WITNESS
and
Canadian Homestead

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

make Canada a land to love

The Week's Outlook

"Uncle William" Ferguson

NOW we have it. Mr. Ferguson's liquor policy is not designed to satisfy his financial backers who are interested in the liquor traffic. Ah, no. It is a moral reform, a temperance measure. Mr. Ferguson's chief regard is for the rising generation who are committed to his special care as Minister of Education. They are being reared in an atmosphere in which the pure breezes from Lake Ontario have been polluted by the nauseous fumes of bootleg liquor. So Mr. Ferguson has determined to "clarify the moral atmosphere," as he himself says. He is aware that the whole province, and the whole country, would like to see this purpose accomplished. But Mr. Ferguson proposes to accomplish the task in a truly novel fashion not by eliminating the liquor fumes, but by counter-fencing them. The famous American humorist, Eli Perkins, has left behind him a story which might have given Mr. Ferguson the inspiration for his present method of reform. A M. Langdon has reported this as follows:

> "Just before Uncle William died he made up his mind that he would reform, and he did reform—in the only way he could reform. That is he gave up the use of—water—entirely. (Laughter). He said he was afraid to use it. When they told him how much damage water had done—how it had engulfed ships, smashed lighthouses and drowned the whole human family in the deluge, the said he was afraid to take any water in his."

Mr. Ferguson, like Uncle William, is evidently determined that the growing generation shall have little opportunity of contamination by water. We might disagree with Mr. Ferguson as to the effect of that reform on the generation for which he is so solicitous; but no one will dispute that the effect would be most striking. Incidentally we might refer Mr. Ferguson to Uncle William's sad fate. After he had decided to stop the iniquitous practise of mixing water with his whiskey he also refused to listen to his better-half's advice about smoking while driving on a load of hay, and—but that is another story and if we finished it we might be accused of prophesying.

An Unwitting Service

MR. Ferguson does not believe in making half-hearted statements. He boldly declares that the liquor manufacturers are selling, through bootleggers, some twenty-five or thirty million dollars worth of liquor per year. In other words he would have us believe that there is twice the consumption of liquor in dry Ontario as there is in wet Quebec. Then he calmly infers that his new policy is designed to promote temperance. For sheer audacity Mr. Ferguson's tactics undoubtedly establish a record. He asks Ontario to believe that the brewers and distillers are putting up their good money to back the government sale policy—all for the purpose of hurting their own trade. He asks Ontario to believe that such "wringing wets" as Colonel Currie and Mr. McCausland are in such high jubilation—not because their supporters are to be able to get liquor easily—but because there will be less liquor sold! Mr. Ferguson is minister of education as well as prime minister. He must have a poor opinion indeed of the work of his predecessors if he imagines that the people of Ontario will fail to realize the absurdity of his protestations. As a matter of fact Mr. Ferguson has given his opponents an excellent weapon. He admits that the illicit liquor floods originate at the breweries and distilleries of the province. That admission will suggest to the enemies of the traffic that the obvious remedy is to dry up the sources of the evil flow—not merely change its channels. Even under present conditions the ending of the farce of granting clearances for liquor export from inland points would seriously restrict the bootleggers' operations. But the real remedy is to abolish—not the bar, nor the brass rail—but the manufactories of the concoctions. In unwittingly suggesting such a remedy Mr. Ferguson has done Ontario and Canada a real service.

Ontario Sentiment

MR. Ferguson's excuse for not obeying the mandate of the plebiscite he took upon the Ontario Temperance Act, as he promised he would, is that that vote showed a much smaller majority for the act than the one before it—a majority which, at the same rate of decline would speedily be wiped out and put the people's mandate on the other side. In obedience to the assumed rate of decline he presently, instead of tightening up the belt, let it out to the four point four hole; and now having given, as he thinks, time for a further move liquorwards, he announces its abrogation in favor of a change by which he will himself, in the name of the province, assume the profit and the shame of being His Majesty's Lord High Grogseller for Ontario. Our correspondent who signs "Openeyes" gives a sufficient explanation of the decline in the temperance vote apart from any weakening of sentiment; and all know how nefariously the liquor vote was beaten up. But explanations serve a poor purpose. People in Montreal despised the way the last decennial census was taken. Yet it goes on record in all almanacs and dictionaries and is the basis of all sorts of economic and social calculations. The liquor interest is bringing on votes upon the Volstead act in a number of the United States. Some of the temperance organizations, declaring that such a vote is unconstitutional, are advising temperance voters to repudiate it. Do they think the result so obtained will not ring through all the world as a condemnation of Prohibition? It is a maxim of law that no man can take advantage of his own laches; that is, his own neglect. We may explain as we like. If people, having a chance to express themselves do not take the trouble to do so their interest will be interpreted accordingly. The way to win is to man the trenches, day and night in fair weather and foul.

A Clear Ring

MR. Sinclair, the Ontario Liberal leader, has redeemed his party from the cloud that hung over it under the malign leadership of Mr. Dewart by coming out squarely for the continuance of the Ontario Temperance Act. He seems to be likely to lose by so doing in certain quarters, as the French seem to be everywhere herded on the side of government sale. The nationalist motto used to be: "Our laws! our language! our customs! and our faith!" But there are those who are trying to blast this triple slogan by adding to it "our liquor." Finding no support in the habits of the French they would actually appeal to racial loyalty as a cover under which to fight for their traffic. It has even been claimed in some quarters that this united revolt of the French Liberals in Ontario is not unrelated to Mr. Ferguson's implied promise to revoke the hated "regulation seventeen," which makes English the language for imparting instruction in all Ontario schools. Be that as it may, it is significant that every single French Liberal has deserted Mr. Sinclair's banner. It is true that that leader has attempted the almost impossible task of reconciling the opposing groups in his following. That consideration accounts for much that is in Mr. Sinclair's manifesto, although we confess that we cannot follow him in deprecating the introduction of moral questions into politics, at the very time when the religious leaders of the province are declaring education to be the greatest governmental issue. The neglect of moral for material issues has been the admitted fault of parliamentary government. That neglect was woman's plea for wanting a hand in law-making. Still the Liberal leader rises above mere interests of party and takes all risks when it comes to a matter of right and wrong. That is as it should be for the real danger is not in the influence of moral issues on politics, but of party politics on moral issues. The danger which Dr. Pidgeon sees in this particular is the immense and malign political patronage it would put into the hands of the government.



"FERGIE" AND HIS FRIENDS

Speaking at a Conservative gathering in Aurora on Saturday, Premier Ferguson "pointed out that, whereas the cost of enforcing the O.T.A. had doubled during the period from 1917 to 1925, the cost of enforcing all the other laws of the province had increased six times. Are the two things related in any way? he queried. Does it not suggest to your mind that there is a close relationship between them?"

Tears! Idle Tears!

THE Liquor regime in Quebec confesses itself injured and grieved by the prohibition stand taken by the Ontario Liberal leader. So they have confided to their confidential friend the Montreal Gazette. The Gazette ascribes these liquor griefs to the Quebec Liberals, for whose broken heart it purports to speak. The Quebec Liberals are represented by their volunteer spokesman as looking on the question from the point of view of French domination. "What a political blunder for a Liberal leader to sacrifice the support of the French dominated counties, which will all go over to the Tories! What a lack of political insight not to see how Mr. Taschereau's prophecy is bound to come true, that all the other provinces are sure to follow his glorious lead into the liquor business! See how British Columbia followed at once, and then all the prairie provinces! What a feather it will be in the cap of Quebec when Mr. Ferguson wins, as of course he will!" When a newspaper extracts information from nobody in particular, the sentiments may be presumed to be its own. One can easily see how willingly the Gazette would take over the French liquor contingent. Speaking, if we may, for the temperance majority in Ontario we would wish the Gazette all success in this adventure. Why should Liberals be driven out of Liberalism, as they largely have been, at the bidding of those who agree with them in nothing, but are simply nationalists? It would be hard indeed to say anything more fetchingly in support of Mr. Sinclair than the Gazette has done.

Liberal Cleavage

"LIBERAL cleavage widens," is the Conservative comment. As long as it is a cleavage between the true and the false, let it widen. Ontario Liberalism can well afford to lose its contingent that marches in the Taschereau uniform after the beer-van. The Liquor interest has mastered the so-called Liberal government in Quebec and what calls itself the Conservative government in Ontario. In both cases it is simply a liquor government. Liquor now proposes to coerce the Liberals of Ontario with the lash of Taschereau rule. Temperance people will find themselves in strange perplexity where they are offered none but a liquor man on either side. Should they not in such ridings put up the deposit for an independent temperance man in protest?

Woman's Responsibility

"WHO knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this." Such was the adjuration presented to Queen Esther when peril overhung her people. It lay upon her to save the day throughout the known world. Such is the adjuration that can be addressed to the Woman's vote in Ontario. For what did women ask for the

vote? Of course, because they had a right to it. But their special plea was that, while men were busy with economic questions it was for them to protect the family and the home. Another phrase might be quoted from the same episode: "Think not that thou shalt escape."

Drink's Sanctuary

DR. Salter, a Labor member of the British parliament, was, on the vote of a large majority, duly rebuked from the Chair for libelling the House in a speech in which he was reported to have told how he had witnessed scenes of drunkenness, especially among the Tory members. It was a libel apparently under the old legal maxim that the greater the truth the greater the libel. Dr. Salter was to consider himself rebuked for telling tales out of school. His reply was to offer names and evidence to substantiate his statement; but the House formally declined the offer. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the grandfather of the House, practically admitted the truth by declaring that sobriety had of late years taken enormous strides. In this both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Clynes supported him, while the Prime Minister said there must be occasions when members forgot themselves, but asked for "a decent reserve." The Speaker declared that the House compared favorably with other parliaments. The doctor, however, does not propose to let it rest there. It may be a royal prerogative to keep the parliamentary bars open at hours when, greatly to the benefit of the nation, all others are closed by law, but he thinks there must be some way of doing the nation a similar service inside the House.

The Publishers' Grievance

A DELEGATION of Canadian magazine publishers has been to Ottawa to represent their wrongs at the hands of the Canadian government; and they are certainly great. All their materials are sales-taxed and customs-taxed, or enhanced in price by the tariff, while their finished product has to compete with larger publications rendered possible by having the run of a ten, a twenty-fold reading market, with advertising support in much larger proportion still, received into Canada free of taxation, while Canadian publications get practically no reciprocal benefit, being treated with scorn across the border. We have always been sensitive about those claims of Canadian periodical publishers, based on purely protective considerations, as we believe heartily in free trade as far as all commerce is concerned and we heartily disbelieve in the exclusion of intelligence either in print or "on the hoof." From the simple manufacturing point of view, our remedy would be to sweep away all protective duties and equalize all other taxation. The magazine men cannot urge that very freely as they would thereby find themselves up against all the protected interests which tax them as consumers and which would account themselves robbed if not allowed to overcharge their fellow manufacturers, the magazine publishers. The magazine manufacturers avoid antagonizing their fellow manufacturers by proposing that the protection take the form of taxing only the advertising pages whose purpose is to tempt business away from them. So we suppose we must just go on paying paper makers, and all other producers of the things we need, their own prices if we wish to supply Canada with reading that is Canadian in spirit—though restricted in our service in that direction by the undue cost of our raw material.

Demoralizing Literature

WE have always looked on the whole matter from another and higher point of view. Since the day when the Canadian manufacturers bribed Sir John Macdonald to tax foreign goods or rather to enable them to tax the Canadian people, foreign goods have been treated as an injury to the nation, no matter how serviceable, while all the time we have been actually bonusing to the detriment of our national literature, a literature that is scornful of our allegiance with the never omitted glorification of another. The Bishop of London has been showing the remarkable courage for which he is noted by plainly telling an American audience their country's foible in this respect. He told the Philadelphians that in the century and a half since the revolution which they were then and there celebrating only one decent, true and honest history of that revolution had been written by an American; that their children had all been brought up to hate Britain, that false impressions were continually circulated about British people, of which he quoted an instance in the way a Chicago paper had misrepresented Dean Inge, a churchman with whom he differed. It will possibly be greatly for Bishop Winnington-Ingram's comfort that he is due forthwith to cross the sea, for no one talks like that in the United States without the pillory. The bishop's speech was ostensibly and genuinely meant as an effort to promote good-will between the separated sections of the English race. May it have that effect. He showed his kindness of heart by the surgeon's probe after ancient fashion and, as would appear, without anaesthetics. We have not the whole report, but find the bishop painting in too broad lines and with no allowance for recent radical changes of tone. We only cite it here to show how Canada while shouting, "No truck or trade with the Yankees" and many less pointed shouts to the same effect and while bristling with all her guns against material imports which could do her nothing but good, has in the matter of shaping the minds of her successive native generations and imported foreign contingents been turning her other cheek to the smiters. By all means put no embargo on ideas; but if possible do not bonus offensive ones to the injury of the defensive as we have been doing for the two generations of our so-called national policy.

Minor Differences Settled

IF Mr. King had accomplished nothing at the Imperial Conference save the settling of the vexed Pacific cable dispute his trip would have been worth while. The "all red" cable, between Canada and Australia via New Zealand, was completed some twenty-five years ago. The cost was divided into eighteen parts, Australia paying six shares, Britain and Canada five shares each and New Zealand two shares. The board of management was composed of eight members, Australia having three, Canada two, and Britain three including the chairman appointed directly by the British government. All went well as long as the enterprise lost money. The board simply called on the member nations to make good the deficits. After thirteen years the tide turned, however. Profits were earned annually. Canada, at least, expected some share in the proceeds wherewith to reduce the amounts advanced for the capital outlays and deficits of previous years. But the board had other plans. In spite of vehement protests phrased with true Irish vigor by Mr. Charles Murphy, until recently the Canadian postmaster general, the board calmly proceeded to let contracts for a duplicate cable. The action was the more remarkable considering the fact that the British parliament's statutory instructions to the board explicitly specified that no new capital expenditures were to be made without the approval of the member governments. Yet the chairman announced that "it has never been the custom and it is not now intended to consult any of the partner governments previous to awarding contracts." The expenditure was made and only the refusal of Mr. Murphy to allow the landing of the cable in Canada prevented the completion of the work. Mr. King's settlement seems to be designed rather to prevent a recurrence of further trouble than to quarrel over the mistakes of the past. A new arrangement has been made whereby the chairman of the board will be chosen by the board itself and not appointed by the British treasury. Provision has been made for a more equitable distribution of seats on the board; rules have been drawn up which make the disposal of the profits a purely automatic process; the statute, requiring consultation of the partner governments before the undertaking of any new projects, has been confirmed. The trouble, which seems to have arisen solely because of the appointment of a chairman quite unfitted for his task, should be a thing of the past.

Soaring Possibilities

OVERSEAS statesmen could not visit the capital of the Empire without being forcibly impressed with the remarkable advance that has recently been made in air transportation in Europe. With air liners leaving London every day and connecting with others bound for every capital in Europe and some in Asia and Africa, that man would be blind indeed who failed to realize that the world is on the eve of a new era of communication. It is true that the post-war European developments in air travel have been chiefly the result of military plans and counter-plans. But it remains true that the development has taken place on an undreamed-of scale and that the commercial and other possibilities of that fact are almost breath-taking in their scope. One cannot read the newspapers of the neighboring republic without grasping another fact. That is that the United States, though late in getting started, is very likely to outstrip her competitors in a field which is peculiarly suitable for service by machines produced on the economical mass-production basis. Some of the self-confessed experts claim that there is a significant relation between the fact that the percentage of Ford sales of motor cars to the total has dwindled, and that Mr. Ford himself is devoting most of his personal energy to the evolution of a type of aeroplane that is suitable for large scale production and safe flying. What does all this mean to Canada? Many things. But for two outstanding reasons Canadians should be determined to take their place in the forefront of the world's flying development. During the war Canada produced air pilots for the British army in far higher proportion than any other part of the Empire. By temperament and education Canadians seemed peculiarly fitted for the flyer's vocation. But of equally great importance is the fact that our northern heritage is admirably adapted for exploration and exploitation by air. Already the government has taken to mapping northern territories by aerial surveys, which are absolutely accurate and amazingly easy of accomplishment. The air route that serves the new Red Lake mining district has already become famous. Certain of the pulp and paper companies have been using aeroplanes for communicating with their holdings for a considerable time. Some provincial governments have found air patrols more efficient than land patrols in dealing with forest fires in the early stages. But these are but straws which show the direction of the rising breeze. What Canada should constantly remember is that air communication is possible wherever airports—that is refuelling stations, repair shops, and supply depots—can be established. That should change our conception of what we have been wont to regard as our vast, frozen, inaccessible northland. These truths should encourage municipal as well as national foresight. Town planplanning has begun to be at least a civic conception. If it were possible to get Canadian municipal bodies to look beyond immediate profit and loss, it might be urged that our rapidly growing cities should have a first care to save convenient spaces for airdromes before all are sacrificed to the speculative builder. In central places, too there might be splendid esthetic achievements in the way of seizing on degraded spaces or spaces of great public prominence for the condemnation of valueless or disfiguring structures for landing purposes.

Barriers And Inflations

"EUROPE," a British shipowner says, "is divided by twenty-eight barriers and pervaded with inflations." Both evils are in great measure the doing of the war. Exhausted resources cause the continued issue of paper money. Countries whose home business expands in a paradise of ever cheapening money but whose foreign engagements have to be met in gold naturally raise barriers against importations that would involve the export of gold and the consequent further deterioration of the paper whose only security it is. By large countries with extensive and varied industries the exclusion of foreign commerce, though a great calamity, can at least be better borne than by small countries which, when cut off from other countries are practically reduced, except for any sacrificeable surplus commodity, to the limits of the home market. Each little country so placed sets to work to build up on that small foundation its own complete set of industries, thus to provide employment for its own natural surplus of population, which used to float off to the empty spaces of America, or rather to the towns which hastily followed on a constant agricultural expansion. That safety valve has now been shut down, the agricultural expansion having come to a halt. Thus not only have the tariff walls in Europe multiplied with the multiplication of little independent states that have emerged from the war, but everything has conduced to build them higher and higher. Britain, the triumph of free trade, has, owing to unemployment through the closing of her markets, taken to feeding her industrials out of her own heart's blood. The bankers' manifesto says: "Too many states in pursuit of false ideals of national interest have imperilled their own welfare and have lost sight of the common interests of the world by basing their commercial relations on the economic folly which treats all trading as a form of war." Dr. Schacht, the dean of European banking believes that the emancipation of commerce between European states would at once raise the standard of living in all of them twenty-five per cent. Mr. Lloyd George, whose function as a statesman is to study not only the truths of political economy but also the forces of human sentiment, does not believe that any immediate relief can be looked for from this reasoning, however obvious. "Bankers!" the people will say: "What are bankers but money-lenders?" And money lenders are everywhere hated by the borrowing classes. Gold bugs, was the western phrase for them. The very fact that the advice comes from them will damn it with the people. If commerce is carried on as war, it only in that expresses how the peoples feel toward each other. Still, Liberalism always and everywhere means free trade, and Mr. Lloyd George takes a sort of world initiative in suggesting a European congress of Liberalism at an early date to discuss the situation.

Storing up Wrath

MR. Lloyd George is urging the British government to take over the mines and operate them, pending the time when both parties are willing to resume work on the basis of the Samuel Commission report. It seems unlikely that the present government will listen to his exhortations. It is now nearly eight months since that report was published and the Baldwin administration has still to show any inclination to enforce its findings. All the mine owning interests are of that party. A large proportion of the miners are already back at work. It looks very much as though the owners had won a complete, if temporary, victory. Yet no one who has given any thought to the question expects anything more than an armistice in the struggle. None of the causes of war have been removed and as long as the causes continue to operate renewed industrial war is merely a question of time. From this distance it seems surprising that the owners should fail to realize the consequences of their own stubbornness. Every commission that has investigated the situation has found that the antiquated equipment and inefficient management in a considerable proportion of the mines makes profitable operation impossible. Every commission has recommended the fixing of minimum wages by national agreement. Commissions appointed by both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Baldwin have recommended that the ownership of all mining properties be acquired by the nation. Yet the owners and operators steadfastly refuse to consider any of the proposals. If we may judge by the experience of most nations in parallel situations, the inevitable result will be the loss of even legitimate rights when dammed up indignation finally overflows the gates of vested privilege. Meanwhile there may be some hope in Mr. Churchill's suggestive offer to come to terms with the miners and enforce these terms, whether the owners accept them or not. He is certainly on the right track, not only to save the country, but also to save the government. He has, however, annexed his vigorous and intelligent personality to that most immovable of dead weight, the Tory die-hards. Every coal owner is a potential supporter of the Conservative party whom the party cannot afford to quarrel with. Like Lord Rosebery, when in process of a like transit from Liberalism to Conservatism, finding himself, like the bat in the fable wanted neither as a beast nor a bird, he may be left ploughing his lone furrow.

Another Escape

MUSSOLINI has had another miraculous escape from the assassin's bullet. On this occasion the assassin himself has met a different fate from his predecessors, having been torn to pieces by the crowd. It is, perhaps, just one more incident in the life of the self-confessed "man of destiny." Causes are not won but weakened by as-

sassination. But it is a reminder that force is the inevitable answer to the reign of force. The Fascisti attained power and maintain power by the exercise of violence. They cannot justly complain if their enemies do likewise. Still, for all that, among those who see in this amazing revival of the iron empire of Rome, a real menace to world peace, there will be few who will not heave a sigh of relief that Mussolini has again escaped. The lynching of the fanatical youth is a reminder that capital punishment is still illegal in Italy. In no Europeon. country—at least since the subsidence of the red stage of the Russian revolution—is human life so cheap. Yet even Mussolini has not, as yet, been able to pass a law legalizing death as punishment even for murder. Recently he "passed" a bill providing for death for those who made attempts on the life of the king or himself. But, for some reason, this bill never received the royal signature. Enemies of Fascism declared that King Victor had shown unusual independence in absolutely refusing assent to the measure on the ground that it might easily lead to the wholesale extermination of Mussolini's enemies. That, indeed, is the cry that has now gone forth. "Death to every enemy of Mussolini," has been shouted from end to end of Italy. Nor, if we may judge from the despatches, is the intention to inflict death after legal process, but by lynch law, and mob violence.

Our Neighbor's Vote

ELECTIONS are in process all over the United States as this paper goes to press. Canadians have as much difficulty in understanding just who is voting there, for whom, and why, as Americans seem to have in appreciating our system. This much is plain, however. A new house of congressmen will be elected. About a third of the senatorial seats will be filled by popular selection. There will be numerous contests for state governorships. There will also be eight separate referendums which should show something as to the opinion regarding the Volstead Act and the prohibition amendment. The states voting on this question are New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, Colorado, California, Nevada, Missouri and Montana. The legislatures of all these states ratified the prohibition amendment in the first instance. But more than once in history, sentiment in legislatures has not been up to date with the sentiment of the people who elected those legislatures. California and Colorado will be the two states where voting should give some indication of the present trend of opinion. These states have previously conducted general referendums as follows:

State	Year	Majority	
California	1914	wet	169,000
	1916	wet	101,000
	1920	wet	65,000
	1922	dry	34,000
Colorado	1914	dry	12,000
	1916	dry	86,000

The situation is somewhat complicated by the attitude of some of the temperance orfganizations in, for some reason, calling off the anti-liquor vote

The Fake-killer

HOUDINI, master mystifier, bugbear of mediums, tricksters and frauds, is dead. For many years he had amused and amazed theatrical audiences the world over. But his most notable work was done in the last few years. Since the armistice there has been a great revival of interest in spiritualistic activities. Such personages as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle have given these movements not only their blessing, but their leadership. But such investigators as Houdini have prevented these cults from being taken too seriously. Houdini, whose real name was Eric Weiss, made a standing offer to duplicate any spiritualistic "manifestation" under pain of forfeiting ten thousand dollars. Certain professed mediums challenged him more than once—but always to their own discomfiture. He made several spiritualists appear ridiculous in a public investigation in Washington early this year. What was worse was that he publicly explained his methods later. Under the circumstances it was not surprising that he was regarded as the sworn enemy of the professional mediums. Houdini, of course, confined his attentions to exposing "manifestations. He paid no attention to those who claimed to be getting daily messages from the beyond. What else could he do? How could one deal with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's latest statement, for instance, except by amazed silence? Sir Arthur claims that the long departed spirit of the immortal "Robbie" Burns is raising a fearful row because the portraits of himself, that are hung in various parts of the earth, are not sufficiently flattering!

The War Lords

BOLSHEVIC, Bolshevic, cry the commercial invaders of China in speaking of the Kuomintung or Nationalist movement. They are not without strong color, if as Sun Chuan-fang asserts Chiang marches under the red flag instead of that of the Chinese republic, the flag of Chiang's predecessor Sun Yat-sen, the liberator, Chiang certainly has all the encouragement, advice and money that Moscow can give him. "Bolshevic!" says Borodin, the Moscow envoy. "I wish they were." But let us ask ourselves whether we would not lean to communism in a country where to have anything is to be pillaged. Give China any sort of government that will protect property and not merely plunder it, and the desire of personal possession will immediately rule among a patient, thrifty, practical people. It is in such unsatisfactory conditions that notions, good and bad, germinate. But the ideal of young China is national, not communistic. How completely the war lord system paralyses the country is easily illustrated. The war-lord of the moment, of course, commandeers the railways within the stretch of his power. One night one of them had thirty locomotives waiting his pleasure on a siding. The water was in and the fires were out. Then came on a sharp frost and burst them all, wiping out two or three million dollars worth of value and laming the whole system. Or a commander on the march (of course, in pursuit of that holy grail, the peace of China) approaching a city assesses it in a "loan" of two or three million dollars, which the merchants in it have to find or see their businesses wiped out. That represents the China of today. How gladly will the nation welcome any competent power that is not mere robbery. Of course, the leaders are not all mere robbers. Sun Chuan-fang was thought to stand for good government. He took sides against Chiang, the Nationalist, because of the red flag and because of the disorder through spontaneous riots and risings that naturally preceded his nationalistic march. Our friends at Shanghai, who look upon this leader as having delivered them from destructive bolshevic nationalism will hardly join us, in saying: What a pity if he is as good as they make him; that, these two fairly well meaning men could not have loved China and its peace enough to get together and impose peace on the Empire. The fault may be with Chiang and his red flag. But the trouble is that all are self-seeking and no one war lord can trust himself to a rival. Possibly it was once like that in Europe.

Chinese Distortions

SIDE by side with a stupidly alarmist telegram of the Associated Press, purporting to come from Pekin, about the hasty withdrawal of British subjects from inner China, based on "piper's news" a month or two old, and inflamed with scare headings, produced nearer home, there comes from that centre of sifted intelligence, the Imperial Conference, a statement which accords with the view taken throughout by the Witness, that the Canton movement is essentially nationalist; that it is not essentially Bolshevist; that it is the only movement that represents the genuine national spirit of China, all the other war-lord movements being personally ambitious and having no Chinese sentiment or moral force behind them. We have pointed out that a view different from this persistently comes from the Hong kong, Shanghai and other seaboard commercial interests, whose foreign privileges are in question, and in whose eyes any selfish conqueror with whom they might come to terms is preferable to a self-asserting Chinese nationalism determined upon China's independence. To these the nationalists are bolshevist and diabolical. The statement referred to, said to have been officially furnished to the members of the Imperial Conference, is that "all information that has reached the British government shows that the Cantonese army will eventually sweep China and establish a national government at Pekin; that, though it is taking all the aid that comes to it from Russia, it will throw off Bolshevism as soon as it gains its objectives. With this timely announcement is coupled the significant advice that British residents in China would do well not to antagonize the notional movement.

The Treaties

CANTON'S nationalist government has just announced that all imports into her territory must pass through her custom-houses, and be subject to her levies, whether or not they are subjected to the duties imposed by the Pekin authorities and administered by foreigners. This appears to be a direct challenge to the whole system of international treaties, which may have most important results. One of China's national grievances is, of course, the fact that the customs duties are all collected and administered under the agreement come to after the Boxer uprising against foreigners, whereby China was to pay the several countries the expense they were at in putting down that rebellion. As that rebellion, whatever its details and character, was undoubtedly an outburst of the same patriotism which now inspires the Kuomintung the insistence upon paying tribute through their generations to the foreign conqueror of it is opprobrious, and is only exigible by "force majeure"; that is, by the continuous use of the strong hand. That is what Britain represents to the nationalist Chinese. The late Sun Yat-sen, accounting himself the duly chosen president of the Chinese republic which he had created, but not recognised as such by the powers, writhed under conditions which precluded his use of the customs revenue, or any part of it, and left him incapable of maintaining order in the one province that the fighting leaders had left him. He attempted to take control of the considerable revenues collected at his own great port of Canton; but was overawed by the immediate appearance in the offing of the war-vessels of the powers. The land pirates who march armies about the country are unscrupulous as to where they get money or provision. But a government anxious to act decently has no such resources, and is, of course, the more restive when the foreigner seizes on its only practical means of enforcing order and will not let it have even a modicum of what is rightly its own. Some time ago, the Cantonese government resorted to a customs surtax to be imposed over and above the regular duties. The custom-house authorities under the treaty could not administer this, or in any way recognize it without having it repeated at other ports of entry by whatever magnate might happen to be there in power. Still, we would judge from the British Foreign Office recognition of the claims of the nationalists as being the accepted and destined rulers of China, and from the formal lifting of the boycott upon the foreign settlement at Canton, that some sort of understanding had been reached with the Canton authorities. The treaty was an international matter to which, as to the Washington agreement, Britain is doing her utmost to be loyal. All action under these, however, requires international concurrence at every turn, which in rapidly changing emergencies, is out of the question. Failing that, British action, as that of the power chiefly interested and most threatened, would practically establish an unbreakable precedent.

Gold And Debts

BELGIUM has returned to the gold standard of currency. As expected, however, she has stabilized the Belgian franc at its present gold value rather than attempted to bring it back to par by the depressing process of drastic deflation. An entirely new unit of currency has been coined. The Belga is the name of the new coin which is to be worth about fourteen cents. It is likely that the government proposes to eliminate the franc entirely at some time in the future. Meanwhile the Belga is only to be used for international transactions. In some respects this procedure is the same as that taken in Britain. Britain is on the gold standard for export purposes. It is impossible to obtain gold coins for ordinary use. It is impossible, indeed, to obtain gold coins for the purpose of discharging international obligations. International transactions in gold can only take place under treasury license, and then only in amounts exceeding eight thousand dollars. For this purpose gold bars, and not gold coins, are obtainable. The idea, of course, is to keep the demand for gold as low as possible. Governments with immense international obligations to defray in gold are naturally anxious to keep gold as cheap as possible. Anyone who has followed the evidence given before the commission which is to decide whether or not India's currency shall be based on gold instead of silver as at present, will have noted anxieties in this regard. Experts estimate that the change would require some five hundred million dollars worth of gold in the first five years. It is pointed out that the less highly civilized the country the greater the proportion of actual metal required to supply the monetary system of the country. Canada returned to the gold standard on July first yet probably not one Canadian in ten thousand was aware of that fact. On the other hand, India's passion for hiding away gold and silver coins in primitive manner, instead of keeping them in circulation by means of savings bank deposits, is one of the most important factors in any study of the world gold situation.

Headline Rule

IS there any greater responsibility to the public than that of the headline maker? Is there anything that goes so much to the making of the man as what passes into his unconscious thinking? Why are the front and other pages of newspapers so bespotted with big headlines? Because it is these that people read to know whether they want to go further. And, whether they want to or not, they usually don't go farther. What appears in those trumpet blasts is, for most people, all they know of what is going on in the world, except, with each reader, what seems worth while—with the young men the achievements of some rugger or some slugger; with the young women what mystic meaning may attach to the integuments of the sickeningly inane spectres which figure forth the enchantments of the stores. And to a large extent what people derive from these headlines is nothing but an unconscious impression. Unconscious, do we say? Men have come to learn that the most potent forces that shape their ways and their emotions are those of which they have no consciousness. By this process the bias of the heading man passes into the being of thousands by processes of which neither the medium nor his myriad victims have any consciousness at all. It is not necessary that the person who exercises this mighty power by the passing of his tenuous intellectual shadow over the crowds he affects needs to be a significant personality. Indeed he often proclaims his limits. It makes no difference to the contaminated crowd whether the contagion is spread by a duke or a cook. It is enough that he is a fellow mortal at large. Take, for instance, this poisonous extract from wholesome material: "Grand Jury Says O.T.A. Unworkable." We do not put this down to a malicious desire to misrepresent. It may indeed, admitting the requisite stupidity, be honestly enough derived from the information below it, which was that the grand jury recommended that the temperance act be strengthened as regards the punishment of bootleggers. But how utterly false the impression left on the public mind!

The Slippery Paths of Youth

THE after-war revolt of youth against all conventions has nowhere been more outspoken than at Oxford, that shrine of high unfettered thinking. The more well-meaning the young people are the less they can understand the regulations under which their elders grew up and which those elders would impose upon them. What a ridiculous old lady, not to want the girl in her charge to have "on her own" all the "dates" that may come to her for car rides and dances, public and club! So the children of twenty think. Still, greatly as, in the process of human evolution, the Twentieth century may think to tower above the prim Victorian age (which, be it remembered, had to pull itself together out of the after-war scandals of the Georges) however more trustworthy the lads of today may be, however more responsible and blameless the enfranchised girls of today may account themselves, things appear to have reached such a pass that the university authorities have counted it necessary to revert to the moral standards of the Puritans with a series of regulations, which, however "blue" they may seem to the self-confident twenties, are evidently the outcome of painful facts and point to reasonable parental

anxiety about sending young students to Oxford. Strict as they are, as viewed by the well-behaved, these will commend themselves to people who have experience of life. Let us be thankful that times are better now than a hundred years ago, that Oxford can now have women students, and that greater liberty can very wholesomely be allowed now than then. But let us also be thankful that society has the moral strength to pull itself sharply together when the need comes. It is at once felt, however, that rules like these are weak except in the strong conviction of the community. A vigorous splutter is, of course, to be looked for among the undergraduates, especially the youngest. What is more needed than regulations to check waywardness is a revival of the largely discarded religious sense of right and wrong.

Migrants

WE see the word migrant being used for those who change their home by crossing the sea; and it is altogether the right word. Why should the same man, woman or child be accounted a different being as viewed from behind or in front? There was no such word as immigrant in the first half of the Nineteenth century. They were all emigrants. The sheds erected at Point St. Charles at the time of the ship fever were called the emigrant sheds. Why emigrant? Because they were thought of in their most familiar aspect as exiles from their native land. As the new world became conscious of itself, it felt the word emigrant to be a misnomer from its point of view. To it they were immigrants, and so it called them. It has its immigration departments and immigration agencies. And so the poor mortal that had to say farewell, perhaps, forever, to his native soil had the additional experience of being himself a changed person. He leaves the old world an emigrant and arrives on the other shore an immigrant. Horace says those who cross the sea change their sky but not themselves. What is the use of this clumsy conflict of phrase when neither prefix is of any value and he is simply a migrant? It might destroy some stationery and signboards and possibly the phrasing of some laws to have simply a Migration Department, but if mutually adopted, it would eliminate a good deal of awkwardness in all dealings with the old world on the subject.

Mars

MARS has just been nearer the world than for some sixteen years and heaven-gazing mortals, who are much fewer than of old, have been all agog to try to send or to obtain communication. Astronomers smile at the interpretations of their surmises that fly about over the cables and through the ether to the popular press. Somebody, listening in, has heard or read something from Mars decipherable by the Morse Code, a circumstance reminiscent of an old story of the great telescope at Edinburgh Castle, through which the wondering rustics were allowed to have a "keek" at the moon. It is on record how one literate observer distinctly observed a signboard plainly announcing "Alloa Ale," and great was his wonder as to how that Scottish beverage found its way to the moon. Newspaper simplicity does not, however, lessen the intense interest astronomers take in these opportunities of nearer observation. They have seen wonders, and are intensely eager to see more. What they have seen is that it is now summer time in the northern hemisphere of Mars, and that the snowcap is at its smallest. To them the most interesting study is that of the so-called canals, which have been observed as running in perfectly straight lines across the planet in all directions; so straight that sanguine observers have been led to think that they were the result of mathematical engineering. Now there is room for any possible variation as to what kinds of life, animal or vegetable, if any, or belonging to some other "kingdom" of nature unknown to us. But there is no room for any different mathematics. That must be the same throughout the Universe. Hence the fascination of finding there evidences of what in this world we do not find in nature, straight lines. If we were to imagine a map of this world in which the only things depicted were the ocean cables indicating where these have been duplicated we should have something very like a map of Mars as some have seen it. We shall presshear if these webs of forty or fifty years ago are still discernible and unchanged and whatever else observers feel fairly sure about. But those are probably right who say we shall not know much more about Mars till we have still larger lenses.

Mr. Coolidge seems to have been influenced by the bankers' free trade manifesto, in spite of his denial that such could be. He has cut in half the duty on paint-brush handles. This makes the ninth change that the President has made under the powers conferred on the chief executive. He has increased the tariff on seven commodities, including a prohibitive impost on Canadian wheat. He has made two reductions—on paint brush handles, and on live bob white quail. The President could absolutely establish his impartiality by making five further reductions; say on humming bird's wings, glass eyes for rabbits, wooden legs for caterpillars, false teeth for dogs, and fur coats for fish.

Mr. Ferguson's Testimony

MR. Sinclair made some telling points in his address at the dinner in Toronto by which the Ontario Liberals opened their campaign. Mr. Ferguson, he said, had admitted his inability to enforce the Ontario Temperance Act. But he had not resigned or asked the people for assistance. Instead of this he had abandoned the Act by proposing amendments that would no longer leave it a temperance act. "His proposed improvement is to introduce legislation, if re-elected, by which all citizens over twenty-one years of age, can secure permits to purchase hard liquor, and by which 'under a system of local option, bar-rooms for the sale of beer by the glass will again be established in many of the cities and towns of the province'." This is the policy proposed by Premier Ferguson, whose words at Sarnia on May 25, 1923, were: "I will not change one iota unless the people demand by plebiscite that such a change be made." He quoted the Premier's emphatic promise to Dr. Moore that "Should the public decide that the principle of the Ontario Temperance Act be continued, we will bend every energy to carry into full effect their wishes." Among other quotations from Premier Ferguson was his testimony in the Legislature on March 4, 1925: "I believe it achieves great good, and I am not here by any means to criticize the operation of the Temperance Act in its principle. But I am here to criticize the men who have had the administration of it. The O. T. A. undoubtedly has done tremendous good in the province of Ontario. It has lifted many a home from want and squalor and crime to comfort and prosperity." Again Mr. Sinclair quoted the Premier's words in Kemptville less than two weeks ago, when Mr. Ferguson, like a second Baalam had sought to curse the Act and in spite of himself had gone near to blessing it altogether. "No one," said the Premier, "will argue for a moment that the Ontario Temperance Act has not done great good. We know what it has done in this little community. I know what it has done in many other places. It has removed distress from many a home and taken from the hotel door-step the inebriate and hanger-on who was a nuisance as well as a menace to society. It has undoubtedly increased the efficiency and genuine output in industry."

Reconciling The Irreconcilable

CERTAINLY with these pledges and these statements still on record the Premier's resolve to rescind the Act needs a great deal of explaining. He endeavored to explain it, and to reconcile the irreconcilable in his speech in Belleville the evening after the Liberal gathering: "The problem of the government which I regard as most important, and which has claimed my deepest interest, is the training and education of the youth of the land, the maintaining of high standards and the improving of the morals of the rising generation. It is fundamental that we must begin by creating a wholesome atmosphere. It is essential as a first step in any scheme of education that we must provide healthy surroundings for those whom we endeavor to train." And the method proposed by the Honorable Howard Ferguson whereby the essential "wholesome atmosphere" and these healthy surroundings are to be obtained is to repeal a law which he himself testifies "undoubtedly has done tremendous good in the province," which has "lifted many a home from want and squalor and crime to comfort and prosperity," which has "removed distress from many a home and taken from the hotel door-step the inebriate and hanger-on who was a nuisance and a menace to society!"

The Premier apparently in an attempt to prove the inefficiency of the act quoted figures to show that the public money expended in the enforcement of the Temperance Act had greatly increased in the last eight years, also the revenue from licenses, permits, sale of automobiles, confiscated liquors and fines. With this he told of an increase of commitments to jail for drunkenness from 3,415 in 1919 to 5,374 in 1925. "A little study of these figures should convince anybody," said the Premier, "that year after year governments have bent greater zeal and energy upon the observance of this law." But the fact that more money is spent than formerly on the administration of the law and that drunkenness is handled more severely does not necessarily prove that the government is more zealous and energetic. The argument is something on a par with that of the supporters of the Circumlocution Office who, when that famous department was attacked in parliament as wasteful and useless, were accustomed to prove its utility by telling of the reams of paper which it had consumed in correspondence; statistics of arrests may mean anything. Arrests are usually made by municipal officers. An increase may mean that the municipal authorities under stimulus from the provincial government are more active, or it may mean that lax enforcement of the provincial liquor law has given the municipal officers more to do. It is "one of the mysteries" why the Act which, according to the Premier's reiterated statements, accomplished such excellent results even under former regimes, should under his administration have become a menace to youth, and a corrupter of society, so that the only salvation for the province should be its immediate abrogation. Certainly there must be something woefully wrong either in Mr. Ferguson's enforcement of the law, or in his picture of conditions under it.

The "White Elephant"

"WE have in our midst," said the Premier, "the poisonous influence of the bootlegger's activities. Is it not the first important step in any plan of betterment to devise means of curtailing this insidious and pernicious traffic? How much better can it be done than to insist that all liquor must be bought through established public agencies, when the names of all purchasers and every ounce purchased will be recorded, so that in forty-eight hours a central commission will know just who purchased liquor and what amount in any part of the province. The man who over-indulges can be restrained. All persons found with liquor for which they cannot produce upon their permit the purchase entry will go to jail."

Immediately under the Montreal Gazette's report of Mr. Ferguson's speech appears the interesting news item that, "A white elephant formed part of the retinue attached to the Temple of the Tooth at Anarajapoora, in Ceylon about 500 B. C.." The Premier's system, as outlined would have as much chance of "curtailing the insidious and pernicious traffic" of bootlegging, or of "restraining the man who over-indulges" as the Elephant of the Temple of the Tooth would have in following the famous cow in her jump over the moon. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of how liquor permit systems and "license systems" are administered, knows right well that all this machinery of purchase cards and forty-eight-hour recording angels would be open to a hundred times more violation than the straight prohibition law. The present Ontario Temperance Act has worked admirably, even under an unsympathetic administration and in spite of the assaults that are continually made upon it and the persistent endeavors which are made to bring it into disrepute. That it might be strengthened and improved no one can deny. Mr. Ferguson instead of seeking to strengthen or improve it, seeks its repeal. He calls his proposals an "advanced temperance program." We think that he misjudges the Ontario electors when he supposes that they will accept a retreat as an advance or consider that at his call they must make progress by going backwards.

No Government can control liquor once it is down a man's throat.

QUEBEC MAN KNOWS THE TRUTH

Wishes to Help Ontario in Her Fight to Stave Off Enemy That Has Conquered Here

The following letter, written by a merchant who knows what "government control" has meant for Quebec, sends the following letter, which will explain itself:

H. J. ELLIOTT
General Merchant
South Durham, Que., Nov. 1st, 1926.

John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed P. Office Money Order for $8.00 for 100 copies x 4 issues Weekly Witness for distribution in Ontario wherever you may deem best.

Yours in the interests of Temperance,
H. J. ELLIOTT.

BYNG A VISCOUNT

The announcement made unofficially on Wednesday that Baron Byng of Vimy, former Governor-General of Canada, had been created a viscount has been officially confirmed.

Fifty ships of the line, including H.M.S. Hood, the greatest fighting machine afloat, on Saturday engaged five hundred eyes in the party of Imperial Conference delegates and others for five hours off Portland when, under the direction of Admiral Sir H. F. Oliver, commander-in-chief of the Atlantic Fleet, the gray guardians of the free seas presented a graphic and complete picture of naval battle in all its phases under conditions of modern war.

Western Europe from Holland to the Pyrenees is a vast stretch of mud due to the rains which have fallen almost without let-up for several days.

Prince Heinrich, a brother of the former Kaiser, is en route to Mexico aboard the steamship Rio Bravo, according to reports from Hamburg.

A memorial ceremony for the officers and men of H. M. S. Valerian, who were drowned off Bermuda on October 22, when their ship foundered, while returning from a second mission of rescue to the outlying islands of the Bahamas, arranged by the Naval Headquarters, Montreal, in co-operation with the Navy League of Canada and the Last Post Fund, was held at the Cenotaph, Dominion Square, at three o'clock Saturday afternoon.

For the purpose of preventing arms and ammunition from reaching bandits, revolutionists and anti-Government elements, President Calles has issued a decree forbidding the importation of rifles, pistols and cartridges and instructing customs officials at the ports and border points to enforce the order strictly.

The possobility of the victorious Cantonese overrunning northern China, engulfing Pekin, dispersing the nominal central government there and thus forcing the issue of China's whole relationship with the western powers, is being studied seriously in authoritative British circles.

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Previous contributions acknowledged and paid to official treasurer	$ 983.90
Further contributions	31.00
Cameron C. Hillmer, Ont.	5.00
Total	$1,019.90

FOR IMMIGRANT BOYS

Fund to Implement Subscriptions to send the Witness and Canadian Homestead to S. A. Immigrant Boys, to help them in the direction of Christian Canadian Citizenship.

