, Laura, Sask. P. U. Clubine, Wembley, Alta., won first prize for the best exhibit of yellow small peas.

On Friday Commander Richard E. Byrd piloted by Bernt Balchen flew over the South Pole.

Europe

After long consultation with Premier Jaspar of Belgium on Nov. 26, King Albert accepted the resignation of the ministry which grew out of differences of opinion between Flemish extremists and Liberals regarding the languages to be used in the new Ghent University.

Widespread devastation has been caused in northern Portugal by floods and has spread misery and unemployment to an alarming extent. The rapid evacuation of the flooded districts saved thousands of lives at Ponte de Barca. Bridges, roads, mills and factories were destroyed or damaged and traffic was held up. The Valdevez River exceeded its record level.

Six hundred and fifty persons were arrested at Kisheny, Rumania, on Nov. 28 after police were compelled to use fire arms in suppressing a demonstration by Bessarabian Communists. Although the officers seemingly fired directly into the crowds, it was claimed by the authorities that no casualties resulted.

The Rumanian Minister of Trade announced on Nov. 28th that he would give notice to all states December 1 that trade treaties with Rumania will expire March 1. Having in the meantime adopted a new tariff schedule, the minister will thereafter enter on new commercial treaty negotiations with foreign powers.

Three international agreements, providing for the exemption of shipping profits from income tax, have been deposited by the Government of Canada with the League of Nations for registration and publication. These agreements, just recently concluded, are between Canada on the one hand, and The Netherlands, Japan, and Greece on the other.

Premier Andre Tardieu of France on Nov. 29 in his capacity of Minister of the Interior withstood a vigorous attack in Parliament on alleged third degree methods by police against Michel Alamazoff, a Bulgarian national, charged with the murder of Henri Rigaudin. If the police were found guilty of cruelty severe penalties would be meted them he stated, making it a question of confidence. Parliament upheld him, 335 votes against 254.

The Soviet Government on Friday rejected the proposal of the Chinese Nationalist Government to appoint a joint commission with a neutral chairman to settle the Chinese Eastern railway dispute. At the same time

Alexis Rykov, Premier of the Soviet Union, declared Russia did not intend to keep a single inch of Chinese territory.

France and the United States, sponsors of the Kellogg-Briand peace pact, sent notes on Dec. 2 to Russia and China, as signatories of the pact, calling attention particularly to the pact's provisions that all disputes should be settled by pacific means.

Latin America

Just prior to the session of the Mexican Chamber of Deputies, called on Nov. 28 to affirm the findings of its election commission, it was announced that Pascual Ortiz Rubio, candidate of the Revolutionary party, would be declared elected President of Mexico.

Victorio Gongora, campaign manager of Jose Vasconcelos, defeated Mexican presidential candidate, had his protest, that because Pascual Ortiz Rubio had not been resident in the country for the year prior to Nov. 17 required by law, his election was illegal, rejected by the High Commission of the Chamber of Deputies. The fact that Rubio had been acting as ambassador to Brazil was given as the reason.

The Orient

Several Japanese newspapers on November 26 published what is considered the government desires for the London naval conference. Three chief principles are said to be actual reduction instead of limitation of armaments, a 10-10-7 ratio for auxiliary ships, and opposition to the abolition of, or drastic reduction in submarine strength.

Hostilities in Honan and Hupeh provinces of China where the Nationalist Government has been fighting the rebellious Kuominchun ended on Nov. 27 with a suddenness that surprised all observers, although it is now known that negotiations had been going on for some days between the leaders of the two factions.

Total prohibition of alcoholic liquor is one of the points in a proclamation which has been issued by King Nadir Shag outlining the future policy of his regime which in the main holds the principles of Islamic law as a basis. The King, formerly known as Nadir Khan, drove out Bacha Sakao, the usurper, some time ago and himself was elected monarch.

The Mukden Government of Manchuria was officially reported in Moscow on Nov. 27, to have capitulated to the demand of the Soviet Government for re-establishment of the status-quo on the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria before opening negotiations for peaceful settlement of the dispute.

Nanking on Sunday stated that the Nationalist Government of China had forwarded to Russia proposals for settlement of the Manchurian armed dispute, with the statement that "rejection will indicate Russia entertains warlike ambitions towards China. The Nationalist Government will be prepared to meet the Soviet move accordingly."

Ichida Kobashi, Japanese Minister of Education in the current, or Minseito Government, resigned on Friday as a consequence of allegations that he was implicated in the recent series of scandals involving members of the preceding or Seiyukai ministry. He declared he was innocent, but said he desired to retire from office so as not to embarrass the Government.

The Japanese delegation to the forthcoming London disarmament conference, headed by former Premier Re Jiro Wakatsuki, sailed for Seattle on November 30 amid a chorus of banzais from thousands who thronged the pier in spite of a down-pour.

An official statement issued on Dec. 3 said that Japan did not intend to issue a declaration supporting the American note in China and Russia, warning them of their obligations under the Kellogg anti-war pact, or otherwise to associate herself with the proposal.

Mexico's New President

The new president of Mexico, General Pascual Ortiz Rubio, claims to be of royal descent from his Indian forbears. In the story of Mexico the family ranks as adventurous, and the same characterization of the president's career holds good.

The president-general traces his descent back to Vitsemengari, son of the last of the Tarascan kings of Michoacan. His family has, therefore, an incontestable natural right to be called Mexican.

The Tarascan sovereigns stretched backward from the Spanish conquest through an unbroken succession of nineteen Indian rulers.

Vitsemengari, though his royal family no longer ruled the native kingdom of Michoacan, played good politics. He made himself solid with Antonio Mendoza, first viceroy of New Spain (Mexico), who liked him so much that he bestowed his own name upon him.

Ever since then the family, to one branch of which Gen. Rubio belongs, has been more or less in the public eye.

Rubio was not slow to take advantage of his distinguished Indian ancestry in the recent election. In some of the sections where the Indian population is large the natives were not aware that anyone was running against the so-called revolutionary candidate. His friends claim he piled up a big lead because of his superior organization. But it is generally conceded that his partisans held virtually all of the polling places in Mexico City and in most of the rest of the republic.

It may be said, however, that compared with previous elections, the one just held represented a considerable improvement, from the standpoint of blood letting. That may be said despite the fact that on election day a score were killed and a half-hundred of voters, or would-be voters, wounded.

Rubio suffered imprisonment under Diaz, the dictator, who fled to France in 1912 when Madero drove him out. Rubio was only 18 when he ran foul of the president. Released he became a trenchant writer though professionally an engineer. In these days he was an anti-re-electionist. He was under Francisco Madero's banner of revolt in 1919, one of the first to aid in that revolution. Assisted by others, he raised an army consisting largely of Tarascan Indians, drove out the state governor, Aristeo Mercado, and Diaz's troops, and set up a revolutionary government.

At the head of the Tarascan Indians, whom his ancestors had led to battle 400 years before, he later drove out of his native state the revolting revolutionary forces headed by the famous guerrilla leader, Pascual Orozco.

Elected member of congress, Ortiz Rubio was among the dissenting deputies whom President Huerta arrested and sent to prison.

There he remained until the following year, when he made his way over 1,200 miles of war ridden territory to the Pacific coast state of Sonora and joined General Carranza and the rebels fighting Huerta. He continued with Carranza and held important commissions in the army and the Carranza government between then and 1920, when General Obregon became president.

In the last days of the struggle of Carranza with his enemies who finally overthrew him, Rubio, now a general, raised an army of 20,000, and defeated the forces of the federal general, Bruno Neyra, took military possession of the states of Michoacan, Mexico, Guanapuato, Palisco, and Queretaro. He has been twice governor of his native state, Michoacan.

ANOTHER JOURNALISTIC VETERAN

Statesmen of all parties vied with each other in doing honor to one of the greatest of British journalists when Mr. Lloyd George, whose policies he has attacked and defended at various times in his career, presided over a meeting two weeks ago to celebrate Mr. J. L. Garvin's twenty first year of association with the famous London journal, the Observer.

The British press on the whole follows the decorous example of The Times and inclines towards anonymity, but now and then a C. P. Scott, or a J. L. Garvin are unable to

hide the light of personality under the bushel of tradition, and their paper profits from the personal influence. Mr. Garvin is one of the most popular preachers of the British Sunday. Week after week, he mounts his pulpit in the central page of his admirably printed paper, and thence delivers his political sermons to the nation, sermons full of grave admonition, dignified reproof and austere council. He calls himself a Conservative; but, had the Conservative Party its Grand Inquisitor, the editor of The Observer must long since have been burned for heresy. A preacher of Anglo-American friendship, of a bold League policy, of humane if cautious social service, and a strong responsibility in Imperial affairs, he has not always bent the proud head of his independence to tactical party necessity; but he has proved again and again the value of the non-party mind in politics.

SUCH IS FAME

Lucy M. Montgomery has been visiting Prince Edward Island, the home of her childhood, the scene of many of her popular novels. One day, down at the seashore, she met an old Irishman, a rough-looking chap whom no one would suspect of reading a book in his life. He came up explaining: "Shure and it's mesilf niver thought to have the honor of shaking hands wid ye. I've read ivry book you've wrote and I'm hopin ye'll live forever and keep on writing books. Y're the bright star of Prince Edward Island and we're all proud of ye, God bless ye!" This was "honor in one's own country," but it must be told that the very next person encountered looked very blank when the novelist's friend introduced "L. M. Montgomery, the author, etc." "Have you never read any of her books?" asked the introducer. "No!" replied the lady. "Is she a Baptist?"

The new Montreal South Shore Bridge being built by the Harbor Commission will be open for business in the spring of 1930. It is two miles in length from entrance to exit and has accommodation for vehicular, street cars and pedestrian traffic. There is room for four automobiles abreast. The bridge's longest span is 1,937 feet and there are 62 permanent piers.

Enquire not who spoke this or that, but attend to what is spoken.—Thomas-a-Kempis.

Book Reviews

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF PUBLISHING

One hundred years is a long time in the sight of men and a business that has endured that long is not unworthy of notice. On November 21, 1829, a young Methodist minister of Dutch Loyalist stock, Egerton Ryerson by name who had left the Anglican communion, issued from an office in the town of York, Upper Canada, the first number of the Christian Guardian new official publication of Methodism in Canada. In 1848 a Halifax printer began publication of a periodical for members of the Presbyterian faith in the Maritimes and named it the Presbyterian Witness. The Congregational Union launched the Canadian Independent, later Canadian Congregationalist, in 1854, after two earlier efforts had failed to find such a large support as the organs of the other two churches. When church union was achieved in 1925 the various bodies amalgamated their publications.

The New Outlook, the new denominational paper, of the United Church of Canada has celebrated its centenary traced through the Christian Guardian with a special number, and the publishing house, known to the church as the United Church Publishing Company and to the business world as the Ryerson Press, presents its history (The Chronicle of a Century, compiled by Lorne Pierce, Ryerson Press, Toronto. Mr. Pierce presents in this volume the story of the growth of the church publications and of the book rooms which carried on the tradition of John Wesley—the supplying of reading to the people.

To treat this subject properly would call for a large tome fit to take its place beside the dictionary. The book is a thick one filled with information concise and well put, together with appreciations written by contemporaries of the editors, book stewards and other men, who made the story. Such treatment cannot be other than sketchy and it is a ticklish business to handle some aspects of the matter without raising unpleasantness. Mr. Pierce has done very well but the book is not a lively one and will be read by few, though it is of value for reference.

The material is dealt with under fourteen heads and each section is presented in chronological sequence. It would seem to this reviewer that the sections by S. P. Rose in apprecia-

tion of various Methodist Book Room stewards contained the liveliest and and brightest reading, although in point of information the historian interested in church or publishing developments in Canada and some ardent United Churchmen will find all the matter of interest. This may be carping but one would wish that this work could have been less like the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle of ancient and honored memory.

HOMELY RHYMES OF JOY

A neat little book of prose rhymes (Joy's Loom, by Wilhelmina Stitch, Methuen and Co., Ltd., Price one shilling) has come to hand. It is a book for the housewife with a moment of leisure amid the many duties of the day. Pick it up in one of those minutes and read one of the selections that are found on fifty-nine pages covering a variety of topics from "Life, the Pedlar" to "Stars". They are cheerful and optimistic in tone dealing briefly and deftly with commonplace incidents. A tiny but effective spotlight is thrown suddenly upon them to reveal them in a fuller, a happier significance. The author has six or seven other books of this sort to her credit which have proved popular in England. A brief quotation of a representative piece may convey some idea of the contents of the remainder of the selections. Grace of life! Ah! how express it? Naught to do but take and bless it, cherish it like some rare flower, tend it lovingly each hour. Then will it be towards its close more fragrant, lovelier than the rose."

Hon. Charles Dunning is the first English-born Finance Minister for generations.



How about devoting

Sixty Volunteer Minutes

to introduce
your friends to the Witness
by way of celebrating
your Editor's

Sixty Volunteer Years

of service to your country
and therefore to you,
to your family and to your friends



LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF THE "FATHER OF VICTORY"

M. Clemenceau, "Tiger" of France, who passed away last week, is shown in the above Armistice Day pictured as he listened to an address of felicitation being read by M. Grantier, expressing pleasure at the war-time Premier's presence at the celebration in the French capital. This was M. Clemenceau's last public appearance.

The Illinois Crime Survey

By Ernest H. Cherrington.

THAT laws can be enforced, that crime is not uncontrollable, that public opinion determines the amount of respect for law prevalent in any community, and that organized crime and corruption are not new, are some of the findings of the "Illinois Crime Survey" (Published by the Illinois Association for Criminal Justice in cooperation with the Chicago Crime Commission). This book is as authoritative and amazing as it is unique in character. In the preface John W. Wigmore, editor of the Survey, writes:

"Is there, indeed, any citizen of Chicago,—or shall we say of Illinois—who can go on his knees in the Temple, as did the Pharisee and the Publican in Scripture, lay his hand on his heart, and say in good conscience to his Maker, I have never, when I was in a tight place, never sought to get what I wanted by evading or breaking the law, openly or secretly, or by using favor or fear with a public official; and I have never failed to contribute any share of time and work in such public service as came my way; and I have never, as a public official, sought my own profit at the cost of the public interest?"

Not alone Mr. Wigmore, but others contributing to this study, fix the responsibility upon the citizen for failures of justice or failures in administering the law in any community. Arthur V. Lashly, Director of the Survey, in his introduction scouts the idea that laws are not enforceable and emphatically makes his point in these words: "There seems to be no doubt, after making allowance for the maximum of inexperience and incompetence which will always be more or less in evidence in public office, and allowing for every failure of justice due to weaknesses and loopholes in the antiquated laws of criminal procedure, that no serious problem of crime exists in any community of this state, urban or rural, where the police and sheriffs, the prosecutors and the courts are all doing their duty honestly and to the best of their respective abilities."

August Vellmer, who wrote the chapter entitled "The Police in Chicago," comes to this conclusion concerning the enforcement of law: "A comparatively few men, with sufficient under-cover allowance, directed by a forceful and incorruptible leader, can overwhelm the allied army of the gamblers, bootleggers, prostitutes, drug fiends, and their leaders and supporters, provided, of course, that they have the moral support and backing of the community and administration leaders."

There is nothing new about organized crime. The utterly unfounded liquor propaganda that our current crime is an offspring of prohibition is refuted by John Landesco, author of the section "Organized Crime in Chicago." This is one of the most significant portions of the book, beginning with the discussion of the McSwiggan Assassination, The Exploitation of Prostitution, The Rule of The Underworld, The Beer Wars, Terrorization By Bombs, Racketeering, the Gangster And The Politician, Funerals of Gangsters, and after quoting from biographies of these criminals, ending with a "Who's Who of Organized Crime in Chicago." No student of social conditions in any of our great cities can overlook the wealth of material in this section of the survey. The conditions portrayed there are almost incredible. They constitute a challenge not alone to moral leaders nor to those who are laboring for the advancement of their fellows but to every good citizen in the city surveyed. It is in the course of this discussion that Mr. Landesco reminds us that: "Organized crime is not, as many think, a recent phenomenon in Chicago. A study of vice, crime and gambling during the last twenty-five years shows the existence of crime and vice gangs during that period and how they have become more and more highly organized and powerful." He points out: "The resistance of vice to governmental control, the internal organization of gangs required in conducting large scale, illegitimate business, and the persistence of these leaders through years of gang war and prosecution, is most clearly revealed in the history of the south side rings,

the school in which both Torrio and Capone were trained for their leadership for at least twenty years."

He gives a price list of the corruption in Chicago before prohibition in 1911. He quotes from the evidence given by a gambler and confidence man: "He testified that a scale of prices was standardized by this outfit with monthly assessments as follows: saloons open all night, \$50; all night saloons with music, \$75; crap games, \$50; poker, \$25; resorts selling liquor, \$100."

E. W. Burgess, writing the "Summary And Recommendations" portion of the Survey, gives this as his finding: "The final and summary conclusion of our study is that the control of organized crime is always, in the last analysis, a problem of public opinion. Organized crime always seeks to commercialize and to exploit human nature. Society through legislation and other measures strives to protect its citizens against wayward impulses that are destructive of human happiness and social order. Public opinion in our largest American cities seems ever to fluctuate between endorsement of a wide-open town with little or no enforcement of the laws regulating personal conduct and reform supported by crusades. A permanent policy and program of law enforcement cannot be based upon crusades but must rely upon the creation of a public opinion that is informed upon the actual workings of organized crime and political machines."

There are many references to the prohibition situation throughout the book. The following are just a few of the more significant of these references:

"In the City of Chicago, organized crime presents the worst problem, and of all classes of organized criminals those who are engaged mainly in the manufacture, distribution, and sale of intoxicating liquor constitute the greatest menace."

"A minimum program of prohibition enforcement in the interest of the control of organized crime might be to concentrate enforcement efforts upon the commercialization of bootlegging, especially in the hands of organized gangs. In this way the backbone of organized crime would be broken."

"If public gambling and wholesale liquor manufacturing and distribution were suppressed, thus depriving organized gangs of their principal sources of revenue, the gang murder problem would be solved."

"Criminal business enterprises, like vice, gambling, and bootlegging were carried on under adequate political protection."

Mr. Andrew A. Bruce, in his introduction to Mr. Landesco's section on "Organized Crime," sets forth some fundamental facts which must not be ignored by any who are desirous of comparing American crime data with that of some European city. He says: "It is absurd to seek to compare Chicago with the city of London, or to compare America with any European nation. In London there is a cosmopolitan population with a common history, a common tradition and, in a large measure, a common religion of a thousand years. America is not only a nation, but a nation of nations."

This is especially true of Chicago. Next to New York, perhaps, it is the greatest melting pot of America. Not only is it the meeting place of the east and of the west, of the north and of the south, but two-thirds of its population were born on foreign shores or are the children of the newly arrived immigrant. It, too, has a difficult negro problem which confronts no city of the old world. There are reasons why there are more murders and assaults and more race and gang conflicts in Chicago than there are in European capital. In Europe, the races are segregated into nations and states and principalities. While in Europe, therefore, race conflicts take the form of wars, in America, they constitute breaches of the peace and criminal offences; they take the form of gang murders and assaults and they come into the criminal courts. The government of London, also, and the political structure of London are the growth of centuries,

Chicago was born but yesterday, and sprang to manhood overnight. It has no ancient traditions. The growth of Chicago has been too rapid for the proper formulation of its governmental structure. Its business men have been too engrossed in their avocations to study its political and social needs. Not only is this the case, but we are handicapped by our very system of government. The Constitution of Illinois was made for a rural and not for an urban community, and Chicago has everywhere been handicapped by a denial to it by the Legislature of the measure of self-government which is absolutely necessary to a great metropolitan centre. Our criminal machinery, also, was not devised for urban exigencies."

Asserting that crime is the problem of youth, Mr. Bruce also reminds us that upon the training of the younger generation there depends the character and quality of the civic life of any community. He writes: "If we would control crime in Chicago, we must control the thoughts and aspirations and the ambitions of youth and the moral and social atmosphere and outlook of the districts and localities where our criminals are trained and nurtured."

The Illinois Association for Criminal Justice, Rush C. Butler of Chicago, President, "has done the State some service" by making possible this uniquely valuable Survey. Besides the topics quoted above, Part One, "The Machinery of Justice" with its analysis of the disposition of the felony cases and its studies of The Prosecutor, Rural Police Protection, The Police in Chicago, The Coroner, The Municipal Court of Chicago as A Criminal Court, The Probation and Parole System, and Crime and Record Systems, and Part Two, "Specific Types of Offences And Offenders" present very careful studies.

One conclusion to which one may come after reading the eleven hundred pages of this book might be expressed in a revision of DeToqueville's famous phrase: "Every people have the sort of crime to which they are entitled." Public opinion is still king. If the better element in any community avoid their civic responsibilities concerning respect for and enforcement of the law, anarchy and crime are the inevitable results.

Drinking in Syria

A little incident in everyday life threw a wonderful flood of light on the present state of tipping, cocktailing, or whatever it may be called, writes Mrs. Ghosn-el-Howie, of Shweir, Beirut, Syria, to The Witness.

I happened to visit a neighbor this afternoon. He was not at home; in fact he was undergoing an operation in a hospital in Beirut, and his wife had gone down and left a married daughter in charge.

This young woman, a widow, had spent several years in Brazil, and I found her now stirring a cauldron of quince marmalade that she was going to boil so stiff that it could be kept in a large glass jar or wooden fruit box. She was very loquacious, brought in a chair, and bade me sit beside her while she continued to stir.

The grape season is just ended, and owners of vineyards have been busy disposing of their grapes, some making "dibs," a kind of thick syrup, which by beating may be made so stiff that it can be cut with a knife; others made wine or raisins, and yet others, perhaps the greater number, were turning their grapes into "arak," a strong spirit which fetches a high price, and is growing in demand.

A large jar of "dibs" was standing in a corner, and beside it a paper bag which contained over eight pounds of aniseed, which Liza told me her mother and brother-in-law, to help her, were going to use in making "arak."

I had no doubt that they were going to make this "arak" for sale, and was surprised to find that they intended it for family use.

This young woman has three brothers, fine young men, all of them chauffeurs, driving motor cars up and down the mountain daily. It seems that they have acquired the habit of taking a small glass every evening, and of course when they have friends, or when feast days occur, they indulge in larger quantities.

I believe there is no question that these young men have acquired this habit through association with young men of their ilk. "Birds of a feather flock together," and fear of being "different" and out of the swim has led them into this injurious and expensive habit which may be their ruin, and even now is causing their mother trouble to procure this harmful drink for them.

Liza continued to stir her marmalade, and laughed as she told me how much the women in Brazil love "arak," especially the natives, and how they even give it to their children and let them get used to it, saying: "It will make them strong." They make it there from the sugar-cane.

I cannot give statistics on the amount of "arak" sold or consumed in Syria, but I am afraid that it is quite an important article of commerce, and although I am not aware of cases of drunkenness in this locality, yet I fear that "arak" drinking is very general and on the increase.

A PROTEST AND AN APPEAL

Glen Wotty has a wondrous brain,
With which he over-awes us.
And yet—he sponsors L.C.A.
With all its tricky clauses.

He claims "conditions are improved,"
Methinks he is afflicted
As our Premier—to like remarks
You'll note both are addicted.

They make one think of ostriches
With heads down in the sand,
Hence cannot see what L.C.A.
Is doing to our land.

Of what avail is politics?
Your "freedom for each one"?
Freedom to ruin mind and soul—
That's what "control" has done.

Why blind your eyes to what is true?
Why shield you one another?
Have you no love within your heart,
No duty due your brother?

Don't talk to us of "Revenue,"
It isn't all in gold—
We needs must count the ruined
homes,
It makes one's blood run cold!

Oh, do not talk of "Revenue"!
Of that we see too much,
In broken hearts, and blasted hopes,
In snuffed-out lives—and such!

God grant us each a vision clear
To see His wish and will.
If all would follow where He leads
We'll save Ontario still!

—"PAGEITE."

To assist in the solution of forestry problems the Forest Service of the Department of the Interior is carrying on research work on the national forests in the western provinces, and has established forest experiment stations at Chalk River, Ontario, and Lake Edward, Quebec. Experimental areas have also been established in New Brunswick, and research work is being conducted in Nova Scotia which is specially designed to assist settlers in the profitable management of their woodlots.

The prairie flora and the mountain flora meet in Waterton Lakes national park in the southwest corner of the province of Alberta. Here, in the valleys, and on the lower eastern slopes of the Rocky mountains, the wild flowers bloom in May and June. In July the higher passes are colorful with delicate blossoms of every hue.

?

How about devoting

Sixty Volunteer Minutes

to introduce

your friends to the Witness
by way of celebrating
your Editor's

Sixty Volunteer Years

of service to your country
and therefore to you,
to your family and to your friends.

The KEEPER of the VINEYARD

By Alice McKay

Author of *The Mustard Seed, Broken Ships, Red Letters, Etc.*

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SYNOPSIS

Note.—For the benefit of new subscribers the synopsis printed below is somewhat longer than usual.

In 1914 John Cameron went to the war and left his motherless son, Alan, in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Rutland, their neighbors in the Cape Breton village of Bradore. Before he left he told the boy of the charge he wished the lad to keep should the fortunes of war take him. A tract of land on Forest Hill was jointly owned by John and his brother, William, but the latter had gone to the Yukon goldfields, years before and had not been heard of since. The timber on the tract was to be devoted to the building and maintenance of a "house by the side of the road" for world-weary souls. When his father was killed his wishes became a sacred trust to Alan. One day in 1926, Injun Andy and Barbara Austin sought him as he was on the lookout for fires and told him that Mrs. Rutland, now a widow, had sent for him. On his arrival home, Alan found a stranger, Jared Griffith, who said he was a financier from Montreal. The man tried to buy the timber of Forest Hill, but Alan refused, stating that his father's wishes must be carried out. From Dave Kyne, dissolute son of the owner of the summer hotel, Griffith learned some facts about the Cameron history. Griffith secured Dave's help by the show of money the more readily because the young man wished to be avenged on Alan because of his love for Barbara Austin. The financier, who was actually more at home in New York than Montreal, visited Cameron accompanied by his daughter, Lois, whom he kept under his thumb by means of drugs she could obtain only from him. Julian Austin, Alan's ohm, was attracted by the new girl and offended because Cameron paid her so much attention. The next morning Lois met Barbara, who took her to the raising of the frame of the Jericho House, which had been the dream of John Cameron. Too late to give warning Barbara saw a falling timber and Alan was struck down. Having learned of the inherent taste for drink which cursed the Cameron family, Griffith, in taking charge of the injured man, administered a strong draught of alcohol. That night at the hotel, Lois, at her father's command, teased Julian Austin to taste first liquor.

(Now read on.)

CHAPTER VI.

Unto the Third Generation

Alan Cameron awoke from his unhealthy sleep and gazed stupidly about his spotless room. A jumble of events were passing in turbulent disorder before his mental vision, and he battled to regain his normal consciousness. The evening sun which shone across his counterpane in a molten stream only served to add to his perplexity. That he should be in bed of an afternoon was indeed mystifying. He lay perfectly still, making a gallant effort to reconstruct his shattered faculties. His head ached, a dull, throbbing soreness that concentrated above his right temple. Slowly memory came to him; half-reluctantly it made its advent, until finally he could follow up the drift of events which had landed him on his back in bed. First the falling plank, and then Barbara Austin's scream, and oblivion until now.

