WITNESS
and
Canadian Homestead

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

make Canada a land to love

The Week's Outlook

Farewell

KINDNESS can be cruel. It was the attitude of an imperial soul not to be able to visit the United States on the grandest of errands without taking Canada on his way home. Possibly, in planning his journey, Mr. MacDonald thought of a day or two of rest in Canada's Indian summer before facing again the gainsaying of followers who cannot get out of their minds the idea that a government can set all things right if it only wants to. People like the younger Baldwin are the distress of those who know what can be done and what cannot. It is with a heavy heart that Mr. MacDonald will return from great and jubilant international service to strive with such as these bulls of Bashan. Indeed the very weakness of his administration is its strength. Had he not to get a majority outside his own party, that party would soon be run upon rocks by its bolsheviks, (bolshevism means, wants it all). With this somewhat painful prospect before him there was nothing he craved so much as rest. There was nothing that we Canadians would not give him except what he most needed. The public man lives by publicity; but for that he has to endure a great deal. A parish priest with an honored Irish name, but defective in Irish humor, and lacking in that imagination which Mr. MacDonald, quoting Burke, in his Montreal speech, declared to be essential to the statesman who would influence his fellows, undertakes gravely to rebuke the visitor from the pulpit for a pleasantry at the expense of his Scottish countrymen—a pleasantry such as Irishmen have at all times rollicked in; and then some reporter has to carry this annoyance to the speaker for the sake of getting "a story" for his paper.

No Armistice

FOLLOWING as it did the sprightly and masterly efforts of Canada's two leading statesmen, Mr. MacDonald's great parliamentary speech at Ottawa no doubt did suggest, as it waned, a tired man, confessing to a craving for relief from the ceaseless draft upon his powers which his present mission inexorably imposed upon him, and bespeaking the boon of placid years before the end of his days. It did not suggest, as it seems to have done to those who read a report in London, a warrior about "to hang his trumpet in the hall and study war no more." It was rather as the contrasted glow of sunset illumining the home valley might cross the mind of the mariner battling with the tempest, than as offering surcease of present struggle. For that he cannot presently look. It is all too obvious that as he was chosen years ago by the master spirits about him, not as the greatest among them, but as their greatest common measure, so he is still needed whether or not for topping height—that is beside the mark—at all events for his inclusiveness.

The International Fiend

FOR that loathsome serpent, jealousy, which separates very friends, there is but one cure. As between Great Britain and the United States, Ramsay MacDonald slew it with a kindly breath. "As for parity," he said to the Senate, "take it, heaping up and flowing over." However naval experts on both sides might be dumfounded at such smashing rashness, that, in so far as it was believed in, was the end of jealousy. Unconsciously the United States set to wondering whether she had any call for parity. Of course, the negotiations have yet to proceed and all the technical fuss has to be gone through. But if jealousy be dead and scheming interests discounted, the terms will be comparatively easily reached. But here is the demon possession of jealousy broken out in a fresh place where it will be harder to exorcise. As between France and Italy, very generous approaches may be possible enough with large souls like Briand, and for aught we know, Mussolini, whom no one has fathomed. But what is to be done with two alien nations in a state of mutual irritation, kept so by the pin pricking gnats of the press, ever on the look out for inflammatory views of things?

The Task at London

SO far the official response to the invitation, practically a joint one from the two English-speaking powers to confer on naval reduction, has been most cordial on the part of all the three powers addressed. The French reply to the invitation to attend a five power conference at London was couched in the most conciliatory and friendly terms, as was also Italy's. But the fact remains that the attitude of these two powers may very well disrupt the conference. Mussolini, in furtherance of his plans to make Italy a world power, has declared that he can accept no plan of limitation which will leave Italy in a position of inferiority to France. France, on the other hand, uses the same argument that British naval experts put forward for demanding superiority over the American navy, and maintains that because of France's extensive colonial possessions she needs a larger navy than Italy requires, and will never consent to actual parity. Some fiery deputies have gone so far as to assert that French national pride demands that the country with the most glorious history in modern Europe should not grant equality to such an upstart nation as Italy. Mussolini's hand has been greatly strengthened by the swing of Britain's primary solicitude from France to the United States. As long as British foreign policy took its cue from the Quai d'Orsay, Mussolini's policy, as projected on the old diplomatic chess board, power playing against power, was for a time frustrated. But as the threads binding London and Paris seem to loosen, he feels his position in international affairs more secure. The Italian press, which bows in everything to the will of the dictator, has been lately incited against France, and it sets forth Fascist demands with a strength of language that it did not use a year ago.

Fear of Friendship

APPARENTLY the only thing on which France and Italy show any agreement is opposition to what they look upon as an Anglo-American lordship of the seas. In demanding the abolition of submarines some French comment professes to see an Anglo-American agreement to rule, not only the seas, but the coast lines as well, since, they say, the submarine can only be used for coastal defence purposes. However, the general terms of the invitation leave the way open for the exclusion of the submarine question if France and Italy object, or of the capital ship problem if Japan objects. For a long time there was a tendency in the United States to measure British naval needs by the needs of the United States, but, latterly, Americans have begun to admit that their relations with the British Empire on other boundaries might be modeled on that between Canada and the United States. It is safe to say that both Mr. MacDonald and President Hoover would be willing to leave the Atlantic boundary between their respective countries as free from armament as the North American boundary. Not to speak of the infernal nature of submarine warfare, Britain with her dependence on the sea, is most endangered by it. France says that submarines are useless except for coastal defence; but Britain replies that even the smallest submarines can navigate the English Channel, and cut off Britain's food supply. So British naval reduction is contingent, to a cecrtain extent, on how far France is willing to reduce. On the other hand, France has her Mediterranean boundary between herself and Italy, so her naval plans are contingent on Mussolini's attitude. Furthermore Great Britain must take into consideration her Pacific boundary between Australia and Japan. As some American writers have put it, the size of the American and British navies will hereafter be determined, not by the size of each other's armaments, but by the size of the combined navies of Europe and Asia. Stated in another way, this means that while the United States maintains parity with Britain, the level at which parity must be maintained will be determined by Britain on the basis of her conception of her needs relative to other powers, and the United States will build up to that.

DON'T LET HIM RAKE YOURS IN!

"Selling" Peace

THE art of publicity, if it can be termed an art, has come to fill a place in the business life of the country such as few people realize. If the manufacturer wishes to sell an article he organizes a publicity campaign, and gets all the newspapers to print articles about his factory or his product, if he can, and if he can not, he fills columns of advertising space. The wants of the public have been drastically changed within even the space of a few years; names that were household words have disappeared, to be replaced by new ones, whose sponsors knew the value of publicity. The publicity expert is called upon to popularize every conceivable thing, even war, as events in Washington the past few weeks have shown. Why not, then, call upon the aid of publicity to popularize Peace? At an international congress of Publicity held at Berlin the British and American delegates proposed that the principles of commercial publicity be used to second the world peace movement. This suggestion was seconded at the recent session of the League of Nations assembly, and it was proposed that the sum of one hundred million dollars be collected to carry on this work. This seems like a large sum, but when it is compared with the tremendous cost of War it appears small indeed. It is estimated that the ten leading coun-

tries of the world could raise this sum by levying a tax of ten cents a head on their people. It was suggested at the congress in Berlin that each country divert ten per cent of its war budget. Both of these suggestions are, perhaps, impractical, for it is hard to make nations realize the necessity for spending money on anything that does not bring in visible returns, but there is little doubt that the sum could be raised by subscription, if in no other way. The visit of Mr. MacDonald to the United States on his errand of peace has aroused a devotion for peace throughout the world such as seldom has been seen before, which the leadership of such enlightened statesmen as Briand, Stresemann, and Hoover ably seconded. Now seems to be the time when such a publicity campaign would bear the best fruits.

The New Senate

MANY will learn with pleased surprise the judgment of His Majesty's Privy Council that women are eligible for the Canadian Senate. The pleasure may not be equally shared in government quarters, as it introduces a new complication into the distressful choice in filling the Senate's vacancies. Still the Prime Minister may well express himself very pleased at the news, as half of the voters are now women and would be greatly hurt if he was not pleased. Indeed had the case gone the other way, Mr. MacKenzie King hastens to say, it was the government's intention to have brought in a bill asking for an amendment to the constitutional act to that effect. There would be, in this new franchise only the embarrassment of larger choice if the ideal of the Senate had prevailed and all there was to do was to seek out the more outstanding person in the region affected. It is different from that. Every vacancy arouses a clamor, not radioed to the public, but megaphoned in the ears of the government, of rival claimants for a place on the shelf of honorables, with an income to sustain the dignity of the title.

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THE alleged claim may be: "You promised me this if I would run for Snoox division and did not win. Why, that election cost me ten thousand dollars more than I personally incurred; but there might have been scandal enough if I had not paid it." Or the plea might be: "You know I was promised not to be forgotten should any seat open in my part of the country. When twenty thousand dollars was needed to come to terms with the Daily Highflyer, which was showing signs of active opposition, and I put up half the money, I assure you I did not do it to make that fellow rich!" "Dear me!" says the prime minister, "I never heard of all this." "I suppose not," says the applicant. "Indeed, they told me you never would hear if I would do something public-spirited enough to give good ground for the proposal; and perhaps you don't know either what that has cost me." "I think you must be wrong in imagining such a bargain as that," says the chief. "Why, it is against every principle of proper selection." Or, perhaps, the claim is, "You know how my paper has stood up for the party. You can get plenty of people to praise you when the people think that way. But I have stood up for the party these twenty-five years through thick and thin, and have barely made a living." "It is true," says the chief, cynically, "that it is when we are wrong that we most need a champion."

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IN this account of the Senate we are, of course, not speaking by the book, not being in touch with the facts. We are merely describing the Senate of today as the man in the street sees it. We would not have any of the venerated "Conscript Fathers" imagine that we mean any of them. Indeed, some of them are just such as we would have chosen. Henceforth there will be no vacancy for which there will not be a woman candidate. The prospect is that the claims of these woman candidates to distinction will be less occult than those of the average male aspirant.

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APART from people's likes or dislikes on the question, probably most people expected the judgment of the imperial court to support that of the Supreme Court of Canada in the view that those who drew up the British North America Act certainly did not contemplate the appointment of women to the Senate, and that therefore the act which they obtained from the imperial parliament could not mean that. One naturally thinks of English institutions and customs as being conservatively clung to long after they have become obsolete. It is interesting, and, with Lord Sankey as Lord Chancellor, not so surprising, to find British jurists invoking the law of progress, where our own are bound by the letter. It was in appealing to history as a basis of interpretation of the act that the opponents of feminine appointments stumbled. It is indeed true that, throughout history, women, except monarchs, have been ignored as rulers. But when we come to contemporary history we find that the world is changing. It is not wise, so we interpret the judgment, if we may do otherwise, to turn the hands of the clock back, by interpreting a law for today in terms of the thinking of another day. The very positions of the five appellant women, all from Alberta, are evidence of a changing world in this respect. One is a cabinet minister, two have been legislators; one is a leader in the National Council of Women and one a notable police magistrate. The act the court was asked to interpret was for the very purpose of making Canada self-governing, that is, mistress in her own house. Why, then, should it be interpreted to prevent Canada's free will? The question, their Lordships explained, was not one of the right of women to be called to the Senate. No one has that right. The question was whether Canada may call women to her Senate if she wants to. There is no call to interpret a law in a sense opposed to its purpose. There are places in the act where the word person certainly means either men or women; there are other places where it is distinctly specified that it means only men. In this case it is not so limited, so that the presumption is that it means either.

Drink Money

IN the multiplicity of candidates thrust into the field in Ontario there would appear to be great danger of splitting the temperance vote in favor of government tavern keeping. There is no end to the things that the liquor seller is going to do with his liquor money. Liquor selling provinces, like liquor men, have a way of buying themselves into the Kingdom of Heaven by sharing their gains with it. The Toronto Star says: "From all the promises he is making it is clear that Mr. Ferguson neglected to do a lot of things when he had the chance." Let us hope that where it is the temperance vote, that is going to be split, some agreement will be come to.

Je ne Sais Pas

THREE important facts ought to be kept in mind in considering Mr. Ferguson's adamant refusal to reveal the current sales figures of the Ontario Liquor Commission, largely his own creation as a means of promoting "true temperance" and restricting the consumption of liquor. Mr. Ferguson justifies this withholding of information from the electors, who admittedly have a right to it, on the ground that the annual returns will not be available until after October 31, the end of the Liquor Board's financial year. The significance of this date, just one day after the election, cannot be overlooked. Is it at all unlikely that the Prime Minister fears that the returns when released will disclose such an increase in liquor consumption as will emphasize the folly of those, who, like himself, sought support for the enactment as "an advanced temperance measure." At all events, if the Ontario chief really wishes the election to be decided on the basis of intelligent reasoning and judgment, as he professes to do, why does he withhold this information so essential in appraising his glib assurance that the Act would result in greatly curtailing the excessive drinking which, under the effete and out-of-date Ontario Temperance Act, so greatly harassed the mind of the redoubtable Howard? While Mr. Ferguson's regretful "I do not know" is accepted at its face value, by the political faithful, there is another, possibly more cold-blooded and less trusting section, voicing a shrewd suspicion, which will not down, that Mr. Ferguson knows more than he cares to reveal in this connection. If not, whence comes the information which enables Mr. Ferguson to tell certain critics, on the other side of the political fence, that they are all wrong in their attempts to estimate the figures. Finally there is the undoubted fact that under the provisions of the Liquor Control Act, local liquor vendors have to furnish daily reports to Sir Henry Drayton, Ontario's Liquor Commissioner, a feature of the measure which once elicited from Mr. Ferguson the boast that if a bottle of liquor were purchased in an Ontario town, he would know of it in Toronto. Surely a little talk with Sir Henry and the use of a moderately capable clerk would help out here. Or, perhaps Mr. Ferguson hopes the province will close its eyes and open its mouth for what he chooses to give it.

An Old Device

CHARGES that money from liquor interests, mostly outside the province, are being freely circulated in effort to influence the plebiscite in Nova Scotia are indignantly denied by the Temperance Reform Association, a body which like the Moderation League of Ontario some years ago, contains no names that have been outstanding in the cause of temperance. Usurping a name that has long belonged to advocates of different policy is perhaps one of the best tributes the wet propagandists could pay to the other side, even although the motive is to cloak sinister reaction under the mantle of progress. But if these "reformers" had even a rudimentary knowledge of the liquor interest and its ways, they would know something of the "protective and assurance" accounts of the brewers and distillers of British Columbia, consisting of contributions to two opposing parties; they would know something of the contributions which came all the way from wine-growing France to help finance the campaign of the wets in Alberta, and of the self-gratulation of the French wine exporters that the money supplied was well spent, with prospects of bringing in return of a hundred fold. No sane person who has witnessed the lavish expenditures of all groups which have advocated abrogation of any of our temperance measures seriously believes that the money was given by disinterested upholders of "personal liberty" or of any of the academic theories so glibly put forward. The money is strictly an investment, from which a handsome return is expected, while all the concomitant liabilities, sickness, crime, insanity are loaded upon the public. And no one who can think at all will doubt on which side of the question in the minds of those who know best will there be enormously the most drinking.

The Flood Increased

"TRUE temperance" legislation has increased the production of liquor in Canada by twenty-one million gallons, about thirty-three per cent, during the past two years, according to a dispatch from Ottawa. The manufacture of spirits alone has doubled. The following table tells the story:

Manufactured in Canada (Gallons)

	Fiscal Year 1927	Year Ended Aug. 31, 1929
Spirits	9,000,000	18,000,000
Malt liquors ...	52,000,000	62,000,000
Wines	3,000,000	5,000,000
	64,000,000	85,000,000

But this country is not only manufacturing more liquor than two years ago, it is importing more. Imports in 1927 exceeded exports by one million dollars. During the year ended August 31 this year imports exceeded exports by eleven million dollars. Evidently, to Government Sale addicts, "temperance" means a great many more people drinking an ever increasing amount of government alcohol, while "intemperance" (as they would label prohibition) means a few old soaks drinking an ever decreasing amount of bootleg poison.

Sheep's Clothing

WET orators and propagandists are always conscious of the fact that most people are agreed that the drink evil is about the most pressing social problem of the day. In all countries and provinces before election times, but particularly so at present in Ontario and Nova Scotia the wets are camouflaged under the designation of "reformers" of one kind or another. They are not out to bring back the old evil days, oh no! To listen to a wet orator, descanting on the evil of the barroom is like hearing an oration of a Tory diehard on the late Mr. Lenin. They are all out for improving conditions so as to ensure a greater measure of temperance and their cure is more and more Government Control, which after election time invariably becomes more and more Government Sale. The original wolf that masqueraded in sheep's clothing has nothing on Mr. Ferguson's temperance candidates and on Nova Scotia's self-styled temperance reformers. Anyone who watches a Liquor Commission store will not be long in discovering that bootleggers and rum-runners are among their best customers. And all along we have been assured that the eliminations of these pests will be achieved by still larger facilities for the consumption of their "good stuff." And here is how it has worked according to a Toronto newspaper.

"In 1927 the number of Ontario residents taking out liquor permits was 220,446. The number grew to 376,839 in 1928 and to 413,736 in 1929. These figures support the view that tens of thousands more young people are drinking in this province today than two years ago.

The quantity of liquor sold in the first five months of government control in Ontario was valued at 17½ million dollars; the sales in 1928 reached a value of almost 49 million dollars. The figures for the year ending with this month cannot be given, but present indications are that they will reach the staggering figure of 60 millions.

To supply the multitudes asking for liquor the government control system at the end of 1928 maintained 117 government stores selling all sorts of intoxicants, mainly distilled liquors; 7 distilleries, 37 breweries and 112 brewery warehouses.

The "good" government whiskey sold under Mr. Ferguson's policy was so powerful and so easily obtained that a party of three tourists on their way from Windsor to Montreal bought three bottles at three successive government stores along the highway and by the time Gananoque was reached one of them was dead from alcoholic poisoning. Automobile fatalities, numbering 298 in 1926, the last complete year under prohibition, numbered 477 in 1928, an increase of 60 per cent.

Those who do not volunteer to fight the enemy now in the two Canadian provinces considering the matter will certainly be conscripted by that enemy to fight against total abstinence and

Prohibition. Wet propagandists placed in positions of power and influence will claim supine or apathetic silence for full approval of a wet regime. There are really no neutrals in this warfare. Clerical upholders of the Ferguson policy in Ontario have become strangely silent during the present struggle. Perhaps their eyes have become opened; these stories of drinking parties even in villages and the bottles littered along the highways must make uncomfortable reading for those who sincerely believed that Government Sale would improve conditions.

Civil Service

SPOILS is the title frankly given in the United States to the system of making positions in the Civil service the reward of party service. It was Andrew Jackson who gave it that name in his great saying: "To the victors belong the spoils." The general observance of that practice has greatly corrupted United States' politics. In Canada's habit of absorbing its neighbor's ways by electrostatic induction, the system has never been frankly adopted, as there, as part of an unwritten constitution; but at times the very flimsiest excuses have been made for following it in practice. How to turn over the patronage of the country post offices to his Castor supporters was more of a study with a postmaster-general of a few years ago than how to improve the service. But it cannot be denied that even in the sacred responsibility of appointments to the bench, party allegiance has been a dominant consideration, almost as much so as appointments to the Senate, whose fine purpose is largely neutralized by conditions which make party appointments necessary. In Britain the Lord Chancellor, being a minister of the Crown, has always to be a political appointment. How far the rule applies lower down does not appear.

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A CONVERSE of the law of political appointment is on the whole an admitted Canadian practice, namely, the dismissal of civil servants accused of political activity. As we have never heard of this rule being applied for activity on the successful side, and as it is usually applied to make place for some one warmly enlisted on the successful side, it differs from the Jackson formula only in the need of finding some pretence on which to use the axe. Dr. Anderson, the new premier of Saskatchewan, is reported as having thus announced his creed on this matter at a rural banquet of jubilation: The great majority of the civil servants would be retained. In the interests of the province as a whole, those who had taken an active part in opposing his candidates would be set aside. Must we add the corollary: in favor of such as, being out of office, but seeking it, had been active on behalf of his candidates? Such is probably a fair statement of the rule which has commended itself to Canadian governments in the past, namely, that a civil servant is not disfranchised as far as his vote is concerned; but he had better not tell how he votes lest he be found later to have voted wrong. He is disfranchised from political activity on the wrong, that is, the unsuccessful, side. That we are gradually getting out of this mess in Canada and that the best of those who have to make the appointments are glad to escape the responsibility of having sometimes to turn half a dozen faithful applicants down in favor of one, probably more pushful than the rest, is shown by Dr. Anderson's announcement of intention to appoint a civil service commission to relieve government of that responsibility. Query; will the commission be a party one? and, if so, will it be liable to removal on change of government on that account?

A Blow To Pessimism

A TELLING blow to those professional political pessimists who would have us believe that Canada is on the brink of national ruin has been given by the publication of the thirty-seventh annual report of the Department of Trade and Commerce. Mr. Bennett, who draws a salary for being against everything, spent the summer stumping up and down the country lamenting over the industrial ruin he professed to see on every hand, but he must feel a sense of futility, not unmixed with patriotic pride, when he reads the report just compiled, a report which ranks Canada as one of the leading nations of the world in commerce. According to most recent comparative statistics available for the calendar year, 1928, Canada occupied fifth position among the leading nations of the world in aggregate external trade, both in imports and exports. In proportion to population she is second of all the nations in export and in total trade and has the third most favorable trade balance; in proportion to numbers, the second. This country leads the world in production and export of a number of commodities, such as newsprint, nickel, asbestos, and cobalt; we are second in the production of wheat, and third in the output of gold and lead. We lead in the export of wheat, newsprint, nickel and asbestos; we are second in the export of wheat flour, and third in the export of wood pulp. There cannot be much wrong with the economic welfare of a country that, though only twentieth in population, is fifth in the world in total trade and third in favorable trade balance; not that favorable trade balance very often means much, for some of the most prosperous countries in the world, Switzerland for example, have a permanently unfavorable visible balance. There is no cause for lamentation if our nearest neighbor continues to sell more to us than she buys, for what we lose on the swing we make up on the round-about. It would not help our people to face world competition to prevent them buying in whatever they find the cheapest market.

The Wizard's Light

HOW significant the living presence of Thomas E. Edison is in the United States, and how vast and intimate are his works in the life of the country, is brought out in a universal blaze of city illuminations such as laughed to scorn the old candle celebrations and in expressions of appreciation that have come from all parts of the world on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his invention of the incandescent lamp, which made electric lighting possible. He literally brought the world out of darkness into light, and practically wiped out the moon and the stars. How many other achievements have been based on that of Edison? George Eastman, inventor of the Kodak, doubts the ability of any individual to estimate the full meaning of the incandescent lamp. "This system of lighting was used when film photography was invented and perfected two years later," he says. "During the past half century, the electric light has contributed to the creation of more new products and manufacturing processes than any other single utility." Thomas Edison's invention was the beginning of a new era in electricity; a natural force having infinite possibilities of usefulness was to be harnessed by man and made to serve him in countless ways. We are too apt to think of Mr. Edison only in terms of the electric lamp and the phonograph. But a list of his inventions or of his contributions to the inventions of others, with even the briefest descriptions, would fill a volume. To name but a few: he assisted Sholes, the inventor of the typewriter, to make the first working model. His invention of the quadruplex system of telegraphy saved the investment of millions of dollars in wires; as long ago as 1883, he made a discovery which today covers the foundation principle on which the modern radio tube is based. With all the honors showered upon him, he has remained genial and easy-going, free from self-importance, and with a great tolerance of the weakness of lesser men.

In the time of Tetzel the Roman Church sold indulgences to wealthy people who wanted to commit crimes, and very much money was raised for the church in that way. Is that so very different from the smile of some preachers and politicians on wealthy liquor supporters today? The love of money is the cause of much that is evil.

The Department for the Enforcement of Prohibition in the United States collected $7,476,300 in fines in 1929, and an immense amount of bootleggers' automobiles and rum runners' launches and ships, which swelled the revenues enormously. How much better such collections than to raise revenues from permits and profits.

Feng

READERS of Chinese news coming by way of Shanghai will perhaps be excused for being suspicious. Much of it is probable enough. When told, as we are being told this week, of outbreaks of rapacity among the government troops, it is at all events not hard to believe. Chinese militarism under the war-lords has sustained itself, as such freebooting hordes have done ever since David's time, by black-mail or loot. To such forces it was the hoped for holiday to settle down on a rich town or city and levy supplies upon it. It was a severe change from that system, and a new demand upon patriotism to be in the service of a government which could not indulge in war-lord practices, and which must have had the utmost difficulty in meeting the needs of its armies.

In the gradual evolution of orderly rule out of chaos the ardor of nationalism, which, some years ago drew every intelligent patriotic youth into the ranks, now draws these off into other service, leaving only the despised mercenary; so that we have to look for a very different morale in the army: What is more natural than for such habitual banditti when they see a wealthy city in their power, to break loose upon it. And need we wonder at all if in the rear of a successful revolution, when competent men are at the perplexing task of shaping a first class power under conditions for which history offers no precedents, there should be jealousies on the part of chieftains who do not find themselves on the breast of the wave. Nor is it surprising that these jealousies should be fostered by the bolshevism which is chagrined beyond measure that after having put the match to the fuse which found the whole nation primed for explosion, it was kicked aside by the revolution, which was really national and not communist. Still less was the new China minded to be a dependency of the Soviet Union.

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IT is where antipathies come in that we become sceptical. When the late Sun Yat-sen, the father of the republic, was alive, he was the bugbear of the intrusive foreign communities, because, in the front of his ambition was the desire to recover for China the government of her own territory. There were war-lords aplenty all sanely enough contending for the control of their wonderful country. Would that some one of them, said these commercial groups, would gain the mastery. He could be bullied as the imperial government used to be, leaving the western interests in ever-increasing commercial dominance. As for this Sun, with his dreams of a republic and China for the Chinese, he was a mere dreamer and when he wanted to apply Chinese customs revenue to Chinese administration—revenues all primarily bespoken for European war debts—of course that could not be permitted. When Sun, thus baffled, broke down and died, it was distressing indeed to the privileged commercial colonies to find that nationalism did not die with him, but riper than ever, when rekindled under bolshevist incitement. To their thinking these nationalist leaders, stained as they were with bolshevism, were nothing but a new set of war lords, contending for mastery, with less prospect and less claim for consideration than the older sort. Among the new figures none was more picturesque or more unbelievable than Feng who in "so-called" Christian quarters was persistently designated "the so-called Christian general" and who was in consequence everywhere spoken against. Now that the "southern war lords" have become the recognized and respected government of China, it is the off-colored Feng that the gossip of the newsmakers keeps spitting at.

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IT is when with every story of disloyalty to the national government that comes through Shanghai we find the name of Feng "the so-called Christian general" mixed up, and when these stories somewhat preposterously, contradict each other, we begin to suspect. A thing we certainly know about Feng and his force is that the designation Christian, without any "so-called", is more applicable to them than to the community at Shanghai which would not accord the name Christian to one who wanted to exclude, not the foreigners but foreign privileges and domination from China. All the same a London newspaper might as well speak of Salvationist "knee-drill" as "so-called Christian," as cast that slur on troops which, for a time, at least, had daily prayers in their ranks and a testament in every pocket. Another thing we know about Feng is that, having started with Wu to face, at the Great Wall, the Manchurian Chang who was marching on Pekin, he fell out with Wu Chang's war lord rival for imperial power—was, as generally understood, practically dismissed by Wu, and that he returned and made himself military master of Pekin, refusing to assume civil authority. We know, too, that thence he removed northward, depending on Russia for supplies, and that in whatsoever city his force sojourned it did its best chiefly by civilizing public services and public works to requite the place for their entertainment; that he went to Moscow to study the bolshevist system, and that he has long been settled in the great central province of Honan where missionaries report his sway as most benign.

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MANY months ago we heard of Feng stirring things up at Nankin. He had no formal authority there; but his influence with certain Christian members of the government started a reform movement against the dance halls which lined the Yangtze river. It is easy to see what trouble this would bring upon the government and how he would quarrel with the government's laxity. So far the story is all what one might look for. The next thing we heard was that Feng was on the war path and was tearing up bridges and railway tracks with a view to seizing the government. Strange that we never heard any more about that rampage. It seems to have been a Shanghai scare. But since then, as well as before it, no item of disaffection in any quarter has failed to have Feng's name mixed up with it, to all appearance, gratuitously. Last week we heard that Yen, the altogether well-meaning governor of Shansi, the province north of Honan, who, largely through their peace-making wives, had been friendly with Feng, had sent an armed force and practically interned him while he was his guest in Shansi. The impression left was that Feng had become dangerous and needed restraint. But the very next news represented him as again on the march. It will be interesting to await the next turn of this magic kaleidoscope.

Letters

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—Mr. Rhodes promises that if his "control" purposes are carried the first claims on liquor revenue will be to train efficient police to enforce the law.

Prevention is better than Cure.

He reminds us of a man who was seeking a licence some years ago in the Eastern Townships. The council told him there would be drunks and disorderly people about if his request were granted. He replied, "I will build a lock-up and present it to the municipality!"

—L. M. ENGLAND.

Kingston, Ont.

PRAY

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—Will you please ask through your paper, for every one that believes in prayer to pray that God will come to our help, and that this Liquor Control will be done away with in favor of prohibition. In the time of the Great War, when defeat seemed near, and when we met to pray that God would come to our help and give us victory, He came to our help and He is the same God today. Think of our homes, our boys, and our girls. There never was as much crime and sin and sorrow and broken hearts as there has been since the Liquor Control system came in. Oh, pray as never before that God will help us in the coming election and give us victory. If every church member and all who say they are Christians, no matter what they belong to, would pray, God would help us.

—MRS. LEWIS KEEFER.

Ont.

CHAIRMAN FULTON'S DILEMMA

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—Some years ago a leading American humorous publication produced a cartoon picturing a swell in feature and dress, who had married wealth, attached to homely attraction, parading his consort in a social gathering with a mortifying embarrassment. Below the picture the inscription read,—"Mr. B———, who has married money, still smarts under some of the consequences."

Chairman, R. G. Fulton, of the N.B. Liquor Control Board has challenged the criticisms of liquor conditions in New Brunswick, and having done so has made himself and his administration a proper subject for discussion.

After charging that certain statements made by the N. S. Plebiscite Committee are "absolute falsehoods," either through "grossest ignorance," or of "intentionally attempting to mislead the people of the Province of Nova Scotia," he proceeds to a discussion, in self defense, without producing a tittle of evidence to support his abusive protest.

To camouflage the issue he recited a ditty, found in a report of Chief of Police Salt, selected apparently because of its non-application to the subject, from some thousands of others which he more carefully avoided. The only figures he ventured to offer were confirmatory rather than antagonistic to what he was denying.

One of those figures admits an increase of 33 convictions in seven months of 1929 over the same period in 1928, but, assuming an air of wisdom, declares,—"this is not an alarming increase."

It must be noted that Mr. Fulton's comparison in this case is with the previous year, which was also under his liquor administration, with the same conditions prevailing as are still shocking the people of his own Province, and of Canada.

Attempting to minimize the evidence of the Police reports, he claimed that prohibitionists made no analysis to determine their significance. With the figures before him why did he not supply this deficiency? Bold assertions which he indulges in, have no statistical value. He dare not make the venture, lest like Demetrius he finds his craft in danger.

It may not be out of place at this moment to dispel that hazy mist from Chairman Fulton's mental vision, giving an analysis, with facts and figures comparing existing conditions, not with his own years of operation, but with pre-existing periods under prohibition. These are more to the point.

Commissioner Salt having been referred to by Mr. Fulton we may take his report to commence with, not forgetting that he is Provincial Commissioner, and not of Municipal connection.

His report is for eight months, January to August, 1929. He declares that "August was the busiest month in the history of the force. The number of new cases, the number of prosecutions entered and the number of convictions recorded were all much the largest in the annals of the force." How does this conform to Mr. Fulton's local paradise?

In these eight months, Chief Salt reports:—"The number of new cases handled by the police" were in 1928, 1,628; in the same period for 1929 they vaulted up to the enormous number of 4,104, an increase of 2,476 under the benign influence of the present grog "control" administration. These figures are for eight months only. They represent prosecutions, not necessarily convictions, but compare convictions, which average about 75 per cent, with the whole year's convictions of 1926, under prohibition, of 2,418 and what a damning arraignment it makes of existing conditions?

There was an increase in 1927, the latter part of which year came under liquor sale operation, of 163 in drunks alone; its initial contribution to the debauchery of the people. In Juvenile Delinquency, in the same year there was an increase of 100 males (under 16) and 14 females for major offenses; and 58 males and 1 female for minor offenses. Another sample of the uplifting (?) influence of the New Brunswick liquor business on the boys and girls which it enmeshes.

In Nova Scotia, under prohibition, Juvenile Delinquency on the ther hand decreased 30 per cent in male and 8 per cent in female convictions.

Mr. Fulton then tries to make "canned heat" a scapegoat to account for what he cannot dispute. Why this subterfuge? One of the boasts of "Control" is that it does away with those poisonous drink substitutes and provides grog in its purity. Isn't this like a case of fouling one's own nest? Why resort to canned heat when the real simon pure is available on every hand? Drink flows full and easy; in daytime at the Government grog stores; and night and forbidden hours the ever present bootlegger with his government furnished supplies.

Reports of the New Brunswick Control Board show an enormous increased quantity of liquor sold. What brand of brooze are they handing out — which makes sober men of those who drink it? Booze the world over, from time immemorial, has ever had the one effect. Is Chairman Fulton's product of supply of any different type? Is any other result possible other than that which follows in the wake of intoxicants wherever they are used? The criminal calendar of that Province, both in major and minor offenses gives no such consolation.

Mr. Fulton recited an incident without a point; let me give one which is to the point. A Prohibition Inspector in P. E. Island related it—it is true. A young man, convicted under our Prohibition Act to imprisonment skipped to New Brunswick. A few months ago he met the Inspector and thanked him for the conviction.—"You did a big thing for me when you had me sentenced to jail. I am now in New Brunswick making money like shells at bootlegging."

—LEWIS P. TANTON.

The Temperance Alliance of Prince Edward Island.

A SILLY TEACHER

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—Doubtless like other periodicals you are fairly deluged with letters—pro and con—these days. However I can't keep still so am venturing to send you a letter re present situation refering to L. C.? A.

You can imagine my feelings, also my husband's—to have our son tell us at the table tonight that their teacher advised voting for Mr. Ferguson—or his party—because if not, people would be supplied with poison liquor by bootleggers instead of good stuff (as furnished I presume by our —think of it—OUR Government!)

From earliest childhood I, as well as my husband, have had instilled into our innermost beings the evils of the liquor traffic, and in turn have passed this training on to our five sons and three daughters.

We have never been directly hurt through the Liquor traffic. I am thankful to say — but without those early influences I am safe in saying the sights we have seen during our travels the last nineteen years alone would make a Prohibitionist of anyone with the ordinary powers of reasoning.

Why even our younger children are quick to see the falseness of the arguments offered by the "Wets"—(I aim to leave party out of this). Why? Because the truth is so apparent that only the 'ostriches' cannot see it (because they won't).

In the Globe recently appeared a letter from a man who writes often to our Homemakers' Page. He is held up as a rare specimen in literary lines—referred to and deferred to by —I was about to say—one and all. We women who contribute to the Page are proud of the universal stand taken on the Temperance question, and we note he put his letter in the Voice of the People.

His statements are not even true—anyone awake to conditions existing under the L. C. A. knows that things are not "vastly improved". It seemed to me little short of actual blasphemy to say "(D.V.) he hopes to vote for Mr. Ferguson." I really believe that is "tempting Providence."

Why can people not forget what Party their great grandfathers voted for—? They don't pretend to follow them in other ways—such as dress, laws in general, modern devices and implements, etc. Why not extend their enlightenment to embrace this all important subject?

I heard today of a minister who ventured a mild hint, while calling in our neighborhood, that "whiskey did no one any good"—The answer came back, "A drink of 'good' liquor never hurt anybody! Why not buy the best from the Government? You know it keeps better than cheap stuff." Yes—but they don't "keep"—they consume it.

Yet a man, intoxicated, can run over his own son, while in that condition—a son he idolizes ordinarily. I heard a mother say two weeks ago "that 'eats' didn't matter so long as Dad had his beer." He wasn't "dead drunk"—he was just so stupid I saw him almost run over several times—but for his wife's watchfulness. They were about to start on a long journey and she needed all his help and thoughtfulness to see her through. I heard her say to a friend — "You never saw that—(pointing to him attempting to carry a suitcase) until he could 'go out and buy it like a gentleman' for D—— never would enter a bar."

The evidence is there—a perfectly staggering and unanswerable pile of it. We may not be greatly discommoded by conditions now existing, but what decent parent wants to go out of this life and leave their children to live in such a Canada as L. C. A. would make of it? It is not too late to save many now growing up about us, if we forget party, forget the greed for gain, (at what awful cost) and for popularity—and talk, think, live, pray and VOTE Temperance. Yours for a Province of which we need not be ashamed.

—"ANOTHER MOTHER"

FRUITS OF CONTROL

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—Your splendid editorial, also the picture of the "Trojan Horse", in last week's "Witness", has put serious thought into my mind and has led me once again to write to express my opinion of Government Control.

Let us pray that Nova Scotia like Prince Edward Island will keep its gates closed against such a deceiver, and not let this weird monster, in the disguise of Government Control, into the province to bring misery, poverty and death to loved ones.

We often hear men say, "Why should I vote for Prohibition? Liquor doesn't hurt me, I can take my little drink and lea, it alone." Such men ought to be thankful they are able to do this. If men could only realize that it is not only for the like of them we want this law, but for the weaker brother and for the protection of the wives, mothers, and children.

A few weeks ago I was obliged to pass through the streets of Lower Town here in Quebec, where there are more taverns and more drinking going on. I couldn't help noticing the "Trail of the Serpent" as I went along. First, I met a poor man, blinded by drink, staggering along on his way home, next I saw a young frail-looking Mother standing at a tavern door with a wee babe in her arms, waiting no doubt for the father of the child she held, who was having his "little drink." then I saw a little boy perhaps five or six years of age, coming out of a "grocery store," with two bottles of beer under his little arm, probably sent for them by his own mother. This is what Government Control is doing here in Quebec to man, woman and child. Where is the control? As long as our children can buy beer, our husbands buy all the whiskey they want at these liquor stores, there is no "control." May the people of Nova Scotia be wise to this, and not be fooled by this plea of Government Control. May they vote to build up their province, not to bring it low, and thus bring health and happiness to their children and the coming generations.

—M. I. M.

Oct 9. 1929.

THANK YOU

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—Just a word of appreciation of your paper. You have certainly published a few exceptional issues. They have been wonderfully true and pertinent to N. S.'s problem to be settled Oct. 31st. The simplest thing stated was the most formidable argument—re "those bottles." Appreciatively.

—LAKNIX.

Bridgewater, N.S.

A NEWCOMER'S REFLECTIONS

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—On the day of my arrival in the Dominion (June 1, 1929) I happened to glance through a periodical, when a large display advertisement of the "Witness" and its co-publications attracted, my attention.

Now previously, being rather literary-minded, I had decided to subscribe to some weekly paper which would help to bridge (by news, etc.) the gulf between the Old Country and Canada. The "Witness," I reflected, would be the very thing. Therefore, the address of the publishers was noted down for early attention. Judge of my surprise, when, a few days later, I learnt that the Salvation Army, under whose auspices the writer had come to "Jack Canuk's Land," had arranged for a copy to be supplied week by week. My expectations as to the paper's value have been more than realised.

I have specially appreciated the political and even religious unbiased point of view. Also, as a Socialist, your sympathethic attitude to the Macdonald Government has been greatly valued. The "Witness" is indeed fulfilling its object—to "Make Canada a Land to Love."

Just now, the Liquor Question is in the forefront especially in Ontario and Nova Scotia. I must confess that Prohibition, or Liquor Control of any sort for that matter, does not interest me to any extent, though, in principle, I am a "bone-dry man." In Britain, nothing has been done to "control" or "abolish" liquor. True, the Labor Government has appointed a Royal Commission on the subject, but that is merely a move to get rid of a question, (for a time at any rate,) that is likely to cause no little embarrassment to the Party. However, as no small number of M. P.'s are pledged to Temperance Reform, one is certain to hear something of non-party action in the near future.

Recently, the Press has devoted a great deal of space to the opinions of one of England's blue-blooded "hopefuls," namely, Hon. Evan Morgan heir of Viscount Tredegar, property-owner of South Wales. In Cardiff, which is familiar to him, there is no lack of "pubs." The public houses are undoubtedly the cause of the terrible, un-Christian Social conditions of Cardiff and the bigger towns. One

of the institutions of London I gladly miss is the "pub," which the Hon. Evan seems to hold such affections for. Personally I think too much attention is being paid to this fellow with his "Ten days by the Ganges" ideas. It is obviously a "circulation stunt."

—WM. H. HAYDEN.
Carleton Place, Ont.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—It is the conviction of the Lord's Day Alliance, as the result of forty years' experience in guarding Sunday in Canada, that such a work of moral reform should, generally speaking, be prosecuted by education rather than force. The history of the years justifies the policy which was adopted at the beginning, and which found expression in the slogan "Education not dictation, persuasion not coercion." Even the Lord's Day Act, which guarantees a weekly day of rest, depends for its efficiency, like any such law, upon public approval. The Sunday problem today in Canada is essentially a cultural one.

For this reason we are celebrating our Fortieth Anniversary by a Dominion-wide educational campaign, in the interests of Sunday observance, through ecclesiastical, educational and publicity agencies, as well as by the circulation of our own literature. The Post Office Department at Ottawa has agreed to assist this campaign by issuing a cancellation stamp to be used on letters passing through the Post Offices of the cities of Canada from Halifax to Victoria, during October and November, bearing the words "OBSERVE SUNDAY".

Do you know that the Lord's Day Alliance of Canada is this year celebrating its 40th Anniversary, organization having taken place March 21, 1889, in the City of Ottawa?

Do you know that Canada has the best Sunday law in the world?

Do you know that the Lord's Day Alliance, with the co-operation of the Trades and Labor Council, was largely instrumental in the passing of this law in 1906, and that the legislation was introduced because of the judgment of the Privy Council in 1903, the Provinces have no power to enact Sunday Legislation?