Previous contributions acknowledged and paid	$ 106.84
Further contributions	403.70
Total	$510.54

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES

Previous contributions acknowledged and paid to official treasurer	$334.03
Further contributions	16.90
Mrs. J. T. Small, Sask.	5.00
Mrs. John R. Redpath, B. C.	20.00
Total	$375.93

DAVID CURRIE FUND

From which renewals are sustained on behalf of old friends of the Witness who, through adversity, would otherwise, very regretfully have to give it up.

Previous contributions acknowledged aid paid	$ 10.60
Further Contributions	94.47
Total	$105.07

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

Previous contributions acknowledged and paid to official treasurers	$4,647.57
Further contributions	34.36
Total	$4,681.93

LETTERS from READERS

STAND FAST, ONTARIO!

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—I am not a politician, nor am I in theory a prohibitionist; but with all my heart and soul I am with every honest man, or woman, who is against the Liquor Traffic. I believe that the only panacea for the world's woes is the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: but the Liquor Traffic will have none of the Gospel, for its deadly policy is "Bread and butter, first, last, and all the time." The awful Traffic is revealed by its ruthless history to be utterly selfish; therefore, it is self-condemned.

Those who vote with the "wets" in Toronto will find in bitter experience, as I have done, that the treacherous Traffic is only exploiting them in its own interests. Never are "the Greeks" more to be feared than when they come "offering gifts." Stand fast, therefore, and may God save Ontario!

G. OSBORNE TROOP,
Rector-Emeritus St. Martin's Church,
29 Oct., 1926. Montreal.

TEMPERANCE SENTIMENT IN ONTARIO

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—In the appeal of Hon. Mr. Ferguson to the electors for the need of changing the Ontario Temperance Act, his reasons are the declining interest of temperance sentiment. This he bases on certain figures which he accepts as conclusive evidence. He tells us in the brief space of 5 years there has been two plebiscites, one in 1919 when 68 per cent. voted in favor of the Act; in the second only 51 per cent. were given in favor of the O.T.A.. The unfortunate thing here is that Mr. Ferguson wholly ignores the conditions under which those votes were given. If my memory is correct, the first was given in connection with the provincial elections. Everybody knows it was much easier to get a larger vote at such a time when the electors went to the polls to vote for their candidates.

When the second vote was taken there was no such inducement. The fact is, this plebiscite was thrust upon the people; they had expressed their minds only four years before, and they neither wanted the labor nor expense of having another. Mr. Ferguson knows that there were strong representative bodies protesting against this vote, and to satisfy his wet advocates this vote was imposed upon the people, at considerable expense to the province. Knowing that the temperance people were not in sympathy with the movement, he endeavored to hearten them with the assurance that he would abide by the verdict of the vote, if the temperance forces prevailed he would support and strengthen the O.T.A. The world knows how wretchedly he failed to carry out those promises. He not only failed, but insulted the people by taking an opposite course in bringing in his 4.4 beer. The movements of Mr. Ferguson are a peculiar psychological study. He pretends to have a mind of his own and to be very secretive about his liquor policy, yet the newspapers seem to know, and do know, several months ahead, that he will not stop short of government control. The common impression is that he is under the dictation of other crafty minds, and being caught in the vicious circle, he must obey or get out. It is again Pilate's dilemma. Now to mitigate the evils of intemperance and bootlegging he proposes a system of government control, that is, take away present restrictions, legalize the liquor traffic, and thus make it easier and more respectable for young men to get intoxicants. This, he assures us, will lessen liquor smuggling and promote sobriety, and guarantee to the public a purer brand of liquor. There are an innumerable army of men with fully as wide an experience as Mr. Ferguson who are in closer touch with real life, who believe that such legislation will have the very opposite effect. This liquor is to be in the hands of a government commission. Who will appoint them? is another question. Liquor will then be had at stores in sealed packages, then provision is made for it to be served at tables in standard hotels, and to give the whole affair an air of respectability, the "bar" is branded as an infamous thing to be forever abolished. Anybody who knows the drinking customs of the people will tell us that drinking at tables in leisure and comfort is much more dangerous and demoralizing than drinking at the bar, where one has to stand. This is surely a deadly camouflage, against which people need to take heed.

We are all alive to the sad fact that great evils abound in the land, but it is not by slackening the laws, and specially our temperance laws, that we are going to remedy them. Only partizans will say that these evils are due to prohibition.

Several causes may account for the prevalence of vice. One, we think, is the fearful aftermath of the war, just as a storm churns up the sediment of the lake. Another is the grievous social anomalies arising out of the vast accumulations of wealth, with its attendant desire for excessive self-indulgence and the brutal exploitation of the weak and ignorant. Another is the misuse of education. A clever man is more dangerous than a simpleton. The other is the tremendous acquisition of power which has come into our hands in the high-speed cars and the deadly explosives. If this is any kind of a correct diagnosis of our modern evils I fear this proposed legislation will but add fuel to the flames.

We would re-affirm Mr. Ferguson's words, "Let not the people be carried away by extremists, but give this question earnest and serious thought, according to the needs and perils of our time." We ask people to believe what their eyes see in the improvements in sobriety which have taken place in the last few years, and to beware of street-corner gossip and the torrents of lies which are flooding the country as part of the wet propaganda. What we need is strong men who will, without fear or favor, seek to maintain the noble laws which have been so dearly won, and which have done so much for our moral and material welfare.

OPENEYES.

Cornwall, Oct. 26, 1926.

WORK'S REWARD

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

(Translated from the French.)

Sir,—When reading your editorial article entitled "To Make a Man a Man," on page three of the Witness of Oct. 6th, the following thought came to me: Man works with the ever present idea of a reward, beginning with the little newsboy and on through every class of workman, even to the great modern diplomats. In your article you mention one great industrial worker. They, too, work for the same interests, whether manually, intellectually, or even spiritually. Now comes the principal question: Does the reward satisfy—or does the worker still want more and still more? Is it possible to quench this thirst for possessions, or does it ever become more ardent? Here I leave the question for individual solution.

Continuing to analyze your article, I stop at one decisive expression, "If he was not a man with a living soul." Yes! If man was not different from the horse or ox, one could give him a task of any kind to perform and by a kind word or a lash of the whip, the work would be done. Man would be an integral part of the load or of the machine. But man is a thinking animal; he thinks, ponders, creates, and these three human faculties demand exercise. To the extent that these faculties are nourished, of a man "we make a man."

I do not think that there is a human ordinance which can regulate or satisfy the demands of these faculties, we may search the laws of Moses and all that have been made since, even to the League of Nations; but unless completed by the law of Christ: "Love thy neighbor as thyself," they are not satisfactory. The workman has a living soul, let us bear that in mind. Whatever his occupation, whether he be white, black, yellow or red, the worker has a living soul.

We workers rejoice, not in the League of Nations, but in the spirit of the League; and we are patiently waiting for this spirit to be more universal and more individual. We await the day when Might shall no longer dominate Right, and, to put it more simply, when each one will live and let live. We await the day when the capitalist will sacrifice self for the sake of the laborer and when the laborer will sacrifice self for the sake of Christ. Then will these early Christian words, addressed not to the great sages but to the humble shepherds, "Peace on earth, good will to all men," be realized.

We see this day coming slowly but surely; it is essential that it should be so. The day is coming, and already is, when those who love "peace and good will" will have the privilege of developing and nourishing these three great mental faculties of thought, reflection and creation, for this noble cause.

Meanwhile our adversaries grind their teeth, waiting an opportunity of giving defensive evidence rather than lower arms, which they must eventually do—will they do it with a good or evil will?

Winter in the Canadian West is approaching, promising some rest to the land and its weary cultivators, who need such refreshment after a season of hard work of production, that they may be ready to again take up their tasks in the Spring with renewed energy and strength. Thus it is with all humanity. Thus laborers and capitalists believe in the principle that after sleep comes an awakening, after the crucifixion the resurrection. "Give and it shall be given you in overflowing abundance."

Men and women workers, let us not be Bolshevists, but Christians. I add "women," because you too will have a part with your companions in service. Open your eyes and see those who are at the League of Nations, seconding the men in their task of protecting and caring for your, and your children's interests.

Men and women, let us accomplish together the task of bringing "Peace on earth and good will among men"; for we shall reap only what we have sown. In trouble or in joy, laborers, may we be united! After the storm comes the sunshine; after sorrow comes joy!

A. LABORER.

ARMISTICE DAY—A SUGGESTION

(British Weekly.)

A few months ago we celebrated Empire Day in practically every school in the land. Every child was taught the meaning of the words, "Our Empire," and in not a few cases teachers went to a great deal of trouble to make these future citizens fully realize that they do belong to a country that is part of a vast whole, and that to disgrace themselves in any way is to lower the Empire in the eyes of the whole world. Lessons were given to show them that we are not merely of a country but of an empire; a great and ever-growing force in the life of the world. In short, they were taught that they and their every action count as vital things, and that young though they are at the moment, they may grow up to occupy positions that will give them opportunities of doing deeds that all the world shall judge as worthy or unworthy of the Empire to which they belong. They were told about famous men and women, and had impressed upon them the fact that practically every man and woman who has done something fine for us has led an ordinary life in childhood. In effect, they were made to understand that youth is the time to prepare in the hope that they may have the chance of doing brave, great or strikingly good deeds when they are men and women. These "men and women of tomorrow" thus know a little of what it means to belong to an Empire founded upon bravery in the face of unknown dangers and upon the making of the supreme effort without any knowledge of the ultimate acceptance by the world of that effort. We are glad that they should have been taught these things, and we hope that by the time they leave school and go out into the world these ideas will be firmly rooted in their minds ready to bear fruit in afterlife.

The thought then comes, could we not try in like fashion to get the coming citizen to realize the need for a way of settling our quarrels without war? Would it not be an excellent plan to have also an International Day, on which the children should be taught the history of other countries, learn about their famous men and women, hear their poems read, learn their songs, etc., that they may understand, ever so slightly, the thoughts that other people think? I mean that the teachers should take the same careful thought over this day and the instilling of the desired lessons as they now do over Empire Day; that the children should be taught that if we are a nation that one is proud to belong to, there are other nations in the world. In this way, if we really took up the idea with the same seriousness as the idea of Empire Day has received, the teachers could do a great deal towards making a World Peace a realizable idea and not merely an ideal to which thousands of us never hope to aspire.

I cannot help thinking of a little Swiss mountain village, where doctors are giving their lives that people, old and young, shall be given the chance of facing life whole and healthy. Here is a living League of Nations, for here in the children's clinics are little ones from almost every nation in the world. I have seen children from England, America, Russia, Sweden, Serbia, Poland, Austria, France, Germany, Switzerland and Spain all happily talking together, exchanging ideas, thoughts, gifts, and later, as each left for home, cured, promises of letters, promises that I know were kept. In the same village there are adults, too, from all corners of the earth fraternizing together with the same happy results. There every man is alike, each has come to get cured, and all join together to gain health. If this is what happens when we are thrown into contact one with another, why should it not happen in a much greater degree if we had an International Day on which every British boy and girl should learn at least that, friends and enemies, we are all human and of one family?

Then there arises the question of a suitable day. Naturally the day on which war broke out suggests itself, but as this occurs in the middle of the summer holidays it is useless from our point of view. There remains, then, Armistice Day, than which no day could be more suitable. At the moment it is beginning to be a difficult day to keep in the right spirit in our schools, as there are increasingly few children in the schools who are old enough to remember our relief when the Armistice was signed and to grasp the significance of that day. In any case, it is a celebration that must gradually alter in character as time goes on from being the day on which we think in affectionate sorrow of those who laid down their lives for us to being a day on which we will remember the glorious ideals that lay behind that sacrifice. How fine it would be, then, if we were gradually to incorporate into the keeping of that day the real idea of a World Peace—a world without war, for which in very truth those men and women laid down their lives so cheerfully, not only that we might have a better, happier England, but that the whole world might be a better place in which to live.

A Veteran Padre Muses

THE PASSCHENDAELE ROSE

With the opening of June, after the guns were stilled, I was permitted to cross the Channel and wander over many battlefields just as they had been left by our war-worn wearied boys. I had gone over Passchendaele once or twice before knowing it. Not a semblance of a building proclaimed the village site, only shapeless heaps of crumbled debris and war belongings of every kind marked the homes of a once happy, prosperous people. Wandering up and down among the wreckage I saw a lone red rose in the fulness of its grace and beauty.

I thought not to pluck it, since someone else perchance might wander by, but not a soul was in view in those miles of utter desolation, though in the valley just beyond I had slept the night before in a camp of German prisoners. Besides, the rose was hidden away, and its bloom would soon be gone. And I plucked it. It would be my floral offering on the grave I sought. That I stood by the grave I knew not. Twice the ground had been overrun in battle charges. The writing, too, on countless bits of boards had been effaced by time and weather. And I did what I know he would have wished me to do—from that lone red rose petals were placed on many comrades' graves.

And now, in my Western Canadian home, I muse, with years gone by and a full heart how fitting it seems that this little story of the red rose, the flower which is England's emblem, should have a place after the one already written about our own emblem, the maple leaf. In the one I saw the crowning of autumn's glory at the camp from where our boys had first marched forth, and in the other the glorious fruition symbolizing our warmest red blood shed in the supremest sacrifice for freedom and honor. And again, my fellow countrymen, I would wish that it may be ours in the fulness of peace and unnumbered blessings and the freedom so dearly maintained to bear out in worthiest service the lessons of our flaming maple and the far-flung sweetest rose. J. P. G.

AMUSEMENTS AND THEIR EFFECTS

It was a medical man who lectured upon "Amusements and their Effects," a rather grim title, which prepares you for the worst. He was, however, quite benign. He had no thesis to develop about the awful consequences of doing something or other which everybody does. He did not resuscitate that hard-worked epigram about life being "tolerable but for its amusements." What he did protest against was making a toil of a pleasure, against what he called "the week-end fetish," by which he meant playing hard after a week of hard work. "Many hard-driven men," said he, "rush off at the earliest possible moment on Saturday for an orgy of exercise. They play golf or tennis with great vigor throughout the week-end and 'sleep like a top.' But this is really the sleep of sheer bodily exhaustion, which during what should have been a period of rest they have added to the strain of the week's business. After 40 that sort of thing hits people very hard indeed, and we see people killing themselves by this blind insistence on excessive week-end exercise."

Isn't it a true bill? And might he not have gone further? It is not only at the week ends, it is not only by physical exercise that people add to the strain of their work. There is a nervous craze for filling in every hour of every evening by some sort of amusement that means activity for the mind or rushing to and fro, or at the very least fuss and bustle and noise. After a day's work people will do anything rather than sit still and be quiet. If they thrive on it, no doubt it is right for them, but visibly a great many of them do not thrive on it. They are burning the candle at both ends, just as surely as the prodigal. What they want is to learn the joys of doing nothing.

It is impure thoughts which take the weak body into the tortures of a den of shame.

Why Peace?

(By Mrs. Eunice Buchanan, W.C.T.U., Superintendent of Peace and Arbitration)

With regard to peace and arbitration one is inclined at first to be pessimistic, yet great things are rarely accomplished in short periods. Sometimes I am reminded of a cartoon which was published during the war. The dove of peace was seen flying to Noah at the open window of the ark, but, instead of bearing an olive branch, she carried a slip on which was written. "Nothing Doing." The oak trees which take centuries to grow, endure; but the things which mature quickly, pass away quickly. Pumpkins complete their lives in a summer, yet are cut down in a night, and the mushroom which springs up overnight is soon withered; so if peace has been a long time on the way, somehow I feel that we shall have it eventually.

If you will go back in memory to a certain painful scene in the Garden of Gethsemane you will remember that the Prince of Peace had very few friends; it was not popular to follow a carpenter, besides His appeal was, "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of?" Only a brave few have been able to answer, "We can." The early Christians, near to Christ in point of time, were strongly opposed to the practice of war; in fact a powerful party maintained that all warfare was unlawful for those who had been converted. For two hundred years after the introduction of Christianity we have abundant evidence in the writings of the early Christians that they repudiated and condemned militarism. Tertullian in his discourse says "not a Christian could be found in any of the rebel armies."

Justin Martyr and his disciple Tatian considered war unlawful, as did other early Christians, namely Ambrose, Clemens of Alexandria, Cyprian, Cyril, Jerome and Archelaus. Archelaus, who lived in the year 272 tells us that Roman soldiers who became Christians laid down their arms, and many suffered martyrdom rather than be enrolled as soldiers; they too were able to answer "We can."

When the Teutonic peoples were brought within the pale of the Church their warrior creeds gradually crept in; later, the wars of the Crusaders were preached as acceptable offerings to the cause of Christ. With the Great War came the climax of militarism, thinking people, tired of a blood-soaked Europe, thought of some other way of settling national disputes, with the result that leagues and peace societies are being formed in different countries with greater zest.

We have given up fighting duels to settle private quarrels. We have ceased to hang people for stealing, while in some countries the death penalty has been abolished; so that in spite of what some folks may say, this old world is trying to right itself. There are other bright spots; never before has such interest been taken in the training of children; we have only to count the organizations in our towns and churches which are aiming to make better citizens of our boys and girls, for example, the Canadian Girls In Training, the Tuxis Boys, Girl Guides and Boy Scouts.

With regard to cadets and military training in schools, I have not much to say just now, except that it increases the burden of the tax payers. In 1923 Canadians were paying half a million dollars to teach rifle drill in our schools; this knowledge may be useful when hunting in the woods, but if we are to believe Edison and other scientists, the glamor of this kind of warfare has gone. They tell us that the science of making poison-gas bombs, which can be dropped from air-craft, guided by wireless, has reached such a degree of perfection that London, with its nine million people can be wiped out in three hours. The slow process of killing with rifles will not count for much in the next war, for the airplanes which can destroy London may hover over the smoking ruins of Paris the same day.

I do not fear for our children if peace principles are instilled into their hearts before they are of school age. The war spirit is often unconsciously fostered in our homes; mothers can do much to cultivate the spirit of love and loyalty. We can help the cause by not speaking unkindly of our friends and neighbors; who knows when our words will so influence children that the seeds we have sown may eventually ripen into an international quarrel? I think we can all see where our duty, as well as our charity begins. No government will declare war against the wishes of its people. Perhaps our children will have much to say in future governments.

The responsibility for the next war rests upon our shoulders, for folks will never fight unless the desire to fight is in their hearts. What are we going to do about it? For the sake of those lads who sleep under rows of wooden crosses and "who went to war to end war," it is time that we rise from our apathy. During the war many of us at home mobilized all our efforts, and sacrificed in order that the boys at the front might have a few comforts; yet, can you point to any town today where they are making a tenth, if any effort, to prevent war? Is not "a fence at the top of the precipice" better than "an ambulance at the bottom"? We do not want our next crop of boys to be harvested by the war god. People will argue that we must prepare; yet in another breath they will tell you that Germany was prepared—to the last button—and lost. Is this logic?

Every teacher and leader has a glorious opportunity to eliminate race hatred from the receptive minds of children. Pictures and stories which glorify war should be taken out of the schools, but pictures and stories of inventors, doctors, explorers, writers or any who have given lives of service for the benefit of mankind could be substituted—for our hope is in youth.

MANY MANSIONS

A volume of sermons with the above title delivered by Rev. John MacNeill, D.D., of Walmer Road Baptist Church, Toronto, and issued by McClelland and Stewart, publishers, Toronto ($2.00) will be found very inspiring. The theme is the future life, and the treatment is fresh and forceful, avoiding all extravagances, and presenting the reasons for the Christian hope in a scriptural way that is simple and most convincing. Dr. MacNeill has long been regarded as one of the outstanding preachers of Canada, and this new contribution to sermon literature will be welcomed by thousands of his admirers on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD

(By Walter Rauschenbusch)

In the castle of my soul
Is a little postern gate,
Whereat, when I enter,
I am in the presence of God.
In a moment, in the turning of a thought,
I am where God is.
This is a fact.

When I enter in to God,
All life has a meaning
Without asking, I know;
My desires are even now fulfilled,
My fever is gone
In the great quiet of God.
My troubles are but pebbles on the road,
My joys are like the everlasting hills.

So it is when I step through the gate of prayer
From time into eternity.
When I am in the consciousness of God,
My fellow men are not far off and forgotten,
But close and strangely dear.
Those whom I love
Have a mystic value.
They shine as if a light were glowing within them.

So it is when my soul steps through the postern gate
Into the presence of God.
Big things become small, and small things become great.
The near becomes far, and the future is near.
The lowly and despised is shot through with glory.

AN ALMOST LOST BELIEF

(By Rev. Dr. Norwood.)

Is it not strange that amidst all our twentieth century conveniences on the right hand and on the left, the belief that is being lost is the belief in the value of man?

You put him into a hospital, or you put him into a school, or you give him higher wages or lessened hours of labor, and all the while with a philosophy which gives him no ultimate value, but only seeks to make him decently comfortable until death claims him.

If the Church ever goes down upon those low swamps she loses her virility. Her Gospel is not one that splits the worlds into two; it is a Gospel of the one universe, and of the life that has its terrestrial phase and its everlasting progress.

I can conceive of nothing that the world needs more or that the Church needs more than a revitalizing of her faith in the value and indestructibility of the soul. There is where she is most challenged to-day, and there is where she is most pathetically abortive. The whole of our lives will be revitalized when we recapture the full nature of the Christian faith.

The Gospel of the Non-mundane is a futility; the Gospel of the Merely-mundane is a sterility; it is the Gospel of the Extra-mundane, the Gospel that does not despise nor minimize the material world in which we live, but recognizes clearly that it is not the final place of our abode; it is the kindergarten class, it is the elementary part of the everlasting workshop; it is the training ground for immortal destiny—it is the whole of the Gospel that we need.

PRINCE OPENS PARIS DORMITORY

Home for Canadian Students in France a Magnificent One.

Right on the site of the fortifications of Paris, which the German armies besieged for over four months during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, in the presence of President Doumergue of France, on Saturday inaugurated the magnificent "Dormitory" in which Canadian students will live and study and where, only two years ago, French soldiers, part of the Paris garrison, did kitchen police in wooden barracks.

A strikingly dramatic and symbolic contrast with the military constructions which stood in its place, the Canadian students' home is the first completed foreign building in the new 'cite Universitaire' of Paris.

The University City itself was opened in 1924 by its founder, a well-known French Philanthropist, Emile Deutsch de la Meurthe, who conceived the idea of grouping into one great fraternity in Paris, the students who come to France every year from all parts of the world to study in French universities.

LORD ELGIN IN MONTREAL

The Women's Canadian Club of Montreal will hold a luncheon meeting in the ball-room of the Windsor Hotel this afternoon (Wednesday), when the speaker will be the Right Hon. the Earl of Elgin, C.M.G., Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland and Chairman of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. Lord Elgin, who is visiting Canada at the invitation of the National Council of Education, will speak on "The Influence of Nationality."

If the drink curse could be utterly wiped out of the world to-night, humanity would wake up in the morning with half its sorrows and sufferings gone.—"Hall Caine."

Sir Courtenay Mansel, former Liberal member of the British House of Parliament for the Penryn and Falmouth division of Cornwall, has joined the Conservative party.

The schooners Saguenay and Garner were lost in the St. Lawrence River in the vicinity of the Island of Bic, about 200 miles from Quebec in the storms of last week. Two were drowned, Captain Turbis, of the Garner and a passenger, Laurent Jomphe, of the same vessel.

Hope that Rumania's rich oil resources may be used as security for a Wall Street loan to that country has been expressed by Minister of Finance Lapedatu in an exclusive interview with the United News at Bucharest. Reports of a possible loan from the United States to Rumania have been in circulation ever since Queen Marie began her trip to the American continent some weeks ago.

A recent issue of New Zealand stamps, which are said to bear an extremely bad likeness of King George, has stirred up criticism among the stamp dealers in London. The stamps show the king in an admiral's uniform. The 2-shilling value is printed in blue, the 3-shilling in mauve.

Two hundred thousand pounds in gold sovereigns were withdrawn from London banks on Thursday for shipment to Canada. It is stated to be the first gold sent to America this autumn.

Canada's sea harvest in September, netted fish to the value of 3,942,557. On both Atlantic and Pacific coasts a total of 166,170,800 pounds of sea fish were caught last month, an increase of about twelve million pounds over September, 1925.

The London Daily Express says it understands that a considerable reduction in trans-Atlantic telegraphic rates is likely in the near future. This is due partly to the success of Marconi's beam wireless, but mainly to the extraordinary rapidity in transmission achieved on the new cable recently laid between Great Britain and the United States.

The Dominion Premiers attending the Imperial Conference will be the guests of the Lord Mayor of London at the famous Guildhall Banquet to be held on November 9, when the new Lord Mayor, Sir Rowland Blades, M.P., takes over the reins of the city.

At Thursday evening's session of the semi-annual meeting of the Quebec Provincial Chapter, I.O.D.E. in the Mount Royal Hotel, Mrs. Henry Joseph declared that the members of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, should see that school boards were forced to use British books. There were brains enough in the British Empire to prepare British textbooks for the children and she considered it a disgrace to Canada that they have to use American books.

Three persons have been killed and several wounded in a battle between political opponents in the little town of Santo Domingo, Santa Clara province, Cuba. Sandalio Martinez, chief of police, his chauffeur and a civilian were fired upon and wounded when the police were answering a riot call from a theatre where a political meeting was being held. The three wounded men died a few hours later.

Ambassador von Hoesch on Thursday had a long conversation with Foreign Minister Briand concerning the projected Franco-German entente. The discussion was largely tentative it was said after the interview, and details will be withheld until the negotiations take a more definite shape.

Mr. C. H. Wright has arrived from Scotland to become choirmaster of St. Paul's United Church, Port Arthur, and to direct the Port Arthur Women's Choir, which in the past two years has won honors in the annual music festivals at Winnipeg.

Sir James Aikens, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba for the past ten years, has handed over the reins of office to his successor, Hon. T. A. Burrows, amid time-honored ceremonies. Installation of the new Lieutenant-Governor was attended by the leaders of the political, military, religious and business life of the province.

New York city water supply is threatened by subterranean cracks which are slowly draining the $160,000,000 Ashokan reservoir in the Catskill mountains.

Improvement of the terminal facilities of the Canadian National Railways in Montreal, a subject under discussion for many years, will be revived by the present City Council, with a view of securing a final solution, necessitating probably the construction of a new and modern station and the elevation of the company tracks to Point St. Charles.

Business men in the United States are victimized to the extent of approximately $250,000,000 a year by fraudulent failures, according to S. Mattuck, director counsel, eastern division, Credit Protection Department, National Association of Credit Men.

Negotiations for revision of the Anglo-Spanish commercial treaty will be started soon, it is announced, the terms of the pact not being entirely satisfactory to either side. The negotiations are an outgrowth of Spain's recent action in raising her steel tariff. This hit the British severely and brought numerous protests from industrialists.

The Athens correspondend of the Exchange Telegraph Company says that a committee representing the Dodecanese Islands had sent a communication to Premier Mussolini of Italy protesting against the Italian policy in the islands and demanding the suppression of certain measures put into effect after the Dodecanese came under the control of Italy.

Il Tevere, Rome, says the attorney-general has demanded a jury trial of the Hon. Violet Aldine Gibson in order to investigate her repeated assertion that the revolver with which she wounded Premier Mussolini last April was given her by a former Fascist cabinet minister, now an opposition deputy.

In the presence of the authorities of the provinces of Avellino and Foggia, and a large crowd of spectators, an Italian war monument has been unveiled at Montelone, Italy. The shaft was erected with funds subscribed by Italians of Canada and the United States.

Plans for harnessing the St. Lawrence River to provide electric power moved nearer toward realization with the conclusion of hearings on two applications for private development under state supervision. The proposed development, a $112,000,000 single stage project, would be at Barnhart Island on the New York side of the river, a few miles west of Cornwall, Ont.

The summary of the latest reports of the earthquake in the Soviet Armenia disaster is 500 dead, more than 3,000 wounded and over 75,000 are rendered homeless. One town of 35,000 people and a dozen villages are reported as totally destroyed.

Advices reaching military officials at Nogales, Sonora, Mexico, state that "a score or more soldiers and eight Indians were killed in a skirmish between Mexican soldiers and insurgent Yaqui Indians near Vicam, Sonora, Saturday. Several Indian families were captured by the troops of General Armenta, the report said.

The Right Hon. W. S. Fielding has been confined to bed for the past few days suffering a slight stroke of apoplexy. The former Canadian Minister of Finance retired from active life three years ago on account of ill-health.

TEMPERANCE PEOPLE OF NIAGARA DISTRICT UP IN ARMS

A large convention of Temperance people representing the counties of the Niagara district was held in the Baptist Church, Welland, on 27th October. As evidence of the interest taken, nearly every locality was represented. Reports of the Union's work for the year were presented and received. Rev. Dr. A. J. Irwin president of Ontario Prohibition Union was the chief speaker of the day and gave a most enlightening address. The following resolution was passed unanimously:

"That the Niagara District Prohibition Union, in convention assembled, realizing the significance of the Ontario Premier's pronouncement on the liquor question and its direct threat to dismember the Ontario Temperance Act and substitute therefore the open and unrestricted sale of intoxicating beverages by government agents in government shops, herewith go on record as repudiating any such system of undermining our hard-won temperance legislation, and in harmony with the expressed policy of the provincial prohibition executives, we undertake to oppose with all our power any and every wet candidate of whatever shade of politics who seeks election in the approaching campaign, and to devote our strength throughout the said campaign to elect true and known Prohibition candidates in our several ridings, to the Legislature of Ontario."

Another resolution condemning in strong terms the Ferguson Governmental liquor policy and condemning the stand taken by former Attorney-General Nickel in resigning from the Government, also approving the consistent support given to prohibition by the Toronto Globe, Toronto Star, the Montreal Witness and other papers throughout the province, was carried very heartily. Reports were called for and given verbally from the five ridings of the district, and on motion it was resolved to call conventions immediately in these different ridings to take whatever action circumstances may call for. The temperance people of the Niagara district are up in arms against the liquor proposal of the Ontario Government, and intend to give battle all along the line.

THE BOTHERATION LEAGUE

We're livin' in an age o' schemes;
O' a' kinds sma' and big;
The latest on the market is
The Botheration League.

They pledge themsels, wi' richt guid will,
Tae seek the common guid;
An' urge that life wad be enhanced
If four percent. were brewed.

They're sure the Government wad help,
Tae run the thing tae scale;
An' every home wad patronize
The latest brew o' ale.

By leaps an' bounds the country roun'
Wad flourish like a tree;
For ilka man, all ower the lan',
Could aft get on the spree.

The secret stills, wad hide their heids
In favor o' this drink,
An' all the shameless bootleg crew
Into their holes wad slink.

This michty League wad rule the lan'
And folks wad rock wi' laughter,
They gie their guarantee, we'll a'
Be happy ever after.
Riverhurst, Sask.

—T. Lyall.

THE NEED FOR MEN

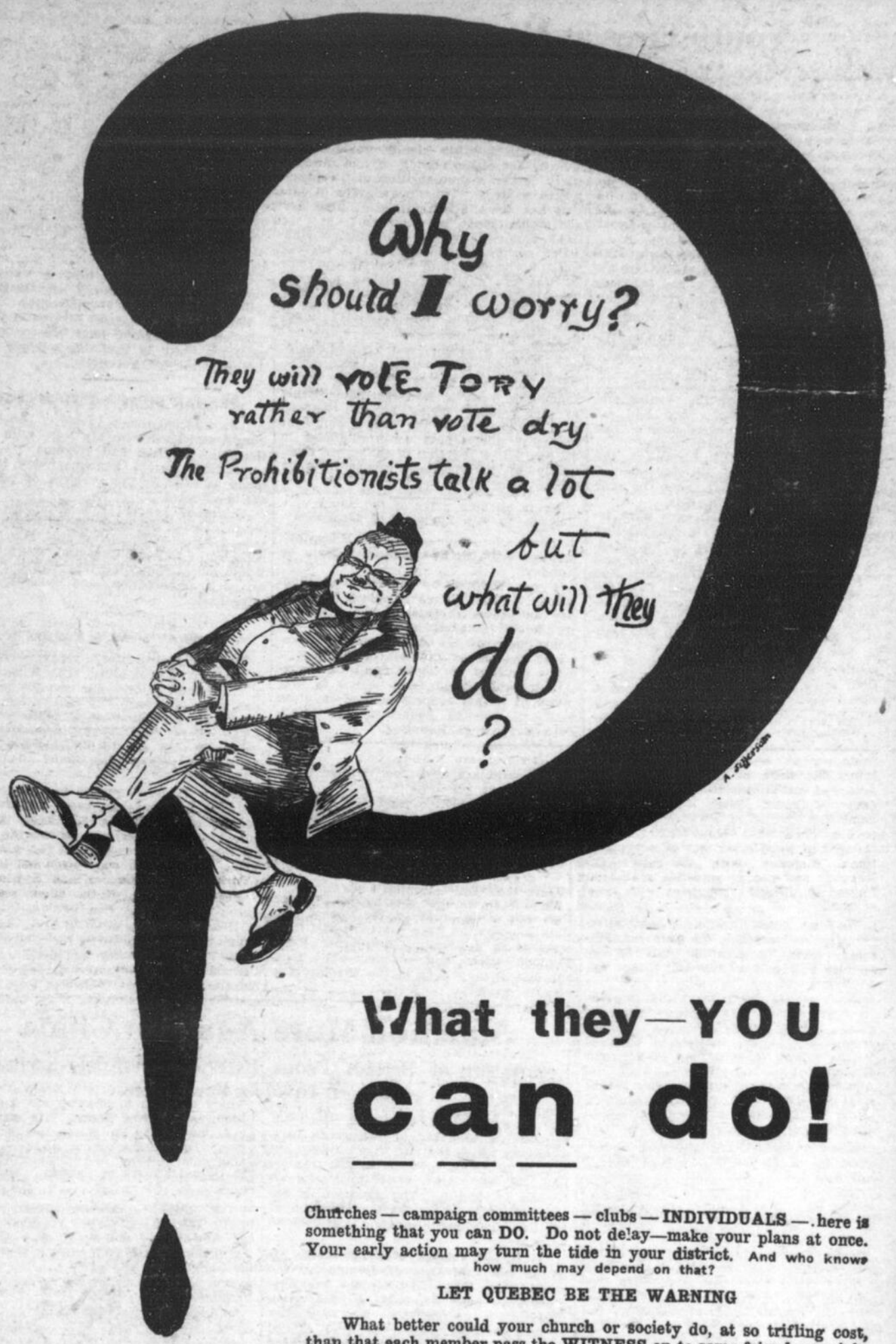
God give us men! The time demand
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands:
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

"It ain't the guns nor armaments, nor the funds that we can pay,
But the close cooperation that makes us win the day.
It ain't the individual, nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' teamwork of every bloomin' soul," —Kipling.

LAST ANNOUNCEMENT



What they—YOU can do!

While this offer 's made principally to help Ontario, it is good for any other province.

RUSH ORDERS



Only 3 more weeks

Churches — campaign committees — clubs — INDIVIDUALS — here is something that you can DO. Do not delay—make your plans at once. Your early action may turn the tide in your district. And who knows how much may depend on that?

LET QUEBEC BE THE WARNING

What better could your church or society do, at so trifling cost, than that each member pass the WITNESS on to some friend or neighbor that the result of Government Control in Quebec may be understood before Ontario ventures on the terrible experiment. An ounce of intelligent prevention is better than a pound of government "control."

The Witness will be available for special campaign distribution in lots of 100.

The price will be $2.00 per 100—which is just 2-5 of the regular retail price per copy...For example, 100 copies each week for 4 weeks aggregate 400 copies calling for $8.00. The price includes postage or expressage as we find most advantageous.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Witness Bldg., Montreal. ....., 1926

For distribution by our .....
(say whether church, society, or personal effort.)

please send copies of the Witness each Wednesday for the next ..... weeks beginning at once. I am enclosing $..... in payment thereof at the rate of $2.00 per package of a hundred.
(In other words 2c per copy in bundles.)

Name .....

Address .....

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

WORLD EVENTS

Youth Fires at Mussolini

Premier's Narrow Escape---Angry Crowd Lynches would-be Assassin

An unidentified young man in a crowd at Bologna, Italy, on Sunday afternoon attempted to assassinate Premier Mussolini. Failing in the attempt, the crowd pounced upon the youth and beat him to death. Stepping out of the crowd the young man pointed his revolver at Mussolini and fired. The bullet went wide of the mark.

After officiating at the opening of the Scientific Congress, Mussolini was on his way to the station by way of the Independenza in the midst of a large crowd when the shot was fired. The Duce went straight to the station and left for Forli after chatting unconcernedly with officials.

It would be impossible to create a more dramatic setting than that which surrounded the attempted assassination. It was about 5.40 o'clock in the evening and the fifty thousand people who had assembled at the stadium stood behind lines of carabineers as Mussolini passed.

The Premier's car had entered the main thoroughfare, the Via Independenzia, when a shot rang out above the roar of the cheering of the masses.

A dead silence; then all eyes were focused on the youth who stood bending forward with the revolver in his hand. The next thought was for Mussolini, and when the crowd saw the Duce calm and obviously unhurt they closed like the jaws of a gigantic animal upon his assailant. Savage hands reached for him and he was pounded and beaten and stabbed until life was extinct.

Great crowds blocked the path of the Premier's automobile, almost overturning it in an attempt to approach close enough to find whether he was hurt. When a passage was finally cleared, the automobile proceeded rapidly to the station. There Mussolini showed not the slightest sign of nervousness.

Immediately after the attempt, Signor Turati, secretary-general of the Fascist party, issued a proclamation to the Black Shirts, saying: "The first gesture of justice has been accomplished. Now the accomplice must be punished."

All along the way to the station Mussolini sat as complacently as if reviewing his "people," and all along the way he was the object of delirious acclamations by the throngs who screamed "Long live the Duce," "Death to the enemies of Fascism," "Woe to him who touches the Saviour of Italy."

Mussolini departed for Forli and reached his home town shortly afterwards. With him were his family. King Victor Emmanuel sent a message immediately to the Premier saying he had learned with indignation of the attack and sent his most affectionate congratulations in his own name and that of the entire royal family on the Premier's escape from an odious attack.

Death to All Enemies of Mussolini

"Death to every enemy of Mussolini" was the cry that swept through Italy on Monday.

It was shouted by hundreds of thousands of Black Shirts parading in every city and town throughout the kingdom, thundered in huge black type on the front pages of the newspapers, and received the official sanction of the Fascist party through the clear voice of Secretary-General Turrati, who spoke to fifty thousand of his cohorts massed in close ranks in Colonna Square under Mussolini's window in Rome.

STRIKERS MUST ADJUST SETTLEMENT

Baldwin Dashes All Hopes of Further Government Intervention

The coal industry, like other industries, must stand on its own feet; hope [illegible] government intervention merely tends to prolong the dispute," reads a passage in a letter which Premier Baldwin has addressed to a Conservative [illegible] for Howden, Yorkshire. The passage seems to give the coal strike, which is now half a year old, a new aspect.

Recent intimation by Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the Government might be prepared to help the miners obtain a settlement whether the coal owners were willing or not, had engendered hope in the breasts of the miners' leaders that the ministry might yet save their faces. It is understood that some such hope inspired the executive of the Miners' Federation when they consented on Saturday to submit new proposals for a settlement to a delegates' conference.

England Walking to the Money-Lenders, Says Lloyd George

Former Premier Lloyd George on Thursday described the coal dispute as "the greatest crisis since the war." He was speaking at a meeting of the Carnarvon, (Wales) Liberals, and argued that the Conservative Government would be justified in taking over the mines.

"We are passing through the greatest crisis since the war," he said, "and the Government avows its complete helplessness. Yet our trade balance is going down, and we shall be forced to finance ourselves with foreign credit.

"This country, once banker for the world, is now walking to the money-lenders."

Mr. Lloyd George contended that under the Emergency Powers Act the Government could assume control of the mines and compel both miners and mine-owners to accept the findings of the Coal Commission's report.

LONDON TO CANADA IN 60 HOURS

Head of British Air Board Places Interesting Proposition Before Imperial Conference.

From London to Canada in two and a half days, to India in five days, to Capetown in six days, to Australia in 11 days and to New Zealand in thirteen days. These were the possibilities of the air which Sir Samuel Hoare, British Air Minister, submitted to the Imperial Conference on Thursday. "There is today no technical or operational reason," Sir Samuel declared, "why, by aeroplane or airship, London should not be brought within a fortnight of the farthest cities and territories of the Empire."

Sir Samuel devoted himself to civil aviation and proposed the organization of long-distance empire air routes beginning in the Far East and from Australia to Capetown on the Mosaic plan. "We must," he said, "each of us insert our particular stone in the design."

In the subsequent discussion Premier McKenzie King promised the closest possible co-operation from the Canadian Government in developing inter-imperial air communications and outlined what Canada had already done in the development of civil aviation.

ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATION

The King has decided that the celebration of Armistice Day, November 11, shall follow the lines adopted last year.

Shortly before 11 a.m., His Majesty will deposit a wreath on the Cenotaph, and wreaths will be laid there by or on behalf of other members of the Royal Family, also on behalf of the British Government, the Dominions, India, the Colonies, the Protectorates, the Navy, Army, and Air Force.

At 11 a.m. the two-minute Silence will be observed. A short service will follow, conducted by the Bishop of Willesden. After this the troops will march off via Parliament Square.

Official deputations bearing wreaths and the general public will be marshalled into streams to pass the Cenotaph.

There will be a special service in Westminster Abbey from 10.30 a.m. to 11.10 a.m., the seats in the Abbey being open to the public without tickets.

GERMAN SHIPPING TO MERGE

It is reported that a fusion of the Hamburg-American Steamship line with the German-Australian and Kosmos lines is impending, formal announcement to be made as soon as the problem of personnel is adjusted.

A similar report from Hamburg last week included the name of the North German Lloyd. Officials of the Hamburg-American and North German-Lloyd in New York said at that time they had heard of no such combination, and considered it improbable.

NORWAY'S WET MAJORITY

The final figures of the recent plebiscite in Norway on prohibition show a majority of more than 110,000 against the present law. The vote was: For prohibition, 421,292; against prohibition, 531,425.

The "drys" lost 67,725 supporters as compared with the 1919 plebiscite, while the "wets" gained 226,752.

Bishop T. A. Scott, of the Church of England mission, has been captured by bandits near Wukaihsien, Shantung province. The Bishop was proceeding from his headquarters at Taianfu for a survey of the Shantung diocese when he was set upon by the outlaws and carried off.

Bishop Scott has been a missionary in China since 1909. The British Legation at Pekin has been informed of the kidnapping of Bishop Scott, and is expected to make vigorous representations to the Chinese Government for his release without the payment of ransom.

Situation More Acute in China

Evacuation of British From Interior Possible---Strike At Chengtu Involves Foreigners.

A chaotic state of affairs in Szechwan province is described in despatches from Chunking which indicate that a recent exchange of shots between British vessels and Chinese patrols at Wanhsien is affecting foreigners. The situation is approaching the point where evacuation of the British from the interior may become necessary.

At Chengtu there is a serious strike situation which involves all foreigners. Domestics have deserted their jobs, food supplies have been withheld and the union Christian university there has been closed as a result.

Foreign vessels are being held up near Chungking owing to the danger of their being comandeered for transports by the hostile Chinese. Efforts of foreign consuls to bring about an improvement in the situation hitherto have been unavailing.

CHINESE MANIFESTO

Kuominchun Denounces British Retaliatory Attack on Wanhsien

Following a special congress of the Kuominchun at Canton, a lengthy manifesto was issued denouncing the British bombardment of Wanhsien. The manifesto states: "The British imperialism feeds on blood."

The Kuominchun is the political party which dominates the government of the Canton regime. British gunboats shelled Wanhsien early in September in retaliation for casualties sustained in a clash with Chinese forces to regain control of two British merchant ships seized by the Chinese.

CANADIAN MISSIONARIES RETURNING

Detachment from Szechwan Province On Way Home.

Another detachment of Canadian missionary families from Szechwan province, China, has started home, it is stated in a message received at board offices at Toronto from the West China Mission of the United Church of Canada. Those returning are due to come on furlough next spring, but the cable says, that, "owing to the British consulate's urgings regarding women and children," they are taking furlough now and will be in Canada for Christmas. The party has left Chengtu via Suifu, head of navigation of the Yangtse.

The cable adds that some employees of the mission have been compelled to quit work since the renewal of the university trouble. The university is closed for the present, the message says. "Foreigners' persons and property are being respected," concludes the cable. "We are watching developments and will telegraph any later information." The sender is Rev. W. J. Mortimore, B.A., Chengtu, secretary-treasurer of the West China Mission of the United Church.

Several British and United States missionary societies, including the American Baptist and Methodist Episcopal, have stations at Chengtu and co-operate in the university.

Those en route home are Rev. N. E. Bowles, wife and children; Rev. C. R. Carscallen, wife and children; Rev. E. Hibbard, wife and children; Rev. John Kitchen, wife and children, all of Chengtu, and Rev. F. J. Reed, wife and children, of Penghsien, all connected with the Canadian mission. Their departure leaves fifty-three general board workers and several W.M.S. workers of the United Church of Canada at Chengtu.

Latest official reports from China indicate that the situation in Szechwan province is unimproved. Anti-British agitation continues, and a general strike of servants is affecting the British and other foreign colonies at Chengtu, the capital.



NEW GOVERNOR OF BENGAL

Lieut.-Col. F. S. Jackson, Chairman of the Conservative party organization, who has been appointed Governor of Bengal, succeeding the Earl of Lytton. He is the youngest son of the first Lord Allerton and at one time was a well-known cricketer, having captained elevens at Harrow and Cambridge.

LIQUOR ISSUE IN STATES ELECTION

A nation-wide reckoning up at the polls today (Wednesday) will determine whether the Republicans are to remain in control of Congress, and what political flags are to fly from the mastheads of many state governments.

