

WITNESS

and

Canadian Homestead

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SUBSCRIPTION FACTS INSIDE
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

Almost to the Brim!

THE contributions acknowledged hereunder bring the total sum contributed almost "to the brim," leaving only \$285.34 yet to come in before we can "burn the mortgage loan notes."

As we said last week, the last are not the least, and while some courageously started and built up the fund, it remains for the last to share in this very remarkable evidence that the readers of the Witness are in very truth partners in an adventure wholly public spirited and purposed to the strengthening of all that is best and attacking all that is most wrong in our political, economic and social relations.

While the amount of ten thousand dollars looked large at the beginning, and, in comparison, the amount still due looks small, it may be the hardest to get. We want to remind our readers again that they need not fear that they will be too late or that their contributions will not be needed, for according to our promise at the start any overflow that there might be will be used in extending subscriptions of old-time friends who have written us that they are regretfully unable to renew this year.

Another List

of those who realize

- (1) that they are partners with the editor-publisher and staff in the services of the Witness.
- (2) that the people will never get papers disinterestedly devoted to their welfare unless they are willing to make such papers possible. Wages, paper, bills, etc., cannot be paid, or borrowed money refunded, out of kind sentiments.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO TUESDAY, JULY 12th

PREVIOUS TOTAL	\$9,678.66
Mrs. J. T. Miners, Ont.	5.00
"A Well Wisher," Ont.	5.00
Miss L. Raymond, Ont.	5.00
"M.J.K.," N.B.	5.00
Mr. Robt. F. Whiteside, Ont.	1.00
"Two Well Wishers," Ont.	5.00
Mrs. Sophia Locke, Ont.	3.00
"J.A.L.," Man.	2.00
Miss Jennie Martin, Que.	5.00

Total Receipts to Date **\$9,714.66**

Still remaining due on loan to meet mortgage **\$285.34**

This balance is due to an "Ontario Farmer" who after giving a first \$2,000.00 outright, supplied, as a loan, the last \$2,000 of the \$10,000 required by the mortgage company. We are sure our readers will share with us a sense of double loyalty to the great adventure and to "Ontario Farmer." It is not now a case where the widow should send her mite, but where those who can send a few dollars without involving serious privations would find satisfaction in doing so, and thus place their paper in the way of larger service.

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

Achievement

IT must be done, therefore it will be done, was the assurance of Mr. MacDonald from the beginning of the Lausanne disarmament conference. Faith in that fulfilment was not com-

mon judging from the forecasts of failure that almost held the wires for weeks. Against success was the insistence of Germany that she did not cause the war, and her insistence that payments should no longer take the form of penalty and tribute, but should be lost in the labyrinth of international liabilities. It required finesse to agree on words that would neither affirm nor deny that obvious fact. Yet, after weeks of exhausting effort, the determined mediator dragged the Conference from the dregs of failure and ere the echoes of the "I told you so" of the pessimists had died down, he was able to return to his task in London in triumph and with what might almost be called a word of command to the nations: "Our agreements must have response elsewhere." This quasi-mandate was carried further than the parliaments of the countries there represented, when he added that "the agreements we reach must be placed in a world setting." Let us hope that the mediator's great faith may win in that large sphere. Meantime it is up against an ignorant nation's selfishness—a nation that has never been shown how egregious was its claim on the others that did most of the fighting for it. With that point we have dealt before. This stubbornness centres for the time being in Mr. Hoover, who knows better and who possibly would like to do better but as a candidate for the nation's suffrage can only be, till that is over, a mirror of its great littleness. If, through lack of United States co-operation the Lausanne agreement becomes inoperative, there will be another conference rather than replacing the Young Plan burden on Germany, according to Mr. MacDonald.

The Obstacle

MEANTIME "the Administration has become convinced that American public opinion is opposed to scaling down war debts." It seems that American public opinion has yet much to learn from experience which is week by week growing more severe. As Mr. MacDonald points out, the country that is insisting on these claims is itself the chief sufferer; and as both Mr. Mussolini and Mr. Lloyd George have written in American papers, it may take yet more severe experience to call it to wisdom. How would a dose of tariff reciprocity administered by all the debt-ridden nations work out as a means of collecting those payments? To that the United States would be estopped from making any objection. The cumulative present cause of the world's distress centres in the Hawley-Smoot tariff. The chief sufferer from it is the United States itself whose treasury it is to glut, whose commerce it stifles. It is a nation determined to cut itself off from mankind. Why not let it? The western farmer would, no doubt, be the primary sufferer, but it is notorious that it is the western farmer who is the chief obstacle to international goodwill. Furthermore, it is the west that suffers primarily from the Hawley-Smoot tariff and with whom it lies to correct that, if it only would.

War-guilt

WE were right in saying that the deepest difference be-

tween France and Germany was one of sentiment. The question of Germany's war guilt is more to both parties than any question of money. As to the money, Germany says she cannot pay; that is made up by letting her off with about one per cent of her reported debt. The sum she is responsible for is three billion marks, the interest of which she will have to pay beginning three years from now. France, which is not poor, can settle down to the conviction that it is far cheaper to give in considerably on that than to attempt to collect it from a people that has no means of raising the enormous sums hitherto assessed against her; also that tolerable business relations are economically worth to her far more than the money. But the question whether Germany was guilty of the war implies in the mind of France too much to be surrendered. In France's sight Germany is an incurable robber, who has twice within memory invaded her with ruthless destruction and would have crushed her this time had not other powers come to her aid. To deny Germany's war guilt would be to put France and her allies in the position of ruthless conquerors who had torn vast possessions from her on the mere plea of conquest and created a claim for the return of all these, or at least a right to reconquer them. The most of these possessions were recent seizures by Germany with no other excuse but the desire of having them. She speaks of them as her colonies but with little warrant as colonizing Germans have gone elsewhere, rather than where they would be dragooned by German officialism of the Prussian military strain. Her claim for the Polish corridor is of an entirely different sort.

A Worrisome Falsehood

NO one accuses the present Germany of responsibility for the war, except in so far as she insists on appropriating the stigma by disputing it. It was purely the work of Prussian militarism, for which the Bismarck war machine, and not the German nation, is to be held guilty. But that machine not only was Germany as toward the world, but had, as wars generally have, the concurrence of the whole nation even to its high theologians and even in its perjured violation of Belgium whose seaports Germany coveted. It is easy to talk endlessly round that question of war guilt and get lost in a maze of second causes. The invasion of France was an overt act, and was wilful, the only excuse being that France had been cultivating alliances against her predatory habits. The chief trouble in this Lausanne settlement is due to the lie on this subject with which every succeeding government in Germany has misled the people. The present government of Hindenburg and Papen inherits this embarrassment which has made Germany's escape from her tributary bondage so very difficult. Between powers exceedingly anxious to come to terms, the matter has been patched up in what is meant by the victorious powers to be a non-committal way. The elision of certain articles from the Versailles treaty, in so far as they refer to this matter of war guilt, is a wiping off the slate of that question. Whether it can or will be made out to be an acquittal may be open to

later discussion, when Germany makes demands upon it, as she is pretty sure to do. Indeed the leaders in her not inglorious campaigns against the British in East and South West Africa are already demanding the return of these colonies. By so using it she will turn from herself the sentiment of goodwill which she has gained as opposed to an oppressive combination. "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten" that matter in eternal history. It has been paid for, however. It belongs to the era of wars of conquest which, but for Japan, we might hope is over.

Roosevelt Tammany And Liquor

ALLIANCE with Alfred Smith and so with Tammany and all its lately exposed, and, what is worse, unrepented iniquities can only put Mr. Roosevelt down among the dregs of popular politics of the kind that Italy knew until with a black shirt spasm, it rose and threw off the guise of democratic constitutionalism to which it found itself unadapted. It is the end of a progressively downward journey. Mr. Roosevelt commenced his political career as an anti-Tammany candidate and as such carried for the Democrats—to the joy and strengthening of that section of the party that had some regard for political decency—a seat in the New York Senate that had been consistently Republican for twenty-eight years. Time, prosperity and ambition, with its too frequent flunkey, compromise, have done their work and Mr. Roosevelt who has pitched his tent ever closer and closer to the wigwam is now for all practical purposes inside. Not without reason has he sat inactive with daily evidence of Tammany infamy of office-holders whom he alone could remove; with an eye on the prospective aid of his new friends he has remained mute in the face of the colossal corruption revealed in the career of Tammany's present nominee in the mayoralty of New York, corruption condoned by the explanation, "Oh, yes! We all know how he got his million. But he has got it."

MR. SMITH ran his campaign of 1928 on the strength of the "saloon" vote without any other program or proclaimed purpose. The country was not prepared to accept that leadership. On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt whose commendation is a Roosevelt gift for shouldering himself forward, feels he cannot win the day without its aid. Mr. Hoover's program is more prudent. There are many true prohibitionists who look for greater results from a convinced country than from one dragooned by government officers against its convictions. People who have all along seen as the most important value of the prohibition war the keeping alive of this conviction, who are more convinced than ever of this by seeing the conviction flag when the battle was won see advantage to the cause in a periodical campaign on the question. These, though they do not court the conflict it entails are not averse on principle to a re-submission of the question and with that question to the front would necessarily prefer Mr. Hoover's attitude to the repeal one of Mr. Roosevelt. Any respectability that anti-prohibition attitude can get from such leaders as Dr. Nicholas Murray

Butler will be utterly smirched by the alliance with the notorious representative of the accursed traffic.

The City Within New York

ONE asks what the British Empire is doing setting up a British Empire Building in New York? Is that not a little intrusive, and likely to be so regarded and treated by the commonalty there? That is all a mistake. It is the Rockefeller estate that has torn three blocks out of the heart of New York to make room for such a planned modern section as money and art can create and among other parts of the design comes in this expression of courtesy to Britain with a plan to make it a British centre. It seems like an excellent creation of good-will. An element in this grandiose design, which only the Rockefellers could be indifferent to, is the fact that New York, like more or less all other cities, finds herself overbuilt, probably for a long time to come. There was, of course, when this and many other enterprises took form abundant assurance of use for any one of the great buildings that have been shooting up along the limited ridge of the island of Manhattan more like the artificial tricks of a movie show than like an actual development. But a score of buildings each capable of housing a cityful, rose up, each stretching its neck to flout all others. We have a whole unneeded metropolis, as it were, above the sky.

Money or Monument

CONTEMPLATING the desolation which has in many cities halted tremendous designs and left gaping chasms where splendors should by now have been greeting the clouds and out-glorifying the "seven wonders of the world," one remembers the confounding of the builders of Babel. Who was prepared for the check which pulled the bottom out of ten thousand enterprises that thought they were only meeting the pressing demands of a civilization advancing by magic strides? The trouble with these early twentieth century piles is that unlike the pyramids, which were made for the dead and therefore for all time, they are made for a living world whose fashions and needs change every twenty years. Waiting till they shall be needed, should that ever be, they cannot but get out of fashion, if not unadapted to new needs. There are now mooring poles for aerial argosies. Who is to convert them into successive decks for airplanes with pigeon-house accommodation for these doves of peace when they shall learn to fold their wings? We are now getting to need one motor car for every family. When the ground floors of the cities get too small to accommodate all the cars that traverse their streets, what about an air-buggy for every family? The cities are already bursting with the too rapid breeding of "facilities."

THE architects are by no means agreed as to what the city of the future is likely to be but there are certain factors which would indicate possible trends. Universal use of the flying machine will enable many people to live three or five hundred miles from their place of work, even at the speeds now available. Already the autogiro can land on a bed-sheet and with swift elevators speeding from roadway to roof any floor in the building may furnish parking space. A diffusion of population may be expected accordingly but efficiency and economy in our highly developed industrialism call for centralization of production and management. To continue to pile floor upon floor like children's blocks, if it escapes the law of gravity, will hive so many humans under one roof that even as now the narrow canyons of the city street will choke in the effort to carry the traffic.

Staggering the hours of beginning and closing is a stopgap effort capable at best of merely postponing strangulation.

LE CORBUSIER, a modern French architect who devotes his time to radical design, has envisaged the city of the future as covering a much greater area than that of today. Each skyscraper in it will be set in a block of free turf dedicated to the children, the gardener and the pedestrian. Vehicles will approach either underground or on overhead causeways. The very economic laws which produced the half-empty towers of modern congested areas will in all probability compel the visionary sketch of yesterday to become tomorrow's actuality. Land values will shift under this stern compulsion. More and more it is becoming necessary to peer farther into the future if our building is not to be a hindrance not only to our children but to ourselves. It calls for a planning of our living on a long-time view with a more inspired and consecrated devotion to betterment than to immediate monetary returns. Failure to meet this challenge is to invite the retribution already visiting those who staked their financial resources on many of the monuments to false progress which today stand eating wealth instead of creating it as was so fondly hoped in glowing prospectuses.

Man is a building animal. Architecture has always been his crowning art. It is undeniable that, as in all other arts, he does it best when he imitates. On the other hand, the highest art is in adaptation to purpose and thus is extremely hampered by styles adapted to other uses. The problem in a materialistic age is one which did not hamper the great works of the ancients, namely, the need of making buildings pay. This has been in the large a wholesome necessity as it enforces adaptation against the imitation to which architecture has always enslaved itself though the result is often absurdly unsuited to the purpose. For good or for ill, the prime use of modern church buildings is hearing speech. That purpose is commonly lost in imitation of the art which sought to give expression to worship. As hearing speech is essential to intelligent or spiritual religion, that requirement should not be sacrificed to veneration of less intelligent piety. Outside of religion there are signs there of getting back to monumental and decorative work which will liberate and glorify that building instinct in work done, not for private or religious pride, but for the joy and uplifting of the people.

At The Bottom

SOME weeks ago we expressed the hope that there would be a turn in the tide, of what will be remembered as "the Great Depression," in response to the vigorous measure taken by President Hoover to pour working capital into the United States by buying in government bonds—a measure which was started all too tardily, and which later needed urging from headquarters. So far the verdict of the ordinary observer would be: "No results;" for the more visible effects of the depression have gone on monotonously. We still hear of forced sales and wage cuts bank failures and whatever signifies harder times. The barometer to which one has to look for results is in the stock market, where not only the thousand simpletons, but also the few knowing ones operate; and where the latter are certain to be found, at the first sure turn of the tide, to be browsing on the more promising of the stocks, which are now running a long way below their yielding value. Why have these heroic and more or less continuous doses of about a hundred million dollars a week produced as

yet no visible effect? A caustic Berlin writer gives the explanation with German plainness of speech "there is still too much filth to be cleaned out of America's economic body." So far the extra money has all been absorbed in keeping banks and railways from insolvency, and those to whom the public look for tokens of better times have still "grave doubts whether government money will be available for any purpose except for bolstering up weak institutions." The Hoover plan was not to give money away, but with it to buy the national loan bonds thus reducing the nation's debt. Different from that seems to have been the granting by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation of eighty million dollars to a bank in which General Dawes was interested, made under circumstances which point to the matter having been arranged before Mr. Dawes resigned the presidency of the Reconstruction Corporation. Besides much money of foreign investors scared away in a temporary panic as to an impending departure from the gold standard, some of the money injected into commerce finds its way to other countries where it seems, to those who use it, to offer safer prospects.

Banks And Customers

THE depression was due to several major causes acting and reacting upon each other. But the quick and universal and ill-judged action of the banks in re-calling loans advanced on securities the moment the securities held against those loans lost their market value, forced great volumes of securities to be sold at any price, thus swamping the entire market. Through these tidal waves of selling, started by the banks' timidity or by their attempt to saddle upon the borrower the whole loss on transactions that were mutually entered into, thousands of banks in the United States failed and many others were brought to the edge of the precipice. One might have thought that the banking authorities would have foreseen that they would only ruin their customers and themselves by that policy. Yet in spite of the inadequacy of their pedantic processes to deal with extreme cases the public services rendered by the banks make them absolutely essential to our present day economic system. If ever there was a time for a government with plethoric funds to intervene in business it is plainly now in helping the banks—and so their customers and the nation—to stem the ebbing tide; more especially as it was governmental policies regarding tariffs and war debts among others which made the world sick in the first place. It is plain also that nothing can bring substantial relief either to the banks or their customers but a turn in the tide that could restore securities to their real earning value, whether stocks, bonds or mortgages, which represent the life savings of the people, many of whom may have been allowed to borrow more than they should. The banker who in such exceptional times would foreclose on a loan in order to take over the security, counting on a certain profit, would be false both to the bank and to his customers. He would be equivalent to the graveyard insurance agent who buys up the policies of dying men who cannot meet their own premium payments; the agent knowing that in a year or two he will collect what should have gone to the man's family, or failing that, to his company.