Do you know that the Lord's Day Act deals with one question only, the weekly rest day, that it does not dictate as to how Sunday is to be used either for religion or for recreation?

Do you know that during the War the Alliance saved Canada from the Sunday cinema and the Sunday paper, both of which made a strong effort to establish themselves during that period?

Do you know that the Alliance has advocated the cause of employees in industry, and that as a result thousands now enjoy either Sunday or another day as their weekly rest day?

Do you know that the Alliance deals with hundreds of cases of alleged breaches of the Act every year, chiefly by friendly correspondence and interview and without recourse to the law?

Do you know that the chief work of the Alliance has been and is the development of public opinion, and that it carries on an uninterrupted campaign of education by means of addresses, newspaper articles and the distribution of literature?

Do you know that public opinion, as expressed in the Canadian press, is increasingly in favor of an uncommercialized Sunday, and that the Canadian Sunday is generally recognized to be a great national asset?

Do you know that many leaders of opinion in the United States frankly admire the Canadian Sunday, and are asking how they can regain what they have lost in that country?

Do you know that the Province of Quebec is the only part of Canada where commercialized sport and entertainment prevail, not by law, but out of consideration for the more liberal conceptions of the observance of the day which have characterized Roman Catholic peoples?

Do you know that the Roman Catholic Church in that Province is at present working for a better Sunday, and the Premier is taking action in the courts to establish the efficiency of the Lord's Day Act for the prohibition of commercialized amusement?

Do you know that with the preservation of the Lord's Day is wrapped up most of the cultural values which have elevated our race, and that thus Sunday is, as Emerson said, the "core of civilization"?

Do you know that the Lord's Day Alliance is the only organization in Canada guarding Sunday for rest and the cultural opportunities which leisure affords, and that in this it has the endorsement of all the Protestant Churches in Canada?

Do you know that this year the Alliance is making an appeal to the Canadian people for a fund of $40,000, to enable it to carry on its work with greater efficiency, and that it welcomes contributions from all who think the work worth while?

Do you know that the headquarters of the Lord's Day Alliance of Canada are 242 Confederation Life Building, Toronto 2, Ontario.

C. H. HUESTIS
General Secretary Lord's Day Alliance of Canada

THE SECOND COMING OF THE MESSIAH

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir,—The efforts which are at present being made to put an end to war and bring about a universal peace by the best minded men of the most powerful nations of the world, are very praise-worthy, but I believe they will all fail to accomplish the desired end. Even now while the peace makers are doing their best, Soviet Russia and China are virtually at war, with Japan looking on and watching for her opportunity. And the Arabs and the Jews of Palestine are at each other's throats making it necessary for England to keep a detachment of her army there to maintain peace.

I do not believe it is in the power of the best minded men in the world to stop or control war. But "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Thousands of Christians today are looking forward with great expectancy to the second advent of our adorable Redeemer. When he comes he may find the world at war, threatening death and destruction to many; but he will say the same words which he, on a former occasion, said to the storm tossed sea of Galilee—Peace! Be Still!—and there was a great calm. I do not propose to trouble my readers with any of the abstruse prophecies of the Old Testament. I rely entirely on our Lord's own prophecy in the 21st Chapter of St. Luke, verses 25, 26 and 27. In verses 25 and 26 the prophecy has already been fulfilled to the letter. And the fulfillment has been in such a manner as not to be easily forgotten. In the Spring of 1928 the sun and the moon pulled up a tidal wave over the state of Florida, causing much loss of life and destruction of property.

A little later on the sun lifted millions upon millions of tons of water from the Atlantic ocean and caused the winds to blow them over the valleys of the Mississippi and other rivers, causing much loss of life and destruction of farms and buildings. It is unnecessary for me to state the loss in dollars and cents and the loss of life incurred. They were too well known to be soon forgotten. And the next sign from the sun came in the form of a tornado of wind which swept a path of half a mile in width from the state of Iowa to the city of St. Louis in Missouri. It is unnecessary for me to state the disasters which followed. If there are any of the citizens who dwelt in that half mile path still living, I am sure they will not soon forget so memorable a sign.

There came another memorable sign in the tornado which swept the Bahama islands and the east coast of the United States from Florida to Cape Hatteras. This was the most disastrous of the signs. There were between two and three thousand deaths and over fifteen thousand were deprived of house and home in a starving condition. The United States government voted $30,000,000 for their relief.

Nor is this all. I quote a brief item from a recent paper. "Whirlwind Kills Hundreds of Sheep. Bloemfontein, Orange Free State, Sept 14—(N. P.)—A whirlwind is reported to have picked up a flock of 700 sheep on a farm near Reddersburg and killed practically all of them. Their mangled bodies were strewed far and wide." And here is another item copied from the following Monday's paper.

"Madrid, Spain, Sept. 16—(A. P.)—"Torrential rainstorms accompanied by wind of cyclonic velocity, have caused much damage throughout central Spain. Communications have been interrupted, trees uprooted, chimneys destroyed and cellars flooded in Madrid and nearby towns."

But those who have read the papers for the past eighteen months must have noted the disasters caused by tidal waves and torrential rains in all parts of the world. To anyone who has carefully observed these facts and read them in the light of Our Lord's prophecy in the first half of verse 25 Chapter 21 of St. Luke's Gospel, he must be convinced that they are a manifest fulfillment of that prophecy. To continue the rest of the prophecy our Lord adds "And upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth, for the powers of heaven shall be shaken, and then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass then look up, and lift up your heads for your redemption draweth nigh."

That our Lord was a true prophet we are assured by his prophecies in the first part of this chapter. Turn to your Bibles, and read from verse 5 to verse 25. All this prophecy was fulfilled to the letter and the city and Temple were destroyed by the Roman Army in A.D. 70; not one stone being left standing on another of the beautiful temple. This ought to be an assurance to us that the latter prophecy will also be literally fulfilled. It is being fulfilled. We have seen the signs from the sun, moon and stars. And all the world knows that the earth is now passing through a period of great tribulation. I have read an account by a Jew of New York that 3,000,000 Jews are being slowly starved to death in Russia. But we know quite apart from that statement that tribulation exists everywhere among the poor. In his parable, verses 29-31 he reminds them that they know summer is nigh at hand by the signs of spring that precede it; and he then adds verse 31 "So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the Kingdom of God is nigh at hand. Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away, till all be fulfilled." The concluding verses of the chapter are an exhortation to prepare for his coming.

Now what does he mean by the words "The Kingdom of God" in verse 31? He means just what he taught us in the Lord's prayer. Let us remember every time we say that prayer to long for and to pray for the coming of His Kingdom on earth that his will may be established here on earth as it certainly is in heaven.

Now, as to the exact time of his coming we know not. But we do know that it will be within the limits of the generation which will or rather which has witnessed the signs.

In the First Chapter of St. Luke we read that God sent his angel to announce unto Mary that she should bring forth a son and should call his name Jesus. And the angel goes on to speak of that son Jesus. He says in verses 32 and 33 "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David; and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his Kingdom there shall be no end."

I now ask my readers to turn to the First Chapter of the Revelation of St. John and read from verse 3 to verse 8. And now turn to the eleventh Chapter and read from verse 15 to the end of the chapter. And now I desire to call the attention of my readers to the fact that when Jesus takes his seat on the throne of his earthly father David as King of the whole world he will not tolerate any opposition to his government. And to that end turn now to Chapter Twenty and read it to the end. And now if you will read the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Chapters you will learn the provision he will make for the comfort, glory and happiness of those who love and trust him.

In dealing with this subject I have studiously avoided all testimony from Old Testament prophecy or from the prophecies of the Great Pyramid of Egypt and yet both of these have placed the end of the Age in the same line of the Generation which Our Lord says will not pass away till all be fulfilled. Here then is a three-fold cord of testimony each strand of which is absolutely independent of the other two. The opponents of divine prophecy will find it difficult to upset this three-fold cord of truth. If our hearts are in unison with the will of our Blessed Redeemer it will not matter with us when he comes to set up his Kingdom. If they are not, then we should make it a matter of prayer to God that he would give us grace to conform to his blessed will.

Rev. E. McMANUS
Montreal.

Note:—Practically the same apocalypse as that in Luke, from which our correspondent quotes, appears in two other Gospels but with sufficient differences of statement to reveal that it had come to the several writers through imperfect channels, which such is the tendency of marvels to grow in transmission, leave us wondering what our Lord actually did say. Such portents as are above cited have been cited in every age since the destruction of Jerusalem. Matthew says, immediately after the tribulation of those days the sun and the moon would be darkened and the stars would fall from heaven. St. Mark uses the same words without the "immediately". We have seen the heavens darkened by smoke and twice a year there are meteoric displays, if people will only watch for them but the stars could no more fall on our world than could the continents fall on a microscopic shellfish so that such physical portents cannot be meant.

Our Original Poem

HE DRAWS US GENTLY HOME

When Israel yearned for rest, then in a far land the Eternal appeared saying, "From of old I love you, so now I draw you gently home."—Jer. 31: 3-4. Dr. James Moffat's translation.

We long for rest from pain and fear,
From sin, the bane of all;
Wilt Thou, O Lord, for us appear,
As on Thy name we call?

We call to mind Thy love of old,
To Israel's exiled band;
How Thou didst bring them to Thy fold,
And lead them by Thy hand.

Our wanderings from Thee, all are known,
Our oft disloyalty,
Our many lapses, we bemoan,
Our inutility.

Lover of souls! We feel the charm
Of those sweet words of Thine—
"I love you, and will let no harm,
Come near you—you are mine."

"Gently I draw my children home,
Away from exile long,
Saved they shall be, no more to roam,
The Lord of Hosts is strong."

—A. F. MacGREGOR.

ARRESTED THE WRONG PERSONS

"I spent twenty-seven years in the police department of New York City and arrested or caused to be arrested several thousand people," writes Mr. Charles L. Albertson, president of the Humane Society of Tioga County, New York, writing in the Waverly (N. Y.) Evening Times. "The misdeeds of 80 percent of this number were due to intoxicants. I was compelled to arrest the wrong individual. I should have arrested the dealer and manufacturer of this vile poison. I could only care for the finished product of booze."

"IT USED TO HUNT THEM"

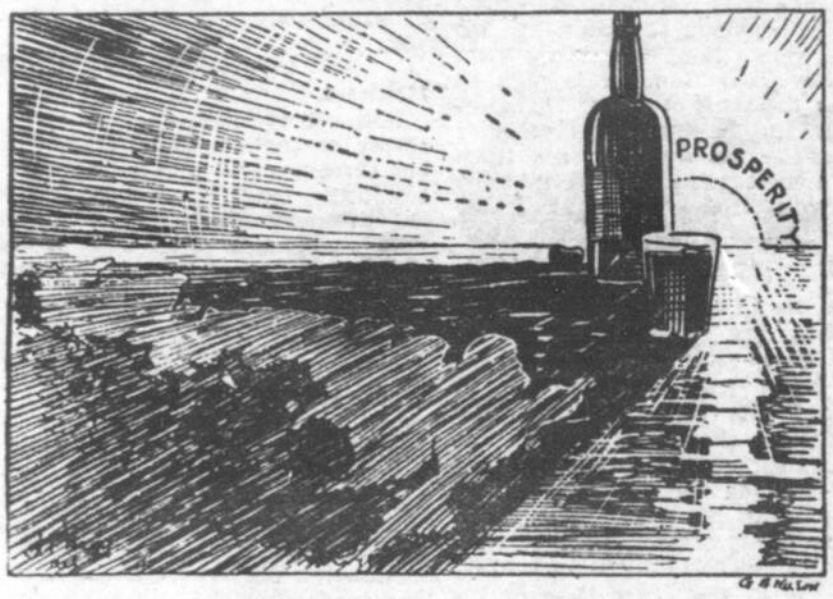
The U S. temperance forces are echoing the inspiring thought of a keen and accurate thinker expressed in these words:

"Prohibition has removed legalized temptation from the pathway of men. If they get liquor now they have to hunt it. It used to hunt them."

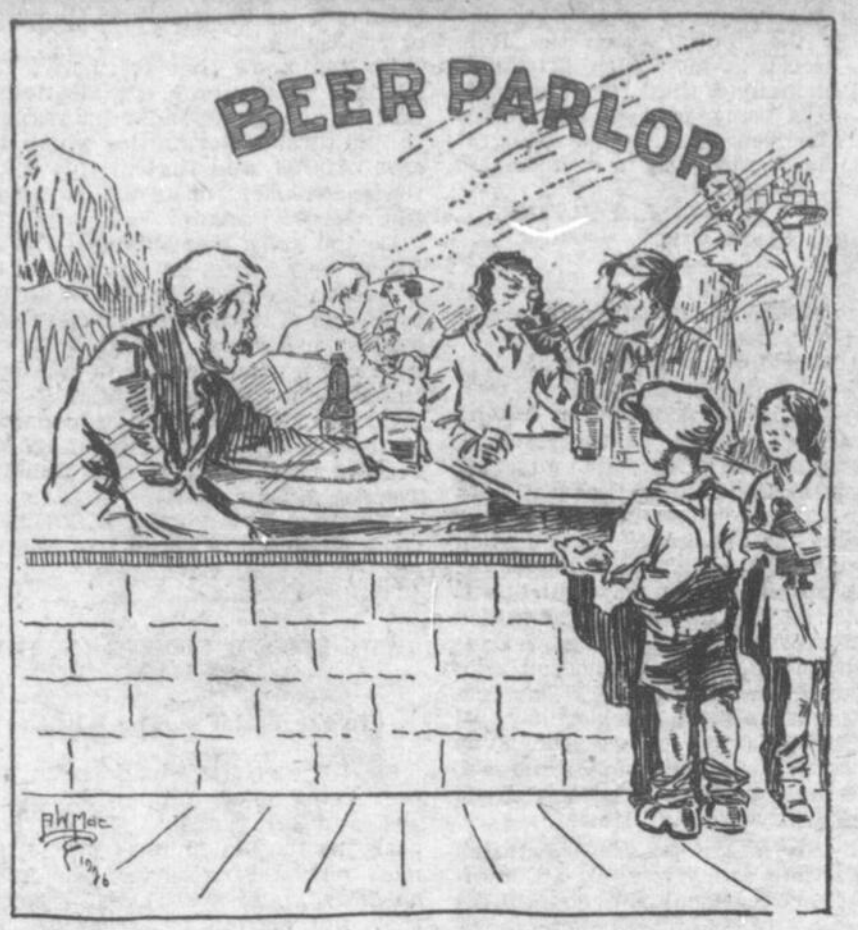
In Canada's seven wet provinces the effects of legalized temptation to drink are becoming ever more and more deplorably apparent.—Canadian White Ribbon Tidings.

No one who buys bootleg whisky can complain of gunman and hoodlumism.—Herbert Hoover.

THE HOG THAT WILL NOT STAY CLEAN

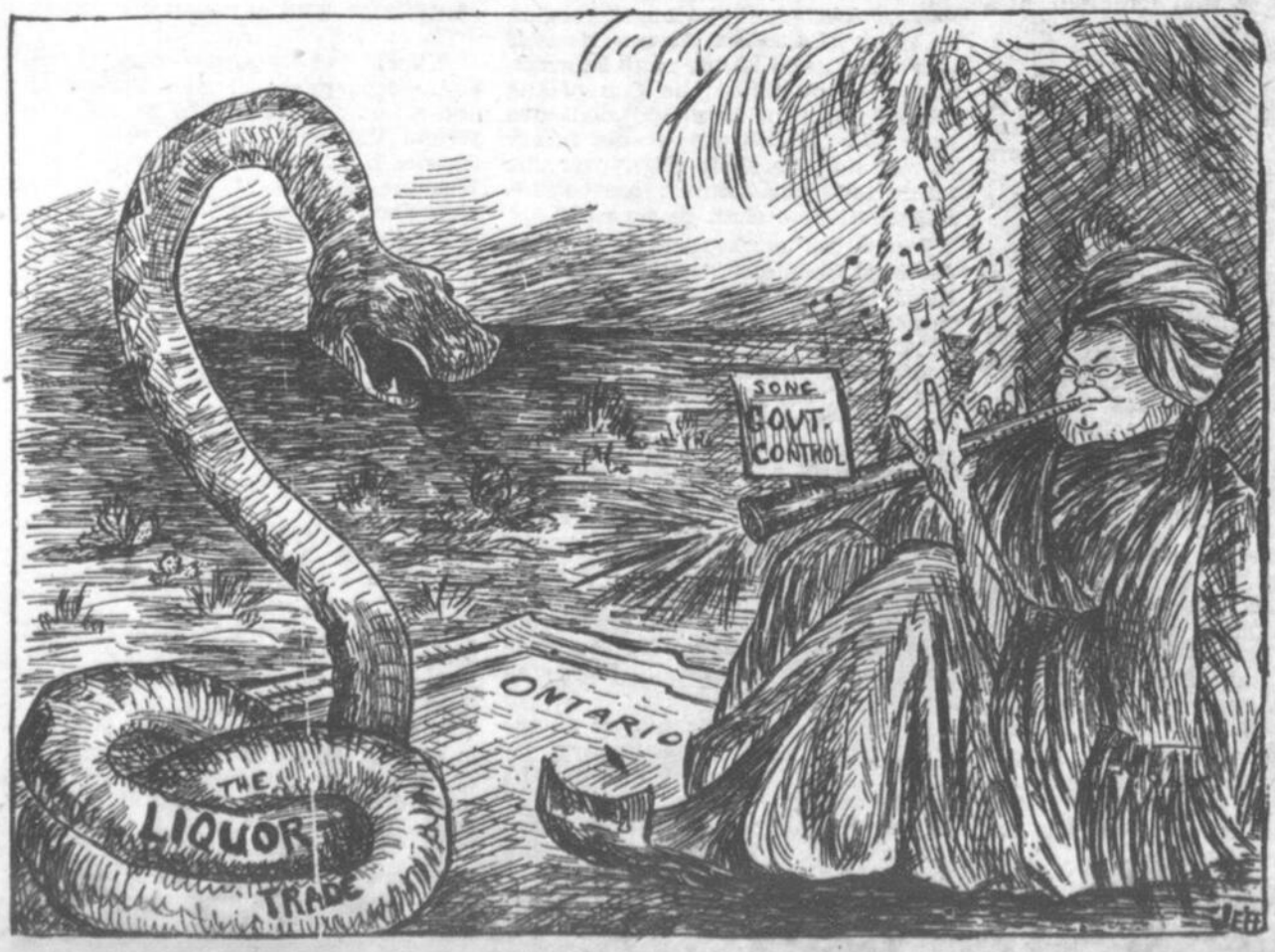


THE SHADOW ON THE HORIZON



MODERN CANADIAN EDUCATION

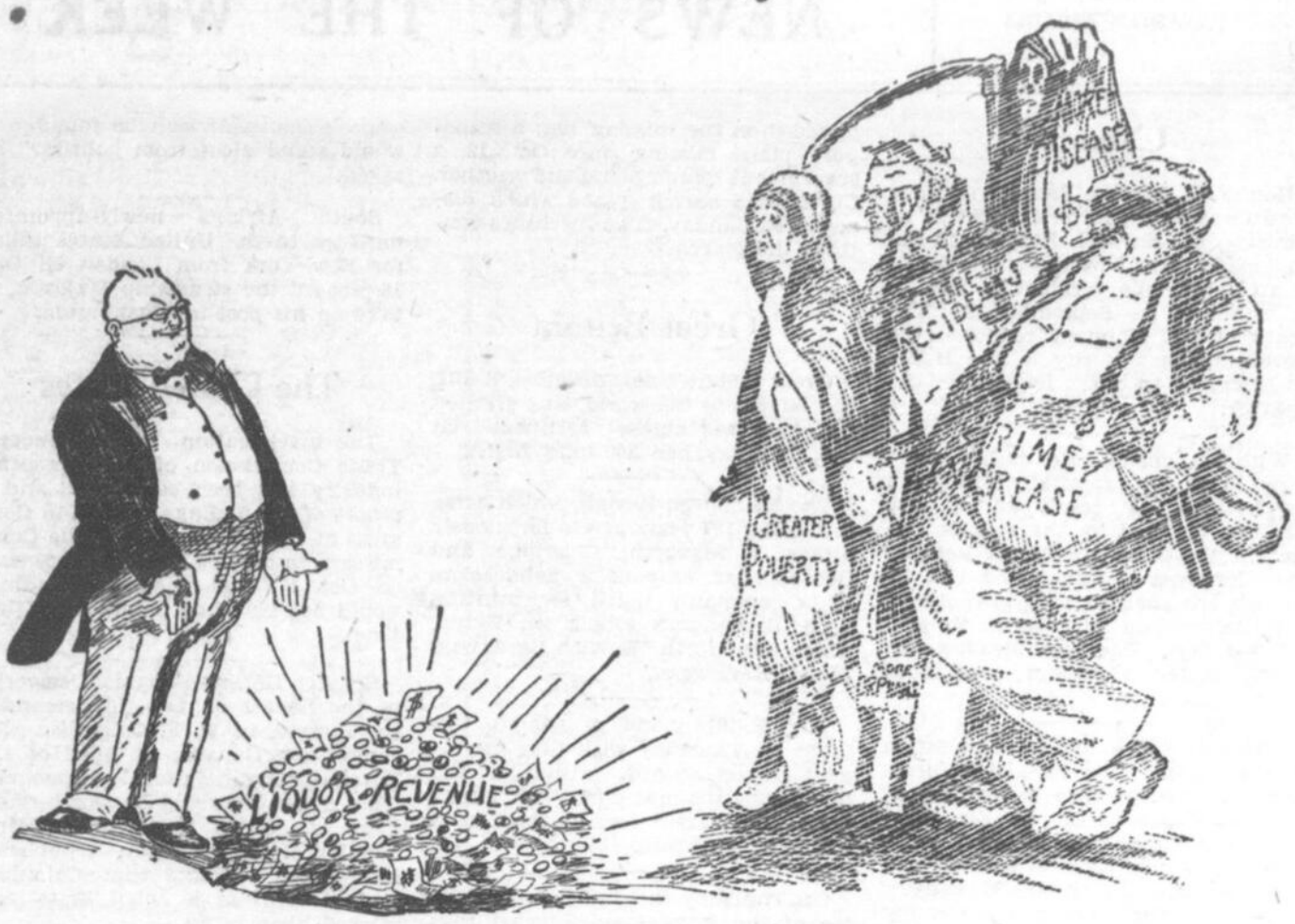
"SAY, MISTER, WHY D)N'T YOU GET THE GOVERNMENT TO CONTROL YOUR LEGS?"



In the belief that these cartoons, reprinted from previous issues of the Witness, may help our readers to answer some of the glib "arguments" advanced in favor of Government Sale, we are printing this full page. A picture often brings the realization of an evil more vividly home than the most convincing argument.

A deadly reptile once wrought havoc among the subjects of a certain Foolish Potentate. But this potentate, hearing that Oriental snake-charmers received much money by reason of their trade, bethought himself of a plan. I shall not slay the reptile, he said, "I shall rather charm him." And this the foolish Potentate proceeded to try to do. And when the skilled snake charmers heard of it they said "Lo, the Foolish Potentate. He attempts to charm a deadly reptile without first removing the reptile's poison fangs. His danger is great, his fate is sure, yet he knoweth it not. For this reptile is harmless only when its fangs are removed."

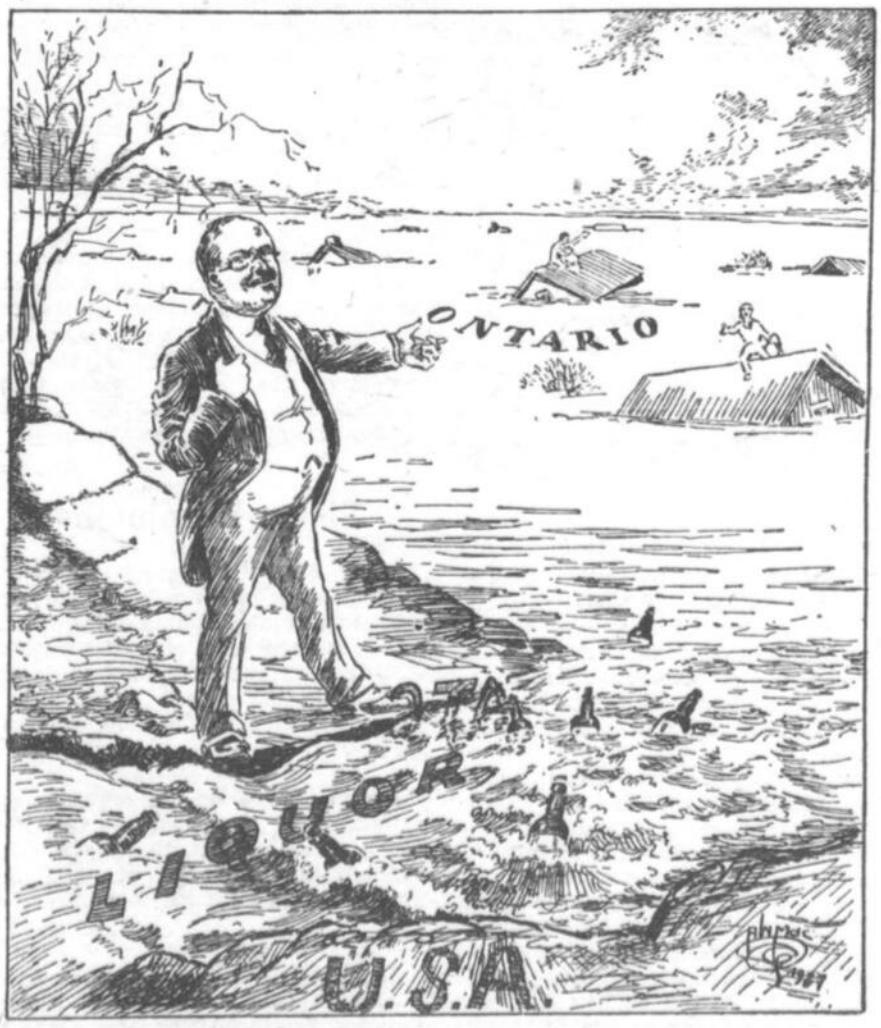
The Victory



SEE WHAT GOVERNMENT CONTROL HAS BROUGHT US

SHALL NOVA SCOTIA SOUND THE RETREAT?

Premier Ferguson confesses that he feels the need of curbing the natural product of Government sale of intoxicating liquor though he would not say it in those words. But that is the significance of his promise to increase the penalty for infringements of his so called Government Control Act. Let the good people of Ontario tell its liquor vending premier that the chief blame is not to the men and women, boys and girls who get into and give trouble through drink—the blame is to the vendors, chief of whom is the premier himself. Get after the higher-ups and the man at the top. Prohibit him from further power to destroy the rising generation.



Premier Ferguson: "The Mississippi has its floods, but it can't compare with mine."

DON'T GIVE HIM THE CHANCE!

Selfishness is as active as Satan. Altruism is apt to be selfishly inert.

A Temperance Society was formed in Nova Scotia to mislead the drys. But he is blind who cannot see the fangs of the wolf when that silly sheep bleats.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

WORLD EVENTS

Canada

Hon. F. N. Rhodes, Premier of Nova Scotia was sworn in on October 15 as Minister of Natural Resources, the post made vacant by the tragic death in an automobile accident of Hon. J. F. Mahoney, on September 2. The death of Mr. Mahoney reduced the Government's majority in the House of Assembly to one, including the Speaker.

With 700 tons of water in her after-cargo holds and practically nothing in her bow, as the result of a new strategy planned by the salvage operators, the Canadian Pacific Railway liner Empress of Canada on Oct 15, slid off the shelf or rock near Albert Head which had held her in its grip for two days. The huge steamer was floated after 43 hours continuous work.

The forty-fifth annual convention of the Quebec Provincial Women's Christian Temperance Union met at Ormstown, Que. on Oct 15. Five hundred dollars was pledged towards the educational campaign to be launched through the Northern Messenger. Canada is being slowly but steadily alcoholized, Mrs. Wilson, the president, declared, assailing the Government control system.

Six weeks ago, eight prospectors were lost in that area of the Northwest territories commonly referred to as the Barren Lands. Search has been going on by airplane. On October 16 a radio-equipped base with five 'planes were announced as operating from Bathurst Inlet on the rim of the Arctic mainland.

Claims for damages for alleged "assault and trespass to the persons of the plaintiffs, and for interference with the rights and conduct of the plaintiffs in proceeding to and proposing to take part in an assembly of residents of Toronto, being held at Queen's Park in the afternoon, Oct. 12, 1929," were brought forward against the Police of Toronto on Thursday by Jack MacDonald, Communist leader, J. W. Gill and Robert E. Knowles, Jr., who secured a writ at Osgoode Hall to restrain interference with the plaintiffs in holding a meeting at Queen's Park.

Hatless, without a top coat, Harold G. Robertson, formerly of New Liskeard High School, second-year student at Toronto University, went down to the gloomy cellar of Knox College at 2.30 p.m. Monday, October 12. Efforts to trace him have failed.

There were tumultuous scenes at Sorel, Que. on Monday afternoon, reminiscent of the "good old days" of axe handles on the occasion of the nomination of three candidates to contest the vacant seat of Richelieu in the Quebec legislature. There are three men in the field. Alphonse Girouard, official Liberal, J. C. Avila Turcotte, independent Liberal and Henri Lariviere, Conservative.

On October 18 Major-General Alfred O. Fages, died at the St. Sacrament Hospital, Quebec City.

On Sunday the Conservatives of Richelieu county Quebec, unanimously nominated Herve Lariviere as their candidate for a coming by-election.

A monument erected under the auspices of the Historic Sites and Monuments Committee of Canada to commemorate the battle of September 6, 1775, between the troops of the American General Montgomery and a group of Canadian and Mohawk Indians, headed by Captain Gilbert Tice and Captain de Lorimier, a great grandfather of Mr. Justice de Lorimier, was unveiled on Sunday at the St. Johns Golf Club by Master Guy Savoy, grandson of Mr. George Savoy, and Roger Brassard, a great grandson of Captain de Lorimier.

Simcoe, Oct. 9.—When a Curtis-Reid 'plane was lost in the area around St. Felicien, Que., three 'planes have joined it on the 'missing' list; a transport 'plane missing since Oct. 12, a government search plane and another. Curtis-Reid search 'plane which disappeared Sunday. Two machines continue the search.

Great Britain

Great Britain's new dirigible, R-101, the largest in the world, was granted her "air worthiness" certificate on Oct. 14 after her 300-mile flight.

The Edinburgh Review, which came into being 127 years ago to ferociously attack Wordsworth, Coleridge and Goethe, has suspended publication. It is commonly noted for printing Lord Brougham's attack on Byron, which drew forth "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

The R-101 made a second test flight on Thursday with fifty prominent person aboard. Weather was fine during the nine and a-half hours, preventing a real test of the craft's use in windy times.

On Thursday the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council ruled that women are "persons," and gave a decision which makes it possible for Canadian women to sit in the Senate. The Supreme Court of Canada had previously given an opposite interpretation of the British North America Act clause.

Commissioner Lucy Booth Helberg, youngest daughter of the founder of the Salvation Army, left London on October 17 for South America. She is sixty-one years of age, and has seen long service in England and Sweden.

The financial district of London suspended business to cheer Lord Baden-Powell, Chief Scout, who received the freedom of the City at the Guildhall on October 18. The time-honored ceremony was followed with the keenest interest by many representatives of the Scout movement, to whom it was a new experience.

Any widow who felt she wanted a chance for her children in the Dominions and emigrated, or old people who joined their children in the Dominions, would be paid pensions overseas, Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, Lord Privy Seal, said in the course of a speech at the Mansion House, London, on Oct. 18. The Government had reached this decision in framing its amendment bill to the Pensions Act, which was published recently, Mr. Thomas said.

On Sunday it was announced that the Prince of Wales would represent the King at the cenotaph on Armistice Day. On November 9 he will preside at the dinner given the holders of the Victoria Cross. One-hundred and eighty-five V.C.'s have already accepted the invitation.

Sister Dominions

Prime Minister Stanley M. Bruce was defeated by 327 votes in his own constituency of Flinders in the Australian general election. His Nationalist-Country party resigned on Saturday, while the Labor Party had a clear majority of fifteen over all parties.

Justice Jacob De Villiers was appointed chief justice of the Union of South Africa on Oct. 16, in succession to Sir William Solomon, who resigned. The new chief justice is 61 years of age.

Speaking at the Orange Free State Nationalist party congress at Bloemfontein, South Africa, on Oct. 16, Prime Minister James B. Hertzog expressed the hope that a motion asking congress to affirm it desirable that a South African should be appointed the next Governor-General, be withdrawn as in his opinion the present representative of the King was quite acceptable. "Where could a South African be found who would stand aloof from politics?" he asked.

South Africa's newly-appointed minister to the United States sailed for New York from London on Oct. 16, aboard the steamship Majestic, to take up his post in Washington.

The United States

The investigation by the Federal Trade Commission of the newsprint industry has been completed, and a report of its findings will go to Congress at its next session. The Commission, in making the announcement on Oct. 17, said that the findings would not be made public until that time.

Senator Heflin, Alabama Democrat, in the Senate on Oct. 16 demanded the removel of W. F. Callander, who came from Canada, as head of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. Such a person would be worth "millions of dollars to Great Britain." Senator McNary, Oregon Republican, interrupted to state that Callander had started as a subordinate and worked his way up.

The posts of the American Legion Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of State, has been selected as head of the United States delegation to the Five-Power Naval Limitations Conference in London next January.

The Senate on Friday adopted an amendment to the tariff bill to limit to ten months instead of three years the time in which Canadian wheat may be held in domestic warehouses before withdrawal for export or domestic consumption.

The post of the American Legion in Maryland are about to decide "who won the war." Each post will hold a private debate, thereafter presenting its belief in writing to state headquarters, where final judgment will be made. Harlan Johnson, state commander, hopes the contest will settle the question for good.

Salvage money amounting to 600,000 marks (about $142,000) was awarded to the Soviet Government on Oct. 15 for the rescue of the Hamburg liner, Monte Cervantes, by the Russian ice-breaker Krassian, off Spitzbergen in the summer of 1928.

Fifty years ago Thomas Alva Edison on October 21, 1879, demonstrated the practicability of the electric light and on Monday the golden jubilee was celebrated wherever the electric light is known.

Europe

The tragic last chapter of the romance of the former Kaiser's sister, 63-year-old Princess Victoria, opened at Bonn, Germany on October 15 in historic Schaumburg palace with auction of her heritage or heirlooms to raise funds to meet the debts of her husband, Alexander Subkoff, Russian waiter and dancing master.

The protocol for America's accession to the Permanent Court of International Justice, which was signed by fifty states, has now been officially communicated by Secretary-General Drummond, of the League to all League members and to the United States.

French evacuation of the second zone of the Rhineland probably will be completed in two or three weeks. Two battalions arrived at Metz, France, from Coblenz on the way home on October 16, and the 23rd Regiment reached Haguenau and Wissenbourg. All were from the Coblenz section.

Clemence Voroshitov, war commissar, addressing the Communist Youth League in Moscow on Friday, declared that war between the capitalistic classes and the proletariat was inevitable. At the same time he asked for opportunity to prepare better for such a struggle, adding that Soviet Russia wished to complete her present five-year reconstruction plan.

A new international pact to guarantee deposits against confiscation in time of war, will be necessary before the bank for international settlements can come into existence, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht announced on Friday night after a meeting of the organizing committee at Baden-Baden.

The second part of the surgical operation which former Premier Poincare of France has been forced to undergo was successfully performed Monday morning.

M. Clemenceau, who twice this summer has suffered from disquieting heart attacks had a recurrence of the illness Sunday evening which caused considerable alarm among his servants and doctors. He was able to sit up Monday morning.

DO—X, huge German 12-engined flying boat, which was launched last July, made an amazing one-hour flight on Monday with a human load of 169, the first time in the history of aviation that so many persons have been carried into the air on any conveyance. The giant Dornier plane took off at 11.15 a.m., and landed just one hour later.

The Orient

Moorish tribesmen have swooped down from the southern slopes of the Atlas mountains on a new raid against French troops. Dispatches from Oran, Algeria on Friday said that fifty soldiers of the Foreign Legion and a Senegalese company had been killed in a pitched battle with raiders from Hetafileit area, one of the most active dissident regions in northwest Africa.

The central fortress of Kabul, last stronghold of King Bacha Sakao, of Afghanistan, has fallen before the attack of the revolutionary troops of Nadir Khan and the usurper king has surrendered to the invaders, a Peshawar dispatch to the Evening News said on Oct 17.

Reports of attempts of Russian gun boats to clear the Sungari river and maintain a permanent patrol of it came from Harbin, Manchuria on Oct. 17. Chinese troops are massed at points rumored to be threatened and trouble is provoked by the White Russians on the scene.

Nova Scotia Campaign

"No matter how many flaws there may be in your prohibition act, it is a thousand times better than any system of Government control yet devised," declared Rev. J. E. Hunter, of Toronto, in an address at Halifax on Thursday. "I speak to you on conditions as they exist in Toronto under our Government control system, and all I can say is: God help Nova Scotia if what happened in Ontario ever happens here."

Mrs. H. F. Newcombe, of Halifax, upholding the Nova Scotia Temperance Act, said Quebec's drink bill last year was $61,000,000, but only $7,000,000 had reached the Treasury, indicating brewers and distillers had gained a full share of the $61,000,000.

Caledonia, only section of District 26, United Mine Workers of America, to take such a stand, furnished another development in the plebiscite campaign by passing a resolution favouring a system of Government control.

The so-called Temperance Reform Association has been very active, but Rev. John Coburn and Rev. J. E. Hunter, both of Toronto, have been assisting the temperance forces opposing the Government control movement.

Meetings are being held province-wide, and every effort is being made to prevent a retrograde step. The next week, up to the day of the voting, will call for still more strenuous efforts.

Ramsay MacDonald

British Prime Minister Visits Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal.

Crossing from Niagara Falls, N. Y. to the Canadian side Right Honorable J. Ramsay MacDonald and his daughter found themselves once more on British soil. There were many functions facing the visitor already rather tired of a continual round of demands made on his time and strength. On Oct. 16 he was made an honorary L.L.D. at Toronto University and delivered a number of addresses.

A sly tilt at the status problem brought some laughter. He recalled that there was some difference of opinion in Canada as to what precise term should be employed to describe the relation of this Dominion to the Mother Country and added: "Well, whatever you think is your status, whatever word you use to describe it that word will suit me."

On Thursday night the Prime Minister spoke to a group assembled at a dinner in the House of Parliament but a vast invisible audience from coast to coast.

The honor of being a member of the Canadian Privy Council was confered on him on Friday. At his request official functions were refrained from on his arrival in Montreal on Monday. He was plainly tired. McGill University conferred an honorary L.L.D. and the Prime Minister addressed the Canadian Club.

Ontario Elections

Nominations close with 236 candidates in the field of 112 seats. Eight acclamations.

Marked by the usual last-minute surprises, by confusion as to the legality of nominations in three constituencies, and by five definite acclamations, Ontario has closed its official nomination book and awaits the verdict of the electors on October 30.

Eight persons were elected by acclamation.

James E. Hill, Conservative, received an acclamation in East Hastings, when Mrs. Stewart Dies, Prohibitionist, was disqualified because of irregularities in her nomination papers. Official nominations shows the party designations and the nominees for each as follows: Conservatives, 112; Liberals, 87; Progressives, 10; Prohibitionists, 6; Independent Conservatives, 7; Communists, 4; Labor, 3; Independents, 3; United Farmers of Ontario, 2; Independent Prohibitionist, 1; Independent Labor, 1.

Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, Conservative Premier, is opposed in his constituency of Grenville by Rev. T. H. Bradley, Prohibitionist. Mr. Ferguson has represented the riding since he was first elected in 1904.

W. E. N. Sinclair, leader of the Liberal party, who has been a member of the Legislature continuously since 1919, is opposed by F. L. Mason, Conservative, in Ontario South. Mr. Sinclair was first elected in 1911, but was defeated in 1914.

J. G. Lethbridge, Progressive leader, member since 1915, enters the election fight in his West Middlesex riding against two opponents, Dr. L. W. Freele, Conservative, and W. G. Turnbull, Liberal.

The women nominated are Dr. Minerva Reid, Independent Prohibitionist, Toronto, High Park; Mrs. Grant Needham, Liberal, Toronto, St. George's; Miss Helen Currie, Independent-Conservative, Toronto, St. Patrick's; and Miss Becky Buhay, Communist, Windsor East.

"I have a feeling that we are more mature than the people of South Africa," said Sir Robert Falconer, president of the University of Toronto, shorty after his return from the Cape, where he spent six weeks and represented the university at the British Association for the Advancement of Science. "In Canada, Old Country people seem to settle in and become part of the country. There they don't seem to settle and regard the country as their permanent home. Continuing to regard England as their home, they are a very English people. These are only opinions, of course."

James Henry Scullin, 52-year-old leader of the Labor Party, assumed the Premiership of Australia on Monday.

Youth and Liquor

From a Sermon Preached in Victoria Hall, Westmount, Quebec, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, of Westmount Park-Melville United Church.

TEXT: *"If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."* 1 Cor. 18:13.

How Shall We Approach the Subject?

a.—The Moral and Emotional approach. b.—The Economic Approach—not sound business economics. 3—The Patriotic Approach—during the War, etc.

Why is Youth Particularly Concerned?

a.—Because Liquor is obtrusive.

b.—Because many youths have an affinity for it.

c.—Because it supplies a need.—The high pressure of modern life. The necessity for quick reaction. The swift action of liquor. Goes directly in its native state into the blood stream and gives youth what it desires "KICK."

d.—Because it reduces moral resistance. Lower and upper brains. In ten minutes liquor throws the delicate cells out of gear. Before a man staggers in his body, he staggers in his mind.

e.—Reduces efficiency.

f.—Youth's attitude today determines Canada's future tomorrow.

Everybody is United on the Need of Temperance

Governments, Social Agencies, Educationists, Physicians and Scientists, business-men, Clergymen and Brewers. The latter assert that they have no desire to see the return of the Saloon and that they stand in favor of Temperance. The rub comes when the method of producing Temperance is discussed.

Youth Must Make a Decision on Two Things. 1st. Is Government Control a temperance measure?

a.—Its Claims.