A peculiar sense of depression was weighing upon him, and a feeling of nausea overpowered him. He sighed wearily and raised his hand to try his bruised head. At his movement someone came quickly to his bedside, and he turned his head expecting to see Mary Rutland. Instead, it was Lois Griffith who bent over him, her eyes heavy with their message of sympathy and something else that he could not fathom. She was dressed in a white sport's costume, and the shining curls clustered freely above her white brow.

Cameron stared with troubled wonder in his eyes.

"I'm real enough," said the girl gently. "You look as though you were seeing an apparition."

Cameron affected to smile, but the perplexity lingered about his fine eyes.

"I thought for a moment that I was," he replied. "What has happened to me?"

"You were struck by a loose plank and stunned, I guess. It is not serious. So father says. Mrs. Rutland tried to get Doctor Forbes, but he is away in West Lake on a case he could not leave. I—I just watched here for Mrs. Rutland."

"It was kind of you to take the care of her," he said gratefully, "but the building — is it going on?"

"Yes, those hardy highlanders are not so easily daunted," she answered laughing. "They were horror-struck at first when they thought you were killed, but when they found that you were not seriously hurt, they went back on the job with a will."

Cameron's eyes softened when the girl made reference to the loyalty of his friends. But there was a foreign restlessness upon him that would not give him peace, and his throat felt strangely parched and dry. His temples throbbed, and the girl placed a cool hand on his brow, giving him a momentary feeling of quietness and strength. His thoughts flew in an involuntary flight to the picture in his bureau drawer. He raised his hand, contemplating its trembling for a moment, then placed it over the cool one that was pressing his hot brow.

"You are like my mother, Lois," he said, unconsciously using her Christian name. "You have brought a peculiar unrest to me, yet—I think I am going to love you."

He did not realize at once that he had spoken impulsively, prompted by the tenderness of the girl's touch and her striking resemblance to his mother.

"No, no!" she cried, denying his words. "I am not like your mother. She was sweet and good, I know. Listen," she bent low to whisper. "I dare not tell you all, but you must be careful, watchful. That is all I can say. Do not question me. I have warned you at a risk to myself, and trust you not to betray me."

She was gone in a flash of white, and Cameron heard her running down the gravelled path that led away from the house. He marvelled greatly at her words, and failing to find a purpose in or reason for them, he made a pretence of dismissing them from his mind entirely.

The sense of depression and irritation lingered with Cameron so persistently that he was glad when Mrs. Rutland entered full of loving solicitude for his welfare, and also to announce the arrival of Jared Griffith, who had come to call upon the patient. Instinctively Alan Cameron associated the man's presence there with Lois' warning, but dismissed the notion the next instant as absurd.

When Jared Griffith entered the sick room he was followed closely by Jimsy Austin. Seeing the little fellow brought to Cameron's mind the painful fact that Barbara had made no inquiries concerning him, nor had she come to see him in person as was her wont. He shrugged with an indifference he was far from feeling, and greeted his visitors.

"Aunt Mary has told me that you proved yourself invaluable in rendering 'first aid' to me," said Cameron, returning Griffith's handclasp. "I wish to thank you now."

"Not at all," objected Griffith. "I have done more than that for my friends in my lifetime. Have you recovered pretty well from the shock?"

"Ye-es," returned Cameron slowly. "I believe so, but I can't just make out what is the matter with me. I feel as if I want something, but I cannot settle on any particular kind. It's a sort of a vague desire."

Griffith's grey eyes were keen, searching the face of his new experiment. He brought a little flask forth from his pocket and removed the stopper.

Alan Cameron rose eagerly to a sitting posture, and looked about him, breathing deeply.

"Perhaps this is what you want," said Griffith, holding out the flask as he spoke.

Little Jimsy stood waiting, his eyes

great with wonder. He could not fathom the enormity of the crisis at hand, but his child sense warned him that something was amiss.

Cameron held the flask in one hand and fought a losing battle with himself. Here was the balm for the desire that was inflaming his being. Ah, Keeper of the Vineyard! while it is yet in the glass it stingeth like an adder. Then, before he fell, while yet the tempter lured, out of the mouth of a child proceeded warning.

"It's likker, Alan," he said innocently. "An' if you take it you may be a drunkard yet, like your Grandpa was. 'Cause Peter Kyne said when any Cameron started drinking you couldn't stop him."

Alan Cameron stared at Jimsy as though he was an apparition, while all the color ebbed from his face, leaving him deathly pale. His hand holding the flask fell to his side, so that the liquor trickled out over the white counterpane. Griffith smothered an oath as he replaced the cork in the flask, and looked threateningly towards the boy, but Jimsy was undaunted.

The color came back into Cameron's face in a great crimson flood, and a rush of tears filled his eyes. He reached out for Jimsy and held him close against his breast, his hot face buried in the child's mop of auburn hair that was so like Barbara's. An impatient motion from Griffith broke the silence. Cameron turned his head and gave him a stern glance that was a command in itself. The Wall Street schemer walked out of the room without a word.

"Tell me again what it was that Peter Kyne said?" requested Cameron, suddenly releasing the boy.

Jimsy kept one chubby arm about his friend's neck as he made answer: "Just what I tole you. He said your Grandpa was a drunkard, and if once you started takin' it you'd be one, too, 'cause it was in your blood 'count of your Grandpa."

"But, Jimsy," said Cameron, almost piteously, "I never had a taste of it, and I wanted it today. —I wanted liquor."

The man buried his face in the child's hair again.

"Don't cry," soothed Jimsy, stroking Cameron's face with his hand. "Tell you what—Aunt Mary'll tom up an' make you better, an' I'm goin' to help you terrible much when I drow up, an' Injun Andy's goin' to help you, an'—an' so's Babs."

The child stole away quietly, and soon Cameron felt Mary Rutland's presence in the room. When he opened his eyes the woman was startled at the misery in them.

"Whatever has happened, Alan?" she questioned. "Jimsy said you wanted me, and why, my dear boy, you have given yourself a temperature? Tell me what it is?" she urged, running her fingers with a touch that was like a caress through his hair.

"Aunt Mary," he confessed in a voice that was fraught with humiliation and shame, "I had a great craving today for what I could not make out, until Jared Griffith came in and offered me a drink of liquor. Then I knew it was that I wanted and craved. Oh, Aunt Mary, why did you not tell me before that my blood was tainted so that I would be better prepared to fight this?"

"Have you tasted the stuff?" asked Mary Rutland.

"Never!"

"Then I cannot understand this sudden craving for it; and Alan, my boy, I did not mention your Grandfather's weakness because there did not seem any purpose in doing so, for

I felt that your father would have told you if it was necessary. Anyway, I was sure that you were proof against anything like that. But do not feel so badly. It is no sin to be tempted, dear; it is in yielding that the sin is."

"But, Aunt Mary, I would have taken the poison were it not for Jimsy Austin."

"Jimsy told me, dear," said Mary Rutland, in the same gentleness of patience. "You see, he was an agent of the Lord's for the moment helping you to win a victory over Satan. We are all to be tempted, Alan dear, that is the way the Lord tests the strength of our Godliness and faith. If this world was free of trials and temptations we would soon degenerate into a state of lax morals and lukewarm Christianity. No, Alan, we who have our Bibles are not taken unawares when we are tempted of the Evil One, for that great and good book warns us to be on the 'watch' continually and to pray without ceasing."

Yet Cameron's contempt for himself did not abate.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, how am I to overcome this or to face those people to whom I have lectured, denouncing all as weaklings who ever desired to taste it when I myself am just as bad?"

The woman answered him not, but continued stroking his hair with a gentle upward movement of her fingers, that was strangely soothing. In the silence that followed the years moved back, and Alan Cameron stood once more in a green grove ruled over by a maple tree, where the wind whispered of a great dirge to be, and a khaki-clad man was saying: "Believe me, Alan, when I say that strong drink is our greatest enemy."

"I know now what father meant," he said, more to himself than to the woman, and she in her wisdom refrained from asking him any questions.

It was Injun Andy who solved the mystery of Alan Cameron's sudden craving for drink. Andy was a privileged person in the Rutland home, and came and went as it pleased him. This day he came as usual, with stolid, impenetrable, mien. Finding the kitchen empty, he strode unceremoniously into the living room. He greeted the empty silence there with an impatient grunt, and mounted the stairway to Alan's room. He stood in the shadow of the half-open doorway and heard the conversation that passed between Mrs. Rutland and his beloved Cameron.

When it suited himself to do so he came forward slowly to the bedside. Mrs. Rutland was not startled by his abrupt appearance, for she had become accustomed to his glidings long since. Andy stood by the bed with folded arms, his dark eyes with their baffling expression bent on Cameron's face.

"Mr. Alan ees troubled," he said in the guttural tones of his tribe. "He ees de one paleface dat Andy loves. When Mr. Alan hates, den Andy hates too, an' wot hees loves it ees de sam'. Now, Andy de Injun called the Yellow Deevil by de paleface tief will answer Mr. Alan's question. When de house for de needy brother was bein' built by Mr. Alan, as he had promise de great soldier father, you see," here the Indian spread his arms wide in a gesture of disdain, and the dusk of his eyes turned to darkest night. "When Mr. Alan ees hurt, de Evil Spirit from a strange lan' geev him to drink of de fiery water dat burn de throat, an' de foolish paleface people don't stop heem. Injun Andy may be a yellow devil, an' he may be good for nottin', but hees eye ees queek to see de red poison in de glass."

Having thus spoken the Indian left the room as silently as he had come. Yet his few words had solved the problem of Cameron's craving for drink.

"Aunt Mary! You heard what he said?" cried Cameron excitedly. "Griffith gave me brandy when I was unconscious. It was a deliberate act on his part to try and make a drunkard of me, and then he came here today again to try me, and I — fool that I am — would have taken it but for Jimsy Austin."

"Hush, dear," the woman continued in her soothing tenderness. "You did not fall, that is the point. Remember that even this temptation has its place and purpose in your life."

"Yes, Aunt Mary, you are right," he said finally, holding her hand against his face, "and I am a double coward

to act this way. I realize more fully now what a terrible battle the habitual drinker and his family has to fight when my blood is still tainted after two generations of purifying. No man can live unto himself alone, but what he does lives on and on long after he is dead. I will confess this temptation openly, and be a living

example of the never-dying curse that follows a drinking man. Now, I must try and find myself again, for I have stayed for a time in a fearsome pit, but a little child, an Indian—and you, Aunt Mary, have combined innocence and truth and faith to save me.”

(To be Continued.)

SERFS NO LONGER

—or “KINSMEN”

A Tale of Stirring Days in Old Ontario

BY

Percival J. Cooney

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SYNOPSIS

Note.—For the benefit of new subscribers the synopsis printed below is somewhat longer than usual.

As Barclay Craig, new surveyor to Archibald McNab, last Laird of his clan, was seeking to find his way to Kennell Lodge, he found every door barred against him. Seeing a girl among the shrubbery he dismounted to accost her but reached the thicket to find another man trying to force his caresses on her. Without a word he struck and, but for the girl's interference, would have been stabbed in the struggle that followed. The girl, Flora McIntyre, directed him with amazement, for the man he had just encountered was Allan Dhu, son of the Chief. The McNab was endeavoring to retrieve his broken fortunes by establishing the old clan system on the Upper Ottawa, but John Mohr McIntyre was leading a revolt against his despotic rule. When McIntyre refused the chief's proposal of a marriage between Flora and Allan Dhu, the persecutions were renewed. Young Peter McIntyre and Murty McGonigal formed a secret terrorist organization, called the Black Boys, among the younger recalcitrants. Craig stumbled on their rendezvous one winter evening in a storm and was forced to take oath to say nothing of what he knew. Commissioned to survey a new road, Craig found that it was cutting a farm into two triangles and McIntyre, who was the owner, threatened him with a pitchfork, forcing him to retreat. Worse than this, however, in Craig's mind was the fact that Flora, whom he had come to love was now alienated. When Barclay refused to lay a charge against McIntyre and tendered his resignation, the Chief begged him to reconsider, telling him of the plans he had and painting his side of the picture with bright colors. Just as Craig was reconsidering, full of hope that as the Laird's favorite he would be able to secure the settlers' rights and settle the trouble, MacTavish, the manager who had been eavesdropping, entered and charged that the surveyor had not only visited with the McIntyres and made love to Flora, but was also in league with the Black Boys. He produced one of Craig's gloves, dropped at the rendezvous, as evidence. "Believe what you will," Craig told the Chief, "I have never in thought or deed done aught against you."

(Now read on.)

(The language used by the McNab was characteristic of the crude laird.)

In the silence that followed the monotonous ticking of the clock could he heard distinctly. Craig stood in the centre of the room, his arms folded, his head proudly erect. MacTavish, crouching in the great arm chair, was rubbing his hands and grinning joyously. The Chief's countenance as he rose to his feet was white, his heavy mouth grim with suppressed passion. At last he found his tongue:

"Craig, ye whelp—ye ungrateful dog, ye who I hae treated like a friend and a brother—ye poverty-stricken dog, ye serpent who would sting the hand that fed ye—ye—" In his rage he let slip a foul epithet.

A sound like the crack of a whip—the open hand of the surveyor had fallen full and fair on the cheek of the Laird, sending him staggering.

"A blow," he gasped, in utter bewilderment. "Ye hae struck the McNab, by his own hearthstone."

He rushed to the wall, snatched down two rapiers and extending the hilts to Craig:

"We must fight!" he roared. "Take one—there is no other way."

Barclay Craig, his rage now no less than that of the Chief, threw off his coat, and obeyed. He was no stranger to the rapier. His uncle, a veteran of Waterloo, had taught him the mastery of the weapon.

"I be gangin' to kill ye, Craig," warned the Chief, as their blades crossed.

The heated rage of both had passed. It had changed to the cool, cruel determination of which only the man in whose veins flows Scottish blood is capable.

"Boast if you will, Chief," Craig taunted back, as for a moment he gave ground before the Laird's fierce attack. "To-morrow your scoundrel son will be Laird of McNab."

Up and down the room they fought, their blades whirling streaks of silver light, no sound but the quick shuffle of their feet and the clink

of the steel. Madly the Chief forced the fighting, but his every assault was met by a ready and adequate defence. Slowly his face was clouding with doubt and uneasy surprise. It was evident that he had at least met his match, and that neither as quickly nor as easily as he had imagined could he make good his boast. He started and muttered an oath as a moment later he felt the sting of Craig's weapon in his shoulder.

MacTavish stood wringing his hands in terror. This was an unforeseen culmination of his long-planned attack on the surveyor. Yet even now, while in his very presence two enraged men were battling to the death, his shrewd selfish mind was busy calculating the probable result on his own fortunes. If the Chief fell (and, as far as he could see, he was hardly holding his own) MacTavish knew that on the morrow Allan Dhu would send him packing, bag and baggage, from the door of Kennell Lodge. On the other hand, if Craig were killed or even wounded, it would bring about an investigation that would call the attention of the world to conditions in the domains of the Chief. In any case, he had much to lose by a continuation of the conflict.

He danced for a moment about the combatants, then at a favourable opportunity thrust himself between them and grasped the Chief's sword arm with both of his. The latter, with an oath, essayed to push him off, but throwing his arms about the Laird he pressed him backward. Craig, his face flushed, a grim smile on his lips, lowered his point and stood waiting.

"Dinna be a fool, Chief," pleaded the Chancellor. "Let the lad gang his way. He has friends and they would come to the grant axin' after him. Let him gang his way."

He bent closer and whispered in the Chief's ear: "My God, man, do ye want government officers from the city here? They would find out everything."

Despite his rage, something in the content of the Chancellor's words carried conviction. Scornfully the Chief cast his weapon into a corner:

"I'll no kill ye, Craig—I hae changed my mind," he panted. "Though, by God, ye be the first man that ever struck a McNab beneath his own roof and lived to tell the tale. Give the lad his money, MacTavish, an let him gang."

For a few moments MacTavish scratched with his pen and then handed Craig a statement and a bag of coin. The surveyor crumpled the paper in his fingers, threw it on the floor and without a word pocketed the sack, put on his overcoat, drew his fur cap over his ears, and stepped out into the night on his way to the cabin of Murty McGonigal, where he had decided to spend the night.

For some moments the two sat in silence, the Chief with flushed face and heaving chest, his fingers nervously tapping the surface of the table. MacTavish was wringing his hands with a washing motion, and his countenance, as he moistened his lips with his tongue, bore evidence of his deep satisfaction.

"Hae ye found that damned paper yet?" asked the Laird, when his agitation had subsided.

"I hae no; it is no in the Lodge. I hae hunted the house from garret

The One Important Thing

Benjamin Franklin:

"It is a strange anomaly that men should be careful to insure their houses, their furniture, their ships, their merchandise, and yet neglect to insure their lives—surely the most important of all to their families, and far more subject to loss."

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL

to cellar. The rascal that broke in the night the barns were burnt must hae took it.

A sharp knock at the door and MacTavish arose to admit a stranger.

"From Magistrate McVicar of Fitzroy," the newcomer said, as he handed the Chief a letter. The McNab broke the seals and glanced hastily over the enclosure.

"My God, MacTavish!" he cried. "The De'il is to pay. The damned rebels are in arms. It has come at last. They hae crossed the river at Prescott. And the government troops hae been defeated at St. Denis. The call is here for the militia."

"Get your pen, Chancellor!" he cried excitedly. "I be an auld man, but no too auld to serve my Queen and country. Write, MacTavish, this letter to the Governor."

As he strode up and down the room he dictated the letter to Sir Francis Bond Head:

My Dear Sir Francis:

The spirit of my fathers has been infused into my soul by recent events, and has roused within me the recollection and memory of the prestige of my race. The only Highland Chieftain in America offers himself and his clan, the McNab Highlanders, to march forward in defence of the country.

"Their swords are a thousand,
Their hearts are but one."

We are ready to march at any moment. Command my services at once, and we will not leave the field till we have routed the hell-born rebels or

"In death be laid low
With our backs to the field
And our face to the foe."

I am, yours sincerely,

McNAB.

"Dinna send it by the post," he ordered. "Give Angus the best horse in the stable and hae him ride post-haste to the Governor at Montreal. Send word this verra night to John McNab, captain o' the militia company, to gather his men at Sand Point on the sixth. Gad! but we'll show the world that the McNabs hae no forgot how to fight."

"MsNee—McNee!" he roared. "Bring the pipes and play the 'Gathering' as ye hae never played it afore."

CHAPTER XIII

The war-cry of the Clan

FROM the sea-splashed cliffs of Gaspé to the silent stretches of Georgian Bay, from the wilderness of the Upper Nipissing to the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence, the pioneer landlocked and seethed with the tumult of civil strife.

For years the legislatures of both provinces had been at logger-heads with the royal governors. Angered at the neglect of the Queen's representatives to enforce the legislation they had enacted, the law-making bodies had stubbornly refused to vote supplies. The action of Lord Gosford, governor of Lower Canada, precipitated

ed the conflict. When the news of the adjournment of the legislature reached him, he flew into a fit of rage and gave orders for the arrest of the Speaker of the House, Louis Papineau. But when the Governor's two companies of militia reached St. Denis, the home of the reform leader, a band of sturdy "habitants," Papineau's townsmen and compatriots, armed with scythes and flintlocks, scattered them in inglorious flight.

At the tidings the reform leaders of Upper Canada hesitated no longer. William Lyon McKenzie, thrice elected and thrice expelled from the legislature of that province at the command of Sir Francis Bond Head, declared for open resistance and made preparations for an attack on the arsenal at York.

To those, like the settlers of McNab, living at a distance from the centres of population the facts were wildly distorted and fearfully exaggerated. The insurgents were supposed to have captured York, and the citadel of Quebec was believed to be besieged by Papineau and his following.

Widespread and deep as was the discontent of the people, the response to the appeal of the patriot leaders was neither enthusiastic nor unanimous. For behind the revolt in the minds of the men of the time loomed the gigantic figure of the great Republic to the south. The erroneous, yet general, belief that the insurrection was secretly supported by American money and influence caused many, who in their hearts sympathized with the reformers, to rally to the support of the authorities. Scarcely a generation had passed since they and their fathers had driven back the "Yankee" invaders from their soil and the memories of the conflict were still sharp and bitter in their hearts.

So was it with the clansmen of McNab. Though the gulf between themselves and their Chief had widened year by year, they had no sympathy with a revolt which threatened their connection with the mother country, and no intention of aligning themselves with a movement which their shrewd Scottish common sense told them could but result in failure. Not only the Highlanders of McNab heard and heeded the call to arms, but every log-bull hut in the wilderness of the Upper Ottawa sent forth its stalwart sons in support of the government.

The straggling street of the little village of Sand Point, near the northern limit of the Laird's domain, was filled with groups of roughly clad men. Not only the clansmen of the grant, but several hundred other settlers from the neighboring townships of Lanark and Fitzroy had rendezvoused there in preparation for their march to the frontier. The latest tidings told of the repulse of the government troops at Prescott, where the insurgents had taken possession of an old stone windmill.

(To be Continued.)

MARY GARTH

By DAVID LYALL

(Copyright)

"Yes, yes, I didn't mean to say that they weren't, Anne; you are always so sharp. How did you get home? Have you walked?"

"No, mother, Ivo Erskine drove me," "Did he? Why didn't you ask him in?"

"I didn't think of it, and I didn't want him," Anne answered, as she rose. "Will you mind very much if I go and lie down a bit? I had little sleep last night, and I feel dead tired."

"Go up by all means, and Helen shall bring you some strong soup. You wear yourself out, Anne, in serving the people. And they are not really grateful. I assure you working people rarely are."

"I think ours are, mother. Oh, I hope Gavin Blantyre will be saved for his poor mother's sake."

With these unexpected words on her lips, Anne went slowly upstairs. She lay down upon her bed, and when Helen had brought her soup and taken off the heavy boots which Anne had forgotten, she fell into a dreamless sleep. When she awoke it was night, and a broad gleam of moonlight lay across her bed. She sat up and listened, but in all the house there was no sound. She turned up the electric light, and saw that it was ten minutes past two. So they had let her sleep into the night. She drew her dressing-gown about her, and, opening the communicating door, went through into her sister's room.

"Are you there, Mary?" "Yes, dear, what is it? We did not wake you, you were so sound asleep." Anne groped in the dark, and lay down on her sister's bed.

"Mary," she said, "I am afraid. I dreamed something very terrible. I have seen down into that awful, dark mine, and father is there, Mary, beside Gavin Blantyre. We shall never see them in life again."

"Hush, dear, it is only that you have been overtired and got it on your nerves. Try to sleep. Shall I sing to you as I used to do when we were both tinies?"

"I feel sure it has come to prepare us. Oh, poor mother, what will she do? How shall any of us live without him?"

"Hush, hush, darling, it was only a dream," Mary cried. But in the chill, grey dawn of the winter morning the dream came true.

In the cool sweet of a September afternoon Anne Garth walked upon Craig Moss. It was looking its fairest, the purple heather patches, the yellow of the stonecrop, the red and brown of the autumnal leaf making that wonderful blending of color to be found nowhere else.

Anne alternately loved and feared and hated the great expanse of mystery, whose hidden power had been so awfully revealed, beneath whose dark breast lay buried so much human love and hope. The year was wearing on, and the first horror of suspense and misery waiting upon hope deferred had suffered some abatement; but eleven men, among them George Garth and Gavin Blantyre, had found their grave in the earth's dark depths. Their last resting place was known only to Him who permits such dread happenings, but to Whom the sorrow of His creatures is not dear. Anne had only returned that morning from a long absence abroad with her mother. They had left England immediately after the marriage of Hunter and Mary, which had taken place on the appointed day very quietly at Garthlands, Mrs. Garth and Anne leaving for the south on the same day. And they had only just come home.

She held on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, until she reached the scene of these dread days experience, which would never be forgotten in Craigs, but would be told with bated breath to children's children long after the chief actors in the tragedy were only a name to those left behind.

When she reached the disused shaft

she stood still. It was very lonely there, though a little distance away there was the stir of working life. She stood still, and looked round. Traces of the upheaval were still visible in the rents and fissures yawning in the surrounding ground, strange heights and hollows which had not been there before. But nature, kindly willing always to repair damage and recover waste, had bidden green things grow again, and there was nothing unsightly—no raw, gaping wound to make the heart bleed afresh. Anne glanced round quickly, and, seeing no one in sight, knelt down. When she had eased her heart somewhat in prayer, she pressed her lips to the sod ere she rose to her feet.

"Perhaps you are just below, dearest," she whispered, "and if not, all the ground is sacred for your sake."

Then she walked away very quietly, and entered the village from the waste land behind. Very trig and orderly looked Craigs in the still of the afternoon. The building operations were now completed, and the unsightly signs of its progress all removed. But what pleased Anne most was the progress the little garden had made in the Square. It was a very oasis in the desert. Not a tree or shrub had languished or expired, but had reared its sturdy head to summer sun and winter shower, and asserted its right to live. It comforted Anne, and her heart became calmer as she knocked lightly at Jean Gilmour's door, entering before the gentle voice bade her. Jean was at her window knitting, not outwardly changed, though Anne after a moment was struck by the exceeding delicacy of her look.

"Oh, my lamb," she cried, and rising, folded her to her motherly breast. And for a moment neither could, nor did speak a word.

"I heard yestreen that ye were expectit, and I had been on the go a' day. If I hae lookit ower the door aince, I've lookit fifty times."

"I could not come any sooner. My mother was very tired and I did not leave the house until she was asleep."

"Is she better?" Anne shook her head.

"A little, but, of course, the return has been terrible for her. We have brought our nurse back with us from Switzerland, and she will be a very great comfort; but I shall be tied, dear Mrs. Gilmour. My Craigs friends will need to take me for granted for some time to come. Now, tell me how you are, how everybody is? I'll just sit here and listen. You will never talk enough to satisfy me. Begin with yourself, and then Maggie Gellatly, and so on, through them all."

Anne drew the creeper stool from its old corner, and, sitting down, leaned her elbows on her knees, and dropped her chin on her hands.

"Now I shall just glower and glower until you tell me every blessed thing," she said, with some attempt

at the old fun, but with a treacherous break in her voice. Jean Gilmour was not a very emotional person, but she was hard put to it to control herself as she tried to tell Anne all that had happened in Craigs while she had been absent.

"There's very little to tell. We are that douce and quiet nooadays," she said. "I whiles think we'll never get ower what happened."

"I am sure we never shall," said Anne, quietly. "Are the people still depressed about it?"

"Depressed is hardly the word, dear lamb; it's like as if it had sunk into their hearts somehow. Every man, woman, an' bairn seems as if they wad try to live a better life for the sake o' them that's awa'."

"That's all that is felt to us," said Anne, and her eyes overflowed.

"For some o's; but spring will bloom again for you, my dear, as it should dae—as it should dae," she added fervently. "I wad like to tell you, my lamb, that though it seems a cruel and hard thing that him we a' revered should hae been swallowed by the cruel earth, it was the end o' the just man made perfect. The folk will never forget it. He gie'd his life for them. That will pit an end to a' strikes and differences. I think Malsister George understands that, does he not?"

Anne rose, and walked to the open door, as if she wanted the comfort of the sun's touch.

