

WITNESS

HOMEMAKERS
PAGES 11-12

and

OXFORD GROUP
PAGES 7-10

Canadian Homestead

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In its 89th year of volunteer service

The WITNESS is working through
its readers in every province

and they through it to

Make Canada

a land to love.

a land of social and economic justice

a land of political integrity and
constructive adventure

a land of good will among the nations
a Christian land!

The Week's Outlook

TO those who care:—We expected
a flood of subscriptions after the
sub-zero weather but—well, our
statement will be found on page 4.

Recovery

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in a message, notable for its omissions as well as for what it did say, delivered personally at the opening of what may prove to be the most important of all sessions of Congress, drew a sharp distinction between those to whom recovery, which he sees now definitely in process, means a return to the old methods and those for whom it means a drastic reformation and a permanent readjustment of national economic philosophy with far-reaching social implications. Mr. Roosevelt aligned himself squarely with those who aim to build "on the ruins of the past a new structure designed better to meet the present problems of modern civilization." Those who, like Lot's wife, are harking back to the old dwelling places are small in number, the President thinks, wrongly we believe. He is, however, enough of a practical politician to realize that it is still his greatest asset that in the minds of his fellow countrymen, he and the backward lookers are locked in a struggle that may be mortal, not to the advocates of either side, but to the principles for which they contend.

The Opponents

IN the ranks of Mr. Roosevelt's opponents are men like Mr. Sprague and Mr. Borah, who, like some other people, cannot understand his magic. There are others of whom Mr. Norman Thomas and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr are representative, who are out of step because they believe the president is on the wrong track, or does not go far enough. Here again is opposition with character and patriotism behind it. But from what sector do the Big Bertha shells of opposition come? Who are the inspirers of the opposition, open or covert, that seeks to emasculate the "New Deal" while sympathizing with its recovery objectives? The president referred to them as directly as if he had named them: the tax evaders within the law, the Morgans, the Mitchells and the Wiggins, the high officials in banks or corporations who grew rich by speculating with other people's money, whose private fortunes accumulated in geometrical progression while the institutions they were paid huge salaries to guide were suffering staggering losses, the un-leaders of worthless securities upon

the public, the Stock Exchange gamblers whose manipulations injured the values of the farmer's crops and swept away the savings of the poor. If Mr. Roosevelt had desired to sum up this unholy alliance in a single sentence, he might have said they were simply the people from whom Mr. Hoover sought counsel in every emergency.

Tuxedo Banditry

MR. ROOSEVELT made little differentiation between that kind of living off the public and outright banditry and racketeering. He envisaged the end of both. The vicious and wasteful part of society that the respectable "chiselers" stood for, the country could not save even if it wished. These had chosen the way of self-destruction. He sought to save and keep for the future the genuinely important values created by modern society; useful mechanical invention and machine production (no nonsense here about hand labor replacing machinery in order "to make work"), high industrial efficiency, modern means of communication, broad education.

The Forgotten Man

MR. ROOSEVELT also foreshadowed the re-discovery of the forgotten man, not merely of his own nation but of practically every state of the world, the forgotten man of the Ottawa Pacts, of our fiscal policy, and of all the trade treaties of recent date—the consumer. "We would save and encourage the slowly growing impulse among consumers to enter the industrial market place equipped with sufficient organization to insist upon fair prices and honest sales," said the president. We seem to recollect in Canada an organization of consumers which modestly asserted the right of the buying public to consideration when our tariffs were being "jacked up" at the behest of industries swollen with living at the public expense. We are not sure whether the organization was laughed out of existence or simply died from want of nourishment, but its ghost must surely have smiled sardonically when it heard that part of the President's address. We wonder also what those who cry "Less government in business," as a substitute for thinking, will make of this frontal assault on the sacred right to make money, no matter who is injured.

A Tutelary Government

"THE unnecessary expansion of industrial plants," said Mr. Roosevelt, "the waste of natural resources, the exploitation of the consumers of natural monopolies, the accumulation of stagnant surpluses, child labor, and the ruthless exploitation of all labor, speculation with other people's money, these were consumed in the fires that they themselves kindled; we must make sure that as we reconstruct our life there may be no soil in which such weeds can grow again." Alas, what an outlook for those who are longing for what a crude predecessor of Mr. Roosevelt once described as "the return to normalcy." There is even less hope of that eventuality in the announcement that the National Recovery Administration provisions, made flexible to meet new conditions, are to become permanently embedded in the industrial make up of the nation, maybe,

more or less, of all nations. These provisions would oversee the relations of industry, agriculture and finance to each other and to the nation as a whole. There is plain recognition that the era of unfettered competition has meant liberty to the strong to oppress the weak. All that is ended. "Without regard to party," the President says, "the overwhelming majority of our people seek a greater opportunity for humanity to prosper and find happiness. They recognize that human welfare has not increased and does not increase through mere materialism and luxury, but that it does progress through integrity, unselfishness, responsibility and justice." Here the president lays his finger upon the gravamen of the charge against our modern commercial civilization, its overriding of human rights in favor of property rights, its failure to make its distributive function keep pace with the rapid development of the productive processes, its bursting barns alongside the starving millions.

His Authority

IN justification of the unparalleled interference with business which is the essence of the planned economy he adumbrates, Mr. Roosevelt cites the oft forgotten fact that it is only through the protection afforded by the State, the collective organization of the people, that even the most powerful business is able to continue unmolested. "We have demanded of many citizens that they surrender certain licenses to do as they please in their business relations, but we have asked this in exchange for the protection which the state can give against exploitation by their fellow men or by combinations of their fellow men." Using these powers, Mr. Roosevelt said that uniform hours and living wage standards had already been set up in ninety-five percent of the industrial employment which came within the scope of the Recovery Act. Through it would come the end of combinations in furtherance of monopoly and in restraint of trade, while at the same time efforts were being put forward to curb ruinous rivalries within industrial groups which in many cases resembled the gang wars of the underworld and in which the real victim in every case is the public itself.

Efforts to ease the debt burden of farmers and home-owners had proceeded satisfactorily the president said, but the experience of the Agriculture Adjustment Administration had convinced him that lasting prosperity of all industry could be achieved only on the basis of a prosperous agriculture.

Reserved Mysteries

HE did not unfold to Congress his plans for currency or the dollar, but remarked briefly on his partial utilization of inflation powers and reiterated the intention announced in his inaugural address of last year of ironing out the variations of the purchasing power of the dollar which have made the lot of the debtor so much harder in recent years and shattered orderly business effort. Looking abroad, Mr. Roosevelt pledged his country to desist from efforts at further territorial expansion and to endeavor to enter into arrangements to obviate that commercial warfare which is carried on by tariffs and currency depreciation.

Watchman, What of the night?

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has been casting the world's horoscope as from the New Year. He sees prosperity before it, and a long period of it. But! It will be a different world. No hope for those who are harking back to "normalcy." Production is, indeed, going up in response to increased demand, and unemployment is going down. These are facts full of hope; and hope is all that is necessary to start the machinery which has clogged so long. The papers which have been boosting and booming for four years, find it hard now to raise the temperature a degree at a time now that there are actual cheerful facts—unemployment diminished by millions; reduced more or less in all lands. People sigh and say: Oh! it is all artificial! just some more of their discouraging encouragement! The man who has got far below his line of credit through the reduced market value of his securities looks languidly at figures telling of increased orders for raw material or of increasing traffic returns. What he wants to feel is some reduction of pressure from his bank. When that comes, if it does come in time to save him, he will breathe more freely. We get much evidence from regions smitten with drought and grasshoppers that even for thrifty people in those districts a fifty cent subscription to the paper of their choice is beyond them. Here is a letter that is typical of many.

Saskatchewan, Dec., 1933.

Dear Sirs,—We live in the southern part of Saskatchewan, and it is our 5th year of crop failures; drouth and grasshoppers took all we had. We had 320 acres of leased land and we had 190 acres seeded to wheat, oats and barley and we only got three small loads for horsefeed. We have worked hard and reaped nothing, but we have reaped abundant blessings from the Witness and the Oxford Group Movement has been a wonderful inspiration.

A PIONEER.

The morning cometh And also the night

SOME publicists count on getting back to normal by next autumn. Some put it a year later. These may not be considering what a Cape Flyaway that word normal may mean. In some countries, there are already more people fully employed than ever before. The increase of unemployment is due to the increase of the population and population would increase faster still if times were better. Moreover, without any increase in the population, a million of unemployed is normal for good times. We must remember, too, that some of the causes of unemployment will persist in the best of times, through improved facilities for supplying people's needs and tastes. Here for instance you can buy for two-pence a chromo reproduction of a picture that would cost at the artist's hands several hundred dollars which the artist himself might mistake, if similarly framed, for his own. Also the means of production have overtaken and surpassed the demand, even though what we would now call normal consumption means probably double what it did in the days of our parents. The jam was due, had there been no financial collapse. That we still lowers over the world. There will probably need to be some mutual agreement of world wide dimensions as to production. In any case the only relief to be looked for in this generation is in the throwing open of all doors and the development of the world's markets.

The Way Out

SO long as more than half the world's population is living under conditions which the smaller proportion could not endure, it is plain that things only need readjustment at least to postpone the evil day of over population far beyond our time. So long as all the needs of life are in oversupply we cannot get up much apprehension as to the world ever being starved. Meantime if the evil of over supply can be made to work beneficently in our day, we can safely leave the care of the world to Him who is working out His great plan for it. To have it work beneficently, however, we need a social revolution of which no man can see the full operation. It involves the pulling down of all national barriers to trade, the abolition of all class and color obstructions to commercial intercourse. True, it will make the Chinese and Japanese worker compete with the so called Aryan, whom Mr. Hitler has made ridiculous. On the other hand, it would give to those now in the lead an enormous market. The Chinaman already knows a motor car from a rickshaw and will get into one as soon as he can, and will set his millions to work to make highways and byways for its activities. What is more, he will raise his scale of living and his demand for wages without being told to, so that while we are profiting by his thrift and assiduity, he will be emulating our supposed superior way of life, and perhaps teaching us a wrinkle or two in the same direction. We are not in all this drawing a picture of what might happen if men were all brothers, but of what is going to happen whether we want it or not. We cannot, like Mr. Wells, foretell what is going to develop in coming centuries. We can only foresee what is going to happen in this Twentieth Century for which alone this present generation of men is intelligently responsible and what it will be our wisdom to shape our ways to it.

Controlling Production

SERIOUS, then, above all other economic questions is how to harness the volume of production. Like all the economic questions that face and mock us, this cannot be solved by any one country. Fortunate it is for us that we have only to lift up our eyes and see how a like breath breathes over all nations and the most dissimilar are falling into each other's ways, crude as they are. The world problem divides itself into two. One is reduction of output without reduction of living conditions. Politically speaking, it is an axiom that labor conditions of living that prevailed in years of plenty shall be maintained. It might be a matter for endless futile discussion whether wage earners were getting more or less than their due in proportion to service rendered as compared with white collar workers, as clerks and teachers. From the politician's point of view, labor is in command and decides for itself what it should get. The only limitation, and it is a very practical one, is whether labor's output will pay for what labor claims. To say that labor's living conditions during fat years shall be indefinitely maintained is not equivalent to saying that it must always get the same wage in dollars. The worker, even at a much lower wage today, is richer than he was five years ago, because his money will buy more. Mr. Roosevelt seems to think that too abstract a doctrine to be willingly accepted by the rank and file. He has seemed to assume that there would be a revolt if he did not bring the living wage up to its former peak in dollars. There is probably nothing to hinder him doing this by creating and maintaining a currency that will work out at the old standard of living for the old wage. That, of course, is what he has set out to do by making increase in prices to the old level his goal alongside increase in wages, for a reduced day or week of labor.

Working For The Country

THE other serious question that rises out of the shortening of productive labor is how to get the worker to realize the greatness of his opportunity and duty as a man of leisure who owes his powers to his country. A very surprising description was copied into World Wide a week or two ago of how the people of innermost China were spontaneously and enthusiastically engaged in making education common among themselves and in public improvements, all being done out of simple patriotism without pay. This astonishing story is ascribed to Mr. Edgar Snow in the Herald Tribune Magazine of New York who gives his observations in detail. It would look as though John Chinaman had stepped ahead of us in civism, or, as we used to call it, public spirit. Now that the two greatest and economically the most self-contained federal republics in the world are shaking hands across what has been accounted the greatest and most repellent economic chasm known on earth, and propose to be reciprocally useful to each other, there seems to be no ideal that nations may not aspire to, no economic wisdom that men may not discover.

"Protection" At Sea

THE hope of the world economically is in the opening of markets to each other's products. One of the gravest features of the present international jam is the diminished shipping business. The country that owns the shipping for which there is no paying use is, of course, the most direct loser. The United States drove her own merchant marine off the sea by closing her ports to the return cargoes. She also put a deadly handicap on her export trade, which had to pay for carriage both ways because the ships, from whatever country they hailed, had to pay for the double voyage largely out of freight charged on the export crops, an extra burden which came back on the farmers who produced the staff of American commerce. So to keep her shipyards going she has to turn them on to war vessels and to keep up rumors of a coming clash with Japan (it is now). There will always be some mysterious enemy in the offing to be warred against. So serious has the competition of state subsidized vessels become that Britain is actually thinking of taking a hand in the game. Shipping is thus becoming a protected parasitic industry in this paradox of subsidized commerce.

German Youth and the Church

THE dispute in the German Church shows no sign of healing. "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" When it seemed last fall that the Nazification of the Church was imminent, Karl Barth declared that "It would be better if the Evangelical Church were reduced to the merest handful and were to go into the catacombs than conclude even a distant peace with this doctrine." Three thousand ministers, forming the "German Pastors' Emergency League" joined their protest with his. It will be recalled how Chancellor Hitler bowed to the storm he had raised and decreed that in future there would be no interference by the State in Church matters. His nominee, Dr. Mueller, however, remained in office as Reichbishop. A certain Herr von Schirach was appointed as head of the Nazi youth organization. The Chancellor's idea was, evidently, to permit the older generation to manage the Church as it pleased them for the remainder of their days while he would be secure in his vision of a "Nordic" Church in the not far distant future by training up the youth of the country to that end. Protestant children were to be under definite Nazi instruction and leadership two days a week and two

Sundays a month. The whole atmosphere of the schools was to be charged with the "new German" spirit. Boys were encouraged to come in uniform. The "Horst Wessel" and other Nazi anthems were to be sung and the Nazi salute and "Hell Hitler!" were never to be forgotten. The "formula" was that von Schirach and his lieutenants were to oversee the recreational and cultural activities of the young people while the Church should "preach the Gospel" and look after their distinctively "religious" training. Such a concordat is not unknown in other countries. Von Schirach soon confidently reported: "In carrying out the orders given to me to bring about the unification of German youth, I report the incorporation of the Evangelical Youth in the Hitler youth."

The Plan Breaks Down

BUT he spoke too soon. Von Schirach is understood to be a prophet of the Nordic cult which would substitute myths of the early German gods—Wotan, Thor and the rest—for the Old Testament, and would delete the "Semitic" elements from the New Testament. The Evangelical pastors became more disturbed than ever. They detected that the Chancellor's pledge of ecclesiastical and religious freedom was merely an attempt to throw dust in their eyes. The Emergency Federation leaped to twice its original membership. An ultimatum was sent to Reichbishop Mueller demanding an entire reconstruction of the Church Council with guarantees that the promise of freedom from political control should be respected and that the freedom should be real. The ultimatum expired on the second of January. The various state Bishops met at Halle and gave out that Dr. von Mueller had shown unfitness for leadership and that the agents to whom the Chancellor had entrusted the task of unifying the Church had betrayed that trust and had sowed dissension instead.

A Bishop in a Fix

THE poor Reichbishop was in a fix. His whole instinct is toward authority. He is before everything else the "military bishop," always appearing on public occasions in uniform or with medals across the breast of his gown. But he cannot send six thousand ministers and their congregations to concentration camps. Three times he telephoned the bishops asking them to delay action till he had time to reconstruct the church "cabinet." Finally he announced that one "German Christian" must be included in the cabinet. This the bishops would not agree to so they adjourned, each party resting on their arms but with no sign of agreement in sight. Bishop Mueller succeeded in frightening a deputation of angry clergy by telling them that Hitler was incensed at their opposition. At the magic name the party withdrew in undignified haste, but the opposition is still far from quelled. It has been suggested that the prestige of President von Hindenburg, as the most distinguished and respected Evangelical layman, might be invoked to settle the dispute by approving a Church Cabinet. It is further suggested that Reichbishop Mueller might resign and Hindenburg nominate his successor. Germany's "Grand old man," no doubt a respectable orthodox churchman, has no desire to be mixed up in the quarrel. It seems as if Herr Hitler's great scheme of church consolidation were fated to end like so many similar schemes in secession and schism.

Arresting the Bible Class

ON Sunday, in spite of the back down of the Bishops, hundreds of pastors throughout the country preached against state dictatorship in church affairs. In the Church of St. Paul the Apostle the Rev. Martin Niemuller, former submarine Iron Cross hero and now leader of the Ecclesiastical Op-

position, preached a fiery sermon on the theme "We must obey God rather than men." After service he read letters from many insurgent pastors protesting that Paganism was endangering the church. He charged Bishop Mueller with "incompetency in office" and criticized Bishops and dignitaries of the church who had miserably failed in their duties. A thousand sturdy youths, aged from fourteen, members of the German Bible Circle, attended the service. Some were dressed in their own blue uniform, others in the Hitler brown shirt. They carried banners, many bearing the Nazi swastika. But they were distinctly in opposition to the Nazi church policy. So as they marched from the church singing a hymn popular among Protestant youth and ending "Ever faithful to God," heavily armed police descended on them. The procession was broken up and the leaders arrested. A drastic order has been issued providing for dismissal of pastors and disciplinary action against church officers "who misuse the church service for purposes of political discussion." As this is really what the Opposition is protesting against the logic of the decree is not evident. The German psychology is to an extent a closed book to outsiders but to arrest Sunday School teachers and to hinder boys from marching would seem to be the most absurd—and in the long run the most suicidal—policy that any government, lay or ecclesiastical ever embarked on.

The Return of Titles

AFTER fifteen years of barren aridity knighthood is again in flower in Canada and two Canadian Justices are "Sirés" to use the French-Canadian expression, as evidence that titles are definitely "back again." When Mr. Bennett made up his mind that the 1919 resolution of the House of Commons which prayed his Majesty not to confer any more titles on Canadians domiciled in their own country, was no longer binding, it was inevitable that titles would come back, for the Canadian Prime Minister is the King's adviser in such matters now that there is no question of any intermediary, and the Canadian Prime Minister is absolute boss with as docile a majority as the House has ever known. The point Mr. Bennett made, that the famous Nickle resolution bound only that Parliament which passed it, appears to be well taken, but in view of the refusal of the House of Commons some five years ago even to permit the appointment of a committee—for which both Mr. Bennett and Mr. King voted—to consider whether the subject might be re-opened, it would have been well if the Prime Minister could have submitted his opinion to the House and avoided the appearance of rough riding the will of the popular Chamber. It is one more step to the universal rule of dictators. To this new Canadian list no exception can be taken. If all previous lists had been equally worthy, there would have been no popular revolt. It is to be hoped that now that the bars have been taken down we shall be spared the flood of decorations of profiteers and schemers who might have other forms of distinction from His Majesty had the people been the choosers.

When Honors Are Not Honorable

IT is also to be hoped that the scandal of buying these honors will not reappear. A regular brokerage business with quoted prices for particular honors attained its highest degree of notoriety in Britain under the Lloyd George government, but there is good reason to believe that the practice was not confined to Britain. It is hard to believe that in a country where a regular traffic has prevailed in the purchase of senatorships and harbor commission chairmanships that a more or less honest penny is not turned in the allotment of honors.

Mr. Lloyd George, who sold honors right and left, for the benefit of the party chest—no one ever accused him of profiting personally by the sales, but he regarded the "war chest" thus derived as his own personal political asset—had probably a double end in view, namely, the providing of his party organization with the sinews of war and the bringing into disrepute of a system of personal distinction which offended what was left of the radical in him. Mr. Mackenzie King who kept silent recent weeks when the question of reviving titles was in the air, came out with a thunderblast the moment his political enemy had irrevocably committed himself. If Mr. King thought the country was taking a backward step why did he not issue his warning while there was yet time? If he searches among his lieutenants, he will find Papal chevaliers and other kinds of knights, some of them joining with him in his protest against "class distinctions" to whom he might attend. He finds in the latest move of the government another evidence of its remoteness from the realities of the present. A great many people have been wondering just how close to reality Mr. King has been dwelling these past three years.

A Canadian Flag

ONCE more the question of a distinctive flag for Canada is to come up in parliament in the shape of a bill providing for the selection of a design for a distinctively Canadian flag. This idea has a history. It was raised in Parliament some eight years ago when a committee was appointed to consider a suitable design. The idea was howled down with cries of "One King, one Empire, one Flag," with all which we have a good deal of sympathy. Let us hold on to every tie that in any manner binds this surprising Commonwealth together. The committee was not rendered any more acceptable when an angry Orange member ferreted out the fact that its composition was a hundred percent Roman Catholic. Two years ago Mr. Cameron R. McIntosh, Battleford, again raised the question without result. His proposal had a fatal weakness in having been initiated by a Liberal, a circumstance which furnished those highly loyal politicians, who always voted solid against British goods, with a choice assortment of oburgations such as "disloyalists," "separatist," and what not. Had that fateful act of Sir Robert Borden at Paris, demanding for the Dominions absolute equality of status with the Mother Country, only originated with a Liberal, we might, by a similar process of denunciation, have escaped a troublesome and somewhat absurd series of anomalies which have mocked us at every turn since that demand was conceded, as it had to be. We have learned since, however, that Sir Robert had imperial reasons for doing what he did—that it was prompted by General Smuts to get South Africa around an untoward crisis.

Our Sea Flag

IT was in the early days of Confederation, when we had as yet only four provinces and when the Canadian escutcheon quartered those of the four, that Senator Plumb of Niagara busied himself to obtain a flag by which a ship hailing from Canada could be distinguished at sea from one hailing from the Mother Country. Nova Scotia had a good deal of shipping in all the seven seas in those days. Senator Plumb had no landward purpose in his quest. His labors resulted in a Canadian marine flag consisting of the red ensign of the British Navy with the aforesaid combination escutcheon on the "fly" with a variety of animal and vegetable totems boxed together. Some concern in Glasgow, whose business it was to print flags, greatly exaggerated this defacement by surrounding it with a

gaudy meaningless wreath in an offensively unheraldic fashion. This was speedily adopted by Canadians everywhere, as being the flag of Canada, as loyally as though it had been the Queen's own choice, the coat of arms becoming increasingly undecipherable as one more province after another contributed to the happy family boxed up in the cage.

The Maple Leaf

IT was then that the Witness took a hand and said if Canada does want a distinctive flag, as she seems to, let its bearings be such as all men can distinguish, and as will appeal to the heart of every Canadian from sea to sea. Especially has it become dear since the war, when their men were distinguished by it in field and camp and many very dear ones buried with it on. It is right, too, to remember that very many of those who become Canadians enter the British Commonwealth and loyalty by way of the Canadian door. These must necessarily be Canadians first and British as they realize that greater citizenship. Such would naturally look for the flag of the country to which they belong and for the emblem that was to be theirs. So let us remove all that unauthorized rubbish and put a big golden maple leaf, without any disfiguring and confusing surroundings, on the fly of the red ensign. Meanwhile, the antipodean dominions had acted in a similar vein by putting the Southern Cross on the fly of the blue ensign; so happy a conceit that both of them have adopted it in various display, one with six stars and one with four.

It is not improbable that many in Canada who still sing to "the Red, White and Blue," and certainly many in the United States, do not know that they are singing to the red, white and blue squadrons of the British Navy—each distinguished by an ensign with the Union Jack in the chief place (the canton) and a fly of its own distinguishing color, the white ensign bearing also St. George's red cross.