In many of the states the dominating local issues are interwoven directly into the pattern of the general campaign, but in several special questions are to be voted on separately by referendum. Eight states—New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, Colorado, California, Nevada, Missouri and Montana—will vote on some feature of the prohibition problem.

In the national arena the most stubborn attack of the Democratic "outs" has been directed toward control of the Senate. Democratic leaders did not abate their forecast of enough Democratic gains to overturn the present Republican senatorial majority. This prediction the Republicans denied with every show of confidence although they conceded privately that the customary off-year gains might be chalked up to the credit of their opponents.

To capture the Senate the Democrats must gain nine seats now held by Republicans.

TIDE OF IMMIGRATION

Immigration to Canada of farm settlers from the United States for the month of September was particularly active, according to reports received from the agencies of the Department of Immigration and Colonization. North Dakota headed the list of the 18 agencies of the Dept., in the United States with a total of 675 persons sent to Canada, an increase of 300 over September 1925. These 675 settlers brought with them cash and effects valued at $7,726,095. Only ten were not of the farming class.

HEAVY FLOODS IN EUROPE

The disastrous storms of wind rain and snow continue to ravage southwestern Europe and the rapidly-rising rivers of Belgium and eastern France threaten to overflow their banks.

No section of France has been spared by the storm. Even Nice, where there is supposed to be perpetual sunshine, is deluged.

Panic-stricken by the rush of flood waters, riverside inhabitants in the Meuse, Sambre and Ourthe Valleys in Belgium have been deserting their homes during the past few days of heavy rains.

The Meuse at Liege has risen nine feet and is still rising at the rate of an inch an hour. The situation is most serious at Dinant, Huy, Flemalle and Jemappes.

QUAKE VICTIMS STARVING

With winter approaching, hundreds of thousands of Armenians are threatened with starvation, especially in the earthquake area of Russian Armenia, according to a dispatch received at Constantinople from the Near East relief headquarters at Erivan.

The earthquake refugees are already reported to be suffering from lack of water. Homeless outcasts, starving, are camped in the open spaces in Leninakan, a picture of human misery. The necessity for immediate help is stressed in the message.

Ontario Liberals For O.T.A.

Policy Outlined by Leader at Banquet Opening Provincial Campaign

The Liberal party of Ontario stands for the maintenance and enforcement of the Ontario Temperance Act, as endorsed by the people, W. E. N. Sinclair, leader of the Liberal party of Ontario, declared on Wednesday night at a complimentary banquet in Toronto at which he announced the policy of the Liberal party of the province and which marked the opening of the Liberal campaign in the provincial elections.

Mr. Sinclair added that as long as the people, by plebiscite or referendum, demand that the Ontario Temperance Act be maintained and enforced, he, as leader, will accept that as the policy of the party, and he promised, with adequate support in the legislature, to carry out the policy.

The Liberal leader claimed that government control of the sale of liquor, which the Ferguson administration has made the major issue in the coming election, "is diametrically opposed to the policy of the Liberal party" as decided time and again, and as announced by himself at the last session of the legislature. Mr. Sinclair added: "Liberals must battle to support the will of the people, and that will was unmistakably expressed in reference to the O.T.A., by the plebiscites of 1919 and 1924. That expression of the people's will Mr. Ferguson arbitrarily proposes to disregard."

Premier Ferguson, the Liberal leader declared, has made his proposals in this campaign a political issue, and by so doing "he has forfeited all right to the support of all well-thinking people."

In brief, the policy of the Liberal party of Ontario as announced by Mr. Sinclair, is as follows:—

The party believes that redistribution of the ridings should give no reference to urban ridings over rural ridings;

That the finances of Ontario are in a dangerous condition;

That there should be a survey of provincial sources of taxation, in order to eliminate taxation upon sources already taxed;

That there should be practical education for every boy and girl in Ontario;

That the people should be consulted at convenient seasons by the government;

That Ontario should have a system of old age pensions;

That agriculture should be aided by the development of co-operative marketing, and

That the timber resources of the province should be conserved in order to assure a continuous supply of pulp and timber.

The Ontario Temperance Act, he said, was not prohibition. In support of this, the Premier pointed to the increased sale of liquor by dispensaries, despite the fact that the monthly limit of doctors' prescriptions had been reduced from 100 to 50, and later to 30. In the face of the information conveyed to him that from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 worth of illicit liquor was sold in the province annually, as against a total sale by the Government of $5,000,000 worth, could any sane man, Mr. Ferguson asked, suggest that prohibition existed in the province?

The spirit of repression behind the O.T.A., the Premier declared, was partly responsible for the condition of rebellion among the youth of the province in the last few years.

Dealing with another side of the matter, the Premier said that, whereas the cost of enforcing the O.T.A. had doubled during the period from 1917 to 1925, the cost of enforcing all the other laws of the province had increased six times.

"Are the two things related in any way?" he queried. "Does it not suggest to your minds that there is a close relationship between them."

The Premier said he did not charge that the O.T.A. had done no good. It had done a tremendous amount of good. He knew that many cases of destitution through drink had been remedied and that industrialists would admit there had been greater production and more efficient labor. "But as a temperance woman said to me last fall, 'are we paying too much to save a few old soaks and manufacture a few more good?'

"The question is not whether the O.T.A. has done good or not," the Premier said, "but can we improve it and do more good by some other way?

"What is the use of being hypocrites?" the Premier said, in conclusion. "That is what we are. What do children think when they hear their parents get up and talk about prohibition when they know there is a case in the cellar? And I am not complaining. If they want to use it moderately, it is all right. But don't let us be hypocrites. I may be anything under the sun they choose to call me, but I am not a hypocrite."

OPPOSITION FOR FERGUSON

Dry Candidate Put in Field by District Prohibition Union

Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, Premier of Ontario, is to be opposed by a "dry" candidate, who will contest the riding of Grenville, where, in the last provincial election Mr. Ferguson was returned over William Hunter Buchanan, U.F.A. candidate, by a majority of 2,176 votes.

The decision to oppose the Premier was unanimously reached at a meeting of the executive of the district prohibition union, which was held at Spencerville, and at which representatives from all parts of the riding were in attendance. The meeting was a private one, and, following it, the only information given out was the decision to place a "dry" candidate in the field.

PROGRESSIVES TO OPPOSE ALL FERGUSON CANDIDATES

More than 60 candidates are now definitely in the field in Ontario. Conservatives number 22, and Progressives and Independents, 14.

The attitude of the Progressive party is set forth in a statement by A. W. Rosebuck, chairman of the Progressive campaign committee. It is stated Progressives will oppose "All Ferguson candidates."

"The one and only way to defeat the liquor interests is to defeat Mr. Ferguson," says the statement. "The running of 'Temperance' Conservatives, who may announce that they will support Premier Ferguson except in his liquor policy, is impractical, and such a compromise will not be accepted as satisfactory to the Progressive party, irrespective of what the Liberal party is prepared to do."

SAYS O.T.A. NOT PROHIBITION

Premier Ferguson Tries to Justify Action in His Liquor Propaganda

Defence of the liquor policy of his Government, and explanation of the reasons for his belief that amendments to the Ontario Temperance Act were necessary to the well-being of the province, were made by Premier Howard Ferguson, of Ontario, at a Conservative gathering at Aurora, Ont., on Saturday night.

MINISTERS UNOPPOSED

Indications at present are that all fourteen members of the King Government who will be nominated today (Wednesday) will receive acclamation. Of the fourteen ministers, two, Premier King himself and Hon. Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice, are now in England attending the Imperial Conference. Mr. King will be nominated in Prince Albert, Sask., and Mr. Lapointe in Quebec East. Most of the other ministers are in their constituencies for nomination day.

As far as can be ascertained no opposition to the ministers has developed. There is always a possibility of candidates being placed in the field in the last few hours before nomination papers are filed, however. Of the ministers who will be nominated all but Hon. J. L. Ralston, Minister of National Defence, were returned at the general election. Col. Ralston was defeated in the city of Halifax, but he will be nominated for the constituency of Shelburne-Yarmouth tomorrow. This seat was vacated by Paul Hatfield, who was elected in September.

In the event of opposition developing, voting in the constituencies nominating candidates to oppose the ministers will take place in one week, on November 9.

"NOT LEVITY, BUT DEDICATION."

(By T. R. Glover, Public Orator of Cambridge University.)

When one is told directly that the question of the keeping of Armistice Day is arousing much interest, and one is asked whether one should celebrate Armistice Day in a pagan or Christian spirit, the mind of one man, at least, goes back instantly to November 11, 1918, and memories that seem unlikely to die bring back the hour and the scene. Is it relevant to recall what one experienced? Can one man's record of the hour in any way be typical or of value? At any rate, here it is.

I spent the week-end with friends in Oxford. We knew that the Kaiser had left Germany, that there was a new Government, that there seemed to be a probability of peace. I remember we went to the Union to see what telegrams there were. All turned on what the Germans would decide before 11 a.m. on Monday. I left Oxford by a morning train, fairly early, for I had to get back to Mildmay Park, where I was working at the Y. M. C. A. Training House.

We ran into Paddington on time, and I took the Underground to King's Cross. When I reached the upper air the clocks were striking, or had just struck, 11 o'clock, and I began to hear maroons going off. Coming from the country I had missed the fact that they were to be signals—signals to tell of Peace; and perhaps people thought me very rustic indeed when I asked what the maroons meant. Then I rode up Pentonville-road on the top of a bus to reach the Angel, and go on to Essex-road, and the picture haunts me. All along the roads the people came out to their doors, everybody with the feeling that I had myself—a long-drawn breath of relief—"it was over." They began to hand out flags. A night or two later I walked from Tottenham Court-road to Mildmay Park. The moon was full, there were lights in the street lamps, and the constant peril of every London night would come no more. If William Wordsworth could recall with emotion and thankfulness his walk homeward over the hills in the splendor of a summer dawn, may I not turn with as real a thankfulness to such simple memories as I have set down here? And most of us share them, if we would only look back.

Emotions Then and Now.

What was our feeling then? It was assuredly not with most of us exultation in victory, a desire for revenge, or an impulse to punish. It was an unspeakable feeling of freedom and release, and a deep sense of gratitude to God for escape from a national danger, for the relief of long strain, and for the ending of a period of killing and hatred. If you mean by celebrating Armistice Day to recall bitterness, to revive the cruel things we said and thought and did, "the study of revenge, immortal hate"—I don't. The tragedy of the war for anyone interested in art or music, in literature, history, scholarship, or science, was heightened by the sense that we were fighting and had to fight a people in whose debt we were in every one of those fields. I would add, in religion also. There is, the philosophers tell us—and I think they are right—no tragedy in the war of good with bad; tragedy is divided good, it is war of good with good. Before the war, during it, and now, I saw and I see greatness in that kindred race; I had no intimate personal friends, as it happened, among them, but my bookshelves bear witness to what I owe to Germans. I, for one, can thank God on this 11th of November that once more I may use and enjoy all that a great and kindred race has to give, that German thinkers and English are again free to work together in the advancement of knowledge, the discovery of God's secrets.

The Limits of Levity.

If we wish to hold a commemoration in a spirit of thankfulness to God, the question can hardly rise whether that is best done by a fancy-dress ball. To judge from past years, probably in Cambridge that night Freshmen will go in some numbers to the market-place to let off fireworks and to extinguish the street-lamps, and still larger numbers of innocent townspeople will throng in to see them do it. By now there is probably no undergraduate left who personally took part in the war; all who did have left us with or without degrees, and the present generation were young children when the war stopped. To put out street-lamps is, most people will admit, a poor way of celebrating a great day; but nobody can stop the thoughtless taking their pleasure as they please. I for one see little pleasure, and indeed, little sin, in putting out a street-lamp, nor can I see great sin in a fancy-dress ball in itself: have as many as you think consistent with the unhappiness of widespread unemployment.

But to make such a frolic the expression of what as a nation we associate with Armistice Day seems to me not merely to show that we take great things in a shallow spirit, but to imply that we are content the rising generation should think trivially of the war and its cost to us in life and hope, and should treat lightly the memory of sacrifice and its inspiration. Of course, we are readily told that the balance on the receipts will go to this or that good cause, but I always feel surer of disinterested service of others when they get 100 per cent., and I do not myself take 90 per cent. I may be "old-fashioned" but I hope that the note of the day may not be levity, but dedication.

PROHIBITION CAMPAIGNERS

In previous campaigns the effective use of the Witness helped to swell sure majorities—minimize adversities and actually to turn the scale in places where the forces were nearly balanced.

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As a matter of fact the victory will usually go to the side that can best reach and arouse the relatively large class of apathetics and neutrals.

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Neutrals are seldom influenced by direct partisan propaganda. They are apt to consider as prejudiced the organs of both sides. That is where the independent Witness renders its great service to every good cause. It is both unsubsidized and absolutely independent of any selfish or delimiting interest. How many can you use in your community? See page 7 for coupon.

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LLOYD GEORGE'S NEW MOVE

—Manitoba Free Press.

Vice Flourishes Under Liquor Control

Official Coderre Report Explodes Mr. Ferguson's Idea of Wet Paradise

It is easy to make wild statements either extolling or deploring conditions under the liquor control system in Quebec. The Witness could tell its own stories of conditions as they actually exist in this province. But the advocates of the liquor control system would doubtless declare that its evidence was partizan. But the following extracts from the report of Mr. Justice Coderre, appointed by the Quebec government to investigate conditions in Montreal, cannot be so described. While dealing primarily with the evils of prostitution, there is ample evidence of the close connection between the component parts of that trinity of iniquity; alcohol, gambling, and prostitution.

The following extracts from the report, with introductory comment, are from the March 14, 1925 issue of the Montreal Gazette—staunch champion of the liquor selling system. The Gazette says:—

The report, 175 pages in length, is a pitiless indictment of the Police Department and of the lax conditions resulting in Montreal from police inertia and lack of initiative. The Chief is pictured as an incompetent, practically powerless, however, under the thumb of the Executive, at whose mercy he is. The force itself is seen as rent by jealousies, ill-feeling, lack of discipline, supervision and competent control, and paralyzed in great measure by aldermanic meddling and the influence of powerful ward figures.

As a result, prostitution flaunts itself openly night and day, despite the law of vigorous repression imposed by the Criminal Code. Recorders of the city are mentioned, and their apparent disagreement with the vice law in its entirety is referred to. But special mention is made of the fact that police and city authorities appear to have relaxed their efforts because of the courts' treatment of vice district denizens. Mr. Justice Coderre finds there is no excuse for that. . . . .

ILLICIT LIQUOR SOLD

"The proof shows," says Mr. Justice Coderre, "that, in defiance of the by-laws, certain of these establishments remain open all night, it might be said, at least until three of four o'clock in the morning. And it is then, precisely during the forbidden hours, that the gravest disorders take place; spirituous liquors are sold freely and at exhorbitant prices, demi-mondaines are there or make rendezvous there, and when, perchance, they cannot be found, well, the proprietor or the manager of the establishment obligingly places himself at the services of the clients, and by a telephone call brings them running.

"It is shown by evidence that certain of those restaurants were veritable dens, where the law was openly violated, where immorality flaunted itself with insolence. To a certain extent, they competed with houses of prostitution, and in other cases they were the ante-chambers of them. And these scenes of disorder, inevitably accompanied by a lot of noice, unfolded themselves mainly between midnight and three o'clock or four in the morning, just the hours when the lights should have been out, when all activity should have ceased. And that went on for months, for years, under the eyes of a police apparently powerless." Note is made of the evidence that one officer went to the Excelsior, was served with alcohol and received a present of whiskey from the owner . . . .

"Proof made at the probe reveals a state of things that is stupefying and, it must be added, alarming. Vice stalks through our city with a hideousness and insolence that appear sure of impunity; so gigantic is the octopus that it stretches its tentacles everywhere and threatens to strangle a population three-quarters healthy and moral. I spoke a few minutes ago of night cafes, dance and billiard halls, and it has been my regret to ascertain during the inquiry that many of those places are as much vestibules of the brothel."

GIRLS LURED FROM LIQUOR DIVES

"The probe has not permitted me completely to discover how is undertaken the recruiting of those unfortunate girls nightly thrown as prey to the lewdness of fast men; but what I have heard has convinced me that certain places of amusement constitute a veritable apprenticeship to prostitution, and that too many young girls, having been seduced, run to cover their dishonor in those dens of vice.

"It has also been shown that those recruiting extend their field of action over a great area, outside the bounds of the city, and that a large number of girls from the outside are lured here under false pretexts, when they are not gathered up at the doors of the railroad stations and led almost by force to those houses of debauchery.

"Another cause I believe it my duty to emphasize as a warning to our population, is the unbridled love of luxury which too often leads children to a first fall from which they afterward despair of recovering. Be that as it may, it is an incontrovertible fact that prostitution does not lack for recruits, and that ordinarily they are chosen from the healthiest homes in the nation . . . .

LAXITY UNDER LIQUOR COMMISSION

"Special Causes" of police inefficiency are taken up. Mr. Justice Coderre fails to see that the city police should feel themselves restrained in dealing with night cafes just because licences are granted by the Quebec Liquor Commission and because the Commission has a police of its own.. He believes that an inquiry made by higher officers of the police would have revealed laxity in supervising many of those places.

"I entered into the study of this matter with a mind absolutely open and disinterested. I emerge from it with the conclusion, as unbreakable as it is reasoned, that prostitution must not be tolerated under any name or in any form. I can, then, only strongly recommend—to the point that if I could order it I would do so without hesitation—that the civic authorities of the city of Montreal bend once and for all resolutely to the task and neglect no effort to secure observance of the law in all its rigor, so as to cause the disappearance from our city of that unceasing purulent plague, commercialized prostitution. . . . .

"So that less may remain, so that they may decrease all the time, it is important to close the avenues leading to the house of prostitution, whether open or clandestine. I demand, then, with insistence that the city authorities exercise strict and continued supervision over the various places of amusement, dance halls, etc. I request them to neglect nothing that will purify the moral atmosphere of the city. Then and then only will they have accomplished their duty.

LIQUOR DRINKING IN SCHOOLS ON THE DECREASE

Result of Personal Survey by Andover Headmaster

That liquor drinking among undergraduates is steadily decreasing and that schools especially lay emphasis on the fact that if week-end home-goings and visits could be eliminated the liquor problem, so far as their student bodies are concerned, would practically disappear, are contentions of Alfred E. Stearns, headmaster of Phillips Academy, Andover, who writes on "Liquor and the Schools" in a copyrighted article in the November Harpers.

Admitting that the problem of prohibition is "complicated and baffling, and its ramifications seemingly endless," Dr. Stearns maintains that there are "some phases of this important question of which the public at large knows comparatively little and the study of which reveals interesting and significant facts. One of these phases is the effect of prohibition on the youth of today as revealed by the habits and conduct of the students in our boarding schools and colleges.

"In order to sustain or disprove my own personal convictions, and before attempting to offer those convictions to the public, I sent personal letters of inquiry to officers of thirty of the leading boarding schools, colleges and universities of the East," Dr. Stearns continues. "Purposely, those addressed were not always the heads of the institutions selected but those who were known to be most intimately in touch with under-graduate life and activities. The answers to these inquiries with singular unanimity confirm my own conviction that the extent of drinking among the boys in school and college is steadily on the wane.

"Of the colleges reporting, nine insist that there is less drinking than ever before. Seven report a definite improvement over the previous year. The schools reporting are practically unanimous in their testimony that drinking among undergraduates is steadily on the wane, while a number emphasize the fact that the past year has proved the best on record.

"Colleges and schools alike admit and deplore the pernicious effect on the youth of today of the law-breaking element that now enters into the problem; and the schools especially lay emphasis on the fact that if week-end home-goings and visits could be eliminated the liquor problem, so far as their student bodies are concerned, would practically disappear—a strange and somewhat disquieting commentary on the modern home.

"Reinforced by such striking and uniform testimony as this, I am confident that those of us who believe that drinking among the undergraduates in our schools and colleges is steadily decreasing are fully justified in our contention."

A VOICE

from Montreal's great Underworld of Sin, Vice and Crime; the submerged Portion of Canada's Largest City

"No man cared for my soul." Psa. 124:4.

"Who are the lost? . . . See that young girl coming out of those swing doors into the street, that one with gaudy clothes, painted face—and half drunk! Listen to her story, the wail of a lost soul, a victim of vice, graft and greed:

"Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell like the snowflakes, from heaven to hell;
Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street,
Fell, to be scoffed at, spit on and beat;
Pleading and cursing, dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God! Have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow!'

"Talk about Dante's Hell, and all the horrors and cruelties of the torture chamber of the lost! The man who walks with open eyes and bleeding heart through the shambles of Montreal's red-light district needs no such fantastic images of the poet to teach him of horrors. The young and the poor go down helpless before our very eyes into the morass to be trampled underfoot by the beasts of prey that haunt these regions, until it seems as if God were no longer in the world. If the stony streets of Montreal's tenderloin district could but speak, they could tell of tragedies as awful, or ruin as complete, of ravishments as horrible, as could be found in darkest Africa; only the ghastly devastation is covered—corpse-like—with the artificialities and hypocrisies of modern civilization.

"See the streets filled with poor outcasts! Notice the dull, lifeless, hopeless looks of suffering and despair. Look at the misery of this motley crowd, and you draw away your skirts lest you might be polluted by the touch.

"Look at the poor dope fiend, with hollow eyes, haggard looks and shattered constitution. Think of Canada's 15,000 drug fiends, the most of them beyond medical skill, and 92 percent due to vicious environment and criminal associations.

"Think of the hundreds of boys and girls in this district, born right here, 'born,' as someone has said, 'to be damned;' with drunkenness and all manner of uncleanness—moral and physical on every side.

"Have you ever watched by the bedside of a man in delirium tremens? Then multiply the sufferings of that one drunkard by hundreds and you have what is going on, year in and year out, in this great centre of all vice and crime.

"Woman understands the ravages of this demon. She has seen one of its feet in the nursery and one in the wardrobe, one hand on the empty bread tray, while the other is stained with the tears and blood of a desolate home. Woman looks beyond the footlights of the comedian who makes a jest of crime and drunkenness, and she sees the blue cold, shoeless feet of her children, and the daughter by destitution driven to a life of sin. She feels the gash across her temples and beholds the wild,dishevelled man standing in mid-floor while the children scream and the wife drops on her knees looking towards a God, who for ten years has not seemed to care anything for her. She looks at the maniac as with one fist he dashes to pieces the mirror before which his bride had arranged her tresses, while with the other hand he hurls the family Bible with the marriage record into the flames, and with cracked lips curses the God who will yet avenge the cause of the oppressed, though His judgments tarry long.

"Only the other night, while preaching on St. Lawrence Street, two men said, 'Could we speak to you after the meeting?' I took them to my room. Both were Roman Catholics. One owned to being a dope peddler, or drug seller. The other said, 'Three weeks ago, after taking a few drinks, I struck my wife, and she has left me. What shall I do?'

"Another night, while on the corner of Vitre and St. Lawrence, preaching to a night crowd in the heart of the vice district, a Frenchman elbowed his way through the crowd and said, 'Would you come and see a girl who has been hurt?' I followed him past dives and dens of iniquity all lit up for a night of sin and revelry; past painted women and drunken men, and hordes of children who swarm this district at all hours; and finally up a dark stairway on Cadieux Street, a street well known to all the inhabitants of the underworld. A woman with face and arms all covered with tattoo marks met us in the hall and we were shown into a room to find a little French girl lying upon a bed suffering. She had been knocked downstairs by a drunken father and mother who were fighting on the landing. When spoken to kindly she wept bitterly and said, 'I haven't been to confession.' The room was filled with the poor unfortunates of this district, and while we prayed every one of them wept. This is only one scene in this district of vice and shame."

The picture is painted by a city missionary who knows the facts at first hand. And all this in the city of Montreal under "Government Control."



DR. CHARLES A. MAYO

The internationally-known surgeon of Rochester, Minn., who declared in the course of an interview at Montreal on October 18th: "Alcohol has no place in medicine. It is a narcotic, not a stimulant. . . . Whatever happens to us as the result of the Volstead Act, I am convinced that the next generation in the United States will be better for that contentious piece of legislation."

MONTREAL CONSERVATIVE WARNS ONTARIO

Mr. A. O. Dawson, managing director of the Canadian Cottons, Ltd., has issued a warning to fellow Conservative business men in Ontario who may be deceived by disguised liquor propaganda. He speaks with an expert knowledge of business conditions in Quebec as well as elsewhere throughout the Dominion:

"If the business men of Ontario expect Government control to bring about more prosperity, they had better study the problem again," declared Mr. Dawson. "Take the reports of the mercantile statisticians covering the retail and wholesale life of Quebec. The reports show a greater number of failures in Quebec than in Ontario.

Money is Spent on Liquor

"Why should this be?" he continued. "We have a fine Province with wonderful resources. Take the illustration given to me some days ago by a friend. He was visiting in a small town and discovered that none of the stores were doing a good business; in fact business was poor. A further study of conditions showed the fact that the people of the town were spending their money in liquor stores and taverns. The argument that the liquor trade advances national wealth does not hold good."

Mr. Dawson was a member of the committee which placed before the Federal Government facts relating to the smuggling of goods into Canada to be placed in competition with goods legally brought into Canada and goods manufactured in the country. He believed that smugglers had become frightened and were not as active as they had been, although they were still causing some concern.

Smuggling Injures Business

"The inquiry and a better enforcement have stopped some of the smuggling," he said. "Complaints are not as frequent, but they persist. For instance, on my desk today is a letter from a man in Winnipeg who claims that he is being forced to compete with goods that are being smuggled into the country. If the Government was to patrol the border rigidly and pay proper wages, these things would stop. Stiff fines and prison sentences would help a great deal."

SMART-ALEC IDEA PASSING

In an editorial in the Daily Northwestern, published by the students of the Northwestern University, comment is made on the fact that the hip flask business is passing. The editorial concludes as follows:—

"Hip flasks came into notoriety about the same time as plus-four pants. Your collegian is nothing if not a man who'll try anything once. But plus-fours are fast going out of fashion as regular wear for college students, and the habit of toting hip flasks, never strong, has dwindled to a trickle.

"Your American college student is coming out of the Smart-alec stage on the prohibition question. He can see what some of his grown-up friends fail to see, viz., that: American industry has improved; the economic situation has been stabilised, that the American standard of living is better than ever before—and all, for the most part, a result of prohibition.

"These are not sob-sister reasons for prohibition that he gives. They are conclusions he is drawing from facts as he sees them."

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Interested," London, England: Write the Rev. W. G. Lane, Yarmouth North, Nova Scotia, Canada.

R. H. F., New Brunswick: Communicate with Patent Record Office, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

L. H. S., Newfoundland: Poem appeared in Witness of July 7. Copies have been forwarded.

R. S., Quebec: Why not try your nearest music store?

Elsie S., Nova Scotia: Rotten Row, a corruption of "Route du Roi," was made by William III.

Enquirer: No. 10 Downing street, London, the official residence of the British Prime Minister, has 70 rooms.

R. L. T., British Columbia: You can dip fresh water from the Atlantic ocean near the mouth of the Amazon river, which pours such a vast stream into the sea that ships can get drinking water twenty miles from its mouth.

Edgar Man.: On October 4, 1583, by order of Pope Gregory XIII, ten days were dropped from the European calendar in order to catch up with the solar year. At that time, the so-called Gregorian calendar was adopted, directing that three times in every 400 years the usual leap year be omitted.

Dolly Dimple: The colors of the rainbow are seven prismatic colors, which follow in the order of their brightness: violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red.

Pat R., Ontario: New Guinea, next to Greenland, is the largest island in the world. It is 1,490 miles long and 430 miles wide at its greatest diameter.

A. L. F., Saskatchewan: The Latin Quarter of Paris got its name because the University of Paris is situated there and in the Middle Ages the students used to go about conversing in Latin and singing Latin songs.

J. W. H., California: We are forwarding complete set of articles contributed to Witness by R. P. Bell and hope the information you desire is contained therein.

A. M. N., Ontario: Write Society of Decorative Art, 101-A Drummond Street, Montreal, or Canadian Handicraft Guild, 598-A St. Catherine St., Montreal.

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

Mary G., Toronto: Richard the Lion-Heart, the greatest of the Plantagenet kings, met his death at Chalus, France, but there is not a bronze or stone there to commemorate his passing. Chalus is a small, half-neglected country town. The people there have kept alive the memory of the King, but they do not recall the full tradition. All they know is that Richard the Lion-Heart was killed under their walls. He is better remembered in Agen than in the place where he should be most famous. At Agen a street is named for him and at the end of the bridge over the Garonne a tablet is inscribed with the legend that Richard, King of England, Duke of Aquitaine, had been the first to span the river, and that Agen owes its first bridge to him. Richard was killed by an arrow while laying seige to a castle in Chalus, where the Viscount of Limoges was trying to defend his treasure-trove against the claims of the King.

BLUE LAWS OF CONNECTICUT

H. L. S., New Brunswick: Under the earliest Connecticut blue laws a young man and young woman who indulged in what would in these days be called "petting," in the presence of the man's sister, were subject to a fine of $5 each and the sister to a rebuke for tolerating such conduct. These early laws are contained in a small book printed more than 250 years ago. The book contains nothing about kissing one's wife on the Sabbath, but kissing another man's wife or kissing an unmarried woman who chose to complain about it, was a serious offence any day, relates the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Under the law no person under 21 years old, nor any other not accustomed to the use of tobacco, was permitted to use it until he obtained a certificate from a physician and a license from the court. Furthermore, tobacco could not be used in the streets, highways or barn yards, and conviction could be obtained upon the testimony of the witness.

BOBBED VENUS

Reader, Truro, N.S.—The head of a Babylonian Venus, called the Queen of Heaven, and made of terra-cotta clay, with bobbed hair and a fringe, was among the fascinating discoveries made on the site of the ancient city of Mizpah, near Jerusalem, which was unearthed by William Frederick Bade, Dean of the Pacific School of Religion at Berkeley, California, who is a well-known archaeologist. Mr. Bade says the city of Mizpah must have been remarkably rich, for the thickness of the city wall (16 feet) showed that the inhabitants had something of great value to protect. The wall dates back to 1500 B.C. In the south-west corner was found a citadel for defensive purposes, containing a pile of huge flint balls, such as might have been used by the Babylonian slingers. Within were copper arrow heads, spears and daggers.

The following poem is for Allie M., Saskatchewan:

THE LANDLORD OF "THE BLUE HEN"

Once a long time ago, so stories begin,
There stood by the roadside an old-fashioned inn,
An inn, which the landlord had named "The Blue Hen."
While he, by his neighbors, was called Uncle Ben.

At least, they quite often addressed him that way
When ready to drink but not ready to pay;
Though when he insisted on having the cash,
They went off muttering "Rummy" and "Old Brandy Smash."

He sold barrels of liquor, but still the old "Hen"
Seemed never to flourish, and neither did Ben;
For he drank up his profits, as everyone knew,
Even those who were drinking their profits up, too.

So with all they could drink, and with all they could pay,
The landlord grew poorer and poorer each day;
Men said as he took down the gin from the shelf,
"The steadiest customer there was himself."

There was hardly a man living in the same street
But had too much to drink and too little to eat;
The women about the old "Hen" got the blues;
The girls had no bonnets, the boys had no shoes.

When a poor fellow died, he was borne on his bier
By his comrades whose hands shook with brandy and fear
For of course they were terribly frightened, and yet
They went back to "The Blue Hen" to drink and forget!

There was one jovial farmer, who couldn't get by
The door of "The Blue Hen" without feeling dry;
One day he discovered his purse growing light.
"There must be a leak somewhere," he said; he was right!

Then there was a blacksmith (the best ever known,
Folks said, if he'd only let liquor alone)
Let his forge cool so often, at last he forgot
To heat up his iron and strike when 'twas hot.

Once a miller, going home from "The Blue Hen," 'twas said,
While his wife sat and wept by his sick baby's bed,
Had made a false step, and slept all night alone
In the bed of the river instead of his own.

Even poor Ben himself could not drink of the cup
Of fire forever without burning up;
He grew sick, fell to raving, declared that he knew
No doctors could cure him, and they said so too.

He told those about him, the ghosts of the men
Who used in their lifetimes to haunt "The Blue Hen"
Had come back, each one bringing his children and wife,
And trying to frighten him out of his life.

Now he thought he was dreaming, the very next breath
He shivered and cried, he was freezing to death;
That the pedler lay by him who long years ago
Was put out of "The Blue Hen" and died in the snow.

He said that the blacksmith who turned to a sot,
Laid him out on the anvil and beat him red-hot;
That the builder who swallowed his brandy fourth-proof,
Was pitching him downward, head first from the roof.

At last he grew frantic; he clutched at the sheet
And cried that the miller had hold of his feet;
Then leaped from his bed, with a terrible scream,
That the dead man was dragging him under the stream.

Then he ran, and so swift that no mortal could save,
He went over the bank and under the wave;
And his poor lifeless body next morning was found
In the very same spot where the miller was drowned.

"'Twasn't liquor that killed him" some one said, "that was plain";
He was crazy, and sober folks might be insane!
"'Twas delirium tremens," the coroner said,
But whatever it was, he was certainly dead.

These verses are repeated for Miss V. Martin, one of our valued readers in Ontario.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I am bound for Heaven and when I am there
Shall want my book of Common Prayer,
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide,
And no one asked in that blissful spot
Whether he belonged to the "church" or not.

Then down to the river a "Quaker" strayed.
His dress of a sober hue was made,
"My coat and hat must be all gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to to his chin.
And staidly, solemnly waded in,
And his broad brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat,
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then as he gazed to the farther shore
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away, away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms,
Tied nicely up in his aged arms;
The hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven all round might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, dear me, what shall I do,
The water has soaked them through and through.

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint, astonished, passed thro' alone,
Without his manuscripts up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged? may I ask you, friend,
How you thus attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."
"But I have been dipped as you see me now,

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm "close communion," to cross with you.
You are bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way and I will go this."

Then, straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right—
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But, at last, together they entered in.

And now when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed a very big throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And, concerning the road, they could not agree,
The old or the new way, which it should be.
Nor never a moment stopped to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You are in the old way, and I am in the new,
That is the false, this is the true."

But the brethren only seemed to speak;
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
Aught of the trouble she met on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross the swelling tide.

A voice arose from the brethren, then,
Let no one speak but the holy men,
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
"Oh, let the women keep silence all."

I watched them long in my curious dream
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side,

Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them or M.S.S.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

Mr. Wm. Cassels, Edmonton, has forwarded the following poem asked for in the Witness written by the Scottish poet-laureate, Robert Burns.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care,
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
Began the rev'rend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain
Or youthful pleasures rage?
Or happy, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou has begun
To wander forth with me to mourn
The miseries of man.

"The Sun that overhangs yon moors
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride,
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return
And every time has added proofs
That Man was made to mourn.

"O man! while in thy early years
How prodigal of time,
Misspending all thy precious hours
Thy glorious youthful prime.
Alternate follies take the sway,
Licentious passions burn,
Which tenfold force gives nature's law
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might,
Man then is useful to his kind
Supported in his right.
But see him on the edge of life
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then Age and Want—Oh! ill-matched pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favorites of Fate
In pleasure's lap carest,
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But oh! what crowds in every land
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse and shame
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

"See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow worm
The poor petition spurn
Unmindful tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave
By Nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the best.
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never sure been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best,
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest.
The great, the wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn
But oh! a blest relief to those
That weary laden mourn.

WORDS WANTED

A. M., Ontario, asks for the words of the song entitled "The Foreman, Young Munroe."

Mrs. John S., Ontario, writes: Can you or any of your readers furnish the words of a reading called "Thanksgiving Sun" referring to an old darky servant who always found something to be thankful for.

Who will be good enough to send along any or all of the following asked for by Mrs. R. H. K., Ontario: A hymn entitled "The Gospel Ship is Homeward Sailing," and two poems entitled respectively, "The Single Head of Wheat," and "The Trail of the Serpent."

M. E. L. B. A., Alberta wants the words of the poems "The Soul of a Violin" and "Youth" and information as to where they can be procured.

C. E. K., Ontario: Please print an old song, the chorus of which begins: "Your Mother Still Prays for You, Jack," and that old, old hymn entitled, "I Want to be Angel."



"PEACEFUL PENETRATION IN CHINA"

—From The New Leader (Labor), London.

SUNDAY HOME READING

"IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS"

Fill Thou my heart with gratitude today,
For every friendly word and kindly smile,
And e'en the smallest blessing 'long the way
That cheers my saddened heart a little while.

I thank Thee for the sunshine and the rain,
I thank Thee for my laughter and my pain,
I thank Thee for the common things of life,
When want, and need, and poverty are rife.

I thank Thee, Lord, that grief can't always last,
That there's an end to sorrow's darkest day;
Then give me gratitude for pleasures past,
My joys that Thou sawest fit to take away.
The treasures that were lent me for a while.

A GREAT OCCASION

With thought and hope and prayer we turn in our minds to the coming Armisticetide anniversary, and to our resolve to make the occasion a great one, reaching down to the roots of national faithfulness, national aspiration and national hope. I believe that we are ready just now for the striking of an unwonted note of heartfelt prayer, quiet collectiveness and corporate resolve for the bettering of things that are amiss. Self-control, watchfulness and self-discipline are every bit as much needed today to help and to dominate and steady our life as they were in the war years.

I believe that the need is greater now. Most of all we need self-discipline and self-control of the ordinary forces of daily life. By self-discipline I mean the discipline of fellowship and of faith. He that ruleth his spirit is better than he who is victor in a great world war.—The Archbishop of Canterbury in a recent sermon.

We are approaching Armistice Day, a day of days, on which we rejoice with tears and our proud and exalted emotions are chastened by never-forgotten sorrows and an undying sense of loss. It is a day on which each personal sorrow is mingled, yet not submerged, in a common sorrow; and we are one nation, one people, one brotherhood humbly and reverently remembering a great deliverance and the price at which it was obtained. —London Times.

It is not only in the brief Silence and the great Stillness but in the long days of work and controversy that we can best prepare for the next celebration of Armistice Day.—London Telegraph.

"Whenever this anniversary comes round," the Prince of Wales said in a broadcast speech, "we should ask ourselves how far the world has gone towards recovering from that destruction and how much each one of us has done to help it on."—London Times.

Does God Care?

By Edgar Whitaker Work

If God does not care, this world is the loneliest place in all creation. The light has gone out. There is perpetual shadow. The earth is cold; the heavens are brass; life has lost its wings. A vast vacancy remains, a deep homesickness of soul. It is appalling to lose faith in the care and providence of God.

Does God Care? Nature is the first to answer, "Yes." The magnitudes of creation, do they seem to lack care? The cluster of the Pleiades, the bands of Orion, who but God is the Caretaker of them all? The infinitesimals of creation —molecules, atoms, electrons—not one of them can fall. Do living things lack care? Jesus gave two examples: the sparrow, "Not one of them shall fall on the ground," and men, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." Eloquently nature proclaims the particular providence of God.

Experience Speaks

Human instincts and experiences unite to say, "He cares." Our knowledge of God as a living and loving Person strengthens this faith. We cannot think of God as not caring. Earthly parents, imperfect, care for their children. Shall not God, the Perfect One, give good things to his children? This was a beautiful argument of One who knew. If you tell me that my God does not care when I am in trouble, then I must change all my ideas of his character. I must think of him as far away and unconcerned. His arm is shortened, he cannot reach me. His will is weak, he cannot hold me up. His love is cold, he cannot warm me. If God does not care, everything is changed for me. Men and women do not care; they are far below God. Indifference sits at life's helm. God himself is changed.

Strange how men—even wicked men—cling to God's care. Sin and unbelief may mar it. Still it shines like a jewel in the dust. A story used to be told in the West of a stranger who came to a mining camp. He was an atheist. The miners listened to him in silence. There came a day when one of them laid away his daughter—his one little ewe lamb. That evening there was serious talk in one of the saloons. The men were trying in their rude way to comfort the father. The atheist interrupted, "There is no God. If there be one he does not care." Then a strange thing occurred. Those godless men arose and thrust out the man who told them that God does not care.

We know God's care by experience. We have felt his everlasting arms beneath us. We have been conscious of a Presence nearer to us than hands and feet, closer than breathing. How many occasions have there been when our loneliness was cured, our fears scattered, by divine companionship. A single personal experience of God's care lights up the whole of life.

Does God care? In ten thousand places and ways the Bible says, "Yes." It is full to running over with God's care. Three books out of sixty-six describe it in story form: Ruth, Esther, Philemon. Add another life story, Job. The Proverbs is almost a manual on the subject. There are precepts, maxims, incidents, teachings, examples everywhere. Abraham, singled out for his great work, Joseph, guided through peril to power, Moses who might have died in infancy, are outstanding examples.

All-Surrounding Love

The New Testament magnifies, illuminates, the Old. With what winsomeness the Master speaks of God, Our Father. O the eloquence, the far reach, of two such words. "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" One moving sentence outreaches all the philosophies, "God is love!" Omit God's care and you would not recognize your Bible. It is saturated with providence. Here we see how near and tender our heavenly Father is, how minute and inexhaustible his love. No, says the book over and over again, we "cannot drift beyond his love and care."

Greatest of all answers is Christ himself, beloved Son of His Father and ours. Enter with him the shadows of Gethsemane. Stand alongside his cross on Calvary. Linger at the open tomb in the garden. Climb to the hill where he ascended. Yes, God cares!

Nature, instinct, faith, life itself, the Bible, prayer, the Christian experience of God all tell us that God cares. From Bethlehem to Calvary, on to the resurrection and the ascension, the gospel proclaims that God cares.

All this is true. But why such bewilderment of sorrow? It is the man who has failed who speaks. It is the invalid on his bed with the world going by. It is another with shattered hopes lying at his feet. It is an agonized multitude who have lost loved ones. Why are such catastrophes, such "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"?

Simply, lovingly, trustfully, let us believe that the "whys" of this earth, so difficult for us, are not unanswerable. If we could see and know all that God sees and knows, what revelations would come. The shadowed side of sorrow is toward us. On the other side must be light!

The Highway to Peace

More than ever God is a Father to souls in distress. Trust him! This is the highway to peace. Trust is better than explanation. More than ever Christ is Saviour, Companion, Elder Brother to burdened hearts. Our sufferings cannot be compared with His. Once even He asked, "Why?" How close He is to us in our blinding griefs, "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." More than ever to doubting spirits in their painful quests the Holy Spirit is Comforter, Teacher, Friend in the House of Interpreter. How rich toward God are the children of suffering.

Be quiet and search earnestly for the softened meanings of life's shadows. Rest deeply in "the patience of unanswered prayer." Walk much in company with the Great Sufferer. And carry life's perplexities bravely to the Bible and the altar of prayer.—The Baptist.

WHERE AND WHEN DOES INDIA SEE CHRIST?

(By Rev. Richards Netram, Rutlam)

India does not see Christ in Western civilisation, though many recognize that there is a good deal in western civilisation that is worth-while. India does not see Christ in the Organized Church, though the organized Church is of importance. India does not see Christ in the Christian creeds, though the creeds have their place. India does not see Christ in Christian preaching, though preaching much be done. Where and when does India see Christ then? I shall let India answer this question.

An outstanding Hindu nationalist in Bihar, a man greatly respected and loved, and one of the chairmen of our meetings for non-Christians:—

"We should listen with great attention to what missionaries like Dr. Jones have to say. The other day I visited a Leper Asylum with Mahatma Gandhi and what impressed me most was the quiet, selfless service which these missionaries are rendering, exposing themselves to dangers of the disease and helping the poor. It is this only that can raise a nation; we lack this." Here the preaching had become real backed by this illustration of service.

Listen to another great son of India—Principal Sen of the Bihar National College of Patna who made the following statement before a large audience:—

"The time when I saw Christ most vividly was not when I heard sermons, but I think it was in 1900 during an outbreak of plague when the shadow of death was upon us that I saw Christ face to face. The missionaries went from house to house helping the sick. It was then that I felt that God had come down to us and that Christ was just here. One day I called on Mrs.—— Her husband gave me a seat in the drawing room and as Mrs.—— came in I stood up to shake hands with her, but she said, Mr. Sen, do not shake hands with me, for my hands are plague-stained." She had just come from the people lying down with the plague. It was then that I saw Christ and have never forgotten it. The East has penetrated the West and the West has penetrated the East, that is the East gave Christ to the West and now the West comes and offers Christ to us. Let us take Him. We should be glad to be conquered by Him. India is at the present time being crowned with the crown of thorns, but there will be a resurrection."

Here is Sir Subnis, Ex-Diwan of Kolhapur and a great statesman:—

"Fifty years ago when I was a lad I used to listen to the preaching of missionaries. They preached at the street corners and crowds gathered around them, not, however, to listen to them but to scorn. Tonight I could not help seeing the contrast. This great crowd sat here in breathless attention and at any time you could hear a pin drop. What has made this difference in the attitude of India toward Christ? Some would say that it is only education, some that it is the growth of liberal ideas and civilization; but the thing that has done it has been the fact that there have lived among us these missionaries. Dr. Jones spoke of the scavenger work done at the Ashram of Mahatma Gandhi by Brahmans and others. These people here have taken the low castes and have washed them soul and body and have made men of them and teachers of others. You have only to go a few miles from here to see the people at the Leper Asylum whom they have gathered—the people whom we we would not touch. In the hospital at Miraj, without respect of caste and creed or religion, people are served and healed. It has been this service, unselfishly given, by men who could have been millionaires had they desired, that has made possible this scene tonight." The above statement was made in the Palace Theatre which was packed with educated non-Christians to listen to the Gospel.

