

WITNESS

and

Canadian Homestead

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
PUBLISHERS.

VOL. LXXXIII. NO. 4.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 25, 1928.

83rd Year

SUBSCRIPTION RATES INSIDE
FIVE CENTS A COPY.

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

*make Canada
a Land to Love*

The Week's Outlook

Concerning Blasphemy

A MEMBER of a Lancashire congregation got up when the vicar started to sing the mass as the people understood it—the eucharist the vicar called it—and read the article of the church which denounces the alleged sacrifice of the mass as a blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit. Some one else started a hymn which broke up the “celebration” and the clergyman was booed on his way home under police protection, a martyr to his convictions. Presumably it will be held that singing the communion service instead of saying it was not saying mass, that on the contrary it was adhering precisely to the words in the orthodox prayer book, and that the people took umbrage at, and blasphemously treated, a service that they did not understand. But what is the spiritual significance of a performance the worshippers do not understand? It is a mere semblance any way. This performance came to them in the semblance of what they abominated. That, therefore, is what it was to them. Now, allowing, as we know no better, that this incantation was in point of words innocent from the most exacting Protestant point of view; allowing, too, that singing is far more beautiful than reading, if the “celebrant” sings well, though it may perhaps be far less edifying, as it might, as a rule, as well be in Latin as in English, it remains that the adoption of that Roman usage was the only thing that had significance for the people, that such was its significance to them, and that its adoption by the priest after due warning was a deliberate attempt to force them to worship God in a way that they regarded as blasphemous. Is it easy to imagine a greater spiritual crime? If in the words used there was not “blasphemy,” to quote the thirty-first article, surely there was in the act thus insisted on, and naturally resented.

Ruin or Renewal?

BISHOP BARNES of Birmingham sees in the dispute into which the Church of England is drifting the ruin of that church. The press generally agrees with him in holding that emendations to the text of the “deposited book” do not alter its character on the essential matters for which parliament rejected it, and that it can only look on a still more explicit rejection with disestablishment in the background. The Saturday Review holds that after announcing their “considered judgment,” the bishops could not have gone back on the concessions to sacramentalism which they had approved. That would have amounted to moral abdication. But the revealed attitude of the nation is sure to stiffen the condemnation of it. As the bishops are practically making this a vote of want of confidence, with chaos as the alternative, they hope that, out of fear of catastrophe to the church parliament may turn round and pass their measure. There seem to be few who share that hope. But no matter what parliament may do, and disestablishment or not, there remains, in the mind of Bishop Barnes, the prospect of destructive disputation and church disintegration. The worst that can happen is the refiner's fire and the release of mismatched groups. As for the relation-

ship of the church with the state, which Dr. Barnes would apparently like to preserve, it is undeniably an archaism. That is not that nations do not have a collective soul and do not need to express it. But that expression is no longer and can no longer be credal and institutional. It must be in the spirit of its legislation and administration. The Church of England would be holier and not less holy, or less brotherly, were it bereaved or despoiled of all its privileges and resultant social assumptions.

The Race For Life

IT would be the greatest of pities if the tempest raised by the coincidence of the Malines revelations, the presentation to parliament of the “deposited book,” the unfortunate occurrence at St. Paul's Cathedral, and the sporadic outburst of sacramentalist innovation should occult from the general mind the still wider crises which now hang over both Christianity and civilization, vastly as these threaten the peace of Jerusalem. Dr. Fosdick has said no more than thinkers think when he says: “We are engaged now in the most momentous race in history between the next débâcle and the provision of substitutes for war.” He says he believes in the League of Nations. He might have added that in view of what the winning of that race by war would amount to, the man or nation who or which abstains from or impedes the furtherance of such a common effort to win the race for civilization is committing the crime of crimes. For, though few in these buoyant days like to look either backward to war or forward to it, those who have anything to say about the outlook

seem almost unanimous on two or three points: that increase of provision for war is a sure path to war; that the armaments of today are far greater than those before the war, and that their rate of growth is greater; and that should there be war it could and would wipe out civilization, not in four years, but in as many days, also that, as in the days of Noah people lived merrily and free from apprehension until the day that Noah entered the ark, so it may be to this generation. As society could not live and function under the shadow of such a terror, it simply refuses to believe in it. We should at least go as far as to do our utmost to make it impossible. The antidote for war is, not simply to wash our hands of it and forswear it individually. That would amount to nothing when the floods arose and swept the nations in. Even international agreements, for which all should strive and pray, might, as this generation knows, prove mere scraps of paper. The only prophylactic against war is that the nations should come to love one another. The promotion of goodwill is the second law of the Kingdom of Heaven, and as it is a common forecast that the next war will be a color war, the Saviour's second commandment includes inexorably every race and color of mankind.

Rock Bottom

PROPHETS arise from time to time—not to foretell—that is a by-product of the gift of spiritual insight—but to see things as they are and as they ought to be, and to insist on the latter in God's name. Those called prophets of old announced the judgments that impended as

the necessary result of iniquity. But in view of the character of God they also foresaw the glories that had to be, and in so vivid a light as to look for them in their immediate future. They all saw the coming glory as implied in the growing belief in a God too wise to make a failure of His handywork. The line of the prophets has not come to an end; there are still lights shining in dark places into whom we may do well to take heed. We are speaking of some who would fain be heard above the strife of tongues dealing with the minor things of theological controversy. What are these shibboleths, what are these usages, over which people have contended from the days of the apostles till now, when the fundamental fact of religion is at issue? Men of great soul who passed through the war and came in contact with the bare souls of their fellowmen, saw how utterly futile were these differences to a soul adrift on a sea of fire, conscious that the only reality with which or whom he has to do is God. Mr. Shepherd, a churchman, and Mr. Norwood, a free-churchman, are among those whose utterances, written and spoken, have the ring of the prophet both in the denunciation of doom for present conditions and sanctions, and in the assurance of victory for the King of kings. The doom is for the church if it does not repent of its superficial playing with religion and renew its life in Christ, victory for Him who looms larger and larger as the nations become conscious of the absolute need of world brotherhood.

Indian Self-rule

ZAGLOUL'S pertinacity forced the hand of Britain far beyond her judgment in conceding to Egypt self-governing conditions. England knew a great deal more about democracy and its difficulties and dangers than Zaglou cared to know. What he wanted was his country's independence, fit or unfit. And really, who can blame him for that? Did any people seeking nationhood ever ask themselves whether they were fit for it or not? In sending off the Simon commission to India on the tremendously responsible task of studying further self-governing possibilities there, the British, both government and people, quite realize that action will need to be a compromise between what Indian-nationalists demand and what is, in the most generous British judgment, good for that country. The world all over is putting a very big query mark to democracy, even in its ancient strongholds, and is inclined to contemplate India's ambition as suicide. Still, in air travel and swimming stunts, the world has grown somewhat callous to suicidal recklessness—indeed wildly applauds and encourages it. In the same way the world in general is quite willing to let an eastern conglomeration try experiments upon itself for the good of mankind.

A Big Job

WHILE Sir John Simon will have to on the one hand face both the deafening clamor of would-be nationalist magnates and the spiritual pressure of the nation's new-born soul, as exemplified in Gandhi, he will be met on the other hand by equally strong selfish interests and equally devout convictions on the part of those who have always ruled India to their own liking, insisting that the whole popular movement is disastrous. There is, for instance, the Church of England, which has been established there from the old days of the Company. In those days, and there are relics of it yet, in churches subsidized by Indian taxes a black force was never seen and would have been far from welcome. Then there are Anglican missions to the “natives” who see things differently. There is the whole white bureaucracy, fond enough of black boys, and of black girls too, who are only very



RELEASING THE ANCIENT MONSTER

Mr. Marcil's motion, censuring the Canadian government for allowing Sir Henry Thornton to help solve Mexican railway troubles, may possibly release an antediluvian and deadly dragon.

gradually awakening to the idea that the "natives" can have even civil rights, to say nothing of political rights. Then there are the missionaries of all denominations, all zealous for the moral, social, and political advancement of the Indian people, who would gladly see self-government so far as it might be safe, but who have natural misgivings. Should education, they say, be put under people of different religions? Why, graduates from their own schools are demanding religious restrictions, Thompson fashion, upon those schools. Britain would of course stipulate for religious liberty. On no other terms could the Indian peoples live together. But what are the confines of religious liberty? Suttee and other suicidal rites have long been forbidden, and religion in schools has always been a thorny borderland for strife, even where religious liberty is complete. Sir John Simon and his colleagues take up the task as being the biggest job any statesman can face. More than ever democracy's plea will have to be that one can only learn to walk by falling.

Pledges

Fulfilled

EDUCATED Indians no doubt consider their specific demand for dominion home rule within the Empire as reasonable. They regard themselves at least as fit for that status as is China for the complete and equal sovereignty it demands from the nations of the world. Dominion status has, of course, not yet been promised them. But immediately after the war the Montagu-Chelmsford report, adopted by the British parliament partly in gratitude for India's great war sacrifices, established the system, so-called, of diarchy. Diarchy granted to India the right to carry on certain selected functions of government as long as such rule was acceptable to the English rulers. Certain Indian nationalists considered that last reservation an insult and the system an absurdity. It was admittedly a temporary expedient. The same act that inaugurated the system definitely promised further reforms in 1929 if and as Indians had meanwhile shown themselves capable of assuming governmental responsibilities. The Simon commission is to make the all-important report on these acts and capabilities.

A Better Gospel

NO British minister is more zealous or efficient than Mr. Amery, Secretary for the Dominions, now visiting Canada. He believes in personal contact between leaders of the British nations. Although little more than a year has elapsed since the last Imperial Conference, Mr. Amery is just concluding an exhaustive tour of all the Dominions. In South Africa he was in time to lend a friendly hand to settle amicably the bitter controversy over the flag. In Australia, New Zealand, and in Canada, Mr. Amery has everywhere preached the gospel of British trade preferences. Trade preferences are a sensitive subject in a Commonwealth that recognizes the right of every member nation to erect as many or as few trade toll-gates or trade barriers as it desires. But in Mr. Amery's present style of preaching there is no danger—nothing that deserves anything but praise. He recommends nothing but voluntary preferences freely granted, after the example set by Laurier and Fielding. It is interesting to contrast this recommendation with that preached a few years ago by Mr. Amery and his friends. Then the plea was for a hard and fast system of protectionism hiding behind a "preference" forefront. Mr. Amery has changed in other particulars. He no longer urges the consolidation of the Empire into a political federation. His pronouncements on the subjects of "status" and "sovereignty" (those much hackneyed terms) might just as well have come from the lips of any nationalist in South Africa, Ireland, Canada or elsewhere. As Mr. King remarked not long ago, there is no longer any vestige of difference between the claims of the nationalist and the statements of the imperialist. Most Canadians will agree with the prime minister that it is time for nationalists to cease harping on what is so well settled.

Pan-American

AT great international gatherings two principles have been pulling against each other. It is far easier for intelligent and trusted statesmen to come to agreement by themselves than where every whisper of their thunders around the

world's whispering gallery, and in particular among their own constituents, in exaggerated distortion. On the other hand, in these days no agreement is effective that is not an agreement between peoples. Before them any matter they care about must ultimately come. In such conferences the custom has been to confine the utterances in the open sessions to pretty idealistic speeches that could ruffle no feelings. Such may have been the best way in the League of Nations through formative years of extreme tension and uncertain mutual understanding. In the British Inter-Imperial Conference all serious negotiation was carried on behind closed doors. But as such bodies become more and more a superior sort of parliaments, discussion will more and more have to go on as in the presence of those whom they represent. At the last Assembly of the League there were indications of this wholesome development. Such are also visible in the Pan-American union. Hitherto the speeches at these gatherings have been oratorical effusions about the common American republicanism, with expressed or implied comparisons with the outworn and iniquitous institutions of Europe. But there are sure signs that the Pan-American union is following the example of the younger but greater world League. Gustavo Guerrero of San Salvador has been elected chairman of the most important committee at the present conference—that of international law. Guerrero is noted as an outspoken enemy of United States overlordship of Latin America, and as a promoter of a defensive alliance between small states. His committee is expressly charged with dealing with American international law, which was already tentatively codified at a former gathering. The most important clause in this code is that which would forbid, by treaty, the interference by any American nation of the affairs of another. The present gathering has approved such a policy only in the form of a resolution, not a treaty. But the acceptance of such a treaty would at least put an end to the farcical and tragic conditions in Nicaragua. Either the United States would have to wash its hands entirely of Central American affairs or it would be forced to declare to the whole world that it intends to exercise a "mandate" over peoples who are, in its opinion, unable to govern themselves. Much more striking are the outspoken demands of Mexico, Peru and Argentina. These are slightly different in detail. But all urge that the Pan-American union should become an association of free and equal members—not as at present, an organization centring at Washington and dominated by statesmen there.

Economic Destiny

EVEN more significant was the speech of the Argentine representative, Mr. Pueyrredon. Not only did he boldly attack the tariff policy of the United States, but he urged movement in the direction which all thinking men realize to be inevitable. Mr. Pueyrredon would have all of the American republics take steps to lower their tariff barriers between one another, and toward making the American republics "an American commercial and economic unit." Mr. Hughes, Washington's representative, of course hurried to deprecate any such recommendation—at least so long as the union was so inefficiently organized. It is amusing to consider what an embarrassment such a proposal would cause the Republicans with all their farm supporters demanding something like a protective bonus on farm produce. But it is not merely a matter for amusement. Sooner or later the formation of a European customs union is inevitable. All the important old world economists now urge it. It is true also that, as the Argentine speaker said, the primary purpose of the Pan-American Union was to foster economic consolidation. Sir Alfred Mond continuously declares that the road to eventual free trade in the world is by the enlargement of the existing free trade areas. In other words, what Sir Alfred and practically all other commercial prophets foresee, is not an immediate disappearance of the sixty national tariff walls—but the consolidation of those walls into less than half a dozen. Such a development implies a momentous decision for Britain, Canada, and the Empire. Where shall each seek her economic destiny?

Oily

OIL has left a slimy trail on the waters of world affairs in the past

few years. It besmeared the Harding administration in the United States, and left a stench not yet entirely dispelled, that will long hang upon his record. Oil brought the United States and Mexico into the war danger zone. Britain's path of relations with Turkey was rendered dangerously slippery thereby. It is true that oil was not, as implied in many despatches which crossed the sea, alone at the bottom of those troubles over Mosul. But it is also true that the Turks were finally pacified by a money payment as compensation for imagined future oil revenues. Now the two greatest oil groups of the world have declared outright commercial war. Russian oil is the cause of the present trouble. Last summer the American Standard Oil group concluded the purchase of most of the Russian oil output for a considerable period of years. The Royal Dutch Shell Company was furious—claiming that its competitor had purchased "stolen goods," that is, oil from properties confiscated from the Royal Dutch companies by the Bolsheviks. That statement was true. During the war Britain spent enormously on an expedition through Persia to reclaim the oil properties at Baku on the Caspian Sea, in which she had an interest. But the position of the Dutch company was not rendered any stronger by two facts. First, it had itself been purchasing the same Russian oil ever since the war. Second, it had itself bid for the same "stolen" concession against the Standard. The fact remained, however, that the American companies' action precipitated a condition which might well complicate international relations.

Oily

Entanglements

ALTHOUGH one of the smaller Standard Oil companies has heretofore been closely associated with the European Dutch companies, in general the present war is between American capitalists on the one hand and the Dutch-British group on the other. The Royal Dutch company is, as its name implies, largely controlled in Holland—the Dutch royal family having enormous holdings. But this company is also closely interlocked with the Anglo-Persian company, in which the British government is the largest shareholder. Years ago Mr. Winston Churchill purchased the controlling interest in that company on behalf of his government. As yet that purchase has not turned out as romantically profitable as Disraeli's coup in getting control of the Suez Canal. Yet, from a money standpoint it has yielded rich returns. It is only from the standpoint of international relations that there is any room for qualms. Even the universally used term—oil war—is indicative of the dangerous, if remote, possibilities. This particular kind of "war" is not fought with bombs and battleships but with tariffs, price-cuts and trade agreements. The first move in the present war is a demand in India for a tariff against Russian oil. All of this is quite legitimate and legal. But, considering the vastness of the interests concerned, it may aggravate conditions internationally.

Where the Ocean Divides

MAUDE ROYDEN, famous English woman preacher and social worker, is having an unpleasant experience in the United States. After being engaged to speak at numerous large churches her original engagements have mostly been cancelled. Newspapermen, anxious for a sensation, had discovered that Miss Royden occasionally smokes cigarettes. By spreading that fact and interviewing leading women temperance workers, the cancellation of the engagements became inevitable. One result of the episode has been to create notoriety, which makes far greater audiences certain for the visitor—no matter where her audiences gather. Miss Royden's name needs no trumpeting in England, where it is everywhere familiar. It needed but this to give it equal publicity in America, with the added spice of an implied delinquency. Another result has been to emphasize the different outlook that prevails among evangelistic leaders on the two sides of the Atlantic. Miss Royden is a Christian leader of long and fruitful experience. At present she is in charge of the Guildhouse, one of the most noted of London's social service and evangelizing centres. Previous to that she was the assistant preacher at the most noted of Britain's free churches—the City Temple. Yet Miss Royden freely admits taking wine when she so desires, and smokes

cigarettes. John Newton was a holy man, author of such hymns as "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds" and "One there is above all others." John Newton had been captain of a slave-ship. That did not save the slave trade from being what John Wesley called it: "that execrable sum of all villainies." George Washington, canonized by his countrymen as the great liberator, was a slaveholder. General Gordon, holiest of men, was a soldier. Some day the two things will be incompatible. There are evils that are bound to perish before the beams of the better day.

Record of

a Great Queen

ANY one who learned at school in the 'fifties of the last century that Great Britain was under a limited monarchy, which meant that the Queen's ministers had to have the confidence of parliament and so of the people, and who was taught to worship the Queen as the glorious exponent of that venerated constitution, the palladium of our liberties, must find it hard to reconcile that cheerful view with the petulant letters of Queen Victoria to her ministers written in the 'eighties and now published for the first time, letters in which she denounces any imperial policy other than one of aggrandizement and what-we-have-we-hold, and in the home system any progress toward democracy. These notes from her letters and diary show how she openly abhorred Gladstone, whose attitude on these points differed from her own. The sympathy of the nation will be strong for that grand man who through such long periods of power had to bear with this open ill-will, both toward the people's policy, as represented by himself, and also toward himself personally, all of which he endured in silence and, of necessity, withstood, while he maintained throughout, in all his demeanor, the utmost deference and veneration for the monarch and for the monarchy. One has to admire also the contrasted behavior of King George who, knowing that all these facts to the discounting of the monarchic legend must sooner or later become history, has taken the courageous course of opening the records to the historians and to the public of today. We could wish it had not been necessary to do so, as Victoria's brightest chaplet was her supposed loyalty to the constitution, and that has now faded. We understand how it was that she took every opportunity to glory in her traceable descent from the Stuarts, all of whom insisted on personal rule. Still we have not lost the memory of an entirely good woman, whose court was pure as none had been before, and who was every inch a queen, also of one who actually bequeathed to kingly successors the constitution she inherited, not only unbroken, but confirmed and advanced. Edward Seventh, who "was in the king business," may, along with much high personal service, if only with a view to maintaining the fact of royalty, have been a little positive at times. King George, at any rate, is the perfection of a constitutional king.

Vehicle Lights

FARMERS in the province of Quebec are objecting to a proposed law to require them to light their vehicles after dark. It cannot be because of indifference, as their experience at night must be one of continuous nervous strain, their own danger being much greater than the danger their unlighted vehicles cause to motor cars. It is simply that they do not know how to do it. Hanging candles or oil lanterns about their carts, before and behind, and keeping them aglow, would be very dangerous as well as very difficult. The most practical thing yet devised would seem to be the reflector with three facets that would, at one angle or another, reflect the headlights of a car, and so warn the latter. The farmers have taken more kindly to this, and probably would not object if the mechanical difficulty of displaying these on all sorts of loads could be easily overcome. The farmers naturally do not see why an added expense should be forced upon them by an innovation for which they are not responsible. That sentiment will correct itself as more and more of the farmers get cars. Already eight-ninths of the road traffic is by motor car.

The Nordic View

IN answer to the League Assembly's request for pronouncements on the question of security, Britain has sent a

new note to Geneva. She deprecates all round agreements for arbitration and favors specific regional arrangements like Locarno. Britain is careful to point out what all thoughtful men realize—that arbitration awards must eventually depend for acceptance on moral opinion rather than armed force. The present British government is of the opinion that the time has not arrived when any nation able to use force effectively can put itself in a position to have to do so automatically against every nation refusing to accept any conceivable arbitration award. This is where the celebrated Protocol would have placed Britain. In this statement of it there is an implied rebuke to those nations (like Poland) who continually demand iron-bound treaties, with promises of drastic armed "sanctions" for violations, before the world has even become accustomed to accepting and applying the very advanced measures included in the existing Covenant. The note of Norway, most sensible of nations, to the League, on the same subject, takes the identical position stated from London.

A Comic Opera Contest

LORD BYNG, doughty warrior and most beloved of all Canadian governors, has won another battle. It is the kind of contest and victory which Gilbert and Sullivan would have delighted to immortalize. Upon his return from Canada, Lord Byng was honored by his Sovereign by being made a viscount. His lordship gratefully accepted the honor—for he knew, what all Canadians know, that none better deserved it. But he treated entirely differently a subsequent message from the Treasury. It seems that there are formalities to these decorations. They are assumed to be for high service. This one certainly was. The very idea that it was to be bought with money is offensive to a high-minded man. It seems to put him on a level with the title buyers whose party contributions now embarrass Mr. Lloyd George. It seems that the fees for titles range from two thousand dollars in the case of a viscount to twice that figure in the case of a duke. Lord Byng, returning from a position where the salary is never sufficient to pay the expense, bluntly refused to pay. Politicians, it seems, usually know how to get these fees remitted without fuss. He thought he deserved no worse treatment. Now, after long months of silence, comes word that the honor is officially gazetted—and that Lord Byng has not paid. There were precedents for such refusal—refusal which seems likely to end the whole absurd formality of fees. Lord Palmerston is the most noted of the insurrectionists. When made a Knight of the Garter he gallily refused to pay. "But," cried the outraged dignitaries, "your banner cannot be hung in St. George's Chapel unless you pay." Palmerston nonchalantly retorted that that worried him not at all—that he never attended St. George's or any other chapel. He had the title, and incidentally the fee—let the bureaucrats do as they would with the banner.

Exit the Council

IT looks as if Mr. Rhodes, premier of Nova Scotia, is to have clear sailing in the last stage of the abolition of the provincial council, or senate. The members of the council have jointly agreed to vote immediately for their own abolition. That offer is in reply to Mr. Rhodes' demand for the members' resignation. This surrender is due to the discovery that the Legislative Councillors of that province under conditions that existed before confederation hold their seats at the will of the government. This contention having been carried to the Privy Council was sustained there. In view of that decision nothing remained but the formalities necessary. It is well that the deposed councillors should accept the situation in good grace.

Francs, Dollars and the Ecu

FRANCE has stabilized her money with the paper franc, worth about four cents, roughly one-fifth its pre-war value. But, although stabilized, the paper franc may not yet legally demand gold in exchange. With the extreme reduction in the buying value of gold that has been going on for a quarter of a century the twenty-cent gold franc had got to be an inconvenient unit of exchange. A four-cent franc worth, in purchasing, less than the English penny in the 'nineties, is almost ignominious. Everyone realizes this.

France can get over the difficulty in two ways. She can follow the example of Germany and Russia and redeem all outstanding paper money by newly printed currency with slightly different names. Germany called her new gold coin the reich-mark. So many dozen (or was it hundreds, thousands or millions?) of paper marks were exchanged for one reich-mark. Gradually the people dropped the "reich" and again called the coin simply the mark as before. That course was dictated by the practically total eclipse of the paper money. France could adopt a similar expedient, though with no such unobstructed course. But certain of the economists are urging different action. About eight hundred years ago a French king struck a coin called the ecu. This is the nearest approach to the dollar in French monetary history—although in Quebec the half dollar was long called the ecu. The present suggestion is that the new currency have the ecu as the basis, worth exactly one dollar, and that each ecu contain one hundred units, probably to be called sous. It will be interesting to watch this suggestion. It will also be interesting to compare France's action with that of Britain. When the motherland returned to the gold basis, two years back, she had a golden opportunity to adopt some sort of decimal currency. There were various suggestions put forward at that time. But conservative old England, rather than even seem to be tampering with her liabilities, chose to continue to complicate all her wide commerce by sticking to her own old bemuddled system—even if it meant burdening an already staggering country

Sir John Simon and India

IT is the biggest job I know; I will have a try at it." The remark is attributed to Sir John Simon, referring to his mission as the head of the Parliamentary Committee which will examine the conditions in India under the partial Home Rule system at present obtaining, and will report as to the advisability of extending or restricting the measure of autonomy. It is a "big job." The reforms introduced experimentally under Mr. Montagu's secretaryship in 1919 gave India the most radical and democratic institutions she ever experienced, but they have failed to satisfy aspirations of Indian nationalists. Some, like the idealist Gandhi would have nothing to do with them. Others have used them to the full and used them as a platform to demand fuller and more complete self-government. The whole thing bristles with difficulties. On the one hand, judged by the theory of "self determination," it is impossible to justify the pressure of Britain in India at all. On the other the practical result of British rule has been to make India a happier, healthier, and better country to live in than in any period of its written or even of its fabled history, whereas, theoretically, it again is unjust to deny full political privileges to men of culture, learning, patriotism and integrity, it is more evidently dangerous to accord such privileges to half educated and wholly ignorant, self seeking demagogues. British rule has not been perfect. It has often been bullying and unsympathetic. Even to the religious Lord Salisbury the native Indian was merely a "black man." The whole policy of Anglo-Indians of a certain type was to "keep the nigger in his place," even if the "nigger" happened to be a chivalrous warrior or a gifted poet. Liquor has also been an unfortunate gift of the British to India. But again, to the credit side of the ledger must be set down the undoubted fact that British rule has made, and is making, in India as elsewhere, for justice and well-being. Plagues have been stamped out, often at the cost of British lives. Thousands of acres of desert land have been irrigated and brought under cultivation. Education has been fostered and extended. In the provinces directly under British rule—and increasingly in the native states—law, evenly administered, has replaced the old, arbitrary methods. Peace has been kept in territories once the prey of strife and rapine, and the principle has been to cede the administration more and more into Indian hands as Indian hands were fitted to handle it. Lord Macaulay laid the foundations of national education in India. He had an overwhelming admiration for the virtues of the English "public" school-boy and could imagine nothing better for the young Indian than that he should be put through the curriculum of Eton and Rugby, should forget his ancient history, and by means of Latin, Greek and cricket,

be transformed into "a happy English child." With Macaulay's educational ideals young India absorbed his Whigism, his faith in free parliaments and extending franchise. So we come to the vernacular press, the Swaraji "Home Rule" agitation, the Indian National Congresses, the Montagu concessions, and the Simon Commission.

The Indian Commission

THE Commission has been appointed with the approval not only of the British government but with that of the Liberal and Labor parties. Its chairman and his coadjutors are men of the highest probity and intelligence, and willing to spend and be spent for the good of India and of the Empire. In spite of this it has fallen in for some severe criticism. One point made by objectors was that this Committee sent to investigate Indian affairs does not number one Indian among its members. To this objection the very satisfactory answer is that India is not a nation, like England, or Canada, or the United States. It is a continent containing people of many origins, of varied and antagonistic faiths. It contains extremes of poverty and of riches, a great deal of its population is divided by partitions of caste, and besides these there are multitudes of "untouchables" beyond the pale of caste altogether. If, therefore, two or three, or half-a-dozen Indian representatives had been included in the Committee, they would have represented not India but each his own faith, his own class, his own interest. Unfortunately many prominent Indians have refused to look upon the situation in this light. Towards the end of the year all the important political organizations in India met either in annual session or in special conference, and have passed resolutions on the Commission. A good many of them have decided to boycott it. But there have been important exceptions. The All-India Moslem League had arranged to hold its annual conference at Lahore. A section opposed to the Commission endeavored to have the meeting changed to Calcutta which, having lost its supreme privilege of being the seat of government, has naturally been for many years a hotbed of trouble. They did succeed in having a smaller sectional session there, and resolved not only that the Commission be boycotted, but that the Punjab Moslems who are friendly to the Commission should be expelled from the Congress. The larger and more friendly Moslem Conference met in Lahore. The Sikhs, among the noblest of the peoples of India, who have a religion of their own, favor the Commission. So do the wealthy and enlightened Parsee merchants of Bombay. At the other end of the social scale delegates from the depressed classes met in Allahabad and resolved to support the Commission on the ground that the impartial authority of the British government is a necessary protection for the disinherited Indians against the power of the privileged orders of Hindu society.

Sir John Simon

IT is into this maelstrom of contending factions that Sir John Simon and his Committee are venturing. Sir John is, like many other notable men, a "son of the manse," as the Scottish phrase is, his Manchester father having been a Congregational minister. He is fifty-five years of age. A hundred years ago this would have been accounted an advanced age. In our happier day he is at the height of his matured powers and vigor. He leaves a legal practise estimated to be worth three hundred thousand dollars a year, also an assured brilliant political future in the Liberal party, to take up this thorny and very thankless task. There is a story—doubtless apocryphal—that when he and Lord Birkenhead were together in Oxford they tossed to decide which party either should join, since they realized that no party could contain them both. Whatever the truth of the story their careers have run strangely parallel and they have regarded almost everything from directly opposing positions. Mr. A. G. Gardiner once sketched Sir John Simon in the Daily News: "It is difficult to associate fairies with Manchester, but fairies there must have been who revisited the glimpses of the moon about Moss-side forty years ago. And most amiable fairies they were. They crowded round the cradle of John Allesbrook Simon and showered their gifts upon him, and best of all there was no uninvited fairy to turn all the blessings to bitterness—unless, indeed, unqualified success is a malignant elf in disguise. . . . Success, in such a measure as Sir John has had it,

must rob life of much of its adventurous delight. . . . To have the sun perpetually shining on one must make one hungry for a rainy day; to find that Apollyon always yields at the first onset must make one yearn for a foe who will not fly. When everything is very easy life must be very hard, and a little dull. . . . It is his freedom from insatiate ambition . . . which is Sir John Simon's chief claim to distinction. . . . He does not advertise . . . He aims neither at epigram nor at wit, and displays a chilly scorn of all rhetorical devices. His appeal is never to the passions, but always to the mind. . . . If Sir John Simon is to become interesting he must show us that he can fail, he must be discovered in some splendid indiscretion, he must burst through that panoply of restraint with some flame of passion. Then we shall know that he is not only with us, but of us."

Perhaps a sense of this has helped him to sacrifice his great professional income, to forsake politics with its distinctions and rewards, to stake his public life and reputation on a great adventure. Even if Mr. Gardiner is right and only some failure can make Sir John Simon and his career interesting, it is to be hoped, for the sake of India and of the Empire, that in this enterprise he will not fail.

Mother and Child

AN EXCHANGE is announced in Toronto for the first Sunday in February between a popular Protestant pulpit and that of one of the best attended synagogues, the preachers being Rabbi Ferdinand W. Isserman of the Holy Blossom Synagogue, and the Reverend E. Crossley Hunter of Carleton Street United Church. Whatever helps people to understand the souls of men from whom they have been fenced off is well worth while. As to that a great change has in the past generation come over the attitude of Christian missions toward heathen religions. In the early days of missions the inspiring spirit of those religions was simply believed to be Satan; their devotions were filthy, and the resultant morality abominable. A better knowledge of, and a human sympathy with, the votaries of those religions found, as did Peter, to his surprise, that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted by Him"; and, with Paul, that in all nations there are those that are feeling after God, "if haply they may find Him." After all, the religious mark of our age is that in the soul of man "deep calleth unto deep." And what is more to be looked for than that Christians, whose faith has been suckled on the Jewish scriptures, who up to a century or two ago would sing no hymns but those of ancient Israel, should trace kin in their own religious ancestry. To speak in mystic language: though we are no longer confined to Jacob's well for living water, still that well is deep, as all the Christian ages have practically held. Again in a figure the Saviour on the Cross lovingly confided those of the mother faith to the care of His beloved disciples: "Son behold thy mother." What an exorable fulfillment has been accorded to that commission! The new wine could only burst the old bottles, as the Jews at the beginning plainly saw, but those who used the new did not need to treat with ignominy and hate those devotees of the old who did not straightway desire the new. We are told in detail of one occasion when Christian preachers were invited to speak in a Jewish synagogue. "Brethren if ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on." It was only one instance of hundreds in which that forum was thrown open. Had the apostolic preachers not been free to use the synagogues they would have had no easy introduction, whether to the Jewish or to the Gentile world. Athens is the only place mentioned where no such door was open, the results being meagre. At Philippi there was but a riverside prayer meeting. There it took a mob and an earthquake to give the Word an entrance. So such religious hospitality is no new thing on the Jewish side. The gesture is pretty sure to have its old effect of at least breaking some ice and drawing public attention to essential themes. What people want to know is whether the occasion will be limited to a polite exchange of courtesies or whether it will be an opportunity for deep and motivating utterances of conviction. Deep or shallow, there can be no mutual unbosoming at all that will not increase goodwill, the principle of the Kingdom of God.

Mr. Logan Advocates Maritime Union

(To The Editor of The Witness.)

Sir,—Maritime Union, sixty-four years ago, was strongly advocated and believed in by such distinguished statesmen as Hon. Joseph Howe and Sir Charles Tupper.

I submit the present condition in the Maritime Provinces is an illustration of that very old saying "United we stand, divided we fall." We being divided the fall is very visible.

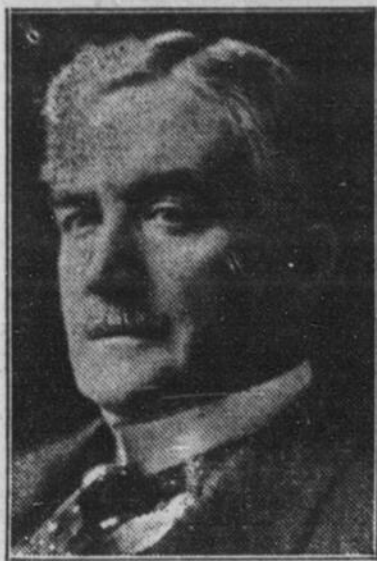
I give the following Twenty-one Reasons for Maritime Union:

1. We are pushed out in the Atlantic and have interests in common.
2. We are provincially divided and unacquainted with each other and with each other's leaders.
3. The interests of the Provinces are almost identical. If united we would be represented in the Cabinet and Parliament at Ottawa by men representing these interests in Union without division, without jealousy or distrust.
4. We would have a policy in common instead of three governments often opposed politically and with different policies for their respective Provinces.
5. Union would be our strength in Confederation against the rapidly growing West.
6. Union would give us one set of statutory laws.
7. We would have the same Court Procedure, Medical Board etc. Our Barristers, Doctors, Dentists etc., could practise and Writs would run anywhere in the Maritime Provinces.
8. We would have one strong Court of Appeal with one set of Law Reports.
9. It would provide a higher educational system with a Minister of Education and uniformity of text books, with a wider field for the activities of our teachers.
10. Union would give us a Maritime Agency in London and other centres.
11. Union would give us a common Immigration policy.
12. Union would give us a common Workmen's Compensation Act and Utilities Board.
13. We would have a common Technical, Vocational and Agricultural policy.
14. We could have one department of Public Health with a capable Minister.



MR. J. B. M. BAXTER, PREMIER OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Mr. Baxter, a Conservative, and Mr. Logan, a Liberal, have appeared together on dozens of public platforms—advocating Maritime Union.



HANCE J. LOGAN, K.C., OF AMHERST, N. S.

In this week's Witness Mr. Logan gives twenty-one cogent reasons for legislative union of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. Mr. Logan's work as Member of Parliament is best remembered for his successful inauguration of the negotiations which resulted in the Canada-West Indies trade treaty.

15. We would have our Human Institutions under one head.
 16. We would have one Highway Department with a common road policy for our Trunk Roads.
 17. We would have a common policy for the attraction of Tourists.
 18. We would have higher credit in money markets and less expense in borrowing.
 19. We could afford to establish a strong Department for the encouragement and development of the Fishing Industry.
 20. It would end the waste of money—which I venture to say amounts to more than half a million of dollars annually—in triplication of services in Government Houses and Governors with their pomp, expenses and glory, Executives and Legislatures with all their necessary machinery and Departments with Deputies, Secretaries, Engineers, Superintendents, etc., etc.
- We have now one hundred and nineteen elected members of the three Legislatures to administer the affairs of about a million people. Ontario with three millions of people has a Legislature of one hundred and nine. If Ontario were as over-represented as Prince Edward Island there would be one thousand members of the Legislature of that Province. We are being legislated to death.
21. It would give us one solid Maritime Province—which I would suggest be called the Atlantic Province—which would speak with one united voice upon all matters affecting the interests of this wonderful part of Canada so blessed by Nature but so crippled by division.

HANCE J. LOGAN.

Amherst, N.S. Jan. 20, 1928.

HAVE A HEART

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—Undenably, the best liquor control is SELF CONTROL.

If more men would "have a heart" for their families when someone says "Have a drink," happiness and prosperity would prevail in home life and in business life. Fredericton, N.B., Jan. 16, '28.

STERLING BRANNEN.

The League's Activities in 1927

(The people of Canada hardly realize the steady progress being made for world pacification and stabilization under the leadership of the League. The following is an account only of the outstanding activities for the year.)

THE LEAGUE'S ACTIVITIES IN 1927

The most successful of all the Meetings held under the auspices of the League of Nations during 1927 was undoubtedly the World Economic Conference, which met in Geneva from May 4 to 23 with an attendance of 194 members and 157 expert advisers, from 50 nations, including the United States, Russia, Turkey and Egypt, four non-member nations.

The main object of the meeting was to bring about a general exchange of views on existing economic difficulties and the means of overcoming them. Three commissions were formed to deal separately with commerce, industry and agriculture. At the close of the conference these three commissions brought in the reports of their deliberations and conclusions which may be briefly summarized as follows:

The Commission on Commerce recommended the removal of import and export restrictions; condemned special pri-

viliges to state controlled undertakings; urged equitable treatment to foreigners and foreign enterprises; advocated the simplification and stabilization of customs tariffs; approved long term commercial treaties; and recommended the use of the Permanent Court of International Justice to settle commercial disputes.

The Commission on Industry recommended the rationalization of industry along American lines; condemned trusts and agreements for the artificial increasing of prices; and emphasized the need for the systematic collection of accurate information.

The Commission on Agriculture advised the general adoption of better technical methods, more scientific organization, and the development of co-operative and credit institutions. It stressed the need for the development of agricultural statistics. The principle of the interdependence of agriculture, industry and commerce in the attainment of lasting prosperity was enunciated.

The final report of the conference was adopted by all except the Russian and Turkish delegations.

"The Economic Conference," says Mr. Burr Price in his book, *The World Talks It Over*, "was even more successful than

those who had conceived it had believed possible, and it ranks as, perhaps, one of the most potent works launched by the League of Nations in the non-political field . . ."

In the matter of armaments the League of Nations was not so successful, at least in the early months of the year. The preparatory commission for the Disarmament Conference met on March 21. The British and the French representatives submitted draft conventions which it was decided to discuss clause by clause. This session lasted more than a month but nothing was accomplished, neither the French nor the British being able to come to any agreement and finally the commission adjourned without any date being set for a resumption of its work. The special League Commission on the Private Manufacture of Arms was no more successful.

In June came the Three-power Naval Conference in Geneva but it failed of accomplishing anything and adjourned after it became evident that Great Britain and the United States were hopelessly deadlocked.

The eighth assembly of the League of Nations met on September 5 without anything very striking on the agenda, in an atmosphere clouded by the failure of the disarmament negotiations, and under the impression that the diplomatists of the great powers were tending more and more to keep the League in the background and to patch up things by the old diplomatic methods. Almost before the world was aware of it, however, the spirit of the Geneva Protocol materialized. In the first few days of the session, Foreign Minister van Blokland of the Netherlands submitted a resolution declaring it to be desirable to "renew the study of the principles on which the protocol was based." His suggestion was received with instantaneous enthusiasm. Two days later the Polish delegation introduced a resolution calling for the outlawing of wars of aggression and the settlement of all disputes by pacific means and declaring that the members of the League are under obligation to conform to these principles. After days of consideration in committee and debate on the floor of the assembly, this resolution was adopted at a dramatic session on September 24, when the delegates of every nation present voted "yes" in the course of a solemn roll call.

Dr. Stresemann, in his opening speech, displayed a tact with which German statesmen are not usually credited. He had been expected to ventilate German grievances, but he avoided carefully any discordant note, and won general approval by an eloquent speech full of fervor for peace and for the League's work. He praised the report of the World Economic Conference, and supported the suggestion that a permanent body be created to carry on its work. He announced that Germany proposed to sign the Optional Clause, accepting the jurisdiction of the Hague Court on legal disputes. The speech was completely successful in establishing Germany's status as a League member in good standing, and in fact, in the opinion of London papers, put Germany in the running for the leadership of the Assembly. The compulsory disarmament of Germany made her naturally sympathetic with the view of the smaller and weaker states.

The election by the Assembly of non-permanent members of the Council provided a surprise. Belgium, one of the retiring members, had given notice that she intended to stand for re-election, and it was generally assumed that the two-thirds majority in the Assembly required for this privilege would be forthcoming. A strong feeling that the non-permanent members of the Council should be changed every three years led, however, to the defeat of Belgium and the election of Canada, Cuba and Finland.

Before the Assembly adjourned resolution was affirmed declaring that the Assembly "recommends the progressive extension of arbitration by means of special or collective agreements, including the agreements between States Members and non-Members of the League of Nations, so as to extend to all countries the mutual confidence essential to the complete success of the conference on the Limitation and Reduction of Armaments."

Council meetings in the course of 1927 were noteworthy in many ways. At the forty-fourth session in March, Herr Stresemann, foreign minister of Germany was the presiding officer. It was final evidence that Germany had fully re-entered the realm of world affairs. The Council at this session was threatened with a serious deadlock over the withdrawal of French troops from the Saar Basin. The bone of contention was, on the surface, almost childish. It was whether there should be a force of 800 or 500 men to guard the railways. Underlying forces of French and German national honor, however, gave the situation a dangerous tinge, and it looked for a time as though the Council would fall in this, the first clash of the two former enemies. On the final day, however, the council sat at conference for six hours, engaging in one of the most remarkable public debates in the annals of the League. At the end of which a compromise had been suggested

A Veteran Padre Muses

GROWING BOYS

"And the boys grew: and Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field; and Jacob was a plain man dwelling in tents. And Isaac loved Esau because he did eat of his venison; but Rebekah loved Jacob."

—Genesis 25:27-28.

It is well to remember that the boys are growing, not grown. There will not be expected from a boy what is given by a man. Grant him time and he may go beyond the man in attainments and service. Various goals in public life are sometimes marked out which may or may not be reached, but a worthy manhood, the grandest of all goals, may be made by every growing lad.

It is well to remember, too, that boys grow up differently. Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field, active alert, adventurous. Jacob was a plain man dwelling in tents, quiet, reflective, the boy to-day who might be busy with stamp collections or story books. And this is found true of brothers in many homes. They are not alike. They cannot be made to grow up alike. To try this would be a spoiled job. As well ask a boy with red hair to grow black hair or the reverse, but they can be taught to care for their hair be it red or black, and boys likewise can be guided and helped along their different bents and dispositions of life.

In growing, boys are found to appeal differently to different people. Isaac loved Esau. We can understand this apart from the venison. The companionship of the boy out in the open, his daring in roaming the woods, climbing hills, breasting streams all struck a chord in the responsive father's heart. Rebekah loved Jacob, the lad always within call giving no troubled, anxious thought in a close and quiet companionship. How true everywhere is this different appeal of growing boys to parents and teachers and others. In preferences shown and cherished a mistake, however, is often made. Jacob had in him qualities for Isaac to love. So also had Esau for Rebekah's love. And this will be found true in all our widely differing boys.

I would then that we might have before us an example and guide and help for all in another growing boy, one Jesus, who "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." And I would muse that in him and through him every boy may attain all that is true and good.

—J.P.G.

and agreed upon to the satisfaction of all.

Another important matter to come before this session of the Council was the report of the Special body of Experts on Traffic in Women and Children. The report covered the work of three years, in the course of which investigation was made in twenty-eight different countries.

The June meeting of the Council was less dramatic. The members considered the action of the May Economic Conference, and expressed the opinion that changes would have to be made in the Economic Organization to enable it to carry out certain parts of the work begun by the conference.

The outstanding points of the September meeting were the election of the three new non-permanent members alluded to above, and the appointment of Germany to membership on the mandates Commission.

The preparatory commission met at Geneva on November 30 with both the United States and Russia present, the latter for the first time. It was rumored that the Soviet delegation would be instructed to make drastic proposals but the other powers were totally unprepared for the extent to which Russia expressed her willingness to go. Mr. Litvinoff, one of the first to speak, proposed no less than "the complete abolition of all forces on land, by sea, or in the air." The other delegations displayed no eagerness for the privilege of replying to this proposal, but eventually M. Paul Boncour explained that "security" must precede any such drastic measure of disarmament. The general consensus of opinion appeared to be that the Russians "didn't mean it" and so the council shortly after got down to routine business. The most definite item on the agenda was the creation of a new committee on "security," and this, when elected, proved to be identical in personnel with the Preparatory Commission itself, except for the absence of the Americans and the presence of the Russians as "observers" only. This Committee is to meet again on February 20 while the preparatory Commission will meet on March 15 to discuss the Russian proposals. The Council averted for the moment a Polish attack on Lithuania which was imminent but it did little to solve the Polish-Lithuanian problem. The council adjourned on December 12 without having accomplished anything very impressive. The Roumano-Hungarian issue was postponed again and the question of Albania was carefully kept out of the hands of the League.

China Today

AN APPRAISAL OF THE CHINA REVOLUTION TODAY

(By Bishop Herbert Welch)

[Dr. Welch, resident bishop of the Seoul (Korea) Area of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was recently in China presiding at the annual session of Yenping Conference. He here sets down his impressions of the China and the Christian situation.]