"It was a big price to pay," she said. "Well, I must not stay today. I am on my way to see my sister. If I cannot come very often to Craigs now, dear Mrs. Gilmour, promise me you will come up to Garthlands to me. I have work to do there, and sometimes my heart is near the breaking."

Jane Gilmour could not speak. Her heart rebelled for the young, beautiful creature to whom apparently life had so little largesse. She bore her in prayer to the Almighty all the afternoon.

Just outside Craigs Anne encountered as of yore the doctor's trap. It made her smile almost; it seemed such a homely happening. Before she reached it he stopped and bade Andrew get down and walk home. Then he helped Anne to her seat with great tenderness.

"I hoped I should meet you. I have just come from Garthlands. Yes, your mother is still asleep."

"How is Mary?" Anne asked, feeling some strange comfort in being near him again, though somehow she had never seemed farther away.

"All right; longing to see you, of course. But, my dear, you need doctoring even more than your mother. What have they been doing to you?"

"Nothing; but I have been six months away, David, and my heart is for ever here. It must have killed me if mother had not suddenly thought she would come home."

David Hunter, too, turned his head away, smitten by a sudden rebellion for her, yet struck, too, by the new beauty of her face. If Anne was called to suffer more than most, she could also reach the higher heights.

They did not speak much as they drove, and when they reached the familiar house in the High Street, Anne entered it without a pang. To see Mary there seemed a right and fitting thing, and the kiss she gave was without a sting. Hunter went to his surgery at once, and left them

alone, but he had only a divided attention to give to his work.

When the tea-bell summoned him he found them calm and fairly cheerful. So one by one Anne passed the milestones, seeking for some path in which her feet might tread knocking against the flirts. No alloy of bitterness remained in her mind concerning Hunter and Mary; she left them together in their house content.

"If you are going to the Priory Lodge as you say, I'll go with you, I think. Is Lady Cardross at home?"

"Yes," answered Mary quickly. "They are all at home, but Captain Erskine's leave has been shortened, and I think he returns to India next month."

"Oh," said Anne, "his father and mother won't like that."

Hunter left her at the lodge gate, and she walked up the familiar and beautiful avenue like a person in a dream. How long it seemed since she had walked that familiar way, how different life seemed, how wide her look upon eternity. She was musing on these things when some one laid a hand upon her shoulder and turned her round.

"My dear, at last," said Lord Cardross and without ado clasped her in his arms. "You are thrice welcome home, but where is our little Anne? All her fire is gone."

"Perhaps it will revive again," she answered with a smile. "This is a trying day for me; I am endeavoring to get it all in if possible, so that I may start afresh tomorrow."

"Yes, my dear. I am sorry my wife is in town today; but you will come up and give Ivo and me our tea, as you used to do. He has been all the morning at the pheasants."

"My sister tells me he has to go back to India soon."

"Next month. His mother is feeling it horribly. There is more trouble on the frontier, and the boy is eager to be gone."

"I like him for that. It is so splendid to be a man and thorough," she said, with a gleam of the old fire. "Abroad it made me ill to see so many idle men. How can they live like that?"

"There is not an idle bone in the lad's body," said the proud father. "But I hope he will quit soldiering some day and settle down, Anne."

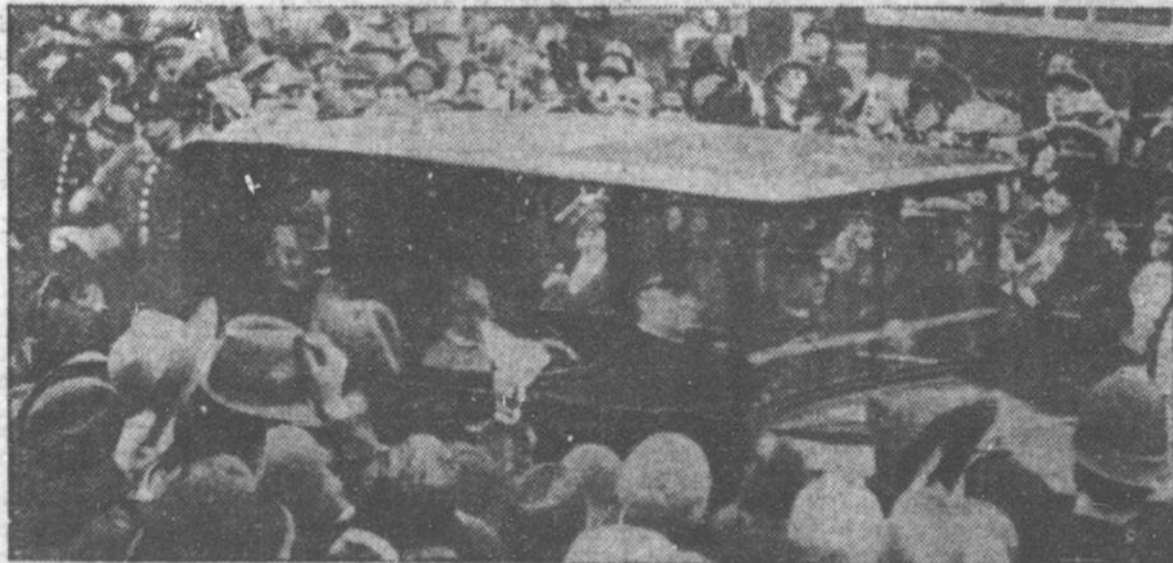
"Some day, doubtless, he will," Anne answered. So they came to the house.

The greeting between the heir of Cardross and Anne Garth was too cool, his father thought, being eager for a match between them. But over the tea-table they thawed a bit, and once or twice Anne even laughed.

When the time came for her to go he got his cap to walk with her as a matter of course. As Cardross watched them go together down the avenue, his proud eyes were very tender, his face wore a satisfied look. The girl had crept into his heart, and he knew that he shared to the full his wife's desire to call her daughter. Of Ivo he was not sure. They had seen little of each other, but the old diplomat had seen much of other life besides the political, and he knew that it was impossible to say what might or might not happen any moment to alter relations or make new ones between a woman and a man.

They walked soberly together the road across the bridge over the Clyde, where Anne lingered a moment to look with loving eyes at the picture so familiar and so dear.

(Concluded on Page 31.)



PRINCESS "LILYBETH" RETURNS TO LONDON WITH THEIR MAJESTIES

The above photograph shows a view of the large crowd cheering Their Majesties on their return to London with the charming little Princess Elizabeth. The little sunshine maid can be seen sitting between King George and Queen Mary.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Golden-Hair

A Russian Folk-Story.

(Continued from last week)

"Oh, if my ants were here, they would help me."

"But we are here to help you," called the ants, as they swarmed around him. "What do you wish?"

"I have to gather Golden-Hair's pearls in this meadow, and I do not see a single one."

"Wait a while. We will collect them for you."

It was not long before they brought him a heap of pearls from the grass. All that was needed was to put them on a string.

When he was about to tie the ends of the string, one halting ant came up, he was lame; he had burned his leg at the time of the fire. He cried out:

"Wait, Yiry, my dear, don't fasten the ends; I bring one more little pearl."

When Yiry brought the pearls to the king, he counted them; not one was missing.

"You have done your work well," said he. "Tomorrow I will give you another task."

Yiry came in the morning and the king said to him:

"My Golden-Hair was bathing in the sea, and she lost a gold ring. You must find it and bring it here."

Yiry went to the sea, and walked along the shore in sadness. The sea was clear, but so deep that he could not see the bottom.

"Oh, if my gold-fish were here, it could help me."

That moment something gleamed in the water, and out of the depth a gold-fish swam to the surface and looked up at Yiry.

"But I am here to help you. What do you wish?"

"I have to find a gold ring in the sea, and I cannot see the bottom."

"I have seen a pike with a gold ring in its fin. Wait a bit, I will bring it to you."

It was not long till the fish returned with the pike and the ring.

The king praised Yiry for having done his work so well, and the next morning gave him the third task.

"If you wish that I should give my Golden-Hair to your king as wife, you must bring the waters of life and death. She will need them."

Yiry didn't know where to go for the waters; he went here and there, wherever his legs carried him, till he came to a dark forest.

"Oh if my ravens were here, they would help me."

Here something rustled above his head, and, wherever they came from, the two ravens were there.

"But here we are to help you. What do you wish?"

"I have to get the waters of life and death, and I don't know where to look for them."

"Oh we know well. Wait a little, and we will bring them to you."

In a short time, each one brought Yiry a gourd full water. In one was water of life, in the other the water of death. Yiry was rejoiced that he had succeeded so well, and hastened to the palace near the wood. He saw a spider's web stretched from one fir-tree to another, and in the centre a great spider attacking a fly. Yiry took the gourd with the water of death, sprinkled the spider, and he fell to the ground dead. Then he sprinkled the fly with the water of life, from the other gourd. It began to buzz, escaped from the web, and flew out into the air.

"It's your luck, Yiry, that you brought me to life," buzzed the fly, "for without me, you would have hardly guessed which of the twelve is Golden-Hair."

When the king saw that Yiry had performed the three tasks, he agreed to give him his golden-haired daughter.

"But," said he, "you must find her yourself."

Then he led him into a great hall. In the middle of the hall was a circular table. Around the table sat twelve beautiful maidens, one like the other, but each had on her head a

long head-dress, reaching to the ground, and white as snow. So I could not be seen what kind of hair they had.

"Here are my daughters," said the king. "If you guess which one of them is Golden-Hair, she is yours, and you may take her away; if you do not guess, then she was not destined for you, and you must go away without her."

Yiry was in the greatest trouble, he didn't know how to begin. That moment something whispered in his ear:

"Buzz, bz-z, bz-z. Go around the table. I will tell you which is she."

It was the fly which Yiry had rescued from the spider, and raised up with the water of life.

"It is not this maiden, nor this, nor this, either," buzzed the fly to Yiry. "But here is Golden-Hair."

"Give me this daughter," cried Yiry, stepping near to her. "I have earned her for my master."

"You have guessed," said the king. She threw off her head-dress, and her golden hair rolled down in great waves to the floor, and threw out just such a light as the sun does when it rises, so that Yiry's eyes were almost dazzled by the radiance.

Then the king gave his daughter a proper outfit for the journey, and Yiry conducted her to the old king. The old king's eyes sparkled, and he jumped for joy when he saw Golden-Hair, and gave orders to prepare for the wedding.

"I wished to hang you for your disobedience," said the king, "so the crows might eat you; but you have served me so successfully that I will only cut your head off, and then I will have you buried decently."

When they had cut off Yiry's head, Golden-Hair begged the old king to give her the dead servant. He could not refuse his Golden-Hair. She put Yiry's head on his body, and sprinkled him with the water of death. The body and head grew together, so there wasn't a sign of a wound. Then she sprinkled him with the water of life, and Yiry rose up as if he had been born anew, fresh as a deer, and youth shone bright on his face.

"Oh, how soundly I have slept," said Yiry, and rubbed his eyes.

"I believe that," said Golden-Hair. "And if it had not been for the water of life, you would not have awakened for ages."

When the old king saw that Yiry had come to life, and that he was younger and more handsome than before, he wished to be young again himself. He gave orders to cut his own head off, and sprinkle him with the waters. So they beheaded him and sprinkled him with the water of life till it was all used up, but the head wouldn't grow to his body. Then they began to sprinkle him with the water of death; body and head grew together at once, but now the old king was dead in earnest, for they had no water of life with which to raise him up. And as a kingdom cannot be without a king, and there was no other man in the realm so wise as to know the speech of all animals, as Yiry did, they made Yiry king and Golden-hair queen.

St. Nicholas.

Something to Do

POPCORN ORANGES

Mold sugared popcorn into balls about the size of an orange, making them as round as possible. Cut squares of paraffin paper large enough to cover the ball. Then cut from orange crepe paper the same sized squares. Place a square of waxed paper on one of the orange squares. In the centre of the waxed side of the papers put a corn ball, bring the paper up around the ball, and tie firmly at the top with green twine, making a loop with the ends of the string, which will serve to hang

the orange on the Christmas tree. Clip the paper as close to the tying as possible to preserve the roundness of the orange. A number of these oranges help wonderfully to trim the Christmas tree. These may be used as favors for a children's party by tying in a bit of laurel leaves at the top of the orange and attaching a placecard in the loop.

COLD COMFORT

A soft gray cloud looked down and said:

"Tis sad, in this frosty air,
That while the children are clothed
in red

The poor old earth goes bare!"

So kindly she sent a blanket down
In feathery flakes of white;
It drifted all over the little town,
And tucked it up for the night.

—Grace L. Hill.

Teddy's Elephant Party

By Fannie Wilder Brown

"WHEN a boy is eight years old," said Teddy, "and has a birthday party, I think there ought to be something different for them to do."

"Do you mean they ought not to eat ice-cream and cakes?" asked mama.

"Oh, no! It wouldn't be any kind of a party without that. But I wish there was something new to play. I wish we could have a new kind of a show."

"How would an elephant party do?"

Teddy opened his eyes-very wide. "Where could we get them?" he asked.

"Two boys bend over so that their backs are level, as they would be to play leap-frog. The first boy should be the tail. The second boy comes close behind the first, resting his hands on the first one's hips. They wear long, full trousers of slate-colored cambric that quite cover up their shoes. Their backs make the back of the elephant, and a round cushion on the head of the first boy helps to form the elephant's head, with a long, tapering pasteboard tube for his trunk. Two widths of the cambric are stitched together in the right shape for the body and head, but they are not stitched across under the body; they just hang straight down round the upper part of the legs."

"Have you a pattern for it? I never saw one round."

"No. All I need is a picture.

"See, we must sew on some shiny big buttons for eyes, some pieces of cloth for ears, a tail and the trunk. We will put a little cotton batting in the tail, but it is not large. We will cut tusks out of white cotton cloth, curved, and reaching nearly half-way to the ground, and stuff them with cotton batting. We will lay a shawl or blanket, folded, over the boys' backs, to make them broad and smooth, and tie a string to the top of the pasteboard in the trunk, so the first boy can pull it to make the trunk go up and down.

"Eight yards will make the costume for boys about twelve years old. It is very little work to make them. The trousers are just one width of cambric for each leg, stitched straight without any shaping, and fastened with a draw string about the boys' waist."

"Would we have just one elephant?"

"I think three would be about right. That would take six boys at a time; three more could be audience, and one could be trainer for the elephants."

"Why what could the elephants do?"

"Oh, march about and dance and kneel down and bow. They could take little children like Jennie and Harold to ride on their backs. You could offer a prize to the two boys who make the best elephant. Of course you would all take turns at being elephants, trainer and audience."

Of all the jolly times ten boys ever had, none could have been jolly than Teddy's elephant party. Mama furnished peanuts to feed the audience and trailers, as well as the animals; but when the ice-cream and cake were brought out, away went tusks, tails, trunks, and hides, and ten hungry boys, panting and laughing, appeared in the twinkling of an eye.



"It was as different as different could be, mama," said Teddy, after the boys had gone home. It was the nicest time I ever had! And, oh mama, please put everything away just as it is, and next year, when I am nine years old, I'll have another elephant party!" — The Youths' Companion.

BOB WHITE

Down the road a bit is a patch of woodland,
Where the elder flowers are a foam of white
When Summer comes to our northern country;
But the bushes are buried in snow tonight.

Through the long bright days of the lavish Summer
From the wood rings gayly the call "Bob White!"—
Over and over—a dare—a challenge;
Though let one but follow, he takes to flight.

When Autumn comes with its seeds and its berries,
Bob White is a ruffling, rollicking blade;
He is fat and hearty and full of good living,
And of winds and cold he is not afraid.

But what can he do when the fields are covered
With the drifted snow as they are tonight,
And seeds are incased in an icy sheathing?
He is cold and hungry, poor, brave Bob White!

—Blanche A. Sawyer in
New York Herald-Tribune.

Will our young readers look through the advertisements in the Witness and which would be most interesting to "Mother" just now, and draw her attention to it. Also show "Father" the advertisement you think would most interest him. Very often people work hard and have no time to notice the very things that would make life easier if they had them. And many things pay for themselves in a short time.

Puzzle Corner

Rebus

Adown my whole when blackbirds sing,
And hail the mild returning spring
How pleasing 'tis to stray!
Unlike where city slums abound,
In which beheaded, I am found,
A dark and narrow way.
Now of my head again bereft,
By just reversing what is left,
You'll have a dreadful cry;
Curtailling this you will display
A measure then, by which you may
Your lace and linen buy.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

Something Wrong Put Right.

I saw a peacock. With a fiery tail
I saw a comet, drop down hail
I saw a cloud, begirt with ivy round
I saw an oak, creep on the ground
I saw an ant, swallow up a whale
I saw the Baltic sea, brimful of ale
I saw a Venus-glass, full of man's tears that wept
I saw a man's eyes, big as the moon and higher
I saw the sun, at the dread hour of night
I saw the man that saw the dreadful sight.

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME MAKERS

Your Christmas Shopping—Do It Now

By Margaret Moore.

WHETHER you have many gifts to select and much to spend on them, or few gifts and few pennies, decide quickly and buy all you need now. Don't be beguiled by the thought that more novelties may be displayed, possibly more exclusive and costly, or by the idea that if you wait things will be cheaper. Both these ideas are delusions. The belated shoppers will crowd the shops, and you will spend time and strength as well as money for naught. It is quite unlikely that anything especially fine will come in later than the end of this week. Then, on the other hand, goods that are marked down before Christmas are either things that have not proved popular or those which have been so marked and hauled about by nervous worried people as to have lost all attractiveness.

You will find yourself none too early now, and unless your lists have been carefully made, and you know just where to go for the various articles, it will be difficult to get just what you want. If you can manage it, go early to the shops, and take afternoons for sorting and listing and packing up parcels at home.

Buy the small articles and Christmas novelties first, as well as toys.

SECURE the wrappings, colored papers, and cord, ribbons, and seals and boxes you need before doing anything else, for at those counters the crowds gather thickest. The Christmas cards are in another department that only early morning shopping will enable you to peacefully inspect.

By the way, be sure to lay in a goodly supply of stamps, and obtain one of the little booklets of information on the various postages the post office is giving out. Then, with the help of the household scales, you will not need to stand for hours in line waiting to get parcels weighed. If you have parcels to go abroad to the United States, or other places where a Customs declaration is necessary, ask for the slips when you buy your stamps. You will find it much easier to make them out quietly seated at your desk at home.

Consult the little booklet and follow its instructions as to addressing, etc., and you will be assured that your gifts will arrive safely at their destination.

Be patient with the clerks and salesmen, for many of them are new at their job, and would not be there if all the world shopped safely and sanely in the early autumn or during the year. Virtue will be its own reward for your patience, and a pleasant smile and manner will quiet their nerves and bring a pleasant response and good service.

BE generous and enjoy to the full your giving, but do not buy or give anything you cannot honestly afford to give. No gift is worth receiving that strains the giver's purse to the point when she cannot pay all the just debts and running expenses of the home. No gift is welcome that is given grudgingly, and with a worried: "My, I'll be thankful when Christmas is over. I don't know how I'm going to pay for it all"; or: "How I'll ever get the bills paid I don't know. The trades-people will just have to wait, and I've a big doctor's bill—well, he can wait."

Render unto Caesar. None of your family or friends want gifts bought with money that is not yours. If you cannot give material gifts freely and cheerily and honestly, then don't try to give them at all. Give cheerfully loving greetings and grateful thanks for what you receive and you will win love and respect in return.

If you have not decided just what you are to give, make your decision at once, and, as we said at the begin-

ning: Do your Christmas shopping now. Don't put it off.

ARMISTICE DAY IN IRELAND

A. and I heard the Armistice Service from London this morning. The bands played and the soldiers and the crowd sang, I think without any accompanying music, "O God Our Help in Ages Past," and other hymns. It was a lovely service. The wireless was very clear.

This is a dreadful wet, stormy day, but it cleared up a bit between ten and eleven, so the poor ex-soldiers parading in Dublin did not suffer so much hardship. They love going to the service with all their medals and ribbons.

H.'s office is on the quay, so he had a good sight of them marching to the Park. He saw one funny incident. A lot of Republicans standing near tried to tear the poppies from some of the fellows' coats. A girl with a child in her arms saw a rough snapping one from a man. She said to the woman who was with her: "Here, take this," giving her the child. She ran at the Republican, snatched the poppy from him, slapped him in the face and beat him till he fled, she shouting: "My father died in France fighting for his country, and I'll fight here!" You will see in the paper that they blew up the ex-soldiers' hall. We heard the noise, although it is some miles away. Of course this disaffected crowd is only a section of the people, but they are urged on and paid well by some educated men who should have more sense.—Extracts from a Dublin letter.

Send the children to school with a paper table-napkin folded in one of their books. Then, if handkerchiefs are lost or fail they will not snuffle.



A new way for the hostess to be as scintillating as she wishes is offered by couturiers. This revelation is made by the exclusive showings of formal afternoon fabrics, in which glittering fabrics are lavishly abundant. Pictured above is one that would inspire pleasant anticipation of a hospitable event in the heart of any hostess. This model uses gold and green lame brocade for the upper part of the bodice and black transparent velvet for the skirt which drapes around the hips. The drape succumbs graciously to the new vogue for trains, and the repeated draped effect lends alluring softness around the neckline and sleeves. The superb touch of brilliance is found in the high placed belt of velvet decorated with large rhinestone buckles.

Counteracting Hannah

By Hazel M. Clifgard.

'MY family think it is foolish," said Mrs. Roberts, "to worry about three-year-old Jackie's grammar, when there are real phases of character development to be considered. Just the same, it seems too bad to allow him to use double negatives."

"You are quite right," sympathized her friend. "I should say a careless way of doing anything, whether of talking or eating or dressing, would have some kind of bearing on one's future personality. All habits would, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Practically all the new books on child culture stress the very first influences, too. Nevertheless, I scarcely know how to proceed. Jackie is so impatient when he is corrected. And his little neighbors talk like children of the backwoods. You were lucky not to have had these troubles with Richard."

"Oh, but I did," smiled Mrs. White, reminiscently. "Haven't you heard our Hannah talk? She never uses an 'isn't' and not only does she hold tenaciously to the least objectionable of its disreputable synonyms, but she occasionally falls back upon the two worse ones."

"Good gracious!" gasped Mrs. Roberts, stopping a moment to recall what these were, "didn't you find it hard to keep her?"

Her companion nodded. "For a while, I thought I should have to let her go, surely. But Hannah had been with us so long and was so fond of the children, I couldn't quite turn her off because she used the vernacular of her class and generation. I simply had to find some other way."

"But what else was there to do? Could you keep them away from her?"

"No, Marilyn was a baby and Hannah had full charge of Richard

all the morning, even taking him up when he awoke. I worried about that part most. Children are supposed to be impressionable right after waking. And, sure enough, one day he did come out with one of Hannah's very worst barbarisms."

Mrs. Roberts sighed appreciatively. "I know exactly how you felt. Tell me what you did. I know you thought of something."

"Well, it seems almost too simple to tell. Of course I made mild corrections during the day—we all do that—but I was still haunted by the fear that those morning impressions might be more lasting than I knew. We had a learned professor who used to break into the commonest of speech when he became thoroughly absorbed in his subject."

"We know a case like that," put in Mrs. Roberts.

"Yes. That was the sort of thing I feared. Consequently, I decided I should have to work up some kind of counteraction, and it occurred to me that if I remembered the worst mistakes Richard made during the day, I might be able to emphasize the correct form during the bedtime story hour. My best success came with rhymes which I concocted for the purpose and alternated with his other nursery verse. You would smile if you could have heard us repeating them over and over again."

"Oh, that was too clever for anything," Mrs. Roberts replied, a bit of disappointment in her voice, "but I'm not the least bit poetical."

"My dear!" exclaimed her companion impatiently, "I don't mean I did any epics. Listen to this—"

"Isn't it funny
A dog has four legs
While we have only two?
Isn't it funny
A dog says, "Bow wow,"
While we say, "How do you do!"
Isn't it? Isn't it? Isn't it? Say!

"We're almost as different as night is from day!"

"Now," continued Mrs. White, "anybody could do that, couldn't she? Perhaps you don't like the 'funny,' but I didn't find that objectionable, myself."

"No," answered Mrs. Roberts, absently. "I suppose I could weave in something about—"

"There isn't any butter in the cupboard."

"There isn't any sugar in the sack. I think I'll hurry to the grocery—"

"I won't be any time in getting back," finished Mrs. White. "That's the idea, and the funnier the rhyme, the better Jackie will like it."

"I shall certainly try out your system," mused her friend. "Mother Goose will have to look to her laurels from now on."

From a series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 west 40th, St., New York.

How Do You Carry Yourself

IF you want the reputation for being a perfectly stunning-looking girl or woman, there is one thing you must do, and that is, carry yourself well.

Look around at the people you know. How few you see who walk forth triumphantly, head and chest up, as if they really enjoy living. But notice how the one who does stands out above everybody else! It is she who has the reputation for being a perfectly stunning girl, in spite of the fact that there may be many who have better complexions and prettier hair than she.

If it were necessary to be born with the knack of walking well, it would be too bad for most of us. But the beauty of carrying yourself well is that it can be acquired. It will not take more than a few days of consciously walking the correct way when, presto! the habit will be formed, and it will have become second nature!

Right here I must tell you something else. Walking correctly is one of the surest ways of keeping youthful looking. One of the first places age shows is in the walk.

All right, now let's find out just how to acquire a good carriage. First, keep your chest high, as if you were carrying something right on it. This gives an upright carriage without making the back and shoulders seem stiff.

Hold your head proudly. That is the most noticeable difference between a fine thoroughbred horse and a plug. And would any one of us admit she isn't a thoroughbred? It is not necessary to have your chin and nose up in the air; in fact, that must be avoided. Have your chin about even with your chesh bone, with your head as steady as if you were carrying a bucket on it.

Now for the actual walking. Have your feet point straight ahead, as authorities agree this makes for the most grace. Walk with pep. Sometimes you may be tired, but let your walk express a spirit that cannot be easily "gotten down."

As you sweep and make the beds, even while you are scrubbing the floor or hoeing the garden, remember to take pride in doing it gracefully. Soon it will be the easiest way and you will be surprised how it will seem to lighten the load of the work.

By the way, the things we do every day are really fine exercises. Do them with the right spirit and they will not only enhance your beauty, but will improve your health.—"Successful Farming."

If you have electric light secure a long cord with bulb and socket you can screw into any base. You will find it invaluable when you want to see into dark corners in attic or cellar or change the position of a light in a bedroom when there is sickness.

Christmas is the gayest time of the year, and a thought for others is the best joy bringer.

Brown-Shoe Troubles

"This or that shade may be the vogue of the moment," said a shoe expert the other day, "but brown shoes will never be unfashionable." May the expert prove to be a true prophet, for brown shoes are as becoming as they are popular. It must be admitted, however, that they are subject to far more troubles than black shoes. A stain on a black shoe, for example, can be blacked out of sight; one on a brown shoe cannot be "browned" away. Here, then, is a list of brown-shoe troubles, and the ways in which they can be overcome.

If, possibly owing to the light in the shoe shop misleading you, you buy brown shoes of too light a color, it is quite easy to darken them. Rub them with a piece of flannel dipped in ammonia of a medium strength, allow them to dry, and then polish. The shade of brown will have darkened, and a second application of ammonia would darken it further, if desired.