Some proposed that the maple leaf should appear at the centre of the Union Jack, but the design which took advantage of the flare of red in the sky made by the red ensign, with the Canadian emblem large enough to be seen, was, however, more fetching. It was more like the bastard flag already in local use among the people. It found great favor at Ottawa. Lord Strathcona took so kindly to it that he gave a number of dinners in its furtherance. His guests were naturally Conservatives. No one would accuse Lord Strathcona of being either "disloyal" or "separatist," and the same could be said about all his group. He referred to it in speeches in Britain. Indeed, as every little Crown Colony has its own flag—that of Malta, for instance, of British choice, is a shield divided in the middle, red dexter, white sinister—there can be no possible disloyalty about adding to this imperial flag a symbol of our own. Anything to get rid of the present menagerie with its tawdry decorations! It must be a "golden," that is, a yellow, maple leaf. Heraldic laws fortunately forbid green on red. Green would lack the impressiveness of yellow. And let all flag printers see to it that they make the maple leaf correctly—the hard maple that turns such a beautiful bronze in the fall, though it failed to do so this season. The maple is a leader in the forest of every province, as all realized when they saw the result of the Canadian Pacific Railway's "Maple Leaf" competition some months ago. British Columbia produces maple leaves twenty inches or more across.

A Queer Bubble

A MAN with a Polish name managed to decamp from Paris with forty million dollars, more or less,

raised by an issue of bonds on a pawn shop business. It seems that the calculation of the investors was to make large dividends on all that money out of the distress of the poor. The hue and cry of Paris over Stavinsky's disappearance was tremendous. He was pursued to all the ends of the earth and all ships at sea by wires, cables, wireless, but seemed to have got off the planet with his pelf, until he was caught in a lonely Alpine village. He, of course, is small matter. But the forty million dollars! What were they made of? Gold? They say all French transactions still mean gold. But that would be too much gold for Mammon himself to handle in this world or another. It would weigh nearly a hundred tons. Its disappearance would have trebled the cost of gold in the Roosevelt market. Forty million dollars! Let us see. That would mean two hundred and thirty-six million francs. Was his loot made of paper, say forty dollars worth, all told? Is that what he has robbed Paris of? The Parisians always know what to do in such an emergency. Let us go to the Quai D'Orsay and put our government to death. If the government is not responsible, who is? Time they went, anyway. They have been in power a fortnight. There is this much to be said for the popular view, that one at least of the Cabinet members aided "Handsome Serge" in his schemes and most of the government countenanced him. The Prime Minister was seated cheek by jowl with Serge at the opera a night or two before the scandal broke.

The Church And Business

THERE is at last and almost everywhere a quickening of the Christian social conscience and consciousness among the clergy and the churches. From the Pontifical chair and the pulpits of the most protestant and evangelical churches come declarations today which but yesterday would have been called "red."

The vine, root and branch, was good, but the luscious grapes were, till lately, more concerned with their individual well being than with the well being of society without which they themselves must perish. It took a severe depression to teach them that truth. The church cannot live at the rich man's table unconcerned for what the present system is doing to the multitude. But in the winepress of the present time the individualism of the grape is crushed and its rich, red blood is being spilled for the succor of humanity.

Read it twice—that pastoral letter upon which the House of Bishops of a great church among our neighbors has placed its imprimatur. Here is no vulgar vociferous abuse of "capitalism" and "capitalists," no effort to unite men in their hatreds, but, rather, a probing to the depths of the causes of our economic dislocation, to find the spiritual bewilderment from which the other ills flow. Our commercial systems are examined in the light of the Christian Gospel. Are these things in accord with the mind and will of Christ?—the ultimate test of all men and systems. The old charge that the church "is biased off the practical," never wholly true, has less relevancy than ever. The Church is becoming increasingly aware of the things in our modern society—which hitherto it has challenged only feebly—and that appear to mock Christ's greatest commandment. "That ye love one another."

The New C.N.R. Trustees

AFTER considerable delay, the government has appointed a Board of Trustees, three in number, to take the place of the unwieldy Board of Directors which formerly governed the Canadian National Railways. The absurd convention that demanded re-

presentation for all the provinces on the directorate of the publicly owned lines is ignored and a field for the re-warding of party hacks is thereby considerably restricted. For this relief, much thanks. The difficulties that hedge railway operation, public or private, in Canada are too immense and complex to permit of fooling with them by making important posts party toys for good political boys who have voted aright. All three new trustees have at least a nodding acquaintance with railway management; the chairman, Hon. C. F. Fullerton, being until recently chairman of the Board of Railway Commissioners, and the other two, J. E. Labelle, Montreal lawyer, and Mr. F. K. Morrow, a Toronto business man, being members of the Canadian National Board which the new body displaces. A well authenticated Ottawa report says that the government contemplated the appointment of a board even more divorced from political pull than the present one, but quailed before the determined remonstrances of its French-Canadian members who predicted dire consequences for the party which thus overlooked the claims of Quebec. So national and business considerations make way for party expediency. Mr. Labelle is of course as good a choice as the government could make under the circumstances, while it is to be said to the credit of Mr. Morrow that he has declined to accept any salary for his services, on the ground that he has ample private resources which enable him to do this work purely as a patriotic duty. All honor to him.

A Gandhi Pilgrimage

MR. Gandhi has entered on a pilgrimage with a noble purpose. He intends to tour the whole of India on behalf of the Untouchables. Rather quaintly he has stated that he will devote seven days each week to the enterprise until the full period of the unexpired term of his prison sentence has elapsed. He has decided to abstain from activities that would lead him to prison until August of this year. His first objective was the city of Nagpur. Here he collected about five thousand five hundred dollars for his cause. As many of those who contributed are desperately poor, this is not bad for one city. The Mahatma is described as being in good health and spirits. People crowd to hear him though a considerable element holds aloof considering that the Untouchables should be "kept in their place." The authorities are relieved that Gandhi is avoiding causes of offence. Everyone admires and likes the little man and they frankly would not know what to do with him if he started again to run foul of law and order. There are still irreconcilables who believe that "terror" is the only way of "freeing India," but all over the country there are knots of reformers organized to capture the legislative bodies which will be erected under India's coming constitution. Some of the organizers and supporters of these groups were formerly Congress workers who only a few months ago demanded "Home Rule" without either delay or qualification. The principal trouble in India at present seems to be the jealousy between Hindu and Moslem. This simmering hatred that may at any time boil over into violence goes far toward paralyzing the efforts of the best friends of India's progress.

Social Struggle

AND then there is in India as everywhere else a social and economic unrest. The White Paper scheme will not solve a single one of these problems. "Indian unrest," says one of its leaders, "is part of the world struggle for the emancipation of the exploited everywhere and for the establishment of a new social order." Of course, the White Paper does not pre-

tend to be a cure all for India's ills. It is the honest attempt of British statesmen to give India power to cure her own ills. It is apparent that in spite of the die-hard opposition of Lord Lloyd and Mr. Churchill, a system of Home Rule along the lines that it sets out will be given to India. This

will mean a greater measure of freedom and self government than her people ever had before. It will be for them to use these powers wisely and well. British lovers of liberty will be the better pleased, the more successfully India learns to manage her own affairs.

Religion in Education

By Senex.

IT IS a matter worth noting that a body no less thoughtful, responsible and liberal than the Student's Christian Movement should have taken up the problem of the relations of religion to common education in England and put out a magazine called Religion in Education. A generation has grown up under the compromise that was reached in the act of 1906 with its practical secularization of education; and the results of that modern development not only in England but in still fuller degree in other countries have raised the question, in these days of trying all foundations, as to whether public opinion may not be ripening, not only in England but in all lands to the need of something on a higher key. In the first number of the new magazine is an article by no less significant an authority than Lord Irwin, the President of the Board of Education, in which he says: "If character training is to be a reality, and if this training must be based on religion, formal religious instruction is by itself insufficient. . . . The object of religious education is to inculcate a faith, a fundamental conviction, an attitude toward life, a way of thinking, which can only be given by teachers who are not only technically competent to teach, but profoundly convinced of the reality of their faith and eager to bring others to the same conviction." No one can question this authoritative enunciation of the problem, nor the difficulty it involves. Can anyone solve it? How is a state school system to become a channel for such spiritual results?

The Aim is Normal

RELIGION always was fundamental in education. Its detachment is the innovation. Perhaps not so large a proportion of the people of Christendom today "profess and call themselves Christians" as in simpler times when the word Christian was used to distinguish a person from a beast, or a white from a blackamoor or other pagan; a day when everyone belonged, of course, to the common religion, and became a Christian by being "christened." In those days, religion was a primary part of education. Whatever else a child was not taught, and that was a great deal, his first school lesson was that he was a Christian, having become so when his godfathers and his godmother gave him his Christian name at his baptism. By the way, in simple conditions of life that is a very gracious relationship well adapted to draw communities into kindly and intimate relations, even with its natural touch of scandal when God-sibs become gossips, and its touch of romance when in the folk-lore the godmother became a fairy. The function of the godparents was to see to it that, whatever happened, the child should be instructed in the Lord's prayer, the Commandments and whatever else it was necessary for a Christian to know. Apart from any sacramental implication, it may perhaps be a pity that the Puritans threw that genial custom overboard because they did not find it in the Bible, though they would find there solicitude enough about the upbringing of children.

Revolt

IF the descendants of those Puritans made fight a quarter of a century ago against being taxed for the support of parish schools, and preferred a secular system to these, it was not

because they were not anxious to have their children taught religion, but because they did not consider it consonant with religious liberty to be taxed for the maintenance of a religious system which they had left, and forced, as it were, to apprentice their children to forms out of which the spiritual essence of religion had in their view evaporated. To Dr. Clifford, who was a Baptist, and to other dissenters in their degree, the children were taught heresy. The measure of religious liberty achieved by this revolt was antedated by perhaps a century in the United States where the principle of universal suffrage carried with it an imperative need for universal education. Taxation directly for education necessarily raises the religious question. It so comes that the abolition of the state church involves the replacement of that by the almost equally responsible state school system. In England a compromise was reached. It is England's way to do the best that can be done. Compromise is a word that does not sound well in religious matters. But where Christians disagree, it is well for conservative sentiment on the one hand, and religious principle on the other, to consider well whether it is not some non-essential that is keeping them apart. As the course of highest right usually lies somewhere between these two absolutes, it is well to consent to compromise, at least until something more ideal becomes possible. In England, two sets of schools were agreed upon. The church schools were continued where they had to be; but where possible, national schools were created. These were not to be "Godless schools." The Bible was to be read and prayers said which would be attended by all children unless excused because of the conscientious objections of their parents. It is against this system, owing to its alleged dire results, that there is at present some protest.

A Century or Two of it

IF England, which is coming awake to religion at so many points, feels painfully the negative effects of the exclusion of religious teaching from the schools while still showing religious reverence, she has only to look across the sea to find secularism gone to seed—quite a Nazi division of training is it not? Worship of the flag for five days of the week and of God on Sunday. As it is the shocking things and stories of graft that make news, England has no doubt formed as low an opinion of the United States as it deserves. She has measured the history taught, ever since the Revolution, created the nation's demigods, by the devil-inspired divagations of Mayor Thompson and the moral fruits by the emulation of certain wealthy youth of the same city in their achievement of "a perfect crime" and by the weekly record of lawlessness. In so far as Britain knows religion to be excluded from the schools of the United States she no doubt associates the complete lapse of moral sense occasionally displayed to that condition. This shocking estimate, has doubtless helped to rouse a feeling that something should really be done to mend matters at home.

Negative Training

IT is vain for any who would defend the present order of things to say that to leave religion alone is not to

injure it; though even that is possibly better for it that too rude a handling. It is indeed quite possible to imagine a presentation of religion, even by very devout people, that would in these days of sophisticated youth do more harm than good. But it can hardly be denied that to exclude man's highest interests and conceptions from the whole course of school training is to indoctrinate a generation in the notion that these are things that don't matter and only worry cranks. We happen to have known something in by-gone days of a great city girls' school of the very highest equipment and intellectual quality, being abundantly provided for from the overflowing wealth of a certain very orthodox church, a school in which religion was scouted and openly scorned. Was this exceptional? On the contrary, it is a necessity of the case. Here is a teacher's training course. Most of the students are from ordinary religious families. At school they come in contact with questions about religion that they had never suspected. There are two or three very brilliant girls who deride religion. In a machine-made school system into which religious considerations may not enter, such may carry off all the honors and preferments. The result is a generation of scorners and occasional production of artists in perfect crime.

The Irreligious State

WE have as yet only stated the difficulty. To put it briefly: While it is universally agreed that it is the right, the duty and the need of the state to educate those who shall rule it and to tax the people to make provision for that—such provision indeed, if it is wise, that every person can put on all the culture of which he is capable, that there may never be wanting men and women fit to control its affairs, it is on the other hand, the common conviction that the state should have no religion and assume no authority over it. That latter conclusion was inevitable at that stage of development when it was realized that religion, being a matter of a man's personal relations with God could not be fulfilled by any ordering of it, especially if the public authority has encroached it with what ever-advancing intelligence and morals can no longer accept as divine. "Law and order" under public administration can at the best reach only the crudest matters of conduct, not the most intimate and transcendent intimacy of which the spirit of man is capable. It was their discovery of this individual need and privilege that prompted the Puritan revolt from a church-ruled system to a better defined individual quest of salvation. The question arises whether they did not lose something in treating the world about them as an unholy thing from which they had to flee, rather than as God's creation, committed to the care of those who knew Him, whose set task was "to build Jerusalem" in every by-way of the world and as an active leaven to make "the kingdoms of the world the Kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ." Some look for that to be accomplished by some great catastrophe. As to that, we have no responsibility. The process which we know and which is plainly our duty is to solve the problems which our conditions impose upon us according to the pattern revealed to us, looking forward in faith to the time when the people shall be all righteous and each one a live wire, conveying life and light at every contact.

Community Religion

TO this end the reform must begin at the house of God. There seems no ultimate reason why the Church should be divided in spirit. Where live Christians get together simply as such without their shibboleths, they find no difference between them. This they are discovering to the surprise of all, where the most extremely diverse in Church matters find them-

selves one; for example, in the Oxford Groups. A necessary deduction from that is that these things which they have allowed to keep them apart are non-essentials, and further that in as far as they do keep them apart, they keep them from God and are therefore sinful. In what way, however, are they to realize this unity? They have to realize that "the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands," or, in modern words, dwelleth not in organizations made by men. There is no harm in organization. It is needed, just as buildings are practically needed to worship in. But just as the building may shut people out who, but for its grandeur, its sanctities, or its proprieties, might be in, so the exaltation of organization is at the expense of the communion of saints and so of the free operation of the Holy Spirit. Let us be thankful that there has sprung up among the churches, irrespective of any of their traditions or severing creeds, sacraments, or customs, a reality of Christian fellowship that ignores every consecrated wall of partition and sends a new thrill of spiritual life through those who are by it brought all together in most unconsecrated "upper rooms."

Diversity Necessary

THERE is no need, however, to forbid Peter and John going as of old to the temple they were accustomed to, or Paul to his familiar synagogues or to perform his Hebrew vows, so long as the real fellowship dominates. Do we not see here some hope of a new heaven on earth with the Saviour the light thereof—a pervading light in which all the civil and international functions of life may prosper? Meantime, might it not be a brave step toward that all-pervading unity for the extremists of all the different creeds to get together and find for school purposes just how much they are agreed upon and treat that as practical Christianity? That might not have been possible five or ten years ago; but it may be quite possible now. Men will necessarily differ in reasoning about the nature of God, as based on phrases in Scripture which were never meant more than to convey, as between man and man, such broken lights as were possible to man, upon what is beyond his range of thought still more, of expression. For heaven's sake, let them not denounce each other with regard to these, while men find themselves in ever clearer light and agreement as to moral duty. There is, fortunately, little dispute as to the rules of virtue as between man and God and man and man. Might it not be at least possible to agree upon text books of ethics in the broad, a subject which we have allowed our strivings after the unseen to thrust dangerously out of sight?

Our Challenge to You

THE subscription tide, though still rising, is as yet far below last season's level at this time. And even last year's level was too low to float the ship with a full cargo. We had to jettison some of the pages, reducing the volume though not the spirit of service to its readers and country. Besides that we had to sell some of our remaining capital reserves at throw away prices just to keep going. That, of course, reduces the strength of the family to carry the Witness.

IT will be obvious to all that the future of this paper depends on a rapidly increasing co-operation on the part of its readers in extending its circulation. In doing so they will not only ensure its life of service but greatly extend its opportunity for larger service.

Is that not a double Challenge to you?

If there is not a prompt and enthusiastic reaction, a program of shrinkage will surely have to govern. We must cut our coat according to our cloth.

THE FOREST BARRIER

A Story of Pioneer Days

By Marian Keith

(Copyright)

THE CHARACTERS

Allister MacAllister, sturdy orphan highland youth living at the MacAllister settlement of his four uncles in pioneer Upper Canada. The four uncles are:

Hector MacAllister, the patriarch of the settlement, and

Peter, Johnny and Sandy Red, brawny clansmen.

They are cut off from easy communication with other settlers by the "Forest Barrier" consisting of the land belonging to the Clergy Reserves and the estates of

Captain Osborne, autocratic upholder of privilege and his friends

Percy Hadding and Norval Challoner.

Julia Hadding, daughter of Percy.

Miles Hardy, a radical miller.

Angus Campbell, broken by unsuccessful efforts to win a home from the bush and now a wandering fiddler, who has imparted some of his knowledge and appreciation of music to Allister.

The sisters laughed and the tension was relieved. This was Jewel's joke, the nonsensical girl. She always pretended to be in love—with the kilted fiddle who had given her his pink glass marble and taken her to see the Indian babies the day she had arrived.

Jumping up, she ran singing to the kitchen to prepare her mother's early supper. She had learned from Bidsey how to make gruel and with thin slices of toast and a pot of tea brewed just as poor Mamma liked it she arranged a tempting tray and carried it to the sick room.

Marcia was sitting reading to the invalid who lay in a big canopied bed. There was a heavy carpet on the floor and heavy curtains on the windows, and the soft candle-light gave an appearance of comfort and cosiness. But Julia knew there was something wrong with the room, and that if Maggie or Bidsey were here things would be different. The vigorous young girl would gladly have rolled up her sleeves and swept and dusted and cleaned, but well she knew that the sight of her daughter at such a task would do the invalid more harm than the dust and disorder.

"You're feeling better to-night, aren't you, Mamma, dear?" Julia asked as she always did.

Mrs. Hadding turned her languid eyes upon her younger daughter, her long delicate hand touched lovingly the rough brown ones. "I'm just about the same, Jewel, darling. I should be better if Basil were home."

I scarce can either go or creep

Since Lubin is away.

sang Julia. "That's how you feel isn't it, Mamma, mine?"

The mother turned her head away wearily. "You are so vigorous, dear child," she complained, "Your very presence is fatiguing."

The elder sister took the tray and the younger one slipped from the room. Her feelings were not at all hurt. Her mother had always been disturbed by her presence since she was a noisy little thing and had to be kept away under Bidsey's care. She went back to the kitchen. Taffy had eaten his supper off the kitchen table and mounted her pony and gone to the Portage to accompany his master home. It was nightly becoming more of a necessity for Taffy to convoy the Squire to his home. Old Merrin was dozing by the fire. Julia roused her and made her go to her bed. Then she went about the many duties that were possible for her to do only when Merrin was out of the way. Taffy had milked the cow and left the foaming pail on the floor just inside the doorway. Julia strained the milk and put it away in the pans in the vast cold store-room at the back of the kitchen. She went carefully over the larder, the scantiness of the butter still troubled her. But there was oatmeal for breakfast and a few eggs, and tomorrow she would run through the swamp to Bidsey and demand to know just how butter was made.

When everything was done, Julia wandered upstairs to her chilly little room under the eaves. After the excitement of the afternoon, life seemed very dull. If Taffy had not taken her pony, Bateese, she would ride down to the Portage and see how Maggie was taking Malcolm's defeat. Julia had some well-founded fears that Malcolm would get a warm scolding for allowing the alien to beat him. She looked out through the small-paned window. It was not quite dark yet and she decided

to take the dogs and walk or rather run down to Maggie's yet. Marcia was at her mother's side as usual and it was impossible to sit still with nothing to do. Maggie would be glad of her company for Malcolm would be still at the tavern, and then she might run over to the Challoners and see how poor Norval was getting on with his wood chopping.

She was running down the back stairs when her sister came hurriedly from the sick room.

"Jewel," she called in a frightened whisper, "I'm worried about Mamma. She feels so faint and her pulse is so fast. She wants Bidsey. Will you tell Taffy to take Bateese and go for her?"

"Taffy's gone to the Portage for Papa," said Julia in dismay, "I'll go for Bidsey myself."

"Oh, no, Jewel, not through the swamp at this time. Why it's almost dark and the wolves. . ."

"I'll take Fido and Jupiter. I'm not afraid. Mat will bring us back on the sleigh."

She was downstairs by this time pulling on her moccasins, her sister protesting feebly.

"I can't bear to think of your going through the Black Ash swamp alone, Jewel. It'll be quite dark before you get there. Ride up to the Portage and get Maggie to come. Or ask Malcolm to go out for Bidsey."

Julia nodded as she flung on coat and mittens and her sister hurried back to the sick room. It was like Marcia, the younger girl told herself, to think that everybody and everything must be at hand when they were in need. She did not think it was necessary to enlighten Marcia as to the fact that there was not a horse on the place for her to ride, she had long since learned to take matters in her own capable hands. She darted upstairs to take one anxious peep at the white, exhausted face on the pillow, and then with a reassuring wave of her hand to her sister she was off.

The two big dogs, lying in the straw of the shed, leaped joyfully towards her but she ordered them down. She decided that she would yield to Marcia's fears and go for Maggie instead. The road was not so long nor so lonely as the forest trail to Bidsey's and she decided not to take the dogs. There was always a bloody fight with Malcolm's whenever they went to the Portage.

As she ran down the avenue she skimmed lightly over the hard crust that the night's frost had laid over the soft snow. She found to her surprise that the day had not yet gone. The glow of the western heavens still burned behind the deep blue of the forest. Why it seemed just like mid-day. By the time she reached the big sagging gate posts she decided to go to Bidsey's. Bidsey had been her nurse, and a faithful servant of the Haddings from the time of their arrival in the new country. She had married one of the farm hands, and when the Hadding fortunes declined they had gone into the bush and taken up some of the Hadding land. Their clearing was back from the settlement about two miles. There was a winter road broken through from the Portage road, and many a time Julia had ridden down it. She knew the forest as she knew the grounds about her father's house. When she came to the place where Mat's road led into the woods she turned and ran into the swamp without a thought of fear.

She did not run fast for she had nearly two miles to go and she knew better. Instead she trotted along at the easy Voyageur pace that Big Malcolm had taught her. The light of evening faded behind her, the great pillars of the black ash trees towered above her, their smooth boles unmarred by branches for forty feet. The long grey aisles grew black and hushed. Julia paused and lit the torch of pine which she always carried at night. And on she ran holding the flaming light on high, exulting in her strength and in the knowledge that she was doing something for the dear, helpless one lying suffering at home.

Fire Weed, her father called her; she smiled at the remembrance and

waved the little torch. A real flaming fire weed she was tonight, he would say, if he could guess at her daring escapade, sending a swift shaft of light away down the aisles of the ice-bound forest. And so she ran, thinking only of her loved ones, and not once dreaming that down those dark aisles ahead, one who was young and daring and flaming like herself was coming on swift feet to meet her.

CHAPTER X.

The Wolf Dance

MANY a time Allister had pictured himself in his fiddler's dreams leaving home for the wide world. But always his heart was light and he went forth as a conqueror. But now as he left the bounds of the MacAllister settlement in the grey morning light his feet were slow and heavy and his heart was sick with longing to turn back to where Little Johnny had turned homeward after seeing him a mile on his way. The parting with Little Johnny was something he dared not think of yet. He shouldered his axe determinedly, tied his fiddle closer on his back, and trudged on.

The rough trail across the Barrier was a long lone trudge. He reached the settlement at the English Block at nightfall and was received at the first shanty where he pulled the string as though the inmates had been awaiting him. He turned southward the next morning, saying he was on his way to the Portage to work for Miles Hardy. The road south from the English Block was punctuated with scattered clearings and his way was made easy. All wayfarers received a royal welcome, and one with a fiddle was a royal visitor. A traveller brought news of other clearings and the settlers were hungry for news. No matter at what time of day or night he might pull the string of the latch there was always a plate of porridge or pork and potatoes set before him. And if he could be prevailed upon to spend the night it was all the better.

