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The Week's Outlook

MONTREAL, APRIL 23, 1918.

Where is Blücher?

During the early days of last week the situation in France kept going from bad to worse. The Germans having thrust an enormous number of men into what now goes under the name of the Flanders salient, found themselves in such narrow quarters that they made a tremendous effort to broaden their salient northwards and in this they were successful. By the capture of Bailleul they outflanked the British strong point on Messines Ridge, with the result that the British had to retire from Messines and Wytschaete. The result of this serious retirement was to leave the back of the Passchendaele ridge exposed to German gun-fire, and the next day the British had to retire from Passchendaele, Langemarck, St. Julien and St. Eloi, all places which will be forever famous in Canadian history. This retirement brought their line close around Ypres, which we still hold. On Wednesday of last week it seemed as if the British were going to be unable to stop the enemy making still further advances. They were gaining their objectives one after another in such a steady manner, and the British losses were so thinning out their line that the position seemed desperate. At that juncture Major-General F. B. Maurice, chief director of military operations at the War Office, announced that the situation was exactly similar to that at twelve o'clock on the day of the battle of Waterloo. The British were losing and the arrival of Blücher could alone turn the tide. General Maurice added: "It is unpleasant business standing the hammering, but so long as we can stand it the only question is: 'What is happening to Blücher? What has become of the reserves?'" In another sentence he says: "Providing that Blücher is marching to the battlefield there is no reason for discouragement." The reserves did not arrive until the worst of the battle was over. The Germans had seemingly exhausted themselves before blue French uniforms began mingling in the line with the brown uniforms of the British. The Germans, however, had won the strong ridges of Messines and Passchendaele which are so important to their defence of Belgium.

For Another Thrust.

Having made this gain on the north the Germans moved their point of attack to the southern side of the salient. Here to the west of Givenchy they tried to force a crossing of the la Bassée canal, but the British division on this front yielded them not an inch. Their efforts only resulted in a great loss of life among their divisions that went over the top. Terribly balked here they tried at another point far to the north close to the Channel where the Belgians were holding the line. Here they received even worse treatment. Not only did they gain nothing, but they lost seven hundred prisoners and a great number of killed and wounded. Over the week-end the whole German army rested. Friday, Saturday and Sunday were days of quiet along the whole front. All the military critics are agreed that Germany will be forced to continue her offensive, and that the quiet of these days is merely to re-form her battalions and divisions on new lines of concentration for another big thrust. While we have heard little of it because of its non-success, she has already twice attempted the fifteen mile sector of the line from Arras to Givenchy on which the Canadians held the central position at Lens. A break in that sector would mean to her to-day more than a break anywhere else, for it would permit of her joining the big southern salient in Picardy to the northern salient in Flanders, and so give breathing space to both. No one can tell where the next blow will fall, but there is now not a single part of the line held by the British where she has not already hit and been stopped. Spring rains this last week added greatly to Germany's difficulties. With no engagement at present in progress the next German move is being anticipated with more security. Opinion seems to be settling down to a belief that General Foch will not attempt a counter-stroke until the Germans have definitely ceased their offensive.

A New Front.

An extraordinary thing has happened on the shores of the Arctic and the White Sea. The British and French have been landing forces on the Arctic Coast of Russia close to Norway to protect the new railway, which was supplied by the Allies to give Russia an open winter port on the Arctic when the White Sea is closed with ice. This railway is in danger of falling into the hands of the Finlanders, or rather the Germans, who are controlling the Finnish army. For its protection the British and French forces have joined with the Russian Bolsheviks, and their united forces are fighting the Finnish White Guard. This would seem to be the beginning of a new friendship with the Russian people, which may lead to great things. Respectable Finland, imperilled by a Bolshevik rising, invoked German aid, and seems to have quite come under the control of the enemy, and to have made of herself almost a vassal state of Germany. In invading the territory between her border and the White Sea she imagines herself to be bespeaking out of the mix-up what is properly her own hinterland, but she is really fighting the battles of pan-slavery. By cutting the railway in question and getting command of the White Sea, Germany would cut Russia hopelessly off from ever receiving aid from the Allies, would get control of great supplies, and would have the whole of Russia at her mercy.

German Domineering in Russia.

Germany has sent a series of orders to the Bolshevik government with regard to her prisoners and other matters implying that she is in absolute command there, and that her vassals have nothing to do but to obey. How this sort of thing will affect the peasantry and proletariat who have had a sort of dream that they were released from all obedience remains to be seen. For the present the Germans seem to be doing what they like. Strange stories come from a London "Times" correspondent who has travelled the whole length of Russia, and writes from Odessa in which he says that the cities of Irkutsk and Blagovestchensk in easternmost Siberia have been more blasted by the Bolshevik uprising than Moscow and Kieff. That is perhaps natural as the most turbulent souls in Russia have for generations been sent to Siberia and the most brutal form of military tyranny has followed them there. How long will these ingrained revolutionaries obey their present German masters?

A New Cabinet.

The British public regards Mr. Lloyd George as in charge of the war, and, not knowing any one to whom it wants to transfer that duty, is inhospitable to criticisms on his choice of assistants. But still more has responsible opinion resented any appearance of surrender on his part to irresponsible dictation. When the nation saw its idols, Sir John Jellicoe and Sir William Robertson removed one after the other, after being bowled at persistently by the Northcliffe press, it concluded that either the Premier was at the mercy of that press, or else was using it to enable him to get rid of the nation's great men because of disagreement with them. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, successor to the name of his greater father, has never given evidence of high statesmanship, acting with another of moderate wisdom, representing the landed interests, he was the spokesman through long years of the interests that were seeking in vain to re-entangle British commerce in the net of protectionism. But Mr. Chamberlain sprang some weeks ago, into fame and popularity by boldly voicing in Parliament the feelings of the people with regard to the dubious relations between Downing Street and the adventurer who controls with his varied newspapers wares the opinion of the club and the barbers' shop. Mr. Lloyd George has seemed to us to have been doing his best to dispose of a pestering blue-bottle fly by adorning him and sending him first to the United States, where all his blandishments failed to make him popular, and then giving him charge of propaganda in Germany, a fine and important task for which his own Hun temperament unfitted him. Mr. Lloyd George's calling Mr. Chamberlain to the war cabinet is at least a masterly and needed answer to the people's surmises about a liaison between him and the badgering, bludgeoning press. In accepting that important responsibility Mr. Chamberlain was, no doubt more conscious of what he had to face from the "Times" and "Mail" than what he had to face from Germany. He is now getting it over his head. Possibly the Premier will be stronger with the nation, the great vituperator as an open foe than a supposed friend. The fight is on hot and heavy. The full power of the Northcliffe howitzers will be turned without mercy on the doughty premier who has dared to disobey orders from Printing House Square. No doubt Lord Northcliffe would like to migrate to Downing Street, and take Mr. Lloyd George's place. It was once said of Lord John Russel that he would at a moment's notice take command of the channel fleet. We shall now see whether England will stand by the constructive genius, or prefer the destructionist. The appointment of Lord Milner to the war office in place of Lord Derby who took sides with Sir William Robertson, and the sending of Lord Derby as ambassador to France, will all be looked upon as natural. Lord Milner, a man of German training, was the Tory statesman who, as a governor in South Africa, opposed giving that country self-government. That is a record that does not commend him as a democratic minister, but may not at all unfit him for minister of war at a time when decision and organizing ability are the qualities in demand, and no one questions Viscount Milner's considerable ability.

Losing Sympathy.

The advocates of Home Rule the world over, including the intelligent Irish in all parts of the United States, are aghast at the frantic attitude of the Nationalist party with regard to resisting conscription, and are at a loss to account for it. It looks to them as though with the death of John Redmond the balance wheel had come off, and the machinery was running wild. The real reason was epigrammatically stated by an Irish priest: "Redmond lost us the Sinn Fein; Dillon will get them back." They may or may not appease Sinn Fein by siding with it, but they have lost the sympathy of mankind. The reason alleged in mad language for arousing resistance to conscription, namely, that the question had not been submitted to the Irish people, implies a much more complete secessionism than the party has ever claimed. It has not before been proposed that Ireland should be severed from Great Britain as a military power. It appears to outsiders as if the party was taking advantage of the embarrassing conditions of the war to make a stand-and-deliver demand and a warlike demonstration from behind the lines. That is an attitude that cannot but make enemies for Ireland of all the Allies. No doubt the world has in a few years moved a long way forward toward the democratic principle of self-determination, and we can well imagine great new claims being made as to the inherent rights of small nations. But the most radical friends of liberty the world over refuse to see in that any reason for the country that is seeking self-government ranging itself against the nations that are fighting for universal liberty, and on the side of world autocracy, and doing so at the very time when Great Britain is urging on the smaller nation to decide for herself how she will be governed. The excuse that will be given by the party for its change of front will be that Ireland has got into such a feverish condition since the war began, and especially since the Easter rebellion that it would be itself swept aside if it did not put a like heat into its demands. Supposing that to be any warrant for a false position, it only puts the mystery further back. One still has to ask how it is that the Irish people have got the question of conscription, that is, of doing their bit in the world war, so much upon their nerves that they seem to have lost interest in the imminent enactment of the Home Rule for which they have been contending for generations.

Attitude of the Bishops.

Stranger than a wrong course taken by a political party is the deliberate proclamation of resistance to law "in all ways that are not un-Christian" by the Irish hierarchy, which, though it has habitually cultivated a mild inflammation against British rule, has always at the last pass sided with authority against revolutionary developments, and which with the exception of one bishop, has shown sympathy in this war with the cause of mankind against Germany. There is no visible reason for its resistence to conscription. It is borne out by no law of the Roman Catholic Church. Conscription has never been resisted in Austria, a country with which the Papacy has always been in the closest sympathy. We must therefore look for other than religious reasons. Though the action of the Irish prelates is far more reprehensible, there is a certain parallel with it in the changed course of some Canadian ones who, according to the unreticent testimony of Sir [illegible] Hughes, were at first heartily in sympathy with the common cause, but suddenly found themselves bound to a negative attitude. In the absence of any reason given, we had supposed that the attitude of the Church here was due to the terror of the parish clergy at the idea of the lambs of their flocks wandering in strange lands and acquiring opinions other than had been taught them. But the parallel suggests some relationship between the two cases, and in both the passion of the people looks like something else than spontaneous combustion. If either clergy is adopting this attitude of opposition to the world's emancipation for the sake of keeping in with its own people, we would conclude that the policy is short-sighted. The Church which is found on the wrong side in the present revolt of mankind against the infamies of autocracy will lose ground irrecoverably; and it will not be the gates of hell that will prevail against it.

Twenty Cities.

Last Tuesday and Wednesday twenty cities out of thirty-nine in the State of New York voted themselves dry. They were Auburn, Batavia, Binghamton, Canadaigua, Corning, Cortland, Elmira, Fulton, Gloversville, Hornell, Ithaca, Jamestown, Johnstown, Middletown, Norwich, Oneonta, Oneida, Plattsburg, Salamanca and Watertown. Geneva is still in doubt. The larger cities remained under licence. The contests drew out a very full vote considering the absence of political allurements. We learn that the vote in the cities averaged seventy percent greater than the total vote for all candidates for governor in the elections of 1916. It was the first election in which the women of the cities concerned could vote. Owing to the recent enactment of the local option provision under which it took place it was also the first time these cities had a chance to express their views on the saloon question. Mr. Whitman, the Governor of the State, no doubt felt the strength of public opinion in favor of prohibition when he recently forced a division in the legislature on the question of the national prohibition amendment, and almost carried it. That would have been almost settling the question for the whole Union, as New York is known as the empire state, the state whose decisions largely determine those of the country. His taking that lead was regarded in some quarters as a strong bid for the Presidency in the next national elections. If that amendment is ratified by thirty-six states, Prohibition will become the law of the land. Already eleven states, Mississippi, Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, North Dakota, Maryland, Montana, Texas, Delaware, South Dakota and Massachusetts have declared in favor of the amendment. It will be seen that the popularity of prohibition is not confined to the South, but that the north-west and north-east are also coming into line. Over forty State Legislatures will be chosen next November, and in all the states prohibition is a live and active force. A great victory may be approaching, but a great victory is never cheaply brought.

Germans and Beer.

The close association between Germans and beer is telling for prohibition. Some years ago when saloons in Chicago were running wide open on Sunday in spite of the law, one of the reasons given why they should be allowed to do so was that enforcement of the law would interfere with the habits of the Germans. According to one speaker "the Germans were declared to be ideal citizens, whom we could well afford to copy. They were alleged to possess all of the virtues and few, if any, if the vices of mankind and the excellence claimed for them was attributed to their generous use of beer." A change has come over the opinions of many people which has reversed this argument. They have marked the utter degradation to which Germany has descended, and in which her rulers and her people seem to glory, and conclude that German cruelty, coarseness and malignant hatred of all that is finest in the world, are largely due to their saturation with beer, and that it is better, as the same speaker has put it, "that the foreigner should adapt himself quickly to our American ideals and customs than that America should let down the bars to the worst in our civilization in order to accommodate herself to his."

The Brewers' Elysium.

Some English papers overflow with congratulations to Lord D'Abernon and the Liquor Control Board for what they have accomplished since the appointment of the board in June, 1915. Public-houses are only open for five hours and a half instead of seventeen or eighteen as formerly. Treating has been done away with. According to the "Daily Mail": For every hundred cases of drunkenness occurring in 1913 there are now only twenty-five. For every hundred deaths from alcoholism in 1913, there are now only fifty. For every hundred cases of delirium tremens in 1913 there are now only twenty. The beauty of it all is summed up in the remark of an American Congressman quoted by the "Mail": Now, that's bully—really bully!—You have cut down drunkenness and yet you keep your liquor." It is better than that; brewery stocks are soaring. Though the consumption of absolute alcohol shows a decline of approximately thirty-eight percent as compared with 1916, and fifty percent as compared with 1913, the expenditure of the people on liquor shows a very great increase—over twenty-six percent as compared with 1916, and fifty-four percent as compared with 1913. That paradox is due to the dilution of beer. It is high times indeed for the brewers though it is somewhat marred by the government's share of the plums. Mr. Wilson, Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, estimates the expenditure on alcoholic liquors from August 1, 1914, to December 31st last to have been at least 714 million pounds, out of which 167 million went directly in taxation. Last year's expenditure was much the heaviest. It is the making of the brewers. One well-known brewing concern had a pre-war average of yearly profits of £38,200. Its profits last year were £164,900. Taking eighty-four representative companies, net profits show an increase of fifty percent on the pre-war three years

The Waste and the Want.

The waste is still vast. The quantities of foodstuffs used in brewing in 1917 were approximately six hundred thousand tons of barley and sixty-five thousand tons of sugar. Mr. Wilson calculates that the addition of this barley to the bread supplies in the form recommended by the Food Supply Report of the Royal Society would have increased those supplies by two hundred and sixty-eight million four pound loaves besides providing two hundred and forty thousand tons of milling offals for feeding stock. The whole of the sugar in the form in which it is used for brewing could have been utilized directly for human food. In view of the urgent need of men for the army and for vital industries, the Government is being reminded that according to its own official statistics one hundred and fifty thousand men of all ages besides a large number of women are employed directly or indirectly in the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. This does not include those in grocer's shops possessing off-licenses. It is no wonder in the face of all this that a demand for war-time prohibition is growing in many centres. How far the recent plebiscites voluntarily taken in some industrial centres in Scotland represent the actual opinion we cannot be sure, but they are interesting as coming from quarters often accounted, the most hopeless. These returns showed the following results: Paisley, for Prohibition, 11,182; against, 1,178; Clyde bank—for, 6,207; against, 1,861. Barrhead—for, 3,343; against, 299; Cowdenbeath—for, 2,371; against, 576; Alva—for, 1,332; against, 47; Oban—for, 1,249; against, 80; Lesmahagow—for, 1,076; against, 32; Spennymoor—for, 2,765; against, 143. Unless the opponents of prohibition have allowed themselves to be very much misrepresented, a total of eighty-eight percent for prohibition is a pretty complete reply so far as Scotland is concerned to those protectors of the liquor interest who shelter themselves behind the assertion that the workman must have his drink. The Government at present has its hands full with the German offensive, the Man Power Bill and the culminating Irish question. The liquor question will have to be taken up sooner or later however.

Our Celebrated Police.

It is time to give our minds to questions of police. Our Dominion Police system did not show up well in the late Quebec emeute. We read in novels, and perhaps in history, of outlaws becoming the best and most loyal of law enforcers. Of course, as was quoted in Parliament the other day, "the vilest sinner may return." But it does not sound well, when the management of a job is criticized, to have it said in Parliament that one of the constables was as well known in Quebec as Barabbas was in Jerusalem, and the other was a lapsed member of a good family. In that episode the Quebec civic police showed up worse still, its behavior suggesting either helpless inefficiency, or sympathy with a lawless revolt against authority. The police force of Montreal presents too fine an appearance to allow of doubt that it might be made a service to glory in; but a recent investigation revealed it as rotten at its heart and almost necessarily a school of degradation for the fine young giants it enlists. But there is a brighter side to the picture. No knights hospitalers or knights errant of old ever won a nobler fame as redressers of wrong than the North West Mounted Police which came into being under splendid leadership in Mackenzie's time. The life is a life of hardship, it is true, but a life of high emprise inspired by heroic traditions and affording more alluring scope for the romantic heroism that is found in every young man than almost any other calling. Those who pierce to either pole draw more of the attention and admiration of the world, but do not excel our rangers of the great lone land either in derringdo or nobility of service.

Imitators.

The States of Pennsylvania and New York have both recently established a similar constabulary, which has in each case attracted to its ranks men of the highest efficiency and the truest devotion to the public service. Its firm discipline, ennobling purposes, taxing adventure and pride of service would probably be the very making of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's man of good family, but questionable reputation, whose life had failed through the lack of all these ingredients. And each of those forces has been surprised to find how very much it was needed for the righting of all sorts of wrongs. The local constable is appealed to in vain to take steps against the illicit sale of drink. It is impossible to furnish him with evidence enough to warrant him in taking action. The reason is that he knows he would find his barn burned down, and would have no evidence in that case either, even if there was plenty about. The lone house that is a scandal to the neighborhood through internal dissensions, cruelties or infamies, the misused imbecile, or the man who is brutal to his animals, is nobody's business. No one gets busy about it, as any one who should do so would look for no result but harm to himself. The quack, the cocaine seller, the terrorizing tramp, and other pests hitherto tolerated because there was no one to appeal to, now disappear as if by magic, and everywhere the State trooper, generally within a few hours' call, is a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well.

A Growing Need.

Why do we give space to this matter here? Because when the State of New York abolished race-course gambling, the riff-raff of that and other states slopped over into Canada, which still invites it. Because when any country begins to deal efficiently with the dangerous classes these easily migrate to neighbor regions. Because we in Canada have passed prohibition laws, and have no reason to imagine they will enforce themselves. Because we are going presently to have a large increase of unsettled population; and because our returned men, to whom a steady life will for a time be irksome, are going to furnish the most splendid pick of men for such a service. We are perhaps at a disadvantage in having three different policing systems of uncertain delimitation, and we are not prepared to say where the duty lies to work up this noble service. Certain it is that the duty is immediate and lies somewhere. While the men are away such an organization would have its imitation in the safe hands of veterans, but it is desirable that it should be in shape for the enlistment of the most virtuous and trusty as well as the most adventurous of our returned men.

Crime in Montreal.

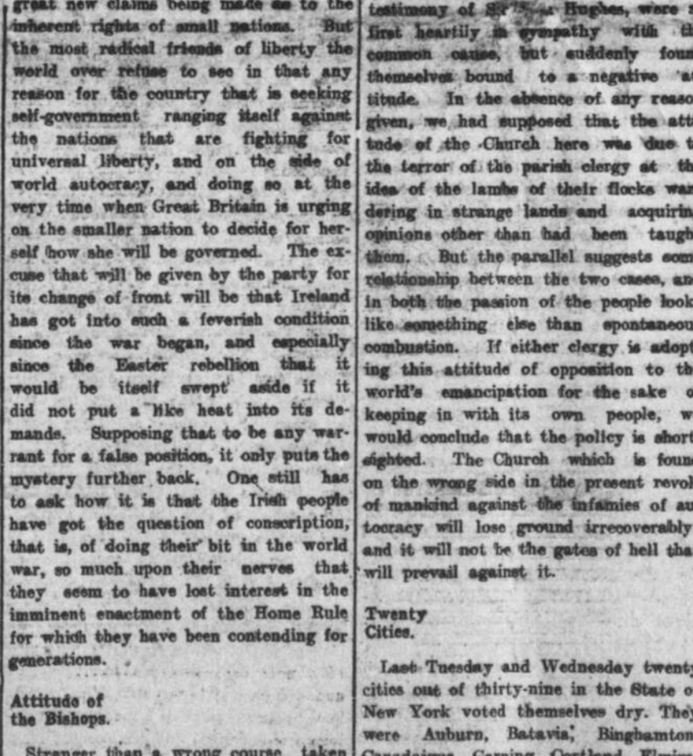
Montreal has been shocked by two murders, by the attempted murder of Mr. Villeneuve, while on a mission of vice exposure, and other assaults and robberies that have gone unpunished. No housekeeper knows that the tradesman "sent by the landlord to do some repairs" is not a sneak thief. In spite of our Juvenile Court, and of the wholehearted effort of its very painstaking staff of officers, juvenile crime shows alarming increase. Vice flaunts itself unchecked. By some this state of anarchy is charged, like everything else, to the war, and there may be some truth in that. There are the temptations of barracks life, the absence of parental control over boys and girls, and the general unsettling of institutions and ideals by the earthquake shocks that are shaking mankind. In a great many, perhaps in the majority of cases, however, the children of our soldiers are walking worthily of their fathers. The absence of the latter has thrown responsibility on the young shoulders which has been met very beautifully and gallantly by the boys and girls concerned. Often the call to sacrifice has been nobly answered, and "the day drudge has kindled into a hero." We all know of men and women who four years ago seemed to have little thought outside pleasure, business, or, at the best, self-culture, who have been caught up into and filled with a new spirit. Service has become a very present keynote in many unexpected quarters of society. But on the other hand it is an unmistakable fact that not in Germany only has there been a deterioration of ideals. Few of us but find ourselves giving place to feelings

HIS BACK TO THE WALL!



—"Evening World," N.Y.

"PAYING TOO MUCH FOR HIS WHISTLE."



—"Tribune," N.Y.

and sentiments which a few years ago we would have considered as most un-Christian and almost barbarous.

Bad at the Heart.

Another reason sometimes given with a shrug of the shoulders for these dangerous conditions is that we have, a large city with a big foreign population, and in such a community such things are bound to happen. But there are larger cities, notably some in the Old Country with a much larger foreign population, where crime has actually decreased, through the withdrawal of adventurous elements and a certain surveillance of alien enemies. The real trouble is that we have not been taught to respect authority. For years back our City Hall, which is, or should be, the heart and brain of our civic system has been diseased. And the poison has been carried by every avenue into every extremity of our communal life. It has resulted in an enormous and increasing debt, in badly kept streets, in slums, in overcrowding, in a heavy death-rate, especially among children, in poverty, in ignorance, in disease, in vice and crime. Hideous revelations were recently made regarding some of these conditions. But the investigation was blocked. Those who have attempted law enforcement have had a thankless task. They have been sneered and jeered at, their efforts for the good of the city have been hampered and opposed, and those that have been most active have gone in peril of their lives.

A Parallel.

Conditions in Montreal are very similar to those uncovered by Judge Lindsey in Denver. He started to improve the system of dealing with juvenile offenders, and discovered that the problem of juvenile crime was intimately connected with adult crime and criminals. Following the clue, he found he was up against a barrier behind which were sheltered all sorts of civic grafters and boodlers. He burst through that, and routed the vulgar grafters, but was astonished to find the clue still leading "higher up." Finally he discovered a real, vital connection between the "respectable" franchise grabbers and their supporters, who "worked" the State Legislature and the City Hall, and the criminals of the depths. That connection could also be traced here. People with an axe to grind have a very keen sense of the sort of people who will grind it for them, and it is such that get elected. Montreal has come into a new system of government. By a very strange action of the legislature several men, who apparently never sought office, have been picked out, by whom no one knows, and placed in supreme control of the city's administration. The task laid on them is sufficient to tax the ability of a congress of giants. To produce order out of the chaos of Montreal will need courage and skill and determination of the finest order. But it can be done. There are good elements among the citizens who will unite to back enthusiastically any government that affords hope of betterment. Indeed, we believe that the great body of public opinion in Montreal is only waiting for a lead, and would welcome and support a real cleaning up. It remains for the new men to tackle their job. They have been gifted with large powers. Their responsibility is commensurate with these powers, but it must be exercised positively and absolutely without fear or favor.

In Russia's Fall We Suffered All.

This war has taught us in many ways that the world is one body, and that if one member suffers all the members suffer with it. Never again will nations think of making themselves fortunate through the misfortunes of other nations any more than one part of a man's body could be rendered happier by injury done to some other part. The extent to which the world's agony has been prolonged by the wreck of Russia is coming to view. It is now probable that, but for that, the Middle Powers would have given way a year ago. It is the fashion to ascribe everything done in Germany to calculated falsity. Mr. Balfour, in addressing the American Labor delegates in London, said the Central Powers now cynically admit that the Reichstag resolution of last July, accepting the principle of peace without annexations or indemnities, was camouflage. We need not wonder at the Germans explaining it in this way, as it is the only explanation they can admit, and as the Potsdam spirit glories in its shame. But to accuse a whole Parliament of such fooling is fortunately unnecessary, as the circumstances fully explain the change of attitude between then and now. The public has now before it a confidential letter from the Emperor Charles of Austria, written before the Russian collapse, and meant for the eyes of French and British statesmen, which went beyond the Erzberger resolution by actually consenting to the return of Alsace and Lorraine to France. Some think this separate peace advance on the part of Austria was also a put-up job of the father of lies, who had come to a pass in which a desperate bid for peace was in order. But that is probably ascribing to the powers of darkness too much co-operation in finesse and more confidence in each other than is to be looked for.

Russia Stupefied.

What was happened that the atmosphere of popular unrest and pacifism in middle Europe, out of which both the Emperor's letter and the Reichstag resolution emerged, proved sufficient to gas the Russian disintegraters and make them think that they had only to dissolve their army to have the Germans and Austrians dissolve theirs. We know how, as soon as Russia had incapacitated herself, the big growl of the Militarists appeared upon the scene and scrapped all Kuehlmann's wheedling talk, and how Czernin, the Austrian negotiator, who had throughout played a very squeaky second fiddle, went home to explain to the Austrian expectants of peace as best he could the two peace achievements attained, one with Russia and one with a pro-Prussian cabal in the Ukraine, the latter handing over to the Ruthenians for Prussian ends a province claimed by the Poles as Polish. What reconciled both Germany and Austria to the failure of a general peace, which they had hoped to initiate through Russia, what keyed them up to another year or two of war was the disappearance of Russia setting free half their armies and affording some hope of relieving the people's intolerable needs. Not only was all that had been Russia, from Finland on the Baltic and the Ukraine seaport on the Black Sea to Vladivostok on the Pacific, now under the treacherous German heel, not only was Rumania practically annexed to Austria, but there was now hope—almost a certainty, to their seeing—that they would now conquer France, Italy and Britain, and extort from them the fearful cost of the war. So much have German hopes been restored by the present push, or so much has the crisis suppressed judgment, that the Erzberger party has formally recinded the resolution that it pressed through the Reichstag last year, and has declared in favor of territorial and other extortions.

The Saving Remnant.

When we read of Austrian infamies in Serbia and Italy, of the unequalled falsity of German faith, of the apparent lack of any sense of honor in the counsels of any of the three central empires, we should have firmly in mind that even Turks are men "of like passions with ourselves," that what they have in common with us is far more than all in which they differ, and that wherein we differ from them is by the grace of God and our upbringing. To save our own souls we must not lose faith in the Germans. We cannot love God unless we can love the men whom he loves. We cannot have hope of the world's salvation without hoping and praying for the salvation of the Germans. The world can have no rest or peace till the Germans fall into fellowship. There are still many devout, loving, and praying souls in Germany who will turn as fondly towards the light of the better day when they shall see it as any of ourselves, perhaps the more eagerly for having been so long shut out from it. We must hold fast to Mathew Arnold's doctrine, drawn from Isaiah, of the saving remnant. It was to France that he applied that forlorn hope half a century ago. That was a time when Germany lived in our literature as the hopeful land of virility, and indeed as the source of much of our highest spirituality. Our outlook has greatly changed since then, but we should remember that while there are still true people in Germany there are also men and women of growingly Hunnish spirit among ourselves. The fact that we have right on our side does not make us all holy, not even all our soldiers. Occasionally they come back sanctified; occasionally quite unregenerate. The infinitely important question for either side is, which is the ruling spirit? Shall we have gained anything by victory if we have become Huns in the process? Indeed, shall we have gained any victory if the Germans remain Huns, to force all the nations to a continuance of war hate, and war waste? Our hope is in the saving remnant of the German people; and, however deluded we may think them to-day, our hearts should go out to them in longing desire and faith that the right spirit within them may vindicate itself among their people and become a conquering force.

The Veil Of Censorship.

We must not imagine that the Germans are as blind to the real facts as one would gather from their press. We understand ourselves that there are things we may not say. No one in the whole United States is allowed to express publicly a word against the draft, or criticize unfavorably the nation's purpose in the war; and now we in Canada are to be under like limitations not by the fiat of a despot but at the imperative demand of the people. These rules of ours, insisted on by an excited people, are in point of form far more despotic than is the censorship of Germany in point of fact; for many articles have been published there discussing unfavorably the entry of Germany into the war, and the principles for which she is fighting. Indeed, upon such revelations to the German people depends more than on any thing else the settlement we hope for. The Manchester "Guardian" says of another clause of the Canadian regulations that it is more stringent than any attempted in England. Indeed, it is one that in its full application would trip up the Manchester "Guardian" every week. Our rules are probably modelled

"HELLO, CZERNIN! WE EXPECTED YOU."



—"World," N.Y.

after those of the people—governed United States, with whose conditions ours are more similar.

Light Breaking in.

In Germany the press and all public and even private utterances have always been controlled. There are bounds set to the field in which people may write or speak. They may either hold that the nations, through the jealousy and malice of England, had agred together to attack and destroy Germany, or that Germany is fighting because preordained by God to subdue all the nations. Like the little man and woman in the German toy barometers, the first of these contradictory views comes out and airs itself when the weather is cloudy, and the second when the sun shines. Though always at cross purposes the two seem to be able to live together in perfect accord, and what is queer the German and Austrian nations affect to believe in them both. That they are not so fresh as they seem, however, we may gather from the plain speaking of the Vienna "Arbeiter Zeitung," or "Workmen's Gazette," which points out what a silly thing it is to be making enemies of all the world. Supposing the victory achieved, what then? Austria will then owe a debt to Germany on which she will have to pay a hundred and forty million dollars interest a year, besides other debts. How is she going to pay it, and how is she going to pay for her needed supplies? How is she to get raw material? She evidently cannot borrow from Germany, or from France whose means will be wholly occupied repairing her damage. Her only recourse will be to Britain or the United States. Where would a peace imposed by German military force leave her with them? Nations have to depend upon each other. Underneath all this there is the conviction all through the great Austrian empire that it is Berlin that got them into all this trouble for its own ends, and that the first and most assured of those ends was the subjection of Austria. There are some German Austrians agreeable to this, but in the hearts of most Austrian subjects it has bred ineradicable hatred of Prussia.

The Exposure.

The way it has come out was through Count Czernin making a speech, in which, to quiet the popular unrest again rising to the exploding point, he repeated the old story about the Allies being anxious for peace. He told how France had approached him nearly a year ago, and how they might have had peace then, had not strikes and free talk in the Reichsrath, the Austrian Parliament, led the Allies to think that Austria was near collapse. He warned them against again giving such aid and comfort to the enemy when on the very eve of victory. M. Clemenceau's reply to this allegation about France having sued to Austria for peace was to publish the Emperor Charles's letter. That letter is not the only shell that has broken into the house of lies. There was that diary of Prince Lichnowsky which in some way got published in "Vorwaerts" — the Prince says without his leave—and which is now being advertised to the whole nation by the prosecution of the writer for knowing what he did and putting it down on paper. Strange that "Vorwaerts" is not again suppressed! Germany sought before the war to camouflage her war intentions against Britain by sending an ambassador known to be friendly. This mission of Prince Lichnowsky certainly misled Great Britain. His published memoranda contain such statements as these: "Sir Edward Grey wished in the main to favor our colonial development." A very favorable treaty was agreed to, but Sir Edward would only sign it on condition that it should be published along with previous treaties, as "England has no secret treaties." The German Foreign Office kept raising difficulties up to the eve of the war, when the treaty of course fell through. This the Prince notes was another war sacrifice. The published memorandum went over all the, to us, familiar facts with regard to the starting of the war, as learned by him on his return to Berlin. It made plain to the bamboozled Germans that the war was deliberately planned and determinedly insisted on by Germany in spite of the very earnest efforts of Sir Edward Grey to prevent it, and that it was war with England that was designed from the first. It is not the wickedness of Germany that the Prince deplores, but the consummate folly of attacking and making enemies of the whole world. Like other Germans of his class, he appears to be impervious to moral ideas. He denies being a party to the publication of his memorandum, which was meant as a family record. His prosecution can only have the effect of giving barbs to his revelations. These exposures will have practically no effect at all on Germany, as long as she is intoxicated with military conquest. But nothing but a steady continuance of the advance of her armies, can prevent a new break-down of their spirit. Let that drive fail, and its recoil will have a smashing effect behind its own lines.

More About Titles.

Either our present and former premier are both mistaken or Mr. Bonar Law, Parliamentary spokesman for the British premier, is. When the motion of Mr. Nickle of Kingston, for the abolition of hereditary titles in Canada came before our Parliament, Sir Robert Borden surprised the House by disclosing the fact that the Canadian Government had already, by order-in-council, made four recommendations to the British Government. The first of these reads: "No honor or titular distinction saving those granted in recognition of military service during the present war, or ordinarily bestowed by the Sovereign, shall be conferred upon a British subject resident in Canada except upon the advice of the Prime Minister." There is here as there is still more in the preamble, a clear implication that titles have been conferred on Canadians without the advice of the Prime Minister. In 1902 Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Prime Minister, suggested that the Canadian Government should advise the Crown upon the exercise of the prerogative of bestowing honors and titular distinctions. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, then Secretary for the Colonies, opposed this on the ground that in all but exceptional cases the responsibility of recommending persons for honors rested upon the Imperial government. He suggested that if service of a political or administrative character rendered in the sphere of the Canadian Government was to be recognized that government might make recommendations. In other cases in which it was proposed to confer honors the Dominion Prime Minister would simply be entitled to make such observations as he might desire upon a list submitted to him. In the face of all this Mr. Bonar Law in answer to the question "Is it not a new policy to make a hereditary title in a family exclusively domiciled in the colonies?" asserted that, "It is not a new policy. No title has been conferred except with the knowledge and approval of the Prime Minister concerned." He has evidently been misinformed by the department to which the question was referred. The departments are a little upset and are busy with more more serious things.

War Arithmetic.

We have at last some very precise statements as to the numbers of the forces in France which, taken together, give a basis for a fairly exact computation of the strength provided by various nationalities. As these statements are given out by the very highest authority, their accuracy cannot be questioned and when taken together they leave little room for error in our deductions. In the first place, Mr. Lloyd George says we have a strength on the western front equal to that of the enemy. It may be greater, it cannot be much greater, but we are assured it is not less. Now we have besides this the most positive assertion by the chief military spokesman of the British army that the German strength is a hundred and ninety-nine divisions of about fourteen thousand men each, so that the German army numbers two million eight hundred thousand. Our own army, being as numerous, must also number two million eight hundred thousand. We have another statement also from Mr. Lloyd George that the French army in France is more numerous than ours, and it was said in such a way as to leave no doubt that its numerical superiority was large enough to be an important factor. Here then, for the first time, we come into the realm of speculation where we have no precise figures to guide us, but such a good knowledge of the facts that our estimate cannot be far astray. If the British and French forces were exactly even we would each have fourteen hundred thousand men. If the French force is slightly our superior they may have fifteen hundred thousand, while we have but thirteen hundred thousand. But that slight difference of two hundred thousand would hardly be enough to make Mr. Lloyd George so positive in his pronouncement that none but a French general could be considered as generalissimo on account of the French superiority in numbers. If, however, the French have sixteen hundred thousand to our twelve hundred thousand, then they would have a superiority of four hundred thousand men in the field, which would certainly entitle them to the nomination of the general-in-chief. It is impossible to imagine that the British have much less than twelve hundred thousand men in France, so that we may, without much chance of being wrong, fix the comparative strengths of the two armies at sixteen hundred thousand French and twelve hundred thousand British.

Other Figures.

We have however some other official figures with which to check up this estimate. Some time ago there seems to have been complaint on the part of some member of the British Empire that its men were suffering too heavily. As a result of this the British military authorities put out a set of figures to show the percentage of casualties as compared with the numerical strength of each member of the British Empire on the battlefront. From these we learned that seventy percent of the men on the fighting line are from England and Wales, eight percent from Scotland, sixteen percent from the Dominions and Colonies, and six percent from Ireland. Sixteen percent of our estimate of the British forces would be one hundred and ninety thousand men. We know that Canada has about one hundred thousand men at the front, leaving the other colonies and Dominions to make up other ninety thousand. It is hard to see how there can be more than two hundred thousand colonial trops in France, considering the number of Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans that are being used in Palestine and East Africa. So that the total strength of the British force cannot be much over twelve hundred thousand at which we above estimated it. We are now in a position to make a complete list of the fighting forces in France.

French	1,600,000
English and Welsh	840,000
Scotch	96,000
Irish	72,000
Canadians	100,000
Other Overseas Forces	92,000
Total	2,800,000

A Lost Soul.

"What have I not done to save the world from these horrors!" said the German Emperor when allowed to see some of the infinite carnage he was responsible for at Bapaume. We have no word in the English language but Peckniff to describe the deplorable condition of mind to which this victim of Mephistopheles has been reduced. The word hypocrisy but ill meets the case, much as it has departed from its original sense. It is usually supposed to signify conscious pretence, whereas we have in this wreck of a soul one who has so misrepresented facts to his empire and to himself that he is no longer capable of knowing the truth. He has not been the whole of all the hellish cabals of the Wilhelmstrasse. He has been their victim. But he has willingly assumed the responsibility of all the planning and scheming by which the whole world has for a generation been impregnated, by German treachery, with everything that could make for discord. It was he that stayed the hand of Western Europe when it met to take measures against the massacres of the Great Assassin. It was he that assumed the god in Jerusalem. It was he that got Turkey into his bondage by the corruption of Enver when it was breaking its fetters in the Young Turk movement. It was he who planned to let the hell-hounds of Islam loose on the Christian world, and had it given forth that he was a follower of the prophet. It was he who forced the hand of old Frances Joseph into invading Serbia to make for himself an opportunity to attack his neighbors on both sides, beginning by the enslavement of Belgium. It is he who has corrupted the whole childhood of Germany in school songs of Satanic hate, who has taught the poor boys now being driven to the slaughter at the point of the sword, to

"Kill all who implore for mercy
Shoot them down like dogs.
'Always more enemies'
Let this be your only prayer
In this hour of revenge."

And he goes forth and looks at those dechristianized youth lying in countless heaps, and protests to his deceived soul how he has done all he could to prevent these horrors. Is he not completely in the hands of his evil genius?

A United Army.

When the Allies were terribly pressed in France because the task which they had to accomplish was stupendous and their numbers were deficient, they took an action which very naturally they were slow to take, yet one which has already vindicated itself in greater efficiency. In the face of danger they united under a single leader. Nothing but extreme danger could have put an end to their sectionalism. Up till a fortnight ago there was on the western front, a British section, a French section, a Portuguese section, a Belgian section, and an American section. Each was striving to do its best in its own way, and each very jealous of its rights and honor. When the great blow was struck at the joint between the British and the French this sectionalism was burned up. In their extremity the nationalities sacrificed their pride and placed themselves all under a single leadership. The church at the front has found itself a good deal in the same position. The Presbyterians have been carrying on their work the Methodists theirs, the Anglicans theirs, and the Baptists, the Congregationalists, and other denominations have all had their chaplains at the front doing their part, under somewhat diverse traditions, each jealous that its corps of chaplains shall be proportional to its fighting strength. But the Christian workers have found that the men neither know nor care about there differences. All they want is the Gospel. Observing this and observing at the same time that the service does not admit of a multiplicity of chaplains and that untimely confusion arises from duplication of work, the church of the army is now practically united. The chaplains are, from now on, to be under a single director, all working together as though there were no dividing lines. The necessity of the hour, with its anxiety and need to comfort the wounded and dying, has done for the church of the army what peace and prosperity would never have accomplished—welded it into a single organization.

Where Co-operation is Most Called For.

At the same time the Church at home, which is still enjoying peace and prosperity—a peace that has never been broken, a prosperity that is greater than it has ever known—and with an unprecedented call to co-operation to meet the pleading needs of a dislocated world, persists in its obstructive schisms. It has even pledged itself for the time being not even to discuss getting together under one general staff so that all its resources might be directed to the place where they are most needed, and its over-abundant strength at certain points moved along the line to spots where it is weak. However, in the last few weeks two fine pieces of work for the healing of the sundered Protestantism have been done in Montreal. The pulpit of Christ Church Cathedral was occupied three weeks ago at the Sunday evening service for the first time in its history, by a non-conformist preacher, Mr. Ballington Booth, and the next week the Vicar of the Cathedral, the Rev. Dr. Symonds, preached from the pulpit of St. Andrew and St. Paul, traditionally speaking, the leading Presbyterian Church of Montreal. When our chaplains, Anglican, Methodist or Presbyterian, come back from the front, and step out from under what might be called the united Protestant church of the trenches, there is every prospect of broader coalition and more speedy advance toward union. Had it not been for the pacifism of the unionist conferees in the last general assembly the Church might, even now, be marching forward with at least some of its main divisions in step, preparing to meet the great social issues the war has brought upon us.

St. George's Day.

St. George fighting the dragon, is a pure myth, the symbol of good fighting evil. In golden armor, on his white horse, he represents light fighting darkness, Christianity fighting heathenism and as such he is not only remembered with an annual day wherever Englishmen are, but in very many countries—those surrounding the Black Sea and those in the northernmost regions of Europe. Except among the very ignorant he is nothing but a symbol. As such he is the ideal of the Boy Scouts. Gibbon who in history is what Goethe would call "the spirit that denies," has identified him with an army contractor and profiteer, who finally got mixed up with the Arian controversy and was killed by one party and canonized by the other. Others, at least more pleasantly, identify St. George with a young centurion, born in Lydda in Palestine, who, loyal in all else to his Emperor, refused to give up Christianity and was martyred under Diocletian. There were doubtless many other Georges, good, bad and indifferent, in the early church, none of whom explain the dragon myth, which remains as it has been almost since there were men upon the earth, the symbol of the everlasting battle of good against evil, no matter how strong and fierce and fell that evil may be. The Beast we are fighting to-day is just as bad as the Dragon of the legend, as bad as the heathendom of Diocletian, and it is only to be conquered by the faith, courage and sacrifice of the Diocletian martyr. The banner of St. George was that of the red cross under which so many of to-day have given themselves to holy work both at home and in the hospitals, and in No Man's Land. The second battle of Ypres, in which the Canadians had their terrible baptism of fire, fell almost on St. George's Day. It was there our young men first proved of what stuff they were made. It was there that they showed themselves worthy of fighting under the red cross of St. George, central in the Union Jack. On the same spot a still more desperate battle is to-day being waged than that in which the Canadians three years ago "saved the situation." It will need all the valor and all the faith both of the men at the front and of us who remain behind, to win out successfully. But right is bound to conquer in the end. But conquer or not we are all bound to maintain it even to martyrdom. To those who were celebrating St. George's day nationally the right note was struck by Dr. Symonds at Christ Church Cathedral when, amid roses and red crosses and under the presidency of the bishop, he proclaimed that just as the old relations between capital and labor were being torn up, just as denominational differences now stand condemned, so the old rule of everything for the state, nationalism, whose motto is, had lost repute, and was being replaced by a league of nations caring for each other's interests.

THE TEUTONIC IDEA.



—Brooklyn "Eagle."

A PRAYER.

Help me, O God, to keep before my eyes
The larger visions of this war; to be
Inspired each day by noble thoughts that rise
Of duty, honor, country, and of Thee.
Help me to think of war as one vast
Of human effort struggling toward whole
the right,
Ever advancing nearer to the goal
Of freedom from the iron rule of might,
Lest I forget, and in my sorrow see
Only the face of him who goes from me.

—From the Atlanta "Constitution."

CORRECTION.

There was an unfortunate mistake made in crediting the poem which appeared on the front page of last week's "Witness" to A. C. Wilmot. The poem was written by John Oxenham and appears on page eighteen of his book called "THE VISION SPLENDID." It is probable that the young man copied it out in a letter, as well expressing what he desired to say, and that the person to whom it was sent, supposing it to be original, sent it to the "Witness" as an original contribution.

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

TUESDAY APRIL 23rd, 1918.

VIOLENT FIGHTING IN THE REGION SOUTH AND WEST OF YPRES ENDS IN EXHAUSTION OF TROOPS, AND SEVERE DEFEAT OF GERMANS ON LINE OF THE LA BASSEE CANAL—BRITISH DEFENDERS HOLD LIKE A ROCK

Germans Have Gained Messines Ridge, Wytschaete and Meteren — Retirement of British From Parts of the Line in the Ypres Salient Leave Poelcappelle, Langemarck and Passchendaele in German Hands—French Reinforcements Turn the Tide in Northern Region, and Enemy is Pressed Back

The great offensive in the northern sector from north of Ypres to La Bassee momentarily hangs fire owing to the complete exhaustion of the German troops and the valor of the combined British and French battalions, who have disputed every foot of ground and wrought terrific havoc among the ranks of the advancing enemy. The German gains in this second great drive have been small as compared with those in the Somme region, but they are important as threatening Hazebrouck and the railway communications with the coast.

Writers in the London newspapers emphasize the splendid resistance offered by British troops to the German onslaughts, which the "Observer" says is "a glorious and solid achievement, second to nothing in our history." This newspaper continues: "So far we hold like a rock. The record of the fighting, in which the British army till now has saved the northern field and the general cause, strongly suggests that the enemy's first chance in this campaign was his best and that however the coming battles may sway we shall wear him down."

The sadness and the weariness of the conflict are well expressed by Philip Gibbs in his despatch on Friday night:

"How long is this massacre going on? It is reaching heights of horror which the world has hardly seen in all its history. The senselessness of it makes one despair of humanity. For what do these Germans hope to gain out of all this sacrifice—these field-grey men, who come swarming upon our lines wave after wave, gaining ground or not gaining ground, but always leaving a wake of dead and dying and mangled men behind them? The German high command is out for victory and domination at all costs save that of their own skins and blood. But not even the full and brutal victory which they are failing to gain would give any increase of comfort or any forgetfulness of agony to those German soldiers who were sent into that carnage."

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

Narrative of Events in the Great Battle From Day to Day

At the beginning of the week the Germans on the northern front scored an important advantage in the capture of Bailleul, one of their main objectives commanding the approach to Hazebrouck. This was only achieved by three fresh German divisions after prolonged and most desperate fighting. The British fell back to new positions north of Bailleul and Wulverghem, while the enemy continued to develop the attack in the neighborhood of Wytschaete. North of Merville also the British positions on the eastern edge of the Nieffe forest were fiercely assailed, but the attacking forces failed to make headway.

THE ATTACK ON BAILLEUL.

In the attack upon Bailleul Von Stettin's fresh troops attacked from the south, while Von Carlowitz hurled storm troops northward past the city, on the east, simultaneously assaulting Le Rovetzberg Heights, which are the southernmost bastions of a number of hillocks rising out of the otherwise level lowlands of the Flanders. Several divisions swept against Bailleul itself.

Bailleul was the stronghold from which the British hurled back the Germans from the northern edge of the Flanders salient. It guarded the entire Ypres salient from the south, and its fall endangered the British positions in Ypres, on the Messines Ridge, and in Zonnebeke.

Bailleul is located on the main Armentiere-Hazebrouck railway, midway between the two cities. It is three and a half miles west of Neuve-Eglise. Before the war it was a town of about 12,000 persons. It was of excellent construction and was of old Flemish design. Grape-growing was a large industry in Bailleul hothouses before the war. Recently the city was set on fire and half of it destroyed.

WIDENING OUT THE SALIENT.

Rapidly following up the advantage gained in the capture of Bailleul, the Germans on Tuesday devoted their attention to widening out the salient, and struck heavily at Messines Ridge.

Situated at the eastern end of the range of abrupt, isolated hills which divides the valleys of the river Lys and the river Yser, it links up that range with the line of rising ground, which from Wytschaete stretches northeastwards to the Ypres-Menin road and then northward past Passchendaele to Staden.

"The village of Messines, situated on the southern spur of the ridge, commands a wide view of the valley of the Lys, while to the northwest the village of Wytschaete, on the highest part of the ridge, from its height of about 260 feet, commands even more completely the town of Ypres and surrounding positions.

In spite of the most heroic defence against the masses of enemy troops that stormed the heights, the British were compelled to give way, and the important strategic towns of Wytschaete and Spanbroekmolen, with a large part of Messines Ridge, remained in the hands of the Germans. Probably there has been no more bitter struggle during the war than that waged along the battle line through the towns of Bailleul, Neuve Eglise, Wulverghem and Wytschaete.

Messines Ridge is the key to the Ypres sector, and it was feared that its possession would give the Germans a commanding position in starting a new drive. The British, meanwhile, continued their determined resistance to the enemy advance on the higher ground just to the north of Bailleul and Neuve Eglise. The Germans, however, were left in possession of one of the two railways which feed Ypres from the south. The other remains running through the Hazebrouck junction, six miles west of Merris, via Caestre and Poperinghe.

THE STORY OF MESSINES.

Until June 7, 1917, all the efforts of the British to make use of the Hazebrouck-Bailleul-Ypres railway, to use Ypres as a depot for supplies, to attempt to gain Passchendaele ridge proved unavailing, as the German guns on Messines ridge dominated the entire terrain.

But when 1,000,000 pounds of high explosives, placed for months in an elaborate system of mines by Sir Herbert Plumer, destroyed the German emplacements on the ridge, the situation was suddenly changed—the way was opened to making Ypres a supply depot and to the capture of the Passchendaele ridge the crowning achievement of the battle of Flandera, June 7-November 6, 1917.

Concerning the blowing up of the ridge, Sir Douglas Haig wrote in his report of December 25, 1917:

"A total of 8,000 yards of gallery were driven in the construction of these mines and over 1,000,000 pounds of explosives were used in them. The simultaneous discharge of such an enormous aggregate of explosives is without parallel in land mining, and no actual experience existed on the effects which would be produced."

Merville was standing firm on Tuesday night in spite of terrific attacks made upon it early in the week, while along the southern side of the salient no engagements were reported. The same condition held true in the sector before Amiens, where the battle had resolved itself into artillery duels. On the French front, both sides were active in raiding operations.

A BRITISH RETIREMENT.

Out of the chaos of the tremendous battle being waged along the Lys river, south and southwest of Ypres, and the thunder of which could be heard forty or fifty miles away, came more encouraging reports on Wednesday. It was stated in official despatches that the British had not only held all the ground which they were defending on Tuesday, but had struck back, so powerfully that Meteren and part of Wytschaete were retaken.

Later in the day the cables brought more disquieting news, brief despatches from headquarters intimating that after heavy fighting the British had again retired from Wytschaete and Meteren, and had also effected an orderly retirement from certain parts of the line in the Ypres salient. What this meant became more clear with news from Berlin that the villages of Poelcappelle, Langemarck, Cappellynde and Passchendaele, had all been occupied by German troops, while advances had also been made in the direction of Becelaere and Gheluvelt. Reports that the Germans had occupied the village of St. Eloi, and taken positions on the south slope of Mount Kemmel, were not confirmed.

THE ENEMY LOSES HEAVILY.