The Lesson

THE claim is being over and over again made that the process of recovery, which all look for, has started, but without evidence. No doubt when it does come the turn will be by a very gentle curve. So far, there are daily variations in the price levels of standard stocks, but the best

that can be said for these is that they keep bobbing at, let us hope, the bottom. There has for weeks been a surplus of disposable money at New York; but that barometer also has risen and sunk. Though all keenly want surcease from present painful tension, both Mr. Mussolini and Mr. Lloyd George have raised the question whether the distress has yet been severe enough to prevent a repetition of the same old greedy anti-social program, with the result of again toppling over the edge of a worse precipice. How many are mourning now that they did not cash in on their property or their holdings when these began to soar among fictitious clouds! If there should again be, as is very possible, an undue swing toward prosperity before we have reformed our ways, we shall head towards a greater catastrophe. When the coin of success is in, wit is out. It may be possible for wise governments to discover some way of restraining mob madness in the monetary world. Very much economic wisdom has been waking in the master minds, considerably counteracted by immediate money interests that would be checked. But we have to confess that it is ourselves, the people, who have to be taught.

An Imperial Currency

IT need not be said that the coming Economic Conference will have before it enough contentious matter of major importance to embarrass many long sessions of Parliament. It follows that nothing can be dealt with effectively other than in outline—also that nothing can reach results that has not been as widely and more or less harmoniously matured in the minds of the parties to the conference as to be able to come before them in the form of broad propositions, whose content is generally understood and admitted. It is under such conditions that the question, probably rather many questions, of currency are upon the agenda, some of which are very pressing. There is the question of a common currency for the Empire, involving the fate of the British £ : s : d. Shall the cumbersome pounds, shillings and pence nomenclature which, up till a hundred years ago held varied colloquial traditional sway in most countries give way in its last great conservative stronghold where it remains a cumbersome impediment to the universal commerce of which it has long been the acknowledged centre? Shall it be replaced by decimal denominations, easily convertible into any other decimal currency? The adoption of an imperial decimal currency would not inconvenience us in Canada. Our dollar is now worth an eighth less than that of the United States, with the inconvenience of making the same goods seem so much dearer. The new unit, whatever it might be called, would be quite as easily convertible into another decimal currency.

Changeless Values

THAT question of coinage and currency is of immense practical importance, as we all see; and the present would be an invaluable occasion to cast off the fettering bondage to use and wont. It is not so vital, however, as another on which, as the fortunate result of recent appalling experience, expert economists have reached common consent. In spite of great interested or conservative opposition it will be agreed by economists that the world's currency can no longer rest on so unstable a commodity as gold, whose sudden scarceness has cumulatively had the most benumbing effect on the countries which have most closely clung to it. Many bankers and financiers indeed combat the position. Many of the former are pedants, unable to think out of their ruts, more of the latter have an in-

terest in the present redoubled value of money and do not wish to see things return to normal conditions. It is not to be denied that no other single commodity could replace gold, which has through the ages served the needs of mankind better than anything else could have done. It must also be allowed that at no previous age was it easily possible to find a more fixed standard than gold by which to regulate and stabilize prices. Before the war that function was performed in a very valuable way for the business world by the Bank of England, which was, however, confined to gold as a standard. It issued paper against all gold brought to it and always paid out gold by weight against its paper. It could not, therefore, control the amount of its own paper afloat. But to regulate credit and so prices, it could do a good deal by varying the rate of discount. This, however, it could only apply in an empirical or rule of thumb way to correcting obvious tendencies to inflation or deflation with no fixed scale to keep to. With a somewhat long record now of the fluctuations in the buying value of gold as indicated in the prices of standard commodities, it is now possible to base currency on a chosen and fixed average price list, and so to handle the issue of paper and of government securities as to keep that list from varying seriously, with the tremendous result that there would never again be such calamitous variations in prices as have recently taken place to the distress of all mankind. To the public, changes from year to year, decade to decade, generation to generation would be imperceptible.

It might seem that this plan would be vitiated as applied to scattered countries in which the standard of living is widely different. But that difficulty is largely unreal. With the plan once adopted, it makes practically little difference what period was chosen or in what country. None of us knows or cares why the zero-mark on our thermometers is where it is. It seems quite whimsical. Without enquiry, we assume that it must have suited somebody somewhere. Nevertheless, for all climates, for refrigeration, for hot baths, for Sahara's heat, for Himalaya's cold, we all find Fahrenheit equally useful.

Justice Undone

CANADA'S journey towards the stage when our law will be as little regarded as that of the United States has taken another step with the yielding of Ottawa to the persistent pressure directed towards enabling the swindling and bucketing brokers to escape the just consequences of the crimes of which they were convicted. Man after man is being released with a substantial proportion of his sentence still to run. We are told that in accordance with the usual procedure when clemency is extended no statement or explanation is forthcoming. Will similar clemency be extended to the convicted Communists who have done much less to overthrow our "established institutions" than any one of the well-groomed swindlers? Arguments used in defence of this wrongheaded use of a precious prerogative, for example, that the brokers are already punished in the loss of reputation and of their businesses apply equally to other types of offenders—absconding bank clerks, for instance, but no one ever hears of these cases meeting with special favor. Furthermore, we are not at all sure that any of the brokers are coming out to face the world—penniless. Our guess is that most of them have something securely salted away, ready to re-establish themselves in a society that can forgive anything but the sin of being poor. The comparatively light sentences imposed on these men who were directly responsible for the ruin of thousands, their preferential

treatment during their all too short stay in prison and this premature release drives home the conviction that while it is a heinous offence, worthy

of condign punishment to rob a private corporation, to rob the ordinary investor will find sympathy in high places.

The Duties Act

THE Irish Free State Special Duties Bill passed the third reading in the British House of Commons in the face of a bitter, though hopeless, opposition on the part of the Labor Party. It is the duty of an opposition to oppose and certainly the Labor Party fulfilled this function. Mr. George Lansbury referred to the announcement that Mr. de Valera's Government is paying the annuities into a separate fund. "That seems to me to sweep away all questions of either default or dishonesty or breaking of any agreement. The Labor Party desires to refer the matter to the Imperial Conference, leaving the Conference free to appoint a tribunal either with or without the Empire." Again, Mr. Lansbury argued that "if Canada and South Africa had a dispute and decided to go outside the Empire for arbitration, not a single member of the British Government would dare to prevent them." "The Irish Press," the Free State Government organ, maintains that the British offer to arbitrate by an Imperial tribunal is merely "insisting on another Feetham Commission—an 'impartial' tribunal, which distorted the boundary clause out of all rational meaning—another court chosen from a restricted personnel in an area where the British view is likely to predominate." This referred to the settlement of the very difficult question of the Free State-Ulster boundary by a commission headed by Judge Feetham of South Africa. Later it has been stated that Mr. de Valera was desirous of having either Mr. Gandhi, or Mr. Patel, another prominent Indian Nationalist, as members of the arbitration court. If de Valera accepted the principle of an Empire tribunal, even though he should nominate an extreme anti-Imperialist like Mr. Gandhi or Mr. Patel, it would be a step toward loosening of the existing deadlock.

Reluctant to Strike

MR. THOMAS, the British Government, and Britain in general are very reluctant to put the tariff into operation against Ireland. For one thing, of course, there would be no possibility of restricting its hardships to Mr. de Valera and his followers. The last Free State General Election showed that almost half the population of the Free State were in favor of the Treaty and of friendship with Britain. These people are not segregated in any Land of Goshen where they would be exempt from the plague of British tariff reprisals. It would be a case of "slaying the righteous with the wicked." But apart altogether from this consideration Britain desires Ireland's friendship. Perhaps as never before her statesmen realize that all nations are members one of another, and that if one nation suffers, all other nations suffer with it. And Britain would like to make a friend of Mr. de Valera. In spite of his extravagance he is recognized as an honest man, as a Quixote without a Sancho Panza to keep him from doing mischief to himself or to others. Quite possibly Mr. de Valera himself would like to come to agreement. But the blessed word "Compromise" which has such magic potency in England is unknown in Ireland. When at first there was talk of buying out the landlords Michael Davitt, another very honest agitator, said that all these were morally entitled to, having regard to their record in Ireland, was "a single ticket, third-class, to Holyhead." It is not a case now of landlords, but of holders of Irish land stock, but doubtless there are those of Mr. de Valera's following who do not desire to see the difference.

Irish Nationalism

THE same may be said of their attitude toward the Oath of Allegiance. There is always an element, and a large element, in Ireland to which anything savoring of British connection is anathema. Michael Macdonagh writes in his history of the Home Rule Movement of the struggle in Parnell's time. "All other issues were to be subsidiary to this, Parnell said... The immediate good, practical and material, never made any great appeal to Ireland. The people always were most unified and determined when the agitation was concentrated upon the national question. What is more, the establishment of an Irish Parliament never implied a scheme of regeneration on a grand scale... 'Ireland a nation' was regarded by the vast majority of its adherents, not as an expedient, but as a fulfilment—a perfect and finished thing. It was to be a satisfaction of the desire for a separate national existence, and that was enough without any serious thought of what was to follow, of anything, in the way of social betterment. What the idealists desired for Ireland was a proud position in the world, a voice in the international councils of nations, backed by an Army and Fleet, and all the rest of what we now generally abhor as Jingoism, which in the opinion of these dreamers were the surest tokens of a great nation and a happy people."

Aspirations

MR. COSGRAVE and that portion of the nation which looks to him as leader consider that these aspirations have been met by the establish-

ment of the Free State. Here for instance is a neat little "History of Dublin" issued by "The Educational Company of Ireland" whose motto is "Let knowledge grow from more to more." It is vividly Nationalist in standpoint and hasn't a good word to say for Britain but it holds that under the Cosgrave regime a brighter era had dawned "and it needs only the hearty co-operation of every man and woman, every boy and girl, to raise our dear native city once more to a position where we may point to it with pride as the worthy capital of a land once reputed to be an 'Island of saints and scholars.'" But there is another element as fiercely anti-British as in the blackest days of the "Land war." Brian O'Higgins is the author of a number of little books and pamphlets. They are delightfully printed, with a wealth of really artistic Celtic decorative design. Some of the contents breathe a kindly, homely, even a religious, spirit. But in "Unconquered Ireland," Mr. O'Higgins lets himself go in fierce style. The Treaty was a "Treaty of surrender," the Dail and Senate are "two branches of the English Parliament... established in our midst to reduce us to utter poverty and break the spirit of resistance to English rule." Mr. O'Higgins is apparently a protagonist of the element that demonstrated in Dublin the other day denouncing Great Britain and King George and demanding complete independence. We refuse to believe that this element is generally representative of Ireland. Lausanne saw peace and cordial relations established between France and Germany. Surely similar good feeling may be evoked between Ireland and Britain. Mr. de Valera's latest note to Britain is said to be "conciliatory." Let us hope even at this late hour that good counsels may prevail and that in this very difficult era of the world's history two nations whose interests are so closely entwined may be led to understand each other and to co-operate for the general good.

Pioneer Papers

By Dr. D. I. Ritchie

O CANADA! WHO STANDS ON GUARD FOR THEE?

I

What profits it, O Canada, to be
A land of trackless miles and azure skies,
Of boundless wealth in forest, mine and sea,
And prairies vast, if on our life there lies
The blight of cowardice that God denies
Till moral grandeur hath forsaken thee?
What gain to boast of "trade" if from it cries
The soul of truth outraged to misery?

For thousands midst of surfeit banquets starve;
Where barns bulge to bursting, children pine,
And hunger-pangs their wizened faces carve;
Here maidens fade, and strangers dread the sign
That brands them alien, in a land so vast,
Where millions more should feast and none need fast.

II

Ah! God's Dominion thou wast called to be
By native grandeur, as by name baptized;
By dauntless faith of pioneers devised
A land for virtue's reign; from sea to sea
A home for men in mind and body free;
A first-fruits of the deathless dream they prized.
But soulless wealth that vision fair revised,
And blurred the page prepared for liberty.

Awake! thy sons! awake! thy daughters too!
From ease supine, awake! obey the call
Clear as the bugles of the dawn; renew
The sacred pledge that proffered life to all;
Have done with crooked souls, and laws that aim
At self and pelf. Awake! and guard thy fame.

Rights And
Right

"CANADIAN industry must stand up for its rights at the Parley." Change the word "rights" to "right" and we are wholly with the agitators whose system of plunder has come to judgment, and, well entrenched as that is, are evidently under the spell of that unconscious apprehensiveness that dogs wrong-doers. There is one party to all the economic questions that are to be discussed at that high tribunal who is not going to be represented at it—one whose right transcends all other claims. He is Everybody, the common man, the one for whom the earth yields her increase. "Salus populi suprema lex" was a ruling maxim of Roman law. The welfare of the people is supreme law. No doubt the law of the lower nature is the law of the jungle. Under it the wolf has as good a right to eat the lamb as the lamb to its mother's milk. But even wolves do not eat wolves unless one of the pack gets shot. "Hawks don't peck out hawks' eyes." Between men the law is the law of the Kingdom of Heaven, which every man finds somewhere eternally written into his being. To defy that law means moral deterioration. That law has within memory asserted itself against human slavery. It similarly insists that no man or set of men, employers or employed, have a right to hold the rest of men in bondage for their own emolument. That system, with its discordant clashing of interests is doomed as was the other. The whole of the present deadlock of commerce cries from the depths to the profiteer of privilege: "Thou art the man." The only question that remains is how to get out of the compromising position in which things are. For their own sake those who are now claiming rights over men should be the busiest in finding a way out. For that, this parley affords an unequalled opportunity.

Outdoing
Jules Verne

GLOBE trotters have ceased to be interesting, much as some of the modern sort may court publicity by banging through suburbs at sixty miles an hour, ending in a smash-up or in manslaughter. To be of any account one must be a globe hopper. We have early memories of Jules Verne's Philius Fogg who performed the amazing feat of going round the world in eighty days. That merely imagined performance was thrill enough to produce a best seller. That figure is now reduced to eighty hours. What will it be in another generation? As many minutes? We can already hear by living voice from Melbourne, Australia, at midnight all the things that are going to happen there before our tomorrow noon. We have already greatly outdone the nursery feat of the man "who went at one prance from Turkey to France." From Harbor Grace, America's jumping-off place, two young fellows went at one hop to Berlin without stop in seventeen hours which is in degrees of longitude about a fifth of the way and which, if kept up, with moderate stops, should do it within the eighty hours. When that is done we will all be as proud of it as if we had done it ourselves. The next hop to Moscow would have made the distance from Harbor Grace a quarter of the whole. But, alas, on reaching Soviet soil, the aspiring Century of Progress cast herself to earth a wreck and a ruin.

LATIN AMERICA

A revolutionary outbreak in the department of La Libertad, Peru, with several persons, including three policemen killed and a Communist agitator wounded, was reported in official despatches from Trujillo on July 7. Martial law throughout Peru was proclaimed by President Luis M. Sanchez Cerro, whose government attributed the revolution to Communists and members of the Apra party.

Letters

ARE WE REALLY INTERESTED IN THE
PREVENTION OR ELIMINATION OF WAR?

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—Do people pause to consider what causes war and how it can be ended? In Psalm 16:4 we find these words: "Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god." "Do we not see this written large and plain in the calamities of the world today? What a turning aside from God there has been! God forgetfulness and God renunciation have marked the twentieth century. Men have been lovers of money, lovers of self, lovers of pleasures rather than lovers of God and the outcome has been multiplied sorrows on every hand. Wars and pestilences, famines, shame and suffering abound; sighs and groans are heard the wide world over." "Yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord."

"Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts; but ye said, Wherein shall we return? Will a man rob

God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings." See also Malachi 3:9-12, inclusive.

Rev. J. Goforth, D.D., missionary to China, in his pamphlet "The Tithe" writes: "From 1914 to 1918 we poured out treasure as a flood and lives without stint at the shrine of the god of war. Had we eyes to see, we should be startled at the large part of that awful sacrifice which was a consequence of past robbery of God."