Hospitality was the same when he came to the Irish settlement. The Murphys were just like the other settlers he found, Papists though they might be. He was going to work for Miles Hardy, was he? Well, he was the lad for luck for there wasn't another such a man as Miles Hardy in Osborne township. In every shanty they chanted the praises of the Miller of Gala Water, and the nearer the traveller approached the louder the praises became.

Wasn't it Miles Hardy that saw them through the dry year when everything was burned up; and the wet year when the praties all rotted in the ground? And there was the summer of the great hail, when there wasn't a bag of wheat to go to the mill nor even a handful for seed. Eh, it was Miles Hardy that sent them a barrel of flour and told them to pay just when they could.

When Allister came to the last clearing of the Irish Line he found himself on the borders of the great Hadding estate. At the last shanty of the hospitable Murphys he enquired as to the whereabouts of Mat McKim and his wife Bidsey. He recalled their relationship to Mrs. Sandy Red and the Frasers and felt they would be a link with home if he could get to them.

Sure, wasn't it the best way to the Portage to go by Mat McKim's, his host declared. It would save him many a mile to cross over instead of going all the way round by road. There was a blazed trail straight through to Mat's, and the craters would be glad to see him; there would be no getting away again. Yes, Mat and his wife had both been servants on the Hadding place in the good old days when the Squire had so many to fetch and carry for him. It was a mighty different time now—a-days. The Squire had given Mat a lot back of his Black Ash swamp and there was a good road from his clearing to the Portage.

He started at grey dawn, for there were many tales abroad about the wolves being bad. His hostess filled his sack with pork and boiled potatoes for his dinner, and his host tramped with him a mile into the forest to give him the direction and start him on the blazed trail.

"See that ye keep up a good trot," he warned as he pointed out the mark on the line of trees, and bade him farewell. "It'll take ye the whole day to get to Mat's clearing, and if

ye're overtook by night in that swamp ye'll be like to spend it in a tree."

He stood for a long time watching the young adventurer move down the forest trail, and shouting his last instructions. He was to keep to the blaze and he couldn't miss Mat's clearing. Mat was the foine boy and so was Bidsey, and he was to come back soon and stay longer.

It was a long day's tramp through the dense forest. Allister's heart grew hot as he tramped on hour after hour. So much rich land so near to the Front and all untouched! The MacAllisters should have had this, Red Sandy had always said. It was all the best of timber and was well-watered. Allister pictured the gentry as Aunt Teenie and the other women so often described them, spending their days in idleness and then going out for a walk just to give themselves something to do. He would soon see their fine places with their lawns and gardens, their idle men and their useless women.

He had but one glimpse of humanity on all the lone day's travel. As he sat on a log eating his potatoes and pork there came past him a silent file of Indians going south with their furs for the Spring trade. The braves strode ahead in single file, their guns on their shoulders, the squaws trailed behind pulling the hand-sleighs piled with furs and their camp equipment. Allister followed them, glad of the company, and found they were following his blaze straight to the Portage.

They turned to the west just at evening and Allister went on alone. He had not gone many paces till he saw ahead the light of a clearing. Then he came upon the tracks of a man's shoe-packs and following them he came to the open clearing shining in the rosy glow of evening and set in its deep blue ring of forest.

Two great dogs leaped up from the shanty door and rushed towards him with deep bayings and the shanty door was flung open. The shanty was half buried in snow, and its owner, a little hairy man, looked up at Allister, like a shaggy ground-hog looking up out of his hole. Then a long hairy arm was shoved out and the visitor was pulled into the warm shanty followed by the joyously barking dogs.

Allister had been made welcome so many times on his journey that he was accustomed to it by this time, but when he made known his relationship to the Fraser brothers and Mrs. Sandy Red, he was overwhelmed by the rapture of his reception. A cousin of Willie Fraser the weaver! And of Martha Beattie's! And come all the way from the MacAllister settlement! Mat stood and stared at him, and Bidsey walked round him holding up amazed hands, the better to view the wonder.

They had just finished their supper but he was set down to a great meal of pork and potatoes and he ate ravenously. Bidsey waited upon him, but Mat sat close and stared at him in delight, exclaiming over and over to his wife at the wonder. Here was a visitor come from the north! By the blazed trail and from the MacAllister settlement! How many years was it since anyone had come through that way? Everyone who ever came their way, and few there were at best, always came up from the Portage road to the south. Mat could not get over exclaiming at the marvel of the visit.

Bidsey plied him with questions. Mat's cousin Martha, was her mandoing well? Did she have a cow? Three cows! Think of that now! And old Willie Fraser, the poor thing. Hadn't Watty got a woman yet? Dear, dear! The poor craters how did they get along at all, at all? Bidsey had been scouring the table when Allister entered and she returned to it while he ate his supper off the other end. She talked hard and fast and scoured in time. It was already a clean table, the cleanest Allister had seen since he left home. For Bidsey had been well-trained in her years of service in the Hadding household.

Mat had so far recovered from his joyous amazement as to be able to take part in the conversation and questioning regarding his relatives. Allister was put to it to satisfy his ravenous appetite and at the same time attend to the catechizing of both his host and hostess. At last Mat moved about bringing wood and water, and whenever he was out of earshot Bidsey informed the guest with significant nods and winks that her coming out to the bush here as Mat's wife was not the least of the disasters that had come upon the Hadding house-

hold. They all had to leave because there were too many mouths to feed. But it was a good home at the Squire's and it was a sad day for her. But what else could a body do? The Squire had given Mat this lot and he had no one to look after him and what else could she do?

Allister had no adequate answer to this problem, his mouth being crammed with scones and Maple syrup. The Squire had been awful kind, Bidsey continued. He had sent out two men to help them build the shanty. But indeed it was a lonely life, and if she didn't get out to the Birches some times she thought she would be like to die. It wasn't often they had a visitor, only dear Miss Julia, the darling, ran out on her snow shoes sometimes with the foolish lad, Taffy.

Allister, well-fed and warmed, felt his head drooping from weariness as Bidsey's tongue ran on.

It was twelve years since the Squire brought his family out from the Old Country and built the beautiful home for them by the lake, and sure the poor gentleman had had nothing but bad luck ever since. Poor Miss Marcia was well-nigh worried to death with her mother's sickness indeed. If it wasn't for Miss Julia she didn't know what would become of them all. Miss Julia was the smart little lady indeed.

Allister had been trying desperately to keep awake and give attention to Bidsey's story and also Mat's, the latter a tale of an encounter with wolves which was running simultaneously with his wife's. He had been more interested in the man's story, but at the mention of Julia Hadding's almost forgotten name he left Mat treed by wolves and gave full attention to Bidsey. Mat had great staying powers but his wife went much faster and Allister learned that by watching carefully he could listen to both. He was interested in this aspect of the Hadding family. It would seem that the tales about the gentry living in idleness and luxury had not been quite accurate.

Poor little Miss Julia, Bidsey was saying, it was her was the blessed lamb! Never brought up to do a hand's turn, and yet she could do anything. Wasn't the Squire like to die of laughing the day she come out into the wood yard and showed him how she could split wood? And indeed if Miss Marcia hadn't cried when she saw her, she would have split up the whole brush pile. Indeed she didn't know what would become of them all if it wasn't for Miss Julia. The way she had taken hold since she was away at school. For what with the Squire taking a drop too much, and Master Basil never coming home any more, and the poor lady herself lying on her back, she did not know what would become of them all. Indeed whenever the dear lady took one of her bad spells it was always Bidsey she called for. Nobody but Bidsey would do. Dear, dear, she didn't see how she could have left the dear lady to come away out here to the bush with Mat McKim.

Bidsey stopped long enough to beg him to take out his fiddle. As Allister drew his bow across the strings some dismaying sense of the miles of trackless forest that lay between him and his home, and the heart-breaking quarrel with his uncle got into his fingers. He played only sad and wistful airs: "I'll meet ye on the Lea Rig," "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," "Ye Banks and Braes." He could see Aunt Jane Ann when she returned and found him gone, and Little Johnny's face twisted with silent pain as they parted. He dropped into a wailing Irish lament that his mother used to lit. Bidsey's apron went to her eyes.

"Sure, it's the fairies is under yer fingers, lad," she faltered. "It's playin' the birds off the bushes you'd be. Och hone, for my poor Mothe., and a sight o' the old cabin at home. It was the beautiful pigs me father used to raise—so many miles away—so many miles away!"

They refused to let him get away in the morning. What was his hurry? It was only two miles across the bit of bush to the Birches and not more than a good mile along a fine road to the village. He could wait a bit and still be in time for his dinner at the tavern.

So Allister took his axe and went out with Mat and proved himself as skilful with it as he was with the fiddle-bow. Then Bidsey would not hear of his going till he had had a bite to eat, and she would get an early dinner. But there was so much to tell

about the troubles of the Haddings, and the cleverness of Miss Julia, that the afternoon was well on its way before the meal was set upon the table. Then he must just give them one more tune before he went and by that time the short winter afternoon was waning. He was insisting on departing when Bidsey set up a wall. He was missing the potato scones she was going to bake for supper, and he was forced to wait till they were cooked. Then there were elaborate instructions regarding his road out to the village, and Mat began begging him to stay another night. There were wolves prowling round these nights. But Allister was impatient to be away, and though the light of sunset was flooding the clearing between the intense blue shadows of the forest, he shouldered his axe and his fiddle and started.

Mat accompanied him to the edge of the clearing giving careful directions, mostly regarding the path he was not to take. There was a bit o' clearing he had made in his sugar bush where he had put up a wee sugar shanty, and after he passed that there were two paths one to the right the other to the left.

Allister tore himself away with no clear idea of which one he was to take. Long after he was out of sight he could hear Mat shouting instructions and Bidsey's voice calling him to come again and stay longer.

He went running down the trail over the crust his heart high, for he would sleep this night at the Portage, the Mecca of his great hopes. He would see Miles Hardy, perhaps tonight. Yes, and he would go to Toronto and see the great Mackenzie, and the place where the fiery sheets of the "Colonial Advocate" had their birth. His ambition had found its wings again.

The last glow of the sunset was gone, but the fires of spring were kindling beyond the forest rim and the glimpse of sky through the thick canopy of branches was a delicate primrose and jade green, with a shining silver moon riding far above the black tree tops. The trail ran into a little clearing as Mat had promised, a circular opening in the forest with the little sugar shanty in the centre. It was a silent, hushed place deeply blue. The underbrush that grew up on all sides and the stumps were covered with snow that glistened in the moonlight. Here and there on the open spaces were a fairy pattern of footprints, this was a rabbit's foot, that a fox's. They were fixed now in the frozen crust on the snow, like a delicate bas-relief in marble. It seemed a hushed, holy place, Allister stopped whistling and moved silently across the sacred enclosure.

And then he paused to consider. There were the two openings into the forest, the beginning of the two trails and which one had Mat and Bidsey told him to take? He was almost convinced Mat had said the one to the right, but the one to the left was much wider and apparently travelled, so it surely must be the right one. He did not hesitate long. He was near his destination and impatient to get on. He had very little farther to go and he couldn't go very far wrong. And so he turned into the wrong path, a negligible choice apparently, but one that influenced the whole course of two lives.

He plunged into the path and ran on whistling and he had not gone far before he stopped and listened. His quick woodsman ear had detected a sound. Ahead the forest road was dim and uncertain but far down it he descried a twinkling, dancing spark, as though a fire-fly were out in March. He paused and unslung his axe from his shoulder. Then he dimly made out a figure running forward, light-footed over the snow, and just as he realized that it was human and reslung his axe, a woman's voice called, a clear silvery voice that awoke the echoes of the dark forest.

"Ho, Mat! Mat, dear, is that you?" "No, it's not Mat," Allister shouted, "But I've just come from his place."

The figure stopped a few yards away, then came on slowly. It was a girl, Allister could see at last, not any older than Annie, but taller. In the flickering light of her torch he could see that she was different from the girls he knew. Her coat was edged with fur and she wore a seal-skin cap, and as she stood before him there came from her a subtle perfume as though it were suddenly spring and the violets and hepaticas were in bloom. Allister re-

membered his mother's teachings and pulled off his cap.

"It's Bidsey I want," she said, still panting from her run. "My mother is very ill and she wants Bidsey, and I . . . I thought you were Mat." she burst out in disappointment.

"I've just come from his place," Allister said, moved by the tremble in her voice. "If you like to turn back I'll go back for them."

"Oh," she said, and he could see her smile flash out, "Would you be so kind? I'll run back before she misses me. But perhaps you are in a hurry yourself," she added softly.

"No, no," Allister was suddenly in no hurry at all. He would be glad to go back. It was only a step. And what was he to say? He asked shyly.

"Just tell her that Mother has one of her bad spells, Mrs. Hadding. Bidsey will understand. And ask Mat to please bring her at once for I'm afraid." . . . She paused falteringly.

"I'll bring them both. Right away." Allister assured her hastily. "You . . . you don't mind going back alone?" he asked, and was relieved to hear her laugh.

"Oh, no. Why should I? If I know Bidsey is coming I won't mind anything." She turned away. "I think you are very kind indeed," she said.

Allister turned and ran back feeling strangely warmed and exhilarated. This must be Julia Hadding! And she was running alone through the bush at night without a thought of fear. Annie and Effie would hardly go to the byre alone at night.

He had gone but a few yards when he heard a call behind him. He whirled about to find the girl running down the forest path towards him again.

"What is that?" she cried, "That whining noise?" They stood still listening, their sharply drawn breath the only sound in all the vast stillness of the winter woods. But suddenly there came another sound. From the east where the swamp was densest there arose an eery whine.

"Wolves," Allister said.

"Wolves?" she whispered. "It can't be possible so near the settlement."

Allister was undisturbed. "It will just be one howling at the moon. They wouldn't come so near a clearing."

"But they have been very bold this winter," she faltered, "They told me—listen;" she raised her mittened hand.

The sound came again, nearer and more distinct. There was no mistaking it this time. It was the long quavering call of the timber wolf leader. And immediately there came an answer, in a far-off, dim chorus; far off, but quite near enough. Even Allister was stirred to action.

"Maybe they are somewhere near," he admitted. "You'd better come back with me to McKim's. We'll get the dogs."

She turned and they retraced their steps up the path to the clearing. There was no room to run side by side. Allister stepped behind the girl.

And as they ran there suddenly broke out a chorus of howls startlingly clear. "Run!" Allister cried. "They may be after us."

The girl did not run, she flew. Allister was filled with wonder and admiration as he found himself striving to keep up with her. Her moccasined feet sped over the crust, barely touching the tops of the hillocks. A great log lay across the path. She put one hand on the top of it and went over it like a bird.

Suddenly there came again, directly behind them this time, and terribly clear, the cry of the whole pack. They were on their trail! The sound gave the girl swifter speed. She was like some wild forest creature, a bird that went over every obstruction without seeing it. But as she reached the edge of the little clearing she tripped over a hidden root and went sprawling in the snow. Allister leaping at her heels went over too. They were both up and off again without a word. But they had lost some precious seconds. The howls were nearer and horribly distinct as they burst into the little clearing.

"The sugar shanty!" Allister shouted. The girl swerved and sped towards it dodging the stumps and bushes with marvellous skill. As they dashed across the profaned sanctuary of the little clearing Allister felt his hair rise. For the whole howling pack seemed right on their heels. At the same time he felt the girl's speed slackening. Her breath was coming in painful gasps. He caught her arm and leaping forward dragged her almost

off her feet. As they reached the shelter of the shanty, Allister's eye caught a dark form breaking from the cover of the woods to run parallel with it. The wolves had begun their circling of their prey before they made their final dash.

The two leaped round to the front of the shanty. It had no door!

"The roof!" Allister gasped dragging the girl round to the back where it was low enough for them to climb up. He caught the girl around her knees and flung her up as if she had been a sack of wheat. He had one fleeting thought that it might not hold.

"Dig in your heels!" he yelled. She slipped on the shining snowy surface, caught, smashed through the surface and held. Allister, his eye on the circling forms in the dark rim of the clearing backed away for a run that would land him on the roof. As he did so the long dark form of the leader broke from the darkness, and followed by the pack charged upon him. The girl gave a scream and Allister with a mighty spring landed on the roof beside her. The crust broke with the impact, but his clutching hands slipped. One foot went off. For an instant he hung and then he felt himself caught by the collar and dragged up. Even in his desperation he had a feeling of wonder at the strength of the hands that held him.

The leader of the pack fell back his jaws gleaming in the moonlight, and the two scrambled madly to the highest point of the roof. It creaked ominously but by great good fortune there grew a huge maple tree right against the front of the little shanty. They climbed up into the branches clinging together. They were silent for a moment their breath coming in gasps.

The wolves, balked of their prey, had retired to the shadows of the trees. They could be seen moving uneasily, dark, sinister shapes against the darkness.

"Oh, for a gun!" Allister groaned.

"Are you sure you are safe there?" the girl asked as he put his feet again upon the roof. "It's so slippery."

Allister looked up at her. He was amazed at her composure. He smiled reassuringly. "Safe as at home," he declared. "I don't think they'll try again."

"I suppose they won't go away till daylight," she whispered, "And my poor mother! And my sister!" She stopped in dismay realizing the anxiety at home when she did not return.

Allister was filled with wonder. She gave no thought to her own plight, only to her mother. The wolves had begun to run in a circle again and Allister pulled off a heavy lump of icy snow and hurled it at them, giving a wild yell. It seemed to halt their proceedings for they retired to the shadows again snarling and yapping.

Allister unslung his axe from his shoulder. "If I could only get one crack at that ugly brute's head!" he cried half rising.

The girl caught hold of him in terror. "You—you don't intend to go down!" she cried in dismay.

He laughed. "No sree! You might not be able to haul me up the second time," he cried.

She laughed too, a tremulous little laugh, but it thrilled the boy. It was marvellous for a girl to laugh under such circumstances. Suddenly he felt gay and full of mad fun. It had always been so with him. He often amazed his brothers by bursting into the wildest spirits just when everything was most depressing. He felt he must do something wild and nonsensical. The girl was beginning to shiver with the cold. The wolves were shifting about in the darkness with no intention of going away.

(To be continued)

TRADE IT FOR A WHISTLE

If you should possess a whine,
Trade it for a whistle!
Whistles blow the cares away
As down blows from a thistle.
Whistle loud and whistle strong,
Fling it on the air!
For that merry, fluting sound
Will scatter every care.
Change the whistle to a song!
Sunshine comes with singing;
Every worry from its path
It will soon be flinging
Merry whistles, cheery songs
Keep the sun a-shining;
Make the world a happier place
Than you make by whining.

—Junior World.

WEEKLY

Life-Changing

OXFORD GROUP

Supplement

*"And ye shall be my witnesses".**"And ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you".*

In the Wake of the Southern Team

(Excerpts From an Enthusiastic Article in the Southern Virginia News.)

IN a great university which, being a State university does not teach religion in any form, hundreds of students are voluntarily taking courses in Bible though that work gives them no "credits" that count toward degrees.

Nearly 400 students in another State university traveled 150 miles and spent three days at a religious work conference, each meeting the personal expenses of the trip though many of them are working their way through college, and all, to make this trip, had to forego attractive events at school or "pleasure" outings in a brief holiday.

To quote one minister, "people are yearning for something other than material things to sustain them or worldly interests to occupy their thoughts. And—they are finding it."

An enormous and increasing number of people, both old and young, are getting, from the Giver of every good gift, the strength to carry on despite the handicaps which have beset all people in this era. More than that, these have found joy surpassing any they had ever known before. They show it not only by what they say but by what they do, the way they look and walk.

This news, we believe, is as interesting and important as news of happenings in the field of economics and politics. Indeed this change in the hearts of men, this effort to adjust thought and act to Christian principles, this "surrender" (which, it seems, is requisite) to God's guidance, is said to be having a pronounced effect on both economics and politics. It is probable that it will have a still larger effect.

A couple of years ago we thought (and said) that because the people of the world were "sore distraught", a great spiritual harvest would be reaped if there should appear an outstandingly powerful evangelist—a Moody, say, or a Luther, or a Wesley. But no such outstandingly powerful evangelist appeared.

Not One But Thousands

Instead, THOUSANDS of evangelists have appeared; not clergymen, but laymen—merchants, manufacturers, railroad officials, insurance men, lawyers, jurists, farmers, authors, physicians, surgeons, engineers, statesmen, school teachers, college professors, men of every walk of life. Having "surrendered," they have been going about telling others of their wonderful experience, of the way they are governed in all they do, of the success of their endeavors, of the happiness that has come to them.

Their greatest desire seems to be to share all this, that others may have this new joy that they have found. Those with whom they share, share again with others. It is a continuous progression.

Not only singly but in groups these men and women are working. Forming "teams" of volunteers they have traveled to many cities and towns, and to many different countries. They hold meetings which thousands attend. To all who will give ear they tell the story of their change—how they have conquered sin, conquered even the wish or impulse to sin, how their daily lives have been altered, how their work, their business or profession, has been shaped to accord with God's wish as they now comprehend it, and of many benefits that have come from this.

It's God's Work

How is this transformation accomplished? All concerned aver that it is God's work: the men and women changed have devised a method of reaching other people with the message they have caught.

They travel, as we have said, in "teams." Many are traveling in teams today in different parts of America and other lands. But they have no organization. They have no "trea-

sure" or common fund; each pays his own expenses. They do not set up anything that resembles a denomination or sect; it has been called "a determination, not a denomination." They have no creed except the teachings of Christ in their simplest form.

If a reporter may venture to state it briefly, after reading much about it and interviewing a team-member, a man eminent in the medical profession, the crux of their message is: Listen to God!

This story was told. The late William T. Stead, former editor of the English Review of Reviews, tried for months to get an interview with the Czar. Eventually he was granted a 20-minute interview. To get this Mr. Stead traveled 6,000 miles. In the course of the interview the Czar looked at his watch.

"Mr. Stead," said the Czar, "we have 20 minutes for this interview. You have talked for 18. Would you like to listen to me for two minutes?"

"It's that way with most people, and was with me," said the team-member. "We pray, but in praying we talk and talk TO God, and don't take time to listen. If we listen, He tells us what to do. The thousands of those who have joined in this movement learned first to listen to God. Listening they gained understanding. Understanding, they were changed. When changed, they were joyful, and eager to share their experience with others. Wherever we go people throng about us, eager for the message. Any one man would be overwhelmed by them. So we got to travelling together, groups of us, in teams."

At Louisville

We read the other day an article about the visit of these 90 volunteer evangelists to Louisville written by the editor-in-chief of the Louisville Herald. It attested the fine character of these visitors, their sincerity, the powerful appeal of their Christian message, and its tremendous effects on individuals and on the spirit of the community. The Bishop of Kentucky, the Rt. Rev. Charles E. Woodcock, D.D., said: "They have not perfection, but sincerity. They bring not a new Gospel, but a working Gospel. . . . They are the nearest to a united Christianity that Louisville has seen."

It has been similar in many cities in the United States and in cities and towns in nearly every country—

A team went to Macon, Ga., last month. After its visit Dr. Ed. F. Cook, for 25 years executive secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the M. E. Church South, said: "I have never seen a saner, sounder, more wholesome spiritual influence released in any community. As to the personnel, I can say I never saw a finer, nobler, more cultured, more genuinely Christian group of 50 men and women in my contacts with the Christian forces of four continents."

How Named

The only name these volunteer Christian evangelists have is "the Oxford Group." An American started the movement, almost without knowing it. He began telling simply the simple story of how, when he "surrendered", his life was changed, his attitude toward other people changed, and a new joy came to him.

A group of students at Oxford University, in England, got interested. They believed what the American told them. They did what he did—turned their lives over to God, listened for guidance, received it, experienced an extraordinary joy and were impelled to share it with others. They made up a team and went to South Africa, where they met with amazing success and universal commendation.

More and more teams were formed. One came to America and started the movement that is spreading throughout the states, touching big cities, small towns and country districts where more and more teams have

been formed and are traveling, "Witnessing for Christ," pointing the way for others.

A team from England toured Canada; thousands have been affected in like manner in all the provinces of the dominion.