On all the rest of the front, from Messines Ridge southwestward, the Germans flung themselves against a granite wall of British defence, and sustained enormous losses. East of Robecq, some five miles northwest of Bethune, the Germans were caught by the British artillery fire and completely scattered. The line in front of Arras was again the scene of fighting, but here the British took the offensive and drove the Germans out of some of the captured trenches.

In the Picardy sector there were indications that the Germans had not abandoned hope of reaching Amiens, and the French artillery kept up a steady bombardment of the enemy's lines.

There was little effort to disguise the fact that the Ypres situation was viewed with apprehension. The fact that a readjustment of the British lines to the east was made necessary was regarded as proof that the position had been shaken under the weight of the German attack. The extreme caution with which the British framed the official reports transmitted for publication, also was noted as significant.

"A LIVING HELL."

"It is difficult for one in the British war zone to adjust himself to the new conditions here," wrote a correspondent from the British Headquarters. "It all seems like a horrid dream—this spreading German blight across the cultivated plains of Flanders, with their ancient picturesque villages.

"It is but little more than a week since one was free to motor quietly along highways leading through Merville, Bailleul and a score of other nearby places which never lost their charms. Then peaceful farmlands lay freshly turned ready for the spring crops. Little lads stood at attention by the roadside and saluted as the motors passed, and old men and women beamed welcome from the doors of their cottages.

"Within a few days all this has been changed. The plague of war has descended on the countryside. Now one meets his civilian friends—the little folk and the aged—from many hamlets making their way sadly back along the broad highway leading westward from the tide of invasion which is driving them from all they hold dear.

"They look back on the rolling fields that separate them from their little world. By day a bank of grim, gray smoke from burning hamlets and from myriad belching guns marks the zone along which are struggling the splendid British soldiers in their efforts to block further inroads of the Hun. By night the skyline is sometimes a lurid blaze, as consuming flames leap up from a hundred homes and great cannon vomit volcanic fire. It is a living hell. It is a part of heretofore untouched Flanders going the way of the devastated regions of the Somme, and so the gentle peasant folk stand and look or wander on. As they go they cannot comprehend it. Its awfulness has numbed their brains."

ARRIVAL OF FRENCH TROOPS.

On Thursday French troops came to the help of the British in the northern region, and everywhere the Germans were held. Attacks of an extraordinarily violent nature were made by the Germans on the ten-mile front between Givenchy and Robecq, where they were endeavoring to cross the La Basse Canal, and bend southward the salient which outflanked the important railway town of Bethune. Ten divisions of troops were driven against the defences here without avail. At Hinges Hill, east of Locon, the enemy made a particularly determined effort to get across the waterway, and in one of their drives, they succeeded in throwing some bridges over the canal, but the Germans who crossed quickly surrendered. The British artillery and machine guns poured a deluge of steel about the frail bridges, and the slaughter of the opposing troops was terrible.

There was also hard fighting about Pacaut wood, near the canal, and between Robecq and St. Venant, where the Germans hoped to improve their positions in order to facilitate operations to the north and south. The attacks in this region were repulsed completely. A concentration of enemy infantry in Calonne, west of St. Venant, was caught in the British artillery barrage and badly cut up.

Midway between Bailleul and Ypres the Germans vigorously attacked the British positions south of Kemmel, but were unable to gain any advantage in the face of the strong defence. The British lost a very small piece of territory between Bailleul and Dranoutre, but a heavy German attack east of Meteren was smashed.

NORTH OF YPRES.

Considerable fighting developed along the front in Northern Flanders between Langemarck and Kippe, held by the Belgians. At one point the enemy penetrated the Belgian front line, but later was expelled, leaving six hundred prisoners, among them numerous officers, in the hands of King Albert's men.

East of Amiens, along the Avre River, the French made successful attacks against the Germans on several sectors, capturing the greater part of the Senecat Wood and also advancing their line east and west of the stream. The Germans in the Aisne region attacked the French near Corbeny and also in the Champagne, but in each instance were repulsed, while the French in Lorraine carried out a successful manoeuvre against the enemy, in which prisoners were taken.

"The situation has not changed much" wrote Philip Gibbs. "Meteren seems to be in No Man's Land, and it is doubtful how the line runs in the Wytschaete sector. On the whole our line of battle is more secure than it has been for several days past, and with the French co-operating we may be justified in believing that the enemy may at any rate be held in his present positions."

SITUATION ON FRIDAY.

The exhaustion consequent upon long continued battles, and a change for the worse in the weather conditions brought about a lull in the fighting on Friday, no action of any dimensions being reported. Correspondents told of miserable cold, and rain, and sleet, to add to the ordinarily bad condition of the lowlands which were virtually quagmires, making transport difficult. The Germans did not repeat their thrust along the line of the La Basse Canal running north of Bethune, where they met with such a sanguinary repulse on Wednesday and Thursday. The bridges flung across the canal by the Germans were swept away by the Allied artillery fire, and the enemy, after fearful losses, had gained no ground. The blow aimed by the French, meanwhile, at the very apex of the German lines in Picardy, in front of Amiens, had not been followed up. There was also comparative quietness on the southern French front.

An interesting despatch told of the moving of Italian troops to France, with the object, doubtless, of swelling the army which General Foch is preparing to hurl at the foe when the time for an Allied drive comes.

For two days the long range bombardment of Paris had ceased, and it was hoped that the French had found the exact location of the heavy German gun and put it out of action. This hope, however, failed when the bombardment of Paris was resumed Friday evening.

AMERICANS ATTACKED.

On Saturday twelve hundred German storm troops, the largest number ever concentrated against the American troops for an offensive operation, were hurled against the American positions on a one-mile front west of Renneres forest, northwest of Toul, after a terrific bombardment of gas and high explosive shells.

The enemy succeeded in penetrating the front line trenches and taking the village of Seicheprey, but after furious hand-to-hand fighting, the American troops recaptured the village and most of the ground lost in the early fighting.

The Berlin report on this engagement says Saxons' troops penetrated the American line to a depth of two kilometres, destroyed all the works and then returned to their positions. The enemy claimed 183 prisoners, 25 machine guns, and "extraordinary high" losses inflicted.

The lull in other sectors continued, and no new attack had materialized up to Sunday night. French reinforcements have been rushed to the Bailleul and Kemmel regions and brought new life to the tired men who have been struggling against such overwhelming odds since April 9. The Germans continue to mass their troops in preparation for further assaults, and in the Somme sector Amiens has been heavily shelled.

PARLIAMENT HAS LIVELY TIME OVER GOVERNMENT NEWS PRINTS ISSUED TO SOLDIERS AND PUBLIC

Sir Sam Hughes is "Suspicious of the Entire Outfit"--Strong Criticism of New Department of Public Information—Member for Brantford Blames Government for Omitting Names From Record

day, during a lively debate in committee on the war appropriation of $600,000,000, Hon. N. W. Rowell spoke of the duties of the Director of Public Information, pointing out that the spirit of the people in the country would have to be sustained, and the fullest explanation of Canada's part in the war should be given them.

He also referred to the paper circulated among the troops overseas, "The Canadian Daily Record," and spoke of the manner in which it was received by the troops.

Capt. C. G. Power (South Quebec), wanted to know who paid for the advertisements in the paper, and why it was such advertisements as "Vote Against Friends of the Kaiser" appeared in the paper prior to the last election.

TO INFORM THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Rowell replied that the director was not appointed at this time. He went on to state that Mr. Nichols was also in communication with the secretary of the corresponding department in the United States, and the Director of the British Minister of Propaganda.

"Who are the assistants in the department?" asked Sir Sam Hughes. "I am suspicious of the entire outfit."

He was answered that Frank Yeigh was secretary of the War Lecture Bureau, and a man named Lesseur was associated with the director.

He then stated that branches had been organized in 150 localities in Canada, Canadian clubs being formed, and motion pictures shown, all with the idea of giving the people the fullest information possible.

Sir Sam Hughes—"Can they get audiences?"

Mr. Rowell—"Yes, and the people thoroughly enjoy the lectures."

The President of the Privy Council then went on to say that the work of the department met with the approval and support of reputable men all over the country. The clergy greatly appreciated the bulletins which were sent out to them, and he was in possession of large numbers of letters testifying to this appreciation

Lucien Cannon asked whether the publications issued by the Director of Publications were printed in French and circulated in the Province of Quebec.

Mr. Rowell replied that they were. The clergy in Quebec were sent the bulletins issued by the Department after they had been translated. The Department, he said, was anxious to secure the co-operation of members of the Opposition in connection with the work in Quebec. The people of the Dominion did not even yet appreciate to the full the gravity of the war, he continued, and one of the important objects of the Director of Publications was to acquaint them with the situation.

PATERNAL "CHLOROFORM."

Sir Sam Hughes, referring to Mr. Nichols' appointment as Director of Public Information, said Mr. Nichols was a half-brother of the Finance Minister, and had run the Montreal "Mail" and "News." These two newspapers, it was alleged, had for one of their objects the appointment of Sir Thomas White as leader of the Government in place of Sir Robert Borden. The paper, said Sir Sam, had maligned him when he was Minister of Militia on every possible occasion.

Sir Sam objected to the "paternal attempt to chloroform which is going on in Canada to-day." To say that the great mass of people did not know what was going on, Sir Sam added, was absolute nonsense.

"No doubt," Sir Sam went on, "the clergyman in a country district will be glad to get this stuff, and unload it on the congregation. It saves him the trouble of writing a sermon."

"A LIBEL ON THE PRESS."

Mr. Lemieux thought it was a libel on the press to say that the people were not informed of what was going on. He did not think the appointment of a Director of Public Information was needed.

"Mr. Nichols," Mr. Lemieux added, "never impressed me as a successful man in his own business. He killed two newspapers in Montreal."

Mr. Lemieux added that Mr. Nichols had also been connected with a very questionable business, the expropriation of the Carslake Hotel property in Montreal.

Mr. Lemieux made light of the war lectures. The information in them, he said, could be found in any third-class school history or in any back-concession school-book. Mr. Lemieux also criticized the Canadian "Daily War Record," a publication issued to Canadian soldiers at the front. The "Record," he said, had contained vile statements about Sir Wilfrid Laurier and French-Canadians.

"The "Record" has done its work in the trenches," Mr. Lemieux declared; "for God's sake, drop it. We don't want it any more."

SIR ROBERT BORDEN REPLIES.

Sir Robert Borden replied that he would very much like to see the issues of the "Record" in which vile slanders were made against the leader of the Opposition and French-Canadians. No such number of the "Record" had ever been brought to his attention, and every man in the trenches, he thought would rebel against the abolition of the "Record" which was the means of his getting news from home from day to day.

Sir Robert also read correspondence in regard to publication in the "Record" of lists of parliamentary candidates. The correspondence went to show that a partial list of candidates had first been published, followed by a complete list when available.

Sir Robert Borden declared that the Minister of Finance knew nothing of Mr. Nichols' appointment as Director of Public Information. He also stated emphatically that Sir Thomas White had nothing to do with the editorial department of certain Montreal papers.

J. A. Robb asked the Prime Minister to tell the House what newspaper men were consulted prior to the appointment of Mr. Nichols.

"I was not the person making enquiries, so I do not know," replied the Prime Minister. "I am assured, however, by Mr. Rowell, that he did make all necessary enquiries."

NAMES OMITTED FROM RECORD.

Much discussion afterwards took place over the omission of the names of soldier candidates from the election edition of the Canadian 'Daily Record' issued on November 27th. There were five such candidates whose names did not appear, namely, Major McCormack, in Parkdale; Major Cockburn, in East York; Col. Maclaren, in Hamilton; Col. Sutherland, in North Oxford, and Col. Harry Cockshutt, in Brant County.

Sir Robert Borden explained that the names had been left out of the lists cabled overseas by the clerk of the Crown in Chancery because it was necessary that the party leaders endorse candidates in those ridings. In a second election edition, published by the 'Record' on November 29th, a complete list of candidates was given.

"MARKED FOR SLAUGHTER."

"I do not like to accuse the powers that be of doing anything unfair or unjust when we are fighting with our backs to the wall, and our boys are dying by the thousand at the front," said Mr. Cockshutt. I want to back the Government for all I am worth in war measures, but I do say they were derelict in their duty."

He charged that the names were deliberately lect off the lists. He thought at that time before his action was taken that certain men were marked for slaughter and that was how it turned out.

"Whether this was a deal between the gentlemen I am not in a position to say, because I am not in the inner circle. I am only a back bencher, but I feel it my duty to say to the Prime Minister and to the President of the Privy Council that if it were not for winning the war, which demands all our exertion, I could not support them on this occasion."

Sir Robert Borden retorted that if the member for Brantford supposed that during the election he had nothing else to do but follow around the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery and see that all his telegrams were correct, he could only say that Mr. Cockshutt had a very imperfect appreciation of the burdens laid on the Prime Minister, when he was called upon at the same time to carry on as best he could the work in connection with the greatest war that humanity has ever known and also to carry on an election campaign.

COL. COCKSHUTT'S RETIREMENT.

Mr. Cockshutt at this juncture accused the Premier of asking a certain gentleman (Col. Cockshutt, his brother) to run, and afterwards turning him down.

"I asked him to retire and he did not do it," replied the Premier.

"He retired in favor of a certain other gentleman, as the Prime Minister very well knows, but not in favor of the one who was crushing him out of the field where he had been properly placed," retorted Mr. Cockshutt.

Sir Robert replied that he resented very strongly the insinuation of Mr. Cockshutt that there had been "some intentional unfairness on my part through which the soldier candidates' names were not included in the first telegram sent overseas."

"I was not in Ottawa at the time and knew nothing until months afterwards about the names of any candidates being omitted from the list."

The Hon. Newton Rowell denied any knowledge of the matter until weeks after the election. He absolutely disapproved of any names being omitted, and was absolutely sure they were omitted by mistake.

Sir Robert Borden added that he regarded it as most unfortunate that the names were omitted, and if they were omitted owing to any intentional neglect of the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery he would be subject to the severest reprimand, and probably something more than that.

"POISONED WELLS."

Captain Power (Quebec South) attacked the Canadian "Daily Record." There was no objection to a news service for soldiers, "but we have objection to loading the dice and stacking the cards against us with the boys overseas. When I see in a paper of the Dominion of Canada, issued by the Canadian War Records Office, a paper for which we have voted one portion of the $500,000,000—Soldiers of Canada! How would the Kaiser vote? Vote Union Government'—then I say that the Government should consult almost one-half of the people of Canada as to how they should spend the money."

Captain Power declared that the "wells had been poisoned," and the man who did it was a "good poisoner." He was entitled to a seat in the Cabinet. The poison was equalled only by the poisoning of the Middle Ages. Captain Power added that nothing could be better than to give the news day by day to the men at the front, but the news had been "debauched."

Sir Robert Borden replied that the reference made by Captain Power was to an advertisement. Sir Robert also cited a number of the 'Record' which contained a denial by Sir Wilfrid Laurier of a statement made by Sir Robert during the campaign. This was to show that the views of the Opposition leader were presented.

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STAFF OFFICERS IN CANADA.

General Mewburn Says That Seventy-five Percent Returned From Overseas.

During the discussion of Militia Estimates in Parliament on Wednesday, an item of $225,000 for the headquarters district staffs of the Department, caused some discussion.

Captain Power said there was a great deal of criticism about officers of district headquarters who had never been overseas, but rolled round in motor cars, wore showy uniforms, and usurped positions which might be taken by returned men. He asked the Minister to state his policy with regard to the employment of returned men for these positions.

General Mewburn stated that there were a number of officers occupying positions on the staffs of the various military districts who had not been overseas, through no fault of their own. They had tried to get over, but failed. Having been retained in Canada, they had engaged in the arduous work of organization and training of men going to the front. It was not easy work, and the men who engaged in it should not be criticized.

Colonel Currie said he had received letters in connection with the Quebec riot declaring that the trouble was partly caused by the fact that headquarters there were packed with young aristocrats in uniform who never went to the front. He wished to know whether it was true that the son of the Premier of Quebec had been in uniform for over a year, and had not yet gone to the front.

Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux explained that the Premier's son had suffered an accident after enlisting, in January, 1917, which had delayed him. He was very anxious to get overseas.

Sir Sam Hughes said that he believed these young men were keen for active service. He also defended Armand Lavergne, who, he said, had asked to be sent overseas. Lavergne was, in his opinion, deserving of credit for the attitude he had taken in the recent rioting.

LIBERTY POSTER FOR THE NEW ITALIAN WAR LOAN



(From the Sphere, London. Copyrighted in the United States by the New York Herald Company.)

This striking picture of Italy receiving the shield of gold subscribed for by her people was drawn by F. Matania for propaganda purposes in connection with the new Italian War Loan. The shield is in the form of a scudo, an Italian coin corresponding to the English crown piece.

PREMIER LLOYD GEORGE ON LIQUOR RESTRICTIONS

Should Exigencies of War Compel, Will Follow With Interest United States Prohibition.

Dr. Daniel A. Poling, associate president and citizenship superintendent of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, who has returned after a stay of five weeks with the soldiers of the United States in France, is the bearer of a letter from Mr. Lloyd George on the subject of war restrictions on the sale of alcohol.

Writing on March 25, the British Premier said: "I am following with great interest the war restrictions on alcohol actually enforced and those under consideration in the United States.

"We have ourselves not been neglectful of the necessities imposed by war. We have stopped entirely the manufacture of spirits; we have cut down the brewing of beer by more than two-thirds, and the hour during which it can be sold to less than one-third.

"Should the exigencies of war necessitate further restrictions, we shall follow with interest your campaign for the enforcement of war prohibition in the United States of America."

Prohibition is of such importance to the cause of the Allies in the opinion of Dr. Poling that it may very soon become the difference between defeat and victory. He thinks that England will find it necessary to release for war service the ships, the food and the men engaged by the liquor traffic.

W. A. A. C.'S AT THE FRONT

Women "Carry on" in Danger, and Maintain the Credit of Their Sex

The Secretary of War Office, says the London "Times," announces that excellent reports have been received by the Army Council of the behavior of members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps during the late heavy fighting in France. One party who had been employed at an Army school within the area of operations were offered transport to convey them to a safer locality farther back. They, however, refused to avail themselves of it on the ground that it would probably be wanted for something more important, and they marched 15 miles back to the place to which they had been ordered.

Before leaving, and after all the students at the school had gone, they remained there in a dangerous position feeding relays of tired and hungry officers and men, and assisting in every way possible before they were compelled to leave the place.

All reports bear out the fact that the W. A. A. C. during the crisis have more than justified the credit of their sex and of the Army to which they belong.

MORE SINGLE MEN CALLED TO THE COLORS

The Dominion Government, in view of the imperative need to secure recruits to reinforce the Canadian expeditionary force immediately, has passed an Order-in-Council which has the effect of calling all men who are unmarried or widowers without children between the ages of 20 and 22 inclusive. It is expected that the men called will begin to join the depot battalions on May 1st.

The Order-in-Council under which the Government takes power to abandon the principle of selection in order to meet the present demand for men was endorsed by both Houses of Parliament on Friday, and was proclaimed in the "Canada Gazette" of Saturday. Its publication will be followed by the passage of a second order calling to the colors men of twenty, twenty-one, and twenty-two years of age who have hitherto been exempted from military service or who have been seeking such exemption.

EXCUSE FOR SERVICE.

Exemptions which have heretofore been granted to such men will be swept aside, and the only reasons which will excuse any of them from service will be, that they are members of His Majesty's regular, reserve or auxiliary forces, that they are members of forces raised by other British Dominions or possessions, that they are serving in the navy or marines, that they have been discharged after actual service on the firing line, that they are members of religious orders or of the clergy of a recognized religious denomination, that they are Doukhobors or Mennonites exempted from military service by Order-in-Council in 1873 or 1898, or that other members of their family have died, suffered disablement or served in a "theatre of actual war."

LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

By reason of the death, disablement or service of other members of the same family, a man may be granted by the Minister of Militia leave of absence, without pay. Other grounds for exemption will be of no effect, and even men who have been discharged from the military or naval forces, if they have not seen actual service in France or some other "theatre of actual war," will be required to report.

DEBATE IN COMMONS.

In presenting the resolution in the House of Commons on Friday, Sir Robert Borden set forth the conditions and motives which had inspired the Government to propose so drastic a course of action. He referred to the fact that the Government had been reproached on the one hand with laxity in its administration of the Military Service Act in the Province of Quebec, and on the other hand with undue sternness and severity in that administration, and said each of these reproaches was equally undeserved. "The purpose of the Government has been in Quebec as well as in each of the other provinces," he declared "to administer the act impartially to the end. The law has been enacted according to the will of the people and the law must be obeyed."

"The world has been striving for hundreds of years," said Sir Robert, "to learn the lesson of tolerance in matters of religious opinion. The task has been a slow and a painful one, and the lesson has not yet been fully learned. Let us do the best that is in us to help our people learn that great lesson. No good ever came to mankind out of the bitterness of religious controversy. I especially beg of the press, both English and French, not to indulge in utterances that are calculated to provoke and perpetuate bitterness and discord."

PRUSSIANISM IN CANADA.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier said the Allied forces over in France were engaged in a terrific struggle for liberty, and the aim and hope of Canadians, as well as the other Allied nations was to crush Prussianism. "But," he continued, "while this struggle is going on, are we not allowing to enter into our Government the Prussian system of autocracy? Last year the Government passed the Military Service Act, and this year it attempts to amend this Act by order-in-council. This is a wide departure from the British system of government, and our Government has no right to do it."

Referring to Quebec, Sir Wilfrid said the elections had largely been fought on the cry, "You must not allow Quebec to rule Canada!" It had been whispered from ear to ear, "We must make Quebec fight." "If you want to have soldiers in Quebec," said Sir Wilfrid, "the thing is easy enough. Appeal to them. Appeal to their imaginations. Appeal to their racial feelings. Give them good officers, and they will follow those officers into the very jaws of German hell."

Sir Wilfrid concluded that, when the verdict was pronounced, Quebec would loyally accept it. Every citizen had the right to express his views on any measure, and to combat it if he thought it to be unjust.

QUICK ACTION ESSENTIAL.

Hon. N. W. Rowell, president of the Privy Council, maintained that the action of the Government did not constitute a wide departure from constitutional government, as claimed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. If time were not the essence of the matter, the position of the leader of the Opposition would, he said, be right. In respect to the orders-in-council issued in connection with the Quebec riots, and also in respect to the order-in-council under discussion, quick action was essential.

Hon. F. B. Carvell said the Military Service Act had proved a splendid exemption act, but an extremely poor recruiting act. It had produced 30,000 soldiers and 200,000 exemptions.

THE FARMING SITUATION.

Regarding the farming situation, he was not as pessimistic about it as members of the Opposition appeared to be. He represented a farming community, and was prepared to admit that the enlistment of men from the farms might cause some dislocation in Canadian agriculture, but he asserted there were hundreds of thousands of men fit for farming who could be put on the farms if the Government was courageous enough to force them to go. The Government had made a start in the right direction by constituting idleness a criminal offence. Perhaps it would become necessary to force men to go to the farms, and if that were the case Mr. Carvell felt that the Government would not hesitate to do it, and the country would give its support.

He was not advocating the calling of women to work on the farms, but women could work on the farms if necessary. The people of Canada, he said, must learn the lesson that, in times of peril, their first duty was to the state.

The attempts to evade the Military Service Act were not confined to the Province of Quebec, according to Mr. Carvell. Among certain of the English-speaking farming communities almost every ingenuity that human brains could conceive had been exhausted to evade military service. Canada would never get the hundred thousand men called for by the act at the present rate of speed.

"Do the people want German guns in the St. Lawrence river or along the Atlantic coast before they will wake up?" he asked. "That is what will happen if that line in France breaks, and if that happens, what's the use of your farms?" before the House. The first, by Mr. J. P. Molloy, proposed that the Order-in-Council be amended to provide for the exemption from military service of those actively engaged in and urgently needed for the production of foodstuffs on the farms. This was voted down by 118 to 70, or a Government majority of 48. Then L. A. Lapointe, of St. James, Montreal, called for the six months' hoist, and his amendment was defeated by 117 to 62, a Government majority of 65. Finally, a division was taken upon the main motion, which was sustained by 114 votes to 65, a Government majority of 49.

In the Senate the Government resolution was carried without a division upon any proposed amendment.

MISSING AMERICAN SHIP.

U. S. SS. "Cyclops," Naval Collier, With 293 Persons on Board, Believed To Be Lost.

The U. S. S. "Cyclops," navy collier of 19,000 tons displacement, loaded with a cargo of maganese and with a personnel on board of fifteen officers and 221 men of the crew and fifty-seven passengers, is overdue at an Atlantic port since March 13. She last reported at Barbadoes on March 14, and since her departure from that port no trace of her nor information concerning her has been obtained. Radio calls to the "Cyclops" from all possible points have been made, and vessels sent to search for her along her probable route and area in which she might be, with no success.

Belief is growing at the Navy Department that in some way she has been destroyed or captured by the enemy, although officials regard it as almost impossible that any accident could have caused the sea to swallow up the big vessel and the 293 persons on board without leaving a trace.

JOHN KENNEDY, OF SCARBORO'.

The late John Kennedy was born on April 28th, 1851, on the farm on which he died on May 26th, 1917, on Lot 29, Concession 3, Scarboro'. Here he lived all his life, with the exception of one and a half years, when he was with a brother in Zorra township. It is rather remarkable that there had not been a death in the home for sixty years, his father, Wm. Kennedy, dying then. In 1882 he married Agnes Hamilton, daughter of the late Amos Thomson, of Scarboro', who with six children survives him. The members of the family are, Dr. Wm. T., New York; Amos Egbert, on the homestead; Rev. S. A., Halbrite, Sask.; Margaret R. C.; Agnes Isabella; and John D. T., at home, all of whom mourn a kind and affectionate husband and father. He was a consistent member of Knox Church, Agincourt, in which he was a trustee for sixteen years, and was never away from his place in church unless by necessity. He never used tobacco or liquor, and left an example worth more than gold. His mother, Margaret Clark, daughter of the late Wm. Clark (known as the Squire), came from Beith, Scotland, and although left a widow with six children depending on her—four sons and two daughters—when the "Witness" subscription came due, she kept it on as a friend in the family.

The Kennedy's originally came from Scotland, settled in New York state, U.S.A., and came to Canada in 1800, settling first on Lot 26, Concession 5, Scarboro', later taking up other sections. John Kennedy's grandfather, Samuel Kennedy, was the means of having a road cut out of the bush north and south through the township which was named after him, "The Kennedy Road," connecting with the Kingston and Danforth roads to the city of Toronto. In 1916 the York County took it over and built a concrete road. The Hydro Electric are running a line up it also—quite a change from the time when he chased eight bears out of an oat field before breakfast.

The late John Kennedy always took a great interest in his farm and stock, and had a fine herd of Durham cattle. When most people were driving an auto, he was doing all he could for something to make easier work on the land, and just lived to see and use a tractor a few times, the first in the neighborhood, when he was "called up higher." He passed away very suddenly, just after coming from the barn where he had gone to see if everything was right for the night.

British and French troops have been landed at Mourmansk, on the north-east coast of Kola peninsula, in the Arctic Ocean, to reinforce a British marine detachment sent ashore several weeks ago. The Entente Allied troops are co-operating with Bolshevik forces in protecting the Mourman coast and the railway against attacks that are being made by Finnish White Guards.

Russian Red Guards are also acting with British and French troops under the direction of the Mourman Soviet War Council.

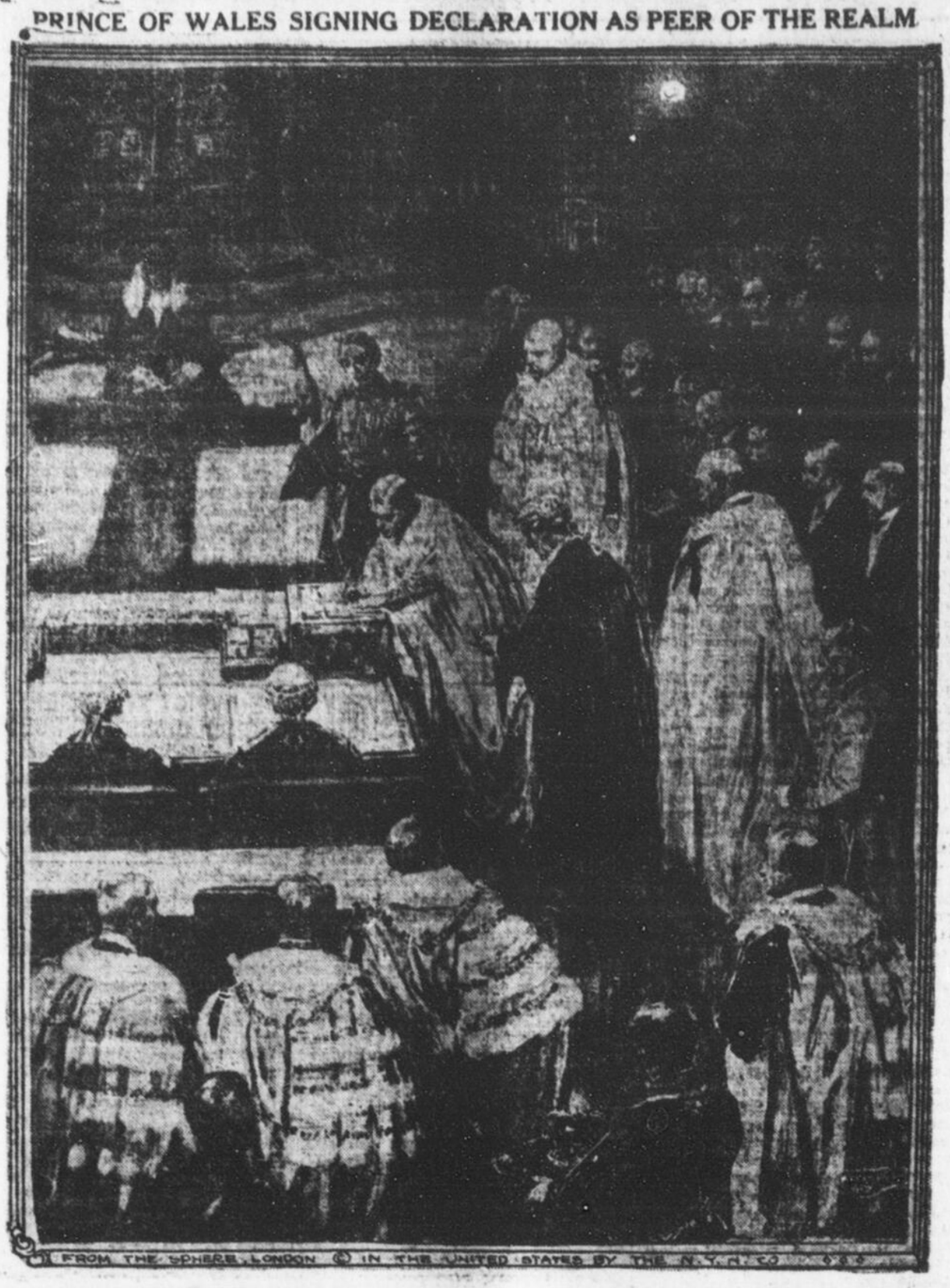
Finnish White Guards have attacked the Mourman railway near Kem, 270 miles south of Mourmansk and 200 miles west of Archangel, but have been repulsed by the Entente forces.

Germany is said to be aiming at the seizure of a large store of munitions piled up by the Russians at the port of Kola.

The Red Guards in Finland have evacuated Abo, and the backbone of the Finnish revolution seems to be broken. The White Guards continue to proceed relentlessly against prisoners. All Russians are immediately shot, as are also the Red Guard leaders.

Five Russian aviators, officers of the Russian Flying Corps, have arrived at a Canadian Pacific port to offer their services to the British Royal Flying Corps. They have served on the Austrian and Rumanian fronts, and all have been decorated for bravery.

PRINCE OF WALES SIGNING DECLARATION AS PEER OF THE REALM



When the Prince of Wales took his seat in the house of Lords recently a small procession escorted him to the woolsack. The coronet of his rank was borne in front of him and he was accompanied by his two "supporters," The Duke of Beaufort and the Duke of Somerset. The Letters Patent and the Writ of Summons were received by the Lord Chancellor. The oath of allegiance was taken and the Prince of Wales became a peer of the realm.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The St. Lawrence is now open from Montreal to the sea, and navigation has been resumed.

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The first week's subscriptions to the third Liberty Loan amounted to $573,451,600, the New York district alone contributing no less than $238,072,450 of the total.

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A former German transatlantic liner, now in the United States service, reached an Atlantic port on Wednesday with about forty German prisoners on board.

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Rioting attended the breaking up of an anti-conscription meeting in Belfast on Wednesday. Revolvers were used, and the police were attacked with stones.

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Batum, the Black Sea port in the trans-Caucasian region, taken from Russia under the terms of the peace treaty, has now been occupied by the Turks, after a stubborn defence.

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In reply to a letter of inquiry from the Food Controller, Street Commissioner Wilson, of Toronto, states that 125,575 pounds, or 62 3-4 tons of food have recently been destroyed in the city incinerator.

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The Dutch Government has introduced in Parliament a bill providing for the establishment of compulsory civilian service by all male citizens, and all unmarried or childless married women, between the ages of 17 and 60.

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Commander Frederick Wyatt, R. N., who was chief examining officer at the port of Halifax at the time of the "Mont-Blanc"-"Imo" collision, and who was charged with having caused the death of William Hayes, pilot on the steamer "Imo," was acquitted by a jury in the Supreme Criminal Court on Wednesday, the judge pointing out that there was absolutely nothing on which a verdict of guilty could be based.

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The golden statue of the Virgin and Babe, which has been hanging at right angles from the summit of the Albert Church tower for the last three years, and the fall of which, it was believed by the French, would be the signal for the war to end, was knocked down by the enemy on Wednesday.

* * * *

The Turks are asking compensation for the enlargement which Bulgaria will secure through the Dobrudja, and demand the restoration of the strip of territory which the latter obtained in September, 1915, as the price of their entering the war. The Bulgarians object, and Dr. Helfferich has gone to Berlin on the difficult mission of acting as mediator between the two countries.

* * * *

The British made gains on Sunday near Villers-Bretonneux and Albert, on the Somme front, and Robecq, at the top of the Flanders salient. A strong local attack by the Germans on the front north of Albert was repulsed after the enemy had captured one of the British advanced posts.

* * * *

Lieut.-General Sir Arthur W. Currie, commanding the Canadian Corps, recently issued a special order to the troops, in which he said: "I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged, there can be no giving way. Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle, you will advance or fall where you stand facing the enemy. To those who fall, I say: 'You will not die, but step into immortality. Your mothers will not lament your fate, but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered forever by your grateful country, and God will take you unto himself.'"

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Emperor William recently made a visit to the battlefield near Queant, west of Cambrai, a correspondent of the Berlin "Lokal-Anzeiger" writes. "His Majesty's silence was broken only once," he says, "when he remarked to an officer who stood beside him: 'What have I not done to preserve the world from these horrors?'"

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The Executive Committee of the Prussian House of Lords, having considered the report of the Imperial Prosecutor, has decided to ask the authority of the Upper House for the prosecution of Prince Lichnowsky, the former German Ambassador to London, who, in memoranda prepared for his family archives, placed upon Germany the full responsibility for starting the war.

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The "Manchester Guardian," commenting on Canada's new censorship regulations, says: "They exceed in stringency anything we know here. The public will be allowed to know—and, so far as the Government is able to control it, to think—only what happens to suit the purpose of a small group of individuals who for the time being are Masters of the Machine of State. Such an arrangement could, perhaps, be defended if governments never were ignorant and never made mistakes. We know from our own experience that neither of these assumptions can be made. They are deliberately intensifying the evils of censorship in Canada."

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The British fleet in a mine-sweeping raid into the Cattegat, sank ten German trawlers, saving the crews.

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Baron Burian has been appointed Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister to succeed Count Czernin.

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The statue of Frederic the Great in Washington has been removed and placed in a cellar at the War College.

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A special prayer for the dumb animals suffering in the war was made in the Episcopal churches of New York on Sunday.

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British casualties reported during the week ending Saturday totalled 12,368, including 375 officers and 1,639 men killed.

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"It will gratify Mr. Hoover to know that on wheatless days we not only eat no wheat but we peruse some of the wheatless recipes in the spring recipe books."—N. Y. "Sun."

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The delivery of the annual financial statement and the opening of the debate thereupon will be the outstanding event of the coming week in the Dominion Parliament.

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The Labor Council at Sydney, New South Wales, has passed a resolution to send a cable message to Premier Lloyd George requesting the British Government to reconsider its decision to apply conscription to Ireland.

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France, in four years of conflict to preserve her own liberty and that of the world, according to M. Andre Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States, has lost 1,300,000 men killed and almost as many wounded and prisoners.

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The budget which Rt. Hon. Bonar Law presented in the House of Commons on Monday of this week is the highest financial bill Parliament has yet had to consider. The income tax is to be raised, and a levy placed on luxuries of various kinds.

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"The same spirit that carried your army through 1914 sustains us all again to-day against overwhelming odds," said Field-Marshal Haig in a telegram sent to Field-Marshal French, thanking him for a message of encouragement.

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A report from Washington on Thursday stated that the proposed increase of the Government guaranteed price of wheat to $2.50 had been defeated in the House, which rejected by a vote of 167 to 98 the Senate amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation Bill, making the change.

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This country must and will send 5,000,000 to France with all possible despatch, said former President Taft in an address to the Boston bank officers' association on Thursday night. A million or a million and a half men are not enough, he said.

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Minister of Railways Burton, of South Africa, addressing the Transvaal farmers, vehemently denounced the republican propaganda, saying that all who valued national honor should close up their ranks against treason. South Africa had no cause for dissatisfaction with Great Britain, which had fully carried out its promises. He concluded: "Hands off our constitution and flag; this is sacred ground."

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According to the "Kreuz Zeitung" Prussian annexations in Poland will include about one-quarter of the Polish coal fields. The regions wherein the frontier will be "rectified" are the northern section of the Province of Suawalki, especially the mining district of Domerowo. The Prussian territory will include St. Barbara Hill, which commands the upper Silesian Basin.

* * * *

Under a new Order-in-Council, all reports, opinions, or criticisms of a kind that will tend to weaken or detract from the united effort necessary to win the war are forbidden under heavy penalties, and provision is made for the seizure and destruction of presses, plant, machinery or material used in the publication of such matter. The order does not affect the privilege of Members of Parliament.

* * * *

The military authorities have taken over control of the principal Irish railways, the postoffices and telephone exchanges, according to the correspondent at Cork of the "Daily Chronicle." It is added that the police on Saturday removed all arms and ammunition from gunsmith shops in Dublin, and it is reported that similar action will be taken throughout Ireland.

IRELAND PLEDGED TO RESIST CONSCRIPTION

Members of Parliament Leave Westminster to Aid Their Constituents

Premier Lloyd George, addressing the House of Commons on Tuesday, said: "It is desirable in the interests of the war that we should settle the Irish question and produce something like contentment in Ireland and good-will in America."

The Premier said he believed that American opinion supported the Man Power Bill, provided self-government was given to Ireland, and it was of the greatest importance, at the moment America was rendering to the Allies great aid on the battlefield, that Great Britain should satisfy American opinion. If the bill was not carried those responsible for its failure to carry, ought in all conscience to accept the responsibility for the direction of the war without it.

"It is impossible to secure unity," continued the Premier, "unless every section feels that justice has been done, not merely by compelling Irishmen to take a full share in the war's burden, but by securing to them the principle of self-determination for which we are fighting in every theatre."

The third reading of the Man Power Bill was carried by a vote of 301 to 103.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

In the report stage of the Man Power Bill, John Dillon, chairman of the Irish Nationalists, moved the omission of the Irish clause and pressed the Government to give its real plans. He recommended that the Government go to the counties of Antrim and Down and try to hold conscription meetings. That, he said, would open the Government's eyes.

Doubtless the giving of Home Rule would produce a great effect, but at the present time the Government appeared neither able to carry on the war successfully nor accept peace; neither able to govern Ireland nor allow Ireland to govern herself.

Mr. Dillon said he had been forty years in public life, during some of the stormiest periods of Irish history, but he solemnly warned the Government that he had never known anything to approach the feeling in Ireland to-day. If conscription was applied, the chaos and confusion ensuing would be appalling and, he declared, Ireland would be turned into another Belgium.

John Joseph Clancy, member from Dublin County North, in seconding Mr. Dillon's motion, declared that a Government "with a record of infamy and defeat had not a moral right to arrest even a rat in Ireland."

Dillon's motion was rejected by a majority of 176.

"BRUTAL ACT OF TYRANNY."

Dublin, April 20.—Fifty-five members of the Irish party met here to-day and, with John Dillon presiding, unanimously passed a resolution, "that in the present crisis we are of the opinion that the highest and most immediate duty of the members of this party is to remain in Ireland and actively co-operate with their constituents in opposing the enforcement of the compulsory military service in Ireland. The enforcement of compulsory military service constitutes one of the most brutal acts of tyranny and oppression of which any government can be guilty. The present proposal of the Lloyd George Government to enforce conscription in Ireland is an outrage and a gross violation of the national rights of Ireland."

The resolutions continue that the history of the relations between the two countries, the ruin and decay of the Irish population under English domination and the manner in which Ireland's generous offer at the outbreak of the war was treated, "cruelly intensified the shameless character of the present proposal."

In conclusion, the resolutions pledge the party's influence and power to defeat conscription.

PLEDGED TO RESISTANCE.

Fifteen hundred delegates of trades union, meeting at the Mansion House to-day, pledged resistance to conscription and fixed Tuesday for the stoppage of all work as a sign of this resolve and to enable all workers to sign the pledge of resistance. The delegates included representatives from Belfast, Cork, Londonderry and Limerick. The English Labor party was condemned for supporting Irish conscription without Irish consent, "although they claimed in their own case that English labor bodies should be consulted."

BIG BLAZE IN TORONTO.

Early on Tuesday morning a destructive fire took place at the Harris Abattoir plant in West Toronto, one of the most modern packing plants in Canada, involving damage to the buildings and equipment amounting to $500,000. Large stores of meat were also destroyed, and the total loss is estimated at a million.

Fires in Toronto have surpassed the $3,000,000 mark within eleven months, and in the large fires all of the companies suffering have been engaged on the output of war essentials.

Chief Grassett stated in an interview that all the fires were thoroughly investigated, and nothing had been found to indicate that they had been started by aliens.

PROTECTING PARIS ARC DE TRIOMPHE—EFFECT OF BOMB



The left hand picture above shows the Arc de Triomphe protected by sand bags to preserve from bombs and shells the famous sculptures which adorn it. The arch was begun by Napoleon I. to commemorate his victories, and the sculptures are in large relief on each of the four sides of the façade near the base. The right hand picture shows the damage wrought by a single bomb on a typical six story apartment house in Paris. Two hundred persons took shelter in the cellar of this building, despite the destruction of the upper floors, and all were taken out safely after many hours.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Notice of births, marriages and deaths must invariably be endorsed with the name and address of the sender, or otherwise no notice can be taken of them. Birth notices are inserted for 25c; marriage notices for 50c; death notices for 25c, prepaid. The announcement of funeral appended to death notice, 25c extra; other extension to obituary, such as short sketch of life, two cents per word extra, except poetry, which is 50 cents per line extra, prepaid.

MARRIED.

DOUGLAS-McINTOSH—At Greenwood, Ont., on April 3rd, 1918, by the Rev. W. R. Johnston, Mr. George Wilmer Douglas, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Douglas, of Snake River, Ont., to Miss Helena McIntosh, of Medicine Hat, Alta., late of London, England.

DEATHS.

DELL—Died at her home near Chippawa, April 14th, Mary, daughter of the late Martin Dell, aged 48 years.

The Halifax Blind Fund CLOSED

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Montreal "Witness" Building,
Montreal, Que.:

Gentlemen,—I beg to acknowledge your favor of April 11th, enclosing a cheque for sixteen hundred and sixty-nine dollars and twenty-nine cents ($1,669.29) for the Blind Endowment Fund of Halifax, for which please accept my thanks.

I am enclosing a leaflet showing the objects of the fund and the regulations under which it is governed. At the time the appeal to the public was issued no provision had been made for the education of the youthful blind and the vocational training and care of the adult blind in Halifax. Early in March the Canadian Government announced, through the Halifax Relief Commission, that Parliament would be asked for an appropriation so that pensions might be paid to all persons physically injured by the great disaster. Later on the Halifax Relief Commission stated that it was prepared to pay for the education and vocational training of all persons who became totally or practically blind on December 6th.

In order to answer your question respecting the number of those blinded by the disaster, I am enclosing the latest figures available, and from these it will be seen that as a result of the explosion the number of those blinded in Halifax will probably not exceed one hundred. On January last it was believed that the number of those blinded was greater than was found to be subsequently.

At a later date the contributions to the Blind Endowment Fund received to date will be duly acknowledged. In the meantime let me again thank you for your kind co-operation in securing contributions towards this fund.

Yours very truly,
C. F. FRASER, per C.R.

Halifax, April 16th, 1918.

Sir Frederick Fraser, who is the Superintendent of the Halifax School for the Blind, enclosed a leaflet with the above letter, showing how the moneys received were to be expended in extension work of the school, and a table shows that those who had lost the sight of both eyes, due to the explosion, numbered 41, so far as was known up to April 9.

MEMORIES OF BAILLEUL

Dear to the Hearts of Fighting Men Who Found Sanctuary There

"It is with deep regret," writes Philip Gibbs, "that one thinks of poor old Bailleul in German hands after all these years of association with our armies.

"There is not a man with any long service out here who has not passed through Bailleul a score of times on the way to Armentieres or Kemmet, looking up at its old bell-shape tower in the great square surrounded by 16th century houses with Flemish roofs and high dormer windows and Renaissance fronts.

"It was a grim old town with high walls between narrow streets, and grey brickwork, which looked like gold in this northern weather, but there were friendly people there, who knew and welcomed our men, and many houses were sanctuaries in which fighting men could forget the war and enjoy for a little while the warmth and kindliness of life with some musician among them sitting at a piano in rosy rooms among a French family with whom they were billeted.

TELLING TALES OF WAR.

"Thousands of our officers who went forward to the lines about 'Plug Street' or Wytschaete, used to take dinner at the Hotel Du Faucon, an old place not very comfortable or grand within, but there was good food, and good wine, and good comradeship. There was an officers' club round the corner of the Grande Place, served by comely Flemish lasses and here in winter one saw groups of muddy fellows straight out of the bogs of the Flemish battlefields, but merry and bright after a wash and brush up, and over tables one heard them telling strange tales of war with a gust of laughter, or the remembrance of some moment of great peril in their eyes, or passing a salute of spirit to some pal who had just gone west, and telling tragic and comic tales of the way men lived in those old days of trench warfare, which some of us thought would last until the end. And in old Bailleul there were little shops where we could pass a pleasant hour on the way elsewhere, and sitting in the court yards where in summer flowering plants grew up the walls and pleasant women waited among the customers who became their friends.

VISITED BY THE KING.

"I remember on one day in one such place a group of officers gathered round a little girl who was an invalid and could not walk, and whose delight it was to play tunes on a gramaphone. These tall soldiers with mud on them, were very gentle and chivalrous to this child with her big blue eyes and waxen face.

"Always in the Grande Place of Bailleul there were crowds of men. For three years and more I saw them there in all weathers, with the snow on their steel hats, or the glare of the sun, and on days of battle up in Flanders there was a turbulent pageant passing through the square—a pageant of guns and waggons, and mules, and men, with pipes for the Scottish troops and brass bands for the English troops. The King came here one day and all the square was lined by fighting men of the naval division and New Zealanders and Australians and Scots, and on the steps of the town hall were groups of army nurses.

RENDEZVOUS OF AIR MEN.

"Just outside the city, by an asylum for poor old women, who had wit enough for terror when shells fell near, and the sky of the night was aflame with the lights of war, we had an aerodrome belonging to the Royal Naval Air Service, where, in hangars and pavilions were as jolly a set of boys as the heart of man could hope to meet. I went among them, many times, and listened to their queer jargon of air speech, which is a different language to us earth men, and wondered at the amazing courage of these children, who were great knight-errants of the sky and great captains.

"The enemy used to hate their home here, and came over in the darkness and at dawn to drop bombs on their sheds, and they told me this sort of thing shaving or in their tubs. They always paid him back for such behavior with a terrible vengeance.

"A crowd of memories come back to me about Bailleul, and it is sad now that this dear old city is no more than a memory to us who knew its streets so well and its friendly people, who a day or two ago I saw trekking away down the long roads of exile while their homes were burning behind them."

IN COUNTY CLARE

"Clare men and women live much in the imaginative world of rather highly-colored history, of story-books, and of 'the pictures'" writes Hugh Martin, in the London "Daily News. "But they also continue in some curious details the actual life of the past. In England the majority even of countryfolk look upon the gun as an instrument of some mystery. Every County Clare lad learns to handle a fowling-piece usefully as soon as it is not too heavy for him to hold. In the remoter districts the gun is still a weapon of rough justice. It is no uncommon thing for a man who considers that he has suffered an injury to load his gun—generally a muzzle-loader nowadays, owing to the cartridge shortage—with pellets of a size exactly calculated to fit the crime, and then to lie in wait for his neighbor. Such cases seldom come into court. Both parties would rather avoid an appeal to the thoroughly-detested British law. This traditional attitude of mind, expressed in many other ways, must be taken into account when sizing up the present situation.

A SENSE OF HUMOR.

"It only needs a short residence in the country to discover that Clare men have a highly-developed sense of humor. Many of the young people have got to what may be called the long-word stage of book-learning. It was at a card tournament in the village hall at Ennistymon, on the night of the highway robbery there by masked men, that I read among the rules, chalked up in an elegant round-hand: 'No person shall be permitted to remain at a table if he is alcoholized.'

"So far as sense of humor goes I am persuaded that that has had more to do with the development of trouble than the dour English can well understand. My first visit to Clare was on the day following the escape of seventeen prisoners from the Ennis court-house during their trial. The county was rocking with laughter. You were told the story again and again, with every conceivable sort of puckish embroidery. From that day forward the authorities could do nothing with the population. The screaming farce at the Ennis court-house has killed all sense of the majesty of the law. Things went from bad to worse. Violence stepped in where ridicule had loosened the bonds. Politics got inextricably inte. wined in the mad tangle. In short, all was up with government.

EXUBERANT VITALITY.

"In all this, you will see ample signs of exuberant vitality. There is a sense here of a fulness of life that is being bottled up till the gases threaten to blow out the cork. The very prosperity of Ireland, while all the world around groans, and bleeds and starves, is driving Ireland mad. The young men long to be up and doing—to strike for any cause they know is noble, to bleed in any battle that is not England's. It is a tragedy bordering on the absurd that these Clare men, whose fellows were streaming into the British Army less than four years ago, should by that very army have to be held down to-day. Let Englishmen weep! Clare men laugh—at the English, at the police, at the soldiers, at the Law, but most of all at themselves for ever having been such fools as to trust a British Government."

NEWS OF BATTLE

How it is Gathered at Seat of War by Seven Correspondents

"Seven men cover the greatest 'beat' in the world," writes Paul N. Kellogg, in the N.Y. "Evening Post." "They are the seven resident correspondents accredited to the British front in the Western theatre of the war. They are the eyes of the world for all that goes on on the battle line of one hundred miles and more, which extends inland from Nieuport, first through minor British, Belgium, and French sectors and thence through the great British army zone to the point where the main French armies take up the load of the front.

IN THE PRESS CHATEAU.

"The group of seven correspondents have a chateau near General Haig's main headquarters; but as operations move along the wide front they move, too, and are billeted in the neighborhood of some army headquarters where a censorship can be set up. We spent an evening with them in early November in rooms which they had been using in common for conferences and writing for three months, while the Allied offensive had been on in the neighborhood of Ypres. From the back windows you could look out on a sky-line lit up by artillery fire, like flashes of heat lightning. The walls were hung with large-scale military maps. Before the fireplace was a broad table littered with English and Continental newspapers and magazines. At one side a rough bulletin-board was divided by headings into spaces for the day's bulletins—German wireless press news, extracts from German wireless, Austrian wireless press news, Italian wireless press news, Russian wireless press news, and British wireless. On another board were the latest morning communiques, the latest evening communiques, and morning and evening news reports having to do with the immediate front.