A grease mark on a brown shoe can be removed by covering the place with French chalk. Rub the latter well in, and leave it for a day; then brush off. If the grease has not been entirely removed, a second application will do it. If you want to remove a grease or oil mark very quickly, fill a small bottle with hot water and push it inside the shoe. This makes the chalk take up the grease more quickly.

A stain or mark that is not greasy can be removed with salts of lemon. The latter should be of the strength resulting from dissolving half a teaspoonful of the salts in a breakfast cup of warm water. Rub lightly with a flannel, dry, and then clean with a good cream polish.

Marks of sea-water on brown shoes can be removed if well rubbed with

hot milk (two tablespoonfuls) in which a lump, walnut-size, of washing soda has been dissolved. Allow it to dry on, and then polish in the ordinary way.

It does brown shoes a lot of good if now and then—once in three weeks—they are well rubbed with a solution of soft soap and warm water. This cleans the leather and the subsequent polish of the shoes, when dry, will make them look like new.

If shoes have got wet and dried "hard," you need not be afraid to rub them with pure olive oil. Apply it everywhere, and rub thoroughly then polish. At first it may seem that the "shine" is on the dull side, but a second polishing, followed by brisk rubbing, will make it quite all right.

Is Sick Visiting Kind?

IS the result of the natural desire to sick-visit a friend always kindness? Think first and judge or find out whether or not the patient should be visited. Make it clear to those in charge that what you want is the good of your friend, that you are as willing to go away again as to see her now. I am thinking, of course, of cases in which the simplifying ban of "no visitors" has not been laid down by the doctor.

A nursing home has its so far safeguarding rules. Visitors may call only at convenient hours. Even then we do our friend a kindness by using our judgment. I know a public woman, too gentle to say no, who was bothered to distraction by well-meaning people. She hardly got a soothing minute with her own folk.

If you decide to pay a visit make sure of the visiting hours. Do not rush in three minutes before the close, expecting as many minutes' grace after it. Remember that in a home rules are rules. Nurses are too busy to be casual. Do not stay—unless you are a near relative or a very close friend—for more than 10 minutes.

Be natural. Some folk, unused to visiting the sick, shout as if every invalid must be deaf. On the other hand there are those who whisper and make it an exertion for the patient to hear. Besides, whispering suggests the very atmosphere you want to banish from a sickroom.

Should there be in the corner an occupied bed, with no visitor beside it, do not be consumed with unthinking pity for the lonely lady. Reflect before you leap that her case may have been urgent and no single room available.

I was once in that position—too weak to speak but conscious daily of the interest of a cheerful lady visiting someone else. I used to close my eyes, but once I opened them at a wrong moment. She came bounding over when no nurse was by, and by well-meant pitying voice and gesture, as well as with graphic particulars, told me what I was like—I, who, with instinctive wisdom, had refrained for weeks from asking for the mirror which was being purposely withheld! Fortunately an angel hovers over the unprotected. This time it was the humour of the situation.—E. S. P., in the Glasgow Weekly Herald.

WARM TOYS FOR BABY

If baby frets and his hands seem cold, it is a good idea to try giving him warm playthings. Partly fill a small hot-water bag with warm water so that it is pleasantly warm to the touch; be certain the stopper is secure and give it to him for a plaything. Very often the little hands will become warm and the fretting will stop.

Wooden blocks or clothespins well warmed in the oven are ideal toys on a cold day. A small sand box that can be thoroughly warmed is useful. If sand is spilled on the kitchen floor it is easily swept up.

Never give baby toys from a cold closet when he is inclined to have cold hands.

MY WINDOWS

Held by environment am I,
To narrow paths and quiet ways,
In doing common things of life,
I spend long, weary days.

But I've a room built in my house,
With rows and rows of windows,
Where
I can, forgetting menial tasks,
At leisure times, repair.

And why so many rows of them?
Ah! every window is a book
Through which, upon earth's farthest
spot,
I easily may look.

Thus, while I cannot travel far,
Climb mountain peaks, or sail wide
seas,
The world is still at my command,
With windows such as these.
—Ida M. Thomas in New England
Homestead.

HEIGHT FOR KITCHEN TABLES

The height of kitchen equipment, in order for it to be comfortable, must be arranged with respect to the person who is going to use it. However, all kitchen equipment should be of such height that one standing at the table or ironing board may work without stooping over or bending. For a tall person the height would be greater than for a short person, obviously.

Where two people use the equipment, the equipment should be arranged for the tall person rather than the short one, for it is better for the short one to reach over than for the tall one to be compelled to stoop to do work. Also it is possible for the shorter person to stand on a low stool or something of that sort, or sit on a high stool.

In arranging equipment, experiment in your own kitchen at work, at a table, set on blocks if necessary, to arrive at a conclusion as to the most convenient height for you personally.

Choose a day when you will not be interrupted and cut out a number of garments ready to be sewed. Children's dresses, or suits with bindings complete, may be cut and each garment rolled or folded separately. Two undergarments of the same size may be cut at once. Then, when you sit down to sew, it is surprising how much more can be accomplished than by the old method of cutting, sewing a few seams, and cutting again.

Our Pattern Service



6674. Girls' Dress. Cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 2 7-8 yards of 39 inch material. To make the band facings of contrasting material requires 7-8 yard 39 inches wide cut crosswise or lengthwise of the material. Price 15c.

6660. Ladies' Dress. Cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4 1-8 yards of 39 inch material. For cuffs and belt of contrasting material 1-4 yard 39 inches wide is required cut crosswise. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plait fullness extended is 2 yards. Price 15c.

Send 20c in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE FALL AND WINTER 1929-1930 BOOK OF FASHIONS.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON **COUPON**
Publishers, Montreal. **PATTERN**

Please send me (PATTERN NOS.) No. No.
At the rate of fifteen cents each.

Amount enclosed Cts

Name

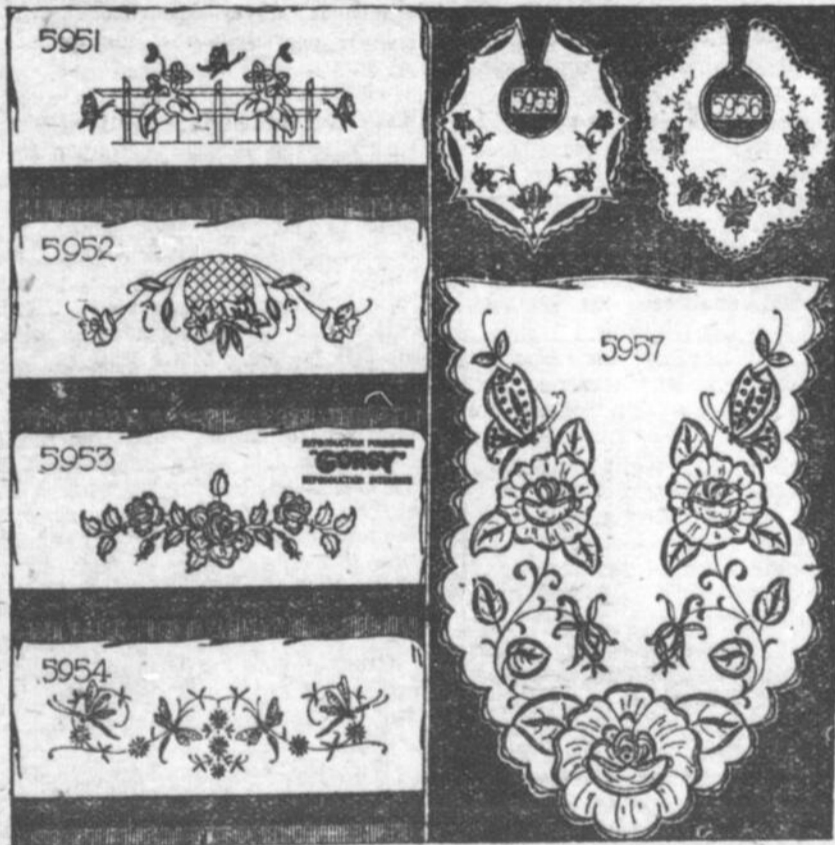
Address

..... Prov.

For Houses, etc., give BUST }
MEASURE in inches. }

For Misses and Children }
give age only in years }

EMBROIDERY PATTERN



Useful Articles—Not Too Expensive

5951 to 5954. Colored Border Linen Towels. Made up ready to be embroidered with hemstitched borders of blue, pink, rose, green, mauve or gold 39 cts. each or 75 cts. the pair. Motif on a tracing pattern 15 cts each. Hot iron transfer 2 designs of the same number for 25 cts. C.B. colored embroidery cotton 20 cts. each towel.

5955-5956. Two Beautiful Bibs.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

EMBROIDERY COUPON

Please send me patterns No. I have underlined, in the announcement above, the exact kind I want. Amount enclosed

Name

Address

Stamped on Wabasso linen-finished cotton 25 cts. each. On pure Irish linen 35 cts. C.B. white embroidery cotton 10 cts. each.

5957. Bureau Scarf 17 x 48 ins. Tracing pattern 20 cts. Hot-iron transfer 30 cts. Stamped on English white cotton 69 cts. On Wabasso linen finished cotton 89 cts. On pure Irish linen \$1.69. On Oyster linen \$1.09. C.S. white embroidery cotton 30 cts. This scarf may be obtained 17 x 52 ins, for the same price.

MORNING.

NOON

and NIGHT

Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND COFFEE

In two, one and half-pound cans—whole, ground or fine ground for percolator use.

BAYONNE HOSPITAL
225 bed hospital, all services, modern nurses' home, registered school, offers 28 months' course in nursing starting February. Monthly remittance. 30 minutes from New York. Apply to the Director of Nurses, Bayonne Hospital, Bayonne, N. J.

The Norwegian Lutheran Deaconess Hospital
School of Nursing offers a 3 1/2 year course to High School graduates. Excellent instruction and practical experience. Apply to Principal, Ext. 26, Fourth Ave. & 6th St., Brooklyn, New York.

Son's Heavy Sweater

IF "Son's" heavy sweater is out at elbows you need not despair of mending it. First cut away the worn portion and ravel out the edge until you have a straight upper edge. Then pick up all stitches on a knitting needle and, using heavy yarn of the same shade, knit back and forth across, using needles and catching up stitches at the sides until the hole is covered. Then with a darning needle the patch must be sewed in place at the bottom.

Next the darning needle is threaded with yarn and beginning at the top pick up each stitch just where inset begins and chain-stitch down across the patch until lower side is reached; here the chain should be connected with corresponding rib below. In this way the patch can hardly be detected, as the chain stitch on top makes it look exactly like the original knitting.

If the sweater is extra heavy the yarn needs to be doubled for the chain stitch in order to make that part as coarse as the rest. If sweater is light weight only one thread is needed. Where runners have gone up the sleeve use a crochet needle for pulling the stitches back through.

Winter Pillow-slips

IF you take your children and friends up into the mountains for skiing; if you live in the country and find your bedrooms hard to heat; or if you believe in plenty of fresh air at night why not make cosy pillow-slips of flanelette or outing flannel. I found my French Canadian neighbors using them and was struck with the wisdom of their choice of material. You can have them as dainty as you wish and a bed with pink flanelette sheets and pink flanelette pillowslips, would carry out the latest idea of colored bed linen. Topped with light green or soft brown blankets how irresistible it would be. Not a child but would welcome bedtime with such a nest soft and colorful to creep into. And grown ups would appreciate it quite as much. With a pair of pillows in such cases and placed V wise so that ones shoulder tucked in against them at every move opening windows would take less courage than it does with the dainty linen slips which are better kept for warmer weather. One and one eighth yards (about 40 inches) of 36 inch material will make a slip 36 inches long using the selvedge for a hem if the quickest and easiest made slips are called for, or both sheets and slips may have a binding or facing of a contrasting color or white. Flanelette is so easy to wash and if put on the line straight after being well shaken will need no ironing.

Making Porch Mats

FOR the back porch you need a mat that will stand hard and continuous usage, and one made from corn husks will be found to give the most satisfaction.

The work of making these mats is light and pleasant, and so simple that the children may assist you.

Only the white, soft inner husks are retained. These should be laid flat in a box or barrel, and kept to be used for mat making during the winter and spring.

Start the braid with six husks, tied together with stout twine halfway down their length. Divide off three strands, each having two husks in it, and begin to braid.

Cross the left strand over the right, and when you bring the third strand over the right, add two new husks to that strand. Take care to leave a good three inches of that part of the husk which was stripped from the cob projecting at the top of the braid.

Add two husks to each strand, in this same way, as each one is brought over the right side and held firmly by your thumb.

A little attention to your braid will soon teach you to keep the projecting stubs of the same length and to so wrap the short ends in the new husks added that the braid will be smooth on the underside. If an unevenness is seen, unbraided back to that place and do the work over again. The same husks can be used for the second

braiding, as they are sufficiently tough not to be harmed by handling.

Every now and then coil the braid around itself upon the floor, in round or elliptical shape, to determine the size. When it is large enough fasten the end with twine, as you would tie hair with ribbon.

The braid must be thoroughly damped before the sewing is done, as the dry husks would be too brittle to hold stitches. Let it stand in water overnight, and then drain for several hours before beginning to work upon it. Use the largest size darning needle and rather fine but very strong linen twine. Do not take your thread too long, as it may be knotty. Fasten each new thread to the old one with a good, firm square knot.

Take great pains at first to hold the braid rather loosely, so that the mat will lie flat instead of bulging up on the floor. After a few times around you will have no trouble.

Fasten the end firmly and put the mat upon the floor with the smooth side down.

SEWING ROOM HINTS

Marking children's clothes saves much time in sorting after each washing, as well as preventing disputes among the children. Each child has a different color. Stockings and underwear are marked with colored yarn and lighter garments with colored thread.

When sewing on buttons that will have a great strain on them, it is wise to put a piece of old kid glove under the material to which the button is sewn. This will prevent the cloth tearing away.

Susan Asks and Answers

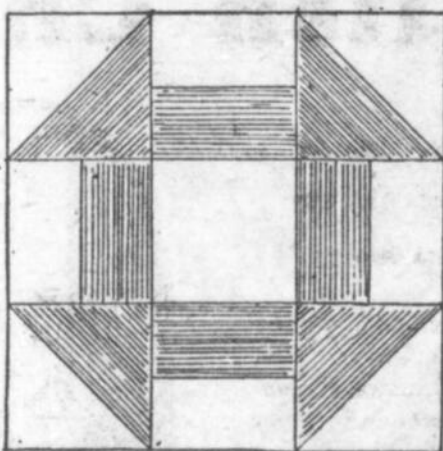
Valley of the Mississippi

This pattern we have not yet been able to find. Possibly we may know it under another name. Who can draw it for us?

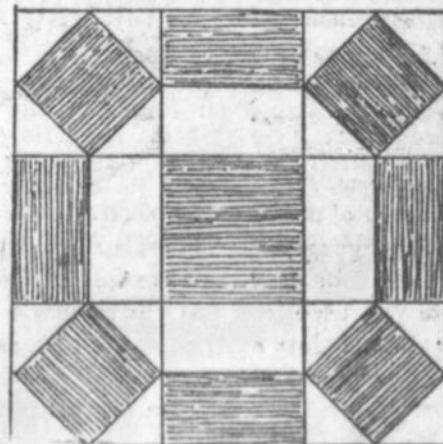
Old Churn Dasher and Rolling Stone

Dear Susan S.—Could you give us a pattern block called The Old Churn Dasher. I think it was made of nine small patched blocks. I want it for a cushion top. I have some pieces of red and brown leather left from other work I want to use this way. Also a rolling stone block, if you please.—O.S.

Both these blocks are made up of nine small squares. In the Old



Churn Dasher there is one plain square, four divided from corner to corner into two triangles each, and four each divided from side to side in two equal oblongs. In the Rolling



Stone there is also one plain square, and four divided from side to side into two oblongs each, but the four remaining squares are each made up

of one smaller square and four small triangles, easily planned, as the points of the inner square touch the centres of the sides of the larger square, so deciding the size of the small triangles. Either of these would be very handsome in leather, in which case they would be cut larger than the nine-inch block used when a quilt is made.

A Wonderful World

Dear Susan S.—I saw by the Witness that Miss Haldane could let me have patterns for my quilt, so am enclosing a letter and postage inside for her to send them. I hope I am keeping to rules by asking you to forward it on to her.

Also, you asked if all animals in child's quilt were kept the same way. No. I sort of mixed them. One, one way, one another. It doesn't give the quilt a stiff look by doing so, but it rests entirely with the worker.

I am glad to pass on anything that would be of use to any one. And wouldn't it be just a wonderful world if we did the same with kind words, and deeds? It would be like adding beautiful trimmings to some dull life, the same as some of our helpful hints adds to the brightening of a dull room.

I don't know what possessed me to write this way—but it is written, and I shall leave it.—M.M.

Your letter has gone forward to Miss Haldane, who is certainly one of the people to pass on kind deeds to others, for her cross-stitch designs take much time and eyesight as well as thought. More than one crochet quilt has been started for little ones from your one, and so it goes. It is a wonderful world for very many people, the kindly words with the quilt patterns, and we enjoy them and are all glad to have them so do it again.

Hot Water Bottle Covers

Dear Susan S.—Would you kindly give directions for making a hot-water bottle cover, either knitted or crocheted?—A.L.J.

Knitted Cover.—Monarch Down, 2 balls pink, one pair No. 8 bone needles. The pattern is made by knitting purl 1, knit 1, for three rows, then knit fourth row plain, repeating. Cast on 20 stitches. Increase at each end of needle every other row till you have 40 stitches on the needle, knitting three rows, knit 1, purl 1, then 1 row plain. When you have 40 stitches on the needle continue until you have knit 15 patterns, then make 1 row of holes, as follows: Slip 1st stitch*, make 1, knit three stitches together, repeat from * across row. Knit 1 row plain. You now have 39 stitches on the needle. Make cuff or top as follows: Make 1, skip 1, knit 2 stitches together, repeat to end of row, make 11 rows the same. Cast off. Make other side the same as above. Join up two sides, leaving opening at foot of bag. Crochet an edge along top 3 chain caught in every other stitch. Crochet chain long enough to run through holes at top, and finish chain with pompoms.

Crochet Cover.—Afghan stitch, 3½ ounces of Beehive Fleecy Wool, No. 7 and No. 11 bone crochet hook. Two buttons.

With the fleecy wool and No. 7 hook make chain of 41. First row—Draw a loop through the second chain stitch, and then through every ch. stitch until you have 40 loops on the hook. To work back, draw a loop through the first loop on the hook, * draw a loop through the next two loops, repeat from * until only one loop is left on the hook.

Second row.—Draw a loop through the second, then through every following upright stitch of the previous row. Work back in same manner as given for the first row.

Repeat the second row until the work measures 24 inches from the commencement. Work 1 double crochet into each of the upright stitches of the last row, and round the other three sides of the cover, and fasten off. Fold the work so that the last row is over the first, and with silver sheen or other contrasting wool and a fine hook double crochet together the 2 long sides. Two straps fasten the top on either side of the neck of the hot-water bottle. To make these with the fleecy wool and No. 7 hook,

make 7 chain. Repeat the first row of the cover until there are 6 loops on the hook. Repeat the second row of the cover until 10 rows have been worked in all. Work double crochet into each of the second and third upright stitches of the previous row. Three-chain (for the buttonhole), 1 double crochet into each of the next three upright stitches and round the other three sides of the strap. Fasten off. Work another strap the same. Then with silversheen or other contrasting wool and fine hook, double crochet round each strap and round top of cover. Sew the two straps in place at one side of top, spacing to leave room for bottle neck only. Then sew buttons on opposite side of cover to correspond. Any initial may be worked on the cover in cross-stitch of the silversheen.

Child's Mitts

Dear Susan S.—Please tell me in your column how to make baby mitts—I mean for one year old, or a little larger. I suppose everybody else knows how, but I'm just beginning to knit and will be grateful for directions.—Faithful Reader.

No, I doubt if everyone does know how in these days of buying ready-made, yet the home-made ones wear so much better we might all make them in odd moments. One good soul I know always has a pair of these or larger mitts set up, using odds and ends of wool, and by the time the missionary society or the community house or the ladies' aid sends out its yearly appeal, she has a number all ready, and "No trouble at all," she says. How about some of the rest of us doing the same, beginning at New Year?

Child's Mitts, 1 to 2 years.—One ball White Monarch Dove and 1 pair No. 10 needles. Cast on 36 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 18 rows. 19th row—Slip first st., * make 1, knit 2 sts. together, repeat from * across row. Knit 4 ridges plain. Next row—Start gusset for thumb. Increase on 1st stitch, knit 2 sts. plain, increase on 4th st. Knit to end of row. One row plain. Repeat these two rows, having 2 more sts. between the increases, till you have 10 sts. between the two increasing stitches. Now slip the 14 sts. off on to a thread—this makes the thumb. Knit to end of needle. Cast on 4 sts. Knit 12 ridges plain.

To shape top of mitt.—Knit 2 sts. together. Knit 2 sts., repeat to end of row. Second row—Purl. Fifth row—Knit 2 sts. together across needle. Sixth row—Purl. Break off wool; leave thread long enough to sew up. Thread darning needle, run stitches off needle on to thread. Draw together tightly, and fasten securely on wrong side. Thumb—Put the 14 sts. on needle. Knit 4 ridges plain, then knit 2 sts. together across row. Purl next row. Draw sts. through as in hand of mitt. Sew up side seam. Repeat for other mitt.

Launder your bathing suit and, rolling it tightly, put it into a large sealer. With the rubber ring, and the top screwed tightly, you need not fear moths.

Eats Dirt

GILLETT'S LYE

CLEAR'S CHOKED DRAINS
CLEANS, DISINFECTS
REMOVES OLD PAINT
MAKES GOOD SOAP

Always ask for—
GILLETT'S LYE

HOME COOKING

Curing Meat

By Madam.

WHETHER you live in the country and have your own well fed animals killed at this season; or in town or city, where you have access to a farmers' market and can secure possibly not a whole beef or pig but a half or quarter, you can, if you desire, have most delicious home cured meals and home made sausages and potted meats. One good housekeeper I know who lived in the suburbs of a great city always ordered a young milk fed pig and herself cut up and cured it. The finer loin roasts she generally shoulder froze down for use fresh; the bacon hams were cured with special hot brine, then rinsed and hung to dry and more delicious meat I have never tasted. It was not smoked but she had her farmer singe it with sea straw and there was always enough of the smoke flavor to satisfy the most exacting. Her recipe was an old Yorkshire one handed down to her from great grandmothers time in the pioneering days in Ontario. This is the way she did it and she claimed the hot brine cured the meat more evenly and that no one who used it had ever had ropy brine or sour pork.

Hang the pork in a cool place for twenty-four or forty-eight hours after killing but do not allow to freeze. Cut into suitable pieces, rub with salt and let stand all night. Wash off the salt with warm water and let drain. Make a brine with good clean salt and hot water, strong enough to float an egg, sufficient to cover 100 pounds of meat add to it 2 ounces each of ground cloves, pepper, allspice, and saltpetre, 5 pounds of brown sugar and a good pint of Barbados molasses. Boil all together for ten minutes. Pack pork in stone jar putting hams and large pieces at the bottom. Pour brine on boiling hot and weigh down with plate and stone. Cover closely to keep in heat. Leave bacon in about 3 weeks, hams 4 weeks, then hang to dry or wash off with warm water and smoke. The spice may be omitted.

Dry Cure for Pork.—For 100 pounds of meat use: 8 lbs. salt, 2 1-2 lbs. sugar made into syrup, 2 ounces saltpetre, 4 ounces black pepper. Mix ingredients and divide into three portions. Rub the cooled meat well with one portion and pack in barrel or crock. Let stand three days. Remove and rub with the second portion. After three days have passed, remove and rub with the last portion. Re-pack in the barrel and let stand in the brine formed for three weeks. Wash meat thoroughly before removing to the smoke house and allow to become dry before smoking.

Brine Cure (Sweet Pickle) for Pork.—For 100 pounds of pork use: 9 lbs. salt, 2 1-2 lbs. brown sugar, 2 ounces saltpetre, 4 gals. water. Make a brine of the above. Pack the meat in a barrel and be sure that it is covered with this brine. The bacon and smaller pieces will need to be in this brine about four weeks and the hams about six weeks. The larger hams should be placed in the bottom of the barrel that they may cure the better. The whole should be weighted with a heavy weight to keep the meat under the brine at all times.

If the pickle becomes ropy, the meat should be removed and thoroughly washed. After the container is thoroughly scalded, the meat is re-packed and a new brine added. When pickle is complete, remove the meat, wash thoroughly and when dry smoke to a good chestnut color. The sugar may be omitted from this cure if desired.

Rendering Lard.—The leaf fat renders the best quality of lard, and should never be mixed with the gut fat. The leaf fat may be removed before the carcass is cut up. It is chopped or ground with the rest of the fat trimmings of the meat. One must be careful to pick out all lean parts for they will cling to the side of the kettle, burn and discolor the lard. The chopped or ground fat is

placed in a big kettle or roaster with only enough water in the bottom to start the cooking. It requires some little experience to know when the lard is fully rendered. After the little white blisters turn brown on the cracklings and they float, the lard may be removed from the stove shortly. When the cracklings can be lifted out with a paddle and immediately fry themselves dry, the process is complete. The lard is then removed from the fire and strained through a cloth into jars or pans. Stirring slowly while the lard is cooling will tend to whiten it. Store in a cool place.

Dried Beef, that many times tempted us children to risk destruction and sudden death climbing on the high kitchen dresser with a sharp butcher knife to cut surreptitious slices was Mary Ann's and made by the following rule. Take the tender part of the round of beef cut with the muscle so that it would be sliced across the grain. Lay the meat perfectly fresh upon a stone slab (I use a big platter for my small household) and cover with a thin layer of brown sugar. After two days wipe this off and apply a thin layer of salt warmed and dried in the oven and mixed with a very little saltpetre. Turn the meat every day, and wipe dry from the salt, handle as little as possible using a dry cloth. When cured which will be in a month, wipe dry, sprinkle with flour and hang in a dry place. Other people do it much more easily simply putting the beef in a strong brine for two to three weeks then wiping the pieces dry and putting them in little cheesecloth bags before hanging them to dry over or near the stove.

Corn Beef.—Use some of the beef to make several large crocks of mince meat, as it will keep all winter in a cold place. The rest of the beef corn. Be most particular about the barrel—never use a barrel that has been used for other purposes, or if beef has ever soured in it. Get a new

barrel (a good molasses barrel is best) and clean it well.

Cut all the large bone out of the meat and then pack the beef in the barrel tightly. Cover with a hardwood board that will fit down in the barrel, put a clean, heavy stone on it, and it is ready for the pickling brine, which make as follows: To two gallons water add three pounds salt, one pound sugar, one ounce saltpetre and two tablespoons baking soda. Make as many gallons as you need, adding the same ingredients to every two gallons water. Put in a boiler, boil, skim well, and pour boiling hot over the beef. Be sure the brine covers the beef well—yes, more than covers it—as it will soak in the beef some. If you should ever need to add more brine, do not put it on hot—that is only done the first time.

Freezing Down Meat

Don't let any one tempt you to hang up to freeze a quarter of beef or a sheep. Nothing is much more maddening than trying to get a hunk off in such circumstances. By all means insist on your steak being cut in steaks, your roasts properly trimmed and ready for cooking.