1. It claims to decrease liquor consumption.

2. It claims to reduce boot-legging and close "blind pigs."

3. It claims to be of economic benefit reducing taxation.

4. It claims to prevent crime and increase human happiness.

b.—The Facts.

One would naturally expect there would be a less number of licenses and smaller consumption of liquor. According to the statement issued by the Quebec Liquor Commission which administers the act, the number of Licenses are as follows:—

In 1919 under prohibition there were 25 places in the Province where liquor of any kind could be secured. Government control came into operation in 1921. In 1921, the Commission opened 64 stores, in 1922, 73, in 1923—82, in 1924—90, and in addition to opening those stores issued licenses to 2,152 taverns and Hotels, i.e. in the first year under Government control the number of licenses was increased by 86 times.

The sums received by the Liquor Commission in its sales are of interest:—

In the first month, May, 1921, the total sales were $280,173. In December of the same year they total $2,470,295, an increase of 900 p.c. in six months. In 1921-2 the total sales were $46,248,-708. In 1922-3—$47,226,000. In 1923-4—$49,747,461. In 1924-25—$47,620,507.

The average expenditure per annum at this time, not including the heavy sale through illicit sources is approximately 50 million dollars.

Mrs. Sinclair Lewis in her articles in "Liberty" states that although she is antagonistic to prohibition, the system in Quebec cannot be called "Government Control," but "Government Sale."

In the area in Montreal lying between Victoria Square, Atwater, Ottawa and Dorchester Streets, according to a recent survey made by Mr. McAdam of the Boys' Home, there are 44 Taverns, 16 hotels with taverns, 64 stores in which beer is sold. The extent of the area is one square mile.

Canon Flanagan's Statement:

"The number of Government stores is out of all proportion to the necessities. They plant down a store in a most autocratic way before anybody knows anything about it. The Government is directly involved in the centre of the bootlegging trade."

Carlinal Begin's Statement Concerning Conditions in Quebec:

"There is another perversion against which we have resolved to act with the greatest energy; and that is the illegal traffic in intoxicating drinks. You know what a vigorous battle we have fought for the virtue of the people. After about 15 years we had almost conquered the enemy, and we were overjoyed in seeing the end of the destruction; but alas there is now spreading everywhere the intolerable abuse which we denounce, and in particular the surreptitious fabrication of an alcohol, more harmful than any other to the health of the body and soul. . . . Therefore, by virtue of our pastoral authority, we have prohibited, and prohibit, under pain of grave disobedience, the making, the sale and the clandestine importation of intoxicating liquors."

During the week of October 6th, 1929, when Judge Monet returned to the bench after a brief illness, he found 57 liquor cases on his docket.

During the first year of Government Control in Alberta, there was an increase of 40% in convictions for drunkenness. In Saskatchewan the first year the convictions increased 100%; and Mrs. Harris, Police Matron, in Vancouver states: "There is more drinking and use of narcotic drugs among young boys and girls in Vancouver than there has ever been during fourteen years' experience. It is also significant to observe that in British Columbia the value of Brewery Stocks increased 14 times under Government control and that in Manitoba they increased in number the first year from 2 to 7. That in the Province of Quebec one distillery had a surplus of 3 million dollars and a net profit of $1,250,000 in one year.

It is an axiom that increased facilities mean increased consumption and on the basis of this accepted fact Government control as a Temperance measure is condemned. The Government is really saying "If you have more drink you will have less drink." If you make it cheaper you make it rarer. Accept this temperance legislation and we will give you 4 million dollars per year from its profits. It would be as logical to say "Spread the germs of a plague and you do away with the plague."

Regarding Bootlegging

It is of great significance that on February 8th, 1928, the Chairman of the Board of Control of Montreal, Alderman DesRoches, seconded the following motion: "That the Provincial authorities be requested to consider the advisability of amending the law concerning alcoholic liquors so that any person found in a house where liquor is being illegally sold (clandestine joints) may be condemned upon summary conviction, to a fine or imprisonment as provided for in the Criminal Code in respect of persons found without any legal excuse in houses of ill-fame."

The following convictions for bootlegging are of interest:—

1922, 2929; 1923, 4614; 1924, 5355; 1925, 6724.

At one time during 1927, two additional magistrates were required to sit on 157 liquor cases that were awaiting judgment.

Statement by Hon. H. H. Stevens, Vancouver:

"Never before in the history of this country prior to 1920 was bootlegging comparable in magnitude or murderous results to what it is today. You can trace violent crimes all over the province connected with bootlegging."

Statement by A. Johnston, Liquor Controller of British Columbia:

"The greatest difficulty in enforcing the government control law is bootlegging. Men buy bootleg liquor rather than from the Government because they want sociability and conviviality. The brewers can't play fair. Give them a bung and they'll soon want a whole barrel. Open but the crack of a door and they'll push in and take possession of your whole house, as they are doing in British Columbia."

"The fact of the matter is, that the Government stores provide the base of supply for the bootlegger. For every bottle of whiskey it secures from the store, it can, by dilution, make it into three bottles of bootleg liquor. In British Columbia, after one year of Government Control the half holiday of the employees in the stores was stopped; the official reason given was "the bootlegger is doing such an extensive business," and in the House, one of the legislatures said the doors ought to be opened 24 hours a day so that we can compete with the bootlegger.

"The statement that this system will reduce taxation is sufficiently answered by the figures. During the first year of Government control the debt of the Province of Quebec was slightly over 52 million dollars. Inside of 4 years that debt had increased to 68 million dollars. The retail merchants of Vancouver stated that they were losing $14,000 daily through legitimate business being transferred to the Liquor stores. It is impossible to be convinced that a Province any more than an individual can drink itself rich. The Liquor business has never been a Father Christmas. It is also of significance when one reads of the desire of the Brewers and distillers for temperance, to note that in Manitoba in 1925 every Brewery was convicted of violation of the Act. That in the month of January 1926, every Brewery but one was held before the Courts. That M. Webb publicly stated 'old conditions were bad; present conditions are a thousand times worse.'"

Judge Hamilton on the Bar in Winnipeg said:—"Up to April 14th, we have had this year 1556 hearings, as compared with 933 last year. The main contributing cause of Juvenile delinquency today is liquor. Drinking in the home drives the children out. The supreme menace of Government control is that it respectabilises the liquor traffic. The following statement by Father Lavergne, one of the editors of L'Action Catholique, is of interest because he is a missionary priest, and a temperance orator, and under his fervent appeals thousands have signed the temperance pledge. He said to a newspaper correspondent:—

"In the old days the liquor business was despised and looked down upon, but now the Government has become a saloon-keeper and that has made it respectable in the eyes of many. Now there is no shame in being a bartender; it is a Government job, like being a postmaster or customs officer. With due respect to those at the head of our Government, I must say that since they have become the advocates of beer and booze and have put the seal of Government approval upon drinking, they have almost annihilated the work of the church through years of preaching temperance and sobriety."

I cannot believe that throwing the highly embroidered robe of Government control over the liquor traffic changes its nature. There is the same old savagery vice and malevolence. Since when did the liquor traffic go on its knees in repentance? Since when has it bowed in prayer? Since when has it brought fruits mete for repentance? Who has washed its sins away? What Priest of God has shriven it?

2nd. Youth must determine its personal position.

That position should be the Christian position. The Christian position is "all things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient to me." "If Meat make my brother to offend, then I will eat no meat." Life is not individualistic. Life is social. No man is a law to himself. It is impossible to shut out the consequence of liquor to the drinker. Christianity proclaims, man is his brother's keeper.

Conclusion. Every youth dreams of an ideal kingdom.

How is it possible in an ideal kingdom to have a place for the liquor drinker?

"Bring me my pot of burning gold."

ONTARIO

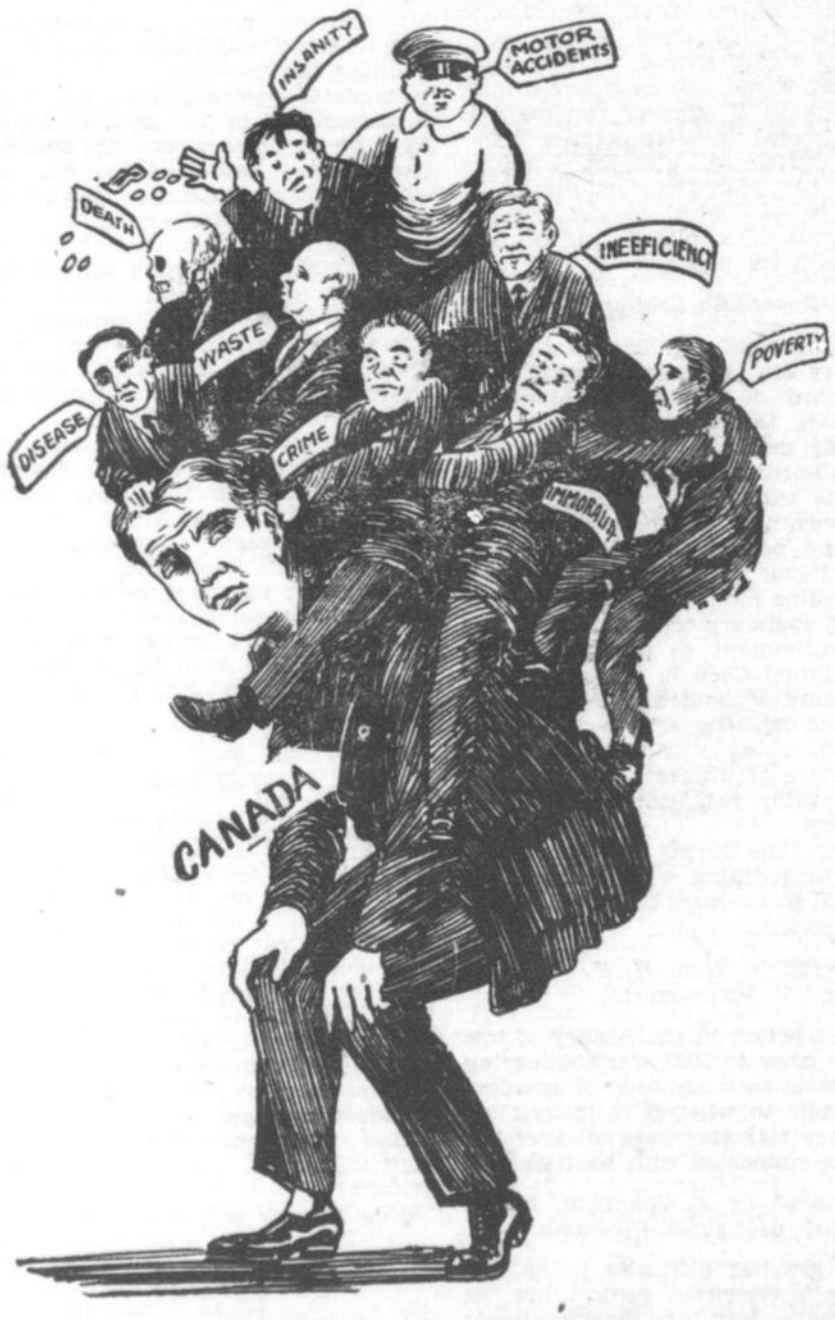
Ontario arise!
—With bended bow
And arrow-points of Truth
Aim sure—let go.

Ontario beware,
The beast set free,
That mad dog, unrestrained,
Distillery.

Ontario be strong
For truth and right,
Nor faint nor falter—now
March on AND FIGHT.

—E.K.

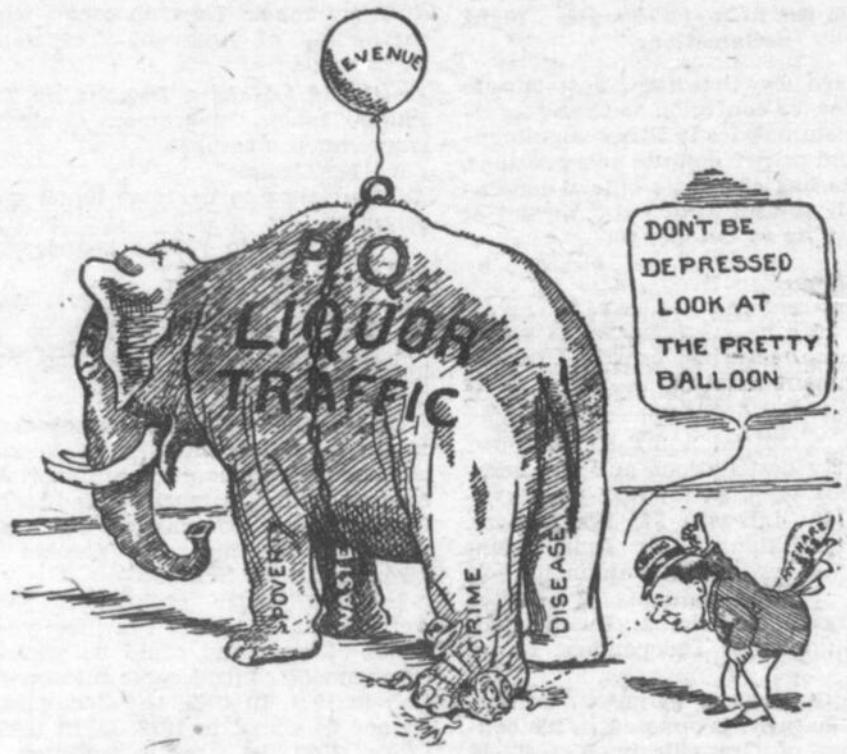
YOUR VOTE IS THEIR SHIELD



MODERN OLD MEN OF THE SEA

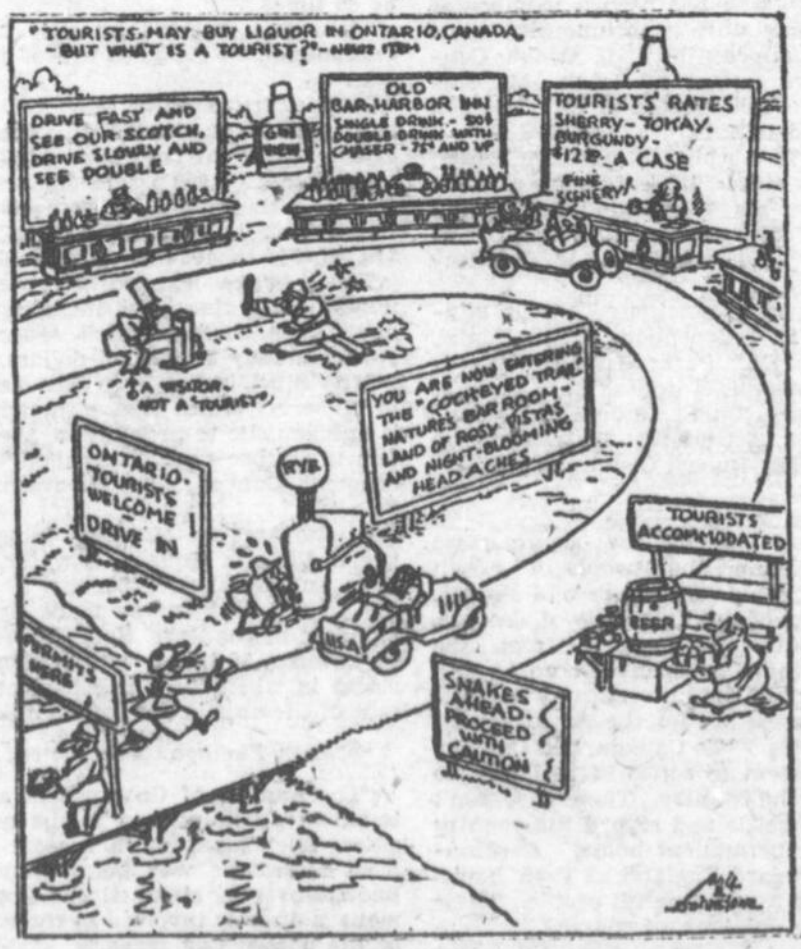
What is the money cost of the harm done by drink in Canada? No one can say exactly, but the proportion of expenditure on police, prisons, courts, hospitals, asylums, reformatories, etc., actually chargeable to the liquor traffic aggregates a very great sum per annum. Greater loss still is due to the lowered efficiency of the worker. Every one of us carries the fruits of the drink traffic on his or her back; higher taxation, higher insurance premiums, increased cost of goods through lowered efficiency—we all have to pay our share. But more than all that the destruction of character, the degradation of human beings, festers in our national life, working like an unseen poison, lowering national stamina, lowering national morals and character, a veritable cancer that must be cut out. On Nova Scotia rests the responsibility of holding her sector of the trenches. Ontario is being given the opportunity of recapturing the ground lost three years ago. May they both prove worthy of our faith in them.

THIS NEEDS NO CAPTION



A CRUSHING WEIGHT—NOVA SCOTIA, BE FOREWARNED

—adapted with acknowledgements from The Daily Mail and Vanguard.



AS OTHERS SEE ONTARIO

An impression of Ontario under Government Sale, as seen by Will Johnstone of the New York World.

What Others Say About Us

AN Englishman, Henry Carter, in the Methodist Times says: "In Canada brewers and distillers remain in business in the seven 'Government sale' provinces. They sell to the Government the bulk of the liquor which the numerous Liquor Commission stores sell to the public. These seven Provincial Governments are, in effect, agents of the great liquor manufacturers. Nothing could be more satisfactory from the point of view of the Canadian brewer or distiller. He supplies liquor to Government order. The Government pays his bills regularly and promptly. He has no troublesome "licensed premises" to staff and supervise. All the public odium attaching to the retail store of drink, all the discredit for the drunkenness, disorder, and disease created by alcoholic indulgence fall on the Government, which has chosen to run a business that is a peril at the best and a public scourge at the worst. This system of Canadian Government sale far from being a solution of the problem is about the worst that could be devised. It neither ends the social troubles caused by alcoholism, nor does it put the drink trade out of politics. Brewers and distillers have everything to gain by putting money into politics to win or maintain "Government sale." There is abundant proof that they have done so on a colossal sale."

* * *

Senator Borah, speaking in the United States Senate, said: "All the evils imputed to prohibition in the United States exist in Canada under Government control. It was argued, that the United States would get rid of the rum-runners, moonshiners and bootleggers by substituting State control for bone-dry prohibition. No such results followed the adoption of this course by the Canadian Provinces The bootleggers are just as numerous and the illicit distiller and the smuggler are as active as ever."

* * *

An American Bishop says: "I have been up in Canada. I have a nephew who works in the factories of one of the manufacturing centres. He says government control ie worse there than the open saloon. I have heard that from many sources. The sting of the Eighteenth Amendment is that it makes the liquor business illegal and destroys all social standing of those engaged in the business. Any kind of government control removes that stigma. That is what the Canadian liquor interests fought for and are using. Stock in breweries and distilleries is higher now in Canada than at any time in Canadian history. Good Lord, deliver us from what they have in Canada."

* * *

Rev. Deets Pickett, research secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church Board of Public Morals, recently issued statistics showing that prohibition has increased the national wealth of the United States by $72,000,000,000.

* * *

Evangeline Booth says: "There has been such a revolutionary change in the lower strata of American society during the past eight years that the Salvation Army has been required to make almost equally revolutionary changes in its machinery for relieving distress. We scrapped our ten and fifteen cent lodgings some time ago, because there was no longer men to sleep in them. The men uncharitably called bums are disappearing. We have room and jobs for more worthy men in our industrial homes because they are no longer besieged by clamorous swarms of drunken wrecks."

* * *

An American traveller says: "In Montreal one day I interviewed one hundred merchants on one side of a long business street. My one question put to each one was, 'How do you like the Quebec Government Control System?' Eighty of the one hundred merchants said that it was hard on business, for it took so much cash away from the people. One clothing merchant said, 'The government gets the cash, we get the charge accounts.' I was sitting in a barber chair being shaved by the proprietor. He was called to the telephone. On returning, he said, 'That was the wife of one of my barbers calling me. She asked if Jim got his salary check last night; he came home late and was destitute.' I asked him how a week's salary could be spent in one evening under 'government control.' 'Oh,' he said, 'one night in a night cub easily requires more than a barber's weekly check.'"

The simple, honest fact that any student of the situation can see is that "government control" is a misnomer. It is Government sale and promotion of the use of liquors. The government loses control of every drop of liquor that is sold.

The liquor traffic of Canada will take heavy toll of the sons and daughters, and bind them broken and crushed. One day when the demon has worked his will, taken to the limit, its prey from among the children, and lfet the hand impoverished, then Canada will realize the mad folly of "liquor control," and abolish it —From the Truth About Canada.

* * *

The Ontario Liquor Control Board has established a liquor store on Pelee Island, the southernmost point of Canada, one or two miles from the international border, thus furnishing an alluring outpost for the American law-breakers. Canada manufacturing and providing the liquor for the purpose. How debasing!

"Canada has not done all she could to give fair play to the United States in the matter of prohibition," said Rev. Henry Carter of London. England, addressing the annual luncheon of the Quebec League Against Alcoholism. "The honor of Canada is deeply involved, and fair play to the United States is long overdue from the Dominion. The everyday scene at Sault Ste. Marie and Windsor of launches waiting in full day-light for a chance to run their cargo of liquor across the border is an unfriendly one, working directly against international good will."

* * *

The late elections were favorable to the dry forces in the United States, as they have now a strength in the Senate of eighty dry votes to sixteen wet ones; and in the House of Representatives they estimate three hundred and twenty-eight dry votes to one hundred and six wet ones. We only wish that in Canada we had similar proportions of drys to wets in our legislatures. Yet, if they are not there, who is to blame? The voter is the final court of appeal.

What Can be Done About It Now?

It has been said that it is too great an expense to take a plebiscite vote at this time. It can be done now with no extra expense whatever, in this way: Let the ballots be printed with the names of the candidates as usual, a line more being added saying: "I want Prohibition" leaving a space for the voter's mark. In this way it can be done without further cost.

Make way for the children, make way;
Ye Christian folks vote as you pray;
Liquor shops must go out
There is not least doubt
The children would vote it that way.
Stratford, Ont. ——W. P. BYERS.

Drunken Drivers

AN Alberta reader sends us two clippings from the Edmonton Journal of October 10. She says, "You can see for yourself how Government Control is progressing in Alberta, and how justice is administered."

The first clipping tells of two automobile accidents. In the first, two young men, W. Jordan and Dick White, were seriously injured when they were run over by a car, allegedly operated by W. E. Henton, on the St. Albert trail, about 500 yards north of the North West Lumber mills, at 10 p.m. Wednesday. They had been riding in a car operated by F. Hutchinson, Moret's garage, and were underneath the machine, repairing a damaged exhaust pipe, when Henton's car is said to have smashed into it, running over both of them as they lay on the pavement, and pushing the machine, under which they were working, for a distance of 125 feet."

In the second accident a C. N. Telegraph messenger, Roy Martins, was injured, "when he was thrown heavily to the pavement when struck by a car illegally operated by Joe Eggan at 102 ave and 100 street at 6:05 p.m. Wednesday. He was picked up by passing motorists and rushed to the Royal Alexandra hospital, while police officers who went to the scene of the crash placed Eggan under arrest. Officers, in making their reports, stated that they found Eggan slumped over the wheel of his car and allegdly in an intoxicated condition."

The second clipping tells of the acquittal of a young man charged with manslaughter. The grandson of our reader was a witness to the accident out of which the manslaughter charge grew. According to the evidence, the Journal report says, "the accused went to Camrose on the last day of August and purchased a case of beer, a bottle of whiskey and one bottle of wine for a party at his place that night. On his way home he stopped at a beer parlor at Rosalind and had a number of drinks of beer before leaving at 8 o'clock in his car which was a sedan.

"One mile east of Rosalind, when near a hill, the car met two young men on horseback, one being Gerald Ferguson and the other James Scott. Ferguson's horse was directly in front of Ose's car, so the driver swung over to the left, to avoid a collision, according to the evidence, and run head on into the horse ridden by Scott, resulting in the rider being killed.

"After the accident and while Ferguson was away obtaining assistance. Ose drove the damaged car away from the scene to a point about three-quarters of a mile east. He remained seated in the car until 11 p.m. when he was arrested by Constable Crossley of the Alberta provincial police, who had come from Camrose and who charged him with being intoxicated while operating a motor vehicle."

Let Nova Scotians be warned from the example of other provinces.

The Bottle's Shadow

"AN appalling record." That is how one Canadian "daily" describes the recently issued report by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics on the liquor traffic throughout Canada. Truly, after reading it, we can say that there is a shadow over our fair land—the shadow of the bottle.

The most striking thing about the report is the proof it affords that increased drinking leads to an increase in crime.

Liquor and crime have always gone hand in hand.

"Drink seems to grease the skids on every track that leads to perdition," says Dr. J. F. McKeddie.

"Alcohol," says Sir Wilfred Grenfell, "has wrecked more lives, starved more children and murdered more women than any other single factor."

"Alcohol is the most soul-destroying body-destroying, nation-destroying substance ever known," declared the late Sir Thos. Anderson.

The report of the liquor traffic in deaths caused by alcoholism is record-not changed his spots.

Strong drink is still filling our penitentiaries with criminals, ruining homes, breaking hearts and creating the greatest menace to human life to be met with on the highways of the Dominion.

The number of drunken drivers of autos convicted in the courts has increased from 142 in 1921 to 1,322 in 1928.

Think of what this means to the safety of travelers on our arteries of traffic.

A steady increase in the number of death caused by alcoholism is recorded, and also in the proportion they bear to the total.

The colossal sums spent for liquor, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars during the past seven years, are staggering. What an economic loss they spell to the country!

But these figures do not tell all the story. What about wages lost; work spoiled, health ruined and time wasted through the effects of strong drink?

Is it not abundantly clear that increased drinking means increased danger to human life on our highways increased debauchery and shame and increased national degradation.

The shadow over our land is a threatening one. It may be likened to the giant airships which dropped fiery bombs of destruction upon sleeping cities during the Great War.

The shadow is increasing and will do infinitely more damage during the next seven years unless it can be driven off by those who love righteousness and hate iniquity.

As we look back across the centuries and see in imagination the long trail of broken hearts, blighted hopes, and wrecked humanity strewn along life's wayside, all marred and maimed by alcohol, surely we must be stirred to fight this demon that is destroying souls and bodies of men and women, and never rest till the liquor traffic has been driven from the earth forever.—The War Cry.

Why Full Jails?

IF there is any special reason why Alberta should have a large jail population, as recently stated by the government, it is not yet apparent, and if so, to find out why, will be one of the main purposes of the official committee that the government has appointed to make an investigation.

Daily average populations are taken as the usual base of report in regard to jail statistics, and on this score Fort Saskatchewan reported a daily figure of 194.2 for 1927 and Lethbridge, 107.89. This gave a combined total of 302 as the daily average for the province.

Saskatchewan averaged 308 per day in 1928. Manitoba made an even worse showing than either Alberta or Saskatchewan. for with practically the same population in the province as that of Alberta it had in 1928 an average daily jail population of 565.

It has been noted in Winnipeg that since the beer parlors opened liquor convictions in Manitoba have increased 25 percent and sentences 100 percent. Whether or not the system of government sale of liquor in Alberta has anything to do with the crowding of the jails in this province too, will be another nut for the investigating committee to crack.

The population of Alberta is 607,500. —Edmonton Journal.

WILL NOT SERVE DRINK

Mrs. P. Snowden Puts Ban on Drink at 11 Downing St.

Prohibition has penetrated Downing St. the home of British officialdom.

Mrs. Philip Snowden, noted writer and lecturer and the wife of Great Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared in an address to the Congregational Union of Norwich that she intended to follow the example of Sir Esme Howard, British ambassador to the United States, in prohibiting strong drink from her home at 11 Downing St.

"I will not become any less a total abstainer becaue of my position as wife of the chancellor of the exchequer. My new dwelling has no more known strong liquor than did my old one," Mrs. Snowden said.

Who should know best about the methods of dealing with the evils of intoxicating liquor? The leaders of movements of moral reform, who, many of them, have spent a lifetime in the study of the subject, and are full of valuable experience, or those who are in temporary power with possibly no practical knowledge of the subject with which they are dealing?

Premier Ferguson believes that in five, six or ten years drinking will have fallen off 25 or 50 percent "owing to temperance education in the schools and churches," In the meantime however, it is not in the schools and churches that liquor is pouring.—Toronto Star.

"You can't enforce it," was the cry against prohibition. Following are convictions for breaking liquor laws in Ontario:

1927	5,620
1928	7,812

"They forced on me the conclusion that something had to be done," said Mr. Ferguson at Brampton, Nov. 4, 1926, in pointing out that offenses against women and children had mounted to 159 under the O.T.A. in 1924. The total was 197 in 1928.—Globe, September, 1929.

In 1926 Hon. Howard Ferguson estimated $5,000,000 as a suitable annual expenditure for liquor consumption under government control. It is said that the total sale of liquor through government channels for the current year will be in the neighborhood of $75,000,000. How does Mr. Ferguson make this harmonize with his contention that the liquor control act is promoting temperance and sobriety in this province?—Barrie Examiner.

A statement of fact which needs no comment may be found in the words of Col. Fletcher Agnew of the Salvation Army in the United States, who recently stated that whereas ten years ago fifty percent of the destitute cases handled by that organization were directly due to drunkenness, today the figure has dropped to only 3 1-2 percent.

SERFS NO LONGER
OR KINSMEN

A Tale of Stirring Days in Old Ontario

By PERCIVAL J. COONEY

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Synopsis

Barclay Craig was lost. It was May, 1837 and the young man of twenty-eight had only been a few months out from Scotland when he left Montreal to survey the tract of land occupied by the Laird of McNab at the junction of the Madawaska and Ottawa rivers. Could he have spoken to some one he would have been able to get his bearings but as he rode guns boomed, tin pans beat a tattoo, and dinner horns tooted twice in warning and people fled before him. Doors were barred against him in the village he entered. Noticing a woman among the cedars on a sloping hillside he darted between two buildings hoping to waylay her and get directions. A newcomer, richly dressed, at the same time caught sight of the woman and, tying his horse to a tree hurried towards her. As Craig approached the shrubbery voices rose in angry protest and the woman screamed. Breaking through the bush he saw the man forcing his caresses on the protesting girl. Without thought or hesitation Marclay struck the man, who staggered sideways. In the struggle that followed, the dark man grappled and, wrenching one hand free drew his dirk. Only the intervention of the girl saved the surveyor's life. Alan Dhu McNab, son of the Chief, departed vowing vengeance and Craig asked directions to Kennel Lodge of Flora McIntyre to whose help he had come. As he took his way the village lost its deserted air for they had feared that the stranger was a process server. Archibald McNab, last of the House of Kennel had taken the remnants of his clan and the related fragments of some others, which after Culloden had adhered to the McNabs, to a new home in Canada. On the Upper Ottawa he tried to establish the old clan system. Under his kindly feudal reign all went well until Alex Miller denied the Laird's right to the timber on his farm. John Nohr McIntyre intervened to help Miller by going his bail as he lay in prison for debt but bail was forfeit when the condition of the roads delayed Miller on his way to trial. The Chief had a judgment made against McFarlane and McIntyre, who had gone bond, which they were unable to pay. Now they had been dodging the process servers for some time with the help of neighbors. Rebellion was in the air. At Kennel Lodge the McNab with Alexander McTavish, his secretary and manager, who was largely responsible for the injustices, which were stirring the clan to rebellion were discussing affairs.

(Now read on.)

Footsteps resounding in the corridor, and a not unmelodious voice sang:

"To the Lairds o' Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
Ere the King's crown gang down there be crowns to be broke."

"Heuch, ye're sober the night, Duncan, for a wonder," said the Chief, with a half-amused, half contemptuous glance at the newcomer.

"More's the pity," replied Duncan, as he filled his pipe from the Chief's own tobacco jar.

Deep-furrowed and weatherbeaten was the face of Duncan Cameron, a face that looked on sixty years of wild life in two continents. It was striking in its virility, for age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, deep-set and searching in his shaggy head. His red beard formed a fringed circle beneath his chin; his tam-o'shanter rakishly topped his tousled locks and his woollen jersey ensconced a still sturdy form. A testy old vagabond at his worst was Duncan Cameron; about him still lingered something of the jaunty grace of his mis-spent youth. The mild-mannered clansmen of the grant as they listened to him singing a backwoods "Come-all-ye" or an old-time Jacobite ballad, could easily credit his boast that in his youth, he had been a "De'il among the lassies.."

Naturally endowed with noble impulses and lofty purposes, he forfeited them only in his cups, which, alas, were so continuous that the real Duncan was seldom in evidence. His waning favor with the Chief, for whom he had sacrificed home, friends and native land, weighed heavily on him in his old age, and he recalled with longing sorrow his youth in the old land, where he and the Laird had been the boon companions of many a merry escapade.

From being major-domo of the Chief's mansion, his position had gradually shifted to that of an inconsequent dependent, and Ian McCuan, the Chief's chamberlain, who once courted his favor and jumped at his word of command, now glanced askance at him as he smoked many a solitary pipe before the hearth of Kennell Lodge.

At times the Chief warmed to him again, and the two hunted and rode as in their garish days, but at each sign of returning favor, Cameron's mercurial spirit rose, and in jubilation he sought the tankard. Then the Chief, disgusted and annoyed by his unreliability, again frowned upon him and turned more and more to the ever dependable MacTavish. Then Duncan, stung by the Laird's coldness, sought a grogshop in the village and consorted with any one who had the buyings of a dram. His loyal, generous heart became, under the spell of drink, brooding, vindictive and revengeful.

It was in one of these moments that he had written the anonymous letter to the Governor at York—an act which he sincerely regretted as soon as he returned to his senses—all the more that it had unexpectedly involved the McIntyres, for whom he had a kindly feeling. Cameron's wandering eyes chanced to fall on the wizened figure of MacTavish brooding over his papers, and they glowed with the fires of hate.

"Man, man, MacTavish," he jeered, "ye'll brak' yer health workin' so late."

Ignoring the sarcasm, the Chancellor replied evenly:

"Mebbe—mebbe. But the good servant doesna hear the clock strike the hours. He has aye his reward in the trust and confidence o' his master—like yersal—like yersal, my dear Duncan."

It was a shaft that shot home. Cameron's face flamed with rage.

The Chief smiled. The two, he knew full well, hated each other—a hatred born of their rivalry for his favor and he listened to their many verbal bouts with unconcealed amusement. But the dissipated old Duncan, in spite of his ready flow of Scotch wit, was but seldom able to cope with the Chancellor's biting jibes at his own shortcomings.

"What hae ye in that green bag?" MacTavish," queried Cameron, in a tone almost amiable.

"Papers and sic-like."

"Murty McGonigal, the smith, swears 'tis a papist crucifix ye carry there."

"Noo, why the De'il should I be carryin' a papist crucifix?" demanded the Chancellor peevishly.

"McGonigal says 'tis to keep Auld Nick from flying away wi' his own," chuckled Cameron.

The Laird rested his head on the back of his chair and laughed outright.

"Weel-hit—Duncan, my man, weel-hit."

Cameron grinned with pride at the compliment. The Chancellor was about to formulate some sneering response when old Ian McCuan, the Chief's chamberlain, ushered Barclay Craig into the room.

"Is this Mister McNab?" he asked, as he drew off his gloves.

The Laird rose to his feet.

"Mister me no misters," was the haughty response. "I am THE McNAB. You hae come far—else ye'd ken."

"I crave your pardon, sir." Craig's head was erect, his levelled gaze meeting the Chief's fairly. There was courtesy but no obsequiousness in his bearing. "I am Barclay Craig of the Craigs of Strathdon."

"Ah-h-h. The Craigs o' Strathdon—a good auld family. I hae heard tell o' them." Something of deference was manifest in the words and manner of the Chief.

"Be seated, sir, I bid ye welcome to Kennell Lodge. Ye must stay the night and longer if ye wull. It is the boast o' the McNabs for centuries, that a traveller can aye find their doors open, and a place by their hearth. Do ye travel far, Mr. Craig?"

For answer, Craig handed him a letter.

"Ah-h-h! the surveyor. Good—good," he ejaculated, as he completed its perusal and extended his hand. "My friend Curtis speaks verra highly o' ye. There's muckle to be done, but take your time—take your time. Ye must rest a day or two, and then we'll talk o' the work. There's two thousand acres to be laid out in settlers lots in the North Bush."

"McCuan," he called, "look ye to the lad's togs, and prepare the north chamber, then fetch another bowl o' grog, and make haste. McTavish, this is our surveyor, Barclay Craig, a lad from Strathdon. MacTavish is my barrister and chancellor. Ye'll hae muckle to do wi' one another. And this"—he added, waving his hand towards Cameron, "is Duncan Cameron, my"—he hesitated for a moment and then added, o' my household."

MacTavish looked triumphantly at Duncan. The difference in their position was unconsciously but clearly contrasted by the Chief's words.

"Ye hae dined," queried the Chief.

"My thanks to you—yes. Being uncertain of my destination I accepted the hospitality of a young Frenchman a few miles back."

"Narcisse—the hewer," commented the Chief. "Return later, Mr. Craig," he added cordially.

McCuan led the way with a taper. As they passed down the wide draughty corridor, the candle suddenly flickered low and blue. A cloaked female form moved silently toward them but the older man did not see it until it was past. Then, with a gasp, he caught Craig's arm and dropped the light. They were now in inky darkness.

"My God—did ye no see it?" gasped the chamberlain, his voice trembling with terror.

"Some one passed," said Craig lightly. "A servant, was it not?"

But the old man stood apparently speechless, while Craig fumbling on the floor recovered the candle and relit it.

"Lord presarve us," moaned McCuan, when they reached the north chamber. " 'Twas the Dark Lady."

"Aye," he whimpered, in abject fear, "the Dark Lady—the spectre o' the McNabs. Ill-fortune and calamity it means for the Laird. She has no been seen since the night afore the Laird lost his lands at home. Afore Culloden she came to the grandfather o' the Chief and he died a year aifter at Carlisle wi' a rope about his neck, but like a brave man and a McNab, and noo—God help us all,— she comes wi' a message o' warnin' to his grandson."

Servants entering with Craig's luggage, water and firewood precluded further conversation, but as the aged chamberlain left the room, his face was ashen with fear, his steps slow and uncertain.

When Craig returned to the spacious living-room fresh after his ablutions and a change of raiment, the trio of aged Scots were absorbed in debate. Each held a glass of grog, kept continuously replenished with a ladle from the great earthenware bowl on the table. Cameron had grown more facetious and familiar, MacTavish more emphatic and insolent, and the Chief seemed to have taken on a more kingly air.

They were discussing the deer hunt of yesterday, when the door swung open and Allan Dhu McNab strode into the room. Casting his riding whip on the Chancellor's papers, he dropped into a chair without a word of welcome. Then he started up in amazement as his eye lit on Barclay Craig, seated in close converse with his father. For a moment he glared at him malignantly and seemed about to speak, but the utter lack of recognition in the surveyor's cool stare daunted him and he decided that silence was the wiser part. Taking one of the long churchwarden clay pipes from the hearth-shelf, he filled and lighted it and stood with his back to the flames moodily scanning the company.

Almost faultless in form and line, save for the fullness of the heavy jaw was the face of Allan Dhu McNab. His raven black hair, olive complexion, and darkly brilliant eyes told of some strain of ancient Pictish blood. All the pride of a McNab showed in the insolence of his haughty mouth and the carriage of his shaggy head. Already in his yet youthful face, dissipation had set its searing marks. Handsome he would always be, even in age, but a sinister expression born of constantly gratified passion, marred what would have otherwise been a winning countenance, and gave a cast to an eye which might have been noble.

For Allan had spared neither himself nor his friends in his self-gratification. He had wrung his father's proud heart with his misdeeds and his extravagances, and in Montreal, where he spent half of his time, he was hopelessly in debt. There, his escapades among the demi-monde and the fastest young bloods of the city were current gossip.

Though his father, it is true, was one of the city's most lavish entertainers, the Laird's extravagances had at least the merit of dignity, and were marked by an ostentation well calculated to herald to the world the growing wealth of the township and the progress of the clan. But for Allan Dhu, there were shakings of the head and muttered curses. His immoralities, even at home, were the scandal of the township.

The McNab glancing up caught sight of his son's discolored brow.

"What blacked your eye, lad?" he inquired.

Allan stepped over to the table, filled a glass and replied carelessly.

"A fall from my horse."

The falsehood dropped glibly from his lips. If this unknown stranger was minded to keep silence, Allan was willing to meet him halfway. He had no desire that the story of the fracas should be known to his father.

The Chief arose and looked at him searchingly.

"Allan, ye lie. Yon blackened brow comes only from a dunt wi' a fist. Ye hae been fighting, sir,—fighting wi' yer fists like a common riverman. Brulzein' in some grog-shop, I'll warrant? Ye hae no respect for yersal or the name o' McNab."

"Faugh!"—there was utter disgust in the snort of the Chief—"fighting wi' yer fists. Give me the tale—who hit ye sic a dunt?"

"There he sits." Allan waved his hand contemptuously toward Craig.

"Explain, Mr. Craig." Something of menace was evident in the Chief's manner.

"Let the young man speak for himself, sir. I owe no one apologies or explanations." Craig's tone was even, his face unruffled. Allan stood silent, smoking nervously.

"Allan," roared the Laird, "give me the truth, or I'll shake ye till yer teeth rattle in your head. Auld as I be, I can do it e'en yet and that ye ken full weel."

"I tried to kiss a lassie—he interfered—we fought."

Tersely, stubbornly, the words came between the puffs of smoke.

"The lass—her name."

"It was McIntyre's lass."

"John McIntyre's lass—the daughter o' that scunnerl. Ye hae been after McIntyre's lass, weel—I'll be hanged."

The Chief strode up and down the room, his thumbs in the belt of his kilt; his face red with anger. In his indignation he was sniffing like a startled horse ,a mannerism of his which the settlers knew full well. Cameron and MacTavish sat listening.

It's a fine colony," snapped Allan, "where a man of twenty-five canna love as he pleases. Be I a child, to be hectored thus?"

"Love—ye rake—love! I'll make grief enough for the McIntyres wi'oot ye dishonoring them. Love—ye wastrel. Would ye take her to wife?" he demanded ironically.

"I would—I love her and,—by God, I'll hae her in wedlock if I can—wi'out it, if I must."