INGENIOUS MAP-MAKER.

"The correspondents, in khaki, with green bands around their sleeves bearing a white 'C,' were leaning over a relief map of Passchendaele Ridge. This was a home-made affair, cleverly put together by Percival Phillips. He had pasted elevation maps on a series of sheets of thick cardboard, cut them out around the outlines of different levels, and superimposed them. As he ran his fingers up familiar roads and indicated where the front had been at successive stages, the struggle by which the British, Australians, New Zealanders, and Canadians had forced themselves up from the mud of the lower ground on to the shoulders of the hills and thence on to the ridge itself and along its length stood out clear to the eye.

"The seven correspondents are attached to the British army, wear the uniform of British officers, and have an indefinite rank. They have as free a hand in going about as any staff officer. They report to the 'C.O.' in any sector to which their work calls them, and secure permission, which is always given, to go where they want to, with only such limitations as that they shall not impede military operations or draw gunfire. Their work falls under the Intelligence Department of the British army at the front, which is in command of a brigadier-general, and is charged not only with responsibility for censorship, but with all the ramifications of securing information with regard to the movements of the enemy. They travel with British officers attached to the Department, who act as liaisons.

THE COMMON POOL OF NEWS.

"With offensives ranging from ten to fifty miles in length, and embracing hundreds of thousands of men, the correspondents early came to the conclusion that this was no time for petty competition. Theirs was too big an assignment for one man to cover single-handed. No one could work it up alone. Therefore, an agreement was reached to divide up the routine, each of the seven to take over a share of the territory to be covered each day, and at common conferences exchange the tidings which would help give then all a picture of the whole.

This does not mean that they write the same story. Incidents and special features which a man picks up belong to him. But if, for example, he learns of the capture of a fortified farm at some strategic point, it is not his "scoop," he turns it into the common pool.

Even in such all but continuous fighting as that of last fall there are a great many lulls. During these lulls the correspondents go out and size up the ground, and so get individual backgrounds for their stories. In this way they pick up information, study the meanings of past engagements, and visit areas which may be the scenes of new.

TAKEN INTO CONFIDENCE.

Before a battle begins the correspondents are taken into the confidence of the army. They are called into conference with high officers, who tell them exactly what is going to be attempted; what troops will be engaged, and what objectives will be sought. It is probable that on the night before a big offensive the seven correspondents know more about the operation planned, as a whole, than do many of the brigade commanders. If the attack is a small one on a single town, this is, of course, not the case. The procedure is possible because, since the plan of a responsible group of headquarters men was first instituted, none has violated the faith placed in him.

"At the daily round-up at correspondents' headquarters, as soon as everybody has chipped in his budget of information, they 'barge off'—that is a piece of Thames River slang which is current here—they 'barge off' and begin to hammer the typewriter.

THE CROWDED WIRES.

"The copy goes out in batches to the wire. A good many of the correspondents, while an offensive is on, must prepare daily what will fill two newspaper columns. They are limited to 2,000 words each, for the wires are crowded at best, and the copy must be taken from headquarters by motorcyclists to the military telegraph office, which guarantees to deliver it in London at an hour which will serve the English and American papers."

AND IT WON'T BE ANY COMEDY



Charlie Chaplin, motion picture comedian, has been drafted and expects his call in June. It was announced at his studio in Los Angeles, Cal. Although he is an Englishman, Chaplin has waived his rights and expects to wear Uncle Sam's khaki in a short time. Chaplin is touring the United States selling Liberty Bonds.

THE SINN FEIN LEADER

Eamonn de Valera, Member For Clare, is a Darling of Irish Jacobins

The Government's proposal to apply conscription to Ireland and the granting of a measure of Home Rule in conformity with the findings of the Majority Commission, brings once more into vivid light the slender figure of Eamonn de Valera, the Sinn Fein leader. He is member of Parliament for East Clare, and has been described as an "American-Spanish-Irishman," and "The Stormy Petrel of Sinn Fein."

Even before de Valera had won his sensational election victory in East Clare, where he captured for Sinn Fein, by a majority of 2,975, the seat that the late Major William Redmond a popular hero, had held for the Nationalists, it had been predicted that this perfervid advocate of Irish republicanism pure and simple would soon supersede the venerable Count Plunkett as leader of the "Ourselves Alone" party. This on the ground that extreme movements always advance at the gait of the quickest marchers.

WANTS INDEPENDENCE.

De Valera is the darling of the Irish Jacobins of to-day. His idea is that of an entirely independent Ireland, the world forgetting if not by the world forgot. In the contest that resulted in Eamonn de Valera's being elected to represent East Clare in the Imperial Parliament, the Sinn Feiners made no secret of their aims. They are out, in the first place, to smash constitutionalism, for which the Parliamentary party stands; and, in the second place, to wage war, until, as they themselves have put it, "sovereign independence has been won by Ireland."

The new republican chief was one of the few active Sinn Fein leaders who escaped the penalty of death after the Easter-week rising in Dublin in 1915, where in the disposition of battle he was commandant of the ringside area. As picturesque a figure as the romantic Countess Markievicz, he was condemned, like her, to penal servitude for life, and, like her, released in the general amnesty to Sinn Fein prisoners.

OF SPANISH DESCENT.

De Valera's Irish patriotism appears to be all the more intense by reason of the fact that he was born in New York, and that his father, Vivian de Valera, was a Spaniard. His mother, however, whose maiden name was Kate Coll, came from County Limerick. America did not hold Eamonn long, as at the age of two he was taken to Ireland and dwelt with his mother's folk.

As he grew into boyhood he took every advantage of the somewhat limited schooling available, and afterward he went to Blackrock College, where he was esteemed as much for his athletics as his scholarship. From Blackrock he gained a mathematical science scholarship for the National University. Mathematics is not romantic, but it had an overpowering attraction for the romantic de Valera.

A more violent passion than mathematics, however, seized upon him when he took up the study of the Gaelic tongue. It became with him an obsession, which was not lessened by his marriage in 1910 to Miss S. O'Flannigan, one of the most capable and enthusiastic propagandist members of the Gaelic League.

KNOWS SCIENCE OF WAR.

De Valera joined the Irish Volunteers when they were first formed, and later, when the split occurred, took sides with the intransigeants against the constitutional body, the I.N.V., which followed John Redmond. Gaelic was then put aside as a central interest and de Valera took up military matters with the fiercest energy.

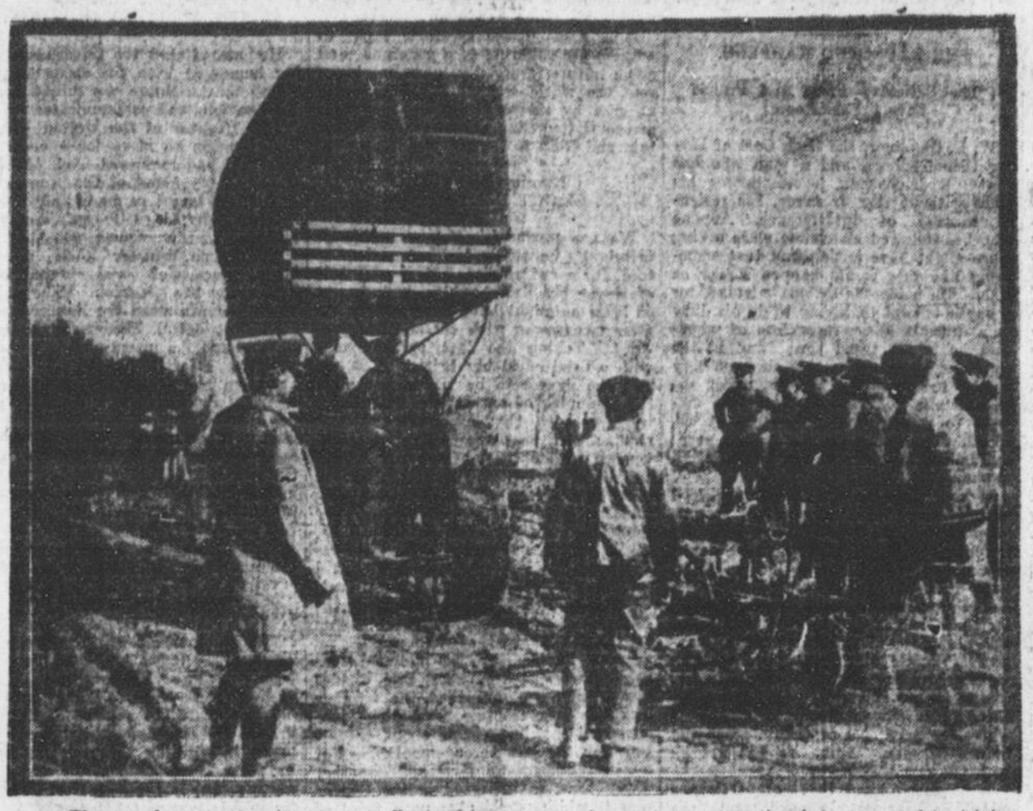
A friend and pupil of his, one of the most distinguished of the younger Dublin poets, says of de Valera at this time:

"He mastered all the science of war in a very few months. He used to discuss military operations with me with the eagerness of a child, and at home he would spend hours studying tactics with chessmen as soldiers."

The same friend adds: "Personally, Eamonn is the most childlike and urbane of men. I could not conceive him hurting anything or anyone wantonly. Like all the other leaders nurtured in Gaelic League idealism, Ireland is to him not so much a country as a religion, for which a man should shrink from no sacrifice."

Eamonn de Valera is thirty-four years of age. In appearance he has the ivory sallowness and deep, passionate eyes of his Spanish descent. He is very tall, very muscular, and full of nervous vitality.

MANY FARM TRACTORS IN OPERATION THROUGHOUT ENGLAND



The use of gas as a motive power in England has progressed to such an extent that it is now used in driving farm tractors. The gas is contained in a huge envelope on top of the tractor. Soldiers from the front line trenches have been trained to use these tractors and ploughs to help alleviate the shortage of labor which has affected farming as well as all other industries.

FRENCH IN TEN LESSONS.

French in ten lessons. It's simple; in fact it might even be considered one of the soldier's easiest accomplishments. He studies for an hour or so every day for ten days—two weeks at the most—and he can go to France, mingle with the inhabitants and make demand of general conversation.

So Col. William G. Austin, of the American Army, thought up to the time he arrived in France. Desiring immediately to make use of his newly acquired knowledge, he engaged a room in a hotel and wished to have his breakfast served there. He summoned a waiter, who brought a menu. It was then that the officer first realized that there were a number of words working in the French language that had been omitted from the instruction book.

The Colonel desired a portion of scrambled eggs. He knew the French word for eggs was oeufs. He turned to the book. The word scrambled was nowhere to be found. Then, in despair, he finally said, "Bring me some scrambled eggs."

The waiter was perplexed. "Je ne parle pas l'Angiais, m'sieur," he replied. The Colonel thought a moment. That wasn't in the book, but it was evident that the waiter had no intention of talking English.

"Oeufs!" Then he attempted to convey the idea by stirring an imaginary egg in the palm of his hand. Still no results. Then he took the waiter by the arm and led him to a wash basin in the room. There were three faucets. One for hot water, another for cold and still another for luke warm or mixed. Over the latter faucet was the French word melange. He pointed to it and then said, "Melange oeufs." At last the waiter understood.

So far, so good. But he also wanted prunes. Again he looked in vain for the French word in his book. So he drew a picture of two prunes on a plate and when the waiter returned he had the eggs and also a dish containing two salt pickles.

"My Rheumatism Is All Gone" She Says

Mrs. Milley's Tribute to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Newfoundland Lady Tells How She Suffered for Years, and How She Found Relief.

Exploit's Harbor, Notre Dame Bay, Nfld., April 23rd.—That Dodd's Kidney Pills are upholding their enviable reputation in every corner of Canada is evidenced by the statement of Mrs. Samuel Milley, a well-known resident of this place.

"For several years I suffered from rheumatism and heart failure," Mrs. Milley states. "I used twenty-two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and my rheumatism is all gone. I know Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful medicine. I recommend them to all my friends who are not feeling well, and they, like myself, speak highly of them.

"I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and got relief."

Dodd's Kidney Pills act directly on the kidneys. If the kidneys are weak and sick they cannot do their full work of straining the impurities out of the blood. The result is bound to be sickness and disease. To keep the kidneys sound is to lay the foundation of good health. Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills do not cure sick kidneys.

The Mystic Mit

The Magic Pot Cloth

The Greatest Discovery Since Soap.

Cleans pots, pans and other kitchen utensils without using strong soaps, lye or ammonia, and can be used as long as any part of it remains. A new use found for it every day. After using rinse cloth and leave to dry.

Don't miss this opportunity. Send postpaid receipt of 25c.

Dept. B, COLONIAL ART CO., TORONTO.

Lord Rhondda Cables:

"We Cannot Achieve Victory Without Food."

"Canada Food Board,
"Ottawa

"In these stern days it is inspiring to learn that Canada is tackling the food problem with redoubled energy. The terrific pressure on our military front makes it all the more imperative that those behind the lines should strain every nerve to defeat the enemy's avowed object of destroying the British Empire.

"Germany hoped first to starve the Old Country by the submarine campaign and then to smash her land forces. She has failed to starve us and she will fail to smash us, but **we cannot achieve victory without food. There never was a time when it was more needed.**

"The Canadian farmer and the Canadian farmhand now have the opportunity to make an effective reply to the enemy's present onslaughts by bending their undivided energies to the increased production of those food supplies for which we depend to such vital extent upon your great Dominion."

(Signed) "RHONDDA"

London, April 10th

The Prime Minister of Canada, in a call to Greater Food Production, says: "The crisis is grave and urgent beyond possibility of exaggeration."

Our Allies are depending upon Canada to produce this year more cereals—especially Spring Wheat—and more meat—especially Pork.

The world shortage will inevitably continue for years after the war—with this continent the nearest source of supply for the 200,000,000 persons in Europe who will be clamoring for food.

Measures have been taken and plans have been formulated which, on the authority of the Director of Agricultural Labor, will provide help needed for harvest.

City and town people who cannot go on the farms are helping to feed themselves by growing their own vegetables, so that the farmers may grow more food for export.

The food crisis calls for the utmost effort by all the people of Canada, because, as Lord Rhondda says, **Food is essential to Victory.**

CANADA FOOD BOARD
OTTAWA

In co-operation with the Provincial Departments of Agriculture

CANADA

PRESS OPINIONS.

THE FRENCH-CANADIANS.

("Weekly Sun," Toronto.)

We are impressed by the statement, which is repeated by the Boston "Transcript," that the French-Canadians in New England have been offering themselves freely for service in the army of the United States. These French-Canadians are for the most part, we believe, recent immigrants from Quebec. We assume that they have taken with them their Lares and Penates, and it is not improbable that they have come under the influence of priests expatriated from old France because they refused to submit to the French law secularizing the Church. It is, therefore, impossible to avoid the conclusion that the reluctance of the French-Canadians to volunteer for service in the Canadian army is a result of the great feud between Ontario and Quebec. For this fend, there are causes which extend far back in Canadian history. For its actual violence, Bourassa and Sam Hughes are not alone responsible, but responsibility must be shared by all those who have cultivated intolerance and refused the duties of Canadian citizenship.

Those who plan great federations of peoples of varied interests and feelings ought to note carefully the cases of Ireland and Quebec, where the measures of the majority become for the minority measures of tyranny.

THE DAY OF THE CRANKS.

("The Saturday Press and Prairie Farm," Saskatoon.)

This is the day when the "cranks" seem to be coming into their own. There is Ham. Burnham, M.P. for West Peterboro, for example, who during the present session has seen the Government take up and debate as Government measures with every prospect of their becoming law, reforms which he proposed year after year, until they became of that class of hardy parliamentary annuals which parliament treats as a joke, and which are, almost automatically, given three motuhs hoist. This is the case, for example, with the Daylight Savings Bill, which is now progressing through Parliament, but for which Burnham got very little support when he brought it before the House as he has been doing for years past. It was just as good a measure when Burnham introduced it for the first time, and there seems to be a large majority of people who are more afraid of a new idea than they are of the smallpox.

A few "cranks" have been urging the abolition of titles in Canada for years past apparently without making a dent in the Government. The institution of "nobility," so-called, never was suited to the democratic soil of Canada; but while the fountain of those honors in Great Britain remained more or less pure, there was some distinction attached to them, and they seemed desirable ornaments to some men. Latterly, however, the trafficking in titles in the Old Country has become so notorious that any man who received one was actually looked on with some degree of suspicion by the better class of people. The climax seems to have come over there when our own Canadian-grown nobleman, Max Aitken, was raised to the peerage. All England set up a howl partly of rage and partly of laughter. There was no attempt made to disguise the fact that Aitken had used the profits made out of shady stock-jobbing transactions in Canada to buy his "honors" in England. The impudence of the proceeding brought the subject sharply before the people, with the result that the business of trafficking in titles has received a hard blow there.

It needed some such absurdity as this to hit the whole foolish business. When Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" it was said that he laughed the institution of Chivalry out of Europe. History may record that the raising of Lord Beaverbrook to the peerage was the touch of absurdity necessary to give the institution of nobility its start on the toboggan. It has certainly had a good deal to do with the large place given to the discussion of a motion which W. F. Nickle, M.P. for Kingston, introduced at Ottawa recently. Mr. Nickles' motion was for the abolition of hereditary titles in Canada. Before the debate had got well under way Sir Robert Borden produced an order in council already passed by the Government containing recommendations to the Imperial Government on the subject.

The recommendations will admit of some examination. They are not as radical as they might seem at first glance. It is true that they propose doing away with hereditary titles; but they do not advocate the elimination of titles altogether as we believe is the desire of the people of Canada as a whole, and as was later on proposed by way of amendment. They place the power of saying to whom the titles shall be granted with the Premier; and the record of the present Premier in connection with the bestowal of some of the most criticized titles is not creditable. He has Sir Joseph Flavelle on his conscience, for example, and is responsible for the appointment of Sir Max Aitken to the honorable but unmerited position of chronicler of the doings of the Canadian forces in the field; a position of which he made a farce.

A better way would now be to make a clean sweep of the whole business, because while some of the honors bestowed on Canadians have been reasonable enough as such things go, a great many more have simply been rewards to men for piling up a great deal of money, often by the most unscrupulous means. A system that ennobles a man for making himself wealthy by selling bacon at high prices and neglects men who have actually done something for the good of the country—men like Angus Mackay and Seager Wheeler—is better got rid of altogether.

THE EXPECTED HAPPENS.

("The Saturday Press and Prairie Farm," Saskatoon.)

W. F. O'Connor, the High Cost of Living Commissioner, and a man who has shown a disposition to administer his office without fear or favor, has resigned, because of interference. Anyone who has followed his course since taking office might have anticipated that something like this would happen sooner or later. He made the serious mistake, for a public official, of trying to do his duty in a difficult office, regardless of whose toes he might tread on; and in the course of his work, he trod on some very august toes, indeed. In fact, under the circumstances, it seems like lese majeste to refer to them as toes at all, for they were the digitals on the pedal extremities of Sir Joseph Flavelle, a mighty man before the Lord.

It was easy to see that the food barons and other influential persons whose shady ways were criticized by O'Connor would "get" him under ordinary circumstances, but we had a faint hope that the circumstances under a Union Government were something better than ordinary. The same old regime still seems to exist, for all practical purposes. Public officials whose position makes them watch-dogs of the interests of the people must now recognize that their duty ends just short of the point where the privileges of certain great and influential men begin, as has always been the case.

It is cases like that of O'Connor which the farmers in parliament are supposed to make their own and inquire into until they have a satisfactory explanation. If they do not do this they will be a great disappointment to those who have sent them to parliament in the hope that they would stand for a new order of things, and would not stand for the old.

HOW THE ALL-HIGHEST SUFFERS.

(The "World," N.Y.)

There is no other tragedy of the war that quite equals the heart lacerations of that good and benevolent man the German Emperor. We are informed by the Berliner "Lokal-Anzeiger," a newspaper qualified to speak officially about the All-Highest, that on his recent visit to the battlefield near Queant, His Majesty's silence was broken only once when he remarked to an officer, "What have I not done to preserve the world from these horrors!"

To be sure. The world might have escaped all of it had it quietly submitted to German domination. All this has come about through an unholy resistance to Kultur. The heathen in their blindness would not accept the salvation that was preached to them from the altar of Potsdam, and now civilization is drenched in blood and the missionary wrings his pious hands in anguish.

It is a deplorable spectacle thus to witness the suffering of a generous and noble nature, especially when we know that the whole tragedy could be ended at once by the unconditional surrender of the United States, France, Great Britain and Italy to Germany.

("Evening Post," N.Y.)

A SLIGHT IMPROVEMENT.

We are prepared, after a week's or fortnight's unusually low submarine record, for a sudden rise. This week's tale of eleven big British ships sunk is not so large as might have been anticipated after two weeks with six and four big ships. Taking the last three weeks, with a total of 21 big British ships, we find the dgures to be the lowest since the beginning of unrestricted submarine warfare, with the exception of two similar periods—three weeks last November with a total of nineteen ships and three weeks last January with a total of eighteen ships. We are now rounding out the first quarter of the second year of the ruthless U-boat. If we go back for thirteen weeks from today to the middle of January we get a total loss of 138 big British ships and 66 ships under 1,600 tons. Applying the formula of 4,500 tons to the big ship and 1,000 tons to the small ship— an average justified by the detailed tonnage statement from Sir Eric Geddes last month—we find that the tonnage loss for Great Britain, excluding marine accident, has been about 690,000 tons for the last three months. For marine accident we may add another 60,000 tons, as indicated in the Geddes report, which would give us a total of 750,000 tons for the quarter. The British losses last year by the quarter-year were 911,840, 1,361,870, 932,938, 782,889. The quarter just elapsed scores, therefore, a more favorable showing than the best three months of last year.

CANADIAN HOUSE IN SECRET SESSION

Members of Parliament Hear Message From Lloyd George on War Crisis

The House of Commons met in secret session for two hours on Wednesday afternoon. Beyond members and officials of the House, there were present members of the Senate only.

The following report of the proceedings at the secret session was issued under the authority of the Speaker:

The Prime Minister, on a motion to go into committee of supply, made a full statement surveying the present war situation, treating of the military position, the supply and production of foodstuffs, and the problem of merchant shipping and the submarine, with special reference to the man-power position of the British Empire and the Allies.

THE MILITARY OUTLOOK.

He stated that the Government, being impressed with the desirability of giving to the House the fullest possible information, had communicated to the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom its intention to move for a secret session, and had requested from Mr. Lloyd George a statement of the present position which might be made known to the House. Mr. Lloyd George's message in response to this request was then read.

The Prime Minister then presented other information and considerations bearing on the situation. The military position confronting the Empire was explained in detail. The enemy had clearly disclosed his intention to make a supreme effort to destroy the British army on the Western front as an effective fighting force. To this end he had adopted measures placing every man in the German Empire between the ages of 18 and 60 at the disposal of the Government, reducing the age limit for military service, and reorganizing his formations in the field. His forces and reserves for striking at the Western front had been enormously increased by the withdrawal of Russia from the war.

GERMANY'S STRENGTH.

The employment of Landwehr and Landsturm formations for the defence of the Eastern front, the use of these formations to supply individual men as drafts to replace casualties in France and Flanders, their places being taken in turn by the younger recruits for purposes of training, the cessation of war wastage in the East, and the transfer in addition of large number of Austro-Hungarian troops—considering all these factors, the Russian withdrawal had increased the potential enemy strength on the Western front, including Italy, by possibly as many as 1,600,000 men, without taking into account the reserves which would otherwise have been necessary for the Russian front.

France had made already enormous sacrifices, and she would continue her heroic and glorious effort to the end.

The Government of the United Kingdom had accordingly initiated the most drastic measures for maintaining their effective forces and providing the necessary reserves for the future.

The military effort already made by the United Kingdom, France and the Dominion was shown by means of detailed confidential information as to the strength of the forces which have been raised by each.

CANADIAN ARMY CORPS

As to the position confronting this Dominion, it was apparent that an attack upon the Canadian Army Corps in full force must be expected. No one could say when, but in view of the strategic value of their position there could be no doubt they must be prepared to meet any attack launched by the enemy, and the country must be prepared to provide the reinforcements to make good all losses. The Government had been in communication with the overseas military authorities, and as the result of the most careful consideration, the clear conclusion had been reached that if the Canadian Army Corps was to be maintained as an effective fighting force, additional measures must be taken. The Canadian Army Corps must be maintained; no one could question that. There was therefore no other alternative before the Government but to propose further measures for recruiting the needed reinforcements. These measures had been formulated and announced.

STRAIN ON SHIPPING.

With regard to the shipping situation, the Prime Minister pointed out that Allied and neutral ocean-going tonnage, estimated at 33,000,000 tons at the beginning of the war, had been reduced at the end of 1917 by a net loss of 2,500,000 tons, that is, about 8 percent; while British tonnage, considered separately, had suffered a reduction of 20 percent the tonnage being 18,000,000 at the outbreak of war, and the net loss, taking into account new construction as in the other case, being 3,500,000 tons.

The strain on British shipping was illustrated by a citation of the very large proportion which is devoted to the special war services of the army, the navy, the Allies and the British dominions. The result was a very serious reduction in the amount available for supplying the United Kingdom with its essential foods and materials and the sacrifices imposed upon the people of Great Britain could not be overstated. The shipbuilding program of the Empire and the Allies was explained. The important question of the world's food supply was reviewed, and the House was made acquainted with information pointing to the vital necessity for stimulating increased production.

A GRAVE SITUATION.

In conclusion, the Prime Minister urged that it must be recognized that the position was one of extreme gravity. In view of the issues involved, Germany must be defeated. There could be no other alternative. And to this end Canada must provide all the assistance in her power. We must supply the men necessary to keep our divisions up to full strength, no matter what casualties were suffered, and we must so organize our remaining human power as to maintain, and, if possible increase, our agricultural production.

Following the Prime Minister's statement, a brief discussion ensued, those who took part in it being Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Sam Hughes and General Mewburn.

The members of the Senate attended the session, that House having adjourned for the purpose.

* * *

In a new edition of his "System of International Law," Professor Franz von Liszt, Germany's greatest authority on the subject, says: "Ideas that have long been ridiculed as the utopia dreams of impractical visionaries have been embodied to-day in the programs of leading statesmen, our own as well as those of our opponents. A pacifist union of nations is to be organized which, by perfecting international arbitration, will make possible the restriction of armaments and thus will paralyze the most fatal danger to peace. On these lines, with hope for a better future, I have edited my book."

* * * *

The losses to British shipping by mine or submarine in the past week totalled fifteen, according to the Admiralty report on Wednesday night. Eleven of the merchantmen sunk were 1,600 tons or over, and four under that tonnage. One fishing vessel also was sunk. Twelve vessels were unsuccessfully attacked. In the previous week only six British merchantmen were sunk by mine or submarine, four of them of more than 1,600 tons.

* * * *

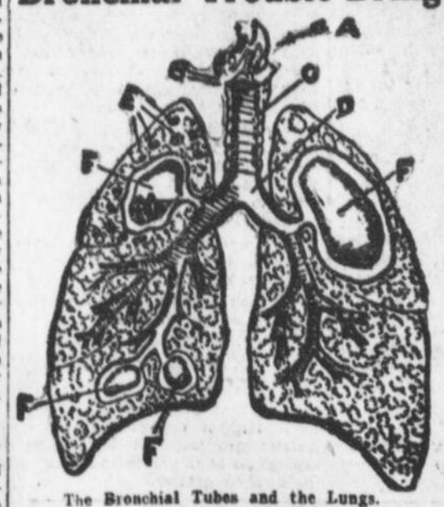
In sending to the "Times" his contribution to the fund for the joint war committee of the British Red Cross Society and the order of St. John, which has reached the immense total of ten million pounds, King George says: "I am especially proud of the noble generosity displayed by Britons overseas, nor can I forget the munificence with which the American Red Cross has supported the work of the British Red Cross, cementing still further the ties which unite the two countries. Never was the need for a continuance of the ministrations of the Red Cross more urgent."

* * * *

Prince Albert, one of the King's younger sons, who was formerly on a battleship, has now joined the Naval Air Service, and is expected soon to become a certificated pilot.

COUGHS THAT KILL

Bronchial Trouble Brings Consumption



The Bronchial Tubes and the Lungs.

This shows how Bronchial Trouble brings Consumption. A, epiglottis. B, vocal cords. C, windpipe. D, bronchial tubes, inflammation in which is a terribly dangerous thing. E, ulcers in lungs. F, cavities formed by ulcers eating into lung tissues,—the result of unchecked bronchial trouble.

If you have a bronchial cough, start to cure it NOW. Don't neglect it any longer. Be warned in time. Bronchial trouble is almost Consumption. Unless you check it, it's more than likely to become Consumption. It's a terribly deceptive—terribly dangerous ailment for all it seems nothing but an irritating cough. That tickling in your throat; that persistent, annoying hacking; that frequent raising of phlegm—may mean serious inflammation in your bronchial tubes. They lead directly to the lungs. If your bronchial trouble goes on, the germs may enter the lungs. After that—it's too late.

Don't be deceived by the idea 'twill "wear off." Don't be deluded by patent medicine advertisements. Don't be discouraged by people who tell you a bronchial cough is incurable. A trouble so deep-seated—so little understood, can be cured best by a specialist—by one who has the thorough knowledge—the tremendous experience, gained in treating thousands of such cases.

Let me cure your bronchial cough. I have cured countless cases—serious ones where all other treatments had failed. Reader, are you sceptical? Write at once and learn what I can do for you. I am a Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service, and for thirty years I've been studying, doctoring, and CURING bronchial trouble. My method is different from all others. It's founded on my own scientific discoveries. I've spent a lifetime in perfecting it. 'Twill cost you nothing to find out about it. I will gladly give you

Following are some of the Common Symptoms of Bronchial Trouble.

Do you raise phlegm?
Is your voice hoarse?
Do you cough at night?
Do you take cold easily?
Do you get all stuffed up?
Do you have a hacking cough?
Do you have pain in the chest?
Is it hard to breathe sometimes?
Is it hard to get your throat clear?
Do you sometimes cough until you gag?
Do you spit up phlegm in the morning?
Does your cough seem to wear you out?
Are you worse spells of damp weather?
Is there a ragged tickling in the throat?
Do you cough at times till you almost choke?
Is there a tickling deep down in your throat?

Answer the questions, yes or no, write your full name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out and send to Health Specialist Sproule, 286 Trade Building, Boston. He will give you, absolutely free, reliable advice in regard to the cure of your trouble.

FREE CONSULTATION AND ADVICE

I will study your case carefully and send you the most valuable information. Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. You can place perfect confidence in whatever I say. If I find your trouble incurable I'll tell you so plainly. In all my years of practice I've made it a point of honor never to take a case that's beyond help. Real Consumption cannot be cured. Bronchial trouble, PROPERLY TREATED, can. Take it in hand now before it's too late. Don't lose any time—write to-day.

Full Name .....

Address .....

EATON'S MONEY-SAVING VALUES

CORRECT STYLES AT ECONOMY PRICES

SOME of the merchandise is priced at less than it would cost to make it to-day. Months ago, before the present high costs, our buyers bought the fabrics, hence we can afford these striking values. As prices of clothing of all sorts are steadily advancing, you will be wise to buy now and buy right at EATON prices. You will have to pay more later on for goods not up to the same standard as these. But don't delay if you wish to avoid being disappointed.

You will be dollars in pocket by taking full advantage of the values shown here, and by making your future selections of requirements in any line from the EATON catalogue. Prices will be higher later on, so order now. If you haven't a catalogue, write to-day for your copy, so that you may share fully in the savings it presents.



Note the Low Price of this Shantung Silk Dress 7.25

Color: Natural Only

58-1234. Designed in a decidedly smart style, with long roll collar of white paillette silk giving a graceful line to the bodice. Note the unusually effective belt, with its trimmings of white pearl buttons and embroidery in contrasting shade.

Bust sizes	Skirt
32 and 34	35 ins.
36 and 38	37 ins.
40, 42 and 44	38 ins.

Price 7.25

Checked and White Voile Dress 5.95

Colors: Helio and Green, Tan and Sky, Rose and Green, Navy and Green

58-5220. The checked material fashions belted coat style; waist made with large collar and cuffs of the white voile. Stylish plain skirt of the white voile is finished with deep band of the checked fabric to match waist.

Bust sizes	Skirt
32 and 34	35 ins.
36 and 38	37 ins.
40, 42 and 44	38 ins.

Price 5.95

Woman's Serge Suit Priced at Less Than Present Cost of Production 14.75

52-340. The modish coat is 28 inches long, and is made in the popular belted style. Large convertible collar is topped by detachable white over-collar in basket weave, with black novelty buttons forming an effective contrast. Panels that appear below belt at the sides are made with inverted pleat, and are trimmed, as illustrated, with black buttons. Set-in sleeves have button-trimmed turn-back cuffs. Coat fastens with black buttons, and is lined with sateen. The three-gore skirt has back gathered beneath a two-piece button-trimmed belt.

Bust	Waist	Length, ins.	Bust	Waist	Length, ins.
32	27	37	38	27	37 39 41
34	25	37 39	40	29	39 41
36	26	37 39 41	42	30	39 41

For further particulars see our Catalogue, page 2.

Notably Good Value is this Jean Cloth Middy Dress at 3.95

Color: White Only

58-89288. The coat-style Middy features becoming pointed novelty collar. An effective touch of color is gained by contrasting stitching on shirred fronts. Long sleeves have turn-back cuffs. Two deep patch pockets are conveniently placed. Skirt buttons from waist, making laundering an easy matter. Has separate belt, so may also be worn with blouse if desired.

Bust Size	Skirt
32 and 34	35 ins.
36 and 38	37 ins.
40, 42 and 44	38 ins.

Price 3.95

Specially Priced Striped Voile Frock 4.75

Colors: Pink and Blue, Blue and Green, Helio and Blue, Black and Navy

58-5217. Fashioned in one-piece style, and the bodice has panel at back and front showing the stripes running horizontally. A hemstitched border of white lawn outlines the large collar. Full-length sleeves are finished with deep cuff. The well-cut skirt is designed in tunic effect, and has a deep belt.

Bust sizes	Skirt
32 and 34	35 ins.
36 and 38	37 ins.
40, 42 and 44	38 ins.

Price 4.75

Misses' Dress of Fancy Plaid Voile Low-priced at 4.50

Colors: Sky with Tan Stripe, Pink with Green Stripe, Green with Mauve Stripe

54-561. New-style roll collar and deep turn-back cuffs on long sleeves are composed of hemstitched white organdie edged with effective lace. White pearl buttons close front of surplice waist, and trim set-in pointed, applied pockets. Full, but straight-hanging skirt features three wide tucks, and is joined to waist beneath all-round belt.

Sizes	Bust	Waist	Skirt length
14	32	23	34
16	34	24	35
18	36	25	36
20	38	26	37

Price 4.50

Girl's Dress of Embroidery and Lawn at 2.50

56-X702. In one-piece style, of scalloped eyelet embroidery and white lawn. The two-tier skirt, fronts of waist and short sleeves are of embroidery, and the plain lawn is used for tuck-trimmed back of waist. V-shaped collar of hemstitched white lawn has lace edge. Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, 13, 14 years.

Price 2.50

We pay shipping charges on orders of $10 and over in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces

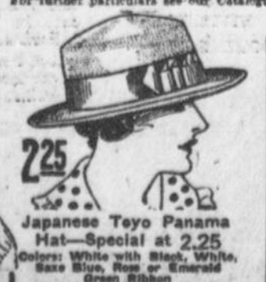


Voile Blouse Economically Priced at 2.00

Color: White Only

79-X09. The fronts are of soft voile embroidered in a charming design. Note the rounded neck-line, with its two rows of hemstitching. Lace edges the pointed collar of plain voile, and hemstitching tops cuff on full-length sleeves.

Bust sizes: 34 to 46. Price 2.00



Japanese Toyo Panama Hat—Special at 2.25

Colors: White with Black, White, Saxe Blue, Rose or Emerald Green Ribbon

50-666. On this Japanese Toyo Panama Hat the new pencil-curled brim is a noteworthy feature. Trimmed with corded ribbon, cleverly arranged in turn-back loops in front. Head size 24 ins. Measures about 13 ins. from front to back and 13 ins. from side to side.

Price 2.25

Splendid Values in the new Ready-to-wear Hats, Panamas and Trimmed Hats. Be Sure to See Pages 138-151 in our Spring and Summer Catalogue.



Exceptional Value in the New Coarse Braid Sailor at 1.50

Colors: All Black or Navy

50-645. Band of corded ribbon with tailored bow trims this smart and decidedly inexpensive hat. Head size 23½ ins. Measures 15 ins. from back to front and 13½ ins. from side to side.

Price 1.50



Splendid Value is this Habutai Silk Waist at 2.85

Colors: Ivory, Pink, Rose, Maize, Navy, Black

78-X685. The imperial collar is fashioned of white picot-edged silk, and buttons on to revers. Full-length sleeves have deep cuffs with picot-edged turn-back finish of white silk to match collar. This blouse, obtainable in several colors, closes with white pearl buttons. Bust sizes: 34 to 46. Price 2.85

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TORONTO - CANADA



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Union-Made

Overalls Shirts & Gloves

Bob Long says:

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Insist on "Bob Long" brand. Ask your dealer for Big 11—the big grey overalls—the cloth with the test.

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Tires, Coaster Brakes, Wheels, Inner Tubes, Lamps, Bells, Cyclometers, Carrier and Stands, Saddles, etc., at less than usual prices.

Everything in the Bicycle Line.

Write To-day

FABIEN LIMITED,
177 WELLINGTON MONTREAL

THE NEW NORTHERN REVELATION

It is understood that the tour-de-luxe this year will be Alaska, the wonderful country of unlimited attractions for the tourists. To those desiring to know something regarding this wonderful trip, the cost and all particulars, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has issued a comprehensive publication, profusely illustrated, with reproductions from photographs of scenes en route, and with a full description of the trip. It also contains interesting information that the traveller would like to know when contemplating a trip like this, and has a splendid map printed in five colors, of the North Pacific Coast.

In addition to the publication on Alaska, the Grand Trunk Pacific has also issued a beautiful booklet, entitled the "North American Alps," which gives the reader a clear conception of the route through the Canadian Rockies over this newest of the Transcontinental lines.

Copies of these interesting publications can be had free by writing to, or calling on, M. O. Dafoe, 122 St. James St., Montreal.

SMILES

A SIMPLE RECIPE.

A man once advertised that he would send for the small sum of two dollars, a recipe which, if followed to the letter, would keep folks from growing old. Some credulous person answered the advertisement, remitting the required fee, and received the following reply:

"I should advise all such asses as you to commit suicide at about the age of twenty-five."

QUITE YOUNG.

Young Husband: "Seems to me, my dear, this chicken is pretty tough."

Young Wife: "I know it is, and I can't understand it at all. I picked it out myself."

"Did you examine 't closely?"

"Indeed I did. I looked into its mouth the first thing, and I could see it hadn't even cut its first teeth yet."

FIXING THE NAME.

Mr. George Arliss, the eminent character actor, says he has a poor memory for names. Having made an appointment with Hartley Manners to come to his home and read a new play, he resolved to fix the playwright's name in his mind unforgettably. "Hartley Manners," he repeated. "Ah, I have it. It is Hardly Manners to forget a man's name. Now I shall not forget it."

The playwright appeared at the hour set and Mr. Arliss racked his brain to recall how he had fixed the name in his mind. "Ah, yes, I have it," he said to himself, "it is scarcely right to forget a man's name"—and then he called aloud to his visitor, "How do you do Mr. Wright?"

CHASING HIS HAT.

The weather was wild and gusty. Suddenly an unusually violent gust of wind tore round the corner and removed the hat from the head of a very dapper but near-sighted old gentleman who chanced to be passing.

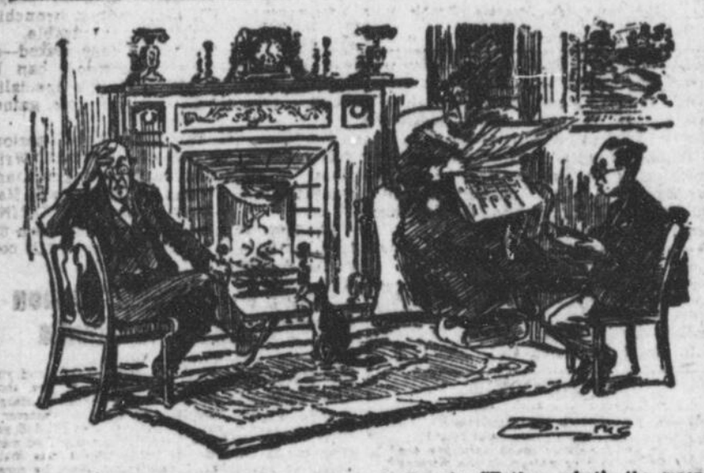
Peering wildly round he saw his hat in a paddock on the other side of the wall. Scrambling over with some difficulty, he started to chase it, but each time he thought he had caught it, it seemed to dart away.

Then a woman's angry voice broke on his ears. "What are you doing there?" she demanded shrilly.

He explained mildly that he was only trying to recover his hat.

"Your hat," said the woman. "Well, I don't know where it is, but that's our little black hen you're chasing."

"Is Bliggins a profiteer?" "No. He doesn't get into the big figures far enough to be in the three-syllable class. He's only a grafter."



Master Wiggins (breaking a painful silence): "Father, what's the meaning of 'Nemesis'?"
Mr. Wiggins (promptly): "Ask Mother."

BAD EYESIGHT.

A soldier tired of rain and mud and everything generally, particularly of having to obey orders, was making an effort to get sent home. With this object, he complained of bad eyesight.

"How can you prove that to me?" said the doctor.

At a loss, Mike looked round the room before answering:

"Well, doctor, you see that nail in the wall?"

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Well," said Mike, "I can't.

RIGID INSPECTION OF MEATS DEMANDED

Embalming in Cold Storage is an Outrage, Says Col. John Currie

The House of Commons on Tuesday took up consideration of a resolution by the Minister of Agriculture in regard to amendments to the Meat and Canned Foods Act. The resolution provides for regulation of packing houses and imported food products.

Explaining his resolution, Mr. Crerar said it applied to imported food supplies the same regulations as already applied in the manufacture of similar Canadian articles. It provided for the condition under which these foods could be admitted into Canada, in the sense that regulations applying in the country of origin might be accepted, subject to proper certification. At present, American manufacturers are permitted to sell in Canada goods which they were not permitted to sell in the United States.

DANGEROUS IMPORTS.

Mr. Crerar instanced some meat imported into British Columbia from the United States. The meat was affected by tuberculosis, and could not have been sold in the United States.

Hon. Jaques Bureau urged that there should be some additional inspection in Canada for imported meats. To this Hon. Martin Burrell, former Minister of Agriculture, replied that the multiplication of inspections would mean a serious inconvenience.

Col. John Currie strongly advised a more rigid inspection of meats slaughtered in Canada for home consumption. He said that meat which was to be sent out of the country was subject to inspection, and had to come up to certain standards. It must be free from disease and impurities. On the other hand, meat sold locally might be unfit for food and yet Canadians were asked to eat it.

With regard to the cold storage companies, Col. Currie declared it was about time that they were compelled to reform. It was an outrage, he said, that embalmed meats and poultry should be kept in such places. He preferred not to mention any names in connection with recent cold storage revelations, but that was hardly necessary.

MR. O'CONNOR'S RESIGNATION.

In this connection, he wished to refer to the recent resignation or dismissal of Mr. W. F. O'Connor, High Cost of Living Commissioner. Mr. O'Connor had done all he could to curb the cold storage companies, and had proven himself a very good public official. Now he had lost his position, owing to some cause with which Mr. Currie was not familiar. It was time, he said, for the members of the House to speak out on the cold storage situation.

S. F. Tolmie (Victoria, B.C.) explained that meat slaughtered in Government inspected slaughter houses bore the Government stamp, and people buying it were thus protected. Meat slaughtered in other places should be inspected either by the provincial or municipal authorities.

COLD STORAGE EGGS.

Sir Sam Hughes stated that he had been told that cold storage eggs were imported into Canada and sold to Canadians, while fresh Canadian eggs were being sent out of the country.

Mr. Crerar suggested that the whole matter might be discussed later on. With regard to inspecting United States products, he said that it was obviously impossible to send Canadian inspectors over to handle all meats, etc., imported into Canada before they were permitted to enter this country.

F. J. Pelletier (Matane, Que.), favored the more thorough inspection of meats.

E. G. Porter (Hastings), brought up the matter of vegetable soup preparations, stating that the only inspection of such goods, before consumption by soldiers in France, was the inspection made at the factory.

SOUP FOR SOLDIERS.

He declared that returned men, when questioned in this regard, stated they would rather kill the manufacturers of the soups than they would the Hun. He thought the resolution might be amended, so that an inspector of inspectors could be appointed.

Referring to the charge in regard to vegetable soup, Mr. Crerar said he would take an opportunity of investigating the matter and get what information he could.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier contended that, under the terms of the resolution, the authority of the Governor-in-Council was substituted for the will of the law. The Governor-in-Council was given power to except certain provisions of the law in regard to food inspection. This was giving the Government a dangerous power.

Mr. Crerar remarked that there was no intention to make exceptions to the law, and promised to give the point consideration.

The resolution carried, and a bill based on it was given first reading.

The life of God is not to be discovered by reasoning, but by obeying.—John Ruskin.

THE AWKWARD BOY.

Speaking of the troubles of an awkward boy Dr. Edwin H. Hughes, of De Pauw University, says:

"The boy is in a constant state of flitting moods. In the morning he believes, and believes tremendously, that his father is the finest man to be found anywhere, and in the evening he knows without a doubt that there never was a meaner man on the face of the earth than that same father.

"In the morning he adores his mother with all the ardor of a boy's heart, and believes that there is no throne so lofty as to be beyond her worth, and in the evening, when he has been refused, maybe, a second piece of pie at the dinner table, he knows that there never was a more tyrannical being.

"And if he is a normal boy he is not fond of books, and he goes to school largely because his father pushes him from home and the schoolmaster pulls him into school.

"Now, what the boy needs at this time is adroit sympathy. If you are at some social gathering and you see some boy standing off by the door suffering like a modern martyr, go to him and make him forget that he has hands, feet, a collar that chokes him, clothes that are too big for him, and for just a minute let him be a human being.

"He may also need an appeal to his self-respect at this period. We do not have the one-thousandth part of the self-respect that we ought to have. And the boy at this time needs to have real tribute paid to his personality, so that he will feel that, after all, he is somebody in the world.

"The man-conscious age is when the boy seeks companions and he reads books, and the chances are that he will get hold of a bad book. Unless you get him a good book to take the place of the one that he has, he is more than likely to get a worse book. It is the same with respect to his companions. You can never reform a boy by vacancy. We can well afford to leave a few hundred dollars less when we die, and see to it that our boys in this stage are given good books and other educational advantages that are so valuable at this particular period."—H. F. Cable, in the "Mother's Magazine."



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Mr. Trapper,—
Do not fail to write immediately for our new price list on Muskrats, as it will be to your advantage and interest to do so.
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Boys!
Here's your chance to do a fine stroke in the big war! Help the Y.M.C.A. to help your big brothers overseas by joining in the

"Earn and Give" Campaign

Six thousand Canadian older boys are invited to earn and give at least Ten Dollars ($10) to the Red Triangle Fund. That means $60,000 in all! Splendid! Five Thousand Dollars will be used for boys' work in India and China; another $5,000 for the National Boys' Work of Canada, and $50,000 to help big brothers in Khaki. Ask your local Y.M.C.A. representative for information and pledge card. When you have subscribed one or more units of Ten Dollars, you will receive a beautifully engraved certificate.

War Work Summary

There are:
—89 branches of Canadian Y.M.C.A. in France.
—74 branches in England.
—Dozens of Y.M.C.A. dug-outs in forward trenches under fire.
—300,000 letters a day written in Y.M.C.A. overseas buildings.
—$100,000 needed for athletic equipment. (Helps morale of soldiers.)
—Y.M.C.A. saved hundreds of lives at Vimy Ridge by caring for walking wounded.
—Over 100 pianos in England and France, also 300 gramophones and 27 moving picture machines.
—Y.M.C.A. helps boys in hospitals.
—More than 60,000 cups of hot tea and coffee distributed daily in France—free. Estimated cost for 8 months, $48,000.
—150,000 magazines distributed free every month. (Estimated cost $15,000.)
—$125,000 used in 1917 to build huts in France.
—Concerts, sing-songs, good-night services and personal interviews energetically conducted. Concerts, lectures, etc. cost $5,000 a month.



"Cheer Up and Thank God for the Y.M.C.A."

Vast Issues Depend Upon the Welfare of Our Boys!

TRY to picture yourself in the muddy, cold trenches after exciting days and long nights of mortal danger and intense nervous strain. Rushing "whiz-bangs" and screaming "coal boxes" are no respecters of persons. You are hit! But despite shock and pain you still can face the long weary trudge back to dressing station. Weary, overwrought and depressed, you are prey to wild imaginings of that other coming ordeal with the surgeon. There are other "walking wounded," too! You must wait, wait, wait. And then—

Up comes a cheery Y.M.C.A. man, the ever present big brother to the soldier, with words of manly encouragement. Close beside the dressing station the good, generous folks at home have enabled him to set up a canteen. He hands you biscuits, and chocolate or coffee.

"In thousands of cases," writes an officer, "it was that first hot cup of coffee that dragged the man back to live and sanity!"

The tremendous helpfulness of the Y.M.C.A. as an aid to the "morale," or fighting spirit, of the soldiers is everywhere praised. No wonder the Germans make every effort to smash the Y.M.C.A. huts out of existence.

The Y.M.C.A. is *everywhere*. You first met the helpful, manly Y.M.C.A. worker in camp, then on train and boat, at camp in England and in France, close to the firing line. Often he risks his life to reach you in the trenches. He has won the warmest praise from military authorities, statesmen—the King!

* * * * *

Have you a precious boy at the front? You cannot be "over there" to guide him away from fierce temptations of camp and city. You cannot comfort him in his supreme hour of trial. Your parcels to him are necessarily few. But the Y.M.C.A., thank God, is "over there," going where you cannot go—doing the very things you long to do—doing it *for you and for him.*

Will you help? This vast organization of helpfulness needs at least $2,250,000 from Canada for 1918. For your boys' sake be GENEROUS! If no campaign has been organized in your community to raise funds, write to National Director for information about how to organize.

—Thousands of soldiers decide for better life.
—Y.M.C.A. sells many needful things to soldiers for their convenience. Profits, if any, all spent for benefit of soldiers.
—Service for boys in Camp hospitals.
—Red Triangle Clubs for soldiers in Toronto, St. John and Montreal. Centres in Paris and London for men on leave.
—Out of Red Triangle Fund, $75,000 to be contributed to the War Work of the Y.W.C.A.

Y.M.C.A.
Red Triangle Fund
$2,250,000 May 7, 8, 9
Canada Wide Appeal

National Council
Young Men's Christian Association
Headquarters: 120 Bay Street, Toronto

JOHN W. ROSS (Montreal)
National Chairman of Red Triangle Fund Campaign.

G. A. WARBURTON (Toronto)
National Director of Red Triangle Fund Campaign.

FARMERS MARKETS

THE PROVISION MARKET

Smoked Meats Quiet but Firm —Lard Fairly Active

Montreal, Saturday Evening.