Sir Douglas (Earl) Haig, in addressing a large gathering of Scottish students on the various forces making for peace, uttered these significant words: "No political expedient, no military preparedness can guarantee the kind of peace on which the heart of the world is set. The Christian religion, backed by a united Christendom and a church as daring and heroic along spiritual lines as the army has been along military lines, is the only hope of the world and of the solution of the teeming problems with which the world is faced."

"You smug-faced crowds with kindling eye, Who cheer when soldier lads march by, Sneak home and pray you'll never know The hell where youth and laughter go."
—Siegfried Sassoon.
—"CARPE DIEM."

CANADIAN
AFFAIRS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

WORLD
EVENTS

Canada

Canada's Governor-General will open the Imperial Economic Conference in Ottawa on Thursday, July 21. It was learned on high authority on July 8.

Stricken with heart failure as he stepped aboard a ferry at Westfield, N.B., near his summer home, the Hon. H. A. McKeown, aged 68, of Montreal, and New Brunswick, former chief commissioner of the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada, died on July 10.

Official announcement of the provisional agenda for the Imperial Economic Conference was made on July 11 by Prime Minister R. B. Bennett. Tariff and trade matters and monetary and financial questions, broadly speaking, will comprise the program of Empire discussions opening in Ottawa on July 21.

Great Britain

The House of Commons on July 5 adopted the Government's measure empowering tariffs on goods from the Irish Free State by a vote of 228 to 31.

As the Irish Free State special duties bill passed the committee stage without amendment in the House of Commons on July 7, J. H. Thomas, Secretary for the Dominions, reiterated the British Government's position that the power conferred by the bill would not be exercised if President Eamonn de Valera of the Free State agreed to arbitrate the land annuities dispute before an Empire tribunal.

The House of Commons will adjourn on July 13 for the summer recess, reassembling on October 27, with the Speaker empowered to summon the members before that date if it appeared in the public interest, stated Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, acting Prime Minister, on July 7.

The House of Lords on July 7 inserted a provision in the Government's children's bill that children should be subject to a birching by the police if the magistrate so orders. The bill, as sent up from the Commons, contained no such provision, the Commons having taken it out.

The Irish Free State duties bill was passed by the House of Commons on July 8, by 222 to 30.

Manxmen's agitation for their own "national flag" had a backhanded repercussion on July 7, in an Admiralty order forbidding steamships serving the Isle of Man to fly the Manx emblem, the famous "three legs" design. For more than a century the steamers have carried this device at their stern.

Sister Dominions

It was officially announced on July 8 the Irish Free State's delegation to the Imperial Economic Conference will consist of 25 persons and will be headed by three Government ministers, Sean T. O'Kelly, Vice-President of the Executive Council; Sean Lemass, Minister of Industry and Commerce, and Dr. Ryan, Minister of Agriculture. Senator Johnson, one of the Free State's Labor leaders, will accompany the party as an expert adviser on labor problems.

James McNeill, Governor-General of the Irish Free State, on July 10 demanded an apology from ministers of President Eamonn de Valera's Government or else his own removal from office, as a consequence of what he regarded as a series of insults by the Republican cabinet ministers.

The Government retained the seat for Colesberg in the South African House of Representatives on July 8 in a by-election which for the past three weeks had aroused intense interest throughout the Union of South Africa.

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, noted Indian moderate leader, along with M. R. Jayakar, resigned from the round-table consultative committee on Indian constitutional reform

on July 8. In a letter to Lord Willingdon, Viceroy of India, Sir Tej explained his faith in the British principles of development of self-government for India has not abated, but he has no faith in the revised procedure for working out the constitutional reforms announced by Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for India in the British Government.

United States

Both Houses of Congress on July 5 introduced legislation to carry out platform pledges for repeal or modification of the prohibition laws.

President Hoover on July 5 vetoed the Senate measure expanding upon an existing law requiring that wages paid to laborers and mechanics on public building projects in the United States be equal to the prevailing wages in that section.

The Couzens substitute for the administration-sponsored home loan bank bill, providing instead for a home loan division in the Reconstruction Corporation, was adopted on July 6 by the Senate.

A platform upon which Senator W. E. Borah clearly would refuse to run was adopted on July 7 by the U.S. prohibition party's convention at Indianapolis over the objection of a group that have been beseeching the Idaho statesman to accept the party's presidential nomination. Foremost among the planks to which Borah would object was one calling for U.S. adherence to the World Court. The prohibition plank unequivocally opposes the repeal or weakening of the 18th Amendment and condemns the Republican and Democratic parties for "their present determination to repeal that amendment on the excuse that it cannot be enforced." To restore prosperity another plank recommends the creation of an economic council for the consideration of such measures as regulation of the Stock Exchange and Boards of Trade; stabilization of wage schedules and hours of labor; revision of tariff schedules; revision of the banking system; development of an economic plan to stabilize industry; relief of destitute; governmental unemployment and other insurance; revaluation of all utilities, transportation systems and basic industries and other related measures "designed to assure economic security."

William D. Upshaw, former Democratic representative in Congress from Georgia, on July 7 was given a second ballot nomination for the presidency by the prohibition party's national convention. He announced he would withdraw if Senator William E. Borah, Republican, Idaho, or some other outstanding dry leader agreed to stand.

The Senate on July 7 passed and sent to the White House a bill providing \$100,000 for returning bonus marchers here to their homes.

Aided by 35 Republicans, the Democratic House of Representatives on July 7 approved the conference report on the Garner-Wagner relief measure in the face of definite veto threats by President Hoover.

President Hoover on July 8 was reported to have passed the word to the State Department to speed up negotiations with Canada for the completion of a St. Lawrence waterway treaty in order to prevent an attack during the campaign by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, one of his bitterest critics on the waterway issue.

In an appeal for the return of increased and stabilized commodity prices, Senator Borah, Republican, Idaho, on July 8 offered in the United States Senate the Glass \$1,000,000,000 currency expansion bill as a substitute for the Bingham amendment to legalize beer. "Any measure to stop deflation must be of greater concern than either beer or red liquor," he declared in the midst of debate over prohibition repeal and modification proposals. Declaring 9,000,000 people were out of employment and farmers were unable to sell their products, the Idahoan said there was "no escape from chaos unless the Government stays the fall of commodity prices."

Politely but firmly, President Hoover on July 10 rejected the suggestion by Governor Roosevelt, Democratic presidential nominee,

that they consult in Washington to speed the negotiations for a St. Lawrence waterway treaty with Canada.

With little debate, the Senate on July 11 adopted, 83 to 18, the Glass Bill to add nearly \$1,000,000,000 in money to the country's circulating medium, as an amendment to the Home Banking Bill.

An investigation of loans by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was ordered on July 11 by the Senate. A resolution to create a Senate committee of five members to make the enquiry was also approved.

Four men were shot and more than a score injured by flying missiles on July 11 when police used tear gas to disperse a crowd of 3,000 unemployed persons, gathered on the city hall lawn under auspices of the unemployed councils of St. Louis, a Communist organization.

Europe.

Premier Edouard Herriot, of France, declared on July 5 at Lausanne that if the conference did not satisfy the French claims then the Young plan for reparations payments by Germany must continue.

Agreement was finally achieved at Lausanne on July 8 through the unwearied efforts of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald of Great Britain, who through days of disappointing deadlocks never gave up hope of bringing the chief parties, France and Germany, to an accord.

The new treaty of Lausanne which puts an end to reparations payments by Germany on a basis of one cent on the dollar was signed on July 9 by seven nations, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Japan and Poland. The dominions of the British Empire also affixed their signatures. Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Portugal and Greece will sign later. In a sense this treaty is only provisional.

The world disarmament conference on July 5 adjourned until the autumn, but before doing so it issued a declaration commending President Herbert Hoover's drastic proposal for reducing world armaments by one-third.

The proposal for a five-power naval conference between Britain, the United States, Japan, France and Italy was advanced by a high British authority in a press interview at Geneva on July 7. He proposed that it be held in the interval before the world disarmament conference resumes its activities in the fall.

Representatives of Great Britain, Japan and Sweden, which have suspended the gold standard, joined with the remainder of the directors of the Bank for International Settlements at Basel on July 11 in issuing a call for return to the gold standard.

The French submarine *Promethee* plunged without warning under the waves off Cherbourg Harbor while on a trial manoeuvre on July 7, taking down at least 66 men in 150 feet of water seven miles north of Cape Levi. Seven members of the crew, including Lieutenant du Mesnil, the ship's commander, were saved when they were hurled from the deck into the sea by the lurch of the vessel in its unexpected dive. They swam until they were picked up by a fishing boat.

The German Supreme Court on July 5 ordered the suspension for three days of the *Cologne Volkszeitung*, at the demand of the Government, which charged that the newspaper endangered the country's foreign policy.

Racing across the North Atlantic air lane at a pace well above 200 miles an hour, then traversing Ireland and England at only a slightly lesser speed, Bennett Griffin and James Mattern landed their red and blue dyed "Century of Progress" plane at Tempelhof Airdrome, Berlin, shortly before 6 o'clock on July 6, scoring the first non-stop flight from America to Berlin in the sensational time of 18 hours and 12 minutes. Their Lockheed Vega plane flew from Harbor Grace to the north tip of Ireland in 10 hours and 50 minutes, which is more than four hours better than Amelia Earhart's recent performance, while up to this stage of their round the world flight the two youthful aviators already had a margin of almost six hours over the time scored by Post and Gatty. Feeling fit and fresh, Griffin and his companion decided to cut their stay short and after a hasty meal and refuelling operations took off for Moscow at 9 o'clock.

Alfred Hugenberg, Nationalist leader, opening the Nationalist campaign on July 7 for the Reichstag election, reiterated his desire for the return of monarchy in a "renewed" Germany.

While Germany indulged in hot debate about the Lausanne reparations settlement over the week-end, 17 persons were killed, on July 10, ten were at the point of death and 181 were seriously injured in political clashes in various parts of the country.

Officials, after a thirty-four hour vigil at Moscow airport, learned at 11 a.m. on July 8 that the round-the-world fliers James Mattern and Bennett Griffin crashed the day before at 4 a.m. near Minsk, Soviet capital of White Russia about 300 miles away.

The Portuguese Government on July 9 decided to allow the body of former King Manuel II, who died in exile last Saturday in England, to be buried in Portugal.

The Spanish cruiser *Bias De Lezo* sank on July 11 while a tug was towing it toward Finisterre after pulling it off the rocks at Briken Reef, said a despatch from El Ferrol.

Contemporary Press

CANADA MUST PLAY BALL

(From the Ottawa Journal.)

A real preferential policy does not consist of high duties against British goods, with higher duties against foreign goods. An arrangement of that kind is but a preference on paper. Canada might place 50 per cent duties upon British goods, 100 per cent duties on foreign goods. That would be a preference, but not a preference that would do Britain any good. It wouldn't permit her to sell her products.

Joseph Chamberlain pointed this out more than thirty years ago. He said that unless the preferential rates were low enough to permit fair competition with domestic products, then the preference was valueless.

It is this truth that Canadian manufacturers have to keep in mind. The truth that if this economic conference is to mean anything, then the rates imposed upon British goods must be such as to permit British goods to enter Canada. Merely being less harsh with them than with, say, United States goods, will not be enough.

And there is something more. Britain is chiefly interested in selling Canada four or five lines: textiles, boots and shoes, steel, engineering supplies, porcelain. It will not do to tell her that we will give her wonderful preferences on other lines, but not on these. If the preference is to be a preference, then it must be a preference on the things that Britain really exports.

MR. HOOVER'S SPLENDID SUGGESTION

(From the Toronto Saturday Night.)

The public errors of President Hoover have chiefly arisen from his attempts to be a popular politician when he is in reality a cloistral statesman. No man who ever lived was probably less fitted for the ordinary politician's job of making the democracy think that he is able to give them what they think they want. When he goes out after votes he invariably goes too far. When in 1928 he committed himself to the declaration that the Republican party had given the American people a prosperity that could never be diminished it is plain that the amateur politician had submerged the serious minded statesman. The real Mr. Hoover who up to 1920 was supposed to be a Democrat and perhaps had no party convictions at all, must have known better than that.

But when Mr. Hoover tackles world problems in which the votes are not directly involved and party managers no voice, he is often admirable. While his moratorium policies did not fully realize the hopes they aroused, they were a splendid initial step in the slow process of solving the problem of war debts and reparations; and it is appalling to think of what might have happened had they not been made. His latest proposal that as a further step toward solution an immediate cut of one-third in all armament expenditures, be inaugurated by international agreement, is magnificent. It may not be adopted in toto but it cannot but be productive of good results. And it is the only means whereby an effective start can be made in the direction of disarmament. Military and naval experts could easily keep on haggling forever over the details of disarmament. The only way to control the situation is for every nation maintaining military establishments to say "Expenditures are going to be cut one-third" and instruct the experts to cut their coat according to the cloth.

Whether his plan is good politics in his own country remains to be seen. It probably is; though after the war the Harding administration hurled the United States pell mell into "the mad race for armaments," with a gusto equal to that of the chauvinists of France. At any rate Mr. Hoover's rejection of the views of the militaristic elements in his own party is welcome and will be applauded by right thinking people everywhere.

ALBERTA'S EXPERIMENT

(Peterborough Examiner.)

It is refreshing to find an administration at last making a genuine move in the direction of materially reducing the cost of government.

The proposal of Premier Brownlee of Alberta that the municipal areas within that Province should be enlarged, thus sharply reducing the number of such districts, sounds like a business-like attempt to introduce real economies.

At present Alberta has 166 municipal districts and, in addition, there are 143 improvement districts administered by the Provincial Government.

Premier Brownlee's plan is to do away with the present boundaries and divide the Province into 40 enlarged areas, a plan that is expected to save both the municipalities and the Government large sums of money each year, while other advantages will include a fairer division of taxation and a more uniform assessment and school levy.

In these days of depleted incomes many reforms, aimed at cutting down tax bills, are imperative, and the radical attempt that is being made by the Alberta Government to improve the situation in its jurisdiction will be watched closely by the public.

MR. THOMAS FACES REALITIES

(Ottawa Journal.)

In economics, as in politics, it is well sometimes to be a realist. There should be nothing, therefore, but welcome for the article which Mr. J. H. Thomas has written in the British fortnightly review, "The

News-Letter," giving his views on the Imperial Economic Conference. Mr. Thomas is as strong for Empire trade as any of us, but he is not afraid to grapple with realities, and says this:

"We cannot afford to enter into agreements at Ottawa, however favorable they might be otherwise, which will cut us off from our foreign trade, and we must not in the discussions there forget we have a great farming industry to take care of at home."

This is but a frank statement of the simple truth. Empire trade holds great possibilities, can be developed far beyond its present state, but let no one imagine that either Britain or Canada can or should depend upon trade within the Empire, or that they should enter into agreements involving danger of the loss of valuable customers.

There is, in the case of Britain, the position of Argentina. Writing in the "Nineteenth Century and After," Major E. W. Polson Newman estimates that British capital invested in Argentina is over \$2,500,000,000, a sum vastly in excess of British investments in Canada. Britain, in fact, has a greater amount of capital invested in Argentina than in Canada and the United States combined. And she has an investment in Brazil of \$1,500,000,000. People in Canada know and hear very little about all this. To most of us in this country South America is only part of the map and we hear of the countries down there very seldom except when toy revolutions occur and are over almost as soon as they have started and not much harm done.

Major Newman reminds us that there are almost as many miles of British-owned railways in Argentina as there are in Great Britain. No less than £250,000,000 of British money is invested in these roads and nearly half the shipping of the river Plate is British. The ownership of the tramway

system of Buenos Aires is 74 per cent British and British investment in the cattle and meat industry of Argentina is so great that most of the profits of the industry go to Britain.

This being the position, Canada can hardly expect Britain to throw over Argentina and Brazil unless and until she is prepared to give to Britain a great deal in return. And the point which arises here, the reality, is this: whether Canada, which has become a highly industrialized country, is in a position to give Britain a worthwhile return without danger to herself.

With Australia and New Zealand, the position is different; they are not industrial countries. Australia and New Zealand sell pastoral products, buy their manufactured products. But Canada, which wants a market for her agricultural products, faces the difficulty that in taking payment from them in manufactured goods she incurs the possibility of endangering her own manufactures, capable of producing nearly everything that she needs.