Take a large, strong, tight, wooden dry goods box, line inside with several thicknesses of paper, pasting it in closely and overlapping the seams generously, then put a thick layer of hay or sawdust in the bottom of the box, and cover with paper. Freeze hams, spare ribs, shoulders, or any piece of fresh pork, beef, or poultry that you wish to keep fresh for future use, and be sure that the freezing is most thorough, so that each piece is

frozen all the way through. Wrap each piece separately in several layers of clean, light brown paper, then pack a layer of these pieces in a box prepared as above, fill all the crevices between the pieces with fine hay, packing it in solidly, cover the layer of meat pieces with about 5 or 6 inches of hay, and then pack in more meat as directed above, and so on until all the frozen meat is stored, or the box is full, being careful to have plenty of hay all around the sides, and on the top. Next put on a tight cover of wood, also lined with paper inside, and throw some thick covering over the box, such as an old comforter, blanket, fur robe, or a piece of heavy carpet. The box, of course, should stand in a cold and dry place.

Frozen meat in this way will remain frozen and sweet for months, and will even withstand quite a long thaw. When wanted for use, take out a piece (each package should be labelled as to its contents), cover the box again carefully, substituting hay for the piece removed, and let lie in cold water, changing the water bath as ice forms, until the meat is sufficiently thawed out. Then dry off and finish the thawing dry.

Pickled Pigs' Feet.—Place the pigs' feet in a salt pickle for several days. Then boil them for a varying length of time, depending on the size, taking care to remove them from the kettle before the separation of meat from the bones. Split the feet lengthwise, place them in a jar or other receptacle, and cover with vinegar, to which bay leaves, allspice, and whole black pepper have been added.

Why not drink the finest tea that is grown?

"SALADA"
TEA
"Fresh from the gardens"

Such Lovely New English China

in every package of Quick Quaker Oats marked "Chinaware"

Start now to collect pieces of the new china which comes in Quick Quaker Oats. Every package marked "Chinaware" contains a lovely piece of wonderful new China. Made in England's finest potteries. Beautifully shaped, and patterned in the exquisite English colourings. You'll be proud if you're among the first to have this china.

There's hearty nourishment and delicious flavour in Quaker Oats. It's the breakfast all people need. Warm... satisfying... good to eat. Richer than any other cereal in protein, the growth and stamina element in food. Abundant in carbohydrates, the energy producer. Contains plenty of necessary minerals... and natural roughage for regular elimination. All in correct balance to give the strength and vim you need for the morning's work. Make Quaker Oats a part of every breakfast. You never tire of its nut-like flavour.



From every three bushels of Canada's finest oats, only one is good enough to make Quaker Oats. This careful selection at the mills is a reason why Quaker Oats is so good to eat. Packages contain coupons with which you can get fine silverware and other valuable articles.

QUICK QUAKER OATS

Cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes

MIND BODY	BOYS' PAGE	SOUL SERVICE
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From Steerage Passenger to Finance Minister

AT 15, son of an English tenant farmer, he was an apprentice to an engineering firm.

At 17 he was an immigrant steerage passenger to Canada.

At 18 he was a Western farm hand at \$10 a month.

At 19 he was homesteading 25 miles north of Yorkton, Saskatchewan.

At 25 he was a director of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association.

At 26 he was the organizer of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Company, now the largest elevator company in the world.

At 31 he was Minister of Railways in the Saskatchewan Government.

At 37 he was the Premier of Saskatchewan Government.

At 37 he was the Premier of Saskatchewan.

At 41 he was Minister of Railways and Canals in the Dominion Government.

At 44 he was called upon to become Minister of Finance, the second largest job in Canadian politics; called upon to handle and be responsible for more money than either Mr. Edward Beatty or Sir Henry Thornton or any other head of our greatest corporations.

Such is the story of Charles A. Dunning, up from a penniless immigrant farm hand to a post of honor and power. It is a story which, in its illustration of the truth that there are still glittering prizes for keen minds and stout hearts, has few parallels in the records of either politics or commerce.

Charles Dunning owes his rise to neither early education, nor social influence, nor political pull, nor even luck. Every step of his long march upwards he has had to fight his way; fight against early poverty; against lack of education; against powerful political opponents; depending only upon his own courage, his own ambition and mind. No man took harder or more frequent blows.

Some of his exploits read like a chapter from the pages of Horatio Alger. When at the age of 22 he wanted to go as a delegate to a Grain Growers' Convention, his local told him that if he thought he could get from Beaverdale to Prince Albert, attend the convention for a week, and get back home again on \$17 (which was the total of the local's finances) he was welcome to the honor. Dunning went. He reached the convention, slept for five nights in the cellar of a Prince Albert hotel; returned at the end of the week a director of the Provincial Association of Grain Growers—and with money in his pocket.

Whether as Minister in the Saskatchewan Government, chairman of the Saskatchewan Victory Loan Committee, Director of Food Production in Canada during the war, General Manager of the Saskatchewan Elevator Company, or Prime Minister of the Province, Dunning was always a success. He was a good business man and a good politician—a rare combination of talents. His premiership saw a rise in the West of the agrarian political movement. It captured Manitoba, captured Saskatchewan; flowed over into the federal field, and even submerged Ontario; but it broke before Dunning in Saskatchewan. In the one province where it ought to have been all-powerful, it was forced to strike its flag.

But Dunning does not owe his promotion to what he did in Saskatchewan; he owes it to his record in Ottawa. Scores of provincial politicians have come to the federal field, have been heralded by trumpets, have flashed for a few brief moments, then become lost in the haze.

Dunning has been different. Stepping almost aggressively upon the larger stage, he never had on inferiority complex. Militant, sure of himself, master of his department in all of its complexities, he was prepared to joust with the strongest, and if at first he sometimes came off second best, he could generally retire in good order, prepared to fight again.

He was a good Minister of Railways; got through his branch line pro-

gram; got through his Hudson Bay Railway work; got through other things.

It is not an easy job that Dunning will now take. The task of Finance Minister is a hard one at best. Over in England a Chancellor of the Exchequer has no tariff problem; and he has brilliant understudies—a parliamentary secretary to relieve him of the drudgery of parliamentary routine. Over in the United States the Secretary of the Treasury does not go to Congress. He has not to run the gauntlet of parliamentary criticisms; has no budget nor estimates to put through the House; is fortified by a Budget Director and by assistants trained in finance.

It is different here. A Finance Minister, responsible for hundreds of millions of dollars, must watch everything, do everything. The failure of a wheat crop, the crash of exchanges, the state of world trade, the decline of export trade, the falling off of imports, the failure of a bank, the state of insurance companies—all these and a score of other things, affect the Minister of Finance. He must budget with some exactitude. He must keep an eye on the enormous financial operations of the Canadian National Railways. He must provide for the retirement of loans (of which many millions mature in the next few years); must balance taxation; must deal with and decide upon complex tariff questions; must sit upon the Treasury Board; must attend Parlia-

ment, hear himself criticized, answer numberless questions; make speeches in Parliament and out of it. It is no job for a weakling. Yet he will likely make a good Finance Minister, certainly an interesting one.—Ottawa Journal.

STAMP NEWS

First British Stamps

Nine years ago Mr. E. D. Bacon issued his great work on "The Line-Engraved Postage Stamps of Great Britain printed by Perkins, Bacon, and Co., an exhaustive record, in two volumes. The publishers, Messrs. Charles Nissen and Co. Ltd., have now issued a supplement to it at 10s 6d, in which the author is able to augment his earlier records of the dies, from an interesting discovery made at Somerset House. Hitherto only thirteen dies of the four line-engraved stamps had been recorded, and the existence of die proofs numbered 34 and 35 (in the King's collection) has mystified collectors, says Fred J. Melville in the London Daily Tele-

New information derived from the Inland Revenue officers' books show that twenty-four "intermediate" dies, of which we had no previous knowledge, were defaced up to Oct. 26, 1820 (i.e., after the termination of the contracts). Mr. Bacon, while still at a loss to explain why so many dies were made, thinks they were probably used for experimental work connected with the change from the "crosses" to the four corner letters, with plate numbers.

The printers of these historic stamps insisted on the preservation of the original dies as works of art and of public interest. Seven dies, including the historic "old original" engraved by Heath, are now in the Muniment Room at the G.P.O. graph.

Good King Wenceslas

By C. B. Mortlock.

CHRISTMAS is approaching and there would be something missing if we did not recall the king in the Christmas carol, who went out on the feast of Stephen and, seeing a poor man gathering fuel took pains to help the needy one.

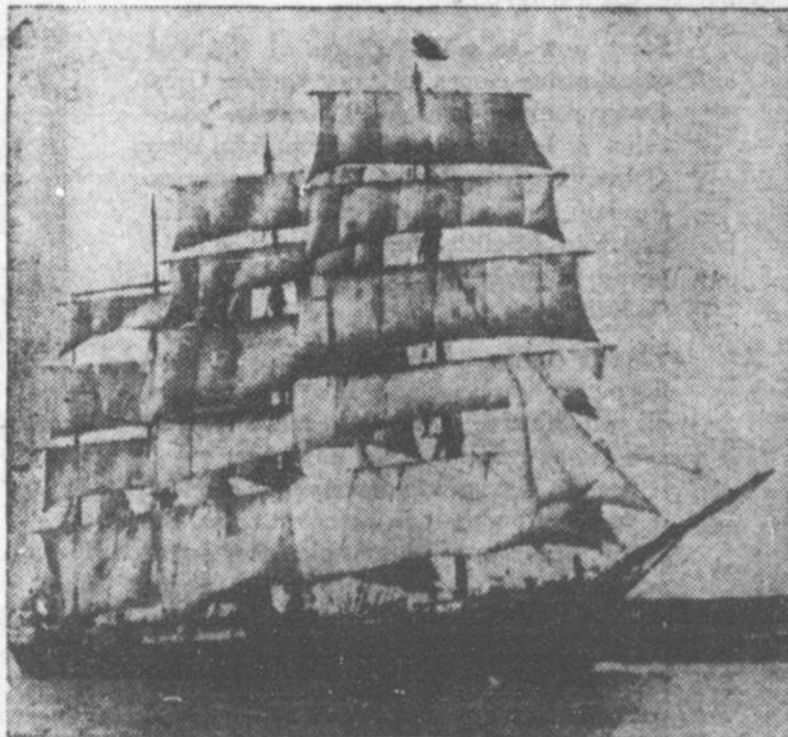
During the last week of September the ancient city of Prague, once the seat of the kings of Bohemia, and now the capital of the Czechoslovak Republic, gave itself up to celebrating the thousandth anniversary of the death of St. Wenceslas.

Hagiologists differ concerning the year in which the saintly Prince of Bohemia met his death by the hand of a treacherous and envious younger brother, but in the land which venerates him as founder and patron of the Czech nation 929 is the accepted date. All agree that he died on Sept. 28, the day on which he is commemorated in the Roman calendar.

On that day the Cathedral, originally projected by the saint a thousand

years ago and completed this year was solemnly consecrated. Wenceslas built a little church which he dedicated in honor of St. Vitus, and the great cathedral which is at last complete was begun by the Emperor Charles IV. (who was also King of Bohemia and the second founder of the nation) at a time when the kingdom was at the height of its power and prosperity. It is a happy circumstance that the consummation of his work coincides with the national and political renaissance of the nation.

Though in the St. Wenceslas Festival the religious element is naturally uppermost, it has been conceived as a great national celebration, symbolizing the achievement of unity in the Czechoslovak nation. It will also have a peculiar quality in that the large German element in the population has been asked to take part in the festival, and will do so. On this account the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna has been invited to take part.



FAMOUS SAILING VESSEL GOES ASHORE

The "Garthpool," the only surviving four-masted sailing ship on the British Register, has gone ashore on East Sand Head in Beavista Island, off the West Coast of Africa. She is the only surviving ship of the eighteenth century four-masters and was on her way to Australia to take part in the grain race next year.

The name of Wenceslas is familiar to us as that of the good king whose charitable deeds provided John Mason Neale with the theme of his famous Christmas carol; yet it may be doubted whether the knowledge of most of us goes beyond that of the story of his carrying faggots on a winter night to a poor old man suffering from cold. There are many such tales reflecting the gentle piety of his character. One relates how he would go into the fields and vineyards to cut wheat and pick grapes, and make therewith the sacramental bread and wine. Diligent as legend represents him to have been in such acts of charity and devotion, it is as a wise and far-seeing ruler and great reformer that Wenceslas is venerated in Czechoslovakia today.

He assumed the government of his country when but a youth. The Emperor of the West was on the threshold with his armies, and the young prince, unlike his neighbors, saw the hopelessness of attempting to resist the Germanic forces. Instead of allowing his people to be swallowed up in bloodshed, thus sharing the fate of other Slav peoples on the eastern borders of the Empire, Wenceslas concluded a peaceful treaty with Henry. He took an oath of allegiance to the imperial crown and engaged to pay a yearly tribute of 500 silver marks and 120 head of oxen.

The consequences were twofold—the nation retained its national character and traditions, with support against the Magyars on its other frontier, and by the encouragement of German priests Wenceslas was able to further his passionate desire to Christianise the nation.

With the principality at peace, the saint was able to devote his remarkable energies to raising the religious, cultural, and moral standards of the Bohemians. When one considers the social state of Europe at the beginning of the tenth century, Wenceslas seems remarkably in advance of his times. He carried out, for instance, drastic reform of the prison system, and abolished public gallows on the ground that they tend to brutalise the minds of the people rather than deter them from crime. He also put an end to torture as a means of extorting confession.

Such activities, and the German alliance, were extremely distasteful to the pagan party, and Boleslas, Wenceslas's brother, gauging the extent of the discontent, resolved to take advantage of it. He contrived the young prince's death while he was his guest. Wenceslas was accustomed to visit the principal cities of his realm at the dedication festivals of their churches. On the feast of Sts. Cosmas and Damian he came to Altbunzlau. His brother prepared a banquet in his castle, and, prevailing upon Wenceslas to remain until the morrow, fell upon him in the early morning as he was going to Mass.

The cult of St. Wenceslas has been continuous ever since his tragic death, after a reign of but nine years. During the nation's darkest period, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it inspired the people with courage. The Hussites had borne his image on their shields, and his name was invoked to lead the people back to the Papal allegiance. Many years later, when the Czech delegates went to the Vienna Parliament in 1848 to uphold the nation's rights, their departure was signalled by a Mass celebrated in the public square of Prague before the statue of the saint.

During the Great War the Austrian Government prohibited the singing of the anthem of the saint, which had been in use at least seven hundred years, because they regarded it as a national protest. The Czech battalions, whose service on the side of the Allies was one of the most romantic episodes of the war, had a picture of Wenceslas on their standards, and when the nation recovered its independence, as a result of the revolution of 1918 and by the treaties of 1920, one of the early acts of the new Parliament of the Republic was to decree that the first gold coins to be minted should bear the figure of Saint Wenceslas.—London Telegraph.

Fox breeders in New Brunswick are receiving enquiries for high grade silver foxes from Holland, Norway and other European countries.

STAMPS

50 different West Indies, 35c; 100, 50c; 40 New Zealand 50; 60, \$1.00. Canadian stamps purchased, or discounted against approvals. FRED A. BESSON, 1 East 132nd Street, New York.

This Week's Great Day

Memorable Events in the history of the Empire.
By Charles Conway

BIRTH OF SIR ROWLAND HILL

134 YEARS Sir Rowland Hill, the originator of the cheap postal system, was born at Kidderminster.

He was educated at a school established in Birmingham by his father, of which he himself afterwards became the principal, and where he introduced an improved method of education, which was known as the Hazlewood system, and which exercised a powerful influence on the educational reforms instituted in Great Britain during the first half of last century.

In 1833 ill-health forced him to abandon the teaching profession, and he then co-operated with E. G. Wakefield in his famous endeavors to colonize South Australia on ideally perfect principles. Two years later he commenced his campaign to reform the errors and abuses of the postal system, a work which placed him in the front ranks of the great benefactors of mankind.

At that time the cost of postage varied according to distance, and also according to the number of written pages sent, irrespective of weight, and two small pieces of thin paper would be charged twice as much as the heaviest letter written on a single sheet. The charges were collected by the letter-carrier on delivery, and the principal hardship fell on poor people, who could not afford to use the mails. The majority of the upper classes of the community were able to have their letters carried free of charge, owing to their connection, or influence, with members of Parliament, all of whom possessed the privilege of franking letters post-free, while business houses had numerous illicit means of conveyance at their disposal to evade the heavy tax.

Hill compiled a vast collection of statistics, which enabled him to clearly show that the greater portion of the expense of the postal system lay in the collection and the delivery of the letters, and that the cost of conveyance differed so little with the distance covered, that a uniform charge would be the fairest to everyone concerned. He rightly estimated that the deficiency in revenue which would result from any reduction in the postal charges would be easily made up by the increased use of the mails.

In 1837 he published a pamphlet, in which he detailed the result of his investigations and his proposals for reform, and he then made the suggestion of a uniform rate of one penny per half-ounce for any distance within the United Kingdom, the charges to be prepaid by means of an adhesive stamp. This pamphlet aroused an immediate and wide-spread interest, and in the following year the Government was reluctantly compelled to appoint a Parliamentary Committee to investigate the matter, with the result that an Act was passed which brought the penny postage system into operation throughout the United Kingdom on the 10th January, 1840.

Hill was given a Treasury appointment, so that he might superintend the introduction of his system, and his great genius as an administrator was mainly responsible for the speed and

efficiency with which the new system was established. Within two years he had the great satisfaction of seeing all his predictions fulfilled. The number of letters delivered in Great Britain increased at one bound from seventy-five to two hundred and eight millions per year, and the postal revenue for 1840 showed an increase over 1839 of sixty-three per cent.

His services were rewarded with a knighthood in 1864, and after his death on the 27th August, 1879, at the age of 84, he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey.

(Copyrighted)

YOUR DOG

Who never scolds when things go wrong,
Who senses when its sob or song,
Who's always there to go along?
Your dog.

Who watches every word you say,
And knows just when you want to play,
One whom you never can repay?
Your dog.

Who understands your every whim,
And knows just what you say to him,
Whose mood is yours when gay or grim?
Your dog.

Where can man find a better friend?
Who will stand by him till the end,
No matter where his footsteps wend?
His dog.

—Jeanette Norland in Our Dumb Animals.

A TREASURE TROVE OF VERSE FOR CHILDREN

During the past year a Canadian singer "put out to sea" whose name is still a household word, but who, alas! will return to harbor no more. More than any other Canadian poet she had the peculiar quality of pleasing children with her verses and at the same time won the grown ups, too. Truly, she approaches very near to R. L. Stevenson and A. A. Milne in this faculty and the appearance of a book (The Shining Ship and Other Verse, by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, McLelland and Stewart, Ltd., Toronto, Price \$2.00) will be welcomed by parents and children alike.

Santa Claus will find this an important item on his Christmas list and it is made all the more valuable by the fine illustrations so much in the spirit of the verse by Elsie Deane. The present volume is a new and enlarged edition of one that appeared eleven years ago. The new one is of far wider scope, containing double the number of poems printed in the old. All the original poems are included. Right after the "Shining Ship" comes "The Spring Waking" and to one who remembers it from public school days, when it wasn't even mentioned that the author was a Canadian, it is a pleasure to think that it is used in a reader antedating the period when every thing studied was liable to become anathema for ever more.

It is so difficult to single out a selection for quotation. "Tyler's Lane" for instance, or in another mood "The Tell-Tale" appeal. Then there is "Jacob Unrecognized," a tragedy of the failure to convince others of one's vision, the clash of the poet and the practical woman, condensed into sixteen lines. One may go on to name "Secrets" and "Big Sister's Valentine", "Who Told?" and "The Wonderful Fishing of Peterkin Spray" but what can mere titles convey without the musical arrangement of words bearing fantasy and whimsicality? and after all they are only a few of those that tickle the fancy of an old head, that senses poetry in:

"O, to be a robin
In the spring!
When the fleeting days of April
Are a-wing,
And the air is sweet with knowing
Where the hidden buds are growing,
And the merry winds are going
Wandering!"

And if a child can't appreciate this it surely might think it of its own volition, for it seems to be the secret of success in writing for children that one should enter with sympathy and understanding into the child's viewpoint.

"They teach such funny thing at school!
I never say a word,
But when it's four o'clock I just
Can't believe things I've heard.

Our Competitions

Pencils as prizes in Our Competitions and our congratulations this week go to Mrs. W. R. W., Sask., David G. Dewar, Ont., and Mrs. A. Switzer, Ont.

BETTER PATENT IT

Dear Sir:—A few years ago, one of our neighbors was sick. He had a great deal of pain in his legs. One day my husband was going to go over to his place and as we had some fresh tomatoes just received from B. C., I sent four or five over to him. We are very fond of my salad dressing on our tomatoes so I poured some in a small bottle and sent it too.

As I was very busy I did not label the bottle, nor did I ring the neighbor on the phone to mention what I was sending. A few days afterwards the man rang me up on the phone and asked me if that liniment (my salad dressing) was a certain doctor's liniment? He said: "It is the best liniment I ever used. It has helped my legs the most of anything I ever used."

I could hardly speak for laughter, but managed to say, "No, it wasn't Dr. N's."

"Well, have you the recipe?" said he. As he was a very touchy old man, I asked me for it, so the joke died out. "Well, I want it," he said, but he never thought we had better not tell him the joke as he might think it was done on purpose, so I said I had the recipe. Mrs. W. R. W., Sask.

THE POWER OF MOVING WATER

Dear Sir:—I used to live in Prince William, N. B. Six miles west, at the Barony, the Morrisons ran the Ferry over the St. John River. A fourteen-year-old boy would take over a wagon-load of hay, with the team attached or any other

thing. This is how: a wire rope, an inch thick, was stretched tightly over the river. There were two bigish boats a bit apart that were attached by pulleys and rope to the overhead tight rope. A big platform rested on the boats on to which carts, cars or horses could drive. The boy turned the heads of the boats to an angle by means of a wheel, and the swift water playing on the sloping sides of the boat made the pulleys run along the tight rope until the other side of the river was reached. To come back the heads of the boats were slanted the other way.

"O dear! they say such funny things I'm hardly sure I'm me,
I hardly know the things I know,
Or see the things I see."

Pat, a polar bear from Herschel Island in Mackenzie Bay, is an object of special interest to every child who visits the Government zoo at Banff in Banff National Park Alberta. Pat's cage is always a centre of attraction at feeding time. In the large well-kept cages in the zoo is a most interesting collection of wild animals, including specimens of the black, brown, and grizzly bear, lynx, marten, wolverine, coyote, wolf, and other animals. Near the zoo is the Government museum which contains an excellent collection of big game and smaller animals, as well as of the bird, fish, and plant life of the region. Indian relics and examples of Indian handicraft, including some very fine embroideries, are also shown.

This past season, the Geodetic Survey of Canada sent a party to the east end of Island Lake in northern Manitoba to make a precise determination of the astronomic latitude and longitude in connection with the establishment of the interprovincial boundary between Ontario and Manitoba. The aeroplane once more proved its value as a means of transportation in country difficult of access by other means, and sixteen hundred miles were flown during the season.

In India when the river is swift and narrow, the natives fasten a rope to an anchor in the middle of the river and the other end of it to the top of the mast to keep it out of the water. By means of a rudder oar to keep it at an angle the current sweeps the boat in a curve to the other side of the river.—David G. Dewar, Ont.

Dear Sir:—We had a 'coon for a while. Just opposite our back door stood an old apple tree, which had a large hole two feet from the ground and was hollow. This seemed a good place for the 'coon, so we put a small chain, three or four feet long on him and fastened it to the tree, so that he could go in and out.

I often used to watch his cute antics. We used to keep a pan of water near the tree. If he was given any food he would wash it in this water before he ate it. He used to get in this pan and wash himself.

One evening he was having a bath and when he got through, he picked up the pan in his paws and threw the water out just like a person would do it.

Another time there was a crust of bread lying just beyond his reach. He tried to reach it with his paw, then he tried with his hind foot but he couldn't get it. He had a beautiful, long bushy tail, and all at once he turned and swept the crust in with his tail, and munched it to his heart's content.—Mrs. A. Switzer, Ont.

LETTER COMPETITION

WILD LIFE

Tell us of any remarkable evidence of trustfulness of humans on the part of birds or of beasts that you have observed, or anything you are doing to benefit them.

(Topic Number 13)

NATURE'S WONDERS

Tell us of things in Nature which you yourself have observed—things that are uncommon, strange, or beautiful.

(Topic Number 14)

WHO CAN MAKE THE EDITOR LAUGH?

A humorous happening in the field, at home, on the trip. Anything that will cause a good laugh.

(Topic Number 15)

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

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

Tell your friends about this competition.

READ THE RULES CAREFULLY

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

Tom Dick, Sunnydale, Sask.

WILD LIFE

Address your letter to:

Letter Competition Editor.

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



SOME OF CANADA'S AVIATORS IN THE MAKING

Here are some of the contestants in the first model aircraft meet ever held in Western Canada—a meet for the championship of British Columbia staged in Vancouver recently. Squadron Leader Earl MacLeod, commanding officer of the R.C.A.F. unit at Vancouver, and Major D. E. MacLaren, D.S.O., famous war-time ace (in cap and dark coat), can be seen near the centre of the group.

Adventuring for the Kingdom

Prisoners of Bandits

Mrs. Oscar Hellestead, United States missionary, who was kidnapped by bandits on Nov. 28 at her home in Sinyen, south-west Honan Province, was released a day later and returned to the Lutheran Mission at Sinyen.

Mrs. Hellestead, who is from Lebanon, South Dakota, said banditry was prevalent throughout the countryside.

The Rev. Ulrich Kreutzen of the Franciscan mission at Wuchang, who was captured by bandits several weeks ago, again has written to his Mission saying his captors were demanding 6,000 Mexican dollars ransom for his release.

Mystery of Sadhu Sundar Singh

Most famous of Indian Christians is Sadhu Sundar Singh. For many months, now, India's Christian community has been stirred by his mysterious disappearance. C. E. Riddle, missionary in the northwest province of the Punjab, sent this account to friends in the United States.

"On April nineteenth, Sadhu Sundar Singh set out to visit Tibetan Christians living ten days' march east of Lake Manasarowar. He planned to return or to send back a messenger in July. As no word had come, Rev. C. E. Riddle of the New Zealand Presbyterian Mission and Dr. John C. Taylor of the Reformed Presbyterian Mission set out to search and followed the trail he was to have taken as far as

the Thibet border, at the Hoti Pass (18,000 feet). No trace was found of the Sadhu and it is feared that his health, which has not been good for some years past, was not equal to the severe strain, or that he was a victim to a cholera epidemic which was raging along the Pilgrim Line in May and June. If this had been the case it is unlikely that any trace of him would be found, for the bodies of victims are at once thrown without identification into the salvation-giving waters of the sacred Ganges."