A weaker feeling developed in the Canadian live hog situation in the early part of the week and prices in the Toronto market declined 50c. per 100 lbs., with sales at $20.25 per 100 lbs., weighed off cars, and at $20 fed and watered, but towards the close the market firmed up some on smaller receipts, and prices reacted 25c. per 100 lbs. to $20.25 to $20.50, weighed of cars, and to $20 to $20.25, fed and watered. In the Winnipeg market prices dropped 75c. per 100 lbs., to $19 for selects, per 100 lbs., weighed off cars, and closed strong at an advance of 50c. per 100 lbs., at $19.50. In sympathy with the above the local market opened weak at a decline of 75c. to $1 per 100 lbs., and on Monday sales of selected stock were made at $20.75 to $21 per 100 lbs., weighed off cars for long run stock, and at $20 to $20.50 for short run hogs, but on Wednesday the market ruled stronger, and prices scored an advance of 25c. to 50c. per 100 lbs., and closed firm, with long run selects quoted at $21 to $21.50, and short run stock at $20 to $20.75 per 100 lbs. The trade in dressed hogs during the week was quiet, the demand being only for small lots to meet immediate wants, and sales of abattoir fresh-killed stock, in a wholesale jobbing way were made at $28.50 to $29 per 100 lbs.

The tone of the market for smoked and cured meats throughout the week has been firm, and prices show no change of importance. The demand for supplies for domestic and country account has continued somewhat limited, and the volume of business in a wholesale jobbing way, has been rather small, but the movement for export account continues large. Sales of 8 to 10 lb. hams were made at 35c to 36c per lb., 12 to 15 lbs., at 33c. to 34c., and heavier weights at 31c to 32., breakfast bacon at 40c. to 41c., Windsor selected bacon at 42c. to 43c., and Windsor boneless bacon at 44c. to 45c. There has been no change in the condition of the market for barrelled pork, prices being fully maintained, with a small trade passing in a wholesale jobbing way and sales of Canadian clear fat back pork were made at $64, Canadian clear plate pork at $61 to $62, and Canadian short cut back pork at $59 per barrel.

A firm feeling has prevailed in the market for lard throughout the week and prices show no change. The demand for local and country account has been good, and trade, in a wholesale jobbing way, was fairly active, with sales of pure leaf grades at 31c. to 31 1-2c. per lb., in 20 lb. wood pails, and at 32 1-2c. to 33c. per lb. in 1 lb. blocks, while compound lard sold at 28c. to 28 1-2c. per lb. in 20 lb. wood pails.

The receipts of provisions to-day were 125 barrels pork, 882 packages lard, 17 boxes hams and bacon, and 356 packages tinned meats.

Chicago, April 20.—Losses in provisions were due to weakness which developed in the hog market. Cash prices closed: Pork, nominal. Lard, $24.85. Ribs, $22.40 to $23.02.

BUTTER MARKET CLOSED WEAKER

Wholesale and Jobbing Prices of Butter Decline 1c on Increased Offerings

Montreal, Saturday Evening.

The feature of the local butter situation was the weaker feeling which developed in the market towards the end of the week, which was attributed to the increased receipts of fresh-made creamery from Manitoba and also from factories in the province of Quebec. There was no change in wholesale jobbing prices this week, but on Monday they will be lowered 1c per lb., when finest creamery will be sold at 52c per lb. in solid packages, and at 53c per lb. in 1-lb. blocks. The trade in oleomargarine during the week was active, there being a good demand for supplies in a wholesale jobbing way, and sales were made freely at 32c to 34c per lb., as to quality.

The receipts of butter for the week ending April 20th, 1918, were 2,878 packages, which show an increase of 1,349 packages, as compared with the previous week, and a decrease of 1,507 packages with the same week last year, while the total receipts since May 1st, 1917, to date, show a decrease of 150,825 packages, as compared with the corresponding period a year ago.

We quote prices as follows:

Finest creamery	51c to 51¼c
Fine creamery	50c to 50½c
Finest dairy	45c to 46c
Fine dairy	43c to 44c

A fair trade was done in small cheese for domestic consumption, there being a steady demand for supplies, and sales of 20-lb. cheese and twins were made at 23c per lb. The fodder cheese coming forward was brought at 20c per lb. f.o.b. country points.

The receipts of cheese for the week ending April 20th, 1918, were 1,932 boxes, which show an increase of 387 boxes as compared with the previous week, and a decrease of 3,669 boxes with the same week last year, while the total receipts since May 1st, 1917, to date, show a decrease of 429,112 boxes, as compared with the corresponding period a year ago. Of the total receipts for this week last year there were 554 boxes received from the United States.

The Commission is paying the following prices:

No. 1 cheese	21¾c
No. 2 cheese	21¼c
No. 3 cheese	20¾c

RECEIPTS OF EGGS FOR WEEK LARGE

Demand Active for Consumption and Storage—Prices Steady

Montreal, Saturday Evening.

There has been no important change in the Canadian egg situation since this day week. Owing to the favorable weather which has prevailed of late throughout the country the production of eggs has steadily increased and, in consequence, the receipts for the week have been the largest of the season so far, and show an increase of 7,514 cases, as compared with the previous week and an increase of 7,415 cases with the same week last year. In spite of this fact the market has ruled very steady.

The consumption of eggs has been very heavy on acccount of them being so much cheaper than other foodstuffs and, in consequence, a large volume of business has been done in this direction. The market throughout the week was active, with sales in a wholesale jobbing way of fresh gathered selected stock at 44c to 45c, and straight gathered stock at 42c per dozen. Sales of round lots of eggs between dealers have been made on spot at 40c per dozen. The receipts of eggs to-day were 3,687 cases, as against 1,747 for the same day last week, and 1,439 for the corresponding date a year ago.

The receipts for the week ending April 20th, 1918, were 17,032 cases, as compared with 9,518 for the same week last year. The total receipts since May 1st, 1917, to date, were 381,398 cases, as against 714,003 for the corresponding period a year ago.

The United States situation has now practically settled to a storage basis and stock is going into the warehouses freely. The market has been comparatively steady, with slight fluctuations towards slightly higher levels at New York and Chicago.

One of the principal features of the maple product situation this week has been the keen competition between buyers for supplies at country points, and it is reported that purchases of maple syrup were made as high as $2.25 per gallon, and maple sugar at 25c to 27c per lb., f.o.b. points of shipment. Another feature of the trade has been the demand for maple sugar for export account, and sales of two cars of Beauce sugar were made at 18 1-2c to 19 1-4c per lb. The receipts of maple syrup in this market have been larger, for which there has been a good steady demand, and quite an active trade was done, but there is no change in prices to note, as compared with a week ago, sales of five-gallon tins having been made at $2.10 per gallon, one-gallon tins at $2.15, and 8 1-2-lb. tins at $1.50. The tone of the market for maple sugar has been stronger, and prices are 1c per lb. higher than a week ago, with sales at 21c to 22c per lb.

On account of the falling off in the demand for honey an easier feeling has developed in the market, and prices, in a wholesale jobbing way, have been reduced, but even at the lower level the market has ruled quiet, and not much activity is expected. Recent sales of No. 1 white clover honey, in comb, were made at 20c to 21c per section, No. 2 white at 19c, No. 1 brown at 18c, No. 2 brown at 16c to 17c, and white extracted, in 30-lb. tin pails, at 18c to 19c per pound.

There has been an improved demand for beans during the week, and a fairly active trade is reported. The tone of the market is firmer, with sales of white Japan beans at $8.75 per bushel, and other sales of white beans were made at $8.50 to $8.60, and in a wholesale jobbing way as high as $9 to $9.50 was realized.

The receipts of potatoes this week have been fairly large, but as supplies on spot were light and the demand good for both domestic consumption and for shipment to outside points, an active trade was done and the tone of the market on the whole was firmer, with sales of car lots of Green Mountains at $1.45 per bag of 90 lbs., in bulk, reds at $1.45, including bags, and McIntyres at 1.35, while in a wholesale jobbing way Green Mountains sold at $1.70 per bag of 90 lbs., reds at $1.60, and McIntyres at $1.50, ex-store.

New York, April 20.—Eggs, steady. Receipts, 25,018 cases. Fresh gathered, extras, 38c to 38 1-2c; fresh gathered, storage, packed, firsts, 36 1-2c to 37½c; do. regular packed, extra firsts, 36 1-2c to 37c; do. firsts, 34 1-2c to 36c; State, Pennsylvania and nearby western hennery, whites, fine to fancy, 39c to 40c; State, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery, browns, 37 1-2c to 39c; gathered browns and mixed colors, 35c to 37c.

LOSS OF THE CYCLOPS TO RANK AMONG MYSTERIES OF THE SEA



The naval collier Cyclops, 19,000 tons, with 293 persons aboard, has been overdue at an Atlantic port since March 18 and has virtually been given up as lost by the Navy Department. The disappearance of the vessel, which last reported at a West Indian port on March 4, probably will prove to be not only one of the most serious naval disasters suffered by the United States during the present war, but will remain one of the unsolved mysteries of the sea. On board the vessel, which was under the command of Lieutenant Commander G. W. Worley, United States Naval Reserve Force, were fifteen officers and 221 men of the crew and fifty-seven passengers. Among the latter was Alfred L. Morean Gottschalk, of New York, American Consul General at Rio de Janeiro, who was returning to the United States.

GRAIN MARKET PRICES

The tendency of prices for oats in the Winnipeg option market this week has been downward and the market closed weak, with a net decline of 1⅞c to 2⅛c per bushel. In sympathy with the above and the fact that there has been some pressure on the part of holders in this market to dispose of their stock, cash prices here have steadily declined and are 3½c per bushel lower than a week ago. Even at the lower level the demand for supplies for domestic and country account have been limited and the volume of business small, with car lots of No. 3 Canadian western and extra No. 1 feed quoted at $1.02, No. 1 feed at $1.00½, No. 2 feed at 98c, tough No. 2 feed at 97c, and Ontario No. 3 white at $1.00 per bushel ex-store. A feature of the trade during the week has been the good demand for American corn from country buyers for feeding purposes and quite an active business was done in this direction, with sales of a number of cars at prices ranging from $1.70 to $2.10 per bushel ex track here as to quality.

Winnipeg, April 20.—The cash grain market was unusually quiet to-day. The demand for oats and flax was good, but offerings were very small. Oats and flax prices were unchanged from yesterday. Barley was dull. Oats closed ⅜c lower for May. July closed ⅜c lower. Flax closed unchanged for May. July closed ¼c higher.

Fluctuations in grain to-day were.

	Open.	Close.
Oats—		
May	.91⅛	.90½
July	.87⅞	.87½

Cash prices closed:

Oats—No. 2 C.W., 91c; No. 3 C.W., 87¾c; extra No. 1 feed, 87½c; No. 1 feed, 85c; No. 2 feed, 81¼c.

Barley—No. 3 C.W., $1.60; No. 4 C.W, $1.45.

Flax—No. 1 N.W.C., $3.82; No. 2 C.W., $3.78; track, $3 81.

TORONTO GRAIN MARKET.

Toronto, April 20.—Quotations are as follows:

Ontario wheat—No. 2 winter, $2.22 per car lot basis, in store, Montreal.

Manitoba wheat—No. 1 northern, $2.23½; No. 2 northern, $2.20½; No. 3 northern, $2.17½; all in store, Fort William, including 2½c tax.

Oats—Canadian western, No. 2, 91⅝c, in store, Fort William; No. 3 C.W., 88⅛c; Ontario No. 2 white, 91c to 92c; No. 3 white, 90c to 91c, according to freights.

Corn—No. 3 kiln dried, $1.90; No. 4 kiln dried, $1.85.

Barley—$1.63 to $1.64.

Peas—No. 2, $3.60 to $3.70, according to freights outside.

Rye—$2.65.

Buckwheat—$1.80 to $1.82.

Manitoba flour—War quality, $11.10 in bags.

Ontario flour—War quality, $10.80 in bags, Toronto and Montreal.

Millfeed—Manitoba bran, $35.40 per ton; shorts, $40.40, car lots, delivered, Montreal.

MONTREAL CLOSING PRICES

Minimum and closing prices of Montreal securities:

	Minimum Price.	Asked.	Bid.
Asb. Corp. Pfd.	44¾	45	—
B. C. Fish	40	50	50
Brazilian	32	35¼	34¼
Brompton	39	49⅝	49⅜
Can. C. and F.	18½	31	30
Do. pfd.	49½	72¼	72
C. Cement	57	61	60⅛
C. Converters	43	43	—
C. Cottons	48½	63	60
Dd. pfd.	76	76	—
C. E. Electric	101½	—	103½
Can. Loco.	58	58	—
Do. pfd.	84½	—	—
Can. Steam Lines	39¼	42	41½
Do. pfd.	76	76½	76¼
Con. Mining	25	25	—
D. Canners	23¾	—	24
D. Coal Pfd.	94¼	94¼	—
D. Iron Pfd.	88	90	—
D. Steel C.	52	60¼	60⅛
D. Textile	80¾	86½	86
Do. pfd.	100	—	100¼
Goodwins Ltd.	—	11	—
Illinois Pfd.	80	80	—
Inter. Coal	—	29	27
Laurentide	152	163	162½
L. of Woods	120¼	130	—
MacDonald	13½	15	14
Maple L. Mill	88½	98	95½
Mont. Power	68½	79¾	79¼
N. S. Steel and C.	66	66	—
Ogilvie Mill	140	—	170
Ont. Steel Prod.	22½	29	—
Penmans Pfd.	81⅞	—	82
Que. R.L.H. and P.	15	18	17
Riordon Paper	117¼	117¾	117⅝
Shawinigan	107	113	112¼
Smart W. Pfd.	86	86	—
Span River	13	15	—
*Steel Co. of C.	49½	59¾	59⅜
*Do. pfd.	85¼	—	90½
*St. Law. Flour	—	64½	64
Wab. Cot.	—	—	82
Banks—			
Commerce	185	185	—
Hochelaga	140	140	—
Molsons	179⅛	183	—
Montreal	210	210	—
Ottawa	201	201	—
Nova Scotia	248	248	—
Royal	208	208	—
Union	136	—	149
Bonds—			
Asbestos Corp.	—	—	68
Can. Cement	—	—	94½
Can. Cottons	—	81	—
Cedars Rapids	—	—	84¼
Dom. Coal	—	—	85
Dom. Textile B.	—	97	—
Dom. W. L., 1925	—	—	93⅝
Do. 1931	—	92½	92¼
Do. 1937	—	92¼	92
Lake of Woods	—	100½	—
Ogilvie Milling Series B	—	—	100
Do. Series B	—	—	100
Do. Series C.	—	—	100
Wabasso Cotton	—	84	—
UNLISTED SECURITIES.			
Dom. Glass Ltd.	—	26	37
Laur. Pow. Ltd.	50	54	53½

*—Ex-div.

A TRAITOR'S EXECUTION.

Grim Scene in Forest of Vincennes, When Bolo Pasha Pays Last Penalty.

Bolo Pasha was shot on Wednesday morning at the spot reserved for the execution of traitors to France, in the forest of Vincennes, just outside Paris. Day after day, since Sunday week, when he first announced, after the hour for his execution had been fixed, that he wished to make a statement, Bolo has staved off the fatal moment by making further revelations.

He hoped his life would be spared, although it was universally felt that, in spite of the light he might at the last moment throw on the cases against Caillaux and Humbert, his doom was fixed. "I shan't be shot," he told his guards confidently. "At the last moment something unexpected will happen." He gave his guards the impression that he expected a certain Spanish bank to intervene with proof that he had six million francs deposited there and that the German Emperor would arrange for this fact to be proved in order to save his life.

All these fantastic hopes vanished at five o'clock on Wednesday morning, when he was awakened by the governor of the prison entering the cell. "Have courage, Bolo," said the Governor. "You must prepare yourself."

Bolo stammered: "What, what?"

Then, when he realized the awful truth, he fell helplessly back on the bed. By a supreme effort he pulled himself together and put on a new suit of clothes which his brother, Monsignor Bolo, the famous preacher, had brought him on Sunday week to wear at his execution. Automatically he adjusted a white tie, smoothed out the folds of his coat, put on a soft felt hat and white gloves and quietly declared himself ready.

Bolo was placed in an automobile, which passed along the Boulevard Arago, contiguous to the prison, where the guillotine so often operated, and was driven rapidly out to Vincennes. At the entrance to the ancient castle Bolo was taken from the car and handed over by the prison governor to the military authorities. He was obviously exhausted and would have fallen had he not been held up by the guard. His face was the color of chalk. When called on to sign the register he was able to take off his glove, but his signature, sprawling all across the page, gave evidence of his frantic state of mind.

The condemned man was then led back to the car, which was surrounded by an escort of cavalry, and at a sharp pace he was driven rapidly off to the execution post in the forest nearly a mile from the fort. A score of sentries who lined the route at intervals fell in behind as the car passed and ran with it the rest of the distance. The noise of their feet on the hard road in the early morning light made an extraordinary impression on one's mind as the car sped forward.

Bolo reached the fatal post one minute before six. The firing party was already drawn up. It was composed of three sergeants, three corporals and six private soldiers, all armed with rifles, under the command of a lieutenant with drawn sword. Bolo was taken out of the car and led to the post, where the sentence of the court-martial was slowly read to him.

He listened like a man already dead, and seemed not to hear a word of the grim phraseology. The soldiers attached his inert body to the post with straps and he was asked if he wished to have his eyes bandaged. Bolo made another desperate effort to pull himself together and succeeded, nodding his head in the affirmative. As a soldier was tying a blue handkerchief over his eyes Bolo said, in a voice from which all tone had gone: "Don't tie it so tightly."

A moment later the lieutenant in command of the firing party lowered his sword and the twelve rifles spoke as one.

Bolo died instantly. Most of the bullets, it appeared, struck the right side of his head, which sagged inertly over his shoulder as the body hung suspended by the strapping under his arm. As required by law, the lieutenant then stepped forward and fired a revolver bullet into the ear of the traitor.

Justice was accomplished. The firing party passed in Indian file before the body, which was then unstrapped and placed on the floor of a military waggon. Surrounded by an escort of trotting cavalry, with jingling spurs and rattling swords, the vehicle lumbered off rapidly into the woods, bearing the remains of Bolo Pasha to a traitor's grave.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Most Rev. William J. Walsh, Archbishop and Primate of Dublin, in a public letter says if conscription is enforced, the introduction of even the most satisfactory Home Rule Bill will not contribute to pacification. The only conscription bill that could be contemplated would be one framed and passed by an Irish Parliament.

* * * *

"More than fourteen percent of the entire population of five million persons in Scotland is in the army," said the Rev. George Adam Smith, of Aberdeen, addressing the Mercantile Club, St. Louis, Mo., on Wednesday. "In certain Highland districts this percentage is higher. There is not a boy of military age attending a school or university in Scotland, all being in some sort of war service."

* * * *

At a meeting of Irish Americans held in New York on Sunday, in favor of conscription in Ireland, a resolution was adopted and forwarded to Mr. John Dillon. The resolution stated: "We can see no reason why an Irishman should fail to do his moral duty at this time, and we condemn as disloyal to the cause of human freedom any man or set of men who fails to give the cause of the Allies prompt and unqualified support."

* * * *

The Rev. Josef Rosenblatt, cantor of the First Hungarian Congregation Ohab Zedek, one of the most orthodox Jewish congregations in the city, has refused an offer of an engagement as a leading tenor with the Chicago Opera Company, with a salary of $1,000 a performance, because he did not think it right for him, as an orthodox Jew and cantor in a synagogue, to appear upon the operatic stage.

* * * *

Germany will have to observe the greatest economy, for her national debt is now 124,000,000,000 marks, and the hour of reckoning will come when there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth on the part of the taxpayers. This reflection on the German financial situation was made in the Reichstag on March 1 by Count Arthur von Posadowsky-Wehner, former Vice-Chancellor, according to the Cologne "Gazette."

* * * *

The Cunard Steamship Company have asked to be relieved of all liability in damage suits for $6,000,000 resulting from the sinking of the steamship "Lusitania" by a German submarine, or at least to have its liability limited. The company contends that the sinking of the vessel was not due to negligence.

* * * *

The Berlin newspapers speak openly of the appalling growth of burglaries and other crimes. Men and women are attacked in the streets and robbed, not only of money, but of clothes, and burglars have entered even the home of the Minister of War and the general officer commanding the Brandenburg district.

* * * *

Polygamy for all the world as a result of the tremendous slaughter of the men of this generation is the ambition of the Mormon church to-day, according to Dr. E. L. Mills, of the Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

POULTRY.

LEGHORNS.

BABY CHICKS — SINGLE COMB White Leghorns, $15 per hundred; $8 per fifty; express prepaid; guaranteed safe delivery; cash with orders. Order at once and get chicks just when you want them. Reduction on lots over two hundred. LEEDS COUNTY POULTRY YARDS, Lansdowne, Ont. 17 6

BLACK LEGHORN EGGS FOR SALE. Coop No. 1, $3.00; coop No. 2, $1.50; also a few English Red Cap eggs, $3.00 per 15. Winners wherever shown, including silver cup at London Winter Show for Black Leghorns. EDWARD DE GORE, Chantry Farm, Kerwood, Ont. 17 6

WYANDOTTES.

COLUMBIAN WYANDOTTES, GRAND layers and of highest exhibition quality. Won fifteen prizes, including three specials at Kingston and Peterboro shows. Why not have the best and buy a setting of eggs from us and receive good value for your money. Eggs $3 per 15; $5 per 30. Few birds left for sale. ELLIOTT BROS., 28 Manning Ave., Peterboro, Ont.

DUCKS.

FOR SALE—EGGS FOR HATCHING from a choice pen of fawn and white Indian Runner Ducks. WILL RIVERS, R.R. No. 5, Ingersoll, Ont. 17 6

MISCELLANEOUS.

LARGE ENGLISH BERKSHIRES, LEICester Sheep, mammoth Pepin Duck eggs, $4 per 15; Buff Rock Eggs, pen headed by 1st Guelph Cockerel, $4 per 15; White Leghorn R. I. Red and Barred Rock Chicks, $15 per hundred. SHUTTLEWORTH BROS., Maidstone, R. R. 3, Ont. 17 6

BREEDER HARDY ROSECOMB REAL Barred Rocks; good points Blue Wyandottes added. 15 eggs $2.00. Circular if needed. P. H. HENDERSHOT, Stevensville, Ont. 17 6

BABY CHICKS, PURE BRED B. P. Rocks, R. C. White Wyandottes, bred to lay, 20c each; eggs fifteen $1.25; thirty $2.00; hundred $7.00. Pekin Duck eggs, ten $1.25; satisfaction guaranteed. CHARLES B. BALLARD, Myrtle Station, R.R. No. 1, Ont. 18 6

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CATTLE.

REGISTERED HEREFORDS OF BEST breeding for sale. My present herd bull rising four years; also one bull ten months; four heifers; and two bulls of 1918. Write for particulars of breeding and prices. WILMOT BELL, Staples, Ont. 17 2

STRAWBERRY AND RASPBERRY.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS FOR SALE at 80c per 100, postage or express paid. "Senator Dunlop" and "Glenmary" mixed. Write for prices on larger amounts to W. J. FORWARD, Iroquois, Ont. 17 6

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FOR SALE.—HALF SECTION, 320 acres; good buildings; maple grove, fenced with wire; near school, church, and elevators. Price thirty-five dollars per acre; cash or time. Apply to DAVID M. ROSS, Strathclair, Manitoba. 17 2

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WANTED. — SKILLED LATHE AND vertical boring mill hands, steady work, wages up to 59c per hour. Skilled fitters, wages 55c an hour. Apply CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED, Peterborough, Ontario, Can. 17 6

MACHINERY FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—ONE 22 HORSE POWER steam traction engine, also one 24 x 42 separator, in working order. Cheap for cash. Box 107, Balgonie, Sask. 17 6

The general anarchy in Ukraine is making it impossible for the Germans to obtain the large supplies of grain which they expected. Estates have been broken up and laid waste, stocks of seed grain have been pillaged, and there is a general lack of skilled labor and agricultural implements.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

Richard Mansfield, son of the late Richard Mansfield, a famous actor upon the American stage, who enlisted in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps at New Haven, on February 1, is dead at camp in San Antonio, Texas. The cause of death was meningitis. Mansfield was in his twentieth year.

M. Paul Cambon, French Ambassador to the Court of St. James, will shortly celebrate the twentieth anniversary of his arrival in England.

Dr. Michaelis, late German Chancellor, has been appointed Upper President of the Province of Pomerania.

Among the victims of the catastrophe in a Paris church on Good Friday was Mrs. Lucy Landon Speed, wife of Captain Ralph H. Speed, of the British Army Service Corps.

The death of Canon Scott Holland, widely known to men of all denominations for his sound learning and wide sympathies, has occurred in England.

The engagement is announced in England, of Brig.-General Asquith, D.S.O., to the Hon. Betty Manners. The future bridegroom is the ex-Premier's third son, and is 35 years old. He has had a distinguished war career, including service at Antwerp and the Dardanelles, where he was severely wounded. For the discharge of a dangerous mission while serving with the Naval Brigade in France, Lieut. Asquith, as he then was, received the D.S.O., to which a Bar was afterwards added in recognition of a personal capture of ten Germans.

Mrs. A. D. McIntosh, of Cornwall, Ontario, is 90 years of age, and has knitted 230 pairs of socks for the men at the front. She is still keeping up the work.

Rev. R. F. Horton, D.D., the well-known English Congregational minister, was married on April 4 to Miss Violet Basden, a member of his church. Dr. Horton, who is 62 years of age, has had only one pastorate, that at Lyndhurst Road, Hampstead, which he has occupied since 1884. Since its small beginnings, thirty-eight years ago, the church has provided an amazing succession of loyal and devoted workers, and has grown to be a great organization which will bear comparison with any church in the country. Bible-classes, Sunday-schools, clubs for boys and girls, men's social clubs, and extensive mission effort, both home and foreign, are marked features of the church's activities. The church has sent over a score of missionaries to the foreign field, while it carries on a mission at Kentish Town and has a branch church at Cricklewood. Many honors have come to Dr. Horton. He has been Chairman of the Congregational Union, and President of the Federation of Free Churches, and of the Sunday School Union. In 1893 he was selected to deliver the Yale lectures on Preaching, and in recognition of these lectures the degree of D.D. was conferred on him by the University. As a writer Dr. Horton is possessed of a chaste and scholarly style, and whether as a speaker or writer, he is always persuasive and inspiring.

HELP Scare the Kaiser!

WHY? HOW?

Because he is said to be more scared of the morale of the Allies than of their armies—or, more correctly, he weighs the force of the moral purpose and determination of the armies and peoples of the Allies against the immoral might-right theories of Prussia, and knows which in the long run must win.

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Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

RADIAL HAMLET SETTLEMENT SCHEMES

(By E. Deville, LL.D., Surveyor General, Dominion Lands.)

A number of hamlet settlement schemes, in which triangular farms are formed by lines radiating from the hamlet, have recently been presented to the public through the newspapers. The object of a hamlet scheme is to enable farmers to enjoy the social and other advantages resulting from community life by gathering their houses and buildings into small hamlets.

The idea is not new: it can be traced back to the early days of the colony.



Fig. A.—Charlesbourg and Bourg Royal Settlements, near the city of Quebec.

The first settlements were along the shore of the St. Lawrence, around Quebec, each settler's lot being given a narrow frontage on the river, generally 2 or 4 arpents (23 to 46 rods), and a depth of several miles. The houses were built on the water-front and stretched in a long line along the shore. This state of affairs did not agree with the views of the King; his subjects in France were living in villages, which was the proper way for people to live, and his subjects in Canada must dutifully conform to the established custom of his kingdom. Accordingly, by an 'arret' of the 21st March, 1663, he ordered the population to be gathered into hamlets and boroughs. In his instructions to the Intendant, Jean Talon, he tells him to divide the inhabitants into boroughs, each composed of a reasonable number and with a suitable amount of land, and to cause them to observe the regulations and usages which are practised in France. Great was the consternation among the Canadians on receipt of the King's arret; they feared being compelled to abandon their houses and improvements. Talon told them that the measure was not intended to be retroactive. To further allay the excite-

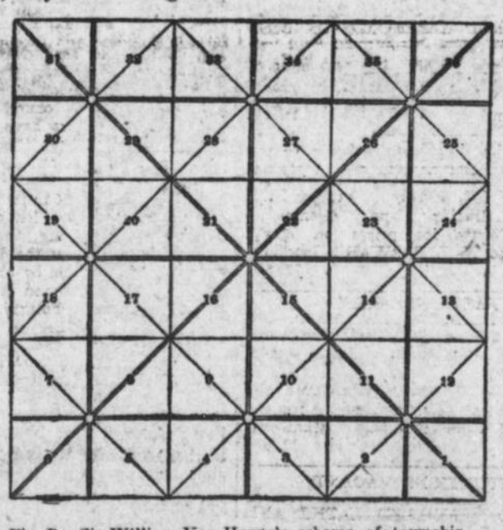


Fig. B.—Sir William Van Horne's scheme of township subdivision, 320-acre homesteads.

ment and demonstrate the feasibility of the scheme, he laid out, in 1667, a few miles northwest of Quebec, the three villages of Charlesbourg, Bourg Royal and L'Auvergne; two were settled with 'families' and the third one with soldiers.

The village was in the form of a square of forty-arpent sides (about 1 1-2 miles.) Each side was divided into ten parts of four arpents each (46.5 rods), which formed the bases of forty triangular farms of forty square arpents (34 acres.) In the centre was a small square, with a road around it called the 'Trait-Quarre' (square line.) Inside the trait-quarre was the church, cemetery, flour windmill and flour water-mill; the inhabitants' houses were on both sides of the trait-quarre. Charlesbourg, three and one-half miles from Quebec, is today a town of 2,500 population.

The first attempt at rural planning in Canada did not prove popular. Only five villages were laid out, and the inhabitants continued, as before, to take their lands in long, narrow lots, fronting on rivers or roads. Incidentally it may be mentioned that when one of these lots is divided among a farmer's heirs, it is divided preferably in the breadth, not in the length, because each heir wants his share of the frontage. Farm lots exist to-day which are only a few feet wide and several miles in length. There is ample scope here for re-planning.

The hamlet colonization idea was revived on various occasions, but never made any headway. A notable instance is Sir William Van Horne's scheme. He did not publish it, but never lost an opportunity of explaining it to his friends and extolling its merits. He was quite enthusiastic about it. He contended that, in the western prairie, 160 acres was insufficient to support a family, and his view must have been shared to some extent by the government, since homesteaders were allowed to acquire as pre-emptions the quarter sections adjoining their homesteads. His scheme, shown in Figure B, provides for 72 homesteads, of 320 acres each, in a township six miles square, each section or square mile being divided into two equal parts by a diagonal. The houses and buildings of the settlers were to be concentrated into eight hamlets of eight families each and a village in the centre. He added two diagonal roads and re-arranged the other roads, the total length being 53 miles per township against 54 under the present system of square subdivision. Although the length of the roads was less, the means of communication were much improved.

Dividing each of the 320-acre homesteads of the Van Horne scheme into two equal parts by a radial line from the hamlet, is the scheme now of E. H. Phillips, Acting Chief Surveyor of the Saskatchewan Land Titles Offices, published in May last. The result is 16 homesteads of 160 acres and 16 families for each hamlet.

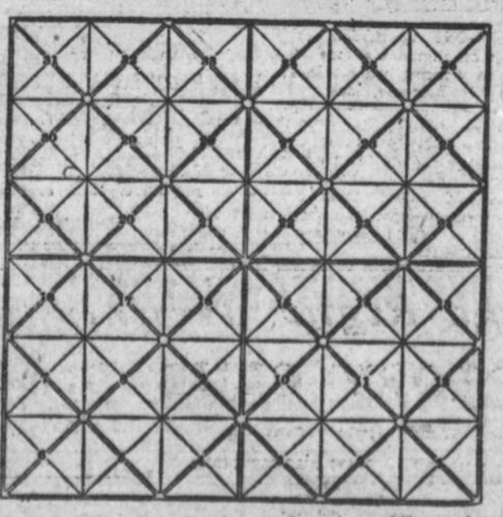


Fig. C.—Sir William Van Horne's scheme adapted to 160-acre homesteads.

The Van Horne scheme can be adapted to one hundred and sixty acres homesteads without changing its features but it is necessary to turn it around 45 degrees to make it fit a township six miles square. Each hamlet still accommodates eight families but there are eighteen hamlets and 69.25 miles of road. The scheme is illustrated above.

The disadvantages of all hamlet colonization schemes are:

1. The homesteads are elongated with the buik of the land at the far end. In Mr. Phillips' scheme, for instance, some of the lot lines are nearly a mile and half in length. If a farmer had to walk a mile and one-half to his work in the morning and as much to go home after the day's work, he would be somewhat handicapped. One who builds his house in the middle of the side of a quarter section is little more than one-half mile from the corners.

2. A consequence of the elongated shape of the homesteads is that more fencing is needed to enclose them.

3. In dividing a homestead into fields, triangular fields are inevitable; they are not so convenient as rectagular shapes for ploughing, harvesting, etc., especially when the angles are acute.

Considered purely as a problem in geometry, the solution of the hamlet colonization scheme is the hexagonal system, the system of survey of the bee. It is in that system that the disadvantages enumerated above are reduced to a minimum, although they still exist.

The hexagon can be divided into any number of homesteads of equal area by lines radiating from the centre, like the spokes of a wheel, the hamlet being at the hub, but the greater the number of divisions, the more elongated the homesteads become, and a practical limit is soon reached. Figure D represents a unit of the system divided into twelve homesteads, each corresponding to an hour of a clock dial. A road is laid out on every second lot line. For 160-acre homesteads, the length of the triangles is very little over a mile. If a mile is the limit of the length which it is practical to give to a 160-acre farm of triangular shape, then twelve is the limit of the number of farmers that can be gathered together into one hamlet. The hexagors have to be squeezed slightly to make them fit a township six miles square, as shown by the figure, but the distortion is not enough to make any practical difference. However, there is no imperative reason why the size of the township should not be changed to fit the hexagon.

There are 67 miles of road in a township, against 54 in the present townships, but the means of communication are vastly improved: the distance by road between any two hamlets is at the most only 15 percent longer than the straight line.

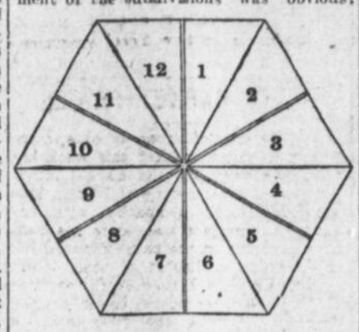


Fig. D.—Unit of the hexagonal system divided into twelve homesteads.

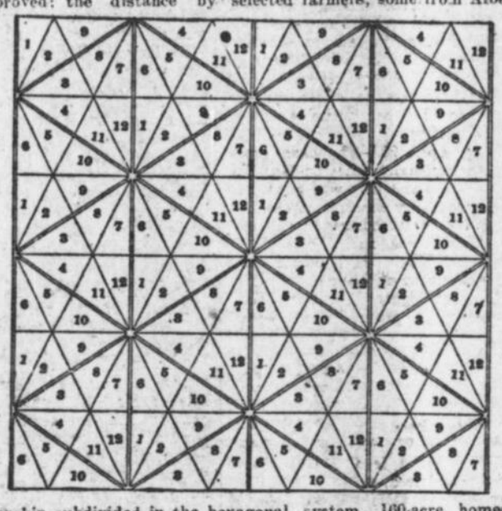


Fig. E.—A township subdivided in the hexagonal system, 160-acre homesteads.

The Dominion Government has never departed much from the square plan; the parishes and settlements along the Red, Assiniboine and other rivers were laid out by the Hudson's Bay Company prior to the acquisition of Rupert's Land by Canada. The only attempt to introduce a modification was in the early eighties, when the lands on the South Saskatchewan, Red Deer and Battle rivers were being surveyed. It is obvious that a quarter section cut into two parts by a large river is not convenient for working as a farm; on the other hand, a river frontage is an advantage. The sections fronting on these rivers were accordingly divided into river lots a quarter of a mile wide and a mile deep.

Advanced thought does not favor planning by geometrical rule. It is held that the subdivisions of a tract of land must be adapted to its topography, that the roads must be located where they will be of most service, where grades are light and the soil suitable, and that every local feature must receive due consideration in devising the general scheme. There is only one instance of a subdivision of this kind in Canada; it is in one of the Canadian Pacific Railway irrigated townships in Southern Alberta. The company, having invested eighteen million dollars in the irrigation works, considered that they might as well spend a little more money to alter the subdivision in conformity with modern ideas, and have everything as perfect as possible. They selected a township badly cut up by irrigation ditches, where the need of a readjustment of the subdivisions was obvious; they made an elaborate planning of the land, laying out each farm so as to best meet the requirements of the farmers. They next proceeded to fill it with selected farmers, some from Alberta and some from the United States. To the astonishment of the company, these farmers took, in preference, the lands in the adjoining townships divided into squares, and it was not until all these lands were taken that the scientifically laid out township was filled in.

The Dominion Government had no more luck with its river lots. Such a storm of protest came from the west that they had to be unsurveyed, except those that had been disposed of, and turned into quarter sections. The protest was unreasonable because a quarter of a mile by a mile is a good shape for a farm, better than most of the farms in Ontario. It is also pertinent to remark that notwithstanding this enthusiasm, Sir William Van Horne never tried his scheme, although he had twenty-five millions of acres at his disposal; he must have been satisfied that it would not prove successful. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the man behind the plough wants his farm to be square. He may be deluded, but, until he changes his mind, the prospects of a departure from the square farm are remote. A campaign of education is needed, the returned soldiers' settlements may afford an opportunity of starting it.

TAKING CARE OF THE SHEEP IN APRIL AND MAY

The most modern and by far the most economical method of growing out the early lamb on high priced lands is by the use of forage pastures, such as fall sown rye, spring sown peas and oats, rape and soy beans or cow peas. This means that although the lambs may come early they with their mothers are soon put upon pastures that have been particularly prepared for them. Thus the rye, which has been sown the previous fall, can be left to mature into grain after they have fed on it several weeks. This will leave them ready to go on rape which has been sown as soon as the ground can be worked. At the same time that the rape was planted a mixture of field peas and oats should be sown which will furnish pasture in the early summer. Under these conditions the ewe gives a plentiful supply of milk and the lamb moreover secures green feed to such an extent that much grain is saved. By this method it is possible to move the sheep every ten days to new pasture, thus practically eliminating the danger from stomach worm. In experiments conducted at the Illinois Experiment Station in 1915 this method was found to produce larger lambs in less time, for less cost and commanding a higher market price. While this requires more labor in the preparation of crops than pasturing on blue grass, yet the amount of grain produced per acre is greater than under any other system, and there is no danger from stomach worms.

After lambing it is customary to have the sheep sheared. This should be done before the hot weather is on and yet should not be done so early as to subject the shorn ewes to severe changes in the temperature. In other words, shearing could be done about the time of the last killing frost or two to three weeks before corn planting. There is usually someone in the neighborhood who makes a specialty of shearing, and as the charge is no prohibitive considering the present price of wool, it is better to have an experienced man do the work. The sheep should not be shorn upon the ground, but upon a clean floor, and the fleece rolled up with the flesh side out and tied with paper twine or white grocer's twine if the other is not available. Never use binder twine as it reduces the value of your wool ten percent.

Ten days to two weeks following shearing the sheep should be dipped to dispose of ticks and to reduce to a minimum the possibilities of sheep scab. By dipping shortly after shearing less dip is needed and the weather is such as not to chill the sheep nor yet so hot as to be sultry. Choose the morning of a clear, warm, quiet day so that the sheep will be dry before night. Dip all the sheep the same day and spray the inside of the barn, thus killing all parasites. If the sheep have been badly bothered with ticks they should be dipped again between three and four weeks later.

During the summer the flock needs practically no feed except good pasture, salt and fresh water. Blue grass is the most popular pasture but becomes too dry in late summer and does not furnish a well balanced ration. Furthermore, it is a permanent pasture and if used constantly will become heavily infested with stomach worms. It should be used only in the early spring and fall to supplement other forage crops.

During the summer it is possible to develop the economy of the flock to the greatest extent. Since the sheep are grazing most of the time it should be arranged that they feed on crops that are otherwise wastes, such as oats and wheat stubble, weed infested pasture and the lanes. If the farm work is planned properly it will be possible to carry the sheep practically all summer on a very small acreage of land. Some forage crops should be planted particularly for sheep, such as rape or clover. Then in case there are periods during which sheep cannot be run in the various fields they can be put in on this crop. When the weeds are tender in the spring let the sheep have them. A couple of weeks after the last cultivation of corn it is profitable to let the sheep in as they will eat the lower leaves and clean out many weeds. If clover has been drilled into the wheat or oats in the spring its growth may be so rapid that there will be considerable pasture for the sheep. If nothing has been sown the sheep can graze on the stubble and gather much grain that has been missed by the binder. On good land it is profitable to sow crimson clover, rape or soy beans in the outer rows of the corn field and in any thin spots just before the last cultivation. If there is sufficient rain a good pasture will result for late feeding. Crimson clover can well be left in the corn until the next spring, when, with the stalks, it will furnish an excellent place for the ewes to exercise, as well as to gather a rough feed.

Alfalfa may be used as pasture, but there is danger of bloat. All of the legumes, including alfalfa, clover, soy beans, cow peas, and some of the other crops, when frozen, as rape, cause bloat. This is due to the excessive gas formation in the first stomach and may eventually smother the animal. It is well to keep a piece of broom handle with a stout cord tied to one end for treatment. Place the broom handle across the mouth so that the sheep will keep swallowing. Pressure with the knees against the flanks of the sheep may also gve relief. A pint of freshly drawn cow's milk may absorb the gas. As a last resort a trocar should be inserted four inches in front of and just a little below the hip on the left side.

Regardless of where the sheep are kept during the summer, it is important that shade be provided for them. Some sort of portable shelter is better than the shade provided by trees, for the sheep will always come to rest in the one spot, which is very apt to become infested with stomach worms. This area being better manured, will produce luscious grasses, on which the lambs will feed greedily and thus become infested. A rough frame covered with burlap and supported on stakes makes a good sunshade that can be easily moved about the field. The running gear of an old waggon can be covered with a roof. Under this can be fastened a grain rack and salt box if desired.

It is very necessary that sheep have a supply of salt always at hand. It has been argued by some that the salt box in a field with sheep will reduce the danger from bloat. At least it is known that sheep are in better health for having a constant supply of salt.

The old theory that enough dew fell every night and was eaten from the grasses early in the morning to keep sheep from being thirsty is a fable. Just as an experiment, try keeping sheep supplied with water for a week and see if you are not then convinced that they need water.

WHY KEEP SHEEP ON THE FARM?

(By A. L. Myers, Manhattan, Kas.)

In these days of excessively high-priced wool and mutton, many people who have formerly despised sheep are becoming interested in them. There are indeed many reasons why sheep should be kept on the farm. In fact, if we are to continue wearing wool clothing and eating mutton, sheep must be kept on the farms. The ranges are rapidly disappearing. The open ranges are being broken up, the forest reserves are stocked to full capacity, Australia and Africa are producing sheep to the maximum and still there is a shortage of forty million pounds of wool and a corresponding shortage of mutton. With these conditions before us, there will always be a demand for wool and mutton which will make sheep raising a lucrative part of the farm business.

The chance of loss is small in the farm sheep business since comparatively little capital is invested in the flock even at the present high prices. It takes a rather wealthy man to now stock up in cattle but a man of limited capital can buy a few sheep and very soon have a large flock, returning most generous profits.

Sheep return two cash crops annually, wool from the breeding flock in the spring and mutton from the lambs in the fall or winter. The advantage of cash coming in at different times throughout the year, rather than all at once, is appreciated by all farmers.

Sheep make more economical gains than any other type of livestock. They stand next to hogs in the amount of gains per given amount of feed consumed. Their advantage over hogs lies in their ability to consume roughage, hogs requiring a large amount of concentrates. They will not only eat anything that cattle will and make more pounds of gain on it but will also eat weeds and brush, on which a cow would starve. Due to their weed consuming ability, they will clean a pasture of weeds so that often it will support as many cattle as it formerly did besides feeding the sheep. They also keep the fence-rows clean and are excellent gleaners, picking up all waste grain and even eating much of the stubble after the grain has been harvested.

Another big reason why sheep should be kept on the farm is their ability to improve the soil. Not only is their manure of higher value than that of most animals but due to their roving habits of grazing, it is thoroughly scattered. Because of their sharp hoofs, it is well tramped into the soil where it is soon available for plant growth. Due to the fact that they always search out one of the highest parts of the pasture to fold at night, they leave more manure there. This is an advantage as these places are usually less fertile, hence need the manure more than other portions.

In addition to these reasons which are in a measure selfish ones as they mean money in the farmer's pockets, there is a patriotic reason for the keeping of sheep. Throughout the Nation and the world, there is a call for meat and clothing which cannot be met unless everyone does his part. Sheep simply mean more livestock on the farm for they do not limit other livestock when kept in small numbers. Hence sheep should be kept on practically every farm. Just as they have been foremost in the promoting of civilization ever since Biblical times so will they now be one of the strongest factors in defeating the Kaiser and "making the world free for democracy."

MORE HONEY IS WANTED

An Opportunity For Bee-Keepers

Sugar is an important war food, its price is high and there will probably be a shortage in the near future. Honey, the unequalled natural sweet that sugar cannot wholly replace, is being affected in sympathy. The unusually large crop of honey produced in Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba in 1916 was sold quickly at prices slightly above those of the previous season, and present indications point to a still greater demand and higher prices for the new crop. Thus, by producing as much honey as possible this year, the beekeepers of Canada will not only increase their returns, but will be helping the Empire. These remarks refer to extracted honey. An increased demand for comb honey cannot be predicted.

The appeal for greater production is especially to those who are neglecting their bees or are not managing them in the best manner. There are many apiaries in good locations for profitable honey production, more particularly in Eastern Canada, where colonies in box hives or in seldom-opened frame hives, now producing from 20 to 40 pounds of honey each, could be made to produce 80 to 100 pounds or more in an average season. If time cannot be spared to give the bees the attention they need, they might be handed to a member of the family who would take an interest in them, or they might be sold to a professional beekeeper. But well-managed bees often pay as well as, or better than, one's regular occupation for the amount of time spent with them. The different operations in modern apiary practices are briefly described in "Bees and How to Keep Them," (Experimental Farms Bulletin No. 26, second series), which may be obtained free on application from the Publication Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. A good way to become acquainted with the better methods of beekeeping is to arrange to attend one of the apiary demonstrations that will be held early in the summer, under the auspices of several of the Provincial Beekeepers' Associations. A list of the Beekeepers' Associations with the addresses of the secretaries is given in the above-mentioned bulletin.

Another class of beekeeper that may profit greatly at this time is the expert apiarist located in a good honey producing region, whose time is not fully occupied with the bees. His principal problem will be how to increase the number of bees to the fullest extent in time for the honey flow, so as to make the most of his valuable knowledge of bee management. The early replacing of unsatisfactory queens is important. Judicious feeding during the dearth that in many places immediately precedes the honey flow will help under some conditions. By dividing strong colonies not less than six weeks before the middle of the main honey flow an increased crop of honey will be obtained, provided fertile queens are on hand to be given to the queenless part. These queens may be procured from breeders in the Southern States at from 80 cents to $1 each. This procedure is chiefly applicable to the fireweed and goldenrod districts; as a rule the clover honey flow comes too early for it. Two-pound packages of bees with untested fertile queens obtained from the south by express in May or early June costing about $4 each, including transportation charges, will be found a paying investment, if they arrive in good condition and can be placed on combs.

There should be a sufficient supply of supers for extracted honey, with frames and foundation, or combs, on hand to take a maximum crop, and this year it is more than ever necessary to order supplies and honey containers early. Two-comb supers may be fastened together to make one deep super for extracted honey production. Particulars of an attractive container for honey that has been designed to meet a possible difficulty in obtaining sufficient tin pails or glass jars will be supplied on application to the apiarist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Beeswax is very scarce, and all discarded combs and scraps of wax should be saved to be turned into foundation. It will be wise to retain some combs of clover honey in case they are needed for winter stores, because sugar may be very dear in the autumn.

The Danger in Ploughing Under a heavy coat of manure is that the manure has a tendency to break the capillary connection of the soil with the subsoil causing the surface to dry out, resulting in the "burning out" of the crop in a dry season.

JUST A WORD OF INTRODUCTION TO THOSE WHO MAY NOW BE MAKING THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE "WITNESS" FOR THE FIRST TIME.

It's main object has always been service—rather than success.

It has tried to be right, rather than to be popular.

Its ledgers and bank account may have limited its capacity for service, but money never dictated policy to the "Witness."

It has never had a board of directors to interfere with or prejudice its editorial attitude.

No capitalistic, ulterior or selfish motive ever intervened between its editors and their duty or "inspired" its articles.

No politician or party ever had any "say" at all in the political attitude of the "Witness."

Its absolute freedom from all outside control or selfish motive of any kind is what differentiates the "Witness," and in the minds of many thousands of readers all over Canada makes it to them "a worth while" paper.

The "Witness" will not greatly interest those who are seeking sentimentalism or who value mere quantity. But it will interest all earnest minds who are seeking in any way to make Canada and the World a better place to live in. Probably no two people think alike all the time. Opinions differ as to methods, but all who are with the "Witness" in its chief purpose will welcome it as an ally and co-operate with it, as it does with them.

Here and there are people all over Canada sowing the same seed as Mr. Coffin, though few have adopted his method to the extent of ordering a second copy. The motive for sowing should not be to help the "Witness," but to advance the cause of independent journalism that in turn may advance the cause of freedom and of righteousness.

If you think that in the main the "Witness" is fighting for those things you consider most essential you will co-operate with it to the end that through increasing circulation it may have an ever increasing influence. If you think it is "a worth while paper" you will show your appreciation of it by introducing it to your friends. We cannot reach them except through you, and we make special clubbing offers that you and your friends may immediately share the lower rates possible to an increasing circulation.

The following letters show one of the ways by which the circulation is increasing. There are many known to our readers who would appreciate the "Witness" were it brought to their notice.

THE SEED TO SOW.

N. S., March 28, 1918.

Gentlemen,—For many years past I have made it my practice to distribute my weekly papers, which are of a superior character, amongst families that do not take such periodicals, and your "Weekly Witness" has always been so devoted. Better seed for such planting than the Montreal "Witness" I do not know where to find. But often—very often—I begrudge the parting with the paper because of the exceptional value of its Editorial articles. This is especially the case with your issue last received—that of March 19th—but this, too, must be planted.

To meet this and similar cases I have decided to subscribe for two copies of the "Witness," so that when I find a "needs be" I can use my scissors on one copy, or plant both copies if I deem that best.

Please mail two copies to my address, and please do not fail to put in with the next number you mail a copy of the March 19th issue. Please find enclosed money order. Yours cordially,

J. S. COFFIN.

HOW THE SEED TAKES ROOT.

Man., March 30, 1918.

Dear Sir,—I received your sample copy this week, and it is the first time I have seen my views expressed in print for a long time. I am one of those who am ashamed of the "Ladies' resorted to at last" so-called election. Find enclosed my subscription. Yours truly.

A. A. DEARBORN.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SURFACE DRAIN ON FARM LANDS.

This year when above all others in the history of the Empire, good crops are desperately needed, our farmers should take every reasonabl precaution to insure crop growth, and on the majority of farms in Eastern Canada the timely removal of excessive water from the soil, is of first importance.

Underdrainage is the ideal way in which to remove water and to deepen the area in which plant roots can gather food, but it is too slow and expensive for most farmers to undertake on an extensive scale, and in some locations and on some soils it will not remove the surface water quickly enough for best results. At any rate, but little underdrainage could be accomplished now before cropping.

It may be stated as a general rule that, in the Maritime Provinces at least, there should be such surface drainage provided as will remove water from melting ice and snow and from heavy rains without leaving ponds in the fields.

At the Experimental Station, Fredericton, where underdrainage has been quite extensive, it has been found absolutely essential to early spring cultivation and later to croy growth to provide surface waterways in addition to the underdrains.

Except under unusual circumstances, this drainage is not expensive. On flat ground or where there is no underdrainage on slopes and the subsoil is full of springs, the plan followed is to plough in narrow lands of not more than 33 feet, make the dead or open furrows deep and clean them out with a grader or shovel. Then a good outlet must be given at the ends of the dead furrows or they may be tapped with a cross furrow wherever the line of natural drainage crosses the area. At the Experimental Station a steel grader costing $55 is used. This machine can be hauled with one good two-horse team or, if necessary, four horses can be used. On ground free from large stone an open drain three feet deep can be quickly made with this grader. It will also do good work in turnpiking roads.