The Revolution begun in 1911 is obviously still in progress; that is, the ideals of social betterment, national unity and democracy, and international equality, for which Sun Yat-Sen stood and which are embodied in the Nationalist Movement, have taken firm hold on the thinking of enough Chinese to make them a vital force in the life of the country. But it seems equally clear that the existing Nationalist Government has during the past few months lost ground, not so much in a military sense as in the confidence and support of thinking people, north and south.

That may be accounted for partly by the personal antagonisms and ambitions which have split the Kuomintang Party into contending factions; partly by the uncertainty as to whether the professed determination to rid the party of its communistic elements is sincere and thorough-going; partly by the inevitable disappointment of the masses because the millennium of peace and plenty so confidently pledged by the leaders is not rapidly being realized; and partly by the unskillful character of the policies which the new Government has followed. Its dealing with other nations, its toleration of the labor unions in their excesses, its handling of the question of taxation, its ruinous levies upon private business, its iron-clad educational regulations—all alike give little evidence of knowledge of the principles and practice of statecraft. Perhaps this amateur stage of political management is only what is to be expected under all the circumstances, but the dearth of poised and far-sighted leadership is painfully apparent.

China, however, is better, more hopeful, than its Government, north or south. There is in the people an extraordinary vitality which gives promise of carrying to a successful conclusion the present struggle for a united country and a clean stable government, even though the end—as seems sadly certain—may be distant by years or by decades.

Foochow "Reasonably Quiet"

Foochow may be taken as typical. Here, while there is no effective police control, the general conditions under the navy officers who are in charge, are reasonably quiet. The worst seems to be over, so far as danger to foreigners and interference with Christian work are concerned. To be sure, the stage is not quite past when the favorite cry is "Down with this or that," "Down with imperialism," "Down with foreign domination," "Down with the unequal treaties," "Down with communion," "Down with the church"; not yet has constructive thinking expressed itself in measures of genuine progress. And local disturbances are not uncommon. A new Nationalist army enters—to support the established authorities more loyally, it is supposed. But one of their officers shoots to death an innocent Y. M. C. A. (Chinese) representative in charge of buildings, and two hundred men are killed as the newcomers disarm the former garrison. A band of "student" agitators still runs riot and their leader is likely to become "major" of the community. One Methodist church in the main city is still occupied by troops; a hospital is rented by the local government for public purposes.

But the institutions generally are running; some of which were closed for a time. The Anglo-Chinese College, under a new name and a new Chinese president, will resume its work in December. Hwa Nan College, that admirable school for girls, and the Fukien Christian University, are both open, with a loyal student body and a gratifying attendance, managed in both cases by commissions composed entirely of Chinese, the missionaries being simply members of the staff or "foreign advisers." Many of the schools scattered through the province, formerly under direct missionary supervision, now have their Chinese principals.

Transfer of Authority

This transfer of authority has been made more rapidly and in a more wholesale fashion than one would theoretically choose; but the presence of public sentiment in those excited days and the specific demands of the Government, have brought about in a few months what the missionaries have been hoping and planning for through many years. And the consequences, so far as one is yet able to judge, seem almost uniformly happy.

Out in the country, where the quality of officials is fearfully uncertain, conditions have been more trying. Churches and schools have been seized, used for barracks, for idol worship, for places of torture. Goods have been confiscated, pastors arrested, others forced into the army, anti-Christian demonstration encouraged, and the Christian driven into a very furnace of affliction. A sifting is going on. A Chinese proverb has it, "The fierce wind reveals the strong grass." It has required a patience and a fortitude like that of the early martyrs to be true. The seed that was sown on shallow soil has withered away; some growth has been checked by the rocks and the thorns; but this is precisely as our Master foretold. The glory of it is that some of the seed has fallen on good and honest hearts, even as He said, and is defying the heat and the storm, bringing forth fruit, thirty, sixty, one hundred fold.

There is a Christian Church in China

There is a Christian Church in China—that is the fact which emerges above all the confusion and the loss. The number of preachers is diminished, the number of members has in the Yenping Conference, for example, decreased by one-third the income from the churches has been cut in half. But with it all, there is left a church, purified as by fire, a church which is self-conscious, which is tackling its own problems with zest and intelligence, a church with leaders, both native and foreign, of ability, courage and conservation. How good it was to hear men in posts of peril turn away from suggestions of transfer to easier tasks; they must "see it through." People who in ignorance have sneered at the "rice Christians" of the East would be astonished to see the readiness with which they eat the rice when it is salted with danger! China has a church—a Christian church—a church ready to carry out its divine commission of love and service to a great and needy land.

More Christianity Needed

It is not time to think of slackening in support of the work in China. The adjustment between missionaries and native Christians will be worked out in good time, as it has been worked out already in Japan; of that I am confident. But the missionaries and the Chinese leaders alike should feel behind them the heart of the home church—comprehending as best it may, but steady and loyal even when it does not altogether understand. Why?

A British consul of long experience in China said recently to me: "The Chinese, if they are to solve their difficulties, must come down to fundamental principles. There is no help for the country except as honest and unselfish men are brought to the front."

"Where shall we get them?" I asked. His answer was unhesitating: "From the Christian Church. Nothing will save China but Christianity!"

"Pooling Wheat in Canada"

Will Run as a Farm Serial Starting February 8.

"POOLING WHEAT IN CANADA" will run in the Witness as serial starting Feb. 8.

To pool or not to pool is the question among farmers everywhere in Canada. Starting with wheat, it is apparent that the pool will be applied to most farm produce.

But the pool principle is the subject of hot debates. For this reason we expect each chapter of this book to arouse discussion by our readers.

WHAT THE PUBLISHERS SAY

"In the latter days of August 'POOLING WHEAT IN CANADA,' by Walter P. Davison, came off the press.

"Below we give a few vivid flashes from what the editors and reviewers have been saying about this dynamic book from the West of Canada. The comments range all the way from the acid criticism from minds and publications constitutionally unfriendly to the organized farmers, clear through to the viewpoint of an American editor who finds 'POOLING WHEAT IN CANADA' a splendid insight into the greatest farmers' movement in the world's history"

"Within four weeks of publication of this volume on the big Canadian Co-operatives, thousands of words of protest and praise have come hot from the reviewers' pens.

"A hundred publications in all corners of North America have yet to be heard from. There are even sections of Canada's farm press remaining significantly silent.

"'POOLING WHEAT IN CANADA' interprets, in the words of its author: 'what has been happening in Western Canada to the two primary sources of its greatness—the spirit of its people and its unflinching grain.'

"'POOLING WHEAT IN CANADA' should be in your home."

—The Publishers.

"... He shows that when the urban housewife pays out a dollar for the bread needs of her family, the farmer, who supplies the basic service of supplying the grain, receives only 16-2-3 cents out of that dollar; the balance going for other services." "Mail & Empire" (Toronto),

"There is also a chapter on Aaron Sapiro, which gives us like a string of pearls a few of those pithy, punchy paragraphs which made our blood tingle and filled us with that determination to win, which made the Pool a reality. . . . It is a book which ought to be in the possession of every contract signer who reads English." Geo. Stirling in "The Western Producer" (Saskatoon).

"In this book of 63 Chapters and 275 pages, the author reviews a very attractive field for treatment, in a manner which carries conviction that he has entered into the hopes and plans, the joys and depressions of the West-

ern farmer's life, and writes as one who knows. . . . Whatever may be one's own views about the Wheat Pool, there can be no question as to the value of this book."

J. A. Aiken in "The Montreal Star".

"The full-page photograph of Aaron Sapiro aroused some fears. . . . A few pages later on a typically Sapiro-istic utterance is quoted, and it is stated that this strikes a characteristic Sapiro note. It is indeed typical Sapiro hokum. . . ."

"Financial Post" (Toronto).

"It is an authentic and absorbing narrative and tells what wheat producers of a neighboring country have done toward putting their occupation on a businesslike basis. After reading Mr. Davison's work, one who is profoundly interested with the hope that the farmers in these United States will see the light soon, and begin the work of rehabilitating their lagging industry."

"The Wheat Grower's Journal" (Wichita, Kan.)

"The movement which has culminated in the creation of the pools, and the psychology of the men behind the movement, form one of the most engaging studies which the West offers at the moment. It is a fruitful field both for the psychologist and the economist, and it may be said that a study of this book will repay both of them."

J. S. W. in "The Free Press" (Winnipeg).

"In his Preface to the book, Dr. T. A. Patrick says of the author: 'He writes of an apostle who would save farmers from the sin of persistently tempting organized interests to exploit them.' This results in many interpolations which immediately invite controversy. But in spite of this fault (from one standpoint) the book remains an interesting and illuminating document."

American Elevator & Grain Trade (Chicago).

"It is a most attractive and valuable presentation of the whole subject, and will do a great deal towards giving a clearer understanding of what is behind this vast enterprise, and enlarging the body of its well-wishers."

"The Journal" (Edmonton, Alta.)

"The history of the Wheat Pools is of absorbing interest, and the author here presents it with a full recognition of its dramatic values. Controlled by the growers, the Pools work for their interests. . . . They have not reached their present position unopposed, and the opposition to them is by no means entirely extinguished. . . . The future may provide more drama, but there has already been enough to make this book worth writing and reading."

"Industrial Canada" (Montreal).

"This is a story of Wheat in a great wheat country. . . . It is partly story partly history, and a lot of human interest. The author has also lifted his eyes from the actual facts in front of him, and looked ahead to the possibilities of the future. The book is quite profusely illustrated."

"League News" (New York).

"The author endeavors, and with considerable success, to clear up some of the most popular misconceptions concerning the Pools, and to make clear their social purposes to the millions who have never seen the West. . . . A.R.H."

"World Wide" (Montreal).

"This fascinating book deals with the growth of the movement by which 140,000 farmers in Western Canada are selling their wheat through their own offices. . . . He writes: 'As the wheat crop goes, so goes the Dominion's commercial pulse. And when you blend half the wheat of Canada into a single sales organization, that organization is a near and vital concern to Canadians from coast to coast.'

"The Citizen" (Ottawa).

THE BOOK AT A BARGAIN

The book itself costs \$2.50. In the WITNESS AND CANADIAN HOMESTEAD, together with all the other interesting and valuable features, it will only cost 70c.—our special eight-month trial offer to such as are not now on the WITNESS mailing list. For the WITNESS has just secured the exclusive serial rights for Canada and the first installment will appear in the issue of February 8th.

In this serial form the younger of our readers as well as those of larger experience will find it easy reading and will have time to weigh the facts and arguments its authors offer in support of their conclusions.

Not only farmers and farmers' sons, but their wives and daughters and the people of Canada as a whole are mightily interested in this subject; for it affects the consumer as well as producers and distributors and is assuming such vast proportions that it necessarily affects the entire economic life of the nation.

Anticipating that the interest will be keen, that some will want explanations and others to abet or refute facts or arguments with others derived from personal experience we have decided to open a "Farmers' Forum" and all letters on the subject should be addressed to the Editor of the "Farmers' Forum." We foresee some lively letters. Let them come right along! from city as well as country. Who will open the discussion? If the letters are too many we will give preference, other things being equal, to the shorter ones.

Will each of our readers bring the matter up before the members of the local Farmer Organization and let them know that for so trifling a sum as 70c. such as are not already on our mailing list may have the WITNESS AND HOMESTEAD on trial for eight months, during which time the book will have come to an end. Possibly the secretary or treasurer will offer to forward the subscriptions as a club, in which case the cost of the money order and stamp will be deducted from the aggregate amount.

We will print an extra edition of the issue containing the opening installments thus ensuring them to unavoidably belated subscribers.

To get the entire \$2.50 book together with the Forum and all the other interesting features of the Witness and Homestead on trial for eight months is a bargain surely worth heralding.

POOLING COUPON

John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Witness Building, Montreal.

Dear Friends:

I am glad to forward the subscriptions of the following friends for an eight months trial of the Witness and Canadian Homestead at 70 cts. each. The subscription to start at once, and in any case to include the opening chapters of "Pooling Wheat in Canada."

NEW SUBSCRIBER'S

Name
and
Address
(Additional new subscriptions may be written on a separate sheet.)

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Previous Contributions Acknowledged and paid to Official Treasurer ..	\$879.35
Paid to Cot Fund	240.00
Further Contributions	19.00
Alfred Wilkes, Ont.	2.50
Henry Freeborn, Ont.	3.40
Total	\$1,144.25

FOR IMMIGRANT BOYS

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

Previous Contributions acknowledged and paid	\$221.18
Further Contributions	376.97
Total	\$597.75

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES

Previous Contributions Acknowledged and Paid to Official Treasurer ..	\$523.85
Further Contributions	
(Correcting acknowledgment in Witness, Jan. 18, '28) ..	\$138.05
Less Exchange30
J. M. L. I.	3.00
A Friend, Ont.	2.00
Alfred Wilkes, Ont.	2.50
Total	\$667.90

Missionary Martyrs of Old Huronia

Written for the Witness by Rev. W. J. Scott, M.A., S.T.M.,
United Church, Owen Sound.

On a summer morning recently I embarked by the C.P.R. steamer Manitoba from the port of Owen Sound, my destination being Port McNichol at the extreme eastern end of the bay. The weather was ideal, the boat service good and the company most congenial, all of which gave promise of an enjoyable outing. This promise was more than realized as the day wore on. Georgian Bay is noted for its scenic beauty. In no part is it lovelier than in this portion of it. The scenic St. Lawrence has its Thousand Islands noted for their beauty the world over and attracting to their shores tourists from all quarters. But the Georgian Bay has its Thirty Thousand and almost any of these have natural beauty and summer-resort possibilities equal to any the St. Lawrence possesses. Island after island fits by on either side.

But for me there was an added interest in this trip because we were passing through a part of the country that has been made hallowed for all time because of its associations with the labors of those men who pioneered for the cross of Christ among the savage natives of Old Huronia. Shortly after leaving the waters of the Sound and emerging into those of Georgian Bay proper we passed on our right Christian Island, originally Isle St. Joseph, where the Second Fort St. Marie was built, a haven of refuge when all seemed lost. But of this more anon.

Some years ago, when I had my residence in Port McNichol, I was very much interested in locating the sites of three of the forts which were the centres for the missionary activities of the Jesuit Fathers. These were Fort St. Ignace, five miles south-east of Victoria Harbor, which has been marked for some years past by a statue and shrine erected by the Society of Jesus of the Roman Catholic Church to the memory of Fathers Breboeuf and Lalemant. To the north-west ten miles and but three miles from the town of Midland was Fort St. Marie, the outlines of whose ruins may be seen quite clearly among the trees and weeds that have grown so rankly in the neighborhood. The third of these forts which was midway between the other two was not so easily discovered; in fact I am doubtful if it is possible to find the exact location of this. When searching the neighborhood in what I judged was its approximate location I came across an Indian tomahawk with three marks on it that indicate it was the possession of a Huron warrior connected with the Jesuit mission. No mound or outline such as one sees at Fort St. Marie is here seen to indicate its situation.

The story of the destruction of Forts St. Ignace and St. Louis, and the forced abandonment of St. Marie, is all connected with the story of the martyrdom of the heroic Fathers Lalemant, Breboeuf, and Daniels and introduces us to a page of early Canadian history that is simply intense with the spirit of heroism and of consecration to a high and holy purpose. The story of such heroism cannot be retold too often.

It takes us back to the year 1647 by which time the teaching and example of the fathers had been winning their way to the hearts of the Indians and making many converts. Already at least eleven mission stations had been built throughout Huronia, among the Algonquins and among the Petuns. Some of the chapels had bells to call the flock to worship and on the whole the prospects were so encouraging as to lend hope that shortly the mission might be extended to the far north and around Lake Superior and even to the hostile Iroquois themselves. But this year the Iroquois had been particularly active, so much so that communication between St. Marie and Quebec had been cut off and the annual canoe fleet was unable to go down. This made it all the more urgent that an expedition be sent for supplies the following spring. Accordingly a strong contingent of two hundred and fifty Huron warriors under the leadership of father Bressant set off before the snows had begun to melt intending to go down to Quebec there to replenish their failing supplies. No sooner, however, had this force begun the descent of the Ottawa than a strong party of the Iroquois who had wintered around Lake Nipissing left their winter quarters and began their march for Huronia. It was still so early in the spring that those Hurons who remained in their villages with their French Jesuit leaders never for a moment imagined danger to be imminent. The village of St. Joseph, about fifteen miles due west of Lake Simcoe at its northern end, with about two thousand inhabitants, was at this time the south-east outpost of the settlements of Huronia. To this village Father Daniels had recently returned from a visit to the larger community of Fort St. Marie. All was quiet and at peace. The early morn-

proceeding, when like a bolt out of the blue, the fierce Iroquois swooped down upon them, rending the morning air with their blood-curdling whoops. So sudden and unexpected was the onslaught, there was no opportunity for defence and helpless inhabitants fell like leaves before a wintry blast. Like helpless children seek the protection of a parent, so these children of nature sought the protection of the priest who had become in truth as a father to them. Gathering them to him in the forepart of the chapel he encouraged them to save themselves. They besought him for baptism and absolution. Dipping his handkerchief in the font he baptized them by aspersion. Then turning he faced with nothing but his manhood the cruel savages who were now upon him. For a moment the sheer courage of the man held them in check. But

as before, just with the first dawning of the morning the community of St. Ignace was awakened by the sound of the dreaded Iroquois war whoop. Already the walls had been breached and it was only a matter of minutes ere the tomahawk had done its deadly work and the erstwhile peaceful village had become a shambles. Three only escaped; these dashed along the trail to St. Louis, gave warning there, and fled for St. Marie. At St. Louis there were about eighty warriors who, not knowing the strength of the foe, prepared to give battle. They had not long to wait, for ere the rising sun had skirted the horizon the enemy was upon them. Outnumbered as they were twelve to one, the defenders had little chance. Those who were not slain outright were taken prisoner to endure a torture that was worse than death itself. Fathers Breboeuf and Lalemant bravely faced the blood-thirsty mob and warned them of the judgment to come. They were taken bound back to St. Ignace, where they were submitted to the most fiendish torture cruel savagery could devise. Breboeuf who was large of body and strong of physique was made the special object of torture. They poured

world such an example of the highest Christian fortitude that it may be said of them in truth "though they be dead they yet speak."

The three runners who escaped from St. Ignace fled to St. Marie and there reported the tragedy that had overtaken St. Ignace and was inevitable at St. Louis.

At St. Marie Father Paul Ragueneau, the Superior of the Huron Mission had his headquarters. With him were about forty armed Frenchmen and a small band of Indians altogether too few in number to hope to cope successfully with the large force of Iroquois. All that day and all through the following night they kept constant vigil while the Fathers offered up prayers unto God for protection and safety. The next morning three hundred Hurons came to their assistance and brought the welcome news that the entire Huron community had been aroused and would shortly bring relief.

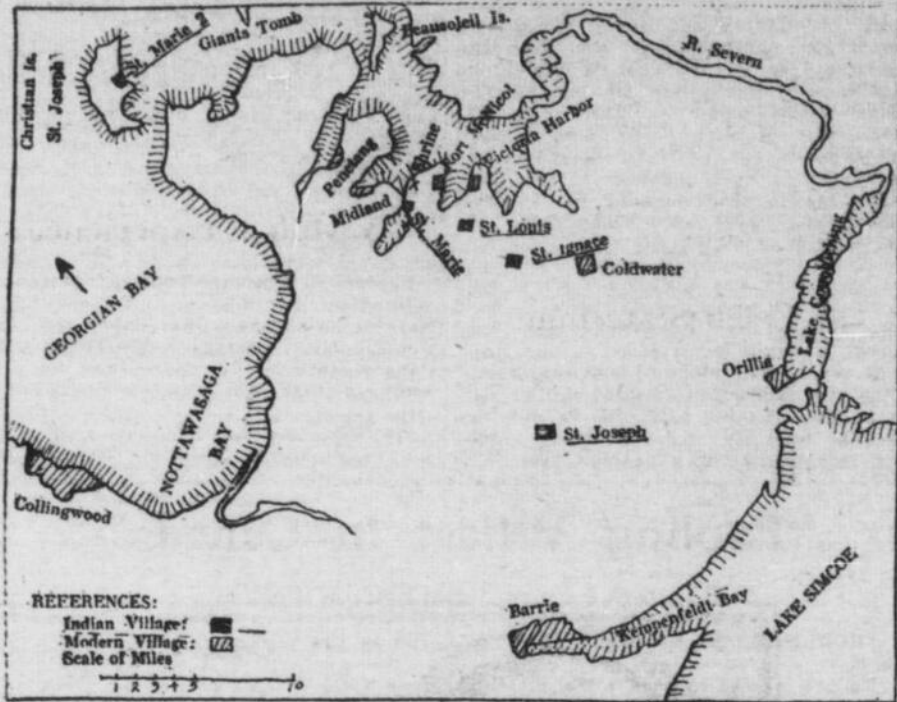
However, during the conflict that followed, once again the fierce Iroquois proved too much for their less war-like foes. At first the Hurons were successful, dislodging the enemy from St. Louis and taking possession themselves. It proved only a temporary advantage. During the hours of daylight a battle to the death followed and by nightfall only twenty Hurons were left alive. When darkness fell the Iroquois rushed in and despatched with the tomahawk the handful that survived.

Gathering the prisoners taken, old women and children, they tied them to stakes in the cabins, and set fire to them, satisfying to the full their lust for gore. They then made their way southward through the forests and disappeared.

Once again a short respite had been granted to St. Marie. The Fort itself had been left undisturbed. But so harrowing had been the experience through which the whole community had passed and so discouraging was the future that Ragueneau decided to look for a new centre where a larger measure of security might be found. At first Manitoulin Island was proposed, but it was finally decided to locate on the island of St. Joseph, which lay 20 miles to the north west, and which was later given the name of Christian Island.

When this was decided preparations were at once made for the removal of the mission thence. The fort was first stripped of all it contained, then it was set on fire, so that all that remained were the stone walls the remnants of which may be seen marking its outlines to this day. Going to Christian Island they built there a second Fort St. Marie which proved a harbor of refuge for the remnant of the Huron nation.

Almost three hundred years have passed since those eventful days, and now the largest boats that ply the waters of our great inland seas come to anchor, with their great cargoes of golden grain from the western prairies, within three miles of the spots whereon these forts and missions stood. Round about in old Huronia the fields are intensively cultivated by the methods of the white man while thriving towns and villages dot the smiling landscape. But even a generation of a different race and so remote from those turbulent and tragic days is not forgetful of the heroism and the sacrifice which laid foundations and helped to make the present possible. A metal plate within the ruins of old St. Marie bears testimony to the martyrdom of the fathers, while on a hill nearby which commands a magnificent view both of the surrounding country and of the islands of the Georgian Bay as well, a costly cathedral-shrine has been erected to tell to generations yet unborn the story of how these Jesuit Fathers made known the spirit of the cross in the earliest days of this land. And on tablets within this cathedral may be found the names of Daniels, Breboeuf, Lalemant, Jogue, Garnier, and many others who died the martyr's death, but who live for evermore.



MAP OF OLD HURONIA

it was just a moment, the next a tomahawk only too well directed found its billet in his brain and another had been added to that long list of martyrs whose memory makes fragrant the pages of secular history but whose names are written indelibly in the Lambs Book of Life.

When word of this terrible disaster was carried by a survivor to the remaining settlements terror filled the hearts of all and a similar fate was hourly anticipated. Satiated however, by the slaughter at St. Joseph and gathering all their spoils together, with seven hundred prisoners to torture at their leisure, the Iroquois retired to their northern hunting ground and a short respite was thus granted the terror-stricken natives of Huronia.

The following spring this disaster was to repeat itself with even more tragic results both for the natives and for the Jesuit Fathers who remained at their posts in spite of urgent pleadings to take some thought for their own personal safety and retire for awhile to the protection of the older settlements on the St. Lawrence.

With the destruction of St. Joseph the smaller community of St. Ignace became the outpost settlement on the east. Back from there in the order that I have already described lay the other villages of St. Louis and St. Marie. The latter place was one of the most prosperous settlements in all Huronia. Round about the fort lay fields that had been well cultivated by the Indians under their French leaders; and from the ample storehouses within the walls of the fort many a destitute wayfarer had received a generous portion. Indeed, the hospitality of this mission was talked of far afield and it had become a regular Mecca to which thousands of Indian converts came annually. Within the walls of the enclosure itself was a veritable hive of activity. Here might be found a blacksmith shop, a tailor, an apothecary, a laundry, and a cobbler's bench. All of these were supervised by skilled French workmen who delighted to reveal their skill and craftsmanship to the children of nature who were their pupils.

In Fort St. Louis about four miles south-east of St. Marie, Fathers Breboeuf and Lalemant had their headquarters and from here they worked south visiting regularly the community at St. Ignace.

During the winter of 1648-49, a war party of some twelve hundred Iroquois had encamped on the upper Ottawa. With the first sign of coming spring these deadly foes of French and Huron alike were on the war path. So early was it that their victims had not the slightest thought of danger from attack. Again,

boiling water on his head in mockery of baptism, made a belt of pitch and resin, placed it about his waist and set fire to it, and hung red hot axes about his neck. Throughout it all not one cry of pain escaped his lips. At last after four hours of such torture a chief cut out his heart and this heroic servant of God entered into his rest.

Ten years before this he had made a vow to his Master: "Never to shrink from martyrdom if, in Your mercy, You deem me worthy so great a privilege. Henceforth I will never avoid any opportunity that presents itself of dying for You but will accept martyrdom with delight provided that by so doing, I can add to your glory. From this day my Lord Jesus Christ, I cheerfully yield unto You my life, with the hope that You will grant me the grace to die for You since You have deigned to die for me. Grant me, O Lord so to live that you may deem me worthy to die a martyr's death. Thus, my Lord, I take Your chalice and call upon Your name. Jesu! Jesu! Jesu! He proved faithful to the last.

Lalemant was submitted to a like torture and though of a more delicate physique he endured it for more than fourteen hours ere kindly death came to his relief.

Both of these men have given to the



Two groups from the monumental group to the memory of Montcalm in Orillia, Ontario, representing the Christianizing of the Indians by Lalemant, Breboeuf, Jagues, Drolier, Decasson and others.



NEW ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER

Lieutenant-Colonel D. A. Duffus, former commanding officer of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in British Columbia, who has been promoted to the position of Assistant Commissioner of the Canadian force.

The Chief Executive

The opening of Parliament on January 26 again finds William Lyon MacKenzie King with a firm grip on the reins of power, and, while the session is likely to be a historic one, there is little likelihood that its conclusion will find that grip weakened. Graduating from the University of Toronto in Arts and Law he early determined to make statecraft his life work. He pursued post graduate work first as Fellow in Political Economy at the University of Chicago from 1896 to 1897 and then from 1897 to 1900 as a Fellow at Harvard University.

For the first eight years of this century he was Deputy Minister of Labor and editor of the Labor Gazette, during which period he served as chairman of several commissions on labor and immigration and as a government conciliator in industrial disputes. Immigration from Britain and the Orient also called for his service. The famous Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, better known as the Lemieux Act, the model for the world is one of the achievements of Mr. King during this period. Elected to the Commons for North Waterloo in 1908 he was Minister of Labor in the Laurier cabinet until 1911. Under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation he investigated industrial relations from 1914 to 1917, rendering extensive service in furthering continuous and maximum production of war supplies. His books on economics have won him just fame as an economist and student of labor problems.

Mr. King's administration followed the Union Government which had been created during the war. Co-incident with Mr. King's assumption of the premiership was the appearance of the Progressive Party, which, while disarranging the machinery of government in some ways, in others, gave very valuable assistance to the government. In the General Election of 1925 Mr. King was defeated along with several of his ministers but, owing to support from the progressives he was able to remain in control for a year, only to suffer defeat in the house in 1926 on the record of the customs department. The story of the brief Conservative regime which followed, the election of September, 1926, hinging on the constitutional question of the powers of the Governor-General and the return of the Liberals to power are too well known to Witness readers to require repeating.

Mr. King's administration, while not being spectacular in any way, has been remarkable for the steady progress of the Dominion, and the gradual return of prosperity after the post-war depression. The policy of his government may best be summed up in his own words, "unity, moderation and progress."

What Will He Do?

The whole country is waiting in eager anticipation the opening of Parliament on Thursday to see how the new Conservative leader conducts himself. Not that there is much likelihood of Mr. Bennett making a muddle of things; he is too accustomed to controlling big enterprises to do anything rash, still leading a party in parliament in the full glare of publicity is vastly different from leading a board of directors, and one never can tell what a man may do in unfamiliar circumstances. And so the public waits.

When the Hon. Richard Bedford Bennett leads the Opposition in the coming session of parliament at Ottawa it will be one more achievement added to a long list. Since he was born on July 3,

1870, Mr. Bennett has seen a great deal of Canadian life. Educated in the Public and High School of New Brunswick and Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S., he was called to the bar of his native province in 1893.

In 1897 he went to Calgary where he soon achieved a position of note. From 1898 to 1905 he was member of the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories. Resigning from the Legislative Assembly of Alberta in 1911 he represented Calgary in the Dominion House of Commons until 1911. Until the passing of the Military Service Act, 1917 he was Director-General of National Service. On the defeat of the Meighen Ministry he resigned the position of Minister of Justice and Attorney-General.

Extensive activity at home and abroad in connection with the various movements and his recreation of reading fit him well for his position.

Mr. Bennett is a wealthy man, and in the business world, a powerful man, yet withal he has a keen sense of duty, and of community service as his activity in church and temperance circles testifies. If he carries out his duties as leader of His Majesty's opposition in the same spirit of humility and desire for service which he manifested on accepting the leadership of his party at Winnipeg, he should be a worthy filler of that position. "Men and women," he said on that memorable occasion, "you have honored me beyond my deserts, beyond any deserts that I ever may have. You have made me for the moment the chiefest among you, and, please God, I shall be the servant of all."

A Great Statesman

In the Hon. Rudolphe Lemieux, Speaker of the House of Commons, the Canadian parliament has one of its most distinguished figures. The notable features of his career are numerous. Born Nov. 1, 1866, educated at the Seminary of Nicolet and Laval University he became a barrister in 1891, that profession, that has proved a stepping stone to po-

If we are to have harmony and understanding in this country of ours, there must be an end, forever, to petty discrimination by men of one tongue against those of the other.—Premier L. A. Taschereau, of Quebec, in McLean's Magazine.

litical circles in so many cases. He first went to Ottawa as representative of Gaspé in 1896. In 1904 he was Canada's representative before the Privy Council of England. He went to Japan as Special Envoy to settle questions of immigration in 1907. From 1906 to 1911 he was Postmaster General following on a term as Solicitor-General.

At the inauguration of the Union of South Africa in 1910 Canada delegated Mr. Lemieux to the office of representative. The recognition given in the conferring of the rank of Commander of the Legion of Honor and the Order of St. Gregory the Great testifies to his international repute.

Since becoming Speaker of the Commons in 1922 the splendid tact, fairness and good judgment with which he has filled his high post has demonstrated beyond doubt the true worth of this fine Canadian statesman.

A Man of Experience

Freeman Freeman-Thomas, Viscount Willingdon, Baron of Ratton, G.C.S.I., etc., etc., who has so ably filled the position of His Majesty's representative in Canada since he succeeded Lord Byng of Vimy in 1926, has lived a life of service.

He was born on September 12, 1866, son of Frederick Freeman Thomas and the daughter of Viscount Hampden. In 1895 he was aide de camp to Lord Brassey, then Governor of Victoria. He was elected member of parliament for

Hastings for the term 1900 to 1906 and represented the Bodmin Division of Cornwall from 1906 until 1910, filling the position of Junior Lord of Treasury for the period 1905 to 1912. He occupied the post of Governor of Bombay from 1913 to 1919 and of Madras until 1924. His Excellency has had a wide range of experience. In addition to his tact and sterling qualities, which make for his success as our Governor-General, the fact that he was captain of Eton and Cambridge elevens and scoutmaster of a Boy Scout troop in Sussex throws a pleasant light on Lord Willingdon's personality.

A Moslem Puritan

A Cairo despatch in the Daily Express said that Saoud, King of Hedjaz, who is reputed to be a puritan among the Moslems, has decreed numerous stringent restrictions for his subjects, according to a consular report to the Egyptian Government.

Among the things forbidden are smoking, use of alcoholic liquors, use of perfume, wearing of gold and silver ornaments and silk garments.

Immediately the muezzin's call to prayer is heard everybody must at once abandon what they are doing and hasten to the Mosque for "prayer is better than work or sleep."

Shaving of the beard has been decreed a crime, for which both the wielder of the razor and the person shaved shall be severely punished.

Usury, meetings of men and women and gatherings of relatives to bewail the dead are also forbidden.

Word from St. Paul, Minn., says that the organization of the Roth-Downs Airways, Inc., by a group of St. Paul business men, for the purpose of bidding on the proposed Twin Cities-to-Manitoba air mail line, is under way and that the company will be bidding for the mail privileges on the air line as well as the passenger and express trade and a flying school.



ALL IN READINESS FOR OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

The second session of the sixteenth Parliament of Canada, which opens Thursday, January 26th, is likely to be historic in view of the legislation that is almost certain to be brought down by the Government dealing with the proposed development of the St. Lawrence Waterway. The new rules of the House of Commons also will come into use for the first time, and it will be Hon. R. B. Bennett's first session as leader of the Conservative Opposition. This picture shows (upper left), Lord Willingdon, the Governor-General; (upper right), Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister; (lower left) Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux (Speaker); (lower right) Hon. R. B. Bennett, Conservative Leader. In the centre is a new and particularly attractive view of the Victory Tower.

Primacy of Pope Bar to Unity

Notes on Malines Conference Made Public Last Week Show That Conference Stuck on That Subject.

Primacy of the Pope was indicated to be the bar to unity of the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches in the long-awaited report on the famous "Malines" conversations, made public on January 18. The report reveals action taken between 1922 and 1925 by Roman Catholic and Anglican delegates under the presidency of the late Cardinal Mercier. The publication of the text follows closely upon the rejection by the House of Commons of the revised Book of Common Prayer and the recent encyclical of the Pope on church union. Objectors to prayer book changes said they were in the direction of Rome, chiefly as concerning the sacrament. The Pope said a union of Christians should only come by a return of the dissenting to the original church of Rome.

In regard to Papal primacy one of the Anglican delegates said:

"We wish for unity, and if the necessary preliminary conditions have been duly met, we should not shrink from the idea of a Papacy acting as a centre of unity, but in so saying we have in view not a Papacy such as exists in theory and practice among Roman Catholics at the present time, but a conception of unity such as may emerge in the future."

At one of the meetings an Anglican representative called attention to the axiom: "No foreign potentate hath any jurisdiction in this realm of England."

Was it possible to interpret the spiritual authority of the Pope in such a way that the jurisdiction of the English Bishops should not be interfered with. He enquired if this could be secured side by side with recognition of the right claimed by the Pope to intervene in matters concerning the general interests of the universal church.

In reply the Roman Catholic delegates said the right of the Pope to intervene anywhere could not be surrendered by there might be a question as to how far he need exercise it.

The answer of the Church of England to this was that the English were and always had been a practical people and it was important to know from a Catholic standpoint whether it was conceivable such a right might be maintained consistently with the freedom which Anglicans demand to control their own affairs.

At one conference among Anglican delegates a document was read which included this statement: "The church is a living body under the authority of the bishops, as the successors of the apostles, and from the beginnings of church history, a primacy and leadership among all the bishops has been recognized as belonging to the Bishop of Rome. Nor can we imagine that any reunion of Christendom could be effected except on the recognition of the primacy of the Pope."

Among the topics which arose for discussion was the Anglican's statement that the essential part of such a settlement as had been discussed would be an express provision for recognition and retention of certain characteristics. Anglican rites and customs, such as—firstly the use of the vernacular in English rites, secondly, communion in both kinds; thirdly, permission for marriage of the clergy.

The report said the representatives of the Roman Catholic Church had replied: "There is no bar to granting these desires, at least in part, but the Roman Catholic representatives are not in a position to anticipate what judgments the Holy See might pass on the motives prompting these requests."

At the third meeting November 7 and 8, 1923, there was a keen discussion based on the foundation of the Roman Catholic Church and papal authority.

In a summary of the results of the conference—this summary having been drawn up after the death of Cardinal Mercier, the documents says, under a heading of the second major topic, that:

"Agreement was reached without much difficulty on the following points: One, baptism constitutes a means of entry into the church and the initiation which baptism inaugurated ought to develop within organized society life; two, the social life of Christians is organized and bound by the Episcopal hierarchy; three, this social organized life finds expression within the church in the existence and use of the sacraments; four, the body and blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ verily is given, taken and received by the faithful. By consecration bread and wine become the body and blood of Christ; five, the sacrifice of the Eucharist is the same sacrifice as the Cross, but offered in a mystical, sacramental manner."

"The very life of the Church of England is now at stake in the opinion of the London Observer, which in an editorial also declares that the new proposals clearly in-

augurate new controversies while the manifesto of Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, saying that the revision of the prayer book now proposed does not go far enough, proves that Protestant uneasiness is as acute as ever.

"These profound and moving questions which go to the very roots of religious belief," says the Observer, "cannot be handled in the secular press or by either House of Parliament. They are spiritual matters falling within the province of the church itself, but when the measure is finally submitted to Parliament it will bring forward the practical question, 'Will the Church of England as hitherto established continue to exist?' The verdict of Parliament cannot be predicted."

Continuing the Observer says: "If disestablishment becomes a practical issue it will convulse politics, disrupt parties and bring inevitable dissension into every department of our national life."

The London Sunday Times expresses the opinion that the removal of misapprehension which was the House of Bishops' avowed object, hardly seems to have been attained. "The bishops," says the Sunday Times, "seem hardly to have grasped the significance of the House of Commons vote, which rejected the Prayer Book, or the depth or extent of Protestant feeling in this country."

Commenting on the Malines conversation the Times said, "The time has certainly not arrived for conferences on reunion by officially appointed delegates of the Churches of England and Rome, but the Lambeth appeal of 1920 implied a readiness in those who made it to seize every opportunity to further the end they had in view.

"Fidelity of purpose led the Archbishops to place no bar to the Malines conversations. It was in line with their general policy to do all in their power to promote unity. Nothing is easier than to question the usefulness of the venture, but if it is the duty of Christian men to do all within their power to promote truth and fellowship, these conversations were commendable for the mingled caution and frankness. Malines reminds us it is better to endeavor to promote unity and run the risk of disappointment than to make no attempt.

"The declaration in the Encyclical that concessions made by the churches are meaningless unless accompanied by an unqualified recognition of the dogma that the Pope is head of the Church by divine right' not merely by 'acquiescence of the faithful' will not move Anglicans in the slightest degree. In their discussion with the Church of Rome there will be no thought of dominance on one side and unconditional surrender on the other.

"But if the spirit of fellowship is preserved and the manifold aspects of truth remembered, what appears to be a source of weakness may be regarded as a justification of hope that the Church of England is called by special office to the whole church in the restoration of unity and the preservation of truth and charity."

The Morning Post, however, remarks that in other circumstances the report would have raised a storm of controversy within the Anglican Church, but that under the present circumstances, when the new Prayer Book still presents its "rigid menace" to the Church of England fellowship, the conversations must seem comparatively unimportant, already belonging to the past.

The recent encyclical of the Pope has shut the door, so far as the Post can see, on any present hope of re-union. The Holy See "said in the encyclical what it meant, and it meant what it said," the Post continues. Statements of doctrine were laid down at Malines to which only the Anglo-Catholic "section" would subscribe, and many things taken for granted or admitted "which a very large body of English Churchmen would never have allowed, so to speak, to go by default."

The Daily Telegraph thinks that the gains of the Malines conversations may seem slight indeed compared to the effect their recital will have upon Prayer Book revision. "Protestant apprehensions will not be allayed by discussions respecting the position of the Pope," the Telegraph says. "It may well be asked whether hopes so chimerical justify jeopardizing the better understanding lately growing among Churchmen of various opinions within the Church at home." Conversations with Free Churchmen have unfortunately advanced no further than those at Malines, the Telegraph adds.

The Yorkshire Post expresses fears that the conversations fail to carry visible unity much further. "There is, in fact, internal evidence, or at least a strong suggestion, that the Pope had the Malines

report before him when he composed the encyclical," says the Post.

The publication of the Malines conversations is regarded by the Evangelicals as evidence of an Anglo-Catholic plot to deliver Anglicanism into the hands of the Church of Rome.

Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, says: "We regard the doctrine of transubstantiation as a superstition and are not prepared to admit the Church of Rome into our communion until the Vatican reforms its theology."

Propose Reforms

Dissatisfaction With Present Organization of Pan-American Union Expressed at Havana.

Dissatisfaction in various Latin-American countries with the operations of the Pan-American Union crystallized on Monday in the sweeping reform proposals. Three delegations prepared the proposals for presentation to the committee on Pan-American Union affairs of the Pan-American Congress.

Mexico, Peru, and Argentina announced they would take the lead in the matter with amendments which would remove the ground for accusations that the Pan-American Union as now established in Washington, was too directly under the influence of the United States.

The Mexican proposal would affect the present organization of the union in four ways, namely:

First: substitution of a governing board elected by the various governments for the present board consisting of their ambassadors to Washington and the United States Secretary of State. This, presumably, is intended to avoid the possibility that members of the board come too deeply under the shadow of the State Department with which they conduct their business.

Second: a rule specifically stating that the chairmanship is to be bestowed on all countries in alphabetical order. At present the chairman is elected by the board and the practice has been to unanimously choose the United States Secretary of State in compliment to the home government.

Third: rotation of the post of director-general instead of the present permanent director-general as called for by the present constitution. The director-general would be chairman of the various committees which every country would establish to deal with Pan-American affairs.

Fourth: forbidding the director-general to hold any other political posts, no matter in the interests of what government, unless these were of a purely educational character.

Many delegates view the last proposal as a direct rebuke to the United States since Dr. Leo S. Rowe, present director-general is a United States delegate to the Congress.

The Mexican government also wants the other appointments in the organization to be distributed more evenly among the various republics and to assure this, all appointments would come directly from the governing board.

Objections to clauses in the draft treaty on commercial aviation dealing with flying over fortified territory will likely be raised by the United States delegation.

The treaty was formulated in Washington last May. At that time the United States delegation moved that any country should have the right of determining what commercial planes would be allowed to fly over fortified territory. This was incorporated in the treaty with the proviso that if foreign commercial pilots were forbidden to fly over certain zones, neither should native ones be allowed to do so. Recommendations adopted by the com-

mittee on public international law on January 20 which will be submitted to the pan-American conference, recommended that instead of the drawing up of conventions specifically prohibiting intervention in the affairs of another state and ordering recognition of a de facto government, these maxims should be merely contained in a declaration of principles.

The project for the codification of international law prepared by the conference of jurists at Rio de Janeiro last April, recommended that those principles be incorporated in treaty form.

The Argentine and United States delegations took the lead in disposing, in the first informal meeting of delegates before the first plenary session of one of the admittedly thorniest problems confronting the conference.

Proposed by Argentines and seconded by Charles Evans Hughes for the United States, an oral motion was approved to make "open covenants openly arrived at" the keynote of the sixth pan-American congress by establishing a rule of public committee meetings and plenary sessions. The open committee motion was finally adopted on the understanding that executive sessions could be held in exceptional cases upon the request of committee members.

The sixth pan-American congress, the greatest of its kind ever held, opened on January 20 under the leadership of world figures in the universal striving for peace and understanding. The delegates of the 21 countries represented stood ready to proceed with the consideration of those problems of primary interest in the New World.

British Note

Deprecate All Round Agreements For Arbitration But Favors Regional Pacts.

A British note to the League of Nations on security and arbitration, made public on January 18 by the Foreign Office, deprecates all-round agreements for arbitration of disputes but favors regional pacts such as the Locarno treaty.

The principles enunciated by the memorandum follow recent declarations at Geneva by Sir Austen Chamberlain, Foreign Secretary, and Lord Cushenden, British delegate to the League of Nations. The time hardly seems ripe for any general system of sanctions for the enforcement of arbitration treaties, says the memorandum.

Arbitration treaties, the fourteen page document adds, setting forth the British Government's observations on the suggested program of the security sub-committee, have no sanction behind them, but the force of public opinion in the world at large.

"Any arbitration award which a party to the dispute resolutely refused to execute," continues the memorandum, "would not merely fail to settle the dispute—it would prejudice any movement in favor of arbitration."

The memorandum considers as impossible that any nation strong enough to use force effectively would at present undertake an obligation to use force against either party to a dispute which failed to submit to arbitration or failed to accept and comply with an award.

An arbitration treaty which goes beyond what the public opinion of a country will support, when that country's interests are concerned and when the decision is unfavorable to those interests, is pronounced useless, and by embittering the relations between the states involved, the document says, would result in a setback to a movement for pacific settlements.

A FAMILY MEDICINE

A Welland Lady Tells of the Value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in Her Home.

"I have many reasons for praising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. George L. Swick, R.R. No. 2, Welland, Ont. "My first experience with this medicine was in my girlhood, when, following an attack of scarlet fever, I was left in a badly run down condition, and the pills restored me to good health. Later in my married life I had a severe attack of rheumatism. The pain in my right arm and shoulder was so bad that I could not dress myself without help. Again I resorted to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and again they proved a blessing to me, as soon the rheumatic

pains and stiffness disappeared and there has been no return of the trouble. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have also been of great benefit to my children. One of my boys was threatened with St. Vitus dance. His limbs and face would twitch and jerk. I gave him the pills, and again they did not fail, as under the treatment the trouble ceased. I have also given the pills to my little girl, who was anaemic, and in this case also with the greatest benefit. Naturally when I hear anyone complaining of not feeling well I recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as I know of no other medicine to equal them in building up the blood and restoring health."

Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia and other nervous troubles. Take them as a tonic if you are not in the best physical condition, and cultivate a resistance that will keep you well and strong. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Outlawry of War

France Reminds United States of Her Obligations to the League.

The French on January 20 approved the reply to Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg's latest note on the proposal for a mutual anti-war pact between France and the United States. The reply was forwarded immediately to Washington.

It is understood that the French reply clearly limited France's ability to outlaw war to her undertakings as a member of the League of Nations, but expressed confidence that agreement on a United States-France anti-war pact would be possible on that basis.

It was pointed out that a mutual anti-war treaty against many nations might cause complication in view of their obligations as league members, and the note was understood to say that any pact France signed must harmonize fundamentally with league principles. Insistence on this point is due to the fact that league members are pledged to make war with any nation that attacks another.