Where and when does India see Christ? In practical every-day life. Western civilisation—and for that matter, any civilization—our churches, our creeds, our preaching would become full of meaning and attraction the moment Christ is put at the centre of things. This is India's demand at the present time. She wants to see Christ actually at work, not a theory or dogma but a reality in the lives of professed Christians, and we sink or swim according as we let India see the concrete Christ in this concrete way. Here is the challenge of the situation and we can capture it if we let Christ be the centre of our very being. It is worth while trying.—The Central India Torch.

Prayer

O God, as the mountains are round about Jeruslem, so Thou art round about Thy people continually, and they are written upon the palms of Thy Hands. Fill us, we beseech Thee, with Thy Spirit, that we may love Thee as Thou hast loved us, and may cause others to rejoice in Thy salvation. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

The Word of Life

Broken Cisterns, that can hold no water —Jer. 2:13.

Eve . . . bare Cain, and said, I have gotten a man from the Lord.—Gen. 4:1.

Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven. The Lord scattered them.—Gen. 11:4, 8.

Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan; it was well watered every where, even as the garden of the Lord. But the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly.—Gen. 13:11, 10, 13.

I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.—Ecc. 1:17, 18.

I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards: I gathered me also silver and gold. Then I looked on all, . . . and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit.—Ecc. 2: 4 8, 11.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.—John 7:37.

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.—Col. 3:2.

BETHANY

When the weary day is done,
And the spirit craves for rest;
When, as sinks the glorious sun,
Earth in nightly robes is dressed,
Then our hearts for Thee, Lord, sigh,
Gracious Guest of Bethany.

When our spirits sink oppressed
'Neath their load of earthly cares,
Seeking all in vain for rest,
Visit us then unawares;
May we feel Thy presence nigh,
Tender One of Bethany.

When the world would intervene,
And absorb our every thought,
Hiding from us things unseen
Which should be the first things sought,
Then remind us Thou art by,
Gentle One of Bethany.

Make our hearts Thy home of peace
Where Thou most delight to stay;
May we find a sweet release
At the close of every day;
May we find Thee very nigh,
Loving Friend of Bethany.

As our loved ones pass away,
And our day is changed to night,
Come and weep with us, we pray,
Turn our darkness into light.
May we meet Thy pitying eye,
Tender One of Bethany.

When we come to pass the brink
From which none repass again,
As our spirits sore would shrink,
Be our Resurrection then;
May we find it life to die,
Living One of Bethany.

—Fairelie Thornton.

Thy God Counts Faith Righteousness

THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS FOR SUNDAY, NOV. 14

(Joshua 14:6-15.)

It is written that Abraham believed God, and He counted it to him for righteousness. (Rom. 4:3.) Why should faith in God make a man righteous in the sight of God?

Well, in the first place, it is impossible to have real faith in God unless there is in the heart an honest desire for close acquaintance with God. A man who is cherishing pride, or vanity, or self-will, or confidence in his own goodness, is quite incapable of trusting God in the dark; when things seem to be going all wrong. Therefore real faith in God is proof that there is at least elementary righteousness in the man's heart. That is, there is an honest desire to be right, even if that desire has not as yet transformed the man's character to any very visible extent.

But faith in God is not only elementary righteousness; it is also the "promise and potency" of developed righteousness; because it opens the door of the heart and the door of the mind to the Holy Spirit and to all the good influences which He is able to bring to bear on the man's character. In fact, faith, real faith, brings a man into intimate relations with God, and enables him to become a partaker of the life of God. And the closer the relation becomes the stronger the faith grows. And God, who sees the end from the beginning, counts the result which He knows will be attained as if it was already attained. He gives us credit for being what He knows we shall become.

Note the past tenses in Rom. 8: 29—"Whom He foreknew, He also foreordained to be conformed to the image of His son; and whom He foreordained, them He also called: and whom He called, them He also justified: and whom He justified, them He also glorified." God sees the oak in the acorn, and He sees the fully developed and glorified saint in the weak and tempted and often defeated disciple of Christ.

But it is only where there is genuine faith that God sees this result. We may very easily cheat ourselves into believing that we are disciples of Christ and heirs of glory when we have no real faith in God. We may accept all the teaching of the Bible and may think that because we have the truth we are believers, but as James says, "The demons also believe, and tremble." Their belief of truth does not help them, and neither will ours help us unless it produces in us a trust in God that will help us to choose the good and refuse the evil; for, as James says, "Faith, if it have not works, is dead in itself." It is not a living faith. (James 2:17.) Abraham was justified by his faith, and not by his works, but he was not justified by faith until he had proved his faith by his works.

Faith in God means confidence in God's power and goodness and wisdom and in His faithfulness. It means a firm assurance that God controls all events and can be trusted without reserve. There would not be any basis for faith in so far as the affairs of this life are concerned if the world was governed by chance or by the men who live in it, without any oversight or control. If God could not overrule all forces and all the consequences of all actions and events He could not cause all things to work together for good to us as individuals, as He certainly will if we are trustful and obedient. (Rom.8:28.)

But it is quite impossible to have this assured confidence in God and in His loving care for us unless we know for a surety that our sins are forgiven and that God has accepted us as His children, and we cannot have that assurance unless we seek and obtain a complete reconciliation with God by a frank and full confession of our sinfulness, and by acceptance of the atonement for sin which God has provided in Christ as the means by which God has made it possible to justify the repentant sinner. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." (John 6:29.)

Caleb belitved God and it was counted to him for righteousness. Caleb's faith was the more creditable to him because of the fact that he was not a pure Israelite. He was a Kenezite, and was, therefore, descended from Esau, for Kenez was the son of Esau. We may perhaps assume that Kenez, or one of his sons went to settle in Egypt during the seven years of famine for the same reason that Jacob and his sons had for going there. The descendants of Esau would naturally seek a home with their cousins the Israelitts instead of living among the Egyptians, and the Kenezites would naturally intermarry with the Israelites. They seem to have become incorporated in the tribe of Judah for Caleb was a prince or leader in that tribe, and he received an inheritance in the territory alloted to that tribe.

Caleb had been promised a special reward for his fidelity, and when the time came he claimed his reward and got. In those ancient times the only way in which God could show His special love for those who obeyed Him was to give them their reward in this world. But we are living under very different conditions and we do not need the same kind of evidence of God's personal interest in us.

To us God has revealed the exceeding greatness of His love in Christ Jesus, and the truth that this life is only a time of schooling or preparation for a larger, fuller life that will never end. And God has taught us to expect hardship and disappointment, and sometimes defeat, in this life as a means of developing our spiritual nature and fitting us for the greater opportunities of the future life.

It has been said that "prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, but adversity is the blessing of the New Testament. That is an exaggerated statement of the truth, but there is enough truth in it to make it worth repeating and remembering; for we are all too ready to feel as if God had forgotten us when we get into serious trouble and find no way out, or when we meet with severe losses or disappointments.

"If ye endure chastening God dealeth with you as with sons. But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.

"Now no chastenings for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto those who are exercised thereby." (Heb. 12:7, 8, 11.)

There is a reverse side to every spiritual truth and the reverse side to this truth is that God is as faithful to the requirements of His own holiness in punishing disobedience as He is in rewarding obedience. "If we are faithless, He abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself." (See Deut. 18:15; 30:15-20; Josh. 23:14-16; 2 Tim. 2:13.)

"I wholly followed Jehovah my God," Caleb said. His faith in God was so strong that the sight of the giants in the land of Canaan and the high walls of the cities did not frighten him at all, when he walked through the country as a spy. He knew that the giants and the high walls and the chariots of iron which the Canaanites had would make it quite impossible for the Israelites to take the country if they had not God's help, but he also knew that God was able to make them able to conquer it, and he urged the people to go in, trusting God to give them victory. But ten of the twelve spies, looking at the case as it appeared without taking God into account, said it would be madness to try to take the country; they would all be killed. Only Joshua and Caleb among the twelve picked men had any real faith in God. Caleb's confidence that God could and would give Israel victory in spite of the giants and the high walls, and iron chariots of Canaan was supported by the evidence that God had given in Egypt, at the Red Sea, and in the wilderness, of His love for Israel, and His power to help them in any possible dilemma, and it seems strange that ten of the spies and the great multitude in the camp of Israel were unwilling to trust God after all the wonderful things He had done for them; but how is it with us? One sixth of the spies had strong faith in God; are there one-sixth of the people in this country or in any country, who could show as strong faith?

We are not required to go and conquer a country, as the Israelites were, but we have to face the much more difficult task of conquering ourselves. We need to bring our deceitful hearts and our self-assertive minds into submission to the will of God. We need to learn to value the things that are unseen, but eternal, more highly than the things that are seen, but are temporal, and we must learn to think of the trials which we encounter, however severe they may be, as mere passing experiences which help to fit us for a glorious future. (See 2 Cor. 4: 16-18.)

This feeling is quite unnatural to us and quite unattainable by any exertion of mere will power, and we might well give up hope of success, as the ten spies did, if, like them, we looked only at the impossibilities and left God out of our calculations. That was what Peter did when he looked at the fierce waves raging round him, and lost sight of Jesus and so, of course, began to sink. But in the resurrection of Jesus God has given us ample proof of His ability to give us victory if we will only trust and obey Him. (See Eph. 1:18-23.)

Scripture Readings

Monday, Nov. 8—Josh. 14:6-15; Tuesday—Josh. 15:1-12; Wednesday—Josh. 15:13-20; Thursday—Josh. 18: 1-7; Friday—Josh. 20:1-9; Saturday—Josh. 23:1-11; Sunday—Psalm 15:1-5.

THROUGH CENTRAL PALESTINE —NABLUS TO ACRE

(By Mrs. Ghosn-el-Howie)

After a sojourn of four months in Nablus I recommenced my "Travels Through Central Palestine," on the 21st Sept., my objective being Tiberias, with a side trip to Acre. My son-in-law Dr. I., after attending a Church Council in Ramallah, called for me on his way back to Tiberias and we started for Jenin, a beautifully situated, small Moslem town on the edge of the Plain of Jezreel. It has been identified with Engannim (Garden Spring) of Josh. 21:29. Two copious fountains gush out of the ground near the Mosque in the midst of the town, and water the beautiful gardens of vegetables and fruit trees which surround it.

We had the good fortune to be the guests of our amiable friends the District Governor and his wife, who kindly gave us a letter of introduction to Dr. Fischer, Director of Excavations at Tell-el-Mutesellim (Megiddo) which we had the pleasure of visiting the following day. The road from Jenin to Haifa lies through that part of the Plain of Esdraelon, better known to Bible students as the Plain of Megiddo, from the city of that name. It was in the tribe of Issachar, was a Levitical city and of importance in the time of Solomon (1 Kings 4:12.) The broad plain at the base of the hill was the scene of many battles and military exploits from pre-Israelite times to our own day.

I am writing these lines in view of, and a few minutes walk from Tell-el-Tukhar, a long, low hill, not far from the city walls of Acre, on which Napoleon placed his batteries during the memorable siege from Mar. 20 to May 20, 1798.

A new Acre is extending in this direction. The town-plan comprises broad streets, which are already in evidence, while private lots are being bought up and built upon. A plentiful supply of water reaches this suburb through an ancient aqueduct from Kaberi, a village a few miles to the North-east. This water also makes possible a fine nursery garden where thousands of seedlings are being raised, and the neighboring gardens of El-Behajy, in one of which is a large artificial pond or lake and in the other a fine conservatory, with the tomb of Beha-Allah, the "Bab" founder of the sect of the Behaists. These gardens are an easy drive from the city, while the municipal gardens are beautifully laid out and are an attractive resort. There is a fine drive or promenade along the shore towards Ras-el-Nakura, which may some day rival that of Brighton, or other well-known British or American watering-place.

Acre and Haifa, about 12 miles to the south, on the opposite side of the bay, are growing rapidly and there is a great future for both places, especially for the latter, when the Haifa Bay Development Scheme shall have drained the swampy marshes of the Kishon river. (Judges 4: 13.) and rendered a vast tract of land available for commercial purposes, in connection with the harbor that it is proposed to build and the railway system in which Faifa already holds an important place.

Selfishness is fatal to happiness. The smaller the soul the less the capacity for real enjoyment.

Courtesy counts. It commends religion, and mightily assists business.

You can't prove your own piety by lamenting your neighbor's lack of religion.

Dollars talk; they can't be silenced. Well for us if they do not give the lie to our Christian profession.

Our civilization cannot survive materially unless it is redeemed spiritually.—Woodrow Wilson.

I am convinced that there is no more evil thing in this present world than race prejudice; none at all. I write deliberately—it is the worst thing in life now. It justifies and holds together more baseness, cruelty and abomination than any other sort of error in the world.—H. G. Wells.

LIFE IS A BUILDING

Life itself is a building. The figures of such a statement have run for meaning far into the lives of all of us. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid." "Take heed how you build." "The fire shall try every man's work what it is." These, and many more, are fundamental statements that stand boldly out in the plans for the structure Christianity is building all across this world. This is somewhat the meaning of the fair stones of beautiful colors our Lord and Master has laid in the walls of His Church universal. Such walls are not beautiful in a veneer, shining merely in a surface significance. There are a constancy and a solidity that stand firmly in genuine Christianity. No frosts of sorrow will ever strike cold teeth deep enough to topple its foundations. No fires of temptation will ever be blown hot enough to melt down its defences. No flood of desolation and trial will ever pour deep enough to overwhelm the great bulwarks. And when, some very threatening day for us, the enemy does come up against us, we shall not find the walls we have seen and admired and sacrificed also to help build, prove mere shams against the great pouring danger, but shall the rather be lifted up in Divine security to stand against and above every leaping liability, the walls of God's House standing like the very Hills of Heaven. The flood that would have overwhelmed you will be broken, and beaten back, and wasted in white foam at the foot of the walls. The walls! The beautiful walls! The walls of God's Church on earth.—Dr. M. S. Rice.

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The Care of a Lawn

The following was prepared by a member of the Missouri Botanical Garden Staff for the Bulletin of the Garden Clubs of America, and reprinted from the Missouri Garden Bulletin.

In the first place, any lawn worthy of the name in the sense I shall use it, should be regarded as a grass garden. Usually of much greater extent than any flower or vegetable garden on the place, it receives in proportion the least attention. With weekly pruning and an occasional application of lime (generally without benefit), or perhaps an annual re-seeding (frequently at the wrong time), the lawn is expected to flourish to perfection in the way our flower beds do. Oftentimes the area devoted to the grass garden is entirely too great, and part of it could be used for groups of trees or shrubbery. Unless one is willing to give the care to a lawn that is required of a flower or vegetable garden it should not be attempted, and the same consideration should be given to its area that is necessary for any other kind of garden. Of course, if all that is desired is a covering of some sort for bare ground, weeds and wild grasses will answer this purpose very satisfactorily. But this is not a lawn.

Lawn grasses for different locations and for various parts of the country have been fairly well determined, and it is assumed that no one will attempt to grow grasses not suited to the region in which they are to be established. The only thing with which we are concerned at this time is the proper maintenance of a reasonably well-established lawn; in short, how to feed the grass so that it will continue to flourish. If plants not adapted to the climate or location have been used in the first place or the physical condition of the soil is poor, there is little that can be accomplished by adding fertilizers and the best thing to do is to plough up the land and begin all over again.

Lime Requirements

The spreading of lime either in the spring or fall, has come to be regarded almost universally as a panacea for every known difficulty to be corrected in a lawn. This practice has probably grown out of the successful use of lime on agricultural land, where when properly worked in it certainly will improve the texture of a heavy clay soil. But the amount of lime which can be applied to a lawn is insufficient to be of much value in this respect. For certain field crops, such as alfalfa, clover, and other legumes, lime has been proved to be beneficial. The lime requirements of these crops are apparently greater than of most other plants, and its use likewise encourages the growth of certain bacteria which are associated with their roots and help furnish them with nitrogen. Some of the worst lawn weeds, such as crabgrass and white clover, are likewise benefited by lime. Enough lime will of course change an acid reaction to neutral or alkaline. But very few lawn soils are acid enough to need this corrective, and some of the best lawn grasses prefer a slightly acid to a strongly alkaline condition. The theory that the presence of "moss" (which may be any one of a host of the non-flowering plants) is an indication of acidity, and consequently lime must be used, is based upon very imperfect evidence. Many of the plants regarded as "sour-soil indicators" thrive equally well or better under alkaline conditions. While under exceptional circumstances sprinkling powdered lime over a lawn may be of some benefit, the chances are all against it. Certainly it ought to be used intelligently and only when careful test indicates its need. In the majority of cases there is already enough lime in the soil, and if the same money and effort were expended in top-dressing or a nitrogenous fertilizer the results would be much more satisfactory.

Bone Meal and Potash

All grasses need phosphorus, and the easiest way to apply it is through bonemeal. If the soil is deficient in this elemen an annual application of bonemeal in the spring at the rate of 10 lbs. per 1,000 sq. ft. of lawn will produce good results. Many soils have a sufficient amount of phosphorus, however, and it is well to experiment on a small area, noting the result before making extensive applications of bonemeal. Acid phosphate is not recommended for lawns.

Another element required by grasses is potash, and the usual fertilizers used to supply this are either muriate of potash or wood ashes. From two to three pounds of muriate of potash per 1,000 sq. ft. once a year is sufficient. Wood ashes may be applied more liberally, but the effect is not satisfactory. Potash is frequently present in sufficient amount in soils, and the same experiment recommended for phosphorus should be tried before using it on a large area.

Ammonium Sulphate

In recent years the use of ammonium sulphate has been widely advocated for fertilizing grasses, particularly those used on golf courses. Experience seems to show that in this chemical we have a quick-acting substance which, because of the nitrogen which is readily obtained from it, stimulates grasses in a most satisfactory manner. On account of the acid reaction of the soil which was supposed to result from its use, it has not been recommended for any of the lawn grasses except the various varieties of bents. While it is true that the sulphur which is left after the ammonia has been used up will tend to make a soil acid, the presence of a very small amount of lime in the soil will counteract this effect. It requires considerably more than the amount of ammonium sulphate which would ordinarily be added to a lawn to turn the soil "sour," and the danger from the use of this chemical for blue grass and similar lawns has probably been exaggerated. At any rate it would appear that when properly used we have in ammonium sulphate the best single chemical fertilizer that can be used on a lawn. Because of the discouraging effect its use has upon some of the worst lawn weeds, it is superior to sodium nitrate, for in general even when quantities of these two substances are applied so as to give equivalent amounts of nitrogen, the residual effect of the sulphur is superior to the sodium. The tendency has been to apply ammonium nitrate too liberally, on the principle that if a little was good more would be better, and some burning of lawns has resulted. It should never be used in a quantity greater than 3lbs. to a 1,000 sq. ft., and if applied in midsummer this amount should be cut to a third. Always apply before a rain or wash in thoroughly with the hose. Two applications, one in early spring, the other in the fall, are usually enough. The danger from burning is greatly increased during the hot summer months.

Never Apply Stable Manure

Never apply fresh stable manure to a lawn. It would seem unnecessary to even suggest such a possibility, but the frequency with which it is done shows how the best intentions may result in serious damage. Well-composted manure from six months to a year old is practically free from weed seed and nothing makes a finer top dressing. So-called "mushroom soil" from old mushroom beds is admirable. There is no one substance which adds so many different elements of plant food and at the same time improves the physical conditions of a lawn as well-rotted manure. Ammonium sulphate may be mixed with it at the rate given above and for lawns needing heavy feeding this is desirable. No two people agree as to the amount of stable manure to be added to a given area, but one-fourth of a cubic yard of screened compost (and it should always be screened) to every 1,000 sq. ft. is ample, particularly if such top-dressing can be given each year. It is well to remember that vegetable and flower gardens are cultivated frequently to keep down weeds and improve the physical condition of the soil. This cannot be done with the grass garden. It is very important, therefore, that any fertilizer used be one that will benefit the grass more than it does the weeds. Lime does not do this, ammonium sulphate does. And as a last word, the most efficient means of having a perfect lawn is to so feed the grass that it will grow so luxuriantly that there will be no room for weeds. Proper attention, including re-seeding at the first indication of a thin or bare spot, will accomplish wonders in this direction. "Crowd out the weeds with lawn grass" should be the slogan of every lover of a beautiful lawn.

THE SEED STORE

This little wayside shop, which sells
  Such homely things as scythe and spade,
Is still a place of miracles
  Blent with the worldliness of trade—
Is yet a place of vernal hopes
  For one who past its counter delves,
And reads the glowing envelopes
  Which bring the summer to its shelves.

How gorgeously each package blooms
  With poppy, phlox and columbine!
You almost breathe beloved perfumes
  Of mignonette and eglantine;
You almost see the bee that clings
  Until their honeyed stores unfold;
You almost view the azure wings
  Of bluebirds dipping to behold!

Say not such packets hold but dust!
  Creation slumbers in their grains;
And you who plant in simple trust
  Shall know the potency of rains—
Shall see the sun conspire with dew—
  Shall watch the heavens wed the sod
Until these prophet-packs prove true,
  And earth is burgeoning with—GOD!

—Daniel Henderson in Onward.

KEEPING SQUASH

Many growers suffer large losses of squash from decay in storage. The decay of squash in storage, says E. F. Guba, of the Massachusetts Market Garden Field Station, is caused by fungus organisms the most common of which are the blue, white, and pink moulds. These same organisms grow on stored fruits and other vegetables. They are present in the vegetable cellar, grocery store, freight car, cold storage, and in the field.

The conditions necessary to insure minimum losses of squash in storage are: The squash should be well matured. Winter squash should not be harvested until it is fully ripe. A hard resistant rind is a good indication of maturity. Frosted squash will not store. The frost spots offer centres of decay.

Squashes should be cut or broken from the vine with a portion of the stem attached. The removal of the stem leaves a large scar through which rot organisms easily enter.

Ripening may be hastened by placing the squash in small piles before hauling them from the field. This practice will help to harden the shells and make them resistant to fungus attacks later in the storage periods. The other alternative is prompt harvest, and the removal of the squash to buildings or rooms heated to a temperature of 60 to 70 degrees. A well-matured squash has a hard and brittle shell containing very little moisture. This is the type of squash which keeps well.

Squashes should be handled carefully at all times to avoid bruising. Bruised shells are fine starting places for decay. When quantities are handled a wagon box lined with burlap or blankets for hauling the squashes to storage is a suggestion for preventing much bruising.

The storage room should be dry and moderately warm, at least for the first two weeks, to harden up the shells, after which a lower temperature between 50 and 60 degrees should be maintained.

The losses to stored squash in the majority of cases may be attributed to improper storage conditions. A moderately warm temperature obtained by a furnace or any other means of heat will have a tendency of maintaining low humidity. Rooms adjacent to or above the boiler room are fine places for storing squash.

For small quantities of squash storage on shelves in the basement or around the furnace, or in rooms in the houses supplied with heat is satisfactory; but for large quantities special storage houses are desirable. Ventilation and a source of heat are essential. Squashes should not be stored on the bare ground of the cellar or barn. A storage temperature between 50 and 60 degrees with ventilation will keep squash sound for months. Although there may be some loss in weight under warm storage conditions, the resulting loss in money value is offset by the increased value of the crop during the winter.

VACANCIES IN THE ORCHARD

Taking out the fillers and disposing of them is one orchard problem, whether it is worth while to fill vacancies in the bearing orchard is another. It usually is, says F. C. Sears, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Of course, a young apple tree stuck down among a lot of old-established trees will not grow so well as it would set out in a new orchard where there is plenty of room and all the trees have an even chance. Both its roots in the soil and its top in the air are crowded more, and we must not expect it to grow quite so thriftily. It may, and probably will, require some coddling in the way of extra feed to bring it along even passably well.

On the other hand, whatever fruit we may be able to obtain from trees so planted will be largely clear gain, for many of the operations in the orchard are on the per acre basis or nearly so, and if we do not have a full stand of trees the cost per tree is just so much more.

It will surprise the owner of many an orchard, if he will take the trouble to check up on the matter, to discover how many vacancies there are in his blocks.

An old orchard in Professor Sear's department at the Massachusetts Agricultural College illustrates a very common condition in this respect. It was a farm orchard on land bought some ten years ago, and the trees had been renovated and brought back into what was considered good commercial condition. "We," he writes, "knew there were vacancies in it, but thought little about it till one spring when we had some three-year-old McIntosh in a nursery which were not needed anywhere else, and which we decided to use filling in these vacancies."

"Then we discovered that, with eighty-three trees standing on the block, there were forty-five vacancies. The young Macs have been growing three years now and have certainly justified the venture."

THE SANSEVIERIA

Questions as to a house plant which is more upright-growing than the well-known aspidistra and yet equally easy to handle call to mind the sansevieria. Here is a plant which is not at all well known, but which is one of the easiest house plants to grow. Like the aspidistra, ferns, palms and other plants of this kind, it is prized for its foliage rather than for its blossoms, although it does occasionally produce flowers.

The stout, sword-like leaves extend straight into the air, so that the plant is very upright in habit. Because of this fact it is not especially graceful, but it has a dignity and stateliness not found in many other plants. Indeed, it has an almost military bearing.

Garden Questions and Answers

Poinsettia

Xmas.—Give your poinsettias all the sun you can, and they will need more warmth as the colored bracts appear. They will also respond to occasional manure water. Be careful to see that there is no escape of illuminating or coal gas, as in house culture this is often the cause of their dropping all their leaves.

Transplanting Maple

C. L.—Presuming the hole is dug and the roots of tree not dry, prune limbs well back, have the best soil, but no manure, in bottom of hole, and cover roots with same, then pour in plenty of water. When soaked in fill up the hole, and then do the most important thing—put around the tree large flat stones as heavy as can be handled easily, and let them stay there for a few years. No wind can alter position, no roots are loosened, and there is a mulch there that will remain to insure dampness. Do this and you know the tree is bound to grow; it cannot help doing so.

Trees usually lean in a direction away from the prevailing wind. When the trees are young and are not firmly established, every puff of wind sends them more and more to one side. The only way they can straighten themselves is to grow upright above the part that is bent over. A crooked tree results, of course. If the trees are small you need merely to drive a stake on the west side of the trees and tie them to it for a few years, until they get firmly set. With big trees that cannot be staked it is practically impossible to be of any assistance. Experienced growers always set young trees slightly inclined in the direction of the prevailing wind, rather than in any other direction.

Stringy Celery

Disappointed.—Very rich soil, making the celery grow quickly, is one factor in preventing stringy celery, but often it is the variety. A green variety, properly blanched, is more tender than the self-blanched sort. Board the celery up as soon as it is large enough; this causes it to grow in an upright condition, and to start the hearts. After the boards have been up for three or four weeks, the hearts are white, and the outer stalks are blanched about half enough. The celery may then be dug, leaving all the earth on roots possible, and put in a pit, wetting the roots as they are placed in an upright position. Put a covering of boards in an inverted V-shape over it to keep out rain or sunlight, but give plenty of air space over tops of celery; if weather gets freezing cold, throw straw or some covering over the boards to keep from freezing. This celery is fit for table three weeks after putting in pit. This method was followed with the Emperor variety, and even the outer stalks, which are a little green, are more tender and brittle than the self-blanched sorts.

Fertilizer for Evergreens

Lilian.—Most forest trees do not respond to applications of lime. Pine trees seem to respond more quickly to manurial dressings than most anything else. The application of liquid manure early in the season is a favorite resort of the gardener. Moreover, some pine trees like the white and the Austrian pines, adapt themselves to a wide variety of conditions, while others do not. It is always a good plan before trying to grow conifers to look about and see just which species seems to grow the best. Evergreen trees respond to good treatment, and if the ground is kept cultivated round them and a good mulch of stable manure and leaf-mould applied in the autumn, they will respond by making good growth. Keep the manure (if fresh) away from the trunk.

THE CLIMATE OF CANADA

(By Dan McCowan.)

As an agricultural and pastoral people we scan the heavens eagerly, giving great heed to such dawns and sunsets as may betoken climatic change. At seedtime we look for genial sunshine and gentle shower; as the harvest ripens we pray for mellow days. Later, when winter is nearing, we venture to hope that the north winds may not be unduly rude, and that the bite of frost may not be too severe lest our flocks and herds should perish. Tillers of the soil, herdsmen, shepherds and foresters, our common fortunes rise and fall in accordance with propitious or untoward weather. Is it strange, then, that in this Dominion we take our climate seriously and find weather talk more than a stop-gap in ordinary conversation with a next-door neighbor?

In Canada, as elsewhere, abnormal weather conditions invariably cause clerks of the climate to examine and compare charts and figures of former happenings. Extremes of temperature, excessive rainfall, prolonged periods of drought and such like phenomena usually prompt the memory of "Old Inhabitants," with the result that we are compelled to lend an ear to reminiscences of former extraordinary occurrences. These, fascinating as they may well be, are no more interesting, no more amazing than the faithful recordings and compilings of meteorological observers in various parts of the world.

At the Poles and in the Rockies

It might reasonably be supposed that the regions immediately adjacent to and surrounding the Poles would yield record minimum temperatures. Yet this is not borne out by fact. North-eastern Siberia during winter is the most frigid area upon the globe. In that bleak territory, and close to sea level, the average mean temperature for January is 60 deg. Fahrenheit, and it is not at all uncommon to have readings of 70 deg. in every month from November to March. At Verkhoyansk, a small town in Northern Siberia, there was recorded a minimum of 93.6, this, so far as is known to the writer, being the lowest air temperature ever taken. Compared with such an extreme as this, a reading of 70 deg., made in North West Canada in January, 1851, seems almost sultry.

It has been estimated that the North Polar region has an average yearly temperature of 9 degrees, July having a mean of 30 degrees and January one of 42. The Antarctic continent, while not showing such low temperatures as are to be encountered in the North, is, taking it from year's end to year's end, the coldest place on earth. Coming nearer home it is interesting to note that Calgary has a mean winter temperature of but 15.4 degrees, Banff, although standing at an elevation of 4,500 feet above sea level, is but half a degree higher with 15.9, while both the foothills city and the mountain resort are but slightly warmer in winter than the much maligned district of Medicine Hat, where, according to jinglers and scribes of Gotham, the tempests, tornadoes and bitter blasts of North America have common origin.

Fort Chippewyan has a mean winter temperature that is 22.6 degrees lower than that of Calgary, yet, chiefly by reason of its much lower altitude, the northern fur post has a summer average that is practically identical to that of Southern Alberta.

British Columbia and California

North America, having regions where in winter the mercury drops to extremely low marks, can also show very high summer temperatures. In Canada, particularly in central parts of British Columbia, readings of over 100 degrees in the shade are now and then recorded. California has the hottest and probably the most arid spot on earth. There, in Death Valley, the minimum for days on end may be 90 degrees, the maximum soaring to 120. At times the shade temperatures touch from 124 to 130 degrees. Such extreme heat as this is not exceeded even in the heart of the great desert of Sahara, nor by the shores of the Red Sea, an ocean whose surface water is often warmed to 85 degrees. Arizona has districts where the thermometer column is often tall in the tube, Gila in particular being uncomfortably torrid, with a mean for July of 98 degrees.

To people who live upon the Great Plains of Canada, the annual rainfall descending upon the Pacific Coast territory seems abnormal. Vancouver, with an annual precipitation of about 80 inches, might well be considered in a perpetual drizzle, were it not for the fact that there is a pronounced and well defined "rainy season."

In the Prairie Provinces

Likewise, the Prairie Provinces, with an apparently slight yearly rainfall (Manitoba 13.34 inches, Saskatchewan and Alberta approximately 13.50 inches), might be considered semi-arid, only that moisture comes normally, when the plant life has greatest need. Two-fifths of the total area of Australia gets less than 10 inches of rain per year, and there is a large portion of the island continent whereon but five inches of rain descends in a like period. In contrast with this, the west coast of Africa, more particularly in the Gulf of Guinea region, is decidedly moist. Three hundred and ninety inches of rain is the yearly average for that steaming, streaming country, a paradise for itinerant umbrella menders.

The Annual Snowfall

But even this tremendous downpour is exceeded. At the head of the Bay of Bengal there is a district which needs no fire protection warnings in its forests, which makes even Greenock on the Firth of Clyde seem utterly parched. At Charrapungi in the hills of Assam no less than 468 inches of rain falls in the course of a year. Truly a holiday haunt for a Hatfield.

In the Canadian Rockies the snowfall is considerably lighter on the eastern than on the western slope. On the area around Banff there is an average winter snowfall of about seven feet with a maximum of less than ten. Compared with the snows which blanket the Selkirks, this is a mere flurry. Thirty-six feet is the average fall of snow at Glacier, B.C.

But Nature is often kind, and so it is that as compensation for carrying such a heavy burden, Glacier has been given the finest, most varied and possibly most abundant flora in all Canada.



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Lord and Lady Byng taking a walk round their beautiful rock garden at Thorpe Hall Park, their seat in Essex, after their return from Canada.

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HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL

BREAK YOUR MATCH IN TWO

"When you light a match in the woods, break it in two," is a suggestion made by the United States Forestry Department. Why? Try it and see. One man's experience was as follows:

"Let's see," he said. He snapped the burning match in his fingers; as the pieces dropped to the floor he uttered a sharp exclamation and tenderly licked the index finger of his left hand.

The forestry assistant, who had suggested the test, laughed. "That's the idea!" he said. "You've got to blow it out before you break it or get burned."

Synthetic petroleum, long the dream of men engaged in chemical research, is now an accomplished fact, says the Matin, thanks to the work of M. Audibert, a young chemist, director of the French National Research Company.

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Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

Green Manure Crops and Soil Fertility

By I. R. Waterbury

During a very dry year when I was trying to grow crops on a soil from which the humus had been pretty well burned out, I was complaining rather bitterly to a good farmer who lived in another county, about how the dry weather was ruining my season's prospects. His reply rather staggered me. It was to the effect that he liked a dry season best—too much rain interfered with the farm work.

His point of view was so very different from mine that it stimulated serious thought on my part. True, he was farming on a different type of soil, which did not dry out so quickly as my sand, and which in its natural state was water-logged by too much rain. But he had remedied that condition by thoroughly tile draining the land, so that any surplus water was quickly carried away. In other words he had complied with nature's requirements for maximum crop production and a desirable degree of immunity from unfavorable weather conditions on the soil with which he had to work. Hence his philosophic point of view regarding the weather which I found so harassing.

Study Nature's Requirements

I then and there resolved to study nature's requirements for maximum crop production on my own soil, and as great a degree of immunity from unfavorable weather conditions as it was possible to obtain. In other words, I greatly envied this farmer's point of view, and it was a great factor in spurring me on in the effort to better the fertility and moisture-holding property of my soil. In addition to my ambition to grow better crops, I wanted to attain a higher degree of serenity regarding weather conditions, as exemplified by my more experienced friend.

In developing a program of this kind one must, of course, suit it to the conditions under which he is working, and the type of farming which he is doing. At that time I was making live stock the basis of my farming operations, with sheep the largest factor.

I must have pasture for the sheep, and at the same time add a maximum of vegetable matter to the soil, which was badly depleted of humus. My soil was sufficiently acid to make clover seedings uncertain. I was already experimenting with alfalfa, but had not yet found the key to certain success with this crop on my soil. Sweet clover was then universally looked on as an undesirable weed. I remember seeing a neighbor, who was one of the best farmers in the township, dig it out along the roadside adjacent to his farm to prevent it from spreading into the fields. Later knowledge of, and experience with the plant, made it apparent that he had no need to worry on this account, even had there been cause for worry, which there was not. Sweet clover requires a sweet, or at least, a neutral or non-acid soil, the same as alfalfa, or even clover. It is perhaps our best dependence for green manure to restore worn soils, and is a valuable pasture plant, but had it been a noxious weed it would not have proven more troublesome in his fields, or mine, in their then conditions.

But I had the green manuring idea firmly implanted and tried various plants for the purpose, including rye and rape. The latter proved to be the most valuable as a "catch crop" in my experience. The seed was cheap, it made good sheep pasture, and furnished considerable vegetable matter to plough down. For some years I used it freely, sowing it with the oats in the spring and in the corn at the last cultivation. This helped some, but it was not until I began to plough down leguminous crops as green manure that the final solution of the problem was reached.

Alfalfa And Sweet Clover

After I learned that my soil required lime to place it in condition to grow these crops successfully, the rest was easy, although it was several years before the whole farm was thus treated. But from the start it paid out the second year in increased hay yields from the alfalfa fields, and as the alfalfa was ploughed down for other crops the profit was doubly apparent.

But this cycle was too slow to accomplish what I wanted to do, so sweet clover was added to the rotation as a green manure crop. For some years the plan has been to plough a field of alfalfa after it has been cut two seasons and plant it to a cultivated crop, balancing the plant food requirements of the crop by an application of acid phosphate. The following spring this field is seeded to sweet clover in oats, of which we sow only one bushel per acre. This insures a good stand of sweet clover, which is ploughed down the following spring for potatoes, when about two feet high. The potatoes are again given a liberal application of fertilizer, and by the use of good seed and good cultural methods have always made about twice the average yield since this practice has been followed. The following spring the field is again seeded to alfalfa in a thin stand of oats and the cycle is repeated.

Because of the fact that my farm is conveniently located for the marketing of cash crops, I have gradually reduced the live stock factor in my operations, until at the present time it inventories only two cows, besides the necessary horses to carry on the farming operations. All of the fields are producing a crop every year, the sweet clover used as green manure being our catch crop, which does not occupy the land during a growing crop season, and yet the soil is becoming more fertile and more drought-resistant with every cycle.—Michigan Farmer.

HORSE PARASITES

(By Marion Imes.)

Each species of domesticated animal has its own peculiar kinds of lice, and horse lice will not live on animals other than horses, mules, and asses. Three kinds of lice are commonly found on horses in the United States. The first and most important of these is the blood-sucking species. The two other species are biting lice. The suck'ng louse of the horse is easily distinguished from the biting species. It is much larger, and has a long, pointed head, whereas the biting lice have short, blunt, rounded heads. The suck'ng louse apparently causes more damage than the biting lice, and it is more difficult to eradicate.

During cold weather, when the hair on horses is long, lice increase very rapidly; but when the animals shed their hair in the spring these parasites seem to disappear. Some of the lice usually remain on the animals throughout the summer, but not in sufficient numbers to cause annoyance or to be easily detected The animals, therefore, usually go into the winter infested. Since the most efficacious remedies are liquid dips, which can not safely be used on horses during cold weather, fall dipping should be practiced whenever the horses have been lousy at shedding time.

Symptoms

The sucking louse obtains its food by puncturing the skin of the horse and sucking blood and lymph. When not feeding it moves about on the ha'r and skin. The biting lice do not suck blood from the horse, but apparently feed on particles of hair, scales, and exudations from the skin. The irritation and itching which result from either or both methods of feeding are shown by the efforts of infested animals to obtain relief. Infested horses rub and bite themselves, and often kick and stamp and manifest extreme uneasiness and irritation.

The coat becomes rough; the frequent rubbing destroys the hair in patches and often causes bruises or wounds in the skin. If lice are present in sufficient numbers to cause considerable itching and irritation they can usually be found, especially if the infested animal is placed in the sunshine. All species of horse lice are easily seen with the naked eye, and often congregate in groups or colonies on parts of the animal. The favorite locations are the sides of the neck, around the flanks, and under the jaws. In cases of gross infestation, however, lice may be found all over the body and legs.

When horses are infested, close examination should be made to learn what kind or species of lice is present. It is not especially important, from a practical standpoint, to distinguish between the two species of biting lice, but it is important to know whether the animals are infested with biting or sucking lice or with both kinds.

Method of Spreading

More cases of infestation originate from direct contact with lousy animals than in any other way. Under reasonably good sanitary conditions, stables, yards, and other premises which have contained lousy horses are not a source of great danger to horses free from lice. It seems probable, however, that occasionally lice may become dislodged from their host and drop on mangers, floors, etc., and from these locations find the'r way to a new host. It is possible for premises to remain infested for 25 or 30 days from the time they were occupied by infested horses. When lousy horses are clipped the hair should be burned and the ground or floor where the clippings dropped should be thoroughly treated with an insectic de.

Lice may be carried from one animal to another on currycombs, brushes, and blankets, or by harness, saddles, and other equipment moved directly from a lousy horse to one free from lice. Currycombs and brushes should be treated each time a horse is groomed. Harness, saddles, blankets, and other equipment used on lousy animals should not be put on horses that are free from lice unless the equipment has been thoroughly cleansed.

When cleaning stables and yards remove all l'tter and manure down to a smooth surface, then spray well with a good insecticide. The coal-tar creosote dips, diluted in accordance with the instructions printed on the label of the container, are suitable for ridding premises of the l'ce.

Treatment

None of the dips recommended for use in treating horses can be depended on to eradicate lice at one dipping. The first dipping, if properly done, will probably kill all the lice, but it may not destroy all the eggs. The "nits" or eggs wh'ch survive dipping often hatch, forming a new generation of lice. This new generation should be destroyed by a second d pping after hatching is completed and before the young lice become mature and begin depositing eggs. Since these two periods overlap somewhat and vary greatly, and because the periods from hatching to egg laying are different for the sucking and bit'ng lice, it is impossible on this basis to calculate the exact period that should elapse between dippings. Young lice appear on dipped animals as early as the third day after the first dipping, and since the average period of maturat'on is about 12 days it seems evident that the second dipping should be given in about two weeks. Experience has shown that two dippings with an interval of from 14 to 16 days can usually be depended on to eradicate both sucking and biting lice.

Two Dippings Needed

The dips commonly used for eradicating lice on horses, mules, and asses, named in the order of their effectiveness, are arsenical solution, coal-tar creosote, and nicotine. The arsenical solution is poisonous, and unless handled with due precaut'on injury to man and animal may result. When properly used, however, it is the most dependable known d'p for eradicating lice. The coal-tar creosote dip is effective when used in reasonably good water. Two dippings, from 14 to 16 days apart, in either of these dips can usually be depended on to erad'cate horse lice. Two dippings in nicotine solution will ordinarily free horses from lice. On account of the difficulties in dipping in cold weather, and the unsatisfactory nature of hand treatments, most of them only palliative, it is advisable to dip for lice, when they are present, in the fall of the year before the onset of cold weather.

Hand applications of dusting powders and oils and greases are often resorted to in treating horses for lice. Some of the dusting powders are of value in holding the parasites in check, but as a rule they are not effective in eradicating sucking lice. Biting l'ce can be eradicated with sodium fluoride applied in the form of a powder or mixed with water in the proportion of about 1 ounce to 1 gallon; but it is not effective against sucking lice. Care should be taken not to apply sodium flouride too freely around the natural body openings or where the skin is very thin and hairless, and not to rub it into the skin. It may be applied with a dust gun, or a shaker, or by hand.

Oils and greases, such as crude petroleum, crank-case oils, or equal parts of cottonseed oil and kerosene, are effective remedies for lice; but ordinarily they are not suitable for use on horses, as they cause the hair to come out, and they often blister the skin.

Fumigation

Fumigating horses with the fumes from burning sulphur (sulphur d'oxide) will kill horse lice, but many of the eggs survive, and two treatments two weeks apart are necessary to effect eradication. The advantage of this method of treatment is that it can be used when the weather is too cold for dipping. The disadvantages are that it is necessary to have a gas-tight inclosure and the animal's eyes and nostrils must be kept away from the gas. A concentration of about 1 per cent sulphur dioxide is necessary to kill the parasites, and serious injury or death may result if the gas comes in contact with the eyes or nostrils. After fumigation it is necessary to hand treat that part of the head that was not fumigated. —U. S. Farmers' Bulletin 1493.



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The Art of Breeding

Some Remarkable Facts About Inbreeding and Selection

The ordinary stock owner, in contrast to the born breeder, is too prone to select a male animal from the best showyard winning strain, or from the most advertised stock, or possibly pin his or her faith upon something, the progeny of imported stock, in an endeavor to secure what is termed fresh blood, irrespective of the damage which may occur from the use of foreign blood. They should, however, move warily in the matter, and not forget the importance of type in the animal, and, having found a breeder whose sires produce the class of stock they are striving to obtain, hold firmly and steadfastly by him, remembering that he is not a raw amateur, but that he is a man of brains, who has made breeding a life study.

The great breeders in the stock world carry on for years without taking an outcross, and market the individual members of a breed which are able to faithfully transmit their characteristics. In this respect, they sell stock which are what is termed "preponent." Here we may cite some interesting facts presented by a well-informed authority:

Who lifted English stud stock into the forefront of the world's markets? Bakewell. How did he do it? Why, by inbreeding and selection, and he had the whole of England and Europe at his feet for sires. Mr. Borden, the English Leicester breeder, did not allow an out-cross for 70 years. Mr. Torr also would consider nothing but straight Bakewell blood and straight Booth Shorthorns, and with what results? He bred the most successful herd of Booth Shorthorns the world has ever known. Eighty-four head at a dispersal sale which represented 30 years of continuous breeding, averaged over £510 each, and even Booths themselves had to make purchases at record figures to replenish their own herds. Then, in Southdowns, who made the name famous with everything the British farmers had to offer the world? It was Jonas Webb, who bred within his own flock, and so concentrated were his blood lines, and so prepotent were his rams that every Southdown breeder in England was compelled to resort thither, and the same skill which he displayed in the establishment of the Southdown was shown in the selection and building up of his Shorthorns. It has been placed on record that if he had lived he would have been just as successful in evolving his own type of these cattle, as they gave far-reaching effects in their purchasers' hands. Then, as to the concentration of blood lines, go back to the makers of Shorthorn history, the Collings, with whose extreme inbreeding and the results everyone is acquainted. Then take the Booths, who also were ardent inbreeds. They took four crosses of even-typed Colling's bulls on good ordinary Shorthorn heifers, and after they had achieved uniformity of type they inbred the various families, with the result that their part in constructive Shorthorn breeding stands second to none, not even the Collings. When they required an outcross they sent their best cows to noted outside bulls of similar type: thus came the celebrated sires Buckingham, Crown Prince, and Leonard, which enabled them to carry on for many years and sweep the showyards of England. None but Collings's blood was good enough for Bates's use, and special Collings's blood at that, and all know how he procured Belvedere, the last bull of that line, and produced with him Duke of Northumberland, said to be the best Shorthorn bull ever bred in England.