The father glared at Allan for an instant, then continued his tramp up and down the room, snorting contemptuously, yet eyeing his son thoughtfully.

For years he had been urging on Allan the necessity of marrying and settling down . To see a grand-son on his knee—a grand-son who would carry on the line of McNab, was one

of his dearest dreams. The lad's choice of a wife, the daughter of the "black sheep," John McIntyre, was a bitter pill to swallow, yet it might mean the saving of the boy.

"If I give my consent to your marryin' McIntyre's lass, wull ye give me your word to settle down and live like a decent man?" he demanded, as he came to a halt.

"That I wull gladly," Allan replied.

The Chief stared at him fixedly for a moment, then took another turn the length of the room. "Weel, lad," he began, " 'tis no the wife I had in mind for ye."

Allan uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"Weel, weel, lad," he said with an air of resignation, "hae your way—hae your way." Then his eye brightened. "Come, give me your hand on it. Ye shall hae the lass and fine tocher (dowry) wi' her, but there's to be no more roistering in Montreal, ye mind noo."

"I promise, father," said Allan gravely.

"Lad, ye gladden my auld heart," said the Chief, a new note of tenderness in his voice. "I hae long wisht for this day."

"MacTavish!" he called to the Chancellor. "Send a note to John Mohr McIntyre, and tell him that next Monday the McNab wull call on him in pairson wi' a message o' peace and good will." He paused for a moment. "No, we'll give him more time. Make it next Wednesday."

"Here, Mr. Craig—Allan," he cried, in a jocular tone, "shake hands. Be ye two school-laddies to be fightin' o'er the kisses o' a bit o' a lass?" With ill grace the men clasped hands.

"I congratulate you, sir," said Craig stiffly.

"Dinna be in sic a hurry, Meester Surveyor," gurgled Cameron, who in the meanwhile had been applying himself steadily to the contents of the bowl. "Dinna ye be in sic a hurry. Unless I miss my guess, the McIntyres will give but the back o' their hand to Allan Dhu."

"What—ye vagabond!" roared the Chief. "McCuan, Angus," he bellowed, throw yon fellow out. Zounds! one o' my clansmen refuse to marry into the family o' their Chief. Out o' my house, ye ingrate, ye sot. Let me no see yer face again in Kennell Lodge."

Cameron's intoxication had now reached the quarrelsome stage. In his present mood he would have welcomed a conflict with the devil himself. He was nearing the door and at a safe distance.

"Save your wind, Chief, to cool yer parritch," he jeered.

He lurched heavily against the table, almost upsetting the Chancellor and sprawled to the floor. As he fell his arms swept books and papers from the table. Making a futile attempt to restore them to the indignant MacTavish, some quirk in his drunken brain prompted him to purloin a handful of letters and conceal them under his jersey.

A moment later Cameron's voice, shrill and defiant, pitched high with liquor, resounded from the terrace:

"Away to the woods, to the caves, to the rocks
Ere I own the usurper, I'll couch wi' the fox,
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye've no seen the last o' my bonnet and me."

But to the Chief, the announcement of his son's purpose was the occasion of untold satisfaction; it meant the settling of the succession. He bade McCuan fill the glasses about the board, and striding to the door, called into the darkness:

"McNee—McNee!"

A fat, cheery little man, attired like the chief, in kilt and sporran, entered the room, the bag-pipes under his arm. For centuries, as far back as written history ran, had the ancestors of James McNee been hereditary pipers for the Lairds of McNab.

"Fill yersal a dram, Jeems, and give us a skirl o' the pipes."

A fine figure McNee made, as striding up and down the long room, the gay-colored streamers flaunting over his shoulders, his step ever keeping time to the wild fierce strains that have stirred the hearts of Scotland's sons for centuries to deeds of glory. Joyously, triumphantly, replete with all the proud daring of the mountain Celt poured forth the "Co-thional an Aba," the war song of the clan McNab.

The Chief sank back in his chair, and his face wreathed in a smile. MacTavish laid down his pen, and his withered visage twisted into a puckered grin; his keen old eyes softened as his foot beat time on the wolf-skin rug. Enthralled by the music, the four men sat in silence, their thoughts far away among the mist-wrapped hills of Perthshire—the thoughts of all save Barclay Craig.

In his heart raged a fierce rebellion. He was thinking of the splendid spirited girl, Flora McIntyre, given over to the embrace of the blackguard scion of McNab. Allan was leering triumphantly at him across the table. Then the walls seemed to waver. His head grew dizzy, and a feeling of faintness overcame him. The heated room, his suppressed resentment at Allan's nuptial plans, and the long ride of the day had sapped his strength. He rose unsteadily, took a taper from the table and bade his hosts good-night.

As he extinguished the light in his room and was about to close the window, he leaned for a moment on the wide ledge, drinking in the cold night air. It seemed to cool the bitterness in his heart.

To the south, beyond the mouth of the Madawaska, the full-orbed moon threw across the bosom of the lake, two hundred feet below him, a shimmering pathway of molten gold. Set like a row of diamonds in a band of black velvet, glittered the campfires of the Indian village on the Pontiac shore. Mingled with the murmur of the rapids at the mouth of the Madawaska came, softened by distance, the rhythm of an old French chanson. A riverman was singing:

"Vive le Roi, Vive la Reine,
Vive la Compagnie."

Suddenly the figure of a woman, bent and veiled, stood out clear against the moonlit sky. Then the scene darkened, the moon slipped behind a cloud, and when it emerged, the form had disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

"In the name of the Queen"

"Ye must sarve the King,
Sez the Exciseman,
'Tis the will av God,
Sez Jack McCann."

AS Murty McGonigal sang his joyous lilt of the old land, his keen jack-knife added shaving after shaving to the pile of kindling he was preparing for the morning fire.

The slim young man seated on the edge of the bunk, tuning the strings of a violin, turned his curly black head, and flashing an admiring smile on the singer. In his fine dark-featured face was irresistible good humor, and from his laughing eyes looked out the soul of a man upon whom the cares of life would ever sit lightly. When he spoke it was in the soft patois of the French-Canadian.

"Sing on, mon ami. Mebbe so, I can catch him de air. Eet ees livelee wan."

Searchingly he drew his bow across the strings as Murty's baritone voice swung on.

"Then lead the way to Carty's still
Beyant the bog be Rackrent hill.
For him that finds his saycret hold,
Is a pocket filled with English gold.

"Sure the way is hard,
Sez Jack McCann.
I'm not afeered,
Sez the Exciseman.
"O'er hills and stones went the Exciseman
A'measuring shanks with Jack McCann.
His legs were stiff, his fate were sore,
His sowl was black with oaths he swore.
" 'Tis a murthering road,
Sez the Exciseman.
Ye must sarve your king,
Sez Jack McCann.
"His breath was gone, his back was wake,
The heart av him was like to break.
He missed his step on a slippery log
And sank his depth in Kilquil bog.

"Now pull me out,
Sez the Exciseman.
'Tis the will av God,
Sez Jack McCann."

For a moment Murty stopped to heap more wood on the fire, the ruddy radiance of which lighted up the interior of the log cabin.

"And after dat—what happen him?" asked the French-Canadian, with childish interest. His fiddle had caught the strain and was keeping tune as Murty sang on:

" 'Tis a foine saft bed ye're lyin' in,
Sez Mac to him with a wicked grin.
For all av me, 'tis there ye'll stay
Till Gabriel's horn blows the wurruld away.
"He came no more,
Did that Exciseman,
'Twas the will av God
Said Jack McCann."

" 'Tis a song av ould Galway, Narcisse," the Irishman explained, "in the days whin it was fine sport pottin' the landlords like partridges, from behind the hedgerows. Sure 'tis meself that wishes thim days wur back agin," he sighed.

Then he enquired with a change of tone:

"An' what did Father Dontigny at the Quyon have to say today? Did he give thim Frinchmen a lambastin' for drinkin' too much av the whiskey 'blanc'?"

For Narcisse, ever a faithful son of Mother Church, had that Sunday morning, as every Sunday morning, tramped the four miles to the landing near Kennell Lodge, and paddled six miles across the lake to attend Mass at Quyon, a twenty-mile trip in all. Murty, as usual had refused to accompany him, which grieved the pious soul of Narcisse exceedingly. He laid down the violin and said in a serious tone:

"Is it possible, ma fren' Murty, dat you have no care for dat immortal soul of yours? Not for six mont' now have you been to de Mass. It is not good. One day in seven is not mooch to give to de Bon Dieu."

"Thrue for ye, lad, but whin I pound iron all wake, 'tis but little ambition I have for the long trail to the Quyon on Sunday marnins. The good Lord is kind av understandin' me, bye, if I desarve anny Hell, shure I'm getting it in advance, juggling red-hot horseshoes day after day."

He took down the gourd hanging on the wall, dipped it into a bucket standing on a bench and helped himself to a copious draught of water. Then stepping to the door, he threw the few remaining drops into the darkness, remarking as he did so:

"Stand aside, plaze."

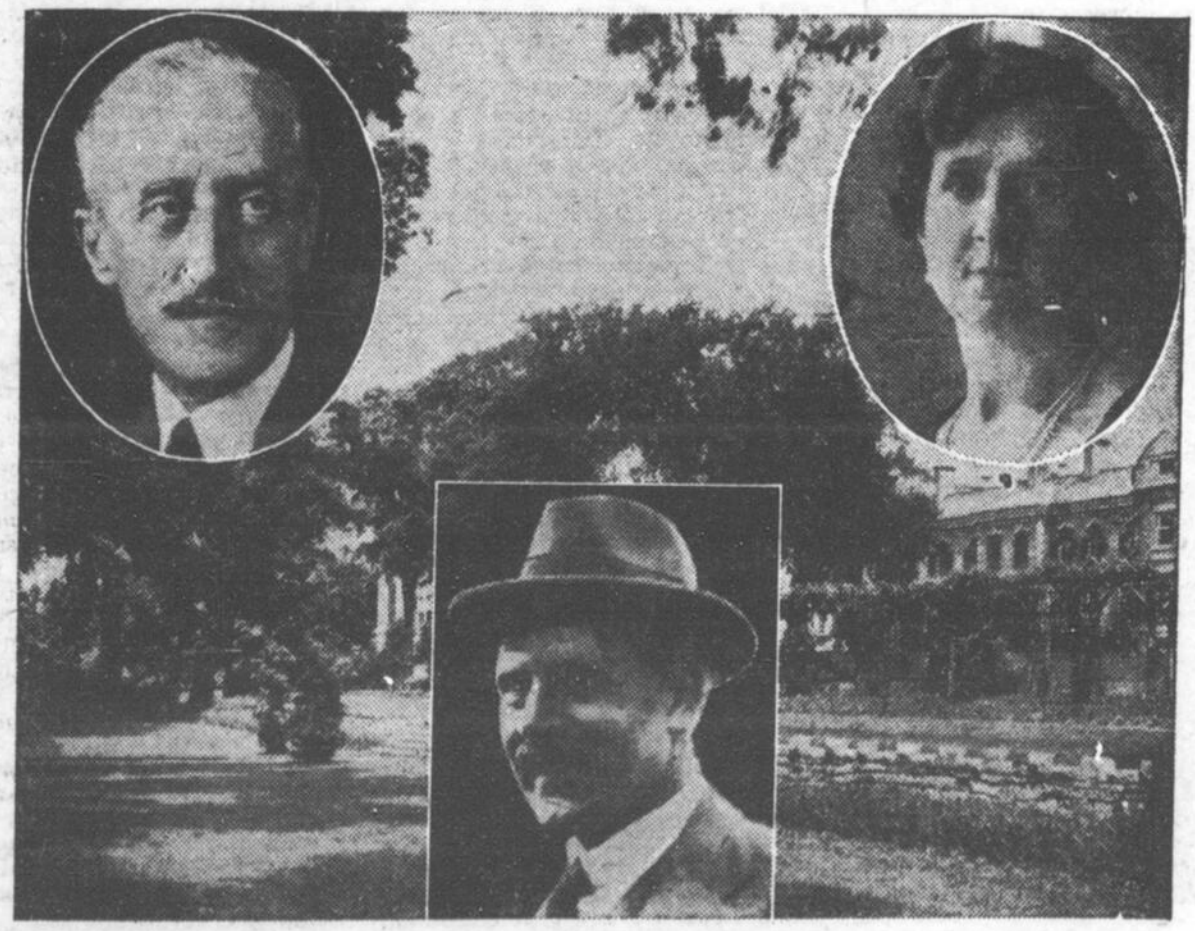
"Now, for why, Murty," enquired Narcisse, "do you always say dat word w'en you throw away some water from de dipper. 'Stand aside plaze,' " he mimicked.

"Shure, 'tis to warn the good payple—the fairies. 'Twud be bad luck to sprinkle wan av them should he be hangin' about by chanct."

"Ah, yes, dose fairee," there was suppressed amusement in Charbonneau's tone, "you seem to be well acquaint wit' deir ways. Tell me, my Murty, w'en did dose good people, de fairee, come over? Was it wit' de French, or wit' de English, or did dey come over wit' de good Irish like yourself?" His eyes were dancing with mischief.

"Whisht, man, whisht," McGonigal warned uneasily. "Niver spake disrayspectfully av thim. 'Tis not safe, Narcisse. 'Twud bring their displeasure on this house and all it houlds."

"Surely not, Murty," bantered Nar-



WHERE BRITISH PREMIER STAYED AT CANADIAN CAPITAL

Above is a photograph showing Rideau Hall, the home of the Governor-General of Canada at Ottawa, where Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald stayed while in the Canadian Capital. Top, left, is Viscount Willingdon and, right, Viscountess Willingdom, who acted as host and hostess to the famous visitor. Below is a good study of the British Premier in happy mood.

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cisse. "Dat would not be possible. Is not de horseshoe still dere above de door, where you nail him with de point turn up to keep de good luck from run out? But my question you have not answer.' W'en did dey come over—dees good people?"

McGonigal shifted uncomfortably in his chair and frowned, but the winning smile on the face of his friend was infectious and he smiled back.

For who could be angry with Narcisse Charbonneau? Was he not the minstrel of the grant, who fiddled away their sorrows in many a night of wholesome revelry? What house but had its latch-string out to the laughing hewer, whose mind was as clean as a child's, whose heart was as tender as a girl's, and whose effervescent merriment drove the frown from the brow of the misanthrope, and denied the forebodings of the croaker? Gloom fled before him, mirth kept pace with his footsteps, and impending calamity was dwarfed or banished at his approach. There was in him some quality—something that radiated from him and leavened their sombre lives. Narcisse had a smile and a kiss for the world, and a grateful world ever repaid his faith with a laugh and a caress.

" 'Tis but a haythen ye are, Narcisse, for all yer church-goin'," commented Murty, with a grin. "Sure, 'tis a mortial shame that I should have to be tellin' ye the things that ye should have l'arned with your prayers. 'Twas a poor broughten-up ye had put on ye in the days av yer youth-ness, I'm thinkin'."

" 'Tis the fallen angels they are," he went on, more gravely. " 'Twas when the ould Divil—bad cess to him—started a faction fight in Heaven, an' the angels commenced prying up the gold bricks av the streets and trunning them at one another. Sure it must have been just like an Orange riot in Belfast—annyway, at the end ould Nick got the worst av it, and him and his friends were trun' over the battlemints av Heaven."

"Battlemints?" queried Narcisse. "What mean him dat word?"

"I dunno exactly meself," admitted Murty, as he poked at the fire, "but I think it means somethin' like the back fence. And so they fell, nine hundred thousand av them. And where did they fall to? Will ye be after telling me that, ye haythen?" he demanded.

"To de Hell of de Devil, surely."

"Now that," McGonigal pointed his pipe stem impressively at Narcisse, "shows what a poor tayologian ye are. No, sir, the divil hadn't started Hell yet. Previous to this time, he was in a good standin' in Heaven, where the Lucifers were, in a manner av speakin', one av the first families. Now, if he took all his followers with him to Hell, 'tis plain the place would be filled up, and there would be no room at all, for the sinners and the haythen. They had a scrumptious fight in Heaven, and 'twas an angel called Saint Michael, a fine upstandin' sort av a fighter he was, that bate and trun out ould Nick and his crowd. Do ye note the name, Narcisse? 'Michael'—Mike—Mick—'tis a good Irish name that."

"But, Murty, forget not Sain' Gabriel—he help some—eh? A good French name dat,—Gabriel."

"Nayther to Hell or Purgatory did they fall," continued Murty, "but to the earth, where they still wander about like the poor lost souls they are. But 'tis said that on the last day they will have another chanct. And that explains the origin av the good people."

"Do dey bite folks sometime?" Charbonneau's face wore an expression of bland innocence.

"Bite people—bite people, ye omadthawn!" There was indignant scorn in Murty's tone. "If ye had the sense that God gives geese, ye'd know that a spirit has no teeth. But I suppose some allowance must be made for yer being only a Frinchy. We can't all be Irish—more's the pity," he added indulgently.

" 'Tis a quare little folk they are. Often they're aisily offended, and then they are liable to wither an arm or a leg av ye, or set yer wits woolgatherin'. But if they take a likin' to ye, there is nawthin' they won't do for ye. Wan evenin' when I was still a gorsoon I was walking home by meself from a fair at Loughrea, when I set down to rest by the side av the road. 'Twas but for a minute I closed me eyes, and when I opened them, I was sittin' be me father's gate. Shure, and 'twas the good people carried me for a joke."

Narcisse suppressed a chuckle.

"Mebbe 'twas some of dat good Irish poteen whiskee you wish for so manee time."

"Divil a bit av it. Father Tom Burke wanst saw a whole procession av thim, and they used to call 'Father Tom—Father Tom' at him as he walked the lanes, and——"

A loud pounding at the door interrupted Murty's tale. He opened it to admit a middle-aged undersized man. There was gratification in the face of the stranger as his quick eyes swept the interior—McGonigal standing near, his hand on the door; Narcisse seated on the bunk toying with his violin. Quickly he spoke:

"In the name of the Queen, I call on both of you for assistance."

Narcisse, alarm evident in his face, sprang to his feet; his bow dropped unnoticed to the floor. Murty muttered a vindictive oath and closed the door. His face an angry red, his fists clenched, the smith glared at the stranger for a moment as if he were about to burst into open defiance.

"Prenez garde, Murty," warned Narcisse, in his own tongue. Then, turning to the officer, he placed a stool before the fire.

"Will Monsieur, de process server, take him a seat?" he said courteously.

The long-expected had happened. An officer from Perth, armed with papers for McIntyre and McFarlane, had caught them napping. They were now legally summoned to aid him. To refuse assistance to a Queen's officer was a serious offence, according to the laws of the land and the time.

McGonigal strode up and down the little room, his face tense, his arm swinging, the mighty fist of his right hand smacking suggestively into the palm of the left.

"I cannot wait long," insisted the process-server. "I have legal papers here to serve on James McFarlane and John Mohr McIntyre. They must be served tonight, while I can catch them in their own homes, and before they learn of my presence in the grant. I summons you both in the name of the Queen to guide me to their houses."

"Tubbe shure—tubbe shure. 'Tis loyal subjects av the Queen we are, Narcisse and meself," said Murty, with a sly wink at his comrade.

Every trace of annoyance had faded from his countenance. He was smiling cheerfully, almost amiably on the emissary of the law. Then from his pursed lips broke out a shrill rollicking whistle, the air of "The Exciseman":

"Ye must sarve yer King,
Sez the Exciseman.
'Tis the will av God,
Sez Jack McCann."

"Mon Dieu, it is dark like wan black cat," murmured Narcisse, as the trio stepped into the night.

Dark it was, with the intense, pitchy darkness of the Canadian pine woods on a starless night. Above the raucous chorus of the frogs came the ceaseless song of the Madawaska chortling over its boulders.

Through the all-encompassing blackness the Irishman led the way down the road and across the stretches of corduroy in the low places. The soft slither of their feet on the sod, and the unevenness of the ground told that they had entered a deserted winter road among the timber. For two miles they pressed on. As they debouched into a clearing, an opening in the woods, that was felt rather than seen, Murty halted.

"Just a minute now—till I get my bearings. 'Tis a mortial dark night. McIntyre's house lies over to the right about a mile. We are on the short-cut through the swamp. All right, byes, come on."

A moment later the three were floundering knee-deep in a swampy pool. Hurriedly they retreated to dry ground.

"By Garrah—'tis quare—the road should be somewhere hereabouts," murmured McGonigal.

Again he led, this time to the left, and again they found themselves face to face with menacing swamp water.

"Well, now if that doesn't bate Banagher, and Banagher bate ould Nick. The road is bewitched, or I'm a Dutchman," protested Murty.

Standing in the darkness behind the officer, the slight shoulders of Narcisse shook with suppressed merriment.

The distant song of the river was drowned now by the sibilant hum of millions of vicious swamp mosquitoes that were descending on the three men in unseen clouds. Their hands, faces and necks were soon covered by the venomous pests.

"Oh, dash the flies—they are terrible," groaned the officer, as he smacked himself on hand and cheek. "For God's sake, let us get out of here. Man, we will be eaten alive."

"Wurrah—wurrah. 'Tis lost I am entirely," mourned Murty as he busied himself fighting off the mosquitoes.

"Get us out of here. Hurry up, for Heaven's sake."

"Sure I'll do the best I can. I'll get ye out all right, but it will take time. Light a smudge, Narcisse, to kape the blood-thirsty devils away. I'll be aff and hunt for the road. Do ye shout ivery few minutes and I'll be doing the same, so we won't lose wan another."

Narcisse, bending over the little pile of sparkling twigs, heard Murty's low whisper as he passed.

"Be after me whin I call for help." Then he disappeared in the night.

"A hell of a guide," snorted the process-server, as he moved about the fire in an effort to keep in the current of smoke.

Higher and higher streamed the red flames, lighting up at times the tall forms of the sombre pines, and glinting on the swamp pools at their feet.

"He—e-e-euh!" called Murty, from a distance.

"He—e-e-euh!" called back Narcisse.

The emissary of the Perth Court of Sessions was swearing eloquently and vigorously as he slapped himself on cheek and brow. From his eyes, now smarting with the acrid smoke, tears were flowing.

Fainter and more distant came the call:

"He-e-euh."

Narcisse halloed back.

"Ver' bad swamp—dis, Monsieur," he warned. "Dere is manee place, where wan step wrong, and you would go over de head of you. And you would not come again, nevaire—nevaire."

"Down McNab and his Scotch savages," snorted the process-server.

"To de first part of dat prayer, permit me to say de Amen, Monsieur," came in gentle tones from Narcisse.

"He-e-e-e-euh! — Help! Help!—I'm in!—I'm in!" called the voice of McGonigal, in an apparent agony of fear.

Charbonneau sprang to his feet, well-simulated alarm in his face.

"Mon Dieu—he has fall him in de swamp. He call for help. Me, I mus' go for help him."

"We will both go," said the process-server cautiously.

"Non, non, Monsieur. Dat is not de bes' way. You stay here and continue de call. W'en I get him pull out we will return. Keep de fire burn. Do not leave it. 'Tis ver' dangerous should you lose him de smudge."

"Adieu, monsieur; ma fren', de process-server, adieu," he added almost caressingly. "Be of a brave heart till we meet again."

Hour after hour waited the officer, but his guides returned not. Hour after hour, soaked to the skin, shivering with the chill of the swamp, a prey to thousands of winged torturing pests.

A dozen times he piled high the fire, and by its light sought the road, but everywhere he was met by the threatening pools and uncertain footing of the morass. Boiling with rage and indignation, he made the night ring with his frantic calls for help, and bitter maledictions on the Chief and all his clan.

But Narcisse did not hear. He was four miles away, galloping through the clearings by the Dochart and to the houses in the little hamlet of Arnprior, warning the inhabitants of the arrival of the process-server.

But to Murty McGonigal, as he rode wildly on, bearing the same tidings to the folk of the Flat Rapid Settlement, came muffled afar off the doleful shouts of the bewildered officer.

The Irishman's head was bare, the night wind blowing through his bristling ruddy locks, his gnarled hands clenched in the mane of his saddleless horse, and his rebellious Celtic soul filled with fierce exultation.

"Whe-e-e-e! Whe-e-e-e! Howl, ye divil, ye, howl."

Like some primitive, savage war chant the darkened woods echoed back his triumphant song:

"His legs were stiff; his fate were sore.
His sowl was black with oaths he swore.
For all av me, 'tis there ye'll stay
Till Gabriel's horn blows the world away."

Full noon was it the next day when a mud-daubed, swamp-soaked figure tottered to the door of Kennel Lodge and sought admittance. It was the process-server, his eyes almost closed and his face swollen beyond recognition from bites of the venomous mosquitoes.

To his amazement and disgust, he was informed that the Laird desired no further proceedings against John Mohr McIntyre, and that action against McFarlane was to be postponed until further notice.

(To be Continued)

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SCOTLAND'S GREAT DAY OF REUNION

One of the most impressive moments during the great ceremony which took place when the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church reunited, was the meeting of the two Moderators. Right Rev. Dr. J. Mitchell, left; and Right Rev. Principal Martin, right, on the Royal Mile to St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh.

MARY GARTH

By DAVID LYALL

(Copyright)

"Do you go there, George? I didn't think you cared for that sort of thing. You didn't use to."

"Right; but, you see, in winter somebody had to see her across the Moss after dark, and I got used to it. Now I like it, and we are no end of chums. Anne's a ripping good sort, Moll; she'd sacrifice herself no end for anybody, and the mater has made it rough for her since you went away."

"In what way?" asked Mary, looking like a person who is passing through a revelation.

"Oh, about Blantyre; got on to her about the scandal and all that, and tried to work on her feelings about the house at Dunboyne. She's had a pretty hard quarter, you may believe it. Things were pretty so-so when I left."

"But surely if she told mother quite plainly that she would not marry him, that would—at least, it ought to—have been the end of it," said Mary, her innate sense of justice causing her to see the affair from Anne's point of view at last.

"Granted, it ought to; but you know what the mater is, and she doesn't understand Anne a little bit. The only thing that pleases her is when she goes to the Priory. Lady Cardross' interest in her is staggering."

Mary sat still pondering many things. Every word sank into her heart and bore its fruit. Suddenly her eyes were opened about herself. She who had borne the reputation for unselfishness had proved herself more selfish than the worst of them—she had fallen into low estate.

She could fill up the gaps, and she knew that she ought to have been at home to help to keep the balance, and to spare Anne from persecution.

"How could I know or guess?" she cried, sharply. "Nobody hinted at it; I have been kept in the dark."

"Everybody thought you had enough don't you see?" said George ."At last I thought I'd come and drop a hint."

"Do you call it dropping a hint? You have made me feel that I have behaved very badly, George."

"Well, I think you have to Anne. There's no use saying one thing and thinking another. And the mater has been very rough on her, telling her she must have encouraged Blantyre. That makes her desperate, don't you know?"

"But haven't you pointed out to mother that that isn't quite fair?"

"I've tried, but she can't see it. In fact, there's nobody but you can step into this breach, Mary; and I may as well own up that the real private nature of my trip is to ask when you are coming home."

"I hadn't thought of it, and I must wait with Florrie until the middle of January at least. I could come then."

"That'll do, it's only three weeks anyway. Well, shall we go?"

His sister being very silent, George leaned over to peer into her face. He saw it wet with tears.

"I didn't mean to be rough on you, Moll, but somebody had got to speak. Something's going to happen if there's no improvement in the situation. Anne will run away."

Mary rose suddenly. Her own thoughts were intolerable to her. Wrapt in her own selfish brooding over a personal wrong, how bitterly she had realized the real situation. she had realised the real situation. The memory of the look on Anne's face that morning in the hall at Garthlands and the barrier of the locked door smote her now like a two-edged sword. She never spoke a word until they came within sight of their hotel.

"Did you say Dr. Hunter and Anne were great chums, George?" she said at length.

"Chums," he answered, with great emphasis. "I didn't say sweethearts, so don't run away with that idea; but a chum can't do all that's necessary in this case."

He still watched her keenly, and, being the looker-on who sees most of the game, he was entirely satisfied with results. When they got indoors he found the home letters, the first he had received since leaving the previous week. He sat down on the hall lounge and opened his father's first. It contained the account of the eviction and subsequent burning of Craigs.

"By Jove, things are thickening with a vengeance! I can't stay over Christmas as I wanted to do. It would be a shame to leave the poor old governor alone. He's feeling it awfully. I'll go tonight."

"And leave me?" said Mary, faintly. The cords were begining to draw her home.

"Wouldn't Florrie let you off?" he asked.

Mary shook her head.

"I can't ask her. She came here entirely on my account, and it would be mean. I must stay till after Christmas, at least."

"Oh, well, I'll tell them you're on the move," he said and returned to the letters with consuming interest.

By eight o'clock that evening he was in the Orient express bound for home.

CHAPTER XXXV

Why not go to Rome?

GEORGE arrived home about eight o'clock one night to find Anne dining alone. She could not believe the evidence of her eyes as she sprang up to meet him.

"Why, George, what is the meaning of this? Are you ill or anything? Have you been to Rome, or where have you come from?"

"One question at a time, my dear. But where's the mater and the governor?"

"Dining at The Park; and, oh, George, this morning the strike came to an end. The men are going in next Monday."

George whistled his unfeigned astonishment.

"On our terms or theirs?"

"On ours, I think; but father says there will be a little concession, and, oh, I do hope the Blantyres will not change that. They are dining tonight to discuss things."

"You ought to have gone, Anne, just to keep the balance true."

Anne shook her head.

"Not even to do that could I endure the ordeal of a dinner at Cathells Park. Did you get father's letter? Have you been at Rome at all?"

"Yes, I'm here because of the letter. I thought the governor oughtn't to be left. I imagined him in a fearful state of worry."

"So he was, but this has brightened him wonderfully. But don't you want some dinner? Here's Grant hovering about for the purpose."

"No, I had all I want on the train. I only need a wash, then we'll settle down in the library for a jolly good talk."

While he was upstairs Anne took special pains with the coffee-table, and was very happy.

She had expected a long and rather dull evening at home.

George changed his garments in an incredibly short space of time, and looked pleased with himself and his surroundings when he entered the brightly-lit library. He had had a very cold journey, the snow bowing a blizard in the Cheviots, and threatening to block the line south of Carlisle; he congratulated himself on being comfortably at home.

"I might just as well have stayed. I had only eight hours' of Mary's company, but it was long enough to see that she was well, and I saw something of Rome, too. It's surprising what can be done in a given time by an enterprising young man," he said, lightly, as he watched Anne pour out the coffee. "So the men are in? Well, I never! When I left things looked black enough. What iss supposed to be the true inwardness of it?"

"Their supporters advised it; we have heard it said they intended to withdraw the funds. What I think is, that the fire was caused by some of the men. I needn't name them—and that they didn't wish the inquiry pushed."

"I suppose the police have behaved in quite the usual way?" said George, with a slight uplifting of the eyebrows, which caused Anne to laugh.

"They've been about at Craigs a good deal, taking copious notes and drawings, but nothing has been found out. What a scene of desolation it is, George! It makes my heart ache every time."

"I daresay. But now the strike's over, I suppose we'll start rebuilding without the slightest delay. There's no loss, you see. The insurance covers all that."

"I've been amusing myself this week drawing plans of a model village. Surely they won't build it precisely as it was before?"

"Shouldn't think so; a few improvements might be advantageously introduced without hurting anybody. It's a pity you're not on better terms at The Park, Anne; then you could have given them your views."

Anne made no reply, but sat staring into the fire. "I think Mary's cured," was his next remark. "She's looking jolly well, and years younger. I don't wonder at it, in that divine climate. And she's in very good spirits."

"Did she say anything about coming home?"

"Yes, soon, immediately after Christmas. She'd have come with me only Mrs. Arbuthnot had come to Rome on her account, and she thought it would not be quite fair to chuck it. They have great doings there about Christmas. I might have stayed if I'd known things were settling up so comfortably, but perhaps I'm just as well at home. I accomplished the whole object of my trip, which is not always done, even when more time is taken. How's Hunter? I thought of dropping in as I came off the train, but reflected that he'd be busy in his surgery. I may go down later on."

"He's all right, I think. I saw him this morning at the Gilmours'. William will soon be quite well again and ready for work."

"Good; he's had a pretty tough time. There's been a good deal of vindictiveness shown from first to last. Don't you think so?"

"It was directed against a system, not against individuals, George," said Anne, jealously.

"I suppose so, but unfortunately the individuals suffer," he said, lightly. "Mary will be all right when she comes home, Anne," he added, reverting to the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Will she?" asked Anne, not looking at him. "Perhaps I shall be gone."

"Gone where?" he asked, in genuine alarm.

"Lady Cardross has asked me to go to London with her until Easter. They are leaving rather earlier than they expected, on the ninth of January, in fact. They are going to Torquay until the meeting of Parliament on the fifth of February."

George whistled again, his favorite method of expressing his feelings when they happened to be strong.

"Good! You're a lucky girl to be introduced to high society under such auspices. Is the mater pleased?"

"Quite. Lady Cardross came here today to settle it. I think mother was very much surprised."

"I daresay; but, all the same, I don't quite see the fun of having all the trouble of rearing daughters, and then boarding them out like that."

"Mary will be home, George; and you know I have never been able to please mother since I came from Zurich. I have tried very hard, nobody would believe how hard, but I fail every time."

George was silent. He could not deny the truth of this; in fact, his visit to Rome had been born of an honest conviction that it would be better for the whole household that Mary should come back. She possessed tact, which both his mother and Anne lacked.

"Poor little woman! I hear they're expecting their son at the Priory. Perhaps that'll be the next surprise, that you're to belong to the high society altogether."

Anne gave her foot a mimic stamp.

"George, you are vulgar, and silly as well. Is there nothing on earth except lovers and marrying? You speak as if there were absolutely nothing else."

"Well, as a matter of fact it's the chief pivot of human existence," he said, philosophically. "You may take that from me as a contribution to the subject, and a pretty correct one. As yet, happily, I've been able to keep outside the pale."

"You would make a very good husband when you are as nice as you know how to be, but sometimes you are not nice at all."

"Good again. Well, I think I'll go down to Cathells and see Hunter. Something goads me on. Will you come?"

"Oh, I couldn't! Mother would think it was dreadful, wouldn't she?"

"I'll take the onus. Go and get your hat on. The snow's off, and it's a glorious night."

Anne ran off in high glee. The idea was one that pleased her. They were a very happy pair as they walked arm-in-arm down the wide white road, chatting gaily as they went.

"It's only half-past nine," said George as they turned into Cathells' High Street. "We can stop half an hour and get back before them yet."

"The doctor was still in the surgery," the faithful Jimmy explained, with his usual injured air. He lived in a state of perpetual protest against the hours kept by his master, or rather not kept, and was wont to say that "folk had nae mercy."

Anne Garth now crossed that threshold which was dear to so many in the place for the first time. She had a curious feeling as she did so, a deep interest, a strange personal touch kept her quiet. She did not know what this meant yet.

The sitting-room was the usual picture of snug bachelor comfort. Anne looked round it with vivid interest, noting the pictures, the books, the appointments, which, simple in themselves, proclaimed the man of refinement and taste. Blackwood's Magazine lay face turned down on the table. She peeped into the open page. It was an article on "The philosophy of not seeing things."

"Jolly comfortable here, isn't he? I always say Hunter is an all-round fellow," said George, as he sank into the doctor's own chair.

The words were still on his lips when Hunter entered. His look was one of genuine pleasure as he greeted them both.

"What are you doing here, you rascal? We thought you were far enough away."

"I came to see what was going on. You've been having lively times since I left. I got home to find my sister alone in all her glory, and as I wanted to see you, I thought I'd walk down tonight."

"Delighted to see you both. This is the first time you've honored my humble abode, Miss Anne, though it is pretty familiar to the most of your proteges."

"I like to see it very much," said Anne, frankly. "Though I am afraid I am not quite in order being here."

"I'll pay the piper," said George, imperturbably. "I wanted to tell you I came across an old fellow student of yours in Genoa frightfully down on his luck, fellow called Millar. Remember him?"

"Danny Millar! Rather. One of the lights of our year, but no backbone. What was he doing?"

"Loafing. I heard his Glasgow tongue in a restaurant, and spoke to him, then I gave him a fiver. Poor beggar, he'll never do any good."

"Why?" asked Anne.

"Drink," answered Hunter, gravely. "Poor Millar. He might have been at the head of his profession by now. And how did you find your sister, or did you turn before you reached Rome?"

"No, I spent eight hours there. She's looking A I. She's coming home soon."

"Is she?" Hunter turned away, but George saw his face, and his resolve was taken. He had suspected things for a while, now he was sure of it.

"Can I offer you a cup of coffee, Miss Anne? Coffee is one of Jimmy's strongest points, and he has a good many."

"No thank you. We've just had some. Do you work here all night, Dr. Hunter?" she asked, as the surgery bell pealed again.

"Don't let anybody in now, Jimmy," the doctor called through the half-open door. "A message is it from Dunboyne? Hear that, George—Dunboyne at ten o'clock at night? And I've been there twice today already."

"Don't go," was George's advice, honestly given.

"Must, and immediately, too. I've been expecting it. I'm very sorry, but you'll come again another night. I've got some medicine to make up while they get the trap ready. If you'll wait, I can drive you part of the way."

"I wouldn't be much help, I think;

but if you'll let me, I'll come to the surgery with you."

The doctor nodded, and the next minute Anne was left.

"You haven't had a holiday for ages, Hunter. You ought to take one now. If you could see the South as I saw it you'd let everything go hang."

Hunter laughed as he held the measure up to the light.

"I shouldn't mind a fortnight now. I've been at it pretty close for the last six months. I was seriously thinking of going over to Paris for Christmas."

George was silent a moment, watching the blood-red drops falling with nice exactness from bottle to bottle.

"Why not go to Rome?" he said.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Her Own Heart.

ANNE GARTH walked down the hard bound road and through the fields to Craigs on Christmas day. It had been a very uneventful Christmas for her, for them all indeed, at Garthlands. Somehow none had felt in the mood for much rejoicing though there was a feeling of relief that strife was at an end. The air was exhilarating, it was an ideal Christmas morning. Usually a dripping rain heralded the great festival of the year in that moist and humid spot, so long continuance of frost was unprecedented. She carried a basket on her arm of goodly dimensions. It contained her own personal Christmas gifts to her friends in Craigs.

Only the five families remained on the east side of the Square, and the village still in ruins presented a very melancholy spectacle. The work of clearing up the debris preparatory to rebuilding had already begun, though it was suspended for Christmas Day.

Anne had seen the plans, and visions of a new Craigs, from which all the old sores and grievances should be swept away, filled her mind pleasantly as she walked. Her heart was lighter, more hopeful than it had been at any time during the last six months. Perhaps the warm Christmas greeting bestowed on her by her mother, and also a short letter she had received from Mary, had helped. All things were beginning to move in orderly channels once more, the misery and misunderstanding of the last months would soon be forgotten. Youth is ever hopeful, and Anne was very young; she sang to herself as she walked through the narrow strip of wood separating the last field from the village, her heart touched by the joy of Christmastide.

She met William Gilmour at the west end of the Square surveying the place where the building operations were to begin. He was now able to walk with the aid of a thick stick, and, though paler than of yore, had the healthy look of returning energy and strength. He lifted his cap, and turned at once, holding out his hand for the basket. He had all a gentleman's instincts. Often Anne had been struck by the innate courtesy of his acts, even when his tongue had not mastered the mystery of refined speech.

"A Merry Christmas to you," said Anne, quite gaily. "I saw you look very melancholy as I crossed the road. I don't think I regret the fire at all."

"You won't when you see the improvements that are going to be wrought. Have you seen the plans yet, Miss Anne?"

"Yes; and just think, I am to be allowed to lay out the Square as I like. Even Mr. Blantyre has given his consent. There will be a garden and seats and trees, if we can coax them to grow, and no more dust-bins, never again."

Gilmour smiled at her enthusiasm.

But Anne was not satisfied.

"Why do you look as if you didn't believe it?"

"I do believe it, Miss Anne. I was only wonderin' as you came up whether I wad live to see it."

"Why not? What is the matter with you? You are better, I am sure. You look perfectly well, and the doctor says you are. I shall say you are turning into a hypochondriac if you talk like that. It is not fair to your mother. Why do you do it?"

"I dinna say anything to her, and maybe it is imagination. Yes, I'm quite weel. I'll gang doon Number Three the day efter the morn."

"Do, and work with all your might. Next winter we must get up all sorts of things in the village, concerts and lectures and cookery classes. Do you know I am going away for the spring with Lady Cardross?"

"My mother said something about it Craigs will miss ye, Miss Anne. Dinna bide owre lang."

"I shall come back at Easter, I expect. I am going to Gellatly's presently. I have got a new hat for Maggie. I trimmed it myself. It is very smart."

"That'll please her. She doesna get mony new hats," said Gilmour, gently.

"You are sorry for her; so am I. I think she is a perfect little heroine whom nobody appreciates I wish I had found her out long ago."

"She does her duty. She sets an example to us a'," said Gilmour.

"That's what I think," Anne answered, and passed on to Gellatly's house.

Gellatly was down the pit, Christmas Day though it was, trying to make up for all the wasted weeks. Anne stepping across the threshold found Meg wrestling with the problem of a Christmas pudding. Her face was very downcast as she stood perplexedly over the mixture, and she had a great smudge of flour on her short nose, which gave her a very comical look.

"God morning, Maggie," said Anne, pleasantly. "Whence that frown?"

"I've forgotten something, Miss Anne, an' I ken it'll no be richt," she said dolefully.

"Oh, I'll help you. I can make a Christmas pudding," said Anne, cheerfully. "But come and see my basket first. Where are all the kiddies?"

"Jock took them for a walk or I get redd up. Oh, my, is that for me? Michty, what a swell I'll be!"

She hurriedly wiped her floury hands, and took the hat in her hand, surveying it in a rapturous admiration which amply repaid Anne for her trouble.

"Try it on, but wipe the flour from your nose first, or it'll spoil the effect. Yes, it's very nice. Don't you think so?"

"It's gorgeous," said Mag, reverently.

"And you'll go to little Miss Bain, and she'll make a new frock to go with it. It'll be ready for the first Sunday in the New Year, and mind you go to church with the whole costume on."

Mag's tears overflowed.

"Oh, Miss Anne, what for are ye sae guid to me!"

"Because I have learned something from you, Maggie—how duty should be done. It was a lesson I needed badly. So you don't owe me anything. I shall go on owing you for a good while to come. Now for the pudding!"