The Church Benefited

The Church itself? It stands unmolested and secure, its life quickened wherever the members of the teams have traveled.

"The Oxford Group in Macon impresses me as opening the way to a Renaissance of vital Christianity," wrote Bishop W. W. Ainsworth, of the M. E. Church, South, Birmingham.

The Rev. E. A. Lowther, D.D., president of the San Francisco Federation of Churches, said that "the Oxford Groups deserve the gratitude of the Christian Church. . . . My own judgment is that we have in them the most significant spiritual awakening in America."

The Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, prime minister of Canada, said it was his

"abiding belief" that the influence which the Group "so powerfully represents" is "the only one that can save the world."

Dr. D. A. Davis, World's Committee of the Y.M.C.A., Geneva, wrote: "Where the Groups have been in Europe, drifting, useless, often harmful lives have been directed and given purpose; discouraged, despairing and cynical people have been filled with hope, joy and confidence; and especially here at Geneva, this world centre of thought and action, an increasing number of leaders see new hope for a solution of national and international as well as personal problems."

This, of course, is an incomplete and faulty story of this world-wide movement, one of the greatest evangelistic movements of all time. But we hope that what we have written of it, in answer to our readers' inquiries, may be as convincing of the fact of this spiritual awakening as is the answer to life's problems which has been found by many in the way described.

Life Changing By F. B. Bourdillon.

(The Nineteenth Century)

In answering an article by Mr. R. W. Lennard in "The Nineteenth Century," F. B. Bourdillon replies to many of the stock criticisms of the Oxford Group Movement. These criticisms and their answers are so familiar to our readers that we need not reproduce them here. However, we feel that we must quote the final paragraphs of the article in which the writer speaks of life-changing and its results as he has seen them.

I HAVE known the movement personally for rather over two and a half years, and have been closely associated with it during that time at Oxford (where I live and have a son at the University), as well as in other parts of the country and three European countries. I can fully endorse a judgment which the master of an Oxford college expressed to me, that of many persons he has known to be influenced by it there were none who had not been influenced for good. Everywhere where the movement has become established there are histories of persons who have found salvation from problems such as drink, drug habits, stammering, and other vices or habitual inhibitions.

The effects of contact with the movement necessarily vary with the past history of the individual. Opposite types meet. One finds release from fear or repression, the other powers over his tongue or temper. There is a general tendency towards harmony, concentration, confidence and controversy (turning in the opposite direction.) Anxiety, hesitation, and shyness give place to confidence. The harsh become tolerant, the lazy become active, the ineffective become efficient. The individual generally becomes a happier and more useful member of the community. Wherever the movement has penetrated the same social results are visible. Families have been reunited, divorce proceedings arrested, and children and parents have found common ground on which they can meet and plan for united action. A new relationship has been established between master and servant, layman and priest or minister, employer and employee. Business methods have been measured by the absolute standard and revised. Restitution has been made for "padded" expense accounts, and to railway and insurance companies and customs authorities. Friendships have been put on the basis of freedom from mistrust, selfishness or sentimentality. Old resentments have been abandoned and jealousy forgotten. Men have found a new capacity for fellowship in a common consecration.

Members of all denominations have found new power and a new meaning in their church life. Many have found a hitherto unsuspected purpose in the services and sacraments. Those to whom confession is a regular

duty have returned to it. Clergy and ministers have found a power to change lives which they had lost or never known, and their parish councils have become teams of workers. National political problems have been affected. In South Africa the Group has been the means of hundreds of rapprochements between members of the two white races, which have resulted in a marked increase of political harmony. A leading South African statesman has said that 'if the Groups continue to grow in the next three years as they have grown in the last three, there will be no racial problem left in South Africa.' In the same country remarkable advance has resulted in regard to the individual relations with the kaffir population. In Europe outstanding cases have occurred in which racial animosity has been overcome without any loss of devotion to national causes. At Geneva this year, at the time of the assembly of the League of Nations, a leading delegate called on the movement to play a bigger part in relation to the League.

To sum up, the Group Movement is nothing new. It has no creed or doctrines but those which are common to Christianity. Its only organization is that of the Churches to which its adherents belong. As Canon Grensted, the Oriel Professor of the Philosophy of the Christian Religion, has phrased it, 'the Group is the Church militant being a little militant.' The coming of the movement is an appeal to the Churches to live up to their own standards: it is a challenge to a way of life that in its essence is the ideal of all humanity and the aim of every religion.

Living Within God's Plan

The Group lays stress on certain points which have tended to be neglected, or even come to be regarded as too remote for ordinary attainment. It emphasises the possibility of living constantly in the state of harmony with the Eternal Purpose which we call the rule or guidance of God. It stresses the importance of a wide human fellowship that is governed by that purpose, the fellowship that is the aim and life of the Churches; and it calls attention to the two conditions of their fellowship, which are that each should place his experience at the disposal of the community and should treat his resources, material, mental and spiritual, as a sacred trust rather than as his private and absolute possessions. The laying of emphasis on these and similar points is no newer than other features of the movement. Similar stress has been laid on them at many periods, notably in the great mediaeval periods of reform, in the Reformation, and in the early days of the Quaker and Methodist move-

ments. In these cases as in the Group Movement the inspiration has always come from the study of the life and records of the early Christian Church, and from a realisation that, though the words are half familiar and the lessons in theory have partly been learnt, the world as a whole has in many ways yet to begin to put them into practice. Such a movement is particularly needed in the present age. The traditional conventions have steadily been losing hold on each successive generation as it grows up. Commercialism in various forms is more rampant, and political and economic nationalism are more blatant, than at any time. Materialism is more confident. Hopes born of the huge effort of the war of 1914-18 have not been realised. Disarmament appears almost out of the question. War in the Pacific area, if not elsewhere, appears well nigh certain in the not very distant future. This gloomy but scarcely exaggerated picture contrasts with that of the huge advance in the arts and sciences during the past two centuries. We have never been better educated, better fed, better equipped, or better amused in the history of man, and yet never nearer to appalling catastrophes. There is no other reason for chaos, enmity, and waste in human affairs but individual and collective selfishness. Mr. Stanley Baldwin wrote recently: 'I confess I am not sure if a Wesley or a St. Francis were to arise today that to found a body of preaching friars would not be the best thing they could do for the world.'

In the Oxford Group I see the beginning of such a movement of youth in modern dress and modern speech. To my mind it is significant that the young generation are leading. If the Group, as Professor Grensted has put it, is 'the Church militant,' and if it is the militancy of youth, then it is surely a cause for rejoicing that youth is already taking the lead. It is significant that at Oxford, where the movement first began to take shape, and has always held its annual international house-parties, the great bulk of those who are active in it are undergraduates or men who are staying on for one or two years after taking their degree.

There is, to my mind, no more hopeful feature of the world of today than the history of lives that have been changed through contact with the Group. The essential feature of the Group in action is that it works as a team, bound by ties of loyalty and its cause—a team in which each member both gives to and takes from the others.

SOUNDS LIKE BUSINESS

Regina, Sask., Jan. 2, 1934.

Dear Fred:

Following our School of Life steps were taken towards the formation of a representative Central Team in Regina. That team is now functioning and we are sending the enclosed notice to the newspapers. A good many interested people in the province will be readers of the "Witness" and we shall be grateful if you will publish the notice too.

You will be interested to know that the team is planning a visitation of all groups in the interests of "The Witness".

We wish Mrs. Dougall, yourself, and The Witness a Happy, Prosperous and Useful New Year.

Yours in Christian Fellowship,
THE REGINA GROUPS,
per Julia Reekie.

REGINA'S CENTRAL TEAM

In order that the work of the Oxford Group Movement might be facilitated and made more effective a Central Team made up of representatives of each group in the city has been formed in Regina.

Mrs. Julia Reekie, 1908 College Avenue is acting as secretary for this team. All correspondence in connection with travelling teams and group matters should be addressed to her.

CRITICISM

SUBSCRIBERS sometimes send us clippings from other papers or booklets criticizing the work of the Oxford Group, asking us to reply in these columns. We cannot open our pages to controversy. But we often print articles which would quite well answer those criticisms if our readers would take the trouble, mark them and send them with a letter to their local paper or wherever they read the criticisms they complain of. Very often a paper that has printed an attack will be quite willing to print an article (well written) on the other side.

Oxford Group International Plans for 1934

WHAT should 1934 be, 1933 having seen what it has seen? The Oxford Group movement, which seeks to revitalize Churchpeople and to win pagans to Christ by personal evangelism, has for its program in the coming year the building of a united Christian front round the world against the common foes of Christendom.

The London team plans to spend the first ten days, at least, of 1934 at Victoria Park in the East End. But at the same time, all the other activities in the city itself will have to be carried on. Then Paris and Brussels, and the national awakening in Switzerland, all call for attention. Recent developments in other European states, notably Holland, have to be kept in mind. Canada has already planned a large team and campaign in the Maritime Provinces, with House Parties to be held at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec (already limited to 3,000 guests) and at Banff Springs Hotel. A liner is bringing 500 over to the Oxford House Party, and England may expect to be flooded with friends from Canada, bringing back to the Old Country the message which has meant so much in their own.

Meanwhile, the home of the work in Oxford, where in 1925 there was only a small group of four, includes in its plans the making of one single college wholly Christian; and Cambridge is doing the same in its own field.

DR. DE BORDES LEARNS "THREE PRICELESS THINGS"

Dr. Jan 'de Bordes, of the Finance Section of the League of Nations Secretariat, who has been working with the Oxford Group team in the London campaign, has taken his leave of England. In the course of his farewell message he said: "When I received the invitation to come to England and work with this team, I did not want to come. I had two good excuses: the first was an important committee which covered the time, the second was lack of funds. No sooner had I prayed for guidance, and expressed my willingness to do whatever God wanted, than the committee dates were altered, and a letter arrived with the necessary money. I had some leave owing to me, and I had intended to use it for a ski-ing holiday. But this also went. It was a wrench at first, but now I am tremendously glad. It has been far more interesting than a ski-ing holiday to see God really at work, winning the City of London; and I have learnt three priceless things. The first is a new vision. Cleve Hicks said that when he tried to win a university his first thought was only that of winning the students and those the junior students mostly. It was a new idea to think of dons being won to Christ. I see that everybody of whatever rank must now be approached and won. The second is a new lesson in efficiency and hard work. I have been amazed at the hard work of these unsalaried people of the team, at the smoothness, the speed, and the economy of time."—Church of England Newspaper.

VANCOUVER NOTES

A Group witnessed at St. Mary's, South Hill, on Sunday evening, Dec. 31, constituting the first of a regular series of monthly meetings, to take place on the last Sunday of each month.

A team of young people spoke on the last Sunday evening of the year at Dunbar Heights Church.

A call has come in for a team to go to Kamloops; teams for Nanaimo, Chilliwack, and Bella Coola are also under consideration.

On Thursday, December 21st, a large number of business men, together with several ministers, met for luncheon at the Hudson's Bay store; the keynote of the meeting being "Our Vision For 1934."

There is to be a rally of Kerrisdale groups at the Kerrisdale Baptist church, on Tuesday, January 16th, at 8 p.m.

"Hugging The Engineer?"

"I wonder why there are so many accidents on the highways?"

"That's easy. Did you ever hear of the fireman hugging the engineer?"

Are the spiritual tragedies along life's highway not due, in large degree, to the distractions we permit?

An Inveterate Criminal Finds God Through the Group

"G LORIOUS Liberty: Dartmoor to Calvary," is Stuart Wood's own true story of the experience of a convict, under condemnation for many crimes, with the Oxford Group.

"Being a comparatively recent recruit to the Movement," Mr. Stuart Wood writes, "I have made little or no attempt to analyse its spiritual and social content, or to assess its importance to the religious world generally, because as yet I do not feel competent to do so. Through its example, fellowship and teaching I found God, accepted Christ's standards of life and all that they imply, and dedicated my life to His service."

In an early chapter Mr. Stuart Wood tells of his career of crime. The list of sentences of imprisonment he received makes well over a page, so there is no doubt of his criminal career, for it is all frankly confessed. What he has to say as to the reasons for his downfall is of supreme interest:—

"Without being too generous to myself," he writes, "or glossing over my own faults, I should say, on calm reflection, that it was initially due to the maladjustment of my early years to home influences, and then to being exposed as a young lad to the full rigors of penal conditions which have been to some extent abandoned, and finally to the fact that I was released in a destitute and friendless condition.

"The prison system had, even in three months invested me with an exaggerated fear of man and of society which became an inveterate inferiority complex and extended its bases and exerted its influence in corresponding ratio to my successive failures to adapt myself to respective environments.

"Lacking social roots and the means of ordered life, the weakness inherent in my character drove me always along the line of least resistance. Intellectually hostile to religion as I had experienced it in various prisons, but really, I imagine, morally reluctant to face up to its imperative demands of me, I had no strength within myself to resist temptation as it arose, and no personal moral and spiritual standards to guide me.

"In addition to these considerations—probably the greatest of them all—was an inherited craving for drink.

"So far as memory serves, I do not remember ever committing a penal offence unless under its influence. Then, too, there was the gradual disintegration of the personality and loss of will-power resulting from the formation of bad habits in prison as a kind of defence-mechanism against long periods of almost solitary confinement during a total of more than fifteen years' imprisonment.

"I ought perhaps to point out that I served most of my time under the older penal conditions when never less than nineteen hours out of every twenty-four were spent in one's cell, with nothing to relieve the monotony and silence but mechanical cellular labor, books, and one's own unhealthy thoughts.

"Psychologically I became a moral leper and a social outcast, shunning all society but my own. By degrees I became a confirmed gaol bird, preferring the sanctuary afforded even in a prison from the stress and responsibilities of life outside its walls. Branded within and without with the ineradicable stigma of the broad-arrow and all that its degradation implies, I became an out-and-out egoist and introvert, regarding life, religion, and men from the morbid viewpoint of a mind diseased.

"I lost faith not only in God and man, but also in myself! That was my position up to seven years ago, when, being utterly tired of the life I had led, I decided to make one supreme effort to get back to normality."

Mr. Stuart Wood then details how the Oxford Group Movement was the turning point in his career.

In its review of this very "human document," Public Opinion says: "It is a moving confession and rings true. He tells of meetings and conferences he attended and addressed, and certainly the Group adherents did not ostracise him in any way. Glorious

Liberty is a human document, a practical proof that what many consider to be the coming revival is really for the "down and out" as well as the comfortable classes. Those who need assurance on this point and have held aloof on the ground that the Movement is only for the well-to-do will study the practical evidence which Mr. Stuart Wood's book supplies to the contrary."

The Theology of The Oxford Group

BY PROFESSOR GRENSTED

"PROFESSOR Grensted is known to many as one of the leading champions of the 'Group' method of evangelisation. Others are aware that he was originally a mathematician, that he is an accomplished theologian and psychologist, that he has some knowledge of the arts and natural sciences, and finally that he is Professor of the Philosophy of the Christian Religion in the University of Oxford." So writes Professor Charles E. Raven, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge, in the Church of England Newspaper.

"It is a matter of the highest importance that at a time when discussion of the Oxford Group is general and heated, one of the main charges against it should no longer remain vague and therefore largely unanswerable," writes Professor Raven in his review of Dr. Grensted's new book.

"Even sympathetic critics have repeated with a monotonous frequency the statement that the Group has no clear theology, and drawn from this the inference that its principles, especially in the matter of guidance, lack the support and control which only theology can supply.

"Canon Grensted, whose work in interpreting the Group to his own and other churches has been influential in securing for it a good will which might otherwise have been less freely given, has now rendered a further and signal service both to the Movement and to us all.

"His book, *The Person of Christ*, published by Nisbet in the Library of Constructive Theology (10s. 6d.), is not only a fresh and original treatment of the greatest of all subjects, it is explicitly an interpretation dominated by the experience found through the Group; and it is this aspect of it which gives it its chief significance.

Those of us who have all along maintained that the Movement had not only manifest spiritual power but the sort of power which could only proceed from a genuine experience, will feel that our belief that the Group could and would disclose a sound theology has been strengthened.

"Dr. Grensted has given us a book important in itself as a contribution to theology, and singularly appropriate at a time when the Group with which he is associated is filling so large a place in the thought and life of Christians."

Dr. Grensted's book, while not difficult reading, is the work of a scholar—a constructive theologian, says Public Opinion.

James V., 16 (Weymouth's Tr.)
Confess your sins to one another, and pray for one another, so that you may be cured. The heartfelt supplication of a righteous man exerts a mighty influence.

WORLD WIDE

Eskatoon, Dec. 26, 1933:

Dear Sir,—I have been a subscriber for 15 years and enjoy World Wide more than ever. It is a pleasure to introduce such a paper to my friend. I enclose two subscriptions herewith.—Yours sincerely,
C. A. MACKAY.

Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 22, 1933.

Dear Sirs,—The three subscriptions to World Wide are all renewals. Those who have once taken World Wide for a year never wish to discontinue it. As a teacher, I find its articles both stimulating and thought-provoking.—Sincerely yours,
E. A. SMITH.

Note.—A sample copy will be sent to any address free of charge. Address John Dougall & Son, Publishers, P.O. Box 3070, Montreal.

Ottawa Witnessing

In The Chateau

Ottawa, Jan. 3, '34.

Dear Fred Dougall:—

The 'Citadel' Team have asked me to notify you of the following:—

The Ottawa Oxford Groups will hold a series of meetings in the Chateau Laurier, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, January 11, 12 and 13th. Meetings will take the usual Group form—that of witness of the Power of Christ in individual lives. There will also be meetings at which both the principles and the standards will be discussed; and separate meetings for men and women.

We, in Ottawa, will be very grateful for your prayers and the prayers of all your associates in Montreal and those reached through the pages of your most valuable "Witness."

We shall send an account of the campaign at an early date.

Thanking you, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

W. E. Graham.

Sherbrooke on the Move

THE second monthly open meeting of the Sherbrooke Oxford Group took place in St. Andrew's Church Hall, January 2nd. The team of witnesses was led by Dr. C. J. Edgar and reinforced by Rev. Cecil King.

After explaining the principles of the Group Dr. Edgar introduced the first witness who told how the standard of absolute unselfishness had challenged him. The second witness told what a wonderful thing the Quiet Time was for her. The next witness related that a year ago he felt he was "through" with the world. Now through the Group he finds there is a great deal to live for. A woman whose work among children had been made more effective and who had gained a sense of inner peace and harmony after her surrender witnessed next. At this point Rev. Cecil King, with the object of showing that the Oxford Group is a world-wide and growing Fellowship, gave out some tremendously interesting news items of Group work in other countries. The next witness showed how petty fears, worries and resentments had held her back from the highest. The business man who witnessed next made the statement that, "A surrender without sharing is as enduring as most New Year's Resolutions." The last witness told of the splendid fellowship he found in the Group. Rev. Cecil King spoke again and emphasized the necessity for up-to-date sharing and surrender.

In answer to Dr. Edgar's request for anyone desiring to identify themselves with the Group to do so, two prominent citizens stood up and gave brief testimonies. Rev. J. R. Graham closed the meeting with a few words and the benediction.

Notice

On January 19th, 20th, and 21st a School of Life of the Sherbrooke Oxford Group will be in session. Some from the Montreal fellowship will assist in conducting this School of Life which will be a great step in the growth and progress of the Oxford Group in Sherbrooke.

Dafos, Sask., Jan. 2, '34.

Dear Sirs,—In renewing my subscription for the Witness (having only \$2.00 available) I have hesitated just how to have it used but have decided to follow the trail mapped out the last three or four years by having the paper sent to a couple of homes that so far as I know are not acquainted with the Witness. This may be a bit cowardly as I am really claiming the honor of handing this present when it is really yourselves that are doing it. And because no man has ever found the Witness standing for anything less than the truth in editorials and criticisms. I hope you will be able to carry on. Enclosed herewith you will please find M.O. for \$2.00 for the subscriptions.

Yours truly,

Duncan, B.C., Dec. '33.

Dear Fred,—I pray and believe that you and the Witness will be permitted to carry on the splendid work in which you are engaged. Here is a mite to help along.

HUGH SAVAGE.

Now Witnessing
In Heaven

(From C. McC.)

REV. Henry S. Good, pastor of Olivet Baptist Church, Toronto, died in the Western Hospital Wednesday evening, January 3rd. His Home going will leave a gap in the ranks of Toronto's Ministerial Oxford Group Team. He was affectionately known in Group circles as one of the "Four Horsemen" the other three being Revs. Barnett, (Anglican), Little (United Church) and Thompson (Presbyterian). These four ministers were greatly used by God. They acted as an advance team, speaking to Ministerial Associations in cities and towns to which a large Oxford Group team was being sent.

He was greatly loved by all who knew him. It must have pleased him greatly to have recently seen the added interest Baptist churches in Toronto have taken in the Movement that meant so much to him.

We know his wife, Jean, endeared to all the Group is finding God a great friend through these days. We know what this fellowship has meant to both of them in its binding love of man and wife when both have caught the vision. Our prayers go out to her and her two children.—

Trust and obey
For there is no other way
To be happy in Jesus
Than to trust and OBEY!"

A Timely Dollar

One day last week we received the following letter:

Dear Mr. Dougall,—I have had the Witness and its trouble at heart. When it was at its weakest, in the fall, I watched it like a dying person. I prayed for its life and feared each week would be its last. And then what would Canada do without the Witness?

But I thought of the Oxford Group slogan "where God guides God provides." I am a great believer in that spiritual movement.

My son, with his large family of nine children, is in a life and death struggle to save his farm on which the taxes have not been paid. I have no money, but how can I do without the Witness? I would become ignorant if I did not have it. The editorials and the Group Supplement make it worth the old time subscription rate of two dollars. I am sorry to see that some are cancelling their subscriptions on account of the Group. They don't want Christ. It's sad, isn't it?

Before we had time to answer that letter a man of good heart and poor purse, and who only began to read the Witness about a year ago, happened in and remarked: "In my quiet time this morning I was guided to give a dollar to pay the subscription of someone who, wanting it, was too poor to subscribe. So we read him the above letter and applied his dollar to that subscription. There are very many who have not, even at the minimum rate, been able to renew their subscriptions this year. The depression has probably had as much to do with the loss of circulation as the Group pages. But fewer of those suffering from the depression are doing what those enjoying the Group pages are trying to do—gain new support for their paper to take the place of those who have dropped off because they do not like the supplement.

King, Ont., Dec. 9, '33.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—We, as a family, were brought up on the Witness publications. They are all 'solid meat.' This is our hardest year yet, therefore cannot do more than the regular old price. God bless you. My text is "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" "With God nothing is impossible." Miracles are everyday things with God. I enclose \$2 for my renewal.

Sincerely,
ALICE A. FERGUSON.

HOW HE KEPT THE PLEDGE

An Irishman promised the priest to keep off whisky for a month. Every week the priest received the assurance that not a drop had crossed his lips.

One Sunday the priest congratulated him on the steadfast way he had kept his pledge.

"Yes, father," was the reply. "It was hard at first, but now I've got to like gin nearly as well."

When the Holy Spirit enters in there is no place for evil spirits.

But are any of us like Pat, pluming ourselves on a victory over one vice that has just been crowded out by another? How about pride that we have overcome prejudice? Sometimes the cure is worse than the disease.

Prayer Calendar

OTTAWA, Chateau Laurier, Campaign Jan. 11-13
KERRISDALE Baptist Groups Rally

Jan. 16
WINNIPEG HOUSEPARTY, Jan. 16-19.

SHERBROOKE School of Life Jan. 19-21
SYRACUSE, N.Y., Friday, Jan. 19—onwards. Miss Olive Jones leads a large team that will probably witness here for a week or so.

LONDON, England, approximately 3000 personal contacts daily besides meetings, morning noon and night in different environments.

That this week's issue of the Witness may be blessed to many. And that the editors and correspondents may be guided in their work for next week's issue.

That the Witness may be strengthened for its service.

Personal Prayers Asked

I personally ask for prayers for a very staunch friend of the Witness who lies on a bed of great pain. Though he lives simply in moderate circumstances he so greatly helped the Witness over his crisis a year ago that his contribution and loan helped it to turn the corner at that time.—Fred D.