The outlawry of war proposed by the United States is being kept to the fore at Geneva by a continued series of suggestions for the creation of security which is reaching the League of Nations.

The latest suggestion was from the Norwegian Government that in general arbitration treaties be concluded with the Locarno treaties serving as a model.

Norway recommends, however, that this treaty be wider than Locarno as regards the submission of disputes to a decision binding upon the parties interested, while submission of disputes to the Council of the League should be supplemented by a clause obliging the signatories to accept as binding the conclusions of the Council, if reached unanimously, without counting the votes of the parties to the conflict.

Special despatches from Paris indicate that the French note is taken as a definite intimation to the United States that France considers her obligations to the League of Nations as of more importance than her treaties with other powers, and as a reminder that the League exists for just such a purpose as the United States proposed in her note to France several weeks ago.

Judging from Foreign Minister Briand's latest note, published on Sunday and it might as well have been signed by Chamberlain and Stresemann—the State Department of the United States did not choose the best method when it sent a 700-word note about peace conciliation without once mentioning the League of Nations. But now the League has been brought into the negotiations as a vital factor and indeed, for the first time the American Government has, in its foreign relations, been brought flatly up against the Geneva institution.

Just what action the United States will now take remains to be seen.

GREAT RECOVERY BY FRANCE

France's powerful effort toward reconstruction and the improvement of her resources since the World War is illustrated in statistics issued by Henri Dal Piaz, president of the French economic and industrial committee.

The French population, which dropped to 39,210,000 in 1921, last year reached 40,743,000. The devastated regions, which after the Armistice had been reduced to 2,000,000 population, now have more than 4,000,000 inhabitants, or within a few thousands of the pre-war population.

Out of 893,000 habitations destroyed in the war, 611,000 have been rebuilt. About 53,000 kilometres of roads have been rebuilt, and 2,800 kilometres of railroads and 1,500 kilometres of canals reopened. Indemnities to the amount of 75,000,000,000 francs have been paid as compensation for damages.

But beyond this, France has been making a great effort in the way of improvements for the encouragement of touring. Paris, which in 1914 had only 18,000 hotels in the city and suburbs, now has 33,519. More than 400 new information bureaux for furnishing free advice to travellers have been opened in France.

National highways to the extent of 40,600 kilometres are now open, with small roads in good repair to the extent of 575,000 kilometres additional.

INDIAN COMMISSION BEGINS WORK

The Royal Indian Commission, headed by Sir John Simon, and appointed to study the British Empire's greatest problem—India—departed on January 19 for Bombay.

The task set for this commission is one of the most difficult which has ever been loaded upon the shoulders of a group of Englishmen. Indian leaders of all parties and sections have grasped the fact that no Indians are on the commission and they have begun, as a result of this objection, a series of far-reaching boycotts.

No amount of argument on the part of the leaders of the British government

officials in India, or on the part of the India office here, has borne any weight in lightening the additional load that this antagonism has brought about.

The government's argument in support, is that if the members are entirely English, each would look at the various problems the commission must face with a free mind. The Indians claim, however, that the commission lacks the very essence of interest in Indian affairs through the mere fact that India is not represented.

While the present survey is preliminary—the commission expects to spend only six weeks in India and then return to England for further study of the situation—it will be faced with the serious problem of overcoming the feeling which has grown up against it.

LINDBERGH GETTING NERVOUS

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, the flier, is very nervous and "may crack under the strain," in the opinion of Col. Arthur Fisher, commandant of France Field, Cristobal, Panama, where Lindbergh is now a guest.

On Col. Lindbergh's vacation trip for a week's hunting and fishing in the mountains, Col. Fisher said, the noted flier was unable to sit still, read or rest.

While Lindbergh was in Mexico City it was noted that on Christmas Day when left alone he frequently picked up books in the library of Ambassador Morrow, as if to read them, only to put them down again shortly.

However nervous Lindbergh may be on the ground, he is all right in the air, according to Col. Fisher. The goodwill flier is said to have expressed a wish to be allowed to do the flying on the trip and let someone double for him in social activities.

At a meeting on January 21 of the Hudson's Bay Overseas Settlement Company, Sir George McLaren Brown, European manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, was elected a member of the board of directors. The Hudson's Bay Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Cunard Steamship Company will thereby be brought into one association for the promotion of Land Settlement in Canada.

Ask for More

British Importers Tell Canadian Farmers They Want More of Their Produce.

The Canadian farmers' party, in the course of an inquiry and tour of Manchester, listened to important questions in reference to the scarcity of Canadian foodstuffs arriving in Britain.

L. Letter, chairman of the produce section of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, said they found themselves forced to scour the ends of the earth to obtain supplies and asked why Canadian butter was no longer obtainable. He urged the Canadians to keep abreast of the changes emerging in the fashions of food consumption.

H. Goodwin, fruit distributor, declared that Canada's share in the apple market was far below that of the American, whereas Canadian apples equalled the best. He urged the apple growers to reduce the number of varieties grown and to rigidly maintain the standard of their No. 1 quality.

Robert Graham said his answer to the Canadian visitors' question was "Send us more goods." He asked why Canadian cheese imports were declining when it was right in quality and price and an unlimited demand existed. The only trouble of the produce market was to get the quantity required. Out of 12,000 tons monthly imported Canada only sent 3,000. Canadian butter was practically non-existent in England yet the quality and type is exactly suitable and Britain requires 25,000 tons monthly.

He stressed the fact that an irregular consignment did not help trade, and Canada should watch continental exporters who kept the British market supplied by bi-weekly supplies all the year round. The Canadians' day included visits to the Smithfield fruit and vegetable markets, inspection of a factory and a visit to the Sun Flour mill, the largest in Europe. They were the guests of the Chamber of Commerce and attended a reception at the City Hall where they were received by the Lord Mayor.

Official announcement of further modification of the British naval program was issued on January 20. Altogether, three cruisers are deleted. The official statement reads: "The Cabinet has now completed its review of the new construction program for the years 1927-28, and has decided, in addition to deletions already announced to two or three cruisers belonging to the present financial year, that the program shall be further modified by omitting one of the three cruisers intended to be begun in the financial year 1928. Three cruisers in all have, therefore, been reduced from the full program."

No Representative

Mr. Amery Does not Think Britain Requires a High Commissioner in Canada.

That he did not think Britain contemplated the appointment of a representative to the Dominion in a position analogous to that of Hon. Mr. Larkin, in London, and that purely domestic matters within the Empire were best served by direct communications was the opinion of Rt. Hon. L.C.M.S. Amery, Secretary of State for the Dominions, in an interview Monday morning, at Rideau Hall.

The distinguished visitor saw no reason in principle why the Imperial Conference should not be held in Canada.

"The only factor that determines the holding of the conference in London is that we have easy and prompt access to the documents that are often required, and those in charge of them are conversant with their relations to the various matters brought up. It might be an advantage to hold an economic conference elsewhere within the Empire, however, separate from the general conference," said Mr. Amery.

As to the appointment of a British representative over here to fill duties somewhat similar to those of your High Commissioner, we are working among ourselves and it is not as though we were dealing with foreign nations. Our communications are direct. What suits your Prime Minister suits us. Your commissioner in London, it should be remembered, is the head of a large commercial enterprise. It is not necessary to improve our communications that we have a representative here. We have, of course, our own trade commissioner in Canada. The question is whether it would be advisable to have an ordinary official or one of high rank to improve our communications. I do not think so."

Asked as to the probabilities of developing a diplomatic system within the Empire, Mr. Amery said "By 'diplomatic' is usually meant the functions of an official whose place is to explain away incidents or happenings that might lead to misunderstandings between the peoples concerned. In order to do this he usually divulges just so much of the policy of his own government as will serve his purpose. But the relations within the British family are on an altogether different footing. We tell each other all we can and seek to make it clear that our interests are identical.

"The Imperial Conference aims at keeping all parts of the Empire in touch with each other by inter-communication and negotiations," remarked the British Secretary.

"Does this apply to tariffs also?" "Well, our inter-imperial trade is now controlled to a considerable extent by our preferences. This concession is given in principle and not on the lines of a definite bargain or series of bargains. We exchange preferences on principle."

Mr. Amery stated that the Family Settlement scheme had proved a success as far as it had gone, and while he would not say what extension, if any, in the plan would be adopted he announced that the question was one that would be taken up in the general discussion on immigration which he proposed to hold with Hon. Mr. Forke.

The next date of the Imperial Conference was uncertain. Much depended on local conditions. The matter of elections, for example, interfered with the holding of the conference this year as both Australia and South Africa were engaged in this way. But it was possible that if local conditions permitted the conference would get together in 1929 but in any event there would be a conference in 1930.

Economic consolidation of the British Empire based on voluntary mutual co-operation and tariff preferences was advocated by Rt. Hon. L.C.M.S. Amery, British Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, in an address to the Toronto Board of Trade at a dinner in Hart House Thursday evening.

A REMEDY THAT INSPIRES FAITH

People Who Have Used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Speak of Them With Praise.

"Going into a decline" is an expression that has come to be known as one of the most difficult conditions with which physicians have to deal. It often describes an alarming condition because it does not yield to ordinary treatment and the debility continues with loss of flesh and strength until the patient feels hopeless. In the majority of such cases the victim suffers from lack of good, red blood, and if the blood can be restored to normal no other medical treatment is necessary. Proper food and sunshine will do the rest.

Every man, woman and child who lacks health and strength should at once take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to build up their blood supply. The mission of this medicine is to make new, rich red blood, which speedily restores health and strength. "I

day evening. Just as in politics no federal scheme could be worked out for the Empire which would be narrow enough to permit of national development and yet broad enough to provide the desired unity so in fiscal matters the coupling of national freedom with mutual and voluntary co-operation in a common effort to promote the welfare of the Empire as a whole would produce the best results, the speaker thought.

Britain's attitude in the matter of imperial preferences had undergone a change, said Co. Amery. Canada might well recall that at an Imperial Conference held in Ottawa, Britain stood alone in opposing such a policy, and that for generations Canada had given unreciprocated preferences to England.

"In this connection I would ask you to remember how implanted in the Old Country have been certain economic doctrines," said Mr. Amery. "In the war we learned what a difference it made whether by trade we built up fellow citizens who were with us from the first or friendly neutrals who might or might not join us. Since then we have begun to move and when John Bull moves he moves obstinately. I can see that a great advance is coming, an advance like the last hundred days of the war."

Within the narrow range in which duties were imposed on imports into the Mother Country preferences were now given and as time went on and the tariff was extended, preferences would be given to the Dominions. Some of these would certainly be of great importance to Canada.

SEE MENACE IN WATERWAY

Because the entrance of foreign vessels into Canadian inland waters, under the St. Lawrence deep waterways scheme, was felt to be equal to "the ruination of Canadian shipping," and "robbing Canadian navigators of their birthrights," the Canadian Navigators' Federation of the Great Lakes division, in convention at Toronto on Thursday, passed a resolution strongly opposing the deepening of the river below Kingston.

"Montreal is Canada's natural ocean port," it was contended, "just as Kingston ought to be made the terminal of the Great Lakes navigation." Captain W. J. Stitt, president of the federation stated that "all the riff-raff of Europe would come over here and kill the Canadian waterway shipping, principally through the agency of low wages."

The objection to the foreign vessels was sponsored by the feeling that these boats would only carry one Canadian mariner, the master, while the rest of the crew and officers would be of foreign extraction with not even Canadian residences.

A high Cuban official on Friday confirmed reports that the sugar commission recommend that a maximum of 4,000,000 tons of sugar be ground in Cuba during the present season. The official added that President Machado had accepted the recommendation but had not yet signed a decree enacting it.

Thirty persons accused of Communism were executed in China on January 20 and 21 as the result of a renewal of the Chinese drive against Communists. Martial law is in force in the Wu-han cities—Hankow, Hanyan and Wuchang. The Chinese charge Communists with plotting an uprising.

Foot and mouth disease in the midlands has reached more serious proportions than it had since 1892. H. German, chairman of the Livestock Committee, declared at the annual meeting of the Farmers' Union. German declared the spread of the disease was due to delay in reporting cases to government officials. It was officially announced that foot and mouth disease had appeared at Ystrad Mynach, in the Rhymney Valley of Wales—a new area. The outbreak forces the closing of Newport market, one of the largest in South Wales.

am writing to tell you what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me," says Mrs. J. H. Oulton, Firdale, Man. "A few years ago I was in a badly run-down condition, so much so that I was subject to fainting spells which would leave me in such a condition that I could hardly go about. Then I was stricken with influenza and this further weakened me, and throughout the winter I remained in this condition. I was taking doctor's medicine, but as it did not seem to help me, my mother advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a couple of boxes to start on. When these were done I seemed to feel an improvement and I got a further supply to continue the treatment. I took in all about a dozen boxes, and by that time I was in the best of health and had gained in weight. My faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is now unbounded, and I keep a supply on hand and take them occasionally if I am not feeling quite well. I often recommend them to others, and can not praise them enough for restoring my health."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c. a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BROKEN SHIPS

...By ALICE MCKAY...

Author of "Red Letters"

(Copyright 1928)

SYNOPSIS

Eleanor, daughter of Judge Reid of Westmere gives a party to a select group of her old friends to celebrate her return after a two-year course in art at Mt. Auburn College. The most important guest, in her eyes, is handsome David McKinnon, president of the League of Little Ships, an organization of the village young people opposed to the liquor traffic. His fair, younger brother, Ewan, with a quotation from the Scriptures or other literature for each and every occasion is there under sufferance because the brothers are inseparable. Surprisingly Laura McLaine, daughter of the minister and conscientious champion of the league is also there. In his study, Judge Reid, worried by the selfish petulance of the wife whose every wish he had fulfilled by means of his influence and wealth, faces the fact that this party for his idolized daughter is very nearly the last straw on the already heavy drain his pampered family have maintained on his means. The Question Box at the party is fraught with troubles. To the question of what he had been doing on the cliff road on Thursday night, Ewan replied that he was with Leo Reid, and Mrs. Reid exclaimed that Leo was not out that night. Laura McLaine carried away by her feelings stated that her ambition is to be good. David's statement that his mother is the person he liked best in Westmere disappointed Eleanor and she is cut short in her enumeration of the "modern" qualities she will require in a husband by her brother Leo, who makes his appearance at this juncture. Mockingly the dissolute young man invites the party, now breaking up, to drink Eleanor's health. Laura is known to remain out of such things, David declines wine but Ewan drains his glass—the fleet of "Little Ships" is broken. Up on the roof, Judge Reid sent three flashes of a powerful light across the water, and from a ship outside of the Bay came back three answering flashes. Then the Judge returned slowly, and with dragging footsteps to his chair in the library where he sat with his head sunken forward on his breast until the grey light of dawn crept in through his window, and the birds, for birds will sing even where souls are struggling in despair, sent up their notes of welcome to another new day.

(Now read on.)

CHAPTER III.

The Home Beautiful.

Mrs. Daniel McKinnon stood in the door of her pretty white cottage and viewed the scene in her garden with pride-filled eyes. The cottage was on a sunny slope commanding a fine view of the bay, yet protected from the winds by a row of friendly evergreens that circled around the back like a protecting arm. A white picket fence enclosed an oblong space in front, and also served the purpose of restraining a flock of snow white chickens that cast longing glances through the panels. Whenever one did venture beyond his rights and flew up on the fence for a closer view, a flurry of white came tumbling down the path, and Ewan's poodle dog sent the offender squawking ungracefully to his own quarters.

Within that protecting fence was a riot of color and perfumes that could be rivalled only by a tropical garden. Flowers of every hue and size bloomed profusely. The neat and precise manner in which the beds were laid out and kept showed that only a fine character and lover of flowers and all things lovely could have touched them. It had taken careful cultivating and refining to produce the bed of peonies that lifted glorious faces of pink and white to the western sun. Sweet peas of every color clung to a slender lattice work in the centre of the lot, and great red roses nodded sleepily to the border of modest phlox about the walk. A large silver maple tree shaded the poppy bed and now it shivered gently before an errant breeze that hastened by and sent a leaf twirling in a little iridescent gleam down to rest on David McKinnon's dark head as he knelt beside the poppies. The silver leaf shone on her son's black hair, and Mrs. McKinnon laughed happily like a girl.

David looked up quickly and his grave features were lighted by a smile.

"That sounded good, sweetheart," he said, "Laugh again."

"The leaf looked so pretty in your hair, my son," she answered, "but I ween you will be calling someone else that name soon."

"You will always be my sweetheart, regardless," he answered, bending back to pick a little weed that dared to trespass on his property. "Do you like my garden now?"

"Do I? It is a glory unto you, Davy. You have a magician's touch when it comes to raising flowers. 'A complete success,' Daddy called it when he inspected it yesterday."

"Would that all he inspects was so pure as my flowers," said David, referring to his father's position as Liquor Inspector.

"I'm afraid I am not such a success in everything, mother."

He sighed deeply and the mother-heart answered with a deeper sigh. There had been troubled signs lately on her beloved boy's face. He was graver and more preoccupied than was his wont, but with her native tact, she waited until he was good and ready to confide in her, for both her sons never failed to find in this little mother of theirs a sympathetic listener and a wise counsellor.

David straightened up and stepping up beside his mother turned to watch the sunset. It was lowering to a high rim of mountains that towered over the western side of the bay. Shadows were falling in the nooks and over the trees. A few clouds hung suspended like fluffy airships beneath the blue sky canopy. One cloud narrowed out and projecting like an enormous index finger, pointed to the splash of glory in the west that marked the disappearing monarch of the day. The windows across the bay caught the last lingering rays and reflected them in a silver flame. The church steeple gleamed white and then fell into dimmer shades again. A last point of fire from the west that expanded and divided until it overspread the sky, and the day gave place to twilight.

"Glorious!" breathed Mrs. McKinnon. "I have watched that sunset for over twenty-seven years, and on no two occasions has it appeared the same. Each time I think it is more beautiful than the last. And now, more than all others, with you my beloved boy by my side, it is to me a thing beyond the power of words to describe an inspiration for all things good and true."

They stood in silence side by side watching the shadows deepen to dusk and the lights come twinkling out across the bay, then, nearer at hand, the humbler homes showed their unobtrusive little beacons, but ever David's troubled gaze would wander to the blaze of lights that distinguished Judge Reid's mansion on the hill. He was glad for the friendly cloak of night that hid his face from the loving mother's watchful eye, but he had forgotten what is greater still and never failing—the mother's instinct that will sense trouble when a loved one is affected.

Mrs. McKinnon placed her arm tenderly around David's waist and guided him into the cottage. He lit a shaded lamp as they entered the homely living room which, for loveliness and beauty was a repetition of the garden without. The coloring was a soft rose which was enhanced by the rose-shaded lamp, and everything in the room was arranged so as to give the inmates as well as the visitor a sense of security and peace, a sort of haven from the stress and storm of life. The walls were lined with well-filled book shelves, and a large fire-place, which, during the warm weather was filled with branches of sweet-scented pine, decorated the western end. Directly opposite the fireplace stood a piano with a violin resting against its carved leg.

David placed his mother in a comfortable rocker, and sitting on a footstool beside her, threw his arm across her lap and rested his head on it with a weary gesture.

"I had a letter from father this evening," said Mrs. McKinnon as she caressed the dark head on her lap.

"Yes! When is he coming home?" asked David eagerly.

"Not for a while yet. They are having so many difficulties at present. There are large quantities of contraband goods entering the Island and being shipped from it also, and they simply cannot come to any solution of the 'where or whence' of the matter. He was not very definite in his letter, but I can see that he is greatly troubled."

"I wish father would choose some other vocation," said David half impatiently. "He keeps you worried continually, and it must be a strain on himself."

"He feels that the Lord has called him to this work, my son, and therefore must be prepared to give an account of his stewardship. God forbid that I, with my foolish little worrying, should be a stumbling block to any worker in the Master's vineyard. Think of the other poor mothers whose hearts are breaking as they see in the mist of their dreams, through eyes dimmed by many tears, their loved sons go down to eternal woe, and their cherished daughters blighted as by a fiery furnace with this dread monster drink. Think of them, and pray that your dear father may be the cause of saving even one such from the fearful pit!"

"Hush, mother!" David placed his hand over his mother's lips to check the flow of her words. "You are too sweet and good to even think of such things."

"Not so, my son, she answered, "we are all subject to be tempted and should not scorn to help another, however degraded they may be, for we are all sinners in the full sense of the word."

"You are more like a saint in my estimation," said David stubbornly.

"I would be very lonely here with father away so much, were it not for my two unruly sons. Where is Ewan tonight?"

This was the question David dreaded to hear, because, for the first time in his life, he would be obliged to tell his mother a falsehood to save her uneasiness.

"He went down to the corner store. I daresay he will be late coming home as the McLean boys, Peters' sons I mean, are home from the West, and they are regaling their audience down there with many a tale, be they real or imaginary, of their individual prowess on horseback in the wild and woolly West," he announced carelessly. In truth he had watched Ewan out of his sight over the cliff road and knew very well that he was going there to meet Leo Reid, and for some purpose that was not right.

"I take it that you are not interested in Western tales, then," she teased.

"Not exactly," he answered laughing.

"And how about your music, Davy?" she asked. "I haven't noticed you taking much interest in it lately."

"Oh! I practise a little once in a while. My garden takes most of my time, and these are lazy days," he replied evasively.

This was another new mood of his that his mother had noticed lately, so she changed the subject tactfully.

"You never were lazy, dear. You have been son and daughter to me ever since you were able to walk," and she added gently, "one of these days I shall expect you to bring a real daughter home to me."

"Is there anyone you know whom you would choose for me?" he asked in a jesting tone, yet she knew that down in his heart he waited anxiously for her reply.

"My boy will choose for himself," she answered wisely, "and I know he will choose someone noble and good and true, for none deserves such more than he."

"And what are you going to do with Ewan," teased David.

"A dear boy, verily, but there is none so dear to the mother's heart as the first born son. Father wanted to make a farmer of Ewan when he gave him that beautiful 'Bay View' farm, but unless he changes he does not seem to take a great deal of interest in it. However, he is young enough yet. There is lots of room for him in this wee cottage yet for a while. Something may turn up to help him decide what he wants to be."

Dear mother heart, how little you realize what that "something" will be, and how the price must be sweated out in agony.

Meanwhile, the subject of their conversation, Ewan McKinnon, was bidding good-night to Leo Reid near the cottage door. He spoke with careless accent and then Leo whispered insinuatingly in his ear. Silence for the space of a minute and Ewan passed something back to his companion. It flashed an instant in the moonlight before disappearing in the recesses of Leo's pocket.

Ewan walked up the gravelled garden path toward the lighted living-room. Quite unexpectedly he stumbled and fell, crushing David's carefully reared pansy bed.

He laughed as he regained his feet, even to himself the laugh sounded coarse and mirthless. There was cold sweat on his forehead, but his several attempts to wipe it away proved futile. His hand trembled and refused to obey his commands. Suddenly an overpowering sensation of nausea gripped him and he trembled violently. The living-room light swam before his eyes. With bent head and dragging footsteps, Ewan of the fair hair and boyish, laughing eyes turned away, ashamed for the first time in his life to enter his mother's Home Beautiful.

CHAPTER IV.

A Broken Fleet.

It was Thursday evening, and the hour of the "Little Ships," Monthly Meeting was approaching, already a few of the members had wandered up to the Westmere Public Hall and lounged or stood about in attitudes that would be termed

comfortable rather than graceful, waiting the arrival of their companions. It was a blustering evening, a sort of harbinger of Fall's advent soon along the portals of time and seasons. The sun had disappeared in an angry-looking mass of clouds, and a hush had followed its sinking to rest. It was as though nature was holding her breath in momentary expectation of something unusual to come. The farmers looked at the sky, then at the water and fastened their barn and dwelling doors with acknowledgment of the storms in their movements if not on their lips. Fishermen hauled their boats high on the beach and doubled the usual fastenings thereon. A few citizens with misplaced optimism neglected to do those things, one good housewife even carrying the mistake so far as to leave her wash hanging out. The cattle behind the bars switched their tails and moved about uneasily. Even Tillie, the manse cat, terrified her little mistress, Gertie McLaine, by ascending the vertical kitchen wall with great agility, with tail expanded like a new Fuller brush, then down again, only to rush outdoors not to appear for several days. A low moan, like the subdued cry of some soul in misery came from the telephone wires, and the air was fraught with an indefinable tension.

The party at the "Hall" had increased noticeably now and soon David McKinnon, the respected president, came up the path, the fitful breeze stirring the dark hair on his uncovered brow.

His cordial greeting was in like manner returned, and they filed into the Hall, each to his or her respective seat.

A breeze, bolder than its brothers, struck the building causing the timbers to creak, then passed on leaving all silent as before.

"It is going to storm, as you no doubt have realized," announced David, "and we must make the meeting tonight as brief as possible. I want to say a few words to our members. You may not approve of them, but I know my duty nevertheless. A great many of you are getting careless, perhaps you do not realize the enormous responsibility you shouldered when you pledged yourselves to fight intemperance. A glorious and worthy calling truly. Perhaps some of you are under the impression that circumstances are against you doing anything worth while, but therein you err. Your chances for doing good, for conquering mankind's greatest evil, are just as great and just as necessary here as it would be in the largest city in the world. Many a man, and woman also, is born to waste their years looking with longing eyes away into the dim untrod distance, dreaming of what they would do if they were there, and all the while within the reach of their arm a soul or souls may be sinking in despair, and many a duty lies undone."

"Lately I have heard many strange rumors and surmises about happenings in Westmere. I have no definite explanation to offer you yet, but I urge you all to be watchful." Here the wind, which had increased greatly, shook the building and shrieked about the eaves. The audience moved uneasily, but the blast died down to a more moderate rate. David looked at his brother's face and noted its downcast expression, then he went on.

"Naturally we get discouraged at times. That is an enemy within ourselves that must be defeated also. We fall into self-made pits sometimes but out of these we can rise and soar to heaven. Past defeats may result in despondency, for we are but poor mortals, but prayer and faith, like unto great pillars of fire, will go before us leading us on to final victory if we only lay hold upon them. We are all put to a test, we all must pass through trials, but if we withstand after these comes the enlargement and enrichment of our spiritual stronghold."

Ewan was on his feet before his brother had finished speaking.

"I wish to resign from my membership in the club," he announced miserably. "I—I'm afraid I'm not much help just now, and, anyway, you are getting a new member, Eleanor Reid, and she will take my place."

His conscience was smiting him sorely, so that he took all his brother's words as a personal affront and thereupon decided to end his association with the league.

Laura McLaine rose swiftly to her feet. Her habitually calm face was alight with indignation.

"Eleanor Reid will never take your place, Ewan," she blurted out, "I object to your resignation. You were always our best helper until lately. Members, why don't you say something? We simply cannot have Eleanor Reid in our league. It's her fault, and that—that—oh, her brother's fault, too, that Ewan has changed so, and it is not right."

"Order!" David McKinnon struck the desk a sharp rap with his baton. The dismay and indignation on Eleanor's face prompted his action. "We cannot have insinuations made against members, or prospective members of this league. It pains me to have Ewan withdraw his forces when we need them so badly, but his resignation is quite voluntary, is it not?" he addressed the question to his brother.

"Quite," agreed Ewan.

When all were requested to stand up if they favored Eleanor's admittance into

(Continued on page 25)

Famous Fanatics

From the Book of the Same Name by Guy Hayler, Honorary President of the World Prohibition Federation.

The Great Roman Power

The history of the great Roman Empire, founded 753 B.C., furnishes many illustrations of how the rise of a people to power is promoted by sobriety, and the decline hastened by drinking. "The Romans," says Froude, "like all great peoples, were in the early stages of their history eminently religious, their habits were frugal, their private lives were austere, their public lives were more austere, and wherever conduct is pure, piety springs up by an unvarying law of nature as grass and flowers grow from a wholesome soil. Reverence for God was interwoven with domestic habits and with public law." One of the very earliest of the laws adopted by Rome prohibited women from drinking fermented wine or other intoxicating liquors; the penalty for violating this law was that of death. Another law prohibited all men under 30 years of age from taking any kind of alcoholic liquors except at festivals. Why this exception was made it is difficult to understand, but doubtless this was one of the causes which turned the Romans eventually into a dissolute and self-indulgent people, and ultimately led to their downfall. Rome conquered the world, but was brought low by drink and luxury. Its consuls and armies were to be seen in every land and among all peoples. The kingdom of Caesar was a world-wide kingdom. Its palaces were of marvellous beauty and magnificence. Yet drink and lust destroyed their world-wide power, and the glory and authority of the Caesars, together with the great Roman Empire, are now simply a matter of history.

The City of Rome

The city of Rome for centuries was the centre of all the great movement pulsating throughout the world. Its citizens were distinguished for their remarkable purity of manners. The Latin Yeomen, who were the backbone of the community, were industrious and lived with the utmost frugality. The youths under such training grew up to be exceptionally healthy and strong. Drink, however, made headway side by side with the growth of the Empire. Festival after festival, victory after victory, was celebrated with feasting and drinking, until, as Juvenal exclaims, "Luxury more cruel than armies hath invaded us and avenged the conquered world." As time went on the largest sums of money were expended in the preparation of various kinds of wines. Kings, Emperors and people behaved in the most odious and degrading manner. The city of Rome becoming at last the centre of all calamities attendant upon slaughter and dissipation. The incredible cruelties of the Emperor Nero, and others, were no doubt due to drink, for as Tacitus states, "The whole city seems to be frantic with rage, and at the same time intoxicated with bacchanalian pleasures," and again, "the unnatural security and inhuman indifference that now prevailed were beyond all examples." With a drunken monarch and people, perjured juries and corrupted magistrates, the iniquities of Rome at this time of her history are almost beyond description. The end, however, came, for as Froude says, "The world could endure them no longer." Thus the great Roman Empire centred in the Eternal City, and originally raised to power and influence by the strength of its men and the purity of its women, greatly due to their sobriety and simplicity of living, fell a victim to drink, the most prolific destroyer of nations and peoples throughout the world's history.

The Chinese Empire

The people of China claim to be the most ancient people on the face of the earth, and it is impossible to deny their claim with assurance. There is much to show the great age of this nation, together with their early civilization. Intemperance, however, repeatedly brought the Empire into danger and difficulties. To preserve sobriety many devices were adopted, such, for instance, as thunder clouds being depicted upon the vessels and other articles of daily use. This symbolic teaching failing, other methods of advocating abstinence were adopted, and prohibition edicts were issued against the using of intoxicating liquors. Confucius, their greatest philosopher and historian, who lived five centuries before Christ, chronicles the doings of the "Shoo King," who it is stated lived 2,187 B.C., and "occupied the throne like a personation of the dead. By idleness and dissipation he extinguished his virtues till the black-haired people all began to waver in their allegiance." Stringent measures were taken in the interest of sobriety, which for some time did good. Later we read that the Emperor Chow, 1,122 B.C., became dissolute, "being lost and maddened with wine," until it is affirmed that "Heaven in anger is sending down calamities

and wasting the country." So great became the evils of intoxication, and so well was the cause traced to the consumption of alcoholic liquors, that about 1,100 B.C., the Emperor, at a solemn assembly of the States, "forbade the use of wine, as that proves the cause of almost all the evils which happen on the earth." It is also stated that in later reigns in order to remove the vice of drunkenness the vines were all uprooted, lest such wine should be again made; so grape wine has never since been introduced among the people of China. In 459 A.D., an edict was issued that all liquor makers, sellers and drinkers should be beheaded. Similar laws were adopted in 781 A.D., and 1,160 A.D. In 1,270 A.D., all liquor dealers were condemned to banishment and slavery, their property being confiscated by the Government for the benefit of their children. It is stated that the Chinaman eats and drinks little that has not been subjected to the temperature of boiling, so that drunkenness is practically unknown in China. This is one of the great factors in longevity of the Chinese, who have nerves like steel and thrive in any climate.



A Roman soldier of the type which conquered the world until wealth, gained by their conquests, led to high living and immorality and the consequent demoralization of character.

Ancient Japan

From the earliest records we learn that the Japanese, who adopted the religious creed of the divinity Fo, were strictly enjoined to lead a virtuous life, and to enable them to do this they were ordered, among other things, "not to drink strong drink." The Catechism of the Shaman, or the Laws and Regulations of the Priesthood of Buddha, contained the following: "This law commands us not to drink any intoxicating liquors. There are many sorts—of all these thou shalt not drink, with this exception, when thou art sick and nothing else can restore thy health, and then it must be known by all that thou drink strong liquors. If there be reason for it, thou shalt not touch any liquor with thy lips, thou shalt not bring it to thy nose to smell it, nor shalt thou sit in a tavern, or together with people who drink spirits." From the same authority comes this remarkable story: "There was a certain Yewpotan, who by breaking this law violated also all others and committed the thirty-six sins. You can see by this that it is no small sin to drink wine. There is a particular department in hell filled with mire and dirt for the transgressors of this law, and they will be born again as stupid and mad people, wanting wisdom and intelligence. There are bewildering demons and maddening herbs, but spirits disorder the mind more than any poison. The Scripture moveth us, therefore, to drink melted copper sooner than violate this law and drink spirits. Ah! how watchful should we be over ourselves." The steady growth of Japan among the great nations of history is testimony to the temperate habits of her people.

Ancient India

We are indebted to the writings of the Brahmans for the history of drinking in Ancient India. From these we learn that the vice of intemperance was rife among the people, but the remedy of abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors for the vice was advocated by "the highest, most religious and cultured castes of Hindoostan," who then, and from time immemorial, had been abstainers, and remain so down to the present time. The Brahmans, the Germanas, and the Hylobians (or Physicians) all abstained from wine. The Pentologue of Buddha, 560 B.C., also enjoined abstinence from

"I do not believe that alcohol is a stimulant, and if I want to use a narcotic there are others that are more dependable than alcohol. I find the advocacy of alcohol as a remedy decreasing quite distinctly."—Dr. George Blumer, Dean of Medical Faculty, Yale College, U.S.A.

all intoxicating liquors. The millions who composed the Empire of the Ganges, as far as history can carry us into the past, were taught by the Priests, the Sages, and the Physicians to abstain from alcoholic drinks. The founders of sects and of Empire also united in teaching the same doctrine, until the people were generally weaned from the habit, and abstinence is generally preached and practised to this day by the Buddhists and Brahmans of the East, and the Parsees of India. Some of the methods adopted appear to have been very drastic. The greatest of Hindu law-givers, Manu, issued, 500 B.C., his edict against drinking, in which he says: "With the drinker of 'madhoo' let no one eat, no one join in a sacrifice, no one read. With such a wretch let no one be allied in marriage. Let him be abject and excluded from all society and all social privileges. Cast forth as a vagabond on the earth, branded with indelible ignomy, he shall be deserted by his own parents, and treated with by none." In Buddhist countries the law based upon the teachings of Buddha prohibits the manufacture, sale and use of alcoholic liquors. Mahomet also taught teetotalism and the legal prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. The abstinence of the people of India from the evils of drink has been somewhat altered by the British Government yearly farming out to the highest bidder the privilege of selling intoxicating liquors for revenue purposes. The sooner this disgrace is stopped the better for India and the British people.

REGISTERING A PROTEST

To the Editor of The Witness.)

Sir,—The views of a thinking churchman found expression in an utterance of the Rev. Dr. Halpenny, associate pastor of the St. James United Church, Montreal, speaking in that church, during the morning service on Sunday January 15, which was broadcasted by station C.H.Y.C.

Preaching from the text found in Hebrews 12:13, "And make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way." He spoke of the highways of life, along which we are travelling and which we shall pass on to our children improved or more dangerous than we found them.

Reviewing the highway of home life, he passed on to that of the community. In referring to the liquor traffic, he said, "Just here I wish to register a protest against the system under which we now live in this province. It may be better than other systems, that might or have prevailed, but it is far short of what it ought to be."

"Walking along McGill College Avenue a few days ago, I saw a woman and a little girl about twelve years of age enter the government store to perform a purchase as legal and respectable as going to the post office to buy a stamp."

Although not a temperance sermon Dr. Halpenny's sketch of "Building Highways for God" contained in these remarks and in the truths enunciated in the closing summary, a ringing challenge to Christians with regard to this problem. Stating that with the ever increasing speed of modern life, there is need to straighten out the curves, eliminate the grades and where this is impossible to see that the dangerous spots are carefully marked. The minister called for the effort of all to make the roads safer for the weaker, who might come to disaster, to abolish the tragedies by the way, to leave the highways at least a little better than we found them.

—By EMEL.

YOUTH AND PROHIBITION

A Persian student, Hessameddin Shafa, of the Wooster College, Ohio, in an essay on the International liquor question, challenged the youth of the world to go forward boldly and without compromise in the campaign for sobriety. He said: "America is the laboratory in which the success or failure of prohibition must be worked out. We cannot believe that America will turn back. Once having lighted the torch, she will bear it aloft. And other nations will come and receive fire from it, so that in time to come, the whole world shall be lighted. The task is not yet done. There are many hard battles to be fought. Therefore, I appeal to the younger generation, to the youth of the United States, and of the world, reminding them that their actions shall to a large degree determine the destiny of the human race."—Christian Science Monitor.

Travellers' Wet Stories

The following incident is reported by a county prosecuting attorney of Washington.

A few days ago, in a popular tavern in Seattle, while five Elks, commercial travellers, were dining, Prohibition came up for discussion. The usual claim that more liquor is being sold under Prohibition than ever before, was made, and the statement was about to get over by common consent, when one of the party objected.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I challenge the statement! There is not one-tenth of the liquor sold now that was sold before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted." Looking them squarely in the face, he asked, "Have any of you had a drink today?"

They were an orderly but liberal set of business men, but each admitted that he had had no drink that day.

The challenging brother pursued his vantage: "Have any of you had a drink in the last three days?"

All of the party except one agreed that they had not tasted liquor in three days. This one had barely tasted some liquor at the hands of a customer; he was afraid to drink the stuff, he said.

"Now, don't you fellows remember," said the challenging brother, "that before Prohibition, by this time of the day, you would have had at least ten drinks apiece, and you could not have gone about your business selling goods for three days without inviting more than half of your customers to some saloon or the hotel bar for a drink?"

There was no answer. The party un-animously agreed they were wrong in their claim that there was more liquor sold now than in licensed days.

This incident illustrates the absurdity of this exaggerated claim the wets are putting over by well financed and scientifically directed propaganda. The pretence that Prohibition does not prohibit is about the silliest claim that confronts the friends of Prohibition.—The Advance.

ALCOHOL AND INFLUENZA

The British press has been admitting a number of anonymous advertisements as to the value of whisky in influenza, etc. The Berlin correspondent of the Journal of the American Medical Association writes: "In advertisements of firms interested in the sale of alcoholic beverages, the statement was often seen during the recent epidemic of influenza that alcohol has a prophylactic and therapeutic value in the disease. As a consequence, on the initiative of the president, the Berliner Medizinische Gesellschaft decided to publish the declaration that it disapproved of advertisements recommending alcohol as a prophylactic and therapeutic remedy in influenza."

NO ONE LOVES A DRUNKEN MAN

"Prohibition has not hurt the passenger business of American liners," General Dalton of the Shipping Board tells us. "Personally," says the general, "I would not approve of restoring bars to American vessels, even if the law authorized them. There are no longer scenes of drunkenness aboard these ships. Young couples occupy the dance floors of American vessels, whereas when bars existed, the young men were given to spending their time in them. Foreign passengers are patronizing Shipping Board vessels in preference to their own country's ships." Nobody loves a drunken man, not even his own kind.—The Christian Herald.

BLIND PIGS

The blind pig is the dirtiest, most unwholesome and degrading school of looseness that has ever happened. The citizen knows that; and he knows it when he patronizes it. He knows that the man who opens the door for him, the man who pours his booze for him, the man who takes his money and banks it, is, in each case, an avowed law-breaker. He knows that the shifty looking men who haunt the back rooms of the establishment are likely enough crooks too. He knows that the man who elbows him in the musty passage way may be a robber, a killer, a man with blood on his soul. He knows that this dirty hole is the home of the rats. He knows that he has crossed the barrier between the things of his decent home and the things not to be spoken in the hearing of his family when he enters the furtive door-way of the speakeasy. . . . The blind pig is the home of these, and there respectability jostles them and shares at least one form of contempt for law and society.—Detroit News.

"We do not say that if the whole country were teetotal there would be no further venereal disease, but there is no doubt that if alcoholic indulgence could be done away with, venereal disease would be greatly reduced. These diseases are greatly facilitated and greatly increased by alcoholic indulgence."—Sir A. News-holme, K.C.B., M.D., F.R.C.S.

MIND BODY **BOYS' PAGE** SOUL SERVICE

Bob Andrews' Adventure

This Instalment Concludes the Boys' Chain Serial Story.

Authors.

- Chapter 1. W. Lloyd Thompson, Strathmore, Alta.
- Chapter 2. Lloyd Harper, Perth, Ont.
- Chapter 3-4. Edward East, Indian River, P. E. I.
- Chapter 5. Leonard G. Sellé, Crosby, Ont.
- Chapter 6. William Dewar, Winnipeg, Man.
- Chapter 7. C. Malcolm Lapointe, Cobalt, Ont.
- Chapter 8. H. Carleton Dair, Welland, Ont.
- Chapter 9. Tom H Anderson, Lucknow, Ont.
- Chapter 10. Philip Moxley, New Hamburg, Ont.
- Chapter 11. O. B. Ray, Montreal, Que.
- Chapter 12. Arnold C. White, Qualicum Beach, B.C.

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Kirly and Bob gave exclamations of surprise on seeing the newcomers, and even Rose seemed a little disconcerted. "Boss" ordered Jackson Rivers and the two others to bind Bob and his companions. Jackson at once bound Bob, but not very securely.

Joe and the Boss now opened the safe. This safe was very strongly made in such a manner that if explosives were used to open it, any papers inside, would be destroyed. While Joe and the Boss were leaning over it, Rivers gave a sign to one of the men, and bending, cut Bob's hands, whispering as he did so,

"Hold the fellow in brown for a second, until I can come."

With this he leaped upon the Boss, throwing him to the ground, while the man, who was evidently his friend, secured Joe. As soon as he realized what was happening, the man in brown made a dash for the opening of the cleft, but Bob rushed forward, and cleverly tripped him, so that he fell heavily. The man was so stunned that Bob had no difficulty in holding him until Jackson Rivers arrived and slipped on the hand-cuffs.

Joe and his companions were now taken back to the town, where a number of police were waiting. As the three men were driven off in a car, Jackson Rivers turned to Bob and said,

"Well, Bob, I suppose you would like to find out what it's all about, eh?"

"I certainly wouldn't mind!" replied Bob, eagerly.

"Well," began Rivers, "I guess I'd better introduce myself as James Arkwright, Head of the Arkwright Detective Agency." He then told how about a month ago, Mr. Polter had come to him, and said that he had discovered some bootlegging machinery on his farm. He had been confronted by two masked men, who told him that if he did not allow them to work their stills they would disclose the fact that there was machinery on his place. They showed him some papers, which would prove he had bought the machinery, and arranged for the sale of any liquor he might make. The signatures had been very cleverly forged. Jackson Rivers, or, rather James Arkwright, had advised him to allow them to work for a while at least, while he saw what could be done. He had then joined the gang, along with one of his men, and had told them he was trying to get \$2,000 out of Polter, and that Bob was to fetch it on a certain day. This led to Bob's capture. Arkwright had heard several times of the papers, in the "tin box" in the "bird's nest" in the hollow, and had mentioned it to Bob intending to ask him if he knew anything of it, but he had been interrupted. He had at last managed to discover all about the safe, and that he could not get the papers without the greatest difficulty, so he had waited till the Boss and Joe went to fetch them.

Rose wanted to be in at the finish and

as he knew she and Mrs. Kirly were perfectly cool he could not refuse. Besides he really needed help to make sure of them and his other operatives were away on another case.

"Well, you know the rest," finished Mr. Arkwright.

"But who is the Boss?" inquired Bob. "Oh, he is Mr. Richard MacDonald, who has been living as a retired business man for some years, but is really the leader of one of the most notorious gangs in this part of the country. As the leader of the gang he is wanted for several crimes, and you may be sure he will not get the chance to commit any more."

This was, indeed, the case. A few months later he was punished, and along with him, Joe, who was tried and found guilty of the murder of Jerry Rocco.

Mr. Polter gave Bob a handsome reward and four years later Bob married his old friend, Rose Harding. They bought a large farm, which has been very successful. Bob often looks back on the time when he went to fetch his employer's money from the bank, and the adventures it caused.

(The End.)

BOTTLED PHOSPHORUS LIGHT

Surprise your friends with bottled light. This is not a trick, but just a little experiment that will provide lots of fun as well as a good light. You simply put a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea into a large clear bottle. Then heat some olive oil to the boiling point and pour the hot oil over the phosphorus, filling the bottle about one-third full. To avoid breaking the bottle with the hot oil be sure to thoroughly warm it by setting it in a pan of hot water. Cork the bottle tightly immediately after pouring in the oil and leave

it until you need a light. Simply opening the bottle for a few minutes, allowing the fresh air to rush in, will fill the unoccupied space in the bottle with a continuous clear, luminous light. Now recork the bottle tightly and you will have a clear light for several days. When the light begins to dim let in more fresh air and recork as before.

Nature's Orphans

By Earl S. Wark.

How many of us, when eating a rosy-cheeked apple or juicy plum, ever think of the forces that combined to produce such luscious fruit. We see the growing plants, admire their loveliness when in bloom, and rejoice when they are laden with fruit, but the factors which aided in bringing about the final achievement escape us. One important factor in the production of fruit or seed is that of cross-fertilization. Experiments have shown that most of the fruit, some vegetable, and seed producing plants are partially or wholly self-sterile and, therefore, unable to produce fruit of themselves. It is also an accepted fact that those fruit or seed producing plants, which are self-fertile, will yield much more heavily because of cross-fertilization. To bring about cross-fertilization the pollen or male element of one plant or flower must be conveyed to the pistil or female element of another plant or flower and the chief agents in such distribution are wind and insects. It has been shown that wind plays little or no part in the cross-pollination of the above-mentioned plants, but that insects are of utmost importance. Of the many flower-loving insects the industrious and methodical honey bee is the most efficient pollen carrier; and in regions or seasons where wild bees are scarce or when frequently unfavorable weather during the blossoming period demands that pollination be accomplished quickly, a few hives of bees in or near the orchard or field are a necessity. Fruit and seed growers are aware of this fact, and if they do not keep bees themselves are glad to have specialist bee-keepers place their apiaries so that the bees may visit their trees or plants when in bloom. It has been estimated that bees are of equal value as agents in cross-pollination as they are as honey producers.