No amount of ardent sentiment will overcome this difficulty. And while the Journal strongly supports the proposition that Canada should go as far as possible in extending a real preference to British and Empire goods, let none of us be so blind as to think that the problem is without difficulty, that it can be solved in a few weeks.

The danger which the Journal foresees is that people are expecting altogether too much from this conference, that their disillusionment is going to be great. The conference has an opportunity to perform a fine service for the British peoples, has a chance to lay a foundation upon which the future may build. If it succeeds to that extent, if it can lay down a set of principles which can be extended and built and improved upon in the years to come, it will do all that reasonable people have a right to expect. To expect and hope for more, or to believe that in six weeks the whole economic organization of all the nations which make up the Empire can be changed, is to believe in the impossible and to court a grave disappointment.

THE WET PARADE

By Upton Sinclair

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UNDERWORLD (Cont'd.)

Next morning, open your newspaper and read what fun the wits had out of that farce-comedy! A government which interfered with people's rights, and set out to change their personal habits at the behest of a bunch of wowers and bluenoses—that government had got what it deserved, which was to be made ridiculous. The police blunder was unfortunate, of course—but what could you expect when Federal employees rigged themselves up as gangsters, and set out to behave like gangsters? Those writers who affected a lighter tone made whoopee with "Cowboy Mollie," a lively young female who was the darling of the intellectual underworld; a girl from Oklahoma who invented picturesque pranks for the entertainment of the Tenderloin, and had been nabbed by the government half a dozen times—but always managing to outwit her persecutors.

Prosperity had come back to America. That economic wave which alternately recedes and rises again—it was coming in now with such a rush that the country went crazy. Prices rose beyond the dreams of speculators' avarice; men made millions, tens of millions in a day's operations. The little fellows who read the financial pages and the "dope-sheets" are nearly all "bulls," and this was their market. The result was that every night a mob poured into the pleasure district, its pockets stuffed with cash, eager to spend it for anything that would bring reaction from the strain of the day. Price was no obstacle—rather it was an object, the means by which they demonstrated their victory, and "told the world" how "pretty" they were sitting.

They came like a herd of swine to the trough, ready to gobble every kind of pleasure that swine could appreciate. They wanted delicious and costly foods, prepared in fantastic styles, with fancy French names; they wanted the rarest and most precious drinks—or, if these were not obtainable, they would take synthetic liquors served in bottles with ancient and honorable labels, printed last week in an alley under the piers of the Brooklyn Bridge. Solemnly the waiter would bear in a bucket full of genuine cracked ice, and solemnly he would lift out a genuine bottle wrapped in a genuine cotton napkin; he would exhibit the label—"Moët et Chandon, 1897," or "Mumm's Extra Dry, 1889"; he would produce a genuine cork corkscrew, and pull a genuine cork made from Andalusian oak bark; there would be a genuine popping, and a rush of genuine foam, and into

plous guidance the gangster picture became a standard product, delivered like Uneeda Biscuits and Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to every cross-roads hamlet in the land; the killer stalked across the scene, pale of features and clipped of speech, grim, efficient, deadly—and took, in the hearts of the children of America, the place formerly occupied by Elsie Dinsmore and Little Lord Fauntleroy, George Washington and Paul Revere.

Maggie May, confronting facts such as these, would have periods of depression, and wonder if human nature could be redeemed, or, indeed, if it were worth redeeming. She would pour out her heart to Dr. Craven, who sought to impress upon her his comforting notion that it had nothing to do with human nature, but was the automatic product of a social system. He would invite her to examine those forms of wholesale depravity which troubled her; in every case she would find big business behind it, seeking to grow bigger, and creating the frailties and follies upon which it thrives. "These are the days of mass production, Mrs. Tarleton, and we have mass production of vanity, sensuality, and greed. We manufacture these products exactly as a distiller makes alcohol in his mash."

That sounded like strange doctrine from a clergyman; but this old gentleman who looked like a Giotto portrait explained his idea, that God had his laws, and gave us brains with which to discover them. If you wanted love and fellowship in the world, then put the world's business on that basis, and not on the basis of competition and exploitation.

"Surely, Mrs. Tarleton, you must realize that the liquor traffic is a business enterprise. You see manufacturers and wholesalers, and behind them financiers and banking interests; you see advertisers and promoters, working day and night to spread it. They call it 'breaking down sales resistance,' and it applies to vices as to everything else. Consider the 'wet' propaganda—who pays for it and keeps it going? A group of big business men, some of the most powerful in the country—and all thinking about their profits."

"Aren't they making more out of bootlegging, Dr. Craven?"

"Don't let anyone tell you that, Mrs. Tarleton. The big business man finds the illegal traffic far less profitable than the legal. His operating costs are higher, and too much of the profit goes to the retailer and the 'squeeze.' The big liquor men want their business back, safe and respectable, as it used to be, controlling the government of our cities and most of our states. Learn to look for the profits, my friend; they explain the ideas."

Maggie May found this way of looking at life interesting, even if disturbing. "What explains the newspapers?" she asked.

"The advertisers explain everything about the newspapers. Every merchant who has goods to sell wants a wide open town, because that brings customers. Every wholesaler wants liquor handy, because if he can get the visiting buyer 'lit up' and sociable, he can sell him twice as big a bill. Every hotelkeeper wants conventions—the Elks and the Moose and the Shriners, the American Legion and the political parties, which have to be drunken riots, or what are they? So you have a huge mass of liquor sentiment; and editors are cynical, inured to depravity—and besides, they have to get 'tanked up' themselves, or how could they endure to turn out such a mass of crime and scandal?"

"You notice," said Maggie May, "the wets have taken to calling themselves Crusaders and Prohibition Reformers—all our names."

"When you become a Socialist," said Dr. Craven with his never-falling smile, "you'll expect all that. When the Catholic Church wanted to fight the Socialists, they set up 'Christian Socialist' unions. Now the Fascists have taken it up, and in Germany they are 'National Socialists!' You see, it is impossible to deny the ideal of social justice, of a world without exploitation and class dominance. It is equally impossible to defend liquor, so the wets are out for 'temperance.' The curious thing is, how many of them are wet in one brain-lobe and dry in the other. Rich men like the powder-barons of Delaware put up millions to finance the wet cause, fig-

(Continued on page 8)

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME MAKERS

Older Folks Should Straighten Up

By Margaret Moore.

"WE had to lie flat on our backs on a straight board for three hours every day, and oh, how we ached, and when we were sitting in class we were made to wear webbing harness that pulled back our shoulders until they were cut."

The old lady who said it sat erect and dignified in her straight-backed chair. No rocking chair for her, and the big chairs of the Chesterfield set into which her granddaughter sank with curved back, crossed knees, and feet stretched out, were absolutely impossible to her. It was not merely that she felt such chairs made a lady-like posture impossible, she was really most uncomfortable in them.

Once started, it was hard to get off the subject. Grandmother told of her agonies with desks too small for her, and of getting all twisted sitting at them until "Swedish" exercises were given her to straighten the curved back and uneven shoulders. Mother talked of the joy there was when tiny chairs and desks were bought by the School Commissioners for the littlest class in school, and of how different it was when teachers and school nurses began insisting on pupils being put at desks that were the correct height for them.

"It is wonderful what a difference there is today. Children are kept well and straight without any of those old tortures" was the general verdict.

"If only the boys wouldn't slouch and the girls twist themselves into queer shapes as if they were afraid they were going to lose their few clothes, which seem to hang on by virtue of one shoulder strap or a scant waist-band." That brought chuckles from the mothers who had vainly tried to get their young people to sit on the

ends not the centres of their spines and walk straight, but wise old grandmother smiled over her knitting.

"It isn't the young folks that need to have their postures corrected," she said; "just watch them playing tennis, or skiing, or swimming. Their muscles and spines are all right, the rest of it is just a passing pose, it is you young women and middle-aged mothers that need to be taken in hand! I just wish you could all live for a while in one of the dreadful rooms lined with mirrors. If you worked and rested and all in it you'd get quite new ideas, I think, and maybe it would help!"

THERE was a bit of a gasp went round the jolly group gathered on the pleasant sun porch, and then a laugh, as they looked round at each other and considered themselves.

"I just know I stick out in all the wrong places, but I'd somehow got to thinking it didn't matter for me as long as I got the girls to straighten up," said the hostess.

And then everyone began to talk at once, for grandma had "started something."

We cannot all of us live to be very old and have our bodies stay young; and we do suffer from ills that the best of doctors can't always cure and from aches that no one can just find a reason for, but—we could do a great lot towards making it more of a pleasure for our families to look at us and a great deal towards making ourselves happier, healthier and more comfortable.

Not by haunting beauty parlors and having queer things done to our faces, though careful attention to the use of warm water and soap, cold water and a bit of cold cream and powder is a wise procedure.

Nor by going back to the tortures of grandmother's "School for Young Ladies" days, though one of the wisest and youngest-looking middle-aged women I ever knew threw a quilt on the floor and lay down flat on her back on it to relax and rest between long hours of hard work, work that taxed brain and nerves as well as body. "Nothing so restful," she said.

WE cannot all consult experts in physical culture, nor is it wise to follow instructions and exercises prescribed for everybody in magazines and periodicals, regardless of what may be their physical condition. But we can all manage somehow to get a sight of our entire figure in some mirror or window and correct some at least of our defects.

We need to hold our heads and bodies erect, get both back and front into natural positions, shoulders even in height, shoulder blades flat, abdomen in and spine straight. We don't need elaborate exercises for this, but beware of any attempt to thrust your shoulders back. Instead, when you are tired with writing or ironing, gardening or scrubbing, embroidering or washing dishes, try this: Lay down your work and stand quietly with feet together and your arms hanging down by your sides, then move them gently back as far as they easily go. Raise and bring them forward until they are straight out level with your shoulders, then bring them forward at the same level until they are straight out in front of you, hands as far apart as shoulders; next, bring them down, bending your hands back from the wrists at the same time, and when your hands are about 8 or 12 inches in front of your body push on your hands as if there was some object there to push against. Hold that position for a few seconds or a minute, then swing the hands back of you and repeat it all.

When you have gone through with it the second time just hold the pushing position and consider yourself. If you have done it as directed, you will find your shoulders back, your chest up, your neck straight, head erect and chin in. Your back and your abdomen will both be straight and you will find you can rise on the

balls of your feet lightly and easily, for you are poised as nature intended you to be.

IF you have been letting yourself sit with your arms folded across at your waist, resting on your abdomen, or bending your back at the waist-line over your work, or sticking your chin out in front of you and letting your shoulders slump, you won't be able to hold such an erect posture for more than a second and it won't be perfect at that. Don't overdo it, stiffened muscles and bones can't be forced suddenly. Go easy; do it morning and evening, then oftener, and try between whiles to work as one little woman said, "like a princess." "As if you were carrying a heavy weight on your head," another advises.

Don't stoop and bend over when you go up the stairs. There is no better exercise than just going up and down them if you hold yourself erect, only if stairs make you breathless, find out why. Ask your doctor and take his advice about stairs and exercises.

Once you have acquired a correct posture you may be pleasantly surprised to find that organs which formerly gave you all sorts of trouble are behaving much better. Why not? How could they function properly when you let the muscles that should hold them in place grow soft or doubled yourself up until they were cramped and crowded.

HOUSEWORK is the most healthful of occupations if you go at it with your body well poised and keeping your spine straight bend at knees and

hips as nature intended you to do. Don't leave grace and dignity of carriage to the young athletes. You can have the well-being and beauty of it also if you make up your mind to it and persevere.

DON'T BE A DIET CRANK

THAT the body needs certain foods we all know, but that is not any reason for our turning into diet cranks.

When John oversleeps and misses his morning orange or Junior gets away with hiding his spinach under the potato skins, don't have instant visions of lack of vitamins resulting in scurvy for one and rickets for the other, advises Milo Hastings, director of the food research laboratory of Physical Culture Magazine.

"The human animal was not evolved on a basis that makes it needful for him to have a complete supply of every element his body uses three times a day, or even once a day," he declares. "The body can endure for weeks without any food element, and sometimes even may benefit from the process. No doubt there are some elements on which we could exist on the store already in the body for months or possibly years. I even suspect spinach might be eaten one month to correct the acid tendencies of eggs eaten the month before."

"That cow has a lovely coat."

"Yes, it's a Jersey."

"There, now! And I thought it was its skin."—Boston Young Men's News

Forgivingness of Little Children

By Janet T. Van Osdel.

A BLOCK away from home, returning from an errand, Mrs. Elliot saw her six-year-old Clyde hurrying into the house as quickly as he could, holding his fat little sister Eleanor by the hand.

Mrs. Elliot thought, "There! After forbidding Clyde to step out of the house while I was away, he has been out playing and has taken Eleanor!"

She noticed that Eleanor had her blue coat and beret on. For this she was glad, as it was a chilly spring day; but, too, it made her think that Clyde's leaving the house was not an impulsive, and so a forgetful-of-orders dash from the house and back again. It suggested deliberate disobedience. Espying his mother in the distance, he was now hurrying, with Eleanor, into the house.

When Mrs. Elliot entered the two children were on the floor of the sun-parlor with a box of building blocks. The only indication of their having been out of doors was the rosiness of their faces and the disorder of their red curls.

Mrs. Elliot did not question her children regarding the incident. Although she had never so phrased it, she wished them to attribute to her something of omniscience—the ability to tell what they were about whether or not she were with them. So now she removed her new green spring coat and hat that the children so admired and said, "Come here, Clyde."

CLYDE ran to the door of her room eagerly, for often when Mrs. Elliot had been obliged to leave the children alone she had brought home some little treat. But what he saw in his mother's hands was the punishing ruler. He stopped short and his face puckered. "Come here and hold out your hands," commanded his mother.

The boy obeyed. Had the half dozen spats with the ruler been given in fun, Clyde would have laughed at them, but now he

sobbed convulsively. He was a child who never needed physical punishment—how many children do? For Clyde it was something of a spiritual injury.

"Go now!" said his mother. "And the next time I tell you not to go out while I am away perhaps you will obey me!"

Clyde, sobbing, stumbled away, and Mrs. Elliot hurried to the kitchen to prepare supper. Then she remembered that there was no milk.

She glanced at the woe-begone Clyde. Really, after punishing him she disliked asking him to do this errand for her, especially since she knew he had a dread of going to the store. But when she asked him to go, he merely gulped down a big sob, and with two tears tracking down his freckled face, replied, "Yes, Mother."

At once he put on his jacket and cap, took the money and an empty bottle and went out. Then he put his head in to call, "Goodbye, Mother! Bye, Eleanor!"

SOMETHING suddenly stirred in Mrs. Elliot's heart. She was overwhelmed by the beauty of Clyde's forgiving spirit—no sulking, no attempt at retaliation, merely forgivingness! And then, more than anything else, more even than appearing omniscient in the eyes of her children, Mrs. Elliot wanted him to keep this lovely spirit—wished that it might never be killed in him.

When Clyde returned with the milk, she thanked him and then stooped and kissed him. His face was irradiated with a glad smile.

"Why did you disobey Mother, Clyde?" she asked, her tone in keeping with her softened mood.

"I didn't know just what to do, Mother," he answered, leaning against her as she peeled some boiled potatoes. "You know Scotty (Scotty was the dog belonging to the crippled woman next door) got out because some one left

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the gate open, and he ran down the street. Eleanor and me were playing on the porch and Mrs. Brown called over to know if I'd go after Scotty. He always will come for me, you know. And you said I mustn't leave Eleanor alone even for a second, so I put on her coat and cap and we went and got Scotty for Mrs. Brown. I was going to tell you—"

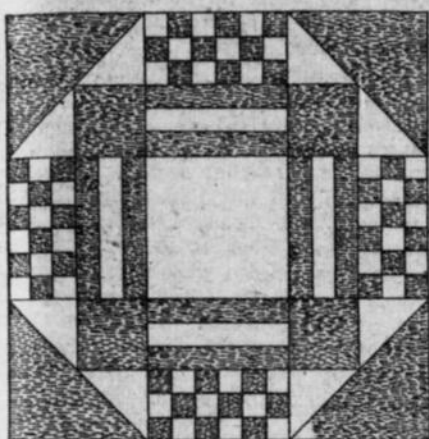
"Forgive me, little son! Forgive me!" whispered Mrs. Elliot, and now it was she who was crying.