Civic Evangelism

A remarkable experiment has been made in the town of Rochdale, Yorkshire. The mayor, a Christian, conceived the idea of summoning his fellow citizens to a crusade to make Rochdale a Christian city. "Rochdale for Christ" was his slogan. For a fortnight the town has been the scene of a notable movement. Twice nightly the town hall has been crowded to the doors with eager audiences to which the Christian way of life has been expounded by specially selected preachers. The chief missionary is a master of assemblies, and he has taught the people. The usual emotional appeals associated with evangelism have been absent. All has been quiet but deep and impressive. The whole town has been deeply moved. A civic lead such as this commands attention, and the experiment is worth being made in every locality.—F. G. Spurr.

Preparing the Way of the Lord

By Rev. T. W. Jones, Calvary United Church, Montreal.

A study of the life of the peoples around the Mediterranean Sea, showing the work of God in human history; introducing a series of four sermons on "The Advent Hope."

WITHIN recent years there has been a great deal of interest displayed in the study of the historic backgrounds of Christianity. Many books have been written by well qualified scholars to make real and meaningful the setting in which the Christian religion had its birth. A complete bibliography would reveal a vast library of books contributing to this high purpose. It is safe to say that the "Life and Times of Jesus Christ," to borrow Edersheim's title, as well as "The Land and the Book," to use Thompson's theme, are better understood today than at any other period in the Christian era.

Such studies are all to the good; for a better understanding of the conditions in which men lived and carried on their work cannot fail to stimulate interest, both in the workers and in their ministry, and since so much of our religious heritage is derived directly from "The Book," it is well that we should understand as fully as possible the circumstances in which the writers of the Bible lived, and the national and historic movements that must have profoundly influenced both their words and actions. For example, a study of "The Historical Geography of the Holy Land," by George Adam Smith, cannot fail to stimulate a much more intelligent and sympathetic understanding of the prophets whose stirring words form so large a part of our Old Testament.

Moreover, because much of our religious teaching is based upon the Old Testament, and so many of our ordinances are derived therefrom, it behoves us to understand as fully as possible the Hebrew background of belief and practice.

But the field of enquiry must be widened beyond the Jewish circle if we are to understand in any adequate way the forces and factors sharing in the "preparation of the way of the Lord," in the sense of making possible the wondrous enrichment of life which the Christian religion undoubtedly brought to the sons of men.

For the life of the Hebrews was profoundly influenced by that of the other nations with whom they were

in constant contact, and while throughout their entire history, outside forces left the impress of their impact upon them (as, for example, during the period of the Exile), yet in an unusual degree, in later years and immediately preceding the Christian era, two nations, the Greeks and the Romans, made contributions to the sum total of life that it is almost impossible to over-estimate, and certainly impossible to ignore, in a true appraisal of the environment in which Jesus grew up and in which the Christian religion was born and developed into the world, conquering faith as we know it today.

The tracing of the little tributaries that eventually blended their waters in the mighty stream that now refreshes the souls of men in every land, is a fascinating study, both from the point of view of pure history, as revealed in the life of nations and also for the yet nobler adventure of the discovery of "God's way with Man," as the late Lily Dougall so convincingly expressed it.

FORTUNATELY we are not without adequate guides in the tracing of these streams, for well trained and gifted minds have been devoted to this research, until now no student need be in doubt as to the contributions of Greek thought or Roman order, or Hebrew passion, to that volume of life which finds expression in our New Testament. When Paul, writing to the Romans, as a Roman citizen but as a true Hebrew by religion, cries: "I am debtor both to Greeks and Barbarians," he was but paying public tribute to a debt which, whether acknowledged or not, was of no small account in the wealth of life which his people possessed.

We might well take up the Apostle's words and confess: "We are debtors" to those who have interpreted for us something of that historic and religious background in which our precious faith came to the birth in the "fulness of time," according to the good pleasure of our God, Who then, as now, moves in the throbbing life of mankind working out His eternal purposes.

Of the many authors and books available, reference can be made to but a few, which we may cite: "Toward the Understanding of Jesus," by Vladimir G. Simkhovitch; "The Religious Quests of the Graeco-Roman World," by Professor Angus; and

"Three Measures of Meal," by Professor F. A. Vial, the latter being a most interesting adaptation of the figure used in the parable of the Leaven, where Jesus said: The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until it was all leavened."

The figure here used is very suggestive, for when Christianity, as the leaven of the new religion, was carried on its life-inspiring mission, the bearers of that leaven found three measures of meal awaiting their efforts, in the Hebrew, Greek and Roman cultures, which together provided a fitting and adequate vehicle for the propagation of the faith in its world-wide mission. Dr. Angus in writing of the same process uses the figure of the Sower going forth with the precious seed. And, employing this figure, one finds the fields were well prepared by the prophets of Israel, the philosophers of Greece and the statesmen of Rome; so that after the Apostolic sowers went abroad, bearing the precious seed of the Kingdom, there followed an abundant harvest that bears eloquent testimony to the faithfulness of the sowers, the quality of the seed, and also to the fertility of the soil.

HOW these three, Hebrew, Greek and Roman, came to provide the cultural background for Christianity, is a matter of history. Israel developed from a family and tribal group into a vigorous and important nation situated in a most strategic geographical position. After a period of remarkable development as a monarchy, the nation was divided and disintegration set in, followed by exile for the greater part of the people. The restoration of a number of the exiles led to a revival of national hopes, and the people might well have anticipated a quiet uneventful development of their racial characteristics. But the growing Macedonian Empire turned its attention eastward, and Israel fell under the sway of the Greeks. But the arrogance of their new master led to the founding of the Maccabaean regime, with its mingling of intense patriotism and passionate religious spirit. While this awakened spirit was strong enough to throw off the yoke of bondage represented by the purely formal government of the Greeks, the cultural elements, in language and in thought, were indelibly imprinted upon the life of the Hebrews, and the seed sown by the Greek sowers, bore fruit in the harvest fields of Judaism. But another force entered when the Jews, fearful of their own weakness, requested the Romans to share with them the struggle against the Greeks. As history shows, it was but the beginning of the over-lordship of Rome, for Israel as a nation declines while her religion and culture survives. But again we see the contribution which the new "measure of meal" added to the sum total, for the Romans became not only the national masters, they became also the organisers and directors of life in that environment where, on the occasion of the taking of a Roman census, "Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king."

Surely, in all of this, one can trace not merely the power of nations, but also the work of Jehovah—the Lord of Hosts. His footprints are visible along these highways of history. God was marching on, and the nations were making their own contributions to the fulfilment of His high purposes. Who worketh all things according to His own will. It may not have seemed so to them—but looking backward we can see that if it be true that Christianity made history, it also was profoundly "modified and shaped by history."

What a wonderful contribution Israel made in the exercise of that faith which inspired men to believe and to act as the chosen people of the one true God; God of Holiness, Wisdom and Love. None can fully estimate the value of a religion which developed the sense of sin, of moral responsibility, of guardianship of the purpose of God as revealed in the holy law, and of unique national destiny in the fulfilment of God's will, such as all Israel possessed. Such an outlook had its weaknesses, and it is easy for us to point out the follies and inconsistencies of such a spirit; but that very passion, inborn and developed in the life of every Hebrew child, provided the good

ground in which the seed of the kingdom was first sown and nurtured to harvest.

Matthew Arnold says: "As long as the world lasts, all who want to make progress in righteousness will come to Israel for inspiration, as to the people who have had the sense for righteousness most glowing and strongest."

But if the sense of unique relationship to Jehovah and of lofty purpose in their national life led the Hebrews to adopt a restricted outlook, and to hark back to a revelation given once for all to Moses, their father in the faith, the antidote for that malady was found in the contribution which the Greeks made in their contact and association with the Jewish people. For above all else the Greeks took the love of life and beauty, the joyous spirit of adventure, and eagerness in quest for truth. Greece has been called "the mother-country of the mind," the first to "expel fear from religion, and the first to subject religion to fearless criticism."

THROUGH the long ages when the "Homeric religion" held sway, on through the mystic rites of the mystery religions, alongside the challenging standards of noblest Stoicism, the Greek mind had ever been venturing forth. The Argonauts of the intellectual realm had kept pace with the heroes of poetry, so that Professor Vial makes a true comparison when he says: "Even as the Hebrew reverently accepts a revelation, the Greek joyously sets out upon discovery."

Israel looked backward to the law and rejoiced in the thought of being the chosen people for God's possession. The Greeks looked outward and forward upon new worlds to conquer as those whose destiny was to be fulfilled in challenging adventures. The new faith, the Christian leaven, needed both these elements in which to operate, the passionate loyalty to the will of the God of Righteousness, and the eager questing spirit to influence all the sons of men.

But these alone were insufficient, for the spirit must needs use the form for the expression of its life. The leaven needs the measure in which the meal is contained. And that element was supplied in the Roman contribution, which, in the "fulness of time," had encircled the Mediterranean Sea and made the known world a Roman colony. The Roman temperament not only "gathered up the fabrics of civilization," and built up a system of government within the borders of the Roman State, but also extended its genius to the organization of all subject peoples into one great brotherhood as partners in the tasks of the Empire.

What more splendid vehicle could there be for the carrying of that message of universal brotherhood, and the bearing of that super-natural spirit, which is the very heart of the Christian Gospel. What more worthy or more adequate measures of meal could have been provided in which the leaven of the kingdom could germinate. And thus, in the "fulness of time," the way of the

(Continued on page 25)

The Publishing Game

The publishers of *The Witness*, *World Wide* and *Northern Messenger* have turned work into absorbing play. Each of the papers opens doors for new adventures.

The larger the adventure the greater its dividend in life for the publishers, who in these adventures find the very luxury of living.

Having ample independent means they draw no more revenue from these publications than the ardent golf member does from his golf club, nor do they speak of "sacrifice" when, figuratively speaking, they "put more gas into the tank" for a greater "joy ride."

Let Team-Play be the Order of the Day.

Those who like these publications will not only support them with their annual subscriptions but will introduce them to others and thus fully share with us the satisfaction of "the game!"

The Christian Spirit in Industry

By Walter Albion Squires, D.D.

OUR present-day industrial systems are not pagan, but we can hardly claim that they are Christianized. It is only within comparatively recent times that the Church has become aware of this situation in the economic world and has undertaken to analyze existing conditions in the light of the Christian religion. The topic before us in this lesson is therefore a timely one. It seems evident that as Christians we should be neither smugly content with our present industrial arrangements, nor should we regard modern industry as based wholly on selfishness and injustice. There are evils to be overcome in the economic system under which we live, possibly many evils; but the way of progress does not seem to be along the lines of a sweeping revolution. To help pupils gain a valid and sane view of these matters and the possibilities for better economic adjustments through the principles of the Christian religion would seem to be desirable goals for the one who undertakes to teach this lesson.

Industrial Paganism

INDUSTRY in its worst form is seen

in the labor system of the Pharaohs described in the first chapter of Exodus. These rulers of Egypt cared nothing for their Hebrew workmen. These laborers were their slaves, and moreover slaves who were likely to become a menace to the supremacy of the Pharaohs if they were allowed to become too numerous. Therefore the Pharaohs made use of enforced labor not only as an inexpensive method for building their store-cities, but as a means of keeping down the Hebrew population. By making the labor rigorous, they thought they could more readily attain both of these ends. Long hours and whip-inspired diligence would cause their cities to rise speedily, they thought. The same rigorous program would result in a high mortality among the enslaved workers and so the danger of a slave uprising would be lessened.

The plan of the Pharaohs looks barbarous enough across the many centuries, but we are not wholly free from its spirit today. So far as the writer knows, no employer of labor to-day would plan to follow their full program. The employer, however, who insists upon his unlimited right to buy labor in the cheapest market and to pay no more than that market insistently demands, has not wholly escaped the spirit of the old Egyptian kings. The Pharaohs thought not at all in terms of a fair remuneration for service rendered. They thought not at all of a fair division of the fruits of labor between the employer

and the employee. If modern industrialists resemble the Pharaohs in their way of thinking, they have not yet wholly escaped from the pagan notion of industry.

Old Testament Labor Laws

THE labor laws of the Hebrews were very humane. They sought to safeguard the laborer in many different ways. In some respects, they were doubtless in advance of the laws of to-day. Take the Deuteronomic Law (Deut 24, 14, 15) as an illustration. It is very broad and yet specific in its statements. The hired laborer was not to be oppressed, no matter whether he were a Hebrew or a foreigner. The laborer was to receive his pay every night. The employer was not to see the sun touch the western horizon without placing in the hands of his hired men their wages for the day.

These Hebrew laws had a force far beyond our laws of to-day. They were not mere secular rules; they had behind them for the loyal Hebrew the sanctions of his God. Employers were warned that their God had an ear ever open to the cry of the humble wronged. They were told without any mincing of words that any injustice to an employee was a sin against God.

A Prophet's Appeal for Social Justice

THE great outburst of Hebrew prophecy in the eighth century was profoundly social. It voiced an eloquent appeal for social justice. It dared to challenge in no uncertain terms the greed and inhumanity which had become so prominent a characteristic of the economic life of that time.

Amos, the herdsman of Tekoa, was one of the most fearless of these champions of social righteousness. He accused the rich and powerful of his day with trampling upon the poor, and exacting from them unjustly donations of grain. He said to these proud oppressors, "Ye have built houses of hewn stone, ye shall not dwell in them; ye have planted pleasant vineyards, but ye shall not drink the wine thereof. For I know how manifold are your transgressions, and how mighty are your sins—ye that afflict the just, that take a bribe, and turn aside the needy in the gate from their right."

Amos told these rich oppressors that destruction was at hand for their nation, if they did not mend their ways. His predictions were literally fulfilled, for it was not so very many years later that the Assyrian armies laid waste the land of Israel and carried away its people into a

captivity from which they never returned.

Jesus Portrays The Ideal Employer

JESUS did not say that the employer of labor mentioned in Matt 20: 1-16 was an ideal for all who have occasion to employ their fellow-men, but he did use him as an illustration of the kingdom of heaven, so we may believe that what he is described as doing met with the approval of the Great Teacher. This employer sought laborers for his vineyard and sent them into his fields at different hours throughout the day. When the time came to pay his laborers, he paid just as much to the man who had labored one hour as to those men who had labored throughout the day.

It would be absurd to suggest that what this employer did is in any sense a rule of action. Jesus seldom stated fixed rules. He sought to make principles plain. He laid stress upon the spirit rather than on the letter. What then did he mean by saying the kingdom of heaven was like this employer? In what sense can employers of labor to-day imitate this employer of the long ago, if they desire to be worthy citizens in the kingdom of God?

In the first place we may be sure that the relationships of employer and employee were not mere matters of wage adjustment for that owner of a vineyard. As a Hebrew he knew that the Mosaic Law required that a laborer be paid every night. He went farther than the letter of the law, for he realized that this humane provision had in mind the fact that the laborer needed his wages in order to feed himself and family. When he remembered this intent of the law which God had given his people and considered the fact that part of his laborers, through no fault of their own, had not earned enough to meet their physical needs until another day, he generously gave them enough to meet their needs. Jesus said the kingdom of heaven was like that man. Here is the lesson for the modern employer of labor; that keeper of a vineyard dealt with his employees as human brothers not as so much raw and impersonal material to be treated as other material is treated.

Parable of the Wicked Husbandmen

THIS parable is in some ways a picture of that type of employee who disregards the rights and welfare of his employer. These wicked husbandmen were unwilling that the owner of the vineyard should have his rightful share of the fruits. They had Marxian ideas about the laborer being entitled to all his labor produces. In effect they denied the proprietary rights of the owner of the vineyard. Even so in our modern industrial system the wrong is not all on one side. The adjustment of our difficulties calls for the manifestation of that spirit which the employer manifested when he paid a day's wages for one hour's labor because his workers had need of it. The adjustment of our difficulties likewise calls for the elimination of that spirit which the wicked husbandmen showed when they denied the rightful claims of the owner of the vineyard.

PREPARING THE WAY OF THE LORD

(Continued from Page 24)

Lord was prepared according to the purposes of God, Who works His will through human agencies.

And what practical lessons come to us today from such a study! The God who was working out his eternal purposes in Israel, Greece and Rome, has not withdrawn from His world. His eternal purposes will still be ripening fast—unfolding in every age, in wondrous beauty and power. There is incentive to righteous living to be found in such a study, and there is inspiration for faith in such contemplation.

His Kingdom shall come in all its fulness and beauty. His will shall

yet be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

In the vision of the New Jerusalem given to us in the Book of Revelation, we see the nations bringing their contributions of glory and honor into the City of God.

Even as the Hebrews brought their devotion, and the Greeks their beauty, and the Romans their order, so the East shall bring its mysticism and the West its throbbing spirit of service—until all the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of Our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.

SCRIPTURE READING

Monday, December 9—Deuteronomy 24: 10-18; Tuesday, December 10—Ephesians 6: 1-9; Wednesday, December 11—Amos 5: 6-15; Thursday, December 12—Matthew 20: 1-16; Friday, December 13—Deuteronomy 5: 12-20; Saturday, December 14—Ecclesiastes 5: 10-20; Sunday, December 15—Matthew 7: 1-5.

If you want to make sure your words carry weight, weigh them.

The Word of Life

Our God hath not forsaken us.
—Ezra 9: 9.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you.—1 Peter 4: 12. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.—Heb. 12: 7, 8.

The Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul.—Deut. 10: 3.

The Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake: because it hath pleased the Lord to make you his people.—1 Sam. 12: 22. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.—Is. 49: 15. Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God.—Ps. 146: 5.

Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily.—Luke 18: 7, 8.

CHURCH DRAMAS

"The Trial Supreme." "Go to Next Neighbor." "Strictly Business." "What Doth It Profit." "Nothing to Do." "Money and Mud."—Circular free.

J. R. PETERS, B.A.
Warwick Ont. Canada

Xmas Gift (booklet)

"Things to Come"

two for a dollar bill (or from author,
Mrs. Ghosn-el-Howie
Shweir (Beirut, Syria.)

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A GREAT CANADIAN PAPER

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Our Corner for the Shut-Ins

By Rev. A. W. Hone

HYMN

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring our wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

PRAYER

O Lord, look upon us with the eyes of thy mercy, and give us comfort and sure confidence in thee. Help us to lead our lives in thy fear, and to thy glory, and evermore be our strong defence in time of trouble. Help us to show something of thy compassion towards all who need our sympathy and assistance. Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.—Amen.

SCRIPTURE

Psalms 147.

MEDITATION

Psalms 147: 3.—"He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth the number of

the stars; he calleth them all by their names." A recent scientific book gives some staggering facts regarding the immensity of the universe, and the overwhelming number of the heavenly bodies. The estimates are so infinite that they mean very little to the average mind. There are some who argue that an individual man is so small a speck of dust in all this vastness that God cannot be expected to pay any attention to him whatever. And yet the Psalmist is in contemplation of the wonder of the stars arrived at an opposite conclusion. The infinite power and wisdom of God as revealed in the heaven became proof that God is capable of knowing, and ministering to all who need His help. He who is able to keep track of the stars, will not likely forget a broken-hearted and wounded soul, destined to out-live the stars, because made in His own image, and sharing His own immortality.

HYMN

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

FOR TEMPERANCE WORKERS

I have a beautiful colored set of 50 choice slides and reading entitled "The Temperance Pilgrim's Progress." I would gladly loan them free to any Sunday school paying express both ways—also lantern if required.

—(Rev.) WILLIAM BILTON.
93 Goulburn Ave.,
Ottawa.

OLD AGE PENSION

Old Age Pension, Man.—A man, a resident in Manitoba, and 65 years of age, finds himself unable to support in adequate comfort his wife and sick child. What assistance could he obtain from the Government? Is he entitled to the Old Age Pension? Where could he apply to get the pension?

Ans.—The Old Age Pensions Act of Manitoba was passed in 1898, and is chapter 44 of the statutes of that year as amended by chap. 37 of this year's. It is probably not in full operation, as yet; but you might apply to the Minister of Health and Public Welfare, Provincial Government Buildings, Winnipeg, for the desired further information, including pamphlet containing regulations, also the necessary printed forms of application, etc. If the Board to administer the Act has already been appointed, and has organized for business, your request would be passed on to it. Anyway, you would probably hear from the proper authority in response to your letter to the Minister.

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

Subscriber, Man.—Where should A, who was born in London, England, apply for birth certificate? She thinks in St. George's, Hanover Square, Pimlico.

Ans.—She might obtain the desired certificate from the Clerk of the parish in which the birth took place, but it would be quite regular to apply to the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, London, England, who would issue such certificate on payment of the prescribed fee (probably 2s. 7d.) and stamp, 1d.

REQUESTED POEMS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Witness wishes to thank the following for pieces sent: "M'Lin," Rev. Alex. Ross, Sask., Robt. A. Inglis, Ont.; "Big Rock Candy Mountains," Flora Black, Ont., R. Henderson, Que.; "Immanuel's Land," Miss E. Caron, Que., Mrs. C. M. B., Sask., Mrs. A. de B., Sask., Rev. Alex. Ross, Sask.; "Address to an Egyptian Mummy," Nell S. McEachern, Ont.; "Come Little Leaves," Margaret Oliver, Ont., Mrs. Burkholder, Ont.; "Silver Threads Among the Gold," Margaret Oliver, Ont.

(Sent by C. H. Laster, Ont.)

SOME ONE LIKE YOU

Some one like you makes the heart seem the lighter,
Some one like you makes the day's work worth while,
Some one like you makes the sunshine the brighter,
Some one like you makes a sigh half a smile.

Life's an odd puzzle of briars and roses,
Clouds sometimes darken, nor sun shining through;
Then the cloud lifts, and the sunlight discloses,
Near to me, dear to me, some one like you.

Some one like you who stands steadfastly near me,
Knows me and likes me for just what I am.

Some one like you who knows just how to cheer me,

Some one who's real, without pretense or sham.

Some one whose fellowship isn't a fetter,

Binding my freedom—who's loyal all through,

Some one whose life in this world makes it better

Blest to me, best to me, some one like you.

Some one like you, who's the same day and tomorrow,

Firm as a rock, and as square as a die,

Some one who's steadfast in joy or in sorrow,

Some one who's dearer each day that goes day,

Fortune is fickle and hope is deceiving,

Comradeship ends, and life changes all through,

There's only one thread that goes all through the weaving,

Fair to me, square to me, some one like you.

Never a trouble but you help me bear
Just by your smile that I see creeping through,

Never a joy but I want you to share it,

Heart of me, part of me, some one like you.

Now comes the thought of you joyously welling

Up like the water of springs bubbling clear,

What a new joy every time in the telling

Something that always I want you to hear.

Roses of June and the snows of December,

Grey be the skies, or like azure and blue,

Far be the day that I may not remember,

Near to me, dear to me, some one like you.

—James W. Foley,
Toronto Globe.

(Sent by Margaret Oliver, Ont.)

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today.
Life is fading fast away.
But, my darling, you will be, will be,
Always young and fair to me.
Yes, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright,
With the roses of the May
I will kiss your lips and say:
Oh, my darling, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown.
Yes, my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Love can never more grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know.
Never, never, winter's frost and chill,
Summer's warmth is in them still.
Never winter's frost and chill,
Summer's warmth is in them still.

(Sent by Jean S. Rankin, Ont.)

PEDIGREED STOCK

You talk of your breeds of cattle,
And plan for a higher strain:
You double the sod of the pasture
And heap up the measure of grain.
You draw on the wits of the nation
To better the burn and the pen,
But what are you doing, my brother,
To better the bread of men?

You boast of your pigs and Herefords,
Of the worth of the calf or colt.
And scoff at the scrub and mongrel
As worthy of fool of dolt.

You mention the points of your roadster,

With many a wherefore or when.
But, ah! are you counting, my brother,
The worth of the children of men?

And what of your boy? Have you measured

His needs for a growing year?
Does your mark, as his sire in his features,

Mean as much as a mark on a steer?

Thoroughbreds! that is your watchword,

For stable, pasture, and pen.

But what is your watchword for the homestead?

Answer! Ye breeders of men!

—By Rose Trumbull.

(Sent by Mrs. Eliza West.)

THE MORTGAGE OFF THE FARM

Spruce up a little, Mary, and go with me to town,

And get yourself and Bessie a new and shining gown,

Low prices for our products need now give no alarm,

Let us laugh and sing together, for the dear old farm is free.

Chorus:
The farm, the farm is free,
The dear old farm is free;

Let us laugh and sing together,
For the dear old farm is free.

And, Mary, you have done your part in going to and fro,

In taking eggs and butter to the little village store,

You did not spend the money in dressing up for show,

But sang from morn till evening, in your faded calico.

You need not make your butter in that up and down concern,

I'll go to town and get the finest patent churn.

And Bessie, our sweet daughter—God bless her little heart,

The lad that gets her for a wife must be by nature smart,

She's been without piano her lonely hours to charm,

To have a hand in paying off the mortgage on the farm.

While our hearts are now so joyful

?

How about devoting

Sixty Volunteer Minutes

to introduce
your friends to the Witness
by way of celebrating
your Editor's

Sixty Volunteer Years

of service to your country
and therefore to you,
to your family and to your friends.

Let us, Mary, not forget,
To thank the Lord of Heaven for getting out of debt,
For He gave rain and sunshine, and put strength into our arms,
And lengthened out the days to see
No mortgage on the farm.

WORDS WANTED

Rev. William Bilton, Ont.—Wishes the music for the song, "A Little Bow of Blue," commencing with these words:

"My heart was very heavy
For my children cried for bread."

Nesta Blake, Ont.—"The Bells of St. Mary's."

George Brinson, B.C.—A song containing these words:

"Give me the open road,
And a life that is mild and free,
And I'll be a rover till the journey's over
On the great broad open road."

M. Elizabeth Bishop, Que.—An old hymn beginning:

"Behold the summer's evening light,
It deepens into gloom,
So calmly Christians sink to rest,
Descending to the tomb."

In what hymn-book is the above to be found?

C. H. Foster, Ont.—Selection in which occurs:

"We never speak as we pass by,
And though a tear bedims each eye."

They MUST be the Best!

There are now more than
30,000,000
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These popular-priced up-to-date models are favorites everywhere. Each is made according to Waterman's famous high standards of quality and carries Waterman's iron-clad guarantee of absolute satisfaction.

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With gold filled lever, clip and narrow band at lip. Ripple black and cardinal.

No. 7 .. \$7.00
With seven different points—each identified with its distinctive colour band.

No. 01852 1/2 V .. \$3.50
Plain, gold filled lever, ring and narrow band at lip of cap.

No. 01854 .. \$5.00
Same as 01852 except one size larger.

Waterman's

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS



—The Humörist.

A trade expert announces that jewelers' shops are being opened all over the country. Some with bricks and some without.

Poet—I think I shall call my new collection of poems "Secrets."

Publisher—Fine. An excellent ideal but please keep it to yourself.

Mr. Squarotop—Makin' much progress with my portrait?

Mr Psmear, the artist—A good start! I have the head blocked out.

An agriculture news item states that weeds cost the state of Wisconsin \$47,000,000 a year. The state purchasing agent should be instructed to buy a less expensive kind of weeds.

Mother—Well, Nellie, is your doll kitchen completely furnished now?

Nellie—No, mamma. I still need a policeman for the cook.

Hiram walked four miles over the mountains to call on his lady fair. For a time they sat silent on the sofa in the parlor, but soon the spell of the evening had its effect and Hiram sidled closer to her and patted her hand.

"Mary," he began, "you know I got a clearin' over thar an' a team an' wagon an' some haws an' caows an' I calc'late on builidin' a house this fall, an'."

Just then he was interrupted by Mary's mother in the kitchen.