From her girlhood Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has been an ardent collector of postage stamps, and she possesses albums worth prodigious sums in the eyes of the enthusiast.

STAMP NEWS

THE BIG STAMPS OF TOUVA

The People's Republic of Touva entered the philatelic arena last year with a mysterious set of ten stamps, bearing only Mongolian inscriptions, and with a wheel as the central device. The wheel has suggested to the motoring philatelist a steering wheel with extra gadgets; the first explanation of it received was that it was the wheel of happiness, and this is closely akin to Ismail Bey's latest definition of it as the wheel of eternity, a religious and philosophical emblem, appropriate to a people whose history is lost in antiquity.

Having found a use for postage stamps the republic has elected to make them more comprehensible to the outer world. The newest series, says Fred J. Melville, in the London Daily Telegraph, is frankly designed to attract and interest the collector, and to instruct the world concerning Touva and its topography. They form an elaborately designed series of fourteen stamps, in varied sizes and shapes; two of them are triangular and one diamond or "lozenge" shaped. They are the work of a lady artist, Olga Feodorovna Amosova, who took part in a Russian Mongolian expedition under Professor Bounak last year. One cannot judge the quality of her pictures by the lithographic scraps now produced, but a few of them have survived the process of reproduction fairly well. The stamps are printed in two or three colors on paper water-marked with stars and diamonds. The inscriptions are in the local language and in English.

To glance at the 8 kopecs first will serve to locate the republic, for this is a horizontal oblong stamp, in brown, red and blue-green, showing a map indicating the boundaries to U.S.S.R. in the North and Mongolia in the South.

A new shape of stamp, of large size and nearly square, is used for the 40, 50, and 70 kopecs. The 40 kopecs red and greenish blue shows a file of natives on horseback crossing a river, the horses half submerged in the waters. The 50 kopecs black, green, and brown, perhaps the most effective design in the series, shows a native girl at work making an elaborately designed carpet; her long tresses of hair are drawn under her belt to keep them from impeding her movements, and at the side is a large basin for water or perhaps koumiss. The 70 kopecs red and bistre shows a native horseman shielding his eyes from the sun as he gazes across the plains after his cattle.

The remaining stamp is not one that you would find convenient in use if you have a large post to despatch. It is lozenge shape, a diamond turned sideways, and it measures 3 in. across and 1 3/4 in. in height. The frame is a yellow brown, and the centre in violet shows natives, men and women, astride reindeer on the slopes of the mountains.

SIZZLE 13c BUG
 211 ALL DIFFERENT
 Contains Tigers, Camels, Dragons, Falls, Ships, and many other wonderful stamps together with our big list of bargains. "Approvals if you ask for them."
 INLAND STAMP CO., 6213 Forest, K.C. Mo.

BARGAIN OFFER
 Packet of 48 different stamps, including two scarce Costa Rica (cat. 60c), Niger Coast, Gabun, etc., and large price list of bargains in sets.
 All for TEN CENTS.
 SHAW STAMP CO.,
 Bear River, Nova Scotia, Canada.

JOIN SONORA FILATELICA
 Mexican Exchange Club. \$1.00 per year.
 FRANCISCO R. KEITH,
 Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico.



Drawn by A. R. Campbell, Perth, Ont.

This Canada of Ours

PONTIAC'S CONSPIRACY

By J. S. Morrison and Maud Morrison Stone

PONTIAC HAD RESOLVED TO DRIVE THE ENGLISH FROM THE COUNTRY. HE CALLED A GREAT COUNCIL OF THE TRIBES. THEY GATHERED ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER. THE COUNCIL PIPE WAS PASSED, EACH TAKING A PUFF, UNTIL THE CIRCLE WAS COMPLETED.



SUDDENLY INTO THEIR MIDST STROBE PONTIAC, ALL PLUMED AND PAINTED FOR WAR. HE DEMONSTRATED THE ENGLISH AND CALLED UPON THE CHIEFS TO HELP HIM.



THEY AGREED. BY VARIOUS STRATAGEMS, ONE AFTER THE OTHER, ALL THE SURROUNDING FORTS WERE CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS, ONLY OVER DETROIT THE BRITISH FLAG STILL FLEW.



MAJOR GLADWYN COMMANDED THE LITTLE TOWN. AROUND IT CAMPED THOUSANDS OF SAVAGES WHO KILLED, AND SOMETIMES ATE, ANY OF THE ENGLISH THEY CAUGHT OUTSIDE.

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. J. Miller, Vancouver, and H. Andrews, Ont., are thanked for words of "Lean Hard"; Lloyd Nicholas, Ont., Vera S. Maclean, N.S., Grace Etter, N.S., and Alice A. Dukeshire, N.B., for "September"; Laura Smart, Alta., for "The Highlandman's Toast"; Florence Maitland, Ont., and E. V. H., Ont., for "September" and "Star of the East"; Mrs. N. MacCallum, Ont., for "Jessica's Dream" and "Star of the East."

A correspondent, who sends no name or address, is thanked for a budget of songs clipped from old numbers of the Witness.

PAYING A LEGACY

D. B., Ont., asks: A. B. makes a will in which he bequeaths to C. D. his granddaughter, then, say, 10 years old, a sum of money. Can this granddaughter claim this money before she is 21 years old, or, in other words, have the executors the right to pay it unto her before she has reached that age?

Ans.—No.

Will Forms

A. B., Ontario, asks: Some weeks ago you stated in your Question and Answer column, in reply to a question concerning the advisability of using Will Forms, that you did not approve of them. Would you kindly explain why? And state what is considered a valid will? I am told that people living on prairies and distant from towns use such forms constantly. And that they seem considered correct among very good business people? And seem to be considered legal.

Ans.—Some of the will forms on sale in book stores are regular and correct as far as they go, and are useful in cases of emergency. The one particularly in question and with which we dealt in the answer to which you refer, has been denounced by several judges of the Supreme Court of Ontario. It has been judicially described as one that "lends itself to the making of many errors," and it has certainly given rise to much litigation. To be valid a will must clearly express the intentions of the testator, and apt words must be used for the purpose, and it must be executed in accordance with the Wills Act (Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1927, Chap. 149). Whenever reasonably possible a solicitor should be employed to prepare the desired will and attend to the execution of it.

THE ROCKEFELLERS

Could you answer in your Questions and Answers column of the Witness: Is Rockefeller (the millionaire) still alive, and if so, give his full name and address; and oblige a constant subscriber to your good paper, the Witness.

Ans.—John D. Rockefeller, 4 W. 54th St., New York; John D. Rockefeller, jr., 26 Broadway, New York.

OUR NEW SERIAL

Henry McInnis, N.S.—I am enclosing copy of "Star of the East" asked for by M. L. Brander, P. E. I. I have taken it from the "World's Largest Song Folio, sold by the T. Eaton Co. We appreciate the Witness very much and like the serials now running in the paper. I am looking forward to Alice McKay's new story. Although I only live about twenty miles from Scotsburn, N.S. I never heard of M. L. McLean until Bryan Mitchell appeared in the Witness. With best wishes for 1928.

U. S. PRESIDENTS — QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

Regular Subscriber.—Will you in your Questions and Answers column please answer these questions? (a) How many Presidents of the United States sat in the Presidential chair while Victoria was Queen of England, and how many of them were alive at the time of her death? (b) What was the order of the procession which went to St. Paul's Cathedral on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee for divine service? I think it was headed by the Canadian Royal Mounted.

Ans.—(a) Eighteen Presidents, as follows: Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, James Knox Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Ulysses Simpson Grant, Rutherford Burchard Hayes, James Abram Garfield, Chester Alan Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley. Three of these were alive at the time of Queen Victoria's death, viz. Benjamin Harrison, who died March 13th, 1901, Grover Cleveland, died June 24th, 1908, and Wm. McKinley, died Sept. 4th, 1901. (b) The procession to St. Paul's Cathedral was heralded by an advance party of Royal Horse Guards, led by Lord Roberts. After the Royal Horse Guards band came a body of Canadian Hussars and Dragoons acting as a body guard to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who had just been knighted that morning. (2) The New South Wales troops with the Premier of the colony. (3) The Victoria Mounted Troops, the New Zealand contingent and the Premier of New Zealand. (4) The Queensland and Cape of Good Hope troops with the Premier of the Cape. (5) The South African colonial troops and the Premier of Newfoundland. (6) The Natal troops and the Premier of West Australia. (7) A contingent representing all the crown colonies. (8) Two columns of infantry and a band. (9) The main body of the Canadian Mounted Troops. (10) Several bodies of artillery and naval forces with bands. (11) The Duke of Westminster as Lord Lieutenant of London. (12) The Headquarters Staff of the Army followed by the Field Marshals and other officers. (13) The equestrians and attaches of English and foreign notables. (14) The Indian officers and Imperial service troops. (15) The Empress Frederica. (16) The Lord Mayor of London. (17) The envoys of foreign countries, four in each carriage. (18) British nobility and foreign royalty, mostly mounted. (19) The Queen in her carriage surrounded by her sons mounted and escorted by mounted Indian troops.

CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL

Mrs. J. H. A., Ont.—Could you tell me where I could buy the book "Captain of His Soul"? I wrote to Mussons, at Toronto, for "Maid of the Isles," Macleod's Wife" and "Captain of His Soul". The last one they have not got. It was running in the Witness. My brother takes the Witness, and I take the Northern Messenger and I like both papers very much.

Ans.—"Captain of His Soul" has not yet appeared in book form.

"MAID OF THE ISLES"

Florence Lambton, Ont.—Would you kindly tell me whether the story, "The Maid of the Isles," by Annie S. Swan, is published in book form? If so, where can it be obtained, and what is the

price? I enjoy very much the serials in the Witness. They are all high class in moral teaching, as well as being interesting reading.

Ans.—Write to the Mussion Book Co., Toronto.

"THE CARPENTER"

Sidney J. Patterson, N.S.—Some two or three years ago there was published in the Witness an article—it was an address to a gathering of students belonging to a college in England. The address was delivered by one of the professors, and I think it was called "The Carpenter". It was most interesting. The address was given in an expensively furnished room or hall, and the professor began by calling the attention of the students to these several articles and by whom they had been produced. As I remember it, he gradually brought the address around to our Lord or to the humbler class of workmen. When this article was published, I loaned the paper to a gentleman who read this article and was wonderfully impressed with it, and has often commented on it. He is very anxious to get hold of it, and for some time has been urging me to try and get it for him, and I am appealing to you to help me.

Ans.—We recollect the article, but cannot fix the time when it appeared. Can any reader tell us in what issue of the Witness the article was printed, or supply a clipping?

BIRD SUPERSTITIONS

Miss A. A. MacAulay, Que.—Could you please give me any definite information as to the superstition of birds on dishes, especially blue birds and golden pheasants. I have heard some very conflicting information on this subject recently.

WORDS SUPPLIED

Betty Findlay, Ont.—I am sending the words of "September" asked for by Edna Merrill, Que.:

SEPTEMBER

(Helen Hunt Jackson)

The golden-rod is yellow:
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook,
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dew lanes at morning
The grape's sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With golden butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

Mrs. G. H. Little Britain.—I wonder if I could get the song, "We'll never say 'Good-bye' in heaven"?

WE'LL NEVER SAY "GOOD-BYE"

With friends on earth we meet in gladness,
While swift the moments fly,
Yet ever comes the thought of sadness
That we must say "Good-bye."

Chorus:—
We'll never say "Good-bye" in heaven
We'll never say "Good-bye";
In that fair land of joy and song
We'll never say "Good-bye."

How joyful is the hope that lingers,
When loved ones cross death's sea,
That we, when all earth's toils are ended,
With them shall ever be.

No parting words shall e'er be spoken
In yonder home so fair;
But songs of joy, and peace and gladness,
We'll sing for ever there.

—E. W. Chapman.

Vera S. MacLean, N.S.—In the Witness of Jan. 11th, I saw that M. L. Brander, P.E.I. was asking for the words "Star of the East," which I take pleasure in forwarding. We are all very much interested in the two serials that are running in the Witness now and are looking forward to the new one to start next week.

STAR OF THE EAST

(Words by George Cooper.)

Star of the East, oh, Bethlehem's star,
Guiding us on to Heaven afar!
Sorrow and grief are lull'd by thy light,
Thou hope of each mortal, in death's lonely night!
Fearless and tranquil, we look up to thee!
Knowing thou beam'st thro' eternity!
Help us to follow where thou still dost guide
Pilgrims of earth so wide.

Chorus:—
Star of the East, thou hope of the soul,
While round us here the dark billows roll,
Lead us from sin to glory afar,
Thou star of the East, thou sweet Bethlehem's star.

Oh, star that leads to God above!
Whose rays are Peace and Joy and Love,
Watch o'er us still till life hath ceased,
Beam on, bright star, sweet Bethlehem star!

Star of the East, undimmed by each cloud,
What tho' the storms of grief gather loud?
Faithful and pure thy rays beam to save,
Still bright o'er the cradle, and bright o'er the grave!

Smiles of a Saviour are mirror'd in thee!
Glimpses of Heaven in thy light we see;
Guide us still onward to that blessed shore,
After earth's toil is o'er.

David Arbing, P.E.I.—Will you kindly publish the negro slavery poem, entitled "Nelly Gray"? As near as I can remember there is one verse as follows:
"My dear Nelly Gray, they have taken her away,
And I will never see my darling any more.
I am sitting by the river, and am weeping all the day,
For she is gone from the old Kentucky shore."

DARLING NELLY GRAY

(B. R. Hanby)

There's a lone green valley by the old Kentucky shore,
Where we've whil'd many happy hours away;
A-sitting and singing by the little cottage door
Where dwelt my lovely Nelly Gray.

Chorus:—

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more.
I am sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climb'd the mountain and the stars were shining too,
Then I took my lovely Nelly Gray,
And I travell'd down the river in my little red canoe,
While the banjo so sweetly I did play.

Oh! my eyes are getting blinded and I cannot see my way;
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door.
I hear the angels calling and I see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to my old Kentucky shore.

C. M. Neva Scotia.—Would like to get the words of "The College Oil Cans"; also "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight."

THE COLLEGE OIL CANS

On a broad mosaic wrought in many a quaint design
Gleam a brace of silver goblets wreathed in flowers
and filled with wine:
Around the board a group was seated; here and there
were threads of white
Which their dark locks lately welcomed, but they're
only boys tonight
Some whose words have thrilled the Senate, some
who win the critic's praise,
All are chums tonight with voices redolent of
college days.

"Boys," said one, "Do you remember that old joke about the wine,
How we used to fill our oil cans and repair to number nine?
But at last the old Professor—never long was he outdone—
Opened up our shining oil cans and demolished all our fun."
In the laugh that rang out gaily through the richly curtained room
Joined they all save one—why is it?—Does he see the waxen bloom
Tremble in its vase of silver? Does he see the ruddy wine
Shiver in its crystal goblet? Or do those grave eyes divine
Something sadder yet? He pauses till their mirth has died away.
Then in measured tones speaks gravely, "Boys, a story, if I may,
I will tell you, though it may not merit worthy praise:
It is bitter fruitage ripened from our pranks of college days."

Eagerly they claim the story, for they know the L.L.D.,
With his flexible voice would garnish any tale, whate'er it be.
"Just a year ago tonight, boys, I was in my room at one,
At the San Francisco L-house when I heard a plaintive moan
Sounding from the room adjoining. Hoping to give some relief
To the suffering one I entered; but it thrilled my heart with grief
Just to see that wreck of manhood—bloated face, dishevelled hair,
Wildly turning, even moaning, while his thin hands beat the air.
Broken prayers, vile oaths and curses filled the air as I drew near;
Then in faint and piteous accents these words I could plainly hear:
'Give me one more chance—one only—let me see my little Belle,
Then I'll follow where they lead me, be it to the depths of hell.'

"When he saw me he grew calmer: started strangely, looked me o'er—
Oh the glory of expression! I had seen his face before.
Yes, I knew him: it was Horace, he who won the college prize;
Naught remained of his proud beauty but the splendor of his eyes.
He whom we were all so proud of lay there in the fading light;
If my days should number four-score, I shall ne'er forget the sight.
And he knew me, called me Albert, ere a single word was said.
We were comrades in the old days. I sat down beside the bed.

"Horace seemed to grow more quiet, but he would not go to sleep;
He kept talking of the old days, while my hand he still would keep
In his own, so white and wasted, and with burning eyes would gaze
In my face, still talking feebly of the dear old college days.
'Ah,' he said, 'life held such promise, but alas, I am today
But a poor degraded outcast, hopes, ambitions swept away;
And it dates back to those oil cans that we filled in highest glee;
Little did I think in those days what the harvest now would be.'

"For a moment he was silent, then a cry whose anguish yet
Wings my heart, burst from his white lips though his lips were tightly set,
And with sudden strength he started, sprang from my detaining arm,
Shrieking wildly: 'Curse those demons! Do they think to do me harm?
Back, I say! ye fork-tongued serpents, reeking with the filth of hell!
Don't you see that I have with me my poor, sainted little Belle?'"

"When I'd soothed him into quiet, with a trembling arm he drew
My head down. 'Oh Al,' he whispered, 'Such remorse you never knew,
And again I tried to soothe him, but my eyes o'er-brimmed with tears,
His were dry and clear, as brilliant as they were in college years.
All the flush had left his features, he lay white as marble now;
Tenderly I smoothed his pillow, wiped the moisture from his brow;
Though I begged him to be quiet, he would talk of those old days,
Brokenly at times, but always of 'the boys' with loving praise.

"Once I asked him of Eorena—the sweet girl that he had wed—
You remember Rena Bristow? When I asked if she were dead,
'No,' he said, his poor voice faltering, 'she is far beyond the Rhine;
But I wish to God it were so, then I still could call her mine.
She's divorced—she's mine no longer,—here his voice grew weak and hoarse,
'But although I am a drunkard, I have one they can't divorce—
I've a little girl in heaven playing 'round her Saviour's knees,
Always patient, and so faithful that at last she died for me.

The greater the clerical mountebank, the larger the congregation. . . . The parish, in many instances, has degenerated into a club, and what the people want is not a spiritually minded leader, but a real, live Manager.—Rev. Percy T. Fenn, in the North American Review.

I had drunk so much so often, that my brain was going wild:
Every one had lost hope in me but my faithful little child.
She would say: 'Now, stop, dear papa, for I know you can stop now.'
I would promise, kiss my darling, and the next day break my vow.
So it went on till one Christmas, dark and stormy cold and drear
Out I started just as usual for the cursed rum-shop near,
And my darling followed after in the storm of snow and sleet,
With no covering wrapped about her, naught but slippers on her feet.

"No one knew it: no one missed her, till there came with solemn tread,
Stern-faced men unto our dwelling, bringing back our darling dead!
They had found her cold and lifeless,—like, they said, an angel fair,
Leaning 'gainst the grogshop window—oh, she thought that I was there.
Then he raised his hand toward heaven, called aloud unto the dead,
For his mind again was wandering: 'Belle, my precious Belle!' he said,
'Papa's treasure, papa's darling—Oh my baby—did you—come
All the way alone—my darling—just-to-lead—poor—papa—home?'
And he surely had an answer, for a silence o'er him fell,
And I sat alone and lonely—death had come with little Belle."

Silence in that princely parlor—head of every guest was bowed.
They still see the red wine sparkle, but 'tis through a misty cloud.
Said the host at last arising, "I have scorned the pledge to sign,
Laughed at temperance all my life; but never more shall drop of wine
Touch my lips, the fruit was bitter. Boys, 'twas I proposed it first,
That foul joke from which poor Horace ever bore a life accurst.
Let us pledge ourselves tonight, boys, never more by word or deed
In our fair homes, or elsewhere, help to plant the poisonous seed."
Silence once again, but only for a moment's space—and then,
As in one voice all responded with a low and firm, "Amen!"

WORDS WANTED

E. Berggren, Sask.—I hereby request that someone forward the poem entitled "The Prairie Heroine."

Miss A. M. MacAulay, Que.—I would love to get the words of the old song "Jack Frost is a Roguish Little Fellow," with music, if possible.

G. F. K., Montreal West.—Would be pleased to see in print the short poem found some 50 years ago in the Second Reader of Quebec. It began with the words:—
"Around the fire one wintry night
The farmer's rosy children sat."

Wm. L. McNair, Ont.—Could any one of your Witness readers furnish me with the verses of an old sacred song? I send you the chorus, which is as follows:
"Some build their hopes on the ever drifting sand,
Some on their fame, or their treasure or their land,
Mine's on a rock that forever will stand,
Jesus the Rock of Ages."
—Also a poem I heard many years ago. I can just give a few lines here and there:
"We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,
"We are lost," the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.
"But his little daughter whispered,
As she clasped him by the hand,
'Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?'"

PERSONAL NOTES

Three cents per word per insertion; minimum cost forty-five cents; cash with order. Poetry 50 cents per count line. Notices should be accompanied by the name of the sender.

BIRTHS

BURNS—On Friday, Jan. 20th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burns of Concession 2, Thorah, Ont., a daughter.

MARRIAGES

SPROTT-McDONALD—On Dec. 12th, at St. Paul's Church, Vancouver, B. C., by Rev. H. G. King, Henry Robinson Sprott, son of Mr. Arthur Sprott, of Toronto to Winnifred McDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. McDonald of Armstrong, B. C. 53

DEATHS

CLEAVE—At Lot 10, Concession 10, Esquesing, Friday, Jan. 20, 1928, Doris Isabel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lorne Cleave, aged 6 years and 8 months. Funeral (private) Saturday afternoon, Jan. 21st, at 3 p.m. Interment in Georgetown Cemetery.

IN MEMORIAM

BRAY—In loving memory of William George Bray, who passed away, Jan. 23, 1927.

Oh, husband, dear, I think of you:
Friends are friends if they are true,
I lost my friend when I lost you.
—Sadly missed by your loving wife and family.

Adventuring for the Kingdom

The Spirit of Co-operation

Dr. John R. Mott, world president of the Y.M.C.A., on the occasion of a recent visit to St. John, New Brunswick, delivered a number of addresses in which he presented a world view of the moral and religious situation, emphasizing the unprecedented opportunities for friendly and constructive effort in the wider field, coupled with many baffling problems at home. The spirit of co-operation, idealism and world brotherhood should fashion the moulds in which the plastic life of the nations must be set. There are anti-Christian and anti-religious movements at work in wide areas which can no longer be regarded with indifference. There is wide and effective influence for good being exercised by the great world organizations, like the League of Nations, the World Court of International Justice, the Y.M.C.A., the tens of thousands of Protestant and Catholic missionaries who are as living mediators between the nations.

The Detroit Student Volunteer Movement

There came together at Detroit during the Christmas holidays representatives of some 630 American and Canadian institutions of higher learning to attend the Student Volunteer Movement Convention. The total numbered approximately 2,800 and the registration including furloughed missionaries, board secretaries, laymen, and others reached approximately 3,500. In this number were student and other representatives of about 39 different races or national groupings. Dr. Harlan P. Beach writes: "The farther away from Detroit I get the more my gratitude for being present increases. It was my ninth Convention, and it was far and away the best one, despite the fact that it varied so much from the old-time gathering." A medical student from a big medical centre writes: "I wish to use this means of expressing our appreciation for all the efforts that were used to make Detroit a success. I was extremely critical of the whole thing at first. I now feel that more was accomplished in that short time than I have ever seen accomplished. To me it is the highest landmark in my life. I regret that I cannot share it with my friends as completely as I desire. The one thing that I can and will do is to live it to the best of my ability."

Prayer And Study

"Nothing seems a more encouraging gain in the life of the Church of England during the last few years," says the Missionary quarterly of that church, "than the new co-ordination and unity of our evangelistic work overseas." Rev. Garfield H. Williams advises much prayer and that increasing attention be paid to study, for prayer without study is not sufficient. The fire of love must be fed by the fuel of new knowledge as to the situation overseas. He states that in a large number of parishes it is impossible to find even a tiny group of those who possess any effective knowledge of, or interest in, foreign missionary work, and he stresses the need for further development in connection with the missionary schools.

United Church Progress

Rev. Dr. R. J. Wilson, Secretary of the Bureau of Literature and Information of The United Church of Canada, reports that the church "is most decidedly doing the work she set herself to do." Membership in the church as a whole shows an increase of about 20,000 for the past year (the statistics are incomplete as there are no returns from 393 charges). More than 6,000 Sunday Schools with 68,000 teachers and 659,000 scholars is the Sunday School enrollment. This includes 300 new Sunday Schools organized during the year. There were 56 Vacation Schools held with an enrollment of 9,352 scholars and at 316 centres there were week-day Religious Instruction classes. 31,000 children under fourteen attended worship in junior congregations. Since June 1925 no fewer than 410 congregations in small villages and country places have amalgamated into one-half that number of strong, self-supporting churches.

Western Education in Palestine

Mr. Headlam Morley, in Bible Lands for October, reports on the work of the schools and colleges maintained by Anglican missionary societies in Palestine. "The purpose of their establishment," he says, "has been to provide for the boys and girls of Palestine a sound secondary education on Western lines under Christian influence. Pupils of all denominations and all religions are welcomed, and while Biblical instruction is given, and for boarders attendance at religious worship is required, everything is avoided which might appear in any way derogatory to those of another faith. No attempt is made to win over the members of the Eastern Churches, to which many

of the pupils belong; the object is rather to bring them up to be loyal, well educated and efficient members of their own communions. The schools have also obviously succeeded in winning to a remarkable degree the confidence of the Moslems, who form the great bulk of the population of Palestine and they contribute a large proportion of the pupils."

The Black Man's Religion

In the Canadian News-letter of the Sudan United Mission, Mr. D. Strachan reports from Nigeria that the Lord's presence and power is very manifest in the services. "The people evidently thought they had got somewhere when they left their heathenism, and attached themselves to the Mohammedans, as they recognized God. They were under the impression that Mohammedanism was the proper black man's religion, as it was from the black man they got it, whereas the message of Christ is heard from the white man. They have seen now, however, some black men who are Christians, and they are beginning to think. In Mohammedanism they have no assurance of eternal life, and this seems to be what they are seeking for. The chief several times has spoken about the next world, and doubtless the Lord is dealing with him."

The term "fishers of men" would well apply to evangelists of the Church Army, who are engaged, after a period of intensive training, in the good work of rescuing those who have drifted and floundered in the cross currents of life. Church Army Sisters are also laboring lovingly and effectively among women and children. Correspondence regarding this work in Canada is invited by Mr. Sterling Brannen, Fredericton, N. B.

"As we look at the Church in the present," writes Rev. J. H. Riddell, D.D., President of Wesley College, Winnipeg, "we see it going triumphantly on, loyal to an

illustrious past, proud of its present equipment, but ready to discard any instrument, however sacred, that might hinder it from serving with fullest efficiency an enlarging future to which she inevitably moves. Much advantage must accrue to the Church which seeks to ensure the loyalty and enthusiasm of its people by directing their thought to the great possibilities which lie ahead, and the great work to be done in the new world."

"Mission work among the Maoris in New Zealand is of a twofold character, being in some pastorates the ministering to regular congregations, and in other districts real missionary work in attempting to bring back to the Faith those who have lapsed to heathenism, or those who have taken up with some fancy religion. Each of the four North Island dioceses has its own Maori Mission, the work being carried on largely by clergy of the Maori race."—The Church Overseas.

It has been determined as the result of a questionnaire circulated by the Clergyman's committee of the American Eugenics Society that ministers come from ministerial families, the son following in the religious footsteps of his father. The questionnaire was submitted to leading clergymen of all denominations of the Protestant church and showed that two-fifths of the leading clergymen of the United States were themselves sons of clergymen.

The results of the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society in China for the year 1926 fell little below those of the previous year: 4,142,407 copies of the Scriptures were circulated, of which only 2,277 were distributed free. The work was carried through in the face of great difficulty and considerable opposition; several of the Chinese colporteurs lost their lives and many others suffered.

A Medicine Hat paper, in an editorial, hands out some timely advice to churches in a kindly spirit. It says that the opportunities which the winter season affords to build up an interest in church attendance should be taken full advantage of. A cold building is fatal. Let attention be given to the warmth and comfort of winter congregations if church-going habits are to be fostered.

The Imperial Gospel

Sermon by Rev. G. Watt Smith, D.D., Vars, Ont.

(A Sermon by Rev. G. Watt Smith, D.D.)
"I am ready to preach the gospel to you also that are in Rome."—Romans 1:15.

Have we ever looked upon the apostles with a good-natured pity because they lived in a day so distant from ours, and saw things in a light so meagre and dim compared to the blaze in which we live and in which we can read the affairs of men? That attitude will soon disappear when we feel the throb of the heart of this apostle Paul. True it is that he did not know the geography of the American continent. In his day it was enveloped in the misty haze of the indefinite regions beyond; its inhabitants were numbered among that undetermined class of human beings generally designated barbarians, but the apostle had a mind big enough to traverse all this continent, because he had a gospel great enough to embrace the whole family of mankind. Rome was not his ultimate goal as a preacher because he wanted to end his missionary travels within her forum, but the goal of his mind as a preacher of the gospel who claimed to have an imperial message which made an imperious demand upon the attention of an imperial power. Rome was the mistress of the world; her consuls and praetors exercised authority in every city and state within the range of the civilisation of the day. Paul was the herald of a gospel of one who was to be the king of kings; beside and over every government and ruler he saw the sceptre of the man who preached this gospel, the evangel of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

I. Let us make no mistake about it, however, the gospel is microscopic and particular. It was so in its origins. It began with a Babe for whom even the commonest provisions of humble life were not available; its first organized form consisted of a small company of men of which it would have been regarded as ludicrous to speak as in any way even important; there were thirteen of them, and all but one of them peasants, the remaining one who might have some claim to aristocratic connections proved the least honorable of the company. Its first definite and impressive demonstration was with a cross, in the company of the vicious and the outcast, at a small city and even outside its walls. The land of its birth, although sometimes the battle-ground of contending armies fighting for world control, was really a poor, insignificant country, which might be equalled by a Canadian county; its area was 6,000 square miles; that of Lake Ontario is 7,540 square miles and that of Lake Winnipeg 8,500. Its resources in agricultural and mineral products were infinitesimal as compared to those of Canada. The greatest preacher and writer it produced had to turn the hand which composed the greatest treat-

ises the world has ever seen to earn his bread as a tentmaker.

As it began so it has continued. There were a few slaves in a Roman market place who excited the interest of a solitary monk who became the first missionary of this gospel to the Saxon peoples of England. In the Atlantic ocean, on the west coast of Scotland, there stands a rude worthless isle called Iona which was the fount of Scottish Christianity. A vessel about the dimensions of many a young business man's yacht brought the Pilgrim Fathers to establish a new, western church. A poor cobbler, who had not even the confidence and affection of his own wife, was the bearer of the first tidings of this gospel to the empire of India. There went from the shadows of the Cheviot hills a young man who took this imperial message to the teeming millions of China; the record of his labors equal in thrilling interest, in bare, unadorned facts, to the poetic imaginations of the Greek Homer who tells of the toils of Hercules, although they were measured in the appearance of a grammar, a dictionary and a translation of the scriptures. Men may laugh at it. It is ridiculous as anything comedy can ever conceive. The gospel was microscopic in its beginnings.

So is it in its interests. The empire is big. Everything about it is big. We speak and act and even think imperially. Who had not heard the appeal in our own day to think imperially. We speak in terms of millions. Our correspondence with the nations is carried through with the signs and symbols of Dreadnoughts. Our diplomatic conversations are of oceans and continents. But the gospel is quite microscopic in its interests. It looks at a little child; it sits at the portals of a child's mind if by any chance it can be wise enough to make the right entrance to that sacred chamber and deposit in it the priceless treasures it carries with it. It watches over the young man and endeavors if by any means it can guide him into the narrow ways of deepest life. It rears its altar of worship in a home and proclaims its joy in the assurance that where two or three are gathered together in the name of its Christ there is a royal presence, and they dwell in the audience chamber of the most august monarch, and share in the counsels of the most sublime government.

The gospel is microscopic and particular, but it is not foolish. Forget the child and we can have no empire. Put traps in the way of unwary youth, and we have no strength. Neglect the home, and a whole armada of Dreadnoughts as far as imperial existence is concerned would be the flimsy cockle-shells of a nursery play. The Christ of this gospel cares for the children, for the youths and maidens, for the homes in which we laugh and cry,

in which we sigh and sob, in which the children romp and our fathers and grandfathers fold their wearied hands in their last rest.

II. But I must needs note that this imperial gospel is also kaleidoscopic. When we are asked to think imperially we are often being fastened to the wheel which revolves on a very tiny axle. The imperial thinker easily becomes a man of one idea, a narrow, small-souled creature, bristling with the provocative weapons of offence to every other man who does not give a deference to the crown of the empire. But the gospel is kaleidoscopic. It looks at the race and also all the races and its message becomes suitable to the needs of all kinds of men. When Paul preached, his gospel had in it certain elements which dissolved the distinctions between classes. The master and the slave sat at one table when they became disciples of one Lord. Greek and barbarian broke down the excluding barriers. Jew and Gentile learned to live together in one court. Paul spoke to legal Rome as a jurist holding a brief for Jesus Christ; his message to Galatia thrills with the warm emotions of the Celt. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"; here is the contradicting imagery of a mountain song. He tells the good news to Corinth in the language of men who appreciate the nice inflexions of human speech and who come to the preacher with the dust of the market of exchange on their fingers. It is not another gospel. It is the same gospel, but it is kaleidoscopic.

So again Peter the Hermit declares that the church should go to fight the Saracen. Who, in our day, could escape the odium of desecrating the pulpit, if he dared to urge men to go to war? John Knox and John Calvin are both building up a state on the principles of the gospel. Geneva is the kingdom of God interpreted through the mind of Calvin, who had drunk deeply at the rivers of grace even if he had eaten not a little at the tables of the law. John Knox could not trust that queen of the fair face whose smile so often beguiled men from their better senses, and he won the victory, outside court circles, of the Reformation with a Kirk and a school for every son and daughter of the land.

Have we a new gospel for this day? There are movements among the peoples which are without parallel in the history of the world. The preacher of the gospel does not plan for a secular education which will banish the dangers of the stygian darkness of ignorance. He calls upon men everywhere to walk in the ways of God, to honor and serve him first of all, to rear and revere the altars of worship, to beware of covetousness, to love truth and have due regard to his neighbors' welfare.

Is this a different gospel from that which won the Magna Charta from the licentious John? It is not. Is it different from the gospel which Paley stated in his Evidences to correct the arid Deism of his day? Is it different from the gospel which Wesley and Whitefield preached as they pleaded with the toilers of Britain to repent of their sins, their very own sins, before they even attempted to reform and reconstitute the economics of their age? It is the same gospel, but it is kaleidoscopic in the ages. It is the same in the life-story of the individual man, from the dawn of the intelligence, when he comes through the process of a new birth to the consciousness of his sonship with God, all through the way of joy and sorrow, of failure and achievement, until with the full knowledge of his four score years he closes his mortal eyes to the things of time and wakes to the new wonders and variations of eternity.

III. Then this gospel, this imperial gospel, is telescopic. It does not sweep the firmament to locate some splash of stellar dust to give a name to some new appearance in the heavens. It sweeps the earth to find the peoples who have not yet heard the name of Jesus Christ. Men who have the love of Christ in them are always at Macedonia by the pillow of the Christian believer. In a clear sense the world is his parish.

A stranger passes you on the street, reeling unsteadily; he is a member of some home circle, a mother's son rocked to sleep with the sweet lullabies of devoted love, grown up, tempted, foolish, fallen. The telescope follows him along the street, through a house door; it sees a red-eyed mother steal into a room to look at the man asleep in the beastly stupor of the drunkard; it observes the mute despair of her look as some muttered malediction escapes from her lips, in her helpless agony. This telescopic vision makes men say: "A curse on the unholy traffic which mixes the mother's sweet cup of blessing with this deadly bitterness; let us war against it to the death until the weak sons of good mothers may pass through the streets of the city without the temptation to put that into their mouths which will steal away their brains."

It is telescopic. Africa is not far away to the Christian of Canada. Many still live who remember an incestuous European king who thought it so far away that the cries of tortured natives would

(Continued on next page)

Jesus Among "His Own"

Thoughts For February 5th.

By "Delta".

That the division of the books of the Bible into chapters and verses, while exceedingly convenient for reference, does not always help the sense, is evident from many passages that might be quoted. In the third chapter of Mark's Gospel we have one example in the 19th verse, the first part of which should have been added to verse 18, completing the names of the chosen twelve, while the second part, introducing the lesson for this week, should have begun a new paragraph. We learn from the other gospels that after the calling of His disciples, Jesus went on a journey with them through Galilee, preaching and healing the sick. Now He is back in "His own city" of Capernaum, and hospitality awaits Him in the home of His fisher friends, Peter and Andrew. But the multitude who thronged about Him when last "it was noised that He was in the house," are there again, and He is given no time so much as to eat bread. Matthew and Luke say that He has just healed a demoniac who was both blind and dumb, "and all the people were amazed and said, Is not this the Son of David?" (Matt. 12:22, 23). He is still popular, but a question has been insinuated into the public mind by the scribes as to the source of His power. There is mention in verse 31 of His mother and His brethren standing without, and if the reference to His "friends" in verse 21 means His relatives, then our Lord was beginning to experience the bitter truth of His own saying, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household" (Matthew 10:36). John tells us that even His own brethren did not believe in Him (John 7:5). Actuated perhaps by the kindest of motives, His friends sought to lay hold of Him, for they said "He is beside Himself." It was better, they doubtless thought, to have Him accounted insane than devil-possessed, and they were prepared to deal with Him as with one who was not responsible for his actions. The scribes, however, had no hesitation in branding Him as an emissary of Satan. They settled the matter by saying boldly, "He hath Beelzebub." The name was a Jewish corruption of Beelzebub, the Ekronite "god of flies," whose name meant "lord of the house," "zebul" being the Ekronite word for "dwelling." The Jews in derision of this heathen deity called him Beelzebub, "the god of dung," so that we can well understand the contempt with which they applied the name to Jesus.

In the first chapter of the second book of Kings we read that Ahaziah, king of Israel, son of the wicked Ahab and Jezebel, fell down through a lattice in his palace at Samaria, and sent messengers to this god of Ekron to ask whether he should recover. Elijah met the messengers and announced to them that the king who had despised the God of Israel should die. Twice the king sent to him a captain of fifty with his fifty men, and each time fire came down from heaven and consumed them. A third time he sent a captain of fifty, who escaped the same fate by falling on his knees before Elijah, after which Elijah himself went into the presence of King Ahaziah and told him from the Lord that he should not recover but should surely die—a word which speedily came to pass. To call Jesus Beelzebub, and to say that He cast out devils by the prince of the devils, was in effect to say that Jesus was a man accursed by God, whom it would be an act of righteousness to destroy. His family might even be in danger of being accursed with Him, in which event they would naturally seek to save themselves.

The utter unreasonableness of the charge brought against Jesus by the scribes was quickly exposed by our Lord in a parable. If He cast out devils by the prince of the devils, then evidently Satan was rising up against himself and dividing his own house—an absurd supposition. Not only so, but Satan was recognizing a power greater than his own, for "no man can enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he will first bind the strong man." In reality that was the very thing that Jesus came to do—to subdue Satan, and spoil his house—but it was the last thing the scribes would care to admit. They were simply playing the old old hypocritical game of attributing to someone else the crimes of which they were themselves guilty. Their motive was so diabolical that Jesus took occasion to utter words of their hearing that are hardly to be equalled for their solemnity any-

where in the Scriptures. He spoke of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost as a sin that could never be forgiven.

Many sensitive souls have bled over the thought that they have possibly committed "the unpardonable sin," and earnest Christians have been driven almost to their wit's end to understand how they can escape the condemnation of Hebrews 6:4-6 and Hebrews 10:26-29; but it may be declared on the authority of many texts of Scripture that no true penitent will ever be cast away. "Those who go mourning because they think that they have committed this sin prove by their very broken-heartedness that they have not committed it." When a man gets into the grip of "eternal sin," he does not care—he is past feeling. Satan would not busy himself trying to convince people that they have committed the unpardonable sin—it would be wasted effort. What he is more concerned about is to disturb the conscience of Christians who have backslidden, or "made a slip," his object being to draw them away from Christ, and cause them to regard their case as hopeless. In this he is unhappily too successful, the more so that he can clinch his argument with God's Word.

A second rejection of our Lord at Nazareth forms a section of this week's lesson, but again it should be understood that this visit to His native town took place after the parables by the sea, the cure of the Gadarene demoniac, the raising of Jairus' daughter and other works of healing. As on the occasion of His first visit to Nazareth that marked the beginning of His public ministry, our Lord made His way into the synagogue on the Sabbath day and began to teach, and this He did with such wisdom and authority that those hearing Him were astonished, and asked, "From whence hath this man these things?" The question actually was in three words: "Pothen touto tauta?" literally "Whence these (gifts) to this (man)?" They knew Him for the Carpenter and the "son of Mary" (she was probably a widow, as there is no mention of Joseph after the visit of Jesus to Jerusalem in His twelfth year); they had known Him intimately, in His boyhood; were acquainted with His sisters (not elsewhere referred to), who lived in Nazareth; and they knew well His brothers James, and Joses, and Juda and Simon. How dared such a man who had lived and labored among them as one of themselves claim to be God's Son?

The Jews were not looking for a poor, despised Messiah. They dreamt of the coming of a mighty Conqueror, who should avenge the nation's wrongs, set up His throne in Jerusalem, and compel the homage of the whole world. This Carpenter was certainly mad—so they reasoned—for he had neither wealth nor distinguished ancestry, nor education to fit Him for a throne, and He had chosen to be a wanderer, often-times footsore and weary, and serving common people instead of being clothed with royal purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day. The same accusation of madness was levelled at the apostle Paul by Festus; and countless preachers of righteousness since his day have been set down by the men of the world as "crack-brained fanatics." The world today is full of so-called enthusiasts—in science, art, literature and sport—but one can hardly be an enthusiast for God without being considered crazy. And yet by proper derivation an enthusiast is one who is "filled with God." How extraordinary to find the term freely in use in almost every activity of life—except religion! Jesus was an enthusiast—for He was the God-man—who went about doing good, with no thought for His own comfort or selfish gain, and His nearest and dearest were ready to treat Him as a lunatic. Our Lord knew what was in man when He said to His disciples, "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you" (John 15:19).

It is a telling word with which the lesson ends: "He could there do no mighty work . . . and He marvelled because of their unbelief." Even our Lord could not, or would not, force blessing where it was not wanted, and as He wept over Jerusalem, so He must have wept tears of heartfelt sorrow over Nazareth. How essential for us to know that the unspiritual atmosphere, created by unbelief—especially the unbelief of those who claim

to be God's people—makes soul-saving work difficult, and may altogether dry up the streams of divine blessing.

QUESTIONS ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(Mark 3:19b-27; 6:1-6)

Quote any text in the Gospels which tells why Jesus worked miracles.

Were the scribes convinced that miracles were truly wrought by Jesus?

Why, then, did they not believe on Him?

What explanation had they to give of His "mighty works"?

Why did Jesus speak to the scribes in parables?

How many illustrations did He use in replying to their accusations?

On what occasion was the apostle Paul, like Jesus, called mad?

For what sin, did our Lord say, there can be no forgiveness?

Is it possible for a Christian to commit the unpardonable sin?

What text or texts would you quote to a professing Christian who feared that he had committed this sin?

Will Jesus cast out anyone who comes to Him?

Did Jesus ever say anything regarding His mother that should teach us to worship her, or make her a means of approach to Himself?

How was Jesus received by "His own" when He first ministered in the synagogue at Nazareth?

What should His return to the city of His rejection teach Christian workers?

Golden Text: He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.—John 1:11, 12.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Monday, January 30—Mark 3:19b-35; Tuesday, January 31—Mark 6:1-6; Wednesday, February 1—Luke 4:24-30; Thursday, February 2—Matthew 22:15-22; Friday, February 3—Matthew 22:23-33; Saturday, February 4—Matthew 22:34-46; Sunday, February 5—Isaiah 50:1-9.

THE IMPERIAL GOSPEL

(Continued from page 14)

not reach the ears of the western peoples. The rubber gathered at the cut of the lash and the slash of the sword, when it was lowered into the hold of a vessel, was red with human blood, but the dye would be bleached before it covered the dainty feet of the English lady who walks out in the snow, or is wrought into the car tires of my lord who dashes along the highway at the intoxicating delight of fifty miles an hour. But this telescope of the gospel did see this open sore of Africa and proclaimed that it would be healed, unless the faith of Paul which was ready to win Rome

Favorite Hymns and Hymn Writers

By The Rev. Archer Wallace

"DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST"

The contribution to the best hymnology made by women is worthy and permanent. Among the noblest hymns of the church are those by Sarah Flower Adams, Julia Ward Howe, Alice Carey, Phoebe Carey, Anna Warner, Mary Lathbury, and very many others. Mary A. Lathbury, author of "Day is Dying in the West," was born in Manchester, New York, in 1841. Her father was a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church and two of her brothers were ordained ministers of that denomination. Her literary gifts very soon found expression and while still in her teens she became a regular contributor to Sunday School Publications. In 1874 she was appointed an Assistant Editor to Dr. John H. Vincent. This widened her opportunity for usefulness as a writer for children and it also brought her in close touch with the Chautauqua movement which was just in its beginnings at that time.

Miss Lathbury had a remarkable facility for writing hymns for special occasions. Time and time again she was able to comply with requests for opportune hymns and frequently at short notice.

While the Chautauqua originated in the Methodist Church it very soon outgrew any sectarian bonds and made an appeal to Christians of all denominations. This catholicity of outlook made a strong appeal to the deep devotional spirit of Miss Lathbury who, like nearly all poets, was tolerant and wide in her

The Word of Life

His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay.

Jer. 20:9.

Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel! What is my reward then? Verily that, when I preach the gospel, I may make the gospel of Christ without charge, that I abuse not my power in the gospel.—1 Cor. 9:16, 18.

They called them, and commanded them not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus. But Peter and John answered and said unto them, . . . We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.—Acts 4:18-20.

The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 Cor. 5:14.