Narrow lands and deep, open furrows, of course, make the field more difficult to work economically, as they necessitate cultivation in one direction only, and are a nuisance in working machinery, but if they will ensure a crop where otherwise one could not be obtained, this inconvenience will have to be tolerated. Thousands of acres in Eastern Canada which in ordinary seasons will not give a crop might be successfully cultivated by this means.

In all fields where water is liable to form ponds, a swale should be artificially made to carry off the surface flow. By using a plough, the grader and scraper, such swales can be quite cheaply made. If it is necessary to go a foot deep, the swale should be from fifteen to twenty feet wide; if more depth is required the swale should be correspondingly wider. By this means the water is taken off without confining it to a narrow stream, consequently, there need be no washing away of the soil and there is no obstacle to the working of ploughs or machinery in cultivating or harvesting. Sufficient surface drainage, by whatever means it can be accomplished, is an emphatic necessity.

Manure Spread on Ploughed Land and worked into the soil by cultivation gives the best results. It is advisable to disk before ploughing, after spreading manure, in order to mix it more thoroughly and evenly with the soil. As a rule, the ploughing under of the manure should be rather shallow since deeply turned manure may not decay properly and tends to produce a loose dry seed bed.

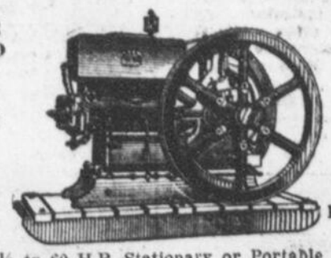
YOUR SOLDIER BOY.

Those who have soldier boys at the front will all want to co-operate with the Y.M.C.A. in their splendid work for soldiers. They will be giving your boy comfort and cheer when you cannot do it . . . . IF they have the funds required to follow him up. Subscriptions from one dollar and upwards sent to us for the Y.M.C.A. Fund will be promptly acknowledged in these columns. We have already received and passed on over ten thousand dollars to the Y.M.C.A. If each one does his or her bit the amount will be quickly multiplied. Your prompt action will inspire others to do likewise. Don't delay.

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So it is not always age that determines production; it is not always feed, for these 14 cows were all fed alike; but it does largely rest upon some at present unknown principle which enables one cow to make better use of the same quality and quantity of feed, and out of it produce two thousand pounds of milk more than her stable mate.

With such remarkable differences in plain sight in every herd where individual milk records are kept, the owner is in no doubt as to which are the best cows to keep as foundation stock. But without such records there is no reliable guide in selection.

The best of it is that no dairyman need go to the trouble of finding suitable sheets of paper and laboriously ruling them to suit him. For on application to the Dairy Branch, Ottawa, he can obtain, free of any cost whatever, convenient ruled and printed milk record forms for taking weights either daily or on three days per month, together with feed record forms and a herd record book for the complete year's figures. Write to-day, it will pay to use them; they are reliable guides.

C. F. W.

OVER THERE

There's murder "over there," slaughter, pain and
Sacrifice "over there."
Desolation "over there."
Over there, nothing between earth and sky.
All things living are stricken down "over there."
German frightfulness, German thoroughness,
German ruthlessness has left no trees, no houses
And has deported the citizens of the cities it has
Ruined into slavery "over there."
It's cold "over there." It's wet "over there."
All refining influences of modern life are removed
From "over there."
Men live underground "over there."
There's mud everywhere. Liquid mud "over there."
Yet men are happy over there,
Your men. Our men.
They know the worth-whileness of the struggle "over there."
They understand the necessity of the sacrifice "over there."
They are growing mighty over there.
The suffering is cleansing their souls, "over there."
Your men. Our men.
They have learned that to live is to be
Prepared for Death—"over there."
And they gladly die for you, "over there."
But there's Danger over there.
You eat too much "over here."
You are too self-satisfied "over here."
You worship Fortune too much "over here."
There's a danger you are spiritually blind,
Cannot even see "over here."
They cannot control that Danger over there.
Your men. Our men.
They cry out "over there." A cry from
The battlefields to you "over here."
Save, Economize, Save.
Eat less "over here," that
We may have more "over there."
Send more food, over there.

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NOT A SEED OR PLANT WASTED

There cannot be too much emphasis placed upon the necessity of careful work this spring. Seed, especially good seed, is too scarce to be used wastefully. The fact that we may have money to pay a high price and buy the best seed on the market gives us no right to waste it, either by careless planting or neglect of the seedlings, or buying more than we need of perishable seed. If you cannot use all the seed in one package give it to some one who can.

Every plant, says a writer in the "Garden Magazine," that you have succeeded in getting from a seed should be made to count to the full of all it is capable of producing. If you have more plants than you can use yourself, see to it that your friends and neighbors have a chance to use them before they are discarded. This applies not only to such plants as you may have started under glass, or in your seed bed, but to the thinnings from your growing crops. Make every plant count!

To really make your seed go as far as it can possibly be made to go, it should be manufactured into plants before it is put into the garden! There are two reasons for this: first, it is started under better conditions, (whether under glass or in the 'seed-bed' out of doors) and a higher percentage of germination is secured; second, each plant is set out in the garden just where it is wanted, and there are no skips to reduce yields or surplus plants to discard with accompanying waste of seed. The more transplanting you can do this year, the more you will conserve seed, of course—and the better your garden is likely to be!

A pinch of lettuce seed sown under glass, or in a carefully prepared seed-bed outside, where the soil can be especially prepared by adding leafmold or humus and watered as frequently as necessary to assure good germination and strong little plants (because there are only a few square feet to take care of), will yield several dozen plants. Planted in the open, in a drill, five to ten times as much seed will be required; the seed will take longer to germinate, and may be a "failure"; the strongest plants will not be evenly distributed along the row, and nine times out of ten are left overcrowded. Only the best plants will be used in transplanting. The net result is greater returns, with the use of less seed, by transplanting than by sowing in the open.

Every plant in its place is gold—but every surplus plant is a weed! Three poor overcrowded plants will not produce as much as one good strong one which has had room to develop perfectly. Thin out your rows as soon as the second or third true leaves are formed on the little seedlings.

But don't waste the thinnings. To make every plant count use these thinnings for transplanting. Give them to a neighbor!

If a little care is taken not to break the main roots off too short in pulling them out (which can be done by loosening the soil about them before taking them out of the row) surplus beets will transplant readily and in two weeks or so look as fine as the plants left in the original row. Cut back the larger leaves of transplants, and trim the roots so that they can be handled conveniently, and plant firmly, without twisting the roots.

Easily transplanted vegetables are beets, brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, chard, corn, endive, kohlrabi, leeks, petsai, lettuce, onions, and turnips. Those which may be transplanted with more difficulty are beans, cucumbers, melons, okra, peas, radish, spinach and squash. Those which, under ordinary conditions, are not profitable to transplant, either because they will not stand it or because the roots will be spoiled in the process, are carrots, parsnips, pumpkin, salsify, and squash.

Many succession crops that are ordinarily planted in the garden can be started in the seed border, thus not only saving seed but gaining a week or two on the second use of the ground, as the succession crop may be started three to four weeks before the first crop is out of the way. To make a success of this, the border should be prepared as carefully as the flats or frames, are prepared for seed sowing under glass. In very hot weather, a coldframe, that can be given partial shade (with a slat sash, or a frame covered with muslin), will make an ideal place to start seeds when it is difficult to start them in the garden.

Plants of lima beans, melons, etc., which cannot be obtained to advantage by the ordinary methods, may be easily secured by obtaining a supply of paper pots or dirt bands, and starting them in these in rich compost. Plant three weeks or so before it will be perfectly safe to put them outside. If the seed is soaked for about twenty-four hours before being put in the pots, practically every one will germinate.

THE PROBLEM OF THE NORTH BORDER

In many gardens, writes Louise Beebe Wilder, in the New York "Sun," the north border when it extends along the wall of the house, a high fence or hedge is looked upon as a decidedly difficult proposition. The major number of our garden flowers are unable to thrive in such a situation, and so this part of the garden is apt to present a sadly ill clothed appearance and is the object of a good deal of anxiety and no little mortification to its owner.

This condition, however, should not exist, for the north border is in reality a decided asset. Here we may have many fine plants that suffer in the fierce heat of constant sunshine and others which, while they will endure the sunny garden, are purer in color and last longer in bloom in the cool soil and partial shade of the north border.

With a little study it is quite possible to have this ordinarily forlorn portion of the garden as lovely and as full of bloom as any other, and while we may not perhaps have quite such brilliance as where sun lovers are largely used, the effect will be fully as charming. A north light is a becoming one and in it the flowers stand out with a peculiar clarity. Blue is never so pure nor white so gleaming as in shadow.

The soil for the north border should be deep and rich, for while many sun lovers thrive in a light, sandy soil a large proportion of shade loving plants in their natural environment rise from the deep rich soil of woodlands. If the soil of the border to be planted is not suitable it should be dug out to a depth of two feet and filled in with alternate layers of earth and well rotted cow manure, with a dressing of slaked lime and a top layer of leaf mould, or good soil from the woods, or the top spit of an old pasture.

As this is the coldest portion of the garden and the plants here set out are subjected to a greater strain than in more sheltered localities, I have found it wise to plant the north border in spring, so that the plants may become fully established before cold weather.

As almost no annuals do well in shade, the north border is perforce almost entirely made up of perennials and biennials and thereby gains the charm of permanence. If it extends along a wall English ivy will cover the stone with its dark shining leaves and provide a fine background for the flowers.

Our native bittersweet will also grow upon the north wall or fence, and Virginia creeper with its wayward growth and rich autumn coloring. Besides these vines there are akebia quinata, actinidia polygama, honeysuckles in variety, the scarlet trumpet creeper, tecoma radicans and the graceful travellers joy, clematis virginica. Climbing roses should not be attempted on a north wall.

For the back of the border there are many fine plants. Here Michaelmas daisies will thrive, especially those of the Amellus section, tall, beautiful aconites with their clouded blue, or blue and white hooded flowers; Cimicifuga, both our native kind and the Japanese; Veronica virginica, the fleecy goat's beard, Spiraea arunkus, stately mulleins, whose radiant blossoms open wider and remain open much longer in partial shade; the richly colored Helenium autumnale and in my own north border I have a splendid group of tiger lilies interplanted with the blue and white variety of Aconitum napellus. They bloom at the same time and create a fine harmony.

A little further forward we may have tall white foxgloves, many tall growing Campanulas, the best of which are C. lactiflora alba magnifica, and its fine blue form, E. Molineux; C. pyramidalis, which takes three years to reach blooming size from seed, and C. latifolia macrantha with its new and improved variety, Brantwood. Then we may have clumps of Japanese anemones—pink and white and rose, low bushes of metallic leaved rue and tall meadow rue with puffs of lavender bloom.

Still further forward there will be fairy columbines in large variety, the lower growing Campanulas, persicifolia, glomerata and alliariaefolia; shining white day lilies, aster aeris and its lower growing variety, bleeding hearts, Doronicums, Oriental poppies, Solomon's seal, old fashioned honesty, geranium ibericum and the beautiful fumatory, Corydalis nobilis.

For the very edge of the border no prettier spring effect may be found than in the use of four of our native wild flowers; tufts of blue and white hepatica, yellow adder's tongue, creamy Dutchman's breeches and the pure bloodroot. If the border is edged with fairly large stones sunk part way in the earth, as is the case in my own garden, many small and pretty things will creep over and among them; Campanula carpatica and the wee pusilla, both with countless blue or white bells; Iceland and Alpine poppies, the gay little yellow fumatory, that seeds itself into all sorts of unlikely places, but is never amiss; the lovely horned violets, forget-me-nots, primroses, the pale Veris, as well as the bright little brown and yellow Polyanthus; sweet woodruff, the moss-like Balearic sandwort with its myriad gleaming stars, the barrenworts, so gay of foliage in spring and autumn, the tiny meadow rue, Thalictrum minus and many another small delight.

Bulbs there may be in plenty in the north border, but not crocuses, tulips, save the little wood tulip, Sylvestris; nor the great Crown Imperial. But the lesser fritilaries, or checker lilies, chionodoxas, daffodils, mainly those of pale coloring, such as albicans; snow drops, grape hyacinths and most of all the sky blue scillas. Some lilies will be comfortable here and groups of native ferns, both tall and dwarf, will add to the appearance of the border.

As in all borders, the plants should be set out in groups, not as specimens, the size of the group to be determined by the length and width of the border. If Michaelmas daisies are planted behind the groups of foxgloves and Oriental poppies that leave a blank after they have flowered, the long branches may be drawn down to cover their departure.

BARBERRY OR BUSH HONEYSUCKLE FOR HEDGES?

Fern.— The purple-leaved barberry would make a better hedge than the Tartarian honeysuckle, and would look better as a hedge opposite and balancing one of Japanese barberry (Barbaris Thunbergie.) Do not mix the two barberries, as they differ in height. The purple-leaved barberry will grow five to six feet high and three to five feet through, varying with soil and locality, while the Japanese barberry grows only about three feet high, although it may go higher if protected from frost. For a hedge set the plants eighteen inches apart.

The bush honeysuckles all grow to about the same height, five to seven feet, so that only by pruning could you get the tops of the row level on a sloping ground. As I understand your letter, you only wish to do this in case of making a hedge of the honeysuckle. You will get better results by treating them as individual bushes. Planted twelve feet apart and with proper pruning they make very handsome shrubs, eight to ten feet through. Plant the Tartarian, either pink or white, at the most exposed end of your row, as they are the hardiest. Group the colors in relation to the background you have for them, and use white to separate the masses of violet alberki from either the bright red of the Grandiflora Morrowii or the pink Tartarian. The Fragrantissima is a native of China, and the flowers are small and white.

With the twelve foot spacing each bush will have room to get the wood well ripened, with the result that it will give plenty of flowers.

ONIONS FOR PICKLING

W. W.—To obtain good onions the soil should be rich and firm. With pickling onions it is advantageous that they should be kept small, so that a poorer but firm soil is helpful. The seed may be sown in drills about 6 inches apart; if the seed is sown carefully no thinning will be needed. Miniature sorts are available for this purpose. The mixture to which you refer is one I have known to be used by English gardeners. It is a useful application to be raked into the soil when being prepared for planting, and is composed of four parts garden soil, four parts soot, two parts wood ashes, and one part salt, to be mixed and scattered at the rate of 3 oz. up every 9 feet of line, or every square yard of bed. This mixture freshly made may be given again after thinning. In showery weather it is said to act not only as a food but as a deterrent to the dreaded onion magot.

GRAFTING WAX

H. S.—For good grafting wax take rosin, four parts (ounces or pounds); beeswax, two parts; tallow, one part; melted, slowly, in an iron vessel, putting in the rosin five or ten minutes before the beeswax; and all completely mixed together by much stirring.

In twenty minutes or so it will be thoroughly mixed, and a convenient portion is to be poured into a bucket of cold water. In a minute or less it will be cool enough to take up with the hands (which must have been greased with tallow) and pulled like taffy. When it becomes light yellow in color it is done and can be made into sticks or balls and put into another vessel of cold water to harden. If lumps appear in the wax it is due to improper handling, and if too lumpy remelt and pull again. In the event a softer wax is desired a little more tallow can be used. If a tougher wax is desired use a little more beeswax.

When wanted for use put a lump in a can which will fit into the top of a tea kettle. With hot water in the kettle the wax will melt and keep warm and the kettle is easily carried about.

GARDEN "HERBS"

Miss G. H. McL.—The following classification covers the herbs grown in ordinary gardens in England:

Perennial.— Balm, cardoon, chives, fennel, hyssop, horehound, lavender, rosemary, rue, sage, winter savory, sorrel, and thyme.

Biennial.—Angelica, chervil, dill, pot and sweet marjoram.

Annual.—Anise, sweet and bush basil, borage, pot marigold, green purslane, rampion, and summer savory.

Some of the annuals are hardy, others half-hardy; but this distinction need not trouble those who would like to grow them this season. All of them sown when the weather grows warm out of doors on well-dug soil, with a fine surface, in an open position, should do well. It is desirable in most seasons to sow some of them early, perhaps, though in general practice the half-hardy annuals do just as well usually if sown out of doors in May-June as indoors in March-April.

NATURE AS A GUIDE FOR PLANTING

When the silver maples begin to put forth their leaves and the "catkins" appear on the willows and poplars the season is right for the planting of lettuce, mustard, onion seeds and sets, parsley, the smooth peas, early potatoes, radishes, spinach and turnips. Ten days later beets, carrots and kohlrabi may be sown.

When the dogwood and white oak begin to put forth their leaves beans, sweet corn, cucumbers, melons, squash may be sown.

The spring flowering bulbs, hyacinths and tulips are also good guides for the planter to follow, but the weather frequently plays peculiar pranks and only years of close observation in your own locality and your own garden will tell you the exact time to sow seeds.

A Light Application of Manure yields larger returns per ton of manure used than does a heavier application. This has been proven by the trials at many experiment stations. Heavy applications of 30 to 40 tons per acre give the largest yields, but when the amount of is large, light applications of six to ten loads per acre give the most profitable returns. Very beneficial results may be secured by giving a very light dressing of one to three loads per acre to the fields which are to be ploughed for green manure. The manure doubtless increases bacterial action and hastens the fermentation and decay of the organic matter.

The Waste of Liquid Manure may be largely prevented by the use of sufficient bedding, or in case of stabled cattle, by the construction of manure cisterns which should be provided with special diaphragm pumps for removing the liquid manure to the field sprayer or distributor now manufactured for this purpose. The mixing of the liquid with the solid manure and bedding and hauling directly to the field is doubtless the plan which is best suited to the average farmer, or with a concrete manure pit, the liquid manure may be run into the pit with the solid manure and thus preserve both, since the liquid prevents the fermentation and firing of the solid manure.



FEED YOUR FOWL

Stevens' Egg Producing Hen Feed Green Ground Bone, with all the grease and fat in it. $5 per 100 lb. F.O.B. cars at Peterborough. 500 lb. lots delivered Freight Paid.

Use Stevens' POTASH Fertilizer on your Lawn and Farm. Address GEORGE STEVENS, 364 Mark St., Peterborough, Ontario.

Eggs For Sale

Imperial Barred Rocks, Pen No. 1.—Cockerel Mating. Pen consisting of male and 4 females imported direct from E. B. Thompson, and 6 females from stock imported last year from him.

Pen No. 2.—Pullet Mating Pen. From Latham & Myers' strains.

$3.00 SETTING OF 15 EGGS.

S. C. Buff Orpingtons from my Guelph, East Toronto, Peterboro, Port Hope, Belleville, Kingston and Brockville winners.

$4.00 SETTING OF 15 FERTILE EGGS.

S. C. Black Minorcas from Best Strains in Canada.

$3.00 SETTING OF 15 EGGS.

Satisfactory Hatches Guaranteed.

EDGAR W. HAYDEN

COBOURG, ONTARIO.

Single Comb White Leghorns

hatching eggs from heavy winter layers $1.50 per 15; $6.00 per hundred.

CROSSHILL POULTRY FARM, Box 664, Cobourg, Ont.

S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS

Eggs for Hatching: Pen No. 3, $5.00 per 15; Pen No. 2, $7.50 per 15; Pen No. 1 (headed by 5th Guelph Cock, 1917) $10.00 per 15.

Exhibition White Orpingtons: Eggs, $5.00 per 15.

I have for Sale 1 Exhibition S. C. W. Leghorn Cock; 6 Exhibition S. C. W. Leghorn Cockerels, and 1 Exhibition R. C. Leghorn Cockerel.

H. FULGOM, Box 531, WOODSTOCK, Ont.



Our 292 Egg Hen

Increase your egg yield by purchasing

A CHOICE COCK or COCKEREL

of our high record Rocks, Wyandottes, Leghorns or Reds 1918 Mating List containing 65 photos of stock, buildings. Feed and tonic formulas free.

L. R. GUILD, 126 Rockwood Ont.

For Pedigreed Trap Nested S.C. White Leghorns, White Wyandottes, Buff Orpingtons and S.C.R.I. Reds of the Famous Tom Barron Strain, Write to Us.

Hens, pullets, cock birds and early hatched cockerels always for sale. Our many satisfied customers and the dozens of visitors who come to our farm to see our stock will vouch for their quality. We are specialists in shipping baby chicks and eggs for hatching.

G. W. PEAL, Box 84, Rockwood, Ont.

YOUNG'S STRAIN

SINGLE COMB WHITE LEGHORNS

I have mated up two choice pens of Leghorns. In these pens are WINNERS at BOSTON, GUELPH, TORONTO, and OTTAWA SHOWS.

Pen 1—Settings, $7.50 per 15, or $10.00 per 30.

Pen 2—Settings, $3.00 per 15, or $5.00 per 30.

If you are in search of the best Leghorns you will eventually come to us. Why not now?

H. S. HUNTER, Smith's Falls, Ont.

CARLUKE POULTRY YARDS High-Class Barred PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Our birds have been continuous winners for many years at Guelph and Toronto Exhibitions. At the latter show we have won

First Prize on Females Twelve Years in Succession.

An unequalled record. We have eight pens mated. Eggs for sale. Write for prices.

Indian Runner Duck Eggs $1.00 a Dozen. Stock For Sale.

G. MORTON & SON, - - - GLANFORD STATION, ONTARIO.

THE WAR GARDENER'S DILEMMA



EVERY home should have a war garden and a flock of chickens. If chickens and garden get mixed—to the detriment of the garden, be patient. The U. S. Food Administration has issued regulations to poultry dealers stopping the dealing in freshly killed or live hens. All of the nation's hens are needed in these times of war, as layers. The national stock of eggs must be increased. In the matter of war gardens, remember that Germany would probably have collapsed during the years of 1916 and 1917 had it not been for the enormous crops raised in war gardens that supplemented the farm crops. In America the need of war gardens is imperative. Plant non-perishables as far as possible. Beans, onions and potatoes will keep for winter use.

Success Assured in Poultry Raising by Using

The Peerless Incubator and Brooders

Recognized as the Standard Canadian Poultry Equipment. Our 20,000 well satisfied customers will tell you The Peerless machines produce big healthy chicks and raise them to maturity.

MOISTURE-EGG CHAMBER is substantially constructed with double walls, thoroughly insulated. The outer wall is made of selected hardwood, panelled and handsomely finished in golden oak. The inner walls are made of solid inch stock covered with a white enamelled metallic lining that conserves the moisture and affords a clean and sanitary chamber for the growing germ.

HEAT—Tubular hot water circulating system insures an even and natural heat and is made of SOLID 14-oz. COPPER AND IS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS.



"The Peerless Way Makes Poultry Pay."

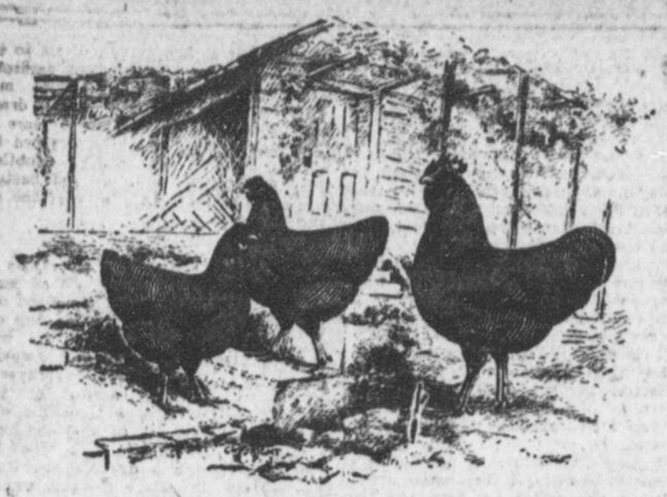
PRESERVATION — Deep nursery trays into which chicks drop as soon as hatched, prevent trampling one another in the egg trays and provide comfortable quarters for the chicks until ready to be removed.

We guarantee the Peerless Incubator and Brooder to give satisfaction and place our experience, advice and help at your service.

Write to-day for our big book "When Poultry Pays." It will be sent to you free along with an interesting offer that will enable you to make big money and at the same time "do your bit" to increase food production.

Thomas W. Lee Company - - Pembroke, Ontario

Originators and Manufacturers of the Peerless Way and Peerless Poultry Equipment



Poultry For Profit

SELECTING EGGS FOR HATCHING

(The "Canadian Poultry News.")

"I followed instructions, but I didn't get a hatch." How many times such complaints are heard and the incubator is given all the blame.

Given the most reputable hatching equipment, operated under the most ideal conditions and by a most careful operator, a good hatch will result only from good hatchable eggs.

The shell of the egg is a thin porous layer of calcium carbonate or lime. A thin membrance lines the shell and a second membrane adheres to it at all points except at the large end where there is an air space between the two. Within this second membrane there are three layers of albumen or "white," and within these the yolk in its two membrances. The yolk is suspended in the centre by two hard white spiral like strands of albumen, called "chalazea." The germ in a fertile egg rests at one side of the yolk just above the watery part called the "utricle," and due to the action of the chalazea this watery part of the yolk or utricle and the germ always float to the top, no matter in what position the egg rests. With this brief explanation, let us consider just what goes to make a good "hatchable" egg and how a chick develops.

Needless to say a good strong germ is the fundamental necessity. Eggs will not hatch unless fertilized. Fertilization takes place well up in the oviduct before the albumen or "white" and the shell is added in the process of "manufacture." The presence of a healthy, vigorous male bird in the flock has nothing whatever to do with egg production, but it has everything to do with good, fertile eggs. First, therefore, we must be sure of a well mated flock, free from disease, comfortably provided for and in "the pink of condition" so that the eggs may not only be well fertilized but that the germ may be strong. Too much importance cannot be laid upon the health and condition of the breeding stock.

But all fertile eggs will not hatch. Very early in the season eggs are apt to run high in fertility but hatch poorly, because the fowls have lacked exercise during the cold weather. This is especially true where old male birds are used. When spring comes and the birds have free range this is usually overcome. Too many females mated to one male will also cause weak germs, and any unnatural condition such as poor feeding, for instance, which lowers the vitality or vigor of the breeding stock will make for the same results.

Many eggs for hatching, fertilized with good strong germs might otherwise produce a living chick, but fail to hatch because they are improperly kept before incubation. An egg may be hatchable when it is laid and then lose its hatchability through lack of good care. Gather eggs for hatching every few hours to be perfectly safe that they become neither chilled or heated. It must be borne in mind that the germ is a sensitive organism. Chilling will kill it. Incubation, which means the growth and development of the germ, will start at summer heat. A few hours of heat starts development. Then if growth is checked by the eggs becoming chilled the germ dies and is spoiled. Keep eggs for hatching in a cool, dry place, at a temperature of from fifty to sixty degrees, but do not keep them long. The fresher an egg the better it will hatch. Usually it is best not to keep them longer than a week or ten days. Germs lose their strength as the eggs become older. If they are to be held more than a few days it is best to turn them once or twice a day to prevent the yolk from settling and sticking to the shell. They may be kept satisfactorily for a short time in a basket covered with a cloth to check evaporation, and placed where they will be undisturbed. Rough handling is apt to ruin an egg for hatching. Constant vibration, such as eggs are subject to when poorly packed and shipped by express or mail may weaken the germ so that it will not hatch.

One other point is important in the selection of good hatchable eggs, and that is the character of the egg itself. Some eggs are too long and some too round to be classed as good eggs for hatching. Reject all those that are not normal in shape as well as size. Irregular shapes, abnormally large or small sizes, rough shells, ringed ridged, or porous shells should not be in your selection.

There is frequently a larger percentage hatch from white shelled eggs than from brown shells, though they may not mean necessarily that they are more hatchable. Wherever possible it is best to separate the white from the brown eggs, because the white eggs batch a few hours earlier than the brown when put together.

The first stages of incubation are very important. Care must be taken about the proper heat, the right amount of cooling and handling to prevent injury to the delicate growing embryo. Mistakes made during this period may spoil the very best of hatchable eggs. There is nothing complicated about the matter; merely occasion for careful attention to the simple instructions for operating an incubator.

In incubation the chick's head starts to grow first. Blood begins to move a very little about the third or fourth day. By the seventh day the body wall is pretty well formed and by the ninth day the "feathers" are started and the beak is also apparent. During the second week the feathers or down are about a half inch long. For about the first ten to fourteen days the chick's body lies cross-wise in the egg, but then the chick turns and from then on it is much stronger.

Under normal conditions the chick becomes full grown about the nineteenth or twentieth day. The last thing it does before breaking the shell is to take in through the body the last of the yolk sack to form its food supply for the first thirty-six to seventy-two hours. Then it breaks a hole about a third the way from the large end and for the first time the lungs begin to act. As a rule the chick goes to sleep then and when it wakes it begins to struggle around, cutting the shell in a circle and kicking free from the shell it rests, sleeps and gains strength.

Dead germs or dead chicks often occur at various stages of development. Where the operation of the incubator has been correct the fault is usually in the eggs. Your care in selecting good hatchable eggs will go a long way toward your success with incubators, will increase your profits with poultry and help out on Uncle Sam's much needed food supply this year.

EAT THE CHEAP ROOSTER

It is good farm economy to eat the rooster. For roasting, of course, the housekeeper wants a good fat hen, but for chicken dishes that call for slow cooking let the rooster go into the pot. He is full of meat and flavory, nutritious juices. Slow cooking and the right seasoning will convert the low priced rooster into dishes that are universally liked — there are pot pie and chicken stew and a host of others. If a rooster that is not wanted for dinner is "eating his head off" in the barnyard, can him for future use and save the stock for soup.

The rooster is the foundation for that famous dish of chicken and rice which the French call "pilau." The combination has remained an American favorite through all the changes of spelling. The Florida boys, who love to concoct this stew when camping in the woods, call it "perlew." Make it by boiling the chicken until the meat comes off the bone. Season it well, and add enough rich to thicken the stew. Cook the stew until the rice is soft. The stew should be thick enough to eat with a fork.

This stew served with a green salad or stewed fruit makes a complete meal, as the rice takes the place of bread. The Spanish, who are very fond of this chicken and rice combination, add pimientos just before removing the stew from the fire, and the stew, when served, is a complete one-piece dinner.—United States Food Administration.

FIGHT THE MITE

(By Prof. W. Lochhead.)

With regard to the control of the Chicken Mite the great essentials are: (a) Thorough cleanliness of the house and the admission of sunlight and air. When houses become infested the droppings and all old nesting material should be removed; the perches, roosts, nests, floor and walls should be cleaned and scrubbed thoroughly, then sprayed or painted with a 5 percent. cresol solution or with 3 parts kerosene and 1 part crude carbolic acid or with kerosene emulsion. Two or three applications are necessary at intervals of a few days. (b) When houses are whitewashed 4 oz. crude carbolic acid may be added to each gallon of whitewash. (c) It is often of advantage to scatter a mixture of 3 parts of dry slaked lime and 1 part sulphur about the house, with the doors and windows closed.

POULTRY

ANCONAS.

HATCHING EGGS. — SINGLE AND rose comb Sheppard Anconas, $5.00, $3.50 and $2.50 fifteen. Sixty pullets December, January and February laid $140.00 worth eggs. A. C. APPS, Brantford, Ont. 17 6

S. C. ANCONAS; SHEPPARD'S EXHIbition strain $5.00 per setting. Stock for sale. J. H. KIRKLAND, Box 563, Smith's Falls, Ontario. 17 6

SINGLE COMB ANCONAS, BRED TO lay, White Leghorns, selected pens. Eggs, $1.50 per 15. E. HANHAM, St. Mary's, Ont. 16 6

BANTAMS.

BUFF COCHIN BANTAMS, WINNERS at leading shows, pairs $5.00, cockerels $3.00. Eggs in season, $3.00. W. W. SHAW, Sherbrooke, Que. 12 7

BUTTERCUPS.

SICILIAN BUTTERCUPS. EGGS FROM 1st Waterloo, Kitchener, Dunville, 2nd Guelph winner recently, $2.50 for 15. Baby Chicks, 50c. Winners from imported stock for sale. R. WILLIAMS, 116 Bingeman street, Kitchener, Ont. 14 6

CAMPINES.

SILVER CAMPINE EGGS FOR hatching from my show and utility stock of everlasting layers; all have size, beauty, and great laying ability. Eggs $3 per 15. F. H. GUILD, North Hatley, Que. 16 6

SILVER CAMPINES, TWO SELECTED pens, high quality, headed by 2nd "Ontario" cockerel, 4th "Ontario" cock. $3.00 setting; two for $5.00. Rev. A. GISHLER, Tavistock, Ont. 15 6

DUCKS.

AMERICA'S GREATEST WINNING, marvellous egg producing Indian Runner Ducks. Eggs one fifty the setting; also drakes. L. MURRAY, Harrow, Ont. 14 6

POULTRY

LEGHORNS.

BABY CHICKS

HATCHING EGGS FROM HEAVY laying prize winning strain of S.C. White Leghorns; safe delivery guaranteed; circular free. ERNEST CRAZE, Port Williams, Nova Scotia. 14 6

BUFF LEGHORN EGGS FOR HATCHing, two dollars, three and five dollars, fifteen eggs. Write me. Satisfaction guaranteed. J. E. Griffin, Dunnville, Ont. 16 6

FOR SALE—SETTINGS FROM BARron English S. E. White Leghorns, heavy birds and grand layers, $2.00 per 15 eggs, or $8.00 per hundred. Fertility guaranteed. WILSON & TURNBULL, 1 Lincoln Ave., Galt., Ont. 6 12

ROSE COMB BROWN LEGHORNS, the best in the West. Eggs, $2.50 per 15; bred-to-lay. P. BOND, Baldur, Manitoba. 14 6

TWELVE S.C. LIGHT BROWN LEGhorn Pullets, in full lay, $20. Handsome Houdan Cockerels, $5 each. Leghorn Eggs, $2; Houdan Eggs, $4 per 15; Buff Orpington Ducks, $4 per 12 eggs. All high class birds. MRS. J. FRAME, Olds, Alberta. 14 6

BOOKING ORDERS—8 WEEKS LEGhorn Pullets, 90c each; shipment June, July. Only 20 percent deposit; excellent matings. JUSTA POULTRY FARM, Southampton, N.Y. 15 6

BABY CHICKS — BARRON LEGHORN, 50 $8; 100 $15; 1000 $140. S.C. Red, 50 $10; 100 $18; 1000 $170. Hatching Eggs 100 $7; 1000 $65. We guarantee safe arrival of every shipment. Buy Chicks that live; Eggs that hatch. We have 5,000 per week and ship promptly. JUSTA POULTRY FARM, Southampton, N.Y. 15 6

BRED-TO-LAY S.C.W. LEGHORNS; wonderful layers; eggs $1.50 per 15; also pen mated to Silver Cup winner, $3 per 15. Black Leghorns $1.50 per 15. REV. W. J. H. LUMMIS, Warden Que. 15 6

BUFF LEGHORNS, GUARANTEED Layers; winners at Montreal and Ottawa; settings $3.00. Stock from my birds I am sure will satisfy you; also Pigeons, "Fancy Tumblers," few pairs to spare. WM. MOULD, River St., Westboro, Ontario. 16 6

WHITE LEGHORNS; EGGS $1.00 dozen; 3 dozen $2.25; also Rhode Island Red Eggs, same price. F. R. WEBBER, Guelph, Ont. 16 9

A SETTING OF THOROUGHBRED single comb White Leghorn eggs for hatching. Prices $2.00 for 15; $3.00 for 30; and $8.00 per hundred. DAVID HOUSTON, 52 Ellsworth avenue, Toronto. 13 12

HAVE MATED A GRAND PEN OF Black Leghorns. This pen is headed by a Guelph winner, and should produce winners' eggs: $2 per 15; also Fawn and White and White Indian Runner Ducks eggs $2 per 15. A. E. DOAN, Thedford, Ont. 13 6

BRED-TO-LAY S. C. WHITE LEGhorns, baby chicks $17.00 per 100; hatching eggs $8.00 per 100; send for circular. COOKSVILLE POULTRY FARM, Cooksville, Ont. 17 6

ORPINGTONS.

WHITE ORPINGTONS — ALDRICH Exhibition, laying strain, low down standard birds. Stock for sale, trio $10.00, pen $15.00; Eggs $3.00 fifteen, $5.00 thirty, $7.50 fifty. WM. KAPPLER, St. Marys, Ont. 16 6

BUFF ORPINGTON EGGS FOR hatching, from good laying strain; $1.50 for 15. MRS. J. A. HURREN, R.R. No. 1, Estevan, Sask. 16 6

BLUE ORPINGTONS. — SOME GRAND males for disposal; also eggs from finest breeding pens in America; $5 per setting. CHAS. MASSIE, Box 441, Port Hope, Ont. 13 6

EGGS, $2.00 PER SETTING; $8.00 PER hundred. S. C. White Orpingtons; prize winning stock; satisfaction guaranteed. BEN LAMMERS, Lancer, Sask. 12 6

PURE BRED BUFF ORPINGTON EGGS $2.50 per 15; one hundred ten dollars Choice farm run. WM. BROMMELL, Rosebank, Man. 11 33

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE — Guild's Strain, Barred Plymouth Rock hatching eggs, $1.25 per 15; also baby chicks. Write for prices. WOODYCREST POULTRY FARM, Perth, Ont. 17 6

BRED-TO-LAY BARRED ROCKS.— Out of entire pen of 65 females, only two broody to date (April 11.) Guild males used exclusively. Eggs, one quality, one price, $1.25 per 15. D. W. EVANS, Newmarket, Ont. 16 6

STRICTLY UTILITY BARRED ROCKS, mated to pedigree cockerel, $1.50 per 15. REV. W. J. H. LUMMIS, Warden, Que. 15 6

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS; PUREbred; won 46 prizes, 4 silver cups at Regina during 1917; heavy winners at Guelph, Toronto, London, Hamilton, Detroit. Eggs $3, $4, $5 per 15. MAPLE LEAF POULTRY YARDS, Milverton, Ontario, and Regina, Saskatchewan. 15 6

THE FREE RANGE POULTRY FARM offers eggs for settings, from war time birds, for weight and eggs. White Rocks that stands at the head; Owen Farms strain, from imported stock, Barred Rocks, 238-egg strain, Park's bred-to-lay. Eggs $2.50 for 30; $3.50 for 50; $6.00 per 100. Give us a trial. ED. HELM, Britton, R.R. No. 1, Ont. 15 8

"BIG MONEY IN POULTRY."—WHY not purchase a setting of our bred-to-lay Barred Plymouth Rocks or White Wyandottes. $1.50 per setting. PUBLOW BROS., Box 972, Perth, Ont. 15 8

BARRED ROCKS; 200-EGG STRAIN, bred-to-lay; most of the birds in my pens are large, nicely barred yearling and two-year hens, which insures strong, healthy chicks. Eggs $2.00 per 15; satisfaction guaranteed. H. A. HOVEY, Clinton, Ont. 14 6

REAL LAYERS, BARRED AND BUFF Plymouth Rocks; pens headed by sons of 287, 217, 205 egg hens, mated to record females. Hatching eggs $2.00 per 15; $4.00 per 30; $6.00 per 50; $10.00 per 100. Get our circular free. W. J. JOHNSTON, Box 24x Meaford, Ont. 14 6

POULTRY.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

BARRED ROCKS — SELECTED HENS and pullets from Guelph record stock, mated to cockerels from two of the heaviest laying pens in America. Eggs, $2.00 per 15; $10.00 per 100. Satisfaction guaranteed. C. L. BISHOP, Oxford Mills, Ont. 13 10

BARRED ROCK EGGS, HOLTERMAN and Riley Strain, $2.50 per 15, both matings. Utility $1.50; $7.00 for 100. E. HAYES, Cannington, Ont. 13 7

BRED TO LAY ROCKS, NICELY Barred, farm raised, vigorous stock. Eggs $2 per setting; April $1.50. MRS. JAMES SMITH, Unionville, Ont. 12 6

POLANDS.

GET KIRKLAND'S STRAIN OF white-crested black Polands. Eggs $3.00 per 15. Stock for sale. J. H. KIRKLAND, Smith's Falls, Ont. 17 2

SUSSEX.

RED, LIGHT, AND SPECKLED SUSsex. Eggs $10.00 per setting. Stock for sale. F. R. WEBBER, Guelph, Ont. 16 9

THE BEST ALL-BRITISH BREED Light Sussex Fowls, imported direct from one of the best utility breeders in England. Great winter layers and easily raised birds. Large poultry fanciers, take notice, this is a breed with a future in America. Limited number of settings at $2.50 per setting. PERCY LIVELY, Sussex, N.B. 14 6

RHODE ISLAND REDS.

PURE-BRED SINGLE COMB REDS.— Handsome, hardy birds, splendid layers. Fifteen eggs from carefully selected breeders, $1.50; thirty, $2.75. GEO. WHITE, Box 301, Strathroy, Ont. 16 6

BRILLIANT REDS — BOTH COMBS, choice blood, high quality; eggs $2.00 and $3.00 fifteen. Few birds reasonable. E. BEAN, Milverton, Ont. (Mention "Witness.") 17 6

FOR SALE—FERTILE EGGS, ROSE Comb Rhode Island Reds; large healthy stock; good color. Guild's bred-to-lay strain, $1.75 per fifteen; $3.00 per thirty; $7.00 per hundred. ROBT. J. BROWN, Cornwall, R.R. 2, Ont. 10 8

PURE-BRED SINGLE COMB REDS— Handsome, hardy birds, splendid layers. Fifteen eggs from carefully selected breeders, $1.50; thirty, $2.75. GEO. WHITE, Box 301, Strathroy, Ont. 10 6

PURE BRED RHODE ISLAND RED Cockerels, rose comb, $3.00 each. Also eggs $1.50 for 15; $7.00 for 100. JAS. SPARKES, Ridgeville, Manitoba. 12 6

"WHITE QUEEN" HEAVY LAYING strain. Rose comb Rhode Island Whites. Eggs for hatching $2.00 per setting of 15; also rose comb Rhode Island Reds, good winter layers, $1.50 per setting, $7.00 per 100. JOHN DRIEDGER, Winkler, Man. 12 6

TURKEYS.

EGGS FOR HATCHING — BRONZE TURkeys, $5.00 per 9. Rouen ducks, $2.00 per 11. White Rocks, $2.00 per 13. Choice stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. J. H. RUTHERFORD, Albion, Ontario. 12 6

POULTRY WANTED.

NEW LAID EGGS, POULTRY, PEAS, beans, honey, and all kinds of produce wanted. Highest prices given. J. D. ARSENAULT, 1195 St. Catherine East, Montreal. 13 6

WYANDOTTES.

WHITE WYANDOTTES, BRED direct from New York and Boston winners. No better stock in the country. Eggs, $2.00 per 15, or $3.50 per 30. Mrs. FRED McQUOID, Smithfield, Ont.

WHITE WYANDOTTE EGGS FOR hatching, breeding from Tom Barron English famous laying strain, $2.50 for 15. J. CUMBERLAND, Manitou, Manitoba. 16 6

WHITE WYANDOTTE EGGS FROM specially selected, vigorous stock. Ragel strain, $1.50 per fifteen. EZRA STOCK, R.R. 6, Woodstock, Ont. 16 7

WHITE WYANDOTTES EGGS FOR hatching; exhibition pen, headed by 12th Guelph cock mated to ten beautiful hens, including 1st and 2nd hens at Brantford, 1st and 2nd hens at Dunnville, 2nd and 3rd hens at Caledonia. Eggs from this pen $4.00 per 15. Pen No. 2, headed by a cockerel from Martin's best Dorcas pen and fifteen carefully selected pullets. This pen will give excellent stock. Price of eggs $2.00 per 13. I won the silver cup for best female at Brantford. Baby chicks 25c each. ROBT. MONTGOMERY, Caledonia, Ont. 15 6

WHITE WYANDOTTE EGGS, BEST quality pens, exhibition laying strain, $3 per 15; $5 per 30; splendid incubator eggs $10 per hundred. CHAS. MASSIE, Port Hope, Ont. 13 6

WHITE WYANDOTTES.—EGGS FOR hatching from two choice pens. If interested write for description of matings and prices. Breeders of White Wyandottes for seven years. J. RAYMOND BALL & SONS, Knowlton, Que. Phone 24. 13 6

MISCELLANEOUS.

EGGS FOR HATCHING FROM BARred and White Rocks and S.C. White Leghorns of extra quality. In White Rocks I have two pens, one headed by an Owen Farm Cockerel, and another by the 1st Cock at Kingston and Peterboro Winter Shows. In White Leghorns I have a pen bred direct from Youngs and Eslings stock, every one exhibition birds. Also Guild's bred-to-lay Barred Rocks. Be sure to write me first; satisfaction assured. $2.00 per 15 eggs. LORNE WILLIAMS, South View Farm, Corbyville, Ont. 16 2

EGGS—WHITE ORPINGTON, GOLDen Campines; choice pens; $2 setting. JAMES W. CAIRNS, Campbellford, Ont. 16 6

SILVER AND GOLDEN WYANDOTTES Silver Campines. S.C. White Leghorns, One Fifty per setting. Stock for sale; also day old chicks. JOHN THOMSON, Fergus, Ont. 15 6

HATCHING EGGS — WHITE WYANdottes, Silver Campines, Rhode Island Reds, $1.25 for 15 eggs. CHAS. DOBSON, Oxford, N.S. 15 6

SPECIAL OFFER. MAILED FREE, prize Barred Rocks, White Wyandottes, Silver Campines; eggs $1.25 per setting. DR. IBBOTT, Orton, Ont. 15 6

FARMERS' SALES AND WANTS

ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-the-order rate of one cent a word per insertion, twenty-five cents being the minimum amount of an order for a single insertion, and forty cents the minimum amount for orders of more than one insertion. SIX consecutive prepaid insertions will be given for the price of FOUR a number or a single letter to be counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the 'Witness' Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made.

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

POULTRY

MISCELLANEOUS.

EGGS FOR HATCHING — NEARLY ALL varieties poultry, ducks, bantams, exhibition, $2 per 15; $12 per 100; utility $1.50 and $10; geese, turkeys, $4 per 9. Won nearly 1100 prizes, specials, medals, 1917, 1918; baby chicks, $15, $18, $20, $25 per 100; 20 years' breeders and exhibitors. LUXTON & SONS, Mt. Forest, Ont. 12 8

EGGS FOR HATCHING — RHODE Island Red, White Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Geese, Toulouse, African, Emden, Pekin Ducks. A limited number for sale of Barred and White Plymouth Rock breeders; also Buff and Black Orpingtons, and Black Wyandottes. NATIONAL FARM, Point Fortune, Que. 14 6

EGGS FROM PRIZE PENS WHITE Plymouth Rocks and White Wyandottes, $1.25 for setting of fifteen eggs. Mrs. H. BAXTER, Addington, York, N.S. 17 10

EGGS, $2.00 PER SETTING, PARCEL post paid. White Orpingtons, Blue Andalusians; choice cockerel of each variety, $3.00. E. CARSWELL, Grafton, Ont. 17 6

I HAVE ALWAYS FOUND AN AD. IN the "Witness" one of my very best mediums for reaching those directly interested in Poultry and Eggs, and this year is no exception to this rule. (Signed) A. C. APPS, Brantford.

S.C. WHITE LEGHORNS, RANCOCA'S strain. Hatching eggs, $1.50. White Wyandottes, $2.00 per setting. Mating list free. E. F. McKIM, Amherst, N.S. 16 6

EGGS FROM PRIZE PENS WHITE Plymouth Rocks and White Wyandottes, $1.25 for setting of fifteen eggs. 16 10

PARTRIDGE ROCKS, S.C. BROWN and White Leghorns and White Wyandottes, silver cup winners, Eastern Ontario. Eggs, $2 and $5 per 15. CRAIG BROS., Deschenes Mills, Quebec. 16 6

WINNERS AT PETERBOROUGH, Belleville, Port Hope, and Picton; winning specials and silver cups. Eggs from Andalusian S. C. Buff and White Leghorns, Langshans, $3 per 15. White Orpingtons $5 per 15. WM. MUNROE, Grafton, Ont. 16 6

EGGS FOR HATCHING IN S.S. HAMburgs, S.C. White and Black Leghorns, Rose Comb White Leghorns and Red Caps. Winners at Guelph, Toronto and London shows. $3.00 per 15. ROBERT HOUSER, Canboro, Ont. 16 6

WINNERS — SILVER CUPS, GOLD Medal. Eggs, single comb White Leghorns, $1.50, $3.00, $5.00 setting; Barred Rocks, $1.50; nine chicks guaranteed. H. BERSCHT, Caledonia, Ont. 14 6

LOOK HERE! I KEEP THE BEST AT one price Barred Rocks, Dark Cornish, S.C. Anconas, White Wyandottes, White Crested Black Polish. $2.50 per 15 eggs; also Bronze Turkeys eggs at $6.00 per 15. ARTHUR NADEAU, No. 4 Police Station, Sherbrooke, P.Q. 13 6

WHITE! WHITE! WHITE! — WHITE Plymouth Rock, White Leghorn, White Pekin Ducks; perfect types of the finest and purest prized breeds. Specimen for sale. Hatching eggs, $2.00 for 15 or $10.00 for 100. Send your order immediately. J. A. A. SEGUIN, St. Hyacinthe, Que. 12 6

FOR SALE.—EGGS FOR HATCHING. Rhode Island Reds and Plymouth Barred Rocks. Very good layers. Price $1 for 15 eggs; $6.00 per hundred. Address CHS. ED. MILOT, Louiseville, Que. 12 6

WE ARE THE LARGEST POULTRY Exchange in Quebec, purchasing, rearing, selling and exchanging everything in Pure Bred Land and Water Fowls. We shall need now on all the pure bred Fowls' eggs you can spare, every breed. Write us; we will take care of your surplus. We have the nicest bunch of Bronze Turkeys we ever possessed. Fifty healthy hens mated to husky bronze Toms, eggs ready in March at $4.00 per 10. Few Toms to spare. We buy show birds. We sell everything that bears the name of pure bred poultry. Few Toulouse Ganders left; also Pekin Runners and Buff Orpington Drakes. Wild Ducks and Geese, domesticated. Pea Fowls, Guinea Hens, Hares, etc. Write us first and we shall save you trouble and expenses. Always enclose stamps for reply. We buy everything; we sell everything. YAMASKA POULTRY FARMS, St. Hyacinthe, Que. 10 9

HATCHING EGGS—BABY CHICKS— Utility laying strains. Eggs $1.50 per setting. Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, White Leghorns, White Wyandottes, Golden Wyandottes, White Rocks, Non-bearded Golden Polish. Write for price list. Satisfaction guaranteed. TAY POULTRY FARM, Perth, Ont. t f

LIVE STOCK.

STANDARD BRED STALLION—JAY Bird 2nd, No. 60157; cheap for quick sale. WM. JOHNSTON, Bishop's Mills, Ont. 16 6

CATTLE.

AYRSHIRE BULLS — REGISTERED— for sale, calves, yearlings, etc.; also White Chester Pigs, Leicester Ram. High Class stock. NATIONAL FARM, Point Fortune, Que. 14 6

MARDELLA SHORTHORNS FOR quick sale; 10 young bulls and heifers; they have size, quality, breeding dual-purpose for 40 years. Write THOMAS GRAHAM, Port Perry, R. 3, Ont. 13 6

AYRSHIRES FOR SALE. — CHOICE Bull calves from 1 to 15 months old; also a few heifers, 1 month to 2 years old, closely related to Dairymaid 2nd, with 15,365 lbs. milk, 617 lbs. fat in 334 days. R. O. P. winner Silver Cup, 1917; one 2 months old, grandson of Dairymaid. Their sire's dam, Hazel of Bonnie Brae, has a 3 year old R. O. P. of 13,014 lbs. milk, 475 lbs. fat in 291 days, ex-Canadian champion. Prices reasonable. T. C. TREVERTON & SONS, R.R. No. 1, Latta, Ont. 12 8

LIVE STOCK

HORSES.

FOR SALE — TWO CLYDESDALE stallions (imported), "Despot," 7 years old, by "Royal Favorite," and "British Knight," 6 years old, by "Everlasting"; sound and proven getters. Two registered Clyde mares (imported), "Florence Rae," 7 years old, by "Gartly Monus"; "Ruby Rae," 3 years old, by Champion "Ruby Pride." Both bay, well matched and fault free at work. Also farm for sale. Apply J. D. EADIE, Hillegreen Farm, Russell.