"Lone Outpost" asks prayer. Although a journalist in a fairly large city he is a lone pioneer of the Group evangel in an unfriendly atmosphere. There are many lone outposts or scouts in crowded city, in the country, at the outposts of civilization, or upon the high seas. Let us include such in our fellowship of prayer.

Do You Believe in Prayer?

Will central teams please list their coming events with dates as far ahead as possible?

Those who are sharing in prayer for travelling teams and big events, want to share in the answers to prayer. Please rush in newspaper clippings and other reports of such events while they are fresh.

Are you getting lives changed?

Jas. 1, 5. If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.

Genesis XVII., 1. "I am the Almighty God; walk before Me, and be thou perfect (sincere).

2 Chronicles XXIX., 31. Now ye have consecrated yourselves unto the LORD, come near and bring sacrifices and thank offerings.

1 Sam. XV., 22. To obey is better than sacrifice.

1 Samuel XVI., 7. The LORD (Eternal) seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the LORD looketh on the heart.

Ps. XXVII., 14. Wait on the LORD (Eternal); be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the LORD.

Ps. XXXII., 1, 2. Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the LORD imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

Pilot Mound, Man., Dec. 10, 1933.

Dear Sirs,—I am enclosing \$1.00; please forward a Witness to anyone that you know might appreciate it.

Very recently I placed my subscription to your paper, and only the other night I was going through a number, and came to a short letter from Rev. _____, stating that he could not renew his subscription to a paper that gave so much space to the Oxford Group. This prompted me to write him, and I told him that I was sending you another dollar to pay for the subscription that he could not renew. I also wrote him telling him how my own life had been changed through the Oxford Group, and also the happiness that had been brought into my home. I have been married for 7 years, and the happiness we should have had, had been denied through lack of faith in God. Now we are wonderfully happy! Take our own town here; lives have been brought to God, homes that were on the verge of breaking up have been saved, both churches are enjoying better attendance, and the ministers have real support, that has been lacking in the past. Is it not wonderful for a minister to know that in his congregation are men and women that he knows are loyal to God, not sitting in church acting a part! We have a splendid group here, and this winter we are invited to two others. I wish we could go to that minister's town, for I feel that there is a man there who needs something like this! However, I feel that he is coming to Christ. The group here are praying and working for him at the present time, and I pray God that his misguided statement in your valuable paper, will not keep others from coming to Him.

Taking this opportunity to wish you all the success in the world in your new venture, I know that God will pour down His blessing on your paper, and that you will be repaid for the space you are giving to His messages. Refer to Moffatt's Translation of Romans 16, verses 17 to 20.

Yours very sincerely,

P. K. WILTON.

WITNESS

AND CANADIAN HOMESTEAD

voluntary plan
subscription rates

ACCORDING to your pocket and desire, (just as to church, missionary or benevolent cause)

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So, to cover all that necessary "overhead" we must get an average of at least \$1.18 net subscription, just to keep going.

THUS, for every subscription below \$1.18, we must count on getting one equally above the average. (The rate for very many years was \$2.00 fixed, which many are still glad to be able to pay.

IT was because of the financial extremity of many of our old friends, and many others who would like the Witness but could not afford the old rates, that we decided to adopt the voluntary basis of subscription.

MAKING known the minimum cost per subscriber, we gladly accept it, or as much more as any can and likes to give, the stronger sharing, with us, the burden of the weaker.

Those who really cannot or do not feel that they should send more should not hesitate a moment in sending anything down to the minimum of 50 cents per year.

We are confident that if the service is worthy God will see it sustained in some way. Where God guides, God provides. It has been our experience in the past.

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Dear Brethren of the
Clergy and Laity

IN this momentous period in the life of the Church and State, your Bishops with a solemn sense of their responsibility, lay before you certain matters that they believe deserve your serious consideration. They do this in the hope that at this time of stress the Church may contribute its full share to the stabilization of those things that are indispensable to the happiness, peace and security of the nation.

A finer type of Christian faith and courage calls for service and sacrifice to meet the modern world chaos.

The rehabilitation of agriculture and of industry we recognize as urgently important, but causes deeper than those that have to do with economic dislocation, with its attendant privations, lie at the root of the world's ills. Spiritual recovery must be made coincident with economic recovery. Apostasy, the neglect of fundamental Christian principles as related to domestic, social and industrial conditions have contributed to the catastrophe of recent times. The reactions from the severe strain of the great war resulted in the lowering of moral standards that had been the security of our people, standards that had given them a place of commanding power and influence at home and abroad. The consuming passion for gain, disclosed in an era of wild speculation, with its accompanying excesses and indulgences that brooked no restraint; the untempered lust for varied and unwholesome forms of pleasure; recent disclosures of incompetence and maladministration; the looseness of marital ties leading to the disintegration of the home; these and other moral lapses contributed to the breakup of our social and economic institutions, and made easy the way for our common disasters and misfortunes. Widespread suffering, hunger and distress in the face of unparalleled power mechanical ingenuity and prodigious abundance present an appalling paradox such as our nation has never before witnessed.

Pride Before Fall

In arrogance and conceit we had built our house upon insecure foundations, thinking the while that our cunning and skill could arm us to resist the blighting ills of panic and misfortune. Our pride and self-confidence have suffered a severe shock and our boasted capacity to weather all storms has brought us perilously close to a condition bordering on the overturn of our cherished institutions. A selfish and soulless individualism that was insular and arrogant impaired our security and wrought havoc in our social and economic life.

No appraisal of the events of recent years can leave out of consideration these factors. Unless they are frankly recognized and repented of there can be no salutary change effected in our economic and social order. Coincident with the lowering of moral standards we have witnessed a most malevolent and violent attack upon Christian institutions and the Christian faith. This attack is made on many fronts. In magnitude and persistence it is without parallel. It is insidious, cunning and determined. It pervades our literature, the drama, the screen, and touches with its blighting influence schoolhouse and university. It addresses itself particularly to the younger generation. As we survey the drifts and tendencies in our modern life it becomes increasingly evident that cleavage or division in our household of faith, stress upon individual conceits, over-emphasis upon practices unrelated to the supreme purpose of Christ's Church must contribute to inevitable failure and defeat. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." The Church's unity and solidarity are indispensable; never more so than now. To point more definitely the responsibility that is laid upon us as Christians and Churchmen we present certain matters we hold to be vitally important.

New Economic—Social Order

Involved in an economic situation which has left millions confronted by the horrors of unemployment and dire want in the midst of plenty, the world abounds in many and, at times, conflicting experiments which seek to meet the needs of suffering humanity. There is no certainty in the min-

A New Social—Economic Order Called for in Pastoral Letter recently adopted by the American Episcopal House of Bishops

"For us the Cross stands as a symbol of a World Recovery Act."

most men as to which of these experiments will surely solve our problems. It is, however, our conviction that Christians must assert without compromise that no experiment which falls short of the demands of Christ can permanently advance the welfare of all mankind. No standards short of the Christian standards can lead us out of our darkness into light. No ideal save that of the Kingdom of God can satisfy the minds and hearts of Christian people.

No experiment which seeks to bring recovery for any one group, industrial, agricultural, or any other, without considering the needs and welfare of all men is in accord with the mind of Christ. If we would be saved we must be saved together, for in God's sight all human beings of whatever kindred or tongue are equally precious. The members of the Church must make it clear that, as followers of the Master, they cannot give their support to any program of reconstruction which does not recognize the fact that national recovery depends upon world recovery.

Patchwork Won't Work

No mere re-establishment of an old economic order will suffice. Christ demands a new order in which there shall be a more equitable distribution of material wealth, more certain assurance of security for the unemployed and aged, and above all else, an order which shall substitute the motive of service for the motive of gain. Christians should face the fact that this new order can succeed only as the followers of Christ sacrifice and suffer greatly. It is not enough for us to "do our part". The Master calls us to consecrate our all. For us the Cross stands as the symbol of a world recovery act. It demands that we become world recovery agents who dare to carry the Cross. It demands that through loyalty to our King we serve as leaders in bringing to pass a national and world recovery and redemption.

One vital issue faces us at this moment, the imminent repeal of the Prohibition Amendment. It calls for renewed emphasis upon the value of temperance. Such a period of change as that upon which we are entering will lay upon us the demand for self-control and the exercise of vigilance that unrestricted traffic in liquor shall not become a menace to our world.

Cross is Above The Flag

Signs on the horizon give evidence of a growing suspicion among nations. Beneath the surface the world seethes with unrest. The horrors of the World War seem to be forgotten as nation rises against nation and competition in armament once again occupies a sinister place in the chancelleries and parliaments of the world. Pacts and agreements, readily entered into, are regarded lightly, if not abandoned. The hopes of a peaceful and orderly world are shadowed by distrust and selfish ambition. Forbidding and terrible as the contemplation of a fresh outbreak may be, direful and disastrous as may be its consequences, unless America, as the most potential force to world peace, can play a part consistent with her high ideals, and do it with Christian fidelity, a situation may ensue beyond her power to restrict or restrain. It is our duty as disciples of the Prince of Peace to insist upon policies that are consistent with the maintenance of equity, fair dealing and the sanctity of pacts and agreements among races and peoples. We are bound by every solemn obligation to wage unremitting war against war. An excess of nationalism or an attitude of detached unconcern for the ills of other nations, together with the building up of an armed force beyond reasonable national needs, deprives us of any opportunity to be a conservator of the world's peace. Love of country must be qualified by love of all mankind; patriotism is subordinate to religion. The Cross is above the flag. In any issue between

country and God, the clear duty of the Christian is to put obedience to God above every other loyalty.

No nation can live unto itself. We must co-operate or perish. War will be abolished finally only when Christ's spirit of forgiveness and reconciliation is in control of the world's international relations.

We make this appeal especially to the youth of America. Encouragement is found in the fundamental soundness of modern youth. We acknowledge that we, their leaders, have not always understood our young people. Their ways are different from our ways. Many of their standards were not those of our youth. We were born of the old world; they are the children of the new. We trust them, we thank God for the honesty of their approach to religion, and we confidently look to them, with the help of the Holy Spirit, to fashion a more enduring social structure than their fathers builded.

Opportunity And Dare!

Days of material anxiety are days of spiritual opportunity. The present situation gives the Church one of the greatest opportunities in history, because the Church has spiritual gifts to impart, which were never needed more than now. Our power to help in a time of confusion and change lies in our grasp upon those things which are unchanging and eternal. Christian people must demonstrate spiritual values and share the worldwide vision of service given us by Jesus Christ.

We urge upon you, the people of the Church, to dare to do some of the things Jesus Christ died to make real in a Christian's daily living. If it is a question of compromise between honesty and anything less, dare to do the honest thing. What if it is costly? Are we followers of Jesus Christ or not? That is the final question. Let us show the people around us that we care, that our Christian religion really works. If it is a decision between the pure and the impure, take the Christ way. We must dare to discourage any other way. Buy and sell

on the basis of the Law of Love, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Let us not be misled by the false slogan, "My country, right or wrong." Dare to meet intolerance with good will. Christ's way is the only way for a Christian, and the only way for a world in need. Stand alone if we must. Be counted a fool if it is necessary. Let us dare to do the thing now that counts. Let us practice what our religion stands for.

World Being Remade

The world is coming to a new birth, and the pains of travail are to be expected. They may well be wholesome, if unpleasant. The times call for a stiffening of our faith. Too much spiritual ease makes soft Christians. Therefore we are told that "We must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God." We should be better prepared for it than our fathers of Apostolic days. They endured much hardness for Christ, because of the hope that was set before them. We still have that same indomitable hope, and in addition we have behind us the reassuring experience of twenty centuries of Christian fortitude. Confidence is our watchword, not confidence in ourselves, but in Christ, to whom our loyalty is pledged.

Though material values collapse, spiritual values remain unimpaired. We are followers of those who faced lions without flinching, and who endured the perils of persecution without whine or whimper. In Him we find the assurance of final victory. God has not abdicated. Christ is not dead. The power of the Holy Spirit still prevails. The foundations of the Church remain secure. We cannot be dismayed, God reigns. We dare not be discouraged, Christ lives. We may not relax our Christian loyalty, the Holy Spirit moves again over a chaotic world. Let us prove our faith in practice, and nothing can withstand the spiritual momentum that must follow.

Lift up your hearts; a new Advent of the Son of Man is at hand.

Note:—Those who know the attitude of the Witness on religious, social, economic and fiscal questions, know that this pastoral letter of the House of Bishops could be used almost verbatim as a description of the vision and daring adventure of this paper. The emphasis in heavy type is ours. But if the reader re-reads the article, and it will repay re-reading, he will want to underscore nearly every other sentence.

Pointed Parables

AND there came unto Shakum One who read the pyramids like a book and was almost certain as to the exact date of the end of the world. And he explained unto Shakum that whilst he knew all these things he feared that his family hated him.

And Shakum having agreed with him that this probably was so, urged him in future, beginning with his own family, to try to cure fevered humanity, not so much with the barometer of prophecy, as with the thermometer of sympathy.

And when he began to do this everyone was much happier.—Christian World.

AND to one Paulus there came another, expert in his theoretical creed and in smoothing over or ignoring anything in the Bible which did not bolster up his creed. He was proud of his ability to out-argue any who did not profess exactly the same creed or who did not put the emphasis just where he put it.

And this man explained unto Paulus that whilst he was thus orthodox he feared that others were not being really saved by his preaching. He could get many to recite his creed and to support his cause, but they did not seem to be entering into the joy of their Lord, they were not being used by Him in increasing measure.

And Paulus agreed with him, adding that argument about the creed had more of sounding brass than of saving grace and suggested that a creed that was not saving the preacher from spiritual or intellectual pride was not likely to do much for his parishioners. Go and read and note the words of Jesus when he was actually changing someone and note how simple He was.

And when he began to do this every one became interested and many became changed!

NOTE.—How many preachers and Sunday school teachers, proud of their creeds, and scornful of the Oxford Group movement, are standing in the way of sinners lest they should find Christ and salvation through God's use of the Groups? Let us pray for all such.

A STIMULATING CALENDAR

GLEN WOTTY'S wall calendar for 1934 has well-selected, brief quotations for every day in the year. To quote a few from the month of January that catch the eye.

1. Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk.—Ps. 143:8.
6. Impatient people water their miseries and hoe up their comforts.—C. H. Spurgeon.
8. Lord make me grateful for Thy nearness.—K. Edelman.
11. Look up, not down, look out, not in, and lend a hand.—Edw. Everett Hale.
16. God hath made nothing in vain.—John Bunyan.
22. When thou thinkest thyself farthest off from Me, ofttimes I am nearest unto Thee.—Thomas a Kempis.
31. Not one step will He make you take beyond what your foot is able to endure. Einstein, Roosevelt, C. Rosetti, Madam Guyon and H. G. Wells are among others credited with quotations for the same month.

Enough to show that the calendar (about 9 x 12 inches and well printed) is full of good points. 40 cts. each. Alfred Holness, 102 Burnside Drive, Toronto.

Bulwark, Alta., Dec. 14, 1933.

Dear Sir,—Current events are so briefly yet carefully summed up for the busy reader, that he feels he "knows something" when he has read for even five minutes.

It is as one new in the Group fellowship, however, that I appreciate the Witness most. May it never be hindered in its wonderful work with the Oxford Group. I enclose \$3 for two subscriptions.

Yours very sincerely,

(MISS) JULIA GUE.

Home is the seminary of
all other institutions.

OUR HAPPY HOME MAKERS

Only the home can found
a state.—JOSEPH COOK.

A Family Habit

By Margaret Moore.

WE all of us love our own folks. Yes, I'm not going to qualify it, we really do? Prove it? Well, that may not be easy, but, oh, if any of you ever live to find yourself the last, with no one left who really belongs to you, no one but friends who, however friendly, all have their own families and connections, you will find my assertion proved. May it never come to you!

All the same, just because we do love our own we aggravate them, almost, if not quite, beyond bearing at times, and—they aggravate us. There is no place where we are so open to small and unbearable irritations as in the bosom of our own family, and one of the family fallings is interfering. Friends are bad enough at that game, but families have them beaten, absolutely.

TAKE notice today and see. It does not much matter whether you are small daughter or mother, if you say you are going to let your hair grow—the whole family burst out with, "Oh, I shouldn't, if I were you." Of course, they may have a reason—want you to look well on a certain occasion—but don't make any mistake, they would say, "Oh, I shouldn't," if you proposed cutting it again. And don't think it is because it is an important thing! they'd say it just the same if you happened to mention washing your hair. Some member of the family would advise your waiting until night or next morning.

You may think—aloud—that you will go shopping—and someone will say, "Oh, I shouldn't if I were you. I'd wait—for the sales"—or something else.

You decide to make over a dress that never did suit you and immediately some one says, "Oh, I shouldn't if I were you. I'd just shorten it and—". You may start to make a cake and ice it and some member of the dear family will say, "Oh, I shouldn't ice it if I were you," and you have to argue it out.

You may propose taking the family out to a show or inviting some one in tomorrow, it really does not matter which it is, son or husband or daughter will say it, "Oh, but—why do you have him tomorrow—I shouldn't if I were you."

It really does not matter in the very least to any of them—heaps of times they are not even really interested in what you intend to do. All the same you are not going to be allowed to do it without the family raising the question and objecting.

IT is only a habit, of course—a family habit—but some habits are particularly irritating and this habit is always irritating. Just because you are a child, why should everyone jump on you when you propose doing a perfectly innocent thing. Just because you, a grown up, happen to state your intention of doing an unimportant, absolutely personal thing, why should you be forced into explaining why and how, and defending your action. Why should you have to dig up reasons for washing your hair or running over to visit your friendly neighbor or go shopping on a day you felt like doing so or any other perfectly harmless and legitimate thing you want to indulge in. Why should you have to produce reasons and arguments for perfectly idiotic trifles like knitting a green stripe into your new sweater, or baking the cake in a square pan or giving the Ladies' Aid coffee instead of tea. Silly, yes, it certainly is—and frightfully wearing.

Just as wearing for the child who hears, "Oh, no, I wouldn't go out now," when he longs to get out in the morning and "Oh, no, I shouldn't sit and read this nice day—better go out and play," when he has comforted himself with a book and got really interested in it.

It would not be so bad if the different pieces of our family really cared about the things they veto—but they don't. More than half the time their interference is—unthinking habit.

If we all listened to the family's in-

cessant objections we would get no where, do nothing but become confirmed wobbles, never able to make up our mind to do anything. We would never get a chance to act on our own initiative, never decide anything in our own lives.

AND the weird part of it is that none would be more horrified, more distressed, if we should fall into such an idiotic condition than our own family. They really don't mean anything by it, or they only mean to show an interest in us and our doings, and, as I said at the beginning, there is no doubt we love them and they love us. When no one cares whether we come or go, wash our hair, we will be very—lonely, unhappy people.

What's to be done about it then? We may not be able to all at once stop the whole family, but we can begin with ourselves and hope the leaven will spread.

We hereby resolve to stop and count ten when any member of our family mentions their intention or desire to do anything, count ten, and then if it is at all within the bounds of possibility, smile and agree—and, if we say anything, comment on the wisdom or good sense, or pleasantness of the proceeding.

Goodness and Charm

"IT'S too bad," said Mrs. Carter, who had recently taken rooms in the house of an invalid, "that Mrs. Hall seems so fond of that flibbertigibbet of a Rose, and almost blind to the excellence of Jane, who does so much for her."

"Rose is very charming," I suggested, "very bright, and—"

"But she lets Jane sweep and scrub and cook," asserted Mrs. Carter. "Every morning it is Jane who lights the fire and prepares breakfast for her mother."

"Just observe a little longer," I said. A week later we met again.

"I must admit," my friend said, "that Rose is a very attractive little thing! Jane is, of course, a most excellent, capable and devoted daughter, but Rose is a sunbeam."

"Sunbeams," I agreed, "are desirable things."

"The other night," went on Mrs. Carter, "I went in with some flowers."

The two girls had been to a concert. Jane hurried home to get her mother's half-past-nine 'nourishment' ready. Rose stayed behind to chat with the girls. I thought her selfish until Jane, having served the lunch, sat down.

"Tell me about the concert, Jane. Was it good?" asked her mother.

"'Oh soso,' answered Jane.

"'Were there many vocal numbers?'"

"'I didn't count.'"

"'Did Mrs. Ross sing?'"

"'No.'"

"'Mrs. Janes?'"

"'Yes.'"

"'Oh, she did! Then her voice is better. Did she sing well?'"

"'Yes, I guess so.'"

"'Did she sing more than once?'"

"'Yes.'"

"'Was she encored?'"

"'Yes.'"

"Well, poor Mrs. Hall was worn out with her questions. Jane gave every answer as if it had been a beloved tooth and her mother a dentist. Then in came Rose, bright as a daisy.

"'O mother!' she cried. 'How I wish you had been there! It was such a charming concert! There were two piano duets and a solo by that boy Mrs. Graham was telling us about. He really plays quite well. And it wasn't a bit true about Mrs. Janes' voice having given way. She was down for two numbers, and was encored twice each time. And she sang Annie Laurie for the last. I wish you'd heard her. And Miss Pratt was accompanying in that black silk she always wears with a pink bow! I believe she'll go in for sashes next! The organist from Kamloops was there, and he made a little speech so funny and bright. All the Browns turned out in force, and Kitty has a new suit. They asked for you, and Kitty is going to bring you some flowers soon, she said. Notice the suit, if she wears it. It's a brown pin stripe with a cutaway coat. And notice—"

Then Jane interrupted.

"'Rose, you'll tire mother all out chattering like that,' she said.

"'No! I like it,' pleaded poor Mrs. Hall. 'I seem to get the good of everything Rose goes to.'"

"Then Rose kissed her mother and danced off to bed. I admit, of course, that Jane helped her mother upstairs and remembered her hot-water bottle. Oh, she's capable, to be sure; but how dull Mrs. Hall would be without Rose!"

"And what a fine thing it would be," I added, "if Rose could have some of Jane's sterling parts, and Jane a little of Rose's sunny temperament!"—Youth's Companion.

Winter Play

By Elsie F. Kartack.

AS I glanced from my window, I saw five-year-old John come out of his house, which was next to mine. He was properly dressed for outdoor play on a snowy day, but he had nothing with which to play. As his mother closed the door, she said, "Now don't sit down anywhere; keep moving so that you won't be cold."

John looked aimlessly around for a few moments, watched a truck until it was out of sight, called to the passing mailman, tried unsuccessfully to coax a dog to him, and then, seeming to feel that he had exhausted all other possibilities, he kicked about in the snow at the edge of the walk. This became interesting, and he walked into the midst of the small patch of snow in his yard and began to make snowballs. He seemed quite happy in this occupation for about ten minutes when suddenly the door opened and his mother reappeared.

"John, John," she called, "come right here to me. What do you mean by playing in the snow? Just look at your new mittens that Grandmother gave you for Christmas! They are soaked through and just ruined! Come into the house at once!"

JOHN resisted but was nevertheless dragged in by his anxious mother. "Poor child!" I commented, as my thoughts went back to my own childhood. Some of my happiest

memories were centred about the snow. What fun we used to have—my brothers and sisters and I and our playmates! I recalled the snowmen and the forts that we built and the battles we had with our snowball ammunition, the tunnels that we made in the deep snow and the joy of coasting.

No normal child can resist the snow. The sensible mother will realize how much joy the child gets from it and will make this play possible. He should, of course, be appropriately dressed, with coat, leggings, warm cap, scarf and mittens. The clothing should protect but not hamper the child. It should be able to stand hard usage for if he has to think of his clothes, part of the joy of his play is gone. A pair of thick woollen mittens is preferable to kid mittens unless the latter are waterproof, for woollen ones, when soaked, can be dried again and are just as good as new.

SUITABLY dressed, when well, the child should be allowed his play in the snow at least a few minutes each day. If possible, he should have playmates, and then he will have experiences that no other activity can give.

Poor little John! Since he had no companions he should certainly have had a sled to drag around after him or a little snow shovel to play with.

Either of these would have kept him active and happy. How unfortunate this his mother should have thought more of the kid mittens than of her child's joy in playing in the snow and the health-giving results.—From a series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

Successful Dyeing

NOTHING has such a great effect on our moods as color, and when the loveliest colors imaginable can be obtained so easily by the simple expedient of dyeing things, there is no reason why we should not make our frocks and homes as attractive as we can by this means.