I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth. . . Thou wicked and slothful servant, . . . thou oughtest . . . to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.—Matt. 25:25-27.

Go . . . to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.—Mark 5:19.

had become bloodless or dead. It saw in the horrors which German armies carried to the land of that king some nemesis of that reign of wickedness and a new assurance that all men belong to God.

But let me turn this telescope for a moment to sweep the heavens in that region which is beyond the stars. It brings within the pale of the empire an untraversed domain. In the affairs of the British Empire we discuss and compromise; we must not offend Germany; we must be diplomatic in our negotiations with the United States; let us get mutual concessions, and conferences about this matter and that; there is a dividing line, a march fence; beyond that there is no friend, let us have a care that we do not make foes. But what is this we see through our telescope? I see a great multitude; they come from every nation under heaven; they have been black and white, pale and yellow, now they have no dividing color. They move about, but rotate round a throne. On the throne is a Lamb, to whom they ascribe all honor and power, dominion and glory for ever.

Is it possible that the telescope shows us something which depresses us because of its stern demands to do duty? That should not depress any true man at all. But when we find within the sweep of this telescope such a sight as has just appeared before it the aspect of things is changed, enriched with the springs of exhilarating delight. We can see something which will tell us of a vast reservoir of power at our command, through which the throng came into its high estate. We are really part of that victorious company, that race which has conquered. Rome will be won. The city will be won. The empire will be won. The whole wide world will be won. This is an imperial gospel. The apostle declares that he is ready to preach it also to them that are in Rome.

sympathies. It was for a Chautauqua gathering in the summer of 1881 that she wrote the hymn:

"O Shepherd of the Nameless Fold—
The blessed church to be—
Our hearts with love and longing turn
To find their rest in Thee!"

The charming hymn throughout is an earnest prayer for the unity of believers. Another hymn by Miss Lathbury, which has always been deservedly popular, was also written for Chautauqua students:

"Break Thou the Bread of life.
Dear Lord to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word."

But undoubtedly the best-known hymn by Miss Lathbury is her evening hymn beginning: "Day is Dying in the West." The need for a vesper hymn to be sung at the close of the day had been felt by many and it was at the request of Dr. Vincent that Miss Lathbury wrote this tender hymn. It was included in a collection of hymns which found their way to England and there a distinguished anthologist immediately recognized its singular beauty. At once he said, "This hymn deserves to stand with Newman's 'Lead Kindly Light.'"

The hymn has now found its way into most of the best collections and is known the world over. Miss Lathbury died near New York in 1913.

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME MAKERS

Dont's for Colds

Doing Double Duty

Sometimes I feel a hundred, especially now that I've got two artificial teeth! It will be artificial eyes and hair next—and what would you say to that? I wonder, you who were always so critical of feminine beauty? Oh, Michael are men ever such fools? As if it really matters how old one is, so long as one isn't looking for work. That is touching a tender spot. One of the worst injustices that women have to bear is that in connection with employment. Age matters all the time, whereas men are not as a rule bothered, at least, until they are forty. "Too old," is a reply that hovers over women's heads from the moment they reach their twenty-fifth birthday, and even earlier.

We (professional women) are as men as regards active independence, but not economically. Until we get equal pay for equal work, it will be only the very few at the top who can afford the background of complete comfort that men enjoy as a matter of course. Besides, do you think my landlady would mend my stockings for me? Not she! Whereas, if I was a poor, helpless male now . . . !

So we have a double burden—that of womanhood and manhood both, and no one but those who carry it realise the enormity of the strain. There are girls I know who get up at six and prepare the family breakfast before going to work. After eight hours of toil they return in the evening, not to the cosy armchair and pipe, but to clear away the evening meal, if not actually to cook it, and then to settle down to an evening of sewing and mending. And this is true not of a few, but of hundreds of thousands. And then father and brother take it as a matter of course and blame them for lack of cheerfulness and gaiety—when they're worn out. It makes my blood boil, Michael. Women don't mind working. They are glad to work. But when they have to be daughters at home and working women too. . . . And how they work! No playing about in the office and extending luncheon hours.—Constance Wakeford.—Renunciation.—A Fragment (Quota Press, Belfast.)

SILK STOCKINGS

Now that all the world wears them, every hint as to their preservation is welcome. The wise woman tries always to buy at least to identical pairs at the same time, so that if a single stocking should come by an accident its "neighbor" will not need to be scrapped (says a Manchester Guardian writer.) One of the best ways of guarding against ladders is to soak new stockings in cold water for a few hours and then dry before wearing for the first time. Another precaution—so obvious that it is seldom adopted—is to mark each pair in some simple way so as to distinguish right from left, and thereafter to wear them on alternate feet, thus changing the places of strain on each stocking. After washing silk stockings (or artificial silk ones) rinse in cold water into which has been put a tablespoonful of methylated spirits. Never wring, lay them over a line to dry. If you must use a peg, peg the heel. Iron on the wrong side when nearly dry. Fine wool of the same shade is better than silk for mending holes in toe or heel.

DON'T OVERHEAT THE HOUSE

Because you have plenty of coal in the cellar or a good supply of wood in the woodshed, don't keep your houses too warm. Indoor temperatures above 68 degrees are definitely harmful, even where the excess is only a matter of a few degrees, says Dr. C. E. Dinslow, of the Philadelphia department of public health. Even slight excess temperatures cause an increase in respiration and heart beat, and a fall in blood pressure. The high pneumonia rate in winter is due largely to the fact that people keep their houses too hot. The proper household temperature is between 64 and 68 degrees F. When you keep your house temperature within these bounds it is a healthful atmosphere. Many people become so accustomed to excessive temperatures that they feel chilly when in a natural or normal atmosphere. If the household temperature is kept within the hygienic limit the humidity will take care of itself. The excessive dryness of overheated air accounts for the undue sensitiveness of the body to chilliness.

If you will wash your phonograph records occasionally with soap and water, rinse thoroughly and dry, they will sound clearer.

When you see a hole in your linoleum fill it with a mixture of ground cork and to keep the hole from enlarging.



WOMEN UNDERTAKE BUILDING OF UNIT OF CATHEDRAL

Work has now started on the third great unit of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, with funds raised entirely by women. The Women's Transept, which will be the northern arm of the great building and will be itself the size of a big church, will cost \$1,000,000, three-quarters of which already has been raised by a committee under the chairmanship of Mrs. Edmund L. Baylles. Speaking at a luncheon prior to the start of operations, Bishop William T. Manning said: "We know that women have had their share in the building of every cathedral in the world, but never before have women, as women, undertaken to build a major unit of a cathedral. This event is literally without precedent in Christian history. I congratulate you with all my heart on your success." Above is a view of the Women's Transept, as it will appear when finished; inset above is Mrs. Baylles giving the signal for the breaking of the ground; inset below is Bishop Manning.

Beads are Out—Brooches are In

By Margaret Moore.

In these last years numberless strings of beads of all shapes and sizes from matched, or matchless, pearls to those of sealing wax or paper, have been wound about our throats and dangled from our necks. One of the real reasons for their popularity and doubtless the one which kept them in favor so long was that not only could they be obtained at prices to suit all pockets but they were made in all colors to harmonize with, or form a pleasant contrast to, any costume. They gave us all both old and young an opportunity to indulge our love for color and, for that reason, will probably be worn for some time to come. Looking back through years when every store has been stocked with thousands of ropes of every description and every treasure box has been filled with their glittering colors it is hard to believe that a little over thirty years ago I hunted a great American city over for beads to be used with an Oriental costume. I finally persuaded an old employee of an old store to unearth a dusty box and turn out for me its contents. "Utterly useless," he said they were. "had been in stock since before his time."

They were treasures for me and the translucent pink and blue and white straight glass ("bugles" I think they were called) made glorious a blue velvet fez, spangled a veil and made any number of long chains besides. The queer old bronze glass octagonal beads, some still showing gold through the glass, some turned quite black with age made most fascinating armlets and anklets. The great hollow glass pearls were easily strung into great ropes that hung from waist and throat. Truly it was a great find and brought forth the envy of fellow art students. An envy that was increased when they heard that all the untold wealth of it had cost less than a dollar. And what a relief to that store

manager to have got rid of his entire surplus stock!

On Wane Again

How would a manager of today look if you expressed a desire to take his entire stock of beads even now when their popularity is on the wane? For on the wane, it certainly is, and while two years ago little else was worn, the girls of today are turning again to their grandmother's jewellery; and brooches are coming in as beads go out. One thing remains, however, and that is our feeling that we must have color and color to harmonize with or add point to our costume. The natural evolution has been from beads of all kinds to precious and semi-precious jewels of all kinds. They are often not at all expensive but their beauty of color and the use of them as a part of the dress makes their abundance and cheapness of no account. If they "go" with the outfit they are right, whatever their price.

A year ago we won an occasional plain pin to hold a tie in place or mother would put on a little brooch and be "Oh mother"—ed by daughter for wearing such an old-fashioned thing. Now few costumes seem complete without a brooch of some kind. It may be pinned at the "V" of the new neckline whether that "V" is straight in front or off to one side. Or, it may take the place of the shoulder flower or hold the swirl of side drapery at waistline or hip.

With the black costume great grandmother's old steel brooches are perfect. If you have them, or you can get a modern one in marcasite as it is called. Nothing is better than this for a black hat. Cornelian and jade and other stones in flat rings are smart, worn on the shoulder, to catch down a flying drapery, or with a felt or satin tie pulled through they trim a hat.

All the old rhinestone brooches are

Don't sit or work in an over-heated room. 68 degrees Fahrenheit is quite sufficient for any office, and 65 degrees if you are moving around. Insist on there being a slight current in the air in the room you occupy and proper humidity.

Don't use sprays or douches for your nose unless under the doctor's order and instructions. Much more harm than good results from the use of sprays. If the spray is strong enough to destroy the germs it would be more likely to produce irritation in the mucous membrane that will lower its resisting powers and make it all the more susceptible to germ activity.

Don't sneeze or cough except into a handkerchief or a piece of cheesecloth. These are frequent means of spreading the germs of colds, influenza, pneumonia, tuberculosis, measles and whooping cough.

Don't allow anyone else to sneeze or cough towards you.

Don't allow any member of the family who has an acute cold to come in close contact with other members of the household, or to use the same towels or utensils for eating or drinking.

Don't go to any public meeting if you have a cold. Better stay at home until your cold is better. You will save time by doing so and probably save others from contracting your disease.

Don't talk into anyone's face if you have a cold, and don't under any circumstances, shake hands with anyone while you have an acute cold. Through the frequent use of your handkerchief your hands are sure to contain the germs of this disease. In fact, the race would not suffer much by allowing the hand-shaking custom to gradually fall into disuse. Have you ever catchised your hands and fingers as regards everything they have been in contact with in the previous 24 hours?

Don't neglect or treat lightly a cold. It may be the beginning of influenza, pneumonia, measles, tuberculosis, whooping cough. The germs that cause the common cold frequently prepare the soil for other more dangerous germs that we may be carrying.

Hundreds of lives could be saved and thousands of cases of sickness prevented if people were as afraid of colds as they are of smallpox.—Dr. C. J. Hastings, in Canadian Red Cross.

PICTURE LORE

It is a mistake to hang pencil drawings or etchings on the same wall with oil or water-colored drawings, as the one tends to spoil the effect of the other.

Never have a triangle of wire or cord above a square or oblong picture. Two perpendicular wires look much nicer.

The tops of pictures should not be hung out from the walls. This tilts them to an unpleasant angle.

Screw eyes should be fixed near the tops of the frames, so that the pictures will hang flat against the walls.

Balance one large picture with two smaller ones. The height of the pictures should be as near as possible as that of the eyes.

The subjects of the pictures should not be out of harmony with the room and furniture.

If one picture is to hang over another uniformity and balance must be preserved.

Be careful not to cover an apartment with pictures. It is better to have one or two good photographs of old masters than a large number of crudities in oil.

A DUSTLESS DUSTER

A "dustless duster" may be made as follows, say New Hampshire home demonstration agents: Soak a square yard of cheesecloth over night in a solution of one tablespoon of linseed oil to one pint of naphtha or gasoline, taking care that the mixture is kept away from the fire. Hang out to dry and the duster is ready to use.

To remove paper from dates take off the cardboard wrapping and place the package of dates in a warm oven for a few minutes. The paper comes off like magic, and the dates are softened just enough to come apart and stone easily, without being at all sticky.

out once more and are all the more favored if in the form of birds or butterflies.

Gold which has for so long been set aside for silver and platinum is now the newest and smartest thing and the heavy gold brooches of grandmother's jewel box are begged for, to be worn, not only with dark dress frocks but with sports tweed as well.—Margaret Moore.

Teaching the Children How to Spend

By Anna L. Newsom.

Every child should have some sort of an allowance till he is old enough to earn his spending money, and should he not have a great deal of freedom with regard to using it? If we direct every purchase we do not give the child a chance to profit by a mistake or learn good judgment in buying.

My son was saving money to buy some wire for a radio aerial. When he had what he thought was the necessary amount, a neighbor's boy had some wire that he wanted to sell because they were moving. I told Son that if there were as many feet as the boy claimed, it was a real bargain, but that it was only fair to both to measure the wire. They didn't, and when my boy went to put up his aerial he found the wire to be fifty feet short of the amount the other boy had claimed was in the piece.

Not many months later, Son was eager to buy a roller skate to make a skooter.

"It's a bargain," he said, "at twenty-five cents."

I reminded him of the wire, but he bought the skate, and not long after the skooter was made the balls began to drop out of the bearings of the front half. He declared that he'd been "stung again." The next thing the boys in his group made was a "bus" apiece. He must have wheels. A neighbor wanted to sell

some wheels so as to secure money to buy another necessary part for his "bus."

My son didn't have the money for his wheels, and wanted to buy "on time" as he termed it. I refused to allow him to buy anything on credit. A few days later, however, a woman wanted him to scrub the floor, clean a yard and alley, and do a good many other things that are neither easy nor pleasant. He did the work, willingly and well, for he wanted the wheels. When he did get the money he went to examine the wheels. He found that one was bent and the other had two spokes loose. He came home with his money declaring he wasn't going to "get stung" on the wheels as he had on the wire and the roller skate. In a few days he found a pair of wheels that would fit with the pair he had, and he made the "bus," taking great pride in every part of the work because his materials were first class. I told him that I was glad he didn't get the poor wheels just because he could have obtained them without paying at the time, and he seemed to appreciate the fact that one can buy where one pleases if only he is willing to pay for the purchase. I think I am teaching him to "get stung," I have learned to teach himself more than one valuable lesson along the line of spending.—National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

Tricks of Many Trades

LUSTRE WARE

(By Madeleine de Soyres.)

The lucky woman who possesses a piece of real "lustre ware" may not know just why her tea pot or pitcher is so highly prized nor how it is made. Lustre ware is very popular just now, but has been known and greatly esteemed for hundreds of years. Lustre effects are produced upon different makes of china, such as French, English, Italian, Nippon, Irish Beleck and German by the use of salts of platinum, silver, palladium, uranium, iron, manganese or gold, used in accordance with the color desired. These salts are combined with rosin, heated and dissolved, and then essence of lavender is added to dilute the mixture, together with some oxide of bismuth. The resulting mixture is by no means inexpensive, an ordinary cupful costing anywhere from three to four hundred dollars. Hence lustreware cannot be sold cheaply. Many beautiful pieces are likewise decorated with bandings of 14 karat gold. Lustre colors are very susceptible to atmosphere and firing, and great care must be exercised in the mixing of the tints as well as in the process of firing, particularly in the case of entire sets which must match exactly. In firing, the ware

For more than a generation American wives have been disrupting the family.—Henry R. Carey, in Harpers.

goes into the kiln or oven and is left in the desired temperature, about 700 degrees Fahrenheit, then gradually cooled until the doors can be opened, a process requiring about 12 hours for a batch. Some specimens of lustre ware require four to six firings if extra decorations are added. It is a great risk to use acids on your lustre ware as they have a very harmful effect.

This year with the increased use of grasses in winter bouquets our attention is called to the fact that many people admiring the vigorous and imposing clumps of Pampas grass in the gardens of others have failed to make it at home in their own gardens. It requires a sheltered position and a rich soil. The soil can be improved once the position is chosen.

A FRIEND OR TWO

There's all of pleasure and all of peace
In a friend or two;
All your troubles may find release
In a friend or two;
It's in the grip of the clasping hand
On native soil or in alien land
But the world is made—do you understand?
Of a friend or two.
—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

No Breakfast—No Pep

By Tracy Samuels.

A brief scene in a recent movie carried with it a telling indictment of breakfast habits of the average working girl; the counterpart of a scene enacted hundreds of times in what statisticians like to refer to as "the average family." The heroine was engaged in a frantic dash from home to office.

She rose just that fraction of an hour too late for a leisurely preparation; spent precious moments dressing up her external beauty, gulped half a cup of coffee, standing, on the run—and was off for the day's work.

How many homes include similar scenes every day, in this land of the diet craze? Too many, of that we may be sure.

Dietitians, physicians, heads of welfare departments, university authorities are beginning to take an active interest in the breakfastless working girl.

She doesn't complain—heavens, no. "I don't care for breakfast," she'll tell you. "I'm simply not hungry in the morning. I take a half a cup of coffee and a bite of toast, or I don't take anything at all."

And then she wonders why she gets so frightfully tired about 10:30 in the morning—why she has so little energy during the day.

I've had some interesting talks the past few months with men and women who are, in a way, responsible for the good health and efficiency of a large number of young women, and they confess themselves somewhat disturbed about the breakfastless age.

Let's consider the diet of the average working girl on an average working day.

She eats about 1,800 calories, perhaps, since she is guarding her weight and had far rather undereat than overeat. Now, even though we assume that she needs 2,200 calories to keep in excellent health, if she so divides those 1,800 calories that a greater proportion comes in the morning diet and fewer at night, she is likely to find her energy during the morning hours more dependable.

Avoiding the late lunch and cutting down on the fairly heavy dinner, she can add something to her breakfast, say, a dish of hot oatmeal with milk or cream, and gain nothing in weight, but considerable in physical happiness.

All authorities agree that a light lunch is most advisable both for the student and the worker, else there will be that sodden sensation, that dullness of mind and sluggishness of body which make work an almost impossible task for an hour after a heavy noonday meal.

Have you ever known any nervous dyspeptics? And have you noticed that though luncheon was a difficulty and dinner often a torment, breakfast was not only digestible, but actually enjoyable? Dr. George Carroll Smith of Boston, heart specialist, was the first physician to recommend the treatment of heart disease through the channels of diet exclusively, and Dr. Smith has pointed out that the nervous dyspeptic can eat and digest his food at breakfast, when all other meals fall him. The reason is obvious. The body is in better condition to digest food in the morning, after seven to ten hours' rest and a long period of digestive inactivity.



12-29

The horizon of tailored frocks is widened by the use of linen hitherto not included in this class, but brought into vogue by the demands of the Southern season. A simply tailored two-piece frock of white linen has a collar and belt of red. Embroidery on the blouse and skirt and hemstitched motifs are also done in red thread.

(No Pattern)

"Let there be an entire absence from intoxicating drinks throughout this country during the period of a single generation, and a mob would be as impossible as combustion without oxygen."—Horace Mann.

Every child, whether he has adenoids or not, should be taught to breathe through his nose, and to use his handkerchief as a sacred duty. It is a good idea to safety-pin a handkerchief to the toddler's frock, so that he will not lose it or drop it on a dirty floor.

Oak barrels and large stone jars make satisfactory vessels in which to cure meat. Vinegar or pickle barrels are preferred to lard barrels. For methods of curing, the South Dakota State College extension service has a circular entitled "Cutting, Curing and Canning Pork," which will be sent on request.

A good motto to put on your dresser is one by Goethe, the famous German writer and philosopher, that reads: "It is not doing the things we like to do, but liking the things we have to do, that makes life blessed."

HEALTH SERVICE of the Canadian Medical Association

HEALTH

It is often difficult to give a meaning to words which we use every day. One of these words is "Health." We say that we are healthy and yet, when asked to explain what we mean, we likely find it almost impossible to put our meaning into words.

In the first place, when we are healthy we are free from any obvious disease. That perhaps is the commonest idea of health. As long as an individual goes about his work and does not complain, he is thought of as healthy.

As a matter of fact, such people are not necessarily healthy in anything like the full meaning of the word. Freedom from actual disease is desirable, but health is far more than that. Health is something positive, something that brings happiness to us. The person with health faces the day's work with confidence, finds pleasure in his occupation is able to do better work, and can fully enjoy the hours of relaxation.

It is surprising the number of people who spend a more or less miserable life, unable to accomplish the things of which they are capable because they have not health. These same people are surprised when, on a medical examination, they learn that there is something wrong with their bodies, something not perhaps serious enough to cause death, but sufficient to handicap them in their daily life and, perhaps, to make them grow prematurely old.

Again, there are those who miss the happiness that comes with health and yet are free from any physical blemish. These are people who are not following the simple rules of hygienic living. We cannot rob our bodies of rest, fresh air or proper food and continue to have health.

Health is a condition of physical well-being that comes to those who are free from physical defects and who follow the simple rules of hygienic living.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto, will be answered. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.



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3¾ yards of 36 inch material will be
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ing material. The width of the dress at
the lower edge with plaits extended is
1½ yard. Price 15c.
(Send 15c with coupon on Page 19 for
Pattern)

HOME COOKING

Puddings and Pudding Sauces

By "Madam."

This is the time of year for hot puddings and if your family has got the pie habit and imagines they do not like a pudding, try them with some of the ones we are putting in today. Don't tell them beforehand and don't ask in an apologetic tone "will you try a little of this?" Make the pudding carefully so that it not only tastes well but looks well. Quietly give every one a moderate or small helping and take it as a matter of course that they will eat it. If you have an exciting bit of news, save it until dessert and give it to them with the pudding. Before they know it they will be enjoying both pudding and news and asking for more.

Don't repeat that special pudding too soon but try out another quite different one and keep up the good work and soon you will all be enjoying a pleasant variety of wholesome and different food.

Making Puddings Easier

There are a few things that make puddings easier to succeed with and better. If you have given up suet puddings because you hated chopping suet or had not the time, take courage, for you can have them without doing it. Choose a day when you are in the kitchen and can keep an eye to the stove and try out a good bit of beef suet. The kidney suet is best if you can get it. When you have set away the firm white fat, the most difficult part of making a suet pudding is overcome. You have only to weigh out what you need and shave it with a knife into your flour. If you have a cold pantry you can sift flour and baking powder and salt, cut in your suet with a knife and set away a good crock full of the mixture. Any time you want a pudding add milk to make a soft dough, put it in a buttered basin or mould or lard pail, cover it, set it in boiling water and cover tightly. Keep it boiling hard. Never let a suet pudding go off the boil; if you need to add water, add boiling water. Serve such a pudding with syrup or preserve or a fruit sauce and I defy your family to object to its fluffy lightness and delicious flavor.

Custards are best made by heating the milk and sugar first, then adding the eggs and baking.

Bread Puddings

Bread and stale cake puddings are best if the bread or cake is soaked in the milk and all lumps beaten out before eggs and flavoring or fruit are added. When the family tire of bread pudding make one with crushed soda biscuit or water crackers in the same way, flavor it slightly with grated lemon peel, use only the yolks of eggs in the pudding. When it is set take it out, put on a layer of strawberry or raspberry jam and top it with a meringue made of the whites of eggs. My family used to call this queen of puddings and liked it hot or cold and even when eggs were scarce and it was almost all crackers and milk with a little sugar and salt. The jam saved the situation and a flour sauce with lots of brown sugar and a dash of vinegar made even a meagre meringue pass.

Some day when you are in a hurry put a big roasting pan on the top of the stove, half fill it with boiling water add a big cup of brown or maple sugar, a teaspoon of salt and a bit of butter. While this is boiling stir up a batch of baking powder biscuits, two level teaspoons of baking powder, a pinch of salt and a dessert spoon of shortening (dripping does nicely) to each cup of flour add enough milk or water to make a soft dough you could roll. Take it up in spoonfuls, roll round in your floury hands and as you make them drop them into the boiling syrup. When all are in set the pan in a hot oven to finish cooking and you will have pudding and sauce made at the same time. Spice may be added to the syrup or apples or other fruit wrapped up in the dumplings but they are good even without fruit.

Butterscotch Pudding:—Mix one cup of brown sugar with four level tablespoons of flour and to this add gradually two cups of milk. Cook for quarter of an hour in top of double boiler. Pour this slowly over the well-beaten yolks of two eggs and return to boiler for two minutes more cooking. Stir constantly to prevent curdling. Remove from fire, cool, add well beaten whites of eggs and turn into dish for serving. This is delicious plain but may be sprinkled with chopped nuts, fresh grated cocoanut or topped with whipped cream.

Popcorn Pudding:—Pop and grind enough popcorn to make two cups, pour over it three cups of milk and let soak for an hour or more, add half a teaspoon of salt, half a cup of brown sugar, one

tablespoon of melted butter, and the beaten yolks of three eggs. Fold in the well-beaten whites of three eggs and bake in a moderate oven for a little over half an hour. Serve warm.

Graham Pudding:—Two cups graham flour, one cup white flour, one cup warm water with one teaspoon soda and one of salt dissolved in ½ cup molasses, three tablespoons shortening, one cup raisins (optional), one sliced apple, one teaspoon lemon extract, one teaspoon each cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Put in buttered mold, steam three hours, serve with butter sauce or sweetened cream.

Raisin Puff:—One-half cup butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2¼ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup raisins.

Cream butter, add sugar gradually and eggs well beaten; then add milk alternately with 2 cups flour mixed and sifted with baking powder and salt. Seed and chop raisins, dredge with remaining flour, and add to mixture. Turn into a buttered mold, adjust cover, and steam 1½ hours. Remove to hot serving dish and serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with grated nutmeg.

Lemon Dumpling:—Make a rich biscuit dough as follows:—Sift 2 cups flour with ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, pinch salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Rub in, small half cup lard and mix to a stiff dough with rich sweet milk. Turn onto a floured board, cut in half and pat flat with hands. Place the half in two quart baking dish or casserole and dot with butter, sprinkle with flour then slice thinly one lemon over this, cover with 1 cup sugar and fill dish to within inch of top with hot water. Cover and bake until done and brown. When dough rises to top of dish remove cover to brown. Orange may be used instead of lemon. If desired a can of fruit may be used, the sugar and water being omitted, and the fruit juice substituted.

Tapioca Caramel:—Four cups of cold water, 2 tablespoons quick tapioca, 1 cup brown sugar, piece of butter size of walnut, 1 teaspoon vanilla, salt. Mix all together and bake in slow oven four or five hours. Serve hot or cold with cream plain or whipped.

Rice And Apricot Pudding:—Take 2 small eggs, 2 oz. rice, 1 pint milk, salt, ½ lb. stewed apricots, 3 dessertspoons apricot jam.

Wash rice and put in saucepan with milk and a pinch salt. Cook slowly till thick. Let it cool. Then add jam and yolks of eggs. Mix well. Put into a buttered dish and bake. Spread apricots over. Beat up whites of eggs stiffly. Add two tablespoons sugar. Pile roughly on top. Sift some sugar over, and place in a cool oven till crisp and slightly brown.

Lemon Pudding:—Cream together one cup sugar and two tablespoons butter. Now add two beaten egg yolks and two tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, then the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Beat the whites of the eggs and fold in. Set the pudding dish in a pan of water and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve cold. It is a delicious pudding; does not need a sauce.

Bananas With Raisin Sauce:—3 large bananas, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 tablespoonful strained honey, 2 tablespoonfuls small seedless raisins, 1 tablespoonful shredded coconut, 1 teaspoonful lemon-juice, ¾ cupful hot water, 1 tablespoonful cornstarch ½ teaspoonful salt. Select firm bananas, cut each in four parts lengthwise, placing in pan with the melted butter. Place raisins in the water, let simmer until soft, add the honey and lemon-juice, thicken with cornstarch, mix with a little water, and add salt. When creamy, pour over the bananas, set in oven for half an hour to get flavored through. Serve with coconut sprinkled over top. This recipe serves three or four.

Farmhouse Pudding:—One and a quarter cups flour (white or graham), ½ cup chopped suet, 1 egg, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup buttermilk, 1 cup chopped raisins or mixed fruits and candied peel, 1 teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon each salt, cinnamon and allspice, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Steam in a greased mold, for 2 hours, then uncover and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream or cinnamon sauce.

Cherry Puffs:—Drain the juice from two cupfuls of canned cherries, and save it for the sauce. Into two cupfuls of flour sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt; add a rounded tablespoonful of butter, one-half cupful of sugar, one egg and a cupful

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287

Cooking Sauces

All sauces that have flour in them must be boiled, but if they are boiled too long they will get thin. If an egg is to be added, it must go in after the sauce is cooked and boiling has ceased.

Custard Sauce:—2 yolks of eggs, 1 white of egg, ½ pint milk, sugar and flavoring. Put the milk into a pan that has been rinsed out with cold water, and let it get hot. Mix the yolks and white of egg together in a basin, using a wooden spoon. Then gently pour the milk over them stirring all the time. Return to pan and stir over fire or in double boiler until it thickens. It must not boil. Then strain and add the flavoring desired.

of milk. Grease cup-cake pans well, and into each put a spoonful of batter, on top of that a spoonful of cherries, and on top of the cherries another spoonful of batter. Bake, and as soon as they are done turn out the individual puffs, and serve with sauce made as follows: To a cupful of cherry-juice add half a cupful of water, a teaspoonful of cornstarch, teaspoonful of butter, sugar enough to make quite sweet, and a sprinkle of nutmeg. Boil and serve hot.

Steamed Indian Pudding:—Two cups cornmeal, two cups flour, one egg, ¼ cup light-colored molasses, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar, two cups raisins. Wet the mixture with sweet milk until batter is about as thick as for cake. Boil or steam three hours in bag or greased pail with a lid.



REPRESENT CANADIAN WOMEN IN TRINIDAD

Mrs. G. E. Forbes (left) of Weston, Ontario, former President of the Eastern Division of the W.M.S., and Mrs. C. F. Sanford (right), St. John, N.B., President of the Maritimes Conference Branch of the W.M.S., who are delegates to the diamond jubilee of the Trinidad Mission of the United Church of Canada. The jubilee will be celebrated from January 5th to 29th, at San Fernando, Trinidad.

Indian Suet Pudding:—One-half pound beef suet chopped fine, or shaved, 1½ cups cornmeal, 1½ cups hot water, two large spoons flour, one cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, two cups raisins; steam four hours or more. Eat with sugar and whipped cream.

Double Quick Pudding:—Mix together half a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, three ounces of suet, tried out then shaved and two ounces of raisins or sultanas. Mix to a light dough with about a gill of milk, and knead till free from cracks. Form into small balls, drop into fast-boiling water, and cook quickly for about twenty minutes. Serve at once with jam sauce or a little warmed golden syrup.

Date Pudding:—One breakfastcup of breadcrumbs, ¾ lb. dates, (washed, stoned and chopped) ¼ lb. minced suet, one teaspoonful lemon juice, one breakfastcup of milk, two eggs, one teacup of flour, ¼ lb. sugar, a little grated nutmeg. Stew the dates in the milk for fifteen minutes; mix together crumbs, flour, suet, sugar, nutmeg, and stir well. Add the dates and milk, the well-beaten eggs, and the lemon juice. Pour the mixture into a well-buttered mould or basin; cover with buttered paper, and steam for an hour and a half, putting it into a saucepan containing a little boiling water. Serve with any sweet sauce preferred.

Grimsby Pudding:—2 eggs, their weight in butter, flour, and castor sugar; ½ teaspoonful baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls raspberry jam, carmine. Cream the butter; add the sugar and beat well. Then add one egg and half the flour and beat well; the other egg and the remaining flour, and beat again; and, lastly, add the baking powder. When well beaten and light add the jam and a few drops of carmine. Pour into a well-buttered mould, cover with buttered paper, and steam steadily for two hours.

Ginger Sauce:—1 gill custard sauce, ½ gill ginger syrup sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of preserved ginger. Add to the custard sauce the syrup and the ginger cut up very small and sweeten to taste.

Butter Sauce:—One cup sugar (brown the best) ½ cup butter, two tablespoons flour, teaspoon nutmeg or lemon extract. Put all together, turn boiling water over and cook until it thickens.

Grape Pudding Sauce:—¼ cup sugar, 1 cup grape juice, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon corn-starch or 1½ table-spoons flour, salt. Mix sugar and corn-starch, add grape juice gradually, stirring constantly; boil five minutes, remove from fire and add butter. This makes a delicious and wholesome sauce for cottage pudding. Will serve six.

Cinnamon Sauce:—Three-quarters cup brown sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon corn-starch, and a good pinch of salt. Boil ten minutes, then add 1 tablespoon each of butter and lemon-juice, with cinnamon to flavor.

Chocolate Sauce is a food in itself, and brightens up the dullest pudding. Boil together a half-pint of sugar, a quarter-pint of water, and half a saltspoonful of cream of tartar until it is a thin syrup. In a cup over very hot water melt a square of plain cooking chocolate, and stir it very gently into the hot syrup. Part of this sauce can be put aside for future use, part used at once.

Honey Sauce:—2 tbs. butter, ½ cup honey, 2 teaspoonful cornstarch. Mix butter and cornstarch, cook, stirring constantly, until smooth (about one minute.) Do not let this mixture brown. Add the honey and cook to the hard ball stage. Serve on pudding while hot. For a thinner sauce add hot water to the consistency desired.

Right height of work table and sink will save backache and fatigue

NEEDLEWORK DEPARTMENT

Working With Velvet

There has seldom if ever been a year when velvet and all the fabrics like it have been so beautiful or so popular. In such variety and with such lightness and delicacy of weave have these beautiful pile materials been worked out that we all feel we must have something made or trimmed with them. We want them but—do we dare to attempt to make them up.

But many people with clever fingers are deterred from exploiting such materials because of the marking of the pile; and wisely, unless they know how to handle it, for few things give away the secret of amateur making more crudely than this. Pile materials marked in the making look shabby, and "home-made" in the contemptuous sense of the term, at once. It takes some little care to prevent the disfiguration, of course, but fortunately, says "The Sunday Telegraph," if she knows how to do the handling every sensible worker should succeed without much trouble.

To begin with, the usual pins must never touch velvet or any other pile material, their place being taken by needles, unless the special steel pins are available. Tacking, again, must be done with silk and not with cotton. This is a slight extra expense, but the thrifty worker can wind the silk on to reels after use, reserving it for further service. Such tacking threads must be knotted, one on to the other, not finished off, in the usual way; and, when the time for removal comes, merely have the knots cut out and be drawn gently out at their full length. The casual tugging and pulling with which such threads are removed when they have done their service is death to pile materials, and none to good for others.

A Velvet Finger Stall

These precautions affect the initial stages of the work. After them two sections only offer risks—any hand work on the right side, such as the application of embroideries, buttonholing, &c., and pressing. For the first, all danger is eliminated by sewing a little piece of the velvet, thimble fashion, over the top of the finger of the left hand on which the work will rest, the entire length of the first finger, maybe. Then the delicate fabric rests upon itself, pile upon pile, and no marking of pressing occurs. In sewing such materials greater care should be taken that the needle is thrust through correctly at each stitch than is often the case. It should, of course, be in the direction in which the stitch is to lie, so that the needle must be put in slanting slightly, with point from right to left (except in the case of buttonholes, obviously), not casually, as is so often done. This, in all work, tends to puckering, and with pile fabrics every care must be taken against this, on account of the difficulties of pressing, on which remedial measures afterwards generally rely, and also because the pile will be ever so slightly marked by the pull of the stitch against it in the finished work, unless this takes the same oblique direction as that in which the work progresses.

Pressing Seams

In pressing velvet the whole process is reversed the velvet being passed over the iron not the iron over the velvet. The iron, rather hotter than would otherwise

be used, must be propped up, handle downwards, on the table between heavy boxes, piles of books, or what not, and the seam (it is for the most part only these that call for pressing) previously opened by the fingers of the left hand, while resting on those of the right tightly rolled up in a piece of the velvet for the purpose, drawn gently to and fro over the hot surface. If the seam be a long one, as on skirt or coat, and therefore to be treated in sections, the hands holding it should be protected by velvet casing again, so that they do not press the pile in the process. Sometimes it happens that a critical place is obstinately difficult to manage in this way—sleeves, for instance. Then the best thing is to use the left hand, first finger upwards and thumb kept well down, as a pressing board, covering it with velvet, and laying the difficult seam (right side down, of course) on it, while the iron is placed across it, first in one place, then in another, till the whole length has been covered. One must not slide the iron on velvet.

Brush With, Not Against Pile

Treated in this way the garment emerges in perfect condition from the maker's hands, being brushed finally with a soft clothes-brush in the right direction of the pile, or smoothed carefully in the same direction with a pad of velvet made by covering a suitably-sized book with it, which is really better. The direction, by the by, is most easily determined by holding the material up against one's chest and looking down at it, the "way" in which the shade is the darker being the correct one. This, of course, is always a factor in cutting out such materials. Experts tell by the "feel," the pile smoothing upwards, and so feeling rough to the touch in the reverse direction. But sometimes the difference is so slight as to puzzle the novice, while the difference in shade is always perfectly obvious.

If by any mischance velvet, velveteen, &c., do get marked, the only remedy lies in steaming, just as when similar misfortunes happen in course of wear. The damaged place must be held over a basin of boiling water and the pile gently drawn up by the hot moisture. Velvet frocks, coats, &c., in constant use are much improved by general steaming from time to time, followed by smoothing with the velvet-covered book or what not, already mentioned. Unless a laundry is available, the only practical means of doing this is to hang the garment up in the bathroom when this is very full of steam. The improvement, both in color and texture, is very marked, and the frock takes on a new lease of life.

Nearly all husbands and wives think they are martyrs.

At some distant day it may even come to pass that, having satiated our material desires, we shall come to demand mental, even spiritual, satisfactions.—William Haynes, in Atlantic Monthly.

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Quilting Questions

Dear Needlework Editor.—I am interested in your article on "A Sashed Quilt" in your paper of December 28th. There are some questions I would like to ask about it. Is there supposed to be batting and a lining to the quilt? Is each block quilted separately? Is the same design to be on each block and is it to be worked in colors or with white thread? Any other information on the quilt would be appreciated as I am anxious to make one. Thanking you in anticipation for your trouble. Yours very sincerely.—Mrs. A.J.B., Man.

When the quilt is pieced, and the white blocks put together with the colored pieces that make the window sash effect from which the quilt is named, the top is ready for marking in the pattern you desire to quilt.

The blocks may be quilted all alike or in alternating patterns. One of the prettiest is the old ostrich feather design arranged to fill the block. For the sash a plain square diamond or curved line fill in is much used. This will outline the blocks on the underside on the white lining and when the quilt is turned over a lovely white spread will be the result. Use white thread and long but not heavy needles.

The easiest and usual way to mark a quilt for quilting is to make a pattern from stiff paper or cardboard, cutting out around the outside design and making small slits or holes along the inner lines through which a lead pencil point may be inserted. Another way I remember seeing in my childhood was to have the pattern drawn on stiff paper and perforated with a large pin or pattern wheel. This was laid on the quilt and powdered blue was rubbed through the holes. A little experimenting and practice on an old piece of cotton will enable you to judge which is easiest for you.

The old way of doing was to mark the quilt after it was on the frames, marking a "reach" of twelve inches at a time, quilting that, rolling it under, then marking the next row, and so on. To our grandmothers for whom no pattern however elaborate was difficult and who needed only a mark here and there to guide them this was all right but it seems easier to me to lay the top on a large table or the floor and mark it all before putting it on the frame.

In many of the old quilts the initials of the quilter or those of the person for whom the quilt was made are used in one block. In some the quilting in the central block was made more elaborate than the others.

The thread used is white although when top and lining are colored a thread to match or harmonize might be worked in. White on white or light colors was the old rule.

In making up the quilt the lining should first be stretched and sewed very carefully to the cloth on the frame. Use

strong thread for this and see that every side is perfectly straight. Next spread very carefully, making sure there are no lumps or ridges, one layer of cotton batting or sheet wadding. Those who love to do fine quilting always when possible use the sheet wadding that comes in quilt size as it makes the finished work beautifully smooth. Others use flannelette, cutting off the selvage edges and laying the edges so they meet with almost no overlapping. The flannelette now comes in sheet widths which would make it still smoother. When all is ready for the top, get some one to help you lift it on or if you have to do it alone roll it in a long tight roll, lay it carefully on, matching the edge and unroll watching to see that it goes on straight and does not disturb the padding. Baste the edges of the top to the edges of the lining and pin it at different places as far in as you can reach.

Quilt in from the edge about one foot or a little more, a "reach" as the old folks called it. Do not try to make it too long a reach or your work will not be good as you cannot sew straight through leaning over too far.

When you have finished the first "reach" have one person at each end of the quilt roll it under, and replace the bolts, then quilt the next bit and so on.

When taken out of the frames bind with a narrow binding, matching color or a wide binding in a color that goes with the patterns; or blind stitch the lining and top together. The binding will wear longer than any other finish.

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Among the Jacks

A Fable in the "Dominion Monthly."

It was blowing what a sailor would call a stiff sou'-wester, and the Union Jack was floating from one of the forest of masts which bristled up about the docks of one of the most renowned seaports in the world. Flap, flap, flap went the flag, while a large Newfoundland dog lay on the deck of the good ship "Pelican" and watched it intently. The "Pelican" was lying to for repairs, and being accustomed to travelling, Pedro found the delay very irksome. It is true he had made the acquaintance of a good many dogs about the docks, but they knew nothing of the countries he had visited, and he longed for a companion who was travelled like himself. The Union Jack he knew had travelled far and seen much, and therefore he resolved to scrape an acquaintance with it if possible.

"It is rather windy up there, Mr. Union Jack," he called out; but the flag flapped away and took no notice.

"As you are in a better position to view the ship than I am I thought I would make bold to ask you how long you thought it would be before we would be ready for sailing?" he called out again, thinking it had not heard his first remark; but still it went flap, flap, flap, and took no notice.

"Hallo! there, are you deaf?" he repeated crossly.

"No, Mr. Pedro, I am not deaf, neither am I accustomed to associate with dogs, or any such grovelling creatures. I am a creature of the air, and I look upon it as a great piece of presumption on your part thus to address

The flag that's braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,"
said the Union Jack in a supercilious tone, and it spread its gay bars to the breeze and flapped away.

"Upon my word you put on airs enough to be a creature of air; but you are nothing but a piece of printed rag, to make the best of you," said Pedro saucily.

"What! how dare you insult me!" said the flag, fluttering with rage. "Are you not aware that I am one of the great Jack family which is renowned the world over. I have a cousin who is one of the kings of the earth!"

"Oh, indeed! What is he the king of?—the Cannibal Islands?" asked Pedro, mockingly.

"The Cannibal Islands!" repeated the Union Jack, contemptuously. "He is king of the world, or the greater part of it, during the winter. His name is Jack Frost."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought you meant King Cotton, on account of your being made of cotton, you know," said Pedro in a jeering tone.

"Your impertinence is beneath contempt; but it serves me right for condescending to converse with one of your low vulgar class," returned the Union Jack in a lofty tone.

Pedro addressed several jeering remarks to it, but as it took no further notice of him, he wandered off in search of more congenial company. Before going very far he met with a group of dogs, to whom he recounted his little tiff with the Union Jack. The dogs were all in a high state of indignation on account of being looked down upon with such contempt by "a few yards of bunting tied to a flag pole," as they expressed it. And consequently it was not long till there was quite a crowd of dogs collected on the deck of the "Pelican" jeering and laughing at the Union Jack, who fluttered and flaunted and spread its gay colors to the winds without deigning to take the slightest notice of them.

"Hallo! Jack Bunting, how is it that such a swell as you are submits to be boxed about by the wind in that style?" snapped an impudent little Scotch terrier.

The Union Jack was in a furious temper. It had imagined that it was impressing thousands by its graceful beauty and its elevated position as it streamed over the mast-head, and here was a contemptible little cur taunting it for being boxed about by the wind! Oh! it was too much!

"I know what I shall do," mused the Union Jack when the dogs had grown tired and wandered off to their respective homes, or to their haunts among the docks. "I know what I shall do; I shall bring these dogs' noses to the grinding stone by surrounding them with the great Jack family one of these moonlight evenings. Nothing goes down with the vulgar like distinguished birth. I can imagine I see the humiliation of these dogs when they find that I really am related to a king and to some of the most celebrated characters in literature," and the Union Jack chuckled as it laid its plans.

"I would like to speak to you, Mr. Pedro, if you are at leisure," said the Union Jack the next morning as Pedro lay curled

ed upon deck, while the sun flashed over the sea and streamed, in through the tall masts.

Pedro was quite taken by surprise to hear himself so politely addressed by the haughty Union Jack; but being naturally a good-tempered, civil sort of a dog, he answered politely:

"I am at your service, Mr. Union Jack."

"It is my intention to give a banquet this evening on board the 'Pelican,' to which I am going to invite all the Jack family, and I would be happy to have the pleasure of your company and that of as many of your friends as you can gather together," continued the Union Jack.

"Thanks, Mr. Union Jack. I shall be happy to avail myself of your kind invitation, and I am sure my friends will be delighted to do the same," said Pedro.

The dogs were all taken by surprise on receiving the Union Jack's message, and they immediately began to regret the shower of jibes they had treated him to the evening previously. But when they were assembled on the deck of the "Pelican" at the appointed hour their host returned their friendly greetings in such a cool, contemptuous manner that their regrets began to die out.

"I will tell you what it is, my friends, my private opinion is that our friend, the Union Jack, has invited us here to insult and humiliate us by parading his fine relations before us; but if I am not mistaken, he will be the humiliated party before the evening is over," said a sage old spaniel, shaking his head.

The dogs had not been long assembled when their attention was attracted by a lumbering sound which proved to proceed from an arch of brick, which was slowly approaching through the moonlight.

"There is no person admitted into this assembly excepting a member of the great Jack family," called out the Union Jack loftily.

"Well, good sir, as I am a Jack arch, I claim to be among the privileged ones. I came early so that I would be here in time for the rest of the family to pass under me," returned the arch, taking its place a few yards from the banqueting table.

The approach of a tall white figure, which brought a cold whiff of air with it, caused the company to stare and the Union Jack to swell with family pride.