FOR SALE — CLYDESDALE STALlion, rising five, enrolled in Class A. GRAY JOHNSTONE, Boissevain, Man. 16 6

FOR SALE—ONE BLACK PERCHERon Stallion, registered, 5 years old, weight about 1,600 lbs. This stallion was winner of the first prize at Ottawa exhibition and the second one at Guelph, in the fall of 1916. Apply to Rev. NOEL PELLETIER, St. Anne de la Pocatière. 16 6

SWINE.

FOR SALE—LARGE ENGLISH BERKshires to ship at five weeks of age, $10 each, registered. Please enclose postage for reply. Apply GEO. E. PALMER, Shawville, Que. 17 2

PURE BRED REGISTERED YORKshire pigs, 6 weeks old. Orders taken now for April delivery. — O'HARA BROS., Perth, Ont. 13 6

CHOICE YORKSHIRE PIGS, REGIStered, large litter, both sexes. Orders taken now for delivery 1st week in May. Price $12.00 at 6 weeks old. A. O. KERR, Lakefield, Quebec. R.R. No. 1. 16 2

FOR THOROUGHBRED YORKSHIRES six weeks to six months, and Buff Rock eggs and poultry, write THOS. F. MERKLEY, Williamsburg, Ont. 16 2

PURE BRED REGISTERED TAMworth Pigs, 6 weeks old; price $10. J. STANLEY WATSON, Pine Grove, York Co., Ont. 16 2

DOGS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE CHEAP, TWO PEDIGREED Russian Wolfhounds, two half Irish and Greyhound, one Stag Hound; all thoroughly trained. W. R. ENDERSBY, Etzikow, Alta. 15 6

FOR SALE.—THREE FIELD SPANIEL Pups, two cocker Spaniel pups, male and female foxhounds, one year old, Irish Terrier, female, bred from best hunting stock. Apply CHAS. REASBECK, Vankleek Hill, Ontario. 15 6

FOR SALE.—PEDIGREED REGISTERed Scotch Collie Pups, farm raised, natural workers, born heelers on cattle, with brains. CHAS. REASBECK, Vankleek Hill, Ont. 15 6

COLLIE PUPS, BRED FROM HEELers. A. B. VAN BLARICOM, Morganton, Ont. 14 6

FOR SALE—REGISTERED AIREDALE female, 18 months old; (sire) Morning Admiration, (dam) Sunerest Peggy; also 2 male pups, five weeks old, from above female, and a pedigree dog which is a great deer hunter. Apply to W. G. MALCOMSON, Box 868, Barrie, Ont. 16 3

FOR SALE—HOPF VIOLIN; VETERAN Magazine Rifle, good order; Springfield Rifle, breach loader, good order. DR. LONG, Gravenhurst, Ont. 11 7

FARMS FOR SALE

FIGHT OR FARM—IF YOU CANNOT go and fight come to Saskatchewan and farm and raise wheat to feed a hungry world. Buy where land is good, new and cheap. Write stating what you wish to R. S. STEVENS, Ogema, Saskatchewan. 16 6

FOR SALE. — ONE UNIMPROVED farm of 240 acres, and one of 160 acres, in Manitoba, thirty miles from Winnipeg. One is 2½ miles from railway station; soil excellent. E. B. BIGGAR, 471 West Marion St., Toronto 17 2

STANSTEAD — 300 ACRE ESTATE with the Stock and Tools, near the Town and College. One of the best. Write E. W. HAY, Stanstead, Que. 15 6

KOOTENAY, BRITISH COLUMBIA— Ten acre orchard tracts, fourteen to thirty dollars per acre; terms ten dollars monthly. Write for Surveyor's Reports. COLUMBIA RIVER ORCHARDS, Nelson. 14 6

GLENLILY, B.C. — 100 ACRES LAND, 30 acres under cultivation and fenced, 350 fruit trees, 1 mile river frontage, 5 room house, barn and good outbuildings, stock, implements; 5 miles from international boundary at Kingsgate; close to school, railway station on property; post office next farm; best of hunting and fishing; easy terms. Apply M. Provenzano, Glenlily, B.C. 12 6

FOR SALE—LOT 1 ACRE; FENCE, 6-roomed house; porch, cellar, good well, 2 hen houses, some fruit; 1½ miles from Allenwood, Pa.; good buildings; rural route, good location; stores and schools. Price $700. Call or address CHARLES VANWINKLE, Allenwood, Pa. 12 7

SEVENTY-FIVE ACRES GOOD HIGH land, clay loam, well situated, good buildings, large orchard, spring creek, near Solina station, fruit house, stock yards, coal shed, rural delivery, convenient to Oshawa and Bowmanville. J. TRULL, Hampton, Ont. 12 6

WESTERN FARMS FOR SALE ON easy terms; improved; in good grain districts near town. Price $10 and up. Address VOGTS, LIMITED, Neville, Sask. 10 12

RABBITS.

FOR SALE — YOUNG PEDIGREED Flemish Giants, largest rabbit that grows, weighing 14 pounds at maturity. REASBECK RABBITRY, Vankleek Hill, Ontario. 18 6

MACHINERY FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—TWO UNIT SHARPLES Mechanical Milker, has been in use about 3 years. In good repair. Terms reasonable. Do not need it, as I have sold my farm. Phone or write. JOHN McNAY, Box 266, Seaforth, Ont. 15 6

ENGINES, MAGNETOS, PROPELLERS, Carbuerators, and all motor boat fittings for sale or exchange. Send for new lists. GUARANTEE MOTOR CO., Hamilton, Canada. t.f.

FOR SALE — MOTOR BOAT, FIRST class condition, reduced price. Box 24 "Witness." 11 10

FOR SALE.—ONE 14-H.P. TRACTION Engine in good shape. For further particulars apply to ED. DAUM, R.R. No. 1, Macville, Ont. 12 6

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

ENGINES, 30 OF VARIOUS SIZES, marine and stationary. Send for lists. GUARANTEE MOTOR CO., Hamilton, Ont. t.f.

FORD CAR STREAMLINE HOODS, only $14.75. Covers Brass Radiator. Write for circular. BURROWES MFG. CO., 611 King Street West, Toronto. 13 6

LICE — GUARANTEED METHOD OF destroying all lice on horses or cattle with one (dry) treatment, 50 cents; also other information. J. M. HALL, Gadsby, Alta. 13 6

SCISSORS SHARPENERS 25 CENTS. White Flame Burners for lamps and lanterns, 50 cents; saves oil, doubles light; satisfaction guaranteed. Shades and Safety Fillers for lamps. Circulars free. E. W. EATON, Melville, Sask. 13 6

FOR SALE, CHEAP. — GOOD FEED mill with good water power, good machinery, good trade, situated near railway. Address ART. LEDUC, Massonville, Que. 16 6

THRESHERMEN.

HIGH GRADE ENDLESS THRESHER belts all sizes and lengths; also 2½in. canvas covered suction hose at 65 cents a foot. All goods guaranteed and shipped subject to inspection. 28in. wood saws at $7.65. N. SMITH, 138 York Street, Toronto, Ont. 17 13

STAMPS FOR SALE.

STAMPS—PACKAGE FREE TO COLlectors for 2 cents postage; also offer fifty different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. MARKS STAMP CO., Toronto. 35 26

BEES FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—HIGHEST GRADE THREEbanded and Golden Italian Queens and Bees. Full colonies, colonies, frames, honeycomb. HENRI POTVIN, Farnham, P.Q. 12 12

IF YOU WANT BEES IN COMBLESS packages or nuclei, write J. R. BLACK, Meadowvale, Ont. 12 6

STRAWBERRY AND RASPBERRY

STRAWBERRY PLANTS.—SEND FOR our free catalogue of hardy true-to-name strawberry plants. Our plants gave great satisfaction last year in Ontario. Dunlaps, Warfield or Williams, $4.00 a thousand. Sample, Glen Mary or Buster $5.00 a thousand. No home garden is complete without the great everbearer Progressive, $2.00 a hundred, post paid. Order now. CYRUS AND MANNING ELLS, Port Williams, Nova Scotia. 12 6

SEED.

SEED BEANS.—A FEW BUSHELS, very choice, hand-picked Yellow Eyed Field Beans. If interested write for sample and prices. J. RAYMOND BALL AND SONS, (Phone 24) Knowlton, Que. 15 6

TREES, SHRUBS, ETC

PRIZE-WINNING DAHLIAS, 10 FOR $1.00, postpaid. Thirty mixed varieties $1.00 express. Send for catalogue of over 200 varieties. G. S. DOUGLASS, Buctouche, N.B. 12 6

PRIVET, BARBERRY, CEDARS, Spruce, Pines, Oaks, Chestnut, Walnut, Mulberry, for hedges, Windbreaks, Timber, mailing size, prepaid: dozen, same variety, one dollar; hundred, five dollars. List free. JOHN DOWNHAM, Strathroy, Ont. 7 10

SITUATIONS VACANT

LADIES WANTED TO DO PLAIN AND light sewing at home, whole or spare time, good pay, work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. NATIONAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Montreal 13 6

RETURNED SOLDIER OR PATRIOTIC man or woman to distribute war literature. We will pay you at least $120.00. Unusual opportunity for money making. WINSTON CO., Toronto 13 6

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Best selling hand sewing device on the market. Start now. Big money made. Free booklet. LEE HARDWARE, Dept. A, Stoney Creek, Ont. 15 6

EDUCATIONAL

THE DEBRISAY METHOD IS THE Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Thorough mail

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Turn About Eleanor

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY.

SYNOPSIS.

The Story to Date.—Eleanor, a ten-year-old girl from New England, becomes the ward of six New Yorkers, three young men and three young women, all unrelated. She makes her home for two months with each one in turn. At fifteen she is attending college.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

one addressed at the moment. "What's the matter with this hat?" she rattled on without waiting for an answer. "I thought it was good-looking myself, and Madam Paran robbed me for it."

"It is good-looking," David allowed. "It seems to be a kind of retrieving hat, that's all. Keeps you in a rather constant state of looking after the game."

"What about my hat, David." Margaret inquired anxiously. "Do you like that?"

"I do," David admitted. "I'm crazy about it. It's a lovely cross between the style affected by the late Emperor Napoleon and my august grandmother, with some frills added."

The chauffeur turned into a cross street and stopped abruptly before an imposing but apparently unguarded entrance.

"Why, I thought this was a studio building," Gertrude said. "David, if you're springing a tea party on us, and we in the wild ungovernable state we are at present, I'll shoot the way my hat is pointing."

"Straight through my left eye-glass," David finished. "You wait till you see the injustice you have done me."

But Margaret, who often understood what was happening a few moments before the revelation of it, clutched at his elbow.

"Oh! David, David," she whispered, "how wonderful!"

"Wait till you see," David said, and herded them into the elevator.

Their destination was the top floor but one. David hurried them around the bend in the sleekly carpeted corridor and touched the bell on the right of the first door they came to. It opened almost instantly and David's man, who was French, stood bowing and smiling on the threshold.

"Mr. Styvvisont has arrive'," he said; "he waits you."

"Welcome to our city," Peter cried, appearing in the doorway of the room Alphonse was indicating with that high gesture of delight with which only a Frenchman can lead the way. "Jimmie's coming up from the office and Beulah's due any minute. What do you think of the place, girls?"

"Is it really yours, David?"

"Surest thing you know." He grinned like a schoolboy. "It's really ours, that's what it is. I've broken away from the mater at last," he added a little sheepishly. "I'm going to work seriously. I've got an all-day desk job in my uncle's office and I'm going to dig in and see what I can make of myself. Also, this is going to be our headquarters, and Eleanor's permanent home if we're all agreed upon it,—but look around, ladies. Don't spare my blushes. If you think I can interior decorate, just tell me so frankly. This is the living-room."

"It's like that old conundrum—black and white and red all over," Gertrude said. "I never saw anything so stunning in all my life."

"I admire your nerve," Peter cried, "papering this place in white, and then getting in all this heavy carved black stuff, and the red in the tapestries and screens and pillows."

"I wanted it to look studioish a little," David explained. "I wanted to get away from Louis Quartorze."

"And drawing-rooms like mother used to make," Gertrude suggested. "I like your Oriental touches. Do you see, Margaret, everything is Indian or Chinese? The ubiquitous Japanese print is conspicuous by its absence."

"I've got two portfolios full of 'em," David said, "and I always have one or two up in the bedrooms. I change 'em around, you know, the way the Japs do themselves, a different scene every few days and the rest decently out of sight till you're ready for 'em."

"It's like a fairy story," Margaret said. "I thought you'd appreciate what little Arabian Nights I was able to introduce. I bought that screen," he indicated a sweep of Chinese line and color, "with my eye on you, and that Aladdin's lamp is yours, of course. You're to come in here and rub it whenever you like, and your heart's desire will instantly be vouchsafed to you."

"What will Eleanor say?" Peter suggested, as David led the way through the corridor and up the tiny stairs which led to the more intricate part of the establishment. "This is her room, didn't you say, David?" He paused on the threshold of a bedroom done in ivory white and yellow, with all its hangings of a soft golden silk.

"She once said that she wanted a yellow room," David said, "a daffy-downdilly room, and I've tried to get her one. I know last year that Maggie Lou child refused to have yellow curtains in that flatiron shaped sitting-room of theirs, and Elanor refused to be comforted."

A wild whoop in the below stairs announced Jimmie; and Beulah arrived simultaneously with the tea tray. Jimmie was ecstatic when the actual function of the place was explained to him.

"Headquarters is the one thing we've lacked," he said, "a place of our own, hully gee! It makes me feel almost human again."

"You haven't been feeling altogether human lately, have you, Jimmie?" Margaret asked over her tea cup.

"No, dear, I haven't." Jimmie flashed her a grateful smile. "I'm a bad egg," he explained to her darkly, "and the only thing you can do with me is to scramble me."

"Scrambled is just about the way I should have described your behavior of late,—but that's Gertrude's line," David said. "Only she doesn't seem to be taking an active part in the conversation. Aren't you Jimmie's keeper any more, Gertrude?"

"Not since she's come back from abroad," Jimmie muttered without looking at her.

"Eleanor's taken the job over now," Peter said. "She's made him swear off red ink and red neckties."

"Any color so long's it's red is the color that suits me best," Jimmie quoted. "Isn't this room a pippin?" He swam in and so hid his face for a moment. It had and so hid his face for a moment. It had been a good many weeks since he had seen Gertrude.

"I want to give a suffrage tea here," Beulah broke in suddenly. "It's so central, but I don't suppose David would hear of it."

"Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us—" Peter began.

"My mother would hear of it," David said, "and then there wouldn't be any little studio any more. She doesn't believe in votes for women."

"How any woman in this day and age—" Beulah began, and thought better of it, since she was discussing Mrs. Bolling.

"Makes your blood boil, doesn't it—Beulahland?" Gertrude suggested helpfully, reaching for the tea cakes. "Never mind, I'll vote for women. I'll march in your old peerade."

"The Lord helps those that help themselves," Peter said, "that's why Gertrude is a suffragist. She believes in helping herself, in every sense, don't you, Trude?"

"Not quite in every sense," Gertrude said gravely. "Sometimes I feel like that girl that Margaret describes as caught in a horrid way between two generations. I'm neither old-fashioned nor modern."

"I'd rather be that way than early Victorian," Margaret sighed.

"Speaking of the latest generation, has anybody any objection to having our child here for the holidays?" David asked. "My idea is to have one grand Christmas dinner. I suppose we'll all have to eat one meal with our respective families, but can't we manage to get together here for dinner at night? Don't you think that we could?"

"We can't, but we will," Margaret murmured. "Of course, have Eleanor here. I wanted her with me but the family thought otherwise. They've been trying to send me away for my health, David."

"Well, they shan't. You'll stay in New York for your health and come to my party."

"Margaret's health is merely a matter of Margaret's happiness anyhow. Her soul and her body are all one," Gertrude said.

"Then cursed be he who brings anything but happiness to Margaret," Peter said, to which sentiment David added a solemn "Amen."

"I wish you wouldn't," Margaret said, shivering a little, "I feel as if some one were—were—"

"Trampling the violets on your grave," Gertrude finished for her.

Christmas that year fell on a Monday, and Eleanor did not leave school till the Friday before the great day. Owing to the exigencies of the holiday season none of her guardians came to see her before the dinner party itself. Even David was busy with his mother—installed now for a few weeks in the hotel suite that would be her home until the opening of the season at Palm Beach—and had only a few hurried words with her. Mademoiselle, whom he had imported for the occasion, met her at the station and helped her to do her modest shopping which consisted chiefly of gifts for her beloved aunts and uncles. She had arranged these things lovingly at their plates, and fled to dress when they began to assemble for the celebration. The girls were the first arrivals. Then Peter.

"How's our child, David?" Gertrude asked. "I had a few minutes' talk with her over the telephone and she seemed to be flourishing."

"She is," David answered. "She's grown several feet since we last saw her. They've been giving scenes from Shakespeare at school and she's been playing Juliet, it appears. She has had a fight with another girl about suffrage—I don't know which side she was on, Beulah, I am merely giving you the facts as they came to me—and the other girl was so unpleasant about it that she has been visited by just retribution in the form of the mumps, and had to be sent home and quarantined."

"Sounds a bit priggish," Peter suggested.

"Not really," David said, "she's as sound as a nut. She's only going through the different stages."

"To pass deliberately through one's ages," Beulah quoted, "is to get the heart out of a liberal education."

"Bravo, Beulah," Gertrude cried, "you're quite in your old form tonight."

"Is she just the same little girl, David?" Margaret asked.

"Just the same. She really seems younger than ever. I don't know why she doesn't come down. There she is, I guess. No, it's only Alphonse letting in Jimmie."

Jimmie, whose spirits seemed to have revived under the holiday influence, was staggering under the weight of his parcels. The Christmas presents had already accumulated to a considerable mound on the couch. Margaret was brooding over them and trying not to look greedy. She was still very much of a child herself in relation to Santa Claus.

"Merry Christmas!" Jimmie cried. "Where's my cheild?"

"Coming," David said.

"Look at the candy kids. My eyes—but you're a slick trio, girls. Pale lavender, pale blue, and pale pink, and all quite sophisticatedly decollete. You go with the decorations, too. I don't know quite why you do, but you do."

"Give honor where honor is due, dearie. That's owing to the cleverness of the decorator," David said.

"No man calls me dearie and lives to tell the tale," Jimmie remarked almost dreamily as he squared off. "How'll you have it, Dave?"

But at that instant there was an unexpected interruption. Alphonse threw open the big entrance door at the farther end of the long room with a flourish.

"Mademoiselle Juliet Capulet," he proclaimed with the grand air, and then retired behind his hand, smiling broadly.

Framed in the high doorway, complete, cap and curls, softly rounding bodice, and the long, straight lines of the Renaissance, stood Juliet—Juliet, immemorial, immortal, young—austerely innocent and delicately shy, already beautiful, and yet potential of all the beauty and the wisdom of the world.

"I've never worn these clothes before anybody but the girls before," Eleanor said, "but I thought"—she looked about her appealingly—"you might like it—for a surprise."

"Great jumping Jehoshaphat," Jimmie exclaimed, "I thought you said she was the same little girl, David."

"She was half an hour ago," David answered. "I never saw such a metamorphosis. In fact, I don't think I ever saw Juliet before."

"She is the thing itself," Gertrude answered, the artist in her sobered by the vision.

But Peter passed a dazed hand over his eyes and stared at the delicate figure advancing to him.

"She's a woman," he said, and drew the hard breath of a man just awakened from sleep.

CHAPTER XV.

GROWING UP.

"Dear Uncle Jimmie:

"It was a pleasant surprise to get letters from every one of my uncles the first week I got back to school. It was unprecedented. You wrote me two letters last year, Uncle David six, and Uncle Peter sixteen. He is the best correspondent, but perhaps that is because I ask him the most advice. The Christmas party was lovely. I shall never forget the expressions on all the different faces when I came down in my Juliet suit. I thought at first that no one liked me in it, but I guess they did.

"You know how well I liked my presents because you heard my wild exclamations of delight. I never had such a nice Christmas. It was sweet of the We Are Sevens to get me that ivory set, and to know that every different piece was the loving thought of a different aunt or uncle. I love the yellow monogram. It looks entirely unique, and I like to have things that are not like anybody else's in the world, don't you, Uncle Jimmie? I am glad you liked your cuff links. They are 'neat,' but not 'gaudy.' You play golf so well I thought a golf stick was a nice emblem for you, and would remind you of me and last summer.

"I am glad you think it is easier to keep your pledge now. I made a New Year's resolution to go without chocolates, and give the money they would cost to some good cause, but it's hard to pick out a cause, or to decide exactly how much money you are saving. I can eat the chocolates that are sent to me, however !!!!

"Uncle David said that he thought you were not like yourself lately, but you seemed just the same to me Christmas, only more affectionate. I love you very much. I was really only joking about the chocolates. Eleanor."

"Dear Uncle David:

"I was glad to get your nice letter. You did not have to write in response to my bread and butter letter, but I am glad you did. When I am at school, and getting letters all the time I feel as if I were living two beautiful lives all at once, the life of a 'co-operative child' and the life of Eleanor Hamlin, schoolgirl, both together. Letters make the people you love seem very near to you, don't you think they do? I sleep with all my letters under my pillow whenever I feel the least little bit homesick, and they almost seem to breathe sometimes.

"School is the same old school. Maggie Lou had a wrist watch, too, for Christmas, but not so pretty as the one you gave me. Miss Hadley says I do remarkable work in English whenever I feel like it. I don't know whether that's a compliment or not. I took Kris Kringle for the subject of a theme the other day, and represented him as caught in an iceberg in the grim north, and not being able to reach all the poor little children in the tenements and hovels. The Haddock said it showed imagination.

"There was a lecture at school on Emerson the other day. The speaker was a noted literary lecturer from New York. He had wonderful waving hair, more like Pader—I can't spell him, but you know who I mean—than Uncle Jimmie's, but a little like both. He introduced some very noble thoughts in his discourse, putting perfectly old ideas in a new way that made you think a lot more of them. I think a tall man like that with waving hair can do a great deal of good as a lecturer, because you listen a good deal more respectfully than if they were plain looking. His voice sounded a good deal like what I imagine Romeo's voice did. I had a nice letter from Madam Bolling. I love you, and I have come to the bottom of the sheet. Eleanor."

"Dear Uncle Peter:

"I have just written to my other uncles, so I won't write you a long letter this time. They deserve letters because of being so unusually prompt after the holidays. You always deserve letters, but not specially now, any more than any other time.

"Uncle Peter, I wrote to my grandfather. It seems funny to think of Albertina's aunt taking care of him now that Grandma is gone. I suppose Albertina is there a lot. She sent me a post card for Christmas. I didn't send her any.

"Uncle Peter, I miss my grandmother out of the world. I remember how I used to take care of her, and put a soapstone in the small of her back when she was cold. I wish sometimes that I could hold your hand, Uncle Peter, when I get thinking about it.

"Well, school is the same old school. Bertha Stephens has a felon on her finger, and that lets her out of hard work for a while. I will enclose a poem suggested by a lecture I heard recently on Emerson. It isn't very good, but it will help to fill up the envelope. I love you, and love you. Eleanor.

"Life

"Life is a great, a noble task,
When we fulfill our duty.
To work, that should be all we ask,
And seek the living beauty.
We know not whence we come, or where
Our dim pathway is leading.
Whether we tread on lilies fair,
Or trample love-lies-bleeding.
But we must onward go and up,
Nor stop to question whither.
E'en if we drink the bitter cup,
And fall at last, to wither.

"P. S.—I haven't got the last verse very good yet, but I think the second one is pretty. You know 'love-lies-bleeding' is a flower, but it sounds allegorical the way I have put it in. Don't you think so? You know what all the crosses stand for."

Eleanor's fifteenth year was on the whole the least eventful year of her life, though not by any means the least happy. She throve exceedingly, and gained the freedom and poise of movement and spontaneity that result from properly balanced periods of work and play and healthful exercise. From being rather small of her age she developed into a tall slender creature, inherently graceful and erect, with a small, delicate head set flower-wise on a slim white neck. Gertrude never tired of modelling that lovely contour, but Eleanor herself was quite unconscious of her natural advantages. She preferred the snappy-eyed, stocky, ringleted type of beauty, and spent many unhappy quarters of an hour wishing she were pretty according to the inexorable ideals of Harmon.

She spent her vacation at David's apartment in charge of Mademoiselle, though the latter part of the summer she went to Colhaasett, quite by herself according to her own desire, and spent a month with her grandfather, now in charge of Albertina's aunt. She found Albertina grown into a huge girl, sunk in depths of sloth and snobbishness, who plied her with endless questions concerning life in the gilded circles of New York society. Eleanor found her disgusting and yet possessed of that vague fascination that the assumption of prerogative often carries with it.

She found her grandfather very old and shrunken, yet perfectly taken care of and with every material want supplied. She realized as she had never done before the faithful six had assumed the responsibility of this household from the beginning, and how the old people had been warmed and comforted by their bounty. She laughed to remember her simplicity in believing that an actual salary was a perquisite of her adoption, and understood for the first time how small a part of the expense of their living this faithful stipend had defrayed. She looked back incredulously on that period when she had lived with them in a state of semi-starvation on the corn meal and cereals and very little else that her dollar and a half a week had purchased, and the "garden sass," that her grandfather had faithfully hoed and tended in the straggling patch of ploughed field that he would hoe and tend no more. She spent a month practically at his feet, listening to his stories, helping him to find his glasses, and reading the newspaper to him, and felt amply rewarded by his final acknowledgment that she was a good girl and he would as soon have her come again whenever she felt like it.

On her way back to school she spent a week with her friend, Margaret Louise, in the Connecticut town where she lived with her comfortable, commonplace family. It was while she was on this visit that the most significant event of the entire year took place, though it was a happening that she put out of her mind as soon as possible and never thought of it again when she could possibly avoid it.

Maggie Lou had a brother of seventeen, and one night in the corner of a moonlit porch, when they happened to be alone for a half hour, he had asked Eleanor to kiss him.

"I don't want to kiss you," Eleanor said. Then, not wishing to convey a sense of any personal dislike to the brother of a friend to whom she was so sincerely devoted, she added, "I don't know you well enough."

He was a big boy, with mocking blue eyes and rough tweed clothes that hung on him loosely.

"When you know me better, will you let me kiss you?" he demanded.

"I don't know," Eleanor said still endeavoring to preserve the amenities.

He took her hand and played with it softly.

"You're an awful sweet little girl," he said.

"I guess I'll go in now."

"Sit still. Sister'll be back in a minute." He pulled her back to the chair from which she had half arisen. "Don't you believe in kissing?"

"I don't believe in kissing you," she tried to say, but the words would not come. She could only pray for deliverance through the arrival of some member of the family. The boy's face was close to hers. It looked sweet in the moonlight she thought. She wished he would talk of something else besides kissing.

"Don't you like me?" he persisted.

"Yes, I do." She was very uncomfortable.

"Well, then, there's no more to be said." His lips sought hers and pressed them. His breath came heavily, with little irregular catches in it.

She pushed him away and turned into the house.

"Don't be angry, Eleanor," he pleaded trying to snatch at her hand.

"I'm not angry," she said, her voice breaking, "I just wish you hadn't, that's all."

There was no reference to this incident in the private diary, but, with an instinct which would have formed an indissoluble bond between herself and her Uncle Jimmie, she avoided dimly lit porches and boys with mischievous eyes and broad tweed covered shoulders.

For her guardians too, this year was comparatively smooth running and colorless. Beulah's militant spirit sought the assuagement of a fierce expenditure of energy on the work that came to her hand through her new interest in suffrage. Gertrude flung herself into her sculpturing. She had been hurt as only the young can be hurt when their first delicate desires come to naught. She was very warm-blooded and eager under her cool veneer, and she had spent four years of hard work and hungry yearning for the fulness of a life she was too constrained to get any emotional hold on. Her fancy for Jimmie she believed was quite over and done with.

Margaret, warmed by secret fires and nourished by the stuff that dreams are made of, flourished strangely in her attic chamber, and learned the wisdom of life by some curious method of her own of apprehending its dangers and delights. The only experiences she had that year were two proposals of marriage, one from a timid professor of the romance languages and the other from a young society man, already losing his waist line, whose sensuous spirit had been stirred by the ethereal grace of hers; but these things interested her very little. She was the princess, spinning fine dreams and waiting for the dawning of the golden day when the prince should come for her. Neither she nor Gertrude ever gave a serious thought to the five-year-old vow of celibacy, which was to Beulah as real and as binding as it had seemed on the first day she took it.

Peter and David and Jimmie went their own way after the fashion of men, all of them identified with the quickening romance of New York business life. David in Wall Street was proving to be something of a financier to his mother's surprise and amazement; and the pressure relaxed, he showed some slight initiative in social matters. In fact, two mothers, who were on Mrs. Bolling's list as suitable parents-in-law, took heart of grace and began angling for him adroitly, while their daughters served him tea and made unabashed, modern debutante eyes at him.

Jimmie, successfully working his way up to the top of his firm, suffered intermittently from his enthusiastic abuse of the privileges of liberty and the pursuit of happiness. His mind and soul were in reality hot on the trail of a wife, and there was no woman among those with whom he habitually foregathered whom his spirit recognized as his own woman. He was further rendered helpless and miserable by the fact that he had not the slightest idea of his trouble. He regarded himself as a congenital Don Juan, from whom his better self shrank at times with a revulsion of loathing.

Peter felt that he had his feet very firmly on a rather uninspired earth. He was getting on in the woollen business, which happened to be the vocation his father had handed down to him. He belonged to an amusing club, and he still felt himself irrevocably widowed by the early death of the girl in the photograph he so faithfully cherished. Eleanor was a very vital interest in his life. It had seemed to him for a few minutes at the Christmas party that she was no longer the little girl he had known, that a lovelier, more illusive creature—a woman—had come to displace her, but when she had flung her arms around him he had realized that it was still the heart of a child beating so fondly against his own.

The real trouble with arrogating to ourselves the privileges of parenthood is that our native instincts are likely to become deflected by the substitution of the artificial for the natural responsibility. Both Peter and David had the unconscious feeling that their obligation to their race was met by their communal interest in Eleanor. Beulah, of course, sincerely believed that the filling in of an intellectual concept of life was all that was required of her. Only Jimmie groped blindly and bewilderedly for his own. Gertrude and Margaret both understood that they were unnaturally alone in a world where lovers met and mated, but they, too, hugged to their souls the flattering unction that they were parents of a sort.

Thus three sets of perfectly suitable and devoted young men and women, of marriageable age, with dozens of interests and sympathies in common, and one extraordinarily vital bond, continued to walk side by side in a state of inhuman preoccupation, their gaze fixed inward instead of upon one another; and no Divine Power, happening upon the curious circumstance, believed the matter one for His intervention nor stooped to take the respective puppets by the back of their unconscious necks, and so knock their sluggish heads together.

(To be Continued.)

YOUR SOLDIER BOY'S MOST IMMEDIATE NEED WITHIN YOUR REACH.

In our judgment the most urgent appeal for funds before the public to-day is that for the Y. M. C. A. work for soldiers at the front. The needs of that work are great and imminent. This needs only to be stated for people to direct their benevolent gifts into that channel for the present. Huge subscriptions from Britain, France, the United States and the Dominion of Canada have now amply provided for the sufferers from the Halifax explosion, and the United States has we understand, assumed the chief responsibility for the relief of Belgium and Serbia. But the Y. M. C. A. work for our own boys at the front falls wholly and solely and directly upon us as Canadians. The argument needs no emphasis to those who have boys of their own at the front. But those who have not relatives in the trenches will gladly do their share toward enabling the Y. M. C. A. to "carry on" in its wonderful work departmentalized as comforts, canteen, amusement, education and religion. It is all religion of a most practical kind. Send along your subscription. Anything from a dollar upward. Don't wait to add to it. Send what you can this very week. Let every one of our readers take some part in this great work for the soldier boys at the front. All subscriptions addressed to John Dougall & Son, "Witness" Building, Montreal, will be acknowledged in these columns. They should be made payable to the Y. M. C. A. Fund, and addressed to John Dougall & Son, publishers, Montreal. Personal cheques should be crossed "Payable at par Montreal."

THE USELESSNESS OF WORRY.

Worry is life out of perspective. It is to-morrow and next week crowded into to-day, so that all that we can see is just the crowded present, so busy and so worrisome as to seem utterly beyond our wisdom and strength. —William S. Mitchell.

We may search long to find where God is, but we shall find Him in those who keep the words of Christ. For the Lord Christ saith: "If any man love Me, he will keep my words, and we will make our abode with him."—Martin

LITERARY REVIEW

THE BIG FIGHT

(By Capt. David Fallon, M.C., Winner of the Military Cross)

SPECIMEN CHAPTER.

CHAPTER XII

"RAZZLE DAZZLE."

It was at Beaumont-Hamel, about September 16th, that I got my chance to command a "tank."

The dear girl was named "Razzle Dazzle." She was very young, having been in service only three months, but rather portly. Matter of fact, she weighed something over thirty tons. And in no way could you call the dear little woman pretty. She was a pallid gray and mud-splashed when I got her and there was no grace in the bulging curves of her steel shape. Or of her conical top. Or her ponderous wheels.

The fact is that she showed every aspect of being a bad, scrappy old dearie. The minute I saw her in her lovely ugliness I knew she would like trouble and lots of it. Her metabolism was a marvel. She carried a six-hundred-horse-power motor. And out of her gray steel hoods protruded eight guns. An infernal old girl, you can bet she was. All ready to make battle in large quantities.

When I boarded "Razzle Dazzle" she was full of dents. She had rocked around among several trench charges. But the reason for my assignment to her was prosaic. Her captain had not been killed. He was just sick—some stomach complaint. I was drafted on an hour's notice to the job, this, because of long training in handling rapid-fire guns.

It was all new to me, but highly interesting. My crew consisted of seven men—five of them well experienced. And a black cat. Although she was a lady-cat she had been named "Joffre" and I can't tell you why because I never received any explanation on this point myself. But "Joffre" was very friendly and insisted on sitting either on my knee or shoulder from the moment I sealed myself and my men in the tank. We had our outlook from several periscopes above the turret and from spy holes in the turret itself.

The order had come to me about one in the morning, and it was nearly three when we started lumbering out toward the enemy trenches. We had about six hundred yards to cover. I knew little or nothing of her motor power or speed. My concern was with the efficiency of the guns. She pumped and swayed, "across No Man's Land" at about four miles an hour. She groaned and tossed a great deal. And in fact, made such poor progress that my regiment, the Oxfords and Bucks, beat the old dearie to the enemy lines. Our men were among the barbed wire of the first line, fighting it, cutting it, knocking it down before the old "Razzle Dazzle" got into action.

But she "carried on" just the same. And when she smote the barbed-wire obstacles, she murdered them. She crushed those barriers to what looked like messes of steel spaghetti.

Instead of sinking into trenches as I feared she would, she crushed them and continued to move forward. Of course, we were letting go everything we had, and from my observation hole, I could see the Germans didn't like it. They had put up something of a stand against the infantry. But against the tank they were quick to make their farewells. It was a still black night, but under the star-shells we could see them scurrying out of our way.

This was very sensible of them because we were certainly making a clean sweep of everything in sight and had the earth ahead throwing up chocolate showers of spray as if the ground we rode was an angry sea of mud.

Every man in the tank was shouting and yelling with the excitement of the thing and we were tossed up against each other like loosened peas in a pod. Only Joffre remained perfectly cool. Somehow she maintained a firm seat on my swaying shoulder and as I glanced around to peer at her she was calmly licking a paw and then daintily wiped her face.

Suddenly out of a very clever camouflage of tree branches and shrubbery a German machine-gun emplacement was revealed. The bullets stormed and rattled upon the tank. But they did themselves a bad turn by revealing their whereabouts, for we made straight for the camouflage and went over that battery of machine guns, crunching its concrete foundation as if it were chalk.

Then we turned about and from our new position put the Germans under an enfilade fire that we kept up until every evidence was at hand that the Oxfords and Bucks and supporting battalions were holding the trenches.

But this was only preliminary work cut out for the tank to do. I had special instructions and a main objective. This was a sugar refinery. It was a one storied building of brick and wood with a tiled roof. It had been established as a sugar refinery by the Germans before the war and when this occasion arose blossomed as a fortress with a gun aimed out of every window.

To allow it to remain standing in hostile hands would mean that the trenches we had won could be constantly battered. Its removal was most desirable. To send infantry against it would have involved huge losses in life. The tank was deemed the right weapon.

It was.

And largely because "Razzle Dazzle" took matters into her own hands. The truth is she ran away.

We rocked and ploughed out of the trenches and went swaying toward the refinery. I ordered the round-LIT. REVIEW . . . . . adibtwr top sealed. And we beat the refinery to the attack with our guns. But they had seen us coming and every window facing our way developed a working gun. There were about sixteen such windows. They all blazed at us.

My notion had been to circle the "sugar mill" with "Razzle Dazzle" and shoot it up from all sides. We were getting frightfully rapped by the enemy fire, but there was apparently nothing heavy enough to split the skin of the wild, old girl. Our own fire was effective. We knocked out all the windows and the red-tiled roof was sagging. As I say, my notion was to circle the "mill" and I gave orders accordingly. But the "Razzle Dazzle's" chauffeur looked at me in distress.

"The steering gear's off, sir," said he.

"Stop her then and we'll let them have it from here," I ordered.

He made several frantic motions with the mechanism and said:

"I can't stop her, either."

And the "Razzle Dazzle" carried out her own idea of attack. She banged head-on into the "mill." She went right through a wide doorway, making splinters of the door, she knocked against concrete pillars, supports and walls, smashing everything in her way and bowled out of the other side just as the roof crashed in and apparently crushed and smothered all the artillery men beneath it.

On the way through, the big, powerful old girl bucked and rocked and reared until we men and the black cat inside her were thrown again and again into a jumble, the cat scratching us like a devil in her frenzy of fear.

Closed up in the tank as we were, we could hear the roar and crash of the falling "mill," and from my observation port-hole I could observe that it was most complete. The place had been reduced to a mere heap. Not a shot came out of it at us.

But still the "Razzle Dazzle" was having her own way. Her motorist was signalling me that he had no control of her. This was cheerful intelligence because right ahead was a huge shell crater. She might slide into it and climb up the other side and out. I hoped so. But she didn't. She hit the bottom of the pit, tried to push her way up and out, fell back, panted, pushed up again, fell back and then just stuck at the bottom of the well, throbbing and moaning and maybe penitent for her recklessness.

Penitence wasn't to do her any good. It wasn't five minutes later when the Germans had the range of her and began smashing us with big shells. I ordered my men to abandon her and led them in a rush out of the crater and into small shell holes until the storm of fire was past.

When it was, "Razzle Dazzle" was a wreck. She was cracked, distorted and shapeless. But the runaway engine was still plainly to be heard throbbing. Finally a last big shell sailed into the doughty tank and there was a loud bang and a flare. Her oil reservoir shot up in an enormous blaze.

"Razzle Dazzle" was no more. But she had accounted for the "refinery." And our infantry had done the rest. The German position was ours.

I was all enthusiasm for fighting "tanks." But my superiors squelched it. For when I asked for command of a sister of "Razzle Dazzle" next day, a cold-eyed aide said to me:

"One tank, worth ten thousand pounds, is as much as any belly young officer may expect to be given to destroy during his lifetime. Good afternoon."

He never gave me a chance to explain that it was "Razzle Dazzle's" own fault, how she had taken things into her own willful control. But he did try to give me credit for what "Razzle Dazzle" had herself accomplished. He said the destruction of the "sugar mill" had been "fine work."

I wonder what "Joffre" thought of it all. I don't remember seeing her when we fled from the "tank," except as something incredibly swift and black flashed past my eyes as we thrust up the lid. I sincerely hope she is alive and well "somewhere in France."

"The Big Fight" is over 300 pages long and is the most interesting of war books. Some books are made to read and forget; others to read and to keep. "The Big Fight" belongs to the latter class.

"THE FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION."

This is a small book published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto, price fifty cents, containing a short sketch both beautiful and pathetic of how an American father and mother gave permission to their son, a first year college student, to go and join the Canadian forces and of how subsequently they learned and shared the news of his death. Mr. Towne, the editor of "McClures Magazine," says of this story by Miss Dana Gatlin: "I wish that everyone might read this little tale. To read it once is to wish to read it again, and then to pass it on to a friend who will understand."

Jesus Christ has the human hands to bless, He has the human heart to sympathize, He has the human voice to intercede. He feels for all our anxieties, all our sorrows, all our sins. He feels; therefore, He helps. Trust, then, His sympathy, His intercession for you.—Manning.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

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The old reliable remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and sprains.

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MR. A. E. LAUNDRY, EDMONTON, writes:—"I fell from a building and received what the doctor called a very bad sprained ankle, and told me I must not walk on it for three weeks. I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and in six days I was out to work again. I think it the best Liniment made."

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The Lindman Truss

Montreal, Dec. 4/17.

B. Lindman, Reg'd., City.

Gentlemen:—

I am pleased to state that after suffering for six months from rupture, I was fitted with a "Lindman" truss, which has completely cured me.

ED. O'BRIEN,
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A Magazine Page For Home-Makers

OUR HOME CLUB

DOES OUR WORK PAY?

The very life and welfare and efficiency of our soldiers depend largely on the work of the people at home.

We would like to know that in every "Witness" home there were those who were working for our soldiers and the Empire. Very much has been already accomplished by "Witness" readers, who in many centres have not only worked themselves, but mobilized the talent and energy of their churches and districts in connection usually with the Red Cross organization, which is doing such splendid work everywhere.

If you can, organize a Red Cross Branch; if you cannot, then get together those of your own family and do all you can; sew and knit, make supplies and gather funds.

All inquiries as to how and what to make, or how to organize a branch of the Red Cross will be cheerfully answered by the Editor of the Home Club.

Lists of contents should be placed inside and outside of every parcel, and a copy should also be forwarded by mail to the Editor of the "Home Club," "Weekly Witness," so that it may be acknowledged through our columns.

Be careful to put "Witness" Home Club at the top of your list, and also your own name and address. This is essential, as otherwise mistakes in acknowledging the parcels are almost impossible to avoid.

Almost all railways and express companies are carrying Red Cross packages free of charge.

N.B.—Parcels should be sent C.O.D., addressed simply "Red Cross Society," 45 Belmont Park, Montreal, Que., and marked "Red Cross Supplies."

All work sent direct to the "Witness" Office, Montreal, must have postage or express prepaid.

YOU MAY SAVE THE LIFE OF YOUR OWN.

Private Harold R. Peat in the April number of the American "Red Cross Magazine" writes, after telling of how severely he was wounded, "At length I was able with my left hand, feeble though its movements were, to loosen the string of the emergency dressing with which every soldier's tunic is equipped in a concealed pocket, I was able to plug roughly and only temporarily the bleeding gash. What if the supply of emergency dressings had given out before reaching me? If all the Red Cross workers who handle surgical dressings could realize to half the extent the importance, the vital importance of their work, there would be three women to each job where there is one now."

Then he adds the following in italics:

"You may save the life of your own son, husband, brother or sweetheart by commencing to work for the Red Cross within the next hour."

ABSOLUTELY TRUE.

It seems unnecessary to add a single word to this, yet because I know you are already at work I want to add something. I wish I could stir you to realize how many are not working.

"No, I'm doing nothing, and I'm ashamed to own it; but you see I've not been very long in—and no one has asked me to join the Red Cross." "Yes, I go to church, and I hear them talk about it, and I want so badly to go, but how can I? I've tried to speak, but you don't know how hard it is."

That is reported, not imagined. Here is another:

"Yes, I've been knitting and sending my socks in to the city branch. Yes, I'd love to make hospital suits and shirts, and I've a machine, too, but—well, there's no use pretending, it doesn't hurt. You see they started a group, but I don't know the ladies, and none of them ever called on me or asked me to join. They meet at each other's houses, and they are all friends, and they don't care to know me."

GET TOGETHER.

Does it need more? When you see it in cold print how does it look? What are you going to do about it?

If you are outside, get in. This Red Cross work is no social game; it is work—war work. Just go to the leader of the nearest Red Cross group and say you want work to do, and get it, and with it exact instructions and models. Tell her just how much time you can give at home or at the meetings. Give her your $2 and ask that it be credited as your Red Cross membership fee and reported in proper order.

If you are inside, then sit up this very minute and think. Of course it is pleasant to work as a group of friends. Of course newcomers may or may not be socially agreeable. What has that to do with it? Your duty is more than just to sew and knit a bit yourself. Your duty is to get every stitch possible put in, every cent possible collected, every man, woman and child in your community organized and at work. If your circle is not big enough in heart to take in all there are, then get outside it and send word to the Provincial Branch that you want a lecturer and organizer to help. Write and ask for advice, and while you wait for an answer speak to every one you meet about it. Get ready, and get others ready to have a big whole-hearted meeting big enough and public enough to take in every soul in your entire neighborhood. Let the small groups help by being nucleus, but let it not stand in the way. Those who are working need no incentive to work, so use, if necessary, the positions of honor and leadership to interest new workers. Get people doing something responsible for something, and they will become interested. Get right at it now. Never mind if you are shy, never mind if there are small social cliques. Remember your personal feelings and friendships have nothing to do with this. It is the country's work. Pick up your paper and read what the men at the front are facing and enduring. Never let it be said you failed them.

GET TO WORK THIS VERY HOUR.

KNITTING SOCKS SIAMESE FASHION.

From Australia comes the Siamese sock, with its fascinating perplexity for the many women knitting for the soldiers. The Siamese sock, for the information of those who may never have heard about it, is just the idea and method of knitting a pair at the same time and on the same set of needles as used in knitting a single sock.

"It can't be done! It's impossible—two socks on one set of needles—the idea!" one is likely to hear on all sides.

But it can be done. Thousands and thousands of socks have been knit that way. The mothers of the little Australian girls teach them when only 5 or 6 years old that they have two hands and should use them both. So one little forefinger knits one sock while the other makes its mate, just as their mothers and grandmothers and perhaps their great-grandmothers knit. The Australian method has landed on the Pacific Coast and is breaking out in spots all over the United States.

But how is it done? The method is easy enough—to write about. Two balls of yarn are used, one for each sock. The thread of one runs over the right forefinger, the other thread over the left forefinger. Cast on double the usual number of stitches, first of one thread and then the other. Then knit one and purl the other. That's all there is to it.

There's fascination in working it out and a satisfaction to find one sock growing inside the other. The "right sides" will be together on the inside. The outside will show the "wrong side."

The big idea is developing the use of both forefingers and keeping the mind on the work—until it is fully mastered. Then two socks may be knit in just a little more time than it takes to make one. There are many women who knit with the right finger, thousands who use the left but probably only a few hundreds who can use either. But it is a matter of practice and something worth while acquiring.

Many knitters acquire this method by practice with different colored yarns which saves a strain on the patience and nerves at first. The double knitting is best adapted to the plain work, such as for spiral or hospital socks, for it is something to test the skill of the super-knitters to narrow and knit two heels at the same time. It is economy of time to finish the socks separately, if full fashioned or service socks are to be made.

We must all push on with the socks which are so much needed and to do them quickly must work in our own way, but it is interesting, however, to read of other people's ways and try them as a bit of change, just as we rest ourselves by doing puzzles.

TEETHING TROUBLES

Baby's teething time is a time of worry and anxiety to most mothers. The little ones become cross; peevish; their little stomach becomes deranged and constipation and colic sets in. To make the teething period easy on baby the stomach and bowels must be kept sweet and regular. This can be done by the use of Baby's Own Tablets — the ideal laxative for little ones. Concerning them Mrs. Henry Bernard, St. Emile, Que., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets cured my baby of constipation and made his teething painless." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LE PAUVRE GARCON

"It is good to have all that space cleared up again."

Mme. Desjardin set down the basket of big red plums she had been gathering, shook off her sabots on the lower step, and invited the Englishwoman into her wooden hut.

Masses of debris had been lifted from before the door of the hut, and the wide old square of concrete flooring in front of what had once been a store revealed itself intact, save for a few stray cracks.

"Did you do it yourself?" the Relief Worker asked.

Madame shook her head.

"Andre, he did it last month, when he was on leave from the trenches; he moved tons of stuff, and wheeled it away to the back there. He worked at it all the time, le pauvre garcon. He would do it, though I wanted him to stay quiet. They have luck, ma foi, those men whose homes are away in the Midi. They can enjoy their leave and have time to sleep. They are lucky in other ways you might not think of at first. They can get parcels of food sent to them by their families. But what have we to give? If we had anything to send we've nothing to do it up in. We've only the stuff we grow in our gardens and one can't as a rule send that. But last week I had some sugar from the refinery yonder, and I made some fruit into jam. It's there in the big pot now."

Madame waited a minute, ostensibly for breath, and it occurred to the Relief Worker that something—she did not know what—was required of her.

"You English, do you ever have things in tins? Do you think you could find a little one, Mademoiselle, and save it for me some day when it is finished with?"

Mademoiselle pondered. "We've nothing but mustard tins, and not many of those, but I think I could find you one if you wait a bit."

Madame's face lit up. "It would hold the jam, you see—just a morsel, a taste from us. He'll like to have it. He'll see that we're getting on quite like before the war. He knows we can't send him much, and he would be pleased. You see he worked so hard when he was here. I'll give you a big bouquet before you go."

"But I've got a big one now," Mademoiselle demurred.

"Ah! c'est inferieur! I'll give you a bigger one. There are plums here, great red ones; you will take them too!"

"My basket is crammed with fruit," Mademoiselle protested.

"Well, then, your pockets."

"My pockets are full of papers. You cannot put them there."

"Well, well, next time when you bring the tin I'll have them ready for you, a basketful; and bring a big pot along with you. I'll fill it with jam."

Five days later a polished mustard tin, wrapped up in a bit of English paper and string, sped north on its brief journey to the trenches. On the sixth day it met its fate.

"You have heard from Andre?" Mademoiselle inquired as she passed the concreted space before the hut.

"Ah! le pauvre garcon! le pauvre garcon!" wailed Mme. Desjardin. "Have I not just this morning received a letter? Oh, yes, it reached him safely, the little tin; he was so glad. He put it in his pocket—he would not leave it about; he promised himself a dainty morsel that evening. But just as he was going to open the tin there came a great piece of shrapnel and blew it flat against his side and split the jam all over him. He had not even tasted it, Mademoiselle. Le pauvre garcon! he never has any luck!"—Margaret B. Crook.

HAVE YOU DONE YOUR BIT?

Have you sent us your subscription to the Y.M.C.A work at the front? Now is the day of opportunity. A dollar now will possibly go further than two dollars later on. So do it now. All cheques should be crossed with the words "Payable at par, Montreal," and made to the order of the Y.M.C.A. Fund, John Dougall & Son, in trust, and they will be acknowledged individually in these columns.

MAKING THE CONNECTION.

The little table was always dainty, but on this night Kathleen had lighted the candles that gave it an air of special festivity. By the same token Martha knew that it had been a hard day. Kathleen had a way of fighting her battles with small, triumphant things like the candles or a handful of flowers from the market. So Martha asked with elaborate politeness:

"Have you had a great many callers this afternoon, Miss Lloyd?"

"Oh, yes!" said Kathleen, responding to the game. "I really was afraid I shouldn't be able to get you any dinner at all. I'm sorry that I've mislaid their cards. One was Mrs. Van Rensalaer, who came in the most wonderful limousine. One was a Miss Richards. She was so clever! But the dearest one was—just a girl—"

Kathleen's voice broke a little there, but she frowned and steadied it instantly. She devised wonderful costumes for her imaginary callers, and they all brought most alluring invitations.

Martha did her part nobly, but long after Kathleen was asleep that night she lay awake thinking. It was sheer loneliness, that was all. But that was quite enough when you had come from a country village where you knew every man, woman and child for miles round. It was not so bad for Martha, for she was at an office all day and glad to rest at night; but for Kathleen with her warm heart and the hip that made her so near an invalid—Kathleen alone all day except when she made little household errands to the nearest shops—it was cruel for fate to treat Kathleen so!