A change of color around us does us good, for, after a time, we get tired of always seeing the same colors. Quite apart from this side of the question, however, is the fact that dyeing is a most economical method of giving quite a number of things a new lease of life.

Successful dyeing depends mostly on following explicitly all the directions sold with the particular dye you are using. It is generally wise to choose the shade you want, rather than merely to ask for it as a color, for sometimes the names of the colors are misleading when one sees the actual shade of the dye. Having got the color you want, the next thing is to follow carefully the directions, for these dyes have been specially prepared to give certain results, provided that these instructions are followed.

An important point is always to have plenty of dye, and also to have a bath or bowl large enough to allow the article being dyed to be completely covered. Any articles to be dyed should first of all be washed in warm water—if garments or curtains are put into dye, without previously having been soaked they will be patchy.

A tablespoonful of ordinary cooking salt will make any dye a shade darker, which is a useful thing to know. Dissolve the dye thoroughly in a little warm water according to the directions. Then fill up the bath with warm water until you have the requisite amount. Shake out the article you are going to dye, and hold it by the top or shoulders, letting it down loosely into the dye.

If, by any chance, the color is not dark enough it is quite easy to add some more dye, but don't forget to take out the garment before adding the second lot of dye to the water. Dyed articles should never be put through a wringer, or they will become patchy. When the articles are almost dry they should be carefully ironed. Never damp down anything which has been dyed or it may make the color uneven.

Cream curtains which have become a little tired or sad-looking, can be dipped to a lovely shade of sunshine yellow.

The question of color schemes I always feel is best left to individual taste, for there are many things to be taken into consideration, such as the aspect of the room and the general scheme of decoration, style, and so on, but without doubt, a little careful planning will enable you to effect some very attractive changes in the appearance of both your wardrobe and household furnishings at a ridiculously small cost. Colored "undies" are all improved by a "dip" now and then, as well as all colored tablecloths, sheets, and table linen.—Marjorie Clive, in the Weekly Scotsman.

Some UNDERSTANDING Friends Contributing Partners in Extending the Services of the Witness

Mr. A. E. Jukes, B.C.*	3.00
Mr. John H. Milne, Ont.*	3.00
Mr. Stanley J. Davies, Alta.*	3.00
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Mr. H. G. Walker, Ont.*	1.00
Miss Evelyn C. Garrett, Ont.*	1.00
Rev. H. J. Kelley, Ont.	.50
Mr. Duncan J. Ross, Ont.*	3.00

Total for the week \$34.38

*Contributions in addition to subscriptions.

Susan Asks and Answers

And still the patterns for the little slippers go out, for everyone, even if they have no wee ones in their own home, knows of some little cold feet they can cover. Every mail brings more requests for them.

A Dandy Pattern

Dear Susan.—Thanks for the Bunny Slipper pattern. I think it is a dandy pattern. I have two pairs cut out and hope to make several more. There are so many lovely things said to you, there is nothing left for me unless it is that you are the most resourceful and long-suffering person I know.—C. L. M.

"Five Island" Quilt Pattern Wanted

One of the friends who has been good in sending us quilt patterns asked for, is still looking for the "Five Islands" or "Five Islands of New York." I somehow can't imagine a quilt pattern some one of our readers has not got, but so far I've failed to find this one.

Star Difficulties—Eight Points Wanted

Dear Susan.—In a recent Witness a correspondent told of the Crazy Star, but I cannot make an eight-point star. She said make the diamonds 12 x 6½ but my pieces are big enough only to make 9 x 5. I don't know how to cut an 8 point, being a novice at quilts, and six of these pieces make a star. I want the simplest star pattern. I was going to make the Crazy Star with the pieces left. Would you please help me out? Your page is very interesting.—C. J.

The Six-Point Star with your pieces would be more simple and is always pretty, but you won't find an eight-point hard to cut. Just take a good-sized piece of brown paper and rule off or cut a perfect square, any size. Then fold the square first in half, then in quarters (if ruling, mark across from centre of sides each way. Then rule across from corner to corner both ways.) Then fold again from the corner to centre diagonally. Whichever you do and the ruling with pencil gives you more exactness, you can cut the square apart on the ruled or folded lines, marking the points that meet in the centre. Now those points or angles give you your pattern. Mark up from the centre on both sides of the point the length you want the sides of your diamonds to be, and fold the centre point over where your marks come. That gives you your half diamond. You must take the width as it comes for if you alter that you will not have the right width for an eight-point star. If I have not made it clear, write me again. Sorry to have been so long answering, but I have got snowed under with letters.

Spiral Socks Ribbed Throughout

Dear Susan.—I wonder if you could procure for me directions for knitting spiral socks? In your issue for November 1st there were directions for socks without heels, but they were knitted plain, whereas this pattern I would like is in purl and plain.—Margaret Young.

This is, I think, the sock you mean; some of us used it for an army sock. You will need about ¾ of a pound of yarn and 4 steel needles No. 10. Cast on 72 stitches, dividing evenly on 3 needles. Knit 2, purl 2 for 4 inches. Knit 1 row plain. Mark the beginning of the next row with a bright thread. *Knit 4, purl 4, for four rows. On each 5th row slip first stitch of each needle on preceding needle and repeat from *. This throws the rib over 1 stitch in each 5th row and makes the spiral rib. Make sock 19 inches long and narrow off as follows. Knit 1 row plain. Knit 6th and 7th stitches together. Knit 6 rows plain. Knit 5th and 6th sts together. K. 5 rows plain. K. 4th and 5th sts together. K. 4 rows plain. Continue to narrow by this method until you have 6 sts left on each needle. Divide sts on 2 needles. Use bodkin and knit or weave off toe in Kitchener way.

Laughing Little Faces And Toy Animals

Dear Susan S.—Many thanks for the patterns of animals. I wish you could have the joy of seeing all the laughing little faces made glad by your kindness at Christmas. I plan on making 6 each of Br'er Rabbit, the Cuddley Cat and Sammy and if I can think of more children and have time, I'll make them.—Just Another Mother, Grand Manan.

Are you not gaa you sent me the patterns and we got them in? There were others which came that I was not able to get ready, but hope to manage later ready for another Christmas or for birthdays between.

Setting The "Flower Garden" Together Beginning at The Corner

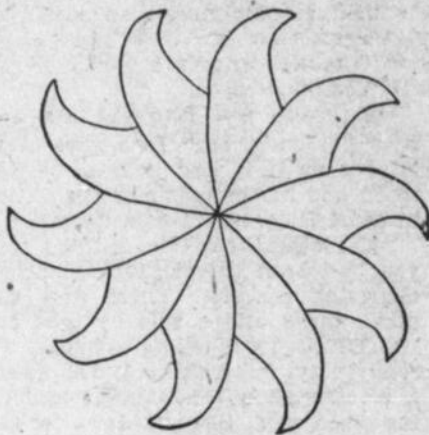
Dear Susan.—You have helped so many I was wondering if you could help me. I pieced what they call the "Flower Garden" but I do not seem to put it together right. I was told to start in the centre but that doesn't bring it right. I would be pleased if you could help me. Yours in trouble.—B. J.

I'm sorry to be so long in answering, but mail piled up and so many wanted patterns in a rush to make presents for children that I could not get all done. Of course you do want to plan your Flower Garden quilt from the centre and I think the eas-

iest way is to lay down a sheet and arrange all the blocks on it until you get the colors exactly as you like them, best and the outside edge. Then pin them carefully in place on the sheet. That will keep them in order and you can safely fold up the sheet and put it out of your way without having to arrange them all again. As to where to begin to set it together, personally I think the right hand top corner is my choice, adding one on each side, then one between and so on as it were diagonally across, but expert quilt-makers may have different ways, and I would be pleased to have our other friends tell us their way.

Evelyn's Sunflower Autograph or Applique

Dear Susan.—I am returning the patterns for which I am indeed grateful, and sending you some others, "Sunflower", "Tulip", "Pansy", and "Rose" block. All of them are for applique. I think them all pretty. The Sunflower may be cut in petals applied on an 18-inch block and set together with 2-inch strips of color.



Evelyn's "Sunflower"

Or it may be outlined in embroidery. It makes a pretty autograph quilt for an organization, one name to each petal and 30 blocks in the quilt.—Evelyn.

Thank you for all the patterns. The "Pansy" is quite different from any we have had and I'll hope to find space for it soon.

Our Paper at a Woman's Institute Meeting Wins Subscribers

Dear Susan.—A friend visiting and giving demonstration in smocking at our "Woman's Institute" meeting showed us the pattern of the Boy and Girl quilt and also told us about your paper. I sent my subscription and now look forward to Monday's mail when it comes. I enjoy your page, also gardening news, and I am sure my husband reads it all through. I have two little grandchildren and would like to have the slipper patterns and romper patterns for small boy. Would it be too much to ask for the "Farmer Boy and Girl" quilt pattern? Our Institute wants to make a quilt, each member making a square which we can sell later to help some good cause.—May Baxter.

The patterns are already far on their way and we are all glad to welcome a new friend. As I read this letter I couldn't help thinking as I've often thought before that some of the difficulties of our paper would be solved if someone told the Institutes and Societies for whom our patterns are borrowed about the paper from which they came. So often I get letters saying "Please hurry and send the patterns for we have a meeting and I want to show them to our members." I know it isn't always possible in small groups, but sometimes one or two or more might like to have the paper.

Problems of Homemakers

Fruit Stain on Silk

Dear Madam.—Could you tell me what would take a plum stain out of a grey silk dress with a satin finish?—C. A. C.

The safest and usually a quite satisfactory method is to sponge with clear warm water; even a dark stain usually yields to this, especially if the fruit is cooked. Use a soft white cloth to sponge with, and place under the spot a folded bath towel. Move the towel as it gets damp. If this does not altogether succeed, use hydrogen peroxide, but try it first on an inconspicuous part of the dress to make sure it does not take out the grey.

Good-looking Roof That Leaks; And Sink Pipe Stopped up

Dear Madam.—I need some help and thought the most likely place to get it was from you or readers of your page. Owing to ill health we have had to move from our Alberta homestead (where we have been for over 25 years) to Ontario. We bought a house here and now find it needs repairs we have not the money to pay for as we must keep what we have for living expenses. The roof leaks, though the shingles don't look to be in bad repair. We had a carpenter come to patch it, but it is as bad as ever. It is just slow leaks, but I am afraid it will loosen the ceiling plaster. Is there any cheap way of stopping the leaks and making the roof last a few years longer? Could some cheap paint preparation or cement be painted on to fill up the small places the rain seeps

through? Another of my troubles is the waste water pipe from the sink. Ever since we've been here the water runs away slowly and makes a gurgling sound and we have been told it is because the pipe is nearly filled or clogged up.—I put some very strong lye water down, but it has not helped any. What can I do to clean this pipe so it won't stop altogether? And if I ever get it cleaned what is the best way to keep it from filling up again?—F. R. P.

If you can get up into the loft or attic above the ceiling and when it first begins to rain and again after it has been raining some time, you might perhaps find the trouble not so bad as you fear. Often around the chimney or a ventilation vent, rain blown against the chimney will seep in, then run down and drip in a number of places, far from the crack it entered. If the ridgepole cover is not quite tight, it also happens there. A small can of roofing cement and a bit of tin in such places may be all you need to close them up. If the shingles are cracked, as may well be after the drought, it will still help if you can get in under the roof and measure roughly so that outside you can tell about where the spots come. My old handy man never patches such places with a shingle; he cuts small oblongs of tin and slips them up under the cracked shingle. If your roof really is leaking all over, you could stop it with a coat of hot roofing tar, he says, and it would last a number of years and be very much cheaper than shingling. When I questioned whether you could put tar on at this season, he said just get a day when the roof was dry; a bit of frost would not hurt and have a fire outside to heat the tar, and someone to mind it, and pass it up, and it would go all right. As to the drain-pipe, I'm afraid that is a trouble anyone with a horizontal run to the waste pipe is liable to have. The quickest and indeed the only way to fix it is to get a man who is handy with a wrench to take it down and clean it length by length. Generally the greasy core will come out in a black roll when the pipe is set on end and hammered, but if any sticks, a thick wire pushed in and out will start it. Then a thorough washing and a kettle of boiling water poured through will leave it in good condition to put into place again. As to keeping it clean, just put as little grease down as you can and also as little very thick soapsuds. Run clear water in with the soapsuds and whenever you have any extra clear boiling water pour it down. Keep a strainer in the sink and don't let coffee grounds or tea leaves, etc., go down, for anything that may catch grease or soap is apt to start the trouble in a horizontal pipe. Perhaps some of our other readers who have had experience with roofs can help. We are all trying to make roofs last a year or two longer these days.

Cement For Stove Linings; And Good Thrift Marmalade And Peel

Dear Madam.—I find so many useful hints from your page that I am just wondering if you could help me out. My heater is lined with bricks, but these are falling off by pieces. I have heard there is some home-made composition one can mend it with, and would like to know if you have the recipe. Marmalade can be made, more reasonable in price, by substituting some pumpkin for some of the fruit. In our house baby takes orange juice daily and orange peelings and pumpkins are used instead of the whole fruit. Orange and lemon peel are also cut into strips with sharp scissors, boiled gently in just enough water to cover until tender, then sugar is added and boiled until coated with syrup. These are stored in glass jars and used instead of bought candied peel for steamed puddings, fruit cakes and decorating cookies.—J. Mackie.

There is a fire brick powder or cement which may now be bought by the package, but many times we have patched up stove linings and firebricks with the old salt and wood-ash mixture. "How much?" I asked our handy man. "Oh, just put a handful or so of salt in a tin and some ashes and a little water and go on putting in ashes until you can putty it into the holes," was his answer. I found the salt melting made more ashes needed than one expected, but if he did not have wood-ash he used sifted coal-ash and it seemed to stick. Put it on with the fire out and make a little fire, being careful not to shake out the moist cement. Increase the fire and the cement will bake and often last a long time. Many thanks for the pumpkin marmalade suggestion. So many grown folk as well as babies use orange juice now and peel made at home has so much more flavor. Grape fruit peels also make a fine flavored peel for cakes, etc.

HOME COOKING

PUDDINGS AND PIES

By Madam

Quick Pudding—Sift together 1 cup flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Add one cup raisins and a half cup milk. Combine and put into a greased baking dish. Mix one cup brown sugar, two cups boiling water, and a tablespoon butter. Pour this sauce over the batter and bake in a moderate oven 50 to 40 minutes. As the batter rises, the sauce drops down into it and moistens it.

Pineapple-Butterscotch Dessert—Mix together the following ingredients: two cups of flour (sifted), three teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup soft butter, one cup sugar, three eggs, and ½ cup of milk. Butter a cake pan with a generous coating of butter and dust with brown sugar. In the bottom of the pan place slices of pineapple with a cherry in the centre of each. Pour the batter over the fruit and bake 40 minutes in a moderate

WHOOPING COUGH?



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oven. Serve with whipped cream. The recipe doesn't say it, but this might be inverted after baking and served with the pineapple on top.

Healthful Steamed Pudding—Sift together one cup white flour, one teaspoon baking powder, a little nutmeg, and ¼ teaspoon salt. Measure 1½ cups of brown sugar and a cup of bread crumbs. Add to the flour mixture one box of dates (stoned and chopped) and a cup of chopped nut meats. Put ½ teaspoon soda in a cup and fill it with sour milk. Add the liquid to the dry ingredients and steam for one and one-half hours.

Pie Filling Pudding—Any cream pie filling may be used for a pudding and may be varied by adding sliced banana, shredded coconut, or diced pineapple. A square of bright red jelly looks pretty on top. An easily made, but almost too rich, dessert is made by whipping cream and adding chopped nuts and candied fruit. This is served chilled.

Sweet Apple Pie—Grate three raw, sweet apples. Cream ½ cupful of sugar with a tablespoon of butter, add one scant teaspoon of grated nutmeg, one tablespoon of flour, and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Mix well together, add a cup and a half of sweet milk. Blend all together and bake as for any custard pie in a pastry-lined plate. When firm cover with a meringue made from the whites of the eggs and brown delicately. This pie has a flavor all its own.

Apple and Date Pie—Line a pie plate with any good crust. Fill with a mixture of pared and sliced tart apples, and pitted dates. Sprinkle over all ¼ cup of sugar, 1 teaspoon of cinnamon and 2 tablespoons of cold water. Cover with an upper crust, and bake until apples are done.

Old-Fashioned Potato Pie—Peel, boil, and rub through a colander or vegetable press enough potatoes to make one pound. Cream half a cup of butter with one cup of sugar, and the beaten yolks of four eggs, add the potatoes, a teaspoon each of powdered cinnamon and nutmeg, the juice and rind of one lemon, and last of all, the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Line a pie plate with rich crust, fill with the mixture, and bake without a top crust. Sweet potato pie is made in the same way, except that the potatoes are parboiled and then grated, and less sugar is required, about three-quarters of a cup instead of the full cup. These potato fillings are very nice baked in little tarts.

Potato Fritters—New laid eggs may be scarce, but those of us who laid in a store in early summer can still use them freely in cooking. For three persons, beat six fresh eggs to a froth with a teaspoon of salt (even). Pare six medium-size potatoes and grate on horseradish grater into the eggs. Have hot fat on stove ready, and drop a tablespoon of the mixture in and brown, then turn over and brown (eat clear). With these you have a full hearty meal for breakfast, lunch, afternoon or supper. They are appetizing. No flour nor any stiffening is used with these fritters.

Bran Griddle Cakes—So many people now use bran as a regular part of their diet that the following recipe for bran griddle cakes may be found useful: One cup bran, one cup flour, one tablespoon sugar, two teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, one egg, 1½ cups milk, one tablespoon melted shortening. Mix and sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt; add bran. Combine egg with milk, and add to the dry ingredients. Add melted shortening. Beat thoroughly and bake on a hot griddle. Bran waffles are made as follows: 1½ cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ tablespoon sugar, three teaspoons baking powder, ¼ cup bran, one egg, ¾ cup milk, four tablespoons melted shortening. Sift the flour, salt, sugar and baking powder together; add the bran, the well beaten egg, milk and melted shortening. Beat well. Bake in hot waffle iron.

Date Squares

Dear Madam.—I have been sent the Witness by a friend and appreciate it very much, especially "Susan's" page. Here is a recipe that some other readers might like to have.—Pearl, P.E.I.

Date Squares—1 cup flour, 2 cups rolled oats, ¼ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, ½ cup butter or lard. Sift salt and soda with flour, and rolled oats, brown sugar and butter or lard. Mix with hands to crumbs. Sprinkle on greased pan half of mixture, add dates stoned and cooked with a little water and sprinkle remainder of crumbs on top. Judge dates by size of pan.

This sounds like our old friend "Matrjmony Cake" spread out and should be the best of good food for lunch boxes, though needing a bit of waxed paper to wrap it in.

International Uniform Lesson for
January 21

Jesus Begins His Ministry

By Hermon Eldredge

Matthew 4:12-25

He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to
men,
Thinking the deed and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
—Longfellow.

Whoever lives true life, will love
true love.—Browning.

WHAT we sometimes call "The
Threefold Ministry of Jesus" is
still a secret to the world of men who
accept not his teaching or his preach-
ing and will not submit to his healing
touch.

The Teacher

He was and is the Master Teacher.
The kindergarten and the University
hark back to him today. He brought
the highest and deepest truths of all
time in the simple language of a child.

The Preacher

No pretentious pulpiteer and when
he preached his greatest sermon
which multitudes flocked to the
mountain to hear, it is recorded that
"he sat down" in the humble attitude
of a teacher to deliver the most pro-
found discourse ever heard by men.

The Healer

A mere catalog of his cures would
be insufficient to measure the Great

Physician who was not only a skilful
practitioner but a ministering brother
man whose heart was filled with com-
passion behind the hand which min-
istered.

Partners in His Ministry

But the great truth beyond and be-
neath this three-fold ministry of the
Master was not what He did but that
he gave power to us to do "greater
works than these" in a world of need.
He multiplied himself in his selection
of the Galilean fishermen and he
multiplies himself today a thousand
times in the lives of those who never
trod Judaea's hills and vales and who
live at a distance of two millenniums
from his earthly existence.

The teacher is still the heart and
hope of our very existence in this our
twentieth century and the teacher
who adds Christlike love and kindness
to knowledge stands highest of all in
helpfulness.

The preacher who builds on the
teaching of the home and the school
and the church becomes the leader of
our progressive life. It may be that
others hold the public eye but the
guidance of the teacher reinforced by
the inspiration of the preacher shapes
the ages.

The healer in the name of Christ
is in every land beneath his shining
sun. "Greater deeds than these" is
he doing. He is multiplying the work
of the Great Physician everywhere.
Sacrificial service is the earnest of
His presence.

In performing Christ's three-fold
ministry lies the hope of the world.—
(Published by arrangement with the
Congregationalist and Herald of Gos-
pel Liberty.)

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Three Birthday Dolls

A Story for Little Folk.

"MY DEARS," said Aunt Mar-
ion as she put the last
stitch in firmly and then
fastened her thread. "I
think Angela will be very, very happy.
She said she wanted twin baby dollies
for her birthday gift, but here are
triplets."

Yes, there were three lovely baby
dolls, with soft, light hair and blue
eyes, lying on the table, all ready to
be wrapped up and sent to Angela's
home. Each one had on a long white
dress, a pair of pretty little knit socks,
and a cap and sack knit to match the
socks. One baby doll had blue, one
pink and the third just a pretty pale
lemon yellow. Yes, Aunt Marion was
sure Angela would think they were
the sweetest dolls in the world.

Angela was so surprised and happy
she could not keep still. She danced
all round the room with the triplets
in her arms. Then she begged mother
to let her go to Aunt Marion's, who
lived just around the corner, and
thank her for her lovely, lovely birth-
day gift.

Mother said "Yes," so Angela put
them very carefully in the carriage
and wheeled them down to Aunt
Marion's.

AUNT MARION was very glad to see
her. "See, Angela," she said, "here
is little Edith Winn, who has just
come to live across the street. Her
mother is ill, so I have asked her here
to spend the day. If mother is willing,
you can stay and play with her this
morning."

Mother was glad to have Angela
stay, for it gave her more time to
make the sandwiches and cake for the
birthday party, so Angela and Edith
had a lovely time all the morning
playing with the triplets. Angela
named them Editha, Enid and Eliza-
beth.

"Where are your dolls?" she asked
Edith.

Edith looked a little bit sad. "I
haven't any," she said soberly. "I
had some lovely ones, but when we
were moving here from out West a
freight car that had some of our
things in it burned up, and my dolls
were all burned. Mother was taken
sick before she had a chance to buy
me any more but my birthday is soon,
and she will give me some new ones
then."

Angela took Edith home to her

party, and after that every day she
and Edith played together.

One morning Angela found Edith
crying. "Why, what is the matter,
Edith?" she asked.

"Oh, dear," sobbed Edith, "I did not
mean to cry, but today is my birthday
and mother hasn't been well enough
to buy me any presents; and daddy
was going to, and yesterday he had to
go away on a trip, and he must have
forgotten. I did so want a doll for my
birthday."

Angela looked hard at the triplets a
minute. "Edith," she said, "I will be
back in a minute," and she ran as fast
as she could go to Aunt Marion.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Would you
mind, Aunt, dear, if I gave Edith one
of the triplets? You know I only
expected twins, anyway, and I don't
want Edith to be unhappy on her
birthday."

"No, indeed," said Aunt Marion,
giving her a little squeeze. "I gave
them to you to make you happy, and
if giving them all away makes you
happy I would be just as willing as
could be."

So Angela ran back and thrust
Editha into Edith's hands. "Here,
Edith," she said, "take her; she is
yours. Now I have twins, which are
just as good, and you have your doll."

IF Angela had felt the least bit sorry,
she could not have when she saw
how happy Edith was! And Aunt
Marion telephoned mother and had
Angela stay all day, and they had a
party in the grape arbor in the after-
noon, with sandwiches and lemonade,
and the triplets dressed in their best,
asleep in the carriage.

Two or three days later Angela
found a little girl sitting on her front
steps.

"Don't you want to play with us?"
she asked politely.

"Thank you," said the strange little
girl. "My mother has come to work
for your mother today, and I am to
wait here to see if there are any
errands to run."