"This, my dear friends, is my near kinsman, Jack Frost, king of the frozen North. It is he who is keeping mankind from approaching the North Pole. Our brave seamen have had many a fierce battle with him, but he has always proved conqueror. Many a brave man has left his bones in his dominion," said the Union Jack in a boastful tone.

In the meantime all the dogs had their eyes fixed upon the new-comer, whose hoary head and streaming beard were all covered with ice and all aglitter with icicles; he stalked silently and majestically beneath the arch, gathering his glistening snowy robe about him, and fastening his cold hard gaze upon the now shivering company. A loud thundering noise in the neighborhood of the arch here for a moment diverted the attention of all present, and a large block came tumbling into their midst.

"I before remarked that there was no person admitted into this assembly excepting one of the great Jack family," said the Union Jack angrily.

"Well, sir, as I am a Jack block, I must say with the Jack arch that I claim to be among the privileged ones. I thought this would be a good time to tumble in, as I would serve as a throne for His Majesty Jack Frost."

After giving each of the dogs a malicious pinch in the nose, and blowing his cold, frosty breath on them till they shivered, Jack Frost enthroned himself on the Jack block. Though it is usually considered a high honor to sit in the presence of majesty, it must be confessed that the dogs did not appreciate it.

"If that is being a cousin to a king, I would rather be cousin to a hedgehog," growled Pedro to his next neighbor.

The tooting of a trumpet in the distance caused all eyes to turn to the arch, when in swaggered a youth in a sky blue coat and scarlet trousers.

"Allow me to introduce Jack the Giant-killer, whose history all of you who are at all conversant with literature have of course read," said the Union Jack.

Jack the Giant-killer was followed by a youth carrying a little bag of beans in his hand.

"Jack and the bean-stalk!" announced the Union Jack with a flourish.

Next came a little boy with a pie under his arm.

"Jack Horner!" said the Union Jack.

Then came a youth in a round jacket, rubbing his head in a rueful manner. "I

beg your pardon!" said the Union Jack, looking at him doubtfully.

"Why I am Jack that went up the hill with Gill, you know," said the new comer. "Oh, certainly, we all know you; walk in Jack, of Jack and Gill notoriety," said a voice from behind.

And in skipped a fantastically dressed fellow in a pair of long, pointed shoes, one of which he stuck in Jack Frost's face in a flourishing and derisive manner, to the horror of the Union Jack.

"Come along, Jack, and we will see what can be done towards mending your crown," said the latest arrival, giving Jack a smart box on the ear.

"Ahem! I beg—" began the Union Jack.

"Oh don't bother me with your begging. You are a beauty to give an entertainment to your relations when you don't know half of them by sight! I am Jack Sauce, and I am going to stand here and announce the guests as they arrive," he said, stationing himself beside the arch.

"Jack of all trades!" he shouted the next moment, as a little man, who was alternately pegging a boot, hammering the lid of an old tea kettle, and stitching the sleeve of a scarlet jacket, passed under the arch.

"Here is a fellow who has broken his crown; can't you do something for him?" said the self-constituted master of ceremonies, pointing to the suffering youth.

The pegging, tinkering and tailoring were immediately thrown aside, and Jack of all trades immediately produced a case of sticking plaster and a pair of scissors and went to work.

In the meantime Jack Sauce had been successively announcing: "Jack-a-lantern," who floated here and there in an uncertain sort of way; "Jack Tar," who appeared to be a jolly good fellow; "A Jack tree," whose boughs were greedily devoured by Jack Frost as soon as they approached him; a kitchen Jack, Jack of the hedge, Jack of the clock house, a Jack boot, a Jackdaw, a Jack plane, Jack Smith, a chimney Jack. Then came a succession of Jacks, as fast as it was possible to announce them; and a black, ghastly-looking coat of mail came clanking in, followed by a bunch of blazing fat pine sticks and several clumsy machines and parts of machines of which the company did not know the use. Then came "Jack Ketch," in an impressive tone, from Jack Sauce, as a tall, masked man, with a halter in his hand, walked in. The dogs began to titter; to be cousin to a hangman was a high honor truly.

Then came Jack dandy, Jack-a-lent, Jack pudding and Jack straw, four of the veriest fools that could be found walking out doors. The dogs laughed outright as the creditable family connections sang

(Continued on page 30)

Something to Make

Good Luck Door Knocker

Door-knockers of brass are rather expensive, and the antique ones are becoming hard to find in the shops.

Here is what you need to make a good luck one, says the Michigan Farmer. A horseshoe, a couple of stout iron staples and a dome of silence. All of these may be purchased for very little. The dome of silence is a hard steel pressing, normally used in place of castors on furniture. Its smooth shape and hardness make it admirably fitted for this purpose.

If the horseshoe be an "heirloom" and rusted, clean it thoroughly with kerosene. Then mark off the positions for two holes at the end of the horseshoe and drill through it at these spots. Be sure to make the holes large enough for the staples; no doubt they will be about one-eighth inches in diameter, so that the holes must be at least one-fourth or more in diameter. Both ends should be well tapered so that the shoe turns easily on the staples, as they form a hinge, as it were.

Get a dull black paint and give the shoe one or two coats so that it shines when dried. Put a little oil in the two hinge-holes and slip the staples through them, and drive the latter into the woodwork of the door, taking care to keep shoe perfectly straight. The best way to find the position for the staples is to hold the shoe by the lower part, as if in act of knocking. Place it the desired height on the door. They are usually placed above the lower panels.

No doubt you can bronze your knocker if you prefer that to black; they look well on Colonial doors.

There is a slight projection on the under side of the shoe, which acts as a hammer or striker, and to get the position for the dome of silence, rap with the shoe on the woodwork of the door. A slight indentation will result. Fit the dome of silence, and drive it into the woodwork of the door at this spot, and your work is complete.

When the shoe is lifted in the ordinary way, as any knocker is—in the middle—and allowed to drop, the projection on the shoe comes into contact with the dome of silence, and this acts as an anvil, or striker plate. The noise thus made is loud enough to be heard in the house.

Obedient Jack

By Julia Graydon, in the "Nashville Christian Advocate."

Jack was a great Scotch collie who was very fond of children; and when his mistress, Jamie and Janet's mother, found that he could be trusted to go with her boy and girl to school every day she was very glad, for father had to go to his office so early that he could not go with them.

When the three—Jamie, Janet and Jack—returned from school at noon (for Jack always went for them at twelve o'clock), mother would give Jack his dinner as soon as they arrived.

The teacher knew Jack's bark, and if the children were kept in and he did not see them with the others he would go round where they sat and bark and bark, and she would say, "A little late today, Jack. Be patient." He never came until school was out, although I think he would have enjoyed coming at recess and romping with the scholars.

When the town clock struck twelve mother would say, "Go to school, Jack," and off he would run.

One day mother was talking to a friend in the sitting-room, and she was telling the friend what a good dog Jack was, and she said: "I just say, 'Go to school, Jack,' and off he goes." Now the friend was a little deaf, so she had to repeat it several times; but she did not notice that Jack was just outside wagging his tail. After her friend had gone, mother went into the kitchen to make a pie. Passing through the hall, she saw it was only eleven o'clock, so she knew she had plenty of time. She was just putting the pie into the oven when she heard children's voices, and there at the gate stood Jamie and Janet and Jack.

"Why, children!" mother exclaimed, "what are you doing here? It is only half-past eleven."

"Oh, mother," they answered in the same breath. "Jack came and barked under the window, and Miss Morse said we might go home."

"Where was Miss Jenkins, your regular teacher?"

"She is sick," said the children, "and we told Miss Morse that you always sent Jack when it was time for us to go home."

"Well! Well!" said mother. "But what made Jack go for you? I did not send him."

Then suddenly, as she stood there looking at the trio, who were as much surprised as she herself, mother remembered her deaf friend and had had to repeat it.

"It's all right, children," she said laughing. "Mrs. Burke was here, and I told her how I sent Jack to school for you; and I had to say it so loud that Jack must have heard me say, 'I just say, 'Go to school, Jack,' and thought I was talking to him."

Then they all laughed heartily, and Jack had his dinner a little earlier than usual; and he enjoyed it as much as Jamie and Janet enjoyed the cranberry tarts mother had made for them. And when they went back to school in the afternoon and told their little friends about Jack, he became more of a pet than ever; and the teacher said she wished that little boys and girls could be as quick to obey their parents and teachers as Jack had been, for, though he did not see his mistress, he obeyed her voice right away.—Julia Graydon, in the Nashville Christian Advocate.

PRETENDING

I'm taking care of baby,
And little sister, too,
Because, you see, our mother
Has such a lot to do.
I love to play I'm mother.

Of course I'm just pretending
And if 'twas really true
I don't suppose I'd like it.
There's such a lot to do.
—Cecil Trout Blancke.

The rooster is a tidy fowl—
From morning until night
He wears his comb upon his head
To keep his feathers right.

Puzzle Corner

Arithmetical Puzzle

Divide the number 45 into four parts, such that if the first be increased by 2, the second diminished by 2, the third multiplied by 2, and the fourth divided by 2, the four results are equal to each other.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

The Grove.—Maple, beech, pear, willow, apple, peach, elm, ash, oak, chestnut, butternut, plum.

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS



"That man over there is a self-made man."
"Then why didn't he put some hair on his head?"

"The new patient in Ward B is very good looking," said the nurse.
"Yes," agreed the matron, "but don't wash his face. He's already had that done by four nurses this morning."

"Say, waiter, I ordered strawberry short-cake, and you brought me a plate of strawberries. Where's the cake?"
"Well, suh, that's what we is short of."

A sailor and his bride were in front of the parson for the wedding ceremony. On being asked the usual question, "Wilt thou have this woman?" Jack answered: "I'll."
"You must say 'I will,'" corrected the parson and repeated the question.

"I'll," responded Jack more firmly than ever. The irate clergyman threatened to stop the service if the response was not given properly. This was too much for the bride, who broke in angrily. "Look here, ye'll 'ave Jack sayin' 'e don't in a minute if ye keep on badgerin'!"

"Sedentary work," said the college lecturer, "tends to lessen the endurance." "In other words," interrupted the smart student, "the more one sits the less one can stand." "Exactly," retorted the lecturer; "and if one lies a great deal one's standing is lost completely."

The clerk connected the Negro drayman with his boss, the manager of a transfer company, then listened to the one sided conversation.

"Boss? Dat ole mule done stop down hveh in de street an' she won't move on nohow, and de policeman say if I don't git 'er out o' here he gwine shoot 'er." "Eh? Yessuh, yessuh, done wore de whip plum out on 'er, boss. Yessuh, done built a fish undah her, but she jes stood dere an' tromped it out." "Yessuh, boss, done twist bofe her ears—twist 'em good." "Ah—how zat, boss? Ah—ah—nossuh, I—I nevh twist 'er tail, suh, nossuh. Dey was a white gemman twist 'er tail, suh, yas, suh. Dey done taken him to de hospiddle, suh. He looked like a Naw-then gemman."

"But, auntie, why did the doctor bring me a baby sister when he knew I wanted a brother?"
"Why, dear, he said he happened to be out of boys."
"Well, I could have waited a few weeks."

"So you met Marian today."
"Yes, I hadn't seen her for 10 years."
"Has she kept her girlish figure?"
"Kept it? She's doubled it."

"Are we going Dutch on this?" asked the sarcastic diner of a friend whose hand appeared to be caught in his pocket, "or are you going Scotch?"

Employer: "So you didn't close that sale with Chandlers?"
Salesman: "No, sir."

Employer: "What good did it do for you to take that course in 'The Power of Mind'?"

Salesman: "Well, you see, Chandlers had taken that course too."

Girl (taking singing lessons): "Do you think I might use my voice in public now?"

Disheartened Musician: "Oh, I suppose so. You might cheer when the King goes by!"

A pretty girl who was collecting contributions for a hospital approached a man sitting at the wheel of an expensive car. "No," was his surly answer, "I contribute regularly to that hospital."

"No doubt," said the pretty girl, "but we're collecting money today, not pedestrians."

Visitor: "What nice furniture!"
Little Ronald: "Yes, I think the man we bought it from is sorr, now he sold it—he's always calling."

Alice: "Who do you think did the best acting?"

John: "I did—pretending I enjoyed the show."



Lover: "If you refuse me I shall throw myself into the river."

Maid: "Yes; you say that at a time when you know the water in the river is so low it wouldn't drown a rat."—Paris Rire.

"Has anyone remarked on the way you handled your car?"

"One man did, but he didn't say much."

"What did he say?"

"Ten dollars and costs."

"My son writes that he is in a tight place."

"What's the trouble?"

"He's a waiter in Scotland."

Mrs. Highneck: "Oh, yes, we can trace our ancestors back to—well, I don't know exactly who, but we've been descending for centuries."

Letter Golf

THE RULES

1—The idea of letter golf is to change one word to another and do it in par, that is, a given number of strokes. Thus to change COW TO HEN, in three strokes, COW, HOW, HEW, HEN.

2—You can change only one letter at a time.

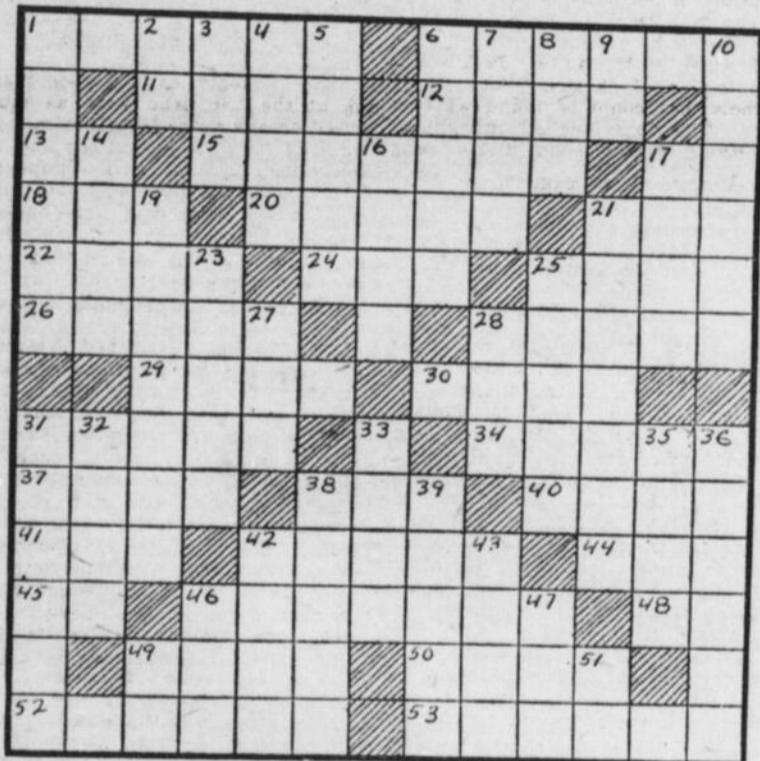
3—You must have a complete word, of common usage, for each jump. Slang words and abbreviations don't count.

4—The order of letters cannot be changed.

The solution is printed on page 32.



This Week's Cross Word Puzzle

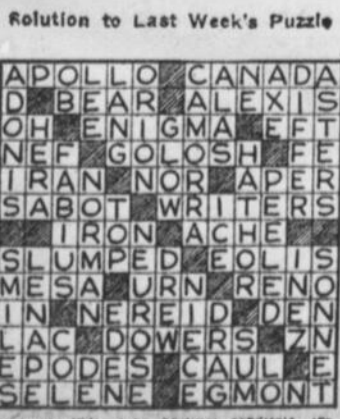


HORIZONTAL

- 1—temper
- 6—Island in Indian Ocean
- 11—exercise frugality
- 12—salutations (Lat.)
- 13—Southern State (abbr.)
- 15—a book of the Bible
- 17—right (abbr.)
- 18—floor covering
- 20—part of staircase
- 21—bed
- 22—monster
- 24—united
- 25—unclean
- 26—a river in France
- 28—Asiatic princess
- 29—check
- 30—boys
- 31—van
- 34—a department in France
- 37—am not (collo.)
- 38—beverage
- 40—aperture
- 41—employ
- 42—is full to overflowing
- 44—plaything
- 45—point of compass (abbr.)
- 46—handsome dwelling
- 48—Western State (abbr.)
- 49—dissolve
- 50—part of the leg
- 52—seize
- 53—serious

VERTICAL

- 1—an orderly world
- 2—bone
- 3—loiter
- 4—level
- 5—renovate
- 6—framed
- 7—wicked
- 8—affirmative
- 9—place of the seal (abbr.)
- 10—to irritate
- 14—the miner's elevator
- 16—jug
- 17—rake
- 19—Roman official
- 21—ask advice
- 23—to decree
- 25—droops
- 27—northern deer
- 28—male sheep
- 31—scoffs
- 32—ascend
- 33—insects
- 35—without delay
- 36—linguistic root
- 38—the last commandment
- 39—faulty
- 42—silicate of magnesia
- 43—a part of London
- 46—came upon
- 47—nothing at all
- 49—a parent
- 51—point of compass (abbr.)



"The papers say there would be no panic if people only had confidence in the banks."
"Well, I'm not worrying—confidence is the only thing I ever had in a bank."

"Did the firm fail to pay its debts?"
"No; it failed so that it wouldn't have to pay them."

"Robert," said the teacher, to drive home the lesson, which was on charity and kindness, "if I saw a man beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"
"Brotherly love," said Bobby promptly.

"Doctor, you have saved me. I owe you my life."
"Oh, no, not at all. You only owe me \$10."

A well-meaning pedestrian said to a man who was employed to advertise in the street: "Pardon me, but do you know that your sandwich boards are turned wrong side out?"
"Sure, I know it," was the snappy reply. "Yer don't suppose I'm goin' to work in me lunch hour, do yer?"



Judge: "De evidence am insufficient to convict de prisoner, so I daffo declare him not guilty."

Prisoner: "Thank you, jedge. What must I do wiff de watch—keep it or give it back?"

Canes for Gifts

Give your friend a cane. It's the gift that never wears out. It costs you nothing to see these canes, as I will, if they are not satisfactory. refund the money, including postage charge.

Straight canes 30c, 40c and 50c
Bent canes 30c, 75c and \$1.00
[a slight additional cost for rubber tips and six ferrules]

Sent postpaid to all parts of Canada. When ordering, give height and description of the person who is to have the cane.

Please state where you saw our advertisement.

J. W. Murphy

Sutton, P.Q.

A GROWING INDUSTRIAL CENTRE

The United Empire Loyalists who settled what is now known as the Eastern Townships tilled the soil and laid the foundation of a community which grows in importance with each passing year. Industrially, it has taken immense strides of recent years, with the city of Sherbrooke showing the way.

This beautifully located city boasts modern improvements that would do credit to places many times its size. It is prosperous and progressive and maintains an intimate business and social connection with its older and bigger sister, Montreal.

Railway service between the two is of utmost importance, a fact well recognized by Canadian National. Trains leave Bonaventure Station at convenient hours and afford every travel comfort and convenience.

Full particulars of train service from any Canadian National Agent, or the City Ticket Office, 230 St. James Street, MAn 4731.

BRYAN MITCHELL

It was the sad duty of a reader in Nova Scotia to dispose of the personal effects of the author of this story. Among those effects was found this gripping Canadian romance—which was forwarded to the Witness for publication. This fact is remarkable, considering that Miss Maclean's literary work was almost unknown. Seldom have the opening chapters of a story evoked such general favorable comment.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Old Jock Sighs Happily

Montreal, Aug 2, 19—

My Dear Ruth:

I've read that letter of yours for the third time. Only a good letter will stand a second reading. What you said to me with reference to my accepting that position in Victoria, which should rightly go to you as medalist, was kind indeed. It reminded me of your mother. She had a way of saying very nice things like that.

Need I say how glad I am that you are having such a pleasant summer at Mr. Durland's. I see by the papers he is likely to be appointed Judge this coming autumn. I think it lovely for the children to call him Daddy Durland. The son, Dr. Durland, of whom you are standing in such dread, may not prove to be such an awe inspiring specimen after all. You know the Kinsmans in Victoria; they are acquainted with him, and they think he is perfectly splendid, and there is no gain-saying the fact that he is a very clever doctor. He has done wonderful things in surgery. The Kinsmans mention him often in their letters. It seems the only thing abnormal about the man is that he is now on the road between thirty and forty, and still a bachelor. If I ever meet the said Dr. Durland, I'm going to tell him what you said about his photo, the one with his hands behind his back. That's too good to keep.

I notice that you never mentioned Bryan Mitchell's name in your letter; such omissions are very conclusive—but honestly, Ruth dear, Bryan is one of the finest fellows in the world. He and I never got along very well. I was always having a tantrum or trying to run him or something. My tantrums were lost upon him, and I could no more run him than I could run Lloyd George. But seriously, Ruth, we owe him a very great deal on Tom's account—dear old Tom. Did I tell you he has gone into Y. M. C. A. work? He was physically unfit after losing so much blood to enlist for the firing line—though I believe that's where he'll land—but he was determined to go in some capacity, and you know his way. I did not tell you before that he and I joined the church. I know this news will bring to your mind many of the irreligious, sarcastic things I used to say about conversions to order. I did not know what I was talking about, but surely that is a lame excuse. I've had a terrible awakening, but thank the good Lord I'm awake now, and trust and pray never again to fall into such a lethargy.

Tom and I were in prayer meeting last night. He led the meeting, and there were times, to save my life I could not keep back the tears, but they were tears of gladness. On the way home I asked Tom what led him to see things so differently. "Well, sister," he replied, "the Lord was behind the whole scheme, but the agents he used were Bryan Mitchell and the fifteenth Psalm. Bryan read that Psalm to me one night and I felt like throwing the book at his head, but there was something living, vital, in those clear cut statements, and they took root, and when that Psalm takes root in any man's heart the world and its ways step back to where they belong: 'He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not.' I know of no sentence that photographs the true man in so few words."

And, Ruth, you have no idea how ashamed and mortified I feel when I think of Percy Gaveston. I tremble in terror when I think of the awful abyss I so nearly stumbled into. What a fool I've been, but there's one thing gained, I've had a lesson that will last for life. I have not even the consolation of saying, I did not know. I did know—knew all the time that he was a camouflage and not a man—and still I permitted his attentions because he had a limousine, a yacht, and several diamonds. Now, what claim have I to refinement? Ruth, dear, there is a decidedly coarse streak in your friend Pearl. Soul, heart and conscience need a housecleaning. The strange thing is how differently I see things now. If Tom had died I should never forgive myself, never! never! I'm going to clean my pen now and write no more on this subject.

I'd love to see you before I start for B. C., but now that Marion has started to school I infer that you will not be in a hurry coming back. And what do you think? Alice Peters is engaged to Prof. Montgomery! He must have forgotten his dead languages long enough to speak a living word into Alice's ear, at any rate

she is absurdly—no I mean mightily—happy. Fred Wood is seeking consolation at the home of Ruby Hill judging by appearances, he is being comforted.

In your next letter I want you to use the same characters you used in your last. I'm acquainted with them in a bookish sort of way—Uncle Sandy, Phil Ryan and Mike, to say nothing of the awe inspiring doctor—and, oh, yes,—Bryan, be sure and say something about him, and I'll stop. You may take for granted that I send love and kisses to you and Marion and Aline.

Your old friend,
Pearl De Wolf.

Ruth sat with the open letter in her lap for some time. She was filled with a great gladness for Tom and Pearl. She felt surer than ever before that the providence of God was at work in the world, and that all was well.

Folding the letter she was about to replace it in the envelope when her eye caught the phrase 'the awe inspiring doctor.' A red tinge quickly mounted to her cheeks. How foolish she was to have mentioned his name at all—awe inspiring, indeed! could anything be more absurd? But here her reverie was interrupted by a voice in the hall. "Miss Melrose, Miss Melrose, come quick. I've captured a new idea and I'm not able to land it without your help."

Ruth ran lightly down the stairs. "At your service, Dr. Durland. I'll shut the door in case it makes its escape. What, and where is the idea?"

"I wish to move this family out to McIntosh Lake tomorrow—every last member of it. There'll be some persuading needed, seeing we'll be obliged to sleep in the trees for one night at least. Of course Uncle Sandy and Bryan will be in the party. But before we go further I wish you to drop out that 'doctor'. The title is all right when I'm on duty, but now, I'm home and for the time being I wish to forget that I'm a doctor. I wish to be the boy Robert again. So please remember to call me Robert. Promise now, on the spot, and then we'll proceed to make our plans."

"Very well, Dr. Durland—I mean Robert—but I've noticed how very proper, and particular, you are about calling me 'Miss Melrose', Ruth would sound very much better to me."

"Very well, Ruth. Shake hands over our compact. Ruth, and Robert, that's not bad, now, how can we arrange for our outing? Can we persuade mother to come?"

"I don't know; she hasn't been feeling very sprightly for the last few days. She seems to mind the heat a good deal. Will the outing be very fatiguing?"

"Not necessarily so. Father's big car will take us comfortably to within two miles of the lake, and I think it will be quite possible to hire some one to drive us those two miles, though I think some of us would prefer walking the distance. Those two miles are exceedingly rough."

"I'm beginning to feel little sparks of enthusiasm darting through me. I'm truly excited about going. It will be the jolliest kind of fun, and we'll have a real camp fire to sit around in the evening, and—"

here she suddenly stopped speaking, and clapping her hands she began waltzing around the table. Dr. Durland met her half way round, and the two waltzed out through the hall and into the living-room to the music of the wind on the shores of the lake, so they said.

Mrs. Durland laid aside her magazine when they entered the room. Her son went over and sat at her feet. "Please, Mamma, do something for me," he said.

His mother smiled rather wistfully; that was an old familiar sentence often used by her baby boy when coaxing for some favor. "I knew a little boy long years ago who used that sentence with good effect many, many times. What is the something you wish me to do now? Maybe I'll do it for Auld Lang Syne."

"Well, mother, I'd like—we'd like you and all the rest of us to lay aside some of this civilization which is just a little oppressive at this time of the year and 'let us awa' to the Lake,' as Uncle Sandy would say. Let us drop back several centuries and live the simple life for a couple of days at least. I'd suggest that we go back to the Stone Age, seeing there's little but rocks around that lake. Will you come, Mother o' mine?"

"You silly boy, it's hard for you to realize that your mother is an old woman now. Wouldn't it be better for you to make up a party of young people?"

"Not by any means. I don't know any body who can so thoroughly enjoy a really good time as you and father, and Uncle Sandy, and Bryan and—oh, the whole

crowd of us. Bryan will be going back to college again next week, so what we do must be done quickly. And mother, since I've begun talking to you, the thought came to me that we should invite Mrs. Ryan to come along with us. She's been a treasure this summer. She's helped Bessie over many a hard place; she knows when to come; and better still, she knows when to go, and there's no question that she's a lovely cook. That compliment does not mean that we invite her as a convenience, though I know she'll wish to be head chef on the lake shore."

"It wouldn't do any harm to invite her any way," remarked his mother, "but, Robert, you're not inviting her just to have fun with her, are you?"

"Land Sakes! no mother, my motives are the best. Mrs. Ryan has always been kind to us, and we've never done much more than just pay her in money. Nellie is the only one of us who ever was really nice to her. I wish Nellie was here to go along with us. May I register your name as one of the party, mother?"

"If father wishes to go, we'll see. What day do you start?"

"Not later than tomorrow. We must hurry. Come Ruth, we'll go and interview Mrs. Ryan."

They found her seated on the steps of her veranda, shelling peas for the next day's dinner. She saw them coming and hastily laid aside her work and proceeded to remove her work-apron, but Dr. Durland said, "Don't stop, Mrs. Ryan, just let us sit on the porch. It's lovely and cool here, and you keep right on shelling peas. We mustn't stay long, so we better state our errand right away. We've come to invite you to go on a fishing trip with us, to the MacIntosh Lake. Phil can spare you for two days, and we think you'd like the outing."

A tinge of pink suffused Mrs. Ryan's sun-burned face, and her eyes sparkled. "It's uncommon kind of you to invite me, and if I can be of any use in the world, I'll go."

"Please don't misunderstand us. We're not inviting you because you have the knack of making yourself useful. We just wish you to have a pleasant time with us."

"When I hear you talk like that I always think of Miss Nellie. It's not hard to see you're related. I'm powerful sorry I haven't my new summer dress made, but the strawberries, and one thing or the other kept me so busy."

"The dress you're wearing would be just the thing," said Ruth. "I'm going to wear that gingham dress, the one with the green check, you may have seen me wearing it in the mornings. Whatever we wear will have to be washed when we get back; and I think we should wear our heaviest boots."

"Well, now, I believe you're right, but I'd feel I should dress up for the occasion if you hadn't told me. Let me see now, how many meals will we have before we get back?"

"Now, Mrs. Ryan," said the doctor, "you're always anxious about much serving. There are six going from our house, so you'll let us look after the commissariat department this time, though probably we'll need some advice from you along those lines. I'm a fairly good hand at cooking on a flat stone myself."

"Oh, well, I'll bake up a few things in the morning, just to help along."

"Very well, only don't go and tire yourself out doing more than your share. Let some of the rest of us take a turn at the frying pan for once. Now, as we have to enlist Uncle Sandy and Bryan, we'll have to go."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Ryan, we'll see you tomorrow," said Ruth as they started across the fields towards Sandy MacDonald's.

At the pine grove they stopped for a minute or two. The sun was down, but the after glow still lingered, which contrasted beautifully with the soft dark shadows lurking under the fragrant branches.

"Do you know, Dr. Durland—I mean Robert—" said Ruth, "that Uncle Sandy has all these trees named. I know most of them by name now myself, and I love to come here. There's music here that I'm trying to capture. I almost got it several times; still it eludes me, but I'll get it sometime."

"I very well believe there's material in plenty here for the musician, the artist, or the poet, or even for the common mortal, if he has a soul. Uncle Sandy must see visions and dream dreams here. He loves the spot and keeps it so tidy."

"Uncle Sandy is splendid. He's a little bit like the pines himself."

"In what way?"

"Oh, he seems to adjust himself to one's moods so naturally. If one is gay, he is

the jolliest kind of company, and if one is sad and wailing he always has a sympathy which understands. When the wind is wailing the pines always sigh, you know."

"We must come here again, Ruth, some evening when we shall not have to hurry. I'd like to have one of those pines named Robert. And if it should be that I'm one of those who shall not return from over there, I'd like you to carve my initials on it, and still continue to call it Robert."

A rush of tears which she could not control dimmed her eyes, and she stooped to pick up a pine cone as a ruse to hide her emotion, and thus give herself a moment's time to regain her self-control. Her action was swift and natural, but not quick enough to elude the Doctor's keen glance. His first feeling was one of genuine surprise, then a great sorrowful gladness well-ed up in his heart.

Neither referred to the matter again, and soon they were busy with their plans for the morrow.

Uncle Sandy and Bryan needed no urging to go for a holiday. Mike could manage nicely during their absence.

In spite of his few lapses from the grace of temperance, Mike was now a trustworthy helper. Bryan teased him good naturedly about the horse he bought which had made its escape from the Ryan pasture. Mike would not so much as go to look for the animal, which, no doubt, made its way back to its old haunts. "No, bedad," said Mike, "O'll not be after lookin' fur throuble loike that. Whin O' want to die a natural death by 'bein' kicked to smithereens, O' don't want that crayther on the job."

"But I'd hate to get left," persisted Bryan.

"Faith, be just did fur me, phwat the Divil is not loikely to do fur you, yet a spell."

Mike made no verbal confession of penitence for his lapse from sobriety, but he worked with a faithful painstaking that evidenced a genuine repentance, and as the months and years went by Sandy MacDonald trusted him, and depended upon him more and more.

Next morning the fishing party was astray early. Phil said the best he could do that day was just to keep out of Martha's way.

About noon Dr. Durland and his father were returning from town in their car, and they stopped at the Ryan home to say that the party would start about three that afternoon. The number of boxes and baskets stacked on the table ready for transit astonished him as much as the odor of delicious food delighted him.

Mr. Durland arranged with a neighbor, who owned a motor-truck, to carry their baggage to the lake.

Phil was highly pleased that Martha was invited to go, and he came over to Mr. Durland's to see them off. His wife's parting injunction was, "There's two clucky hens in the shed, Phil, don't forget to feed them."

The ride to the lake was enjoyed by all, and when the road became too rough for comfort, they abandoned the car and walked the remaining distance. Mr. Durland offered to hire a team to drive them in but his offer was voted down, all declaring that it would be ever so much more pleasant to walk. The road which now was little more than a path, went winding through a forest of beech and maple which had little underbrush, where exquisite ferns of the deepest green clustered in bewildering abundance. Here, too, were trillium and lady's slipper in great perfection. The branches arched overhead forming a canopy of rustling leaves which here and there allowed a ray of sunlight to peep through. The party walked slowly and enjoyed every foot of the way. As they neared the lake they could hear the motor-truck laboriously making its way up the heavy rocky grade. At the lake it unloaded, and then began the work of preparing supper.

Mrs. Ryan possessed herself of a work-apron and pushed up her sleeves. Dr. Durland as promptly laid aside his coat. Ruth and Bryan came forward and offered their services but the Doctor waved them aside. "Mrs. Ryan and myself is each aspiring to the position of chef. No others need apply. You two will please console yourselves in the capacity of hewers of wood and drawers of water."

"A word to the wise," replied Bryan. "Come, Ruth, I know where the spring is. It's beyond that old deserted log-cabin. See?"

"That old cabin," said Ruth, "is just the

for
**Thin
Blood**



touch this place needs to make it complete. The poor old thing is to this picture all around here what a sweet, sad thought is to some of our happy memories. I'm glad it's here."

"Could you live in a place like this, Ruth?" asked Bryan abruptly.

"I don't think I could live here alone, but I could with—some people."

"And not be lonely enough to run away?"

"No, never think of running away." Here Ruth thought it prudent to change the subject. Have you had any late word from Tom De Wolf?" she inquired.

"Yes, I had a letter Monday. Tom is going to come out all right, you'll see."

"Is he going overseas?"

"Just as soon as he can get there, but you see he must 'bide his time', seeing that he is unfit to go as a private. I believe if men were not so much needed Tom would hardly be accepted in his present condition, but he'll recuperate very rapidly, he's so anxious to go. My! but I wish I were going along too. I know I'll be like something caged for the next eight months. I can't tell you how much I'd like to be going along with Dr. Durland's unit. It's the chance of a lifetime, but he says he'll try and get me on his staff when I'm through with college. Of course he, or nobody else, can tell just how things will have to be arranged. We'll go where we're sent. But he is such a perfectly splendid fellow I feel that it would be a great privilege to be with him. If I were a girl, Ruth,—say, if I were you—I'd be so much in love with Dr. Durland I'd be hardly responsible."

Dissembling was not an art with Ruth, and her expressive eyes told the secret she fain would keep. In a second she had herself in hand again, and adroitly changed the subject. But Bryan was not deceived; he had learned the truth.

"Ruthie, old chum, I'm jolly glad. I might have guessed this sooner. May I congratulate you?"

Ruth buried her face in her hands to hide her confusion. "Bryan, don't," she said almost sternly. "Dr. Durland has no idea of this—and he must not know."

"Must not know," repeated Bryan in amazement. "Why in the name of common sense must he not know? If you don't tell him, I shall."

Ruth turned and faced him with flashing eyes. "Bryan Mitchell, if you tell him I'll—but no, you could no more tell him than you could do any other dishonorable thing. I wish you knew how much I like those qualities you possess which make one trust you implicitly."

"We were always jolly good friends, Ruth, and we mustn't let a trifle like your marrying Dr. Durland make any difference with us. But honestly, I'd like to see things from your point of view for a minute. Now, a man would straighten out that tangle in about three minutes; I don't say but he'd stumble into several others which would prove much more inextricable. You see—"

"Yes, I see Mrs. Ryan coming this way in a hurry. Now, that's too bad. I very well believe she's coming for the water that we should have brought for them long ago."

"She'll give us Hall Columbia, I expect," and he was not mistaken.

"Here, you two!" came the shrill voice of the said Mrs. Ryan, "did you think it was next week we wanted the water? Where's that spring? Everybody is starving for supper, and you two jabberin' away here."

"Forgive, if you would be forgiven," quoted Bryan, "and I'll be back with the water in three minutes and a half. I'll run all the way there and back."

"Oh, you needn't hurry that much. My bark is always worse than my bite. Ruth and I'll go back and put on the last touches."

"Really, Mrs. Ryan," said Ruth, "it was all my fault that we forgot about the water. We began talking and forgot ourselves."

"Have a good time when you can, and don't let anything I say pester you. Bryan's going away soon, and he'd better make hay while the sun shines."

Mrs. Ryan, Ruth and Bryan all arrived back to camp at the same time. The doctor made the coffee and all sat down to a very enjoyable meal after which Sandy MacDonald and Mr. Durland pitched the tent and arranged some of the hammocks for the night.

"Isn't it strange," said Dr. Durland, "that we no sooner finish one meal than we begin planning for the next. I'd like some fried trout for breakfast, so if my partner, Mrs. Ryan, will spare me from the dish washing, I'll go out on the raft yonder and try my hand."

"Please don't stay out very late; we want you to help arrange our camp fire," said Ruth.

"No, I'll not stay out more than an hour. You select the site."

"I'll do the dishes," said Bryan. "I didn't help prepare supper, so it's my share."

"Go on with you," said Mrs. Ryan. "Do you think I want to see you poking round the dish cloths. You go and finish your confab with Ruth. I'd wash all the dishes we have in fifteen minutes."

"Ruth doesn't care a button for anything I have to say. She's in a fit mood to 'hire a boat and set me afloat, and tell me to paddle my own canoe,' or the nearest approach to that is to send me off on the

raft with Dr. Durland. If the raft is sea-worthy, or lake-worthy, you'll allow me to go along, Doctor, will you not?"

"I'd be a bit disappointed if you hadn't suggested coming. We'll hurry along and be back in time for the camp fire. Uncle Sandy will be a splendid hand to lay a foundation for it."

Ruth waved them a farewell from the shore and then went back to help Mrs. Ryan, but her offer of help was summarily rejected. "Never you heed these few dishes. There's only a handful of them. If I didn't have a few dishes to wash I'd think I got clear of the old world altogether. I had kind of the same feelin' when we were coming through the woods where the ferns were. I never did see such beauties. Do you suppose I could take one home with me, or would it die right away?"

"I think we could manage to transplant one. We could take lots of earth with it. I remember Mrs. De Wolf having one that Tom got for her. It never grew any bigger, but it was a beauty for several months."

"I'm going to try one anyway. Why, it would be most as good as a little trip back to the Jake just to see it every day."

Ruth next sought Uncle Sandy and Mrs. Durland. Together they selected the site for their camp fire, and all gave a hand at gathering dry sticks and other combustible material which they found in abundance along the shore.

"We'll not light it till we're all here," said Ruth. "I believe Bryan and Dr. Durland are pulling in to the shore now. Yes, they are coming. I hear them singing 'The Voyagers.'"

In a few minutes they had landed and Bryan was exhibiting with pride a string of beautiful trout. "These are good enough to satisfy even Mrs. Ryan—Why, where is Mrs. Ryan?"

Nobody seemed to know. They went back to where they had had lunch—everything was as snug and tidy as could be, but nowhere was Mrs. Ryan to be seen.

"I'll tell you," said Ruth, "I very well believe she's in the woods looking for ferns; you know she loves flowers, and she was wondering if she could take one home with her."

"It is more than likely that is where she is. I hope she did not go far; she might get lost. One might wander for a long time in a wood as large as this," said Mr. Durland.

"I'll call," said Bryan, and he raised a prolonged "oh-ho," that echoed away off over the hills, but brought no answer. Again and again they called, but with no better results.

"It's almost dark. We must hurry," said the Doctor.

"Have you any idea which way she started, Ruth?"

"She spoke of some of the lovely ferns we passed when we were coming in, but I'm not sure which way she started. Oh! please, let us hurry. She'll be terrified if she finds herself lost and darkness coming on so rapidly."

"How shall we proceed?" said Dr. Durland to Uncle Sandy.

"I think we'd better follow the road back a little, to where the ferns are in plenty; then some of us could go in on either side of the road but no' see far as to be out o' hearin'. We'll leave some one w' good lungs to patrol the road. Maybe she did no' gang far."

"And wouldn't it be wise for some one to stay here at the lake, in case she returns?" asked Bryan.

"I suggest that father and the ladies remain here; the rest of us must hurry."

About a quarter of a mile from the lake they reached the fern belt. Dr. Durland took his flash light from his pocket and began examining the road for tracks. A short distance further on they came to a spot where the ground was soft and damp; here they found a woman's track. They followed it closely until they came to the spot where she turned in off the road, and the tracks were lost in the maze of ferns and shrubbery.

Sandy was left to patrol the road while the other two disappeared in the forest which was now quite dusky. Sandy took the flash light and went further down the road, every once in a while stopping to look for tracks. "If she came back to the road," he said to himself, "and her head was turned, she'd no' ken which way to go, and more'n likely make the wrong turn." In a short time he found what he was looking for—the tracks which showed that just such a thing had happened.

Several lusty shouts called the searchers back, and they were about to start on a new route when to their great relief they saw the object of their search coming up the road, frightened and penitent.

"Land sakes! to think that I'd put you to all this bother looking for me—My! but I'm glad to see you. I thought I'd be feed for bears and foxes before the morning—but I'm ashamed to death giving you all this trouble. When I got out among the ferns I didn't seem to know where to stop; I just went on and on, but did ever you know of anything so stupid as me turning the wrong way when I came back to the road? I never suspected I was wrong till I came out at that old vacant place, and even then I couldn't make myself believe but the old house was shifted since we passed it a few hours ago."

As they returned to the lake Mrs. Ryan walked ahead with Sandy MacDonald;

Bryan and the doctor dropped behind, and their conversation was low and confidential. At length Bryan said, "Yes, Ruth is certainly a lovely girl. She is one of the best friends I have. I wouldn't lose her friendship for a great deal."

"Yes, I understand," replied the doctor, then with sudden vehemence he added, "Oh, boy, boy! I trust to God that you appreciate the greatness of your good fortune."

Bryan detected a note of something akin to bitterness in the doctor's voice. For a minute he thought in silence, then he said, "It is rare good fortune to be friends with such a girl."

Dr. Durland laid his hand with a heavy grip on the other's shoulder. "Tell me," he said, "are you dissembling, or are you two just good friends?"

"I'll refer you to Ruth herself for your answer. Ask her how and when you please, but I'd suggest that you ask her in the presence of Old Jock, the pine tree."

Around the camp-fire that evening a very social time was spent. The evening was sufficiently cool to make the fire quite enjoyable and the party that sat around it were in a mood to enjoy it. Sandy MacDonald told a tale of Old Virginia; Dr. Durland gave sketches of real life in the far North; and Bryan and Ruth sang some of the old favorites, with no accompaniment but the lapping of the waves on the shore. Shortly before midnight when the fire had burned low, the party dispersed and in an exceedingly short time the silence that reigned bespoke of sleep and pleasant dreams.

Ruth stirred restlessly in her hammock. It seemed to her that she was never quite so wide awake; she closed her eyes and held them tight to shut out the things of sight, then the sister sense, hearing, became sympathetically acute. Away off at the farther end of the lake an owl was hooting monotonously, and some where away over the neighboring hill she could faintly hear the barking of a fox.

Ruth lay still for what she thought was a very long time, then she slipped noiselessly from her hammock, donned a kimona and stole softly down to the lake shore. A belated moon was now shedding a pale, soft light over the waters of the lake, and the little ripples sparkled in the uncertain light. The lake was tideless, but a steady breeze from the south-west sent little wavelets up to the tiny beach. Ruth stood at the water's edge. She was not afraid, but a mysterious awe possessed her. She walked along the shore for some distance, when she suddenly stopped. There, a few yards ahead, she saw silhouetted against the sky the form of a man. He was sitting on a large boulder; his chin was resting on his palms as he gazed out over the lake. For a second she was startled, but in a moment she recognized the figure of Dr. Durland. Instantly she turned and fled swiftly and silently along the shore, then up the little path to where the tent was pitched.

Once Dr. Durland stirred. Could it be that something moved beside him? He thought it hardly probable, still, he was consciously disturbed—his reverie was broken—and soon he went quietly back to camp.

(Continued on page 30.)

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MACLEOD'S WIFE

By Annie S. Swan.

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SYNOPSIS

Margaret, wife of Angus Macleod, rising young Glasgow surgeon, is a native of Skye, and yearns for the open air and companionship of her husband. On a visit to the Dunlop's summer home she wins everyone but Belle, wife of Charles Drummond. A visit from her mother, Lady Mackinnon and her sister Patricia on Geoffrey Fielder's yacht, complicates matters, when Fielder confesses that he still loves her, not Pat, and after parting coldly with her sister, Macleod's work prevents his proposal of marriage. Macleod's work prevents him spending the holiday his wife had been planning and working for at the cottage she had secured at Colincloch, and she accepts Fielder's offer to take her to Skye. Storm and an accident to the yacht prevent their return the same day. She takes refuge with Peter, the Portree doctor, old-time friend of Angus, and tells her story. Peter visits Angus to arrange for an operation on Mrs. Ross and tries to bring about a reconciliation between Margaret and Angus, but the latter, torn by doubts stubbornly refuses to make any motion of reconciliation and back in Skye Peter knows that Margaret is determined that Angus must make the first move. Sorrowfully he returns home to meet Margaret's eager questions with a "let's get home to dinner and we'll talk about it after."

(Now read on.)

CHAPTER XXI.

Hunger of the Heart

The lamps were lit, the curtains drawn, and the fire built up cheerfully when Peter and Margaret reached the momentous subject once more. Margaret was very quick. She knew just as well as she could be told by something undefinable in Peter's manner and expression that things had not gone well at Glasgow so far as they concerned the breach between her and Angus.

Peter took a long time filling his pipe, and when it was filled appeared to have no use for it. Suddenly he glowered across the space and said bluntly: "Angus went down to Oban on Thursday night after all, Margaret. He was able to leave Glasgow earlier than he expected."

Her color flickered and then receded, leaving her cheeks white.

"So he arrived on Thursday night, and, of course, I wasn't there," she said after a pause.

"That's so, and Mrs. M'Tavish told him, apparently in more or less picturesque language, where you were, that Mr. Fielder had dined with you, and that you left the house, if not with him, at least to meet him almost with the screech of day."

"At six o'clock, to be exact," said Margaret in a low, level voice. Well, what next?"