Mag dried her tears, laid the hat reverently on the bed, and soon the two heads were bent together over the pudding bowl.

When it was satisfactorily mixed and put in the basin Anne went off. It was nearly twelve when she got to Jean Gilmour's door.

"I must give you a kiss, it is Christmas Day. I wish you a merry Christmas and a lot of them. I've been helping Maggie Gellatly to get her Christmas pudding in the pot, or I would have been here sooner."

"I saw ye gang in. Eh, what a difference in that hoose since Gellatly began to see things differently. Mag'll tell ye that."

"She certainly seems happier. That was your son's doing, Mrs. Gilmour and you helped with your nursing. How happy it must make you feel today."

"Things is lookin' up," said Jean, blithely.

"It makes me feel sad that I am going away all spring. It would have been much better had I been away all the autumn."

"I wadna say that, Miss Anne; you ha'e gotten to ken a' sides. It's to London ye're gaun, isn't it? Her leddyship was here wan day. an' she tellt me. Everybody's for off. Fancy the doctor awa' to Rome, nae less!"

"What?" said Anne, and in spite of herself a shrill note crept into her voice.

"Ay, he cam' in on Wednesday forenicht to bid us good-bye, an' fell blithe he seemed. What's the maitter wi' ye, my lamb?"

Jean became suddenly conscious that the girl's face had grown grey.

"Are ye no weel? A sudden gliff o' cauld maybe. I should ha'e shut the door." She bustled over to it as she spoke, and Anne sat down by the table

"Are you sure he said Rome, Mrs. Gilmour?"

"Certain, for we were jokin' him aboot ca'in' on the Pope. An' when I speired when he was comin' back, he said a' wad depend——"

"On what—did he say on what?" she asked.

Her heart was stabbed by cruel a pain that her pride had disappeared.

"No, my dear; but it's no very ill to guess," she answered.

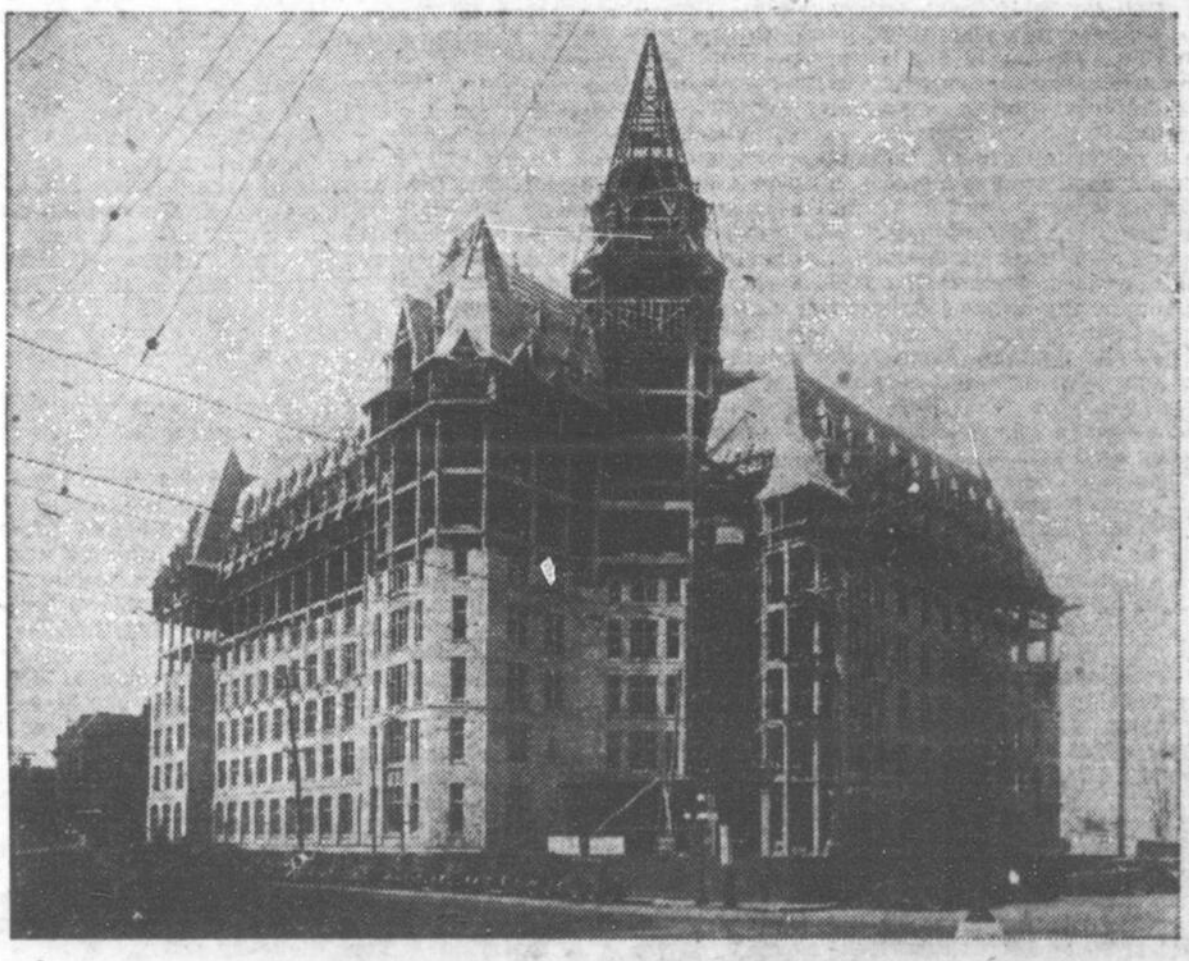
Then as some inkling of the truth dawned upon her, she slipped into the little scullery, and, shutting the door, busied herself with her household affairs. She had received at once a revelation and a shock, and her heart ached intolerably for the girl who was so dear to her.

If Anne understood the meaning of that delicate act, she was too miserable to appreciate it. She sat at the table staring through the window upon the sunny world conscious of nothing but the dead weight of her own pain Hunter had gone to Mary to tell her he loved her, that he had always loved her, and they would marry, and she would need to stand by and see it. A passionate revolt against her own lot, against the heart which had so betrayed her, filled her eyes with darkest shadows.

(To be Continued.)

An illustration of the rapidity of unloading of cargo at Fort Churchill already is furnished in the experience of a Government Merchant Marine vessel, the report of whose return voyage between Sydney and Fort Churchill has just been received by Col. A. E. Dubuc, chief engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals. The Merchant Marine vessel of 3,500 tons left Sydney on September 2 with a cargo of coal, gasoline and hardware for Hudson Strait and Fort Churchill and arrived there on September 15 with a large tonnage of coal, gasoline and hardware supplies for the Department of Railways and Canals. The entire cargo was unloaded in four days in spite of the fact that there was no wharfage and the vessel had to be unloaded in the stream. It cleared again on September 19, and arrived in Halifax on September 28, making the return voyage in nine days and the entire round trip in 26 days.

The city authorities of New Westminster are applying to have the deep sea ship channel from the city to the sea deepened sufficiently to meet the requirements of any ship operating on the Pacific.



NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION

The above picture, taken last week, shows the new Confederation Building, which is being built at the corner of Bank and W llington Streets, Ottawa, for Government offices. This is the first of a series of similar buildings that the Canadian Government contemplates erecting on the property it owns adjoining Parliament Hill.

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Their Wishing Star

By E. R. Batterham.

IT was dark in the big bedroom, but before creeping into their cots Ellen and Tommy pattered across the floor to peer out of the window.

"There it is; it looks much brighter tonight, doesn't it, Ellie?" The boy pointed to the dark outline of the mountain that seemed to be touching the sky; there a bright light twinkled.

Then Ellen in a solemn voice said:

"Star light, star bright, first star I've seen tonight—it's your turn to say the wish."

"Oh, beautiful star, we haven't any grandmother; we wish for one; a good, kind one, like Jane and Bill have, so we can visit her and have—"

"That's enough, Tommy," the girl whispered. "We mustn't ask for so much; you always add to it every time."

"But, sister, the wish hasn't come true yet."

"It will. I know it will. Just wait," and she patted the covers as she pulled them over him.

When she cuddled down in her own bed near the window she could see their star. It seemed to dance on the crest of the mountain as her sleepy eyelids drooped.

For almost a month now every night the children had said their wish. A grandmother—that was what they most desired. Their two playmates, Jane and Bill, had a "grandma," and often visited her in the country, where they spent such happy days. That both theirs had died long before they could remember was the greatest sorrow of Ellen's and Tommy's life.

But now they comforted themselves with the belief that surely their wish would come true in some mysterious way, such as you read about in fairy books. So they crept to the window at bedtime and kept their sweet secret even from mother and father.

It was a week later. The four playmates were making frog houses in the sand pile. Jane's and Bill's mother called, "Come, children, father is going to grandma's for the day. He wants to take you with him. Hurry!"

With a shout of joy Jane and Bill climbed the fence that divided the two lots, and ran into the house.

Tom glanced at Ellen. His lips quivered, and something like a sob came struggling through his little teeth. His sister looked sorrowful, too, but she exclaimed, "Never mind, brother dear, remember our star. We'll soon have a grandmother to love and spend the day with. Come let's ask mother if Mary can take us for a walk."

Mary was the servant girl. Often when she was not very busy she took the children into the woods and on to the mountain. They had great fun hunting flowers and nuts.

Today was a busy day, but mother, seeing the sad, wistful expression in her children's eyes, promised, "She can take you in the afternoon."

So Tommy and Ellen went back to the sand pile, but building frog houses had lost its charm. It seemed a long time before afternoon. At last Mary and the children, with baskets—mother was sure they would find some nuts—started down the road towards the mountain.

"Be home before dark and don't get lost. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"Have a good time," mother called as she waved from the porch.

They did have a good time. There were lots of hickory nuts and some chestnuts. From tree to tree they wandered up the mountain. When the children's baskets were half full they got tired of picking nuts, but Mary said, "I want a whole lot to take to my little lame brother"; she kept calling, "Wait, wait, children, till I get a few more."

At first they were willing to wait, but then they got impatient and begged, "Come, let's go home."

"All right, in just a minute; you start and I'm coming."

So Ellen and Tommy turned down the path they had been following. They went a little way, and then there was no path.

They wandered on through the bushes, and soon came to a road. But where was Mary? They called to her; no answer. The road seemed new and strange to them; Ellen knew they were lost, and the brave little girl did her best to be cheerful and keep Tommy from finding out how frightened she was.

"Let's hurry and get home before Mary," Then she looked up and down the road, and could not decide which was the road that led home.

"If we had only been like Jane and Bill, and had a grandma to go and see, we wouldn't have to go off with Mary and get lost," Tommy almost sobbed.

"Oh, Tommy, look at the funny little squirrel." Yes, there was a squirrel skipping up the road; Ellen felt as if he was trying to show them, and so followed him.

They were tired, and their feet dragged, but they held each other by the hand, and then the woods did not seem quite so lonely. Brother's basket was too heavy for him, so they had to leave it by the side of the road. Up, up they wound; Ellen thought it strange that the road went up, but she was sure they were going in the right direction towards town. Then they made a sharp turn; they had reached the top of the mountain. By the side of the road was a tiny house. How glad the children were to see it! Surely someone here could take them home.

There was a whitewashed fence around the house, and a yard full of many—colored autumn flowers. The porch was vine-covered, and a little old lady sat there knitting. Everything was very beautiful. Brother rubbed his eyes and squeezed his sister's hand as he whispered one word, "Grandmother!"

Ellen's heart sang within her; perhaps their wishes to the star had at last come true. They opened the gate and started up the walk; the little old lady put down her work and came to meet them. She was smiling; it was lonely up on the mountain, and visitors were always welcome.

"Come in, my dears," she invited, just as if she had known them always. Then the first thing they realized they were resting on the little porch and eating great red apples.

"You are our grandmother, aren't you?" Tommy asked eagerly.

The old lady patted his hand and said, "If you wish me to be."

Then Ellen told her all about the star, their evening wish, and how they had always longed for a grandmother. Tears came to the old lady's eyes. "And I've wanted grandchildren to come and see me. Mine are all far, far away. It is good that we have found each other."

They were all so happy that the children forgot about Mary; and the new grandmother did not realize that it was growing late and worried parents might be looking for the boy and girl. They helped grandmother set the tea-table. While they were drinking glasses of rich milk, and eating the "bestest" bread and jam, they heard voices in the yard. Someone was coming on the porch; there was a hurried knock at the door, and mother and father rushed into the door.

"Oh, my darlings," mother exclaimed. "We thought we had lost you, and we have been hunting so long. We found your basket by the road, and knew that you had come this way."

"Mother, father, we've got a grandmother now," the children shouted.

"We've adopted each other," the old lady said.

Then Ellen, with many interruptions from brother and grandma, explained everything to them. Mother and father each took their new friend by the hand and thanked her for the happiness she had brought to their children.

With promises to come back again soon and spend the day the children started down the path. Grandmother called to them, "When you get home the moon will be up, and I want you to look very carefully at your wishing star."

So when they reached home Tommy slid from father's back, where he had been riding, and Ellen let go of mother's hand. They ran up to their room to thank their star. The moon was rising over the mountains, and they remembered grandma's words, "Look carefully at your star."

Ellen was the first to discover it. "Brother, look, look; our wishing star is the light in grandmother's little house."

Sure enough, every night they had been looking right at the little old lady's home, and, believing her light to be a star, had made their wish. Now the wish and the star were one. —"The Junior Herald."

The Gossip of the Nuts

SAID the Sh..gbark to the Chestnut,
"Is it time to leave the burr?"
"I don't know," replied the Chestnut,
"There's Hazel Nut—ask her.

"I don't dare to pop my nose out,
Till Jack Frost unlocks the door,
Besides. I'm in no hurry,
To increase the squirrels store.

"A telegram from Peanut says
That she is on the way;
And the Pecan Nuts are ripening,
In Texas, so they say."

Just here the little Beech Nut,
In his three-cornered hat,
Remarked in tiny piping voice:
"I'm glad to hear of that;

"For then my charming cousin
So very much like me,
Miss Chinquapin will come with them,
And happy I shall be."

Then Butternut spoke up and said:
"'T will not be long before
I'll have to move my quarters
To the farmer's garret floor;

"With Hickory and Walnut,
Good company I'll keep,
And there, until Thanksgiving,
Together we shall sleep."

Said the Shagbark: "I am tired
Of being cooped up here;
I want to go to see the world;
Pray, what is there to fear?

"I'll stay up here no longer;
I'll just go pouncing down.
So good-bye, Sister Chestnut!
We'll meet again in town."

—St. Nicholas.

The Jolliest Kind of Party

THERE is no other holiday when you can have a jollier time than on Hallowe'en. You can have a really truly old fashioned party, pulling molasses taffy, and bobbing for apples, popping corn and blindfolded taking your chance at the old fortune telling trick of putting out your hand to touch one of the saucers filled with fateful muddy water, clear water, and an empty one. You can have a lighted candle or a potato on one end of a stick and a rosy apple on the other and hang the stick by its middle in the centre of a doorway and watch your guests trying to eat that apple. You can name appleseeds and stick them one on each cheek and sing:

"Pippin, pippin, I stick thee there
That which is true do thou declare"

until one falls off showing that the lover is unfaithful and the other to be clung to. You can burn nuts side by side in the fireplace ashes and see whether you can live happily side by side with the person for whom you named the nuts. Scattering hempseed and pulling cabbages in the dark are a little difficult to manage nowa-days, but you can hunt peanuts and play blind-man's buff. You can have a prize for the funniest mask made out of a paper bag and decorated with colored crayons. All the bag needs is to have eyes, nose and ears cut out, for it should be big enough to go over your head.

You can choose partners for supper by matching yellow paper moons which you have drawn from a pumpkin shell. There are only two of each size and shape and the moons are anywhere from new to full.

You can choose your own fortune by helping yourself to a walnut which turns out to have been opened and a paper fortune put in. You might find any of these:

Without a doubt you soon will marry
And sail away as a missionary.

We all must die, both women and men;
Your time will come when you're a hundred and ten.

You'd better take cold and cough and wheeze,
For you'll meet your fate the first time you sneeze.

Alas, alack! What a dreadful fate!
I see you married to a scolding mate.

Brains or toes, I cannot tell
Which makes thee famous, but 'tis well.

Many times you'll married be;
Can it be as many as three?

Great folks like you, 'tis said,
Are honored only when they're dead.

Rich or poor, sad or glad,
You'll bring a blessing to good and bad.

Great times will come to you by and by;
There, there, my child, don't cry, don't cry!

Three fortunes you'll make, but even then
Your friends will need more of your iron men.

Jolly and happy you'll still be
When your twenty-third grandchild first you see.

Just try all or a few of these games with all your crowd and see if ever you had more fun. Mother will see to the supper and it also will be the best ever.

The Best Kind of Nuts

"HICKORY nuts are the best, I think" said Ned to his little brothers and sisters. "They are hardest to crack, but when they are cracked, they are nicer than any other kind of nuts."

"I think peanuts are better," said Tom. "Peanuts are the nicest kind of nuts they sell. They're so easy to crack, and almost always you find two good nuts in one shell."

The other little boys and girls in the group each seemed to have their favorite. Some preferred walnuts, some liked butternuts, and others said that chestnuts were the best.

But when all the rest had told their preference, one curly-haired little girl spoke up quietly, "I think that doughnuts are the best of all," she said.—Exchange.

What is that tune which makes everybody glad? Ans.—Fortune.

Why is a spider a good correspondent?

Ans.—Because he drops a line by every post.

Puzzle Corner

Acrostic

My first is in cat, but not in dog,
My second's in tadpole, not in frog,
My third is in gloom, but not in fog,
My fourth is in chain, but not in link,
My fifth is in paper, not in ink,
My sixth is in class, and also school,
My seventh appears in every rule;
My eighth is in owe but not in pay,
My ninth in twilight, not in day,
My tenth in shale, but not in clay;
My eleventh's in went, but not in go,
My twelfth is in lively, not in slow,
My thirteenth in fire, but not in glow;
My whole is a night of frolic and fun,

A night of nights,
With mystic rites,
And apples and nuts for every one.

Charade

My first is the present, my second the past. My whole up and down from the first to the last.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

Problem:—Forty-five miles an hour

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME MAKERS

'That Isn't Funny'

By Lenora Bailey.

A GROUP of Mrs. Wall's first grade girls were earnestly engaged in showing each other the dolls they had been making dresses for.

It was at the regular morning intermission and by special permission the girls had taken their beloved dolls out under the big maple tree to their playhouse.

"Oh! Mary Anne, you have such a pretty doll!" said third grade Betty. "Did you make her dress this morning?"

"Yes, but Mrs. Wall showed me how to do it. Oo-oo."

Just then a line of the little boys of the class ran past the girls, and Glenn, the class tease, snatched the doll out of Mary Anne's hands and ran a few yards away with it dangling by its feet.

"Don't do that! Give me my doll!" screamed Mary Anne in terror.

The boys all laughed as the little girl began to cry. Glenn kept just out of her reach with the precious doll.

"Cry-baby, cry!" yelled Glenn, in savage glee.

Betty ran up to Glenn and looked at him seriously for a second before speaking.

"That isn't funny, Glenn Wilson. My mother said only a bully will tease girls and smaller boys."

"Oh, she did, did she, Miss Smarty?" and Glenn gave a wicked pull to a lock of curly hair.

"And she said boys who tease in such a rough way do not know how hateful they are."

The approach of Mrs. Wall caused the boys to hurry away. Glenn threw the doll into Betty's arms and was off immediately.

That afternoon after school Glenn ran to his mother, as was his custom, but his manner was unusually thoughtful.

"Mother, is a boy a bully when he teases?" he asked seriously.

The mother looked closely at her son for a few seconds.

"Tell me about it, son, and I'll see."

"Well, I teased the girls today, and Betty said it wasn't funny and that her mother said a boy who did such things was a bully."

"What did you do to tease the girls?"

"I just took Mary Anne's doll for a few minutes and ran just a little way to make her think I was going to keep the doll and treat it rough, but I didn't mean it, and I didn't hurt the doll. I just wanted to have some fun. And Mary Anne is such a cry-baby."

His mother was silent for a few moments, then she seemed to change the subject entirely.

"Glenn, your Uncle Tom is coming to visit us for a few days next week."

"Oh, shucks! Mother, I'd lots rather Uncle Joe would come."

"Why?"

"'Cause I love Uncle Joe lots better. He tells me the nicest stories and helps me make airplanes." He paused, and then continued in an almost sullen tone: "All Uncle Tom does is just to pick at me and pretend he is going to hurt my pony. I believe he would, too, if he got a good chance."

"Glenn, son, you have said enough to show us both that you do not like to be teased, for that is what Uncle Tom does; that is just the way Mary Anne will feel about you if you keep on teasing her. Do you see what I mean?"

"Sure, I see, but, Mother, I didn't mean it that way! I was just funnin' with her."

"Of course you were. Uncle Tom is 'just funning' with you, but you do not think it very funny, do you?"

"Well, I never did think about it like that. I guess I'd better not tease the girls that way again. But what can I do?" he asked earnestly.

"I can't exactly say, but we shall have to study it all out. I do know, though, that the little boy who forms a habit of rough teasing often goes through life with most persons disliking him. What we shall have to do is to be careful that most of our jokes are on ourselves. Don't you think so? Then we can tell if they hurt."

—From a series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8th West 40th Street, New York City.

Our Pattern Service

6640. Ladies' Slip. Cut in 4 sizes; small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium-size requires 2¼ yards of 39 inch material. For shoulder straps of ribbon 1 yard is required. The width at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2¾ yards. Price 15c.

6638. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38in. size requires 3½ yards of 35 inch material. For yoke and belt of contrasting material ⅝ yard 35 inches wide is required cut lengthwise. The width of the frock at the lower edge with fulness extended is 1⅞ yard. Price 15c.

Send 20c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1929-1930 Book of Fashions.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON
Publishers, Montreal.

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

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

For Misses and Children } give age only in years }.....

One famous fashion arbiter recently confided the secret that "it was all in the way the flare was placed"—speaking, of course, of the new silhouette. The rhythmical unity achieved by variously placed flares noted in the suit sketched above admirably illustrated the remark. Dark green velour forms a rich background for the trimming of brown broadtail used to accent the slightly flared tiers on the otherwise straight-lined model. Bands in the same theme on the sleeves carry out the harmonious effect. Flattering luxury is offered by a generous shawl collar, also of broadtail.

Not at Home

Mary N. Copeland

I AM not at home to dishes
To calling beds and rugs and floors
To cooking and the other tasks
That knock this morning at the doors.
Although not very far away
I'm not at home to these today.

A doorstone and the hazy sun
A few late flowers near a tree;
A sadness like a gladness hushed
Have audience out here with me.
What we shall say it matters not
Recalling dear days thought by thought.

The fair guest Summer long has gone
And Autumn now is passing by;
So I must have a word with her
Alone today, just she and I.
Our privacy is wrapped in gold
And purple as the hours unfold.

And keeping tryst we smile and sigh
Old lovers with full hearts are we;
These mellow days are like a chime;
We claim their echoing melody
To have and hold; to ring again
Through wintry wind, through snow and rain.

So I am not at home today
To any work or any care
Of pressing duties that arise
About a household everywhere.
Although not very far away
I'm not at home to these today.

—"New England Homestead."

Last Summer's Clothes

THOUGHTS of summer frocks are sorry and unseasonable thoughts when even the first nip of frost is in the air, but don't, in putting the thoughts of summer behind you, put your summer clothes behind you without a thought as to their welfare. If you give these clothes a little attention and then pack them away carefully, you will be glad enough when summer comes round again. Wash your cotton frocks, and if they are of the variety that must be starched, omit the starch this time. White or light things may be rinsed in blue water to prevent them getting a yellow tinge. They may be ironed or not, as you wish, but as they are almost certain to need rewashing and certainly ironing when you take them out again, it seems quite the best plan to fold them up rough dried. Rinse your bathing suit in cold water and fold and wrap up when dry (always supposing you are not using it in the winter); do not leave it rolled up inside your rubber bathing cap, as the rubber may easily rot and spoil your suit. Rubber caps and shoes should be kept where they may have occasional attention; doses of cold water will keep them in condition. Remove all stains from your white shoes, and, of course, place them on trees. And whether their resting place is an old trunk or a cupboard, see that it is dry, and, as far as possible, dustproof.

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

Teaching Children to Think

IT isn't hard to teach children to think, if they are not mentally deficient. It is harder to keep them from thinking, which is the reason why discipline is such a terror to some. Even the average stupid child will instal a self-starter, if he finds he can use it. There must be a teacher behind the desk who thinks, however, and such a one always finds that discipline takes care of itself. She gets the reputation of being a "cracker-jack disciplinarian," to quote the oddly incongruous description I once heard, without realizing herself just who or how. But the children know. They probably call her by some disrespectful nickname, the infant equivalent of "dead game sport," and adore her.

What is teaching children to think? What is the thought-process anyway? Roughly, it is the ability to observe, to analyze and synthesize, and to draw conclusions, as a basis of judgment and action. The popular and long-tried method is trial and error. Children inherit an aptitude for thinking, due to the fairly many generations since the human animal first distinguished himself by the process. But like many other aptitudes, it may be nurtured or suppressed by the environment. The ceaseless questioning of the child is proof that the thinking-process is alive and functioning. The person who has ceased to question is dying at the top.—Caroline E. MacGill, in the North American Review.

We have found that good literature more than anything else has been the means of making our home happy and of our children and us having a better understanding of each other We are hard working farm folks and don't have much time to go anywhere or travel about any, but we can find as much pleasure and happiness, if not more, in some good book or magazine.—Farmer's wife in the Progressive Farmer.

Handy Cupboards

HOUSECLEANING brings us forcibly to the things we need and don't need. Most of us are learning to dispose of impediments but getting what we need does not always seem so easy. I needed cupboards more than anything, writes Mrs. M. C. Flint in "The Rural New Yorker" and have found boxes and orange crates a great help. I use pretty pasteboard boxes for handkerchiefs, jewelry and workboxes. Now I have a large chocolate box containing smaller boxes that is going to make an ideal container for assorted buttons.

On the sink shelf next to the stove I have an orange crate cupboard, handy for cereals, frying fat, and the percolator. A frying pan, saucepan, roll irons and slotted cooking spoon hang on the outside on nails. Later I plan to install another such cupboard under the sink shelf for supplies of soap, cleaning powders and scrubbing utensils. Under the dining-room double window sill which has an extension and brackets for plants, I evolved a nice little cupboard for magazines, papers and my sewing boxes. Two smallish wooden boxes, turned on their sides and placed on top of each other, fitted in nicely there.

One orange crate makes a combination plant stand and mending basket with place beneath for mending pieces. Another holds magazines and on top a jardiniere with lily. I made a toy cupboard for Jean by placing two boxes in a vertical position on another turned on its side and exactly twice the width of the other two, in length. Nailed securely together, painted brown and having a cretonne curtain in front, this cupboard has always been an incentive to Jean to keep in order.

Fatigue and Its Dangers

FATIGUE is a danger signal; if persistently ignored, it may lead to many kinds of serious trouble. It is necessary to differentiate, however, between what may be called normal tiredness and fatigue. We all get tired every day of our lives unless we are shirkers. The secret of efficiency is to learn to economize our outlay of strength so that we get the utmost return for it in good work without crossing the line of exhaustion or even of unpleasant fatigue.

It has been said that it is a good thing to rise from the table hungry. It may certainly be said that it is proper to leave off work while we still feel that we could do a little more without hurting ourselves. We all know that we do our best work when we are fresh; that one hour in the morning is often worth three in the afternoon. The lesson contained in that knowledge is valuable; we are wise if we quickly apply it to life. By carefully alternating work and rest we can keep ourselves to a great extent always fresh, and in that way we can accomplish much more work than can the chronic driver who continually breaks into his reserve capital of force.

The danger of fatigue is that it generates a poison that passes into the circulatory system; the problem is how to get the proper amount of work out of ourselves up to the point of healthy tiredness and short of producing what physicians call the "fatigue toxins." One thing to avoid is monotony. A change in the character of work will often do as much good as a change from work to play. We never really stop work, however, until we go to sleep. Avoiding fatigue is especially necessary in the case of children. To do away with monotony the rule should be alternate periods of real study and of real play. That will keep the children fresh and interested instead of inert and bored.

Many persons, especially in the rush of big cities, get into the way of masking their fatigue by using stimulants; with a cup of tea or coffee they whip themselves up to the extra hour or two of effort that causes overfatigue. The lives that some workers lead are so exacting, that it would seem cruel to deny them that relief, but they would be wise to substitute for the tea or coffee—or, very much worse, alcohol—slowly sipped hot milk or malted milk. In that way they would get the relief and the rest without the danger.

How About the Entrance?

"ALWAYS remember that when a stranger knocks at your door or waits there talking to you, he gets his impression of your home from the front door and the passage. And when a friend comes and is asked in, it is the front of the house that welcomes him. For this reason have your entrance as cheery and as beautiful as possible.

Many landlords think that any horrible sort of paper will do for the entrance, and usually it is a drab brown or dull green. Why not red or blue—something gay and welcoming? If you can dictate to him, make him give you a bright paper. If you can't, paper it yourself.

And don't have the passage festooned with coats. They have to go somewhere, of course, but why should they go where they get dusty?

Even the narrowest passage could stand a home-made cupboard a foot wide, and this, built on to the wall without a back, and fastened by brackets, is not beyond the powers of most home carpenters.

A row of pegs in the cupboard at the level of the school children will save coats and hats from decorating the chair until mother hangs them up.

And don't hang in the hall the picture you can't stand in the sitting-room! That is what most people do. Either scrap a picture entirely or put a good reproduction of a fine picture in its place.

Have you any sort of framed mirror in your living room? A border of tapestry glued over the frame will work an astonishing change. The border edges are turned inward and glued down. A narrow gold braid may be glued at the border's outside edge. It will also serve as a finish at the corner joinings, thus giving a professional look to the job.

HALLOWE'EN

I hope I never get too old to light
A pumpkin lantern, on an Autumn night;
Too wise to search a mirror's silver sheen
For your face, smiling back, on Hallowe'en.
I'll delve and toil, cloud fancy with stern truth,
But this one day I'll keep from my lost youth.

—L. Mitchell Thornton in Successful Farming.

Friends Will Say You Are a GIFTED WOMEN

Because You Earn Money In Your Spare Time

READ THIS LETTER

"I have had my Auto Knitter over four years and I would not be without it for anything. Since taking up the work I have never been without money. As we live three miles from town I have always wanted a car, and now we have one which my machine is paying for. Last winter I cleared $525.00 in my spare time."

Mrs. Geo. Poole, Ontario.

Here Is The Simple Plan

We employ men and women all over the Dominion who knit socks for us with the Auto Knitter—a hand operated knitting machine that knits socks from top to toe. We pay a guaranteed wage for the knitting of all our standard socks and, in addition replace all the yarn that is used. A set of simple instructions teaches the work. Young people, old folks, even children all work for us.

The splendid thing about Auto Knitting is that you need not neglect your regular occupation or house work. It is truly a sparetime occupation. You may work as much or as little as you like, filling in the hours that best suit your convenience. Every member of the family can learn the work—and in any home where extra money is wanted the Auto Knitter need never be idle.

Others Do It, So Can You

As everything is done by mail it does not matter where you live. Out in British Columbia, Mrs. A. Colmer writes: "I can truthfully say that I have made at least $1,500.00 with my machine."

And from Alberta, Miss C. McPhillamey says: "Being the eldest of the family I thought I would like to earn money; with my Auto Knitter I have made over $1,000.00."

Down in Nova Scotia, Mrs. E. Shaw writes: "We were like a good many others who did not know how we were going to tide over the winter, but with the Auto Knitter we earned $567.00."

We have hundreds of such letters from men and women who have shared the benefits of our Home Earning plan.

Write to-day for Particulars

Doesn't it sound like something you would like to do? Then let us send you without the slightest obligation on your part a copy of "Make Money at Home—The Story of the Auto Knitter." It shows you exactly how much money can be earned even if only working one hour a day.

For further particulars of this interesting work write:

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company Limited

Dept. 7910 Toronto 9, Ont.

Or cut out the coupon and mail it with your name and address written thereon.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Limited,
Department No. 7910,
1870 Davenport Road, Toronto 9, Ont.

Dear Sirs: Kindly send me without the slightest obligation on my part, information about working at home for you.

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Prov. _____

Witness & Canadian Homestead, Oct. 23.

Plain Edging

THIS lace can be used on circular centrepieces or as edging for pillow-casings.

Chain 26 stitches and double crochet 4 times into the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th stitches from the needle, chain 4 stitches, skip four stitches, double crochet four times into the next 4 stitches, chain 4 stitches, skip 4 stitches and double crochet 4 times into the last 4 chain stitches.

Chain 5 and turn—double crochet 4 times into the space made by the first 4 stitches, chain 2 stitches and double crochet 4 more times into the same space, double crochet 4 times into the next space, chain 2 stitches, and double crochet 4 more times into that space, continue into the next space, chain 5 stitches and turn.

Double crochet 4 times into the space made by the first 2 chain stitches, chain 4—double crochet into the next space, etc.

To make a circle of the edging, let the lace form as above. To use it on pillow-casing, an extra chain stitch will have to be made every now and then on the inner edge to enable the lace to lie flat.

Striped Waist Coat

Use 2 colors of wheeling or petticoat wool, dark brown and red; needles No. 12, pointed at both ends. Cast on an even number of stitches, beginning with the brown wool; during the pattern the letters B and R will be used to denote each color.

1st Row—Slip 1, knit 1, * wool over, slip 1, knit 1.

2nd Row—With the R (red) wool, and knitting from the same end of needle as last row, slip 1, * over wool, slip 1, knit 2 together. Repeat from *, and end with knit 1.

3rd Rod—B (brown wool): knit 1, * slip the next stitch, over wool, putting the wool right round the needle, purl 2 together. Repeat from *, end purl 1.

4th Row—With R wool, from same side as last, slip 1, purl 2 together, * slip 1, over wool, purl 2 together. Repeat from *, and end with slip 1, over wool, purl 1.

5th Row—With B wool slip 1, knit 2 together, * over wool, slip 1, knit 2 together. Repeat from *, and now go on, repeating from 2nd row; the slipping of stitch is done as if to purl.

HANDY CLOTHESPIN BAG

Take a half yard of material 36 inches wide and a wire coat hanger. Fold the material one half over the other, making the fold the bottom of the bag. On one side cut a hole near the top and about six inches in diameter, and hem or finish with bias tape. Sew up the three sides, with the coat hanger inside and leaving just room for the neck to protrude from the top. Hang on the clothes line and push ahead of you as you hang the clothes.

Problems of Homemakers

Pictures Wanted

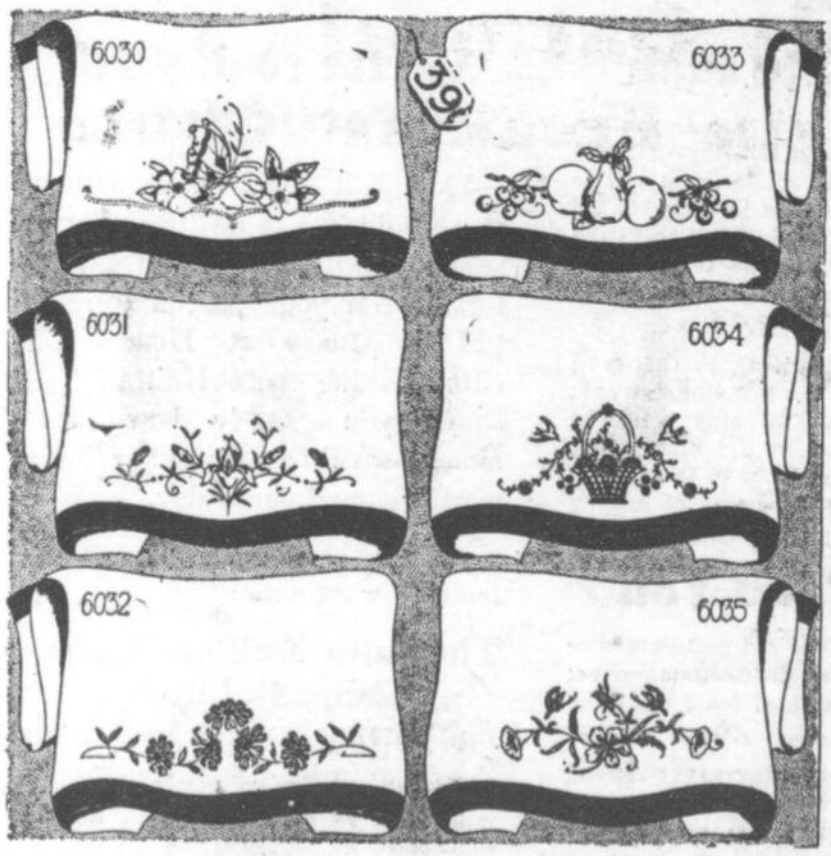
Dear Madam,—Could you advise me where I could get some colored pictures without frames, such as the ones named "Rock of Ages" and "The Soul's Awakening"? I bought the two mentioned from a boy who was selling them some years ago, and framed them myself, but I disposed of them. I would like to have them again.—Your Interested Reader.

Can any of our readers tell us where these or similar pictures can be obtained?

Quassia Chips

Dear Madam.—"Worried Mother" should get a few cents worth of Quassia chips from the drug store, put in a dish and pour on a pint of water. Let steep on the back of the stove until the strength has been drawn from the chips. The water should be quite bitter. Strain off the water and wet the child's head and hair thoroughly. One or two applications, a day or two apart, is all that will be necessary. Don't wash off the hair afterwards for at least a couple of weeks. I have never known the above to fail.—C.L.

EMBROIDERY PATTERN



Colored Bordered Towels Are Always Useful

6030 to 6035. Colored Bordered Linen Towels. Made up and ready to be embroidered with hemstitched borders of blue, pink, green, mauve or gold, 39 cts each or 75 cts the pair. Motif on a tracing pattern 15 cts each. Hot-iron transfer 2 designs of the same number for 20 cts. C. B. colored embroidery cotton 10 cts each towel.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

EMBROIDERY COUPON

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

Name .....

Address .....

If you seek the finest green tea—this is it
"SALADA"
(GREEN)
JAPAN TEA
'Fresh from the gardens' 658

Susan Asks and Answers

Orange and Black Afghan

Dear Susan S:—As I got such splendid help from you in the spring regarding the knitted quilt block, I am coming back again for help. I am at present crocheting blocks for an afghan, each block is 3 1-2" x 3 1-2". How many of these blocks would I need? I have lost my directions and don't know what size they are made; also I am making the centres all of burnt orange and the edges are all black. Now woud you put the lace edging around the outside of the burnt orange or the black?

Thanking you again for your past help. I am yours truly,

—(Miss) Nellie Austin.

The old "throws" or "afghans" of our grandmothers' day were always 66 or 70 inches long by 34 or 36 wide. Those were the soft knitted ones that stretched a little. That would mean (if you make your border about the width of a block) 7 blocks wide by 17 long I would lay out blocks on a bed and try them. Then add the border. If your blocks are edged with black you might add more blocks to width and length and put on only a narrow black border, a mere edging. If you put a wider border on it would need, I think, to have a narrow orange border, then a wider black band on the edge. Why not send in the directions for the crocheted blocks; someone else might like to try it.

Pretty Knitted Lace

Dear Susan S:—I have been taking the Witness for a year and a half. That is, in my own name, I have read it for a long time. My grandmother always took it. Now I am writing and asking a favor. I should like to see in your paper some nice knitted edge or lace or quilt squares. I saw a nice quilt square in the Witness a short time ago but I lost it.—M.L.B. I am having the Witness for April 10, which contains the knitted quilt square, sent you. It is a very rich pattern. The following knitted edging sent in by I. Irvin, is a very pretty lacy one which you will, I am sure, enjoy working. Take coarse or fine thread and needles according to the use you wish to make of the lace.

Cast on 14 stitches, knit across plain: 1st row. Knit 2, over twice purl 2 together, knit1, over twice, purl 2 together, * knit 2, over twice, purl 2

2nd row. Knit 6, purl 1, knit 2, * over twice, purl 2 together, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together knit, 2.

3rd row. Edge (like 1st to*); knit 4, over twice, knit 5.

4th row. Knit 6, purl 1, knit 4; edge (like 2nd from *).

5th row. Edge; knit 3, over twice, knit 8.

6th row. Knit 9, purl 1, knit 3; edge.

7th row. Edge; knit 13.

8th row. Knit 13; edge.

9th row. Edge; knit 13.

10th row. Bind off 6, knit 6; edge.

Repeat from 1st row to length required.

Knitted Woolen Bedspread

Dear Susan S:—Would you please publish directions for making a knitted wool bedspread and oblige.—An Old Reader.

This I think is just what you want: Work with Petticoat Wool, and needles No. 9. Cast on 27 stitches and knit 2 plain rows.

3rd row.—Knit 1, knit into the next stitch, then insert the left-hand into this stitch, pointing the needle towards you, and knit it again. Repeat this 7 times more, making a twisted chain of knitting. Then knit the next stitch and 2 more, in the 4th repeat the chain. Do this in every 4th stitch, and at the end knit 1. There ought to be 7 chain loops in this row.

Now knit 3 plain rows. In the next row knit 3, make a chain loop in the 4th stitch, and repeat the loops in every 4th stitch. At the end knit 3. Knit 3 rows, and begin from 1st loop row.

Knit a square, knit 2 plain rows, and cast off. Knit as many squares as are desired for the size of the quilt. These squares are joined together by narrow bands of knitting of a pretty contrasting color. Cast on 12 with the other color, and knit a strip as long as one side of a square. Join a row of squares by sewing the knitted strip between, using wool for the purpose. Then knit on 12 stitches a long strip to join the strips composed of squares.

Knit wide strips for the ends and outside edge: these last may be commenced 1 stitch and increased to the width desired. The ends are decreased in the same way to unite the corners.

This quilt may be finished by crochet loops of 16 chain. The pattern has been sent by N. B, an anonymous reader, who says a clever knitter can work the same pattern in knitting cotton or coarse crochet thread.