"Come and play with us in the gar-
den while you are waiting," said
Angela, and telling her mother where
she was, the strange little girl, whose
name was Martha, played with them
all the morning.

Angela let her play with Elizabeth.
"Isn't she lovely?" said Martha. "I
think twins must be so nice."

"They are lots and lots of care," said
Angela, while Edith hugged Editha
and said nothing.

"Come again," said Angela, as Mar-
tha had to go. "Come and play with
us any time, and you have Elizabeth
for your baby whenever you come."

MARTHA went away very happy,
promising to come again soon.

"Do you know, mother," said Angela,
"I think twins are lovely, because it
gives you a chance to let a little girl
who hasn't a doll play with you when
she visits you. I think I shall keep
Elizabeth just to lend."

The next day Edith came dashing
around the corner with her arms full
of dolls.

"Oh, Angela," she cried. "Daddy
didn't forget. It was the store man
who sent them wrong. They came
this morning—two new dolls; and just
see. Daddy came home this after-
noon and he brought me these," and
she held out for Angela to see—two
of the sweetest Japanese dolls possi-
ble, dressed in gay kimonos, with
beautiful wide sashes.

"See," said Edith, "this one with the
red sash is Cherry Blossom, and the
one with the pink and white is Plum
Blossom, and Daddy said one is for
you because you were so good to me.
Choose, Angela, choose. I want you
to have the choice because you gave
me Editha."

And as Angela clasped Plum Blossom
to her heart, she said to herself,
"Oh, I am so glad I didn't keep
Edith for myself."—Congregational-
ist.

Singing Fish

OF all the phenomena associated
with life in the waters, none is
more fruitful of speculation than the
sounds produced by certain fishes,
writes E. G. Boulenger, Director, Zoo-
logical Society's Aquarium, London.

Most remarkable are the vocal ef-
forts of the so-called Mexican singing
fish or canary fish, which perform in
choirs several hundred strong. The
noise which is produced by a contrac-
tion of the air-bladder is mellowed to
a musical note as it filters through
the water to the listener in a boat
above.

Even our own waters know many
sound-producing fish. The common
horse mackerel, the John Dory, and
the sunfish make harsh noises like
those that result when a file is drawn
across a rough surface.

The little bullhead, a common fish
in our rock pools, produces a sound
like the tuning up of a violin, whilst
most fishermen have lurid tales to tell
of the conger's "barking" capacity.
When the conger is a large one and
promises to monopolize the boat, its
bark is scarcely less intimidating than
its bite.

Pursuing our enquiries farther
afield, all kinds of fishes "sing," some
to an impressive degree. The huge
drummer fish of the Florida coast
lives up to its name, as the noises it
produces can be heard coming up to
the boatman a hundred feet above
the fish and suggest to him a roll of
the orchestral kettle drums.

Fish noises are, of course, most im-
pressive when produced in concert.
According to a correspondent to the
"Fishing Gazette" some South Ameri-
can "singing fish only approach the
coast at certain seasons, and the na-
tives declare that they can hear them
coming. "Not by splashing or jumping,
for the surface of the water can be
quite unbroken, but from the noise
which they make under water. The
natives think that the noise is in some
way connected with mating."

The last sentence bears testimony
to the human instinct to find an
explanation for all natural phenom-
ena. A close and unbiassed examina-
tion of many sound-producing fishes
justifies no belief in their deliberate
application of the sounds produced.
In short, all such vocal or instrumen-
tal efforts appear to be quite involun-
tary.

Before examining the means of pro-
ducing these sounds the assumption
that they bear directly on the fish's
way of life implies some sort of recep-
tive apparatus by which to appreciate
them. Whilst it may be possible that
some fish can hear in varying degree,
it is quite certain that the majority
are entirely deaf by human standards.
The auditory apparatus of a kind is
present in most of the bony fishes, but
at best is primitive to a degree, and
appears to be associated with the
maintenance of the fish's equilibrium

rather than for the reception of
sound.

Experiments at the Zoo and else-
where have justified this assumption,
though some authorities maintain an
opposite view.

At the Plymouth Biological Station
efforts were made some years ago to
ascertain whether fish could be
trained to associate the notes of an
electric buzzer with the depositing of
food in one particular place. The
"dining room" in this instance was a
large box, and after a few trials with
the buzzer, one particular cod so
closely and accurately connected the
box with food—whether the buzzer
was working or not—that it took up
permanent residence there. The fish
thus negated the experiment.

In public aquaria the visitor is
sometimes impressed by the sudden
activity shown by the exhibits when
an attendant stationed in the public
corridor blows a whistle or sounds a
gong just before the tank inmates are
fed.

The visitor, however, forgets that
the fish have a very keen eyesight and
that the appearance of an attendant
in the service gallery, invisible, of
course, to the onlooker, acts as a very
potent appetizer and causes the lively
demonstration. The association of
food with a whistle or gong is a very
effective illusion—but an illusion all
the same.

The late Professor Bateman con-
cluded from certain experiments con-
ducted at a research station that most
fishes were deaf and took no notice
of even a loud report or the shock of
an explosion. G. H. Parker in America
and Bigelow and Zennick in Germany
came, however, to different conclu-
sions.

These experimenters became satis-
fied that certain fish showed evidence
of the perception of sound.

Whatever the motive, if any, of
"singing fish," the mechanism by
means of which such sounds are
launched upon the air or water is of
interest. Though without true lungs,
(Continued on page 15)

STAMP NEWS

In connection with the restoration of the
ancient Abbey of Orval, a long set of spe-
cial stamps was put on sale last month by
the Belgian post office, at a premium, in
a series of striking designs illustrating the
old Abbey and the new, together with out-
standing episodes of its history. These
introduce us to a plan of the Abbey as it
appeared in 1760, followed by a glimpse of
the ruins taken from an aquatint by the
Countess of Flanders. The Courtyard, the
Transept, the Belfry, and the Cloisters in
the restored building are next shown, and
then views of the Abbey in ancient times
and the several restorations that it has
already undergone, culminating in a pic-
ture of the Madonna and Child surrounded
by the arms of the seven abbeyes of the
Order of Cîteaux in Belgium as the subject
of the highest denomination—namely, 10 x
40 francs.—Times Educational Supplement.

Puzzle Corner

Enigma

You eat me, you drink me,
Deny it who can;
I'm sometimes a woman
And sometimes a man.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

Arithmetical Problem:—The turkey
cost \$7.31. It weighed 17 pounds and
the price per pound was 43 cents.

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A piece of ground not over large; with a garden.—HORACE.

AROUND THE HOMESTEAD

May I a small house and a garden have!—COWLEY.

Carnations Vie With Roses

By E. I. Farrington, Secretary, Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

FLOWER lovers who have taken an interest in the various methods used to keep flowers fresh indoors are now asking about the best flowers to use in the house in winter. Doubtless the question of economy enters. It is desired, of course, to have cut blooms which will last long enough to warrant their purchase. It is desirable also to have flowers which will make a satisfactory appearance if only a small number be used.

Curiously enough, tastes differ in different cities. Carnations, for example, are used to a much greater extent in Boston than in New York, where roses seem to find more favor. In both cities, however, and in some other places, there has come to be a growing demand for orchids, doubtless because the greater production of these flowers has lessened their cost.

Probably carnations will be used in increasing numbers when their full value is realized. They are particularly good flowers to use when money is scarce and when the amount available for cut flowers must go far. Carnations, too, are particularly satisfactory at this season of the year. They are comparatively cheap and appear in many shades and colors. They reach the market in several grades. Naturally those with short stems are cheapest, but often they can be used to excellent advantage for house decoration, especially on the table and at parties. To some extent the length and stiffness of the stems determine the price.

How to Use Carnations

CARNATIONS give the best results when only one color is used in a vase, or when red or pink are combined with white varieties. In the house, as in the garden, white is the peacemaker, and a vase of white flowers may be sufficient to avoid a clash between red and pink carnations on the same table or the same mantel.

This applies, in point of fact, to all flowers. There are few combinations with which white cannot be used, but it is more difficult to avoid unhappy effects when colors are used in variety, except in the so-called spring flowers, where this difficulty is less apparent.

Roses do not keep quite as well as carnations, but they are hard to improve upon for house decoration. Roses with short stems are as useful for house decoration, and especially for the table, as those which cost much more because the stems are two or three times as long. It is only when the receptacle is tall and upright that long-stemmed roses are demanded. Short-stemmed flowers are as pretty when used in low but broad bowls.

Although roses will not keep as well as carnations, their lives can be prolonged if half an inch is cut from the stems each morning and if the vase is placed on the floor in a cool place when night comes. Some flower lovers adopt a better plan. They take the roses out of their vases at night and drop them in a pall of water in a room where the temperature is not above 50, keeping them there until morning.

Sweet Peas Excellent

OF course, sweet peas bring a suggestion of outdoors which is not found in most winter blooms. The usual method of using them is to mass them in a bowl or vase. This is not necessary. The flowers look well when separated somewhat, but it is very desirable to use a little greenery which will serve as a foil. Asparagus fern is good for this purpose. Sweet peas, incidentally, are among the best of flowers for sending to hospitals or to sick friends. Their fragrance is delicate and seldom offends.

In late winter the so-called spring flowers, largely bulbs, which appear in the florist shops offer many opportunities for house decoration. Almost any combination of these flowers gives a good appearance.

In arranging all flowers it is well to keep in mind that the effect under artificial light may be entirely different from that obtained by daylight. That this is true has been made plain

at many of the flower shows, when arrangements which were lovely by daylight have become almost pathetic looking under artificial lights. In almost all cases yellow, purple and blue flowers lose much of their color effect when daylight ceases. Perhaps no flower exemplifies this fact to a greater extent than violets, which become exceedingly ineffective under artificial light.

The shades and hues of most sweet peas make them particularly attractive under night lights. Sweet peas are not tall and can be used almost anywhere. The pink shades show up well by artificial lights, and the lavender varieties are always exceedingly effective. The white kinds are good, but the darker shades even among the sweet peas are less satisfactory.

Much has been written about the beauty of Japanese flower arrangements. It is true, of course, that the Japanese people have made the arrangement of flowers in the house an art, and that mystical and symbolic meanings characterize the groupings often made with only a few flowers. The Japanese method has its advantages, and it is worth studying. It may lead garden makers away from the old-fashioned plan of thrusting as many blooms into a vase as the mouth will hold. On the whole, though, the Japanese method is too severe for American tastes.

The flower shows and the garden clubs have helped to bring about marked changes in the uses of flowers indoors. Many women are making a careful study of flower combinations and the methods by which to obtain unusual effects at minimum cost. As a result, many novel exhibits have appeared at the shows. At one exhibition, for example, first prize went to a single large azalea spray in a simple black vase. At another exhibition a huge bowl of scabiosa made a striking appearance, both by daylight and under artificial light. The shade was a very light blue. At one flower show a remarkable effect was created by sprays of bleeding heart used in a dark-colored bowl with a curved edge. This, however, was a summer arrangement.

Color schemes often prove difficult to beginners, although some women seem to have a natural aptitude for making harmonious compositions. This subject cannot be adequately dealt with in an article of this kind, but requires long and careful study. It even involves the matter of background. Figured wall paper is less satisfactory as a background than a plain wall. Sometimes a piece of velvet hung behind a vase of flowers brings out exquisite effects. Another plan often adopted is the setting of a vase of cut flowers in front of a mirror.

Naturally the size of the room where the flowers are to go must be taken into account. A large jar filled with delphiniums or other tall flowers will seem perfectly at home in a large room or perhaps in a spacious entrance hall, but would be quite overpowering in a tiny library or dining room. It is especially important to have table decorations which are not too conspicuous, but which blend into the general scheme.—New York Herald Tribune.

FLIGHT RANGE OF THRIPS

One most interesting point with regard to the length of flight of gladiolus thrips was made known at the recent annual meeting of the Ontario Entomological Society. During the intensive studies of the movement and migrations of the thrips by the Entomological Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture in the past two years, an effort was made to gain some idea of the distance the adults were able to fly. This was done by means of tanglefoot screens and trap plants, set at varying distances from a definite infestation, and by sweeping. Adults were captured on screens 465 feet from the nearest source of infestation and on trap plants practically 1,000 feet from the same bed. It is felt that in all prob-

ability the insects migrate much further afield than that if conditions are ripe; but even such flights are a source of danger to growers raising gladioli in the vicinity of an infested plot.

Carrots and Calendulas

I WAS in the garden tonight (early October) to pick some tomatoes, fearing a frost, and I came in with a pall of the big red fruit in one hand and in the other I carried a bunch of orange and lemon-colored Calendulas mingled with a few feathery green carrot leaves. I put them in a green glass bowl where they will delight the eye for several days. It had taken me only a very few minutes to gather and arrange them.

Last Spring when I planted my garden I put in a bed of Calendula about four feet square right next to the carrots, and one day I happened to think they would look well together. I believe I have had more satisfaction from that bed of gay little flowers than from anything I ever planted. They began to blossom in June, and now it is October and they are still blooming. I know the frost will get them soon and I am sorry. Such bright cheery little flowers, they are making a bright spot on the dining-room table nearly every day this Summer and Fall.

To be sure, there were other flowers in their season but the Calendulas were the standby for the dining-room. Perhaps it is because there is a hint of orange in the wallpaper and orange candles on the buffet that they look so well there. When I went to the garden for lettuce and onions the first blossoms were there; when the young carrots and beets were ready I picked Calendula and now that the tomatoes, cucumbers and cabbage are in season I am still picking Calendulas.

Vegetables as food for the body and flowers for the soul are both necessary to our well-being. Time spent in the culture of a garden is well spent whether it be a garden of vegetables or one of flowers. People of today realize the value of vegetables as never before, but many are still blind to the value of beauty in their lives.

Perhaps you do not like the color of Calendula. Possibly you would prefer to raise Pansies and parsnips, peas and Petunias, beets and Begonias, Cosmos and cucumbers or just string beans and Geraniums. At any rate I hope you will plant a bed of flowers somewhere.—Mrs. Charles McArthur in the Rural New Yorker.

Garden Questions

An Annual Mallow From Spain—Better Protect Now Than Too Early

Dear Sir,—Last year I saw some large pink and white flowers that looked something like hollyhocks but were on bushy plants about three feet high. Could you tell me what they were and whether they are perennials and how to grow them? If bulb beds and evergreen shrubs and perennials were not protected in the autumn is it better to just let them go, or could anything be done now? Would marsh grass be good? With thanks for past favors.—G. R.

Your description sounds like Malope Grandiflora, the annual Mallow, originally brought from Spain I think and now to be had in light red with deep colored veins toward the inside of the flower. There are also white and rosy red varieties. Any good well-drained garden soil will suit them. Seed sown outdoors early in spring where the plants are to grow should make bushes two to three feet tall and bloom in summer and fall. Much better give your plants protection now than too early. Salt marsh grass makes a fine clean mulch. The main thing is a material that will not mat down, but which will shelter from cold drying winds and protect from early spring sun which may start the buds before heavy frost is over. Evergreen boughs or burlap especially on the side getting the midday sun, will protect your shrubs.

Germination of Fruit Seed—Freezing Not Necessary

Dear Sir,—Is it considered necessary that fruit pits and seeds should be frozen before they will germinate? A peach seed left out all winter under a stone will grow, but one kept indoors will take a year to start.—"Puzzled."

In the case of seeds from the hardy fruits like the Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, and Plum, the seeds will not germinate for years until certain changes have taken

place within them which are closely approximated to nature by the moist cool conditions to be found in the soil during Winter. Nurserymen recognize these principles and either plant their seed in the Fall of the year or else bury it out-of-doors in sand in a well-drained, vermin-proof place. Because of this practice, it has come to be believed that fruit seeds must be frozen before they will germinate, but this is not true. Actually, most seeds are not improved and are often injured by freezing. The after-ripening processes are carried on best at temperatures slightly above freezing, and in the presence of moisture. If seed is kept frozen it will not after-ripen. If it is kept dry it will not after-ripen. The best conditions are those provided by nature in late Fall or early Spring when the ground is moist and just above the freezing point. Carrying this idea still further, it becomes easy to after-ripen seeds artificially. The ice compartment of a household refrigerator, for example, does well for a small quantity of seed, while for larger amounts the ice house is satisfactory. Some nurserymen have constructed temperature-controlled cellars especially for the storage and after-ripening of seed. The advantage in artificial after-ripening is that conditions can be controlled and the seed can be watched for any unexpected behavior. A control of temperature makes for a high per cent of seed germination.

Flowers For Back or Shelf—Honesty or Silver Pennies

Dear Sir,—Could you tell me which of the common house plants will stand without much sunshine and whether flowering bulbs should be set where they will get the sun? Also what is the name of the plant, an everlasting, with flat white round pods or flowers?—New Comer.

The begonias, Impatiens sultani, palms, ferns, aspidistras and Chinese primroses will do very well at the back of your plant shelf or even on a stand or table in the room where they get a good light. The flowers of Hyacinths, daffodils and other bulbous plants will last longer in a cool location away from direct sunlight. The transparent disks which make such a pretty winter decoration are the seed pods of a biennial plant Lunaria, Honesty or Silver Pennies, as it is called, from these same silver pods. Sow the seeds in the open garden in spring, give the plants a light protection over winter and the following year you will have the tall sprays of small purplish pink flowers followed by brownish seed pods. When these are ripe, about midsummer, cut the sprays and rub off the brown layer. Do not leave the pods on the plant too long. Even if it is more tedious to peel off the brown layer.

Cut Back Straggling Shoots—Make Stands For Heavy Plants

Dear Sir,—My geraniums and coleus plants are growing tall and straggly. Would it be wise to cut them back now or should I let them grow on as they are? What can be done to save a hardwood floor when one has large plants like a flowering maple, palm, etc., which are too heavy to move or lift frequently?—Rose.

Nip off the ends of the branches that have grown too long and do not let them spoil the shape of your plants. Almost always they will root easily and make good cuttings useful for porch boxes or bedding out in the spring. Have any handy man or boy cut a piece of heavy board a couple of inches larger in circumference than the bottom of the pot, and fasten four heavy castors on it, lifting the stand two or three inches above the floor. Then add a piece of galvanized zinc over the top, pleating or bending an edge up about an inch. Paint it all with a quick drying paint and you will wonder you have never had one before. You can easily move the plant for cleaning or light, and the zinc will save your floor.

GLAD HE TOOK HIS FATHER'S ADVICE

And Used Dodd's Kidney Pills Which Made Him Well

Mr. Rivet Recommends Dodd's To All Sufferers.

Montreal, Que., Jan. 8 (Special.)

"For two years I have suffered greatly with Kidney trouble," writes Mr. Gerard Rivet of 2075 Papineau Avenue, of this city. "My Father had used Dodd's Kidney Pills for a long time and suggested that I should give them a trial. I followed his advice, and after taking one box my trouble has gone and I have not suffered with my Kidneys since. I would like to recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all persons who suffer with their Kidneys."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are purely and simply a Kidney Remedy. They strengthen, clear the clogged passages and revitalize the kidneys of the aged and tone up the kidneys of the young.

The road to good health lies through the Kidneys, so profit by the experience of others and keep your kidneys in good condition through the regular use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

SINGING FISH

(Continued from page 13)

larynx, or vocal chords, there is ample means for sound production in the average fish's make-up. Many can emit loud stridulations on grass-hopper principles, using the bases of certain fins, fin rays, and gill covers, to perform the functions of strings and bow.

One Indian catfish even employs part of its spinal column, scraping the first bone of its dorsal fin against the spines of the fourth and fifth vertebrae. The trigger fishes, surgeon fish, bore fish, and other common stickleback, are all in the class of what one might term fish violinists.

In conclusion, so far as can yet be ascertained, no fish deliberately produces sounds either to intimidate a foe or to warn its fellows of danger. Least of all does it show the slightest esthetic appreciation.—London Observer.

Latin America

President Grau San Martin of Cuba signed an electoral law decree on Jan. 2 which set April 22 as the date of elections for a constitutional Assembly. Simultaneously he announced he would not continue in the presidency after May 22, when the Assembly will meet, regardless of whether the assemblymen confirm him as provisional president.

Outdoing their previous efforts, Brazilian coffee growers burned 918,506 tons of inferior coffee in 1933 and brought to 1,716,

800 tons the amount destroyed since July, 1931, it was announced officially on Jan. 2.

Flat rejection by Paraguay of a last-minute plan to extend the armistice on Jan. 7 plunged the Chaco Boreal into renewed warfare after a truce of 18 days.

Authorities in Peru announced on Jan. 8 they had uncovered a revolutionary plot and that several were arrested. Details were not available.

LITTLE THINGS

It takes a little muscle, and it takes a little grit,

A little true ambition with a little bit of wit—

It's not the "biggest" things that count and make the "biggest" show;

It's the little things that people do that makes this old world go.

A little bit of smiling, and a little sunny chat,

A little bit of courage to a comrade slipping back;

It's not the "biggest" things that count and make the "biggest" show,

It's the little things that people do that makes this old world go.

It takes a kindly action and it takes a word of cheer

To fill a life with sunshine and to drive away a tear.

Great things are not the "biggest" things that make the "biggest" show,

It's the little things that we may do that makes this old world go.

Contemporary Press

DECEPTION DEFLATED

(Rural New Yorker.)

It is difficult to read all that has been said about money and not conclude that the big financiers and economists deliberately set out to misinform, mislead and confuse the public. The problem is not so mystical or hard to understand as they would have us believe.

The first money was a commodity which had a value in itself equal to the thing exchanged for it. No law governed it. By common consent the people of a community accepted it in exchange because they could always exchange it again for something else. When gold came to be used as money, the people stored it with the goldsmiths for safe keeping and paid storage on it. They received receipts for it. To avoid going to the smiths for it people soon began to use the receipts in exchange instead of the metal. When the goldsmiths discovered that the people never called for all the gold at one time, they issued "receipts" for more gold than they had in storage. This was a deception and a fraud. It led to abuses and to punishment. The goldsmiths were then the first bankers. The receipt for gold was the first paper money, and the issue of paper money in excess of the metal it represented began in an act of dishonesty. Except that the practice is now sanctioned by custom and law the practice is yet deceptive and in effect dishonest.

The only reason the financiers and bank leaders insist on gold as a basis of money is the scarcity of gold. If the volume of it were multiplied so that there would be enough basic money to do the exchange business of the world, our orthodox financiers would fight to demonize it. The scarcity of it makes it easy to control. The scramble for the world for it to use as money keeps the exchange value of it increasing. As the banks and governments own most of it they profit from the rise in value.

The great benefits to our financiers, however, come from the fact that they have induced governments to authorize them to issue paper money, like the goldsmiths of old, against gold that they do not possess. At first they received consent to issue 2 1/2 paper dollars for every dollar held in gold. Next it was increased to 12 and now \$28.50 worth of paper dollars may be issued to circulate as money for every dollar of gold held by the bank. In this country the bulk of our currency is this paper money and deposit credit which is used in the form of bank credit. This credit or paper money is borrowed from the banks. It costs the banks practically nothing but the printing of the bills and checks. The interest paid for the use of it is the least of expense. The government has given the banks a monopoly of the issue of credit money. When the U.S. government wants money it must issue bonds and sell them to the banks and pay interest for it. The states, cities, counties and school districts must do the same. The railroads, steamship lines, utility corporations, insurance companies and industrial corporations, all need money and must apply to the banks for it. So that the big bankers have come not only to control these corporations but have it in their power to dictate policies and terms to the Federal government, and every municipality in the land. Conscious of governmental power, astute politicians clothed with official authority at times challenge the privilege of the big financiers, but usually when they have gained a measurable volume of public applause, compromises are worked out. Something of trivial importance is yielded as a sop to the public, and the financiers doubly fortified retain the old system with increased benefits.

The big financiers have no fear of inflation or deflation. They only want the privilege to increase or decrease the currency reserved to themselves so that they can manipulate paper money credit for their own profit and power by forcing a rise or fall of commodity prices.

There are indications from London and Paris and Washington that the trick of the ancient goldsmiths is again to be sanctified by international and domestic authority. If so, legal documents, decorated with bright colors and artistic seals, will guarantee the payment in gold of two hundred and fifty billion dollars of debts while our total stock of gold to make the payments is about four billion dollars' worth. We have a banking system designed to make profits for big financiers. What we want is a system for the convenience of exchange for everybody.