"You'll just have to imagine it, my dear, giving rope to Angus's disappointment and anger and disposition to jealousy. All the elements are there, and they got up into a pretty fierce lobe, I can tell you. In a word, Angus hasn't recovered yet."

"Oh, but he will—when he gets my letter," said Margaret in a tone of cheerful confidence.

Peter sat silent a moment. "He got it, my dear, yesterday morning."

"Then why didn't he come back with you? But perhaps you have a letter for me and are just keeping it back on purpose."

"I've no letter, and he is not coming."

Margaret sat still a moment, her beautiful hands clasped on her lap, her fingers working.

"Then he is determined to keep on this silly vendetta with Geoffrey Fielder and with me?"

"At the moment he's seeing red, my dear. It's his love for you—"

Margaret clenched her hands and her eyes shot fire.

"I've no use for that kind of love, just none at all. It's too selfish altogether; in fact, it isn't love, but just pure, unadulterated selfishness."

"It's the only kind the pure Highlander knows, my dear, and he's got it badly."

"He's a caveman, nothing more nor less, but I won't be downed like this, nor crawl on my hands and knees to him. Not I! I was foolish, maybe, but I took great pains to explain to him everything about that trip. Did he say anything about my letter at all?"

"Did he say anything? Oh ay; he said you'd explained nothing, nor had made it any better, that was all."

"Very well, then. There isn't any more to be done."

Peter seemed to ponder deeply.

"You'll have to go back to Glasgow, Margaret."

"I will not—until he writes or asks me. As I said, I shan't crawl. I'm not a wicked woman, though I may be a silly one, and I'll write him no more letters. The next one will come from him."

Peter could say nothing. What was there to say?

"You're not keeping anything back from me, are you, Peter?"

"Nothing. We thrashed it out as well as we could. I'm sorry I'm in this, my dear, as a man must be to tackle a job he

can't put through. It's a concrete example of what happens to the man who interferes between a man and his wife. He gets all the blows from both sides."

"Oh, Peter, I haven't given you blows, have I?" asked Margaret, almost on the verge of tears.

"No, but Angus asked me what business it was of mine and such like, and he was quite right. I was well-meaning, but ill-advised. But I've left him thinking, and I told him"—here his eyes gave a feeble twinkle—"I told him he was making an ass of himself, and we parted without a good-bye."

"So I've parted you and Angus, Peter, adding one more to the sum of my enormities. Why was I ever born?"

"For the comfort and the torment of mankind apparently, but this will blow over yet if you do nothing rashly."

"Oh, I'll do nothing rashly, dear Peter. I've come to the end of doing."

"Ay, for a wee bit. But you'll go back to these two nice lassies you've got. My! but they were glad to see me, and all their talk was of you. I told Angus—"

"Yes, what did you tell him? Do you know that you have a most aggravating way of beginning a sentence and stopping in the middle? I know nothing about waiting, Peter. Please remember that."

"Dear woman, but you'll have to learn to wait; it's easily the biggest lesson in life, and the absolutely necessary one. But, as I was saying, I told Angus how very well off he is with the maids you've trained for him, and that I hoped he was sensible of his mercies."

"Splendid, Peter. He wouldn't like that."

"I'm easy; it's the truth. But they're only carrying on, toeing the line in first-class style, so that they may be able to hold up their heads to you when you come back, and it will not be a good thing if you leave that house for long, not a good thing for many reasons."

Margaret listened, but was in no way softened. "I wish you'd tell me what he said at Oban. He hadn't stayed long apparently."

"Oh, no; he came back to Glasgow next morning, but I gather that he saw these friends of yours you stopped with in the house on the hill."

"And told them, I suppose. Well, he'd get oceans of sympathy from Belle, anyway. I think Mrs. Dunlop and Lily, yes, and Mr. Dunlop, might give poor me the benefit of the doubt."

Peter did not like this style of talk, and tried to change it. He did not like any part of the story or the situation, and was at his wits' end what to do next.

"You don't want to turn me out tomorrow morning, do you, Peter? I rather think I see it in your eyes," she suddenly asked.

"No, I don't. You know that both you and Angus are welcome to come here and stop as long as you like, I was thinking—"

"Yes, Peter, there you are again. Can I help you to think?"

"Well, I'll see Mrs. Ross tomorrow, and if she's so very keen and won't go to Glasgow without me, maybe I'll take her at the end of the week. By that time Angus may have simmered down a bit."

"But I won't go with you, Peter, if that's what you're thinking—not unless he writes and asks me."

"No, but he might be persuaded to come back with me. Anyway, we must leave it at that. I'll have to go to the surgery now and make up my book for the morn."

Margaret did not sleep well that night, and next day she was preoccupied and sad. She did not offer to accompany Peter on his long round, nor did he ask her. Indeed, he needed quiet for a few hours from the Macleod affairs, for though he loved them both dearly, and Margaret was beginning to wind herself rather dangerously about his heart to the partial exclusion of Angus, he was a peaceable man, who needed solitude to do his work.

He was away all day, so Margaret had plenty of time for thought and for revolving round and round the vicious circle of her matrimonial affairs.

She was in something of a quandary, being practically without a wardrobe, and with very little money. In time for the afternoon post she wrote two letters—one to Mrs. M'Tavish at Colincloch, asking her to send something by parcel post, and one to the housemaid at Bath Street, directing her to find two evening frocks in her wardrobe and send them on, together with shoes and stockings to match. That done, she seemed to feel more settled in her mind. She told Peter about it at supper that night, and he appeared surprised.

"Don't be frightened, Peter. I'm not planting myself indefinitely, but I've made up my mind what I'm going to do, only, unfortunately, there's an insuperable obstacle."

"What is it?"

"Money."

"What do you want money for?" he asked

bluntly. "You don't need it here. I can lend you what you want."

"Can you? Could you cash a cheque for ten pounds and lend me other twenty?"

"What do you want so much money for?"

"I'll tell you presently. You see, I had a little nest-egg. Aunt Elapeth sends me a few pounds now and again, but, unfortunately, I spent the most of it buying furniture for that unwanted little house at Oban. I don't think I'm overdrawn, but I'm sure I can't have more than ten or fifteen pounds left."

"Well, what do you want thirty pounds for?" asked Peter, not suspiciously, but just directly.

"I want to go to Flowerdale in Ross first to see my mother. I think she's there yet with my sister Pat. My Aunt Caroline, mother's sister, has a house there."

"But you can get across to Ross on less than thirty pounds."

"Oh, yes. You're just treating me like a bairn, Peter, but I don't mind. I'm only going to Flowerdale to ask something. I want my father's address. Last I heard of him he was in Seville, but I've forgotten the name of the place, and, besides, I need to be sure that he hasn't left Seville."

"In Spain that is, if I remember rightly. Well, I think I'll advance the money for that without interest, for I'm dead sure, from what I remember of Sir Donald Mackinnon, that he'll give you very good advice, probably on the same lines as mine."

"I didn't say I wanted advice, Peter. But I do want to see him most dreadfully. You see, he happens to be the only creature in the world who understands me. He'd restore my self-respect. I've lost it, Peter. I've got the sort of feeling that I'm a bad character, needing to be punished and reformed."

"Nonsense! But I think it would be a good line to go and see your father. It would do you good. When do you want that money—the morn?"

"Peter, I do believe you're just overwhelmed with joy at getting rid of me. Otherwise why should you be in such a hurry to lend without interest?"

Her mouth was smiling, but her eyes had the pathos of the hills in their depths.

"If you want to think that you can," he said, and suddenly smiled across at her, that big, wide, humorous smile which covered his whole face, and was so like sunshine that it could create the illusion even on a sunless day.

"My dear, you're coming between me and my work, you and Angus, and I think you've arrived at the whole wise decision I've heard in this whole stupid and incredible mix-up. There'll be no trouble about the money, and I'll tell Angus when I see him where you've gone, unless you'll be writing to him yourself?"

"What did I say, Peter? I will write no more to Angus Macleod till he writes to me. You can tell him that if you like."

"I've sent for some clothes," was her next remark in a quieter voice.

"Where to?" he asked interestedly.

"I've some at Oban and some at home. I've written to both places."

"Then Angus will know there's something in the wind?"

"Not necessarily."

"But surely you didn't tell the lassies to keep it from him?"

"Peter, what do you take me for? But all sorts of things happen in our house that the master doesn't know or want to know. He isn't interested. It will simply never occur to Mairie to tell him. It might, however, but it's a matter of no consequence. I expect they'll come—the clothes, I mean,—in three days. I'll go to Flowerdale on Monday, Peter. I'm writing to Aunt Caroline tomorrow morning to prepare her."

She put all these plans into execution, and on Monday morning Peter drove her across to Kyleakin to get the ferry and the train.

Her heart was very full as she bade him good-bye at the pierhead.

"Peter, you're the best man in the whole world—yes, the very best, for you had no call to befriend tiresome people like us. I'll never forget it or you as long as I live."

"Wheast, I'm for none of that talk. If you really feel that way, you know the best reward you could give me."

"What's that, Peter?"

"Make it up with Angus and be done with this silly warfare. It never pays in any walk of life, but in matrimony it's fatal. You said you knew nothing about waiting, the other night. Well, don't wait on this business. Put it through. Write to Angus again. I'll be seeing him on Wednesday, and I'll have one more go at him, then I warn you I'll wash my hands of you both."

They parted then. Margaret wanted to kiss him, but reflected it might give him a fright, besides causing some consternation among the hangers-on about the pier. After she was seated in the boat a young woman came running along the pierhead, a last-minute comer, and leaped in just as she was being shoved off.

"You shouldn't run like that, Mrs. Macdonald," said the doctor reprovingly. "It's not like a Skye woman either to be so foolish."

"Ay, but I had to get this boat, doctor, for Alistair has to be meeting me at Dingwall," she replied, and then Margaret recognized the bonnie, sonsie creature as Effie Macleod, foster-sister to Angus, who had married a Macdonald, of Sleat.

It was the first time they had met since

they had both married, and recognition was mutual.

"You remember, me surely, Effie. I'm Angus's wife."

"Oh, I remember you fine," said Effie shyly. "Are you living at Corryvreck just now?"

"No. I've been on a visit to Dr. Mathieson at Portree."

"Oh, have you—and Angus too? He didn't come along to the Bruach."

"Oh, no. Angus is far too busy to visit anybody. You look very well, Effie. How is your husband?"

"Oh, Alistair is just fine, and we've a bairn, a bonnie wee lassie. You've none, I think?" said Effie in her frank, ingenuous way.

Margaret shook her head.

"Oh, well, there's plenty of time. I just ran up to see Shon's wife. She was Mrs. Macdougall's niece in Broadford, but maybe you'll not mind her? She's had twins—such a handful! One at a time is all a woman can manage, don't you think?"

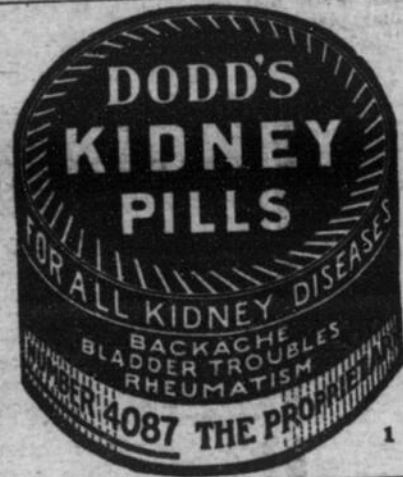
"I've no experience, but I should think so," said Margaret, smiling slightly. "Why are you going to Dingwall? I thought you lived at Sleat?"

"So we do, but it's the show at Dingwall, and Alistair he went on Saturday. He has an aunt in Dingwall, and we're to stop a day or two. The bairn is with Alistair's mother. This is the first time I've left her. I thought I'd like it, but after you're married it's not the same. The things you used to like don't matter any more. I like best to be at home."

This lore of the heart Margaret heard in silence, and when they reached the other side they walked together to the waiting train.

"Likely you'll be first-class," said Effie, holding back, having no desire to push herself upon her sister-in-law, whom she had never once seen since Angus married her. There was no sense of grievance about that at all; it was just the way of things. Angus lived a different life altogether, and the family had all scattered and divided since the death of their parents, though they still felt kindly enough to one another.

"No; I can't afford to travel first-class. I don't remember being in a first-class carriage for ages. I'm not going very far, anyway. I'll be getting out in less than an hour, so we'll travel together."



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Effie smiled and nodded, took a return ticket for herself, and observed that Angus's wife took only a single.

"You'll be going back to Glasgow from wherever it is you're going, most likely," she said simply.

"I don't know yet. Anyhow, I'll not be travelling back by way of Skye," Margaret answered.

There were few travellers, for the season was on the wane, and they had no trouble about getting a compartment to themselves. Margaret was extraordinarily glad to see Effie again. Somehow it seemed to bridge the strange gulf between her and Angus, to bring him nearer. She would no doubt have indignantly repudiated the idea that she wanted him brought nearer, but that was the true inwardness of her mind at the moment.

"You don't look any different, not a day older," said Effe. "Look at me, I'm so fat. Alhstair, he laughs and says it is my good nature. He's thin enough, but, then, he has a fiery temper. All the Macdonalds have."

"Have they? But does he ever show it to you, Effe?"

"Oh ay, whiles, but I pay no attention to him. I tell you what I think now I've seen the way men go on. They're naething but bairns, and it iss as bairns they're best treated. Alhstair's a grand farmer, but it's the only thing he kens. It's me that has to ken a' the rest."

Margaret sat back in her corner, thoroughly enjoying herself, blessing the happy chance that had thrown her and Effie together in this casual and unexpected fashion. "It's delicious to hear you, Effie. I remember you were always very good-tempered, more so than your brothers."

"Angus was the hot one," said Effe, and he took a long time to cool down, and aye he would be thinking things that were clean ridiculous. I've seen him and Shon fighting with their fists over perfect nonsense."

"Well, he's like that yet, Effie," said Margaret on the spur of the moment.

Effe looked slightly taken aback.

"Oh, but he would never be showing any of his temper to the like of you," she said in a low voice. "Besides, he's a man grown now, and ought to be knowing better. Tell me, do you like Glasgow? I didn't care so very much for it once when I went with Shon to see his wife before they were married. It's a terrible big, noisy place."

"I don't care for any cities. I'd like to

come back and live in Skye," answered Margaret.

"But you can't do that, can you, so long as Angus is doctoring and working at the hospitals?"

"No, we can't, worse luck; but be glad all the days of your life, dear Effie, that you are in Skye, and never, never seek to leave it."

Effe was struck by something poignant in her sister-in-law's tone, and pondered it in her heart.

"I believe, Alhstair," she said that night to her big husband, "that it's because she hasna a bairn. I hope she'll hae one some day. It would just be terrible, I think, to be married and hae nae bairn."

She did not tell, though she cherished it in her heart, how Angus's wife had kissed her when they parted at the station where she alighted, and said she hoped they'd meet again at no distant day.

(To be continued)

Broken Ships

(Continued from page 10.)

their ranks, Laura McLaine alone retained her seat.

"What are your objections, Miss McLaine, please?" inquired David somewhat curtly. The girl's opposition bothered him not a little, and his irritation was evident in the brevity of his address towards her.

"I refuse to render them," she replied, equally curt, "and also I tender my resignation."

"Don't be silly," put in Ewan, "I don't want any demonstration of sympathy. A little drink won't hurt anybody."

"Why Ewan, you used to be the strongest lecturer we had on the dangers of the 'first glass,'" cried Laura almost tearfully.

"Don't remind me of my childish pranks," admonished Ewan in an attempt at jocularity. "I worried myself out of that rut long ago."

"We aren't getting anywhere like this," interrupted Dannie Thayer. "If they choose to resign, let them, much as we will miss them. It is storming outdoors."

"And indoors, too," supplemented Ewan.

"Tis so, indeed," sobbed Laura. "All our little ships are drifting every way, and you're the cause of it, Eleanor Reid, with your wine and your cocktails and all the other evils which money can purchase."

Some day you will be sorry though, just wait and see."

With the words Laura McLaine walked out of the hall letting a gust of wind and leaves in through the door as she shut it behind her.

"Excuse me, too, folks," said Ewan carelessly. "I'd better see that she gets home safely. It is a pretty rough night all round. S'long folks. Keep on preach'ng, Davy, you may not scare all your victims away, and maybe you will do some good some day when you come off your perch and realize that you are a sinner yourself also."

Leaving those words to rankle in his brother's breast Ewan followed after Laura.

The sadly disconcerted league, now deprived of two of their best leaders, went half-heartedly about the task of electing their new member. There was a light of selfish triumph on Eleanor Reid's face as she stood up to be received into membership. Laura McLaine was disposed of to her satisfaction at least, and her noticeable power over David McKinnon filled her with elation.

The storm had by this time risen alarmingly, and the meeting broke up with scant ceremony. The members whispered together in pairs and Eleanor's welcome from most of them was somewhat strained. The increasing fury of the gale without soon caused them to forget all but the quickest way of reaching the shelter of their homes.

It cost the boys considerable effort to fasten the door securely against the onslaught of the wind. Bits of dirt and decayed limbs from the nearby trees whirled around them as they walked down the pathway.

The boom of the Bay waters thundering against the cliffs and the swish of the same over the smoother beaches came to their ears above the noise of the swaying trees. Over it all the roar of the greater waters outside of the Bay rose and filled the air with a mighty bass-like undertone.

The group parted at the limit of the Hall grounds, each with a prediction of a wild night to come, and David turned away with Eleanor up the road leading toward her home.

"It is so good of you to come with me," murmured Eleanor clinging to David's arm. "I would never have managed here alone. What a wicked storm!" she cried as the wind flung her back, and she was saved from a fall only by her companion placing his arm firmly about her waist.

Her efforts to speak were drowned by the shrieking wind. It was as though a million demons had suddenly become loose, and each one was trying to outdo the other in violence, and pandemonium reigned. The hurricane filled their ears and tore at their garments angrily.

Overhead wild dark clouds sped hither and thither like fiend-pursued souls, and a white moon flashed through the chaos at intervals, making a more fearful and weird scene than total darkness would have produced.

David could not imagine how long they were breasting the hill that was usually the work of a few minutes. He was almost exhausted, for Eleanor was so helpless in the teeth of the elements that he was very nearly carrying her along, and they were in constant danger of being hit by flying objects. The air seemed to be full of dark sinister things, and once a piece of board struck David's forehead. He felt a warm trickle on the side of his face but avoided mentioning it to his companion.

"Oh! we will never get home," complained Eleanor half-tearfully, and thereupon she ceased to make any further efforts to walk.

"Yes, we will," he assured her. "You must try again. If we stop here the wind will batter us back down the hill, and it would be equally dangerous to seek the shelter of the trees. Do not be afraid, it is not so very bad, yet."

"It couldn't be much worse, I'm sure. Mother will have a fit worrying about me," whined Eleanor.

(Continued on Page 30.)

Her Kidney Trouble Quickly Disappeared

Ontario Lady Tells of Benefits Derived from Dodd's Kidney Pills

Miss E. Hannah Always Keeps Dodd's Kidney Pills in the House

Belleville, Ont., Jan. 25 (Special) "I had a terrible backache," writes Miss E. Hannah, 100 South John St., Belleville. "I went to my Drug Store and got a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I had taken the whole box my back was better. From now on I keep a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house. I find they help me wonderfully."

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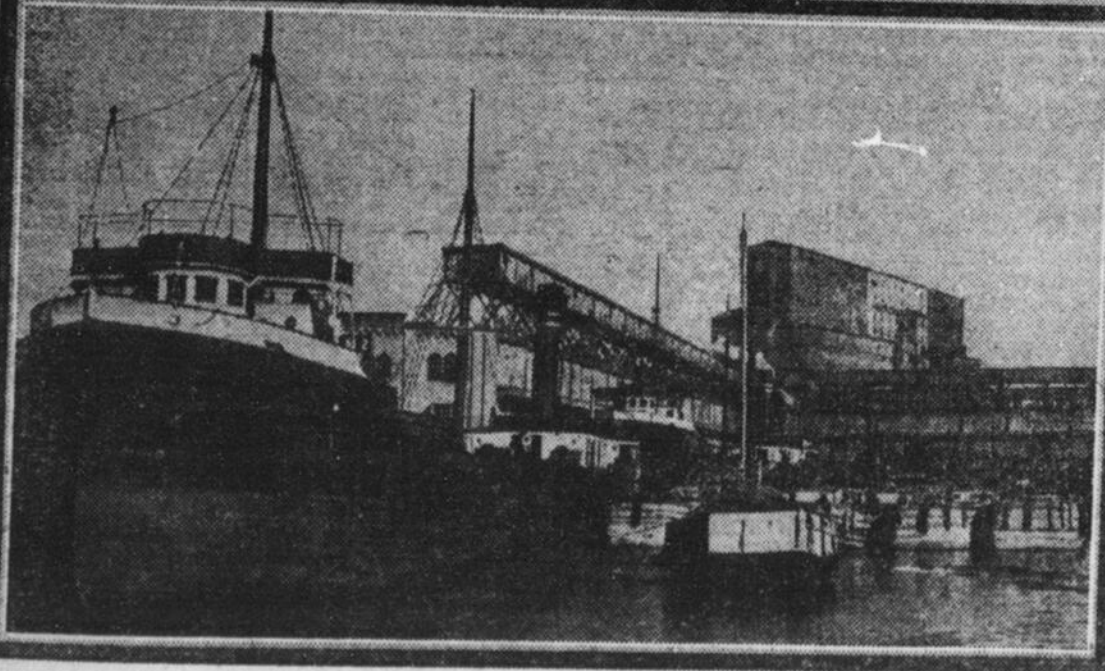
I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely helped me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find help without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 156-A Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N.J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

PILES

Do you suffer with this complaint? If so, send me your name and address and let me tell you, free, how I rid myself of Piles by an old family remedy.

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Box 250-B, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

YEAR	OCEAN GOING VESSELS	VESSELS OF ALL KINDS
1926	1,421	7,618
1927	1,610	7,798
YEAR	TOTAL TONNAGE	
1926	16,667,324	
1927	17,322,444	



MONTREAL HARBOR PROGRESS

The great influence that the River St. Lawrence has on Canadian trade and commerce is again reflected in statistics just compiled. They show that not only has the port of Montreal, for six consecutive years, shipped more grain overseas than any other port on the American continent, but that 189 more sea-going ships visited the harbor—making a grand total of 1,610—during the navigation season just closed, as compared with the number in 1926. Interesting figures covering the number of vessels, tonnage, etc., for the past two years, appear in the above picture. Below is a general view of Montreal Harbor, with its huge elevators and warehouses in the background. Above, at the right, is a view of the angel-topping old Bonsecours Church, whose light has guided mariners into the harbor for 250 years. Bonsecours Church is known as "the Sailor's Church."

FARM GARDEN AND HOME

Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

Prayers, Rabbits, and Pioneers

A Homely Tale of Farm Life in Northern Ontario.

By George Kingsley Reed, J.P.

(All rights reserved.)

When we located upon this farm some years ago, it was all green bush, without a semblance of a farm, we had purchased it from the Ontario government for fifty cents an acre and it has cost us about thirty-five dollars an acre to clear and cultivate what we now have.

This spacious log house we live in was built almost entirely by my hard working wife and myself—the only assistance we had was two men for two hours to help hoist the top logs and the ridge pole.

We resorted to all manner of ideas and contrivances in order to raise these logs. How I remember using long skids and a rope, sometimes when we ran into a difficulty I would tie one end of the log while my wife held the other end, then I would hurry to the end she was at and say, "Now then, Irish yo heave," and up it would go, then I would go back and untie my end, and call to mother to "roll".

But why did we not get men to help? Because most everyone had just moved in and were too busy with their own problems—we were all very anxious to get in out of the rain, our effects were getting spoiled, and we were getting impatient.

That first spring we shall never forget. It was a test of endurance, but we bore it well and today we can enjoy the fruits of honest toil.

The cleaning of the land took up much of our time and I remember working away one day—the flies were very bad and it was much too warm; we had been without meat for weeks and I felt "gant", in fact, it seemed as if something had caved in within the region of my "bread-basket". Funds were low, and getting lower.

That evening when I went in to supper, my good wife said "Well Dad, I haven't got much for supper, but what doesn't fatten will fill up anyway."

"That's all right," I said. "I wish the good Lord would send us a rabbit or something."

While this conversation was going on my little girl who was then six came on tip-toe over to me and said, "Daddy, there's a big jack-rabbit in front of the door." Do you know, I was quite surprised,—but nothing doubting, I took down my shot gun and sent him a hearty invitation to stay for dinner—and he did.

Next morning mother had it all planned how she could get the most out of the rabbit. She made a pie and put a few suet dumplings in. I went out to my work with a heart and a half, thinking what a great "feed" we were going to have at noon.

It rolled around to ten o'clock, and who should I see coming along, Bibie under his arm, but Jim Smith of the Shanty-man's Christian Association. "Hello, Mr. Reed," he called. (I can't quite put the ripple on the R the way that good old Scot can—it was natural to him).

"Now Jim," I said, "are you staying here for dinner?" "Why, sure," he replied, "I might go farther afield and do worse." "Well then," said I, "You'll need an appetite—better put your book in the shack and get into a pair of overalls and help me pile up this 'slash'."

He looked somewhat surprised, but he was game, and it was fun to watch those soft white hands of his using my axe. I was afraid he would chop his feet, and as we had no first aid kit we went to dinner early.

Talk about a welcome floating out upon the air as we reached the door! I could feel my mouth watering. I was hungry and ready, aye, ready.

"Now, Jim, don't start reading that Bible now," I said, "You can't do me any good while I'm hungry." So he put it down again and we sat down. Up went a few hands, and a few heads bowed while Jim said something about being thankful—I was too hungry to remember details, but I remember saying to him, "God bless a wife that can cook."

If you can put the "stuff" on the farmer's table, his children will stay home and help him to enjoy it; but if it's a fry or a frizzle twenty-one times a week—better look out.

After we were well filled Jim read the Bible to us, and said a few words, then we all knelt down, except the boy. Kingsley said he wanted to watch for another rabbit. He watched while we prayed.

We talked awhile and helped mother wash up a stack of dishes. Then Jim went on to see some other settler and I went back to work. Say! I felt good. Do you know, a good square meal bolsters up a man's good resolutions, puts new

heart into him, more 'spark', if you like, and it's a great fortification against temptation.

Many a day since then have we thanked God's providence—kind and large—for His goodness to us here when we were wrestling with the ragged edge of civilization, and today there is no sweeter place for me than this home we towed out of this wilderness, no happier, pleasanter occupation than these fields we made afford me, and it is as true today as it was yesterday, that "whatsoever a man sow, that shall he also reap."

COMMON MISTAKES IN THE APIARY

(By C. B. Gooderham, Dominion Apiarist)

Beekeeping is a business of details; to neglect them is to flirt with disaster. One of the most common mistakes in an apiary is to neglect requeening the bees at the proper time; it results in weak colonies and possible death of the same, excessive swarming and reduced crops. All weak and failing queens should be replaced as soon as detected and all colonies should be headed by good prolific queens during the spring and fall. Disastrous mistakes are too often made in preparing bees for the winter and many colonies are either lost or weakened through lack of strength, too little food, unwholesome food or inadequate protection. It is better to give too much than too little, and wise to give every colony fifteen to twenty pounds of sugar syrup, even though they have enough honey stored for the winter. Good protection conserves the bees' energy during the cold weather and also reduces the amount of stores required by them. Early spring feeding is a mistake; it should be done in the fall when feeding for the winter. A colony that has an abundance of stores will start brood-rearing long before the weather is suitable for an examination and will also build up much more rapidly than one short of food. Get enough stores into the colony during the fall to carry it through until the late spring. Colonies are often retarded in the early part of the season by not having enough room for the queen to expand her brood nest to the maximum. Hives smaller than the Jumbo should be given an extra super, without a queen excluder, as soon as they show the least sign of congestion. Much honey is lost through faulty supering during the honey flow and through natural swarming. The nature of the honey flow should control the number of supers given and natural swarming can be prevented.

Cherries Need Cross Pollination

If you are considering planting cherry trees do not make the mistake of setting out only one variety. Observations made during two seasons in sweet cherry plantings in the Hudson river valley have convinced the horticulturists of the New York station that good yields of sweet cherries cannot be secured without cross-pollination. It is believed that this holds good for cherry plantings in general.

In a solid block of Winsor cherry trees, says this specialist, the set of fruit on the row of Winsor trees next to a row of Black Tartarian trees was over 47 per cent, while in the second row of Winsors it was about 25 per cent; in the fourth row a little over 24 per cent, in the seventh row 21 per cent, in the ninth row 23 per cent, and in the 10th 25 per cent.

Hand pollination with Black Tartarian pollen gave over 50 per cent set in whatever part of the orchard it was tried, showing that the trees were able to set fruit when properly pollinated.

"The yield of fruit in this orchard would have been doubled if proper pollination had been effected," say the station specialist. "In other words an orchard half the size of this one, if adequately pollinated, would have produced just as much fruit and with a proportionately smaller outlay of labor and capital.

"As an emergency measure until inter-planted trees of other varieties begin to bloom, it is planned in the spring to cut blossoming branches from trees of other varieties and place them here and there about the Winsor orchards in pails of water. It is hoped that in this way the chances of cross pollination will be materially increased."

Leafless Trees

This is the time for gardeners and those who have wood lots to look to the growth and characteristics of their trees.

"Winter," says Gilpin, "discovers the nicer part of the ramifications of trees, the little tender spray on which the hanging of the foliage and the peculiar character of the tree so much depend. I am in doubt," he adds, "whether an old rough interwoven oak, merely as a single object, has not as much beauty in winter as in summer. In summer it has unquestionably more effect, but in point of simple beauty and pleasure, I think I should almost prefer it in winter."

He then proceeds to speak of this revealed character of tree sprays, which is so precious a winter gift. The spray of the oak breaks out nearly at right-angles and is thick and interwoven. Three or four shoots will often spring from the same knot. In the case of the ash, the spray is more simple. It divides not from the extremity of last year's shoot, but from the sides of it. As both shoots rarely come to maturity, the ash does not give the appearance of formality as is the case with the spruce fir. Elm and beech sprays shoot out at acute angles, especially the beech, and in both cases the sprays are alternate.

On such things as the angle of the sprays, and the alternate occurrence of them or otherwise, does the shape of a tree depend. Winter is the time for observation of these things. We can watch this character then as at no other season. That is one of winter's gifts. The leaves in their falling make possible a new enriching. In some ways one gets to know trees, as one gets to know some wild creatures, more intimately in winter than in summer.

Not everybody has seen this beauty of the leafless tree. It is easily seen once it is pointed out, but sometimes, unless our attention has been drawn to it, it is missed. That is a memorable hour when the beauty of trees in winter is seen for the first time. It dawned upon me quite unexpectedly one winter's day, in the New Forest.—Frank Garth, in the Woman's Magazine.

QUEBEC LEADS

Prince Edward Island Forced to Take Second Place in Fox Farming

The number of farms devoted to raising fur-bearing animals in Canada is increasing and figures issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics show that for

1926 there were over 400 more such establishments than in 1925. In the latter year 2,283 were recorded, but in 1926 the figure had risen to 2,702.

Curiously enough, the province with the greatest number of fox farms is not Prince Edward Island, which had 575, but Quebec, with 586; Ontario was a close third in 1926 with 496, while Nova Scotia with 241 and New Brunswick with 220 followed. All of the nine provinces and the Yukon Territory are in the fox raising industry, and all provinces indicate an expansion of the business.

The total value of fur-bearing animals in 1926 throughout Canada was \$11,007,530, with the total value of property adding another \$14,888,705 to the capital amount.

Are you making plans now for good hog pastures next spring, summer and fall? Alfalfa is conceded to be the best pasture. Next come sweet and red clover, rape and mixtures of rape, oats and sweet clover.

The first cargo of British Columbia pears ever shipped from Vancouver to England went out on the motorship Lochgoll recently. It is consisted of 1,000 cases. The apple movement is well under way and there are fair-sized shipments of fruit and vegetables to the Antipodes.



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PEDLAR'S METAL-BUILT PRODUCTS

Summer Flowers for Winter Bouquets

"Oh, why d'd I not plant some of those last summer," one enthusiastic gardener exclaimed as she admired the winter bouquets of a friend. And not knowing the answer to that, we could only say, "Do it next spring and order the seeds now before you forget."

With seed catalogues coming in and garden space not unlimited we need to plan ahead if we wish to add even a few of the plants that give us such delightful decorations for the long winter months.

Fortunately for those whose space is limited most of the things which are effective for drying are also good in the garden. Take for instance the ornamental grasses. Not only are they effective for winter bouquets but if you sow or plant groups of them alternately with your groups of flowers; even in the small borders of a suburban garden or grow them in pots to set in among the flowering plants of your window box you will be delighted with the effect. They are delightful also with cut flowers adding daintiness to an arrangement of sweet peas or other cut flowers.

The lovely annual grasses are as easy to grow as lawn grass and every gardener should have at least some of them. Such graceful grasses as *Agrostis Nebula*, which is a foot and a half high, and *Agrostis Pulchella* which is only a third as tall. The *Brizas* run from 12 to 18 inches. *Bromus brizaeformis* is a beauty, a foot tall with attractive hanging heads. *B. maxima*, quaking grass is pretty for bouquets. Love grass (*Eragrostis brizaeformis*) and Job's tears (*Coix Lachryma*) are two feet; and there are other sorts about five inches and still others five feet tall. Almost any seed catalogue will list some of these. Messrs Ryder, of St Albans, England one year had over three dozen in penny packets. *Pennisetum rupeellianum*, Purple Fountain Grass, 3 feet high with graceful green foliage and cylindrical purplish plumes and *P. longistylum* with greenish white plumes 2 feet high are both fine, the first recommended for growing with Cannas.

There are also the perennial grasses. The Pampas Grass (*Gynerium argenteum*) is one of the noblest of these throwing up long silky white plumes in the late summer which remain beautiful many weeks. For winter use it should be cut before the frost touches the heads. It may be planted in autumn or spring and is propagated by seed sown under glass in spring.

The Great Reed, *Arundo conspicua*, with its fine, silky white panicles, which may rise to 8 feet in August is no mean rival of the Pampas grass. *A. donax* is still taller, often attaining 12 ft. Although the panicles are reddish at first they fade off white. A dwarf variety called *versicolor* has variegated leaves. Propagation is by seeds or division in spring. Any cool, moist garden soil suits it; a thin dry soil is not good.

Of the Eulalias, whose name means literally "much praised" *Japonica zebrina* is one of the most graceful ornamental grasses and a strong clump looks well on the lawn. It is not particular as to soil and may be increased by division in the spring.

Honesty or Moonwort (*Lunaria biennis*) grows well in almost any position in the garden and its flat white transparent seed pods are charmingly decorative if cut in sprays and used in winter. The plant is easily raised from seed sown in the spring. It is hardy and will thrive in most soils if the site is shady, but it prefers a moist heavy soil. It is attractive when in bloom, for the flowers are borne freely and are bright rose in color. There is also a white variety.

All the Sea Lavenders (*Statice*) are splendid plants either for border or rockery producing all summer panicles of tiny flowers, which are fine for drying for winter bouquets. They come in purple, mauve, yellow, and white; and there are both annual and perennial varieties. They like a friable loamy soil. The annuals are propagated by seed the perennials by division.

Physalis, generally known now as the Chinese lantern plant is perhaps the most popular plant for winter use now we are such lovers of bright orange and vermilion. It is like our old ground cherry but the dry husk is brilliant and much larger than the little brown case of the cherry. One warning let us give. If your ground is rich put *Physalis* where you will not mind its rambling as it spreads rapidly by large white root-stocks. It is a hardy perennial. When drying the sprays of Chinese lanterns stand them in a jar as otherwise when using them they will be upright like flowers not hanging in their natural lantern fashion.

Baby's Breath, the Perennial *Gypsophila* with its heads of minute silvery grey flowers, may also be dried, and gives a delightful cloud effect. A most decorative but comparatively little-known perennial which may be added to this list is the sea holly (*Eryngium*). The flower heads are surrounded by steely-blue colored bracts which will last for a considerable time in doors.

Bright colored flowers are not wanting for our winter bouquet. Any one who has once grown the Mons

Shraw flowers (*Helichrysums*) will be loth to leave them out however crowded the garden may be. Nowhere among the flowers will be found more lovely shades of color from soft creamy white through all the yellows and orange shades to the deepest of brown shading into the red and back through carnation and all shades of crimson and rose to the faintest and most delicate of pinks. True the texture is as their name indicates, hard and glossy, but that is what ensures their lasting all winter and indeed for several winters without becoming faded or draggled. The one precaution necessary to having them at their best is to pick them as soon as the color is perfect and hang them heads down in a dry airy place. Picked when full open they are apt to go to seed and the grey feathery centres take away from the color effect.

Pure white may be found in the *Ammobium*, Everlasting Immortelle. The plant of this grows 3 feet high and blooms from July to October with flowers an inch in diameter.

The *Rhodanthes* are half hardy annuals, everlastings of great beauty. They are neat and compact in growth which cannot be said of all the straw flowers, and were when ribbon beds were in fashion often used. *R. Manglesi* is useful for pot culture as well as for the garden and the bright rosy pink and white flowers with silvery calyx dries well if picked before it is mature. They succeed best in a light rich soil in a sheltered position. The *Keranthemum* is perhaps one of the oldest everlastings and many of us remember the purple flowers or white in our grandmother's vases. It is still a favorite where the deep rich purple is desired.

Not all of these may be desired in any one garden, but if some at least are not grown there will be another exclamation of regret when autumn comes again and the more transient flowers have faded. —M. G.

ANSWERS to Garden Questions

Early Sweet Corn

Dear Sir:—Could I get Golden Bantam or other sweet corn earlier by starting seed indoors.—P. C. G.

Yes, it is done successfully, though in some seasons the seed planted out of doors seems to make better growth and catches up. Sow about the middle of March in paper pots, strawberry boxes or in partly rotted sod, that is, sod which has been dug up the season before and in which the grass is dead but the roots hold it together still. Sit the containers or sods in flats for convenient handling and keep in a warm place about 60 deg. night temperature until the corn is about two or three inches high, then reduce the heat or move the flats to cooler room and keep at about 50 deg. for the next three or four weeks. After the first of May give all air possible and no heat, only keep from frost. When all danger of frost is over set out in well prepared and thoroughly cultivated ground in rows three feet apart each way. If you get a cold, dry wind, a protecting mulch of straw will save the corn from check and if you get a threat of sharp frost hoe up the earth as high as you can round the plants, then cover the tops lightly with straw or evergreen branches. If you can get stocky well-hardened plants about a foot high set out by May 15 or the following week and good weather follows, you should get corn early in July.

Browallia And Eranthemum

Dear Sir:—I saw *Browallia speciosum* and *Eranthemum pulchellum* given as good window box flowers when blue flowers were wanted. Can you tell me something about them? Are they from seed?—S. W.

The *Browallias* are handsome, profuse-blooming, half-hardy annuals, covered with flowers during summer and autumn months. They thrive equally well in the house; plant in good, rich soil in a sunny window. *Browallia speciosa* is listed as "purple, very pretty, 2 ft. high" though E. I. Farrington writes of it as blue, flowers size of quarter dollar or a little less, and 1 ft. high. The difference is probably in soil and growth indoors. Other varieties are: *B. demissa*,—light blue, yellow and orange centre 1½ ft. *B. elata alba*,—white, 1½ ft. *B. elata coerulea*,—sky-blue, 1½ ft. *B. grandiflora*,—pale yellow, large and handsome, 1½ ft.

Grow in pots about 5 inches in size with good drainage.

The *Eranthemums* are pretty plants for a warm greenhouse useful because they bloom in winter. They thrive in equal parts of loam, leaf mould, peat and sand. Propagation is by cuttings under a bell-glass in spring. A little pinching is required to ensure a bushy habit. *E. Andersonia*,—purple and white flowers; *E. Albiflorum*, white; *E. Clannabarium*—

scarlet are useful species. *E. pulchellum* given by Farrington as a good blue for window gardens is hard to get he says. It is called *Daedalacanthus nervosus* by modern botanists.

Tarragon

Dear Sir.—Can I get seed to grow tarragon, or must I get plants and when should it be started. Is it hardy? A Reader.

You will have to get a plant as Tarragon (*Artemisia dracunculus*) rarely forms seed and is propagated by cuttings or division. It is a native of southern Russia and Siberia and is as a rule hardy. It thrives in rather poor sandy soil in a sunny position and winter loss when it occurs may be due to heavy soil or an undrained damp location.

Propagating Carnations

Dear Sir:—Will you please give instructions as to the growing of carnations for flowering in a greenhouse next winter. —G. N.

Carnation cuttings are made any time during the Winter months, but February is the safest time, as those rooted earlier are likely to be spindling. The best material for cuttings is found on the flowering branches; soft grassy growth at the base of the plant should be avoided. Cut, do not pull off, the cuttings, and set in sand in the propagating house. Give a temperature of 50 to 55 degrees at first, raising to 60 degrees later on. Begin putting in pots or boxes when the roots are ¼ in. long, and finish before they are over 1½ in. If left too long in the sand they are weakened. Remove to a cold frame before planting out. They are usually set in the field in April, and planted in the houses early in September, but some growers plant directly in the house, without any field culture. It is customary in commercial carnation growing to raise new plants each year.

Clover Everlasting

Dear Sir:—Can you tell me what is the right name of the Clover Everlastings? I have tried to get them but no one seems to know what I mean. They are pink and purple and white and look like clover blossoms.—H. S.

"Clover-like everlastings" are listed as *Gomphrena Globosa* or *Globe Amaranth* under one or other of these names you will find them in the seed catalogues. It is the showy bracts which hide the real flowers that form the clover-like everlasting with its dainty colors.

FARMERS' ORGANIZATIONS UNITE

After a lengthy debate, the United Farmers of Canada, Manitoba section, on January 8 unanimously approved of a resolution to amalgamate with the United Farmers of Manitoba.

At the annual convention 23 locals were represented, with W. A. Gourlay, a district representative of the wheat pool, acting as chairman.

The amalgamation brings together the two major farmers' organizations of the province. The amalgamation resolution was adopted by the United Farmers of Manitoba at their annual convention held in Portage La Prairie the week previous.

Arrangements for the united organization will be completed at a meeting to be held on Jan. 24 when a committee from the United Farmers of Manitoba and the United Farmers of Canada will confer.

A demand that the federal government open negotiations with Soviet Russia with the view to immediate resumption of diplomatic and trade relations between the two countries; condemnation of the Dominion immigration policy; endorsement of a resolution calling upon the Dominion Government to take over the railways controlled by the province—these sum up the outstanding acts of the United Farmers of Alberta at the closing session of their annual convention in Calgary on January 20.

COSGRAVE'S TOUR

Since he began his tour last Friday Mr. Cosgrave has travelled more than 1,800 miles and attended a long string of functions in New York and Chicago. The most active feature of his visit thus far has been his contact with admirers who have flocked about him everywhere.

"You can imagine what it is like," said Dr. J. Killeen his physician, "with hundreds of those enthusiastic people squeezing his hand in a vigorous and hearty handshake incessantly."

Eamon de Valera's weekly represents President Cosgrave's visit to the United States as playing the "British Imperial game" and asks which side Cosgrave would take if Great Britain and the United States should go to war. The President's speech at Chicago is fully printed in the Dublin papers. They also feature the declaration of Michael Flaherty, of the Chicago Board of Local Improvements, against United States interference in Irish politics.

With placards carried by supporters of the Opposition party ejected from Battery Park by police to avert possible dis-

order, William T. Cosgrave, President of the Irish Free State, executive council, stepped onto American soil January 20 shortly before noon. Three thousand police had been marshalled along the line of march to City Hall where Mayor Walker waited to greet the visiting president "in the name of our 6,000,000 people, a large proportion of them from your own Emerald Isle."

IMPOSE PETROL TAX

The Nanking Nationalist Government on January 19 announced imposition of a tax of one dollar (Mexican), for every 10 gallons of kerosene and gasoline imported into Nanking territory.

The action which affects the oil industry in China, including several American companies, follows the precedent established in Canton in 1926 of assessing extra-treaty taxation on foreign goods imported into China.

The tax falls heaviest on established companies in the China kerosene trade namely, the Asiatic Petroleum Company of Great Britain, the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Texas company of Delaware. Finding payment of the tax unavoidable, if their business is to continue, and despite treaty regulations governing taxes on oil products imported into China, these three companies individually have contracted with the Finance Ministry of Nanking on a compromise. They have agreed to pay 60 cents (Mexican) for every 10 gallons, the agreements specifying centralized collection of the tax in Shanghai thereby, it is hoped, eradicating troublesome subsidiary levies in the various provinces of Nanking territory.

King Alexander, of Jugo-Slavia, on January 18 signed the recall of Vioslav Antonievitch as Jugo-Slav Minister to Washington. M. Antonievitch, who was former Jugo-Slav Ambassador to Italy, was appointed Minister to the United States in February, 1927, and was formally received by President Coolidge in May of that year.

Showing the globe on an azure shield to represent the ether, and encircled by a golden ring to denote broadcasting, a new coat of arms has been adopted by the British Broadcasting Corporation.

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POULTRY TOPICS

More About Brooding

By Caric Harding.

There used to be an old saying which was commonly accepted as a truism that "the poultryman who hatches half and raises half, has nothing to complain of." This means that he is doing all right if he hatches half the eggs he sets, and raises to maturity one-half of the chicks that are hatched; and since one-half or thereabouts of the chicks hatched are cockerels he would be doing good business if he started with 200 eggs and hatched 100 chicks; and raised to maturity 50 of the chicks, of which one-half or 25 would be pullets for the laying house. It may be true, but we figure that such a large loss percentage is unreasonable and unnecessary. If only 25 laying pullets can be raised from 200 eggs or one laying pullet from eight eggs and eggs from bred-to-lay stock are worth six cents a piece at the lowest computation, a pullet that is ready to lay has cost the poultryman forty-eight cents, before he begins to pay for feed or overhead charges. Losses that increase the bare cost of the chicks to 48 cents must be reduced and the simplest way is to reduce the number of chicks that you attempt to brood together, giving the very greatest care to sanitation in the brooding house.