"Sure, Mother! That's all right!" answered Clyde.—From a series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

Susan Asks and Answers

"Golden Gate"

Dear Susan,—I've been watching for a chance to send you a "different" quilt pattern but you have had so many that only now have I found one. I've saved every one of the Witness ones and made quite a number. This one is just a combination of easy pieces and quite simple to piece, but it looks like a very elaborate quilt when done. It is lovely in golden yellow and white.—A Constant Reader.



The "Golden Gate" Quilt

Thank you, this would be very pretty made up. I drew it as an 18 inch block and you will find it very easy to take off. Mark off the sides of the block into inches, then rule across, cutting off the big yellow triangles with 6 in. sides and the rest follows easily with strips and small squares, 1 inch small white triangles 3 inches on the straight sides, small yellow squares 3 by 3 and the large centre square 6 by 6 inches.

Pick-Up Work for a Motor Trip

Dear Susan,—It seems queer to ask about a warm afghan just now, but I expect to be off on a rather long motor trip with my young people and there will be times when I'll just be sitting waiting on beaches or at garages or in the evenings in camps and I thought if I could only get an idea of the most simple kind of crochet pattern for an afghan I could almost finish one and then it would be for Christmas. I'd rather not knit, for needles pull out and stitches drop and I'd rather not have a bulky thing. I really couldn't pick it up. Can you tell me of one that would do? I want it rather warm and solid and as I said, in small easily handled pieces. I could put it together at home.—M. J. W.

Certainly a fussy pattern would not be possible but you could make the plain crochet squares and by choosing pretty colors make a very rich and pretty afghan.

Use five ply yarn and a No. 4 bone crochet hook. Crochet so that 5 stitches make 1 inch and 5 rows 2 inches.

Chain 5. Join with a slip stitch to 1st stitch in chain to form a ring.

1st round.—Chain 2, work 15 double crochet in the ring, join with a slip stitch to top of 1st double crochet.

2nd round.—Chain 2, 1 double crochet in the same place, chain 1, 2 doubles in same place with last double; 1 double in each of 3 doubles; *2 doubles in next double, chain 1, 2 doubles in same place with last double, 1 double in each of next 3 stitches, repeat from *around. Join each round same as 1st.

3rd round.—Chain 2, *2 doubles under 1 chain, chain 1, 2 doubles under same 1 chain, 1 double crochet in each of 7 stitches, repeat from *around ending, 1 double crochet in each of 6 stitches instead of 7.

4th round.—Chain 2, 1 double in the first double, *2 doubles under the corner chain 1, chain 1, 2 doubles under same 1 chain, 1 double crochet in each of 11 stitches, repeat from *around ending with 1 double crochet in each of 9 stitches instead of 11.

5th round.—Chain 2, 1 double in each of 2 doubles, *2 doubles under the corner chain 1, 2 doubles under the same chain 1, 1 double in each of 15 stitches, repeat from *around ending 1 double in each of 12 stitches instead of 15. Break yarn, fasten end.

The pattern afghan was made with 48 blocks of reseda green, 40 blocks each of fern green and cedarwood, 32 blocks each of sea green and peach and 24 blocks of salmon.

The centre was made of peach color 2 squares wide surrounded by a row of salmon, one square wide. Then all round went one row of cedarwood, next sea green, then fern green, then outside all reseda

green. These last three rows were shortened to allow of an arrangement of 4 squares of peach being used with others. There are 216 blocks in all and the afghan finished measures 48 by 72 inches. Of course any other harmonious colors might be combined but they should be chosen carefully as it is color that gives this bit of work its touch of beauty.

Making a Sand Colored Sweater Match

Dear Susan,—I saw what you said about filling in a neck of a dress with wool trimming. I've a plain sand colored little Jersey sweater. Could I do anything to make it match up with a brown skirt and jacket. I'd like to get along without buying wool for another if I could and you are such a helper.—Maud.

Only yesterday I saw a beige sweater worn with the brown skirt it was made for and the trim that made it match was a simple braid of 3 strands, two brown and one orange. Each strand was made up of 2 ply or 3 ply fingering and enough of it to make a rope about the size of the tip of your little finger. This braid was sewed to the edge of a neck that was rather high, but V-shaped and the ends of the braid met at the point in a little sort of pompon of the brown and orange. Then instead of a trim on the cuff of the short sleeves the same braid trim was sewed all round the arm hole a quite new effect to me and one that would be very good on a sleeveless sweater. If the braid does not appeal to you cut the neck and sleeves to suit you, turn in and sew them carefully then crochet right in with double crochet in brown wool. Make one row brown and one orange, then brown, orange and brown, or use only three rows on neck and sleeves. Crochet or knit a brown band, cut off the sweater at the waist line and sew on the band to fit snugly over the top of your hips.

Another Name for "Bird In The Air"

Dear Susan,—Have enjoyed the quilt patterns and saved some and have quilts made of others. The "Bird In The Air" published I think August 29, I have, but it is put together so that the pieced part makes Vandykes across the quilt and so does the plain part. A neighbor who saw it said that in Nova Scotia they called it "Waves of The Ocean." I've seen letters from my mother in your column. Best of luck to you.—Mrs. J. E. Agar.

Now why not tell us Mother's name so we could link you together. I've sent list of firms and mill selling Jersey mill ends. The quilt must be very pretty. They do have such a lot of names.

Problems of Homemakers

Shoemakers' Wax

Dear Madam,—In the Witness for June 1 someone wished to know how to make shoemakers' wax. I take pleasure in sending you the following:

Wax for Sewing Soles: 10 ounces pitch, 10 ounces resin, 1 ounce tallow, or just pitch with a little tallow will make a good cobbler's wax.

Wax for Sewing Machines is made as follows: 4 lbs. resin, 1 lb. 4 ounces bees-wax, 3 ounces tallow, 3 ounces sperm oil.

In making either of these remember always to use a pan that will hold at least twice as much as the quantity being made, for resin boils over quickly in the same way as milk. When the ingredients are melted and well mixed, remove from the fire, and stir until cooled a little, then put it in a pail of water and knead it and stretch it, taking care not to get burnt. Wet a board by throwing water on it, then remove the wax from the pail and knead and stretch it on the board until plastic. Stretch it into lengths and cut off pieces of suitable size with a knife. The kneading and stretching must be done quickly.

White Wax for Waxing Hemp Thread—Melt together by heating equal weights of white wax, resin and French chalk. Melt wax and resin, then stir in the chalk and continue stirring until it cools and while still plastic make into suitable sized pieces.—F. Crabtree.

I'm sorry there was a delay in printing this. It had slipped inside another envelope and I missed it. Thank you very much for giving us the directions. I had looked for them vainly.

Wheat Needs Supplementing

Dear Madam,—I was much interested in the articles on whole and cracked wheat. Could you tell me whether such wheat is a complete food or if it lacks what should be added, that is what is necessary. I would be grateful if you would reply in your excellent and helpful page.—Economist.

"From the standpoint of nutrition, whole grain wheat is an economical source of energy and is important as a good source of vitamin B. The whole grain contains a moderate amount of protein which must be supplemented by proteins from milk, meat or eggs. Wheat also contains phosphorus, iron, and other minerals."

Use Strong Pickle

Dear Madam,—To get rid of bed bugs, make a strong pickle of common coarse salt with about two parts water. Bring to a lively boil and apply to all cracks in walls or floor by pouring in—a tin teapot is a good utensil to apply with. Soak thoroughly and in about two days go over it again with the boiling pickle to kill any "cooties" that may have escaped the first dose. This is cheap and far safer than poisons or gaso-

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line when there are children around. My mother cleared our house over forty years ago and as long as we lived there afterwards we never had a bug. Use it in every corner and dose all cracks well and all parts of wooden bedsteads but be sure it is strong enough to "float an egg" and boiling hot when applied.—"White Pansy," N.S.

Beet or Cane Sugar

Dear Madam,—Would my canned fruit and preserves be less likely to keep if I use beet sugar? Is it different from cane sugar?—Mrs. W. J.

An authority on foods says that sugar from beets and sugar from the cane are identical in chemical properties, and have the same keeping qualities and only an expert could detect any difference in color and flavor.

Fresh Strawberries for Winter

Dear Madam,—Can you tell me how to pack fresh strawberries for use in winter? I mean the way without cooking so they taste fresh, not sun preserves? I am told it can be done.—C. Mc. M.

Hull clean fresh berries evenly ripe and freshly gathered. Put one or at most two quarts through the food chopper or mash them fine. Add an equal quantity of sugar and stir until it is dissolved. Fill into clean, sterilized, pint jars, running a fork down the sides to release all bubbles, and seal. Dip cap of jar in paraffin wax and wrap in paper or store in cool, dark place. Use for flavoring ice cream or as a sauce to pour over ice cream, etc. Do not try to make a large quantity at once. Handling the berries quickly is the secret of success.

HOME COOKING

CLABBERED MILK AND COTTAGE CHEESE

By Madam

There is no better summer dish, whether it be for a dessert or a cooling lunch between meals than the quickly curdled milk the hot days generally present us with. Acid yet hardly acid, delicately jelly-like with all the whey still held in the curd, our grandmothers knew its value and served it sometimes with a dust of sugar and nutmeg, sometimes with a little sweet cream poured carefully on top, but often with no addition. Nowadays many of us in the cities have to use pasteurized milk, we have electric refrigerators or other ways of storing our milk, and unless we deliberately expose the milk it is likely to be stale long before it sours.

Those who have access to "real milk" as the children call it, may still eat curds and cream.

Most of us turn it into cottage cheese, so that we may make of it a great number of delicious dishes and serve it often without tiring our families.

The following is a quick method of making cottage cheese: Thick curdled milk that has soured quickly is the best foundation for a good quality cottage cheese. Set the bowl of milk in a pan of hot water. The milk itself should never become more than lukewarm. When the whey has separated and large thick curds have formed, pour it into a cheesecloth bag and hang it to drain for 20 minutes. I lay the cheesecloth over a sieve and set the sieve on a deep bowl. Then measure the curd, put it into a colander, and beat in a teaspoonful of butter to a quart of curd. Add salt to taste and leave the mixture to drain for an hour or two longer.

Cheese Salad Loaf—1 sandwich loaf of bread, tomatoes, cottage cheese, lettuce, mayonnaise or boiled dressing. Remove crusts from all four sides of the bread. Cut loaf into thirds lengthwise. Call bottom slice 1, middle slice 2 and top slice 3. Spread 1 with butter and place on large platter. Spread with thinly sliced tomatoes marinated in French dressing. Cover with mayonnaise and lettuce. Butter 2 on both sides and place over lettuce above 1. Spread 2 with seasoned cottage cheese (mixed with chopped stuffed olives, pickles or nuts). Butter 3 on one side and place buttered side over cheese layer. Ice the whole loaf, using cream cheese or a heavy mayonnaise. Chill several hours. Serve by cutting into slices as if it were a loaf of solid bread. This will make from eight to ten slices.

Delicious Salad is made by putting tender young garden lettuce in a bowl, seasoning with French dressing, then placing on it a mound of cottage cheese. The cottage cheese may be surrounded by a ring of gooseberry preserve. It makes a very pretty dish, and the combination is delicious.

Fruit Cheese Dressing—2 egg yolks, 1-4 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 table-

spoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons pineapple juice, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 1 cup cottage cheese. Beat yolks until light in upper part of double boiler. Add sugar and cook over simmering water until sugar is dissolved. Add butter and fruit juices. Cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add salt, and then the cheese just before serving. This is delicious with fruit salads. The recipe makes two cups of dressing.

Cottage Cheese Dressing—1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1-2 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon flour, 2 teaspoons melted butter, 1-2 cup scalded milk, 1-4 cup mild vinegar, 1 egg, 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 cup sour cream, whipped. Mix dry ingredients thoroughly, then cream with melted butter. Add this mixture to the scalded milk. Stir and cook until very thick. Add vinegar slowly, stirring constantly. Cool slightly and then add beaten egg. Add cottage cheese while beating with egg beater (have lumps pressed out if necessary by putting through sieve). Lastly, fold in cream which has been whipped until thick. This makes three cups of dressing.

Cottage Cheese Balls—1-2 cup milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon fat, 1-8 teaspoon salt, pepper, 2 cups cottage cheese, 2 cups mashed potato, 1 egg beaten, sifted bread crumbs, deep fat. Prepare a white sauce of fat, milk, flour and seasoning. Stir in the cheese and potatoes and season. Chill. Form into balls, roll in crumbs, then egg (slightly beaten and diluted with one tablespoon of water), then crumbs again. Fry in deep fat. Serve with tomato sauce. This makes eight balls the size of an egg.

Recipe for Iced Tea

Use 6 heaping teaspoonfuls of "Salada" Black tea; brew tea in one pint of freshly boiled water for six minutes, strain, and pour liquid into a two-quart container. While hot, add one and a half cups of granulated sugar and juice of 2 lemons. Then shake or stir contents well until sugar is fully dissolved. Fill container with cold water. Do not allow tea to cool before adding the cold water; otherwise, the liquid will become cloudy. This is now ready to serve in tall glasses with chipped ice or cubes of ice added. A slice of lemon may also be added if desired. This recipe will make two quarts of iced tea, or 7 tall glasses.

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At 50 my own pressure was 215 and my heart threatened to stop each beat. By fresh air, exercising in the sun, eating fruits, etc., and Roman Meal, my pressure at 74 is 130. I can run five miles and work 90 hours a week without tiring.

And do not think that you can become careless of your diet in summer. To withstand the heat—to store up resistance for winter—keep your blood normally alkaline. Eat fruits, vegetables, etc., and stick to your Roman Meal.

Write for free booklet, "HOW TO KEEP WELL," and other literature, also sample of Roman Meal and Kofy-Sub, the alkaline beverage, to ROBT. G. JACKSON, M.D., 357 Vine Avenue, Toronto 9, Ontario.

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Summer Camp

By Ethel Beekman Vander Veer.

THE city was dull and dusty, and Alice was disappointed when she was told that the family could not spend the summer at their camp on the seashore.

"O dear!" she complained. "I was going to teach Elmira Eudora to swim!" Elmira Eudora was her doll; she was three inches tall, and was made entirely of bisque. She had been sent to Alice from Elmira, New York, and had been christened, "Eudora from Elmira," but for convenience the name was afterward shortened to "Elmira Eudora."

"And I promised to teach her how to swim," continued the little girl. "And now we are not going after all."

"I will make you a promise," said Aunt May. "Eudora shall go to a camp, after all—her very own camp."

The following Saturday afternoon the bell rang, and Alice went to the door. There stood a man holding a large flat box, which said on it "For Miss Alice Bright."

After the man had gone, Alice took off the cover of the box; she saw some brown earth, and nothing more.

"Oh, I do believe that it has something to do with Eudora's camp!" she cried.

"Yes, dear, it is the beginning of the camp," said Aunt May, "but only the beginning."

The first thing that they did was to place the box on an old table on the sunny side of the back piazza. The box was three feet long and two feet wide.

First Aunt May told Alice to heap the earth on one side of the box, so as to form a little hill; then she took an old fork and gently raked the surface. She removed a part of the earth from one corner of the box, and fitted a shining new bread tin into the space.

After Alice had marked off several circles where she thought she would like to have trees, Aunt May took from her hand bag two small paper packets. One of them contained grass seed of a fine variety, which they sprinkled over the earth. In the other packet were verbenas seed, one or two of which they planted in each circle.

"I suppose that all I can do now is to wait for it to grow," said Alice, when her work was finished.

"No, indeed," said Aunt May. "There are many other things to be done while you are waiting. But here is something I bought for you, because every day you must sprinkle the earth."

And she put into Alice's hand a little green toy watering pot.

"Then, too, you must see that Eudora has a proper sweater for her trip."

Aunt May took from her workbasket a skein of fine gray wool and a small crochet needle, and gave Alice her first lesson in crocheting.

Every day, with her tiny watering pot, Alice sprinkled the little camp site, and finally she was rewarded by seeing tender green blades forcing their way to the light.

"And now," said Aunt May, "it is time we worked on the tent. We will make the supports first. Here are some sticks I saved from the flags we used last First of July. They are just the thing for our purpose."

The tent covering they made from a piece of thick white muslin, and the edges they bound with tape.

The tent was finished, and only needed to be set up. They placed the poles in the earth, and adjusted the muslin over them. They passed wrapping twine, which served as rope, through the holes made in the sides, and fastened it to little wooden pegs, which they drove into the earth. Just over the opening of the tent Alice pinned a tiny flag.