Cruickshanks had a large herd, and was a wanderer, hither and thither, for bulls, buying the best prize winners of England and Scotland for 30 years at record prices. No Shorthorn herd in the British Isles ever had such a galaxy of famous bulls at its head, and yet withal his herd was mediocre. Then he bred Champion of England, who threw back to type of Wilkinson of Gentom, through his sire, and on concentrating his blood through several generations, the herd assumed a superiority which has never been challenged; nay, more, it is admitted that Cruickshanks' blood has saved the Shorthorn from degeneracy. This is where Cruikshanks proved himself a born breeder, by concentrating the blood of a sire obtained after 30 years' efforts, which came closely up to his ideal.

Then look at the Clydesdales. Prince of Wales and Darnley, foaled in 1866 and 1872, are, as is well known, the cornerstones of the stud book of this famous breed, whose achievements during the last 30 years have been amazing, culminating in the celebrated sire Dunure Footprint, who is only five generations removed from Prince of Wales and Darnley, yet his blood and the blood of all the principal Clydesdales in existence is a more or less intricate mixture of these two sires. Indeed, so closely is it commingled that the question is seriously considered whether the limits of safe inbreeding have not almost been reached in this breed in Scotland. We may cite the remarkable progress of the merino in Australia. Today, her production makes the Commonwealth the world's controlling factor in fine wools, and, therefore, in a measure, in all wools; yet in 1822 there were not more than 300 purebred merinos in all Australia. Their then average of some three pounds of wool per sheep has been improved so vastly in quality and increased so much in quantity that Australia leads the world in fine wools. New Zealand's noted Corriedales feature today a remarkable development of the results of inbreeding by concentrated effort on the part of those men who visualized the importance of a dual-purpose sheep one having the shapely body of, say, a Southdown, with the characteristic covering of a half-bred (Longwool-Merino). The best of these sheep make capital freezing carcases, whether shipped as lambs or wethers, and, in addition, shear several pounds of quality wool. Suffice it to add that although the finer points in connection with stock breeding must be left to the master breeders, it is possible for all owners of stock to improve their own animals, whether sheep, horses, or cattle, by careful selection of sires, and, within reason, adhering to those lines of blood which, experience teaches, provide the type of animal demanded by market conditions.—Otago Witness, N. Z.

POINTS TO LOOK FOR IN A GOOD GOAT

(By E. H. Burton)

Selecting a goat by anyone desiring to enter the goat industry is a subject that should be given careful thought. A wisely guided beginner means the difference between success and failure, and it is with that end in view that these few lines are written.

Having decided upon the breed the next thing is to select the goat or goats, and it is well to go about that in a systematic manner.

Commencing at the head, we must choose a goat with a large, strong mouth and good teeth, making sure that none are missing or loose, and large well developed nostrils; the good mouth for masticating large quantities of feed, the large nostrils for conveying big volumes of air to the lungs in order to vitalize the blood. Next the chest should be wide and deep, the space between the front legs should be wide, indicating a large chest floor, allowing for full heart development and deep for good lung expansion. The body should possess strong, well-sprung ribs and wide apart, showing a large capacity for feed, which indicates a large stomach, one of the most important factors in a milk producing animal. Do not mistake the goat with a large protruding paunch; that often indicates a poor digestive system and is usually caused by gas, indicating undigested food. Get rid of the gas and you will find a slab-sided animal with no depth of body. Next big, well developed arteries and veins are necessary in order to carry large quantities of good blood to maintain a strong body and a reserve strength, which is so necessary in heavy milk production. Look for large milk veins under the body, also veins on udder and cheek. The udder should be round, soft and well formed and well attached to body. The feet should be given careful attention, rejecting any animal with deformed feet; a lame goat cannot fill a large capacity stomach. The skin should be soft and pliable, and the coat glossy, demonstrating good health; a goat with a hard, tight skin and lifeless staring coat often indicates poor health and a poor producer and is generally useless, therefore should not be considered. Select a goat with the foregoing qualifications and you will not be disappointed and will have made a start in the right direction.

The shows will now be over and it is safe to say that there are thousands of happy goats, a great many of them having had their annual hoof trimming, but the month that has just passed by how many good goat keepers did it leave behind? Do it every month, don't leave it until the show comes around.—The Bleat.

THAT RANK GRASS IN PASTURE

Rank and heavy grass is often noted in pasture, growing in bunches here and there. It is generally most noticeable where liquid manure has been put on the ground. The reason for it, says the "Rural New Yorker," is that the manure contains considerable nitrogen in soluble form, and this makes a heavy quick growth. Such grass is very green and watery. It lacks the substance and flavor, which qualities come from an application of potash and phosphate. Unless these elements are present in available form, grass and grain will make this quick growth, lacking substance and quality. You can prove this by scattering a large handful of wood ashes or acid phosphate around one of these thick and green clumps. Whereas the cattle will not eat this grass as it grows only from the manure unless driven to it, after phosphorus and wood ashes are used, the cattle will come and gnaw the grass to the ground. They know in some way that the use of the acid phosphate has sweetened and improved the grass's quality, and it will then be sought after by cattle. That is one reason why an old pasture with many of these spots of rank grass can be nearly doubled in value by the application of 300 or 400lbs. of acid phosphate. Keep the cattle off until the phosphate has been absorbed.

When oats go down and lodge, very much the same thing is true. There has been too much nitrogen in the manure or fertilizer applied to them. They make a quick heavy growth, which lacks firmness in the straw, so that it cannot stand up properly. By applying acid phosphate and potash, or even acid phosphate alone, the straw is strengthened so that it will stand up better. That is one reason why we urge the use of acid phosphate along with stable manure.

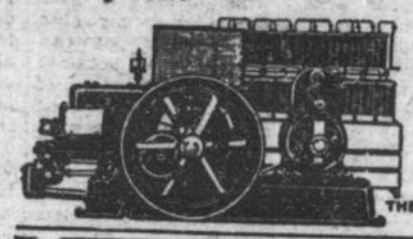


AUSTRALIAN PREMIER VIEWS THE HEART OF EMPIRE

Premier Bruce of Australia, immediately after his arrival at London for the Imperial Conference, was taken to the roof of the Savoy Hotel by Nicholas J. Mockett, the head porter, who is here shown pointing out the landmarks of the great city.

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The Hen That Pays

Hens on range lay more eggs during the spring and early summer for a variety of reasons. Instinct, transmitted through many generations from the time before they were domesticated, urges them to raise their young in the spring of the year, that their progeny may attain their fulness of growth during the summer and be ready to brave the hardships of winter. When foraging for themselves on range they find a great variety of rations in the bugs and insects, as well as the succulant young grass and weeds, and they find more comfort in the warmer weather and the longer hours of daylight.

We have done much by mating layers, who have acquired the habit of producing eggs at all times of the year, with sires whose dams were good producers, and the young stock so produced are said to be of a "bred-to-lay" strain, but they must also be "fed-to-lay," if we would get eggs during what used to be regarded as the off seasons. We can imitate during the winter months the conditions of spring. In place of bugs and insects we give the birds beef scrap, while sprouted oats take the place of young grass and weeds; comfortable quarters prevent chilling and lighting the pens during a part of the long night induces digestion and assimilation of the various feedstuffs.

Our aim should be to make our birds thoroughly contented, and nothing should be too much trouble to attain this end, remembering that a contented hen is the hen that lays, and a hen that lays is the hen that pays. R.

GUINEA FOWL

Guineas are easy to raise, very healthy, good layers, and are acknowledged to be a very delicious food. There is always a good demand for guinea broilers weighing from a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half—a weight attained when about ten to twelve weeks old; and they made excellent roasters at maturity, when their weight is about 3½ to 4 lbs. The varieties more generally found are the Pearl and the White. There should be three or four females to each male. The sexes are easily determined by the call—the call of the male being a one syllable note resembling the word "chee," while the female makes a two-syllable call sounding something like "buckwheat." They do quite a lot of calling, which is helpful in scaring away the dreaded chicken hawk.

Egg-a-day Record

The guinea hen is a good layer, and will produce an egg-a-day for weeks, together, with every one fertile. It is a good plan to steal her eggs for a few weeks, leaving one in the nest each day to encourage her to continue laying in the same nest, and set these eggs under hens—a good sized wyandotte will cover 15 to 18 very comfortably. When the guinea hen remains on the nest after laying it is a sign that she is broody, and you can return her a nest of eggs previously taken. She sits well and seldom fails to bring out a good hatch—the little fellows being bright and intelligent from the start. They should be confined to a small run-way, attached to the coop for the mother hen, but after about 10 days may be allowed to roam at large with the mother hen, to whom they are very much attached. Whether the mother hen is a guinea or a Wyandotte, the little guineas will follow her even after she has started to lay—lingering around until she leaves the nest and is ready to lead them again.

Guineas are naturally a little wild, but if reared with other poultry they soon become tame. They cost less to raise than any other poultry, as they are great foragers, getting their own living to a very large extent in searching for bugs and insects.

Their flesh is just a little darker than poultry usually is, with a delicious gamey flavor, but never dry. They are in great demand by first-class hotels and clubs, and we have every reason to believe that they sometimes figure on the menu as "Quail," when of the broiler size, and as "Grouse" when fully grown. C. H.

GET PULLETS INSIDE

Pullets intended for the winter laying flock should be housed early regardless of age. Moving them too late in the fall often causes them to stop laying because of the excitement and strangeness of the new surroundings. Flocks that were moved late have been known to go into a moult that lasted for several months.

It is essential for protection against disease, to clean and disinfect the house thoroughly before the pullets are moved in. To move hens infested with lice into a clean house is folly. Dust them with sodium fluoride or grease them with blue ointment.

Drafts are easily eliminated, especially over the roosts, at the same time the house is cleaned and disinfected. This will prevent many fall colds that are likely to develop into roup later on. Avoid letting the flock out in the cold fall rains when possible.

The epidemic of roup in many poultry flocks last fall and winter was due to fall colds, many of them contracted by flocks that were permitted to roost on the trees in cold rains.—The Michigan Farmer.

A REMEDY FOR FEATHER-EATING

Flowers of sulphur has been much used as a medicine for feather-eating birds, and, it is stated, with success. The quantity is three teaspoonfuls with enough soft food for 24 fowls daily. If this scours them reduce the quantity, or give it every second day. Another very excellent remedy is to give liquid sulphur, prepared as follows:—Put three or four lumps of fresh-burnt lime, the size of eggs, into an iron pot, slack the lime with boiling water, then stir into the lime about 6 oz. of flowers of sulphur, and gradually two quarts of boiling water, stirring all the time. Boil gently for an hour or so; pour off the clear liquor, bottle, and cork well. A second boiling may be made with fresh water, but the liquor will not be so strong. A teaspoonful to every six hens, put into the water used for mixing the meal, is the best way to give it. Allowed daily, or twice a week, it will keep the fowls' plumage in good condition, and soon put a stop to feather-eating. Douglas mixture, or iron in any form, in the water is also recommended as a cure.—Otago Witness, N.Z.

The only kind of egg that improves with keeping is a nest-egg—in the Savings Bank.

Even in ordinary life the unselfish people are the happiest,—those who work to make others happy and who forget themselves. The dissatisfied people are those who are seeking happiness for themselves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

We shall be pleased to answer in this column any questions the answers to which may be of interest to poultrymen generally. Address:—Poultry Editor, Witness and Canadian Homestead, Montreal, Que.

J. M., Tuxford, Sask.—I have a number of well-bred Barred Plymouth Rocks, pullets and cockerels, and several of them have twisted feathers on the wings. What is the reason for this?

Answer.—From the fact that several of your birds have twisted wing feathers we would think that the trouble is due to too close in-breeding. Poultrymen indulge in in-breeding, which is camouflaged under the name of line breeding, in order to perpetuate particular characteristics; however, it frequently happens that slight blemishes, not noticed in the sire and dam, are also accentuated in the offspring, and we think that this is probably the cause of your birds having twisted feathers in the wing.

B. T., Kenora.—What should be given a flock of hens in the way of laxative to keep them in good condition?

Answer.—If you can keep your hens regularly supplied with all the lettuce and cabbage they can eat, they will seldom require any laxative. If, however, these cannot be supplied regularly, they should have Epsom Salts about once a month, mixed in the wet mash, at the rate of one pound for every hundred birds.

Make your activities intelligent; the mind is worth more than two pairs of hands; keep it working!

Some men are so determined to hold their own that they actually take more than their own. We stand so close to the line that we are always a little over it.

Distance mellows many things. Possibly this is what makes, or helps to make heroes and saints. Yet the saints in our midst are, probably, just as saintly as those of long ago.

The glory of the sunset depends upon the clouds; and the rain more than makes up for the grey and the gloom. Thank God for the clouds!

The nemesis of lying is the fact that in the end the man loses the power to distinguish between truth and falsehood.

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Balancing a Ration

By Carlc Harding

A hen in a perfect physical condition is in the most perfect state to produce eggs. From this we may infer that if we supply our hens with material to produce eggs efficiently we are also providing for her bodily requirements, and that when we learn by analysis the composition of an egg we know what should be the composition of the feed we must supply.

Carbohydrates, proteins and water are the chief constituents of an egg, hence, when we give these constituents in the right porportions in the feed, together with certain necessary minerals, we give our birds a balanced ration. Nearly two-thirds of the contents of an egg, or accurately 65.5 per cent., is water, and this fact should show us the necessity of giving our birds a plentiful supply of pure water in clean vessels at all times. The material for making the shell is supplied by placing crushed oyster shell where they can help themselves.

In the manufacture of eggs carbohydrates and proteins are required in the feed in the proportion of nearly five times the former to one of the latter, and in order to know how much each of the various feedstuffs would be wanted to make a balanced ration it would be necessary to have a table showing the chemical composition of each. Such a table can be found in any poultry text-book, and the figuring necessary is by no means difficult, but it is perhaps not quite "as easy as falling off a log."

Professor Patterson, when in charge of the Mission State Experiment Station, made the calculations necessary for us in a much simpler form. He tabulated the various feeds that are commonly used by poultrymen, giving their potential values in terms of yolks and whites. On referring to the table given below we note that 100 pounds of corn has the potential value of 255 yolks and 134 whites, which means that a hen fed 100 pounds of that grain would have received the material for making yolks and whites to complete 134 eggs, and would have as well as quantity of yolk-forming material, sufficient to make another 121 eggs (255-134—121), which cannot be used, as there is no more white-forming substance left. This surplus goes into fat, and a bird fed on corn alone would soon become too fat to lay at all.

Again referring to our table of feedstuffs, we see that wheat has a potential value of 243 yolks and 182 whites—sufficient for the production of 182 eggs with a surplus of yolk-forming material that would make an additional 61 eggs. This shows that neither corn nor wheat is, by itself, a balanced ration. To balance a ration containing either of these grains we must add a feed which has a greater potential value in white-forming material (proteins) than in yolk-forming substance (carbohydrates).

The table of potential values is very useful in testing the correctness of rations in use. A very common ration consists of 200 pounds each of wheat and cracked corn for the scratch feed, and 100 pounds each of bran, middlings, cornmeal and ground oats, with 50 pounds of beef scrap for the mash, which works out as follows:—

lbs.		Yolks	Whites
200	Wheat	486	364
200	Corn	510	268
100	Bran	155	205
100	Middlings	205	220
100	Cornmeal	260	135
100	Ground Oats	195	155
50	Beef Scrap	53	553
		1,864	1,900

It is not essential to make a ration so that the potential value of yolks is exactly the same as the potential value of whites; it is, however, desirable to bring them fairly close together, or with the protein or white-forming material a little in excess.

Potential Values of One Hundred Pounds of Feed in Terms of Yolks and Whites

Grain—	Yolks	Whites
Corn	255	134
Wheat	243	182
Oats	195	155
Barley	203	145
Buckwheat	145	125
Sunflower Seed	233	266
Mill Products—		
Wheat Bran	155	205
Middlings	205	220
Corn Meal	260	135
Ground Oats	195	155
Alfalfa Meal	133	205
Meats and Milk—		
Beef Scrap	106	1,107
Fish Scrap	87	806
Fresh Cut Bone	196	336
Whole Milk	44	60
Skim Milk	22	52
Buttermilk	22	65
Vegetables, Etc.—		
Cabbage	40	11
Beets	19	18
Potatoes	55	15
Alfalfa	46	67
Clover	54	48
Rape	56	11

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NAILS OR WIRE IN FEED

(Hoard's Dairyman.)

It is a time of year when dairy cows are more likely to encounter pieces of metal, such as nails and wire, in their feed because more grain and baled hay are used. We recently saw one of the best Guernsey cows in a herd in a deplorable condition presumably because of the lodgment of some piece of metal in her digestive tract. There was little hope for her recovery.

The following week we visited a large dairy farm in Michigan where the manager had installed a home-made electric magnet around which an endless belt passed, carrying all of the concentrates fed on the farm before they went into the feed mixer. It is surprising the quantity and variety of metal pieces some lots of feed will give up when passed over a magnet.

Where baled hay is fed and straw used for bedding, much care should be used in removing the wire. Most dairymen use wire nippers or pliers for this but some men use whatever happens to be handy. It may be a hatchet or an old ax. With these it will take several licks to cut the wire. The danger in this practice is that parts of the wire may be left with the hay or bedding.

If one picks tacks, nails, and wire from the driveway and the garage floor, why not use the same care in keeping these enemies out of the cow feed?

LENGTH OF TIME A COW IS PROFITABLE

The dairy cow is mature in regard to milk production at five years of age. Between this point and the age of 10 to 12 years, age exerts no particular effect upon the amount of milk to be expected. Another factor having an important relation to the value of the cow in the herd is the relation of age to breeding. After the age of 10 years difficulties of this kind increase rapidly.

The market price of the grade dairy cow is usually the highest when she is three or four years old. At this time her first milking period, or possibly the first two, are completed and it is possible to judge as well as at any time in her lifetime as to her dairy qualities. She still has the best part of her productive life ahead. After the age of eight years is reached, her market value begins to decline even though she may be at her best in milk production. A decrease in value is clearly justified since her period of future usefulness is short on account of the decline in milk production that will come within three or four years, and the knowledge that fully one-third of all high-class dairy cows fail to breed when past 10 years of age. On the average in the grade herds of the country, a cow is milked between five and six years, although in every herd of any size a few will be found that have been in use for ten years. This rapid replacement is due in part to a considerable number being eliminated as unprofitable producers; others have udder troubles, and some develop difficulties in breeding.

In order to have a base for decision as to when a cow is no longer profitable, records of milk production and of breeding should be kept. The inferior producers will be sold regardless of age. The high-producing cows, however, if they continue to breed, should be kept until at least between ten and twelve years of age.—Eckles.

GET PAPERS WITH PURE BREDS

It is a foolish and short-sighted policy to accept and pay for cattle without papers, whatever may be your purpose in connection with the animals purchased. You might as well actually throw money away, for if you cannot show the breeding of an animal its future value in your herd or in the market is sadly depreciated, no matter how excellent its type and performance may be. It approaches closely to fraud though not generally so considered, when a breeder, knowing these facts but carelessly ignoring them, sells and delivers to a beginner who does not realize the value of the papers but is certain that he has secured a good animal, a young bull or heifer which has not yet been registered or officially transferred. The purchaser remaining quiescent through sheer ignorance, months may elapse without any attempt being made to secure registration and transfer certificates by which time necessary data may be unobtainable making registration impossible. The safest way for breeders is to register all calves early and have the papers ready to hand to the purchaser when sale is made. These little safeguards should be rigidly maintained at all times.—Holstein-Friesian Register.

To build a barn is a business proposition. Without a comfortable protection against the more or less severe climate, the cows cannot be expected to return the maximum amount of beef, of milk and butterfat for the feed consumed. More profit will be obtained from animals that have shelter.

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$950 Bargain in Delco-Light for $350. Large batteries, motor, iron and bulbs complete and in good working order for immediate sale at $350. WM. COHOE, Burgessville, Ont. 41-6

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Spare Parts for Most Makes and Models of cars. Your old, broken or worn parts replaced. Write or wire us describing what you want. We carry the largest and most complete stock in Canada of slightly used or new parts and automobile equipment. We ship C.O.D. anywhere in Canada. Satisfaction or refund in full our motto. SHAW'S AUTO SALVAGE PART SUPPLY, 923-931 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont. t.f.

Spare Parts for Most Makes and Models of cars. Your old, broken or worn parts replaced. Write or wire us describing what you want. We carry the largest and most complete stock in Canada of slightly used or new parts and automobile equipment. We ship C.O.D. anywhere in Canada. Satisfaction or refund in full our motto. SHAW'S AUTO SALVAGE PART SUPPLY, 923-931 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont. t.f.

POULTRY

POULTRY, EGGS, FEATHERS WANTED

Live and Dressed Poultry—Chickens, Hens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Write for free price list. GUNN, LANGLOIS & COMPANY, LTD., Montreal, Que. 44-6

Wanted Hens—All Weights—Crates Loaned free; established forty years; poultry remittance on acceptance. WALLER'S, Spadina, Toronto. 38-12

POULTRY SUPPLIES

Glass Cloth lets the Violet Rays into your poultry house. 65c a yd. 36" wide. Delivered. From your dealer or direct. GEORGE WOOD, MFG., Ltd., Rebecca St., Toronto. 44-6

MISCELLANEOUS

Higher and More Profitable Production can be secured by the use of pedigreed breeding cockerels and R.O.P. hens with official records 200 to 300 eggs and over under Dominion Government inspection. Satisfied customers our motto. White Leghorns, Black Minorcas, Anconas, Barred Rocks, White Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, Buff Orpingtons, Australian Black Orpingtons and Chanticleers. Apply at once before prices advance, to E. A. LLOYD, Secretary-treasurer, R.O.P., Poultry Breeders' Association, University of B.C., Vancouver, B.C. 36-6

Pullets—Selected Rhode Island Reds, March Hatched, $2.50 each; April Hatched, $2.25. White Leghorns, 11 mos. old, $1.75. each. Ship any number. C. O. D. on approval. W. J. DAILEY, Lexington, Mass. 40-6

AGENTS WANTED

Agents Either Sex to Take Orders for Christmas Cards in spare time. Highest Commission. No experience necessary. Sample book free. Write "MANUFACTURER", P.O. Box 931, Montreal. 27-18

..Thousands of persons—men and women, are enjoying life in the Watkins business. You can do just as well if you are industrious. The largest, best and most profitable line of goods sold direct to families. Exclusive territory. THE J. R. WATKINS COMPANY, 379 Craig West, Montreal. 44-6

Salesmen—We offer steady employment and pay weekly to sell our complete and exclusive lines of guaranteed quality, whole root, fresh-dug-to-order trees and plants. Attractive illustrated samples and full co-operation a money-making opportunity. LUKE BROTHERS, NURSERIES, Montreal.

MISSING RELATIVES

Bell—Neil, native of Rothesay, Scotland. Last heard of at Glacier, B.C., D. BELL, Box 209, Revelstoke, B.C., inquires. 43-7

Hamer—Mr. Richard Hamer, left home June 29, 1911, 9 Halton street, Bolton Lane, Eng. Father dead. Mother inquires. Reply above address. All's well. 43-6

McCarthy—John James; Jeremiah Richard, William Ellis, Cecil Powell, or Alma, children of Rebecca Ann Carr and James McCarthy, last heard of at Mattawa, Ont., supposed to have gone west. MRS. A. McCAUGHAN, Box 155, Nokomis, Sask., enquires, or MRS. J. E. CARR, Westboro, Ont.

Crocker—Arch. Last known address, Cleveland, Ohio. Information welcomed by MRS. JOSEPH CROCKER, Heart's Delight, Newfoundland. 44-4

Smith—George Ernest Smith, of Montreal. Information urgently required. Will any person knowing his address or anything of him kindly communicate with him or MRS. SMITH, 3 Little Titchfield street, London, W. 1, England. 44-2

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE

Big Collection Tricks, Magic, Amusing Experiments, Recitations, Monologues, Toasts, Riddles, 10c. Catalogue included. F. STONE, Box 474, Fredericton, New Brunswick. 40-6

Piano, "New Patent", made by Clementi & Co., London, England. Old family heirloom, highly prized. Will sell for $1,500 due to breaking up home. MRS. GEO. TOLL, St. Rose de Lima, Que. 43-6

Everything in Rubber. We can fill all your requirements. Write us for price list. The VERDUN LABORATORIES, 4067 La Salle Blvd., Verdun, Montreal, Que. 43-6

Silk Pieces Suitable for Cushions or Quilts, 2 1-2 x 4. 60 pcs. for 25c. Box 75, St. Henri, Que. 43-6

Real Navy Serge; splendid for school wear. D. B. CUNNINGHAM, Clinton, Ont. 41-6

LUMBER WANTED

Wanted—Square Timber in the Following woods, spruce, pine, white-ash, basswood, cherry and birch, green from the saw. Write us how much you can get out this winter, and what kind. We also buy seasoned sawed lumber and lath, green or dry. GARVEY LUMBER COMPANY, Troy, New York.

Irish Linens, reliable goods at moderate prices. D. B. CUNNINGHAM, Clinton, Ont. 41-6

Cloth Remnants—We are offering a wonderful trial assortment arranged in remnant lengths, suitable for useful and necessary purposes, such as ladies' and Misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt and dress lengths. Also men's shirt lengths. Also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds. Money cheerfully refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Big value bundles at $1.00 $2, $3 and $5 postpaid. The Remnant Store, New Glasgow, Que. t.f.

POST CARDS

Returned Soldiers Attention. 106 postcard size views Canadian battle areas; Somme, Vimy, Paschendaele, all familiar places. Everyone should have set. 60 cents postpaid. Act quickly. H. GARDNER, Parksville, British Columbia

FARMERS' WANTS & SALES

ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-order rate of two cents per word per insertion (minimum charge 50c. per insertion). SIX consecutive insertions will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions one dollar). A number or a single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made.

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

LIVESTOCK

CATTLE

Dual-Purpose Shorthorn Bulls, a few nearly ready for service, out of our great herd sire "The Duke" who weighed 2500 pounds and whose dam gave 13,599 pounds of milk, making nearly 600 lbs. of butter in a year. All out of carefully selected heavy milking dams. Priced very reasonably for immediate sale. T. J. RUTHERFORD, Bayside Farm, Owen Sound, Ont. 41-6

Fully Accredited Holsteins—A choicely bred 4 per cent. bull 12 mos. old and a few females. Also a few Yorkshires. H. W. PARKINSON, Haldimand Co., R. R. 5, Hagersville, Ont. 43-3

Registered Holstein Heifer Rising Two Years from dam giving 603 lbs. milk in seven days. Apply A. H. ELSCHNER, Mornington Road, Stratford, Ont. 44-3

DOGS

Beautiful German Police Pups—Wolf grey and silver grey, from prize-winning, trained, imported dogs. Best blood lines. Ship on approval anywhere. Pleased hundreds past 10 years. DR. ALMKLOV, Cooperstown, N. Dak. 39-6.

German Police Females—Black, fifteen mos., soon due in season, $35.00 Wolf grey, ten months, $35.00. GRANDVIEW KENNELS, Box 77, Bridgeport, Ont. 41-6

For Sale—6 Hound Pups, 6 months old, 3 males, 3 females. $10 and $20 each; 1 female nine months, $15. 1 Red-bone female, 18 months, mother of pups, $25; the pups sire is an A1 fox and coon dog. These pups will all run deer this fall, as their parents run good at six months. FRED VINCENT, Wyebridge, Ontario. 44

FOXES

Silver Black Foxes—Superior Government Registered, 1926 pups. Finest fur producing foxes in the world. $600.00 per pair, F. O. B. Charlottetown. W. W. MUTCH, Box 303, Charlottetown, P. E. Island. 40-6

Registered Silver Black Foxes. Ancestors from some of the best P. E. Island strains, Prolific Breeders, $600.00 per pair, delivered. Will ranch foxes on shares for parties buying my foxes. All foxes inspected and tattoo marked by Canadian National Live Stock Inspectors. Registration Papers with each fox. WILLIAM BATES, Ridgetown, Ont. 41-6

Blue Fox Pups For Sale—Highest quality, pen bred. Write for particulars. MARPLES FOX FARM, Hilliers, V. I., B.C. 41-6

Tumbo Island Fur Farms.—Highest quality pen-raised and Island run Blue Fox pups and adults. Raised on our own Islands in British Columbia. No customs duty or commissions. Mink, muskrats, chinchillas and other fur-bearers. Write for prices and particulars. 1395, 64th West, Vancouver, B.C. 42-6

Just Arrived from our Home Ranch at Kensington, Prince Edward Island, a shipment of Selected, Government Inspected and Registered Silver Black Foxes. Get our price list.—it is based on actual pelt value. R. P. SIMPSON, Fox Ranch, St. Catharines, Ont. Phone 481-22. 44-6

RABBITS

Pedigreed Chinchilla Fur Rabbits, young and mature stock for immediate delivery. Registered Silver Black Fox pups for fall delivery. For prices and literature write. ENTERPRISE RABBITRY, Summerside, P. E. I. 18.26

Make Big Money Raising Chinchilla Fur Rabbits. Small expense, big profits. Free Catalogue. E. S. MILLER RABBITRIES, 315 Donald, Winnipeg. 29-12

For Sale—French Silver Rabbits, bred from Gibbs' Rockhurst Rabbitry pedigreed stock. MRS. W. SMYTH, Duncan, V. I., B.C. 41-6

Chinchillas—Limited Number of healthy, pedigreed. Prices $20 a trio up, as to age and quality. THE COUNT, 158 Roncesvalles Ave., Toronto, Ont. 44-7

For Other Advertisements for Rabbits See Display Columns.

SHEEP

A number of Leicester ram lambs, Government inspected, and ewe lambs; all extra quality and best of breeding. A litter of black collie sheep dog pups. SANDY MARCHETT, R. R. 11, Peterboro. 43-6

SWINE

Pure Bred, Big Type, O. I. C. pigs 10 to 12 weeks old. World's Grand Champion strain $12.00 each. Papers included. VERNON R. LAFLER, Middlesex, N.Y., U.S.A., 41-6

Tamworth Pigs—Ready to wean November 1, $12.00 each with registered papers. FRED LACEY, Highland Creek, Ont. 43-3

WILD ANIMALS

Catch from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this newspaper how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. HADLEY, Stanstead, Que. 21.24

Trappers' Poison Goes' Liquid Poison Capsules

kill fur animals on spot. Twenty-first season on market. Free circular when this paper mentioned.
EDMUND GOES, Station C, Milwaukee, Wis.

Purebred Silver Black Patch and Red Foxes. Write me before buying. T. R. LYONS, Waterville, N.S. 42-6

For Sale—Nova Scotia muskrats, absolutely first class quality for breeding purposes, $10 pair, properly crated, f.o.b. express office here. ALEX. McDOUGALL, Big Beach, Cape Breton. 42-6

BULBS AND PLANTS

Surplus Stock of Darwin Tulips, 10 Varieties, 35 cents per dozen, delivered. A. DAWSON, Chesley, Ont. 41-4

PROPERTY FOR SALE

For Sale 575 Acres of Farm and Timbered, Lands Water-Power and Saw-Mill situated on country road, good farm buildings, steel roofed, a good cattle or sheep ranch there being plenty of water. Timber on lands would pay for place. Will be sold cheap on easy terms part cash balance arranged, and with or without live stock and this year's crops. For price and terms apply to B. R. NEWTON, Arden, Ont. 41-6

Desirable Home, practically modern, with about three acres of land, fruits, barn, henhouse in Bowmanville. $3,500, part cash. Owner, Box 482, Bowmanville, Ont. 41-6

FARMS FOR SALE

Improved and Unimproved Farms for Sale in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta; easy terms. Write for printed list. UNION TRUST COMPANY, Winnipeg, Man. 39-6

Southern Wilamette Valley, America's best homeland. Offers you comfort, happiness, prosperity. Plow, seed, plant, every month. Listings free. BARTLETTE JOHNSTON, Farmer-Realtor, Cottage Grove, Oregon, U. S. A. 41-6

For Sale—170-acre farm, rolling, fertile, sand soil; good buildings, roofs, silo, and out-Buildings; running water at barn; pasture meadow with water; some heavy timber; close to school; mile from village and concrete road leading to Hershey and Harrisburg, Pa., U.S.A. BENJ. E. HETRICK, Granton, Pa. 41-8

New House, Garage, 18 acres; nine miles north Poughkeepsie; no improvements; $4,600, $1,000 down. CECIL MASTEN, Hyde Park, N. Y. 42-6

Beautiful farm home, one of the finest farms of 198 acres, with 100 acres of level creek bottom tillage, 25 acres of timber and one of the best business chances in Western New York; on this farm is a gas station, general store selling groceries, oil, gas, flour, feed and hardware, meats, etc., also included is a good trucking business, store and trucking business runs about twenty-five thousand per year; fine 10-room house, large gable roof, basement barn, horse barn, henhouse, granary and store; all buildings in good repair, and insured for $14,000; beautiful maple shade, on hard road, mail delivered, telephone, good water; price twelve thousand, part cash; will include farming tools, fine young team, 6 cows, 50 acres of hay, 20 acres of grain, corn, potatoes, Oldsmobile ton truck, stock in store, about 30 cords of wood, oil, gas, etc; possession at once as we must sell on account of poor health. EARLE L. DOLPH, R. 5, Cuba, N.Y. Phone 19-F-5. 42-6

For Sale—59 Acres, half mile from county road; good seven-room house, fair barn, chicken house, smoke house; 60 apple, 15 pear trees; for particulars address WM. FREILAND, R. 2. Marydel, Md. 42-6

Ideal Grain and Stock Farm—Rich level loam; buildings cost $6,000; town 3 miles; $23 per acre, $2,000 cash. D. C. VAN BUREN, Wilkie, Sask. 43-2

For Sale—57 Acres Fertile Land; Good House, outbuildings and markets. $1,800. BAUER, Box 92, Seaford, Dela. 43-2

Grape Farm For Sale.—Grapes are selling from $70.00 to $100.00 a ton; we used to sell them for $20.00 a ton; this farm should be all planted in grapes, but it requires money to plant and buy posts and wire. Lands are said to be worth $1,000 an acre in this section, but here is 55 acres of ideal grape land, all ready for planting; a good house and barn; electric light in both; on the Hamilton-Niagara highway, on the edge of Beamsville Town; fine public and high schools at the door, and offered for $250.00 an acre; I cannot afford to plant it, and will sacrifice to first purchaser; half cash, balance at 6 per cent. Owned it for 15 years. Ideal home for man to retire from city or for young man with some means. Write me at once. G. C. CREELMAN, Beamsville, Ont., Proprietor. 43-2

Marvellous Canadian Money-Making Farm bargain—250 acres, timber, wood, stock, tools, 75 tons hay, 10 room house, bath, heat, hot and cold water, 2 barns, garage, near schools, stores, churches, railroad. Price right for quick sale. Address, Owner, Box No. 37, Beecher Falls, Vt., U.S.A. 44-3

Farm for Sale,—300 Acres. Good Soil, Brick House, Frame Barns. Price low for quick sale. Apply for particulars. MRS. R. HANNA, R. 3, Portland, Ont. 44-6

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE

15 Beautiful Christmas Booklets and Cards, with envelopes to match. No two alike. 75c postpaid. A real bargain. R. K. SIMPSON, Barnesville, Kings Co., N.B. 42-6

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Victor Gramophone Records. Three for One Dollar Postpaid. DAVIDSON, 457 Marion Street, Port Arthur, Ontario. 39-6

STAMPS

One Hundred Different Stamps for the Names of two collectors and 2c postage. 10 French Colonies, 10c; 10 different Foreign coins, 15c. TOLEDO STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio. t.f.

SPECIAL XMAS OFFER

100 Beautiful Stamps, All Different, including old Canadian, New Brunswick, old Newfoundland and other hard to get British Colonies. This exceptional packet to approval applicants for only 12 cents. Pocket duplicate case and large illustrated price list free with each order. Limited supply. Act quickly. PROSPECT STAMP CO., 549 Beresford Ave., Toronto (9) Canada. 43-6

PHOTOGRAPHY

Send Your Favorite Negative (returned) and 10c for sample enlargement. PHIL LUNSTEAD, Cape Cottage, Maine. 41-6

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Money by Mail. Booklet giving full details 10c. Particulars for stamp. SLOCOMB, Port George, N.S. 44-6

Radio

Radio Owners—Get "Hoff's" Book on Radio Troubles. Contains Log, etc. $1 postpaid; worth $5. WM. LONG, Birchtown, Nova Scotia.

BUSINESS CARDS

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

Artist Brushes, colors, papers, pastels and canvas, also everything that an artist would require. Send for catalogue. ART EMPORIUM, LIMITED, 23 McGill College Ave., Montreal. 48-52

EDUCATIONAL

The De Brisay Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Thorough mail courses. ACADEMIE De BRISAY, Ottawa. 8-52

NURSING

Wanted—Student Nurses. High School graduates. $20 per month while in training. Write OSSINING HOSPITAL, Ossining, N.Y. t.f.

A MAGAZINE PAGE FOR HOME WORKERS

Thanks-Living

The lips speak; the life gives.

Lip thanks are good, but life thanks stand for more.

Isaiah declared: "The Lord said . . this people draw nigh with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart far from me." And our Saviour's complaint was, "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

Thanks-living should back thanksgiving.

Speak your praises reverently and act them bravely.

Actions speak louder than words, especially when they are happy actions.

There is no happier action than the exercise of a spirit of thankfulness.

Both goodness and greatness imply a keen sense of gratitude and a ceaseless flow of appreciation for things worth while.

An ingrate is always disagreeable. No one wants him around.

No man fits in anywhere after the glad thankful spirit has died out of him.

The best thanksgiving is a happy heart, and it likewise makes the best association for the Thanksgiving day.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS FOR SERVING A DINNER

Cold food should always be served on cold dishes and hot food on hot dishes.

Avoid any unnecessary noise.

Fill the glasses two-thirds full of water without lifting them.

Finger bowls one-third full and put a doily between the bowl and plate. Finger bowls are quite a necessity as well as a nicety to use after a fruit course or for children.

The water, butter, fruit, bread or other necessary supplies, together with the crumb tray, should be on the side-table ready for use.

Have a small doily between the glass and plate when serving sherbet and the like.

When serving do not reach in front of a guest.

Remove things from the right.

Always serve to the left when a guest helps himself; to the right when you serve him.

Crumb from the left.

When changing courses remove everything from the table which pertains to the course just served.

Relishes and salted nuts may be left on the table during the entire meal to allow guests to help themselves.

When the salad is served as a separate course the bread and butter plates should be left during that course unless wafers are to be served with the salad.

Sugar and cream should always be passed with black coffee. Many people use it.

Two vegetables may be passed at once on a tray. These should be offered to the left, allowing each person to help himself to one or both.

Always have a napkin or doily on the service tray.

Dishes should never be "stacked," but removed one at a time. Any seeming hurry should be avoided in serving. Do not present the fingerbowls till the course is finished. The fork is placed tines down on the plate when the meat course is finished.

A QUESTION OF CAPACITY

The child who eats too much at Thanksgiving or Christmas and wants to eat more is always a favorite theme in the funny column. A good many of the anecdotes related are doubtless fiction, but also some of them are fact. At any rate, it was a very real little Boston girl, aged seven, who, stuffed to repletion but still yearning for goodies, unwittingly added to the joy of the family festival by the question which she asked wistfully, with a long sigh as dinner neared its end:

"Mother dear, why is it, do you s'pose, that our mouths aren't made to match our stomachs?"

"I don't think I quite understand, dear," said her mother. "How do you mean?"

"Why," sighed the little girl, mournfully, "my mouth hasn't had enough, and it wants some more; but my stomach has had quite enough, and won't hold it, and I don't know what to do!"

She was reluctantly convinced that a disappointed palate is preferable to an overburdened digestion. A small boy in another city was less amenable to reason.

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" he bawled wrathfully, when a too-indulgent grandmother, after letting out his little bet for him to its last hole, had at last declined to allow him to fill himself any fuller. "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo! I think you're real mean, grandma. I've seen you patch out a strap with string when it wasn't to go round anything but just an old valise full of clothes; and now you won't patch out my belt with string when it's to go round me and my dinner? It isn't fair! I'm not half-packed inside yet; it's only my outside that's tight!"

Shears Useful in the Kitchen

One of the best short cuts is a pair of shears in the kitchen. If one has the misfortune to scorch a cake, either on the top or under side, a careful snipping with the points of the shears will remove the burnt portion without injuring the interior of the cake. They are also useful in the preparation of lettuce salad, preserving the shape of the leaves much more perfectly than a knife. They are fine for cutting meat or fowl for salads. Use them also in carving very tender chicken, if the carving knife is not sharp enough to cut the browned surface smoothly, and use them for severing the wings and first and second joints, too. In fact, they are practically invaluable for strictly kitchen and various culinary purposes, and very much quicker than a knife in many cases.

Soap Bark as a Cleanser.

Soap bark, obtainable by the pound at the druggists, is a very cheap and excellent cleansing agent for removing spots made by grease or oil and other stains from clothing.

Make an infusion, about a tablespoonful to one-half pint of water; strain and bottle. It is cheaper than gasoline, has no odor and is not inflammable.

To use, moisten a rag and rub the spot or stain until it disappears.

When it is desired to wash an old or ripped up garment, this is the best method: First soak the garment or pieces in cold water and use either epsom salts or table salt to set the color. Tie about one-half pound of soap bark in cheesecloth and steep in warm water. Wash the garment or pieces and hang on the line. Press when damp. The results from either method are surprisingly good for home cleansing.

Potatoes that are stored in common cellars in the bulk should not be piled more than five feet deep and should be put into bins which are separated by air spaces and which have slatted sides and bottom. It is not advisable to place the potatoes on earth floors, regardless of whether stored in bulk or in containers.

The Home Thanksgiving

O men, grown sick with toil and care,
Leave for a while the crowded mart;
O women, sinking with despair,
Weary of limb and faint at heart,
Forget your years to-day, and come
As children back to childhood's home.

Follow again the winding rills,
Go to the places where you went
When climbing up the summer hills—
In their green laps you sat content,
And softly leaned your head to rest
On nature's calm and peaceful breast.

Walk though the sere and fading wood,
So slightly trodden by your feet
When all you knew of life was good,
And all you dreamed of life was sweet,
And ever fondly looking back
O'er youthful love's enchanted track.

Taste the ripe fruits from the orchard boughs;
Drink from the mossy well once more;
Breathe fragrance from the crowded mows,
With fresh, sweet clover running o'er,
And count the treasures at your feet,
Of silver rye and golden wheat.

Go sit beside the hearth again
Whose circle once was glad and gay;
And if from out the precious chain
Some shining links have dropped away,
Then guard with tender heart and hand
The remnant of thy household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread,
And if in the accustomed place
You see the father's reverend head,
Or mother's patient, loving face,
Whate'er your life may have of ill,
Thank God that these are left you still.

And though where home has been you stand
To-day in alien loneliness;
Though you may clasp no brother's hand,
And claim no sister's tender kiss;
Though with no friend nor lover nigh,
The past is all your company.

Thank God for friends your life has known,
For every dear, departed day;
The blessed past is safe alone—
God gives, but does not take away;
He only safely keeps above
For us the treasures that we love.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

FOR ALL

For all true words that have been spoken,
For all brave deeds that have been done,
For every loaf in kindness broken,
For every race in valor run,
For martyr lips which have not failed
To give God praise and smile to rest,
For knightly souls which have not quailed
At stubborn strife or lonesome quest,
Lord, unto whom we stand in thrall,
We give Thee thanks for all, for all.

"For each fair field where golden stubble
Hath followed wealth of waving grain,
For every passing wind of trouble
Which bends Thy grass that lifts again,
For gold in mine that men must seek,
For work which bows the sullen knee,
For strength, swift sent to aid the weak,
For love by which we climb to Thee,
Thy freedmen, Lord, yet each Thy thrall,
We give Thee praise for all, for all."

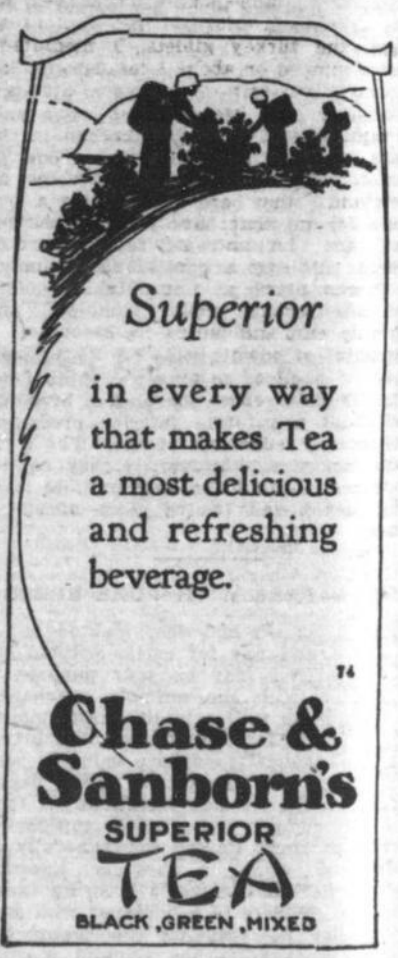
* * * * *

These lines from Margaret E. Sangster convey the spirit of the words of the psalmist:

"Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth me;
And to him that ordereth his way aright
Will I show the salvation of God."