It is very necessary that the chicks should be from profitable, high-producing stock, if we desire to have a laying house filled with pullets that will be profitable—that will do more than just pay their board bill; but whatever quality birds you are attempting to raise, it is essential that in the brooding house you lay yourself out to raise to maturity as high a percentage as possible. To attain a high percentage of birds brought to maturity the question of sanitation must receive very careful consideration. Baby chicks will roam around the ground allotted to them, pecking here and pecking there, and unless they are kept on absolutely clean soil, will pick up and swallow to their detriment decaying matter, which will enfeeble them to such an extent that they will develop any and every kind of ailment that chicks are prone to. Those who haven't the space at their disposal to give each batch of chicks absolutely new and uncontaminated ground to roam over have found out that it is a safe method to dig up and remove the soil to the depth of 4 or 5 inches and filling in with soil from a part of the farm on which chickens have never been raised. Some of our experiment stations are trying out a very intensive method of brooding by not giving them any ground to roam over at all. The little mites are kept on boarded or cement floors, and these are kept covered with litter, which is frequently renewed. The sole idea of such a method of brooding is to keep them away from contaminated ground in which are lurking all kinds of germs.

Our forefathers thought that contact with the earth was necessary to harden the young chicks and prevent them going to pieces with rickets, but modern scientific knowledge has extended since those days, and we know that it is not from contact with the earth that the chick's legs are strengthened, but from the sun's rays, and to get the benefit of these beneficial ultra-violet rays, they must play directly on the bird. They'd get the direct rays of the sun when out of doors and so avoided the rickets, but contact with the earth had nothing to do with it.

Still later investigation has revealed the fact that when chicks are brooded intensively and at a time of the year when the rays of the sun are less powerful than is desirable, we may find a substitute for the sun in what some manufacturers call "bottled sunshine," with which subject we will deal in an article on "Feeding the Babies" in an early issue.

We may remind our readers that these particular rays of the sun which help the young chicks to avoid rickets and are called ultra-violet rays, do not penetrate glass, but that they do pass through glass-cloth or other glass substitutes, several of which are now on the market.

There are all kinds of brooders being made and sold and the manufacturers send out with their brooders very explicit rules and regulations to be observed by those using them, but the handy man who is sufficiently observant of the details of construction of brooders used by his friends and neighbors can readily make a serviceable brooder for himself, and as he gathers experience in brooding, can improve on his first effort in succeeding attempts. To the man who has plenty of time on his hands the construction of needful equipment is very interesting, provided he can use a carpenter's kit fairly well, but most of us find that "there is a whole lot of work about raising a chicken," as Mr. H. L. Strader (Federal Extension Poultryman) says at the end of some lines which he contributed to the "Poultry Tribune" last year and which we take the liberty

of reprinting, and so have to buy our equipment owing to lack of time. Starting work early when chickens are hatching. Tending the brooder and keeping them scratching. Feeding them protein with milk for their drinking. Watching for rainstorms; you must do their thinking. Ranging on ground that's free from infection. Giving them mash that needs no correction. Dividing the pullets, be sure they keep growing. Marketing the cockerels when'er they start crowing. Feeding and cleaning and scalding and pickin'. There is a whole lot of work about raising a chicken.

One explanation for the general tendency to select Leghorns when hens are to be kept on a large scale is the widespread belief that dual-purpose fowls cannot be successfully kept in large flocks. Recently, however, we visited a number of farms on which Reds, Rocks, Wyandottes, and Orpingtons are being kept in flocks of from 200 to 500, and the owners were just as well satisfied with results as those who had Leghorn flocks of equal size. It looks as if the dual-purpose men had given up unnecessarily and much too easily in generally conceding the large-flock field to Leghorns.—Reliable Poultry Journal.

It takes over 3 1/2 oz. of food a day to supply a bird's bodily needs, and it is only anything over and above this that is eaten that can be devoted to the manufacture of eggs.

Winter Cost of Egg Production

(Experimental Farms Note.)

The cost of the eggs produced during the four winter months is a factor worth considering, where cash returns are the main objective and we take it that all poultry raisers have that objective in mind.

The importance of this is best demonstrated by taking two of the pens with the lowest winter production and comparing them with the two pens with the highest winter production, making a total of twenty-four birds in each lot. Lot 1 (low pens) laid 121 eggs at a total feed cost of \$19 or \$1.88 per dozen. The market value was \$6, showing a loss on feed cost of \$13 or 54 cents per bird. Lot 2 laid 1131 eggs at a feed cost of \$21.97 or 23.3 cents per dozen. The market value of these eggs was \$56.08, realizing a labor and investment return over feed cost of \$34.11 or \$1.42 per bird. Lot 2 consumed only \$3.97 worth more feed than Lot 1, but they gave \$50 more returns for feed consumed.

From the preceding figures, one is certainly impressed with the importance of getting the pullets hatched early and having them well-matured by the last of October or first of November, for it is during the winter months that one receives the best price for eggs. Moreover, if one can secure a profit over feed cost during the four winter months such as is shown from Lot 2, namely \$1.42 per bird, satisfactory returns from the plant are fairly well assured. But on the other hand if the eggs are costing from \$1.88 to \$2 per dozen to produce during the winter months with a market value of only 65 cents, it will take many dozen during the summer months to overcome this handicap.

In comparing the quantities of the different kinds of feed fed and eaten by each lot it was very interesting to note that there was very little difference in the quantities consumed of grain, milk, grit or green feed or beef scrap fed in hoppers but Lot 2 (the heavy producers) consumed twice the quantity of dry mash and shell that Lot 1 consumed. Of course Lot 2 would receive considerably more beef scrap than Lot 1 from the dry mash but so far as the hopper feeding was concerned, there was practically no difference.

To keep the winter cost at a minimum, raise bred-to-lay stock, have the pullets hatched as early as possible, have them properly matured by the first of November, then feed them properly during the winter. With grain fed twice daily in litter, dry mash in hoppers, a plentiful supply of grit, oyster shells, green feed and fresh water (with the chill taken off) the pullets will make satisfactory returns.

FARM REFERENCE BOOKS

It is the part of wisdom to look ahead. While this is true in its general application it is absolutely vital to the farmer. In breeding, in crop rotation, fallowing and in many other ways the farmer must look years ahead. What is in your mind in connection with farm repairs and improvements next fall? Now's the time to think of it. Perhaps when you see the richest chemicals of the manure leaching away and making a quagmire of your barnyard you will decide to have a cement pit before next winter. Or perhaps it's a new stable floor, or a cistern for the cellar or a new silo or any one of a thousand other things.

In this issue some of our advertisers are offering free books on matters which you should be considering. It won't cost you anything to get the book and you'll be "forehanded" with your improvement next fall.

The Attractions of the Farm

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—In spite of the tendency to drift to the city, I would like to point out some advantages of farm life. The life in the open air and the physical exercise of agricultural occupation, conduce to health and longevity. If a particularly outstanding man arises, it is often found that he has had a country bringing-up. But talented boys claim that they do not have an opportunity for using their education on the farm. However there is now such fierce competition, and prices are so low, compared with the cost of necessities and farm appliances, that it is necessary for the farmer to have what is nearly equivalent to a university education to be a success as an agriculturist. The old traditional and empirical methods must give place to scientific processes. Farmers, too, complain that they are so busy they can get no opportunity for reading. This is largely due to a want of planning, and to too many interests. No more concerns should enter into his calculations than can be attended to by steady application in reasonable hours. Better an intensive application to a few departments than a smattering attempt to make money out of all breeds of stock or varieties of poultry, or all types of grain. Of course this does not preclude a certain variety of concerns that interlock into one another that is necessary to make farming successful. Another thing besides this concentration on a few things is the waste of time that often takes place. Rip Van Winkle was very sociable and could work better on any body else's estate than on his own little freehold. But a man must count his minutes, see that the noon hour is not unduly prolonged, and not become too much engrossed in even harmless amusements, such as curling, hockey and social visits, not to mention frequenting the pool room. Thus he will find time for the cultivation of the mind by reading useful literature. When Everyman's Library can be bought for 65c, the door is opened to biography, history, travel, exploration and science. The "Witness" has been advocating the extension of libraries. Some provincial governments and other agencies lend books, and it is hoped that all the provinces will, ere long, give these facilities.

I am aware that farmers are not the only class in the community, who do not always economize time for higher purposes. Men like Kitchener, Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson, James Bryce and Lawrence of Arabia and our own Grenfell, are a perpetual stimulus to utilize the moments as they fly, and thus build up a useful career.

But the advocates of city life maintain that life is too dull and commonplace, and the wife and children of the farmer are apt to second this assertion, even if the man himself is neutral, and as the family betake themselves to a more attractive environment. There are concerts, lectures, and better sermons, they claim, in the churches. I believe, however, that the sermons given in the country are on the whole as good as those in the city. Of course the cities hold some world celebrities, such as Dean Inge and Dr. Cadman, but in this case the exception proves the rule. Besides, the radio deprives the town claim of a good deal of its force. Even provision is made here for the children, and it is to be hoped that parents will see that the youngsters get the full benefit of the stories told and talks on hygiene given, by having them reproduce them in some simple way.

Farm talks, too, are sent out, and questions on farm procedure may be sent in by mail, and answers given by radio. On the other hand, look at the many dissipating influences in town life. How little home life is allowed to survive. Movie pictures, theatres, bridge-parties, dances, even the more useful recreations, such as skating and hockey and the social and religious activities, as lectures, concerts, plays, choir rehearsals, prayer-meetings, (not participated in, I am afraid, by many young people); all these take so many evenings, that home hours are reduced to

a minimum or even vaporized entirely. The old-fashioned custom of reading aloud in the family circle, such an instructive influence under an educated parent, has disappeared with another good custom, that of family worship. I can recall my father reading in this way the story of the discovery of Lake Albert Nyanza by Sir Samuel Baker, and the tragic career of Queen Caroline, the neglected wife of the dissipated king, George IV.

It is claimed that our rural schools train the scholars away from the farm. Boys who do not keep up with their studies, are glad to drop out at an early age, instead of keeping on at high school. Those that do keep on, take the teachers' or a business course and thus drift into a clerkship in town. Agriculture should be taught thoroughly in rural schools, along with manual training and after school is through, the scholar should be encouraged to attend a regular Agricultural school. If this school is affiliated with the University, the youth may at the same time take some studies in literature and science at the latter.

Finally the city man will say, "I would not bury myself in the country, away from social contact, the whirl of machinery, the whistling of locomotives, the hum of trade, and the stir of travel."

But the farmer quietly chuckles to himself, as he thinks of his tractors and gang-ploughs, his combination reaper and thresher, his milking-machine, and his electric lights in home and barn, while for society he has his radio, his reading circle and literary society in the community hall.

M. RICHEY TUTTLE,
Sask., Jan. 11, 1928.

Owing to the presence of a tremendous amount of feed and the best fall pasture in years, many farmers and ranchers in Alberta are looking about for stocker and feeder cattle and lambs for winter feeding. There is plenty of barley for hogs and an increase in the number of hogs raised is thought likely to be the result of the big crop.

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Mapping Canada's Countryside

A Contrast to Frontier Surveying.

In a new country such as Canada, where pioneering conditions have been and still are accepted as part of our national life, the surveyor stands out as one of our romantic figures. His place in the popular mind is in the vanguard of progress, along with the discoverer and explorer, the fur trader and all those whose efforts go toward the initial development of our unopened lands. In the colonization period after Confederation, he played a major part. During these formative years of our country's growth he was entrusted with the distinctly important task of subdividing the untracked expanses of Canada's West into farm units, a work which was carried out by the organization now known as the Topographical Survey, Department of the Interior. He was ever crowded by the increasing waves of settlement behind him and ever alive to the necessity of keeping ahead of them.

Occupied with such an urgent task wherein time counted for so much, he could not allow himself to be delayed in his work by attempting much beyond the actual immediate requirements. Thus it was, for instance, that he could not take time to record topographical data, except in so far as the main purpose at hand was affected. That would have to wait until some more opportune time.

Now that opportune time is at hand. The surveyor has not yet given up the role of pioneer explorer, indeed for many years to come he must still play that role, but some of the effort that formerly went toward surveying farms for incoming settlers can now be turned to the equally important work of providing detailed topographical maps of settled areas as a necessary element in our national development.

The collection of the field information preliminary to the issue of such maps is a work of an admittedly different order from that of land subdivision. The camp of a surveyor engaged upon such a work in settled country would present a different atmosphere to that of the subdivision survey work on the frontier. Just as the farmer in the older districts no longer wends his slow way with oxen or in prairie schooners so also the surveyor in mapping the same localities has eliminated from his camp the pack-horses or train dogs and other features that distinctly belong to frontier surveying.

Your modern surveyor, engaged in mapping the countryside makes use of the motor care—he can speed up his work thereby—and he has found it convenient to include in his outfit such items as folding stoves, folding beds, folding tables, and folding seats. Indeed, everything that can be, is carefully folded and reduced to the ultimate limit of its "collapsibility." Yet with all these elaborations of modern science and invention, the shelters of the survey parties still remain as mobile as the sheepskin tents of the nomad Israelites in the days of Abraham.

The usual equipment of the mapping party includes a chief's tent, a cook-tent which would probably also be a dining tent, perhaps another for stores, a number of sleeping tents and an office tent. In this unit, next to the chief himself it is commonly stated that the cook is the most important personage. Certainly he possesses capabilities far beyond those of any other member of the party for rendering camp life a pleasure or the reverse.


It is the office staff, however, who have made the greatest change in converting the primitiveness of the former survey camp to its present state. Their canvas office is not the less efficient in that its folding standing desk may be homemade, and that perhaps an oblong case, somewhat resembling a coffin on legs, which carries the instruments when the camp is on the trek, may do service as a bench. As a rule two draftsmen comprise the office staff. Their duty it is to check up the work of the topographers and make the necessary computations so that when the field work is completed the actual process of compiling and plotting the finished map at Ottawa will not be delayed by unnecessary checking of field data. Their equipment usually comprises plotting machines, mathematical tables, slide rules, and other drafting appurtenances, with possibly a typewriter, a stereoscopic drawing board for use in the interpretation of aerial photographs and a high-powered gasoline lamp, the latter an invaluable aid for working at night. There are filing racks for field notes, correspondence, and aerial photographs (a modern aid in mapping, largely developed in Canada.)

When it is remembered that camp must be moved far and frequently, without undue loss of time, the necessity for an orderly and businesslike system must be apparent. And this system permeates every detail of the camp life from the disposal of refuse to the care of delicate instruments, from the cook's "roll out" at five in the morning often until the "wee-

sma' hours" when all calculations on the field notes for the previous day have been completed and checked.

Since we are past the days when the only knowledge considered necessary about land was the location of its boundaries, the value of these surveys can scarcely be over-estimated. The resulting maps showing topographical features, particularly in a young country such as Canada, can enter into so many phases of its development that the wonder often is that they are not used more. And though these maps may not appear to have in them much that lies beyond the realms of the matter-of-fact, the data therefore has not been gathered without interesting incidents of all kinds in the "moving accidents of flood and field."

For the first time at any international fox show the Province of Alberta carried off the grand championship—at the British Columbia International Fox Show in Vancouver. That honor was won by The Montgomery Brothers Silver Fox Co., of Wetaskiwin, which captured the greatest number of prizes and trophies in the open classes, including seven firsts, three seconds and two thirds as well as the grand championship fox of the show, the championship adult male, the championship female pup, the reserve championship female pup, the reserve championship male and female pups, the reserve championship adult female and first prize for the best matched pair.



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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.

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Name
Address
—MAIL COUPON TO-DAY— W.

Bryan Mitchell

(Continued from page 23.)

Next morning all were astir early. Each one was anxious to see the sunrise on the lake. Mrs. Ryan was at the helm, or, rather, at the frying pan, preparing breakfast. Ruth was laying the table—the table of course being a smooth grassy spot which was a convenient distance from the fire. Mrs. Ryan's remonstrance was kindly meant, though not well chosen. "It's in bed you should be, child, weren't you rovin' round most of the night?"

Dr. Durland shot a quick glance in Ruth's direction which Mrs. Ryan as quickly interpreted. "No, you needn't look like that. Weren't you galavantin' round too?"

"And where were you," laughed Dr. Durland, "when you were supposed to be asleep?"

"Don't you take it for granted that a body is asleep every time their eyes are shut. I'm powerful glad things are turnin' out this way."

For once Dr. Durland beat a retreat. Mrs. Ryan's remarks, though not very explicit, were possibly suggestive. At any rate Dr. Durland feared to pursue the subject further, and he adroitly changed it. "We'll hurry along with this breakfast and take to the rafts. You know the early trout as well as the early bird catches the worm."

"Yes, and you keep in mind that trout ain't the only things worth fishing for, and be careful and use good bait."

Ruth discreetly moved away out of hearing. It was what Mrs. Ryan might say next that alarmed her, but fortunately the conversation soon became general and there were no more embarrassing comments.

The morning was one of royal sport. The fishing was good enough to satisfy the heart of any angler, and the day fine enough to satisfy the heart of the whole out-door creation. It was one of the never-to-be-forgotten days. About nine o'clock that evening the party arrived home tired and happy.

Three days later Dr. Durland came into the living-room. "Where's Ruth, mother?" he inquired casually.

"She's gone over to Uncle Sandy's to say good-bye to Bryan. He was here this afternoon but he missed her; she was away giving a music lesson. Bryan inquired for you, too."

"I saw him on my way home, but I'll walk over and meet Ruth, its getting dusky."

He rightly guessed that she would return by the pine grove, and he set off in that direction at a brisk walk. Coming up over the brow of the hill, he could see her walking among the pines, stopping now and again to pick up a cone, or to examine a wild flower, and intuitively he raised his hat. As he hurried on he remembered Bryan telling him to ask Ruth something in the presence of Old Jock. Yes, perhaps he would ask her that sometime, but not tonight—he had something of far, far more importance to ask.

What Old Jock heard that evening he never revealed, though after a time he sighed happily, as the two lovers went leisurely homeward.

At the steps Dr. Durland said, "I'm going to tell father and mother tonight."

"Very well, but will it be all right if I go straight to my room now? I wish to go." "Certainly it will be all right. Good-night, my own," and he stooped and kissed her passionately.

Dr. Durland found his father and mother in the living-room, and as was his boyhood custom, he went and sat at his mother's feet. "Mother," said he, "I've done the best day's work today that I've ever done in my life. I sought, and found, and asked the dearest little girl in the world to marry me, and the strange part of it all is she said 'yes.'"

For a moment his mother was too much surprised to speak, but his father stretched his hand across the table. "Son, is it dear little Ruth?"

"Yes, father, it's dear little Ruth." "I need not tell you how pleased I am. You can probably guess, for you know how fond I am of Ruth. She has few equals, and I'm not acquainted with any such."

"Yes, Robert, father is right. We are very glad for you. Secretly I was wishing for this. Will you be married before you go?"

"Yes, under the circumstances I think it better so. I don't always approve of a soldier marrying before he starts. It hardly seems fair to marry a wife only to plunge her into widowhood. But if we're not married Ruth and the children will go back to Montreal, and she will be there working and striving and scrimping to make a living for them. The thought unmans me. If we are married this will be her home till I return, and if I do not come back, father and mother, I wish you to give her my place in your heart and home. Do it for your boy Robert's sake."

"Yes, son, she shall always be the daughter of the home here."

"The marriage will have to take place within the next few days," remarked his mother. "Have you set the time? Or will you have a wedding?"

"Oh, tomorrow, or next day—probably tomorrow. It doesn't take long to buy a

license and invite the minister. Neither of us wishes for a wedding—just Uncle Sandy for a guest."

Father and son had a long confidential talk after the others of the home had gone to sleep. The night was warm so they sought the veranda. A delightful breeze went hurrying on its way, leaving a refreshing coolness in its wake. Dr. Durland removed his hat so as to enjoy it the more. "Wherever that little breeze comes from," said he, "or wherever it is going, I'm glad it calls on us here."

"Yes," quoted the father, "The breeze which seems to come at will, perchance has fanned some unknown shore;

And like our chance for good or ill
It comes, then passes ever more."

THE END.

GOLD COMES FROM NOVA SCOTIA

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—I am glad you were able to make such finds as you have in the serial stories. I always knew that gold came from Nova Scotia, and "Bryan Mitchell" shows that the ore is not yet exhausted. One of my neighbors, whom I secured for the Witness is also much pleased with them.

M. R. TUTTLE.

Valparaiso, Sask., Jan. 11, '28.

Broken Ships

(Continued from page 25)

David understood from chance remarks he picked up at different homes in Westmere that a "fit" was a condition of mind that was always at the haughty Mrs. Reid's beck and call, to be indulged in whenever she thought one would be effectual in furthering her own ends, so he dismissed Eleanor's remark from his mind, occupying it instead with the more strenuous thoughts of their present situation.

A blast more fierce than its brothers checked their progress, and David bent low to protect the girl from the ravaging tempest. He peered ahead as a splitting, rending sound reached his ears above the howling wind, and what he saw filled him with dismay.

The occasion called for immediate action and here David's clean, quick mind came to his assistance. Catching his companion, he swung her aside, and then with a swift trick he had often practised with Ewan, he threw her face downward on the grassy roadside. He dropped on his knees beside her and bent down just as a giant maple tree came crashing down across the road.

The trunk broke about two feet above the root, leaving just space enough so that the two prostrate figures escaped injury. The spot where they stood when David heard the rending sound was now an undistinguishable mass of limbs and broken wood. It would have meant certain death for them if they had remained there.

The fallen tree blocked their further progress, and David saw his difficulties increase thereby. He spoke to Eleanor, and the wild wind's laughter was his only reply.

"Not even a flashlight," he muttered in a self-deprecatory whisper. "What an ass I am!"

He lifted the girl's body as carefully as he could under the circumstances and raised her in his arms. The moon threw its fitful glare for an instant and he knew by the white face against his breast that she had fainted. The soft dark curls beat against his lips as he bent to look into her face, and he thought automatically that she must have lost her hat on the road. Her long lashes made a dark rim on her cheek that was faintly discernible in the moonlight. David's heart beats quickened, and a warm wave of tenderness for the helpless girl in his arms suffused his being. He pressed her closer and let his face rest against the soft masses of her hair. Then she stirred, and a shudder passed through her body which betokened returning consciousness.

"Eleanor!" David called her softly. "David won't be poor always mother," said Eleanor with a long sigh.

She had expressed what was uppermost in her mind for some time, before she fully recovered, and the boy loosened his clasp of her quickly as though he had been sternly commanded to do so. The words stung his pride and hurt his sensitive nature even before he had time to think what they meant.

Eleanor was fully conscious now, and she cried out in terror of the noise and darkness. Her companion succeeded after a while to reassure her, and with much squirming they got free from their precarious position.

"We can go no further in that direction," said David, "so the only thing left is to go back with me and stay until morning. My mother can fix you up for the night, and it is much easier to go with the wind."

"But what will my mother say? I'm afraid I can't do that," objected Eleanor. "This is no time to consider anyone else's feelings," returned David abruptly. "It is beginning to rain and we must seek shelter and warmth as quickly as possible."

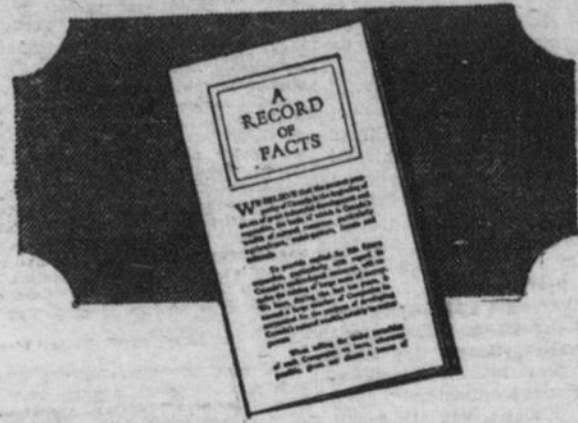
(Continued on page 32.)

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AMONG THE JACKS

(Continued from page 20.)

and shook their empty heads, and danced about among them as if they had gone mad.

Jack-in-the-box was now announced, and increased the mirth of the company as he popped out of his box with his hunchback and his long nose and imperial moustache, and then popped in again.

"Jackanapes," now shouted Jack Sauce in a ringing tone as a large ape sprang in and began to gambol about among the fools. Roars of laughter resounded on all sides.

"Ha, ha, ha! I thought you despised such grovelling creatures, Mr. Union Jack," said Pedro.

"Ahem! I think we are all assembled, Mr. Jack Sauce," said the Union Jack, who was becoming alarmed as he viewed the motley crowd.

"Ahem! I am afraid you are mistaken, Mr. Union Jack; here are Jack of Hearts, Jack of Spades, Jack of Diamonds, and Jack of Clubs," replied Jack Sauce as the four court cards came waddling in, and stood regarding those present with a stupid stare.

"And here, as I live, is high low Jack," he continued, as a number of court cards which kept skipping about here and there made their appearance.

"Jack Stones," repeated Jack Sauce, as five little grey stones came hopping in after them. "A boot Jack, a Jack knife, a Jack saw, Jack the son of John, who is one of a numerous family, and who has come to contribute to the banquet," went on Jack Sauce as a very ordinary-looking man made his appearance and walked to the banqueting table, on which he placed a leather cup filled with elder apple sauce. "A Jack filled with apple Jack," sang out Jack Sauce.

A young pike, a plate of brown biscuit and half a pint measure were placed beside them.

"Two more Jacks, and some black Jack!" called out Jack Sauce again.

A Jack towel was now announced amidst the laughter of the dogs.

"Ha, ha, ho, ho, ho! I wish I was first cousin to a dish cloth!" they laughed.

"Really, Mr. Jack Sauce, I am sure we are all assembled," said the Union Jack, severely, for it was now in a towering rage at being so disgraced before the dogs.

"Really, Mr. Union Jack, you are mistaken, for here is your kinsman the Jack-ass only just making his appearance."

Roars of laughter shook the "Pelican," as a great stupid-looking jackass thrust its head through the arch with a loud bray.

Here Jack Frost disappeared, after flashing a look of scorn at the Union Jack, which was so enraged that it left its guests to entertain themselves, which they did in rather a hilarious manner, the dogs all agreeing as they walked home that they had never enjoyed themselves so much in their lives.

"My friends," said Pedro at parting, "my friends, civility costs nothing, and if the Union Jack had given me a civil answer when I asked him a civil question, he would have been saved all the mortification he experienced tonight, and I hope you will all take warning by his shortsightedness and never attempt to shine in the reflected glory of others, for by so doing we are much more likely to excite the ridicule of the world than to gain its respect."

DID YOU?

Did you read the offers made in last week's "Witness" by the advertisers using space in this paper? As mentioned before we only approach firms of the highest standing for their copy, and the greatest care is taken to exclude all fraudulent advertising. You can, therefore, be sure of obtaining good service from these firms, and we trust that when you are wishing to purchase you will seek their advice. Their offerings this week are worthy of your notice.

LIVE STOCK PRICES

WEEK ENDED JANUARY 21, 1928.

THE CATTLE MARKETS

Toronto.—Steers sold from \$8.00 per hundred for plain killers to \$10.00 and \$11.00 for good to choice handyweights; odd lots made \$11.50. Heifers had a top of \$10.75 and cows, \$7.50 to \$9.00. Thin cows from \$5.50 to \$7.00. Good bulls \$7.50 to \$9.00, baby heaves from \$11.00 to \$13.00 per hundred. Western stockers from \$6.99 to \$8.25. Milkers and springers from \$110 to \$125 each.

Montreal.—Steers from \$8.25 for common lights to \$10.00 and \$10.75 for good choice. Heifers sold from \$6.50 to an extreme \$9.50. Best cows sold from \$7.25 to \$8.50. Common cows \$5.00 to \$6.25, canners and cutters \$3.00 to \$4.50. Bulls \$5.00 to \$6.25.

Winnipeg.—Best killing steers \$10.00 to \$11.00 others \$8.50 to \$9.50, heifers made \$7.00 to \$8.50 a few \$9.00 to \$9.50. Cows \$5.00 to \$7.50, canners and cutters \$3.50 to \$4.50. Bulls from \$7.00 down. Stockers \$5.50 to \$7.50 and feeders \$6.50 to \$9.00. Stock heifers \$5.00 to \$6.25.

Prince Albert.—Heifers \$5.00 to \$9.00 and good cows \$5.50 to \$6.50. Bulls \$4.00 to \$4.50, canners \$3.00 to \$3.75. Good stockers \$5.00 to \$6.00 and feeders \$5.50 to \$7.00, stock cows at \$3.50.

Moose Jaw.—Top butcher steers \$9.50, top heifers \$8.00, top cows \$7.00 and bulls \$6.00.

Calgary.—Good to choice steers from \$9.00 to \$9.85, others \$6.50 to \$8.50. Good to choice heifers \$7.50 to \$8.50 and good to choice cows \$6.50 to \$7.50. Bulls from \$3.50 to \$6.00. Canners and cutters \$4.00 to \$5.00. Store \$7.50 to \$8.50 for feeders and \$6.00 to \$8.00 for stockers.

Edmonton.—Few steers \$10.00, good from \$9.00 to \$9.50 and medium \$8.50 down. Heifers \$8.50 to \$6.50 and lower, cows \$5.50 to \$7.50. Canners, \$3.50 to \$4.50, good bulls from \$5.00 to \$5.50. Stores from \$7.00 for good stockers to \$8.50 for good feeders.

CALVES: Toronto; top veal \$15.00, thin \$8.90 to \$13.50.

Montreal; good veal \$11.50 to \$13.00, common \$10.00 to \$11.00, grassers \$5.75.

Winnipeg; \$5.00 to \$8.00 for heavies, \$10.00 to \$15.00 for handyweights.

Moose Jaw; from \$7.50 for choice heavies, to \$13.00 for lights.

HOGS: Toronto; select \$8.25 F.O.B. or \$9.15 off cars.

Montreal; thick smooths \$9.00, \$1.00 per hog bonus for selects. Sows \$7.50 to \$8.25.

Winnipeg; select \$8.35 to \$9.25.

LIVE STOCK MARKET AND MEAT TRADE REVIEW

The cattle market for 1927 was one of the most encouraging in the history of the industry. Excepting the war years, 1927 showed the highest prices yet recorded in relation to production costs. All classes of cattle shared in the strong price situation. Heavy cattle featured the market largely on account of the exceptional demand from

the United States. The year closed with evidence of continued strong demand, both domestic and foreign, and the situation is made reassuring on account of a short supply in the United States.

LIVE ANIMAL AND PRODUCTS EXPORTS

The twelve months' exports of live stock and products includes some notable increases. Particularly satisfactory was the movement to the United States, which increased from approximately 93,000 head to over 294,000 head. A lamentable decline was experienced in cattle exports to Great Britain, the total being only slightly more than 8,000 as compared with approximately 20,000 in 1926. Fortunately the increased movement south more than offset ocean shipments and the total for the year to all countries was 216,209 head as compared with 176,343 in 1926. Included in the cattle increases were substantial shipments of milk cows, springers, and in-calf heifers, a trade strongly increased during the year and likely to be further enhanced during 1928.

The export calf and hog trade, also showed increases, showing as 79,065 head of calves and 197,196 hogs as compared with 66,625 and 85,972, respectively during the previous year. Sheep were fewer at 20,136 head against 21,755 head.

Our beef export trade, particularly with the United States, was one of the outstanding features of our 1927 trade. Of a total movement amounting to 56,741,800 there were 51,479,400 pounds to the United States and 520,300 to Great Britain. These figures compare with a total of 27,233,800 in shipments to the United States of 16,542,000 pounds and 3,517,000 to Great Britain, during the previous year. Thus the increase exceeded 100%.

Our bacon exports, however, totalled only 55,011,800 pounds as compared with 92,185,000 in 1926, entirely due to a heavy falling off in the movement to Great Britain. The pork movement was 24,569,900 pounds as against 16,798,400 pounds in 1926 and the mutton movement 1,889,200 against 1,274,000 the previous year. Cold storage holdings showed little change from the previous year.

The United States Market

The year 1927 ranks as one of the best in the history of the cattle industry in the United States. After a series of depressing post-war markets, the activity in trading during the past year renewed confidence in beef raising. The unusual and insistent demand also uncovered a marked shortage in beef tonnage and instituted a strong reaction in favor of stocker and feeder cattle, necessary to make good the heavy daily calls on beef and near-beef supplies.

With few exceptions, the margin of profit on the various classes and grades was wider than during any period of the war or since, and it looks as though the industry is in for strong re-establishment.

In marked contrast to the 1926 trading, there was a scarcity of heavy steers and therefore a strong price reaction in their favor. Heavy cattle sold at high prices as also did the rank and file. The top price for steers was \$19.00 per hundred and best yearlings made \$18.50. In 1926 the best heavy steers sold at \$12.00 per hundredweight and the best yearlings at \$14.35.

Prospects for 1928 are as good or possibly better than at any time since before the war. The supply situation is extremely bullish as evidenced in the shortage during the last six months of 1926.

While the hog market of 1927 was not generally satisfactory, yet prices in the United States were above the previous six years' average. Despite the adverse influences in the market for pork products, especially in the autumn, the outcome of the year's business was much better than is generally believed. Net returns were much lower than in the previous year which was, however, one of the most profitable in the United States hog industry. The average price at Chicago was \$10.08 compared with \$12.40 in 1926, but in 1924 the average was only \$8.20 and in 1923 only \$7.55.

N. S. UPPER HOUSE GOES

"In view of the decision of the Privy Council, we are willing to attend at the next session of the Legislative Council, waiving all claims to sessional indemnity, directly or indirectly, and hereby, jointly and severally, do undertake to vote for the bill to abolish the Legislative Council, as announced in your letter to me of January 11th instant."

This, in brief, is the offer submitted to Premier Rhodes, of Nova Scotia, by Hon. A. S. MacMillan, Liberal leader in the Upper House, writing on behalf of a number of his colleagues in reply to the recent letter addressed by the Premier to those members of the Legislative Council whose status is affected by the decision of the judicial committee of the Privy Council affirming the authority of the Governor-in-Council to abolish the council. In the letter he sent to the life members of the council on January 11, Premier Rhodes requested their resignations, adding that failure to hear from them within ten days would be taken to indicate "that you prefer that your office should be vacated by order-in-council."

Further negotiations have been initiated looking to the bringing to Ontario of Alberta coal. The Minister of the Interior is taking up the matter anew with Sir Henry Thornton in sequence to the Alberta Government, pressing for a rate of \$7 per ton. The Railway Commission found the "out of pocket" cost of the movement to be \$7.22 per ton. Making allowance for inclusive capital cost, it would be \$10.07 per ton, while, with the element of profit figured in, the cost would be \$12.02 per ton. Since this finding the matter has been in abeyance till the last few days, when new negotiations were started.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 222 Craig St. W., in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougal and Frederick Eugene Dougal, both of the City of Montreal. Subscription rate \$2.00 a year.

BOYCOTT IN SAMOA

Samoan natives have commenced a boycott against New Zealand goods, according to information received at the Auckland office of a well-known shipping company.

New Zealand holds a mandate over Samoa under the League of Nations. Recently a commission of enquiry was appointed to investigate charges of "dictatorship" against Sir George Richardson, administrator of Samoa. The commission found that the charges were unfounded, and as a result O. F. Nelson and A. G. Smyth, were deported for playing a prominent part in causing unrest among the Samoans. The latter staged a mild demonstration on the day that Smyth and Nelson sailed from Samoa.

British vital statistics for 1927 show the birth rate the lowest recorded since the establishment of civil registration. It was 16.7 per thousand, which is 1.1 per thousand below 1926. The death rate was 12.3 which was 0.7 per thousand above 1926. The infant mortality rate was 69 which is equal to 1923, the lowest on record.

If the proposal for Canadian participation in the pan-American Union arises, Chile will enthusiastically support it, Carlos Vildosola of the Chilean delegation to the congress stated. After criticizing his government Senor Vildosola informed the Canadian Press that Chile would like to see Canada enter the union, believing that the Dominion's participation would benefit all American countries. He did not know whether the possible entry of Canada would be a live issue at the present congress but said it might indirectly arise when the matter of a permanent council is reached on the agenda. Ottawa states that Canada has taken no steps towards entering the Pan-American Union and is not likely to.

So serious is the opposition on the part of rural members of the Quebec Legislature to legislation making compulsory placing of lights upon horse-drawn ve-

Previous Records Surpassed

1927

New Insurance written - \$ 77,576,008.
 Insurance in Force - 402,554,431.
 Assets - - - - - 76,483,181.
 Dividends to be paid
 Policyholders in 1928 1,953,852.

Record Volume of New Business.
 Largest Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries.
 Increased Dividends to Policyholders.
 Favorable Mortality.

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84 AND WELLINGTON STREETS

TORONTO

PRIVATE WIRE SYSTEM

hicles that the Government has decided that it must submit the problem to a caucus of the party which will be held within a short time.

JOINT OFFER FROM RAILWAYS

The Alberta Government has received from the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railway companies an offer for joint purchase and operation of the Edmonton Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway.

A separate offer for the purchase of the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway by the C.N.R. and another separate offer for the purchase of the Lacombe and North-western Railway by the C.P.R. will be received by the Government in a few days, according to a memorandum attached to the joint offer for the Edmonton Dunvegan and British Columbia line.

Announcement of the joint offer, and of the two separate offers was made by Premier J. E. Brownlee on his return from Calgary. The figure was not disclosed.

NOTICE is hereby given that The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, for an Act amending its Act of Incorporation, 23 Victoria, Chapter 43, of the late Province of Canada and certain amending Acts thereof, by increasing the amount of its capital stock, changing the par value of its shares and making the necessary registrations in consequence thereof, altering the stock qualification of its directors and certain restrictions as to signing policies, cheques and other instruments, altering or repealing certain sections regarding meetings of directors, making certain provisions as to investments more in accord with The Insurance Act, 1917, permitting and legalizing donations and contributions for health and welfare purposes, providing for the division of its stock into different classes with certain restrictions and privileges attaching thereto, and for other purposes.

Dated at Montreal this 17th day of January, A.D. 1928.

J. A. EWING,
 205 St. James Street, Montreal, P.Q.
 Solicitor for the Applicant.

FARMERS MARKETS

GRAIN PRICES

Winnipeg	Open	High	Low	Close
Wheat				
No. 1	1.44 1/4	1.46 1/4	1.44	1.45 7/8
No. 2	1.37 1/4	1.38 1/4	1.37 1/2	1.38 1/4
No. 3	1.22 1/4	1.23 1/4	1.22 1/4	1.23 1/4
No. 4	1.12 1/4	1.12 1/4	1.12 1/4	1.12 1/4
Track	1.36 1/4	1.37 1/4	1.36	1.36 1/4
Oats				
2 C.W.	.62 1/4	.63 1/4	.62 1/4	.63 1/4
3 C.W.	.58 1/4	.58 3/4	.58 1/4	.58 3/4
Feed	.55 1/4	.56 1/4	.55 1/4	.56 1/4
Track	.61 1/4	.63 1/4	.62 1/4	.63 1/4
Barley				
3 C.W.	.83 1/4	.84 1/4	.83	.84 1/4
4 C.W.	.80 1/4	.82 1/4	.80 1/4	.82 1/4
Feed	.58 1/4	.60 1/4	.58 1/4	.60 1/4
Track	.83 1/4	.85 1/4	.83	.85 1/4
Flax No. 1	1.84	1.85 1/4	1.79 1/4	1.84 1/4
Rye 2 C.W.	1.02 1/4	1.04 1/4	1.02 1/4	1.04 1/4

The market opened quiet, and dullness was shown throughout the early part of the week. Export strength made itself felt and future prospects led to a general advance in all grains, only to be followed by an easing at the close.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

Egg sales of fresh extras were made at 50c, firsts at 46c, pullet extras at 44c, storage extras at 42c, firsts at 39c and seconds at 32c per dozen. Sales of fresh-killed turkeys weighing 12 to 15 lbs each were made at 36c to 40c per lb.; 8 to 10 lbs. at 30c to 33c per lb.; 6 to 8 lbs. at 25c to 28c per lb.; milk-fed chickens weighing 4 to 6 lbs. each at 32c to 35c per lb.; ordinary chickens weighing 4 to 6 lbs. at 28c to 30c per lb.; medium weights at 24c to 26c per lb.; light weights at 15c to 18c per lb.; heavy fowl at 24c to 26c per lb.; medium weights at 20c; light weights at 14c to 16c per lb.; ducks at 20c to 22c per lb., and geese at 18c to 20c per lb.

Prince Edward Island Green Mountains at \$1.20 per bag of 90 lbs.; Prince Edward Island white potatoes at \$1.15 per bag of 90 lbs.; New Brunswick Green Mountains at \$1.10 per bag of 90 lbs., in bulk, New Brunswick white potatoes at \$1.05 per bag, of 90 lbs., in bulk, and Quebec varieties at 95c to \$1 per bag of 90 lbs. in bulk, ex-track.

Imported bean prices being firm, \$2.80 per bushel, ex-track, and smaller quantities at \$2.90 per bushel, ex-store.

The market for honey was steady, but the volume of business was not large, the demand being chiefly for small lots, and sales of white clover strained in 60 lb. tins were made at 11 1/2c per lb.; in 30 lb. tins at 12c per lb.; in 10 lb. tins at 12 1/2c per lb.; in 5 lb. tins at 13c per lb., and in 2 1/2 lb. tins at 14c per lb.

There was some demand from London importers for Canadian baled hay and as the prices bid were satisfactory to exporters some sales were made for nearby shipment. There was no change in the condition of the Montreal market, prices being steady, and business quiet in car lots of No. 2 timothy hay at \$13 to \$13.50 per ton, No. 3 timothy and clover mixed hay at \$12 to \$12.50 per ton, f.o.b. cars.

THE DAIRY MARKET

The tone of the butter market remains about steady and prices were unchanged with Eastern Townships No. 1 pasteurized creamery butter selling at 35 1/2c to 36c per lb.

The trade in cheese has continued slow and the market is without any new phase to note, prices being nominally unchanged with western October made No. 1 white and colored quoted at 19 1/4c per lb. and western current receipts at 19c per lb. and No. 2 grades at 18c to 18 1/2c per lb.

MANUFACTURERS LIFE SURPASSES PREVIOUS RECORDS

The Forty-first Annual Report of the Manufacturers Life Insurance Company, as submitted to Policyholders and Shareholders at the Annual Meeting held on the 19th of January, indicates a year of marked expansion.

Another record in new assurances was established. The New Business for 1927 amounted to \$77,576,008, bringing the insurance in force at December 31st, 1927 to \$402,554,431.

The Assets of the Company increased by Eight and Three Quarters Million Dollars, and at the end of December reached the large sum of \$76,483,181. Of this amount over Twenty-seven Million Dollars is invested in Government, Government Guaranteed and Municipal Bonds and more than Twenty Million Dollars comprises First Mortgages on Improved Real Estate.

The Payments to Policyholders also constituted a record. Death Claims amounted to \$2,412,066; Matured Policies, Annuities, Etc., \$3,219,065 and Dividends to Policyholders \$1,611,217. Payments to living Policyholders totalled almost twice the sum paid Beneficiaries under Death Claims. In addition to the above the Company set aside \$1,953,852 as Dividends to Policyholders to be paid during 1928.

Surplus earnings in 1927 were very satisfactory and have made possible an increase in the scale of dividends payable to policyholders for the fourth consecutive year.

Broken Ships

(Continued from page 30)

There was no further argument to offer so Eleanor did his bidding, albeit her heart was full of many forebodings as to how this venture would be received at home.

Half running, and half dragged along by the storm, they finally reached the McKinnon home. The living-room was lit up

and David could see his mother's silhouette against the window, and knew she was anxiously watching for him. His favorite silver maple was bent low before the atmospheric onslaught and he could see one large branch in a broken ruin on his bed of roses.

Mrs. McKinnon opened the door and helped the sorely bedraggled girl into the comfortable room. She was all solicitude and tenderness.

Eleanor had not experienced such a demonstration of motherly affection in her lifetime. In the space of a few minutes she was comfortably placed in a cosy chair and a tray of tea and cakes was being served.

"The big tree on the hill fell, blocking our path. It was a close shave," David spoke meditatively.

"You poor dears, how good God is to us after all," said Mrs. McKinnon gently, "you must have been frightened, Miss Reid?"

"David saved my life," she announced simply, adding, "mother will be so uneasy."

"We can telephone to her, I suppose, that is, if the wires haven't come down," said Mrs. McKinnon leaving the room.

She soon returned to state that the line was out of order and advised Eleanor to make herself comfortable where she was until morning.

"I suppose Ewan came in a long time ago?" queried David casually.

"Yes, he didn't seem very well, and went directly up to his room. Did he complain to you?"

David's glance caught Eleanor's and a troubled flush dyed his brow.

"No, he did not mention anything," he answered, yet his heart was heavy within him as, having exchanged their "good-nights" they retired, not to rest but to listen to the angry and continuous scream of the wind that raged like a thing possessed. David heard his mother say, "God help the poor sailors this night," and he knew that the prayer was going up from many an aching heart along the coast at that same hour.

When he came to Ewan's bed-room door he pushed it gently open and looked in. A deep, regular breathing told him his

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GERMAN MICHAEL'S MONEY BOX IN 1900 AND IN 1928
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brother was sleeping, so entering quietly he turned on a reading lamp that stood near the bed.

Ewan lay with one arm under his head, and his fair hair crumpled over his temples. He looked so boyish and young as he lay sleeping that David's breath was caught in a half-sobbing sound as he clinched his fists with indignation to think that drink would ever pass those young lips to blight and curse. Bending, he let his lips rest lightly on the sleeping boy's white brow, then started back in horror, for the boy's warm breath was repugnant with the odor of liquor. Glancing swiftly about the room David spied his brother's sport jacket partially concealed at the foot of the bed. Upon examining it he found a half-empty flask of rank moonshine in his pocket.

Almost beside himself with wrath and indignation he approached the sleeper with the flask upraised. A realization of his position and the circumstances came to him before the blow descended, and, turning, he crept miserably into his own room. There he lay sleepless the long night through, thinking, not of the ships that were being battered and lost at sea, but of the human ships drifting horribly, cruelly on the cursed sea of intemperance, and particularly of the broken fleet of "Little Ships" in Westmere.

(To be continued.)

THE ANSWER

Here is one of the solutions of the LETTER GOLF puzzle appearing on page 21. There may be others. This solution represents par golf, but players who show an aptitude at the game should succeed in occasionally making the hole in a fewer number of strokes than allowed for here.

R	E	N	T
B	E	N	T
B	E	L	T
B	E	L	L
S	E	L	L