Sewing Room Hints

One can buy triple bias binding for edging pillows, scarfs or curtains. It comes in three shades of one color or three different colors which harmonize. There are many uses for this binding besides those mentioned. One sees it as a decorative feature of a boudoir lamp, on summer bedspread and dressing table covers and even on dresses to accentuate flounces, edges, pleats.

Bead edgings upon frocks are new. Amongst the new models one gown of green georgette which had its neckline entirely edged with graduated gold beads, large upon the shoulders and very tiny in the fork of the V. A small golden bow finished the waist.

When autumn comes, triangular scarves of flannel will be the smartest of finisres for wool stockinette suits. These can be quite simply made at home, from odd pieces of checked flannel, so long as these are large enough; or two pieces of different shades can be joined together, forming a point in the centre.

Scientists have found a way to attach a loud-speaker to almost everything except the still small voice.

HOME COOKING

Hallowe'en Suppers

By Madam.

LIKE the Hallowe'en parties, the suppers may be simple and jolly or more elaborate. After an old-fashioned molasses taffy pull, your guests will want meaty sandwiches, some pickles, and juicy apples. If, however, there has been neither taffy or popcorn, other things will taste good.

How about:

Doughnuts, Buttered Popcorn, Apples, Apple Nectar.

To be the best, doughnuts should be home-made, and the apple nectar is just boiled apple juice with the least possible suspicion of cloves in it.

This recipe makes a good many doughnuts; they are not rich, but light and easily digested, as doughnuts go. Be sure and have the lard good and hot so they will not "soak" fat:—1 heaping tablespoon butter, 2½ cups sour milk, 1 level teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 cups sugar, 3 eggs, ½ of a grated nutmeg. Flour to roll out nicely.

If that does not seem enough of a supper, make it:—

Welsh Rarebit,
Apple Nut and Celery Salad,
Pumpkin Faces, Lemonade.

The **Rarebit** may be an easy one: One tablespoon butter melted, add one teaspoon of corn starch, stir until well mixed, then gradually add half a cup of thin sweet cream, stirring constantly over the fire for two minutes. Add half a pound of soft mild cheese cut in small pieces, and stir until cheese is melted. Season with quarter of a teaspoon salt, quarter of a teaspoon mustard, and grains of cayenne. Serve on rounds of bread toasted on one side only. Pour the rarebit on the untoasted side.

Or a more sophisticated variety: Melt one tablespoon of butter in the dish, then add one minced green pepper (no seeds) and one slice of onion. Simmer until pepper and onions are softened, then add one cup of shaved Canadian cheese, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoon of sugar, and two-thirds of a cup of solid pieces of canned or fresh cooked tomato. Stir all together until the cheese is melted, then add two eggs which have been beaten until light, and cook just enough longer to set the eggs.

Hallowe'en Sandwiches.—Make a filling of 2 green, 2 red peppers, 2 medium-sized onions, and a large spray of parsley chopped fine. Add a pound and a-half of boiled ham chopped fine and three hard boiled eggs rubbed through a sieve. Season with mustard, paprika and salt to taste, and mix with two-thirds of a cup of mayonnaise.

Deviled Sandwiches are good made of rye bread sliced thin. Spread with butter and a filling made with one teaspoon of paprika, one of Worcester sauce, half a teaspoon of mustard, and two teaspoons of grated horseradish.

Or:—

Sandwiches may be made of **peanut butter** and finely chopped gherkins or of mayonnaise and chopped nuts, or pimentos and cottage cheese. They may be cut round and turned into Jack o' Lanterns by having eyes, nose and mouth cut in the top piece before it is laid over the filling.

Pumpkin Faces—Line gem tins with pie dough cut out with a crinkly cookie cutter. Fill with regular pumpkin pie filling. With a thimble cut two discs of dough for the eyes, a tiny strip for the nose, and a curved, notched strip for the mouth. Arrange these on the "gem pie," and bake. They are especially easy to serve, and all one needs for dessert.

Or serve plain pumpkin tarts topped with whipped cream over which a little orange sugar has been sprinkled.

Here is another suggestive menu:—

Celery, Pickles,
Shrimp and Potato Salad,
Rye Bread Sandwiches,
Small Nut Cakes, Coffee.

Make your favorite potato salad, serve it on individual plates, a small mound of the salad masked with mayonnaise on crisp lettuce leaves, surround with the shrimps and garnish with a slice of hard boiled eggs.

Fried Oysters and Potato Salad may be served instead of the shrimp salad if a hot dish is desired, or a curry of chicken with rice.

All these we may have and many more, delicious dishes, but the real fare for a real Hallowe'en party is a basket of mellow apples, a bowl of nuts to crack and eat by the fireside.

Whole Wheat Bread

MANY persons realize the value of the whole-wheat breads.

To invalids, dyspeptics, or people suffering from any variety of indigestion, one of the first things a physician who is interested in dietetics will say is:—"Do not eat much white bread." Not only does the excess of starch in white bread make it difficult to digest, but the nutritive value is far less than in the whole-wheat bread, where the most nourishing properties of the wheat are not taken out in the milling.

The following recipes make good, healthful breads. The first, in particular, is especially good for those troubled with dyspepsia.

Stir into cold water as much Graham flour as can be mixed in. Then work the dough until you are able to add more flour. Use as much flour as possible, for the drier the dough the more tender your bread will be. Roll out the dough in thin sheets as for pie crust. Bake in tin pans and keep in a warm place.

Here is a physician's recipe for crushed wheat bread:—To one pound of crushed wheat add two quarts of cold water. Place it on the stove and stir until it boils and the water is absorbed; then add one quart of sweet milk and one teaspoonful of salt. Boil again for a few minutes, and then cool it down to the proper temperature, by adding the yeast and one pound of flour. Set aside to ferment, then mix with three pounds of flour; make up the batch in the usual way and set aside to rise. Then bake. This bread is very nutritious, and it will keep moist for seven or eight days.

Entire Wheat Bread—One-half a compressed yeast cake dissolved in half a cupful of lukewarm water; add to this one tablespoon of butter, two of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of milk, one of water, and enough entire wheat flour to make a stiff batter. Set in a warm place overnight, and bake for about forty-five minutes.

Vary your breads occasionally. It gives more spice to the table, and, if you do not use one of the whole-wheat breads all of the time, you should substitute it for white once or twice a week.

Slip old rubber rings over your glass jars before putting them away and they will not break or crack others.

The demand for McIntosh Red apples has been so great during the past few days that the Associated Growers, of B. C. have had to refuse orders for fancy or x-fancy stock.

Best for All Your Baking

"I use Purity Flour now and I'm really delighted with my baking."

(From "Letters to Mother" by a Modern Canadian Housewife)

"I heard a lady talk on "Flour" over at Margaret's house the other evening and I certainly learned a few things.

Since then I have tried "Purity Flour" and I was amazed to find that "Purity" imparts a wonderful flavor to my baking.

I used to think that bread flour—some people call "Purity" a bread flour—had to be leavened with yeast for hours before being made into layer cake. I laugh at the idea now because I baked in less than an hour a delightful Orange and Raisin Cake with Purity Flour, and when I used up the last of it, three days after it was baked, it was almost as moist as when taken from the oven.

I learned also that Purity Flour is especially rich in protein as it is milled from the best western hard spring wheat. As I like my baking to be really nourishing I feel I have made a happy selection in "Purity."

Your loving Betty

ORANGE AND RAISIN CAKE

½ cup butter
1 cup fruit sugar
2 eggs ½ cup sour milk
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 cups Purity Flour
1 orange
1 cup chopped raisins
1 cup chopped walnuts (optional)

Method: Cream butter and sugar, add eggs well beaten, squeeze juice of orange into milk, add baking soda to milk and orange juice, put remainder of orange and raisins through chopper. Sift 1 cup Purity Flour into sugar and butter, add chopped raisins and chopped orange; then add liquid. Sift in the other cup Purity Flour with 1 teaspoon of baking powder and pinch of salt. Mix all together, put in 2 layer tins in moderate oven (325°) for 25 minutes.

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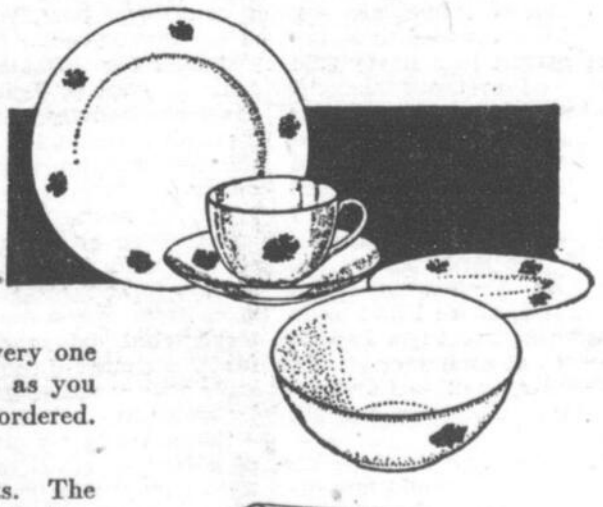
PURITY FLOUR

A product of Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary

The Family Oatmeal . . . .Provides the Breakfast China

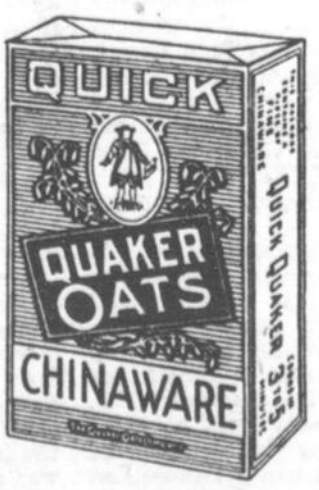
—lovely dishes in Quick Quaker packages marked "Chinaware"



"Such lovely China," you'll exclaim when you discover the thrill of opening the Quick Quaker packages marked "Chinaware." Every one of these contains a dainty dish. As pretty as you could buy. Distinctively shaped and bordered. Lovely designs in beautiful colourings.

Delicious and nourishing, too, is Quaker Oats. The food you need for energy and strength. In the four hours between breakfast and noon, according to health experts, 70% of the day's important work is done. Quaker Oats is richer than any other cereal in protein —the essential growth and stamina element which renews the vital tissues used up in work and play. It contains an abundance of minerals, carbohydrates and other necessary elements. Its bulky roughage aids regular elimination.

From every three bushels of Canada's finest oats, only one is good enough to make Quaker Oats. This careful selection at the mills is a reason why Quaker Oats is so good to eat. Wrapped and sealed in family size packages. Each contains a coupon with which you can get fine silverware and other valuable articles.



QUICK QUAKER OATS

Cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes

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

A Viking Teller of Tales

By J. Fletcher Smith.

A STRAYED viking! That was Henty, as seen by Douglas Sladen. He had the wild, white-gray beard of a Norse rover and two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois to match. His personality was bluff and his gait energetic. When he came striding across Clapham Common from his house on Lavender Hill to call in at one of the Sladens' artistic and literary "at-homes," he seemed to bring the salt of the sea with him. Arriving, he dwarfed the other callers with his great frame, and inevitably attracted notice with his hearty, emphatic, no-nonsense manner. The queries would soon begin. "Who is the ship's captain over there? G. A. Henty? The writer of boys' stories? Not really? I say, he looks more like one of those old Norwegian sea-kings we used to read about in school! Introduce me, will you?"

Let us suppose the introduction made. The enquiring guest chats for a few minutes with Henty on this and that. He notes with pleasure the ruggedness and simplicity of the man's English, and his pet phrases, such as "If you'll take my advice, old chap." Particularly the "old chaps," which were spontaneous and frequent. But after a short while the conversation would be sure to drift down to the sea in ships, and the guest would learn that Henty's nautical manner was no accident. Yachting was his hobby.

"Her name, old chap?" Henty might say. "The Egret, schooner, eighty-three tons. Took her over in 1887. And one year she nearly won the Kaiser's Cup at Heligoland. Would have won if the wind hadn't failed. With the help of the wind, the Egret can do anything. Once, on the run back from Heligoland, she made two hundred and sixty knots in twenty-seven hours, and put in at Harwich without shipping a bucket of water."

Whereupon the guest might inquire regarding the origin of Henty's love of the water.

"Always had it," would be the reply. "It started, I've no doubt, with my school days in Westminster. Boating or cricket—you had your choice; but once made, you had to be perfect in one or the other. Fellows rowed then or played cricket. They had to. Rowing was my choice. Then later, when I was stationed with the army at Kingstown, in Ireland, I bought a ten-tonner called Pet. She was my first boat and almost proved to be my last. We were caught in a heavy gale just offshore, and everyone thought the Pet was going down. My wife was in the crowd on the shore, and kept asking the seamen around to go and save my life. Ha, ha! But it was not until the Turco-Servian war, when I suffered a breakdown in health, that I began to devote a large part of my time to yachting. Then what I had wanted to do for pleasure I had to do for self-preservation; and now I spend about six months of each year aboard the Egret. Come around to Lavender Hill for tea some afternoon and see her trophies."

At Lavender Hill when he made his call the inquiring guest would find innumerable cups won at the Thames Yacht Club, the Medway Club, Cowes, and elsewhere. One of these Henty was accustomed to point to with particular pride. "That was won by my men of the Egret at Cowes," he used to say. "They had the money prize, and out of it purchased this cup for me."

Let us further suppose that the inquiring guest is properly appreciative, a good fellow and a good "mixer," reasonably intelligent in nautical matters, and that a genuine comradeship grows up between him and Henty as a result of the call at Lavender Hill. Then one day, Henty says to him: "The Egret is lying off Sheerness. Next week-end, if I can get those last eighteen thousand words of 'At the Point of the Bayonet' done—and my man is coming today and tomorrow—I'm off for the Solent, and a thorough good knocking about from the Channel gales. Better come along, old chap. Meet me at Dover Pier at such-and-such a time on Saturday afternoon." Hurrying along the pier on Saturday our guest finds Henty in blue serge, sailor's cap on head and the light wind playing through his beard, waiting. At the pier lies a dinghy into which the guest cautiously puts a foot. Henty compliments him on his prowess in not upsetting the boat, and then steps in afterwards. With Henty's weight plumped suddenly in the stern, the guest almost skyrockets out of the boat; but matters are soon righted and they are quickly sculled towards the graceful Egret lying some distance out in the harbor. The guest deduces from the emphatic bobbing of the dinghy that the Channel is a trifle choppy, and getting choppier.

"Hope it isn't going to be too rough for you, old chap," says Henty, "but I rarely study the weather so long as I can be afloat. And if we do run up against a gale we can only get a thorough good knocking about. If you take my advice, you won't worry about the weather. Have you had your luncheon, by the way? No? Well, when we get aboard I'll make you a cup of coffee and cut a couple of slices of steamed bread and black currant jam? I always get my bread in cottage-loaf form—large quantities—and steam it."

On board, the impromptu meal is duly served. Henty tears off the top of the cottage loaf with gusto, and loads a cut slice with scoops of butter. Then he smears the slice with a plentiful supply of jam, and hands it to the guest, who finds it delicious. And the real comradeship commences. It was over steamed bread and jam, with a hot cup of coffee, and a rising Channel wind, that one really got to know Henty.

"No one," wrote Manville Fenn in his life of Henty, "really saw him at his best who did not see him in rough weather, bare-headed, with the wind whistling through his gray hair, and the foam torn from the waves bedewing his great beard, and making his sun tanned, bronzed visage glisten, as he stood at the wheel, firm of aspect, gazing defiantly before him in a kind of rapture, and thoroughly enjoying life the while he plowed the waves."

I like to think of this picture of old G. A., for it was at such a time, with rough weather raging and the wind blowing in from the Goodwin Sands, that I first heard his name. It was at a small boys' boarding school in one of the Cinque ports. A January night, just after the Christmas holidays, the gusts of wind rattled the windows of the long dormitory where we small boys, all between the ages of six and thirteen, sat up talking in bed, or pillow-fighting, in that half hour of grace before the words "Lights out."

Exhausted by a recent pillow fight, we had been reduced to conversation. "I say, Jones," came a medium-sized voice from one corner of the dormitory, "what did your pater give you for Christmas? I got a three-blade knife with a screwdriver in it."

"Let's have a look."

"N-no. It's in my playbox. Too much of a swot to get it, and too risky. If She" (our popular name for the severe spinster who kept the school) "were to come in and catch me, she'd confiscate the knife, and we'd have lights-out-half-an-hour-early for the next two weeks."

"Oh, well. Never mind. You can show me tomorrow. My Pater gave me a cricket bat. And my Mater gave me a book. 'Eric; or Little by Little.' It's a school story, and simply sappy."

"Santa Claus gave me a book," came a small-sized voice from the other end of the room.

"Santa Claus! My aunt! I say, fellows, here's a chap who doesn't know Santa Claus is his Pater."

"Well it said 'From Santa Claus' on the parcel, and anyway it was good. It was a Henty book. 'The Tiger of Mysore'."

"Oh, if it's a Henty book it's sure to be ripping. I say, you fellows, have any of you read 'The Tiger of Mysore'?"

"I have." This from yet another part of the room. "It's about an English boy who goes out to India to rescue his Pater. He puts on a disguise, frees the wives of a bounder called Tippoo Saib, and finds his father in a whooping fortress. There's a ripping ride through the night and——"

"Bags I "The Tiger of Mysore' when you've done with it." interrupted another boy, who may be called Robinson. "I'll swap my Henty book with you. Mine's 'Captain Bayley's Heir: a Story of the California Goldfields'."

"Bags I 'Captain Bayley.' My Mater gave me 'In the Reign of Terror.' You can have that."

"For a swap?"

"Yes, if you want. Only I ought to tell you there's a picture missing. It's called 'Robespierre in the Hands of the Assassins.' My sappy sister tore it out before I could stop her."

"Well, you can give me six cigarette cards instead of the Henty picture. That's fair. Only there mustn't be anything else wrong with the book, or the swap's off. Is it in your playbox? Then go and get it."

"I say. It's awfully risky."

"Funk! Robinson's near the door. He'll call 'Cave' if She comes upstairs."

"Righto," says Robinson, and the owner of the defective Henty slips quietly out of bed and tiptoes to his box.

Too late! "Cave!" shrieks Robinson, and the schoolmistress, who has been rubbering at the door, flounces in. "Robinson, write out 'I must not abuse the Latin language,' two hundred times before tomorrow evening. And Thompson, what are you doing out of bed?" "Looking for a book."

"Then find it and give it to me. I see, 'In the Reign of Terror,' by G. A. Henty. You can consider it confiscated until the end of the term. And to make sure you suffer properly, I think I'll have all these other books by the same author. Out of bed, all of you, and open the play-boxes. 'The Tiger of Somewhere' and 'Captain Hayley's Bear' first. Put them in a pile on the floor. Now boys, you have one minute in which to place your books on that pile. Tomorrow morning any boy in whose box I find one of the works of this Mr. Henty will write out five hundred lines. Lights out half an hour early for the next three weeks."

Let us draw a discreet veil over this melancholy moment, and hurry on to the moral. I have forgotten the exact number of boys in that room, but there were not more than twelve. I do know that when the pile was collected and carried off in triumph, it contained nine volumes; and that when the ravaging schoolmistress turned off the gas and slammed the door she left behind her the world's forlornest single collection of small boys. A gust of wind rattled the windowpanes. There was a long, dark silence. Then the former owner of "In the reign of Terror," still hoping to make some kind of "swap," said, optimistically, "I've still got a fairly decent school story. "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's'."

"It isn't as good as Henty," was the bitter retort.

This anecdote is recalled to show the extraordinary grip that Henty had over the imagination of boys, at least in England, in the first decade of this century. Does that grip remain unrelaxed today? I do not know. And did it extend to American youth of the same ages and period? This, at all events, was a question which might be answered.

Recently the writer approached several Americans of his own age with the queries, "Did you read Henty, as a boy?" and "Which of his stories do you remember most vividly?" For a while the answers were inconclusive. Finally the questions were posed to the fifth victim.

"Henty?" he roared. "What, old G. A.? I once had eighty-three of his books, God forgive me! And if, as I imagine, you are going to write him up, then treat him kindly. I still respect his memory, you know. The picture of him in some of the volumes, with that venerable beard of his; his pleasant custom of beginning his prefaces 'My dear lads'; his knowledge of just what a certain perhaps already old-fashioned boy liked—these things endeared him. He did know so well what boys wanted, and the effect of his books could sometimes be very deep. There was one of his about the English Civil War—I can't remember its name at the moment—but I believe I am still a sentimental Royalist because of old G. A."

"I was just going to ask you to name your favorite 'Henty'," I said. "I have put the same question to four other fellows recently. One of them picked 'The Young Franc-Tireurs,' another chose 'When London Burned' (which is my favorite), a third liked 'With Clive in India' and—"

"Well, my choice," interrupted Number Five, "would fall between 'With Roberts to Pretoria' and 'St. George for England.' I pick 'With Roberts' because it was my first. My parents read it out loud to me before I could spell for myself. But 'St. George for England' is the one I really regard as Henty's best."

"And why?"

"Perhaps because the historical background is so good. The book is better than 'typical' in that regard. And in one respect it is a little unusual. You remember how Henty's leading characters are generally boys, or youngish young men who are close enough to boyhood to appeal to boys? 'St. George for England' is exceptional because the hero is quite an old man before the book is over. The reason was to get in the Black Death, and there was a fine account of the heroine's rescuing her husband—dashing out on horseback at the head of a few faithful retainers. Another corking story is 'The Lion of the North,' dealing with Gustavus Adolphus, and all the Peninsular War books, such as 'With Moore at Corunna,' are good. Where did Henty get his exhaustive knowledge of military strategy and tactics,' I wonder. My guess has always been that he was in the British army at some time."

"He was," I replied. "In the commissary department. But most of the action he saw, and the military knowledge he gained was as a war correspondent. He was on the staff of the Standard, and covered the Ashanti campaign and the Franco-Prussian War from both the French and German sides—"

"So Henty was a war correspondent, was he? That accounts for a lot of things. The Franco-Prussian business, for 'The Young Franc-Tireurs,' and the Ashanti experience for 'By Sheer Pluck.' I'm beginning to understand his method; and I believe if I had a biography of Henty I could spot where he found the material for almost one-third of his books. I don't know for sure, but I think I could."

"Why not try?" I suggested. "I have my notes here, and I can give you a digest of them. Then you can stop me if some event suggests the name of a book. Will that do?"

"We can at least try, and it will be interesting to me, anyway." So I looked through my notes and began.

(To be continued.)

STAMP NEWS

Catholic Emancipation

As already reported in this column, the Irish Free State will issue a small set of stamps of special design to commemorate the centenary of Catholic Emancipation. The Irish Postmaster-General, in announcing that the stamps will be ready for issue at the end of this month, gives some interesting details. The design is by a prominent Irish portrait painter, Mr. Leo Whelan, and embodies a portrait of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, in an oval band inscribed "Fuascailt Nag Catoiliceach" (Catholic Emancipation). At the top of the stamp is "Eire," with the date 1829 at the left and 1929 at the right. The denomination is shown on panels below the portrait. There will be three values only, 2d, 3d, and 9d, which are respectively, the popular rates for the inland, foreign, and parcel post services, says Fred J. Melville in the London Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Michael Leo Whelan is an Associate of the Royal Hibernian Academy and a teacher at the Academy schools. He studied under Sir William Orpen and devotes himself chiefly to portrait painting. He was born in Dublin in 1892.

Cuba's New Capitol

The inauguration of the new Parliament House at Havana, Cuba, on May 20 was marked by the issue of a set of five stamps in a uniform design, showing the imposing "Capitolio." The stamps have been printed by the intaglio process in Havana by the Cuban Printing Company Ltd., and the respective values were limited to the quantities ordered by Presidential Decree:

1 centavo, green	200,000
2 centavos, red	200,000
5 centavos, blue	150,000

10 centavos, brown 150,000
20 centavos, violet 50,000

I am informed that the entire edition was sold out on the day of issue, May 20, and no more will be printed, instructions having been given for the destruction of the printing plates.

Big Potatoes

OF course we don't know that the potatoes were exceptionally large but there were quite a few of them. There can be a great deal packed away in a moderate space sometimes.

That's how it is with this little item tucked on an inside page of a Montreal paper. Blizzard Valley, Ont., the despatch came from, and it says: "This section of Sudbury district has long been famed for the excellent quality of potatoes raised by the farmers in the vicinity and the high average quantity of crops gathered. But what is believed to be a local record was made this year by the 14-year-old son of a local farmer, who as a member of the Sudbury Board of Trade Potato Club, received seed from this spring for a plot of his own. From the one bag planted he raised 72 bags of 60 pounds of potatoes in the harvest just completed."

It is quite possible that larger yields have been secured elsewhere, for Sudbury district is not the only part of Northern Ontario where very fine potatoes are grown and where large returns are obtained. There are other sections too where potato clubs have been organized.

But this little item suggests a few things. This boy might have spent the past summer training for the football season and played a wonderful game for his school and yet it would not have earned a mention in even an obscure corner of a distant city daily. But the competition this boy entered was of a different kind.

First of all there was the preparing of that piece of ground. Then the selected seed was cut, an eye or two to every chunk. It was planted and from then on apparently it was beyond his control. Apparently that is, but to any one of more than casual interest that is only the beginning. The plants came up but so did their disowned, distant relations, the weeds. The patch had to be cultivated thoroughly and frequently. He was very fortunate if he did not have to apply paris green to the vines or make several trips sweeping the beetles into pails preparatory to execution. Finally he had the harvesting of the crop.

It sounds like work perhaps but does the fellow who pats around and around the cinder track all summer limbering up for the race count the sweat, the gasping breath, the tired limbs, as work, as he hardens into form? Monotonous the business of hoeing, you say, but is it more monotonous than pegging a ball for an hour on end? Catch and throw, catch and throw—very exciting is it not?

There is the thrill of conquest in matching strength, skill and knowledge against opposing forces more powerful than any school team. For in this potato competition there were other boys in the race to be sure but outside and beyond them were soil conditions, insects and weeds. Did you ever go down a row of potatoes ferreting out the weeds and demolishing them with swift, accurate strokes? You don't have to slacken your pace to feel the tingle of exultation at the expenditure of every successful effort.

More than anything else perhaps is the fact that when the football game is over, the thrill and excitement has passed and what is there but memory left? Our Sudbury lad has something to show and something that will go to help to feed the world. Briefly, it seems to us, that there is as much fun to be got from winning a potato contest as from winning a foot race. And if it is fame that is desired doesn't Mr. Herman Trelle get some small notice when his wheat and agricultural products win prizes at the principal expositions of the world?

Many a man has injured his heart straining in a marathon race but who ever heard of such a thing happening to some one running a race with the weeds in his potato patch? Healthful exercise and a training of the faculties may be obtained from the potato patch. The highest form of sport is that which best fits for life and who will say that the making of a good farmer is not a task worthwhile.

There is such a thing as devoting so much time to football, or track, or baseball that all other things are crowded out of our lives. Too much concentration on the mere mechanics of growing crops from the soil can be just as disastrous. But there is room for soul growth in the pursuit and the physical, the mental and the spiritual may be cultivated at the same time. That is obtaining a quality crop as well as a big quantity return.

Delegates were arriving for the provincial convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union on Monday. The executive organization meetings were not to be started until the morning of the following day. The convention will last until Thursday night, with more than 300 delegates present.

According to the manager of the Canadian Wheat Pool, which markets the larger percentage of the wheat crop of Canada, most of this year's crop is grading No. 1 and 2. and there is so little of the lower grades passing through the elevators that hardly enough of grades 4, 5 and 6 can be found to make up composite samples for grading purposes.

Our Competitions

This week our congratulations and prize pencils go to Robert McConaughy, Alta., Gerald Beamish, Ont., and Gertrude Taylor, Sask.

HOW THE KITTENS WERE RAISED

Dear Sir:—On a visit to a neighbors I was taken out to the barn and saw a very unusual sight. There was a hen and cat caring for some tiny kittens.

The hen had lost her only chick which she had hatched in the manger. About this time the cat had some little kittens in the manger also and the hen went over to help her care for them. The hen took care of part of them and the cat took care of the rest. Any time the cat decided to leave, the hen took full charge and protected the kittens as well as the cat would.

This devotion of the hen's was not in vain for even after the kittens became able to take care of themselves they did not lose their attachment for the hen.—Robert McConaughy.

MY CHICK

Dear Sir:—My uncle has a lot of chickens and I often go to see them. In the spring he got a lot of little baby chickens and he gave me one for a pet. My Dad made a box for it and it would follow me around the yard.

One Sunday my mother was sitting on the swing and along came my chicken and jumped up on her lap. It looked at her for a while and then walked up to her shoulder and looked right in her face. Then it pecked her on the lip and made her lip bleed.

Mother said that was the worst kiss she ever got, and she would not let him do that any more.

I thought I would soon be having an egg for my breakfast because my chicken was getting so big, but one morning we heard an awfully funny noise and when we went to see what was the matter, it was my chicken just learning to crow. Now mother says he will be a good dinner for Christmas.—Gerald Beamish, Ont.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS

Dear Sir:—There are two ravines running through our farm and when plowing we go along the edge of these ravines in which grow rose bushes and other shrubs.

A prairie chicken would often be feeding around when we would go by a certain place and so we watched her and soon found her nest.

We always watched for her every day, and one day she did not come off to feed, so I went to her nest and she did not move. So I lifted her up as I would a setting hen and underneath were eleven baby chicks. They were much like baby turkeys.

I set her back on again and she did not move, but seemed quite content and not at all wild, and she and her chicks fed around here all fall.—Gertrude Taylor, Sask.

A SOMNAMBULIST

Dear Sir:—I often walk in my sleep. One day last spring my sister painted the stairs. That night I got up in my sleep and went down stairs and sat down on the bottom step.

A while afterwards I woke up and nearly screamed. I got such a fright for I was stuck fast to the paint. After pulling and prying I managed to get up and find my way back to bed.

The next day I told them what I had done and they had a great laugh at me. —John Matheson, P. E. I.

LETTER COMPETITION WILD LIFE

Tell us of any remarkable evidence of trustfulness of humans on the part of birds or of beasts that you have observed, or anything you are doing to befriend them.

(Topic Number 13)

NATURE'S WONDERS

Tell us of things in Nature which you yourself have observed—things that are uncommon, strange, or beautiful.

(Topic Number 14)

WHO CAN MAKE THE EDITOR LAUGH?

A humorous happening in the field, at home, on the trip. Anything that will cause a good laugh.

(Topic Number 15)

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

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

Tell your friends about this competition.

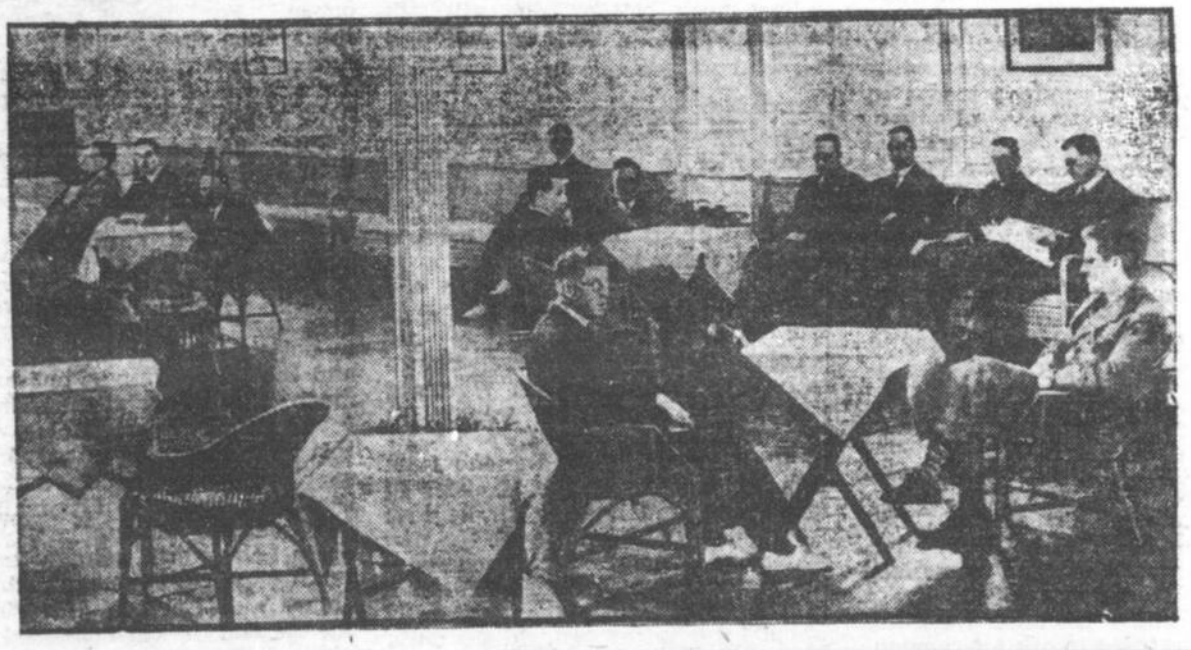
READ THE RULES CAREFULLY

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

Tom Dick, Sunnydale, Sask.

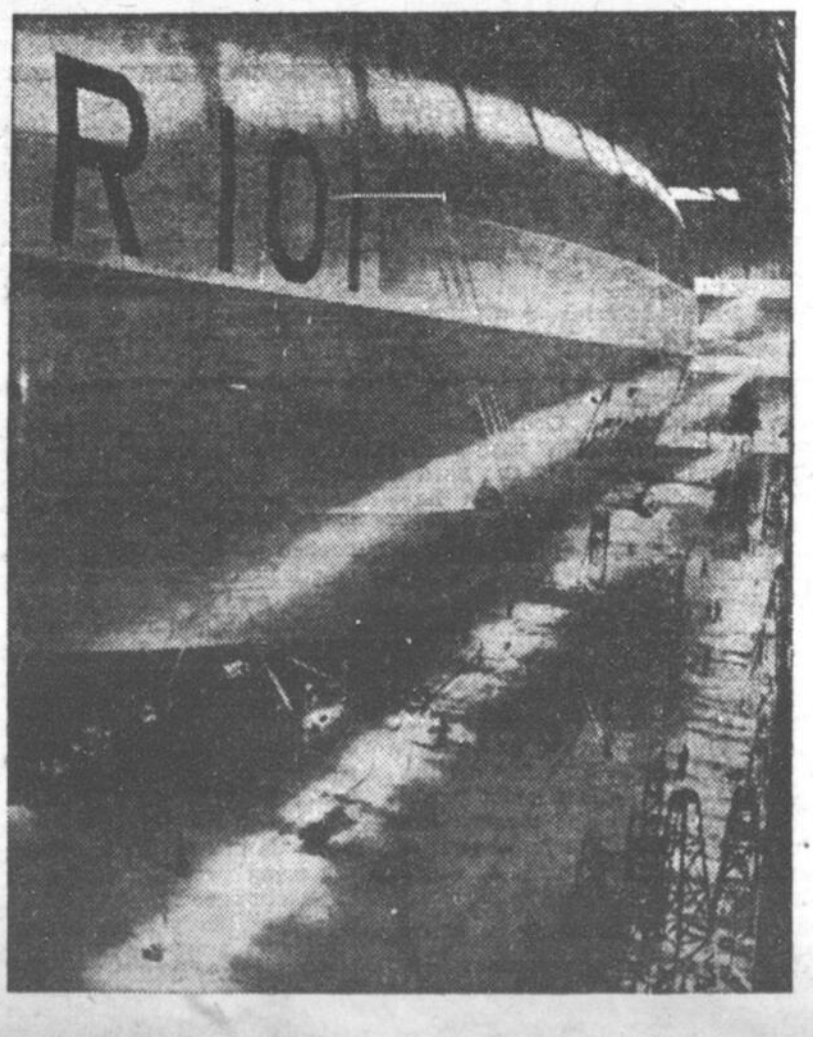
WILD LIFE

Address your letter to:
Letter Competition Editor.
ADDRESS ALL ENTRIES: c-o JOHN DOUGALL AND SON, G. P. O. BOX 3070.



BRITAIN'S WONDER AIRSHIP

The photograph on the right was taken when the British dirigible, R-101, was taken from her hanger at Cardington for her first test flight. A good idea of the size of this gigantic airship can be gathered by comparing her with the pigmy figures on the ground below. Indicative of the luxury found in the new craft is the lounge, shown above. Note the height of the ceiling and the spacious recreation quarters.



Exploration of the field of lignite recently uncovered by the Ontario Department of Mines at Blacksmith Rapids, 120 miles north of Cochrane, has shown that the deposits cover an area four times larger than at first estimated, and earlier estimates of the quality of the lignite are now very much exceeded. T. F. Sutherland, acting Deputy Minister of Mines, who has just returned to Toronto after spending considerable time in the district supervising exploration, stated on Oct. 1, that the area so far indicated as underlain by lignite is approximately two square miles, and the average thickness of the bed is about twenty feet.

The Alberta Wheat Pool's 468 elevators are valued at $6,000,000. Eighty-five elevators were built this year

Adventuring for the Kingdom

A Wonderful Record

During the last quarter of a century the Bible Society has captured no fewer than 240 fresh languages for the Kingdom of God, and in most instances the first book placed in the hands of the people speaking them has been a portion of the Bible, the foundation surely in the case of many a great people of future literary greatness and spiritual power. Fifty-seven Asiatic languages have been added to the list, and the eighty-eight African versions of 1904 have become the two hundred and three versions of 1929. The record amongst these people is truly bewildering, names and geography baffling in the extreme, yet each with its romance, each with its tale of devotion and labor, of tears and of joy. The ten new versions of last year maintain the average for the period under review of one new version almost every five weeks. If modern civilization threatens havoc among these primitive people, the Bible Society is following the wisest policy for obviating or repairing the loss in seeking the spiritual uplift of the people.

* * *

Marshal Feng

"At a recent feast with officials in Nanking," says the China Christian Advocate, "General Feng Yu-hsiang stood up and said: 'It is the custom of us Christians to return thanks to God for our food.' Then he called on a Chinese pastor to pray, and Marshal Feng and all his officers responded with a loud Amen. A Chinese friend is reported to have said that Marshal Feng was never as good as some people advertised him to be, and never as bad as these same people now say he is. General Wu Ching-biao, who is now a Methodist local preacher in Kiukiang, visited Marshal Feng for three days, not long ago, and he told us that Feng told him to was still a Christian, and asked him to preach twice to his soldiers while there, the best disciplined troops in all China, and thousands of them Christians. He also says Marshal Feng wears the same cotton clothes these soldiers wear, and eats the same meagre fare. He reproved the Chinese officials in Nanking for living in luxury while his soldiers had almost nothing to eat, and while people were starving, due to the war which put these officials in power.

* * *

Kept True to Christ

"Marshal Feng" says the same paper, "has had two experiences with missionaries. One was when he saw a young lady joyfully die for Christ in 1900; this he never got away from. The other was when an American missionary doctor was killed by a madman's bullet intended for Feng. His widow refused to ask for compensation. When Feng offered her $7,000, she said she had enough, working for the mission. Then he sent it to her son, who was working his way through college, washing dishes, etc. He also refused it with thanks. Marshal Feng told Handel Lee, our Nanking district superintendent, that it was such people who kept him true to Christ during these trying days."

* * *

Inland South America—A Challenge

"The hour has come when Christians must awaken and be apprised of the conditions existing in Inland South America, and God's dealings with this neglected field" says a mission report. "The hand of the Lord is moving rapidly. Doors which have been locked to the Gospel for centuries with the impregnable bolts of heathenism, witchcraft, savagery, fanaticism, paganism, idolatry, etc., are not only being unlocked, but in an amazing and overwhelming manner God's hand is swiftly throwing open these doors. **Can or dare we fail to enter?** Our General Director (Rev. John Hay), in a recent letter from the field, sets forth the present situation, then says: 'Our most urgent need, therefore, at the present time is for not less than one hundred more men at once. One third of them should be married at least two years, and the others should be unmarried men, willing for the work's sake to put aside all thought of marriage for the first five years.' Consecrated young men must face the challenge."

* * *

The Language Difficulty

"The population of the Nilgiris is extraordinarily cosmopolitan, and though Tamil is the lingua franca, one needs Gospels in at least three or four other languages to make the Word of God accessible to all we visit, for many of the women do not understand Tamil. The police and railwaymen are mostly Malayalis; the cow-keepers and gardeners are almost all Kanarese, and the literate members of both races frequently welcome the cheap, attractive little books in their beloved mother-tongue. The shopkeepers are largely Urdu-reading Moslems, the shoemakers Telugus, and the tailors Marathis, but these, or the younger people at any rate, from long residence on the Nilgiris, are often more at home in Tamil than in their own languages."

* * *

An Epidemic in Chile

The month of August is called "el mes de los viejos" by the Chilians (the old people's month) and is much dreaded, being like February at home. "The other day," writes Rev. C. A. Sadleir of Temuco, "a boy (about sixteen) died in school and today there are seven more down and one of the teachers, all with what is supposed to be grippe; many more have heavy colds. In our house, the cook is in bed being poulticed, the little housemaid has gone home ill, the printer is also down with fever, and I myself still have a bad cough, and this afternoon a little son arrived at the house of the former cook who with her husband still lives in Aliwen. Mrs. Sadleir, who was in a worse plight than any of us, has been so untiring to us other sick folks that she is feeling much better. She will still keep on no matter what her husband says."

* * *

Visit to a Normal School

"In order to try and break up my bronchitis, etc., and give Mrs. Sadleir a change as well, we both went to Angol for about five days, it being a hundred miles North, and with a much better climate, accepting the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Bullock. Mrs. Bullock was before her marriage Miss Kate Kelly, well-known to some of the friends in Winnipeg and Toronto as a devoted worker. On the one fine day we had there I visited the Governor, an old friend from Temuco, brother of the Minister of Production, and he very kindly took me in his official auto to see the new Maternity Hospital on the grounds of the really well-kept General Hospital in charge of nuns, to a number of whom I was introduced. In the Girls' Normal School I was presented to the staff and taken through the classrooms, speaking a few words in one of them. There were 180 girl students in attendance, preparing to be rural teachers. They have a much decked image in one of the corridors. The Lady-Principal invited me to breakfast the next day with Mrs. Sadleir, and of course the Governor, but unfortunately the next morning I had to telephone and call it off owing to the weather."