They had thought they were so fortunate to find the tiny, five-room house, but after all an apartment might have been better; for here there was an empty house on one side and only an old man and his servant on the other. In the dark Martha sat up to think the thing out. Here they were in a city of one hundred thousand people, and among those one hundred thousand were plenty who would love to know Kathleen. It was merely a question of making the connection.

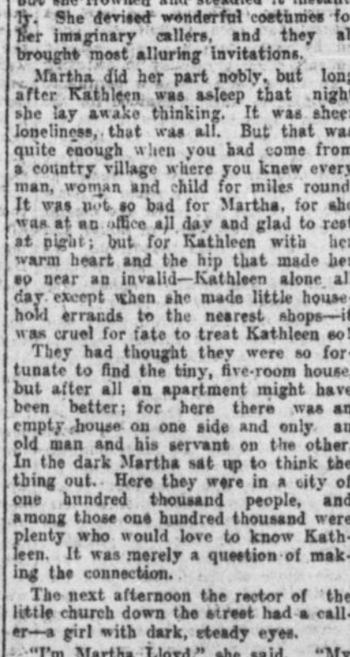
The next afternoon the rector of the little church down the street had a caller—a girl with dark, steady eyes.

"I'm Martha Lloyd," she said. "My sister and I are strangers in the city; we've been here six weeks. I'm at the office, but my sister, who is lame and cannot get out much, is at home all day. And she's so lonely! At home we knew everyone, but here there aren't even next-door neighbors. And I—I couldn't wait till they had just happened to come. I want friends for Kathleen—she's so dear. And I thought maybe a minister could help—"

The minister's hand was holding the girl's in a warm, friendly grasp.

"Thank you for coming, Miss Lloyd," he said. "My wife and I will call at once, and I'll see that others find your sister, too. If only everyone would help as you have done—"

Martha hurried home to Kathleen on flying feet. There were ways after all.—"Youth's Companion."



HOME COOKING

EGGS NOW IF EVER

This is the time if ever in the year to make use of eggs. Do not make your family tired of them by serving them just the same way day after day, but plan to put them into your meals in place of meat. It is not necessary to serve them as "just eggs," they may disappear in the sauce of a dish of cheese hominy, they may mingle in a salad, they may go into milk pudding, and the rest of your meal may consist of cereals or vegetables, yet your family will have had the nourishment they need to supplement the vegetables, etc. You can give them a flavor of meat merely made up of eggs.

This is also the time for you to put away your winter supply of eggs. Year after year I urge it, and yet every fall and winter I get letters telling of how impossible it is to get eggs fit to use or at prices possible to moderate purses in these war times. Last year I was asked if it would pay to put them away at such high prices. I said then, and it holds good still in spite of high prices, that I have never in a long life known eggs to be lower in price during fall and winter than they were in April and May.

If possible get eggs direct from some one who will give you infertile eggs, also one who can be trusted to give you only clean, unwashed eggs. If you cannot do that, then arrange with a reliable dealer to give you extra fresh gathered eggs, and candle them yourself before packing them down in your earthenware crock, butter box or firkin. My own preference is for water glass, and I make up the solution and put in eggs daily or as I get them. If, however, you have got them in quantity you can pack them carefully, small end down, in your container, and pour over them the cold liquid, keeping two inches of liquid over the eggs. Cover tightly, put in a clean, cool place, and look at them now and then to be sure the liquid has not evaporated. If it has lowered, fill up again with water glass solution.

Timbale Cases.—If you have the irons, timble cases are not expensive to make, and can be kept quite a while if put in a close tin box. They can be crisped in the oven before using, and many a simple meal of cheap cut meat hash or vegetable stew or scalloped or creamed eggs will seem luxurious and tempt flagging appetites. They make a dainty dessert if filled at the last moment with a little plain stewed fruit, and are fine for serving oysters, etc., at social meetings. 1 cupful flour, 1 cupful sweet milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful olive oil, 1-2 teaspoonful sugar, 1-2 teaspoonful salt. (Use whole wheat or half rye half wheat.) Mix flour and egg; add oil and milk. Let stand about three hours before cooking. Have a deep pot well filled with hot fatm Put the timbale irons in the fat until they are very hot, then dip them into the batter, and then right back into the hot fat. They will brown in a few seconds and will slip off the irons easily. This recipe will make about forty cases. The cases are nice for serving oysters, mushrooms, creamed chicken, peas, etc.

Egg Cups—3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoonful grated cheese, salt, pepper, paprika, 6 circular pieces toast, white sauce. Cut the eggs in halves crosswise. Put yolks through a ricer; mix with the grated cheese and season to taste with salt, pepper, and paprika. Fill cups with the yolk mixture and sprinkle the same over the toast. Place a cup on each slice of toast, garnish with parsley, and serve with white sauce. Or add a little mustard, salt and pepper to the yolks and vinegar, or a little chopped pickle to the yolks; fill the whites with the mixture, set on crisp lettuce leaves or in a nest of cress or any green salad, and serve with boiled salad dressing.

Chocolate Pie.—7 tablespoonfuls evaporated milk, 1 cupful water, 1-2 cupful grated chocolate, 2-3 cupful sugar, 1 teaspoonful cornstarch, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, 2 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar. Baked pie-crust. Mix evaporated milk and water, place in double boiler with chocolate and sugar. When the milk is hot and the chocolate melted add the cornstarch and the beaten eggyolks. Cook and stir until the mixture coats the spoon. Remove from fire and add vanilla. Fill the baked crust (use one of the war pastry recipes) with the custard and cover with the egg whites, which have been well beaten with the powdered sugar. Brown in the oven.

Cornmeal Griddle Cakes.—One cup cornmeal, one cup boiling milk, one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon cooking oil, one tablespoon molasses, one teaspoonful baking powder, two eggs. Put cornmeal in bowl, cover with boiling milk. Add the salt, oil and molasses, and when cold the baking powder and eggs which have been beaten until light. Mix all well together and bake on a hot griddle.

Cheese Custard.—One and one-half cups cottage cheese, one-half cup maple syrup or honey, two tablespoons milk, three eggs, one teaspoon melted fat. Press cheese through a colander. Beat eggs until light, and add them with all the other ingredients to the cheese; mix until smooth. Place in a baking dish and bake in a moderate oven about 30 minutes.

Cheese Turnovers and Lettuce.—Two eggs, 2 oz. of dry cheese, 1 oz. of butter or margarine, 1-4 lb. of pastry scraps, pepper and salt. Grate the cheese and put it in a small saucepan, add the butter, pepper and salt, and the eggs well beaten (reserving just a little egg to brush over the turnover). Stir the mixture over a very slow fire or small gas ring until it thickens, but it must not be allowed to boil or it will curdle. Let it cool. Roll out the pastry (war recipes given) very thinly, cut it in squares; on each square place a spoonful of the mixture; turn over and moisten the edges with egg to join them. Brush over with egg, and bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes. These are fine to serve with a potato or lettuce salad.

Cream Puffs.—Heat one cup of water and half a cup of butter until the water boils. Add half a teaspoon of salt and one and a half cups of pastry flour all at once, and mix thoroughly. Cook three minutes. When cool add three eggs unbeaten, one at a time, stirring thoroughly until well mixed and drop by spoonfuls on the pan. Bake in a quick oven for 30 minutes. Fill with the following mixture: Moisten two tablespoons of cornstarch with two tablespoons of cold milk, and add to one pint of scalded milk. Cook over hot water 15 minutes. Beat three eggs and three-quarters of a cup of sugar together. Pour the first mixture slowly over the eggs, add one tablespoon of butter, and cook until the eggs thicken, stirring constantly. Flavor with vanilla or lemon.

Egg Batter for Fruit Puddings instead of Pastry.—Use a deep pie dish for baking. Grease with butter and put any fresh fruit in the bottom, plenty of it. Peaches may be used or any kind of berries, apples, plums and pears, or any canned fruit. Whatever fruit is at hand will do and the pudding is sure to turn out well if baked quickly. To make the batter, take a cup of flour, and sift with a tablespoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. When these dry materials are thoroughly mixed, make a "well" in the centre, drop in an egg and a tablespoonful of soft shortening, add milk to make a batter of cake consistency, beat up quickly and put on top of the fruit. This bakes to a rich brown.

Dainty Potato Dish.—To each pint mashed potatoes take two eggs, one cup sweet cream and salt and pepper to taste. Beat all well and drop in spoonfuls on a hot, well-greased griddle. Let brown well. Turn with a wide knife. This is a delicious supper dish.

Savory Rice with Eggs.—Two medium sized onions, 1 tablespoon lard, 1 cup rice (uncooked), 6 eggs, or one for each person to be served, 1 teaspoon salt, few grains cayenne pepper, boiling water. Slice the onions and fry them in the lard until they begin to brown. Add rice and stir until rice is golden brown. Pour on two or three cups of boiling water, add salt and pepper, cover and cook one-half hour, adding more water as it is needed. When rice is done, remove cover and let it get almost dry. Put in a wide, buttered baking dish. Make hollows in the rice and break in the eggs, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, cover and set in the oven for a few minutes till the eggs are set, but not hard. Serve at once.

CORRESPONDENTS' DEPARTMENT

Questions and Answers in Practical Housekeeping.

Dear Madam,—Do you think it would be possible to make marmalade of parsnips? You gave such fine recipes for using carrots, but ours are almost done, and what we have I must keep for stews and soups and pudding. We have a nice plot of parsnips which we will be digging as soon as we can get at them, and if it is possible I would like to have marmalade to carry us over to the berry season. We have used more jam this year in trying to save butter and fats. I am afraid to try the parsnips for fear of wasting sugar and lemons, which are hard to get out here. With many thanks for past help.

Yours sincerely,

M. H. D.

I have never tried parsnip marmalade, but here is an English war recipe for it.

Take two pounds of parsnips after being peeled, two lemons, and half a pound of sugar. Cut up and place the parsnips into a saucepan of water, and boil them thoroughly for one hour. Then take out half a pint of the water in which they were boiled and stand it aside while the parsnips are strained. Put the cooked parsnips into a large basin and thoroughly mash them into a pulp. Then put the half-pint of "parsnip water" back into the saucepan and add the half-pound of sugar and the grated rind and juice of two lemons.

Stir well together and when the sugar is dissolved add the mashed parsnips and let all boil up together for half an hour, stirring frequently. The result will be for about ninepence three pounds of marmalade.

Put in self sealers or cover with paraffine, as this may not keep as well as fruit marmalade. Try the carrot recipe with parsnips.

Dear Madam,—Can you tell me what agar is and what it is used for?

MISS J. D.

Agar-agar, or agal-agal, is Malayan for what is called Ceylon moss, a delicate white seaweed found in the Indian and Malayan seas. It is largely collected and made into a jelly, and forms an extensive article of trade at Singapore. The jelly is used to thicken soups and in other forms of cooking in China and Malaysia, and is highly esteemed both by natives and Europeans for its delicate flavor. It is used in biological laboratories as a culture medium for bacteria, as it remains solid at a higher temperature than gelatine. The Chinese use it as a varnish for paper lanterns. If procurable for culinary purposes here it would be a delicately flavored substitute for commercial gelatine. We have never met with it, but make use of another seaweed, Irish moss or carrageen, as a substitute for gelatine.

Dear Madam,—What is "Liberty Bread," and how is it made?

A LOYAL FOOD CONSERVER.

Liberty bread is, I think, just the name given in the United States to any war bread. Recently a liberty bread baking contest was held by the Washington State College. The bread bakers were asked to use their skill and ingenuity and original recipes, and the loaves were judged on the basis of wheat economy, palatability, nutrition, and skill in baking.

The banner winning loaf was a six in one recipe made by Mrs. Grace Guernsey, as follows:

One cupful of soft yeast (the old-fashioned starter), 1 cup cornmeal (yellow preferred), 1 cup oatmeal (well cooked), 1 cup mashed potatoes (put through sieve), 2 cups wheat flour or a little more if bread sticks to the hands after kneading. Mix all the ingredients into a solid loaf. Knead till the bubbles show in the bread dough. Set the dough where it will keep good and warm, but not hot. When doubled in bulk, knead down again. When again doubled in bulk bake same as wheat bread.

The loaf winning the second place was made by Miss Stamp, as follows:

One and a half cup potato yeast, 1-2 tablespoon fat, 1-2 tablespoon sugar, 2 1-2 cups wheat flour, 2 1-2 cups rye flour. (In place of potato yeast you can use one cake of compressed yeast in 1-2 cup lukewarm water and half a tablespoon salt). Mix ingredients in order given, knead thoroughly. Let rise to double in bulk. Knead into loaf, let rise to double and bake in moderately hot oven for 45 minutes.

Dear Madam,—Having some experience in making soap from concentrated lye, perhaps I can help "A Constant Reader." The salt she used in making is partly responsible for the soap not making a good lather. The directions say the salt must be thoroughly washed out of the grease. Then I think when it is made of lard or soft grease it lathers better than when made of tallow. The full amount of water should always be used, because if the lye is too strong it will not eat the grease so well. I use only 4 or 5 lbs. of grease. This makes a strong soap for washing, but should not be used on the hands or face. For a mild toilet soap use soft grease and half a pound more than the directions call for. If, the day after making the soap, it is cut up, water added, and boiled as per directions, it is much nicer. I store it in cans. If allowed to dry out it gets so hard it has to be dissolved before using. It is best to use a thermometer. I get best results when the lye and grease are just the right temperature. Perhaps if borax, sal. soda or sal ammoniac were used instead of part of the lye it would not be so hard on the hands. After washing rub salt on the hands, leave for a minute, wash off and wipe dry, then rub in cold cream or oil.

BEE.

(Many thanks.—Ed.)

HOW LONG SHALL I GIVE?

Go break to the needy sweet charity's bread.
"For giving is living," the angel said.
"And must I be giving again and again?"
My peevish anp ditiless answer ran.
"Oh no," said the angel, piercing me through;
"Just give till the Master stops giving to you."

—Anon.



ACUTE NERVOUS EXHAUSTION

All Treatments Proved Useless Until He Tried "FRUIT-A-TIVES."



MR. JAS. S. DELGATY.

R.R. No. 4, Gilbert Plains, Man.

"In the year 1910, I had *Nervous Prostration* in its worst form; was reduced in weight from 170 pounds to 115 pounds.

The doctors had no hope of my recovery, and every medicine I tried proved useless until a *friend induced me to take "Fruit-a-tives."*

I began to mend almost at once; and after using this fruit medicine for 3 or 4 months, I was back to my normal state of health.

I never had such good health for twenty years as I have enjoyed the past six years. We are never without a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' in the house."

JAS. A. DELGATY.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

"I Now Hear Clearly The Call Sent for Me"

This statement is only one of many made by our students when they have taken our home nursing course in order to restore humanity.

The need is urgent—the call has been sounded for more nurses. Will you help? If so send for full particulars. Our course of nursing taught in your own home.

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The 'Witness' Pattern Service

To obtain these patterns fill in coupon at foot of this department, send it to us with fifteen cents in stamps or silver for each pattern wanted, and they will be sent to your address. Allow one week margin beyond time necessary for return of mail, as orders are handled in rotation.

The home dressmaker should keep a catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SMART DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

2397—This design is cut with the front in yoke panel effect. The skirt portions are full and gathered. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The style is good for gabardine, batiste, voile, crepe, albatross, linen, pique and other wash fabrics.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 3 1-8 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A GOOD OUTING DRESS.

Blouse—2405. Skirt—2410.

Here is a style that is admirable for sports or outdoor wear. It will develop nicely in sport materials, shantung, gingham, pique, linen, voile, corduroy or repp. The blouse slips over the head. The skirt is cut on prevailing straight lines; the plaits adding width, without detracting from the narrow effect. It is a comfortable model and very stylish. The Blouse Pattern 2405 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It will require 6 3-8 yards of 44-inch material for the entire dress. The skirt measures about 2 3-8 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.



FOR HOUSE OF PORCH WEAR.

2408—You will want this pretty model. It is lovely for percale, gingham, seersucker and lawn. It will make a smart, little dress for business or outing, in appropriate materials. You may have the sleeve in wrist or elbow length and finish the dress with or without the pockets.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 5 3-4 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1-2 yards at the foot.

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Please send me

Pattern Number.....

No. ..... Size.....

at the price of fifteen cents each, amount enclosed herewith $ ..... cts.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Per Blouse, etc., give bust measure in inches.

For Misses and Children give age only in years.

WORLD'S WELFARE

1917 AT SPOTTED ISLANDS, LABRADOR

(By William J. Barnes, in the "Among the Deep Seas Fishers.")

It is a happy task to tell a little story of last summer's work at Spotted Islands. It was a great summer the whole way through. Preparation for it went finely, the work itself satisfactorily, and there is a lot of gratification in looking back on it.

First of all, the preparation for the summer foretold success. We felt that if the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and other friends of the work, were really informed of what was going on at Spotted Islands they would quickly make possible much more efficient work than had been previously accomplished. So, instead of a little two-leaf folder, we printed a twenty-page pamphlet about the preceding summer's work, and in other ways we told the story of Spotted Islands.

The response was what we knew it would be—adequate and enthusiastic support. The College itself gave twice as much money as in any previous year. Some friends gave a fund that built our new house. Another friend gave a sum that made our boat a safe one; another, a new victrola and a special fund. Another gave a splendid outfit of surgical instruments, a sleeping bag, and other equipment that made our summer comfortable as well as efficient. From another came an operating-table and an Arnold steam sterilizer. A drug company gave us a most generous and complete supply of medicines, ointments, etc. A church sent three closely packed barrels of excellent clothing. Beside these friends there were many others whose generosity made comfortable the living of the two of us who went, and made possible our contribution to the welfare of the people of the coast.

With such a send-off we knew it would be our fault if it was not the best summer of the Mission. Our greatly augmented medical equipment enabled us to be of increased service in that way to the people. There was no measles epidemic to duplicate conditions of the previous summer, but in its place there were almost as many severe infections of fingers and hands. Of almost as wide prevalence was the toothache habit. People would come to us after days and nights of intense suffering from either cause and we could relieve one about as quickly as the other. One man came from Gready, forty miles to the north, with a finger that had baffled the man who usually performed the functions of doctor in that harbor. The man was fairly exhausted after a fortnight of pain and sleeplessness, and his finger was in such bad shape that he begged us to cut it off. More conservative treatment prevailed and after a week he went home whole.

Nor was this case the only one to seek us from a distance. At last it seemed that everyone knew there were doctors at Spotted Islands. Several from isolated islands came because they had heard the year before that we had been there. We were aroused at daybreak of our last day at Spotted Islands by a crew from Venison Tickle, forty miles south, calling us to a maternity case, and before they could get

Two Labrador Boys Who Want a Teacher.

off again a man was brought in from The Wolves, fifteen miles north, with a very bad thumb infection. It all signified to us that the Spotted Islands station is no longer an experiment, but is an establishment. The people all along the coast know it is there and their confidence has been won.

Not only were we "at home" at Spotted Islands to the folks of the coast in our immediate vicinity, but by the efficient mobility of our great ship, P & S., we scattered ourselves widely. In all, she carried us about 700 miles. A large half of that distance was covered in two long trips, but a good part of it was in short voyages that took us frequently to nearby harbors. One long trip was to rush a little girl with acute mastoiditis to Battle Harbor hospital, 100 miles south. The other, was the first leg of our journey home, when we brought our ship to St. Anthony to be overhauled during the winter and to receive further additions to make her as nearly seaworthy as such a little boat can be.

Our activities as school-teachers were much more extended than they were the previous summer, but the most important lesson learned was the fact that the school is a task for someone other than the two doctors. Often medical duties would necessitate our postponing the school for a number of days at would keep the school open when we a time, and on other occasions we ought to have been at other work. At best, two months is a short school year, and when there can be only three or four short half-days of it a week, it is too little. On top of that is the fact that to teach those Labrador children required trained skill in pedagogy such as the men who go to Spotted Islands are unlikely to possess. We are hoping that hereafter the children of Spotted Islands may have the services of a trained teacher who can give full time to teaching them: what they deeply crave, and that constitutes one of the fundamental needs of the Labrador.

Every Sunday found two simple but deeply enjoyable services in the Chapel end of the hospital building. The people responded beautifully to our efforts in this direction.

It was a source of considerable satisfaction to us that we were not called upon to perform any funeral ceremonies, a pastoral duty that had fallen to each of the doctors a previous year.

In providing a cheerful gathering place each evening for the young and old of both sexes we felt that we rendered one of our best bits of service. When our absence necessitated the closing of the house for an evening the people were quick to tell us, on our return, how greatly they had missed the Club-Room, with its warmth and light, music and games, and cheerful throng. When we would sail off to a distant sick one our last farewell would be an urgent bidding to return in time to open the Club-Room after tea. Perhaps the greatest service we rendered those people was by just being friends with them.

But the thing that showed its results our new combination House and Club-Room. Dr. Grenfell had collected the materials for it during the winter, so Dr. Knapp and I went north by way of St. Anthony and from there the Doctor took us and a great cargo of lumber, on the 'Strathcona' to Spotted Islands. The plans were also drawn out carefully at St. Anthony, but after we got the things to Spotted Islands our own men did the rest. The most successful fishing season in the history of the harbor kept the men busy night and day until very late in the summer, but then they took to it with a fine enthusiasm and when we said, "Good-by," although the building was not quite completed, it was far enough along to claim its place as the best building on the island, and to be put in shape, during the spare moments of a few interested carpenters, for use next summer. Its high ceilings and broad windows will make a most comfortable home for future doctors, and will form a most instructive contrast to many other homes on the Labrador that are much better fitted for tuberculosis bacilli than for healthy people. It is a great stimulant of the people's pride in their harbor, as well as a token of the permanency and vigor of the mission.

The labor of constructing the house was paid for entirely with clothing. In this way we were able to provide enough clothing for the winter for most of our people. It means a great deal to us to know that none of them are freezing this winter for lack of clothing, and their having earned it makes it mean more to them. Another thing that makes us happy now is the knowledge that they have plenty of food. Even though the people had caught an abundance of fish there were indications of serious scarcity of food by the time they could market it. We were able to gather together a little loan and with it we purchased and had delivered to them immediately enough food to prevent their serious want during the winter, even though flour might be unavailable by the time they could buy it with their fish.

YOUR SOLDIER BOY

Those who have soldier boys at the front will all want to co-operate with the Y.M.C.A. in their splendid work for soldiers. They will be giving your boy comfort and cheer when you cannot do it . . . . IF they have the funds required to follow him up. Subscriptions from one dollar and upwards sent to us for the Y.M.C.A. Fund will be promptly acknowledged in these columns. We have already received and passed on over ten thousand dollars to the Y.M.C.A. If each one does his or her bit the amount will be quickly multiplied. Your prompt action will stimulate another, and so multiply your gift, besides making it tell when most needed.

THAT TOUCH ON THE SHOULDER AND WHAT CAME OF IT

(By Davis Wasgatt Clark, D.D., in the "Australian Messenger.")

A human wreck, freighted with sorrow, drifts aimlessly down the street of a New England city. People shun him. They need not; he shuns them. He has buried a young wife and infant, indirect victims of his dissipation. Powerless to prevent it, his mother has been laid in a pauper's grave, without shroud or service. He calls himself "a disgrace, a walking disgrace." A lost soul! Insanity or suicide is near.

A man stands upon a platform in the presence of the immense audience which the announcement of his name never fails to attract. Erect form, brilliant eye, clear complexion, gray hair, a crown of glory on his brow. His attire is neat and elegant. Circumstances are affluent, friends numberless. With peerless oratory he runs at pleasure the gamut of emotions. Now it is a burst of eloquence, evoking the thunder of applause. A touch of pathos brings tears in a shower. Inimitable mimicry makes laughter ripple like water on the beach. Best of all, this genius is devoted to a cause which, though despised, has wrapped up in it the welfare of millions.

How wide the distance between the town drunkard and the idolized orator! East and west are cohesion compared with it. Paradoxical, but it is the same man. The abandoned wretch is the tongue of fire and silver on whose accents royalty hangs with delight and whose moral influence upon vast multitudes of every station is immeasurable.

Here is a challenge to the student of human experience. Whence this transformation? Approaching not merely psychologically but philanthropically interest is deepened and intensified, for in this marked incident may be found the ways and elements of reformation for the countless victims of the vice.

It all came of a tap on the shoulder. On the last Sunday in October, 1842, as John B. Gough wandered the streets of Worcester, he says laconically: "Some one tapped me on the shoulder." It was not a paid or professional "saver of souls." Only an obscure waiter in a hotel, who might easily have excused himself from the obligation on the ground of his lowly station. Gough declares that the untoward circumstance "went right to his heart and like the wing of an angel troubled the waters in that stagnant pool and made them once more reflect the light of human love." The touch and the subsequent gentle but direct appeal and warning saved the dissipated bookbinder from a drunkard's grave. Suppose the loving touch had not been given! How bereft the cause of temperance would be if you should take from it Gough's noble championship; if you should tear from its history the brilliant pages his career has made. Honor to the humble instrument of his reformation. Wherever this gospel of temperance is preached, there should Joel Stratton's deed be told for a memorial of him.

The tap on the shoulder has more than once proved a moral dynamic. Mr. Sturtevant touched a culprit in the jail at Portland, and Francis Murphy was transmuted into an apostle of temperance. William Martin, the Quaker, laid his hand appealingly on the shoulder of Father Mathew, the priest, in the Cork workhouse, whither each had come on an errand of mercy, exclaiming, "Strong drink is the cause of this," pointing to an aggravated case. "O, Theobald Mathew! if thou wouldst only give thy aid, much good could be done in this city!" That tap resulted in six million signatures to the Father Mathew total abstinence pledge.

Direct personal appeal to the dissipated has its complete justification in the incident. A high premium is also put upon it. It will rarely be resented. It is often highly valued. Its results can seldom be foreseen. When Stratton was dying he said to Gough: "When I laid my hand on your shoulder that night I never dreamed all this would come to pass." Another tap may raise another Gough any day. Would it not be enough if it only saved a soul from death and hid a multitude of sins?

In the deepest night of trouble and sorrow God gives us so much to be thankful for that we need never cease our singing.—Coleridge.

RECIPE TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

A Cincinnati Barber Tells How to Make a Remedy for Gray Hair.

Mr. Frank Harbaugh of Cincinnati, O., who has been a barber for more than forty years, recently made the following statement:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half pint of water add 1 ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ¼ ounce glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray haired person look twenty years younger. It does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

RHEUMATISM CURED

Wait's Homoeopathic Rheumatic Cure

Cures Rheumatism, Acute Rheumatism with painful hot swelling of the part; Chronic Rheumatism with lameness, stiffness and soreness of the part; Sciatic Rheumatism, with pain in the hip, knee or leg of the affected side; Lumbago, or pains across the loins or back; Old Rheumatic Pains or Lameness. Positive Cure. Price One Dollar. Send Registered Letter or Postal Note. JOHN T. WAIT, Box 385, Arnprior.

What is Wrong with the Churches?

(By Robert F. Horton, M.A., D.D.)

The Monthly Lecture delivered at Lyndhurst-road Congregational Church, Hampstead, N.W., on Sunday Evening, February 3.

We must believe that something is wrong with the Churches, because we are given to understand so by many people with great plainness of speech. Young men who belong to the Church tell us that they despair of it, and those who do not belong to it seem to regard it with a kind of sorrowful repudiation, as if they had come to the conclusion that it is of no use for the welfare of the world and that there is nothing to be hoped from it. There must indeed be something wrong when the men of the country turn from the institution which has been the maker of her history and the teacher of her morality and the hope and promise of a world beyond. Yes, something must be very wrong when the young men give it up, leave it, and, instead of using this divine organization for the establishment of the Kingdom of God, seek for other ways, labor organizations, socialistic ideals, even the most earthy and materialistic ways, in order to promote human welfare and establish that which is to take the place of the Kingdom of God. And the seriousness of the situation is even greater if what we have just heard read in the Gospel of St. Matthew be true—if the Church of Christ is the only institution that will conquer, the only thing that will last, the only imperishable power by which it would be possible to realize the very things we have in view. If this break with the Church means a break with the one power that might realize our dreams and might bring into effect our poor faltering human plans, the disaster becomes apparent to us all.

WHAT IS THE CHURCH?

For what is the Church? What do we mean when we speak about it to-night in this place? We are not thinking of a great hierarchy; we are not thinking of a great religious dogmatic system. The Church as we think of it in the Gospel of St. Matthew, for example, is this. It is a brotherhood of men held together by a common ideal. It is a society consecrated to reform the world, to turn it upside down, as it were, and shake it until it finds its true foundation and its proper goal: a society that is endued with power from God to make the human life in which God dwells a human society which is the very temple of God, God and man really combined in a life lived together upon earth. That is the Church from which the men of England are turning away. But the men of England would not make this mistake, and so disastrous a mistake to themselves and to the country, unless the Church had in some way failed, and it behoves us constantly to consider the question, to examine what is wrong, with an open mind to inquire where she has gone astray, what she has omitted or what she has done amiss, and to learn from her Divine Head how things may be put right.

THE WEAKNESS THROUGH DIVISIONS.

The first reason that has constantly appeared in recent years as the cause of the failure of the Church is its division, its want of unity, the different aspects that are given to the question of what the Church is and what is essential to its existence, and the rivalries that always follow upon divisions. This charge is one that no one feels more than the most earnest believer in the Church; but, while we admit the force of the objection, we must remember that unity is not easy to obtain if it is not to mean the loss of liberty and progress. There was unity in the Church before 1520, a unity which was unbroken, but it meant that thought died out, liberty was gone, and superstition took the place of religion. We have therefore to see that a unity worth aiming at is not to be the restoration of a past which has been discredited; a corporate reunion of the Church would be of no use at all unless there were quite a different spirit in the Church than that which prevailed in the days of its undivided strength. We see the objection in all its force and we confess the extraordinary difficulty of meeting it, and no one who loves the Church of Christ will ever deny that its divided position, its constant antagonisms, its narrow and sectarian spirit, its breach of the great principle of catholicity and love, is a valid objection.

ANTIQUATED FORMULARIES AND RITES.

The second objection that constantly appears as showing the failure of the Church is that the formularies and the forms, the rites and the practices of the Church, are antiquated; men do not feel at home in the Church; all seems to them stiff and conventional and unnatural. In the free and easy meetings of Y. M. C. A. huts and in the frank talks of the Adult School many men have found an expression of their religious life that they have not found in the Church. The Church seems to them to fail because it does not give them that sort of self-expression which is the greatest aspiration of our inner spiritual life. That is a most real objection. We ought to weigh it earnestly, and see how the truth in it can be met by a change that would satisfy these aspirations of men.

THE TEACHING CHURCH.

The third objection that constantly emerges is that the teaching Church is as divided as, or even more divided than, the Church as a great institution; that is to say, the teaching in the Church either tends towards a kind of conservatism, a timid clinging to the past, an insistence on the ancient doctrines and a dread of the slightest variation even in the statement of a truth, producing an atmosphere in which all thought and freshness and progress die away; or it tends towards a rash and uncorrected revolutionism of heterodox free-lances, who delight men for the moment by the freshness of their teaching, their breach with the past and their invective against the Church of an orthodox kind; but, after they have delighted men for a little with their novelties and their discoveries, they presently reveal that they have nothing for the future. The teaching of the Church, therefore, is open to the twofold objection—that it is so conservative as to be dead or it is so radical as to be delusive. We have indeed to be unfettered and to be alive and to march vigorously if we are to keep abreast of truth, for truth is ever marching on, and it is a most serious charge against the Church, if it can be made truly, that she will not see the new truth dawning on the world. But, on the other hand, we do not keep in the tracks of truth at all unless we have humility and reverence and honesty as well as hospitality to new ideas; and the trouble in the Church that many people recognize is this, that the two are so separate: the conservative and the radical elements are so divided that while the conservative keeps the reverence the radical loses it and, in losing reverence, loses truth, and in ceasing to be humble finds that it cannot learn the wisdom of God and the ways by which He saves the world.

THE CHURCH AND CAPITALISM.

But the most active and on the whole, I think, the most powerful objection against the Church, the ground of failure which weighs most at the present moment, is the suspicion that the Church is in some way bound up with the capitalistic side of life, and that it is therefore hopelessly out of harmony with the aspirations of labor. The complaint against the Church is that, as she depends for her institutions upon money, as she has to maintain her buildings and her ministry and her benevolences by money, she comes to depend upon money and to treat possessors of money with peculiar respect, so that, in the acquisition of silver and gold, she loses the power that Peter had at the beginning, who said: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee," and the Church to-day says: "Silver and gold I have, but I cannot say unto the lame man, Arise and walk." That charge brought against the Church we ought to consider constantly and earnestly. Is it true? If it is true, how can it be altered? If there is a measure of falsehood in the charge, how can that falsehood be shown, how can we make it clear to men that the Church is the Church of labor no less than the Church of the rich, and that indeed the rich have no importance in the Church above the importance of the poor; that it is a totally foreign element to introduce into the Church—a distinction of rank or a distinction of wealth—for the Lord is over it all, and He is no respecter of persons, and we stand before Him on a dead equality, where we have nothing to plead at all except His grace and the confession of our own need?

A GOSPEL LOST OR OVERLAID.

But now I am going to add another reason which the conferences, up to the present at any rate, have completely overlooked. The failure of the Church, in my opinion, does not lie only in those somewhat superficial reflections that we have just discussed. It lies in the fact that the Church has lost or overlaid the Gospel which made the Church and which can alone give it reality and value. The Church has lost something; she does not teach that which she had as the sacred gift of God to the world, but she teaches very largely the views she takes of that great gift, or she puts the great gift aside and discusses other questions as if they were of equal importance. She has for many years past predominantly talked of love and been silent about sin; she has tried to give a rose-water view of life and to picture a God of infinite good nature, until the Cross she preaches has become an offence again and practically meaningless. And now we have come to a point in the history of the world when the realization of evil is forced upon us; rose-water views of life have no value for us. We have no room for people who are ever expatiating on the virtues and the divinity of human nature. We have found out human nature, and the easy, comfortable Victorian age vanishes in smoke as we see what human nature can do. We find that a high and Christless civilization is more like a wild beast than man. Human nature stands before us in its hideous inhumanity and corruption, and we see the failure of the Church in that the Church flattered men instead of telling them what they were. The Church talked softly about their virtues instead of rousing them to a sense of their wickedness. The Church's failure lay exactly there—that the central truth of life, which is the Cross of Christ, lost its meaning in pretty phrases and empty talk about love and humanity and brotherhood. She did not teach men the truth. She went on implying that all men required was a little love to one another; she did not tell them and make them feel that what they required was holiness, goodness, the Cross of Christ as the revelation of holy love, God as holy love, the sin of man, the love of God, the Son of God made sin for man, the new birth, the absolute necessity of a spiritual life that is rooted in the nature of God and is manifested in the radical change of the human heart until it becomes sweet and pure and loving. That is where the Church has failed. She has taught what is not the truth of the Gospel, and led men to think that it was the Gospel she was preaching, and the vast failure of that invented Gospel has been attributed to the true Gospel, which has been forgotten or laid aside.

TO THE DOERS OF GOOD.

Now may I express to you to-night my deep personal conviction? I am speaking as it were to the vast body of men who have left the Church, the young men who propose to save society without the Church. May I put it in this way? I am at one with you in wishing to save the whole of society, but I do not see how you are going to do it without some Divine power that is greater than yourselves. I do not see anywhere in human experience the possibility of transforming the world, or even transforming any considerable number of men, without the power of religion, without the power of God. Therefore I say to my brothers who have, as it were, left the Church behind. You will find it necessary to come to the Church again, not to forsake it but to discover it, because you want Divine help in the task you wish to accomplish. To realize a better social order and a happier future for men you want God, the living God, and those living powers of God which are manifested in the great truth of the Gospel of Christ. I think you have often been invited to enter the Church in order to save your own souls. Now a great change is coming over us. You are invited to enter the Church now in order to save a world which is obviously lost or at least perishing. Unless you find the treasures here and learn to apply the forces that are stored up here you will certainly fail. The French Revolution ought to have taught you that once and for all. You ought to see, by that great Revolution more than a century ago, that you cannot re-make the world without God. You remember the frenzy with which Robespierre hurried back to Paris in order to re-assert the existence of God when he found that in the welter of the Revolution all the forces of evil were dominant and all the powers of good were gone. That discovery that Robespierre made in the midst of the Revolution we should not forget. We cannot make the new order, we cannot re-model the world, confused in blood and ruin as it is to-day, upon the pattern of any Divine ideal unless we have Divine powers and Divine authority with us. Selfishness will ruin everything, and therefore every appeal which rests fundamentally upon self-interest leads only to an aggravation of our troubles. Unless there is an appeal to men stronger than selfishness, unless there is something which will touch men more than the mere desire to gain material good for themselves or even for their families, you cannot reconstruct the world. Selfishness is our perpetual bane; it upsets all our plans; it creeps into all our constitutions, and it makes the very dreams which we have cherished in our youth the bitter, cynical reflections of old age. We cannot do without God.

PURITY AND POWER.

And now may I say one other thing, something which I hope you will not take personally or offensively, because it must be said? If you are bent on making the world better you must be pure in heart. It is not of the least use to attempt to make a good society if the makers of it are themselves morally rotten. The pure in heart see God. The pure in heart alone can make a right society and build up for their fellow-men a worthy structure in which to live. This question must be honestly faced by us all; before you can advance at all you have to settle that. Is your objection to the Church of Christ based upon the fact that its moral demands tax you too much? You must be sure that that is not your motive for turning from the Church to seek other ways. It is quite true that in those other ways you will be welcomed as a talker and a worker although your life may be unclean, and it is quite true that in the Church you are perpetually reminded that you must be pure in heart if you will serve God or help your fellow-men. You must be quite clear, then, that that is not the motive that lies at the root of things. One of our most fearless critics, Forsyth, said: "It is the Church's call for repentance that is the deep source of its disfavor with the democracy." That is an appalling remark, but it has to be faced. Is the fundamental cause of the manhood of England being outside the Church to be found there—that the manhood of England does not want to be pure? Certain things have been brought to our notice through the war, and the appalling revelations of a certain Commission have only added force to the discovery. We have had to face the appalling fact that a large number of men in this country are fornicators. To those whose revolt from the Church is simply their clinging to sin there is nothing to be said but the old appeal of the Church: "Repent and be converted and believe the Gospel. Put away your evil doings. Cease to do evil and learn to do good." On this point there can be no compromise, and, my friends, all that is best in you says with me, Let there be no compromise.

And if I may turn to those of you who are quite clear upon this point, you desire better things with an ardent passion; you want justice and righteousness and mercy, and a society based upon these great principles. You feel the sorrow and the shame of the old order and you long for the new. Well, I urge you to consider what I have hinted at rather than described to-night—that we require spiritual powers to accomplish this, and that the spiritual power that is accessible to us is in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the religion that has made this country, in the truth of God that has been shown to us Englishmen, resides the power that can transform the world, and if you are to realize your dreams you must get hold of that power.

PUT IT RIGHT.

Is there something wrong with the Church? I have frankly admitted to you to-night that there is much that is wrong, but my answer is: "You come in and put it right. You come into the Church of God and demand that unity which is necessary for the completion of the Church's task, that unity which is rising up in the hearts of all earnest men as the bright promise of a better future. You come into the Church and bring freshness and beauty into the methods of its worship and its service. Be convinced that if you see a better way than that which the Church adopts, the Church, by the grace of God, will adopt your better way. Come in and find with us the truth as it evolves out of the past, as it grows on into the future. Let us try together to face realities and to seek God and to act in obedience to the new demands of our time." I say: "Come and let us roll away the reproach that the Gospel, which was made by a Carpenter and preached from the lips of Him Who said, 'Come unto Me all that labor,' should have been exploited in the interests only of those who have power in possession, instead of being the blessed heritage of the poor and the needy. Come and let us roll away the reproach. It will not be done if you stand outside; it cannot be done if you give to the Church of Christ nothing but a pitiless and scornful criticism instead of realizing the needs of the moment and the possibilities of the future." And in regard to that last great fault that I have confessed in the Church of latter days, I say: "Come in and let us recover that effectual power of moral invigoration and spiritual regeneration." There is in Christ's Gospel a power that literally transforms men and changes their character. It is a power that makes the selfish unselfish and the unclean clean and the liar truthful and the hard-hearted tender. It is the Cross of Christ which has been that power of God unto salvation, and it is coming to its own again in the sacrifice which has shed a glory even on the horrors of the war. These men, some of them from this place, who have offered themselves willingly to die for a cause, these multitudes of our younger brothers who are themselves a living testimony to the meaning and power of the Cross in the fact that they have died to rise again in the welfare of the future world—these have taught us afresh the basic principle of noble life. It is sacrifice, not self-indulgence; it is giving, not receiving; it is pouring out our being for the world, and not sucking into us all we can get, that makes life great and noble; and it is God's purpose in Christ, as it was shown to us at the beginning, to give us a redemption at a great cost, a reconciliation of righteousness and forgiveness, a gift to men of a power not their own, the power of an endless life. It is that which has the power of transforming the world. It is this Gospel which the world wants. If it ever is to be good and happy, it must have a Gospel, a great power of God that transforms human lives and gives forces to work amongst men which are not really from the earth, but are from God and from above. Let us clear away the rubbish of the past. Let us get down to the realities of things, and let us set forth this which is the power of God unto salvation—I mean the power which can save the world even in its present desperate position. Oh, that to-night in our Conference we could see our way to become a power of God in the world, for its salvation! Oh, that I might enlist a company of young ardent spirits that would, as soldiers of the Cross, determine to set forth the truth of God unto men, to bring to these anxious times the Saviour of the world!

Sunday School Lesson

May 5, 1918.

JESUS SETS NEW STANDARDS OF LIVING.

(May be used with Temperance application.)

Mark 10:1-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Seek ye first His kingdom, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Mat. 6:33.

Again and again Jesus took occasion to warn the people about Him that a whole-hearted consecration to His service was the condition of discipleship, and that any attempt to follow Him in a half-hearted way would only result in failure. He warned them to count the cost before they accepted Him as their leader.

"For which of you desiring to build a tower doth not first sit down and count the cost, whether he have wherewith to complete it? Lest haply when he hath laid a foundation, and is not able to finish, all that behold begin to mock him." (See Luke 14:25-33.)

When one of the scribes said to Him, "Master, I will follow Thee withersoever Thou goest," Jesus answered, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the heaven have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." (See Mat. 8:18-22.)

This is a teaching that is very much needed in our time, when the great majority of church members seem to think that if they are as good as the others they are as good as can be expected of them. "But they, measuring themselves by themselves and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise." (2 Cor. 10:12.)

Our lesson sets before us three illustrations of the demands which Jesus makes upon men.

The first illustration deals with marriage. Jesus taught that the marriage bond is sacred, and cannot be broken without sin. He taught that in the thought of God the man and wife are "one flesh," inseparably united, and that they have no right to separate themselves from each other.

When reporting this conversation, and also in the Sermon on the Mount, Matthew inserts a qualifying clause; "Whosoever shall put away his wife, except for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery: and he that marrieth her when she is put away committeth adultery." (See Mat. 19:3-9 and 5:27-32.) This statement has been very commonly held to justify a husband or wife in obtaining a divorce from one who has committed adultery, and in marrying again; but it certainly can not give the guilty person a right to marry again.

In any case, it does not weaken the statement that the marriage bond can never be dissolved without sin, on one side if not on both sides. The mere fact that a husband or wife has been grievously disappointed, and finds the yoke of wedlock a galling yoke is no excuse for seeking a divorce. The idea that marriage is a mere civil contract which can be dissolved by mutual consent or on any pretext which the law will allow, is utterly abhorrent to the teaching of Jesus.

Loose ideas with regard to the obligations of matrimony are apt to appear wherever religion is thought of as a mere matter of doing what one chooses to think is right. For from the moment when one assumes the ability to judge for himself without reference to the teaching of the Bible, he constitutes himself the god of his own conscience, and his conscience gradually accommodates itself to the theory that whatever he chooses to think lawful is lawful. "I can't see any harm in it," or, "I think this," or "I think that," soon comes to be a complete justification of any act or habit in the mind of the man who allows his own wayward will to become the supreme law of his life.

Such a man thinks of marriage only as a matter of gratifying his own desires, and if he does not find the result satisfactory he is very likely to assume that he has as good a right to break the bond as he had to make it.

Jesus repudiated utterly this whole theory of life. For Himself He said, "I am come down from Heaven, not to do My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." (John 6:38.) And for the instruction of all His followers He said, "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many are they that enter in thereby. Sor narrow is the gate and straitened is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." (Mat. 7:13, 14.) If thy hand, or thy foot, or thine eye, cause thee to stumble, cast it from thee." It is good for thee to enter into the kingdom of God maimed, or lame, or with one eye, rather than having two eyes, and two feet and two hands, "to be cast into Hell." (Mark 9:43-48.)

Jesus taught that life is a tremendous thing, a thing that offers infinite possibilities, and that may lead to awful consequences; and that because of the infinite values involved, every act, even every word, is of supreme importance. He said, "Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

The marriage relation was instituted by God partly to teach self-control and self-denial for the sake of others, but also to develop man's ability to love. Just imagine what a cold, selfish world it would be if there was no such thing as marriag. The world might have been peopled without marriage, but there would not have been any family ties to bind father and mother and children together; there would not have been any sense of mutual responsibility; there would have been rare, if indeed it would not have been quite unknown.

The marriage relation is one of God's happiest thoughts, if one may use such an expression, and any desecration of it or trifling with it is both sinful and foolish.

Marriage was ordained to be a type of the relationship between Christ and His church and that association of ideas gives added sacredness to the relation of matrimony. (Eph. 5:22-23.)

Then Jesus presented a little child as a type of the true disciple. There are many respects in which the little child shows what a Christian should be. Little children are innocent, they are unsuspicious, they are trustful, and they do not imagine that they know everything and are competent to take care of themselves and manage their own affairs. We need to learn to lean hard on the arm of the Saviour instead of depending on our own strength.

Then Jesus told a rich young man who wanted to pay his own way into the Kingdom of Heaven by good works that he must sell everything and give away everything, then follow Him. This is not a law laid down for all. It was a prescription for the particular case. Jesus knew that the man had a great belief in his own goodness, and that he loved his money more than he loved God. So Jesus gave him a test that would force him to see this defect in his character, and the sequel showed that Jesus was not mistaken. The man could not meet the test.

But how about the Lord's assurance that the man would have treasure in Heaven if he gave up his treasure on earth? Can man be saved by good works? Yes, if the good works are an evidence of faith and of obedience to the will of God. No good works done in a self-assertive spirit can find favor with God, but unquestioning obedience is the strongest proof of faith, and therefore meets God's requirements.

"Every one therefore who heareth these words of Mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock." (Mat. 7:24.)

.. The Boys' and Girls' Page ..

DE LEGION OB DE CHEERFUL.

(By Eliot H. Robinson.)

War clouds gittin' darker, honey,
Ol' "hard-times" a-pressin' sore?
Seems like happy days an' sunny
Ain't a-comin' anymore?

Ain't no sort er use in pinin'
Er yo' troubles to rehearse,
Happiness ain't got by whinin'
Moanin' only makes things worse.

Got to skimp a little closer,
So as starvin' folks kin eat,
Gwine ter growl about it? No sir,
Charity am mighty sweet.

Got some chillun in de fightin'
Find it mighty hard to bear?
Dere's a good Lord what's invitin'
Yo ter trust 'em to His care.

Is you gittin' kind er fearful
'Bout de outcome ob de fray?
Jine de Legion ob de Cheerful,
Keep a-smilin', dat's de way.

Sun's a-gwine to keep on shinin'
And de poet-man was right;
Black clouds hab a silver linin',
Cheerfulness am half de fight.

What's dat ah jes' heard yo' mumblin'?
Dat de road am mighty long?
Lif' you head an' yo'll suit stumblin',
Light yo' burden wid a song.

Ain't no sense in bein' tearful,
Makin' other folks feel blue,
Jine de Legion ob de Cheerful,
Do yo'r bit. It's up ter you.

Jine de Legion—swell its number
Till de whole world's mustered in.
Ain't no time ter "slack" er slumber,
Got ter grin, hon—fight an' grin.

—"Boston Herald."

IN McPHILTER'S CAVE

I had gone out on the shady back porch with my sewing—my "stent," as grandmother called it—when I saw Lizzie coming up the garden path between the rows of hollyhocks. Her sunbonnet was hanging back on her neck, as usual, and she had a bundle in her hand.

"Do you have to hem towels, too?" she asked, half commiseratingly, half eagerly.

I nodded. Sewing machines were so nearly unknown in those early days that neither Lizzie nor I had ever heard of such an invention. There were plenty of stitches to be taken in both our homes, however, and we were expected to do our share, so we contrived to combine work and pleasure by doing it together whenever we could.

"Come down to the cave, then," said Lizzie, "it's cooler there."

I was willing enough. Usually it was Lizzie who proposed things and led the way, I followed and wove our doings into dreams. I remember just how the sunlight slanted across the steps that day, how we stopped at the old well for a drink, and how grandfather's voice called after us:

"Now don't talk so much that you forget to work, children."

"McPhilter's Cave," as it was called, was not more than half a mile from our homes, and was a favorite resort. I don't know why we should have liked it better than the pleasant outdoors and the shadow of the trees, but it was cool, it fronted on the river and seemed to shut us away by ourselves. It was light enough for our work as we sat on some boulders near the entrance, and we never went very far back. In fact, it had no great depth, as far as we had ever discovered, and was scarcely more roomy than our old-fashioned kitchen at home. But there was only a wide, sandy path between it and the water, and we could watch the rippling current, the rare passing of a boat and look across to the distant hills.

"Hardly anybody else ever comes here," remarked Lizzie, when we were comfortably settled that day. "It's almost the same as if we owned it. We might braid a rag mat to put down on the floor, and bring out some old chairs"—

"Carry them half a mile?" I said, and laughed.

"No, put them in a skiff and bring them down," answered practical Lizzie, who seldom made a plan without a way to carry it out. "When we were not using them we could hide them behind that jutting place in the rock, and I don't believe they would be discovered."

Then we began to talk of all the things we would do if the place were really ours and we had plenty of money. Girls nowadays might laugh at our ideas of grandeur, but we were making our grotto into what we considered a very bower of beauty, when Lizzie suddenly sprang to her feet.

"Meg, that was thunder!" she cried.

Another peal, louder and clearer, echoed her statement, and we folded our work in haste.

"We must get home in a hurry," we told each other, half laughing, and half in a panic, but the summer shower was coming up too quickly for that. Black banks of cloud massed in the west began to roll swiftly upward with threatening voice and sharp flashes of light, and we had gone but a short distance when the first raindrops began to fall and we were forced to run back to our cave as the nearest place of refuge. We were none too soon, for we were scarcely under the rocky roof before the rain came down in a drenching, blinding shower that almost blotted the river from our view.

"It won't last long," I said, confidently, as we moved farther back to escape the driving damp.

I was no true prophet, however, for though the first wild dash was soon over, the storm settled into a steady downpour that left us no chance of reaching home except at the cost of soaked clothing.

"If only somebody would think of us and come with umbrellas," I lamented.

"They won't," answered Lizzie, discouragingly. "It's probable that other people saw the storm coming, and they'll suppose we did. My mother will think I'm at your house, and your folks will feel sure that you stopped with me. Nobody will know we are here."

"I wish we didn't know it, either," I answered rather crossly. "How do you suppose we are going to get home, anyway?"

"Through the rain, unless it stops before it gets too dark for us to stay any longer," declared Lizzie, teasingly. "You don't seem to be enjoying yourself, my dear. I'm not afraid of a wetting—if it were not for my clothes."

"If you hadn't asked me to bring my sewing here," I began.

"Oh, I'll never do it again," giggled Lizzie in mock penitence.

She never did, but we did not dream then how truly she was speaking.

The rain had no regard for our imprisonment, and it fell steadily for several hours, though it seemed twice that time to us. We could not see to work, and we could only sit in our gloomy quarters and look out through the gray veil. At last it grew brighter and the storm ceased almost as suddenly as it had come. The sun did not shine again, however, and the rainy afternoon seemed closing into a murky evening, but we cared little for that, since we could go home without a wetting, and we were about to start out when Lizzie laid a quick hand on my arm.

"Hush! Some one is coming," she whispered.