When the verbenas had grown tall enough to seem like trees, the grass had grown nearly as high; so with her scissors Alice "mowed" it to a height of about three-quarters of an inch.

The summer before she had collected a number of pretty pebbles. She placed them in the grove near the bread pan, which was filled with water.

When everything was ready, Alice dressed Eudora in her "middy" suit,

tucked her sweater under her arm, and helped her to walk into her camp. She was the most delighted doll in the world. And the next day Alice dressed Eudora in her bathing suit, and gave her the first lesson in swimming; but the pupil proved to be so awkward at it that Alice decided to let her float instead—an accomplishment that she already possessed.

Aunt May brought many additions to the camp. There were toy ducks that sailed contentedly on the lake, a scull made from soft wood, with the name EUDORA printed on the stern. But as Eudora was no better able to row than she had been to swim, Alice rested the oars on the edge of the boat, and let her drift with the tide. That was perfectly safe, for, as Alice said, she could not drift out to the ocean. Although Eudora was on the water so often, she refused to tan; she kept her pearly white complexion all summer.

"It seems selfish for Elmira Eudora to keep all these good times to herself," thought Alice. "I do wish I knew of some other dolls to come here and enjoy the camp with her."

She looked out of the window, and there she saw the little girl who lived across the street. She was holding a rag doll in her arms, and when she saw Alice, she made it wave its hand. The two children had never met, but they had often smiled at each other from their windows. So Eudora gave a picnic, and the rag doll came and had a happy time.

No doubt the dolls enjoyed the little sandwiches and cakes that Mrs. Bright thoughtfully provided for them.

That night Alice put her arms about her aunt's neck, and told her that she had scarcely missed going to the camp because she had so much pleasure in making Eudora happy.

"That is just like mothers," Aunt May said, laughing. "They would rather see their children happy than to be happy themselves."—The Youth's Companion.

STAMP NEWS

Canada to Commemorate Imperial Conference

Authority has been given for the issue of three commemorative postage stamps in connection with the Imperial Conference to be held in Ottawa next month, an official announcement by the Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett states.

These stamps will be in the denomination of three, five and thirteen cents.

The three cent stamp will bear a portrait of the King; the five cent stamp of the Prince of Wales and the thirteen cent will be a double-sized pictorial stamp.

These stamps are now in course of preparation and will be issued on a date to be set after manufacture has been completed.

There will also be an issue of over-printed air mail stamps for the conference, these stamps being the current five cent issue of air mail stamp, over-printed six cents, together with other printing relating to the Imperial Conference.

The denominations in which these stamps will be issued will ensure their use on mail matter going to all parts of the Empire as well as to many other countries.

Puzzle Corner

In England

The sun had set,
The storm had burst,
The rain-drops fell;
Thus came my first.

A tavern near
Was full of glee;
Guests laughed and sang—
My second see.

Darker grew the night,
The wind was heard,

A hurricane;
So see my third.

Through storm they heard
Notes thrill the soul;
Their hearts were cheered
By songs of whole.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzle

Hidden Girls' Names.—Mary, Dorcas, Frances, Agatha, Samantha, Sarah, Maud, Jane, Ethel.

THE WET PARADE

(Continued from page 5)

uring that taxes on liquor will replace their income taxes; but they don't think liquor is good for the powder business, so they enforce rigid dry laws inside their barony. You will hear railroad presidents making wet speeches at banquets, thinking of the traffic in beer that is going to their rivals, the trucking corporations; but if one of those gentlemen has an engineer who takes a drink before he starts on a run, that man never starts again."

All these ideas were highly disturbing to Maggie May. She would take them home and talk them over with Kip, and be fortified by his conservatism. Both husband and wife clung to the outfit of political opinions which they had inherited along with the color of their hair and the shape of their heads. The American political system was the most wonderful in the world; all that was needed was to find honest men to run it, and then everything would be well.

Kip managed to pass his civil service examinations, and received a salary raise amounting to eleven dollars and sixty cents a month. Having been wise enough to choose a wife who earned her own money, he could live on his pay, and "turn in" to his superiors the sums which were paid by law-violators to induce him to look the other way. Since he had a mother and an aunt at home, preparing old-fashioned Southern meals with hot bread and other delicacies, he was not tempted by the lobster-palaces of Broadway, which were so eager to place their lobsters at his disposal. Go into these places at any hour, and you would find police officers and detectives, with now and then a "Federal," dining off the fat of the land; they would be overwhelmed with attentions, and it would be impossible for any of them to pay the bill, or even to see it.

Since the post of trust in war-time is the post of danger, Major Mills took Kip from other jobs and put him on special service in the "alcoholic squad." Ninety per cent of the liquor which made its appearance in bootleg channels came from the so-called "diversion racket," and the effort to stop this involved peril both to body and soul. It was here that the gunmen lurked, and did their quickest shooting; also, it was here that the "pay-off" men carried the fattest wads, and distributed them most freely. Since Kip had entered the service, the head of this "alcoholic squad" had been exposed as a crook and dismissed.

Ethyl alcohol was a necessity in the manufacture of a long list of articles of commerce, and this alcohol was produced in distilleries, by the same processes as whisky. Following its lawful channels, the product was worth about one dollar a gallon; diverted into bootleg channels, it was worth fifteen times that sum; such was the stake in the battle. Amounting as it did to millions of dollars every week, this stake had raised up an army of tricksters, working day and night to devise new schemes to cheat the law. The servants of the law were outnumbered a hundred to one, and here, as in all military campaigns, Providence was on the side of the heaviest battalions.

The government had sixty-one chemical formulas for rendering alcohol undrinkable; the particular chemicals depending upon the industrial purpose for which the alcohol was intended. In the old days, before prohibition, this "denaturing" had been done in the plant where the distilling was done—which obviously was the economical and sensible way. But prohibition administrators who had no sympathy with the law, and no desire to enforce it, had permitted the

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alcohol to be taken away to so-called "independent plants," where the work was done, or pretended to be done. This was the biggest source of graft, and of millions of gallons of bootleg liquor; yet each of these hundreds of plants was now a vested interest, sacred under the American law, and whenever you tried to revoke the permit of one, no matter how crooked, you had a long and costly legal battle on your hands.

The government had to count the barrels of alcohol at the distillery, and count them again upon arrival at the denaturing plant, and make sure there had been no substitutions. It had to make sure the denaturing substances were correct in quality and quantity, and that they were actually poured into the alcohol. It had to follow the barrels to the manufacturers who were to use the alcohol, and make sure they were real manufacturers, and not just simply blinds for the "alky racket." There had sprung up a host of so-called "cover houses"—concerns which had dummy offices and staffs. You would go to one of these places to inspect their bills of sale, and they had none—only a wad of money in the safe, which they would "slip" to you alone in the back office.

Kip helped to investigate the "Continental Distributing Company," and the "Essential Oils Marketing Corporation," which had purchased vast quantities of denatured alcohol, supposed to be used in the manufacture of eau de quinine, lilac water, Florida water, foaming hair tonic, and so on. One of these concerns had a letter-head showing an enormous plant, but it was located in an obscure shed, and had one aged mixing machine, covered with cobwebs and dust. There were no records, no files, no customers, not even a warehouse; the alcohol was never taken out of the trucks which brought it from the denaturing plant, but the trucks were re-routed to the "cleaning plant" of bootleggers.

Kip investigated the business of the Eureka Alcohol Company—and that was a funny story. Among the receipts they showed him for their products was one from a large manufacturer of hair-brushes; the receipt was duly signed by the receiving clerk of the concern, and everything was fine, except for one fact—that the government had seized those particular barrels of alcohol on the way to the concern! The barrels were then safely reposing at the army base in Brooklyn, where you might see two floors, ninety thousand square feet of space, packed solid with seized liquor, waiting for the courts to decide its fate.

Also, Kip spent more than a month cultivating the acquaintance of the Santangelo brothers, Italian manufacturers of hair-tonics; such a nice, pious name they had, and they were all devout Catholics, going to mass every Sunday. But on week-days, they sold alcohol to a gang which "cleaned" it, and "cut it twelve ways" in a filthy cellar dive, and then mixed it with juniper water, and labelled it "Gordon" (Continued on page 11)

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Adventuring for the Kingdom

Canadian Carries His Cross Bravely in India's Filth

By Gordon Sinclair, in the Toronto Daily Star.

IF you happen to be one of those countless home folks who picture missionaries as frock-coated soul-savers standing under palm trees with big Bibles under their arms, prepare to chuck all your ideas out of the window and give a real man a cheer. He's Rev. R. M. Bennett of Indian Road Baptist Church, Toronto, only white man for hundreds of square miles and high hooper dooper of the Kistna District. He looks after more people than there are in all Toronto, holds court and fines roughnecks whether holy Brahmins or lowly outcasts. Sometimes he's both pleader and judge and jury. He marries folks, buries them, pleads with them, bows them out, rules them. He covers hundreds of weary miles over impossible buffalo trails every week, cures the sick, comforts the dying, feeds the starved. His word is law in 150 villages and he is soundly hated by high caste landlords and money-lenders who see in him an enemy of their predatory grafts and thirst for his blood.

He takes more chances in the snake and lizard belt than the most bally-hooed adventurer because he has to sleep and eat and drink in the wide sun-drenched plains where he has his own two arms and nothing else to defend himself with. If malaria, dysentery, Bengal rot or other tropical horrors strike him down while out in the pagan black belt he has to fight death alone until he reaches home, where his wife, formerly Ila Fraser, a medical graduate of the University of Toronto, will nurse him to health.

He worked his way through college as a sailor and is a tough lad to put the wind up. Today, for instance, we started off across an alleged road for an outcast village full of fleabitten animals bearing only slight resemblance to human beings.

"Better carry a stick," he said as we started. There were poisonous lizards around the bungalow but they were timid slinkers ready to get out of our way. Still you might step on one and a stick is handy.

We stalked through the stubble of dried up rice fields. There were women there threshing with long clubs and others walking up and down a beam to draw water out of a deep well. They were regular tight rope walkers with fat, sure feet.

A caravan of creaking bullock carts loaded with rice jingled over the path and we stepped aside to let them pass. Suddenly I got a chill at the back of my head and jumped aside. There was a snake there coiled in the path. Bennett, seeing me spring, slashed out straight and sure. As it turned out, the snake was already dead by the teeth of a mongoose, but it was a kraft, the most deadly thing that ever lived. Quicker to kill than a tiger or a rogue elephant. Just one dart and you're a blue, stiffening form.

Half-Breed Killers

Luckily for the people the mongoose here interbreeds with the rat. The result is a half-breed sure enough with his lightning neck to kill the slow, fat boas and pythons, but unlike the true mongoose, no match for the cobra or the viper who pounce with trip-hammer fury.

All over India boys and old men trot around with flat baskets of cobras slung on a pole and mongooses on strings the way you'd lead a bull pup—or is yours a spitz? For a bit of money they'll set the mongoose going after some cheap grass snake and you see a ball of infuriated fur rip the head of the snake to quivering ribbons in 75 seconds flat. But try and get the boy to set his mongoose against a cobra. Not a hope, because cobras are too difficult to replace and the mongoose always wins. Here in the belt of the half-breeds you'll see the cobra in action whenever you want to kick in with a rupee. But he faces the half-breed mongoose and stiffens him out like a starched shirt with one hammer-like pounce. Half-breed mongooses are cheap and easy to catch, like grass snakes. That has nothing to do with Bennett, but we're just ambling through this rice field now and every anecdote is grist to the mill.

As we entered the village there was a pond there alive with frogs. Most of them were nimble little fellows, but a few were monstrous horned things with arrogant unblinking eyes. They wallowed in the mud and refused to move on when we tossed mud at them.

In Native Element

The village itself is a namby-pamby collection of pig pens. Mud and straw, straw and mud. If you want to get swanky and show off you build your house with cow manure. In the entire village of 200 huts there is less furniture than you can pile into a canoe. One man has a bookcase that he found on the road; three merchants, whose stock is piles of dried peas, beans and rice, have low, teak-wood chairs. The folks just sit, sleep and work on the mud. They are born on the mud and die on the mud. Their possessions are two loincloths, one pugaree or turban and five cooking pots.

The temple is grown over with weeds and grass, the school has no walls and the burning ghat lacks sufficient wood to destroy a body fully, so the dogs, rabid and flea-bitten, manage to finish off that chore. That's the sort of village Bennett works in every day. Filthy beyond imagination; peopled with disease-racked animals less intelligent than a horse. They know nothing, see nothing, do nothing.

"What on earth do you eat when you land in a town like this?" I asked. "Rice and curry," Bennett grinned. "Every day?" "Sure, three times a day." "Ever been attacked by snakes?"

"Not here, but in the compound at home a big viper got nasty."

"You killed him?" "Oh, sure, I saved the skin."

"And how often do you get leave home to Canada?" "Once every seven years."

An Unsung Hero

Seven years! I'm supposed to be a hobo globe-trotter ready to take the bad with the good, but seven hours would drive me crazy in this Asiatic cesspool. Seven years of worse than prison because of a religious ideal.

"And what salary?—is that getting too personal?" "Certainly not; it's published in all the mission-books: \$1,300 a year."

"You get about \$27 a week for seven years to live in a penal colony like this?" "Sure, it's great work too, and I like it."

Give this man a hand, folks—he and his breed, whether Catholic or Protestant. They're all unsung heroes. They work like coolies, suffer perils of crawly death and do it with their heads high, their colors flashing in the breeze. They get neither thanks nor riches nor comfort, but they win my admiring respect.

While I'm sure Bennett will dislike my saying so, his own 19-months-old son is the real sufferer. A toddling tow-headed little gaffer, handsome and strong as a young oak, he is solemn lonesome and grave. He has nobody to play with. Nobody. His mother is managing the boarding school, helping at the hospital when needed, running her home. His dad is away in those unspeakable villages. His nurse is silent, servile and like all Indians, unsympathetic to the point of cruelty.

With wide brown eyes he toddles around the bungalow looking for cheer and playmates and company. If he goes out snakes may cut him down or the sun lay him low. He was born in India, never had the company of other lads to scrap with and plot mischief and when he first sees the green June fields of Canada he will be seven. Perhaps I grow sentimental and soft-tongued, but I think of the hilarious glee of my own lads rolling and wrestling and plotting and conquering with neighbors' children and get a tightening of the throat when I see this little fellow so very, very lonesome wondering what it is he hasn't got. For there are no other white kiddies for hundreds of heat-sweltering square miles. A salute, Canadians, to Gordon Bennett, 19 months of lonesome little boy.—Copyright, Toronto Star. Reprinted by Permission.

GARDENS

God bless gardens, yours and mine, Where the painted columbine Neighbors with the stately phlox And the lowly four-o'clocks.

God bless gardens down the lane Where a perfumed little rain Gently bathes a pansy face, And some dusty Queen Anne's lace.

God bless gardens mostly where No one has the time to care, Be there thistle tops and weeds— Loving, every garden needs.

—Mary Carleton Lord.

THE DELIVERANCE AT THE RED SEA

By Dr. Herman Eldrege

WE are looking on a dark picture—swarthy Egyptians behind and a sinister sea ahead. Pharaoh's chariots and horsemen are so near that the panic-stricken Israelites imagine they can feel their hot breath, and hear their hated curses and cries for vengeance on those who caused them to lose their first-born. The look ahead offers no better promise. Nothing could live in that threatening sea, and, loaded down as they were, there was no hope there. Nothing but danger behind and nothing but disaster ahead—no way to look but upward, and the frantic Israelites had only "lifted their eyes" as far as the faces of their erstwhile masters. They had lifted them no further and they were helpless.

But in the darkest day the people will arise if they only have a real leader. In the days of darkness in France—when the people had lost hope and ran before their enemies—

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the whole situation was changed in a day with the coming of "The Maid," who brought God with her. It was of her that the old French general spoke when he said: "But yesterday and the armies of France would have run from a henroost, but today they would storm the gates of Hell."

Israel had a leader. Hear his words: "Fear not," "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," and as for these enemies that threaten your lives, "ye shall see them again no more forever." Great words, which would have meant simply nothing at all but for the man that was behind them and for the God that was in the man. It was not "The Maid" that saved France. It was not Moses that saved Israel. It is not you and I that have the promise of "greater things than these," but it is "Christ in us the hope of glory" shining through. Half the failures of the leaders of the world are right there. Leaders in the pulpit, a Sunday school class, in a home or church or school or community. The "big-head" casts such a shadow that God's presence is lost, and "where there is no vision the people perish."