"Mary," she called in a loud voice, "is that young man thar yit?"

Back came eh answer, "No, ma, but he's gittin' thay!"

The penalty for mentioning the name of a rival leader in Afghanistan, is that the offender shall be publicly nailed to a wall and afterwards blown from a gun. This sort of thing is apt to discourage free speech.

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Barber Trade

If you prefer a light, clean, indoor job learn Barbering—the Trade which offers to every Practical Trained Man or Woman steady employment in every city and town. You will be able to run your own shop in a short time. No other business requires such a small starting capital. There is no limit to your earning power with Your own Barber Shop, Pool Room, Cigar Stand, Candy Counter, etc., at your command.

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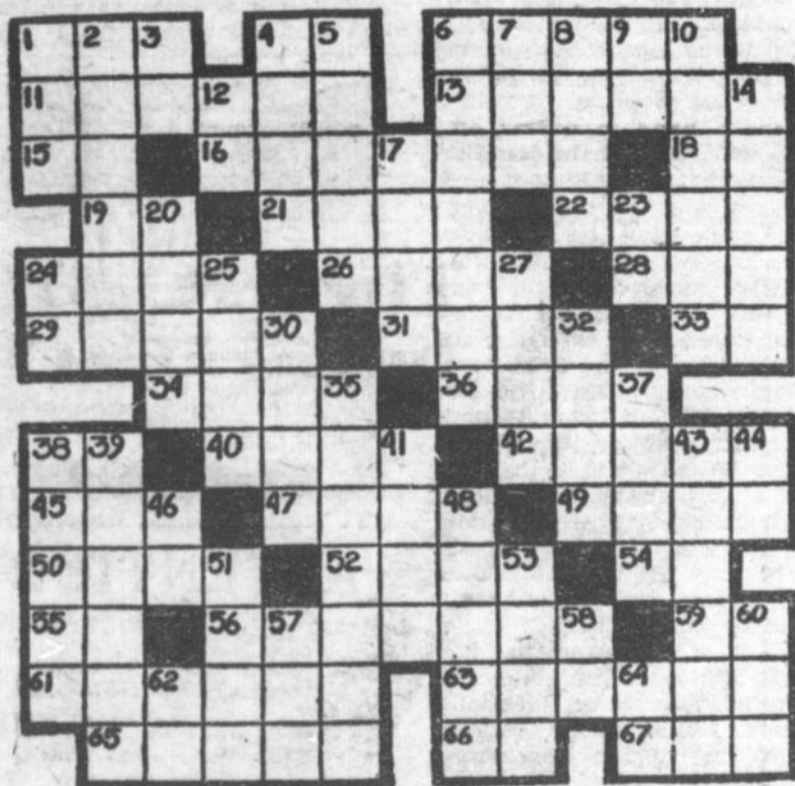
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Name _____ Address _____

Dec. 4, W & C. H.

The Week's Cross Word Puzzle



Horizontal

1. A simian
4. Above
6. Swift
11. Goods with raised pattern
13. Deleted
15. Conjunction
16. Delusive reasoning
18. Pronoun
19. While
21. Head covering
22. Article of food
24. Small particle
26. French for Christmas
28. Opposed to "to"
29. Luke warm
31. Horse's gait
33. Latin for and
34. To pack
36. To cease
38. Army corps (abbr.)
40. Girl's name
42. Simultaneous discharge of guns
45. Short sleep
47. To spill
49. College officer
50. A gridiron
52. Girl's name
54. Article
55. Comparative ending
56. A continent
59. Within
61. Ways
63. Decease
65. City in Italy
66. Plural ending
67. Article

Vertical

1. Fuss
2. Buccaneer
3. Type measure
4. One of the U. S.
5. Stake marking flying course
6. Primers
7. Part of circumference
8. Recompenses
9. Exists
10. Coy
12. Supposing that
14. Station
17. Plunder
20. Soaks
23. Belonging to
24. By
25. Small particle
27. Land divisions
30. Puts on
32. Tailless amphibian
35. Least tame
37. Defendant's answer
38. Wrath
39. A vegetable
41. Opening
43. To disappear
44. Upon
46. Jumbled type
48. Arrogance
51. Appointment
53. High cards
57. Chess pieces
58. Part of "to be"
60. Born
62. Abraham's birthplace
64. Pronoun

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

Horizontal

1. Punch
6. Guess
11. Desire
12. Urgent
14. As
15. Parking
17. Ar
18. Ted
20. Boils
21. Rio
22. Utah
24. End
25. Felt
26. Manors
28. Splash
30. Due
31. Aid
32. Thirds
35. Artist
38. Hoos
39. Oat
41. Seta
42. Its
43. Runts
45. Rum
46. N. E.
47. Disdain
49. Me
50. Sluice
52. Creeps
54. Speed
55. Keels

FARM GARDEN AND HOME

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Rots Affect Stored Potatoes

INVESTIGATIONS carried on by the Division of Botany, Ottawa show that the farmer may lose 17 per cent of the stored potato crop, according to R. R. Hurst, of the Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Charlottetown, P. E. I. This loss is due chiefly to the action of tuber rots, of which the most serious is that caused by late blight (the so-called dry rot.) In fact, so destructive is this rot that in years when late blight is common as much as fifty per cent of the total crop may be destroyed in storage. While late blight rot does not commonly spread from tuber to tuber in the bin, under poor storage conditions this injury paves the way for organisms producing other rots that do spread in storage and cause heavy losses. The fungus or mold causing this well known disease attacks and kills the potato tops usually during the late summer. It spreads rapidly in moist weather, and spores from the diseased leaves fall to the ground where they come into contact with the tubers and decay follows. Those intending to store the crop this year would avoid much of this loss by removing all late blight infected tubers.

Late blight rot is not the only important storage decay of potatoes. Other tuber-rotting fungi known as Fusaria are capable of causing enormous losses and they may be safely stored. Fungi of this kind usually become troublesome after the tubers have been injured by cuts and bruises. Frost, heat and sunburn. Certain forms of Fusarium also cause diseases by attacking the growing plant and extending down to the tubers. Such diseases are known as wilts and may continue as tuber rots in storage, particularly when the temperature is higher than 50 degrees F.

Bearing these facts in mind it will be seen that the storage rots may be prevented only by a combination of precautions which may be stated briefly as follows:—

- (1.) Prevent digger and handling injuries.
- (2.) Control late blight foliage infection.
- (3.) Avoid exposing potatoes to temperatures below 30 degrees F. and above 48 degrees F.
- (4.) Maintain good ventilation conditions in the storage house or basement.

Feeding Brood Sows

THERE are not many settlers in the newer farming districts who have gone to the expense of constructing a costly hog pen, and in fact, it is rather doubtful if such expense is necessary where only a small number of brood sows are kept. Usually, suitable temporary quarters can be arranged for the sow at farrowing time, and until the pigs are ready to wean, such as a box stall, etc.

At the Dominion Experimental Station, Kapuskasing, Ontario, according to J. P. S. Ballantyne, superintendent, it has been found that until a few days previous to farrowing, brood sows may be successfully wintered by letting them run in an open yard so long as they have well bedded and comfortable quarters to sleep in which may be furnished by a small cabin about 6 by 8 feet in size, or in one of the pens in the main piggery. A cheap open shed with a protected corner for a sleeping berth may also be used.

Assuming that the sows are in good thriving condition at breeding time they can best be kept in such condition during the period of pregnancy by getting plenty of exercise and a ration consisting in part, at least, of roughages and succulent feeds.

The feeding troughs may be placed at some distance from the sleeping quarters and this induces the sows to take considerable exercise.

Alfalfa or clover hay fed from racks forms an excellent roughage for brood sows. Roots are also good, but

may not always be available. The meal ration may vary considerably but should not be too strong. Bran, shorts, ground oats and ground barley in equal parts, if fed judiciously at from 2 to 6 pounds daily depending on the size and condition of the sow, as well as the period of pregnancy, has been found to give good results. Generally speaking the sow may be permitted to gain in flesh slightly as farrowing time approaches, but, of course, over fatness should always be avoided. A certain amount of reserve flesh acts as a supplement to the feed supplied during the nursing period. Mineral feeds are usually essential and can easily be supplied either by sods or a suitable mineral mixture containing charcoal, ashes, bone meal, etc.

To sum up it may be stated that if given plenty of exercise, fresh air and dry comfortable sleeping quarters, which need not be warm, plus a ration of laxative grains, greed feed and mineral matter, the sow should produce a large strong, healthy litter of uniform pigs.

Protect Your Trees

EVERY year many fruit trees in Canada are girdled by mice and rabbits, writes W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist. Fortunately, the rabbits do not injure the trees so regularly as the mice nor are as general in their injurious work as it is very difficult to prevent their ravages. In the case of mice, however, if some precaution is taken, it is possible to prevent serious injury.

Two methods are adopted at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, one is to wrap the trunks of the trees with building paper, and the other is to encircle the trunk with a wire protector with a small enough mesh to prevent a mouse going through. In either case, the paper or protector must be put close to the ground as, usually, the mice are working close to the ground beneath the snow, and, if there is a place under the protector where they can get in, they will girdle the trunk and possibly ruin the trees. These protectors should be put on as soon as possible now as sometimes the mice begin gnawing the trunks of young trees before winter. Trees up to six inches in diameter should be protected where mice are troublesome. Another plan, when one has neglected to put on protectors before winter, is to tramp down the snow about the tree after snowfall, thus preventing the mice from working under the snow near the tree. Another plan, where snow does not come early, is to put cow dung about the tree. This freezes to the ground and prevents the mice getting at the tree. Care should be taken to not have the manure against the trunk of the tree, and it should be spread as soon as it thaws in the spring. If a mouse girdles the trunk of a tree, that is, eats all round it, it will die unless bridge-grafting is done early in the spring, and this is usually neglected so that, as a rule, girdled trees die. This is most discouraging, and many farmers have, without doubt, lost their enthusiasm for growing apple trees by having the trees girdled just about the time they should begin to bear. It is important, therefore, to protect the trees in good time. Poisoned grain is sometimes put under inverted troughs in the orchard to kill the mice.

Unfortunately, there is no good control for rabbits except hunting with dogs and shooting.

Pruning trees during the early part of the winter and leaving the prunings along the fences will furnish food for the rabbits and may assist in keeping them off.

The smithy of Gretna Green, the historic Scottish resort of runaway couples, had a record year in 1928. The number of marriages contracted by joining hands across the blacksmith's anvil averaged four for each week of the year.

French Endive in the Cellar

WITLOOF chicory, or French endive, is an easily grown crop in our cellar garden. The roots for forcing were grown from seed sown in May, and as they are perfectly hardy it is not necessary to lift them until required for forcing. As a rule, however, the entire crop is harvested during this month, the best roots selected for forcing and stored in a cool shed or outdoor pit to be ready as required. To force them, procure a box about eighteen inches deep. In the bottom a three-inch layer of fine soil is placed. Trim the leaves off one inch above the crown of the root, and cut the ends of the root that they may all average six to eight inches in length. The roots are then put in the box in an upright position, one to two inches apart. By canting the box partly on its side the roots are more readily kept in position, for as one layer is laid in it is covered with a layer of soil, continuing until the box is filled. When all are planted the crown of the roots will be level with the soil. We now cover the crowns with six inches of sand and soak with tepid water. In the course of two weeks or so each root will produce a compact head of leaves which, so long as light is excluded, will be nicely blanched and tender, making a most delicious salad.

GRAFTING COLORS ON MAPLES

How many have year after year looked for the changing color in some particular maple that was more brilliant than its fellows. It was a new thought to me that I might capture this brilliance and bring it from the woodland or roadside to glorify my red maple (*Acer rubrum*), which is not especially fine in color, but this can be done. A note in the *New England Homestead* says:

—Look closely and you will find some one red maple that outshines all others in its glorious red and other tints. If you have observed it every autumn, you have learned that this particular tree always outshines the other red maples in the richness of its autumn coloring. Mark this tree well by tying a bit of twine about it loosely. Then early next spring cut scions from its twigs before the buds open, and graft them upon red maple near the house or elsewhere that does not color so richly. This graft will grow into a vigorous limb whose leaves in autumn will be as richly colored as its parent.

If you find a red maple that has rich purple tints this Fall, another with crimson, scarlet or especially rich yellows or other colors you love, scions cut next spring from those different trees and carefully grafted upon one red maple will each develop a limb whose foliage will have its parent's autumn hue. Thus you may combine all these beauties in a single tree. These beauties and curiosities add to the pleasures, and therefore to the value of your place.

THE BLUE LILY

THERE are certain plants which are useful for growing for summer flowers, but which are usually kept in tubs or very large pots so that they may be moved into the cellar when winter comes. Some of them are not seen as often now as in former years, but nevertheless are distinctly worth while, writes E. I. Farrington, in "The Boston Transcript," and none is better than agapanthus, often called the blue African lily, and sometimes the blue lily of the Nile, notwithstanding the fact that it is not a lily at all. It is not really a bulb, but it has fleshy bulbous roots which are often mistaken for true bulbs.

As the agapanthus makes a large plant it is usually kept in a tub which can be easily moved into the cellar at the approach of cold weather. The

lily-like stems are surmounted late in the season with clusters of bright blue flowers which often last until frosts are almost due. As soon as the flowers fade the plants are gradually dried off and then removed to their winter quarters, which should be a frost-proof room or a cellar kept above the freezing point.

The fairy lily catalogued as zephyranthes, which also goes sometimes by the fanciful name of zephyrflower, is not so imposing, but is nevertheless a very useful plant which thrives with the same sort of treatment although it demands a much smaller pot or tub. The flowers, white or pink, are lily-like and bloom intermittently for much of the summer. They can be grown in the open ground, but it is much better to keep them in a pot. Many garden makers know the zephyrflower only as a summer-blooming plant and move it into the cellar at the approach of cold weather.

The fact is, however, that it can be treated just as successfully as a winter-flowering subject, only of course the same bulb—for it is grown from a bulb—cannot be forced both summer and winter. Fresh bulbs should be obtained for winter blooming, and should be potted up. They do not need to be put away in a dark place as do narcissus and tulip bulbs, but will soon start to grow in a light window, making roots and tops at the same time. These bulbs are so easy to handle that they are being grown in large numbers in some of the public school.

The giant ismene or Peruvian daffodil, is another plant which can be grown either in the summer or in the winter as one may choose. It is worth while experimenting with for house cultivation because if grown successfully it will produce very attractive pure white flowers with a delicious

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perfume and blooming for a long period. Bulbs planted in the open ground must be taken up when winter comes, but they often multiply rapidly and the extra bulbs which are dug up may be used for winter flowering, being planted about two inches deep in good sized pots. Bulbs which are being stored for winter should be kept in a fairly warm place and potted up as soon as they begin to grow in the spring, being transferred to the open ground in May or June. The flowers look very much like lilies, but are made distinctive by the fact that the segments extend beyond the petals, producing a curious horned effect.

RED HYBRID RUGOSA ROSES

Many of the rugosa hybrids will make good where there is plenty of room. White and pink sorts are of pleasing color, but good reds have been of slow evolution. There are many red kinds listed but, writes Stephen F. Hamlin, in "Horticulture," these are very purple, of less pleasing color even than the wild type. Such are Belle Poitevine, Hansa, Magnifica, Rubra Plena, Souv. de Pierre Leperdrieux, Mme. Charles Frederick Worth, Rose-rie de l'Hay, etc. There is little difference in the color of these.

We desire the red of general Jacqueminot, H. P., or Etoile de France, H. T. Arnold (rugosa x General Jacqueminot) is single red; the flowers are clustered and not of long bloom. Ber-gers Erfolg is large, single, fire red, of longer and better bloom than Arnold. There is Agnes Emily Car-man, (supposed to be rugosa x Harrison yellow), a large deep red; Amelia Gravereaux is very double, but a little purplish (like its parent Eugene Furst); Rose a Parfum d l'Hay is light crimson like a red hybrid perpetual. Nemo is deep red with hybrid perpetual foliage. These have the effect of hybrid perpetual and give much the same effect in mass.

Best of all is the new Van Fleet rose, Ruskin, a giant red hybrid perpetual, a cross with Victor Hugo, having grand deep red roses in profusion. This is the most notable of the reds and, like Conrad von Meyer and its white form, Nova Zembla, a sort of very vigorous and thorny hybrid tea. If you want hybrid tea bushes twelve feet high and insist on giving no care, then these three are the best of all roses.

Seventy students have enrolled in Macdonald College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue (affiliated with McGill University, Montreal) to qualify for the degree of Bachelor of Science in Agri-

culture. Another 78 are training in domestic science while the registration for the school for teachers numbers 112 students. Taking all faculties together the registration stands at 399—with more to follow.

ANSWERS to Garden Questions

Plum Drops

Dear Sir.—Have one prune plum and two yellow ones near together. The prune tree blossoms freely, fruit forms, and when about half grown, falls off. The other trees bear well. Can you give a remedy?—S. H., B. C.

There are two main causes for the "June drop", as it is called—poor pollination and attacks of plum curculis. For either cause a large number of fruits may fall soon after the blossoms fall, or even when the plums are the size of beans; in a few cases, when they are very much larger. The trouble would probably not be lack of pollination as the yellow plums are sufficiently fertilized and should afford pollen for the blue plum. Nor is it likely to be curculis, or the yellow plums would also be attacked. If the fall occurs just when the stone is forming, it might be the result of trouble at the roots. A position where water stands close under, if not on, the surface, and the tree gets what a gardener would call "wet feet"; or on the other hand a shallow soil where possibly a rock comes close and prevents the roots reaching down for moisture. If neither of these conditions are present and spraying has been carefully done, it might be that liming would help, or a good mulch of well rotted stable manure worked in in the early spring.

Artemesias

Dear Sir.—I have some artemesias that refuse to blossom. Can you tell me what to do for them? I should be thankful to know.—A Reader, N. S.

If these are the hardy, small-flowered late-blooming perennial chrysanthemums, it is possible they have grown too slowly to flower before frost. A mulch of well rotted manure put in now to be dug in in the spring would help, or bone meal worked in. If they are still slow growing water with liquid manure after rain or watering. It may also be that the plants are old, it is customary, writes Dr. Bailey, to renew them from seed every few years. If you will send me

a shoot or leaves of the plant and a description, it might be more accurately identified. So many of our names for flowers are local it is difficult to be sure by name only.

Lime in Bone Meal

Dear Sir.—I was told that bone meal was a perfectly safe fertilizer to use in the garden, but my Japanese iris do not thrive as they did before I made use of it. Several of them have almost died out and others showed little bloom. Do you think the change from barnyard manure to crushed bone could have had anything to do with this?—C. P.

For the majority of the herbaceous perennials, shrubs and trees, bone meal is good, decomposing slowly and supplying those elements most needed, but there is one drawback to its use. The lime in the bone meal is resented by acid-loving plants, the Japanese iris among them. If you have given the border a strong dose of the bone meal it would be better to move the iris to a part where only manure has

been used. Well rotted cow manure is the best thing for these plants.

Oleander Fails To Bloom

Dear Sir.—I have a large oleander given to me three years ago. It bloomed well the first year but has not had flowers for two years. It grows all the time and looks healthy. I repotted it last summer. What can I do?—S. G. R.

The trouble is probably a lack of the usual resting season. While keeping its leaves the oleander needs a rest to enable it to set flowers. Leave it outside or in a sheltered porch as long as you can without danger of frost, but do not water it. Then bring it in to a cool but frost-proof cellar, and during the winter give only enough water to keep it from drying out. In the spring, when brought up to air and sunlight it will probably give you some flowers. Repeat the treatment next summer, gradually withholding water and letting the wood ripen well and you will have abundant bloom.

O. A. C. Winter Short Courses - 1930

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Farm Meats	Feb. 10th to Feb. 15th
Poultry Raising	Jan. 7th to Feb. 1st
Beekeeping	Jan. 7th to Jan. 18th
Drainage and Drainage Surveying	Jan. 7th to Jan. 18th
Fruit and Vegetable Growing	Feb. 3rd to Feb. 14th
Floriculture and Landscape Gardening	Feb. 17th to Feb. 28th
Factory Cheese and Buttermaking	Jan. 2nd to Mar. 28th
Cow Testing	Feb. 3rd to Feb. 8th
Ice Cream and Mechanical Refrigeration	Mar. 31st to Apr. 9th
Creamery and Cream Grading	Apr. 1st to Apr. 3rd
Farm Power	Jan. 21st to Feb. 1st
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Besides the publications above listed, it should be noted that Live Stock Branch Officers broadcast Market Reports daily from live stock centres.

THE DAIRY BRANCH issues a Dairy News-Letter every month, a Cold Storage News Letter monthly, and each week a Dairy Produce Market Report.

THE SEED, FEED AND FERTILIZER BRANCH issues a Market Report twice each month.

THE FRUIT BRANCH issues Weekly Market Reports to fruit producers.

It also sends out Fruit and Vegetable Crop Reports in the growing season, and broadcasts fruit and market news every week.

Any one wishing to receive any of these market reports regularly as issued may ensure such service by sending a letter or postcard to this effect to the Branch concerned.

A Further Word About Grading

The Principle of Grading Agricultural Produce for Export or Home Consumption is now well established in Canada. As one example of the value of such a system it may be stated that the Grading of Butter and Cheese has had a very beneficial effect on the quality of these articles as produced in Canada. The result of this improvement has been a very much keener demand at relatively better prices for these products both at home and abroad.

The advantages of the system are two-fold:—The purchaser knows what he is getting and buys more freely and the producer is kept informed as to the quality of the goods he is producing and tries to do even better than before.

More about grading later.

Those having problems in any phase of Crop Production or Live Stock Management are invited to write to:

The FEDERAL DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
OTTAWA

Dr. W. R. Motherwell,
Minister of Agriculture.

Dr. J. H. Grisdale,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

POULTRY TOPICS

Young Birds for Laying

By Dr. L. D. LeGear.

"Youth will be served", so runs the old proverb. Of course, no reference to poultry was intended, but it happens to fit just the same. As a rule, pullets lay more eggs during any subsequent season. Consequently if hatchlings are correctly timed so that plenty of pullets will be brought to maturity some time during the latter part of August or September, a banner winter egg season is bound to follow. Pullets hatched during February or March, according to breed, should begin laying just about the right time for winter eggs.

Pullets should not be allowed to come into maturity too quickly. Normally, a pullet starts to lay eggs as soon as she has reached maturity and her body has ceased to grow. Sometimes laying starts somewhat before full growth has been reached and further growth may cease. Such pullets may remain undersized and their eggs may be defective and small. If pullets are maturing too rapidly their mash and animal food should be reduced. The grain rations may also be slightly increased, as pullets should have a good reserve store of body fat before they start laying. Otherwise they will not stand up well under the strain of laying and may fall considerably short of the possible maximum egg production. For that reason, many poultry men make a marked increase in the quantity of grains fed to the pullets as their combs begin to redden. At the same time they cut down on the mash and animal food; beef scraps or similar material. The grain is fattening, whereas the animal food being no longer required for muscle building as the birds reach maturity, may start egg production before it is desirable.

It is usually considered better not to force pullets into premature laying by feeding large quantities of mash. Instead, limit the mash until pullets are quite ready to lay and, by feeding a greater amount of grain, to get them fat. Such a ration emphasizes the fat making material and, by withholding the egg-making materials, removes the danger of a too early maturity. Mash should not be entirely eliminated, as it contains materials needed for building up the muscles of young fowls. Too much of it, however, may precipitate egg laying before it is desirable. Give the developing pullets all the grain they will eat during early fall and after they come into normal laying, gradually decrease grain with a corresponding increase in mash feeding.

If pullets have been properly developed along the lines just described above, they should begin laying just as they are put into winter quarters. Their quarters should not be changed once they start laying. Such a change will usually cause a molt and falling off in the egg yield. Furthermore, pullets should never be housed with older hens. The more mature hens annoy the younger ones and that too interferes with their laying. From this point on, the usual rules for feeding and handling laying hens will apply to pullets developed especially for winter egg production.

Of course, I do not mean that older hens are incapable of winter egg production merely because I have emphasized the desirability of developing pullets for that season. With proper

culling, breeding and feeding, hens can be made to lay almost as many eggs during the winter months as in warmer weather. The subject of special feeding and handling of fowls for winter egg production is, however, of sufficient importance to constitute a separate article all by itself.

The reason for emphasizing ways of increasing winter egg production is, of course, that prices reach their very highest peak at that time. It is, therefore, desirable not only to produce as many winter eggs as possible, but also to market every possible one of those that are produced then. Practically all of them can be marketed by preserving and keeping for home use the low priced eggs of spring and summer.

It is very easy to preserve eggs for future use by putting them down in water glass, a syrupy liquid that can be obtained from almost any druggist. This water glass should be mixed with nine parts of cold boiled water and the solution kept in crocks or stone jars. Kegs or barrels may also be used if absolutely clean and free from odors provided they are thoroughly scalded. Fill the jar or keg partly full of the water glass solution and put in the eggs from day to day as they are gathered. Be sure there is always at least two inches of solution over the eggs. No dirty or cracked eggs should be used nor any about which there is any doubt as to when they were laid. They must be absolutely fresh, laid the same day they are put in the solution.

The cost of preserving eggs in this way is very small and calls for almost no work at all. Eggs in water glass will keep for six or eight months if stored in a cool, dark place, well covered, and may then be used for all cooking purposes or for the table. The advantages of this plan certainly should be apparent without argument.

I have not attempted to go into any great detail in this article. On the contrary, I have tried only to suggest enough so the reader will want to know more about methods of increasing the winter profits from his flock.

The Situation

Outside of British Columbia there has been no relief in the scarcity of supplies of real fresh eggs and on some markets prices have again been forced up. Production of eggs in all provinces, other than British Columbia, is at low ebb. The feeling in the trade is that prices have now reached the peak, that production will gradually increase in the Eastern provinces and this, argued by increasing surplus in B.C. over local requirements in that province, which will be shipped to the Prairie provinces and further East, will have a bearing on the market in the near future. It is not likely that there will be any material break in fresh egg prices for a few weeks, but it is believed that we are on the eve of increasing supplies and a gradual easing off of values. The feature of the situation at present is the exacting demand from the consuming public for quality. This is more pronounced than it ever was.

Six cars of fresh eggs were shipped from British Columbia during the past week, in addition to a number of small express shipments to the Prairie provinces. The Prairie are now active buyers of B.C. Eggs. A notable development of the week is indicated in a report from Winnipeg to the effect that a chain store organization there purchased a shipment of cartoned eggs from British Columbia. It is felt in some quarters that the shipment of cartoned eggs East from British Columbia is a feasibility and it may be that the shipment mentioned above is the forerunner of a new trend in egg merchandising.

The storage egg situation appears to be in very healthy shape. Stocks are much lower than they were last year at this date and the movement into

consumption is remarkably good. There has not been much change in storage egg prices during the past few weeks but the market is very firm. Some of the large operators are said to be pretty well sold up on their stocks. Evidence of this is the fact that some of them are in the market for supplies and this is giving every firm undertone to the market. There is, and has been for some weeks past, a very active demand for storage eggs in carlots and some Western points are now reporting that stocks are being exhausted rapidly.