REGENERATION OR RECONSTRUCTION?

(Church of England Newspaper, London.)

Once again the Bishop of Ripon calls on the nation to reconsider its attitude towards the difficulties of the post-war world. During the war Dr. Burroughs was foremost in stressing the supreme importance of the spiritual if "a new world" was to emerge out of the welter of carnage and hate. At one period the ideal seemed to be almost attainable, but the Body of Christ was unable to function to its full capacity owing to its low vitality and lack of vision. It is true, as the Bishop says in his letter to *The Times*, that the alternatives—"Christ or Chaos"—were plainly placarded by the Christian Church, but we missed the God-given opportunity by waiting for the politicians instead of advancing unitedly with the Gospel of Salvation on our lips, calling men everywhere to repent and turn to God. The fact is the Church had to readjust itself; it was not sure of its message; years were spent on Prayer Book Revision instead of in aggressive evangelism. Disillusionment followed, but there were those who never despaired. Today the horizon is flushed with a new dawn. Is the Church ready to march breast forward in the power of the Holy Spirit? The Bishop of Ripon asks: "If then we dealt in reconstruction when regeneration was our obvious need . . . have we suffered enough even now from chaos to face the way of Christ again?"

The nation will not face the way of Christ unless the Church leads. It is the Church's business to do so. We cannot expect parliaments or governments or



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dictators to take the initiative in a spiritual advance. Has the Church today the faith and power for the daring leadership which is required to save the world from hopelessness and despair? Dr. Burroughs quotes the challenging words of that fearless prophet, Canon Barnett—"No man is fit to lead a revolution unless he will first lead a revolution against himself."

That is a truth which we need to take to heart. The revival must begin "in me" and then spread outward in ever enlarging circles until Christ's will is done on earth as it is in Heaven. If this is accomplished in a way which may not be familiar but which is obviously God-inspired and directed, foolish is the man who tries to sweep back the incoming tide.

PROTECTIONIST PLUNDER

(Advertiser, Adelaide, Australia.)

The Australian duties on hosiery are equal to 250 per cent, while in New Zealand the duty is only 20 per cent, and on that duty the Mongul Woollen Mills of New Zealand have been able to pay a dividend of 10 per cent and a bonus of 10 per cent, and also have placed a substantial sum to the employees' benevolent fund. If these results can be obtained in New Zealand why should there be 250 per cent duties in Australia? In 1926-27 the value of imports of hosiery was \$1,659,634 and the Customs revenue was \$733,814, whereas in 1931-32 the prohibitive effects of the tariff were so great that the revenue fell to \$3,000. The total number of employees in the industries is 4,400, and the wages paid were \$600,000, while the Government revenue was reduced by over \$730,000. The Tariff Board, commenting on this industry, makes the following pertinent remarks: "It will be seen that in nearly every instance the duty chargeable exceeds the Australian manufacturers' selling price. Labor involved in the manufacture of socks and stockings is small in relation to total cost. In several cases coming under the board's notice, the rate of duty now payable under the British preferential tariff is from three to ten times the amount expended on direct labor in Australia."

PEOPLE'S MART and FARMER'S 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 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.

AGENTS WANTED

Money Easily Earned As Agent For Our Reliable line of trees and shrubs. Full or part time. Cash commission paid weekly. Complete range of 900 proven varieties Red Tag Nursery Products. Illustrated literature, finest equipment to help you sell. Write DOMINION NURSERIES, Montreal.

Amazing Invention!—"Self-threading" Needles. Right unnecessary. Every housewife buys! Steady income. Sample package and proposition 25c. PHILROSS AGENCIES, 838 Wiseman, Montreal.

Cash Profits Paid Weekly Selling Our Universally known, guaranteed trees, shrubs and plants. Pleasant work, full or part time. Complete equipment and instructions given. Write LUKE BROTHERS NURSERIES, Montreal.

Agents Wanted To Sell Silk Neckties For Us. We sell you at price that allows you to make 100% commission. Write today for free samples and particulars. ONTARIO NECKWEAR COMPANY, Dept. 350, Toronto 8, Ont.

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

A Complete Range Of Brushes, Colors, Paper, Canvas, Pastels for general Artists' use. Send for Catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LTD., 1428 McGill College Ave., Montreal. 1-53

BUSINESS CARDS

To Your Advantage—Send All Your Clipper blades to be sharpened on our automatic machine. Satisfaction guaranteed. All blades tested before sending out. Also sell Clipper Accessories, Buy and Exchange Blades, Sharpen Mincer Knives, Scissors, Razors, Tools, etc. Send by mail to W. PONTAINE, Pierreville, Que.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

GROW MUSHROOMS FOR US

Earn \$35 Weekly Or More—We Supply That Famous "Snow White" Spawn (from the World's Largest Spawn Plant) and contract to buy all you grow. Illustrated literature free. Write, IDEAL MUSHROOM COMPANY, Dept. 16, Iasington, Ont.

DOGS

Fox Hounds For Sale: Pups 7 Months. Ready To run. E. SMITH, Aoton, R. 2, Ont.

EDUCATIONAL

ACCOUNTANCY, COMPLETE 35 LESSON HOME STUDY COURSE embracing Bookkeeping, Accountancy, Advanced Accountancy. Everything including lesson booklets, instruction, \$30.00 cash or very easy installments. Syllabus from AMERICAN BUSINESS EDUCATION COMPANY, Office 021, 74 King East, Toronto.

FARMS FOR SALE

400 ACRES

For Sale Or Rent, 400 Acres Of Good Clay Loam, all workable, except 25 acres of bush. Cow barn on stone foundation, 160 x 60. Accommodating 100 head. Horse barn 68 x 40, 2 silos, milk house. Large stone house. All equipped with hydro and running water. No encumbrances. 8 miles south of Ingersoll, 1 1/2 miles from church, school and cheese factory. 4 1/2 miles from Canadian Milk Products. ADVERTISER 33, P.O. Box 3070, Montreal.

Sale Or Exchange, 50-Acre Village Farm. CHAS. BLANCHARD, Topsham, Maine.

WHEN SHE LOST 28 lbs.

She Gained Energy

This young woman's method of reducing overweight is evidently as beneficial as it is effective, and a letter she writes is therefore worthy of publication:—

"I am 24 years of age; height 5 ft. 5 1/2 ins.; and a short time ago my weight was 28 lbs. above normal. I was listless and without energy. Now after taking Kruschen Salts regularly I have lost 28 lbs. in weight, and have much more vitality. Also I have a very good complexion and I do not have face blemishes of any kind. Surely this must be due to my having pure blood, and I attribute the fact to my taking Kruschen Salts."—(Miss) M. S.

Kruschen combats the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which would otherwise be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue.

PATENTS

A List of "Wanted Inventions" and Full Information Will Be Sent On Request. THE RAMSAY CO., Dept 167, 273 Bank St. Ottawa, Ont.

K.D.C. will prevent a bad attack of indigestion. It tones up the stomach and corrects digestive disturbances. Always have it in the house. 35c and \$1.00. Ask your druggist or by mail from K. D. C. CO., New Glasgow, N.S.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Women Wanted To Sew For Us At Home. Sewing machine necessary. No selling. ONTARIO NECKWEAR COMPANY, Dept. 250, Toronto 3.

FOR SALE

Church Plays—Humorous, Wholesome, Profitable. J. R. PETERS, B.A., Exeter, R. 3, Ont.

Irish Linen Tablecloths 52 x 52 With Colored border, \$1.35 postpaid. R. M. LAVERY, Box 223, Toronto.

Hemstitched Sheets 81 x 96 \$1 Pair, Money Returned if not satisfied. LANCASHIRE IMPORTERS, 3673 Colonial Avenue, Montreal.

LITERARY

MS. Carefully Typed, 40c Per 1000 Words. ADVERTISER 31, Witness, Montreal.

MEDICAL

Ruptured?—For Relief And Comfort Write SMITH MFG. COMPANY, Dept. 78, Preston, Ont.

NURSERY STOCK

Early Tomatoes, Ontario Grown Seed Is Better. Eleven varieties raspberries certified. EDWARD LOWDEN, Hamilton, Ontario.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

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

PROPERTY FOR SALE

One Greenhouse, 45 x 90—Dwelling In Connection. Immediate possession. Apply BRADLEY BROS., Oshawa.

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED

Fresh Graded or Ungraded Eggs. Cases Supplied if necessary. Prices weekly on request. W. A. MILTON, 430 Bourgeois St., Montreal.

RABBITS

For Sale—Chinchilla Rabbits, Both Sexes; 1 Silver Fox Buck. Cheap. CARL SHOEMAKER, Cowans-town, Ontario.

STAMPS AND COINS

Stamp Album, 2000 Spaces And 100 Different foreign stamps only 25c. We exchange foreign for Canadian Stamps. Write today. MARIGOLD STAMP CO., 2049 Davenport, Toronto.

FREE—One Dollar U.S. Stamp To Applicants For our world-wide approvals. NEW HUSSMAN STAMP CO., 1124 Pine Str., St. Louis, Mo.

15 Australian Stamps Free To Applicants For cheap Approvals. C. A. BROWN, Box 183, Toronto.

Quality Stamps On Approval 1/2c Up. Premium Octagon set Thessaly complete 10c. KEIGWIN STAMPHOME, Vineland, New Jersey.

NOTICE

ESTATE NORMAN WILLIAM LYSTER. Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, 30th January, 1934, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at the Tuttle Office, Old Court House, in the City of Montreal, an application will be made by Dame Jessie Beaumont of the City of Westmount, widow of the late Norman William Lyster in his lifetime of the same place, Gentleman, and by George W. Crombie of the City of Westmount, Retired Merchant, in their quality of Executors appointed under the provisions of the Last Will and Testament of the said late Norman William Lyster to obtain Letters of Verification of the said Will which was executed before L. A. Devorne and Colleague, Notaries, on the Fifteenth day of December, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two.

DAME PEARL GREISMAN, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of BENJAMIN ARTHUR USHEROFF, of the same place, manufacturer, Plaintiff, against BENJAMIN ARTHUR USHEROFF, of the same place, manufacturer, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted by the Plaintiff against the Defendant.

GERALD S. TRUITT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Suite 714, 278 St. James Street, West, Montreal, Quebec. Montreal, December 27th, 1933.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 260 Craig St. W., in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougal and Frederick Eugene Dougal, both of the City of Montreal. Subscription rate \$2.00 a year

CANADIAN
AFFAIRS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

WORLD
EVENTS

Canada

Communist organizations will no longer be allowed use of Massey Hall, large Toronto concert hall, William Robbins, member of the board of directors, stated on Jan. 2, as a result of failure to stand and sing "God Save the King" at a recent meeting held in the hall.

The Ontario Government on Jan. 3 permitted the East Kent seat in the Ontario Legislature to go by default to Douglas Munroe Campbell, Liberal-Progressive nominee, who was the only candidate nominated for the January 10 by-election.

William J. Egan, Deputy Minister of Immigration, resigned on Jan. 4 after twenty-three years in the public service. He will be succeeded by Thomas Magladery, former M.P. for Temiskaming, Ont.

Hon. Jules Tessier, K.C., aged 82 died in Montreal on Jan. 6. He had held his seat in the Senate of Canada for thirty years.

W. E. N. Sinclair, K.C., was replaced on Jan. 6 as House Leader of the Provincial Liberals by Dr. George A. McQuibban, erstwhile Liberal Whip.

In a joint statement issued on Jan. 7 the leaders of all three major political organizations in Canada, Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, Prime Minister; Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, of the Liberal Party, and Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, of the Canadian Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, urged the Canadian people to study the contribution which Canada might make to the building of a peace world. Commending a study project which the recently reconstructed League of Nations Society proposes to bring to the attention of hundreds of organizations throughout the Dominion during the coming week, they said that world peace was menaced as at no time since the close of the Great War. The Canadian people, they suggested, should co-operate in the work of peace as they once had co-operated in the work of war. "The aim of Canadian foreign policy is peace, and that aim expresses the desire of every Canadian. But peace cannot be maintained without knowledge and conscientious effort on the part of democratic peoples.

"For this reason we believe all Canadians should study the position of our country in the world and the contribution Canada may make towards strengthening the agencies designed to ensure world peace and economic stability.

"The League of Nations Society in Canada offers an outline of study in which all our citizens may participate. Without commenting on the details of this project, we commend it to the Canadian people and urge them to inform themselves of the issues which confront the world at the present time.

"Without doubt world peace is menaced today as at no time since the close of the Great War. Canadians did their part nobly in that war and know only too well its horror and its cost in blood and treasure. Another such conflict might imperil western civilization.

"The people of this country worked together in war. We ask them to work together in the nobler task of helping to substitute for the use of violence and force in international relations, the principles of law and justice upon which a world society as well as a national society must rest."

Hon. J. D. Monteith, Ontario Minister of Public Works and Labor, died in hospital at Stratford on Jan. 8.

The Dublin city council, with the Lord Mayor in the chair, on Jan. 8 voted unanimously in favor of a resolution expressing appreciation of the honor and integrity of Irish journalists, regretting the sentence of one month's imprisonment imposed on Joseph Dennigan, and urging his immediate release.

Great Britain

Arthur Edward Pearse Brome Weigall, a leading authority on the antiquities of Egypt, died in London on Jan. 2 after a long illness. He was 53 years old.

Victor Albert Spencer, first Viscount Churchill of Wychwood, died on Jan. 3 at the age of 69 and is succeeded by his son, Victor Alexander Spencer.

On January 5 Sir Frederick Maughan was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Appeal Court in place of Sir Paul Ogden, who resigned recently.

The complete impartiality of the Crown in Great Britain constituted the "great basis for assumption of our constitution," declared Sir Stafford Cripps, Labor party leader, on Jan. 7 in reply to a storm of criticism raised against a speech he delivered at Nottingham the day before in which he was quoted as saying, in reference to what the Labor party must overcome when it attains power in Great Britain, that "there is no doubt we shall have to overcome opposition from Buckingham Palace and other places as well." Cripps said he did not mean to refer to the King at all, but only those who advised His Majesty. "The term 'Buckingham Palace' is a well known expression used to describe court circles, officials and other people who surround the King at Buckingham Palace."

Sister Dominions

Beaten back in their attempt to land and overthrow the Venezuelan Government, a little band of rebels sought shelter in Trinidad's jungles on Jan. 5 against the pursuit of avenging countrymen.

An Irish Free State military tribunal on Jan. 2 agreed to an indefinite postponement of the trial of General Eoin O'Duffy, co-leader of the United Ireland Party, on a charge of inciting to kill President Eamon de Valera.

United States

Knee deep in tons of mud, silt and debris an army of relief and rehabilitation workers on Jan. 2 worked into stricken areas of California where at least 37 persons died, 31 of whom have been identified, and 73 others were reported missing in disastrous floods the preceding Sunday.

Drastic reorganization of the Farm Adjustment Administration with abandonment of eight sections was announced on Jan. 1 by Chester C. Davis, Farm Administrator.

For the first time in history the United States on Jan. 2 had power to examine state banks while they still were under the full control of state banking departments.

Walter J. Cummings, chairman of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, on Jan. 2 said that only one Federal Reserve member bank had refused to become a part of the Government's deposit guarantee scheme.

In a vigorously worded, personally delivered message, President Roosevelt on Jan. 3 pointed an enthusiastic Congress toward his conception of a permanent recovery on a new basis.

Two tornadoes which first appeared as huge water spouts in Pensacola Bay, Fla., swept into the city on Jan. 4, seriously injuring eight persons and wrecking about 35 residences.

Repeal of the anti-trust exemption provisions of the National Recovery Act was proposed in a bill on Jan. 4 by Senator William E. Borah.

The Budget for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1935, submitted to Congress by President Roosevelt on Jan. 4, and estimates for the remainder of the current year foresaw: Government borrowing of \$10,000,000,000 in the next six months. Expenditures for the two years totalling \$16,529,805,567, receipts aggregating \$7,234,004,234, a deficit for the two years combined of \$9,295,800,000 and a consequent increase in the public debt to \$31,834,000,000, the highest point it ever has reached. Of these disbursements, \$5,017,488,467 were listed as general outlays for the ordinary expenses of the Government and the remainder, \$11,512,317,200, was set down as emergency spending intended to further the recovery program.

Governor Herbert Lehman of New York State informed Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia on Jan. 5 that he was opposed to his request for dictatorial powers over New York City finances as a move which, if granted, "would lead to chaos far more dangerous" than the present New York City emergency itself.

The parole application of Warren K. Billings, who was sentenced with Thomas J. Mooney for bombing the 1916 San Francisco Preparedness Day parade, was denied on Jan. 6 by the California State Board of Prison Terms and Paroles.

The Radio Commission's legal division prepared on Jan. 6 to recommend revocation of licences of stations broadcasting advertising for hard liquors.

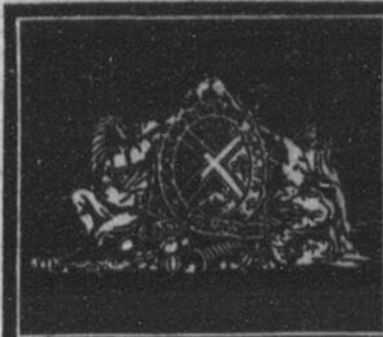
Alexander A. Troyanovsky, the first Soviet Ambassador to the United States, formally presented his credentials on Jan. 8 to President Roosevelt at the White House.

Efforts were under way on Jan. 8 to settle a farmers' selling strike that had reduced milk shipments into Chicago to meagre supplies for infants and hospitals. Thousands of gallons of milk were dumped during the day. Five trucks making deliveries were pushed into the Chicago River and another was burned. Pickets set up effective blockades on every highway over which milk might be shipped.

Europe

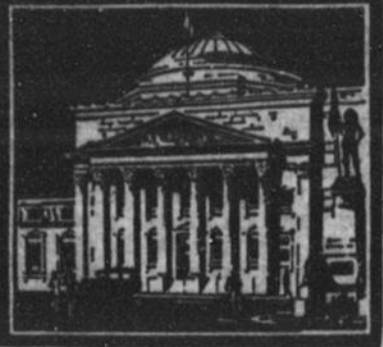
A world-wide improvement in the employment situation was noted on Jan. 5 in a communique of the International Labor Office. A comparison between the last three months of 1933 and the previous year showed a decline in unemployment in 13 nations: Canada, the United States, Chile, Germany, Great Britain, Hungary, Australia, Belgium, Finland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Denmark and the Irish Free State. In Great Britain the index of employment in December rose from 91.6 in 1932 to 97.5 in 1933, the Labor Office revealed. Figures for November in 1932 and 1933 indicated an increase of workers in Canada from 71.1 to 76.6.

Premier Camille Chautemps of France made a state question on Jan. 4 of a \$40,-



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000,000 scandal that resulted from the collapse of the city pawnshop in Bayonne, operated by Serge Stavisky who operated his alleged swindle under protection from high quarters.

Albert Dalimier, French Colonial Minister, resigned on Jan. 8 as a result of public indignation over the Bayonne pawnshop scandal and to permit Premier Camille Chautemps to face the Chamber of Deputies with the cabinet's hands clean.

Serge Stavisky, founder of the fallen Bayonne municipal pawnshop, shot himself when police closed in on him after an international search on Jan. 8 and died early next day.

Strong representations against Germany's reduction of interest payments on foreign loans, coupled with a veiled warning that such action might undermine Germany's credit rating, were made to the German Government on Jan. 2 by United States Ambassador William E. Dodd, joining with Great Britain's envoy in Berlin.

Thuringian state authorities moved rapidly on Jan. 2 and established 15 courts to handle exclusively the cases of persons suffering incurable ailments who will be subject to sterilization operations under a decree made effective that day. Similarly a state sterilization Supreme Court was named to hear appeals of these cases.

The Rev. Dr. Rossberger, director of the Catholic Seminary at Freising, near Munich, Bavaria, was tried before the summary court on Jan. 2 on charges of sedition and sentenced to eight months imprisonment.

Lieut.-Gen. Baron Werner von Fritsch was named chief of the German Army on Jan. 3, succeeding Baron Kurt von Hammerstein-Equord, who resigned last week.

Police swooped down on 1,000 German Sunday school youths on Jan. 7, broke up their meetings and arrested their leaders as the state came to the defence of Reichsbishop-Designate Ludwig Mueller and his Nazi Church regime. In defiance of Bishop Mueller's suppressive church decree, opposition pastors in hundreds of Reich churches meantime went into open revolt and disclaimed allegiance to Mueller.

A revision of arms figures calculated to strike a satisfactory balance among the armaments of the powers, rather than a wholesale slash previously favored by Italy, was said authoritatively on Jan. 3 to have been suggested by Premier Benito Mussolini to Sir John Simon, British Foreign Secretary, at Rome.

Premier Mussolini and Sir John Simon, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, reached full agreement on Jan. 4 on a policy of abandoning disarmament proposals incapable of being put into effect now. An official communique said the two statesmen favored abandonment of such measures and adoption of others that offered practical fulfilment.

A national budget deficit of almost 3,000,000,000 lire (currently about \$245,000,000) for 1934-35 was shown in the Budget report of the Italian Ministry of Finance distributed on Jan. 4 in the Chamber of Deputies.

The Italian Cabinet Council on Jan. 6 approved Premier Mussolini's new corporative law project.

The Rumanian Government of Constantine Angelescu resigned on Jan. 3 after holding office less than five days.

Constantine Bratianu, veteran Rumanian leader, was elected head of the National Liberal party on Jan. 4 to succeed the assassinated Premier Ion G. Duca.

Fire broke out on Jan. 4 in the "Nelson III" coal mine at Duchcov (Dux), Czechoslovakia, where a fearful explosion trapped 140 miners in the workings. One hundred and twenty men still in the mine faced certain death, relief experts feared, if they have not already been killed by poisonous gases.

Andorra, the miniature self-governing state in the Pyrenees announced on Jan. 3 that it is organizing its own army, starting with six officers and six privates.

The officers will include a commander, a chief of staff and four others.

The Orient

Dr. C. C. Wu, prominent Chinese statesman, died suddenly at Hong Kong, China, on Jan. 2 of cerebral embolism. He was 46.

Important changes in the Japanese-advised Government of Manchukuo, including the previously predicted elevation of 28-year-old Henry Pu-Yi to be Emperor, were reported imminent on Jan. 3 in high circles.

Seventy-six persons were killed and 48 were injured on Jan. 8 in a sudden, uncontrollable stampede at the Kyoto, Japan, railroad station when mob terror swept a crowd saying farewell to troops for the Imperial Japanese Navy.

The Brewers' Dream

By A. J. Irwin

That the brewing interests are looking for a huge increase in the outlets for their product in Ontario is disclosed in a dispatch from Montreal which appeared in the financial columns of The Mail and Empire on December 5th. At present there are about 290 depots for retailing beer, consisting of stores, warehouses and breweries. The Montreal dispatch estimates a probable increase of 6,750.

The dispatch in part is as follows: "An influential Montreal group is said to have looked into the Ontario brewery possibilities. One of the group states that there are 2,200 standard hotels in Ontario. Each would doubtless get a license for beer. Assuming only two restaurant licenses to each hotel, that would mean 4,400 licenses for restaurants. There are 150 golf courses in Ontario... New sale avenues in Ontario would be about 6,750."

Brewers and temperance people alike know that increased outlets mean increased sale. The brewers' objective is about 7,000 beer licenses for Ontario. In the year 1915, immediately prior to the O. T. A., the total number of retail liquor licenses of all sorts existing in the Province was 1,660.

If Ontario does not want to be in the state of the poor wight in the Bible whose "laste state was worse than his first," had she not better wake up?

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MEDICAL MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND	
Further Contributions	27.08
Elizabeth Matheson, N.B.	3.00
Total	\$30.08

FRIENDLY-HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES	
Previous Contributions Acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer	\$188.48
D. Edt. Ont.	1.00
Mrs. J. L. Frye, Alta.	1.00
Total	\$190.48

DAVID CURRIE FUND	
From which renewals are sustained on behalf of old friends of the Witness, who, through adversity, would otherwise, very re- gretfully, have to give it up.	
Paid from Jan. 1st, 1932	\$181.55
Further Contributions	275.92
Total	\$457.47