"Bread on the board and raiment to put on;
Fire on the hearth and water in the well;
Roof overhead, and strength to rise at morn;
Hearing, and sight, and reason on the throne;
Some work to do, some friend to call our own;
God's love within, His smile upon our way;
These are the things we thank the Father for,
And these the gifts we beg Him still to grant."

You do not know how much good you may do, and how greatly you may glorify God, if you praise him in your dark times.—C. H. Spurgeon.



STUDENT NURSES WANTED

Nassau Hospital, Mineola, Long Island. Registered Training School. 40 minutes from New York City. 2 years, 4 months' course. Complete training. Well qualified instructors. Three weeks vacation annually. One year high school or equivalent required. After preliminary term an allowance of $25 a month besides uniforms and books given. Class entering in January. Address:—
Principal of The School of Nursing, Nassau Hospital, Mineola, Long Island.

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HOME COOKING

The Thanksgiving Menu

That a genuine spirit of thankfulness is the proper seasoning for the Thanksgiving menu is something that the hostess should not forget at this season of the year. But, if she, as further proper seasoning to this feast, will substitute a few new dishes and add a few frills there will be a note of up-to-dateness to her entertaining that will be a pleasant surprise to her guests. To begin with, serve an apple appetizer. This is made by adding two cups of diced apples, one-half cup of preserved cherries, to one-half cup of sweet cider and the juice of one lemon and one orange.

Or a slice of pineapple topped with a candied cherry makes a delicious start-off and lends a bit of color.

If you are having soup try either of the following:

Consommé:—Wash one pint of oysters and reserve soft portions. Chop tough portions, add one-half cupful of cold water, bring to the boiling point and let simmer twenty-five minutes. Strain through a double thickness of cheesecloth and add four cupfuls of chicken stock. Season with salt and cayenne and add one-half cupful of thin cream and the soft parts of oysters cooked until plump.

Tomato Soup:—3 tablespoonfuls melted butter; 2 tablespoonfuls flour; 2 cupfuls canned tomatoes; ¼ teaspoonful soda; 1 teaspoonful salt; ⅛ teaspoonful onion-juice; 1½ cupfuls milk. Stir the butter and flour to a smooth paste and add the tomatoes gradually. When it has boiled up thoroughly, add soda, salt and onion. Cool, and when desired for use, add the cold milk, and heat thoroughly in a double boiler, stirring constantly.

If you have planned on stuffed fowl, use a new kind of dressing. The addition of raisins, nuts or celery is a pleasing change.

Rich Stuffing:—Calls for 3 cupfuls of mashed chestnuts, though it is quite as good without them if chestnuts are not available. The other ingredients are: 5 cupfuls of stale bread crumbs (and in case you do not have chestnuts, 3 cupfuls of soft bread crumbs also), half a cupful of butter, 1 tablespoonful of minced parsley, 1 tablespoonful of fresh leaf sage, 2 eggs, the turkey giblets, 1 medium-size onion minced or about 3 tablespoonfuls of onion juice, salt and pepper and milk. Pour over the bread crumbs and butter 2 cupfuls of boiling water and add enough milk to make the dressing the right consistency for stuffing. Chop the raw giblets until they are fairly well minced, then fry in butter until crisp and brown and add, fat and all, to the mixture. Stir in the eggs and other ingredients.

Peanut Stuffing:—Crumble a small loaf of stale Graham bread, then season highly with salt and paprika; add half a teaspoonful of powdered sweet herbs, half a pint of shelled, roasted, ground peanuts, four drops of onion juice, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and sufficient cream to moisten slightly; blend well and stuff the turkey six hours before cooking if possible, so that the flavor of the dressing may have a chance to permeate the meat.

Piquant Stuffing:—Pour half a cupful of white vinegar over three cupfuls of fine breadcrumbs, then add half a cupful of melted butter, one cupful of stoned and chopped olives, three chopped gherkins, one chopped small green pepper, and seasoning to taste of white pepper, salt and curry powder.

Giblet Gravy:—If the Giblets are not used in stuffing the turkey make giblet gravy. Cook the giblets and neck in enough water to cover. When done strain off the liquor. Take 8 tablespoonfuls of fat from the pan in which the turkey has been roasted, brown this fat in eight tablespoonfuls of flour. Add 4 cups of the stock in which the giblets and neck have been cooked. Cook until thickened. Season with salt and pepper, strain and add the chopped giblets.

Trussing a Fowl:—When roasting a fowl, the trussing is very important. In order that the wings and legs may not become dryer than the other parts, they should be held fast to the body. To accomplish this insert a skewer through the wings and breast. Then thrust another skewer through the fowl just underneath the legs. With string tie the ends of the legs together and fasten by means of the string to the tail. Then wind the ends of string fastened to the tail around the ends of the skewer which are projecting from the fowl. Cross the ends of the string over the back and wind them around the ends of the skewer through the wings. Tie the strings together at the back. If these directions in trussing are followed, there will be no string marks across the breast to mar its appearance when served.

Salads, Relishes, etc.

If you serve roast fowl without dressing, then you might serve stuffed and baked vegetables, such as onions or tomatoes. Diced carrots, turnips and peas, combined with white sauce and baked, is delicious.

Some candied cranberries will make a tasty garnish for the Thanksgiving feast. Instead of just jellied cranberries, why not serve spiced cranberries as a change? Or currant or apple jelly, or a relish of some kind may be substituted if cranberry tarts are used for dessert. To make the salad, wash and wipe some smooth red apples and core, then cut into tiny cubes, without paring, and as soon as possible add the juice of one large lemon to keep them from discoloring. Mix the apple with an equal amount of chopped crisp celery, and add enough rich mayonnaise dressing to moisten it well. Arrange lettuce on a salad plate and heap the mixture in the centre, mass with more of the dressing, and add a sprinkle of finely chopped green pepper to the top.

Or the salad may be served in red apple cups in which case add a few peanuts, crisped in the oven then rolled fine.

Don't forget that moulds offer great opportunity for making the meal attractive. These need not be scalloped and elaborate—in fact, the more simple they are the more impressive they are apt to be. Use ordinary custard cups for fig pudding, vegetable salad or sweet-potato custards, turning them out carefully. Mould the cranberry in a long glass of even circumference, slicing down in circles or cut in squares. Two tablespoonfuls of gelatin dissolved before adding will thicken salads or puddings.

Cranberry Jelly:—Will keep perfectly for weeks—made in the ordinary manner, the cranberries stewed and strained and sugar enough to jelly added.

Or you can have a sort of candied cranberry, made by simmering the berries long and slowly in a thick syrup, in a double boiler—slowly, so that they will not burst to pieces, but simply open gently to absorb some of the syrup. These may be used instead of Maraschino cherries. Cranberry Sherbet is also extremely good.

You may serve small squares of American cheese with your salad or dessert, if you wish, though of course cheese after such a heavy dinner is not necessary. Neither are nuts and raisins, though it is difficult to withstand the temptation of serving them, so do they seem a part of our feast.

Bits of preserved ginger added to whipped cream and fluted around an ordinary piece of pumpkin pie will make the guests wonder why it tastes so good. Or individual pielets will please the little folks as well as the grown-ups.

If you have served soup as first course, nothing is better as a dessert than a frozen fruit ice served with wafers. But when the first course ha been a fruit appetizer a rich mince pie or a plum pudding will make a good finish to the dinner; other suggestions are; Apple pies with hot mince sauce are new. Make the sauce of meatless mince-meat, thinned enough to run. Pumpkin meringues, the old-fashioned pie covered with a white of egg confection in which drained cherries have been folded. Little mince pies without a top crust and served with plain custard or vanilla ice cream make an interesting finish to the feast.

Cranberry Recipes

In old days we used cranberries only occasionally as jelly with our Thanksgiving turkey or strung in garlands to adorn a Christmas tree.

Now it has a much more varied use than this for it is a culinary standby having its own place on the preserve shelves, where in various guises, or disguises, it serves our need and palate.

By putting cranberries in stone jars and covering them with cold water keeping under water by means of a plate and weight, they would keep firm for months or a year even, although some believe that they should be cooked while yet fresh as some change in seeds or berry makes them harder to digest late on in the year. Stone jars seem clumsy but empty two-quart glass jars hold a convenient quantity to use at a time and are pretty to look at among the other more sober colored contents. You can use secondhand rubbers when closing them, although it is not necessary that they should be air tight if kept where the water will not freeze. Of course, with the glass jars no weights are needed.

For Cranberry Jelly:—use a quart of berries, one cup of sugar and one to two cups of water. Look over the berries, wash and cook in the boiling water until they pop out of their skins. Strain in a colander, add the sugar gradually so it will dissolve, then boil without stirring about eight or ten minutes, or until it "jells." Test by dropping a drop on a cold plate, and if it stands right up it's done.

And if you want to spice the jelly, use a three-inch stick of cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful of mace and one-eighth teaspoonful of salt. A teaspoonful each of vanilla and almond extract added to a dish of cranberry jelly or a pie gives them a novel cherry flavor that is deliciously tantalizing.

Cranberry Sherbet:—is delicious and this is the way to make it. Use two quarts of cranberries and three pints of water and four cupfuls of sugar and an egg white and the juice of a lemon. Cook very tender and strain, add the sugar and cook until dissolved, then add the lemon juice and put in the freezer. When chilled add the beaten egg white and freeze and don't let stand in the freezer when it's done.

Cranberry tarts may be made with the berries cooked slowly in a rich syrup in which case a lattice top of pastry is all that is needed. When the fresh berries are used chopped two crusts are needed or a meringue substituted.

Cranberry And Raisin Pie:—is often called mock cherry pie and if a crushed peach pit or a bitter almond is added to each pie the flavor is still more like cherry. Chop one cup of cranberries and one-half cup of raisins. Line a plate with paste, spread in half of the chopped filling and over that one-half cup of sugar, mixed with a level tablespoon of flour. Put on the remainder of the fruit and another half cup of sugar. Pour on one half cup of water to which is added one half teaspoon of vanilla and a few grains of salt. Cover with a rich paste and bake. Serve cold.

Cranberry Pudding or Cake:—This is a household favorite hot or cold, with whipped cream or without and is made as follows: Beat 1 egg and add ½ cup milk, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, ¾ teaspoon soda, 2 cups halved cranberries. Bake ¾ hour and serve hot or cold. Sometimes this is made with ½ cup sweet cream for shortening and 4 level teaspoons baking powder with a pinch of soda for rising. The only fault with serving this hot is that there is never a piece left to eat when cold and it is very good indeed cold. Whipped cream sweetened with either brown or white sugar or a sauce made of sifted cranberries as for jelly but thin enough to pour when using it as a pudding sauce may be served with it.

Baked Cranberry Dumplings:—Use either sour milk and soda or sweet milk and baking powder to make a rich dough. Roll about half an inch thick. Cut into small pieces, fill with raw cranberries, covered with sugar, and a small piece of butter. Roll into shape, place into a four-inch deep pan and nearly cover with hot water. Bake 40 minutes, leaving the tops uncovered. Serve with a liquid sauce.

Cranberry And Quince Marmalade:—2 cupfuls ground quince; 2 cupfuls chopped cranberries; 2 cupfuls water; 2 cupfuls sugar. Pare the quinces and force through a food-chopper. Measure and add the water. Cook until the fruit is tender, which usually takes about half-an hour. Run the cranberries through the chopper and add them to the quince mixture; boil five minutes, add the sugar, and cook five minutes. Seal with paraffin in sterile glasses.

Cranberry Conserve:—This is another thing that fills many needs, a breakfast relish, for sandwich filling, and covered tarts and sometimes for a quick pie with two crusts or meringue. The original recipe is small but may be multiplied. It is: four cups cranberries, 4 cups water, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups seeded raisins, 1 cup chopped walnut meats, 2 oranges. The oranges are prepared by paring the yellow rind with a sharp knife so that no white or very little adheres and putting it through the food chopper and either slicing or chopping the pulp. Cook all until thick, stirring it often and put in jelly glasses. The amount of sugar may be three cups if desired sweeter, but unless the oranges are sour this amount will be found generally satisfactory.

Pumpkin Marmalade:—Pumpkin marmalade is a delicious concoction. This calls for 12 lbs. pumpkin (ground), 10 lbs. sugar, 6 oranges, 6 lemons. Grind pumpkin through food chopper. Peel oranges and lemons and grind them also. Add sugar and boil till quite thick.

Crisp Fried Squash:—Pare young squash and cut in slices not more than one-fourth of an inch thick. Season with salt and black pepper. Turn in flour and then in beaten egg to which a little salt and milk have been added. Fry in hot grease to a golden brown. Serve hot.

Squash Fried With Onions:—Pare, seed and cut the squash into chips as you would potatoes for frying. Also slice the onions. Season well with salt and black pepper, and fry in grease until slightly brown and tender. Serve hot.

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For instance, the dark green wool coat above has its upper part cut with the widening armhole, and stresses this widening by means of its outward sloping seams.

The lower section is perfectly straight, with straight seams at the sides, and the collar and cuffs are or black fox.

AN UNUSUAL AND PRETTY EDGING

(Abbreviations: st, stitch; gr, group; ch, chain; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet.)

If you use No. 30 ecru crochet cotton, this edging is lovely on a centre-piece.

Ch 17 turn, 1 d c in fourth ch from hook, 1 d c in next st of ch, ch 2, skip 2 ch, 3 d c in next 3 ch; ch 6 (1 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 2 ch) in last ch, turn.

Second row—(1 s c, 3 d c, 1 s c) in first gr of 2 ch. Repeat in next 2 gr, ch 6, 2 d c over ch of 6 in row below; 3 d c in 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c in 3 d c, ch 3, turn.

Third row—2 d c , ch2, 5 d c over 5 d c, 2 d c over ch, ch 6 (1 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c) in centre of centre group of (1 s c, 3 d c, 1 s c) in row below, turn.

Fourth row—(1 s c, 3 d c, 1 s c) in each gr of 2 ch, ch 6, 9 d c , ch 2, 3 d c, ch 3, turn.

Fifth row—2 d c, ch 2, 11 d c, ch 6, (1 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c 2 ch, 1 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c) in centre of centre gr of (1 s c, 3 d c, 1 s c) in row below, turn.

Sixth row—(1 s c, 3 d c, 1 s c) in each gr of 2 ch, ch 6, 13 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, 3 ch, turn.

Seventh row—2 d c, 2 ch, 3 d c, 6 ch (1 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c) in 13th d c in row below, turn.

Continue the design. This is quickly made, exceedingly pretty, and elaborate enough so the centre,piece needs no embroidery.

DRAUGHT STOPS

A recent contribution dealing with the way to avoid draughts touched upon a subject of vital importance to all housewives at a time when coal is precious and when possibly long-neglected repairs cannot yet receive attention.

We are safe in assuming that every one of you readers has some old newspapers by her. Two or three of these should be opened out and placed evenly on top of each other. Then they should be rolled up very tightly till they form a rod about two inches in diameter. This should be roughly tacked to keep in position.

Now take any piece of casement cloth or similar material which will tone with the paint on your door or window, and cover the rod with it, though tacking only is needed. Leave a sort of hem of the material by which you can attach the rod with drawing-pins to the door or wherever it is needed, placing the pins at an even distance from each other or arranging them in some sort of design. If used for the side of the door or window the rod may be made narrower.

We can vouch for the success of this simple expedient, which excludes draughts without making it awkward to open and shut the door or window. It has the added recommendation of being not only cheap but decorative. Draught-rods of green casement cloth to match the green distemper of the walls look very pretty against the white door paint. Flowered chintz may also be used to match chintz cushions, and the effect will be really artistic.

SEWING ROOM HINTS

Get the handy man to make you a rug hook the best of any, both for hooking and crochet'ng rugs. He can easily make a well-shaped wooden handle and burn a hole through the centre lengthwise. A spike should then be put through, the hole fitting the spike tightly. Next he will file a hook on the pointed end of the spike. This makes a hook that doesn't cramp the hand.

Old stockings can be used up for baby, and make nice soft woollies. (I need not say that the stockings must be of good fine wool or cashmere.) Cut off the worn part of the foot, cut down each leg so far, and seam together to form the body. Insert a square piece cut from top of foot to form the crutch, and run a piece of elastic round the top of the body. Finish off the feet by either shaping to baby's foot and seaming, or making them neat with blanket stitch. These make such cosy things for the little ones, either in pram or creeping on the floor. For the latter the little dress is tucked in at the top.

Girls who have complained that they could not purchase the large vanity cases with chains attached, can make for themselves just the sort of case they want with a bit of ribbon and a discarded compact powder box.

Fold a piece of ribbon over the powder box. Sew the two sides together in a circle and bind the ends with gold ribbon. Use a piece of the same ribbon for a strap, attaching it to the case with tiny flat gold ribbon roses on each corner of the bottom of the case.

A monogram also may be done in gold ribbon on the centre of the case. These little feminine novelties are very acceptable as gifts since most girls do not use the tiny vanities because the puff is too small to powder the face effectively. With these strapped ribbon vanities the problem seems solved.

Problems of Homemakers

Wear Wool

Reader.—Light weight wool suits, or silk and wool, with stockings of similar texture and weight. Wool, like hair, is a slow heat conductor, so it permits gradual cooling and gradual warming of the body in cold and hot places respectively; cotton is a fast heat conductor and permits too sudden alterations of surface temperature. The old-fashioned tight-woven flannels were impervious and unhygienic; the modern knitted wear is porous and does not interfere with evaporation of perspiration. It need not be heavy, nor need it have long sleeves and legs down to the ankles, except where outdoor work or sport require the extra warmth. An excellent experimental proof of the superiority of wool is noted when you wear a woolen bathing suit. In a cold wind the wet woolen suit does not feel clammy as a cotton suit does, and you will not chill in it.

Danger in Barnyards

Farmer.—Rich soil swarms with millions of beneficient germs in each cubic inch. These bacteria are essential in the decomposition of organic matter for the nitrification of the soil. Without them, plants would grow feebly if at all. But manured soil, or the soil about barnyards, contains also the tetanus baccilus, a normal inhabitant of the intestinal tract of animals. Therefore wounds or abrasions sustained in manured gardens, fields, barnyards, barn, or along the street, require careful treatment to prevent lockjaw. Every household should have iodine on hand for immediate application, and children should be taught to at once apply it to scratches, cuts and sores. Old boards with nails, rusty wire, etc., should never be allowed to lie around the barn or farmyard, and when a deep wound is made with any dirty tool such as a manure fork, the doctor should be at once called in to cleanse it and administer antitetanic serum.

Silver-Fish

C. D.—The fish-moth, silver-fish, bristletail, slicker, is covered with silvery, shining scales, which make it very slippery and almost impossible to catch in the hand. The fish-moth is an active insect, and runs rapidly, quickly disappearing from sight between books, in narrow crevices, or underneath loose wallpaper. It lives on starch in curtains, in the backs of books, and on the under side of wallpaper. During the summer it multiplies rapidly, and may cause considerable damage to the articles named, especially if the clothing and books lie undisturbed for considerable periods of time.

Librarians are in the habit of protecting books from the ravages of fish-moths by placing pieces of cardboard smeared with poisoned paste on the shelves where the insects are seen. The paste is made by using one pint of flour and three-fourths of an ounce of white arsenic. The flour and arsenic should be thoroughly mixed and then moistened with enough water to make a thin paste when brought to a boil. The paste should then be smeared thinly on pieces of cardboard, which may be slipped in cracks and crevices wherever the insects are seen to be present. Care should be taken to see that children and pet animals do not get hold of the poisoned paste.

Buhach orpyrethrum insect powder, if it is fresh, will also prove effective in destroying the insects. The powder should be sifted wherever the fish-moths are seen.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Pastry flour does make finer cake, but when none is at hand two tablespoons of corn starch well sifted in a cup of bread flour will give good results.

Iron mould stains spread in any fabric they come in contact with in the wash. To remove them stretch the stained part over a basin nearly full of boiling water, so that the steam may penetrate the fabric, and apply with a feather a spoonful of salt dissolved in a dessertspoonful of lemon juice. When the marks disappear dip the material well into the hot water; afterward rinse very thoroughly in cold water.

When ironing small flat pieces, such as handkerchiefs, napkins, etc., I find it a great saving of heat and time to iron quickly several pieces with the very hot iron, not waiting to fold or press. Then, with the still warm iron, I press and fold. Creasing does not require as intense heat as the damp linen, and, moreover, the partly hot iron does not wear the folds as does the first heat.

A long-handled corn-popper is convenient for broiling a small piece of chop or steak, or making a slice of toast over the furnace fire if the kitchen fire is low.

Sometimes while washing dishes if two glasses are set together they stick. They can be taken apart by wrapping a hot wet cloth around the lower glass for a few minutes.

Don't wash your fruit, dry it imperfectly, and then wonder why your cake was not a success. Clean it a day before and use when dry.

Before putting beans in the bean pot to bake grease the top inside and out with the rind of the pork and save many minutes of scouring later.

Citron or orange peel may be prepared very easily by soaking in hot water for ten minutes and then putting through the meat-chopper.

The lettering on muslin, flour, and sugar sacks will generally yield if thoroughly rubbed with lard and let lie a week before washing and boiling. Keep them in a metal pail or container while grease soaked, so there will be no danger from spontaneous combustion.

Rubber mats for use in the sink under the dishpan and cooking utensils are easily made by tying together some discarded rubber rings.

Use melted alum to mend broken china and glass. This cement withstands washing in hot soapy water.

In broiling chops, steak or even fish, in a gas oven, place the food to be broiled in a tin pie plate or a shallow roasting pan. In this way all the juice is saved, and better still, the pan is very easily washed.

The lowliest path may lead to the highest peak.

The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.—Franklin.

THE WITNESS PATTERN SERVICE



A POPULAR STYLE FOR SCHOOL OR PLAY

5621. This is a good model for wash materials, and for jersey and wool crepe. The long sleeve portions may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 2 1-2 yards of 36 inch material together with 3-4 yard of contrasting material for long sleeve portions, and for facings on collar, overlap and leg bands, if made as illustrated in the large view. If made with short sleeves 3-8 yard less of the contrasting material is required.

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

A NEW AND STYLISH DESIGN

5611. Figured silk and crepe satin are here combined. This style is also attractive in taffeta and georgette, or in lace and satin.

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Peter Pumpkin's Thanksgiving

Story for Little Folk by Euleta Wadsworth

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Peter Pumpkin, "next Monday is Thanksgiving." "Well, what of it?" said his neighbor in the field. "That just means that you will probably be made into a pie and gobbled up by some greedy person."

"Oh, pshaw! Punkie," said Peter, "whats' the use to be so sour? That's what I grew for, to make delicious pies. Think of the people who'll be thankful just because of us. And think of the adventures we'll have." Peter smiled happily to himself while Punkie looked as sour as vinegar. "I do hope the sun will shine warm today, so we'll be our best and ripest."

Peter's wish came true. The sun shone hot on his fat cheeks, and they got yellower every hour. But Punkie's cheeks didn's take on the rich color of Peter's. Perhaps because he was feeling so sour inside.

Toward evening Peter saw the farmer driving h's small wagon across the field. "I do believe he's coming to get us now," he laughed.

"The hateful greedy old thing, I hope he won't take me," said Punkie. And Punkie in his turn got his wish; for the farmer lifted Peter and a lot of other pumpkins into the wagon and turned to look at Punkie again.

He shook his head. "No, I guess I dont take that one," he said. "It doesn't look first-class.' So Peter went away in the wagon and Punkie stayed behind in the field. All the way along, bumping over the clods in the field, Peter was laughing and joking the other pumpkins.

"Look out, fellows," he cried, "here comes another bump."

Whew! That nearly cracked a rib. "Excuse me, friend. I didn't mean to thump your cheek like that." And presently all the pumpkins who had been inclined to be cross over the bumps were laughing and making a great joke of it.

Next morning when the farmer's wife came to the cellar door, Peter began to wish and wish that she would choose him; for he knew she must be getting ready to make the Thanksgiving pies. Sure enough she did choose him, and very soon half of him was standing on the kitchen table. "This is the most beautiful pumpkin I ever saw," said the farmer's wife to her daughter. "I kept half of it to make a bowl for the centre of the table."

"Oh, mother, that will be lovely. We'll fill it with those late red grapes and apples in the cellar, and I'll get some persimmons off the tree to add another touch of color." Peter was delighted to think he was going to be fixed up so handsomely to decorate the table. And when the company sat down around the long table, the first thing they noticed was Peter. "Oh! what a beautiful pumpkin bowl!" exclaimed one. "Why, that is the prettiest Thanksgiving decoration I ever saw," said another.

Peter chuckled to himself. "Why, I declare, these people are getting a lot of pleasure out of me. I never thought I could be good to look at as well as good to taste." And when it came to the pies, Peter heard nothing but praise on all sides. "Never have I tasted such a delicious pie," said Grandma, nodding her lovely white head. "Oh, Mother, may I have another tiny piece?" asked Maribelle. "This pumpkin must have been a fine fellow. He tastes so good."

"What a pity poor Punkie is missing all this joy," thought Peter. "I wish I could see him and cheer him up. Poor fellow! rotting out there in the field. But that was his wish. I'd like to see him again, though of course that's out of the question. There is no way for me to get out to the field.' But Peter Pumpkin was so happy thinking of the pleasure he'd given the good people around the table that he forgot his big flat white seeds which had been carefully put behind the stove to dry. In the spring the farmer took these same seeds and planted them in the field; and pretty soon a long green vine was stretching over the ground and Peter found himself a tiny green young fellow, growing for another Thanksgiving. He began to look around for Punkie. Before long he spied a small green pumpkin like himself on a vine near by, and he called, "Is that you, Punkie Pumpkin?"

"Yes," answered Punkie, "and I'm trying my best to grow and be a fine pumpkin, so I can make myself useful. It's no fun being selfish, after all. I stayed here, and the frost bit me, and I rotted, and I didn't give any one pleasure, and it wasn't any fun. If one of my seeds hadn't just happened to sprout and grow again, that would have been the end of me."

"I've been wanting to see you, Punkie," said Peter Pumpkin, "to tell you what a grand time I had." And after Peter had related all his experience, Punkie said:

"I'm going to grow as hard as I can and as sweet, and maybe next Thanksgiving I can make somebody happy."

GLAD THANKSGIVING DAY

The goldenrod candles are all burned out
By the zigzag fence of grey;
The asters have turned to withered seeds
That the wind will flutter away;
But here's a cheer for the waning year,
And the glad Thanksgiving day!

The thrushes have flown from the tree-tops high,
And the bluebirds could not stay;
And lone and hushed are the empty nests,
But the children smile as they say:
"When frost is chill on the misty hill
Comes the glad Thanksgiving day."

They know that the harvest is garnered in
With its ripe and golden store,
And patient and still the brown earth waits,
For the time of its toil is o'er;
It waits the snow that shall fold it low,
Till it wakes from sleep once more.

The daisies will whiten the fields again
And the robins build, next May;
So gratefully sing, little children, sing,
Till the air with mirth is gay,
A song for the cheer of the happy year
And the glad Thanksgiving day!

—Angelina W. Wray.

JIMMY'S "CLUB"

A True Story

A gentleman sat in a plain office, puzzling his head over a perplexing quest'on. He was the agent of a benevolent society organized to help the poor of a great city. The trouble was this:

Thanksgiving was at hand and he had not money enough to do all that he wished to do on the coming day. He knew, too, many families who lived at starving point, to whom Thanksg vi g gave little apparent reason for thanks.

He knew young men who did not hesitate to spend three dollars on a single rose. He knew young ladies who thought nothing of wasting more or less dollars a week on candy. Twenty-five cents would buy a sumptuous dinner for a starving child.

Many hundreds of the extremely poor looked to this man for one good dinner at Thanksgiving time. For one day in the year they hoped to have enough to eat. How was he to give it?

Suddenly three or four dirty faces peered through the window; a timid knock followed. Five boys and two somewhat tattered little girls trooped in. The agent recognized them as members of a mission Sabbath-school. He said, pleasantly:

"Well, children, what can I do for you today?"

"Nothin'," answered the children, vaguely.

"You, Jimmy, you tell," said one of the girls, giving the tallest boy a shove. Jimmy fumbled at his ragged pocket, and slowly produced a large handful of pennies and small change.

"We are a Club," said Jimmy, with a grand air. "There's twenty of us, mister."

"We girls are in it, too," interrupted the girl who gave the shove.

"We come from Cummin's Alley, and we're a Club to help Thanksgivin'. Here's —here's—nine dollars and ninety cents."

The agent stared at the large sum collected at what cost of self-sacrifice only the rivers could say.

"Its for them that can't git no dinner'" explained the little spokesman.

"Is it?" exclaimed the good man. He hardly knew what to say as he glanced at the poor clothes and shrunken cheeks of the "Club."

"Yes," said Jimmy, stoutly, "there's plenty poorer than us, mister; we're a Club to help 'em. We didn't care if we didn't have a dinner for two or three days so'st that we might give real poor folks one."

"How many dinners wil nine dollars and ninety cents get?" asked a little girl, rather hungrily.

"What kind of a dinner?" inquired the agent, with a perceptible weakening in his voice.

"Oh—turkey and stuffin', and—and puddin'!" cried the children, eagerly.

"That will cost perhaps twenty-five cents apiece," said the agent, "and your money will give a fine Thanksgiving dinner to as many as thirty-five hungry people. You have done nobly, children."

The dinners were bought. "The Club" distributed them. The children's first plan was to put a cabbage in with each dinner, the agent says. But there were not cabbages enough to go round. So they cut each cabbage into quarters, and put one piece into each bag.

That club of twenty poverty-stricken children worked until nine o'clock at night on the day before Thanksgiving, distributing thirty-five dinners to people "poorer than themselves."

This is a true story, and one that should make our easy blood tingle with something akin to shame.

THANKSGIVING FABLE

It was a hungry pussy cat upon Thanksgiving morn,
And she watched a thankful little mouse that ate an ear of corn.
"If I ate that thankful little mouse, how thankful he should be,
When he has made a meal himself, to make a meal for me!
Then with his thanks for having fed, and his thanks for feeding me,
With all his thankfulness inside, how thankful I shall be!"
Thus mused the hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving Day;
But the little mouse had overheard and declined (with thanks) to stay!

—Oliver Hereford.

MAKING TURKEYS ON THE TRAIN

(By Frank E. Graeff.)

Mother had been talking for several weeks of going to grandpa's for Thanksgiving, and now at last, with the trunks packed and at the station, and with Helen and Gertrude and Baby Weldon by her side in a tiny room on the through express, they were on their way.

Helen and Gertrude had often ridden on the cars before, but when they had simply sat in straight-backed seats and rode for a little distance; but here they had a beautiful stateroom all to themselves, and because there was Baby Weldon papa had arranged to have a berth made up all the time so that mamma could lay him down whenever he wanted to sleep.

At first Helen and Gertrude watched the cows that lazily looked at the train as it went by, or scampered away across the fields when the whistle of the engine startled them. But soon they grew hungry and tired. Then mother said, "Let us have a little party."

In a few minutes she had a little table set up at one side of the stateroom, with napkins on it, and sandwiches and cake and fruit, and they had a very jolly party all by themselves.

But their eyes grew heavy at last, and after the porter had made another bed mamma tucked Helen and Gertrude safely in for the night, and the motion of the train rocked them to sleep; when they awoke it was morning.

"Is this grandpa's?" asked Helen, as the train stopped in a big city.

"Oh, no!" said mother. "We shall not get to grandpa's until seven o'clock tonight."

"Can't we make some rings and bracelets and baskets?" asked Helen.

"I forgot the beads," said mamma, "but there is something else that I didn't forget!"

Then from the big travelling bag she took a bundle of white paper and a bundle of brown crinkly paper and a box of water-color paints, a little tube of mucilage, some red and some dark-green sealing wax, some copper wire, a pair of pincers, and last of all two or three handfuls of big, fat English walnuts.

"Oh, what are we going to do?" cried both of the little girls at once.

"I think," said mamma, "that we can make a lot of little turkeys for the Thanksgiving dinner, so that everyone at the table can have a whole one. I will make the first one."

First she twisted three strands of the wire together like a rope and cut off pieces just long enough for the turkey's legs. With a bit of the dark-green sealing wax, melted on the steam p'pe, she fastened the legs to the under side of one of the walnuts. When the sealing wax was dry, she spread the end of the wires apart to make three toes, so that the turkey would stand up.

Then she took part of the paper and cut some of it into pieces of the right size and shape, some for tails and some for wings. With the water-color paints she drew brown stripes across the paper and then folded it up like a little fan. When she smoothed it out again, each piece was marked with brown and white, just as a turkey's tail and wings are marked.

When the wings and tail were dry, mamma stuck them carefully on the sides and one end of the walnut. Then on the other end she make a neck and head of green sealing wax, with little dabs of red sealing wax for the comb and the wattles. At last it was done: the funniest little turkey the children had ever seen. It stood straight up on the table, with its head held proudly in the air, its wings outstretched and its tail spread.

And how they worked after that to make other turkeys like it!

Not once did they ask for anything to eat or say they were tired, and when at last mamma said, "We must put everything away now, for in an hour we shall be at grandpa's," they counted, and found that they had a flock of twelve turkeys. They had only just time to put them all away carefully when the train stopped, and a tall man, with a white beard came into the little room and kissed mamma, and said, as he stretched out his hands to the two little girls, "Come to your grandpa, you youngsters!"

The next day, at dinner, there was a proud little turkey at every plate, besides the big one, wh'ch did not look so proud, in the centre of the table; and grandpa said that was the first time he had ever known anyone to raise turkeys on a railway train.

GIVING THANKS

For all that God in mercy sends
For health and parents, home and friends;
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk
For guidance in our daily walk—
For everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky;
For these and everything we see,
O Lord, our hearts we lift to thee—
For everything give thanks!

—Selected.

BABY'S OWN SOAP
Best for Baby Best for You

Our Puzzle Corner

Hidden Musical Instruments

1. He raises wheat, rye, oats, corn, etc.
2. This is sauce for either goose or gander.
3. He has a strap; I an old piece of rope.
4. A Turk wears a turban, John says.
5. Whiskey and rum ruin many men.
6. I do dislike to see a rich man doling out his pennies.
7. This is certainly real amethyst.
8. I put the wasp in netting and watched its notions.
9. Yes, Inez, it heralds the brighter day.
10. Sir, I will walk in the path or near it.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

Geographical Double Acrostic—Brighton, Hastings.

1 BeagH, 2 RondA, 3 IllinoiS, 4 GhenT, 5 HohaI, 6 TeheraN, 7 OldenburG, 8 NapleS.

MOTHERS PRAISE BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Mrs. L. M. Brown, Walton, N.S., says. —"I cannot recommend Baby's Own Tablets too highly. I have found them invaluable for the ailments of little ones." Mrs. Brown's testimony is the same as that of thousands of other mothers who have used the Tablets. To use them once is a sure guarantee that they will always be kept in the home as long as there are babies or young children to be cared for. The Tablets are a laxative—mild but thorough in action—wh'ch never fail to regulate the stomach and bowels; relieve constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make the dreaded teething period easy. In fact you banish all the minor ills from which little ones suffer. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont

A SISTER TO EVANGELINE

The Story of Yvonne de Lamourie

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

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SYNOPSIS

A young French soldier, Paul Grande, returning to his old home at Grand Pré, encounters a madman, "Grul", who shouts a warning to Acadia and then warns Paul that Yvonne de Lamouriee, whom Paul loves, is in danger. Continuing his journey, Paul meets an old woman reputed for her wizardry, Mother Pêche, who also warns him of Yvonne's danger, and after advising him, gives him a very rare stone, much prized for the many mysterious virtues the Indians attributed to it. Paul is warmly welcomed by Giles de Lamourie, Yvonne's father, but is quite overcome upon being introduced to an Englishman, who, he is told, is engaged to Yvonne.

"The Black Abbe," La Garne, an unscrupulous and unworthy supporter of the French king, appears on the scene accusing Giles of proposing to take the oath of allegiance to England which Giles affirms. La Garne warns him that his home will be destroyed before morning. Paul challenges him, but La Garne, upon learning that Paul has just come from Frenchmen of authority, leaves the matter in his hands and departs.

After his departure Paul explains his position and discusses the corruptness of Bigot's court. Upon Anderson's departure, Paul goes after him, and expressing his sincere liking for him, tells him that he, too, loves Yvonne. He warns Anderson that by fair means he intends to try for her hand. Admiring his honesty, Anderson graciously accepts Paul's challenge, feeling certain that he has Yvonne's love. At Yvonne's request, on his return to the house, Paul and Yvonne retire to the porch, where, in a most romantic atmosphere, he begins to tell her of the dreams which inspired him throughout his battles and lonely pilgrimages. In a moment of passion, he declares his love and she runs away from him. On the morrow she avoids a "tete-a-tete" and Paul is forced to inspect the de Lamourie grounds and orchard with Giles. He then sets out to find Father Lafard.

CHAPTER X.

A Grand Pré Morning

When I stepped off the wide grounds of Monsieur de Lamour'e I was at the extreme eastern end of the village. How little did I dream that this fairest of Acadian towns was lying even now beneath the shadow of doom! I am never superstitious in the morning. Little did I dream how near was the fulfilment of Grûl's grim prophecy, or how, in that fulfilment, Grand Pré was presently to fade like an exhalation from the face of this wide green Acadian land! It pleases me, since no mortal eye shall ever again see Grand Pré as she was, to find that now I recall with clear-edged memory the picture which she made that June morning. Not only do I see her, but I hear her pleasant sounds—the shallow rushing of the Gaspereau at ebb; the mooing of the cattle on the uplands; the mellow tangle of small bell-mus'c from the bobolinks a-hover over the dyke meadows; now and then a neighbor call from roadside to barn or porch or window; and ever the cheery cling-clank, cling-clank from the forge far up the street. Not only do I hear the pleasant sounds, but the clean smells of that fragrant country come back continually with wholesome reminiscence. Oh, how the apple-blossoms breathed their souls out upon that tender morning air! How the spring w'nd, soft with a vital moisture, persuaded forth the obscure essences of grass and sod and thicket! How good was the salty sea-tang from the uncovered flats, and the emptied channels, and the still-dripping lines of tide-mark sedge! There was a faint savor of tar, too, at intervals, evasively pungent; for some three furlongs distant, at the end of a lane which ran at right angles to the ma'n street, a little creek fell into the Gaspereau, and by the wharf at the creek-mouth were fishermen mending their boats for the shad-fishing.

Oh, that unjustly ignored member, the nose! How subtle and indestructible are its memories! They know the swiftest way to the sources of joy and tears. The eye, the ear, the nice nerves of the finger tip—these have no such sway over the mysteries of remembrance. They have never been quite so intimate, for a sweet smell duly apprehended becomes a part of the very brain and blood. I have a little cream-yellow kerchief of silk laid away in many folds of scentless paper. Sometimes I untie it and look at it. How well I remember it as once it clung about the fair hair of my young mother! I see myself, a thin, dark, grave-faced little boy, leaning against her knee and looking up with love into her face. The memory moves me—but as a picture. "Was it I?" I am able to wonder. "And did I, that dark boy, have a mother like that?" But when I bury my face in the kerch'ef, and inhale the faint savor it still wonderfully holds, I know, I feel it all. Once more I am in her arms, strained to her breast, my small face pressed close to her smooth neck where the tiny ripples of silken gold began; and smell the del'cate, intimate sweetness that seemed to be her very self; and my eyes run over with hot tears of longing for her k'ss. I have a skirt of hers, too, laid away, and an apron; but these do not so much move me, for as a child I spoiled them with weeping into them, I think. The kerchief was not then large enough to attract the childish vehemence of my sorrow, so it was spared, t'll by and by I came to know and guard the priceless talisman of memory which it held.

For some minutes I stood at the street-foot, looking down the river-bank to the wharf and the boats, steeping my brain in those pleasant smells of Grand Pré. Then I turned up the street. It was all as I had left it two years before, save that then the apple-trees were green like the willows by the marsh edge; while now they were wh'te and pink, a foam of bee-thronged sweetness surging close about the village roofs. The cottages on either side the street were low, and dazzling white with lime-wash from the Pizliquid quarries. Their wide-flar ng gables were presented with great regularity to the street. The roofs of the larger cottages were broken by narrow dormer windows; and all, large and small alike, were stained to a dark purplish-slate color with a wash which is made, I understand, by mixing the lime with a quantity of slaked hard-wood ash. The houses stood each with a little space before it, now neatly tilled and deeply tufted with young green, but presently to become a mass of color when the scarlet lychnis, blue larkspur, lavender, marigolds, and other summer-blooming plants should break into flower. Far up the street, at the point where a crossroad led out over the marshes to the low, dark-wooded ridge of the island, stood the forge; and as I drew nearer the warm, friendly breath of the fire purred under the anv'l's clinking. Back of the forge, along the brink of the open green levels, stood a grove of rounded willow-trees. Further on, a lane bordered with smaller cabins ran in a careless, winding fashion up the hillside; and a little way from the corner, dwarfing the roofs, loftily overpeering the most venerable apple-trees, and wearing a conscious air of benignant super-vision, rose the church of Grand Pré, somewhat squatly capacious in the body, but with a spire that soared very graciously. Just beyond, but hidden by the church, I could see in my mind's eye the curé's cottage. My footsteps hastened at the thought of Father Fafard and his greeting.

The men of the village were at that hour mostly away 'n the fields; but there were enough at home about belated barnyard business to halt me many times with their welcomes before I got to the forge. These greetings, in the main, had the old-time heartiness, making me feel my citizenship in Grand Pré. But there was much eager 'nterrogation as to the cause of my presence, and a something of suspicion, at times, in the acceptance of my simple answer, which puzzled and vexed me. It was borne in upon me that I was thought to be commissioned with great matters, and my frankness but a mask for grave and dubious affairs.

Outside the forge, when at last I came to it, stood waiting two horses, while another was inside being shod. The acrid smell of the searing iron upon the hoof awoke in my breast a throng of boyish memories, which, however, I had not time to note and discriminate between; for the owners of the two horses ha'ed and stopped me. They were men of the out-settlements, whom I knew but well enough to pass the weather with. Yet I saw it in their eyes that they had heard something of my arrival. Question hung upon their lips, I gave them no time for it, but with as little patience as cons'sted with civility I hastened into the forge and seized the hand of the smith, my old friend and my true friend, 'icole Brun.

"Master Paul!" he cr'ed, in a voice which meant a thousand welcomes; and stood grip'ng my fingers, and searching me with his eyes, while the iron in his other hand slowly faded from pink to purple.

"Well," I laughed presently, "there is one man in Grand Pré, I perceive, who 's merely glad to greet me home, and not too deeply troubled over the reasons for my coming."

"Hein! You've seen it and heard it already," said Nicole, releasing his fingers from his knotty grasp, and throwing back his thick shoulders with a s'gnifican't shrug. "Mother Pêche told me last night of your coming; and last night, too, the Black Abbé passed this way. The town is all of a buzz with reasons, this way and that. And some there be that are for you, but more that fear you, Master Paul."

"Fear me?" I asked, incredulous.

"Along of the Black Abbé and Vaurin!" answered Nicole, as if explaining everything.

"That Vaurin—curse him!" I exclaimed angrily. "But what say you, Nicole? I give you my word, as I have told every one, I come to Grand Pré on my own private business, and mix not at all with public matters."

"So?" sa'd he lifting his shaggy eyebrows in plain surprise. "But in any case it had been all the same to me. I'm a quiet man, and bide me here, taking no part but to forge an honest shoe for the beast of friend or foe; but I'm your man, Master Paul, through thick and thin, as my father was your father's. 'Tis a hard thing to decide, these days, what w'th Halifax and the English governor pulling one way, Quebec and the Black Abbé pulling the other, and his reverence's red devils up to Lord knows what! But I follow you, Master Paul, come what may! I'm ready."

I laid my hand laughingly on his shoulder, and thanked him.

"I believe you, my friend," sa'd I "And there's no man I trust more. But I've no lead to set you just now. Be true to France, in all openness, and lend no ear to treachery, is all I say. I am the king's man, heart and soul; but the English are a fair foe, and to be fought with fair weapons, say I, or not at all."

"Right you are, Master Paul," grunted Nicole in hearty approval. There was a triumphant grin on h's square and sooty face, which I marked with a passing wonder.

"And as for this Vaurin," I continued, "I spit on all such sneaking fire-in-the-night, throat-slitting, scalp-l fting rabble, who bring a good cause to bitter shame!"

I spoke with unwonted heat; for I was yet wroth at the commandant for his misuse of my ignorance, and smarting raw at the notion of being classed in with Vaur'n.

I observed that at my words Nicole's triumphant grin was shot across with a sort of apprehension and at the same moment I observed, too, a sturdy stranger, apparently the owner of the horse now being shod. He sat to the right of the forge fire, far back against the wall; but as I finished he sprang to his feet and came briskly forward.

"Blood of God," he snarled blasphemously, "but this is carrying the joke too far! You play your part a tr'fle too well, young man. Let me counsel you to keep a respectful tongue in your head when you speak of your betters."

"Faith, and I do that!" s'id I pleasantly, taking note of him with care. From his speech I read him to be a Gascon of the lower sort; while from his dress I judged that he played the gentleman adventurer. But I set him down for a hardy rogue.

"But from whom do I receive in such ill language such excellent good advice?" I went on.

"One who can enforce it!" he cried roughly, misled by my civil air. "I'm a friend of Captain Vaurin, whom I have the honor to serve. It seems to suit some purpose of yours just now to deny it, but you were with him yesterday, in counsel with him, a messenger from Colonel Vergor to him; and you came on here at h's orders."

"That is a lie!" said I very gently, smiling upon him. "The other rascal, Vergor, tricked me with his letter; and he shall pay for it!"