The poultry marketing season is now getting under way in earnest. The Producers' Pools of the Western Provinces have already started operations and carlots will soon be rolling East. Poultry receipts all through the Prairies are increasing steadily, as is also the case on the markets of Eastern Canada. The majority of the birds now coming in are dressed and chickens are comprising the bulk of receipts. There are not yet many turkeys coming but the movement of these to market in volume may be expected after the first of December. The Dressed Poultry Fairs in Eastern Ontario, which are something of a barometer for poultry prices in that section of the country, got under way last week and will be continued during the current week. At the fairs held last week the volume of poultry marketed was said to be heavy. Chickens brought up to 32 cents per pound.

Whitewashing Young Trees

SUN scald and Winter injury on the southwest and south sides of young fruit and nut trees can largely be prevented by keeping the trees whitewashed during the Winter months. Such injury usually takes place in the late Winter, although it may occur in the late Fall or any time throughout the dormant season. It is caused by freezing and thawing of the cambium layer, due to the excessive and rapid change in temperature from the bright, sunny days and cold, frosty nights.

Sun scald is especially injurious to high-headed trees up to the age of eight years. It is more injurious to trees with dark-colored bark and those making little growth.

The temperature of the cambium layer on the sunny side of young trees in the early afternoon may be 15 or 20 degrees higher than that on the shady side of the tree, which is more nearly the same as the prevailing air temperature. The temperature of this cambium rapidly drops to slightly less than the prevailing temperature of the air when the sun disappears. This drop in temperature has been as rapid as 18 degrees Fahrenheit in three minutes.

Experimental work carried on in Minnesota by R. B. Harvey shows that the color of the bark of different trees affects the temperature of the cambium on the sunny side of the trees materially. Black, brown or brownish-red bark maintained a temperature eight or ten degrees Fahrenheit higher than white bark, such as that of white birch. Red-barked trees maintained a lower cambium temperature on the sunny side than other colors, outside the white. Green and yellow bark maintained an intermediate temperature compared to the white and red barks on one side and the brown and black on the other.

Shading the southwest side of the trunk from 12 to 3 p.m. by driving barrel staves or boards in the ground on that side of the tree, is a very ef-

fective remedy. Heading trees as low as practical, and permitting all the heavy, broad angled growth to continue below the main scaffolding of the young trees, will at least afford partial shade and be worth considering. Whitewash, having sticking and lasting qualities, maintained on the trunk, crotches and main branches of our fruit and nut trees up to eight years of age is probably the most practical and effective means for preventing sun scald and Winter injury on the sunny side of the tree. This may be applied by hand with a brush or may be sprayed on the trees with the spray outfit, and should be repeated often enough to maintain a good white coating on the trees.—From a Bulletin of the Oregon State College Extension Service.

THE POPULAR LILAC

The lilac is found in many gardens, and it is so popular that every year there are many inquiries as to the best methods of growing it. One reader has a scrubby, lanky tree which refuses to bloom; another wishes to know if the suckers are to be removed; and a third asks how to prune the tree.

Although advice can only be tendered in a general way, it often happens that the tree does not bloom because it stands in some shaded spot where the sun cannot ripen the growth upon which next year's bloom should come. Again, many lilac trees imported from abroad are grafted upon all kinds of root stocks—anything that



Minard's is an enemy to pain. It penetrates to the root of the trouble, soothes and disinfects. Splendid for neuralgia, backache and stiffness of the muscles and joints.



BUNIONS

New Solvent Stops Pain
Hump Vanishes

Never in history has the amazing action of Pedodyne Solvent been equalled. It's perfectly marvelous and truly a boon to those whose bunions cause constant foot trouble and an ugly bulge to the shoe. It stops the torturing pain of the most sensitive bunion almost instantly and reduces the enlarged, disfiguring growth like magic. So rapid is the reducing power of Pedodyne Solvent that thousands report they now wear new shoes with ease and comfort. You can prove it by actual test at my risk.

Try It On Your Bunion
Just write and say, "I want to try Pedodyne," so we can arrange for you to prove the quick, sure amazing results. No obligations. A postcard will do. Address: **KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. 78—D**
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We are open for shipments of crate-fattened poultry of all kinds. Also strictly new-laid eggs. Highest market prices paid, according to quality.

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MONTREAL

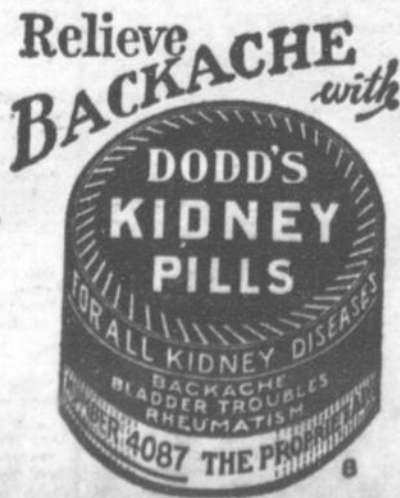
WE WANT POULTRY TOP PRICES PAID

Write for quotations—

The Harris Abattoir Co. Limited

St. Lawrence Market

Toronto (2), Ont.



MARY GARTH

(Continued from page 15)

"You will stay all winter at Garthlands, I suppose?" he said, when they went on again.

"I expect so. When do you sail?"
"The first day of November. It's rough on me, and my mother has scarcely spoken since I got my marching orders."

"But you are pleased to go?" she said quickly.

"For some things immensely so, but I never thought I should find it so hard to leave Scotland as I find it this time. And I thought you were never coming home. If you hadn't come this week my mother and I were setting out to seek you."

"I wish you had thought of it sooner. It would have helped me over some stony bits," said Anne, with her eyes far away.

"I would if I had known, but they kept telling us, Hunter and your sister, that you were coming. May I write to you sometimes from India?"

"Why, yes; I should like to hear, of course," she answered frankly.

"And will you answer?"

"Yes;—how could I expect you to continue otherwise?"

"I have often felt that I've never had a chance to tell you how awfully I felt for you all through. Somehow this sort of thing isn't quite in a fellow's line, but I hope you understand?"

"Oh yes; I quite understand," she said, softly, and looked at him with such friendliness that his heart uplifted itself in hope.

They were rather silent until they came near to the house, when Ivo Erskine suddenly awoke to the fact that he had not said half he wanted and intended.

"Don't go in just yet," he pleaded.

"I must," said Anne. "I have been away three hours. My mother likes me to be near when she wakes. I have scarcely left her in all these months."

"Are you to devote the rest of your life to her?" he asked jealously.

"So long as she needs me, yes," said Anne.

"And when I come back shall I find you here?"

"I expect so; when will that be?"

"It might be two years, it might be three, and I might never come back at all; you know, there's always the off-chance."

Anne shivered.

"Oh, don't say that. We can't afford to lose any more for a long time. I think God won't require it of us."

"I'd like to come back. May I believe that you wish it too, Anne?"

"I do wish it," she answered simply.

"And when I do may I tell you what is in my heart today, but which it is no use speaking of now?"

Anne turned away, and a strange look came on her face. She had thought herself done with all love for ever, and here it pleaded again at the door of her heart.

"At least, there isn't anybody else, and you will write to me, Anne?" he said eagerly.

"There is nobody else, and I will write," she answered frankly as before.

"I won't ask any more just yet. And if I come back?"

"If you come back," said Anne, and she smiled as she gave him her hand, nor did she withdraw it when he raised it to his lips.



FRIEND OF FEATHERED FOLK ON HUNTING TRIP

For forty-four Falls in succession, Jack Miner, whose bird sanctuary at Kingsville, Ontario, is known practically the world over, has never seen the first of November at home. This picture shows him in Northern Ontario on his 44th trip. He made one-day stops all along the railway going, and the same on his return trip, making a study of game conditions in Northern Ontario.

is cheap. Such specimens may do very well under the influence of a more genial climate, but when they are planted in our cold soils, particularly in bleak spots, they rarely produce flowers and are often short-lived.

The common lilac is undoubtedly the finest of all the species for enduring garden culture. The flowers are produced in immense terminal and lateral panicles, in shades of lilac, purple, and white. The common white variety has much smaller flowers than the purple, but there are some white varieties with larger flowers. Continental varieties, apparently all of French origin, have been introduced in recent years, and many of them are grown in pots and brought into bloom under glass before winter is over.

Lilac seems to thrive in almost any soil, makes a handsome bush, even when not in flower, and bears its fragrant clusters gracefully. To secure nicely-shaped trees covered with flowers pruning must take place every year, otherwise the trees will be apt to develop into tall, straggling objects, with the blooms all at the top, or with no bloom at all.

When the plants have done flowering all the faded clusters and seed-heads should be cut off and the suckers which generally spring from the base should be removed. The weak growths and out-of-bounds branches are the only pieces that should be cut away in the winter time. As the lilac flowers on the wood of the last season's growth it should not be cut back in winter, except in the case of long-neglected bushes which have become very tall and naked at the base and will also be a dense mass of shoots. Such examples when past putting into shape, may be cut back to within three feet of the base. Although this means a loss of flowers for the coming season, the growth will break out freely and form a dense bush, and under good conditions may flower the following year and compensate for the sacrifice.

Many lilacs fall through being grafted on an unsuitable root-stock. Lilac is sometimes grafted on the privet, but neither on this nor on the ash does it live long in certain soils which are rich in humus. In ordinary soils it is less rampant, and often lives for years. The roots are very penetrating, and absorb every particle of nourishment and moisture around them; that is why plants near lilac must have manure, or they may suffer in their growth. Plants can also be raised from the suckers, seeds, or cuttings, and may quite as readily be trained in standard form as in a bush.

They parted then, and Anne went on towards the house.

Grant met her anxiously at the door.

"Oh, Miss Anne, the mistress is up and crying for you. Nurse can do nothing with her."

"I am ready," said Anne, and went slowly up the stairs with a smile on

her lips to take up the daily duty, the daily cross.

The End.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 360 Craig St. W., in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of the City of Montreal. Subscription rate \$2.00 a year.

FARMERS' BUSINESS BRIEFS

ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-order rate of three-cents per word per insertion (minimum charge 45c per insertion). SIX consecutive insertions will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions \$1.50). A number or a single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made. Copy for insertion in these columns should be in the "Witness" Office not later than Friday morning to secure proper classification in following Weekly Edition.

MACHINERY

Electric motors for sale, state details current, cycle, etc. Blowers for cheap fuel burning. GUARANTEE MOTOR CO., Hamilton, Ont. 46.6
Governors for making auto engines usable on land. GUARANTEE MOTOR CO., Hamilton, Ont. 46.6

POULTRY

GESE

Pure bred Toulouse and Embden geese and Pekin ducks. Please write ARTHUR McLINCHY, Varna, Ont.

GIANTS

Few extra good quality Jersey Black Giant cockerels for sale \$4.00 each. Number of early pullets \$2.00 each. Few, finely barred early Rock cockerels for breeding \$2.50 each. MRS. FRED TAYLOR, Richmond, Que.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Barred Rock Cockerels. Choice breeders, hatched April 7th from pen of finest selected layers, mated to pedigreed males, \$3.50 each. MRS. JAS. STEWART, Osgoode Sta., Ont. 47.6

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED

Newlaid Eggs, Dairy Butter, Live and Dressed Poultry, Dressed Hogs, Veal, Etc. We pay spot cash. Write for market information. GUNN LANGLOIS & CO. Limited, Montreal, Que. 46.12

TURKEYS

Choice, large, young, Bronze Turkeys (pure bred) at reasonable prices. JOHN PHILLIPS, Manitowaning, Manitowlin, Ont. 47.6

Large Bronze Turkeys and Toms for sale \$6 for Turkey hens; \$7 for Toms. FRED MCGREGOR, Maxville, Ont., R. R. No. 1.

Pure Bred Bronze Turkeys for sale. Toms, \$7; hens, \$5. HERB HUGHES, Devlin, Ont. 50.2

WYANDOTTES

Pure-bred-white wyandotte cockerels, excellent type, large vigorous birds, \$2.50 each. THORNHILL AND EDINGTON, "Boxworth," Warren, Ont.

LIVESTOCK

CATTLE

Milking Shorthorns. Seven beautiful Hean Bulls, one to thirteen months old, all bred from Queen's Clay Boy, our great show Bull. Twenty Dams in whose pedigree average 12,000 lbs. milk in year. Prices \$65.00 to \$130.00 according to age Herd accredited. Some females also. BAYSIDE FARM, Owen Sound, Ontario. 46.6

DOGS

Thoroughbred Llewellyn, English, Irish Gordon Setters, Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups and trained dogs. Describe kind wanted. THOROUGHBRED KENNELS, Atlantic, Iowa. 47.6

Intelligent Shepherd Pups, 2 mo. old, \$7.50 each. Make excellent farm dogs. HAROLD STEPHENS, Dushore, Penna., U. S. A. 49.2

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE

Clippers sharpened—All kinds of clippers, satisfaction guaranteed. Send blades by mail. Price \$0.60 WILFRID FONTAINE, Indian Baskets Dealer, Pierreville, Que. 48.6

For sale by tender—Cheese factory with full equipment, in excellent working order, with new De Laval Whey Separator, on Provincial Highway 3, Elgin County. For particulars apply SEVILLE CHEESE & BUTTER COMPANY, Aylmer, Ont. 46.6

Church PLAYS

"Wanted—A Wife" "Marrying Anne?" "A Ladies' Aid Business Meeting at Mohawk Crossroads" (Women) "The Jogsville Convention" (Women) "The Minister's Bride" "The Young Village Doctor", All bright, humorous, wholesome, profitable—suited to all ages and platforms. No expense for costumes—everywhere giving successfully. Descriptive catalogue free, apply CLARA ROTHWELL ANDERSON, 255 MacKay Street, Ottawa.

Cheese Factory, eight roomed house, outbuildings, acre garden, near Iroquois, splendid dairy district. Particulars FRED R. PEARSON, Arthur St., Gananoque, Ont.

A Bargain—Remnants \$1 A Bundle
Big clearing is new Fall remnants, for all purposes. Latest shades and designs, each remnant over 3 yards, 32 to 36 inches; simple bundle sent for \$1.00 plus 3c. Insurance against loss. SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFERING—High grade silk rayon floral dress lengths \$1.50 bundle. Larger bundles fine quality assorted materials \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5, all postpaid. The biggest value you ever received or money refunded. Also large bundle wool cloth patches, making warm, serviceable quilts, \$1.25, and 25c. postage and 4 yards warm quilt lining 90c. EMPIRE DRY GOODS CO., Station H, Montreal.

I have several thousands handkerchiefs and coat bouquets. Send 25c for sample of three handkerchiefs or one coat bouquet. Money back if not satisfied. Will pay 30 p. c. for selling these, not Waxed Flowers made of paper but real fabric flowers. Not connected with any mail order house in Waterford. REGAL FLOWER CO., Waterford, Ontario, Dept. 4. 50.2

BELTING

Threshermen, attention! We are headquarters for drive belts, hose, tank pumps and all supplies. N. SMITH, 138 York Street, Toronto. 46.8

HONEY

Honey, the finest honey I ever tasted. That's what some have told me, and only 10c per lb. second grade 8c. JOSEPH CONDY, Walkerton, Ont. 47.6

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

New Phonograph Records, 15c per selection. Choose from 500 10-inch latest popular pieces. Catalogue free. FACTORY SURPLUS SALES CO., Dept 17, Windsor, Ontario. 50.9

FOXES

Registered Silver Foxes, high grade, proven breeders, pairs mated, early whelped pups for Fall delivery, or can ranch here and guarantee 100 per cent increases. Deferred payment plan with full instructions to care for your foxes and ranch. Write MCINTYRE RANCH, Bathurst, N. B., Canada. 49.5

Foxes—Healthy, prolific, registered silvers. Also a few Alaskan blues. Reasonable prices. RAINY VALLEY RANCH, Emo, Ontario. 46.6

RABBITS

For Sale pedigreed Chinchilla Rabbits from registered stock, \$2. up. R. NUTTALL, Toms River, N. J., U. S. A. 46.6

Raise Lasalle fur rabbits. Highest Quality Stock. Young pedigreed Chinchillas \$6.00 a pair. LASALLE FURS, Mt. Clemens, Michigan. 47.6

Airedale Pups—Good ones, \$10—\$15 each. COHASSET KENNELS, Danielson, Conn., U. S. A. 47.6

Big profits for rabbits. The kind that win the ribbons. FARSHALLS 11 & B STS., Lincoln, Neb. 48.6

SWINE

Spotted Poland China Bears, registered, the large bone and typey kind. Vaccinated. E. P. SAND, Bellevue, Michigan. 50.6

WILD ANIMALS

Black Raccoon—Choice stock of the best blood—CRESCENT PARK FUR FARM, Box 116, Petrolia, Ont. 46.6

Hunters, Trappers—Fox, Coon, and Mink are easily taken by my method, so easy that any boy can catch the shy old Red. Particulars free. C. M. DECKER, Huntington, Que. 47.6

Trappers. Never kill any Mink, Marten, Fisher or Beaver. Catch them alive with my catch traps. Fortunes can be made. Write for literature. S. ROBERTS, 531 S. Manning Ave., Toronto. 48.6

Will trade Silver Badger for Mink. S. BERGER, Parkland, Alta. 49.3

FARMS FOR SALE

163 Acres—Rich clay loam soil. Mostly seeded down, Spring creek. Five miles to creamery, railway station, churches. Reasonable. For particulars address BOX 71, Matheson Ont. 46.6

To sell, trade or buy property anywhere located, write FISHER REALTY CO., Hannibal, Mo. 44.10

Buy a real farm where there is always a crop and rain every spring. 485 acres good heavy land, 2 miles from Leroy, Sask., on the Melfort branch. 140 acres new land. Can easily break 340 acres more. Small house and barn for 8 horses. Eighteen dollars per acre; \$1,500 cash. Apply BOX 95, Revenue, Sask. 48.6

18 Acres, all bottom cultivated; 5-roomed bungalow; good outbuildings; 2 miles Salmon Arm; close to school; \$4,800. Half cash. Owner, C. STILWELL, R. R. 3, Salmon Arm, B. C. 49.2

PROPERTY FOR SALE

New rug brick house—modern conveniences, with one to eight acres good garden soil; on highway east of Oshawa; moderate terms. SAM SNOWDEN, R. R. 3, Bowmanville. 47.6

STAMPS AND COINS

Free—Free stamps to all applicants for approval sheets. Write now. BULLARD, 132 Dentonia Park, Toronto. 48.6

AGENTS WANTED

Agents will make Big Money selling our Xmas Gift Packages, Toilet Sets, Perfumes, Candles and specialties. Write for full particulars regarding these and our 150 different lines of Household Products. JOHN R. CRESSY CO., 296 Gladstone Ave., Toronto 3, Ont. 46.6

A very considerable permanent income is assured gentlemen (clerical or otherwise) in extending the sale of our British productions of educational and literary importance by subscription purchase. Congenial whole or part time occupation. Write BRITISH BOOKS LIMITED, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.

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MEN AND WOMEN—If you like trees and shrubs, why not sell them? Make a business of it. Part time or full time, 900 varieties of proven Red Tag Nursery Products. Cash every week. Equipment and instructions free. Write DOMINION NURSERIES, Montreal.

BUSINESS CARDS

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

Artists' Brushes, Colors, Paper, Pastels and Canvas, also everything that an artist would require. Send for catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LIMITED, 1428 McGill College Ave., Montreal. 52.52

EDUCATIONAL

The De Brisy Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Correspondence courses. ACADEMIE DE BRISAY, Ottawa. 11.52

Aviation & Automobile School. Complete aviation and automobile courses, electricity, batteries, tires, fender, body and radiator repairs, welding and driving; practical and short. FEDERAL CHARTERED AERO & AUTO MECHANICS SCHOOL, Amherst Building, Montreal. 46.6

Interior Decorating. Learn to make attractive, home like rooms. Noted New York decorator. Wonderful opportunity. Free booklet. BOX 343 Adelaide, Toronto, Ontario. 46.6

NURSING

St. John's Long Island City Hospital
Registered School of Nursing. Two and half years course. Requirements: two to four years High School. An allowance of \$25 a month is given to defray expenses of uniforms, text-books, etc. Apply SUPT. OF NURSES, St. John's Long Island City Hospital, Long Island City, N. Y. 49.6

for BURNS
FOR SCALDS, CUTS AND BRUISES, FOR COLDS, COUGHS AND BRONCHIAL AFFLICTIONS, FOR STIFF MUSCLES, SPRAINS AND STRAINS AND NUMEROUS OTHER AILMENTS COMMON TO MAN AND BEAST, THERE IS NOTHING SUPERIOR TO THAT OLD TRIED AND RELIABLE REMEDY
DR THOMAS' T 12
ELECTRIC OIL

Superior Court, District of Montreal, Province of Quebec, Canada, No. D 57081.
Dame Desise Pepper of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Albert Steinfield, Merchant of the same place, Plaintiff, vs. the said Albert Steinfield, Defendant.
An action in separation as to property has been instituted against the defendant on the 25th day of November, 1929.
WEINFELD & SPERBER... Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Montreal, November 25th, 1929.

FARMERS' MARKETS

MONTREAL GRAIN TENDENCIES

Among announcements at the Montreal Corn Exchange Saturday were the following:—

France.—Native supplies of wheat and flour are said to be abundant. Parliament has rejected the private bill asking for the issuance of "import warrants" against wheat exports.

Private Argentine Cable from Bolivar, Argentine.—Rust and blight have caused extensive damage. It will be very difficult to estimate wheat. Farmers pessimistic. Do not know what has hit it. Oats good. Newly planted corn wants rain. Big acreage increase. If wheat damage continues, think cannot raise over 100 million bushels for export, at outside. Weather now too warm for wheat in the milk. Correspondent who sent this cable travelled from Tres Arroyos to Bolivar, in the province of Ba, southern portions.

Journal Commerce.—Buying of wheat was impressive, and the sharp advance in price was accomplished in the face of heavy December liquidation. Many traders feel that final production in the Argentine will be more likely under 200 million bushels than above that figure. Probability of poor quality of the Argentine wheat and unlikelihood of active competition from that quarter is expected to influence European buyers and make them steady buyers of wheat.

Tribune Grain.—Foreigners are regarded as having overstayed the market as far as supplies of wheat are concerned, and with the rapid reduction in estimates on the Argentine crop, have turned to North America for cash grain. Export sales of 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 bushels were estimated as having been made the last two days, including around 2,500,000 bushels hard winters, durums and white winter. Despite the advance, there has been no evidence of a falling off in the foreign demand, which has created a strong bullish sentiment.

OBSERVE MARKING REGULATIONS

FAILURE to observe accurately the regulations under the British Merchandise Marks Act has led to the holding up of a shipment of apples at the London port. Mr. Geo. E. McIntosh, Fruit Commissioner, has been advised of the holding up of the cargo by the Canadian Fruit Trade Commissioner in England, who informs him that the shipment which was from the province of Nova Scotia, carried only the identification "N.S."

The Merchandise Marks Act which came into force last year makes it unlawful for the British importer to accept fresh apples into the United Kingdom, or to sell, or expose for sale, any imported fresh apples unless they bear an indication of origin. The packages of apples from Canada are required to carry the words Canada or Canadian, or Canadian Apples—Canada, in letters not less than one-half inch in height, either stencilled on containers, or by means of suit-

able labels. For the most part, Canadian exporters have complied with the regulations that have been incessantly urged upon them by the Fruit Commissioner at Ottawa.

Last year the Fruit Commissioner supplied them with conspicuous cards printed in colors, carrying the words Canada-Empire Apples, which were recommended to be placed inside each box or barrel exported. The holding up of this shipment in London indicates clearly the necessity of exporters marking their packages properly before loading them for shipment.

That the above advice is timely is indicated by the following dispatch, which also implies that better quality fruit should be shipped:

The London market is overloaded with poorer quality of Canadian apples. A cable received Saturday by the fruit branch of the Department of Agriculture from J. Forsyth Smith, Canadian fruit trade commissioner in England concludes as follows:

"Market overloaded with poor quality fruit. Unwarranted concentration Nova Scotians in London. Sixty thousand barrels Nova Scotians arrived last eight days, 27,000 more due immediately. No chance of paying prices. All markets very depressed. Demand slow."

STARTING HICKORY TREES AND OTHERS

A sure way to start hickory trees is to plant the hickory nut where the tree is to grow. If you want to be sure the squirrels will not dig up your planting, gather the nuts promptly—before dried out or too wet and layer in clean, moist sand at once, burying the container just under the ground surface until April. Be sure the container is "leaky" enough to drain out perfectly, yet so shut in that squirrels or mice cannot rob it.

The winter's frosts and wet should crack the nuts so they will grow, and such cracked ones must then be planted 3 inches deep where wanted—and that spot watched, and kept shaded at least two years. Sometimes they do not stir for another year or two and when the baby tree appears, shade that and otherwise protect it at least three years. If the nut does not grow by mid-June mulch the spot, to prevent drying out, until late fall. The uncracked nuts may be similarly kept layered over another year and examined the second spring. A water-soaked nut, or one that has once been dried (as for eating or commercial use) is dead and worthless.

In a general way, the above rules will succeed with any tree-nuts, although most acorns require to be planted at once where the tree will stand. They often throw 4 or 5 inches of tap-root the same fall.

The administration of the water resources of the Dominion is a divided Federal and provincial responsibility. The Federal authority extends over



THE farm! Your father's once perhaps—your son's one day—and worth all the hard work you have put into it.

But hard work isn't enough. You must know what your farm costs to run—what it brings in. Our "Farmer's Account Book" will help you. Ask the Manager for a copy.

YOU WILL LIKE BANKING AT THE ROYAL

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CANADA looks ahead with CONFIDENCE



THE yield on high grade bonds will ultimately fall in line with the tendency to lower interest rates. This means that many bonds now selling at prices which yield an attractive return, are due for appreciation in value.

The undermentioned security which bears our recommendation, may be expected to reflect the prevailing tendency.

MONTREAL ISLAND POWER CO.

5½% First Mortgage Bonds due 1957

Price 94.50 to yield 5.90%

NESBITT, THOMSON & COMPANY LIMITED

355 St. James Street, MONTREAL

Toronto Ottawa Quebec Hamilton London, Ont. Winnipeg Saskatoon Victoria Vancouver

787



AFTER YOU'D GIVEN YOUR OFFICE FORCE STRICT ORDERS NOT TO DISTURB YOU, AS YOU WISHED TO BE ALONE TO DO SOME HEAVY BUSINESS SCHEMING — YOU WAKE UP TO FIND YOU'D DONE YOUR SLEEPING WITH YOUR ELBOW ON THE "CALL BUTTONS" — G 1928

the water powers of the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, and the Yukon and Northwest Territories. Administrative control in these areas is exercised by the Dominion Water Power and Reclamation Service, Department of the Interior, which also carries on investigatory work throughout the remainder of the Dominion in close co-operation with the various provincial authorities charged with water power administration in their respective provinces. Title to water powers in the Railway Belt in British Columbia is vested in the Federal Government,

although they are at present administered under the Provincial Water Act.

The number of trees distributed in the spring of 1929 from the forest nurseries maintained by the Forest Service, Department of the Interior, at Indian Head and Sutherland, Saskatchewan, was the largest ever sent out in any one year. The total number of trees sent farmers in Prairie Provinces was 8,673,650—4,360,174 from the Indian Head nursery and 4,313,475 from the Sutherland nursery. The total number of applicants who received trees was 7,452.