I do not know why I yielded to her impulse instead of my own, for as I caught the sound she had heard, I was sure it was some one in search of us. I obeyed the pressure of her hand, however, and we shrank back behind the pillar of rock, where we were hidden in the shadow. In a minute a figure darkened the entrance, then a second one followed it, and two men stood inside shaking the raindrops from their clothing. The one flitting glance I had of them told me they were strangers, but even without that the rough voices and a muttered oath were sufficient assurance that they were not friends seeking us.

Lizzie's grasp tightened on my arm, and I know the arm trembled under her fingers, for though we were two little country girls living in a quiet neighborhood, yet the whole State was new then, and there had been bands of robbers and horse thieves in the country, and the running off of much valuable stock in a manner so mysterious that the thieves had escaped detection.

Owners who started hot on the trail soon lost it, and no one knew in what way the animals were spirited out of the country or what became of the robbers. Some were of the opinion that a part of the business must be carried on by craft on the river, and Lizzie and I had heard this talk. The same thought came to us both—that these newcomers might be some disreputable men driven in from an open boat to seek shelter in our cave. If they began to move about, we could not long remain undiscovered.

Then a strange thing happened. The men, instead of manifesting any curiosity in regard to their surroundings, seemed even more at home than we, for they stopped under an irregular opening in the rocky roof near the entrance, and securing a pole from some place where it had been concealed, reached up and began to poke about in the opening. In a moment a rope ladder slid down to the floor of the cave, by which the men ascended and then drew the ladder up after them. Lizzie and I stared at each other in silence. We had never dreamed, neither had anyone in the neighborhood, that the ragged hole in the roof of our cave led anywhere or meant an upper chamber. We listened while the receding footsteps, sounding plainly in that place of echoes, slowly died away in some unknown distance, and still we scarcely dared to move.

"There may be somebody waiting for them outside," I breathed in Lizzie's ear.

But no one came and there was no sound but the dripping from the rocks outside and the lapping of the water against the shore, then another danger occurred to Lizzie.

"We must get out, Meg, and as far away as we can before these men come down. Quick! We may not have another chance."

Out of the cave and away we sped, caring nothing for wet feet or damp dresses now, if only we might escape in safety. When we had gained a distance where we dared to pause for a minute, spent and breathless, and looked back, nothing could have appeared more quiet and deserted than the shore in the gray of the early falling twilight. It almost seemed as if we had been running away from some terror of our own conjuring.

"Possibly they were just boatmen that we needn't have been afraid of," began Lizzie, her courage returning with a sense of security. "Only—wasn't it queer about that ladder?" she added doubtfully. "And, Meg, where did they go?"

That was the question that was asked in both our homes that night when we told our adventure. I saw my father and uncle exchange quick, startled glances, and the grave father, who usually gave small heed to "girls' nonsense," as he called many of our recitals, questioned me closely. Supper was scarcely over before Lizzie's father and her two stalwart brothers came in to talk the matter over.

"It's something that must be looked into at once, Neighbor Brett," said my father, decidedly.

Other men of the community evidently thought the same, for the next forenoon saw a party of a dozen gathered, and with a ladder, rifles and torches they marched away to explore the mysterious opening.

"Maybe you two little girls did a bigger piece of work than you think," said the bluff village constable, with a nod to us, as he passed.

"Just suppose—" Ibegan eagerly, the minute we two were alone, but Lizzie interposed.

"Don't! I've been doing it till my head whirls. O Meg, I wish we could go with them."

It seemed to us as if that long, bright afternoon never would end, and even my grandmother cast more frequent glances down the road than was that busy woman's wont, but at sunset the party came back.

"You didn't find our two men?" I asked father, foolishly.

"Did you think they had gone there to wait for us, child?" laughed my father, grimly. "Never fear but they will keep themselves far enough away from that place when they hear of all the other things we found. Then he laid his hand on my head—a rare caress for him—and added gravely, "What you and Lizzie discovered yesterday, will bring good to the whole State, daughter."

The whole State soon knew of it, for our village and country newspapers published the whole story, and very strange it seemed to us two girls to see ourselves mentioned as "young heroines."

"Just as if we were in a storybook!" Lizzie confided to me.

It was all strange enough to be a chapter from some marvellous book, that real happening in our quiet neighborhood. McPhilter's Cave, the little cave that had been our playground from childhood, was only an entrance to an immense cavern about it, running so far back that the exploring party had been able to traverse but a small part of it. There were many passages leading far back among the neighboring mountains, and offering exits elsewhere, it was believed, which accounted for the ease with which much booty had been carried off. There were stalls and provender that proved animals had been kept there, and besides the ladder we had seen, there was a sliding platform so arranged that one end of it could be lowered and made an ascent up which horses could be led without difficulty. The place held many curious contrivances, and altogether the discoveries that followed explained how many lawless deeds that had excited public wonder had been possible.

"To think of all the things that went on over your curly heads while you played there—for it must have been a den of thieves for years," said the old constable. "Well, it will be safe enough now, for after this the gang will be completely broken up."—Kate W. Hamilton, in "Western Recorder."

DID IT MATTER?

Ned was fifteen and had just begun to work at a grocery store. Ned objected to work in general, and to his duties in the store in particular. But, as his mother was a widow, with three younger children, he had to do something to help. A well-to-do uncle had offered pay as much at is was likely Ned could earn, while the boy completed his high school course. But Ned had flunked three examinations, and brought home a very poor report. So the offer was withdrawn, and Ned sent to Mr. Bennett's store.

He took parcels to homes within an easy distance, and often made mistakes in names or numbers, or said he "couldn't find them." He answered the telephone, and misunderstood what people said, or else forgot to give the message. In short, he was not a success.

"I want five cents' worth of your best coffee, please."

Ned looked at the speaker, a bright little boy of seven. It was quite early in the morning, before custom had fairly wakened up, and Ned was in charge.

"Five cents' worth," said Ned, contemptuously.

"Yes, and it's got to be the best," answered the little boy. "My mother's just out of it."

"Not even a regular customer," thought Ned, and he weighed out a little of the very poorest coffee in the store.

But, late in the afternoon, Mr. Bennett called him, rather sharply, to come up to the desk.

"What coffee did you sell the Browns this morning?" he inquired.

"That one at the end," replied Ned.

"That's the cheapest grade, and Mrs. Brown says her little boy asked for the best."

"He only asked for five cents' worth," muttered Ned.

"You've lost me a coffee customer," his employer said gravely. "For a long time, the Browns have bought their coffee where they can get coupons. But Mrs. Brown had decided to give my coffee a trial—and gave it, this morning. She told me she couldn't trade where her little boy was not treated just as she'd be treated herself. I think you must tell your mother you needn't come next Monday."

Ned felt very much ashamed. But there was nothing to be done. He was a failure at school, and a failure at his first job.

"I—I wish you'd give me another week, sir," he begged. "I'll try to do better."

"But don't you see you're losing me customers?" Mr. Bennett was a kind-hearted man, and realized that this was Ned's first job.

"I won't lose any more, sir. I promise you."

Ned spoke more earnestly than before for he dreaded telling his mother he had lost his job.

"Well, see what you can do to get back the one you have lost," Mr. Bennett decided. "Take a sample of our best coffee to Mrs. Brown and see what she says."

This was about the hardest thing Ned had ever faced. Even when he had packed the sample and started out, he felt as if he must turn back. But the thought of his mother, and of all the trouble he had already given her, spurred him on, and up the steps he went.

"I'm sorry, tell Mr. Bennett," said Mrs. Brown, "I've already ordered ten pounds of coffee. Mr. Brown was quite provoked at what we had for breakfast."

"But when that is gone, ma'am, won't you give us a trial?" pleaded Ned. "It was all my fault. And won't you try this sample to-night It's fine coffee."

Mrs. Brown, too, had a kind heart, and was inclined to help a boy making a start.

"Well, I'll use this to-night," she agreed. "And when we have finished the ten pounds, I'll see. But I shan't want more coffee for a long time"

So Ned could not quite undo all the mischief his carelessness had done! But Mr. Bennett saw that he was really bent on turning a new leaf, and gave him another trial.

"And I'll try to win another customer for Mr. Bennett," thought Ned. He was at the store bright and early on Monday morning, with such a smiling face that he had won two new customers before night. And, before long, when a child was told to go to the store, that child usually said:

"I want to go to Bennett's, so Ned can wait on me!"—Frances Harmer, in "Zion's Herald."

THE BETTER WAY.

It is better to lose with a conscience clean
Than win with a trick unfair;
It is better to fall and to know you've been,
Whatever the prize was, square.
Than to claim the joy of a far-off goal
And the cheers of the standers by,
And to know down deep in your inmost soul
A cheat you must live and die.

Who wins by trick may take the prize,
And at first, he may think it sweet,
But many a day in the future lies
When he'll wish he had met defeat.
For the man who lost shall be glad at heart
And walk with his head up high,
While his conqueror knows he must play the part
Of a cheat and a living lie.

The prize seems fair, when the fight is on,
But save it is truly won
You will hate the thing when the crowds are gone,
For it stands for a false deed done.
And it's better you never should reach your goal
Than ever success to buy,
At the price of knowing down in your soul,
That your glory is all a lie.

—Detroit "Free Press."

Do not ask that Christ may be near to you—He is near. Do not pray that He may be closer—He cannot be. Pray that you may realize His nearness and comprehend how close He is.—Selected.

Bicycle Bargains

Used Bicycles from $12 to $20. Hundreds to choose from. Send for list.

R. G. McLEOD

179 KING STREET WEST - - TORONTO

OUR MAIL BAG.

Dear Editor,—This is a very pretty place in summer. The name of our farm is Southern Slope. We live right beside the river. I learned to row a boat last summer. I am eight years old. Now I guess I will close, from your friend,

JEAN LOIS MUNDLE.

(Can you swim, Jean,—Ed.)

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter. Pink is my favorite. I suppose that is why I am a little girl. I am nine years old. I always like to dress my dolls nicely, because I think they like to be dressed nicely as well as we do. I am going to tell you which book I like best. I think it is "Anne of Avonlea." It is a very interesting book. Good-bye.

BESSIE BURGESS.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to your club. We have been taking the Montreal "Witness" for about two months, and I like to read the Boys' and Girls' Page very much. We live on a small farm. I have two miles to go to school, and am in the sixth grade.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter. Pink is my favorite color. I have a little sister Elsie; she is six years old, and I am eleven. There is a pond not far from us, and when the snow is off it is great skating. We have great fun coasting. There are so many hills here. For pets I just have two cats and a few hens. We have one dear little kitten. We are about four miles from a station. Sometimes we take our sleighs to school and coast. I wish the "Witness" much success. From

JEAN B. MILNE.

(Welcome to our Corner, Jean.—Ed.)

Dear Editor,—I have 2 dolls, and I have a lot of clothes for them. I like dolls very much. I am ten years old. I think this war is dreadful. I have six cousins in it; three were wounded, but they are all getting better now. One of them is down in the West Indies. One has won a medal. I will close for this time. Good-bye, Editor.

ANNIE CAINE, Age 10.

Dear Editor,—I was eleven on the 18th of March. I like the "Children's Corner" very much. I always look at it the first thing when it comes. The "Weekly Witness" has come to our house over twenty years. We have had very cold weather here, but I like the snow, and I don't mind the cold when I go coasting or skating. I am your little friend now,

DAISY FORSYTH.

(Welcome to the Corner, little friend.—Ed.)

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the Corner. Father has taken the "Witness" for about 20 years. I like the stories in the Children's Corner. I am ten years old, and am in Grade five at school, and hope to be in Grade six in June. I have two sisters and two brothers going to school; we drive by ourselves. I have a brother at the war; he went about a month after the war started, and has not been wounded. I wish the war would soon end, so he could come home. I will close, wishing the club success.

JESSIE MURRAY.

(We all hope he will get home to you soon.—Ed.)

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, and will be ten years old on the 24th of May. I have blue eyes and fair hair. I read the letters in your paper with interest. I have been going to school four years. I am in the second reader now. I live in the Fraser Valley. The Fraser river runs right through the back of our place. In the fall or early spring we can go pretty near to the centre of the river on the gravel. We can hunt agate there. I have one brother younger than myself, and one sister older. She likes to work with the cattle and horses. I guess I will close, wishing the Children's Corner success.

HELEN FOSTER.

(Write us more about your great river and its valley, and the things you see there, Helen. I have seen it, but lots of our Corner members have not.—Ed.)

Children's Corner

HOW BALLOONS WERE INVENTED

The Color Fairy was sitting on the edge of the rainbow blowing bubbles—blue and violet, red, yellow, and green balls floated away to the place where the stars were hiding from the sun, and the Color Fairy laughed happily and blew more and more and more. Suddenly she heard a sad little sob, and on looking round she saw the Play Fairy huddled on a fluffy white cloud crying as if her heart would break.

"Why, whatever is the matter?" said the Color Fairy.

"It's the children!" sobbed the Play Fairy.

The Color Fairy was puzzled; she could not understand why children should make anyone shed such tears.

"I don't understand," she said gently.

The Play Fairy stood up and spread out her frock. It was no longer dainty, for it was torn and shabby.

"Look at me!" she said. "You know I am only happy and pretty when I am loved, and a dreadful thing has happened. The children were all playing and laughing when one of them stopped and said he was sick to death of games, and they were all stupid. My dear, it gave me such a shock; I tried hard to tell him how jolly it was to run and jump and spin his top, but no, he would not play, and one by one the other children copied him, and at last one of them said: 'My mother says that it is the Play Fairy who helps us in our games.' 'Well,' said the first little boy, 'she is a very stupid fairy, and I don't like her.' And now," said the Play Fairy, sobbing pitifully, "I don't know what to do!"

The Color Fairy thought for a moment.

"I have it," she said, "you must invent a new game!"

"But how can I when I'm so unhappy!" asked the Play Fairy.

Just at that moment one of the Color Fairy's bubbles floated along and tapped her on the cheek, then lightly floated away.

"How dare you!" laughed the Play Fairy. "Now I shall have to catch it for you," and she flew after it and brought it back to her sister.

All at once her eyes began to sparkle. "Oh!" she said, clapping her hands, "the new game!"

The Color Fairy looked up wondering, and the Play Fairy began to speak very quickly.

"Sister," she said, "will you blow me lots of different colored bubbles as fast as you can?"

The Color Fairy said nothing, but started to blow them as quickly as ever she could, and presently the Play Fairy had a big pile at her feet. Then she took little pieces of string, for being a Play Fairy she always has string in her pockets, and tied each bubble just where it had been finished, to keep the air in, you know; then she gathered up as many as she could hold and flew to earth.

The Color Fairy was very interested, and she flew after her with more.

When they reached the earth the Play Fairy flew along the streets of a big town until she saw a rosy-cheeked, smiling, old woman, and she filled her hands with the bright-colored bubbles, and before the old woman knew what was happening she found herself saying:

"Fine balloons, five cents each," as if she had done it all her life, and, indeed, she thought she had, for that was the Play Fairy's magic.

By and by the very children who had thought the Play Fairy stupid came along the street.

"Oh," cried the bored little boy, "there's the balloon woman," just as if he had known all about balloons always and always. The two fairies chuckled as they saw each child run off laughing and shouting and tossing the fairy bubbles into the air.

It was so exciting that the Wind felt he must play, too, and whisked the balloons up and down, and puffed and panted and blew everybody about as hard as he could. And still the old woman stood at the corner of the street calling, "Fine balloons five cents each!"

And what is more lovely still, only the Color Fairy and the Play Fairy and you and I know how balloons ever came here to be played with.—"The Round About."

RED GOLD'S CHICKENS

(By Marcia Cary.)

One bright morning a hen named Redgold came running down the garden walk looking very unhappy. Her feathers were ruffled and she was making a loud, troubled squawking.

"Good morning!" sang a sweet, chirruping voice; but the hen kept on running and fretting.

"Good morning!" sang the sweet voice again, and a robin flew down in front of Redgold. She stood still and looked at the happy bird.

"It isn't a good morning for me," she said mournfully. "You don't know what trouble is, do you, Mrs. Robin?" Robin?"

"Trouble?" trilled the robin merrily. "What is trrr-ou-ble?"

"Why," said the hen in her sober, squawking voice, "people take away my eggs and my nest, and won't let me have any chickens. That is trouble."

"How dreadful!" said the robin.

"The other hens had chickens long ago. I didn't want them then, but I want them now." Redgold cackled over and over again, "I want them!" She spread her wings and ran on, sputtering, "I want them!"

Then Mrs. Robin sang brightly, "You shall have them; I will help you," until her cheerful song made the worried hen stop to ask, "How can you help me?"

"Why, no one on this farm touches birds' nests. I will help you build your nest in an apple tree."

"O dear, dear," said the hen, "that is no way to do!"

"It is safe and easy," said the robin.

"My mother never taught me that way," said poor Redgold, quite discouraged. Then she gave a loud cackle, as joyous as the robin's song. "Oh, once my mother hid her nest in a field! That is the way to do. Good-by! I shall have my chickens!"

She ran on as fast as her short legs would let her straight to the high wall at the foot of the garden. She found the one hole in it, although it was hidden by tangled vines.

She scratched and she squeezed her way through to the field beyond, where thick bushes growing by a brook made fine hiding places. She pushed herself under their low branches until she found a beautiful, secret place for her nest. It was in a hollow into which wisps of hay had blown the fall before, when the bushes were bare.

In a week's time she had seven pretty eggs in her nest.

Now, at the farmhouse, the children were saying, "Where can Redgold be? O dear, she may have been run over! Why, mother, she is the foolishest hen we have! When a car is coming she always wants to cross the road."

The farmer said, "Oh, she has stolen a nest, but the little gadabout won't stay on it long! She hasn't even hen sense."

"We shall hear her," said little John. "She is so fond of making a noise, she cackles when the other hens lay eggs."

"She will come to get something to eat," said Patty. "She is so selfish and greedy that she will chase another hen all over the yard to get a piece of meat away from her, when she has a plenty herself. She wouldn't be very kind to little chickens, would she, mother?"

But Redgold was the handsomest hen on the farm, and she laid a great many eggs.

The children hunted and hunted for her. Many a time they must have gone close to her hiding place, but the little hen that they thought was so silly and noisy never made a sound when anyone was near.

One week went by, another week went by, and then the children said, "Poor biddy, she may have gone off to the woods, and a fox may have found her and said, 'Run right into my mouth and make your nest there.' She wouldn't know any better than to pop her head in, poor thing!"

But at that very moment Redgold was sitting on her safe nest, as happy as any fairy queen. She never had had chickens, but wanting them had made her wise. She loved to care for her eggs, and she knew how to do it. She did not leave them a moment, unless it was best for them, no matter how tired or hungry or thirsty she was.

At last there came a wonderful day. There were little twitterings in one of the eggs and a tap! tap! tap! The eggshell broke, and a baby chick snuggled under Redgold's soft, warm feathers. Tap! tap! tap! What! Another chick? Yes; but no sounds in the other eggs. Redgold waited patiently. By and by the pecking began again. Oh, how joyful she was when she had her seven chickens! She loved them every one and they loved her.

She knew they did not need anything to eat the first day, but when their feathers were dry and fluffy and their tiny legs were strong enough she said in her kind, cluckling voice, "Come, my darlings, we will go to the farmhouse. The children there like to feed chickens."

"Yes, mother, yes, mother," chirped the little ones.

"Come, come!" clucked Redgold, leading the way, and they ran after her. If one strayed aside, she called, "This way!" and back it came.

Slowly, slowly, they followed on by the stone wall until they came to the hole that led into the garden.

Cluck! cluck! chirp! chirp! on they came, up the garden walk and into the dooryard where the children were playing.

Such a shouting! All the grown people ran to the door. They called out, "Oh, what a smart hen! Well done, Redgold! You are not so silly, after all."

"What darling chickens!" cried Patty. "They are the prettiest we ever had."

Redgold was as proud and pleased as she could be. She strutted up and down with her chickens, while the children ran for some warm food.

Redgold did not eat any of it. She was too busy seeing that each one of her dear babies had a plenty, and as soon as they had eaten all they wanted they ran to her, chirping, "Mother, mother, please let us come under your warm feathers." Of course she let them nestle under her wings. She liked to make them warm and happy.

"Mother," said Patty, "look at Redgold. She isn't a bit selfish now."

Her mother looked. "I am glad for her," she said.—"Youth's Companion."

COLOR COMPETITION



THE OLD BALLOON WOMAN.

You all seem to like coloring pictures best of all, so here is another. Read the story, color the picture, put on it your name, your age, if under 12, your full address, and your choice of a prize, if you win, and send it as quickly as possible to the Children's Corner Editor, "Weekly Witness," Montreal.

YOUR CHOICE IF YOU WIN.

Book, Game, Spear Pencil, Enamel Beauty Pins, Dolls' Sewing Silk, Steel Pencil, or a Painting Book.

A GOOD DIGESTION

Depends Upon Keeping the Blood Rich, Red and Pure

To be able to eat what you want and to digest it properly is a priceless blessing. Good digestion is not appreciated until you lose it. Then you cannot afford to experiment, for strong medicines are hard on weak stomachs. If you have indigestion do not be persuaded into believing you can cure yourself by the use of pre-digested foods or so-called stomach tonics. There is no tonic for the stomach that is not a tonic for every part of the body. It is through the blood that the stomach gets its power to assimilate and digest food, and as the blood goes to every part of the body and improvement in its condition not only results in strengthening the stomach but every organ in the body. Rich red blood is absolutely necessary to good digestion. If your stomach is weak and you are troubled with sour risings in the throat, a feeling of pressure about the heart, or nausea after eating, try the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So many dyspeptics have been cured by this medicine that every sufferer from stomach trouble should try it. You will soon know the joy of good digestion and enjoy better health in other ways if you give this medicine a fair trial. Mr. Fred J. Kendall, Darlin Ave., Toronto, says: —"For upwards of five years I was a great sufferer from indigestion, which gradually undermined my general health, leaving me in a weak and anaemic condition. I spent considerable money with one doctor and another, but failed to receive any lasting benefit, and had become quite discouraged. One day my wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I thought it would be the same old story. But she had so much faith in them that she got me a box, and to please her I began taking them. By the time the box was finished, I noticed a slight improvement, and I continued taking them and soon found myself gaining. I could sleep better and my appetite improved, without the distressing symptoms that had previously followed eating. I think I took in all about a dozen boxes, and to-day I am a stronger man than I ever was in my life. When I began the use of the pills I weighed 143 pounds, while now I weigh 167. You may use this letter as you choose, hoping it may reach some poor, discouraged sufferer as I was."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AWARDS

THE BEST LOVED DOLL.

It was a pretty picture, and was beautifully colored by a great many of you.

The Senior Prize was won by Mary F. Poole, who will receive a set of beauty pins.

The Junior Prize was won by Lottie Walter, and she also has chosen beauty pins.

The Tiny Tot Prize goes to Gordon Allison, who is only 5 years old, and has chosen the erector log builder.

Honorable Mention—Jack Armstrong, John R. Ball, Mary Cameron, Bessie Cotton, Dorothy P. Copeland, Margaret Collins, James K. Duncan, Annie V. Dodds, Herbert R. S. Eaton, Esther F. Fletcher, George N. Gillis, Margaret E. Guay, William Hunt, Neil S. Mackay, Douglas McIntosh, Grace MacCallum, John C. MacPhail, James Mack, Clara B. Maxim, Olive Moon, Jessie Murray, Laura Pittman, Jack W. Polly, Ethel Ramsay, Marion M. Smith, Ruby Smith, Walter W. Wright, Mary Waycott, Lizzie Wylie, Alma R. Wilson and Merton Zuberig.

AN ODD SENTENCE.

Do you know any sentence that contains every letter of the alphabet? There is one, its meaning being, "The quintet of sparring magicians bound with rapidity," and it repeats only three of the letters—"i" being used four times, and "e" and "u" twice each. Can you make out what this sentence is?—Selected.

LETTERS FROM READERS

THE NATIONALIST POLICY.

(To the Editor of the "Witness.")

Sir,—It seems to me that the recent outbreaks in Quebec are but another phase of the process or readjustment through which the world is now passing. It is but another evidence of the fact that governments and ruling factions, in order to preserve peace and harmony, must treat their subjects frankly and sincerely, and must make their personal and party ambitions wholly subservient to their conscientious and honest efforts to legislate, and rule only in the spirit of equality and freedom for all, and with a view to the most liberal and enlightened conditions under which all may live.

We consider it perfectly fitting and proper at the present moment that our French-Canadian fellow-citizens should contribute their proportionate share of men to fight for the freedom of the world, and I have no doubt that had their past education been along the same channels, and their opinions been influenced in the same directions as our own, the very people who are to-day opposing the Military Service Act, would be just as ready as the remainder of the inhabitants to have their men conscripted for military service. But we have been sowing the wind and we must expect to reap the whirlwind. The people of Quebec have for years been educated in the Nationalist doctrine. In 1911 Sir Robert Borden and some of his followers were credited with subsidizing the Nationalist propaganda, and linking together the Conservative and Nationalist parties in order to defeat Laurier. Can we then blame the Nationalist element for believing that their policy was by way of becoming that of the whole Dominion? Were not their leaders honored with cabinet positions? Was not the Laurier Naval Act repealed so that their sons would not have to go to fight England's battles? Did not all this tend to firmly fix in the minds of the uneducated and unthinking, and also of those who for their own purposes were implanting the Nationalist doctrine, the idea that their policy was being recognized by the government, its power was being felt and catered to, and therefore it would spread and in time embrace all Canada?

LACK OF STATESMANSHIP.

The above, I know, is already common knowledge, and is not written in a partizan spirit. I am simply trying to show that if, instead of having had the Nationalist doctrine fostered for partizan purposes for several years, we had had sincere, honest, and far-seeing statesmen opposing it with a campaign of good-will and enlightenment, who were endeavoring to lead the two races of Canada into habits of respect and mutual confidence, whose preeminent desire was to make Canada the most peaceful, enlightened and free country in which to live, we would probably not be having our soldiers stoned and shot at.

A time has arrived in the world's history when we want for leaders men who will calmly look ahead and weigh well the results of all their official acts and utterances. They must be of the people for the people, and they must not be led by small considerations of personal or party gain, to bring upon us eventual calamity. In the past our party rulers have played a game in which the people, and the public heritage were the pawns. We have been enlightened, or kept in ignorance, according as their designs dictated, and I have often heard men sigh for some way of getting the unbiased truth about some question of the day, while each party was hammering home its arguments for or against. There will always be differences upon most questions, but there could only be one possible opinion upon the Nationalist policy, in the minds of loyal citizens of the British Empire. Therefore, I repeat, had the Nationalist idea been discountenanced from its inception, by sincere and far-sighted men, had both political parties ignored its existence as an organization, we would not now be suffering the humiliation of rebellion within our borders.

A LESSON TO LEARN.

We have a lesson to draw from the present state of affairs. A people has been impregnated with a false doctrine until it is believed by them. It has been fostered by those who knew it was false because it was to their political advantage to keep the people in ignorance of the truth. Now it has become necessary to ask that people to do the very thing it has been schooled not to do, and individual and organized resistance is being encountered. What reason have we to expect anything else? In future we should see that no recognition is given either factions, or individuals with disloyal sentiments; that parties appealing to race, creed, ignorance, or emotionalism be immediately unmasked; and we should demand that our government recognize the fact that they are not divinely appointed arbiters, as many of them seem to think, but simply representatives of the people occupying their high positions because of the sufferance of their constituents. Let us never again submit to being stampeded with catch-cries and flag waving. Let us put down with all our energies such faithless and autocratic legislation as the War Time Elections Act. Let us insist that our representatives exercise all their intelligence in properly fulfilling the mission upon which we send them. Let us demand that more consideration be given the people's opinions and wishes upon important questions. We pay the bills, so why should we not be consulted? If we have intelligence enough to choose and elect our all-wise parliamentarians, surely that should be an argument with them to trust us a little further, and seek our advice as to what we want them to do!

"REPRESENTING" THE PEOPLE.

In this constituency we elect a representative (I mean a politician), and unless he has to hold a consultation with some of his followers regarding the bestowal of some gift of party patronage, the great majority of his constituents never see him again until he comes around to tell us what a lot he has done for us, and what a tremendous loss the country will suffer if he is not elected at the ensuing election. Now I ask, how can a man represent a constituency unless he knows his people's minds upon the questions upon which he has to vote? How can he know how the people want him to vote if he never inquires? We all know the answer to both questions. Because of the fact that while running an election as the representative of one of the two great political parties, he receives a majority of votes, he takes for granted that any legislation favored by that party, must be pleasing to his electors and he votes accordingly. He would generally rather injure his political opponents than benefit them, although they usually comprise just a little less than half of his constituants. Is that an intelligent and democratic form of representation?

I have already transgressed far too much upon your space. Allow me in closing to voice my extreme appreciation of the "Witness," particularly at the present time. After vainly floundering in the froth of many publications, most of them with some selfish object to further, I feel when I get the "Witness" that I have an anchor upon which I can depend, and am safe in basing my opinions upon information therefrom received.

R. L. V.

Springfield, N. S.

Note:—If you want your member to know your opinions he will get them most clearly by your writing to him. It should be brief and clear.

THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

(To the Editor of the "Witness.")

Sir,—Some little time ago the writer received from a Roman Catholic priest in this vicinity, and that with the purpose of enlightening the former in regard of the Roman Catholic faith, a copy of a book bearing the above title, "The Faith of Our Fathers," and published by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore. The preface to the publication says that "the object of this little volume is to present in a plain and practical form an exposition and vindication of the principal tenets" of the church with which Cardinal Gibbons is affiliated. It further states that "as his chief aim" has been to bring home the truths of that faith to his "separated brethren who generally accept the Scripture as the only source of authority in religious matters, he has endeavored to fortify his statements by abundant reference to the sacred text." As the little volume which the Cardinal presents is a book of 406 pages, whereas a copy of the Bible before me contains only 712 pages of a smaller page and a smaller and closer type, one is led to wonder just what a large volume relative to the same subject might be, in the first place, and, in the second, if it would not save a great deal of such effort were we to confine ourselves to the Bible itself rather than to treatises concerning it, true or false!

But that wonderment upon any one's part would be entirely done away with as we peruse the Cardinal's effort and, no doubt, labor of love. His work is composed of 31 chapters, each one dealing with some special feature of his church's teaching. One would logically suppose that in an appeal to those who accept the Scripture as the only source of authority in religious matters, the introductory chapter, rather than the eighth chapter, would deal with "The Church and the Bible," yet the opening words of the opening chapter are these: "The Catholic Church teaches, etc., etc." We can read with interest and from such a book, just what the Cardinal and his colleagues teach, and would sincerely hope that they teach what they themselves believe. It is therefore exceedingly interesting for those who "accept the Scriptures as the only source of authority in religious matters" to know just what the Cardinal and his colleagues teach relative to what the former characterizes as "the sacred text." We find it in the following words: "We must therefore conclude that the Scriptures alone cannot be a sufficient guide and rule of faith because they cannot at any time be within the reach of every inquirer; because they are not of themselves clear and intelligible, even in matters of the highest importance; and because they do not contain all the truths necessary for salvation."

In full view of such a statement we can understand many things which otherwise would be unexplainable. Cardinal Gibbons and his colleagues ask us to believe what Cardinal Gibbons has stated relative to the Scriptures. We have Moses and the Prophets, to the character of which Jesus testified in these words: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets," (Matt. 7:12), thus placing His emphatic seal and approval upon them as the very highest manifestation of Divine love and justice. We have an account of Jesus teaching the universal Fatherhood of God and corresponding universal Brotherhood of man; as in the following words addressed to the multitude: "Call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father which is in heaven." (See Matt. 23:1-12.) And again in that marvellous message sent through the agency of the Magdalene: "Go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and to my God and your God." (John 20:17.) Both of these messages are but echoes of the prophetical words of Hosea (chap. 1:10-11) and of Malachi in his challenge to the priests (chap. 2:1-12).

Not one word of such w glorious message may we find in Cardinal Gibbons' book, though that message is the very basis of the doctrine of The Christ and of the Lord's Prayer, with which all Christians should be familiar. Might we commend to the Cardinal a careful reading of Paul's address to the men of Athens from Mars Hill: "God who made the world and all things therein . . . . and hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon all the face of the earth . . . we also are His offspring, etc." (Acts 17:22-29.) We are not so vitally interested in knowing what the Roman Catholic Church teaches as we are in knowing the truth to which Jesus referred when He said: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," and of which the Apostle Paul speaks when he refers to "God our Saviour who will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth." (I. Tim. 2:1-6.) If God will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth, and if "He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth," will the Cardinal or some of his colleagues explain why they have failed to teach what the Scriptures so clearly imply?

T. A. FORMAN.

Woodstock, Ont.

ENLIGHTENING BOOKS.

(To the Editor of the "Witness.")

Sir,—In the March 23 issue of the "World Wide" there is an advertisement of a book by Major Haldane Macfall, "Germany at Bay," published by Cassell & Co., price $1.75. The introduction, by Field Marshal French, states: "No man of any common sense should remain ignorant of the fact that if middle Europe comes out of the war a German Empire, the war has been fought in vain." Then the advertisement goes on to say: "It is to convince the man in the street (whose future and whose children's future are in his hands to-day) of this perilous truth that Major H. Macfall has written "Germany at Bay."

I should like to read the above book, but the price, $1.75, is beyond my means, for I try to keep my purse strings in the grip of my conscience. I expect that many of your readers are like myself in that respect. Now I have just read a book which was written with the same object in view, "Pan-Germanism—The Disease and Cure," by Andre Cheradame. This book, to put it within the reach of all, has been published in paper covers with a map of Middle Europe, at 25 cents, by the Atlantic Press. 25 cents, postage 3 cents. I sent 30 cents and received it here at Renata, B.C. I promise that any one opening this book, who has an intelligent interest in the supreme question of the day, will read it from cover to cover without laying it down, if practicable. It is an eye-opener as to the success of Germany and the peril of a premature peace. I judge it is along the same lines as the book you advertise at $1.75.

F. W. NASH.

Renata, B.C., April 8, 1918.

CONDITIONS OF INFALLIBLE INTERPRETATION.

(To the Editor of the "Witness.")

Sir,—I am a subscriber to the "Witness," and have been reading the S.S. Lessons, which are generally good, also the sermons, which have some truth in them; but I think you ought to have some conditions at the head of the columns of "Letters from Readers" when they are on Bible Topics. If your correspondent cannot sign the letters B.A.—not "Bachelor of Arts"—but "Born again"—after his name, it would be better to consign his letter to the waste paper basket. I know there are many born again who make mistakes in the division of the Scriptures. But why? We are told the reason in John 7:17. "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine." I do not wonder at people not understanding the Word. They listen to man's explanation, instead of listening to the Blessed Holy Spirit whom the Saviour sent down to the world to instruct us and to guide us into all truth.

Mr. Tuttle says, "We are told in in Matthew's gospel that previous to the second coming of Christ the message must be sounded among all nations." Just think of a man saying, in the face of Scripture, that the message is only half delivered—that the merest fringe of the nations has been touched. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15.) Was not this done? Yes, Paul says in his Epistle to the Colossians, (Col. 1:5-6, 23) the gospel was preached to every creature under Heaven, and in Romans 10:18, "Yes, verily, their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." Again, in Acts 2, on the Day of Pentecost men out of every nation under heaven heard of God in their own language.

What do people mean by "Schemes of Earthly Betterment?" Do they know that the very world they are talking about bettering is judged and doomed for the murder of the Son of God? "Now is the judgment of this world: now shall the prince of this world be cast out" (John 12:31). "Hereafter I will not talk much with you; for the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me" (John 14:30). "In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them" (2 Corin. 4:44).

L. C.

Rawdon, Que., April 12, 1918.

Cheer The Boys

We are doing "our bit" just now for the Y. M. C. A. work for the soldiers. If every one acts promptly it will be as a "ringing cheer" that will reach and hearten our boys at the front. It is the least any one can do, and those who act promptly stimulate others, and so multiply their own contributions.
For list of contributions, see Page 14.

$26,362.92 Already
To War Benevolences

This handsome total has been made up by the readers of the "Witness," "Messenger" and "World Wide," besides what they have given through other channels.

We want to see the $50,000.00 mark reached, and it could be done in a week or two if everyone would just do spontaneously, immediately what the heart inclines and the pocket permits.

Just now it would seem as if the Y. M. C. A. Fund for work at the front was the one in which our readers would naturally be the most immediately interested, and for which the Canadian people are most immediately responsible. Forget your last subscription, it has been well expended. Subscribe again while Col. Birks is in Canada, that he may know the funds are on hand for the continuation and necessary extension of his great work for our soldiers. And those who have not yet sent their dollars will want to be first in this great new "push."

Send comforts and cheer to the boys at the Front on the wings of your dollars, and do it to-day.

All subscriptions made payable to John Dougall & Son, in trust for Y. M. C. A. Fund and addressed to us, will be acknowledged in these columns before being passed over to the Official Treasurer.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, "Witness" Block, Montreal.

OUR WAR-TIME FUNDS

Y.M.C.A. FUND.

(For Y.M.C.A. work among our Canadian soldiers overseas.)

Paid Treasurer and acknowledged by receipt	$1191.88
Since acknowledged	207.75
N. B. C., Renfrew	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Reed	4.00
B. A. Martin	5.00
C. E. B., Essex	3.00
Yotman Ladies' Aid	15.00
Mrs. K. Irwin	10.00
A Friend, Newport	1.00
A Farmer, Dayton	10.00
Mrs. H. Howatt	10.00
Total to April 18th	$1462.63

Paid Treasurer and acknowledged by receipt	$1,669.29
Since acknowledged	317.95
L. E. B.	1.00
A. E. F.	2.00
A. M. Robertson	5.00
Annie Stewart	3.00
Friends at Halcyonia, Sask:	
Clarence Elliott	3.00
Stanley Foster	2.00
A. Newbold	1.00
John Manson	1.00
C. H. Orchard	3.00
Wm. McDermid	5.00
C. J. McDermid	5.00
Lila McDermid	5.00
Hedley Fallis	3.00
John Saunders	2.00
Miss Bowley	2.00
Bryce, Maymie, Gordon and Basil Orchard	2.00
Miss Abernethy	3.00
John Anderson	3.00
E. McCredie	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Reed	4.00
L. Ledgerwood	20.00
Thomas S. Bailey	5.00
Mrs. E. Thompson	1.00
F. E. Lye	3.00
Mrs. W. Thomson	1.50
Togo Willing Workers	25.00
L. M. Elliott	.50
Chalmers House, City	10.00
Thomas Sanderson	5.00
Total to April 18th	$2,123.24

Paid Treasurer and acknowledged by receipt	$583.10
Since acknowledged	34.75
Junior Boys' Class, Havelock Pres. S.S.	1.00
W. F.	5.00
Miss S. Smith	1.15
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Reed	4.00
Thomas Sanderson	2.00
Total to April 18th	$633.00

Paid Treasurer and acknowledged by receipt	$382.05
Since acknowledged	21.25
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Reed	4.00
A Friend, Newport	1.00
Thos. Sanderson	2.00
Total to April 18th	$410.30

Benevolent and Patriotic Funds

Those who have contributed through the "Witness" to the different Benevolent and Patriotic Funds will be interested in the following letters which have been received from the Treasurers of the respective funds. The "Witness" of April 9 contains full particulars of the amounts contributed by our readers to the various funds, which now reach a grand total of $26,362.92.

An imperative appeal is now being issued by the Y. M. C. A. for our help and co-operation in their important work among our soldiers overseas. To meet this call all funds, except the Y. M. C. A., are closed for the present, and we look for a generous response from our readers to meet the needs of this great and important work.

Y. M. C. A. FUND.

Montreal, April 12th, 1918.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Montreal.

Gentlemen,—

On behalf of the Montreal Executive of the Y. M. C. A. Military Fund, may I acknowledge yours of yesterday, enclosing your cheque for one thousand one hundred and ninety-one dollars and eighty-eight cents ($1,191.88), from the readers of the "Montreal Witness" and "Northern Messenger," for which receipt is enclosed.

This comes at a most suitable time, when the National Council of the Y. M. C. A. are facing a new year of effort and hope to raise some two and a half millions.

This cheque, when added to former subscriptions of your generous readers, makes a grand total of over $10,000 for the Y. M. C. A. Huts ($10,027.97) for the service of our noble boys overseas. This will be forwarded through the Treasurer, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor.

On behalf of the Montreal Committee, very thankfully yours,

(Sgd.) WM. M. BIRKS,
Chairman.

HALIFAX RELIEF FUND.

Halifax, 16th April, 1918.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of cheque for $157.00 received from the readers of the "Montreal Witness" and "Northern Messenger," through the publishers, Messrs. John Dougall & Son. I have handed this cheque to the Treasurer of the Halifax Relief Commission for the City of Halifax.

I desire to express my appreciation of the generosity of your readers for their thoughtfulness in connection with the great disaster which occurred in this city, and I also thank your firm for your kindly interest in the matter.

(Sgd.) G. H. MURRAY,
Provincial Treasurer.

PRISONERS OF WAR FUND.

Montreal, 12th April, 1918.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Montreal.

Gentlemen,—

I have to acknowledge with grateful thanks your generous cheque for $382.05 for the Prisoners' Fund.

I now enclose my formal receipt for the money.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) D. B. MACPHERSON.

THE LABRADOR FUND.

Ottawa, April 12th, 1918.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—

I acknowledge with much gratitude the cheque for $585.10, forwarded to me in your letter of the 11th instant, being the amount of the subscription received by you from your readers during the past four months. In accordance with the intention of the contributors, the sum of $263.90 will be applied in payment for the searchlight, and the remainder will be devoted to the maintenance of the "Northern Messenger" launch.

Your continued and successful efforts for the good of the Labrador Medical Mission are highly appreciated by the Dominion Committee, and by all those engaged in the Labrador work, which keeps on extending. We should be glad if you would publish our thanks to all those who have taken part in the present contribution.

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
A. G. PARKER,
Honorary Treasurer, Labrador Medical Mission.

THE CHILDREN'S AMBULANCE FUND.

Montreal, April 13th, 1918.

Received from John Dougall & Son, publishers of the "Witness," "World Wide" and "Northern Messenger" the sum of five hundred and forty-nine dollars and seventy-nine cents ($549.79), this sum being the further gift of the children of Canada through the aforesaid publications, and is for the maintenance of the Ambulance which the children of Canada bought and sent on its mission of mercy to serve the wounded soldiers at the front.

The money has been forwarded through the Bank of Montreal to Lady Drummond by the undersigned.

(Sgd.) M. DOROTHEA DRUMMOND.

It will be remembered that the suggestion was made last year by Lady Drummond, through Miss Dorothea Drummond, of Montreal, that the children of Canada give an ambulance for the soldiers at the front. Lady Drummond is head of the Canadian Red Cross Information Bureau in London, and has under her care all records of soldiers at the front, in hospital, or in the prison camps of Germany, and through her department comfort boxes and supplies are distributed. For her untiring, devoted and efficient management of this all important department, the King has been pleased to confer on her the order of "Lady of Justice of Jerusalem." But greater than any conferred honor is the gratitude of the soldiers and their relatives and of the nation at large.

It will be remembered that on receipt of the former amount of two thousand, three hundred and eighty-two dollars and seventy-eight cents ($2,382.78) Lady Drummond personally wrote a letter acknowledging the money and addressed to the children of Canada for publication in these columns.

The amount of $549.79 now being forwarded, together with the earlier amount of $2,382.78 just mentioned, totals the sum of $2,932.57 sent to Lady Drummond for the Ambulance donated by the children of Canada for wounded soldiers at the front.

Our Benevolent Funds

Some of the funds for which we have been opening our columns are hereby permanently closed owing to information having been received by us that the needs have otherwise been amply provided. Others are closed for the present. Kindly remember this. Of course if money has been specifically collected by any of our readers for any special purpose and it cannot be diverted to the Y. M. C. A. at the front, it may still be sent through us to be applied to the designated fund. It will in that case be acknowledged individually, but not classified under the specific heading till further notice.

In the meantime it would be well if all would concentrate their efforts and their benevolent contributions to the end that the Y. M. C. A. work at the front may have the funds so much needed to keep pace with its remarkable development.

Cheques have been sent the official treasurers, and their acknowledgments will be published in due course.

PRESS OPINIONS

NON-RADICAL QUEBEC.

(Toronto "Daily News.")

It is not surprising that Quebec is opposed to Votes for Women. The spirit of the people is anti-Radical, and modern improvements in Government, as in philosophy, find few supporters. Thus, while the West and Ontario are willing to try reforms which promise well, Quebec holds back. There is practically no public ownership sentiment in Quebec. The nationalization of railways will get no support in that quarter. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when Prime Minister, deliberately refused the opportunity to make a beginning with the Canada Atlantic, as an extension of the Intercolonial. He was in line with the sentiment of his province. One may understand how distasteful woman suffrage must be to the old-time Tory temperament which rules in Quebec province. For many years that province has given a continued support to the Liberal party, but there is as much difference between a Quebec Liberal and a Western Liberal as there is between Roosevelt and Bryan. Indeed, the English-speaking member of the Canadian Conservative party is more of a Radical than the most ardent French Liberal.

WASTEFUL PATRONAGE.

("Grain Growers' Guide.")

Few people realize to what extent the evil of political patronage has lowered the efficiency of our public service and sapped the moral fibre of our national life. Under past governments at Ottawa, both Grit and Tory, the patronage evil has been rampant. It permeated every department of the Government and practically every branch of Governmental service from Halifax to Vancouver. The Government employs thousands and thousands of men and women. When a vacancy occurred outside of Ottawa the usual system was for the minister of the department to ask the local member for a recommendation. The local member nearly always selected a political friend regardless of his ability for the job. By this means a large proportion of the Dominion Government employees throughout Canada have been appointed by political pull. Not all of them are inefficient by any means, but when a man or woman gets a job by political pull and holds that job by political pull there is little encouragement for them to be efficient.

SOME QUESTIONS.

"Le Pays" says: "What can the object be in creating this division between the English and French-Canadians? Let us face this question from a material and practical point of view. What have we gained the last few years in allowing a band of narrow-minded and fanatical men to make us believe that we are the first people in the world, that we have nothing to envy in other people, and that we have a providential mission to accomplish on this continent? It must be very providential, indeed, if we are to judge of the results obtained up to the present time. Does it means that here in the province of Quebec we are still in the times dear to the partizans of the holy kings of France? Does it mean that we are rivals of Spain and Ireland in the ignorance of our rural population? Does it mean that there is no liberty for the French press in this province? During the past few years every means has been employed to deceive our people by inculcating in their minds the worst possible prejudices and stirring up the fires of discord between English and French. Under the pretext of fighting for the conservation of the French language we are forbidden to read French books of a high class. The worst calumnies are put forth against the English and the 'damned French,' so is it surprising that the French-Canadian should be imbued with superstition and should swallow everything that is told him? We have reached a point when it is impossible to carry on a political or municipal campaign without bringing in questions of race and religion, and in consequence the province of Quebec has become the chosen abode of hypocrisy, deceit and fraud, and the painful part of the whole business is that the great majority of French-Canadians realize the fact and are too cowardly to protest against it. Who will ever make us believe that the English hate us because we are of the French race, when England and France have cemented with their blood an entente which has become an alliance? Who, alas, believes that the English dislike the French tongue, the official language of the diplomatic world? Some people mistake for hatred, perhaps, the ardent desire to see the province of Quebec follow the other provinces in the march of progress, and is it not more plausible to think that it is the fear on the part of our present masters to see the French-Canadians educated and unprejudiced and to look with a paternal eye on the divisions between the English and French of Canada?"

THE "WEEKLY WITNESS" is printed and published at No. 222 Craig Street W., in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, Frederick Eugene Dougall and Wilfrid Dougall, of the City of Montreal.

WHO IS THE DEBTOR?

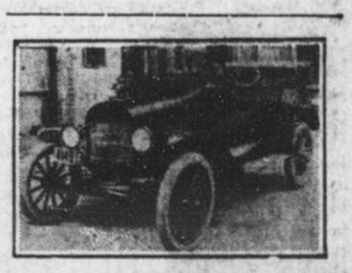
("Weekly Sun," Toronto.)

British Columbia sends down word to the arbitrators, who are ascertaining the value of the so-called C. N. R. stock, that the C. N. R. owes it more than half a million for overpayments, and 25 millions damages for breach of contract. No one will be persuaded that British Columbia intervenes maliciously to depreciate the C. N. R. stock, but only to collect its debts.

Who is the debtor? Mackenzie and Mann did business by local or provincial companies, now called subsidiaries, in which all the properties of the C.N.R. system are now vested, except as to the interest of mortgagees and bondholders. There was among the rest a British Columbia C. N. R., called the Canadian Northern Pacific, which contracted with British Columbia separately or jointly with Mackenzie & Mann, and in which, we understand, all the C.N.R. properties in British Columbia are vested. The C. N. R., the stock of which passes to the Dominion under the Acts of 1914 and 1917, and is now in question before W. R. Meredith and his fellow arbitrators, owns neither railway, nor terminals, nor docks, nor elevators in British Columbia or any other Province. It owns nothing, we are advised, but securities, and some, not all, of the stock of the subsidiaries, numbering in all, twenty-seven. It has not contracted with British Columbia and is not we should say, the debtor. It may, however, or rather the Dominion Government, which owns it, may be obliged to become the debtor. If British Columbia, for example, were to sue in its own courts, the British Columbia C. N. R., and obtain judgment for $25,500,000, it might put the sheriff in possession and oblige the Dominion Government to choose between paying and losing all interest in the second national transcontinental from Yellowhead Pass to Vancouver. British Columbia takes in all probability, the first step towards that end, or towards shifting to the Dominion its own obligations to bondholders and railway creditors. It is scarcely to be doubted that the other Provinces will follow British Columbia's lead. An alarming obligation, which might be forced on the Dominion, would be that of building, without regard to the exigencies of the time, new lines and improving those already built in the west.

It is noteworthy that following British Columbia's claim, the Dominion Government announces that it has not yet taken over any part of the C.N.R. system or paid any part of the debts of the subsidiaries. The government has, however, paid lately 25 millions to the C.N.R. Company, the stock of which is in question, and promised, it seems, 25 millions more, besides providing rolling stock. It would not be surprising if, after the storm is over, Mackenzie and Mann, who remain in possession of everything, received back the legal ownership of everything, with the roadbed widened so as to hold ballast.

Mayor Martin announced at the first informal meeting of the aldermen that if the Quebec Government refused to share with the city a portion of the revenue collected in Montreal, he would ask the Ottawa authorities to petition the Imperial Government to create Montreal and surrounding districts into a separate province.



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Canada's Standard Car

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Attached to 27 Co.
Canadian Forestry Corps
B. E. F. France
10/12/17

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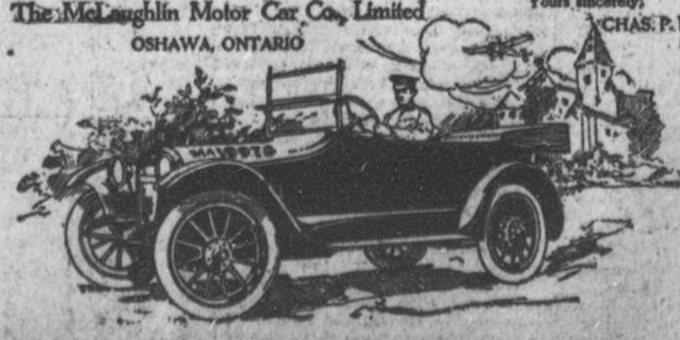
Gentlemen:

I arrived in France, April, 1917, with one of your cars (Model D 45 Touring). Up to now it has covered over 18,000 miles over all conditions of roads, some so bad one would never think of taking a car in private use.

It is only fair to you and your car that I should tell you that up to now it has given no trouble nor has it had any replacements except one plug and the carbon removed. The oil we are getting not always the best.

This statement is correct and will bear any investigation. Have had such pleasure with the car, compared with others, suggested it to me that I should write you this note, which may be of some use.

Yours sincerely,
CHAS. P. BAILEY,
a/c. Corporal.



This letter and photograph is a copy made from the original sent from somewhere behind the lines.

See the McLaughlin Line at the Local Show Room.