* * *

The Bible In the Nilgiris

"When we go out on preaching expeditions to the Hill tribe villages," writes Winifred M. Stone, of the Church of England Zenana Mission in South India, "our bags are always packed with the Bible Society's attractive editions of the Gospels in Tamil, and in two specially isolated villages, one quite tiny, which we visited one day last year, there was such a run on them that our small stock was exhausted. The men were almost all out at work, but the small boys, some of whom could not read at all themselves, were very keen to buy books for their fathers or elder brothers, and several tiny fellows came up to us in turn with three pice copper coins (worth a farthing) to give in exchange for a 'pustaham,' or 'book,' as many little Indian schoolboys who know practically no other English words, will call it."

BIBLE TEACHING

The great divine question today seems to me to be:

Are you led by the Spirit of God?

and not—

Are you a Bible or Divinity student or teacher?

Are you a church member, attendant, subscriber or worker?

Are you a member of any organization?

Are you a Fundamentalist or Modernist?

Are you an observer of the Sabbath or of the Lord's Supper?

Have you been converted, forgiven, baptized or confirmed?

Are you a lover of human righteousness?

All these seem to me to be incomplete unless one is led by the Spirit of God.

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—Rom. 8:14.

You must be born again, born of the Spirit of God, and led by the Spirit of God.

This was originally sent, in another form, by a subscriber, but has been rearranged for republication in the hope of making the proposition plainer to our readers.

The Trade Winds

By Rev. Dr. A. Boyd Scott, Glasgow, Scotland.

"Tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine."—Ephes. iv. 15.

WE all know of the winds at sea called the trade winds, those orderly and constant currents that blow steady and strong. Old sailors love them. This is the song of the old salt, "The sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea, in the heel of the North-east Trade!" Young sailors are apt to find the trade-winds monotonous. For them it is sometimes a relief when their steady and tranquil flow is broken; even a storm is to be welcomed, and the swoop of the tornado is almost a joy.

Some such image as this must have been in the picturesque mind of Paul when he wrote the words before us here. Even in his time our religion had gathered a force, direction and constancy like the trade-winds. Since then its direction and constancy have been more and more confirmed, both in doctrine and in forms of worship and the like. But in our own time much therein is disturbed. Many young people, in particular, welcome this as a breaking-up of traditions which have become monotonous to them and routines of worship which have become tedious. They rebel against those grim old quartermasters (as Kipling calls them) "custom, reverence and fear"; and leaving it to the old and the old-fashioned to float along in the old trade-winds, they yield themselves to the brisk breezes of independence from dull old customs, and to escape from antique reverences and religious fears.

One voice that comes down the wind of those criticisms is this, that true religion is a practical thing, not to be identified with rituals at all, with prayer-books and pews and Sundays and the routine of ecclesiasticism. The truly religious man, we are told, is he who may make no outward profession of religion at all, but is a real "white man" in practice. Let him play that part, and all vestments and pulpit-cushions and devotional books may go whistling down the wind! Now, this is wholesome enough in a way; it goes a good long way. But it goes a good long way only in the sense in which a camel can go a good long way. The "ship of the desert, can travel on vigorously enough long after other creatures have given it up and expired. So it is with religion. Some men I know seem to be able to get along very well without that regular and faithful return to the old wells of prayer and worship that are housed in churches. But I wonder if even these robustly independent souls can go all the day like that? I doubt it. It is only for a time they can endure in displaying a life that has religion at the centre of it. They are drawing upon a store of religious strength which cannot be maintained or replenished apart from the practice of piety. I might put this crudely by saying that the people who have taken the hump at religion can do so only because they are living on their hump. But let me put it in a seemlier way by saying that we cannot go on giving out work and practising ways of life that have a religious sap in them without drawing in sap to keep up the supply of it. And, like a tree, we draw in sap by the roots, in the cool, dim retreats of prayer, sacrament, and worship in common.

Let me speak further of the necessity of forms and assemblies of worship. People are declaring that they can get the good of religion in other and better ways than by the routine of church-keeping and church upkeeping. The favorite substitute is that which is called pawkily the church of Dr. Greenfields, by which is meant the communion of the soul with God and the religious refreshment of our soul, which are to be had in a Sunday ramble through the moors, by quiet streams, over green ridges, or between flowering hedgerows. Well, we shall not deride this plea altogether. Far from it! For myself, I sympathise with this mood and method of spiritual refreshment. So, as I am sure, does my Lord! If you had thus gone afield in Galilee long ago, you would have found Jesus doing something like it. You would have met Him on those hillsides which you call your "church," finding a blessing for His spirit and the pas-

(Continued on page 25)

Northern Messenger

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John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal

Respect for Rightful Authority

By Walter Albion Squires, D.D.

THE peoples of the Western World have come into a new atmosphere of freedom. The personal choices of individuals have a place in life such as has hardly existed in the lands of the Old World. this new-found freedom for the individual in the nations of the New World has tremendous advantages. It makes for the building of personalities that are strong, free, and creative. Nevertheless, this new freedom has some dangers connected with it. There is evidence on every hand that it may lead to loss of respect for rightful authority. Home authority in question by the present "rising generation" as perhaps it has never been questioned before. The authority of the teacher in the school is sometimes nearly obliterated by theories based on "the consent of the governed" as a deciding principle in all exercise of authority. The authority of the state is not infrequently challenged, not only by the classes commonly called criminal; but, what is still more dangerous, by people who are regarded as respectable citizens, people who, because they do not happen to approve a particular law, feel themselves at liberty to break it if they can do so and escape serious discomfort.

* * *

THE three passages of Scripture selected for study are from three different persons. One contains statements made by Jesus, the Great Teacher. One is a message sent by Paul to Christian believers in Rome. The third is a message from Peter sent out, it is thought, to the Christian churches in general. Three messages from three such persons ought to be well worth our careful study.

Jesus's Opinion of Rightful Authority.

THESE words of Jesus become very significant when we realize the circumstances under which they were uttered. His enemies thought they would surely catch him on one prong or the other of the dilemma which they presented. If he should say that it was right to pay tribute to Caesar, they could use his statement to discredit him among the people who were keen enough in their opposition to the Roman government in general and to its taxing activities in particular. If he should say that taxes ought not to be paid to Caesar, they would have serious charges to make against him before Caesar's court.

Jesus was on this occasion, as ever, completely master of the situation. He saw through the flattering praise with which his enemies addressed him. What these Jewish leaders said was true enough. Jesus did teach the way of God. He was altogether true and cared not for the opinions of men when these opinions ran counter to truth and justice and the will of God. But even truth can be used with false intentions, and Jesus was not in the least deceived by the cunning words of his enemies.

Calling for a denarius he asked about the image and superscription upon it. They told him that the image and the name above it were both Caesar's. Then he said to them "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Perhaps no clearer statement as to our duties to God and the state has even been uttered. Jesus in effect said that man had certain duties which he owed to God and certain duties which he owad to the state. He was to be faithful in the discharge of each of these duties.

Paul's Opinion of Rightful Authority.

PAUL wrote these verses of Rom. 13: 1-14 to Christians in Rome the capital of the empire which comprised the known world, or the greater portion of it. Paul was himself a Roman citizen. Every word he wrote on the subject shows that he was anxious for the Christians to be loyal, useful, and law-abiding citizens of the Roman Empire. He declares that governments are ordained of God and calls rebellion against state authority a rebellion against the ordinances of God.

Paul says that both conscience and expediency make it binding upon Christians to be good citizens. The state has power to punish evil doers. The state punishes its citizens for evil doing not for righteous actions. There is evident in Paul's utterances a large and deep confidence in the government under which he lived, a real admiration for the great realm of which he was a citizen.

Some New Testament commentators have thought that Paul penned these words at a time when the Roman government was the protector of the Christians, at a time when the strong arm of Roman law sheltered the Christians from the evil designs of Jews and pagans. This may have been the situation; but it is also worth remembering that Paul as a profound thinker realized something of the debt which humanity owed to the Romans who had established law and a high degree of personal safety over nearly all the world; who had brought the world to a state of peace.

Peter's Opinion of Rightful Authority.

PETER is if anything, more explicit and thorough-going than Paul in urging Christians to be peaceable and law-abiding citizens. He manifests the same high confidence in the integrity and benevolent-mindedness of the government under which he lived. He admonishes Christians to "be subject to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." This obedience is to be uniform and general. Christians are to obey the supreme ruler of the state and all subordinate officers of state. By so doing they will be enabled to silence the ignorant and foolish people who were representing the followers of Christ as revolutionists and law-breakers.

Comparison of these Messages.

WHEN we study these three messages we are impressed with their similarity. They all emphasize obedience to rightful authority and they emphasize it strongly. No one who respects such teaching as this will consider the breaking of a man-made law a light matter. No one who holds the views expressed by Jesus and by both Paul and Peter will feel himself at liberty to disregard a law of the state, simply because he does not approve of it or imagines that it infringes his "personal liberty."

The statements of Paul and Peter are so sweeping that the possibility of any exception to the line of conduct they suggest is hardly intimated at all. And yet we must believe that they recognized the fact that exceptions might arise. It is probable that both Paul and Peter died as martyrs because of a refusal to obey some such Roman mandate as that which required all citizens of the empire to worship the reigning Caesar as a God. As strong teachers of Christian ethics, Peter and Paul did not need to weaken their appeal by mentioning possible exceptions to the type of conduct they recommended. They said what they believed the Christians of their day needed to hear. When the time came for them to make an exception to a general rule, because of an allegiance higher than the allegiance to any earthly potentate or state, they made their decisions and abided by the consequences.

In the matchless statement of Jesus the case is more clearly put. Jesus did not say that the ordinances of Caesar were always the ordinances of God. He recognized the two allegiances of man, his allegiance to his country and his allegiance to God. There can be no real conflict between these two allegiances, and the words of Jesus intimate as much. If it came to a case of allegiance to God and an apparent allegiance to the state which was in conflict with the allegiance of God, it is clear where the choice of Jesus would rest.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Monday, October 28—Mark 12:1-12; Tuesday, October 29—Mark 12:13-17; Wednesday, October 30—Romans 13:1-10; Thursday, October 31—1 Peter 2:13-25; Friday, November 1—Acts 19:30-41; Saturday, November 2—John 19:1-11; Sunday, November 3—Matthew 5:13-20.

The Word of Life

Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.—Matt. 4.1.

In the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared; though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto them all that obey him.—Heb. 5. 7-9.

We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.—Heb. 4.15.

There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.—1 Cor. 10.13.

My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.—2 Cor. 12.9.

Our Corner for the Shut-Ins

By Rev. A. W. Hone

HYMN

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

PRAYER

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all men. We bless Thee for Thy Word which is a source of comfort and inspiration to us, and which sheds a light upon each perplexing pathway of life. Thy promises provide a sure foundation for our faith. As the seasons come and go, reminding us of our own brief earthly life, we thank Thee for that eternal home which Thou hast prepared for Thy children. Keep our feet steadfast in the road which leads to it. Amen.

SCRIPTURE

Isaiah 40:1-17.

MEDITATION

Isaiah 40:8: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever." As these words are written the falling leaves are drifting past the window like a storm of snowflakes. They remind us that this world of ours is a place where things wither and fade and pass away. Hopeless indeed are we if we have no surer anchorage for our faith than this earth offers. A certain woman who had lived a secluded and protected life suddenly found herself deprived of loved ones, home, and possessions, all but a few treasures, including the old, family Bible. As she sat in the home for the last time, her aged pastor tried to comfort her. Over and over she lamented: "Everything is gone, there is nothing left." Placing his hand on the treasured Bible, the man of God quoted gently: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever." In a world of change there are abiding things.

HYMN

God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

TESTIMONY

"The whole consignment of the New Testament (Lunda of Kalunda) sent to this station has arrived safely, and is now beginning to be circulated amongst the reading public here. Great satisfaction is expressed in the get-up of the book, many also seem astonished to find that when they read the book it 'speaks to them, some wonder how the book knows them so well. . . .' We would again all unitedly thank you and the Society very much indeed for printing this edition for us. It is certainly one that does the Society great credit."

THE TRADE WINDS

(Continued from page 24)

toral peace of God, among the hills of sheep. Sometimes He lay there a whole night in prayer; but possibly you do not need so drastic a method of communion on your Sunday walk as that! But the point is, you would have met Him there, doing, it would appear, very much what you say you are doing—you who have "given up church." And then—what then? You would have seen Him turning to go back to the village and the haunts of men. "Whither away, sir?" you would say. And what would He reply? This: "I am going down to the village church; I hear the bell!" This is no fancy on my part. That is what He always did. He never allowed God's day to pass without taking part in the common worship among the common people in the common village church. In some way (I say it with reverence) He needed it! His soul sought something which was only to be had in the old church, and in the old psalms and the old scriptures. He found something there which the hills and the hill-walks did not yield, even though one of His hills was that of the Transfiguration. Please consider whether Jesus may not be well worth following in this! In this adherence of His to the traditional forms and fains of His race, this master-spirit of God, in whose soul the very breeze of the Holy Ghost was blowing, yielded Himself to the old trade-winds.

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QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

Mrs. R.F., N.S.—Can you give me information regarding the Grenfell Mission. When did Dr. Grenfell begin the work? Where? At what date did he get the hospital ship? Is he still doing the work? Are the missions in Labrador or Newfoundland, or both?

Answer.—Up to fairly recent date Dr. Grenfell was on his hospital ship cruising along the bleak Labrador coasts. Dr. Grenfell is 64 years of age, and had been ill, but never, it seems, loses interest in his work, and always returns to it.

Dr. Grenfell began his work shortly after graduating in medicine from Oxford. The first hospital ship was equipped before 1892, and made its first voyage to Iceland, where he built homes and mission ships for the fisher folk.

In 1892 he came to Labrador. From a small hospital of two rooms, cut from the forest surrounding it, has grown a chain of hospitals, eight nursing stations, two orphanages, two boarding schools. He also initiated a few small industrial and agricultural schemes, all on a social welfare basis.

In 1912 he opened the King George the Fifth Seaman's Institute in St. John's, Newfoundland. Apart from missions, hospitals and social welfare, Dr. Grenfell has found time to write, and among his books, dealing chiefly with his life and work, are: "Adrift on a Pack of Ice," "The Adventure of Life," "Tales of the Labrador," "Yourself and Your Body." He has written several other books, as well as a large number of articles, dealing with his work and experiences.

Dr. Grenfell travels a great deal, but has a permanent address at St. Anthony, Newfoundland.

Old Subscriber, Ont.—(a) A's husband died 4 years ago. He willed his property so she has the use of it while she lives. Would it be lawful for the executors to sell a portion of the land to be used to erect monument to the husband? (b) Could the monument be considered a funeral expense, there being a clause in the will providing that funeral expenses be paid out of the "willed" property?

Answer.—We think not, unless the executors first received the written consent of all the beneficiaries of the estate, including the widow. (b) We think not.

A.B., B.C.—If A buys a city lot, part of an old orchard, with trees bearing on the boulevard, who has the right to the fruit? Can A order people from taking the fruit? And can he reap the fruit himself?

Answer.—Probably the municipal corporation, assuming, as we do, that it is the owner of the boulevard land, would be entitled to the fruit from the trees thereon. We do not think that A could effectively order people from taking; nor that he would have the right to do so himself, unless it had been abandoned by the corporation.

Enquirer, Ont.—A contends that Britain stopped rum running, and that persons engaged in the traffic lost heavily. Others said Britain could not do this.

Answer.—This question came up in 1923. Ramsay MacDonald said Britain could not stop the export of liquor to the United States, but agreed with the United States to extend the limit, wherein the United States might search British ships, from three miles to twelve miles.

This new limit made it very difficult for ships to come in with cargo. It was thus that the liquor traffickers lost.

Enquirer, Ont.—Mrs. A. has been willed a piece of land for her use as long as she lives. Would it be lawful for her to cut and sell for firewood trees on this property? The money is presumably to be used for living expenses.

Answer—No.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Witness wishes to thank the following for pieces sent: "Mizpah." Mrs. C. Millidge, Man.; Mrs. John Boorman, Ont.; Mrs. R. S. Forbes, B.C.; Geo. S. Brown, Sask.; "Away," Mary E. Smith, Ont.

REQUESTED POEMS

(Sent by a Reader.)

This poem is one of the strongest and most touching pleas ever made for childhood. At the time that it was written children were employed by the thousand in the coal mines and factories of England. Mrs. Browning's plea touched the heart of the nation, and very soon the Children's Charter was introduced, protecting them from mine or factory labor. But the fight with grasping greed has to be fought over and over again. In England the children are pretty well cared for and required to go to school. If they are ill-clad, or unfed, clothes and food are given them. But in the mining regions of the United States thousands of very young boys are employed in the dusty coal breakers to pick out slate stones, from the ceaseless cataracts of broken coal that slide past them on an inclined plane. The air is thick with coal dust, and their lungs become filled with it, and many of them prematurely die. They are chiefly the children of foreigners, who lie unblushingly concerning the age of their stunted offspring.

In the great cotton factories of the south both boys and girls of tender years are employed for long and weary hours in the nerve-taxing strain of eagerly watching the ever-moving spinning jennies, and joining the threads, that often snap. Its children are the best asset to the nation.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Thank God for the spirit of Christ,
Who took the little children in His arms and blessed them, that still seeks out the sick and places them in children's hospitals, and translates the homeless children from the Arabia Petrea of the city's stony streets to the Arabia Felix of Canadian happy homes.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against the mothers,
And they cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago.
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost.
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy.
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek."

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to God and pray;
So the blessed One who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer: "Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheel is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us,
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door.
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster,
"He is speechless as a stone.
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.

"Go to!" say the children—"up in Heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving—
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by his world's loving,
And the children doubt of each.
They know the grief of man, without his wisdom.
They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves, without the liberty of Christdom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity!—
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

Chorus:

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
And the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay.

'Er peticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Sepi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
A-wastin' hristian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed her where she stud!
On the road . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "Kulla-la-lo!"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin my cheek
We uster watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.
Elephints a-pilin' 'teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'alf afraid to speak!
On the road . . .

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' far away;
An' there ain't no busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London where ten-year-soldier tells.
"If you've 'eard the East a'callin', you won't never 'eed naught else."
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm trees, an' the tinkly temple-bells;
On the road . . .

I'm sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law, wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!
On the road . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez
Where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no ten commandments
And a man can raise a thirst,
For the temple bells are callin' an' it's there that I would be
By the old Moulmein Pagoda looking lookin' eastward to the sea.

On the road to Mandalay
Where the old Flotilla lay
With our sick beneath the awnings zwhen we went to Mandalay,
O the road to Mandalay
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay.

(Sent by Mary E. Smith, Ont.)

AWAY

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land.

And left us dreaming, how very fair,
It needs must be since he lingers there,
And you—oh! you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return.

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here.
Think of him still as the same, I say,
He is not dead—he is just away.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

WORDS WANTED

Mrs. J. H. Ehler, N.S.—A recitation, "Smile Whene'er You Can." Also a few recitations on Temperance and others suitable for Division entertainment.

Mrs. R. S. Forbes, B.C.—"The Old Wedding Ring," beginning thus:

"Your wedding ring means this, dear wife,
Ah, summers not a few,
Since you and I were wed, dear wife,
And this old ring was new."

Helen E. Alexander, N.S.—The words of "Heidelberg Stein Song," "To the Men of Canada," by John H. Trumbull.

Kathleen Darrack, P.E.I.—Words of these songs: "Honolulu Moon," "Some Day You'll Say O.K.," "Last Night I Dreamed You Kissed Me."

Nellie E. Adamson, Ont.—A recitation, "Unawares." Also a good Temperance reading and a good recitation for the Missionary Society.

Mrs. Ben McKee, Ont.—"A Woman's Story." The first lines are:

"A woman stood up to speak,
Her eyes were sad and her lips were pale,
And her voice at first was weak,"
etc.

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

Absent-minded professor (delightedly): "Now then, my dear, who's absent-minded? I've brought home my umbrella and yours too!" His wife: "Neither of us took one out."

—The Humorist, London.

The village choir-boys had decided to form a cricket team, and appointed their junior member honorary secretary.

In due course the youngster appealed to the curate for support.

This is how his letter ended: "And we should be very pleased, sir, if you would allow us the use of the bats which the choir-men say you have in the belfry."

A haughty lady had just purchased a postage stamp. "Must I stick it on myself?" she asked.

"No, no, madam," replied the clerk, "It will accomplish more if you stick it on your letter."

Abe walked into his friend's shop one morning and noticing a queer odor said, "Ikey vo't,s dot funny smell in your shop, eh?"

"Just beesness. It's been rotten for months."

Asker—Was there hot and cold water in the room at the resort hotel?

Teller—No, just tepid and lukewarm.

Patient—If you didn't think an operation necessary, why did you open me up?

Dr. Cutter—Dr. Slicer and I had a bet on it, and we had to decide the winner.

Mrs. Junewed—When we were first married you were glad to wipe the dishes for me.

Him—Yes, but then we had only two dishes.

Little Eva—Do you eat old clothes?

Lady Caller—No; whatever put such an idea into your head?

Little Eva—Mamma says it just makes her sick to hear you chewing the rag.

Old Lady—You say you were the only survivor of 12 shipwrecked sailors, and that all you ate for a week was your shoes. How is it you're alive when all the rest died?

Old Salt—Well, you see, lady, I wore bigger size shoes.

Wild—What causes petrified trees?

Wilder—The breeze makes them rock.

Tourist (in South Seas)—Is this an all-grass skirt?

Native—Yes, madam. No weeds in this mixture!

Judge—What's your occupation?

Prisoner—Scraping acquaintances.

Judge—Confidence man, eh?

Prisoner—No; barber.

Timothy Hay—How did you like Venice, Uncle Eli?

Eli—I don't know. I only stayed there overnight. The whole place was flooded.

Last night I dreamed that my cat had lost its tail.

How awful!

Then I woke up!

What a good thing the poor little animal didn't have to suffer any longer.

Jack—Father, what is political pie?

Father—Why, son, it's composed of applesauce and plums.

When a man hides his light under a bushel, if somebody doesn't notice pretty soon he begins to pound on the bushel.—(From the Terre Haute Tribune).

Bill (in restaurant)—My plate is wet.

Jock—Shhh—that's your soup.

"Moths are very economical."

"How's that?"

"They eat nothing but holes."

The maid spoke sharply through the door:

"No, I can't give you anything; you'll have to come back after five o'clock when the madam is here."

"I'm sorry, lady, I can't," said the beggar. "My hours are only eight to four."

They were discussing the North American Indian in a school one day when the teacher asked if anyone could tell what the leaders of the tribes were called.

"Chiefs," answered one bright little girl.

"Correct. Now can any of you tell me what the women were called?"

There was a silence for some time, and then a small boy frantically waved his hand for recognition.

"Well, Frankie?" said the teacher.

"Mis-chiefs" he announced proudly.

During the reception of Prime Minister MacDonald at New York a clerk caused England, which was listening in by radio, to chuckle when he misread the visitor's title as "Prime Minister of the United States."

Norman Thomas, leader of the Socialist Party in the U.S., murmured: "I second that."

The clerk explained: "I was only expressing a hope, Sir."

Mr. MacDonald to Mayor Walker: "That's high treason, is it not?"

A minister consented to preach during his vacation in the country at an Episcopal church. When he arrived at the church on Sunday morning, the sexton welcomed him and said:

"Do you wish to wear a surplice, sir?"

"Why, man, I'm a Methodist. What do I know about surplices? All I know about is deficits."

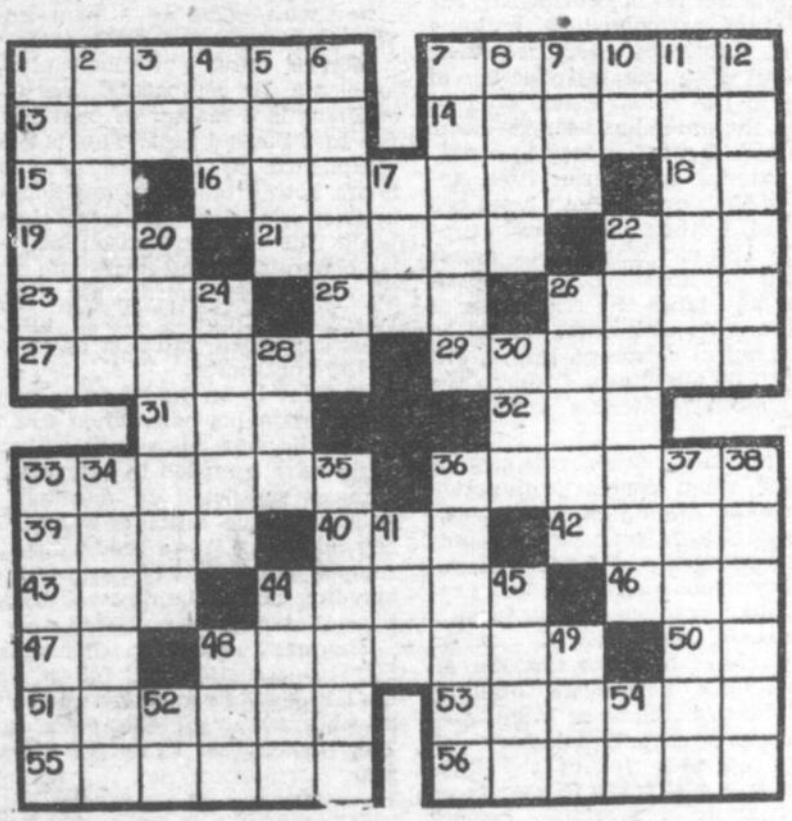
Asker—How did you find the scenery along the Fondeluniac road?

Teller—By looking through a knothole in one of the bill-boards.

Did you realize anything from your investment in those gold mines?

Yep. I realised that my wife was right.

The Week's Cross Word Puzzle



Horizontal

1. Scotch for children.
7. Expended foolishly.
13. To absolve
14. Pertaining to European mountains
15. Pronoun
16. Flattery.
18. By
19. Basin
21. To avoid
22. A cool dessert
23. English school.
25. Organ of head.
26. Insects
27. Resigns
29. To oppose
31. An insect
32. Part of a drama
33. Adorned
36. Cooks over coals
39. A flower
40. River in Switzerland
42. Appendage
43. To consume
44. Parts for three
46. Shelter
47. Part of "to be."
48. Venetian boat.
50. Symbol for iron.
51. Goddess of the moon
53. Fate
55. Revised
56. Flight of steps

Vertical

1. Provided with lure
2. Shrewd
3. Exists
4. To loot
5. A famous river
6. Involuntary servants
7. To roam
8. On the sheltered side
9. Secret scout
10. Musical note
11. Represents, as in a play
12. To hate
17. A fish
20. Grandiloquent language
22. First
24. A relative
26. English race course
28. Golfer's mound
30. Organ
33. To lubricate
34. Wandered
35. Mended
36. Small streams
37. More willingly
38. Falls as icy rain
41. Assistance
44. Sound
45. Narrow opening
48. To obtain
49. Man's name
52. Symbol for lithium
54. Musical note

Our Weekly Lesson in English

By W. L. Gordon

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED

Do not say, "I hung one picture over the other" if you mean "above the other." "Over the other" would imply over its surface.

Do not say, "Fix the flowers in the vase." Say, "Arrange the flowers."

Do not confuse "accede" (to agree with) with "concede" (to yield or surrender).

Do not say, "I have been wishing to see you the worst way." Say "to see you very much."

A "friend" is one who is attached to another by esteem and affection, an "acquaintance" is one who is personally but not intimately known.

"First-rate" is an adjective. "He is a first-rate musician." It is used colloquially as an adverb, "He plays first-rate."

WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED

Naptha. Pronounce naf-tha (not nap-tha), first a as in "at," final a as in "ask."

Dictionary. Pronounce dik-shun-a-ri, a as in "day," accent first syllable.

Assimilate. Pronounce a-sim-i-late, first a as in "at," both i's as in "it," accent second syllable; not a-sim-u-late.

Laryngitis. Pronounce lar-in-ji-tis, a as in "at," first and third i's as in "it," second i as in "ice" (not "jee"), accent third syllable.

Biscuit. Pronounce bis-kit, not bis-kut.

Leghorn. Pronounce as spelled, leg-horn, not "laig."

WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED

Rain (water), rein (a strap), reign (to rule). Accede, not ceed. Fuselage; el, not il. Lovable, not loveable. Rack (a frame in which articles are arranged), wrack (destruction). Malign; not line.

SYNONYMS

Urge, incite, impel, instigate, animate, stimulate.

Habitation, dwelling, residence, domicile, abode, home.

Banish, exile, expel, transport.

Union, unity, junction, combination.

Narrative, narration, recital, account, story, history.

Aggregate (noun), aggregation, assemblage, combination, mass.

WORD STUDY

"Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Words for this lesson:

ILLIMITABLENESS: that which cannot be limited or measured. "We cannot measure the illimitableness of Eternity."

IMPEL: to urge forward; give an impulse to; force. "I feel impelled by duty to do this."

ABDICATE: to renounce, give up, or withdraw from. "The king was forced to abdicate his throne."

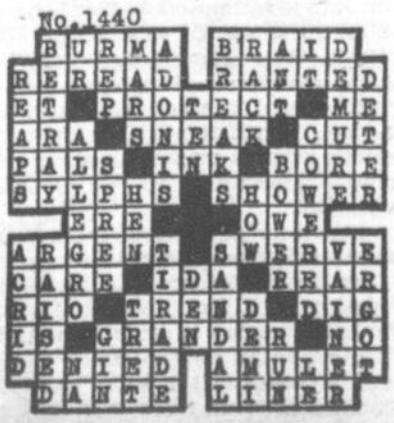
DEBRIS: rubbish, especially such as results from destruction. "It required many days to remove the storm's debris."

TRENCHANT: keen; biting; severe. "His trenchant wit amused the audience."

DEVOID: destitute of; not in possession of. "The article was wholly devoid of public interest."

Answers to Last Week's Puzzle

No.1440



FARM GARDEN AND HOME

Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

A Hectic Day

By George Kingsley Reed.

LIKE Felix the Governor, I have been putting off certain work until a more convenient season, but apparently it was not forthcoming, so I had to take the "bull by the horns" and experience a Hectic Day.

The work I had put off was the annual job of plastering in between the logs on the outside of the house in order to prevent water getting into the weather cracks, and to keep out "Jack Frost."

There was also another chore—to stop the leaks in the roof with a mixture of tar and fine sand, and along with that was the task of watching the cows to see that they did not wander away to the bush in search of better feed.

After the morning chores were done, breakfast over, I got out the tar pot, brush, and sand, suggesting to "mother" that she tap on the ceiling with the broom handle to indicate for me where the leaks were. 'Tis said, "a job begun, is a job half done," but mine was a long way from that, for as I tried to cultivate an ear for raps, I found the jangling of cow bells taking my mind off the roof down into the flats, where the shorthorn cow was persuading the rest of the herd to take to the bush, and go "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till the night be gone."

This, of course, got the "Irish Wumman" all worked up, for as she continued to rap with the broom on the inside, my thoughts were away with the cows on the outside. "I rap," she said, "and you don't answer, I call, and you don't hear."

Then, too, there was something else wrong—my volatile imagination wanted to skip and play, to gambol in its fields like a lamb at play, consequently, as I stirred the tar, there was something stirring me. I am quite willing to admit, however, that had "mother" climbed onto the roof, there would have been something of a different nature stirring me for sure, but having such a point of vantage, I was able to dictate to her in lordly fashion.

A few hours on the roof soon tanned me; I was quite tanned, but with tar. The roof is now in good condition, the rain can come as often as it pleases. My plow will glide along in the wet sod, the team will find it easier on the collar, and there will be no drips to catch in the kitchen.

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THE next item was that of mixing mortar for the cracks in the logs. It is a job the whole of the second generation love, judging by the way they get plastered themselves. To them it is great fun to watch me throw a wet handful up into some crevice or a saddle corner. It means they must do the same. Just what the results and consequences are, I will leave you to guess.

By three o'clock we were all through. I could still hear the cow bells despite the fact it was raining, and with a sense of all's well, I cleared away the tools and prepared to type a story I had roughed out a week ago. Ours is a bi-weekly mail. I was anxious to have the story reach the Editor in good time, so that he could correct my "slips and slides."

Hence the rush. At four-thirty I was still typing. Somebody asked, "where are the cows?" to which I replied, "just at the foot of the meadow." "All right," she said, "you finish what you are at, I will rustle the cows for you." At five-thirty the story was finished, but there was no sound of the bells or sight of "mother", darkness was gathering, rain falling, my fears were aroused.

Putting on my slicker and a pair of rubber boots, I went out into one of the wettest nights I remember. Splashing my way towards the meadow, I stood upon a stump listening intently for just one solemn clang of a bell instead of the many confusing sounds I seemed to hear. My imagination must have been playing tricks with me for cow bells were jangling in every direction. Finally, one clear call came from the South, and as I travelled there, I soon approached a Black and White, and a Mud and White coming laboriously along. I felt so pleased that I edged close up to the "Mud and White" as if to "plant" something on her cheek, but she said, "Ah shucks! that's alright Dad, somebody had to go, I have only brought one anyway, the others are in the bush near Burtons. Will I get supper while you go after them?"

• • • •

GIVING "mother" a fond goodbye, I set off for the rest of the wanderers. The road was worse than I have ever known it, mud and water the whole way until I arrived at Burtons. I could not hear the cow-bells, neither could I see anything until I fell headlong over an old windfall—then I saw stars.

The cows must have heard what I said (whatever it was) for one roused up and brushed by me, and as she did I grabbed hold of her tail intending to follow her all the way home. Cows are queer creatures. There is a cussedness about them I fail to understand. It was manifest in this one, too, as she trailed me through the wet brush, dragged me over "old soaks" (windfalls), from one side to the other; from bad to worse and back again. She reminded me of a man under the influence of liquor who wanted to get to the other side of the street he happened to be on, the other side, was always the other side to him.

By this time the darkness was very deep, rain was falling heavily and running down the cow's tail and eventually over my hand and down my arm. Not being much in love with the sensation I let go and endeavored to find my way alone.

But I had not gone far when something met me fair abreast. As I had gained a fair amount of momentum, I could not stop until I found myself embracing a cluster of witch hazel. "Jimeny Crackers," I said, "I'm not loving you, there is better further on."

After picking myself up and deprecating its affection (or the lack of it), I saw a light—the gleam of a lantern. It was "mother" coming to help me, and as she edged close up to me I laughed and said, "Ah shucks! that's alright, somebody had to go, I have only brought one anyhow, the rest can stay—until the day dawns and the shadows flee."

Building for Fire Safety

By W. S. Kaiser, Agricultural Engineer.

I'VE known John Ryan for—well, we grew up together. He has a decently prosperous farm in an Eastern province. Less than a year ago he had a fire. This is the story he told me afterwards.

"It was along about two o'clock in the morning. That is as near as I can remember the time. There was no warning. I guess fire strikes that way. You can't tell when it's going to hit you. I don't know what woke me, unless it was the red glare and Ol' John a-buckin' out there in his stall. You can see the barn from the bedroom window. The whole thing was in flames. It went up like tinder. There wasn't much we could do—just try to keep it from spreading. I could hear Ol' John—the big white Percheron—he was buckin' and screamin'. Have you ever heard a horse scream? When the flames are all around him and he's lost his head?

"Couldn't get to him. Couldn't get to any of them. It—well, it was too late.

"They saved the house. But there were six head of horses and, if I remember, 14 Holsteins in the barn. Wiped out. Crops gone. They laid it to spontaneous combustion in the loft."

• • • •

IT is happening every day. Approximately 3,500 farm lives and $150,000,000 worth of farm property are destroyed every year in Canada and the United States by fire. Every ten minutes of every hour, day and night, another unit of farm property worth $2,500 goes up in flames. Today ten people living in rural America will die in fires. Agriculture is a pretty lavish contributor to our national fire loss.

The American farmer, we are told, has a gross annual income of about ten billion dollars, the Canadian farmer more than one and a half billion dollars. Their net profit from this income is estimated at more than one billion dollars. Of this net profit the North American farmer contributes one-seventh to the insane monster, fire out of control. And, at the same time, who can hold the farmer is favored with so princely a share of national prosperity as to justify this contribution.

The appalling thing about farm fires is that in the great majority of cases they can be prevented. The farm as an investment, if for no other reason, warrants adequate fire protection. And fire protection is not a barrel stuck away in a corner of the barn, painted red, labeled fire and filled with water, although even this simple precaution is better than none at all. The better part of farm fire protection is in better building—building so that fire cannot get a foothold.

Better building need not imply prohibitive costs. In all parts of the country today farm structures of every type—houses, barns, silos, poultry sheds, granaries—are being built fire-safe. Moreover, they are being built by farmers who cannot afford expensive buildings.

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FIFTY years ago farm firesafety was largely a matter of providence. The high cost of incombustible building materials practically precluded their use. Today, with the introduction of concrete to the construction work of the farm, the order has been reversed.

In general, farm fires may be classified as exterior or interior fires, according to their origin. Both types can be checked, confined or entirely precluded by the use of concrete, either monolithic or masonry. Carelessness is by far and large the real cause of farm fires, and carelessness cannot be legislated out of existence. But its evil effects can be eliminated through the use of building materials which will not burn.

Concrete walls, either masonry or monolithic, when used in conjunction with firesafe roofing of cement-asbestos shingles or concrete tile, preclude the possibility of exterior fires.

Largely responsible for the new firesafe building practice on the farm is the increasing popularity of concrete masonry, either block or tile. For all farm buildings except the dwelling the plain unsurfaced block when carefully laid present a satisfactory appearance. In the case of the farm dwelling, it is customary to used faced units or apply a portland cement stucco finish, which bonds naturally and strongly with concrete masonry.

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IT is a simple matter to lay out a building so that its width and length as well as distances between doors and windows are equal to a given number of full and half-length block. For example, a wall exactly 24 feet long will take 18 full-length 16-inch block in each course; a wall 26 feet long will require 19 full-length and one half-length block of standard size.

Eight inches is the usual masonry wall thickness for poultry houses, hog houses, milk houses and other smaller farm buildings. Basement walls of barns are usually made of monolithic concrete 10 or 12 inches thick with the wall above grade either masonry or monolithic and 8 inches thick.

Cement mortar, because of its strength, density and ability to resist weathering, should always be used in masonry construction. The mortar should be made from clean, well-graded sand and clean water, with well slaked or commercially hydrated lime added to make the mortar more plastic. For ordinary work a mortar composed of one part portland cement, one part lime and not more than six parts sand, all measured by volume, is used.

Mortar should be mixed thoroughly with just enough water added to give the desired plasticity and workability. Thorough mixing improves the plasticity of mortars. Mix only enough mortar at one time so that the entire batch can be used before it begins to harden.

The concave type of mortar joint is usually preferred for farm buildings. It is made by drawing a pointing tool along the joint after the mortar begins to stiffen. This operation compacts the mortar and produces a tight, water-excluding joint. Both vertical and horizontal joints are usually made from 1-4 to 3-8 inch thick.

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CORNER block are set first and chalk lines stretched tightly between them to serve as a guide in building a straight wall. These lines should be of stout cord such as cotton. Binder twine is useless for this work. If the corner block are accurately placed and plumbed and the line is not permitted to sag, the wall will be plumb and true, provided, of course, the block are laid to this line.

Frames for doors and windows are set in proper position and built into the wall. When floor levels are reached special "joist" block are set which have notches cut out for the joists.

The usual method of attaching plates or sills to concrete masonry walls is to bolt them down at intervals, six feet apart or less. Bolts should be long enough to extend through the plate and at least one course of masonry. By slipping a large washer on the bolt and filling around the latter with concrete a firm anchorage is secured.

Interior fires present additional problems. In combating fires of this origin it is a matter of confining the fire to a limited area. This is best accomplished by the use of concrete floors, both ground and loft floors, and interior walls of concrete masonry. While the farmer himself can easily lay concrete ground floors and masonry walls, the concrete loft floor involves principles of design and construction which had best be entrusted to the contractor.

If John Ryan had had a concrete loft floor in his barn when fire broke out in the mow his valuable live stock could have been led to safety and the damage restricted to a small area. As it was, the animals were trapped beyond rescue. Pure bred animals developed as a result of years of careful breeding cannot be replaced by insurance that may be collected.

The next article in this series on farm construction will follow shortly. Details of all structures described may be obtained from the Farm Editor, The Witness, 360 Craig St. W., Montreal.

A Canadian Fur Resource

THE increased demand for muskrat pelts, the consequent rise in price and the marked decrease in the natural supply are the main reasons for the increasing interest and widespread demand for information as to the economic possibilities of raising this fur-bearer.

To meet this demand and to increase the value of Canada's muskrat resources, the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, through its Natural Resources Intelligence Service, has prepared and issued a publication entitled "The Muskrat, a Canadian Fur Resource." The purpose of the in-

formation contained in this booklet is to make possible a wider knowledge of the essentials necessary for raising muskrat under control either in their natural habitat or in pens.

Canada, owing to climatic and other favorable conditions, is particularly adapted for the production of high quality muskrats and possesses as well thousands of acres of marsh and other more or less unproductive areas on which they may be propagated. The development of these areas for the propagation of muskrat would no doubt provide a whole or part time occupation for many persons, and materially increase the production and value of Canada's muskrat resources.

This booklet on the muskrat will be sent free on request to the Natural Resources Intelligence Service, Department of the Interior, Ottawa.

Storing Garden Crops

THOSE who have a well ventilated cold storage room with racks, shelves etc., will find the task of keeping vegetables easy, but with only an ordinary cellar most of us can do wonders provided we can prevent the heat of the cellar reaching those vegetables that require cold.

From your beets, carrots, kohlrabi turnips, and winter radishes select the roots available, pull before killing frost, remove tops leaving 1 1-2 inches of leaf stems attached to prevent bleeding. Place on a well-drained site and cover with tops removed from roots, leaves, straw, or garden refuse until danger of freezing makes storing advisable, If the roots are to be kept in cellar storage arrange them in a cone-shaped heap in one corner or along one side, each kind separately, and cover with sand, loose soil, or clean leaves raked from the lawn or woods. If desired, space may be saved by placing each kind of roots in an old box or an old tub rather than in heaps on the floor.

To store roots out of doors choose a well-drained sloping spot as sheltered as possible. Dig out a pit six or eight inches deep opening the same with the slope to facilitate drainage.Govern size and shape of the pit or trench by the amount of produce to be stored. Several kinds of vegetables may be placed in a long trench, one kind being separated from the other by a layer of clean straw.