Thus given the lie, but so softly, the fellow uttered a choking gurgle betwixt astonishment and rage, and I calculated the chance of his rushing upon me without warning. He was, as I think I said, a very sturdy figure of a man, though not tall; and he gave sign of courage enough in his angry little eyes and jutting chin. A side glance at Nicole showed me that he was pleased with the turn of affa'rs, and had small love for the stranger. I caught at the doorway the faces of the two men from the out-settlements, with eyes and ears all agog.

The stranger gulped down his rage and set himself to ape my coolness.

"Whatever your business with my captain," said he, "we are here now as private gentlemen, and you must give me satisfaction. Be good enough to draw, monsieur."

Now, I was embarrassed and annoyed by this encounter, for I certainly could not fight one of Vaurin's crew, and I was in haste to see Father Fafard. I cursed my folly in having been led into such an unworthy altercation. How most quickly should I get out of it?

"I am a captain of the king's service," sa'd I abruptly, "and I cannot cross swords but with a gentleman."

The fellow spluttered in a fine fury, more or less assumed, I must believe. His oaths were of a sort which grated me, but having delivered himself of them he said:

"I too serve the king. And I too, I'd have you know, am a gentleman. None of your Canadian half-breed seigneurs, but a gentleman of Gascony. Out with your sword, or I spit you!"

"I'm very sorry," I answered smoothly, "that I cannot fight with one of Vaurin's cut-throats, for I perceive you to be a stout-hearted rascal who might give me a good bout. But as for the gentleman of Gascony, faith, my credulity will not stand so great a tax. From your accents, Monsieur, I could almost name the particular sty by the Bordeaux waterside which must claim the distinction of your b'rth."

As I had calculated, this insult brought it. My prod had struck the raw. With a choking curse the fellow sprang at me, naked handed, blind in his bull strength.

I dropped one foot to the rear, met and stopped the rush by planting my left fist in his face, then gave him my right under his jaw, with the full thrust of my body, from the foot up. It was a beaut'ful trick, learned of an English prisoner at Montreal, who had trained me all one winter in the fistic art of his countrymen. My impetuous antagonist went backward over the anvil, and seemed in small haste to pick himself up. The spectators gaped at the strange tactics; and Nicole, as I bade him good-bye, chuckled:

"There'll be trouble for this somewhere, Master Paul! Watch out sharp—and don't go 'round o' nights without taking me along. Le Fûret is not nicknamed 'The Ferret' for nothing!"

"All right, my friend," said I; "when I want a guard I'll send for you."

I went off toward Father Fafard's, pleased with the English captain who had taught me such a useful accompl'shment, and pleased, I confess, with Vaurin's minion for having afforded me such a fair chance to display it.

CHAPTER XI.

Father Fafard

The incident at the forge, as it seemed to me, was one to scatter effectually any rumors of my connection with Vaurin, and I congratulated myself most heartily upon it. It could not fail, I thought, to look well in Yvonne's eyes. It confirmed me in my resolve to go to Canard that afternoon, and perhaps to Pereau, getting my uncle's business off my hands, and not returning to De Lamourie Place till I might be sure that the circumstances had been heard and well digested there. Having this course settled in my mind, I passed the church, entered the gate between its flowering lilac-bushes, and hastened up the narrow path to Father Fafard's door. Ere I could reach it the good priest stood upon his threshold to greet me, both hands out, his kind grey eyes half closed by the crowding smiles that creased his round and ruddy face.

"My boy!" he sa'd. "I have looked for you all the morning. Why didn't you come to me last night?"

His voice, big, yet low and soft, had ever quaintly reminded me of a ripe apple in its mellow firmness.

Both hands in his, I answered, bantering him:

"But, father, the church gave me work to do last n'ght. Could I neglect that? I had to see that the Reverend Father La Garne did not turn aside from his sacred ministrations to burn down the houses of my friends."

The kind face grew grave and stern.

"I know! I know!" he said. "This land of Acadie is in an evil case. But come, let us eat, and talk afterwards. I have waited for you far past my hour."

He turned into his little dining-room, a very plainly furnished closet off the kitchen.

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING TO MAKE

Leaves Waxed on Branches

If you are clever with your hands, you can wax the autumn leaves on branches so as to keep their lovely gold, crimson and brown until spring. Run an iron that is not too hot lightly over beeswax. Then iron each leaf, holding the branch so that the leaf lies flat on several thicknesses of newspaper spread on the ironing board. The glossy wax keeps them from dry'ng and seems even to brighten and deepen their coloring.

Put a spray of these lovely waxed leaves in a tall, straight, plain, white, green, or brown vase on your table or desk. They will transform your room with color.

Cut long, narrow strips of plain wall paper of a neutral tint; tan, grey, or green. On these fasten waxed leaves with glue in an artistic irregular way, large ones alternating with small ones. Tiny ivy leaves are particularly attractive. Lay the strips under a heavy weight until the glue is completely dry. Then make a border for your room by fastening the strips to the wall with thumb tacks.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

It wouldn't be as hard as the last one—nothing, no Thanksgiving Day, if she lived fifty more of them, could be as hard as that last one. Their first grim attempt to be thankful without Spirity Nan.

"Grim"—that word had fitted Father so perfectly. Sarah Case remembered all the faces at that Thanksgiv'ng table, and they had every one been sober, and Father's had been grim. He had carved the turkey grimly—grimly piled the plates with it and with the gravy and "stuffin'" that the absent one loved. They had all of them—the guests and the other children and she herself—made such attempts to be happy! To laugh! Oh, this Thanksgiving, this second one, could not be as hard as that!

"Thanksgiving" and little Sp'rity Nan had really been the same thing for nineteen years—they had been so thankful, had thanksgiven so for her! All her dear, gay "spirity" years. The funny little name—Spirity Nan—had somehow fastened to her even before she could walk alone—the spiritedness of her even as a baby!

Her mother, Sarah Case, was thinking of all this as she rolled out her Thanksgiving pie-crust. Her sweet, plump face was very serious. Where was Spirity Nan now—where was that child? What had been happening to her all the fifteen months since she slipped away from the old home and took the sunshine with her? The rolling-pin suddenly ceased its rolling while Sarah Case read once more, printed deep into the fibre of her soul, Sp'rity Nan's poor little pin-cushion note.

"I had to cleave to Billy. You'll know—you clove Mother, to Father, when you and he loved each other. You'll know I had to cleave, dear. After Father turned Billy down, what else could I do? I couldn't turn Billy down. So I've—I've cloven!" The pathos of that brave little attempt at humor, that little exclamation point! "Mother, Billy is dear. Don't worry about your Spirity Nan with Billy taking care of her. And don't quite forget your Spirity Nan, Honest, dear, I'll be close to you just the same—the 'Spirity' part of me. Doing the chores every morning, with my old blue-checked apron tied round my—my spirit! And we racing to see which will get done first, just the same. Won't you feel me, Mother? Don't ask Father to forgive me, for I don't want to be forgiven till B'lly is. Billy is dear."

Slowly the rolling-pin began again. Mother's eyes were full of tears, but tears too deep for shedding. Mother's tender eyes were their abiding-place. Yes, Billy was dear; but so was Father dear. She clung always to that; she had never let go of it a moment. If Father (who was dear) had inherited a quarrel two generations old and could not disinher t it; if to him this Billy, descendant of the quarrel, was so imbued with it and smirched because of it that he was totally unfit to belong to beloved little Spirity Nan—oh, if all this was so heartbreakingly so, was Mother, who belonged close at this mistaken and stubborn (and dear) Father's side, to step away from it? Mother, who for twenty-five years had "clove" to Father!

Suddenly the roll'ng-pin began to move vigorously across the white sheet of dough. Suddenly Mother stood particularly straight and prim. She was cleaving to Father.

"They are dear—the children." She thought of them as the children. "And my heart is lonesome for 'em, terribly lonesome, but Father—is dear." She would stop thinking about quarrels that descended unto the third and fourth generations, and go to thinking about mincemeat and chestnut stuffing for Thanksgiving turkeys. There was safety in mince pies and stuffing.

Not for worlds would Mother have countenanced any secret meetings with her girl; not for worlds would her girl have countenanced them. So there had been no meet'ngs. For fifteen months no meetings. Not even letters except what Spirity Nan called "polite" ones and what sort of intercourse is that between a mother and her g'rl—polite intercourse!

"Dear Spirity Nan: The haying is nearly done. One cutting more will finish it. Old Cream Pot has come in fresh and we are making butter to sell now. The hens are laying."

"Dear Mother: I have papered the sitting-room—buff with vines. I have found out Billy doesn't like carrots in the pot-roast so no c's in the p. r. The 'Five and Ten' store had a bargain day and evaporated milk was only ten cents—"

Intercourse like that as "polite" as pie! Mother's thoughts (back again, in spite of her) made a wry face. And evaporated milk! When Old Cream Pot was giving fifteen quarts!

When Mother's hunger and thirst for an—an impolite letter got unbearable, she had recourse again to the little pin-cushion letter of Spirity Nan's. That letter was wearing out.

The "married children" (as if B'lly and Spirity Nan weren't married children, too!) were all coming home for Thanksgiving, as they had come last year. "To help the day out for poor Mother," they said. There was married John and there was married Jess—four of them, for there were no "married" babies. Mother had the rooms all ready and was making the p'es now. She had resolutely set for herself the task of helping the day out for poor John and Jess. She had done something else, but Mother—something "foolish" enough. She had practised smiling for the married children when they came. In front of her seamy, twisty mirror up in her room—oh, foolish (and dear) Mother! And the valiant little practised sm'les in the glass had been no seamier and twisteder than Mother's torn old heart, twisted toward her little girl and twisted back, always twisted back, toward Father, who was dear.

The married children were not coming until Thanksgiving morning. This was the day before Thanksgiving. Mother made her m'nce pies and her squash pies—and a saucer-pie. Almost involuntarily she made this little pie. If after she had tucked it into Spirity Nan's little old saucer-pie plate she had inscribed "In Memoriam" upon its plump little roof (Spirity Nan's word, that had been), it would scarcely have been strange. For it was Spirity Nan's little saucer-pie. Mother seemed to "come to" just as she was putting it into the oven. She gave a little low cry and snatched it back again. Why had she made it—oh, foolish and dear Mother! She slid it on to a shelf in the china closet, out of sight, a mournful little unclaimed pie.

After her baking she made a last round of all her immaculate rooms, and twitched some of the chairs about at different angles, moved the parlor lamp over to the right end of the table and then moved it back to the left, re-arranged and re-ordered in a fervor of unease. She would have re-swept and dusted if there had been t'me; anything to be doing. Mother shrank from sitting, just sitting. The mere act of folding her tired arms entailed remembering; she had made up her mind not to remember. By and by she went upstairs and changed her dress for Father. He would come in soon from his woodpile down the lane. As she dressed what did she do but remember!—here, standing up, not sitt'ng at all, not folding her arms! And what was this she was remembering but the funny little way the baby Spirity Nan had cried! Funny little syllables—"War-woo! war-woo!" She could hear them this minute—hark!

"War-woo! war-woo-oo!"

She caught her breath and listened. Her lips trembled, and at last the tears in the soft depths of Mother's eyes broke out and ran down the little hills of her cheeks. It was the l'ttle sound that had always sent her run'ng on swift answering feet.

Queer how plain and real it seemed! Under her window, on the shady little piazza where Spirity Nan's cradle had stood, on summer days—the funny little importunate cry seemed to come up to her from there. After nineteen—twenty—years, Mother—foolish Mother—ran to answer it.

Father was there before her, on the piazza. H's face, Mother saw even before she got there herself, was white but curiously—curiously shiny. Then she got there herself and found him looking down at Spirity Nan, in a soft woolly little coat and baby bonnet, lying in a clothes-basket—in her own clothes-basket that she had left out underneath her clothes-line. Father, with the curious shining in his startled old face, stood looking down. Spirity Nan was no longer crying her funny little cry—"War-woo! war-woo!"—but lying there gazing interestedly upward a long way. It was just like that baby—just like Spirity Nan—to be instantly interested—but oh, it wasn't Spirity Nan! The nineteen years that kept it from being swept over Mother remindingly. Her dream was over.

This was not her baby of long ago—yet it was, too! Big blue eyes, cleft little chin—Spirity Nan's little chin and big blue eyes!

Slowly Father extended a folded paper.

"I haven't got my read'ng specs," he said. "It was pinned on."

And Mother read: "Dear Father, don't throw him away till you've seen his little darling tooth downstairs. Feel it, Father—put your finger in. Can't he bite! Poke his little tummy just a weeny poke, and see him laugh, Father, and take off a little sock qu'ck, and look at his toes! Then—then through your reading glass look at the toppest top of his head—hair, Father! Curly! —Now can you throw him away? He's got you now by the strings of your heart. Can't he pull! His little name is your name, so he came to Thanksgiving dinner with you. Only he'll take his white meat and 'stuffing' out of a bottle, Grandfather. If you decide to keep him, ask Mother to hang the old red table-cloth in the kitchen window as a sign. It used to be my sign. We'll be looking—if we don't 'see red' we'll go quietly off to our dinner at the inn. Mother will know how much—white meat and gravy to put in his bottle! Trust Mother—I mean Grandmother.

Signed: His Father and his Mother.

P. S.—I forgot—look at the funny-cunny way he tucks his thumbs between h's first two little fingers!—that's Billy, not me. Billy is dear, Father.

P. S. Number Two.—We'll call for him after dinner. Creep up and get him out of the basket. If he dares not to be good after all I whispered into his little pink ear!—that I whispered into one and B'lly into the other."

There was another sentence at the very end, but it had been hastily erased. It had been a very short sentence indeed, and Mother—trust Mother—knew that it had been "Billy is dear."

Mother was frankly sobbing now. With a hungry l'ttle swoop she descended upon the basket and the baby. But Father had got there first. He had the small soft heap in his arms already. Mother saw his face.

"Wa't—wait!" she cried. "Don't stir till I get back—I know exactly where it is!" And she was off, running like a girl. She came back with the old red table-cloth in her hand. She draped the baby in it, sobbing out little love-names as she did it. Father would understand—she would give him a little push. Somewhere down the walk, down the road, were Billy and Spirity Nan, waiting to see red.

But Father needed no pushing. Waving h's lively little red flag of surrender, he went swiftly away down the walk. No, no! She would not cry and shut out that beautiful view! She must see what happened at the end of the path.

But the "view" hid itself in the mist of her tears. Mother was only dimly conscious of figures moving in the mist—coming toward Father, Father's figure going toward them. One of the figures ran with little leaps as Spirity Nan used to run.

Then Mother ran. Into the house, through the cleared-up rooms, straight to the shelf in her closet where she had banished the little pie. She laughed tremulously as she ran. The little saucer-pie had not been in vain! Inspiration must have prompted it. Though her grandson might not be able to drink it out of his bottle, it was his little pie—a symbol of what grandmothers meant to grandsons!

"Grandson!" murmured Mother softly. She wanted to feel the word on her tongue, to hear it there. And suddenly thanksgiving flooded Mother's soul. Curiously it was not her grandson, not Spirity Nan, she felt the need of at that moment of delight. It was Father she wanted, for Father was dear.—Sunday School Times.



HON. T. A. BURROWS

Newly appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. He is a real pioneer of the West, having first landed in Winnipeg in 1875 as a boy of 18, and most of his life has been identified with the lumber business. For 12 years he represented the constituency of Dauphin in the Manitoba Legislature, and in 1904 was elected to the Dominion Parliament but retired after one term.

RUSSIA EXPELS Y.M.C.A.

Expulsion of H. D. Anderson, an American Y.M.C.A. secretary directing physical education in Russia, and confiscation of his property, is interpreted, in an announcement by the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association, as "complete expulsion of the Y.M.C.A. from Russia."

A NEW OMELETTE

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As you react to the advertisers in the Witness and Homestead they will react favorably toward your paper—yielding it larger revenues on which to increase its efficiency in your service and that of your country. And always, in writing or talking to any of these advertisers, mention that you saw the advertisement in the WITNESS AND HOMESTEAD. It will help you, help them, and help your paper.

LOVE LETTERS

"Since The Fenian Raid."

P. E. I., Oct. 15, 1916.

Dear Sirs:—Our much esteemed Witness has been coming to this house ever since The Fenian Raid. My father took it then, and now he is gone, and I always intend to take it. Wishing you much success with your valuable paper that stands for everything that is right. I am, as ever, your friend,

MRS. EDWARD MacCALLUM

(167-12)

"For the Cause"

Ont., Oct. 21, 1926.

Dear Sirs:—We can't do without the Witness these days when so much is at stake on the temperance question in Ont. May the Lord spare you long to fight the good fight. Am only sorry I cannot send some new names. Yours for the cause,

(169-15) M. E. K.

"Influence for Good"

Sask., Oct. 20, 1926.

Dear Sirs:—We have taken the Witness in our home as long as I can remember and have grown to love it, it is one paper we could not do without. Trusting that it may long cntinue to exert an influence for good as it has done in the past. Yours very sincerely,

(Mrs.) MARGARET MORRISON.

(171-4)

"Would Not Be Without It"

Ont., Oct. 25, '26.

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed please find $2.00 to pay my subscription for one year. We enjoy your paper very much and would not like to be without it. Wishing you even greater success in future. Yours truly,

(175-16) (Mrs.) E. W. GARNER.

"When Age Increases"

Sask., Oct. 22, '26.

Dear Witness:—It must be now over thirty-four years since I commenced to subscribe for the Witness and I would not like to miss it at the date when age increases and other newspapers and periodicals are competing; so the Witness already subscribed to the end of this year and the World Wide may come together if that is to your advantage.

(173-11) JAS. W. AUSTIN.

Co-operation

Alta., Oct. 18th, 1926.

Dear Sirs:—As an old and very appreciative subscriber to World Wide it affords me great pleasure to present your offer to some friends, in the hope that they may, by my introduction, become permanent subscribers for years to come.

(169-25) A. F. GARLAND.

A Missionary Friend "Till Death."

B. C., Oct. 20, 1926.

Dear Sirs:—I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper for over 35 years, and I do not intend to drop it till death, so you need not send me circulars about discontinuing it if I should be a few weeks late in forwarding my subscription. I enclose $4.25 for your great Family Club of all three (Witness, World Wide and Messenger). I expect to return for a few months to Trinidad, where I spent 28 years of my life as a Foreign Missionary to the East Indians. I will send you notice in due time of change of address. Wishing you His blessing in your great work.

(172-20) S. A. FRASER.

Note:—But if our old friend does get a reminder, he will realize it is due to extra friendship and not to misgivings of his good intentions.

"Do Not Wish to Miss a Number"

Alta., Oct. 18, '26.

Dear Sir:—Your notice that my subscription had expired received. Have been so busy that I overlooked it. We certainly do not wish to miss a number of your paper so am sending P. Order herewith.

(168-10) J. H. DAVIDSON.

"A Voice from the Frontier"

Church House, Fort Vermilion,
Via Peace River, Alta.,
Oct. 8th, 1926.

Dear Sirs:—I enclose cheque for $6.40 with exchange for two renewals and one new subscription to World Wide and for the Witness October to February. I am more than pleased with World Wide.

(Rev.) W. EDWARD HARRISON.

(171-10)



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MIND BODY | **BOYS' PAGE** | SOUL SERVICE

Warns Athletes Against Alcohol

Famous Sprinter Writes for Boys---

Rev. W. W. Beveridge, T. D.

(Mr. Beveridge was once 100 yds., 220 yds., and 400 yds. Amateur Champion of Scotland. As a footballer, he thrice won his International Cap, playing against England and Wales.)

Fondness for athletic games is a ch r-acteristic of our times. Young men are ambitious to excel in manly sports. They desire to be "fit," to step on the field sound in wind and limb, tingling with health to the finger-tips, strength in their arms, the bloom upon their cheeks, and music in their tone. They wish to attain the acme of physical perfection. This they cannot do if they indulge in stro g drink.

I have known men endowed with rare natural athletic powers who failed as athletes because they took alcohol. I recall the case of one, who came upon the running track with a high reputation for speed. He was a competitor with myself and others in a sprint race for a championship cup. His physical condition was such as to lead me to fear he might prove the winner. As I shook hands with him before the start, I felt from his breath that he had been priming himself for the contest with a nip of brandy. At once I felt sure that, whoever won, he would not. I was not mistaken. Instead of being first in the race he was amongst the last and the coveted trophy became the property of one who never drank a drop of spirits in his life—a fact to which he attributed, and continues to attribute much of his success as an athlete.

St. Paul, referring to the athletic sports of his time, said: "Every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things." The athletes of those days recognized that they could not be victorious if they indulged in strong drink, and so, in their training abstinence was the rule. That which was true of the athletes of the times of the Apostle is true of the successful athletes of today. Those who strive victoriously in the game practice abstinence. This is an axiom of athletic training. No one who has any knowledge of athletics will venture to question it.

All trainers who understand their business, and all athletes who are determined to excel, ban every intoxicant. The trainers of sixty years ago were accustomed to make sparing use of liquor, believing it gave strength. But now, it is recogn'zed that the idea that alcohol is strengthening, is a tradition from the times of ignorance. It strengthens the man no more than the spur strengthens the horse. Science has exploded the notion that alcohol is a food and builds up strength.

Athletes have discovered this by experience. They have found that alcohol has no power whatever to give muscular force, stamina, or wind, uses up the muscular force, and robs the man of his staying power. It harms his precision, decision, presence of mind, and all the mental qualities on which he relies for success; for the athlete depends for victory as much on the condition of his brain as on the condition of his body. Hence, trainers forbid it when getting their men "fit"; and those who enter upon the strict course of training, by which alone they can hope to achieve their best as athletes, are for the time being absta'ners. A century ago many an English squire would spend a day in the saddle and a night under the table, but he could not have run a mile in five minutes to save his life.

An athlete cannot use alcohol and be in good form on the cinder path, at the wickets, or between the goals. Drinking is inevitably followed by physical deterioration. Many years ago, there stood begging on my doorstep, one who had played in the same football team with me when I was a boy, and had given promise of being one of the most brilliant half-backs in Scotland, but he acquired a liking for liquor. His playing at once fell off. Soon he lost his place in the team. In time, he disappeared from the football field. I lost sight of him until that day, when he stood a beggar at my door; and as I looked on his bleared eyes, his trembling limbs and wrecked physique, and heard him call me by the old familiar name of my boyhood, and speak of the days when we played side by side, there were thoughts in me that were deep enough for tears.

The achievements of the greatest athletes have been performed under abstinence conditions. Samson, the strongest of men, was a Nazarite, a total abstainer. The great records in running, rowing and swimming, have been made, and the great cricket and football triumphs have been gained, by observing the law of training which requires abstinence from alcoholic drink. Walker, who trained Captain Matthew Webb for his famous swimming feats, has recorded that, when Webb succeeded in swimming the English Channel, he was an abstainer; but that when he lost his life in attempting to swim Niagara, he had given way to intemperance. The most illustrious cricketer of the past, Dr. W. G. Grace, declared: "Beer is bad for cricket." Jack Hobbs, the super-eminent batsman of the present day, who has cast all previous batting records into the shade, says: "I am a total abstainer."

Eric Liddell, the Olympic hero, has proved himself the finest quarter-miler ever seen upon the track, breaking the world's record. Referring to his training, he writes: "I have never found any use for either smoking or drinking, and feel that neither would do me any good. I am teetotal; my father and mother were teetotal; grandfather and grandmother on both sides were also teetotal."

Belonging to the third generation of a stock unimpaired by alcohol, the famed runner is an illustration of the athletic pre-eminence that comes of inherited and personal total abstinence.

I might quote the foremost athletes in every department of manly sport; the'r testimony is the same, "Leave liquor alone." One who stands in the front rank as a footballer says: "Alcohol is a thing no athlete should know anything about, except that it is the most injurious thing that can pass his lips." Knowing that liquor is fatal to football form, the directors of every club of repute firmly insist on their players not touching it while in training.

I have, indeed, known a celebrated walker, champion of England, who used whisky; but he did not pour the liquor down his throat; he poured it into his socks. For, while whisky, used internally, softens the man, applied externally, it hardens the feet.

The experience of the athlete in the sphere of prize competition is also the experience of the soldier on the march. I served with the troops at Ypres and on the Somme. The forced marches were terribly trying. Mile after mile the men slogged wearily on through the mud, their feet blistered, their backs aching with the heavy packs. The first to fall out, dead beat, were not the young lads or the old men, but the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as though they had been ticketed with the letter "D" on their backs.

Sir Frederick Treves the most brilliant surgeon of his time said: "A young man cannot possibly be fit if he takes alcohol.

That any one, young or healthy, should want alcohol is simply preposterous. He might just as well want strychnine. Thus the argument for the young man is—You want to be a man, and you want to be fit. You cannot get fit on alcohol."

Young men, will you not abandon the use of strong drink that you may be fit? Or shall I put the argument on higher ground? There is no virtue which our Saviour commended more highly than the virtue of self-denial, and no sin which He condemned more strongly than the sin of self-indulgence. If you do not feel constrained to give up the use of alcohol for the sake of your own health and strength and physical manhood, will you not give it up for the sake of others who are influenced by your example? Will you not deny yourself a pleasant gratification for the sa'e of your weak brethren to whom drink spells destruction? Could there be an instance in which one might better sacrifice his self-gratification on the altar of Christian love and say in the spirit of the Apostle: "If drink make my brother stumble, I will drink no wine while the world standeth."—The Record.

BOYS LETTERS

AN INVITATION

Editor Boys Page,
'Montreal Witness,'
Sir:

Your leading article on the Boys Page last week has 'woke me up' once more.

It is six months or more since I wrote you re the "Maritime Rights." I enclose a little article with my views on one point in the Immigration Question. I hope it will be acceptable to you. (My employer, Mr. A. A. Henry, has subscribed for 54 years.) I am on a large farm some twenty miles from Moncton, N. B., and enjoy the life fine. However, I do not intend to take up farming as a career, but hope one day to be a Salvation Army Officer. I am particularly interested in the cause of Missions.

Where are all the boys who came out on the Montrose, Mar. 6th 1925.?

I saw a letter from our old friend 'Blackie'—William Blackhirst, last March, but that was the only one of them all. Lets hear from some of you, either personally, or to the Witness. Don't let one or two do all the "gabbing" on the boys page. Lets all chip in—"Little Bits and often" is the Editor's idea, I believe.

Best wishes to Editor and all old friends.

Yours sincerely,
G. Stanley Newman.

N. B., Oct. 24, 1926.

Note: Salvation Army boys wishing to write old acquaintances, as suggested above, may learn addresses from Salvation Army Headquarters.

LONE SCOUTS ATTENTION

Editor Boys Page.
Sir:

This is the first time I have had the pleasure of writing to you.

I have been out in this country about six months, fresh from London, England. And while looking at your paper today, I notice that Mr. C. Malcolm Lapointe and H. Carleton Dair are Lone Scouts.

Now, I should very much like to become a scout but know nothing about the way to become one. So could you advise me either in the boys page in your paper, or by letter.

I am seventeen years of age, and am about 5 feet 8 inches in height, and weigh about 130 lbs.

Hoping you can do something for me. I will close, wishing your paper every possible success.

I remain,
Yours truly,
Bernard E. Boom.

Those wishing to become Lone Scouts should write C. Malcolm Lapointe, Box 43, New Liskeard, Ont., for information. —Ed.

Canada---Land of Opportunity

(By a British Born Canadian Lad, G. Stanley Newman.)

How true it is that it takes a stranger to appreciate the possibilities in anything, which seem to be invisible to the native. That Young Canada should flock to the United States as it is doing from the Maritime provinces, does not impress an immigrant very favorably. Either there is something wrong with Canada as it is today, or perhaps (as is more than likely) the fault lies with the Canadians themselves.

What benefit does Canada reap by bringing in immigrants, a large percentage of whom know nothing of farming, when she loses her experienced farmers as fast as immigrants are coming in, if not more so?

The English farm-laborer, the ideal immigrant, forms only a small fraction of those who enter this country—Why? Surely, if the wonderful possibilities of this new land of yours were fully represented to him, for instance if he was told how soon it would be possible for him to own a farm of his own, a state of affairs highly improbable under the present conditions of Old Country life. The 'hired man' in England has (on the whole) a mighty poor time of it. He has a hard struggle to make his family—which is generally a large one—comfortable, on the miserable pittance paid to the laborer today. Would not his ambition be fired by the description of Canadian farm life? Do your Emigration Officers seek out this class of Emigrant? And do they tour the villages? They may, but I never heard of them outside the larger towns. They certainly do paint alluring pictures of this country, but, in my opinion, they do not spend enough time' painting' them for the education of the class of people who would be most attracted by them. Surely, if they did, would it not be a case of "mutual benefit."

I have now been in Canada some 19 months, and am fully satisfied that Canada is all she is made out to be—at least the possibilities are there. Your citizens are more 'free and easy' lacking the class distinction which is so pronounced in Britain. One meets potential friends everywhere. It is a wonderful encouragement to a new-comer, when he is made to feel at home. Especially is this the case with young people, away from home for perhaps the first time. A friendly word, and a shake of the hand go a long way towards balancing the heavy load of depression on a boys' heart, when he has torn himself away from all he loves best in life, and come to the"Great Unknown" of this wonderful Dominion, with such great hopes, and, (who knows) perhaps a little fear?

Here's wishing Canada a great increase in Immigration and a greater decrease in Emigration.

KEEPING IN CONDITION

(By H. H. Moore.)

In a recent issue we noted that this book could be obtained from the United Church Publishing House, Toronto, for 20 cents. The price quoted should have been 90 cents.

The Boys' Editor Says

All boys will be interested in Stanley Newman's article on Canadians and immigration. But boys are not the only ones who will be interested. The Hon. Robert Forke, new Minister of Immigration reads the Witness regularly. Who knows but what he might get a useful idea from a boys' letter which might help all Canada. In Stanley Newman's vicinity there are evidently signs of the continued Canadian emigration to the United States. The writer will be glad to know that this exodus has stopped in other sections. That reminds us that the report of the commission appointed to find out what was wrong with the Maritimes, will be issued in a few weeks. We all hope that many more boys in the Maritime provinces will write about such subjects.

Smoke and flames began to issue from the top windows of a house. A man ran over to it and rang the bell, and a woman who was rather deaf opened the door.

"Madam, your house is on fire," said the man.

"What did you say?"

"Your house is on fire!"

"What's that? House on fire? Oh, is that all?"

"Well," said the man, "It's all I can think of at the moment."

There is no need to purchase a patent lock to protect a good character from loss.

It is a lot easier to be patient with another's pain than with our own.

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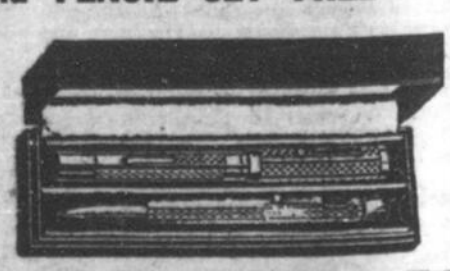
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THANKSGIVING

"Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms."—Psalm 95:2.

To Thee, O God, our songs of praise,
With grateful love ascend;
With thankful hearts our voices raise,
In humble prayer we bend.
For benedictions undeserved,
Which Thou hast given day by day,
Though we from paths of duty swerved—
Accept our gratitude, we pray.

We thank Thee for Thy Holy Word,
The blessed Book, of sacred Truth;
The gracious precepts we have heard,
To guard and guide in age and youth,
A lamp, along our upward way,
A beacon light to show the road,
So that our feet may never stray,
Till we have reached our blest abode.

We thank Thee for Thy tender Hand,
Which leads us through the changeful years;
For faith in Thee, at Thy command,
Which calms our causeless fears,
And for that great all-seeing eye
"That slumbers not, nor sleeps";
Our faithful guardian, ever nigh,
Sustains, protects, and keeps.

And for our true and changeless Friend,
Unfailing Counsellor and Guide,
To comfort, shield, and to defend,
A living Presence by our side.
For unseen perils safely passed,
With ceaseless bounties, raiment, food;
Thy loving arms around us cast—
Accept our fervent gratitude.

And though unworthy of Thy care,
Thou hast our lives preserved;
New blessings still Thou dost prepare,
With mercies yet reserved.
We view the star-besprinkled sky,
Which arches heaven's dome;
With boundless regions up on high,
The place that we call home.

The gold and crimson of the dawn,
And sunset clouds of amber hue;
The discord of our life is gone,
Like the afterglow of the dew.
And then our hearts are filled with praise,
This blissful truth we surely know,
That just and right are all Thy ways—
Our souls with love o'erflow.

Beebe, Que. —(Mrs.) H. E. Quinn.

We must put work into our wishes if we expect to reach success.

Happiness is like your own shadow—try to grasp it and it vanished away.

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

Editor: "Did you write this unaided?"
Young Poet: "I did, I wrote every line of it."

Editor: "Then, I'm very glad to meet you, Lord Byron, but I was under the impression that you died some years ago."



Lady: "Yes, but we get hot water from both taps."
Plumber: "Ah, but 'ave you tried 'em when the fire's out?"
—The Passing Show.

"I've been a good girl all day, mamma! Please may I go to bed without listening to the Bed-time story on the radio?"

Suitor: "This ring I offer you is a symbol of the love I bear for you. It has no end!"

Damsel: "It is also a symbol of the love I bear for you—it has no beginning."

Little Mary's grandmother had an old-fashioned way of measuring a yard by holding one end of the goods to her nose and then stretching the piece at arm's length.

One day Mary found a piece of ribbon. Carrying it to her grandmother, she requested gravely:

"Grandma, smell this, and see how long it is."

A Yorkshire boy aged fifteen is 6 feet 11 inches in height and is said to be still growing. Later on he may attempt to wade the Channel.

White had been pacing the station platform for twenty minutes. Rather hot under the collar, he went back to the ticket window.

"I thought you said the noon local was on time today," he roared at the station-master's youthful assistant.

"Wal, she were," replied the latter. "Went through here right on the dot, 'bout three minutes afore you come in an' ast me."

Oh ,I worry over this thing and I worry over that; but I notice when the atmosphere has cleared, that the bad luck I had looked for didn't come and knock me flat, and I didn't have the trouble that I feared.

Oh, I like to start the morning with an apprehensive sigh, for I find a bit of worry to my taste, but I cannot help a-thinking as the years go speeding by that an awful lot of worry goes to waste.

BANK WITH "YE OLDE LEATHER BOTTELL"

The bank in which Samuel Pepys kept an account—which was overdrawn when he died—celebrated its 250th anniversary in January, 1923. It is one of the three oldest banks in London, and goes by the name of Messrs. Hoare & Company. Since the beginning it has been ruled by the Hoare family, eldest son succeeding eldest son as head of the firm.

Time has not changed many of the customs begun by the founders. To this day a member of the house of Hoare sleeps every night in one of the quiet bedrooms overlooking a peaceful garden in the rear of the banking house, which is in Fleet Street. Every morning at nine o'clock he unlocks the big front door with a huge key. This tradition began in the seventeenth century. In those days coaches could not be depended upon to get one down to business on time, so one of the partners was assigned to sleep at the bank.

In the old days a leather blackjack hung outside the door, the bank being at the sign of "Ye Olde Leather Bottell." The blackjack is still a part of the bank, and so is a fine old Georgian stove; also a stock of quill pens. Adding machines have not noised their way into the business.

In the rear is a parlor said to have been built on the site of Dr. Johnson's Mitre Tavern. Under the carpet is a hole through which wine barrels used to be lowered into the vaults, now piled with deeds and plate boxes.

A staircase leads to handsome family apartments, where every day the partners still lunch around a gleaming mahogany table, using an old sand sprinkler for a pepper pot. A wafer holder serves as a mustard jar. The chairs about the table were made by Chippendale especially for the room and around the walls hang portraits of the generations of eldest sons who have ruled the bank.

Pepys's account is to be seen in the earlier of the surviving ledgers. It records that he deposited £200 in 1680—long after the diary stops. Pepys soon overdrew the account by £13, and it was never thereafter balanced.—New York Evening Post.



Cuticura Soap Refreshes And Beautifies

The skin and hair. Regular use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment when required, invigorates and preserves the skin and keeps the scalp in a healthy, hair-growing condition. Nothing better for keeping the skin fresh and clear and the hair live and glossy.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Stenhouse, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

NEW HAIR GROWTH
Kotalko Did It



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Miss Verdie Bolt's hair was coming out by the combful. She feared losing it completely. Then she used **Kotalko** and developed a beautiful new hair growth.

Mr. Ashton had been entirely bald before using Kotalko. Now he has a full growth of hair.

See their photographs above—taken after having used Kotalko.

Legions of others, men and women have also sent pictures, and voluntarily stated that Kotalko has stopped falling hair, removed dandruff, and that they have found Kotalko to be a *True Hair Grower.*

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, you may buy a full size box of Kotalko at the drug store. Or write, or send coupon below for

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Full Address.....

.....

Jones: "So your friend died in abject poverty?"

Smith: "Yes, quite penniless. You see, he lost his health trying to get wealthy; then lost his wealth trying to get healthy."

"Out in the country where I spent my vacation, they gave me one of those three-season beds."

"Never heard of them."

"No spring!"

"Why are the henhouses whitewashed?"

"To keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood."

Said the guest, upon approaching his host's home in the country: "Ah, there are some of your family on the balcony. I suppose that girl in the short dress is your daughter, the young man in riding breeches is your son, and the woman in the tea gown is your charming wife?"

Said his host: "No, you are wrong. The girl in the short dress is my mother, the young fellow in riding breeches is my wife, and the woman in the tea gown is my 12 year old daughter, who likes to dress up in her grandmother's old dresses."



If I Only Had the Strength

HOUSEWORK is not drudgery to the woman who is strong and well. She takes a pride in keeping the home spick and span and giving it the artistic touches which make home attractive.

But when strength fails and you feel tired and worried there seems no end to disagreeable work. You seem to never catch up and everything goes wrong.

Wishes do not restore a wornout nervous system but Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does. By using this great restorative regularly you can soon regain health and vigor and take hold of the household duties with a master hand.

Nervous headaches, sleeplessness, indigestion and all the discouraging symptoms of exhausted nerves disappear because you have restored the nerve force to the body. You can get well and keep well by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Use it when you feel tired, nervous and irritable and you will soon realize why Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most popular of Nerve restoratives. 60 cts. a box, all dealers or The Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto 2, Can.



RADIO PASSES "GUESS" STAGE

Recent shows make it evident that radio has passed the "guess" stage, the period when cabinet sets were experiments. The radio receivers on display are beautiful examples of modern electrical, mechanical and artistic design, combined in an unusual and pleasing ensemble. Who would look for a powerful distance-getting receiver, with its eliminator devices and aerial system concealed in a fifteenth century Gothic cabinet, or in a Renaissance coffer? Radio has become a musical instrument.

Gone are the "plexes" and the "dynes" which were the sensation of previous years. Generally speaking, the circuits are well defined as to favorites. Tuned radio frequency of the balances and neutralized type hold the centre, and audio circuits of marvelous and unbelievable volume and equality of tone supplement them. That means that better speakers are available, and engineers almost blame that instrument for all of the receiver improvement which has followed.

Charles Peterson, well-known acoustical engineer, has discovered that the tone quality of the average cone-type speaker may be considerably improved by simply mounting it on a hole in a board. The board, or "baffle," serves to accentuate the low tones usually lost in radio reproduction. To try this, it is merely necessary to get a board the proper size, cut a hole in it the size of the speaker, and mount the speaker on this board so that it lines up with the hole. It is usually possible to remove the base of the speaker, so that it can be mounted easily.

A poor ground connection will handicap a good set so that it will not work any better than a cheap one.

When Everett Gibbs, owner of amateur station 1AAC, started operating his set the other night, he heard two amateurs calling, one a Mr. Mayer in England, and the other a New Zealand station, 4AM. A three-cornered conversation was begun which lasted two hours into the morning. The three stations finally left each other so that the Englishman could go to his morning's work, Gibbs turn in for some late sleep and the New Zealander could eat his lunch!

Marseilles And The Riviera

By Charles Wilson

We are in Marseilles. The noise, the bustle, the astonishing animation of the place, its curiously cosmopolitan crowds, and, above all, the blazing sunlight of this great seaport—the Gate of the Orient, as the Frenchman proudly dubs it—are all remarkable. It seems a small age before one leaves the docks quarter, passing through that old port of which Dumas, and, so much later, poor De Maupassant have given such picturesque description, and an age before one leaves the Cannebiere with its teeming throngs made up of so many different races, and assuredly one of the most animated of the world's thoroughfares

A Cosmopolitan Crowd

Bustling, gesticulating, bearded Frenchmen—the clean-shaven or toothbrush moustached type of masculine is strikingly less frequent than with us, a square cut variety of fact fungus, "Assyrian style," being quite common among the older men—Italians, fez-wearing Turks, Arabs in their burnouses, palpably British sailormen, picturesquely clad French Colonial soldiers, officers of the line regiments in gay bluish gray uniforms with the smartest of silver braided kepis, white dressed little girls fresh from their first communion, negroes, Corsicans of a rather hard-faced type from that Island of the Vendetta which Seton Merriman made the scene of one of his best stories, and the blue-bloused workmen and the women of the people without hats, but with the neatest of black dresses—all these and so many other varieties of man and womankind, stroll along or hurry, or sit peacefully outside the scores of cafes, as we find our way along the famous boulevard.

Seen From A Char-a-banc

One is apt to scoff at the idea of "doing" a city in a char-a-banc, after that style of sight-seeing which Cousin Jonathan calls "rubber-necking." But it has its advantages for a time-pressed tourist and although one may not always appreciate the human megaphone, supplied by the useful and omnipresent Cook, who, in sadly broken English points out and describes the various sights, there is no gainsaying the fact that one may, in this way, gather a somewhat kaleidoscopic, but memory-haunting, general impression of a foreign city. Later on, in such seclusion as it is possible to enjoy in an hotel lounge, one compares notes and makes all too often quite futile resolutions to revisit and make detailed observations. To-day we note from our "motor-coach" the large hotels and beautiful shops of the Rue Noailles, and, passing along some delightful tree-bordered boulevards run alongside the Vieux Port, full of small craft from the Mediterranean. Thence we visit the Roman Byzantine Cathedral, which can hold 12,000 people—the largest church in France built since the Middle Ages—and so on to a great suspension bridge, past the severe, but dignified, Palaise de Justice, to what, as an irreverent American lady, from Jonesville (Mich.) or thereabouts, informs me is "the real King Pin" of Marseilles, the famous Sanctuary Church of Marseilles, the Sanctuary of Notre Dame de la Garde, built some hundreds of feet above sea level, and visible at an astonishingly great distance at sea. The church, which has a wonderful belltower, and whose walls are crowded with memorial tablets in thanksgiving for rescue from sea perils, is reached by a funicular railway, the ascent of which is a somewhat awe-inspiring experience

Along The Riviera

It is a widely accepted fetish, I know, that it is "the thing"—this latter an expression all too painfully familiar to the traveller — to visit "in the season" the resorts where the tourist usually foregathers. The season begins, I believe, on the Riviera, in winter and continues through the spring. As a matter of fact, the less fashionable period is the best for seeing at their best the exquisite natural beauties of this delightful coast, where "the orange flower bloometh" of Mignon's melodious song, where palms and dozens of semi-tropical plants flourish, and where, save only for a cold wind from the distant Atlas mountains in Africa, which blows at times across the Mediterranean—a wind "extremely rare," so a smirking hotel magnate at Nice solemnly assures me— the prevailing climate is an almost unbroken terrestrial joy. All along the line from Marseilles to Nice the trees are in luxuriant foliage, the countryside is covered with vines and olives. Everywhere one admires the industry of the French peasant, for every inch of land seems to be cultivated. Later on, in the hill country of the Riviera, we are to stand almost astounded at the evidence of a petite culture, close farming, which seems to put even John Chinaman's efforts in the shade. But even in what is often none too promising country it comes as one of the first French wonders. No wonder the French peasants' stockings, those stockings whence came so many milliards of francs to pay off the German indemnity of 1871, and which assisted so greatly in meeting the expenses of those four horrible years of the Great War, are yearly replenished so liberally.

From Toulon Westwards

At Toulon, the great naval station of France on the Mediterranean, the sea, which we have left for a while, is with us again, to be left once more for a dip is reached at Frejus. Of Toulon, those who know their Conrad have many picturesque memories in the Anglo-Polish novelist's fine romance, "The Rover," or in Claud Farrere's clever tale, "Les Petites Alliees," in which there is such a fascinating picture of the French naval officer and his lady friends. From Frejus, we have the beautiful hill slopes of the Esterel to the left, right away to Nice. A genial French fellow-passenger, a true son of the Midi, hairy to an extreme, given greatly to gesture, and making a hearty lunch off sandwiches from whence issues the unmistakable fragrance of garlic, followed up by some grapes, a tiny pat of Camembert, and a small bottle of Bordeaux, informs us it is truly a sin against "le bon Dieu" not to alight at San Paphael and see its pretty sea front and its picturesque old harbor and church. But Nice calls, and thither we roll along through scenes of quite fascinating beauty, past Cannes, which from a comparatively small place was boomed, mainly through the influence of Lord Brougham, the early Victorian British statesman, into quite a big town, past the prettily-named St. Juan les Pins, past Antibes, where in the winter months congregate rich foreigners, and we are in Nice.