But God calls: "Speak—lift up thy rod—stretch out thy hand—and the children of Israel shall go." The voice and rod and hand of Moses were nothing except that God was in and of them! How weak your voice and mine—how useless that rod—how puny that hand—if God be not in them! How insignificant that sea of difficulty and danger if God be in the voice and rod and hand of our leaders in home and school and church and in our community and world-wide life—(Published by arrangement with the Congregationalist and Herald of Gospel Liberty)

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OUR CORNER for the SHUT-INS

By Rev. A. W. Hone

HYMN

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

PRAYER

O God, our Father, help us to prepare the soil of our hearts for the planting of the seed of Thy truth. Grant unto us wisdom that we may plant in the soil of other hearts good seed that shall bring to us a harvest of joy. Remember in Thy mercy Thy dear children who are lying upon beds of affliction. If it be Thy will bring to them healing for their bodies, but, above all, give to them courage, patience, and peace. Amen.

SCRIPTURE

Ecclesiastes 11:1-6.

MEDITATION

Ecl. 11:6: "And in the evening withhold not thine hand." Naturally we regard the morning of life as the most auspicious time for the sowing of seed. In life's evening there is a tendency to take rest while others do the sowing. But according to our text there must be no such relaxation of effort. Even in old age there are opportunities for sowing the good seed, and even then responsibility for sowing rests upon us. Whatever man may do by way of fixing an age for retirement, God expects service according to the measure of strength and opportunity until life shall end, and there is the encouragement that the seed sown in weakness at the sunset of life's little day may bring forth just as valuable a harvest as the seed sown in the strength and vigor of life's morning.

HYMN

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever sown.

FARM GARDEN AND HOME

Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

Plant Fast-Maturing Vegetables

IF for any reason, cut worms or rabbits, or drought, your vegetable garden has failed to grow, or you have been unable to get it in, do not give up, but plant fast maturing varieties now.

The soil is warm and plenty of moisture will insure speedy germination. Of course, it is too late to start long season vegetables such as tomatoes and peppers from seeds. But reliable seed stores can still provide plants, and if you insist on early varieties your chances to gather abundant crops before frost are still good.

Foremost among profitable vegetables in the home garden we must rank bush beans. Where space permits some sweet corn should be grown. Next come lettuce and all the root crops, such as beets, carrots, radishes, turnips and rutabagas. Then, too, some spinach and Chinese cabbage should be sown. This Chinese cabbage is really a mustard, which will not head up properly if sown too early. Both Chinese cabbage and spinach are distinctly cool season crops that do best with the approach of cool nights and fall weather.

If you are fond of green beans plant either bountiful or stringless green pod. Those who prefer yellow wax podded beans will do equally well with sure crop wax or round podded kidney wax. Each of these four varieties will reward you with the first crop of pods within sixty days after planting. The seeds should be dropped four inches apart in the row, covered with about two inches of soil and there should be about two feet of space between the rows. Hilling them after they get to be four to six inches tall will help to keep the pods off the ground.

In sweet corn, golden bantam can be recommended. True, peep o' day or early dawn will provide ears quickly. I have gathered these varieties within sixty days after sowing seeds. But neither one will bring the quality ears which golden bantam bears within eighty-five days after seeds are sown. It is better to plant in blocks of four to six short rows each than to stretch one long line clear across the garden. The reason for this is that pollenization occurs more uniformly in blocks than in a long row.

Most people complain that they experience difficulty in getting lettuce to head. The reason for this is that few planters think enough of thinning out the plants properly. Lettuce should be sown thinly to begin with, and as soon as the seedlings get to be three or four inches tall, they should be thinned out to stand four inches apart in the row. When these plants begin to crowd each other, every other one should be removed and may then be used as boiled greens or as salad.

The final thinning should find your lettuce row with the heads about twelve to fourteen inches apart, and they should be cultivated freely so as to encourage heading. The only variety now suitable, considering the coming hot weather, is Cos lettuce or Romaine. This will stand midsummer heat better than any of the heading varieties. Where nights are cool the iceberg variety will make rapid growth and crisp delicious heads.

Spinach is another plant that wants cool nights and plenty of moisture. It is too late now to sow New Zealand spinach, but the varieties long season and King of Denmark will stand a remarkable amount of hot weather.

Now, as to the root crops. Beets may be sown in rows eighteen inches apart, dropping the seeds an inch apart in the row and covering with about one inch of soil. After sowing the seeds and covering them press the soil in firm contact with the spongy seeds. Beet seeds are really a fruit, each kernel containing two or three seeds. Detroit dark red is one of the best.

And while we are on the subject of beets, Swiss chard really is a foliage beet. Swiss chard is a wonderful vegetable in that it provides two distinct dishes. The leaf portion may be boil-

ed like spinach or any other greens and the heavy midribs may be served with a sauce like asparagus. Swiss chard plants of the Lucullus variety grow to good proportions. The rows should therefore be placed at least two feet apart and the plants thinned out to stand twelve to fourteen inches apart in the row.

Carrots, radishes, turnips and rutabagas may all be planted any time up to mid-July. They should be placed in rows eighteen inches apart and covered with about half an inch of soil. Rutabagas being much stronger growers than turnips, rows should be placed at least two feet apart and thinned out to stand six inches apart in the row. In connection with all of these root crops, do not fail to thin out carefully and religiously. The plant will not develop the right kind of a root if it does not have breathing space in the row.

When it comes to radishes, either early varieties or late keepers may be planted. Among the early ones, scarlet globe and French breakfast are perhaps the most popular. But they will bear watching, because these early varieties have a habit of becoming pithy overnight. They should be ready for use within eighteen to twenty days from the time the seeds are sown, and you should use them while quite small, because after they pass an inch in diameter they generally become spongy. For succession crops in radishes try white icicle, which is ready in about forty days, and is by far the best keeper of the lot.

For a fall crop of radishes try white Chinese, which grows to good size and should be thinned out to stand at least six inches apart in the row. Its flesh is quite firm and it is a good keeper. Harvested about the close of September it should keep quite well up to Christmas, if kept in the cellar, stored in sand or dry soil like other root crops.

And now a word about the crops which you may have already growing in your garden. Most vegetables require cultivation much more than repeated watering. One good soaking once a week is better than a superficial sprinkling every evening. This holds particularly true with tomatoes. The way to grow tomatoes in the home garden is to tie each plant to a strong stake five to six feet tall. Drive these stakes within four inches of the base of the plants around July 1. By that time the plant should have formed a symmetrical specimen with perhaps six or more branches. Reduce these six branches to three of the strongest and tie them and train them to the stake.

The tomato plant is a thrifty grower. In order to get the most fruit its foliage-forming habit should be curbed. At each leaf joint there will come what is called suckers. At the base of the plant new shoots will appear. All of these should be pinched out regularly so as to throw all the strength of the plant into the fruit on the original three stalks.

Hay cured in loose windrows dries down much more uniformly than that partially cured in the swath. In the windrow, the leaves and stems lose the moisture at the same rate, while in the swath the leaves dry much more rapidly, causing the leaves to break off, and the result is that many of them are left on the ground. Because of the high content of moisture in the stems where the hay is cured in the swath, there is often molding in the mow.

ANSWERS to Garden Questions

Mother of Thousands

Dear Sir,—Would it be possible to grow "Mother of Thousands" as a border plant in this country? It is the strawberry geranium, some people call it, but I do not

think it is a geranium. If it would not grow outside could I use it as a house plant?—L. H.

"This country," when no address is given, is a little difficult to answer. We have such a variety of climates. You are right in thinking it is not a geranium; it is *Saxifraga sarmentosa* and is listed by Bailey as requiring a night temperature of 60. The fuzzy, oval green leaves with their many silver veins and the pinkish undersides shown by the young growth may have given it the popular name of geranium. It is like the strawberry only in its habit of growth, producing runners which in pot or basket hang gracefully down with miniature plants on their tips. These root readily if they touch the soil. It makes a charming plant for window or sun parlor, being neat and attractive and very tolerant of house conditions. Many white blooms are borne in spikes 6 to 12 inches high from the crown of the plant. Any good potting or garden soil will suit it with a moderate amount of sun and water. One of its charms is the ease with which one can nip off a miniature plant and share with a friend.

In Small Quantities

Dear Sir,—Please give simple small quantity poisons for all kinds of bugs in a garden and for mildew and hollyhook rust. I never saw so many bugs before as this year.—Mrs. P. F. R.

The control of insects depends on how they eat. Some insects chew the foliage. These are controlled by having them eat the poison with the leaf. Beetles and wormlike forms are of these varieties. The other kind of insect is the sucking insect. In this class there are the thrips, plant lice (aphids), scale insects and mealy bugs. These insects get their food from the plant juices so that the poison is not effective. Among the poisons that kill the chewing insects is arsenate of lead. For a spray in small quantities use 3 teaspoonfuls of powder to 1 gallon of water, or for a dust 1 ounce or part of powdered arsenate of lead, 4½ ounces or parts hydrated or air-slacked lime, 4 ounces or parts of superfine sulphur. For the sucking insects the use of nicotine or tobacco spray is very effective. These one may purchase under a number of names, but for use in small quantities take 1 to 1½ teaspoons to each gallon of water. Before putting in the nicotine dissolve an ounce (a square about 3-4 inch in diameter), of common laundry soap in the water. Aphids, or plant lice are controlled by three applications of the nicotine sulphate spray, one every other day. Usually the first application kills most of the aphids but the two others finish the work so that there are none left to start a new colony.

Mildew can be controlled with finely ground dusting sulphur. Put this on with a dust gun such as you use for pyrethrum powder for flies, etc., or put it in a cheesecloth bag on end of stick and rap stick. Roses are also troubled with mildew. Dusting sulphur may be used effectively for mildew on roses, hardy phlox, delphinium and the rust on hollyhocks. It is well to dust with sulphur every 10 days. Bordeaux mixture and insect killing powders may be secured ready for application. Directions for use are given with these latter.

Snapdragon Rust

Dear Sir,—In my bed of snapdragons I find there are several that have rust on the leaves. Will they all take it? What can I do to control it? Thanking you for much useful information in the past.—Reader.

Rust on Snapdragons (antirrhinum) is one of the most serious diseases that attack this plant and in some greenhouses it is almost impossible to raise the seed because of it. If there are only a few of your plants affected, take them out carefully and set them in another part of the garden. Dust both those moved and those left in the bed frequently and thoroughly with sulphur, covering the undersides of the leaves. Avoid spraying with the hose as the rust is spread from plant to plant in that way and never wet the plants at night.

White Pines

Dear Sir,—Would it be possible to prune young white pines so as to keep them thick and bushy?—A. W.

Yes, pinch back the new tips now, taking off about half the growth and it will make a more compact growth.

Squash Vine Borer

Dear Sir,—What is done to prevent injury by squash vine borers. I cut them out with a pen-knife and cover the place with soil but I'd like to stop them getting in if possible.—C. E. R.

The squash vine borer is the larva of a moth which lays eggs on the plants near the roots in June and July. It may be controlled by spraying the stem near the roots with a strong solution of nicotine sulphate. Do the spraying thoroughly about once a week until the end of July.

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7 - BIG VAUDEVILLE ACTS - 7
New Midway — — — Fireworks

Reduced Railway Fares — Ample Parking Space on Grounds

For Prize Lists and All Information

(Write—H. H. McELROY,
Manager and Secretary,

Journal Building, - Ottawa, Ont.

REDUCE SWELLINGS While Horse Works

Fine old Absorbine stops lameness in quick time—reduces swollen tendons, sprains and like troubles. Yet never blisters, never causes lay-ups, and lets horse work during treatment. Healing antiseptic for open cuts, sores, galls, boils. Economical. Little goes far. Large bottle, \$3.50. All druggists'. W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

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THE KEMPTVILLE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL

Offers the following Courses in Agriculture and Household Science:

AGRICULTURE

A two-year Course (November 8—April 15) featuring practical Agriculture, Mechanics, English and Mathematics.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

1.—A two-year Course (September 26—June 19) qualifying graduates for professional positions as Dietitians, etc. Matriculation standing required for admission.

2.—Short Course for homemakers (January 3—March 25).

Board and room supplied at \$5.00 per week.

For further particulars apply to:

HON. THOMAS L. KENNEDY,
Minister of Agriculture,
Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, Ontario.

W. J. BELL,
Principal,
Kemptville Agricultural School,
Kemptville, Ontario.

POULTRY TOPICS

POULTRY CONDITIONERS

At certain seasons of the year, particularly in the fall and winter, a great many poultry conditioners are upon the market for which quite often very extravagant claims are made. It is not uncommon to find even the better class of these condiment feeds advertised as capable of doubling egg production, a claim which, of course, is absurd. Since a large amount of money is spent annually in stimulants of this type it seemed to be highly desirable to determine the actual value of these substances, writes H. S. Gutteridge, Central Experimental Farm. With this object in view an experiment was conducted at the Poultry Division of the Central Experimental Farm.

The conditioner used was considered to be one of the better type and, judged by its ingredients, to have been more or less scientifically compounded. Upon analysis the ingredients were found to be as stated with the exception that two ingredients making up 70 per cent of the total were not even mentioned, one of which contained the same stimulant as an ingredient definitely stated in the advertising matter not to be present in the mixture. This condiment was fed exactly according to the manufacturers' directions to two pens of birds, one upon a whole grain, skim-milk ration, and the other upon our standard basal ration. Another pen acted as control and received the standard basal ration but without the condiment feed. Mortality was quite high in all pens but somewhat higher in the condiment fed pens. Production was slightly higher in the condiment fed pens but not significantly so. On the other hand the control pen had a greater body weight to maintain from the start and in spite of this showed a gain in body weight as against a similar loss in each of the condiment pens. The efficiency of use of feed was practically the same for all pens. The net result of this test was that it appeared that there was no justification for using this product to increase egg production since feed consumption, efficiency of use of feed and egg production were not increased.

It must be borne in mind that the condiment used was one of the best on the market, consequently it might be expected that poorer results would be obtained from the bulk of such conditioners. The sale of these feeds is very large and it can be readily appreciated that much hard earned money goes to the purchase of such products with apparently no return whatever in increased efficiency of the flock. At the present time, when the margin between cost of production and returns from eggs is extremely small the expenditure of money for products of this nature is hardly justified.

THE WET PARADE

(Continued from page 8)

Gin," and sold it to the Park Avenue millionaire trade. It was Kip's job to go back and count barrels and check receipts, time and again, until each of the Holy Angels, as he called them, had taken him off in turn and paid him cash. In the end he had the satisfaction of seeing the patrol-wagon drive up and load the saintly seven on board. These brothers were active politicians, contributing generously to the Tammany machine; but that didn't help them so much in violating the Federal law. For that it was safer to be Republicans!

"Get money!" said the world to Kip Tarleton. "Get rich!" It was America, the land of unlimited opportunities, and it was so easy to "make your pile." "Everybody's getting theirs — why don't you get yours? What's the matter with you, boy?"—thus spoke New York.

There were so many brilliant and fascinating and thrilling things to spend money for! Kip would come out of the office at the foot of Park Avenue, and see the darlings of fortune lolling on cushioned seats, in

limousines with balloon tires and liveried chauffeurs and footmen; from that he would plunge into the ill-smelling subway, and drop in his nickel, and be packed and sealed like asparagus in a can. He would lunch on a sandwich and a glass of milk at a drugstore counter, and then enter one of the rich hotels and see law-breakers and their ladies dining in royal state. He saw perfectly tailored garments, and shimmering silks and glittering jewels; he saw all the treasures of the earth revealed to his eyes—but protected from his hands by plate-glass windows.

It was a fact that the best brains of the country were being set to the task of tempting Kip Tarleton to spend money; preparing allurements, physical, mental, and moral, every sort that the wit of man could devise. Trained psychologists were put at work, a whole new science was devised, to set traps for his pocket-book, to extract the contents therefrom. Kip himself was no philosopher, and had but a scanty notion of the social system under which he lived; but he felt the impact of these temptations, which there was no escaping, even though he became a hermit in the wilderness. Sooner or later the hermit would have to come back to civilization to buy salt; and there would be the trader, offering him several brands of salt at varying prices, and explaining that the best was necessary to his health. How was the hermit to know that all the various brands had come out of the same kettle?