Line the pit or trench to a depth of 6 or 8 inches with a layer of straw or marsh hay, placing an exceptionally large tuft in the drainage outlet. Heap the roots in the lined pit in a cone-shaped fashion and cover them with a 6 or 8inch layer of straw, marsh hay, or leaves. Cover the mound with a layer of earth several inches deep allowing a tuft of straw or an inverted hamper filled loosely with straw to protrude at the top. As cold weather advances place on a layer of strawy manure of insufficient depth to prevent freezing.

Choose firm heads of cabbage. For storing in the cellar cut heads from the stalks leaving several loose leaves attached to each. Invert the heads on boards suspended from joists overhead or laid on the floor of the storeroom.

For storing out of doors in the orchard or woods remove heads from stalks as for placing in cellar and invert each shingle-fashion on a layer of straw marsh hay or leaves raked up on a well-drained spot. Cover inverted heads with sufficient straw and leaves to prevent freezing later mounding up with earth as advised for root crops.

Potatoes may be handled as are root crops except that they need not be covered with soil or sand in cellar storages. Store in shallow boxes or crates away from the light to prevent greening of the tubers. Allow the newly dug potatoes to cool at least overnight before placing them in storage.

Celery may be taken up with earth or roots and set close together on earth floor or in boxes. If necessary later to water be careful to do so in such a way as not to wet the plants only the earth about the roots.

Since onions keep best at a temperature of 33 deg. to 40 deg. where the air is fairly dry it is best to arrange for storing any surplus of this crop in the attic where the temperature does not go below freezing. In case space in the attic is not available place the bulbs in ordinary market baskets suspended from nails driven in the joists of the ordinary storeroom in a cool place where the air circulates readily and is as dry as possible.

While tomatoes cannot be kept for winter and spring use, their season may be lengthened into late fall by giving attention to several methods of temporary storage. Pick partially ripened fruits before killing frosts, pack them on a layer of clean straw in the coldframe, cover with an additional layer of straw, one or two inches thick under the coldframe sash. Where frame enclosure and sash are not available expose partially ripened fruit in the basement, kitchen, or workshop windows to the sun's rays or pull the vines containing fruits and suspend each from the ceiling in the basement. Another method is to take tomatoes just showing the whitish color which shows before the red and wrap each separately in paper. Pack in drawer or box in the dark. These will ripen gradually and while lacking the full flavor of sun ripened fruit are good for salad etc.

Since parsnips and salsify are not injured by freezing they may be left in rows in the garden for late spring use. Or if they are desired for table use during winter, dig what are needed and handle as other root crops in the cellar store room.

Sweet Potatoes, Pumpkins, and Squashes, keep best at practically the same temperature 50-55 deg. and with a relatively low amount of moisture present. All must be handled with extreme care to prevent bruising.

Avoid placing in storage sweet potatoes which have been nipped by frost. In case of frost get the crop cut and remove vines from the plot and dig the tubers at the earliest convenience following. Store temporarily in an outhouse where an old heating stove may be used if necessary to keep the temperature at approximately 75 deg for 10 days' time or until curing or sweating has finished. Place the crop in a dry storeroom where the temperature may be held at or near 55 deg. throughout the winter. Available space in an ordinary furnace room answers satisfactorily.

Pumpkins and squashes each handled carefully from field to storeroom keep well laid on shelves near the furnace where the temperature may be held as for sweet potatoes. Use caution that stems be not severed from the fruits in harvesting and avoid storing the fruits in piles or heaps. Rather, see that they rest in single layers.

Plantain Lilies

GARDEN-MAKERS often become confused over the term daylily, properly belonging to the Hemerocollis, because it is also applied to the hosta or funkia, a low-growing plant which blooms late in the season. It would be better to give the common name of plantain lily to the funkia, this being a term which is also frequently used. The most useful kind is Hosta (or funkia) subcordata grandiflora. As an everyday name it might be called the giant white plantain lily.

This is an excellent garden plant, for several reasons. To begin with, it will thrive and bloom freely in very shady places. Indeed, it will endure a greater amount of shade than almost any other perennial. At the same time it will thrive in an open situation. The flowers are very large, tube-shaped, pure white and remarkably fragrant, especially in the evening. The plant has the advantage, too, of blooming late in the season when flowers are none too plentiful. Moreover, it has leaves which overlap almost like the shingles on a house, making it a very useful plant where bold edges are needed. On one large estate this plantain lily has been used to form a solid green border around a pool in the lawn, and in an old garden where large trees shaded a strip by a city street, it was used most successfully as a ground cover. There is an earlier blooming daylily which has taller and smaller flowers which are pale blue in color. Another kind similar to it, but flowering even later than the subcordata, as may be indicated by the name, is Hosta tardiflora. There is also a variegated form with green and white leaves that most gardeners like.

Most garden-makers increase their plantain lilies by division in the spring or fall, but they should not be divided very often, for the clumps seem to improve with age. New plants are grown readily from seeds, which should be sown as soon as ripe instead of being held for a year.

Preparation for Spring

THERE is much to be gained from fall preparation for early spring operations in the garden, writes W. S. Blain, Superintendent of the perimental Station at Kentville. The sucessful gardener will during the summer prepare a snug pile of sod and manure in alternate layers of about a foot each, which will rot, and when cut down in the fall and thoroughly mixed, will furnish a good garden loam with considerable humus or decayed vegetable matter in it should be stored. If the soil is of close texture sand should be stored to mix with it and if humus is lacking some well-rotted manure should be set aside so that from these a light, open loam may be prepared.

For spring the adoption of flats or shallow boxes for starting plants in and for later transplanting them into will prove to be most satisfactory, and will enable the best use to be made of hotbed space. These shallow boxes are about 12 inches by 2[illegible] inches, and 3 inches deep.

Cleaning up the garden and removing all stalks and dead plants is advised as a sanitary measure. Manure at the rate of 20 to 30 tons per acre is applied and poughed into the soil allowing the soil to remain rough during the winter so that the action of the frost will the better pulverize it, particularly the closer types of soil.

Certain spots may be suitable for the garden because of nearness to the house, but may not be satisfactory because of poor drainage. It is very often the case that surface ditches can be opened with little labor, and will permit of ready drainage of surface water. In some cases ridging may be necessary. A ridge 3 or 4 feet wide may be thrown up with good side ditches, and this will make possible the putting in of many early vegetables by hand long before working with a team is possible. In too many cases the home vegetable supply is late, and earlier seeding is possible if provision is made for good surface drainage. The riding up the garden by turning two furrows together with a plough will aid greatly in getting an early start in the garden.

There are many hardy, annual flowering plants which if seeded early will give satisfactory bloom. In fact, nearly all the hardy annuals, if seeded in beds partially prepared in the fall by slightly mounding so that the surface will dry out in the spring for early seeding, give excellent bloom and cut flowers during the summer, and save the work attached to starting them in the hotbed or greenhouse. Beds so mounded, 3 feet by 6 feet in size, with a 12-inch path around them about 6 inches below the top of the bed, and an opportunity for the water to get away from the paths, will prove to be very satisfactory, particularly on soil in the fall, so that surface working only is necessary the following spring, the seeds being sown as soon as the surface can be dug by hand and prepared for seeding.

A little attention given to the garden in the fall by applying manure, and providing satisfactory drainage on the more compact types of soil will permit of early preparation and many more early vegetables and flowers than is possible if this is not done. It is surprising the gains that are possible from judicious fall preparation, and any work done to facilitate early spring seeding of hardy vegetables and annual fowering plants will be repaid many times in the satisfaction of having early vegetables and flowers.

It is reported that a sheep rancher in Nebraska has bought eighteen sections of land at Finnigan, Alberta, along the river, upon which he intends to set out a flock of sheep numbering about 20,000 next spring.

Methods of Protecting Plants in Winter

By W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist.

THERE is a long period from November until April or later when many plants grown in Canada need some protection either from low temperatures, changeable weather conditions, early spring frosts, or from mice and rabbits.

Beginning with the rose, the better varieties of which need winter protection in all but the mildest parts of Canada, covering with soil just before winter sets in seems to be the surest method of protection. The plan is to mound up the bushes for a few inches, having a broad base to the mound so that the roots will be protected as well, then bend over the top, and in the coldest parts cover with soil also, but, in other places where the snow comes early and is usually deep, covering with leaves is sufficient, some boughs being put over the leaves to keep them in place. Covering with strawy manure has been found a good way of protecting roses and, better still, an inverted trough over the roses and this covered with manure. Climbing roses should be entirely covered with soil, or covered over with boxes filled with dry leaves, or covered with heavy paper or boards.

A covering of leaves over the herbaceous border protects the plants and helps to bring plants that are a little tender through the winter.

In some parts of Canada daffodils are not sufficiently hardy. In such places, if mulched with straw or leaves before being frozen in the soil, they will be much more likely to come through than if unprotected.

Sacking wound around rather tender shrubs in late autumn will assist in bringing them through the winter in good condition.

On lawns where snow blows off at certain corners during the winter, a mulch of manure will help hold the snow and protect the grass.

Grape vines should be taken down and covered with soil in places where it is too cold to grow the grape commercially, for if left unprotected, if the canes come through the winter, the buds are liable to be killed in the spring and the crop lost for that year.

A very light covering of straw spread over the strawberry plantation just before winter sets in will sometimes save the plants when, if left exposed, they would be killed. This prevents thawing and freezing, especially in late winter or early spring when the ground is bare of snow.

The destruction of trees by mire in winter is often very severe and frequently so discourages those who are trying to develop an orchard that they do not plant any more trees. Several methods may be adopted to prevent the mice girdling the trunk. The best method is probably the wire protector, about 18 inches or less high, made with a mesh small enough so that the mice cannot go through it. Once these are put around the trees one need not worry about the mice for several years. The protectors must be close to the ground to that the mice cannot get between the protector and the ground. Another method of protection is to tramp the snow down well about the tree after the first snowstorm. This prevents the mice from getting at the tree near the ground, where they usually begin working. Sometimes, however, snow does not come early, and injury may be done before the snow can be tramped. Another method is to use fresh cow dung around the tree. This freezes solid and prevents the mice starting at the base of the tree. The cow dung should be spread as soon as spring opens, otherwise it may injure the trunk. Unfortunately, there is no good protection from rabbits. The wire protectors will protect the trunk of the tree for a certain distance up, but the rabbits work on top of the snow and eat the tops. Everything possible should be done to exterminate the rabbits before winter sets in.

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ANSWERS to Garden Questions

Butterfly Flower

Dear Sir:—Can I grow the butterfly flower from seed and have it flower in the house?—R. S.

Seeds sown now will give plants for flowering in later winter or early spring. Keep old flowers picked off and a dose of liquid manure given once a week to prolong the flowering.

Four O'clocks

Dear Sir:—I have grown some four o'clocks this summer and would like to keep them, can I do so by covering them out of doors? How much covering will they need?—J. F. B.

The mirabilis Jalapa, Marvel of Peru, or Four o'clock is, in this country generally treated as a half hardy annual, the seeds sown in the open ground early in the spring where the plants are to remain. The roots, however, may be taken up in the autumn and wintered over the same as dahlias. I do not know whether you could keep it over out of doors or not. Possibly in a well drained, protected position it might be covered with a box packed with leaves and survive. Why not try leaving one out and taking the rest in. With its fragrant fine colored flowers and good foliage it is worth a little extra work.

Seedlings of Perennial Phlox

Dear Sir:—I understand that perennial phlox does not come true from seed but this year it happens a number of seedlings have sprung up in my border. I have a number of varieties now. Would you advise transplanting and saving these seedlings.—D. N. S.

The chances are against your getting any phlox better than the varieties you now have, but it is always intensely interesting to watch the results of chance crossing of flowers. Why not set the seedlings in now in some part of the garden and watch them next summer. You will have to throw out many which will only be weaker or poorer in color than the present lot, but you may find a color or a marking that interests you and is worth growing on.

Trees Die

Dear Sir:—In two places in our front lawn we have had trouble with trees. They seem to do well for a time but never grow or thrive. I have planted elms twice. There were old trees then that died out. Would that kill the young ones?—H. M.

If the old trees died from root aphis or some root disease the new ones would, in such a case, die of the same trouble. If you have gas pipes running in near the trees there may be some escape of gas. In any case it would be safer to plant in a different position though many times a young seedling naturally springs up to take the place of an old tree.

The farm of Gustav Elgert of Wetaskiwin, that won the trophy offered by the Edmonton Board of Trade for the best field of wheat in the northern half of the Province, as well as the cup donated by the Alberta Government for the best farm in Alberta, has yielded 46 bushels to the acre, on a 100 acre field, and graded No.1 hard. The seed used had been developed by Dr. Seager Wheeler of Rosthern, Sask. Elgert is another farmer who came ta Canada with no capital at all and has made a striking success as a farmer.

POULTRY TOPICS

Some Fall Pointers

PULLETS should be moved to the laying house not later than November 1st and preferably by October 15th. This gives them ample time to become accustomed to their surroundings before egg production sets in. If the mature pullets have commenced to lay prior to the time they are placed in the house, moving is sure to cause a slackening in production, therefore, it is better to do the moving before the production begins. If pullets have been hatched reasonably early they should be close to maturity by October 15th and at that time the laying ration should be given to the birds.

Eggs are high in price during November and birds should be producing well during this period. Production is increasing at an earlier date from year to year during the Fall months. This is significant of the changes that are taking place in our poultry industry. The market for storage eggs has been influenced very materially in recent years because of the earlier and heavier egg production during the Fall and Winter months. If our present production changes continue in the same degree for the next ten or fifteen years as in the past, the storage of eggs will be reduced to incidental proportions. The tendency, at least, is in that direction and when we consider the experiences with storage eggs during the past few years we can readily understand that there are a number of changes taking place having a material influence upon this phase of the industry.

The greatest volume of winter eggs will be produced from pullets; consequently they should be given the best of care and attention. Comfort in every possible way should be afforded by correct ventilation, sanitation, etc. Feeding should be regular, water or milk must be available at all times and by all means a supply of well balanced rations should be accessible.

An empty mash hopper is no inducement to a heavy laying bird; in fact, feeding controls the number of eggs that will be laid. The number of eggs that a hen can lay is determined when she is hatched. The number of eggs that a hen will lay is determined by feeding and management.

Every poultry house, no matter how large or small, has a maximum and minimum capacity for birds. If the rule is violated one way or the other the maximum results cannot be obtained.

For the smaller breeds, like the Leghorns, allow three feet of space per bird. For the larger breeds, like the Rocks, Wyandottes, Reds, etc., allow from three and one-half to four feet (square feet) of space per bird.

It is generally advisable to keep the birds shut in the house after they have been placed in winter quarters. This is especially desirable in our northern producing states. If the birds are permitted access to range after they have been confined they often display a nervous condition when they are compelled to remain in the houses during inclement weather. Then, too, permitting them access to range may result in colds and roup and a great many muddy or dirty eggs.

If in handling the pullets or mature hens at the time they are placed in the house a number of them appear emaciated or display a certain degree of paleness it might be well to examine them closely for intestinal parasites, such as round worms or tape worms. In fact, if there is the slightest evidence of this condition arrangements should be made to worm the entire flock, making sure that a good product is used for this purpose.

Occasionally, during the time the birds are confined, it is a good plan to give the birds about one to two tablespoonfuls of Epsom Salts to a gallon of water because nine-tenths of the diseases of poultry have their inception through the intestinal tract of the bird and by keeping the intestines regulated serious trouble can often be avoided.

It is easier to keep a bird healthy than it is to doctor sick or diseased stock. Then, too, healthy chickens will encourage producers and sick chickens will discourage producers.

Look for Parasites

AT this time of the year the flocks should be thoroughly examined for external and internal parasites. These hazards oftentimes cause considerable difficulty in the flock during cold weather. It is true that external parasites cause more trouble during warm weather but their effect on a flock is oftentimes more evident towards fall and winter. The wise poultryman will treat his flock for external parasites during the early fall months, in order that he may have some assurance of his flock being free from this vermin during the winter. It is also a good plan to spray the house for the control of mites prior to the time that the hens are put into the winter quarters.

Internal parasites cause more trouble during the winter months, as a general rule, than the external parasites. No flock can give efficient results when the intestinal tract of the chicken is contaminated with round and tape worms. A chicken cannot make the best use of feed unless the intestinal tract is clean and functioning properly. If there is any doubt in the mind of the producer regarding internal parasites the best practice would be to worm the stock prior to the time that it is placed in winter quarters.

When one is interested in obtaining the maximum results from a flock it is well to keep in mind that observation of the stock is one of the best methods to eliminate trouble. In other words, a close study of the birds will reveal any irregularity and this irregularity can then be checked before any damage can be done.

There is an old saying that, "The Eye of the Master Fattens the Cattle," which can be changed to read that, "The Eye of the Master Determines the Success or Failure with Poultry."

Pullets or hens should be handled as little as possible as this tends to slacken production. In order to eliminate a large amount of chasing, etc., it is advisable to use a catching crate whenever the hens are handled. The box should be made of convenient dimensions with one end having a door that sides up and down. This end should be drawn up to the opening in the hen house and the door of the crate should be raised and the birds driven into the crate. The door on the crate can then be dropped and the hen caught through the door in the top of the crate. This crate is a convenient piece of equipment for any farm flock and should be used for culling, delousing, etc.

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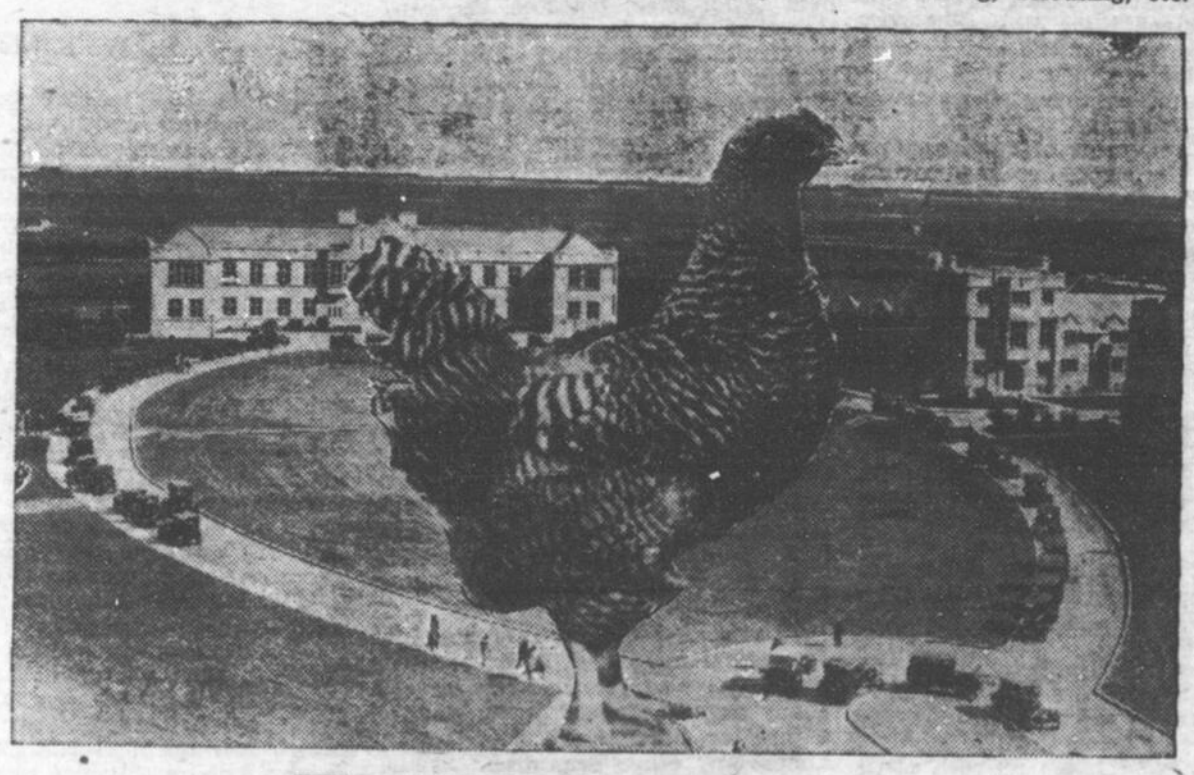
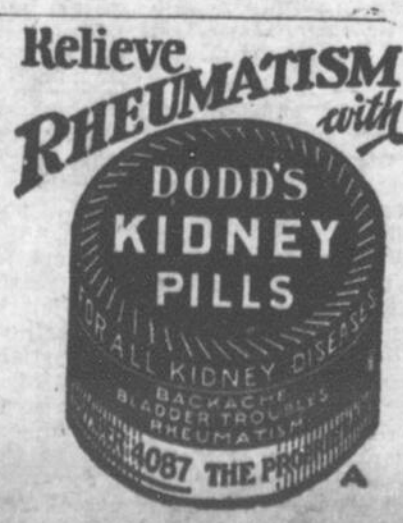


WHERE "LADY VICTORINE" RULES THE ROOST

Introducing Lady Victorine, a barred Plymouth Rock pullet, owned by the University of Saskatchewan, who by virtue of her extraordinary laying powers has claimed the world's record from "Mazie," the world's champion hen of British Columbia. The new champion entered her pullet year on September 3, 1928, and in laying 358 eggs in one year not only smashed all Canadian records but all world's records in egg production as well. The picture above shows Lady Victorine with the University of Saskatchewan in the background.



Cause of Roup

A DISEASE expert, H. P. Hamilton, B.V.Sc., speaking before the Poultry Club (England), tells of what he describes as a simple explanation of roup in fowls. He said:

The nasal cavities of birds are open to the air, and many organisms find their way there and remain dormant so long as the natural immunity of the birds is sufficiently strong to prevent them from becoming diseased. So soon as this immunity becomes lowered the organisms start activity, and the symptoms of a catarrhal cold appear.

We humans can blow our noses and wash these invaders away. The bird is denied this convenience, and so the copious discharge, which eventually becomes mucoid in character, remains in the mouth and nasal chambers. The sinuses become plugged, as do the eustachian tubes which connect them, to the outer air via the pharynx The bird presents a sorry sight, with loss of flesh through inability to eat, and death comes through exhaustion and pneumonia, due to the lungs being invaded via the trachea and bronchi.

Prevention is far better than cure, and I maintain that roup can be prevented. I do not believe that roup is infectious in the true sense of the word. Freedom from roup is a question of keeping up the stamina and therefore the natural resistance of the bird. Fresh air, plenty of green food rich in vitamins, cod liver oil (not the condiment), a good quality ration, well balanced for the requirements of the bird, are the greatest preventives. The outbreak, however, has the appearance of being infectious owing to all the birds being under the same conditions.

We now come to the question of a cure for roup, and let me say quite definitely that there is no specific one. There are many proprietary medicines on the market, and I recommend none where I am ignorant of the therapeutic action. I am, however, going to recommend one antiseptic for this condition calls for asepsis locally as well as nourishing and stimulating foods, and that is Chinosol. Chinosol is oxyquinolin sulphate, and that name tells me all I want to know. I have used it with marked success in septic nasal conditions, and find it to be excellent in achieving results. I am glad to say that the makers (Charles Zimmerman and Co.. 9-10 St. Mary-at-Hill, London, E.C. 3) are about to put it up in 1-gram tablets specially for the use of poultry breeders. The best local treatment is to swab the false membranes with 1-20 Chinosol.

Nutrition Tests

THE National Poultry Institute (England) is now firmly established, and, amongst other things, is rendering possible a great deal of research work in the Ministry of Agriculture's laboratory in respect to disease and feeding. Mr. P. A. Francis, the poultry commissioner to the National Poultry Parliament, in the course of statements of work done, showed that bacillary white diarrhoea fowlpox, tuberculosis, and poultry parasites were all being scientifically investigated, and according to his judgment, various alleged remedies had been tested and found wanting.

As to research in nutrition, he reported that Mr. E. T. Halnan's work in the School of Agriculture, Cambridge, continues to make satisfactory progress, and several reports on investigations which have been completed have been published during the period under review. These are "Digestibiity of Certain Varieties of Oats" and "The Digestibility and Feeding Value of Bulrush-Millet." (Journal of Agricultural Science, Vol. XVIII, pp. 634-641). Digestibility trials with three variety of oats—Grey Winter, Black Bountiful, and Scotch Potato—showed distinct varietal differences of the food nutrients. Those differences in digestibility appeared to be linked with the fibre content of the grain, a high fibre content being associated with a low relative digestibility.

On the basis of the figures obtained in the trials on a 12 percent moisture basis, 100lb of each variety gave the following amounts of digestible organic matter:—Grey Winter, 53.3lb; Black Bountiful, 53.5lb; Scotch Potato 47.7lb. Oats does not appear to be very palatable to poultry. Palatability tests with bulrush-millet (Pennesetum typhoideum) showed that this grain of Empire origin is in every way suitable as food grain for poultry in all stages of growth.

Digestibility trials further showed that this grain is easily digested by poultry, and on a digestibility and composition basis bulrush-millet appeared to approximate in feeding value to Little Joss wheat. In conjunction with Dr. A. E. Barclay, M.D. O.B.E., of the Radiological Department of Cambridge University, Mr. Halnan is studying by radiological methods the physiology of the digestive tract of the fowl.

By feeding a meal containing barium sulphate and subjecting the bird to X-rays it is possible to see on the screen exactly what happens to the food as it passes through the digestive tract. Important results have already been obtained. It appears that the food, both mash and grain often passes straight on to the gizzard practically without entering the crop at all, and that the food begins to pass out of the gizzard into the small intestine within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of a meal. Further, when food passes straight to the gizzard without first entering the crop, it is observed that it takes exactly 25 seconds to do so. Food given to a bird begins to pass out of the rectum within an hour and a-half after the commencement of the meal. A paper will be published shortly giving the results of the findings from this piece of research work, but the information given above will no doubt be of considerable interest.

GARDEN NOTES

Fork up the soil in the rose beds, but do not sink the fork so deep as to disturb the roots. Draw the earth up about the plants and cover the beds with manure to a depth of three or four inches, or use a heavy covering of leaves. If leaves are used, weight them down to keep them from blowing about.

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Large trees can be trimmed up at this season, if they require attention, and the branches furnish firewood for winter.

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Fig plants in pots or tubs should be brought in and stored in a cool, dark place. A well rounded fig in a tub makes a good subject for a southern exposure in the house where a large plant is wanted.

• • •

All kinds of hardy plants may be still set out to good advantage, delphiniums, hollyhocks, veronicas, Japanese anemones, violets, English daisies, rudebeckias, aquilegias, tritomas, foxgloves, Canterbury bells etc.

• • •

Clean the lawn mower thoroughly with kerosene oil, give it a good coating of some heavy oil and store away for the winter.

• • •

Once again the reminder is given to save the fallen leaves. Store them in boxes, barrels or in piles over winter where they will decay and be in condition to spread over the garden and turn under next spring. Leaves also are good for a winter mulch about perennial plants.

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Pot up some asters if more blooms are wanted under glass.

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• • •

Don't hurry the Holland bulbs, potted for flowering in the house. More failures are caused by starting them to grow too early than from any other cause.

• • •

Dry dahlias and canaas a day or two in the open air before putting the tubers away for winter

That crop rotation pays and that hard wheat can be grown on irrigated land is being successfully proven by the farmers at Vauxhall. A. M. Brumwell has just finished threshing 6,160 bushels of No.1 Marquis wheat on a field of 140 acres, an average of 44 bushels to the acres. This is the second crop of wheat on alfalfa land that was plowed under in 1928. Another field of 88 acres yielded 37 bushels. There are over 160 acres to be threshed and Mr. Brumwell estimates that his average for the 400 acres will be better than 35 bushels to the acre. Mr. Brumwell is not the only farmer in the district who is raising No. 1 wheat on his irrigated land. The district's records show that in practically every case where wheat has been sown on alfalfa land it is grading No. 1.

TRAVELLING DE LUXE THROUGH NEW ENGLAND

Whether it's sociability, culture or commerce that draws the traveller to Boston, he is more fit to enjoy its pleasures after a restful journey on one of the two crack Canadian National trains which link Montreal to New England's hub.

The "Ambassador," equipped with comfortable day coaches, luxurious parlor-observation car, radio and excellent dining service, offers a restful day trip through the Green Mountains and lovely Merrimac Valley. The "New Englander," with exceptional sleeping accommodation, leaves Bonaventure Station every night.

Information regarding this service to Boston and other New England points may be obtained from any Canadian National Agent or City Ticket Office, 384 St. James Street, MArquette 4731.

Superior Court,
District of Montreal,
Province of Quebec, Canada.

Dame Ida Sarah Umansky, wife of Michael Dobrofsky, butcher, both of Montreal, has sued her husband in separation as to property.

LOUIS GLAZER,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Montreal, October 15th, 1929.

Superior Court,
District of Montreal,
Province of Quebec, Canada.
No. A—84135.

Dame Mollie Wexler, of the City and District of Montreal, wife separate as to property of H. Stiar, alias Stollar of the same place, and duly authorized to ester en justice, Plaintiff, vs. H. Stiar, alias Stollar, of the same place, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted in this case on the 25th day of September, 1929.

ROSS, MOLLEUR & CHARNESS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Montreal, October 5, 1929.

Notice is hereby given that ALBERT DAVIS BLAGRAVE, of St. Donat, in the Province of Quebec, Hotel Keeper, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at its next Session for a Bill of Divorce from his wife EVA LAVIGNE BLAGRAVE, on the ground of adultery.

HENEKER & HOLT,
Solicitors for Applicant.

Montreal, 21st September, 1929.

FARMERS' BUSINESS BRIEFS

ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-order rate of three cents per word per insertion (minimum charge 45c per insertion). SIX consecutive insertions will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions $1.50). A number or a single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made.

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

POULTRY

GIANTS

For sale. Jersey Giant cockerels, thoroughbred—Chinchilla rabbits, pedigree—Guinea pigs. BOX 12, Alliston, Ont. 41.6

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

B. P. Rocks. Cockerels 10 weeks old. Guild's strain $1.25 each. HENRY HUGHES, Levack, Ont. 39.7.

LIVESTOCK

FOXES

Registered Pedigreed Silver Foxes, $400 a pair. WILLIAM BATES, Ridgetown, Ont. 35.12.

I have best fox trapping method in America, fifty-eight years' experience. Send for particulars. JOHN FRANTZ, Earlville, New York. 38.6.

MINK

Ranch raised mink and Martin for sale. I. W. ROBINS, Box 275, Ingersoll, Ont. 42.8.

Minks—Large, dark, interior Alaskan or Quebec young. Also proved breeders. Now receiving orders. CHILCO FUR FARM, Chilco, B. C.

Minks for sale: very nice Quebec minks, best quality, eight years successful raising. Address to LOUIS MARCOTTE, Deschambault, Portneuf, Quebec. 43.6.

RABBITS

High Class registered Chinchilla Rabbits. Bucks and does, 3 to 6 months old; reasonable prices. EDWARD HARDY, Mt. Forest, Ont. 43.2.

Rabbits—Several Breeds, remedies, supplies, list—circular 10c. Small stock exchange, R 2 Auburn, New York.

LIVESTOCK (Cont'd)

RABBITS

Pedigreed and registered Angora, Chinchilla and Chinchilla Giganta rabbits for sale. VILLA NOVA FUR FARM, Waterford, Ont., R No. 5. 43.2.

Chinchilla Rabbits for sale $2.00 to $5.00 each, also Black Fox Rabbits. ATKINSON, Cobalt, Ont.

RABBITS FOR PROFIT

Chinchilla Rabbits, pedigreed stock. A limited number offered for sale. Pedigrees mailed day of shipment. Order now. Mountain View Rabbitry, P. E. PHILLIPS, 455 E. Brock St. Fort William, Ont. 40.6

FARMS FOR SALE

245 Acres—Good land, Augusta Township, Grenville County—lots of good water, extra good buildings, in fine condition, including model dairy barn, half mile from village, 37 head cattle, mostly pure bred registered Ayrshires, all tested; also horses, poultry and full stock of implements, good as new. Will sell as a going concern with abundance of feed for winter. Price is less than cost of buildings. Apply BOX 484, Ottawa, Ont. 40.6

70 acres, lot 23, Concession 2, Brock: good buildings, hard and soft water; price five thousand, six hundred dollars; must be sold. R. ROBERTSON, Blackwater, Ontario.

To sell, trade or buy property anywhere located, write FISHER REALTY CO., Hannibal, Mo. 44.10.

FARMS WANTED

Wanted: Hear from owner having good farm for sale. Cash price, particulars. JOHN BLACK, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 39.11.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE

Play—For your next Temperance Entertainment. Try the one-act play "Wanted A Chauffeur." Highly appreciated wherever presented. Fifty cents per copy. No approvals. Enclose stamp for circular of church and community plays. IDA. E. POTTER, Portage la Prairie, Man.

Jersey Cloth supplied direct from Manufacturer. Wool and Silk and Wool. Write for samples and prices. NOVO KNIT CO., St. Catharines, Ont. 38.6.

BULBS AND PLANTS

50 TOP SIZE TULIP BULBS for $1.00 either Darwins, Single Early, Double, Cottage or Breeders, or 50 Daffodils for $1.00, or 5 Peonies for $1.00. Price List free, Bulbs, Plants, Trees. A. W. SMITH, Box W, Woodstock, Ontario, Canada's Largest Bulb Grower. t.f.

Magic Gas equals gas 3c. gallon—Guaranteed product. Absoluteley harmless. Used by largest Bus Companies. Labels, circulars, letterheads with agent's name furnished. Free Particulars and proof. P. A. LEFEBVRE & CO., LTD., "Magic Gas Bldg.," Alexandria, Ont., Canada.

Horse blankets, good quality and size. Brand new travellers samples, price $4.50 a pair, packed, shipped on receipt money order to FRANK BULMER, Toronto warehouse stables, 198 Robert St., Toronto. 44.6.

BELTING

Threshermen, attention! We are headquarters for drive belts, hose, tank pumps and all supplies. N. SMITH, 139 York Street, Toronto. 33.13.

HONEY

Six ten lb. pails clover honey $6.00. SWAYZE V. LAIDLAW, Dunnville, Ont. 39.6.

Clover honey, $1.60. Amber, 85cts. Buckwheat, 65 cts. A 10 lb. pail in crate lots. WM. HARTLEY, Beamsville, Ont. 44.6.

STAMPS AND COINS

100 Fine Assorted Stamps for 15c, two packages 25c. Write today. A bargain. A. E. STILWELL, Rougemont, Que. 40.6

AGENTS WANTED

Wanted, representatives (either sex) in every town in Canada to take orders for Canadian Personal Christmas Cards. Big demand. Send now for beautiful free Sample Book and earn money immediately. Liberal commission. PREMIER ART GUILD, College & Spadina, Toronto. 37.9.

SITUATIONS VACANT

MEN AND WOMEN—If you like trees and shrubs, why not sell them? Make a business of it. Part time or full time. 900 varieties of proven Red Tag Nursery Products. Cash every week. Equipment and instructions free. Write DOMINION NURSERIES, Montreal.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Wanted: Large quantity of rough spruce gum. For instructions, ROW & CO., Brockville, Ont. 39.6.

BUSINESS CARDS

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

Artists' Brushes, Colors, Paper, Pastels and Canvas, also everything that an artist would require. Send for catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LIMITED, 1428 McGill College Ave., Montreal. 52.52.

EDUCATIONAL

The De Brisay Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Correspondence courses. ACADEMIE DE BRISAY, Ottawa. 11.52.

Shop by means of the Witness advertising columns. If you do not see what you require, write us. We will put you in communication with the right people.

FARMERS' MARKETS

MAPLE PRODUCTS INDUSTRY

Campaigns which have been waged in the past to enlist greater co-operation in the work of promoting the Canadian maple products industry have apparently met with a gratifying measure of success, and it has been striking of late to note the many indications of increasing interest in the industry and signs of expansion. There is the best of reason for concluding that the industry is bound at a more rapid rate for a position its potentialities have long justified.

The 1929 season was the most successful the Canadian maple industry has ever experienced. The total value of sugar and syrup produced was $6,118,656, an increase of $534,068 over the value of 1928, the previous record. This was made up of 11,693 925 lbs. of maple sugar worth $2,162,839 and 2,174,084 gallons of syrup worth $3,958,817. Quebec accounted for $4,767,277, or almost 78 per cent of the total value, with 11,112,534 lbs. of sugar worth $2,000,256 and 1,666,880 gallons of syrup worth $2,767,021. The value of the Ontario crop was $1,257,334, made up of 426,070 lbs. of sugar worth $110,778 and 489,981 gallons of syrup worth $1,146,556. The crop in Nova Scotia was worth $56,079 and in New Brunswick $37,966.

The export situation is also healthier. Exports of both maple syrup and sugar have shown a consistent rise in the post-war period and those of the last fiscal year are the greatest on record. Shipments of maple syrup in the twelve months ending March last amounted to 26,667 gallons worth $45, 766 as compared with 15,636 gallons worth 136,902 in the previous year. Exports to the United Kingdom went up from 1,748 gallons worth $4,754 to 2,673 gallons worth $7,409; and to the United States from 13,572 gallons worth $36,902 in the previous worth $37,968. There was an increase in the export of maple sugar from 6,551,296 lbs. worth $1,141,783 to 7,701,301 lbs. worth $1,320,161. Shipments to the United Kingdom declined from 38,229 lbs. worth $6,869 to 28,138 lbs. worth $5,798, and to the United States increased from 6,508,519 lbs. worth $1,133,942 to 7,663,247 lbs. worth $1,312,172. Reducing both exports to terms of sugar the volume of exports in the year was nearly 19 per cent more than in the previous year.

According to a rough estimate, as a general rule about 50 per cent of the maple products crop is consumed in Quebec and Ontario, 25 per cent goes to the United States, and the Maritime Provinces and Western Canada account for the remainder. There would appear to be some possibility of this trade with the United States being to an extent affected though the production of that country falls considerably short of its requirements. Steps being taken by manufacturers and producers in co-operation should, however, offset any ill effects. It is their contention that the Canadian market can consume the entire present production, and aggressive sales campaigns are being waged in Western Canada, where the consumption of maple products is practically insignificant, being in fact barely known in certain sectors. It is also to be remembered that in the post-war period Canada has developed markets in the United Kingdom, British South Africa, British West Indies, Newfoundland, Denmark, New Zealand, Finland, France, Germany, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras. Austria, Belgium, China, Cuba, and Mexico, where expansion has been retarded through lack of availability of supplies. The market situation certainly justifies all possible extension to the industry.

An indication of the growing importance of the maple products industry in Canada was recently furnished in the decision of an important manufacturing firm in Vermont to establish at Lennoxville, Quebec, and the plant at present under erection at a cost in the neighborhood of $100,000 is expected to be in operation by the fall of the year. The Quebec government is unflagging in its efforts to increase production and elevate the quality of the product, urging the tapping of trees not at present in production and the development of new groves. According to recent announcement the provincial Department of Agriculture will advance to maple sugar co-operative societies for the purchase and improvement of equipment any required sum up to $500 free of all interest charges for a term of five years.

The maple products industry may not loom up of very great importance relatively, but it is a characteristic Canadian activity of which the Dominion has a virtual monopoly, which has never been adequately exploited and which is capable of great development with considerably greater revenue to the agricultural industry. Not only could production be rapidly doubled by rendering productive all existing maple, but there is great opportunity and every justification for the planting of new groves in suitable sectors on lands which have no other practical use. The world outside America is only beginning to know maple products and develop a taste for them. There is an increasing demand which can be met alone by Canadian producers and manufacturers. There is every indication that from now on the industry will advance in importance.

MACDONALD ARRIVES FOR LUNCHEON

Premier Ramsay MacDonald of Great Britain arriving at the British Legation at Washington for a luncheon held in his honor. Only the most notable diplomats in the United States were present.

During September, the first month of the apple-shipping season, 89,476 barrels left Halifax for the overseas markets. This was more than double the exports of September, 1928.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 380 Craig St. W., in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of the City of Montreal. Subscription rate $2.00 a year.

Are Your Investments Secure?

"Certain forms of life assurance, which contract to return the principal cost after a certain time and under certain conditions," says Laurence Chamberlain in his book, "Principles of Bond Insurance," "are pure investments."

He refers to endowment assurance. The pre-eminent security of policy funds held by a company such as the Sun Life is never questioned.

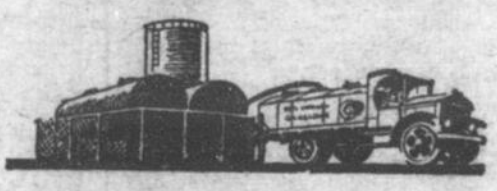
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL

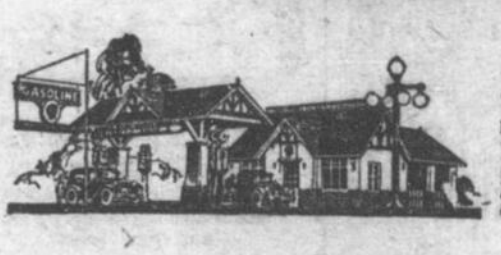
McColl Frontenac Oil Company Limited

6% Twenty-Year First Mortgage and Collateral Trust Convertible Bonds—Series "A"
Maturing October 1st, 1949

EARNINGS
13 months ended Jan. 31st, 1929, after depreciation, $1,223,058. 12 months ending Jan. 31st, 1930, after depreciation, estimated $1,800,000, equal to four times interest requirements.

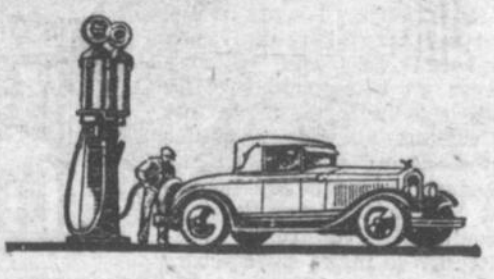
ASSETS
Fixed net and current assets as at Aug. 31st, amounted to the sum of $17,422,640.75, equal to $2,325 per $1,000 bond.





MARKET
The Company's products are sold through 2450 stations and pumps located from Coast to Coast. Demand for popular Cyclo and Marathon gasoline has consistently kept ahead of production.

CONVERSION
Convertible at any time up to and including Oct. 1st, 1934, on basis of 10 no par value Common Shares for each $500 bond.



Price 100 and accrued interest to yield 6%

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