La Cote D'Azure

Nice is par excellence the best centre for excursions along this delightful coast to which the French give the name of La Cote d'Azure, the Blue Coast. I would I could sojourn here for a good month or so, for a more charmingly situated place, now, by the way, grown into a city of close upon 200,000 inhabitants, it has never been my good fortune to see. No wonder the wealthy Briton, American, and Russian—this latter in pre-Lenin days the best customer the good Nivois ever had—flock here in that "season" of which I am so constantly reminded, but indeed the well-to-do of the whole world seem to gravitate naturally to this fascinating region. In the summer or "unfashionable" period, though the sun be almost overbrilliant and the heat dry, even but a few days' sojourn is a delightful experience. The trees and flowers are at their best and at each corner there is some new scene of beauty. Nice lives on its visitors, and it is evidently the first duty and pleasure of the Municipal Council to see that the town is kept in spotless order. One may notice the same scrupulous care in English watering-places, such as Bournemouth and Scarborough, but it is here a supreme local charge ever most faithfully discharged. One thing most noticeable in France of today to a New-Zealander, who once dwelt for a while in this pleasant land, is the wonderfully improved sanitation. In my youthful days the Gallic disregard for good sanitation was almost a bye-word. In Marseilles, in Nice, and later, in Paris, I find all this most agreeably changed. And whereas, 40 years ago, the various sanitary appliances bore English makers' names, today all the brass and nickel-plated fittings are French, and little in the way of sanitary pottery is of Black Country origin. Here, as in so many other directions, John Bull must have lost one of his whilom best customers.

Just as the curate's egg was "good in parts," these Riviera resorts have a strong British side. English hotels, English tea rooms, English chemists, English apartments' agencies abound, and in the off-season, when living is astonishingly cheap, the trail of Mrs. Sago and Miss Tapioca is over the land. The Frenchman still knows little of "le pudding," although he has a widely shown liking for what he may call "portare beere." But "le sago" and "le tarpioke" he is not partial to, whereas these two glutinous edibles are apparently the special gustatory predilection of a certain class of British female greatly in evidence all along the Cote d'Azure. She is given to frequenting the English church, English tea rooms, and chemists' shops of palpable English control. Her veil is weirdly flowing, her handbag of extra voluminous size, and she carries generally a bulky umbrella, and is very frequently armed with a Kodak and "takes" everybody and everything.

French Sculpture

One is not long in France before becoming agreeably aware of the Frenchman's love of statues and sculptured memorials generally. The blackened stone or bronze effigies of more or less prominent statesmen and others, standing despondently silent in their hideous frock-coats, in so many British cities, are happily but few and far between here. At Marseilles I had been struck by the virility and picturesque charm of so many sculptured groups, and here too, at Nice, a feature of many of the squares is the singularly striking and artistic statuary. Nice has done honor to men so various as Carnot—the president, not the great general—to Garibaldi (not a few of whose red shirts came from this region), the Napoleonic Massena (a Nicois by birth, I believe), the stumpy, fiery Gambetta, and good Queen Victoria, who here so often found rest and a warmer climate than that of Windsor, still more so than that of her much-loved Caledonian Balmoral. Of the exquisite Promenade des Anglais, surely one of the finest seafronts in the world, of the quiet charm of Nice's flower and fruit market, of a glowingly colored fete in the Square Massena I am tempted to gossip, and although sternly eschewing any "boiling down" of the always useful guide-book, to write of many other local scenes. But at Nice the call of the East is always being heard, the call to lovely Villefranche, to naught but fascinating "Monte," to Mentone and the Italian San Remo. So we will leave Nice with a hearty "Au Revoir."—Otago Witness.



BRITISH BEAUTIES AFTER BIG PRIZE

These nine young women were finalists in the elimination contest to choose the most beautiful girl in the British Isles, the winner to get a prize of $5,000 and a five years' film contract. The types varied from perfect Saxon blondes, through all the shades of brown to decided brunette.

THE GOSPEL FOR WAR-BEREFT MOTHERS

When Britain's foes in power elate
Were loudly knocking at her gate,
The mothers in her far-off lands
Forestalled conscription's stern demands,
A thousand hearts spoke out as one—
"We'll send our son! We'll send our son!"

And when at last came welcome peace
From Him who maketh wars to cease;
Our gracious King in pensive mood
The havoc of the conflict viewed,
And sought some word of thanks to say
To loyal subjects far away—
But how should such a word be said?
Our gracious Queen quick answer made,
She knew his heart with hers was one—
"We'll send our son! We'll send our son!"

And so he came—our Prince beloved,
And in and out among us moved,
And royal messages he brought
Of grateful, sympathetic thought
For those their first and best who gave,
And mourn the unreturning brave;
And comrade-like he greeted those
Who lived to witness fleeing foes,
Hiding his royal rank serene
In such an unassuming mien,
That, in a word, our hearts were won—
We love their son! We love their son!

O Gracious Queen! O Mother Heart!
'Twas hard to see our sons depart,
But War, that robbed your wide domain,
Has brought to some the richest gain—
To see what God for us has done—
He gave His Son! He gave His Son.

Nelson, B. C. —Kate McNeill.

Three vessels that sailed from Atlantic ports early in September, manned by approximately 75 men, are feared lost in southern waters, according to the New York maritime register The vessels are the Trevose and Golden Cape, British freighters, and the Haleakala, an American freighter

KINGSTON PRESBYTERY CONDEMNS FERGUSON'S ATTITUDE

Vote to Uphold O. T. A.

Appreciation of the qualities evinced by Hon. W. F. Nickle, K.C., and "emphatic disapproval" of the attitude of Premier Ferguson in relation to the Ontario Temperance Act are sentiments voiced by Kingston Presbytery, meeting in Cooke's Church, Kingston. A policy of action was also adopted.

It was moved by Rev. E. H. Burgess, seconded by Rev. W. T. G. Brown, and carried by a standing vote: "That this Kingston Presbytery of the United Church of Canada, meeting in Cooke's Church, Kingston, hereby puts on record its sincere and grateful appreciation of the conscientious courage, the self-abnegation, and high principle evinced by the Hon. W. F. Nickle, K.C., in resigning his high office in the Government as a protest against a policy which he considered a menace to the best interests of the Province of Ontario. No man has had equal opportunity to form a true judgment of the value of the Ontario Temperance Act: and his reasoned conclusion that any improvement in the Ontario Temperance Act certainly does not lie in the direction of the policy commonly called 'Government Control' confirms our own conviction and strengthens our courage to defend vigorously and confidently the position already won by a long process of education and effort on the part of those who have cherished the ideal of a sober and moral Province. And we recommend that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Hon. W. F. Nickle, K. C."

It was moved, seconded and resolved: "That this Kingston Presbytery of the United Church of Canada, meeting in Cooke's Church, Kingston, puts on record its emphatic disapproval of the action of the Premier of Ontario in thwarting the repeatedly expressed will of the people of the Province by throwing the Temperance question into party politics, and announcing a policy of so-called 'Government Control.' This is, in our judgment, a retrograde step, and makes the people, whether they will or no, partners and distributors in a traffic which has always been a sinister and pernicious influence in our national life. This question transcends all party interests, and in the face of the undoubted jeopardy to the moral welfare of the Province, we recommend that our people rise completely above party considerations and achieve a decisive and final victory on this paramount issue

"After mature consideration, we recommend to the members and adherents of The United Church of Canada within this Presbytery, embracing the two counties of Leeds and Frontenac, that by their vote and influence they express their disapproval of the Premier's action by electing to the Ontario Legislature only such men as are openly and undoubtedly loyal to the Ontario Temperance Act. This, we believe, can be most easily and effectively achieved by refusing to allow any division of the temperance vote in any constituency, and we earnestly recommend the steady policy of avoiding any situations which would split such vote in any constituency."

It was moved by Rev. G. A. Brown, seconded by Mr. Clifford Sine, and resolved: "That the members of this Presbytery, recognizing the need of patient, faithful cultivation of the electorate that it may be won to vigorous support of the Ontario Temperance Act, make clear to their people: (1.) The Christian principles which lie behind the present temperance legislation. (2.) The present conditions as compared with those of a generation ago. (3.) The results of Government Sale in neighboring Provinces.

DR. PIDGEON SOUNDS WARNING

Former Moderator of United Church Sees Danger in Conservative Policy of Liquor Control

Speaking in Bloor Street United Church, Toronto, on Sunday morning, the Rev. Dr. G. C. Pidgeon, former Moderator of the United Church of Canada, attacked the proposals put forward by the Conservative Government for Government control of the sale of liquor in Ontario. "It will bring the liquor traffic into politics," he said. "That traffic with all its gains and privileges will be in the hands of the dominant political party, and no commission can prevent its use of the advantage that this involves. I cannot believe that any system of supervision can sanctify the liquor traffic and make it serve the interest of humanity; on the contrary I believe that it will corrupt any system or individual that attempts to direct it."

Of the proposal to have beer sold in standard hotels, the former Moderator said: "It is the bar room under another name. Private interests are again brought into the sale of intoxicants through allowing beer to be handled in this way. In every community, therefore, we shall have again vested interests striving to maintain their position and extend their gains no matter what the will of the community may be. To me this system means the ruin of the people for whose salvation the Church strives."

AN ECONOMIC INVESTMENT

Basing his conclusions on the figures for 626 cities in the United States Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale University, one of the most eminent authorities on economic questions in the country, writes: —"After an examination of all the data, I have estimated that the flow of alcohol down human throats in the United States is at present certainly less than sixteen per cent, probably less than ten per cent, and possibly less than five per cent of pre-prohibition consumption." He adds that this country saves each year not less than six billions of dollars from prohibition, "not counting any savings in the upkeep of jails, almshouses, asylums, or any economic savings from reducing the death-rate." "If prohibition enforcement cost us one billion dollars a year, it would be well worth while purely as an economic investment."

TEMPERANCE HYMN

Almighty God, in this our day,
Save Canada from liquor's sway;
Nor this land only, but the world,
Win 'neath the temperance flag unfurled.

Liquor has left its blighting mark
On man since Noah left the Ark,
Changing his image, once divine,
To that of the vile demon, wine.

This raging mocker—all strong drink—
Hurls man o'er ruin's awful brink;
And souls that God created well,
Too late, alas! wake up in hell.

To God man's blood cries from the ground—
Man by false craving firmly bound
Beneath this crushing juggernaut,
That life and hope 'er brings to naught.

But has faith perished from the earth?
Is man beyond the Spirit's birth?
Hark! Countless voices answer "Nay,
God can this dreadful dragon slay."

And who's God's representative
But man, who yet by faith must live?—
By faith we overcome the world
Beneath the Gospel flag unfurled.

Let men and women, Spirit-filled,
Proclaim, "This demon must be killed!
He has our nation by the throat,
And o'er his victim darer to gloat."

"But in God's name let us unite,
And we will win this age-long fight—
To Christ's own cause our lives devote,
And slay this monster by our vote."
Picton, Ont. —W. W. Weese.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 223 Craig St. W., in the City of Montreal by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of the City of Montreal. Subscription rate, $2.00 a year.

Hammering Them Home

During the Struggle in Ontario in the hope of more co-operation with all those who are distributing single copies of the Witness in their communities or churches we are each week repeating some of our temperance cartoons fron previous issues. Some readers, on previous occasions, have found such cartoons invaluable in answering glib "moderationist" arguments.

The Enemy's At The Wire

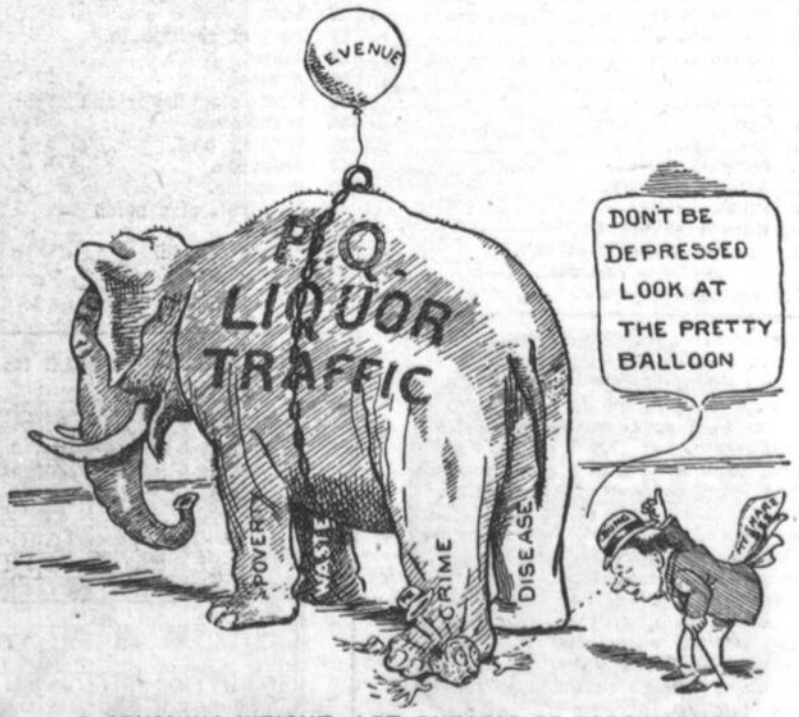


"STAND TO! QUICK! QUICK!!"



ONE GOOD REASON FOR DOING YOUR DUTY AT THE POLLS

—Michigan Farmer.—



A CRUSHING WEIGHT—LET ONTARIO BE FOREWARNED!

Adapted with acknowledgments from the Daily Mail and Vanguard.

NO FREEDOM IN RUSSIA, SAYS EMMA GOLDMAN

"The political institutions in Russia today are worse than under the Czar. There is not one breath of freedom of thought, of action or of initiative in Russia today."

This is the opinion of the present Russian regime held by Mrs. Emma Goldman Colton, author of "My D'sillusionment in Russia," better known to the world as Emma Goldman, who is now staying with friends in Montreal. Deported from the United States in 1919 for her revolutionary opinions, particularly her stand on the war, together with some technicality over her cit'zenship, Mrs. Colton, then Emma Goldman, went to Russia, expecting to find it a paradise expressing the highest aspirations of human liberty. She returned utterly disillusioned with the Bolshevik's idea of a perfect democracy.

"That does not mean that I favor a return to Czardom," she said in an interview. "But when a people rise in two revolutions as the Russians have done, one has a right to expect a little more in the way of freedom and well being under the terrible reg'me of the Romanoffs."

Born in Russia in the part which is now known as Lithuania, Emma Goldman went to the United States as a very young girl in her early teens, and lived there for 33 years, marrying at an early age. She was deported in 1919, primarily, she says, on account of her stand on the war. The United States Government, she says, raised as an expedient to get her out of the country some technicality connected with her husband's citizenship, saying he had not been resident in the United States five years, that he was under age when married, and so on. "I had the honor of being the first woman to be banned from the United States on such grounds," she declared.

Dictatorship Worse Than Czardom

"I went to Russia in 1919, after I was deported," she said. "My expectations were very high. I want to make it understood that I was not a Bolshevic when I went to Russia. I am opposed to dictatorship, but I had hope and fa'th in the Russian revolution and the Russian people. Especially did I have faith in the system of Soviets, because I believed them to be and still believe them to be, the freest kind of economic and polit'cal organization conceived by the Russian people themselves. So when I went it was with the faith that the people who had had the heroism to bring about the revolution would be permitted to reconstruct Russia on the bas's of free Soviets.

"I found soon that I was totally mistaken. I found there was not the slightest semblance of any free initiative on the part of the Russian people. Instead I found a Russian dictatorship which added to the many evils of Czardom a great many evils of the communist'c state.

"But I am so unwilling to give up my faith in what I had thought there was in Russia, that I fought two years against myself. Finally I was face to face with the question whether I was to do as the Russian Government does—to tell falsehoods to the people, or whether I was to tell the truth of the situat'on. I decided to do the latter. For that I have since been roundly condemned by the Communists as belonging to the reactionary party. They say I am being paid by the reactionaries and nice little things like that."

Remembers Lenin

Most vivid is Emma Goldman's summing up of Lenin, the centre of the revolution, whom she knew and interviewed.

"He was a man of iron will and extraordinary personality, and absolutely sincere. He wanted nothing for himself, but he was obsessed with the idea that his particular social scheme was the only one that would redeem Russia, and with that belief he shrank before nothing, neither terror, nor forcible taxation, or misrepresentation of the whole issue in Europe—in fact nothing. In other words, he believed that the end justified the means. But all subsequent events in Russia proved he was utterly and irrevocably wrong.

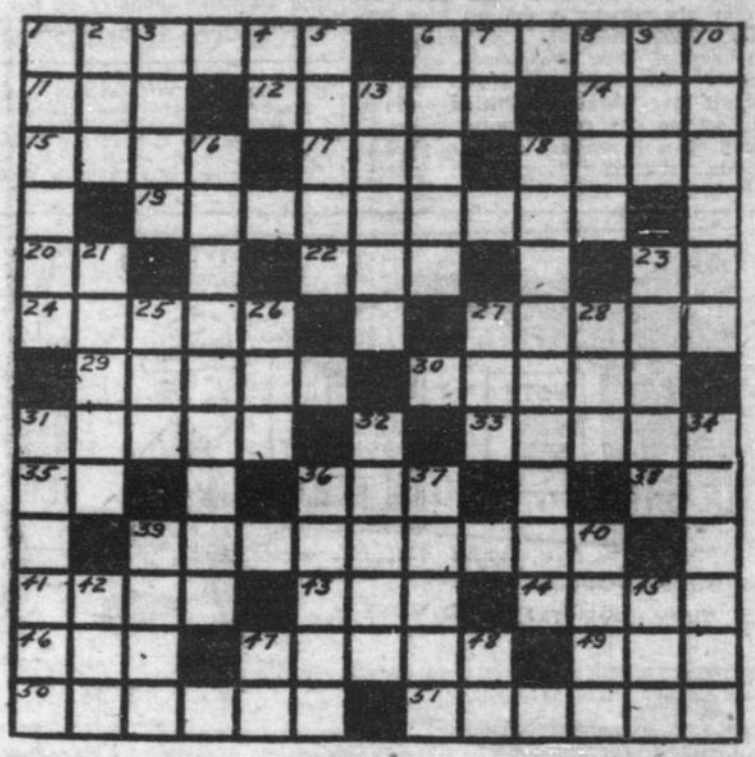
"His methods have destroyed the Russian revolution, enslaved the Russian people, have filled the prisons and places of exile with tens of thousands of the finest men and women of Russia for their political opinions. In fact, he has followed to a large extent the political methods of the Czar. But more than anything else he has by these methods also set back the realization of ideals of the Russian people as regards the free Soviets, the free co-operation and the utmost free and democratic institutions."

A Scramble for Power

Mrs. Colton touched on the present crisis in Russia which she describ'ed as a scramble between the Stalin group, now in power, and the Trotsky and Zinovieff element. The Stalin group represented the needs of the peasantry, which form the backbone of Russia. The Trotsky and Zinovieff faction bel'eve that it is the industrial group that is of importance. The Trotsky and Zinovieff faction believe that the fire of revolution in Europe must be fanned by the industrial element in these countries, and in order to get European workingmen to adopt the Bolshevik ideal and creed, they represent that the Russian industrial worker has gained great advantages under the revolution. "The fact is, the Russian workers have not gained any advantage. The only people who have gained are the peasants, not by any means through the Bolsheviks, but by their own passionate devotion to the land."

The women, too, in Russia today are reaping the fruits of their own efforts for emancipation extending over 70 years and have not gained it through the present regime, she declares.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 99



KEY TO CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 99

Horizontal

1 Highly decorative.
6 Lightly colored.
11 Vegetable.
12 Root of the iris.
14 Mass containing crude metal.
15 Prepare for publication.
17 Intestine.
18 Observed.
19 Beverage (plural).
20 Printer's measure.
22 Numeral.
23 To have being.
24 Defied.
27 Frozen.
29 Bring to maturity.
30 Corrected as to tone.
31 Chair used as a vehicle.
33 Mother.
35 Pronoun.
36 To finish off.
38 Execute.
39 Honed.
41 Sympathy.
43 Tune.
44 Classify.
46 Notable period.
47 Asiatic country.
49 Pitch.
50 Return payment.
51 Fabrics made from flax.

Vertical

1 Disclosed to view.
2 A color.
3 Spike.
4 Toward.
5 Fungus of cereals used as a medicine.
6 Giant.
7 Form of to be.
8 Front part of the foot (plural).
9 Prior.
10 Contradicted.
13 Signs of the alphabet formerly used by the Teutons.
16 Affection of one mind by the thoughts of another.
18 One who performs music in the open air at night, especially for gallantry.
21 Part of the nostrils.
23 Waited.
25 Cause to be quit of.
26 Lair.
27 Part of the mouth.
28 Allow.
31 A meal.
32 Possessing flavor and savor.
34 Wanderers.
36 Wading bird.
37 Jeopardy.
39 Puncture.
40 The fruit of a palm.
42 Anger.
45 A color shade.
47 Pronoun.
48 Sloth.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE No. 98

	F	A	M	I	N	E		A	P	P	E	A	L
C		S	O	D	A			U	L	E	S		P
A	T		P	E	S	T		O	P	A	L		S	O
E	A	R		A	T	R	O	P	I	N		T	A	R
S	L	O	T		Y	O	K	E	L		F	E	L	T
A	L	O	U	D		T		N		C	R	A	T	E
R		F	R	E	T		F		B	O	I	L		R
			B	E		K	I	T		I	T			
A		B	I	D	E		T		A	N	T	S		A
C	H	I	N	S		A		E		S	E	A	T	S
C	U	T	E		S	C	A	R	F		R	I	O	T
O	N	E		T	O	M	P	I	O	N		L	E	E
S	T		M	O	L	E		C	R	O	P		S	R
T		N	O	R	A			G	O	A	T		N	
	T	O	W	E	R	S		C	E	N	T	R	E	

A QUEER LAKE

Did you ever hear of the Swiss lake, Lake Marjelen, which at regular intervals completely disappears, and does not begin to refill until the following winter or spring. On these occasions it empties itself so rap'dly that the Rhone rises several meters in a few hours, and overflows its banks.

It is not, however, necessary to go so far as Switzerland in order to find a freakish lake. There is a pond in the centre of Long Island called Lake Ronkonkoma. It has neither inlet nor outlet, and lies at the foot of the hills that form the backbone of Long Island. Round its shore are many pretty summer homes. The trees about it are much larger and more beautiful than elsewhere on Long Island. The waters of the lake are very clear and cold. In some places it seems bottomless.

The strange thing about Lake Ronkonkoma is that it has a tide. Not a tide like the ocean, that rises and falls every twelve hours, but one that takes seven years to rise and seven years to fall. The difference between high water and low water mark is between thirty and forty feet. Many scientific men have studied the curious phenomenon, but no one has found out what causes this mysterious tide. Neither long-continued rains nor severe droughts affect the quantity of water in the lake.

The Indians used to hold the lake in great awe, and few dared to cross it in a canoe. There is a legend of one brave, who, while fishing, was drowned in the lake; his body was found six months afterward nearly ten miles away, in Long Island Sound.



Nurse's Advice Rid Her of Pimples

Brooklyn. Mrs. Minnie Fensterer writes --"My pimples and blackheads got so bad I feared it was eczema. I confided in a nurse friend of mine. I had been troubled with constipation and indigestion for some time. She advised me to try Carter's Little Liver Pills. You can see by my picture that the treatment has done wonders, and I am now free from constipation.

Chronic constipation many times causes pimples. Carter's Little Liver Pills encourage the bowels to eliminate the poisons.

Druggists, 25 & 75c red packages



Minard's draws out the inflammation, eases the pain, soothes and heals. Always keep a bottle on the shelf.

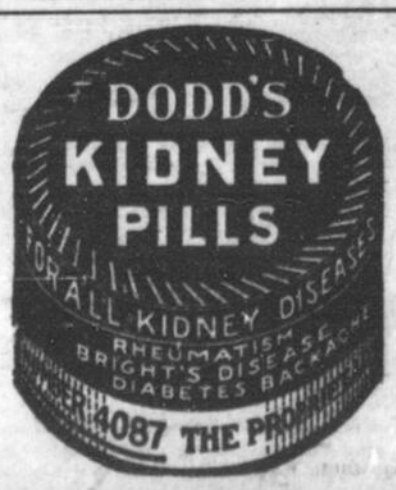
The Universal Remedy for every pain

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

A SURE, SAFE AND SIMPLE REMEDY FOR ALL THE COMMON AILMENTS OF MAN AND BEAST. IT SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT ON HAND, AS A MORE SERVICEABLE PREPARATION FOR SUCH USES CANNOT BE FOUND. GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY AND HAVE IT READY FOR THE TIME WHEN YOU WILL NEED IT.

PLAYS OF PROFIT for Church and Community. "Strictly Business," 14 women, 1 man. "Profit," 6 men, 3 women. "Nothing to Do," 6 men, 4 women. No Royalty on "Go to Next Neighbor," 7 men, 5 women (religious theme.) Two on approval for one week for 5 cents. J. R. PETERS, B.A., R. R. 2, London, Can.



REGAINED HEALTH IS NOW HAPPY

The Experience of a Quebec Woman With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Mrs. L. D. Bernier, 89 D'Arguillon street, Quebec, is one of the thousands of women who, when she found her health failing, resorted at once to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and now finds herself in perfect health. Mrs. Bernier says:—"I was very weak, subject to headaches and was unable to sleep well. Testimonials in the newspapers persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the result has been most satisfactory. I have regained my health, the headaches have left me; I sleep well at night, and I have gained in weight. Naturally I am feel'ng happy. I strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all weak people."

Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for anaemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness. Take them as a tonic if you are not in the best physical condition and cultivate a resistance that will keep you well and strong. If you will send us your name and address a little book, "Building Up the Blood," will be mailed you prepaid. This little book contains many useful health hints.

You can get these pills through any dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FARMERS MARKETS

THE GRAIN MARKET

Trading in cash grain in the domestic market was again of a limited character, the demand being principally from local buyers for odd cars to meet actual wants and, in consequence, business generally was quiet, but the undertone was firm, and prices were unchanged, with car lots of No. 2 Canadian western oats selling at 71 1-2c, No. 3 C.W. at 67 1-2c, No. 1 feed at 65 1-2c, No. 2 feed at 63 1-2c, per bushel, ex-store, while Ontario and Quebec No. 3 white oats sold at 59c, and No. 4 white at 58c per bushel, ex-track, and car lots of Argentine corn changed hands at 91c per bushel, ex-store.

Cash prices at Winnipeg:

No. 1 northern, $1.46; No. 2 northern, $1.43 3-8; No. 3 northern, $1.37 7-8; No. 4, $1.31 1-4; No. 5, $1.18 1-4; No. 6, $1.06 1-4; feed, 91 1-4c; track, $1.44 1-4; screenings, $3.

Oats—No. 2 C.W., 60c; No. 3 C.W., 57c; ex. No. 1 feed, 57c; No. 2 feed, 55c; No. 2 feed, 51 1-4c. rejected, 49 1-4c; track, 58 3-4c.

Barley—No. 3 C.W., 65 1-8c; No. 4 C.W., 60 1-8c; rejected, 59 7-8c; feed, 58 5-8c; track, 65 1-8c.

Flax—No. 1 N.W.C., $1.94 1-4; No. 2 C.W., $1.90 1-4; No. 3 C.W., $1.68 1-2; rejected, $1.63 1-2; track, $1.93 1-2.

Rye—No. 2 C.W., 97 1-2c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

Owing to the steadily increasing scarcity of strictly new laid eggs and the fact that as high as 52c per dozen, f.o.b. country points has been paid, the undertone to the local market remains strong and the indications are that dealers will be forced to mark up prices in the near future as the demand continues to be in excess of the supply. There was no change in prices last week and sales of extras were made at 55c, and firsts at 47c per dozen. The tone of the market for storage eggs was steady with a good business passing for immediate consumption in extras at 42c to 43c, firsts at 38c to 39c, and seconds at 33c to 34c per dozen.

The market for dressed poultry was without any special feature to note, prices for all lines being steady under a good demand for supplies and a fairly active trade was done with sales of choice turkeys at 38c to 41c per lb., geese at 20c to 22c per lb., ducks at 22c to 24c per lb., chickens weighing 2 to 3 lbs. at 20c to 22c per lb., 3 to 4 lbs. at 23c to 25c per lb., 4 to 6 lbs. at 27c to 30c per lb., milk-fed chickens 4 to 6 lbs. at 31c to 34c per lb., heavy fowl at 23c to 25c per lb., and light fowl at 20c to 22c per lb.

The tone of the market for honey remains steady under a fair demand for supplies and sales of No. 1 white clover honey in comb were made at 24c per section, No. 2 grade at 20c per section, No. 1 amber in comb at 20c per section, No. 2 grade at 16c per section, No. 1 white strained honey in 30 lb. tins at 15c per lb., 5 lb. tins at 15 1-2c per lb., 2 1-2 lb. tins at 16c per lb., buckwheat honey in 60 lb. tins at 10c per lb., 5 lb. tins at 11c per lb., and 2 1-2 lb. tins at 12c per lb.

There were no further developments in the local potato situation, prices being fairly steady with a continued good demand from both local and out of town buyers and fairly active trade was done with sales of car lots of New Brunswick Green Mountains at $1.90 to $2 per bag, and Quebec white stock at $1.75 to $1.80 per bag of 90 lbs., ex-track.

The market for beans remains very firm on account of the somewhat limited supplies coming forward for which there is a steady demand from outside sources for supplies and sales of car lots of choice white hand-picked were made at $2.55 to $2.60 per bushel, and smaller quantities at $2.75 per bushel.

THE DAIRY MARKET

A feature of the trade has been the inquiries from the United States the last day or two for fresh made pasteurized creamery butter which has resulted in sales of one or two small lots. There has also been some demand from country buyers for butter and sales of odd lots of 50 and 100 packages were made in this direction which is attributed to the small production on account of the large shipments of cream and milk that are being made to the United States. The demand from local buyers continues to be confined to fresh made goods and on the whole a moderate amount of business was done at steady prices. Sales of No. 1 pasteurized creamery butter were made at 34c to 34 1-2c per lb., and No. 1, unpasteurized at 33 1-2 to 34c per lb. with western re-graded No. 1 pasteurized quoted at 33 1-2c per lb.

There was a slight improvement in the demand from English importers for supplies and as the prices bid in some instances for western goods were in line with exporters views a little more business was done, but the market on the whole was rather quiet with a steady undertone and prices for western No. 1 white and colored were quoted unchanged 18c to 18 1-4c per lb. for September make, and at 17 3-4c to 18c per lb. for current receipts with eastern grades at 17 1-2c per lb.

Foreign exchange department, Bank of Montreal, $4.85 1-4 (par value 4.86 2-3.)

New York funds 1-8 discount.

LIVE STOCK PRICES

COMMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 30.

With one or two loads of good stock and several lots of medium good killing steers weighing 1,000 pounds and over, at Montreal buyers were inclined to squeeze good cattle and in contrast paid steady to firm prices for plain cows and common heifers, and 25c or more higher for bologna bulls than last week. Good steers sold up to $6.40 in car lots. Good cows barely made $5.00. There were no good bulls or top heifers and the bulk of the steers was weighed up between $5.25 and $6.25. Just cows and common heifers were around $4.00 and the bulk of the bologna bulls $3.25 an d$3.50 according to weight. Grass calves were higher at $4.00 and $4.50. The week opened with hogs selling at $12.50 for good lots, $12.75 for selects and closed with packers paying $12.25. Sows sold from $8.50 to $9.50. Two carlots of lambs were sold at $11.75 and abut 500 of the next best lambs brought $11.50. Sheep brought from $3.00 to $6.00.

At Toronto a heavy run of cattle brought prices down to the lowest levels to date. Heavy export steers and all grades of butchers and store cattle, dropped 50c per hundred. Butcher cows were 25cl lower, while a liberal supply of canner cows sold steady.

Heavy steers sold at $6.00 and $6.50 for the bulk with a few up to $6.70. Plain heavies sold as low as $4.50 per hundred. The best butcher steers and heifers went at $6.00 to $6.50 while the common killers sold as low as $3.50. Calves were steady from $13.00 to $14.00 per hundred for the best vealers with other grades downward to $7.00 per hundred. The hog market was steady at $12.50 off cars up to Wednesday, when the packers succeeded in getting their supplies at a 25c reduction. Despite the heaviest run of the year to date, lambs held steady at $12.00 per hundred for the best ewes and wethers. Some heavy lambs were sold from $10.00 to $11.50 per hundred.

At Winnipeg arrivals of cattle proved somewhat burdensome, and the market was draggy and decidedly uneven. Practically all steer offerings to killers were in very poor request and prices ruled 25c to 50c lower. Good strong-weight kinds showed the most loss. Heavy calves were weaker. Good made $5.00 to $6.00, and common $2.50 to $4.00. Light vealers were steady from $7.00 to $9.00. Thick smooth hogs sold at the steady level of $11.50, and sows were easier from $8.50 to $9.00. The lamb market was weaker. Most of the good handyweight killers made from $10.00 to $10.25, and the heavier offerings were poor sellers from $8.00 to $9.00. Good yearlings sold from $8.00 to $8.50, the balance of the sheep mostly from $4.00 to $7.00.

At Prince Albert cattle were steady to a shade weaker. Best steers made $4.75 and the bulk $4.00 to $4.50. Good heifers sold from $4.00 to $4.50, butcher cows $2.50 to $3.50. Hogs were steady all week at $11.00 per hundred for thick smooths, fed and watered.

At Moose Jaw trading was active and markets steady on good to choice butcher steees and heifers, but choice cows closed 50c lower and top bulls 25c lower. Choice light veal was stronger. The hog market was steady, opening and closing at $11.50 for thick smooths, fed and watered. Feeder hogs were plentiful at the thick smooth price to 25c below.

At Calgary the market was very slow. Butcher steers were active. Good heifers, cows, calves and bulls were in moderate demand. Good stockers and feeders were steady for the quality offered. Good to choice heifers sold from $4.50 to $5.00. Good to choice cows made $3.50 to $4.25. Hogs opened at $12.25 for thick smooth; declined to $12.00, but closed at $12.15 off cars. Selects made the 10 per cent. premium, and thick smooths the 25 percent premium. Sheep moved more freely, but chiefly on through billing, and killing classes were easier. Lambs made $10.00 to $10.25, ewes around $7.00, and yearling wethers $8.50 to $9.00.

At Edmonton increased runs, coupled with an indifferent buying demand, caused a slow, draggy butcher trade. Prices on butcher stock, especially steers, were fully 25c lower. Best steers made $5.00 to $5.25. Best cows changed hands from $3.50 to $3.75. Good to choice heifers sold from $4.25 to $4.75. The hog market was lower at $11.75 per hundred for thick smooths. Sheep were unchanged.

British Cattle Market:—At Glasgow 250 Canadian cattle were sold on Saturday, up to 11c with medium from 9 1-2c to 10c and other grades from 8 1-2c t 9 1-2c. Sales were made of 1000 Irish, at an extreme top of 10 1-2c, from 9c to 10 1-2c for medium and from 7 1-2c to 9 1-2c for other grades. All above prices per pound live weight.

At Birkenhead (Liverpool), 400 Canadian store cattle were sold on the basis of 16 1-2c to 17 1-2c per pound in sink, dressed weight, plus offal; also sales were made of 1000 Irish stores, and 3,550 Irish fats at prices ranging from 15 1-2c to 17 3-4c per pound in sink.

London reports sales of 300 Canadian dressed sides, consisting of useful quality beef at prices from 14 1-2c to 15 1-2c per pound, with a few extra choice at 16c. Dressed meat demand mostly inactive.

British Bacon Market:—Canadian baled bacon 102s. to 106s., (22 1-8c to 23c), boxes 100s. to 104s., (21 3-4c to 22 1-2c), Danish 111s. to 113s., (24c to 24 1-2c), American 96s. to 100s., (20 3-4c to 21 3-4c), Irish 110s. to 121s., (23 7-8c to 26 1-4c), steady; Swedish 98s. to 106s., (21 1-4c to 23c), Dutch 100s. to 106s. (21 3-4c to 23c). Good demand on reduced supplies. Danish killings estimated 65,000 head.



Our Farmer's Account Book will prove useful in managing your farm. Ask for a copy.

"He Can Always Get a Loan!"

THE farmer who cleans up his loans at the bank after every harvest rarely has difficulty in financing his farm.

When you need credit from the bank, a statement of your affairs given to the manager in confidence will create a better understanding between you and your banker.

The Royal Bank of Canada

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GOVERNMENT
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HYDRO-ELECTRIC
BONDS

NESBITT, THOMSON & COMPANY
LIMITED
145 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL
Toronto Quebec Ottawa Hamilton
London, Ont. Winnipeg

466

CROP REPORT

The Bank of Montreal's final crop report for the season states that while, owing to damage by rain and snow during harvesting, grain in the Prairie Provinces is grading lower than last year, the loss to the growers is partly offset by the present higher prices. Seventy-five percent. of the crop, which is estimated at somewhat less in quantity than last year, has now been thrashed. Deliveries to date are slightly behind last year. In Quebec and Ontario farmers have had a fairly satisfactory year, although not quite up to the standard of 1925, adverse weather conditions having caused damage during harvesting. In the Maritime Provinces crops generally have been satisfactory, and farmers will benefit materially. In British Columbia crops generally have been satisfactory, with the exception of those in the Nicola Valley District and Cariboo.



GERMANY WOULD BUY TERRITORY

Eupen and Malmedy, comprising a total of 382 square miles, were ceded to Belgium by the Treaty of Versailles. According to some of the German newspapers, Germany would buy this territory back except for French interference. The position of the coveted territory is shown on this map.

THE DECISIVE WORD

Mrs. Compton had laid out four dresses on the guest-room bed, and before breakfast she led her husband in to look at them. "Now you know how much I rely upon your taste, Henry," she said. "I want you to decide which one of these I shall wear to Mrs. Darnley's luncheon to-day. Please say exactly what you think."

Mr. Compton hesitated, and then plunged.

"Now that blue," he began, "isn't it—"

"Yes, dear, it is," said Mrs. Compton, and she tossed the blue gown on a chair. Its too dark altogether."

"Then there's the black," and her husband frowned thoughtfully. "Of course—"

"Yes, of course,"—and Mrs. Compton tossed the black gown after the blue one, —"it's handsome enough and light enough, with that gold neck, but it's beginning to show wear."

Mr. Compton breathed heavily. The real test was at hand A fawn-colored gown and a gray one were left.

"Well, I don't pretend to be a judge of these things," he said, playing for time. "I only know what I like. That gray dress seems to me just a little—er —more—s—"

"There! I knew I could depend on you!" And Mrs. Compton joyfully flung aside the gray gown. "It is more severe, and the style's a bit trying. I shall wear the fawn-colored one, and be so glad to know you chose it for me."

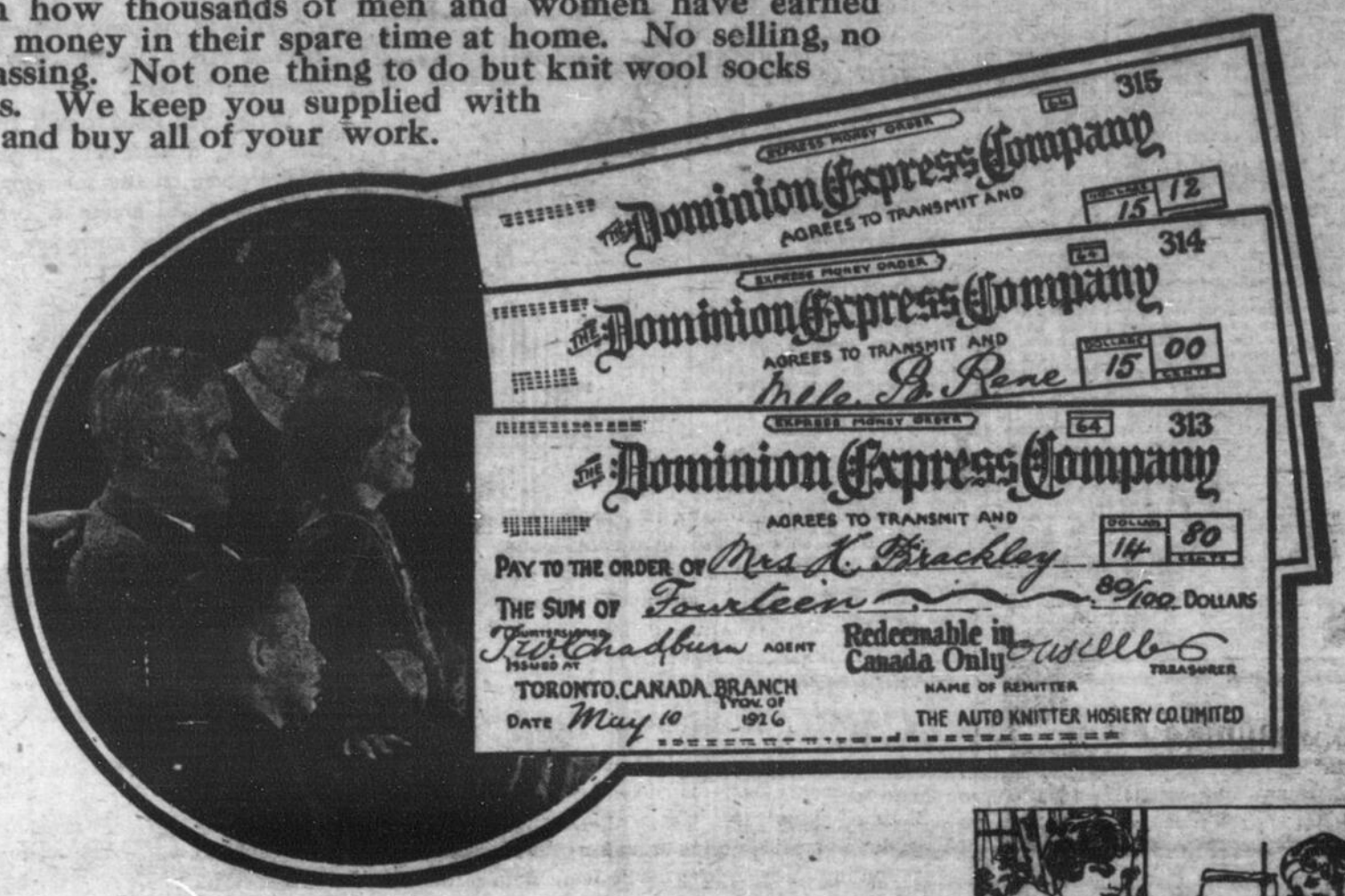
"Whew!" said Mr. Compton, as he fled downstairs. "Suppose I'd been a little quicker and got out that 'suitable.' It's a lesson to a man to be deliberate when he's giving advice to his wife.—The Youth's Companion.

Love is kind, and whatever the sacrifice may be, love does not mind.

A broken promise is like a broken dish —you may repair it but never trust it as when whole

How Would You Like Some Extra Money?

Learn how thousands of men and women have earned extra money in their spare time at home. No selling, no canvassing. Not one thing to do but knit wool socks for us. We keep you supplied with yarn and buy all of your work.



HAVE you an hour or so a day that you could devote to a light, pleasant occupation? One that would positively bring you extra money without leaving home. This, we know sounds almost too good to be true, but as hundreds of thousands of dollars have been earned by our Home-Workers, we must ask you to believe it.

Your spare time at home is full of golden opportunities. Hours and half hours that slip by each day are positively worth dollars and cents. Think how pleasant it would be if this very moment you could be doing something that would bring in extra money—money of your very own! Even if you haven't got to earn it—wouldn't it add to your happiness to know that you could do so?

Here Is What You Do

HERE, briefly, is what you have to do. Seated comfortably in your own home you knit wool socks for us. Not by hand but a hundred times faster—with the Auto Knitter. This wonderful hand operated machine will knit a pair of socks complete in half an hour? We pay you a guaranteed price for every pair and keep you supplied with the yarn that is used.

A splendid thing about the Home-Earning Plan is that you need only devote your spare time to it—in between your daily household duties, or in the evenings after other work is done. The machine is always ready to operate. You can stop knitting at any moment, and take it up again whenever you have the time.

It Does Not Matter Where You Live

AS everything is done by mail it does not matter where you live. Nor is it necessary to know one thing about knitting. The actual knitting of a sock is nothing more than turning a handle three hundred times and making three simple needle changes. The work is light, clean, and easy. Young people, old folks, even children, all work for us.

A Big Earner at 71

"I AM seventy one years of age," writes Mr. D. S. Treadwell of Saskatchewan, "and I can heartily recommend the Auto Knitter to anyone requiring a sure money maker and comfortable work. Like many other elderly people, I wanted to be self supporting and at the same time engaged in light work. I work when I like and as long as I like, and I have made approximately Three Thousand Dollars since starting."

Likes The Privacy

"I CAN more than make enough to keep me well dressed and get many little extras for the home," is the way Mrs. R. Follick of Manitoba, opens her letter. "And what I like is the privacy of the work. Not even my neighbours know that I earn money this way; and I am sure of my pay cheques because the Company take all of the socks that I knit."

Why Not Satisfy Your Wants Through Auto Knitting?

EVEN though you may have no actual need to earn money, how pleasant it would be to do so! To sit down for an hour or so during the day at a light occupation and know that every pair of standard socks you knit were immediately sold!

When our Home-Workers want extra money they simply get busy and run through a few dozen pairs of socks, mail them to us, and in a few days they have the cash. Our Money Orders are welcome visitors all over the Dominion. We mail hundreds of them every week.



Send For Fact-Stories and Full Information

IF YOU have the slightest desire to earn more money, and this work sounds like something you would like to do, mail the coupon below for full particulars. There is not the slightest obligation in your doing this. We will simply mail you a beautiful booklet filled with facts and figures showing what others are doing.

Send the Coupon today if you possibly can. You do not want to postpone the day when you can have extra money—so do not postpone finding out all about this home-earning plan that has brought Tens of Thousands of Dollars to others. And every worker we have did just what we are asking you to do—send your name.

MAIL THIS COUPON

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Limited,
Department No. 7911.
1870 Davenport Road, Toronto 9, Ont.

Dear Sirs:—

Without the slightest obligation on my part, please send me information about making money at home.

Name .....

Address .....

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