Kip was no hermit, but a citizen of Manhattan, now nearly thirty, and the father of a family; and what a disgrace to be so poor! When he walked the streets, the billboard advertisements assailed his eyes, and the radio-stores blared the same messages to his ears. When he was wedged in the subway car, he stared at advertisements; if he got a seat, and room to spread a newspaper, there was the appeal of "nationally advertised products," holding out rewards, and warning of dire penalties if he failed to take the national advertisers' advice. Did he realize that the diet of his family would be deficient in vitamin C, if he failed to feed them the juice of six dozen California oranges per diem—at a price slightly less than the entire salary Kip's government was paying him? Did he realize that his gums would decay unless he protected them with Mugg's Mouthwash, at seventy-three cents per bottle in the chain drugstores? Did he know how apt he was to develop cancer of the throat, unless he used Coughless Cigarettes, treated under a process endorsed by twenty-two thousand heads of American hospitals?

By responding to even a few of these allurements, Kip might easily have spent his monthly salary every day; he might even have spent all the bribes that were offered him, and still have fallen short of true elegance and refinement in his home.

But Maggie May continued to wear her blue silk dress in which she had come to New York; and Kip went about his grim duties in a suit which had served him at Broadhaven. When he was thrown out of a speakeasy on

his head, and found his coat ripped up the back, his mother sewed it as neatly as possible, and he went on wearing it. He looked tired, and discouraged now and then, but he plodded on, driven by a deep-rooted malady—stubbornness, fanaticism, perversity as yet unclassified by the psy-

chiatrists. The very men whom he was hounding would look at him, puzzled, as if he were a five-legged calf or a bird with fur instead of feathers. "Say, feller," said Ikey Fineman, "what's the matter with you? Are you funny in the head?"

(To Be Continued.)

OF, BY and FOR CANADA

A LARGE part of the more than \$6,000,000 of deposits in the Bank of Montreal is Canadian money—the deposits of our customers in our more than 600 branches throughout the Dominion.

Much of this money is loaned out to aid worthy industrial and commercial enterprises in the various communities in which the Bank is represented and to promote the prosperity of Canada as a whole.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

Total Assets in excess of \$750,000,000

Head Office Montreal



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 \$1.00.) A number or single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made.

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

LIVESTOCK

DOGS

St. Bernard Puppies, Thoroughbred Beauties, reasonable; information with photos sent promptly. CROWN KENNELS, Box WW, Napierville, Que. 24-6

GOATS

Toggenburg Milk Goats, Fresh, \$14.00 To \$20.00. f.c.b. crated. Devlin, Ont. A. J. FORSYTH. 25-6

RABBITS

Fedigreed Chinchilla Does From Registered Sire. Proven Breeders, \$2.00 each. NORMAN LADOUCEUR, Penetanguishene, Ontario.

SWINE

Pure Bred Berks Sow 9 Weeks Old. Also One Pure Bred Berks boar not related, 9 weeks old, long bacon type, a bargain; with papers, \$6 apiece. From prize winning stock. W. E. BULLIS, Morton, Ont.

Miscellaneous

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

All Artists Should Use Cambridge Colors. "Cambridge" on a tube means absolute reliability and permanency. Write for catalogue of our full lines. ARTISTS' SUPPLY CO., 77 York, Toronto. 5-48

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

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Highest Prices and Best Satisfaction for Wild and Cultivated Ginseng by shipping to W. HELLER, 147 Harrison St., Toronto. t.f.

NOTICE

No. A-102218: Superior Court, (in forma pauperis) District of Montreal, Province of Quebec.

DAME ROSA FEIGENBAUM, Plaintiff, vs. MORRIS PORTNOFF, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property was instituted in this case on the 29th day of June, 1932.

ADOLPHE GARDNER, Montreal, July 2nd, 1932. Attorney for Plaintiff.

No. 102307, Superior Court, District of Montreal, Province of Quebec.

JOSEPH ETTEMBERG, Trustee of the city and District of Montreal, in his quality of Trustee of the Estate City Sponging Works Ltd., in bankruptcy, Plaintiff, vs. MISS ROSE MILLER, Spinster and in the full exercise of her rights, of the City of New York in the State of New York, one of the United States of America, BENJAMIN KAUFMAN, Student of the City and District of Montreal, and ISAAC KAUFMAN, Merchant of the City and District of Montreal, Defendants, and TELESPHORE BROSSARD, in his quality of Registrar for the Registration Division of Montreal, Mis-en-cause.

The Defendant, MISS ROSE MILLER, is ordered to appear within one month.

T. DEPATIE, Deputy-Prothonotary, Montreal, July 4, 1932.

POULTRY

BABY CHICKS

Why Pay More?—Leghorns, 6 Cents; Rocks, Reds, 9 cents. Immediate delivery. Pullets, all ages. Prices mailed. MODEL HATCHERY, Kitchener, Ont. 25-4

FARMS FOR SALE

400 Acres For Sale—150 Cleared. Station 6 Miles; excellent ranch land. Price \$1,800.00. Particulars. ANGUS A. MCKINNON, Seguin Falls, Ont. 27-2

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 360 Craig St. W., in the City of Montreal, by John Reppath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of the City of Montreal. Subscription rate \$2.00 a year

MISCELLANEOUS (Cont'd)

ROOM AND BOARD

A Comfortable Residence For Business Girls. GEORGINA HOUSE, 106 Beverley St., Toronto. 24-13

MEDICAL

Ruptured?—Write For Information. SMITH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. 78, Galt, Ont. (Established 1893.) 26-6

SITUATIONS WANTED

Christian Couple, Middle Age, Seek Position. Go anywhere if fares advanced. BOX 7, WITNESS, Montreal. 23-2

STAMPS AND COINS

100 Different, and Membership in Club Only 10c coin. BLOOM, 5317 West Boulevard, Vancouver, Canada. 27-1

SUMMER ACCOMMODATION

Sunnyside Farm Can Accommodate A Few Guests. Near river; bathroom, hot and cold water; veranda. Reasonable terms. MRS. R. McCUTCHEON, Granby, Que., R. R. 3. Phone: Waterloo 201 r 31. 27-6

FOR SALE

Church and Community Plays—Please Note change of address. J. R. PETERS, B.A., Exeter, R. R. 3, Ont. t.f.

Ladies! Don't Miss This!—Never Before Have You bought Luncheon set, Buffet set, Pillow cases, Bureau scarf, Tray cloths, stamped on pure white English cotton, beautiful designs, postpaid, all 12 pieces for \$2.00 only. Money returned if not delighted. ARTISTIC EMBROIDERY WORKS, Preston, Ont. 27-2

Hemstitching and Piecing Attachment, Fits Any make of machine. Instructions with each attachment. Price 75c. M. KINREAD, Dept. M, 15 Beachdale Ave., Toronto. 27-4

Furnished—My Beautiful Home in Winter Park, Florida, opposite Virginia Inn, 5 blocks from Rollins College. Large corner lot 150 x 120. 3 rooms, 4 baths, priced to sell or rent reasonable. W. J. LA GRANGE, 4th & McNaughton Avenue, Rensselaer, New York. 25-6

When answering advertisements please mention THE MONTREAL WITNESS.

for **PIMPLES**

Add an equal amount of cream, or sweet oil, to Minard's, and apply the mixture once daily. A simple treatment which will

26 **Clear up your skin!**

MINARD'S

"KING OF PAIN"

LINIMENT

Earn \$35 Weekly AT HOME

Growing Mushrooms for us all year round in your cellar, stable or shed. Rapid growth; yields fresh crop every day. No experience necessary. We start you and continue to buy all you grow at high prices. Large illustrated folder, catalogue, and full particulars of our offer, all for 10c. Send at once.

Ideal Mushroom Co., Islington, Ont.

GIVING THE BOY AND GIRL A CHANCE

Time was when the boy who could spell, figure and write was considered well fitted to take up the battle of life. These accomplishments were highly desirable in the young woman too if she was to be a useful and helpful member of society. But the world moves and today the young man and woman whose education in the academic sense goes no further than the introduction furnished by the public schools is thrust into competition with so many others similarly equipped that the learning which might once have given one an advantage is now a mere casual necessity.

The cry is for an ever larger amount of training. White collar workers are finding it so meeting the increasing number of college graduates who are competing with them. The farmer has not yet experienced the competition of the highly trained agriculturist but the growing numbers of such schooled farmers will continue to force a change in methods. Organization of industry on modern lines is contributing its share to compel radical alterations in agricultural work. To succeed in the face of these changing conditions the young men and women of our country cannot be too well trained.

Recognizing this the Ontario Department of Agriculture maintains the Kemptville Agricultural School where two year and short courses offer specialized training designed to give the young farmers a firm basis for carrying on this most important of our industries. The boys and girls who are able to make use of these facilities to fit themselves more completely for their roles as successful citizens will secure a firm footing of great value in our new circumstances.

CENTRAL CANADA EXHIBITION

Ottawa, the Canadian capital, has reason to be proud of its annual fair. For years the Central Canada Exhibition has presented its displays of agricultural and industrial products with entertainment feature of fine quality. No branch of industry is overlooked. Grains, vegetables, live stock, poultry and home-crafts, in competition offering incentive to the farming community to improve their produce and to learn of what is being done by others to better both quality and quantity.

The object of the directors of the Central Canada Exhibition is to make each year's show more memorable than the preceding one. After one has viewed the work of products of the nation one may turn with confidence to the grandstand's feature offerings assured of high class displays of skill and merit. In many respects railway fares and the convenience of automobile travel make it easier this year than ever to take full advantage of the opportunities offered by this old established institution.

SAVING THE NATION WITH BEER

A correspondent from Connecticut, writing under date of May 19, says:

"A pathetic spectacle was that of a United States Senator, bearing the honored name of Hiram Bingham, last Saturday using the occasion of

the laying of the corner-stone of the new Hartford Post Office, to advocate 4 per cent beer, and then rushing to Bridgeport to speak in favor of a beer parade."

It was precisely such an impression that was made upon us a few weeks ago when the Connecticut Senator appeared on the screen in a movie-talkie news reel making his little speech about 4 per cent beer.

We confess that the proposal in itself does not stir us to any violent reaction. If it offered any real solution to the problem of conflicting views, tastes and interests with which we are confronted in every effort to prohibit, or curb, the liquor traffic, many, as well as ourselves, would not oppose such a measure. But honest and thinking men know that 4 per cent beer is either only a pretext for the restoration of the traffic in stronger liquors, or that it would speedily become a step toward a larger program of wetness. If anyone doubts this, let him consider what happened in Ontario, where the legalization of 4.4 per cent beer, as the proposed happy solution of the prohibition and liquor problem in a drink that would be strong enough to satisfy the "wets" and temperate enough to satisfy the "drys," was followed in about a year's time by the restoration of the full traffic in strong drink with the government itself as liquor-seller.

But, apart from the futility or value of Senator Bingham's "wet" proposal, can one avoid reflecting upon the sorry spectacle of a son of missionary parents and a professed statesman with nothing better to offer than 4 per cent beer in the hour of his country's dire need and crisis? With millions of his fellow citizens out of work, dependent upon public or private doles for their very subsistence, and thousands of them, lacking such aid, on the very verge of starvation, here is a brilliant statesman who offers his needy countrymen 4 per cent beer!

And an even sadder part of it is the realization that a large number of American citizens, despite the present crisis, would give the Senator more support in his near-beer program than in a clear-cut and constructive program of practical idealism, assuming that Senator Bingham had any such program to offer. A portion, at least, of the American people is getting the sort of statesmanlike (?) leadership that it asks for and deserves. But considering his ancestry and background, one might surely expect something better from Senator Hiram Bingham.—The Congregationalist, Boston.

REQUESTED POEMS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Witness wishes to thank the following for pieces sent in: "The Charge of the Old Hundred," J. R. Marks, P.E.I.; "Twenty-Third Psalm," Mrs. Percy Luxton, Ont.; "The Bald-Headed Man," Mrs. Wellington Titus, N.S.; "Annabel Lee," and "Take Those Lips Away," by "Glen-Wotty," Ont.; "Memoirs of Mother," Dave Burns, Ont.; "The Teacher's Diadem," and "Glorious Vision," by May Bullock, Ont.

(Sent by Dave Burns, Ont.)

MEMOIRS OF MOTHER

When I hear glad news of somebody's mother,
Others telling her love in poetry and song;
I cannot join them, for o'er me hover
Grief and sadness; you see—"My mother's gone."

Living, she gave me a love undying;
Aye ready to serve with sacrifice dear.
Dying, she left me a memory crying:
Of more I might have done, now so clear.

Her dear loving face is ever before me,
And the love I never sought hard to repay;
Too late now to act, as conscience oft
warned me.

"Well done!" God assured,—and called her
away.

So sing if you will of Home and Mother,
But remember, vain words too often are
sung.

Act your song, and pray God you may cover
Her footsteps with yours when your moth-
er's gone.

(Sent in by J. R. Marks, P.E.I.)

THE CHARGE ON OLD HUNDRED

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into an awful ditch
Choir and precentor hitch
Into a mess of pitch
They led the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,

**Locking the Stable Door
After:—**

The ugly fear of old age falls upon most men and women only when it is too late to make provision for it.

The horror of poverty, of dependence, of actual want,—these come most acutely when the years have crept on and when life assurance protection is no longer available except at a prohibitive cost.

How can the age-malady of a man or woman of sixty be helped when the cure, to be effective, should have been taken when he or she was still in the thirties?

Then life assurance is cheap. Then earnings make protection possible—then medical requirements are most easily met. Then is the time to insure.

The Sun Life has a policy adapted to every need.

See its representative.

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE
COMPANY OF CANADA**
HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL



**MURRAY
BAY**

where
1932
meets
1650

Here the seventeenth and twentieth century join hands. The sophisticated smartness of Murray Bay's accommodations and amusements: the charm and romance of an unspoiled old-World countryside: enjoy both in this land of amazing contrasts.

Convenient train service via Quebec to Murray Bay, Les Eboulements, St. Irene, Baie St. Paul and famed Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

Full details from
City Ticket Office, 384 St. James Street
MARquette 4731



CANADIAN NATIONAL

Basses in front of them
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, that precentor's look
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook
From the Old Hundred.

Screached all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered;
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high:
Theirs—but to gasp and cry
Out the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.

Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they sang, nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell,
While all the church wondered.
Dire the precentor's glare,
Flashed his pitchfork in air,
Sounding fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred.

Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought,
Right to the end they fought.
Some tune they sang, but not,
Not the Old Hundred.

(Sent by "Glen-Wotty," Ont.)

ANNABEL LEE

It was—many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may
know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And the maiden she lived with no other
thought
Than to love and be loved by me.
I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more
than love.

I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of
heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago
In this kingdom by the sea
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes, that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by
night
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than
the love
Of those who were older than we,
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams, without bring-
ing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the
bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-ride, I lie down by
the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my
bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

WORDS WANTED

Mrs. Percy Luxton, Ont.—The words of
"Our Own Dear Home."

Mrs. J. Roberts, N.B.—The words of the
song "Down by a drooping willow, where
the flowers gently bloom," etc.

Mrs. S. W. Murch, Ont.—An old song en-
titled "The Family Swing" and a poem
"The Chimney Stalk."

Mrs. Davis, Alta.—An old-time song (with
music if possible) entitled "The Japanese
Fan."

I CARE

**GRENFELL-LABRADOR MISSION
NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH
FUND**

New Contributions From Oct. 1, 1931	
Paid to Cot Fund	\$120.00
Further Contributions	48.65
R. Appleby, Ont.	1.00
Saskatchewan Reader	5.00
Mrs. E. V. Kezor, U.S.A.	1.00
C. N. H., B.C.	5.00
M. J. K., N.B.	5.00
	\$185.65

**FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN
AND THEIR BABIES**

Previous contributions acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer from Jan. 1st, 1932,		15.33
Further Contributions		22.50
A Friend, Ont.		10.00
		\$47.70

DAVID CURRIE FUND

From which renewals are sustained on behalf of old friends of the Witness, who, through adversity, would otherwise, very re- gretfully, have to give it up, and paid from Jan. 21st, 1926		\$174.55
Further Contributions		159.72
Mrs. E. V. Kezor, U.S.A.		1.00
		\$335.27